

January 1917

The Western Comrade



Something New in the Progress of the Socialist Movement

Read the Impressive Proposition
Offered in the Editorial by

Job Harriman

Scenery About Llano

By **R. K. Williams**

Declaration of Industrial Independence

By **Clinton Bancroft**

Agricultural and Horticultural Number

The Gateway To Freedom Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is situated in the beautiful Antelope valley in Los Angeles County, California. The Colony lies close to the Sierra Madre range where an abundance of clear, sparkling water from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM

THE electric light bill, the water bill, the doctor's bill, the drug bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the coal bill, the dentist's bill, the school book supplies bill, the sewer assessment bill, and car fare, the annoyance of the back door peddler and beggar (Henry Dubbs who think the trouble is individual hard luck), the hundred and one greater and smaller burdens on the householder, and the lean weeks caused by disemployment and the consequent fear of the future. There is no landlord and no rent is charged.

While they are charged with living expenses, for food and clothing, the colonists never fear meeting the grocery bill, the milk, the clothing bill, the laundry bill, the butcher's bill, and other inevitable and multitudinous bills that burden the struggling workers in the outside world. For the tax bill he has no fear. The colony officials attend to the details of all overhead. To colonists the amusements, sports, pastimes, dances, entertainments and all educational facilities are free.

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meetings as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. The last action on any matter supercedes all former action and this stands until the plans are changed. The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as nearly as possible. The board of directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in

the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

IN conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively. The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

PERSONS cannot be admitted to residence at the colony upon the payment of \$10.00 or any other sum less than the initial payment fee. Hundreds write and suggest they be allowed to pay a small amount, or in some cases, nothing at all, then enter the colony and work out the remainder of their shares. If the colony permitted this there would soon be a hundred thousand applications.

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery, and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed along sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome."

The installment plan of payment whereby one pays \$10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money.

The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Write today for an application blank, fill it out and send together with a remittance of \$10 or more to secure your membership. You can then arrange to pay \$10 a month or more until you can so adjust your affairs that you can make final payment and join your comrades who have already borne the first brunt of pioneering.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and Malays. The rejection of these applications is not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix races in these communities.

Llano is twenty miles from Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. All household goods and other shipments should be consigned to the name of the owner, Palmdale, California, care Llano Colony. Goods will be stored in the colony's warehouse until ordered moved to Llano. All shipments should be pre-paid, otherwise they cannot be moved and storage or demurrage may be charged. Freight transportation between the colony and the station is by means of auto trucks. Passengers are carried in the colony's auto stages. In shipping household goods, it will be well to ship only lighter goods. Cookstoves, refrigerators and heavy articles should not be shipped from points where freight rates are high.

Individuals may own their own automobiles and many colonists do own them. All livestock, poultry, etc., are kept in the departments devoted to those industries. The aim is to keep the residence portion of the colony clean and sanitary.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, cleaning and dyeing, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, rug works, planing mill, paint shop, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, nursery, alfalfa, orchards, poultry yards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, brick yard, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctors' offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, dairy goats, baths, swimming pool, studios, two hotels, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial school, library, women's exchange, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, two orchestras, quartets, socialist local, jeweler.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, \$1,000. Each pays in labor, \$1,000. Each receives a daily wage of \$4, from which is deducted one dollar for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or unemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st, 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and com-

fort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children boarding at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. High school work is planned. In the Industrial school botany, domestic science, languages, agriculture, biology, practical farming and the regular grammar school subjects are taught by competent teachers. Manual training will be installed soon; the building is now under construction. The children care for a flock of milk goats, chickens, turkeys, and many acres of garden. They are very successful. They build their own buildings; the girls learn sewing and cooking; the children produce much of what they consume; portion of their clothing is made by the sewing classes; they have their own horses, wagons and farm implements; they own pigs and a number of pets. Besides learning co-operation and developing a sense of responsibility, they enjoy acquiring an education under these conditions. They plan to go extensively into the raising of chickens and turkeys during the coming year.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, more than 110 of which will soon be in the milk string. More than 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Nearly 120 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractor and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

Thoroughbred Duroc Jersey and Berkshire pigs, as well as many grades, are in the extensive new pens just built. Pure strains will be developed and registrations kept up.

In the nursery are thousands of grape cuttings and shade and fruit trees. More than 26,000 trees were put out last spring. Many will be planted this year. About 400 acres of orchard are now in.

Community gardening is successful, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and the sawmill is in operation. Lumber worth \$35 to \$40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful, baseball and football teams, dances, picnics, swimming, hunting, camping, all being popular. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

A great deal of alfalfa has already been planted this fall. Several hundred acres are expected to be added to the acreage. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime cement, making the ditches permanent, conserve water and insure economy. Seven cuttings of alfalfa were made this past season.

A square mile has been set aside for the new city. With the sawmill running, the lime kiln producing a very superior lime, and with sand and rock abundant and adobe brick easily manufactured, the time is near when permanent buildings will be erected on the new site. It will be a city different in design from any other in the world, with houses of a distinctively different architecture. Houses will be comfortable, sanitary, handsome, home-like, modern, and harmonious with their surroundings, and will insure greater privacy than any other houses ever constructed. They are unique and designed especially for Llano.

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc.. The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canadian subscriptions, \$1 a year). Both the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST to one name and address for 75c (Canada, \$1.50).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California

Was Schmidt Guilty?

Why was he sent to jail? Did you ever read the testimony on which he was convicted? It was not conclusive to most people. Witnesses gave conflicting testimony. Their identification of Schmidt as the man they saw was far from satisfactory. Many were vindictive.

Job Harriman Says "NO"

in his summary of the evidence—says that Schmidt was NOT guilty. He shows the character of the witnesses. Some were felons. He tears the fabric of misstatements apart. Read his wonderful address to the jury. Every Socialist and every labor man should have this book. The newspapers never told the whole truth; read it for the first time.

"Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is a self-confessed felon. He was expelled from the Iron Workers Union. He is the Dugan who shot and killed his wife and daughter in Indianapolis."

"McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. The prison doors were opened, this criminal McManigal shook off his chains, walked out, was given \$1000 by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace."

(Testimony from witnesses Clark, Dugan and McManigal was admitted.)

Every Union Man should learn how he may fare in the so-called impartial courts. Any of them may get what Schmidt got.

Every Socialist who wants first hand evidence of capitalist-controlled court proceedings should have this book for propaganda.

Every Fair-Minded Person honestly seeking information and loving justice should read this tale of a dishonest conviction.

When Capitalism Desires a Conviction It Gets it. Read how it can be secured. The newspapers never told these things. Why? Did you know the real facts about this case? You'll wonder if the McNamaras were really guilty and you'll wonder why they confessed.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE
Single Copies 25c. Quantity rates to Locals and Unions.

WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California

Western Comrade 75c After May 1

Increasing costs of production make necessary a raise in rates. Beginning with May 1st, 1917, the Colony's third birthday, the yearly subscription to the WESTERN COMRADE will be 75c.

The rate for the LLANO COLONIST will remain at 50c a year. Combination of both to one name and address, \$1.00 a year. Subscription cards sold prior to May 1 will be redeemed at the present rate if used before July 1.

Canadian rates will be \$1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. Combination rates for the Llano Publications will not be made outside the U. S.

Costs continue to go up. The WESTERN COMRADE is too good a magazine to be sold a 50c a year. The increased rate will permit making improvements. Friends of the Colony, all who are interested in co-operation, and those who can discriminate between the constructive method of teaching Socialism and the pessimistic method, are urged to do all within their power to extend the circulation. The LLANO PUBLICATIONS have a definite place in Socialist propaganda work. They tell the tale of Co-operation in Action, the most absorbingly interesting story ever told. The man you have failed to interest in Socialism, the man who scoffs, the man who "doesn't believe it will work"—these fellows will gladly read of the greatest co-operative demonstration in history.

Subscribe or extend your subscription at once. Urge your friends to do so. Contest workers should buy cards at once to be used during the contest.

Tell the Comrade Office

if you don't get your paper. Make all remittances, complaints, and subscriptions direct to the WESTERN COMRADE. This office cannot be responsible in other cases. Don't ask the Membership department, the information bureau, the postmaster, the stage driver, the hotel people, or any one else, to do this for you. They have their own work. Come or write to the WESTERN COMRADE.

Non-Resident Readers.—When you have any requests, any information, want samples, certain numbers, bundles, or wish to change your address, make complaints, or send subscriptions, write a separate letter and direct it to the WESTERN COMRADE, not to any individual, or any other department. When sent to other departments or individuals, or in letters with other business, they are likely to be delayed. You will confer a genuine favor on the Llano publications by observing this rule, and also secure greater satisfaction.

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CAL,

Table of Contents

January 1917

| | Page | | Page |
|--|------|---|------|
| Cover Page | | Training for Service..... | 20 |
| Llano products, both of them, and highest in quality | | Frank E. Wolfe, from his wide experience as a journalist and observer, writes on this timely subject. | |
| The Gateway to Freedom..... | 2 | The Senses of Plants..... | 21 |
| Synopsis of the booklet of the same name. | | By Wesley Zornes | |
| A Letter from Florence Margolies..... | 6 | Natural Fruit Soil..... | 21 |
| Miss Margolies, who is well known in the radical movement in the East, especially in New York City, came, saw, and was conquered. She was fair enough to admit it and we gladly reproduce her letter. | | By Oliver Zornes | |
| Editorials..... | 7 | Combat Pear Blight..... | 21 |
| In which Job Harriman discusses questions of the day as well as other subjects of interest. | | By Oliver Zornes | |
| Environment and Invention..... | 10 | What Thinkers Think..... | 22 |
| L. Walter Millsap, Jr. discusses in an able manner the connection, and shows why Llano should produce men of rare ability along this line. | | A summary of leading articles in leading magazines. | |
| Fruits of the Soil..... | 11 | Women in Agriculture..... | 23 |
| This number is devoted most particularly to agriculture and horticulture, and the writer of this article went directly to the men in the departments for information; they substantiate every statement. | | By Mildred G. Buxton. | |
| Scenery about Llano..... | 15 | Insert poem "The Song of a Woman Free," by Ruth. | |
| Robert K. Williams takes the environment about Llano this time and shows the setting, with some side lights on other things. | | The Lieutenant Governor and the Pigtales..... | 24 |
| Declaration of Industrial Independence..... | 16 | Another charming story by Helen Frances Easley. | |
| By Clinton Bancroft. | | The Socialist City..... | 26 |
| Insert poem "A Friend's Greeting." | | A. Constance Austin tells more about what a city should be. | |
| Letters from Constructive Socialists..... | 18 | Our Homes..... | 27 |
| Our Industrial School..... | 19 | By Dr. John Dequer. | |
| Miss Mildred Travis, a teacher in the Public School, writes on the advantages of Llano's Industrial School. | | Was Schmidt Guilty?..... | 28 |
| | | (From the book by the same name) An excerpt from the address to the jury made by Comrade Job Harriman at the conclusion of this spectacular trial. Read it. Then make up your mind whether you think Schmidt should be in jail today. | |
| | | What The Mail Brings..... | 29 |
| | | Excerpts from interesting letters and news of the Grand Membership Circulation Contest in which 120 persons are participating. | |

Our Next Issue

The February Number of the WESTERN COMRADE will tell of the Social good times and the social institutions, and will carry some propaganda material that will open the eyes of all readers and stimulate their thinking powers.

Social and Propaganda Number

Llano has some unique social institutions, the Children's Dance, Free Medical Service, and others. Read about them in the next issue.

Letter from Florence Margolies

It is difficult for me to recall when I was so hard put for finding adequate expression, as I am now, to convey, even in a small measure, the profound and thrilling impression the Llano Co-operative Colony has made on me. Yes, really and truly thrilling. It was a revelation to me. The impelling motive of my visit to Llano was, frankly, a yielding to keen curiosity; curiosity not unmingled with scepticism and a sort of mental flippancy. I was prepared and armed to the teeth, figuratively speaking, with adverse criticism, a quantity of bitterness and a frame of mind beautifully calculated to repel Llano. Thus equipped, I was on my way. Then I came upon Llano as the last of the lingering sun kissed and glorious mountains that gird the expanse of luring desert, through which I heard the resounding laughter of children. The people of Llano I found superb—one and all of their faces bear the imprint of their hearts, love for humanity. Their clean, wholesome, disinterested lives at Llano must perforce prove a guide for those who are privileged to behold this unique, elevating and truly awe-inspiring New World—Llano.

And throughout this splendid, immense, big little world can unmistakably be felt the lute-like vibration of that big hearted, whole-souled man in whose beautiful mind that great vision was born—the vision now embodied in the supreme achievement—Llano.

New York.

Florence Margolies.

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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VOL. IV

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1917

No. 9

Editorials By Job Harriman

THE following should be added as an amendment to the constitution of the national Socialist Party:

"Any labor union, farmers' organization, or co-operative enterprise, or any number of members thereof, shall be permitted to become a Socialist Party Local, without regard to political subdivisions."

If the Socialist Party will incorporate this measure in its constitution, it will glide smoothly over what will otherwise become an early grave.

The Socialist Party lacks vitality. It has no source from which to draw power. It gathers men from the four corners, but it has no connection with economic or industrial organizations. It is the food supply from which power springs, and the Socialist party is a stranger to that source.

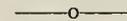
Many Socialists seem to think that political power lies in the heads of men. Political power is an offspring of economic power and must rest upon a solid economic base before it can become of any material force. If the Socialist locals were rooted in the unions and the co-operative enterprises and the farmers' organizations, they would draw force and vitality from those institutions. It is true that the affairs of the party would pass into other hands, but those hands would be guided by experience in the affairs of the world, and not entirely by theories gleaned from books. The party would soon resolve itself into a practical political machine, the purpose of which would be to look after and protect the working class institutions from the attack of their enemies.

Unless this step is taken, and that at once, the Socialists of judgment will move out of the party and into other radical organizations, as was done in Dakota.

This is a day of action, and action must be our watchword. If we are delinquent in this, rest assured that the world will not be delinquent. It will leave us, as it should, to split hairs and theorize over philosophic platitudes and to chant our revolutionary songs. We must wake up and connect with the living acting forces of the world. We have fed the mind with theories; we must now feed the stomach with bread. Fail in this and our party will turn to ashes in our hands.

THE Llano del Rio Company is not controlled by any man or group of men. The stock is owned in substantially equal proportions by all the stock holders. The stock is sold by the office force and the expenses are paid out of the company funds. Each and every one of the office force receives the same remuneration as the other colonists for services. No one is making money out of the sale of stock.

This statement is made in answer to enquiries from parties who have confounded us with other enterprises.



AFTER years of work direct legislation was incorporated in the laws of the State of California. It now remains to be ascertained what the people want.

It goes without saying that there are many who know what their neighbors should have, but whether or not the neighbors want it, is quite another question.

We have hitherto proceeded upon the theory that whatsoever makes life's pathway smoother and our burdens lighter will be sufficiently alluring to enlist our support, but how are the public to distinguish between the measures that will lighten and those that will add to the public burden?

The many promises that have accompanied the so-called public measures have so signally failed that the people have grown pessimistic in regard to almost every political reform.

There is an excellent reason for such failures. Behind every important measure there has lurked some possible material advantage to the promoters of the legislation. It is not surprising that this should be true. At the foundation of our industrial and commercial system lies a possibility of realizing from every transaction not only a sufficient sum to cover all expenses, including interest on the investment and a salary for the owners, but also a clear net profit in addition.

It is this clear, net unearned gain that corrupts mankind and causes an unconscionable strife which ends in the violation of the letter and spirit of the law, and the accumulation of great fortunes that ever remain at the command of those who acquire them.

We can never hope to remedy this fundamental defect

in our industrial, commercial, and political life, while this possibility lasts, and while this all but irresistible temptation is offered to every man especially those inspired by ambition and greed.

It was for the purpose of eliminating the possibility of great profits to individuals that the Llano enterprise was launched. To gain this end we have seen fit, as a community, to own and operate all our industries in common, permitting all increase to accrue to the entire community. Within Llano there exists an industrial system upon which there is arising a harmony of interest that is conducive to the most congenial mental and spiritual companionship.

It is upon such a basis that our state must be founded if our civilization is to escape the entanglements of war, and to move substantially and majestically onward.

It is with this end in view that we propose the following measures as a kind of highway leading toward that happy consummation.

1. State ownership and management of the water power and telephone systems of this state.

2. A complete system of macadamized roads, connecting all agricultural, commercial and industrial centers with the state highways.

3. Packing houses, cold storage plants, flour mills, and granaries to be built, owned and operated at cost by the state at all practicable points.

4. State-wide freight and passenger automobile service to be owned and operated by the state at cost.

5. Freight and passenger steamship line plying between both home and foreign ports, to be owned and operated by the state at cost.

6. State to market all products at cost to the producers.

Bills are now being drafted for each of these measures and will be initiated and submitted to the people of the State of California for their approval.

When these measures are put into operation, the enormous net profits now accruing to the few and corrupting our institutions will accumulate to the credit of the people in the various industries and will become a purifying and wholesome force. The fruits of industry are always purifying when the producer receives them as a reward for his effort, but they are corrupting in their influence when received as a reward for business cunning, intrigue and strategy.

Getting something for nothing is the curse of the age. It palsies the conscience, steels the heart, and leads the mind to vicious transactions.

At Llano we have laid a foundation that is rapidly undermining this tendency. We are now introducing a program that will go far toward accomplishing the same results in the state. We know that this program is not complete, but we are practical and know that we can move in state affairs only as fast as re-organization can proceed. We have arrived at the time when these steps must be taken. Commercial necessity demands it. There is no escape from this conclusion. The belligerent nations of Europe have been compelled by military

necessity to take this step. Let us take the step before the blood of our first born be called to the trenches to demand it. With the industries in the hands of the state, we may preserve peace. Without them we are commercially at the mercy of nations that have taken the step. We must defend our state commercial interests either by industrial efficiency, or by military efficiency, or by both.

—o—

WOULD it not be better for the government to take over all the industries in times of peace, than to wait until the necessities of war force the step? There can be but one answer—it is best. But it will not be done. Why? Because all capitalist governments are the results of greed and greed knows no law but to gorge greed.

The balance of trade during the past three years in favor of Uncle Sam from warring Europe, is seven billions of dollars.

Who is this "Uncle Sam" to whom this balance of trade has gone?

This particular "Uncle Sam" is the Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Guggenheims, and their kind.

Seven billions!—Oh—no wonder they hold fast to their mines, their oil fields, their steel plants, their railroads, and their money bags. Greed! What a monster.

—o—

"CONCERTED action of powerful bodies of men shall not be permitted to stop the industrial processes of the nation, at any rate before the nation shall have had an opportunity to acquaint itself with the merits of the case as between employee and employer."—Woodrow Wilson.

What a remarkable statement from a president who has just been elected to office by these very same powerful bodies of men.

For many years these union men have struggled against the railroad magnates until finally, by adding to their numbers, they have actually become more powerful than the magnates themselves.

While these two tremendous powers stood glaring at each other, a third power, like a monster from the social deep, arose, with its arm of steel around the magnates.

"Thou shalt not strike."

The government has spoken.

The six hundred million dollar army and navy are now talking, and they will be heard.

"No politics in the union?"

"Reward your friends and punish your enemies?"

Will not the union men now see that more than friends are necessary in such an hour of need? The workers must hold in their grasp the power, both to make the laws and to command the army that enforces them.

Are not the laws now made to protect the ownership of private property?

And who will say that the government shall not enforce its own laws?

Can not the working men see that they must make the laws

or submit to the army while they enforce the laws made by the oppressing interests?

Whenever there is a clash of interest between two powers, the power that is in office will pass laws protecting its interests and will enforce the laws it passes.

Not only will the army be commanded, if necessary, to coerce the union men, but the union men themselves will be drafted into the army to coerce themselves, if they refuse to submit to compulsory arbitration.

But those who have power to make and to enforce the law, likewise have power to appoint the arbitrators. Rest assured that they will arbitrate in their own behalf with the same determination that they pass laws and command armies. Hence the results of arbitration conform to the ends gained by enforcing the law.

Those in power therefore demand compulsory arbitration laws, while those out of power resist compulsory arbitration laws, even to the point of rebellion.

Whenever the labor unions, by virtue of their power, overcome the owners of a national industry, they are immediately and necessarily confronted by the government. The owners step out, and the government steps into their shoes. The weak master is dislodged for the irresistible master. Failure to obey this master is an appeal to arms.

Workingmen, you are forced to enter politics as a class, to put your own men in office, to make laws protecting your interests and to use the government force, the army, to enforce your laws, or you will have to submit to their laws and their armies.

You are confronted with a fact and not a theory. Govern yourselves accordingly.

—o—
TWENTY millions dead, wounded, and missing, and still no peace.

Blood, blood, blood, a sacrifice of human blood to the God of Mammon.

A false and fiendish god has demanded and taken the best blood of Europe.

And now, mothers of America, hold up your hands in holy horror, for your sons are about to be called to kill their brothers who have done them no wrong.

Already we are paying the debt for the terrible crime committed across the seas.

We have fed them that they might kill each other. We should have starved them to prevent the slaughter.

We have emptied our storehouse for cash. Now high prices are starving the poor. We are bearing the burdens of war by the advance in prices of food.

Already our government has advised against further investments in the securities of belligerent nations.

England's debt alone has increased to seventeen billion dollars. All the other belligerents have increased their burdens accordingly. The debts can never be paid. Soon the nations will shift from a gold to a paper basis. Wall Street will then demand its gold at the mouth of the cannon. Europe will

not—nay, cannot—pay. The gates of war will open and we will enter.

Six short months ago they beat their drums and forced a vote in Congress for six hundred million dollars for preparedness. Then we were told that an army and navy were necessary to preserve peace. Now it appears they were necessary to collect a war debt.

Peace—resounds in the columns of every great paper. But there will be no peace. Russia is on her way to the sea by way of Constantinople. She will not take "No" for an answer. England must help her open the gate at whatever cost. But when Russia enters the Bosphorus, it will only be a matter of time until England will be cut off from India.

England knows this, but to refuse would be to force an alliance between Russia and Germany. England would then not only lose India, but she and France would lose all.

Constantinople is the great prize to be won, and Russia will win it by England's aid.

Until then there will be no peace. In the face of this fact a peace note will fall on deaf ears among the allies. It is Russia that is holding her hands over the ears of the nations. They will not hear peace until Russia sails the seas freely through the Bosphorus.

Armistice? Perhaps; but peace, never, before this consummation. In this great fact world interests are involved.

This accomplished, Russia may have power to absorb Turkey, and India, and to divide China with Japan, and to grasp the Balkan States with Norway and Sweden.

At the door of this possibility lies the prospect of a real world war.

In looking at this gloomy prospect it must not be forgotten that the people of the respective countries are mere pawns being moved in the game.

They have no feeling of hatred or revenge toward their brothers in the other countries; they have nothing to gain and only their lives to lose. Their destinies are determined by their respective governments. The people have no control over, and as a matter of fact, have practically nothing to say about the policies of their government. Governmental policies are determined by those who own the industries of the nation. Whatever course adds to the power of those industries will constitute the policy of the government. War and peace do not depend upon humanitarian, but upon economic advantages.

It is for this reason that governments so often go to war in violation of the interests of the people. It is the interests of the economically powerful only that are considered.

It was the struggle for the world's market between the powerful merchants and industrial kings that brought about the war. Out of the war has grown the necessity of the governmental management of all the industries. In this fact lurks the death knell of the old, and the germ of the new, civilization.

We need not fear. The hope of the world is in this fact. Bound together by these industries and inspired by the spirit of democracy and sick at heart with the thought of human gore, the people will abolish all governments as now known and establish an industrial order where peace and goodwill shall reign.

Environment and Invention

By L. Walter Millsap, Jr.

IT has long been known that the present method of developing inventions and rewarding genius is faulty if not fundamentally wrong; but the people who would improve it have not fully realized that it is the result of capitalist philosophy, and capitalist philosophy falls down hardest when it comes to dealing with the more elusive, more subtle human qualities, such as art, invention, music, and various forms of genius.

These qualities are rather timid, and an atmosphere of bitter competition crushes them completely and blasts the lives of those individuals in whom they develop or else it causes them to lie dormant while the individual is forced to develop other qualities of which there is already an abundance.

Notwithstanding this fact, the world at large has blunderingly tried to stimulate invention by the competitive method, and by the offering of large rewards to individuals, and this method is failing miserably at the present time.

I do not mean to say that there are no inventions but that the very best ideas that develop spontaneously are for the most part lost and there is a reason.

Go into any community and, if you will get into touch with mechanical people and get their confidence, you will find many who have seen the need of some device. With heroic labor they have secretly worked out their ideas in material, and spent their last dollar, in many cases, to obtain a patent.

Not knowing the real conditions they thought that if they could only get a patent their difficulty would be over.

In reality getting the patent is the simplest part. It is a lawyer's job, and the difficulty lies in deciding which lawyer to employ. One will draw up the claims to really protect the important points and fight to a finish to see that they are allowed. Another will get a lot of unimportant things and fail to see the valuable feature on which all depends. Still another will get the important points but he will allow them to be rejected one by one by the board of examiners until there are only a few unimportant claims left, and this is found out only after the inventor or the party to whom he assigns has spent a small fortune in development and litigation. However, the obtaining of a patent that at least looks good is easy enough, and many inventors have gotten this far.

Then the bitter realization has dawned upon them that a certain class of people had control of this situation. New ideas disturbed established methods and the results of their labors were therefore not wanted. The products of all their toil, together with the ashes of their fondest hopes, are laid away on some shelf or in the cellar to be covered with cobwebs or destroyed by the elements, while the individual clenches his teeth a little tighter and shows a little more bitterness on his countenance. When a brilliant idea illuminates his mind again for an instant, he mutters a curse under his breath and forgets it. Then both the world and the individual lose. The privilege of giving to the world the best they have is thus denied to the large mass of people who come directly in touch with the needs of the world. These constitute the source of the freshest, most virile, and brilliant ideas the world knows of. About the only way that the world can benefit from this immense source of ideas is by theft, and that is precisely the condition that obtains today.

What a sad spectacle! But what a startling contrast is presented when one studies this question under absolutely reversed conditions, in the atmosphere of co-operation that is developing in the Colony! People who have had their ideas blasted,

their hopes crushed, and their lives embittered, on the outside, begin to breathe the life-giving atmosphere that is a natural product of our co-operative plan, and freshen up like wilted flowers when placed in water. The looks of hardness, bitterness, and disappointment begin to disappear, and expressions of kindness, love, and hope begin to illuminate their countenances. Their faith in humanity is renewed, their confidence in each other grows, there is no need for secrecy. They begin to feel the thrill of enthusiasm again, and this is fertile soil for the subtle qualities mentioned above to grow in. In some this enthusiasm bursts forth in music, song, poetry and art, and this, even when it is crude, has in it a quality that the world is hungry for but cannot find where bitter competition holds full sway. In others it shows itself in mechanical ideas or along lines of invention and each idea stimulates others until one is bewildered when he begins to dream of the outcome.

Some boy working in the garden perhaps sees the need of a better form of gate to control his little supply of water for irrigation. Full of enthusiasm he tells it to someone who is interested. Freely they make suggestions for improvement and it is put up to a mechanic or carpenter, who also takes a personal interest in it and in the boy, and uses his best efforts to make it up in the best possible form. It is tried out, found to be a valuable aid in the work, and everyone is proud of it. The boy is happy. Everyone that added a mite to it is happy. The whole Colony receives the benefit of it, and yet no one has received any money reward. They have simply had an opportunity to express themselves and to receive their share of the benefit resulting from the expression.

A man in the dairy department has worked out some ideas in the line of motive power that give great promise and, as soon as possible, every effort will be made to provide facilities for developing these and dozens of other things that are springing up spontaneously from every corner of the ranch. It is the aim to build an experimental shop later on when more immediate problems have been solved, in which these things can be developed, and an effort will be made to provide skilled men and machinery to encourage this in every way possible.

At noon-time, or in the evening, when men are peacefully discussing the day's problems, some matter will come up like clearing rocks from the soil, stacking hay, improving an auto truck, or feeding calves with less effort. Some one says "Why don't you do this way?" Immediately a lively discussion starts without fear or restraint. Ideas are passed back and forth and one thing is added to another with lightning speed until, within a very short time, an idea for a new device or method has been completely worked out. More has been accomplished in this time than could possibly have been done by an individual working in secret, building up a crude idea in material, tearing it down again and again until a tremendous amount of time, energy, and money, has been consumed.

This is what happens daily. Who can foretell what the future will bring forth when we have means and material in abundance? Who can say what the children raised in such an environment will bring forth? We can only dream now and keep at work on immediate problems, but the vision of the future is an inspiration that makes big problems seem small, makes hard work seem light, and makes rugged faces radiant with hope—and that is the most beautiful result of all.

Fruits of Our Soil

CHIEF among the Llano industries are agriculture and horticulture. They will undoubtedly always be the most important. The wonderful fertility of the soil, the warm, balmy climate, and the ease with which the land can be irrigated will probably make fruit growing the foremost undertaking.

Because fruit can be marketed to better advantage, and because natural conditions give Llano an immense superiority over most districts, fruit growing will be developed most extensively. Yet gardening, alfalfa raising, and the production of grain and field crops will keep pace with the increasing needs of Llano.

The gardeners, the fruit men, and the farmers at Llano agree that the climate is almost ideal, and that the soil could scarcely be better. True, the soil will require building up to supply it with humus, but that comes with systematically working it, the application of fertilizer, and scientifically cropping it. The gentle slopes, the long season, the favorable

tomatoes, muskmelons, canteloupes, casabas, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbage, and many other vegetables. Their quality is superb. It is a matter of surprise and astonishment to the visitor to see the heavily laden tomato vines, scant of foliage but heavy with fruit. Quality and quantity gladden the hearts of Llano well wishers.

There are several gardeners—P. A. Knobbs, Geo. T. Pickett, J. Mauricio, and W. J. Newman, the latter to a more limited extent. Of these, Pickett and Mauricio will probably have the main gardens this year. Though Comrade Knobbs is an old time gardener he wants to be otherwise employed for a change.

The varieties of soil to be found at Llano permit the growing of many varieties of vegetables. Comrade Pickett has worked out a system of irrigation on the garden plot, variously estimated at sixty to one hundred acres which he will have in connection with the Industrial School, and the ground is in excellent shape. Flumes will lessen the amount of labor re-



Looking across the sunberry patch, with the Tilghman group of homes and a part of the Tilghman hotel in the background. Sunberries furnished delicious fruit for scores of families last summer and a good acreage is to be planted this season. The sunberry or wonderberry is a Burbank product, and the quality is particularly good at this altitude.

climate, the rich virgin soil, the comparative ease with which the soil can be worked—these are all natural advantages which appeal to those who can understand the real ins and outs of farming.

Llano Gardens Thrive

WHETHER gardening at Llano would be a success or not was a moot question for many months. Practical gardeners insisted that good vegetables could be grown in sufficient quantity. Those who saw the first pitiful attempts at gardening thought otherwise. It was a matter of demonstration and soil knowledge. Now the matter has been proven, and this year will see more than a hundred acres of garden planted on ground that will return well for the labor expended on it.

The soil here lacks just one element and that is easily given to it. Manure supplies this quality and manure has been liberally applied to the soil. Cultivation enriches it still further. There is no better place for the production of watermelons,

quired and will permit of a more satisfactory and economical distribution of water. With the aid of two men, the two Comrades Ferguson, and the children of the Industrial School, it is expected that these gardens can be adequately cared for.

Comrade Mauricio will have about twenty acres of land. An old alfalfa field is to be used for this purpose; it will be almost contiguous to the Industrial School gardens. Comrade Mauricio expects to grow melons, tomatoes, and cucumbers mainly.

Gardening is a continuous process. At Christmas the Industrial School gardens exhibited lettuce, beets, onions, carrots, rutabagas, spinach, Swiss chard, mustard, radishes, cabbage, and parsnips. Vegetables of some kind are available every month. Tomatoes were in the commissary as late as the fore part of December, though they had been picked several weeks previous and stored to ripen. The principal crops will be peas, corn, beans, and tomatoes, probably. It is expected that the increase in garden will be five to one. Six to eight crops will frequently be grown in the same ground during the year.

The vegetables which seem to thrive best are beets, carrots,

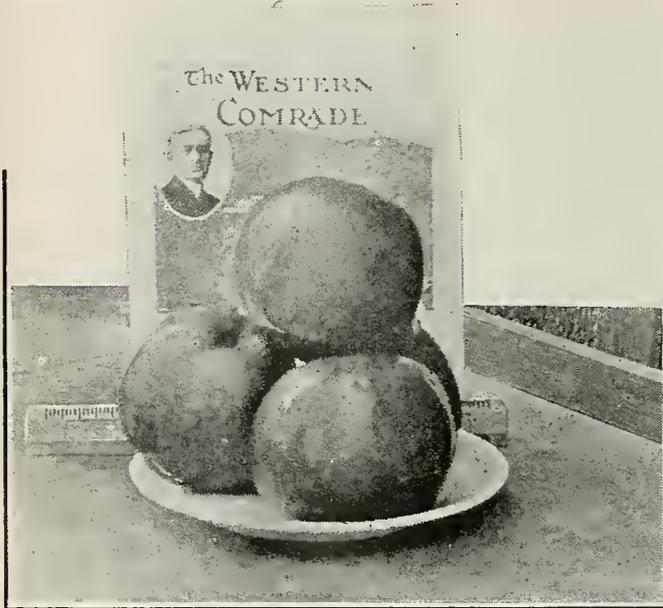
sweet potatoes, parsnips, lettuce, eggplant, peas, beans, peppers, tomatoes, melons, pumpkins, squash, and cucumbers.

While a great deal of water is required for the gardens, this can be reduced by cultivation just as it is reduced in the orchards by cultivation. There are few weeds in the soil, which is a distinct advantage and greatly lessens the amount of work.

In the Industrial School gardens there will be some chicken feed grown in addition to the vegetables. Food for the rabbits will also be an output of the gardens.

Among the vegetables which have been successfully grown, some only in small quantities, but enough in every case to justify the assertion, are: water melons, musk melons, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, peppers, turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, sweet corn, pop corn, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, onions, salsify, beets, parsnips, leeks, kale, ground almonds, and rutabagas.

The value of the garden lands is estimated by Comrade Knobbs, who has had many years of experience as a market gardener and who has successfully competed against Chinese gardeners and who knows his business thoroughly, at \$1000 an acre. He says this is a conservative figure to place on them.



LLANO-GROWN APPLES. The three shown here weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

He is enthusiastic over the gardens, and states that it is merely a matter of building up the soil, much of which work has already been done, in order to make it as fine a garden as can be found anywhere. He has grown onions that weighed three pounds each.

Comrade Newman is not giving his attention so much to gardening as to berry raising, but as Mrs. Newman is an enthusiast in this work they will continue to grow vegetables in connection with the berries, planting between the rows of young vines. The Newmans grew cauliflower that would compete successfully in any market, sweet potatoes that were of wonderfully fine quality, celery that is sweet and tender, cabbage heads that are of good size and sound, and beans of such length that to tell it would make it incredible. In the garden they had French beans of a variety that grew to nearly three feet in length, and they expect to grow more of these next season.

The boys and girls of the Industrial School greatly simplify the garden problem. They learn as they work and they prove

to be efficient gardeners. They will be directed in their work by experienced agriculturists and horticulturists who will instruct them in the practical study of botany and entomology.

The gardening industry is one that will expand, and it will require prudence, care, and foresight to provide for the wants, to supply the demands, to rotate the varieties, and to maintain the quality that will be required. It means careful study and the keeping of adequate records. But the possibilities are here and they have been demonstrated. They have been proven beyond a doubt. Llano soil is good garden soil.

Like all of Llano's products, the marketing must be done in the most concentrated form. Most vegetables will probably be canned. However, that problem is in the future; the gardeners will have all they can do to supply the demands of the Colony for this season. Cannery will put up peas, beans, corn and tomatoes if the gardens can supply the garden truck for this purpose.

The successful Llano gardens are another link in the chain of industries that will make Llano a self-supporting community. The pendulum is swinging back again. In the pioneer days of America each family conducted all of the industries necessary to maintain life. The growth of the factory system took these industries from the home one by one and the people lost control of them. Now the backward swing is bringing to the Llano community the control of its industries, is making it independent, is putting into the hands of its residents all of the industries to maintain life.

Berries for Llano Use

THOUGH berries are usually considered as fruit, Comrade W. J. Newman has been given charge of this department, his seven years of experience fitting him perfectly for making the production of berries one of the Llano industries that will be put on a satisfactory basis.

In the nurseries and in the gardens are the Everbearing and other varieties of blackberries. In the nursery are many dewberry plants which bore last year, and the high quality of the fruit as well as the prolific way in which the vines bore, demonstrate the value of the berry department. Himalaya and Mammoth blackberries and currants are added to the list. Several acres of sunberries, or wonderberries, were grown last season and were highly esteemed. Gooseberries, raspberries, loganberries and other varieties will also be grown.

Comrade Newman wants to get in touch with all who have berry plants, and he asks that all who can spare them to send them in as soon as possible.

While Llano is not a natural berry country because of its excessive dryness, yet when the plants are properly irrigated they seem to do about as well, and to produce as heavily as do berry plants anywhere. At Christmas Comrade Newman exhibited ripe strawberries and strawberry blossoms, which is satisfactory evidence as to the length of the season.

About three acres of strawberries are planted and will be in bearing this spring. The plants begin bearing a few weeks after being put into the ground. Those planted in August had berries on them six weeks later. The productive life of a strawberry plant is about four to five years. The life of blackberries, raspberries, loganberries, dewberries, etc., is indeterminate, as they will produce profitably for many years.

Berries should be picked every other day during their heaviest bearing season. Children will probably be employed to do most of the picking. Berries require close attention and must be irrigated frequently. It is stated on fairly good authority

that the production of loganberries in regions best adapted to them has been as high as seven tons to the acre.

The quality of the berries grown here cannot be surpassed even in the finest berry districts of the country. They are prolific, too. Most of the berries are to be planted on the Tilghman place, where the present berry tract is. Strawberries which have a great deal of foliage are preferred for this climate, as the leaves protect the fruit.

Hay and Grain Production

“THE soil at Llano is unsurpassed anywhere for alfalfa.” This statement was made by John Van Nuland, one of the farmers, and reiterated by C. S. Millarr, head of the hay and grain department. It was repeated by others who are practical, experienced farmers.

Comrade Millarr has been in charge of the hay and grain department since June. He has been a resident of the Antelope Valley for about eight years, and is authority for the facts given. They are substantiated by other practical farmers.

ducing, it is worth from \$150 to \$200. That is genuine, legitimate increase in value. Alfalfa was worth \$10 a ton last year. The returns are excellent.

The quality of the alfalfa produced at Llano cannot be surpassed. This is not an empty boast; the stock men prove it every day. Moreover, alfalfa is easily started, produces heavily, as has been shown, and is not difficult to irrigate when planted on properly prepared land, as is being done now. It is irrigated just after it has been cut, and once between cuttings. It can usually be cut once a month, though last summer it was cut three times in forty-two days, that is, twenty-one days from one cutting to the next, this being repeated. It is believed by some that the Hairy Peruvian alfalfa is best suited to this district, and some experiments are being made to determine which variety is best adapted.

While alfalfa will be the chief forage crop, peas, beets, etc., will also be grown, though no definite program has been decided on for them. It is certain that wheat, oats, barley, rye, Milo maize, Egyptian corn, feterita, soudan grass, sweet clover can all be grown with profit to the Colony, and some of these



Mrs. Newman holding up a bunch of beans, some of which measured more than two feet in length and were of delicious flavor. This variety will be planted extensively this season. In the back ground, are fig trees. Mrs. Newman holds some egg plants in her right hand. The insert shows Llano onions. These grew to as much as three pounds and the quality is of the best.

Last year the cutting of alfalfa began in April and continued until in November, the past season having been a very favorable one. Seven crops were cut. Six crops can be reasonably depended on any average year, the last cutting being made in October. Comrade Millarr, a very conservative man, says we had about one hundred and sixty acres of alfalfa at the beginning of last season, but he expects to start the 1917 season with more than three hundred and sixty acres. This is an increase of more than two hundred acres. Most of the young alfalfa is up and in splendid condition. The land has been prepared carefully, many cobble and lime ditches have been built, and the corrugation system of irrigation has been adopted. A good stand has been secured and there is every indication that the alfalfa land will be in full bearing by the close of the 1917 season, at which time it should be producing a ton to the acre per cutting. The opening of the following season should see it producing crops that any alfalfa district in the world could boast of.

The land the alfalfa is planted on is exactly the same as land that can be bought in this district at prices not to exceed \$12 per acre. When it comes into full bearing, has been corrugated for irrigating, cleared, leveled, seeded, and is pro-

ducing crops have already been tried. Experiments and demonstrations will be carried on by the agriculturists. Dry farming is practicable at Llano, as it is carried on in other portions of the Antelope Valley. It is expected that about one hundred acres will be put out to various crops this year to show what can be done. Probably the most important thing will be the preparing of the soil for these crops.

The farmers have entire charge of their department. The tillers of the soil—gardeners, alfalfa men, grain men, fruit men, berry men—meet frequently and lay out their work. Much better results are being secured by this means. They have elected their own assistant superintendent of the ranch. It is complete industrial departmental democracy. It combines the freedom of democratic management with efficiency and a just sense of responsibility.

One other source of wealth which has not yet been developed, yet which the alfalfa men say will be profitable, is the sale of alfalfa seed. It is claimed that two or three crops of hay can be cut, then the alfalfa allowed to go to seed, and the seed threshed and sold. It is singularly free from weeds, is clean and healthy and will undoubtedly command highest market prices.

Scenery About Llano

By Robert K. Williams

WHEN I was a little chap my mother told me of a country where all the seasons of the year could be encountered in one day. She said that in the morning it would be summer, a little later in the day fall would come with its chilly blasts; next in order cold and bleak winter would set in, and quickly following, spring, and then summer again. For ages this state of weather had existed. It was a wonderful country. I asked her where this country was and she said, "California."

For years I longed to see this land where the four seasons of the year would come in one day. When I finally arrived in California I found out that my mother had told me the truth, but,—she had failed to mention that the seasons could be brought about by climbing high mountains and then descending them.

You see, I had read an idea into the statement. The story was so pleasing I did not want to investigate, and when finally the real truth dawned I smiled at my childish credulity.

People are prone to read between the lines. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to tell the exact truth. Should anyone doubt this let him try it for a while. To carry truth to its logical conclusion would be to destroy imagination entirely.

No two people see things exactly the same. What to me is a gorgeous prospect might be a leaden cloud to another. One has to take into consideration the state of digestion, previous experience and late associations.

There are people excessively sensitive and so positive that they are capable of expressing themselves that they dislike the idea of anyone else saying anything about them. Nine chances out of ten if you do say anything even as a compliment, they will take offense and write the editor about it.

Llano is a much talked of place. Thousands of people have heard of us. More thousands will continue to hear of us. Each individual has his own notions of what we are like and what the place is like. Some arrive and are not disappointed—the farm lies as they thought, the scenery is just as they pictured, and everything else quite satisfactory. Others come and are surprised that it is as it is. You see they had pictured things and lived in a world of Make-Believe. We are fond of lying to ourselves. It is one of the most delightful human characteristics. If we had to live always with practical people, life in a mosquito-infested swamp would be preferable.

It is amusing to hear "Now let us get down to brass tacks." Look out when you hear this. If it is a business transaction and you are not a business man, better hire a lawyer.

All this sounds away from the subject of scenery and our surroundings, and it is. The editor of this magazine has a most provoking habit of assigning subjects. He had an hour's conversation with himself on the subject for me this month. Upon looking through my pockets, I found the assignment, and here it is. It will be interesting to you for it interested him, or he wouldn't have typed it off as a guide.

"Write about the Antelope Valley—tremendous expanses, grizzled pioneers, coyotes, ox-teams—and don't forget the superb view from the townsite."

This is some job!

The Antelope Valley imperceptibly merges into the famed Mojave Valley east of Llano. In the Antelope Valley there are two and a half million acres, and seventy-five per cent is tillable providing water can be secured. Numerous pioneers

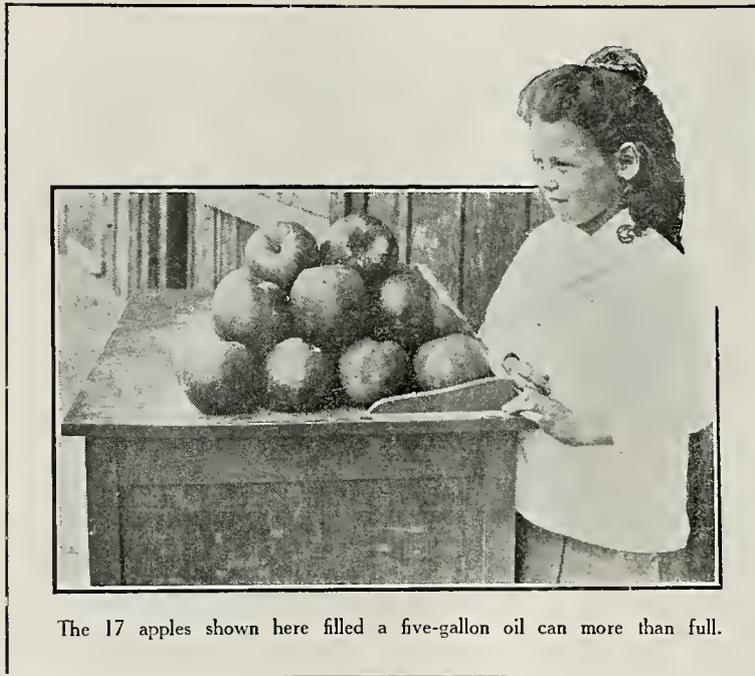
have come to this great expanse in hopes of making for themselves a domestic paradise. Failure after failure dots the valley. Almondale and Old Palmdale are recollections of the past, and old corner post identify lots once worth \$500. Orchards are yet visible among the sage brush. A comrade recently walked over a tangled expanse and discovered sixteen acres of olive trees still living, with fine olives on them. They had had no water for twenty years, except that from heaven.

Twenty odd years ago quite a settlement was near the present site of Llano. Like most other individual efforts it failed and the Colony is now heir to its early efforts, and we are building well.

Ox teams wended their way to the north from Los Angeles, and numerous bands of sheep and great herds of cattle were driven over these plains years ago. That sort of thing has now ceased. Concentrated farming and stock raising is now the rule of the day.

The view from the townsite, so often mentioned, is certainly grand. But it is unsafe to attempt to describe it. The Tehachapi mountains lie to the north and west and act as a great wall, and no two views ever seem the same. They are from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five miles away. The San Bernardino mountains are to the east of us at least forty-five miles. In the foothills there are many mines, and Victorville, thirty-two miles away, is a trading point for the mountaineers and miners. Some very high peaks are in this range and snow is visible most of the year on a few. Farther east are the Sierra Nevadas, still farther, the Rockies, and beyond them the Mississippi valley, the Appalachian chain, and finally New York and the Atlantic Ocean.

I want to make this geography plain so that our eastern



The 17 apples shown here filled a five-gallon oil can more than full.

friends may know just where we are and how to find us.

Nearer home, in our own valley, are the Lovejoy Buttes, a rugged mass of rock with much mineral, and at their base gushes a spring. To the east are the Black Butte, the Gray Butte, the Three Sisters, and numerous other great hard lumps that have not yet been eroded by Nature. A mirage, many days of the year, makes beautiful these lonely sentinels of the plains. Cities and oceans, ships and forests, buildings and people can be seen in the early morning if the imagination is vivid enough, and it makes one feel that these things cannot be so far away, or else we should not see them just out there.

The Sierra Madres lie just south of us, and on moonlight nights this snow-covered range is transformed into mountains of pure silver. It is a tentless creature indeed, that cannot see a beauty in these southern hills, ranging from 6000 to 9500 feet above sea level. It is from these snow sides that the Big Rock receives some of its water although the real origin is from a series of springs at an elevation of 6500 feet, ten and a half miles south of the Colony.

When the hand of man has overcome the harshness of nature and brought under control the land, magnificent fruit is

wilderness and break ground. Comrade Burkhart started seven years ago in the Pallet valley and is just beginning to reap returns from his lands.

As a rule we look for finished products and are only satisfied with them. To see the Valyermo ranch is to satisfy the mind, and at Little Rock, ten miles to the west, hundreds of acres are to be found in pears, with the reputation of the finest pears in the world. Llano has pear orchards growing.

It requires a botanist to do justice to the vegetation of the Valley. Nearly every month in the year a flower blooms here. The spring months bring forth an abundance of small ground flowers of great beauty. Millions of them strew the sands like a carpet, while waving above them the five different varieties of sage nod and bloom, and afford succulent forage for the millions of bees.

Junipers dot the hillsides just above the Colony and are evergreen. Mistletoe often displaces the natural foliage and finally kills the twisted but hardy juniper.

The foliage and the vegetation create a tremendous impression on the mind. The colors of the valley, looking from above, are bewildering, and our artist friends go wild about it.

This fine field of cabbage shows convincingly that the Llano lands are fertile and productive. The more than 100 acres to be planted this year to vegetables should amply provide for the expected growth in population.

Cauliflowers, pumpkins, squash, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, produce splendidly at Llano.



grown, and according to our farmers the best alfalfa in the world can be raised in the Antelope Valley.

Back of us lie the Shoemaker, the Valyermo and the West ranches. Each raises fine fruit. The Colony picked the pears, apples and peaches of these ranches last season, and our share, many thousands of gallons, were canned in our cannery. These are old ranches. The country was wild indeed when these hardy pioneers plotted these farms and started development. Today however they are show places; and a brief visit to them will show what the land is capable of.

Llano is not old enough to demonstrate the agricultural and horticultural possibilities, but it can safely be said that if the people who come here will be patient for a few years and put as much effort to the soil as have these old ranchers, the Colony will have a magnificent estate. We are more favorably located than any of them, and with co-operation in action we surely should be able in a few years to create a veritable garden in the midst of the desert.

Still farther to the south, and considerably higher, lies the Pallet Valley, in which are several prosperous ranches. It took considerable courage years ago to go into that virgin

Once in a while a prosaic individual, when well-fed, can even enthuse over its beauties.

The opals and blues and ultramarines, and the kaleidoscope of colors morning and night must be seen to be appreciated, yet I am aware that thousands would say that the important thing is the raising of beans. But artists differ from the agriculturist and the machinist. I know this for I have taken lots of photographers over the ranch, and to an artist a photographer is nothing but a machine.

A friend back east wants to know from a friend here if Llano is as picturesque as I paint it. Yes, and more so. But we can't eat it, and from now on I am strong for beans, peas, and lentils, and other useful things of that nature—so that when we are full of these things we can see the picturesque side. Whether or not your feet are cold makes a lot of difference whether or not Llano is picturesque. It may not be picturesque to you, but it is the most interesting place in the world, and the nucleus of the biggest idea in the universe.

We have splendid people here. It takes strong people to like this idea. If they weren't above the average, Llano would have no attractions.

Declaration of Ind

By the Co-operativ

BELIEVING that the remedy for the larger part of the existing social and industrial evils that afflict our times lies in the most thorough and scientific organization of industries under a system that legally guarantees a practical and certain uniformity of results, and the responsible and just administration of the industrial powers so organized:

And believing further, that such an industrial system can best be initiated and developed under the auspices of a national association having for its declared purpose,—

First,—the acquisition of land for social use and the founding of an industrial system by which the workers shall at all times be guaranteed the largest measure of freedom in the exercise of their physical and intellectual powers and faculties, the broadest range of opportunities to engage in producing the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, and in the enjoyment of the full social value of their labor.

Second,—the establishing of a system of co-operative banking and exchange by which the extortions of the money-lender and exchanger of the products of labor may be avoided; and,

Third,—the founding of an educational system under which the workers may be made familiar with the principles of co-operative ownership of industries, and the best and most modern methods by which the greatest economic results are today achieved:—

We, the undersigned, tender fraternal greetings to all who are working and hoping for a free and just industrial system and for a safe and sane political regime; and we hereby announce and proclaim the foregoing principles as the foundation upon which we ask you to join in establishing such a social order.

We declare that the exercise of public functions by private combinations for private profit is wasteful in its general results, unjust to the laboring and producing classes, and constitutes the last remaining barrier to industrial freedom and social justice.

We declare that the world has arrived at an age in the development of the machinery of production and distribution in which it is physically possible to produce and distribute an abundance of everything for every human need if industry were freed from private ownership of public utilities and monopoly of fertile but unused land, and production for use instead of for profit were made the law of industrial life.

We declare that throughout the country millions of workers are without employment; millions of consumers with nothing to consume; millions of producers shut off from all means of

production; millions of superfluous men for whom there are no places, and that these millions, starving for places no less than for bread, constitute a constant menace to the tenure of those who have employment.

We declare that monopoly of land and private ownership of labor-employing industries for private profit is the prime cause of this condition, and that wage earners who have present employment can entertain but little hope for permanent position or steady wages, much less an increase thereof,

A Friend

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them only blue,
I'd like to say the kind things that I so oft have heard
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've

in the face of such a condition. And when to this condition is added the ever-increasing machine facilities for production, the increasing organization and concentration of industrial power, and the increasing greed and selfishness of employing ownership, all driving steadily to the decrease of the employed and the increase of the unemployed—what is left to them of hope but its dregs, despair?

We declare that the problem of millions of acres of land without workers, millions of workers without land or opportunity to produce the necessaries of life, and millions of men, women, and children suffering for lack of the harvests which the now idle land could be made to yield, will never be solved until industrial co-operation by the workers supersedes the wage-profit system.

We declare that there are millions of acres of fertile land which might be socialized through a co-operative organization, and that there is an element of society able and willing to contribute sufficient means to this end whenever a responsible,

Industrial Independence

Workers of the World

national organization shall appear with an adequate, safe, and practicable plan.

We declare that it is possible and practicable for society to employ all the workers at useful and productive labor all the time, and that an army of unemployed workers is an economic loss to the state, wholly unnecessary and preventable, and constitutes a prolific source and cause of crime; but whereas such an unemployed element of society is a direct result and necessary asset of land monopoly and pri-

labor ownership of industries responsible to the people in every detail and particular, and that when the workers desire to live under such conditions as the socialization of industries will guarantee, the movement will have gained a force and momentum before which private capital ownership will be swept aside, and its selfish laws and courts and constitutions dissolved and re-organized upon a basis of industrial justice in the great revolution of ownership which will then take place.

We declare that it is the duty of the people through the exercise of their political powers and functions to establish the foregoing principles in government and correct the evils pointed out; but until such program can be effected through political action, we declare there is no course left for those who desire to realize these ideals but to establish them as they best may through private organization until the government does its full duty to the people in this respect.

We declare that upon justice in material things must justice in all things at last depend. That this is the primal law of social and industrial life, the foundation principle of order and government among men. That man's first right is here, and here, his sacred duty—to secure this right for himself, to render it sacredly to others.

And being profoundly impressed with the truth of the foregoing principles, we, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselves together as a Provisional Committee of Arrangements for the purpose of effecting a realization of these ideals, and we pledge ourselves to aid in every honorable way in our power in establishing such industrial, educational, and exchange systems, and to that end we call upon all who favor the Co-operative idea and principle to organize Co-operative Commonwealth Clubs, to study and teach industrial co-operation, to organize co-operative industries and exchanges wherever practicable, and choose representatives to an Industrial Congress for the purpose of establishing the Co-operative Commonwealth Foundation.

And we finally declare that the Co-operative Commonwealth shall be responsible to the general government for industrial peace and order within its own jurisdiction.

And the time and place for convening such Industrial Congress shall be determined by a referendum vote of such clubs.

(Signed)

JOB HARRIMAN,
Llano, California.
CLINTON BANCROFT,
Carrolls, Washington.

Greeting

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

When wishing at this Christmas time that I could but repay
a portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way.
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be:
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

—Detroit Free Press.

private ownership of industries, we declare that no relief (political, industrial, or educational) of a permanent character may be expected from the political defenders of the wage-profit system.

We declare that Socialism means the most perfect and comprehensive organization of industries, the most precise and business-like methods in their operation, and the most adequate supervision and control of the powers so organized and operated, to the end that none may be oppressed and that the final result may be a co-sharing by the co-workers. That it will be a condition of society existing when labor has learned the lesson of industrial co-operation instead of working against itself in warring factions and competitive groups. That it concerns and relates to the material, everyday affairs of industrial life. That it means responsible co-operation in production and distribution and is practicable to a degree superior to the competitive system. That it will be a state or condition of

Broader Organization Needed

THE Socialist Party when it faces the election returns of 1916 must do some hard thinking. Its first task is some honest soul searching for the cause of its failure to win or hold any considerable fraction of the working class. It will have to apply its basic materialistic principles to the facts. And when it does it will discover that it has failed thus far because it has not put before the workers an issue at once vital enough in importance and sufficiently near of realization to make their allegiance of direct and immediate benefit to them. It will discover that a political party cannot be organized around the shifting tenets of a political theory; that the only firm bond is the material interest of industrial groups.

So Comrade Harriman's proposal that the Socialist Party shall connect up with the labor and co-operative movements is very timely.

We cannot expect that immediately the party organization shall conduct a department to promote co-operative enterprises. But it must broaden its form of organization so that co-operators, by virtue of their membership in a co-operative enterprise, may be members of the Socialist Party. Already the Socialist Party endorses labor unions and contributes materially to their aid in strikes and lock-outs. It must do more. It must permit union men, whose time is so largely absorbed by the everyday necessary business of their unions, to be members of the Socialist Party by virtue of their membership in the unions.

Ultimately co-operative, union, and political club must be allied upon the indestructible basis of mutual interests and a common aim. Big business has effected a close alliance and is able to dominate the capitalist parties. Its strength is enormous. In the face of it can anyone doubt the necessity of the working people "mobilizing" all their sources of strength if they hope to prevail in the tremendous class struggle that approaches its climax in ever intensifying conflicts?

CAMERON H. KING.

Party Too Theoretical

IT is apparent to anyone who has made a careful study of the Socialist movement of the world that our party in the United States is too dogmatic—that it must become less theoretical and more practical or it will petrify into another Socialist Labor Party.

Instead of being, as it should be, the political expression of the unions and the co-operatives, the party has stood aloof and sometimes even antagonized them. Instead of bending itself to cement into law, and secure general recognition for the gains made in the industrial and co-operative fields, the party has too often stood back and theorized and done nothing.

Every place where those dogmatists have had control the energy of the movement has been wasted in foolish theoretical discussions, in making rules and in "disciplining" the members, with the result that the movement has withered. Witness the Socialist Labor Party, the Social Democratic Federation of England and many of the parties formerly existing in France.

On the other hand, where the party has been a real labor party instead of a philosophical debating society, it has gained in numbers and power. Witness, prior to the war, the labor party of England, the Socialist Parties of Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, and of other European countries. We of the United States must take note of the facts and direct our energies to action rather than to idle theorizing.

GEO. W. DOWNING.

Keeping Us Out of War

The maple leaves were turning from green to bright red, yellow and magenta. Summer had waned and passed and the year 1920 was drawing to a close. A man lolling luxuriantly behind the highly polished glass windows of a Fifth Avenue club suddenly sat bolt upright. He stared out on the street where for hours an endless stream of marching men had plodded along. Now and then loud shouts and wild cheers had sent a wave of annoyance across the portion of the clubman's face that was visible above the grisly, bristling beard. Suddenly light came into the lack-lustre eye and as he leaned forward and stared he clutched fiercely and sank his fingers into the arms of the upholstered chair. Then the unnerved man



CAN LLANO GARDENS GROW VEGETABLES? Here is the best answer to the question that we know of—and these were not specially selected, either. As to quality, it cannot be surpassed anywhere. This year's production is expected to vastly surpass that of last year in every way.

shouted aloud and his strident voice brought half a score of liveried flunkies running.

"Quick, boy, bring me pens, ink, telegraph blanks!"

"What's the matter, Charlie?" asked a fellow clubman.

"I'm going to congratulate Woodrow on his election," answered the perturbed one.

"But, Mr. Hughes," said a sympathetic bystander, "he was elected long years ago."

"Yes, yes, I heard that story in 1916, but I put little credence in it. I have been waiting for the returns from Watts, California."

"But what convinces you now?"

"See that banner, there. Read it. If it is true, then Woodrow must be President."

All eyes turned toward a huge banner carried by twenty-five stalwart Wall Street speculators. The wording read: "Defeat Wilson for the third term. He is keeping us out of War."

Our Industrial School

By Mildred Travis

TEN months ago there was nothing except the little two-room adobe schoolhouse on the spot where the Junior Colony now stands.

The land all around, except a small garden at the Tilghman place, was covered with sage brush, yuccas, and grease wood. The five upper grades of the grammar school held daily session in the adobe school building. School, to the children, was a rather monotonous routine of studying and reciting, varied only by the two short recesses.

One beautiful March day a man of energy and initiative came to the school. He talked to the children about Llano and its ideals of co-operation. He told them that some day they would have the Colony in their own hands, and that they must learn to work and to co-operate. He said that he was there to help them choose their life work.

The children were enthusiastic from the very beginning. They organized classes in agriculture. The tendency to destroy everything in sight was replaced by an ambition to become active members of the community. Nearly every child responded readily to this call of his better self. The children organized a club for their own welfare; they started to build a clubhouse; they sent for seeds and planted vegetable and flower gardens. They took an interest unknown or undreamed of before. The children came early and stayed late. This miracle was performed by no other than that human dynamo, George T. Pickett.

The first Sunday in April a big dinner was held at the new colony. Two hundred and ten people were served. That was the first meal served at the Junior Colony and the end is not yet. All of the school children, numbering about eighty, and an average of twenty men who worked in that vicinity, were fed each day. This feeding of the school children is a great saving to the Colony, for much of a cold lunch, carried by the child, is wasted. Mrs. Pickett was a tireless worker in this department. The children were drawn closer and closer together and they were beginning to learn real co-operation. They had the foundation to the clubhouse well under way, and a small chicken house completed when school was dismissed for the summer vacation.

Then the work started with renewed energy. In May they had bought 1180 little chicks. From these they succeeded in raising over one thousand chickens. That is a record any poultry man would be proud of. The little chicken house was becoming so crowded that the boys built another larger one, also of adobe. They then built a house for Mr. and Mrs. Pickett. After that a cellar was built with a room above. Some excellent work was done on these buildings under the direction of Mr. West.

The garden which the children had planted was doing so well that the garden of the Colony, some 75 acres, was also given into their hands. How to plant, when to plant, soil chemistry, irrigation, and the preparation of vegetables for the market were studied industriously.

A summer school was organized and those children who wished to do so, studied during the summer. Attendance was not compulsory. Those who desired to do so, went to school and those who cared about other things did those other things. All were learning, some from books, some from doing, some from both; but all were learning.

When the public school reopened on October 2nd, another school was organized. This is called by some the Radical school, because its aim is to give the pupils the best of every-

thing in a new way, to break away from the old methods and old curricula to teach radical, up-to-the-minute subjects in radical, up-to-the-minute ways, with radical teachers at the head. By others it is called the Industrial school, because its aim is to teach the pupil any industry he wishes to learn, as well as to give him a knowledge of books. The aim is to afford each pupil all possible facilities for learning any vocation. In truth, it is both a Radical and an Industrial school, and neither name alone expresses its entire significance. The two names should be used together, for it is really a Radical Industrial School.

In the beginning, three months ago, there were only eight pupils enrolled at this school. The first teachers were two in number. All sorts of hardships were endured, but lack of materials to work with and poor accommodations failed to discourage these dauntless teachers and pupils. The school grew rapidly. Mrs. Pickett gave up her home as few women would have done. She had the vision—that was why she did it. Her dining room became a school room. Tables were brought in and a class formed around each table.

Inside work is not all the children do by any means. They have their own horses, cows, goats, sheep, rabbits, chickens, pigs, and turkeys. They take care of all of these things and some pets they have, a couple of wild-cats, a hawk, and a few other wild animals and birds. Besides this they have built fences, goat-pens, rabbit hutches and all necessary buildings. Work was often delayed weeks at a time for lack of facilities to work with. An insufficient supply of lumber usually lay at the root of the matter. The boys hauled lime, rock and adobe to build with, and they were tireless in their efforts to make the Junior Colony the biggest thing on the whole ranch.

And still the school grew! New teachers came and offered their services. New pupils joined the ranks, two or three coming at a time. People came to visit the school and all were amazed at the progress. They wanted to do their little to help. Donations started flowing into the Junior Colony. Men and women with big hearts, some with long purse-strings and some not so long, gave liberally to this institution of learning. Donations of all sorts came, ranging all the way from dictionaries to baseballs, from a dozen towels to a chest of new tools. These helped set the school on its feet. It is standing on a good foundation, that of a true ideal. Truth will always prevail, and this school will stand where all others fall. Nothing can prevent it.

Plans for next year are not overshadowed by present problems. One hundred acres of garden will be raised this year. Corn, peas, beans, and tomatoes will be raised for canning. Sweet potatoes will also receive a great deal of attention. The permanent rhubarb and asparagus beds for Llano will be located at the Junior Colony. All of the grain needed for chicken feed will be raised. The children expect to raise a thousand turkeys and they are going quite extensively into the raising of bulbs.

At the present time there are more than fifty pupils enrolled at the Industrial school. From the time the children arrive in the morning until the time they leave in the evening, they are learning. Nearly every conceivable subject is taught. The teachers in this unique school are not asked to present a certificate. It is doubtful if more than one of them holds a certificate which would entitle him to teach in Los Angeles

(Continued on Page twenty)

Training for Service

By Frank E. Wolfe

"I like it better here because we don't have to work hard to learn" said a bright faced lad at our embryonic Manual Training School at Llano.

The boy was trying to give expression to the idea that learning was not such a bugbear as he had once believed it to be.

The facts are the children both work and learn, but this under a system that makes the work of such absorbing interest that there is no drudgery and the learning so incidental that there is no labor.

Our industrial school is in a formative state but there are well thought out ideas and plans that eventually will result in bringing together education and industry. Long have these been separated and the rejoining of them has only been undertaken when the demand for more profits has called for more and more efficiency on the part of the producers of wealth. Out of this demand have sprung Manual Training Schools calculated to fit the half educated for greater service to the exploiting groups. Formerly industry and education were joined but that was in the long ago. Industry was, as a primitive and necessary social element, the first in the field. Education followed. As education is a process toward a social end it is in itself simply a process—a road to enlightenment.

At Llano much stress will be laid upon education that will deal with making better, stronger and healthier human bodies. This seems to be an inevitable feature of the industrial side, as no great industrial achievement could spring from the anæmic and academic.

The industrial school under Socialism will not resemble the

IN training our children as in many other enterprises our hopes are high, our dreams are large, but the goal is so glorious in the future that it is beyond our vision today. We know the needs of the time and the hour, but the needs of the coming year lie with the wonderful Llano Manana—the Llano of tomorrow.

schools under capitalism even in form. The greatest difference will be in the motive. Capitalism trains the youth to the end that the worker may create more profits, and more efficient productive workers may be available. Collectivism will train the youth that he may render better service to society. The one is concerned only in producing for profit—the other in producing for use.

In training our young people the idea that will dominate will be that greater social service may be rendered—thus that greater joy may come to the ones that render the service.

"I interest my pupils in their work by telling them if they become proficient here they will be paid a dollar a day more when they go to work," said a teacher in a Manual Arts High School. She smirked in her proper pride until a woman asked her: "And do you tell them that for that additional dollar they will be expected, no, compelled, to produce ten dollars additional profits for the employers who will be exploiting their proficiency? Do you tell them that your school is maintained

for that purpose? Do they know they are being trained to become more efficient earners of profits for others?"

One school teacher's education began then and there.

Industry under capitalism has become the slave master. This is the inevitable outgrowth of production for profit. Things are made to be sold and broken or destroyed. Flimsy fabrication is cultivated because use is submerged for profit.

Learning by doing will grow, and a deeper understanding of the meaning of expression will come as the young people develop at Llano. This growth is so rapid that the development more than meets our expectations.

Our Industrial School

(Continued from Page nineteen)

County schools. These teachers know something worth knowing and they can impart that knowledge to others, therefore they are qualified to teach. The final test is not in what a piece of paper says you have done, but in what you can do.

Each of them has specialized in his particular line of work. Miss Austin, for instance, teaches Science, English, German, French, Spanish, and Latin. All of these subjects are intensely interesting to the pupils. Comrade John Shafer teaches band music especially. The boys practise on their instruments at all hours and seem never to get enough music. Comrade Miller teaches Geography, advanced Arithmetic and History, but he specializes in Manual training. Under his direction the boys who live at the Junior Colony have made their own bedsteads.

Wesley Zornes has classes in agriculture and biology, which are also always fascinating to the children. Comrade Staples instructs the children in voice culture and physical culture. Mrs. Smith spends most of her time with the little children, giving them the subjects usually taught in the public schools.

One big, overgrown boy of fifteen, who never before read a book or a paper except under compulsion, now takes a lively interest in the work of the ranch and in reading every-

thing in sight. The other day he unloaded some lumber for the barn which the boys are building. After he had finished he came running into the house with "Mr. Pickett, we have got 772 feet of lumber." "Are you sure that is right?" asked Mr. Pickett. The boy answered that he had figured it up and that was the result. He proved to be right, exactly to the foot. That boy has learned something he will never forget—how to figure lumber.

Another chubby little youngster, eleven years old, is becoming a book-keeper. He keeps an accurate account of all the vegetables that leave the colony and also an account of all things that come in. He also figured the amount of lumber in this load. He volunteered to do this work of keeping accounts, and right there he is learning a valuable lesson which will never be forgotten.

Still another boy of about the same age took charge of the tools. He hung them on nails on the inside of the barn, and drew an outline of each tool exactly as it hung on the wall. Only the one tool which belongs there will exactly fit the picture, so that anyone can immediately tell what tools are missing, if any. Many other such incidents could be mentioned, but lack of space forbids.

The Senses of Plants

By Wesley Zornes

DO plants think? Of late years some botanists say that they have discovered senses in plants which connect their limited existence with their environment. Plants have senses we do not possess. Our senses are limited to hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting. With these senses we are able to set up a telegraphic communication with our world. Who knows that there are not untold phenomena escaping our senses? Our ear-drums are only capable of receiving a limited number of sound vibrations per second. Some scientists say that if we were capable of receiving all of the sound waves that life would be a medley of noises. The eye is capable of receiving only a certain number of light waves per second. The range is small. Outside of our limited existence there lies a world untouched, unheard and unexplored. This knowledge opens up to us a vast expanse—a world unknown. Life has no boundaries; the inevitable law of change transforms matter into new forms. We are shut in by a narrow vision of life. Plants experience sensations which we cannot. We discovered the law of gravity by witnessing a result. Plants are sensitive of gravitational law. Its roots grow downward. Its branches grow upward. If a young tree is bent it will attempt to regain its normal position.

The small tentacles of the ivy searching for a hold on some support can be compared to the claws of the animal. It serves a similar purpose. Its movements show perception and discrimination; for it always seeks the place where it can best secure a hold.

The heliotropic movements of plants show how fine are their

sense of light and heat. The leaves arrange themselves so that they will get the greatest amount of light according to their area. Notice the leaf arrangement of the ivy. Can these great physical phenomena be attributed to chance? They can only be explained as consciousness in some form on the part of the plant; for each leaf of the ivy alternates with the next leaf so that no leaf shades the other. The leaf needs sunlight. The question is: Is the plant aware of this fact?

The carnivorous habits of the sundew can only be explained by a conscious direction of some kind. It secretes a sticky fluid which is sought by insects. When a fly alights for its repast, it at once becomes entangled in this fluid. Then a wonderful phenomenon takes place as the leaves slowly but certainly encircle the victim. This fluid is similar to the digestive fluids of our bodies, and assimilates the food contained in the fly's body.

The spermatozoa of the fern are attracted by sweetened water. The egg is attracted by the same food. In this nature provides through taste sensation of the plants for the continued propagation of the plant. The sperm and egg seeking the same food naturally come together and fertilization takes place. Likewise the sperm of the club mosses finds the egg swimming about in a drop of dew. The sperm and the egg are both attracted by malic acid, and thus attracted by the same food, fertilization is accomplished.

We are led to believe through the observation of these and similar facts, that in the near future sense organs of plants will be discovered.

Natural Fruit Soil

By Oliver Zornes

ROOTS grow for moisture and plant food. Desert plants are deep rooted. Plants grown in humid areas have a shallow root system.

Oxidation cannot take place when oxygen is excluded from the soil. When soil is saturated with water, air is excluded. When the soil dries during the growing months of the year, oxidation takes place, but the under soil which still holds its water is not penetrated and very little oxidation takes place here. Such a soil is adapted to the growing of shallow rooted plants.

Desert areas are being irrigated and planted to orchards because of their great soil depths. Root crops can generally be grown on this soil, and alfalfa is one of its best crops. Wheat is also grown with success and the soil is almost inexhaustible.

Scientific farmers are learning how to handle the soils of the humid areas. When they plant a tree they blast the hole. Their intertillage is also deep, thus forcing the roots downward and allowing the air to penetrate the soil to a greater depth. Deep plowing and even subsoiling is practiced.

The expense of this work may, however, offset the profits to be made, while in the arid regions the lack of nitrogen in available form is the chief drawback. This can be best supplied by the addition of compost or green manure, by cultivation, or by the growing of some legume, such as peas, vetch, clover or beans.

Combat Pear Blight

By Oliver Zornes

NOW is the time to cut all hold over blight from your orchards. The knife is the only method yet discovered of eradicating pear blight, and it can be eradicated only where all the orchardists cut scientifically. The blight starts on the last growth on a pear or where the sap has been exposed by a cut or break in the bark. The limbs that are affected have the appearance of being burnt. All cutting should be done at least one foot below any signs of the blight and the tools well disinfected after each cut. The blight is caused by a microscopic germ which travels in the sap of the tree, and bees or insects may scatter these germs. One should burn all cuttings to avoid this danger. Blight is known to affect apple trees but seldom does much harm and generally stops at the base of the twig. There is danger of the roots becoming affected with the germ where it cannot be controlled. It may go down some water spout.

The Ango and Winter Nellies are to some extent blight resisting and Bartletts may be budded to their roots, thus lessening danger of root blight. The Japanese root is also blight resisting and will perhaps be used in the near future.

Care should always be taken in the growing of pears not to use an excess of water, which is likely to cause a soft growth. The last growth is the first to become affected and it travels much faster. Keep the wood as solid as possible.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in December Magazines

HARPER'S

Grammar: The Bane of Boyhood.—In childhood memory and imagination are both very active—analysis, comparison, and abstraction are little developed. Few children understand or remember any of the grammar work they are forced to do. Composition can only be taught from the standpoint that every written exercise involves two persons—the writer and the reader. The child must express his own thoughts to a person who comes within the range of his understanding, i. e., another child. Discard all theories and be only a loving man or woman, working and playing with the child.—Burgess Johnson.

Fitting the Man to the Job.—Modern efficiency uses every ounce of material and "all the pig but the squeal," but casts thousands of human beings on the scrap heap as valueless. Each person "hired and fired" as inefficient costs the company from \$50 to \$200 in waste of time and material. This leakage often means the difference between success and failure and incidentally floods the country with "floaters." The theory is now gaining repute that every person can do something and that it is the most urgent problem of the day to find each individual his appointed place. Starting with the roughest class of workmen by studying their respective abilities Ford has nearly doubled the output of his plant.—Burton J. Hendrick.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

The Election and Prohibition.—60 per cent of the population and over 85 per cent of the area of the country are now under prohibition law. There is a strong chance that the party leaders will accomplish the major portion of their program, namely, the submitting of a constitutional amendment to the vote of the states and the enactment of a prohibition measure for the District of Columbia. The President will veto this last measure unless it is conditional upon a referendum to the people of the national capital. Congress will be largely occupied by "preparedness" measures, but the argument is that prohibition would accomplish a higher degree of preparedness than all the other proposals put together.—L. Ames Brown.

Death-doors and Asphodel.—To the pagan death was inevitable and thus to be accepted with calmness and dignity. The Greek clothed it in a form of beauty—asphodel meadows and twilight—a veil to hide its ugliness and a light to illuminate its truth. The medieval mind shuddered before its spectre and bricked up the doors from which the dead had been carried forth, that the Spirit of Death should not be able to re-enter the house. This scientific age experiments with the great mystery. It is true that no sounds have reached us from the beyond that can compare in grandeur and majesty with its unbroken silence, yet echoes reach us which give new meaning to the great research and these echoes of the spirit stir the imagination—they resolve the blackness of death into many hues and qualities of color.—Gertrude E. Slaughter.

LITERARY DIGEST

Railroads Inviting a New Yoke.—Mr. Alfred P. Thom, counsel for the railway executives' advisory committee, gives testimony to the fact that the railroads would welcome the following changes: Assumption of entire power of regulation by the National Government Federal Incorporation; the creation of a new national railroad commission, to take the place of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and exclusive power in the Federal Government to supervise issues of railroad securities. The railroads "accept the view that regulation is a permanent and enduring fact of Government in America," but they wish the regulation to be exercised by one supreme authority rather than by forty-nine conflicting ones. "If something is not done Government ownership will come and State control of all sorts will cease."

Feed America First.—There is a strong feeling in favor of embargo measures that would "starve the war and feed America." Of what profit is it if our foreign trade is to grow up by leaps and bounds while our people are brought to the verge of starvation by it? However, the embargo would provoke retaliatory measures. We are at the mercy of Great Britain for supplies of wool and plantation rubber, for example. The high price of wheat has induced the sowing of winter wheat over the widest possible area, and altogether it is an immensely complicated subject and the more it is discussed the slower will Congress be to act.

THE FRA

A Show-down and a Show-up.—Somebody must evolve a new economic belief, a new fraternal justice for both Capital and Labor. Accept the labor leaders and try to get their view point. Labor whined and begged for

a time and then it got together and organized. Now Labor issues orders and Capital will obey those orders more and more from now on. Labor has Capital out-numbered. Competition is a failure and Co-operation comes! Business is a science, the accumulation of money a disease!—F. Shay.

METROPOLITAN

What Our Government Ought to Be and Ought to Do.—Because our Legislature is not responsible to the popular will, we have fallen behind England, Germany, and France, and still further in the rear of Australia and New Zealand in our industrial and social legislation. The idea that the state is solely a political institution is becoming more and more untenable, and when we are confronted after the war with competition from state organized and protected industries of Europe we will have no choice but to either lead the progressive economic movement or to fall in behind it a second rate power.—Elwood Mead.

Wild Men and Animals.—"In a truly great horse (or man) there is an air of freedom unconquerable. It is the birthright of eagles." Some criminals belong in this class, they are doing what they think they have a right to do. Society gives them orders to stop. They refuse. We jail them, and stout, well-dressed persons who dodge taxes applaud the proceedings and carefully avoid seeing and knowing what happens after the man is jailed—that he deteriorates morally and physically and is eventually turned out sick and embittered to "start again" in a world where no man will trust him, and that four or five thousand of such men are turned out every year in the U. S. alone. Thomas Mott Osborne's way is to interest them in learning to play the straight game.—Clarence Day, Jr.

THE MASSES

Utopian Reality.—People who picture a revolutionary ideal without suggestion of a method of procedure toward the ideal, have a comparatively easy and primitive kind of vision. The democratic idea of progress that comes from persuading and propagating reasonable ideas is not adapted to the real conditions. The real world is a world where privilege can only be uprooted by power. We of the masses would like to assemble a power that will do something. It is easy to write reformers' opinions. The difficult thing is to do anything. None of us has tried that.—Max Eastman.

Believing in Arbitration on Principle.—It is supposed that arbitration means the substitution of reason for force. But an award successfully imposed is just as much a matter of force as a strike. Strikers by withholding their labor may force an employer to come to their terms. Or an employer by using strike-breakers may do the same. But if an award is opposed to the interests of the workers it is charged with violence even more certainly than the strike. It does not throw bricks but it does starve out the workers. The only difference in the violence is that the misery is prolonged.—H.M.

THE WORLD'S WORK

China America's Silent Partner.—China's nationalism is rapidly becoming real, and they are drawing their political inspiration from us and along republican lines. They trust us and are surprised and hurt that we do not give them decisive support, especially with the capital that they must have to develop their resources. She wants peace and she wants progress, and in co-operation with us she can develop into an independent nation, whereas, left helpless in the hands of the forces which are contending for the control of her enormous assets, she will become a danger in the Pacific.—Jeremiah W. Jenks.

Staving off Old Age.—Act happy and you will become so. Act young and you will remain so. You grow old because you do old things. The body is a complicated machine and should be overhauled at frequent intervals by an expert to be sure that no unnecessary process of wear and tear is going on, and that no diseased condition is being established. Treat the machine intelligently and do not worry. Remember that you do not clench your hands because you are angry. You are angry because you clench your hands. Act as you would be.—Hawthorne Daniel.

CENTURY

The Economic Heresy of the Allies.—The recent economic conference of the Allies shows a disastrous attitude of fear and passion developed by the war. Their program of boycotting the Central powers after the war would upset the natural balance of economic interaction in such a way as to destroy their own interests as well as those of their enemies. Only the steady-power of concerted action by the neutrals can avert a condition of chronic economic warfare.—T. Lothrop Stoddard.

Women in Agriculture

By Mildred G. Buxton

SOME time ago we thought it would be interesting to write up a little story on what women were doing in the live stock world.

To our great surprise there were no statistics or real information of any general extent on the subject. Many women have taken an interest in live stock for commercial reasons; there are numbers of them now engaged in the business of raising blooded horses, cattle, dogs, cats, and chickens for the market, but only in the case of the chickens and cats do we find women doing the actual work connected with the industry.

The same condition exists in agriculture. Many women own beautiful ranches and homes but most of the work is turned over to others while the women seek amusement along other lines—amusement which generally leaves them under the care of a nerve specialist. There is a joke in this too, because we have all known of physicians in cases of this kind to prescribe digging in the soil, making gardens, raising flowers, anything to keep them in the open air and in close touch with the steadying influence of nature.

One cannot help wondering why this is so. Surely there is nothing more appealing to the feminine nature than a helpless little animal. Even little pigs are attractive and they can be made as interesting and absorbing as any card game or tea table gossip ever was. They peg around on their funny little stiff legs like mechanical toys; quickly learn to come when called, and, as in the case of some I have in mind, are easily taught to be cleanly. These little ones were always fed on a large white cloth and after that a large dish towel must have looked like dinner to them for they would come running across the floor and smell around it squealing for their

dinner. Baby goats are the cutest things in the world and calves and colts are a never ending source of delight.

I would advocate a thorough, practical course in agriculture and animal husbandry for every girl as part of her education.

The agricultural world offers an unlimited field of activity for women. Power driven farm machinery has already removed the excuse that American women could not do the tremendous physical work that our sisters in the war-ridden countries are doing of necessity. The work would give health, strength, steady nerves; all in fact that makes life worth living. Nothing is more fascinating than the feel and smell of the newly turned soil and the joy of watching the earth open with the pressure of the swelling plant, the tiny green shoots that soon develop in flowers, fruits and vegetables; the mist that rises from the tilled earth in early spring—all these wonders combine to make agriculture a profession particularly fitted for women.

Steadiness of eye, nerve, and brain are characteristic of men who raise and care for animals or who work in the soil. Men who raise fine animals must have self control first of all—a blow struck in anger or in a moment of indignation would be fatal in molding the habits of a good horse, for instance. Punctuality and regularity are essential in both these industries, as only regular feeding, cleaning, etc., will produce the healthy, well nourished animals that are the prize winners.

All the attributes mentioned are especially needed by women in their great task of bearing and training children. The poise and patience that come to those who work with and wait on nature would round out character and bestow largeness and wisdom that would go well with the most important work in the world, that which devolves upon women as the "Mothers of Men."

Song of a Woman Free

I am a woman free. My song
Flows from my soul with pure and joyful strength.
It shall be heard through all the noise of things—
A song of joy where songs of joy were not.
My sister singers, singing in the past,
Sang songs of melody but not of joy—
For woman's name was Sorrow, and the slave
Is never joyful tho he smiles.

I am a woman free. Too long
I was held captive in the dust. Too long
My soul was surfeited with toil or ease
And rotted as the plaything of a slave.
I am a woman free at last
After the crumbling centuries of time.
Free to achieve and understand;
Free to become and live.

I am a woman free. With face
Turned toward the sun, I am advancing
Toward love that is not lust,
Toward work that is not pain,
Toward home which is the world,
Toward motherhood which is not forced,
And toward the man who also must be free.
—"A Woman Free and other Poems" by Ruth.

As It Is

IS the iron immodest when it creeps to the lodestone and clings to its side?

Is the hen bird brazen when she flutters to her mate responsive to his compelling woosong?

Is the seed immodest when it sinks into the ground and swells with budding life?

Is the cloud bold when it softens into rain and falls, and falls to earth because it has no other choice?

Or is it brazen when it nestles for a time on the bosom of heaven's arched dome and sinking to the fathomless depths of a blue black infinity, ceases to be itself?

Is the human soul immodest when, drawn by a force it cannot resist, it seeks a stronger soul which absorbs its ego as the blue sky absorbs the floating cloud, as the warm earth swells the seed, as the magnet draws the iron?

All these are of one quality.

The iron, the seed, the cloud, and the rain, and the soul of man are what they are, do what they do, love as they love, live as they live, and die as they die, because they must—because they have no other choice."

—o—

Isn't this beautiful?

The Lieutenant-Governor and the Pigtails

By Helen Frances Easley

WHEN he told Bobby-Ann that, as far as he was concerned, she would never grow up, he probably believed himself, at least he spoke in such a positive manner that his hearers were convinced that he meant what he said. Bobby-Ann's feelings were not the least bit hurt. She had known the Honorable Andy, as she now called him, as far back as she could remember, and she had been told things by him, and had told things to him with such utter frankness for so long, that this seemed a very natural answer to the question she had asked him. In fact it was all Bobby-Ann's fault. If it had not been her High School graduation, and had not the Honorable Andy been chosen as Commencement speaker, the incident would probably never have occurred.

Of course he had not always been the Honorable Andrew Crawford, and it was he who had shortened the name of Roberta Ann to Bobby-Ann. She had been five and he twenty-one when they first met in her Uncle's office where Andy was reading law. He had been merely "Andy" to her then, and she adored him, he was the most wonderful play-fellow in the world and she was disconsolate when he went back to school in the fall. But when he graduated and was admitted to the Bar, he returned to practice Law with her Uncle, and Bobby-Ann had her playfellow back for a number of years at least. But shortly after she entered High School, he had been elected State Representative, and it was then that Bobby-Ann tacked on "The Honorable." At the close of his term as representative he had been offered a partnership in an influential law firm in the Capital city, and everything pointed to an eminently successful career.

However, he did not forget his friends in the little old home town, nor they him, and they were glad indeed that he had been able to accept the classes' invitation to be their Commencement Day orator.

The little town had not outgrown the thrill caused by High School graduation. As an event, it loomed large along with a few other important days and was the first goal of consequence in the lives of the younger generation. The boarding school idea had not yet infected the people and they looked proudly toward the day when their boys and girls should receive the diploma and full entrance credits to the State University.

After it was all over, Bobby-Ann emphatically announced that it was the loveliest commencement ever, the music, the flowers, the girls' dresses, the boys' shiny shoes, and last but not least, the Honorable Andy's address. He had walked home with her, and her Aunt and Uncle were discussing the affair with her.

"And you haven't seen me for nearly four years! Don't you think I have grown?" she asked demurely as she rose, still holding the huge bunch of American Beauties which had been his gift to her, and turned slowly so that he might get the entire effect of the extreme height of five feet, two inches, hair done up, and a dress worn an "almost grown up" length. She was an adorable picture as she looked at him over the roses, and waited for his answer. It was then that he told her that to him she would never grow up, never get out of the pig-tail class, but that he would always remember her as a little girl.

"Never?" she queried, and then she laughed gleefully. "Oh! you Honorable Andy. That doesn't make me feel the

least bit bad. For when I get to be really old and feel sort of timid about telling my age, I can just remember that to one man at least, I shall be like the heroine in 'Silver Threads among the Gold'—always young and fair, you know."

"But who said anything about 'young and fair,' Bobby-Ann?" he broke in, "I'm sure I made no such remark. I might remember you as a snub-nosed, freckle-faced youngster! Somebody has been making complimentary speeches to you! Who is the man?"

But instead of telling, Bobby-Ann merely made a face at him, the sort of face that had served as an answer to a good many of his questions when she was a tiny girl, and he was more convinced than ever that she would never grow up.

"And I'm going to California," she next informed him, "to live with my Aunt Emma in Oakland. And you may never see me again,"—this was said with impressive slowness, "except perhaps if I should find a wife for you. Would you come then?"

It had been one of Bobby-Ann's self-appointed tasks to find Andy a wife, however, so far she had spent very little time, but she felt that she could do her quest more justice when she had more leisure.

Andy nodded.

"Brown eyes," he reminded her.

"Oh! I know," she answered quickly and half petulantly. "You've always told me that, only I don't see why you are so crazy about brown eyes."

Bobby-Ann's eyes were violets, sometimes, and again bright sapphires, and at night almost black, but never, never, brown.

However, Andy was firm in his requirement, Bobby-Ann need search only among dark-eyed beauties when making a match for him. And she did not resent it in the least that he talked to her as he would have talked to a very small child. He simply wouldn't have been Andy if he had talked in any other way.

So he went back to his work and Bobby-Ann went to make her home with her Aunt in California, a place with which she promptly fell in love, with a passionate fondness that children give to a wonderful beautiful big out-doors. And while she was enjoying herself to the utmost, so thoroughly that she forgot how the days had passed, until they made years, Andrew had gotten himself elected Lieutenant Governor, at least Bobby-Ann expressed it that way. The youngest Lieutenant Governor that the State had ever had. Bobby-Ann was so glad that she was homesick. Actually homesick for the first time, and she was just on the road to recovery, when an item in the paper caused a serious relapse.

Bobby-Ann always read the papers thoroughly, no notice escaped her, and here in big letters was announced that her State, her very own State, in a very few weeks, was to send a committee to raise the flag on their State building at the Exposition grounds. All of Bobby-Ann's love and enthusiasm for California did not make her one whit less loyal to her native state, and if there was to be any ceremony, she wanted to be at least a spectator. Perhaps the Honorable Andy would be one of the Committee! She hastened to the desk and began writing.

"Dear Honorable Andy," the note ran,

"I have just read that you are soon to send some people out here for a patriotic demonstration, in a few weeks, I think. It pleases me beyond words to think that

you said that I would never grow out of the pig-tail stage, anyway as far as you are concerned, and if you are to have anything at all to do with the affair, I may be able to take a real part, for I believe that it is customary to have a small girl in a white dress raise the flag on such occasions. And isn't a luncheon usually a part of events like that? There are perfectly enchanting places to eat in San Francisco, and the view from the Fairmont is gorgeous!

"It would be lovely if you were coming. I hope you are, and please, if you are not too busy, may I hear from you soon?"

"As ever,

Bobby-Ann"

The letter caused a pleasant interruption in Andrew's routine of work. He read it over several times, it was Bobby-Ann from start to finish. Never having been in San Francisco, her remark about the view from the Fairmont seemed irrelevant, however, if he had felt the slightest hesitancy about the matter before, he was convinced now that nothing must hinder him from taking that trip, if for no other reason than the view from the Fairmont, whatever it was. So his letter went back promptly.

"Dear Bobby-Ann,

"It grieves me to tell you that before your letter reached me, the small daughter of the Superintendent of Public Instruction had been chosen to raise the flag at the Exposition Grounds. However, I hope that you will be able to go with me to the ceremony, and afterwards go with me to the luncheon, the place to be selected later. Our party leaves here a week from next Monday, and that means that I shall hope to find you at home when I call a week from next Wednesday evening. The Flag-raising will be on Thursday, but after that, Bobby-Ann, for three days you are to have charge of the program as far as I am concerned.

As ever, yours,

Andy."

Bobby-Ann religiously crossed the days off the calendar after receiving this letter. Never before had she wished time away so recklessly. She could scarcely wait for the hours to pass. And when Wednesday evening arrived, she dressed herself in her very prettiest dress and tried to wait patiently. She had no idea how pretty she was, her eyes were like stars and her cheeks were like roses. To think that Andy, her old Andy, was coming to call.

Yet, when he did arrive, she felt herself enveloped in a sudden shyness. Andy was indeed the same, yet very different, just how she couldn't explain, and she had no way of knowing that he, too, felt the restraint, was in fact largely to blame for it. He had come up the avenue picturing Bobby-Ann as he had last seen her. But, strange to say, the four years since her graduation had made a much greater difference than the four in High School. He had expected to see the girl who couldn't grow up, and here he was talking to an extremely beautiful young person, who did not in the least remind him of pig-tails, although there was still a good deal of the little girl in her sweet, direct gaze, and the same old adorable laugh.

He told her about the home people and the visit was really a pleasant one, but both were conscious that it lacked something they had expected. Both felt that they had lost something of the old relationship and neither was sure that there would be any other to take its place.

That night Bobby-Ann regarded herself forlornly in her mirror as she tried to puzzle it out.

"Perhaps to-morrow will be better," she said, "It's just like the newness of seeing each other again away from everybody we know. But he looked at me so queerly, as if—as if—" and then it dawned suddenly upon her "—as if I were grown up! That's it!" She laughed happily. "Oh! you stupid Honorable Andy, you old humbug. You said I could never grow up, but I have, and it bothers you because you can't see what the matter is. To-morrow WILL be better, for I know what's the matter, and maybe you will too."

The next day was indeed much better. If Andrew had been surprised the night before, he was dazed the following morning. But Bobby-Ann was sure of herself. She realized that time makes strange differences, that re-adjustments have to be made, and she could not expect to be just the same little girl, but she could be just as friendly, even though it would be in a more grown up way. There would never again be days like the old days, but she did not intend to let that spoil the very short visit that Andrew should make. She had thought it all out. Andrew, however, was slower in re-arranging his ideas. The little girl who had been chosen to raise the flag helped the matter along somewhat. After her first glance at Bobby-Ann, she sidled up to Andrew and asked in a timid whisper, "Please, who is that awfully pretty lady?"

"Pretty lady?—oh—er—where?" and when she indicated Bobby-Ann, he drew himself up sharply.

"Pretty lady!"

That was it. Bobby-Ann was no longer a little girl. He felt very much as if he had discovered something of vast importance to the world at large. He had once stupidly doomed this sparkling creature to everlasting childhood, but she had escaped his cruel enchantment and was, as the little girl had called her, the awfully pretty lady.

Bobby-Ann was frankly delighted with the other members of the party and they in turn were charmed with her. The beautiful solemn ceremony took a very short time and yet, brief as it was, it was something that none of them would ever forget, especially Bobby-Ann. It seemed to her as if they, herself included, were promising, each and every one of them, to give these energetic, enthusiastic Californians their most loyal support and earnest effort to make their state exhibit worthy of the place that had been given it in this wonderful Exposition.

The luncheon was all that could be desired, it was indeed a gay party, and Andrew was delighted with Bobby-Ann's self-possession. She was seated between one of the State party and one of the officials of the Exposition, and Andrew could catch fragments of the conversation. There was a charming deference in her manner toward these older men, yet it was very evident that they were finding her a clever conversationalist, with ideas that were very much worth while. He couldn't help being proud of her, this pretty clever lady.

Finally the party divided itself into little groups to see various parts of the city and Andrew was realizing what Bobby-Ann had meant by the view from the Fairmont.

"Isn't it wonderfully beautiful?" she asked, and Andrew agreed, although he was looking at her instead of out over the bay. But Bobby-Ann, unconscious of his meaning, went on

"There were so many places to see when I first came. I think I felt very much as children would feel if they could visit fairy-land." She was quite unconscious of her use of the word "child" but Andrew noted it mentally. She was indeed grown up when she looked back upon fairy-land days as a time long past.

(Continued on Page twenty-nine)

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

IT is a fundamental principle of the Socialist City to make the largest possible use of every mechanical means of saving labor. In Llano we expect to heat, light, and clean the city, cook, and run all our machinery, by electricity. In addition to these improvements which are being introduced everywhere, our city plan is based on a centralized underground delivery system, run by electricity, which will eliminate all surface transportation of parcels and commodities except such heavy and bulky articles as furniture and machinery. This arrangement combined with the fact that Llano will be built systematically, with no waste spaces and no land being held for speculation and that consequently there will be no long distances to traverse and no necessity for the ordinary transportation services, will make it possible to park all our streets except two or three main thoroughfares, laying double tracks of concrete eighteen inches wide through the lawns and shrubbery in such a way as to give access to the houses. Most of the streets marked as such on the plan will be handled in this way. All the citizens of Llano expect to own cars, but these will be kept in community garages at the intersections of the streets, thus giving each individual the benefit of the equipment necessary to keep his car in perfect order with the least possible expense. Each car will have its locked stall, thus interfering with any playful attempts to increase its mileage during the owner's absence.

The principal problem that confronts Civic Improvement Societies all over America—the backyard—will be largely eliminated in Llano. Anyone who has watched the struggle of the City Fathers in his community to improve the appearance of the ordinary city lot, first by offering prizes for the best-kept garden lot, then when this fails, by attempting to fine the careless, overworked, or absentee land-holders, will appreciate the importance of this reform. The truth is that a man who has been working all day rarely wishes to dig in the garden all evening, and the woman of the household rarely has the strength to do it. The result is that the best intentioned city ordinances inevitably fail in achieving results, and the only gardens that are kept up are those which are in charge of a paid gardener.

In Llano each house will have a private garden, thirty-five by twenty-two feet, but both house and garden will lie between two parks, kept up of course by the community as a whole. The private garden will offer unlimited opportunity for the owner to exercise his taste and originality. If he does not like gardening, he may put in a formal garden with massed shrubbery, narrow paths and fountains, such as have been so beautifully developed in Italy and Spain. A woman who loves flowers can have a constantly varying carpet of bright-toned annuals, and the handling of such a medium sized plot will not tax her strength. Those who like to combine utility with beauty can try using vegetables in ribbon gardening, with flowers introduced to heighten the effect. Remarkable results can be attained in this way, and it is a really desirable idea where one is dependent on the very unsatisfactory marketing customs of ordinary city conditions. But in Llano vegetables raised by your own hand in your own garden within your house will not be any fresher than those raised in your own garden at the city limits, in which you can also work yourself if your abilities lie that way.

Others may like lawn effects, or a water garden, or a graveled yard set in climbing plants, or a desert garden of aromatic plants and cactus. Some will perhaps combine all these

features, and finally some blocks in the city will be cut up into front and back yards for the benefit of the conventionally minded. Every type of mind should be free to express itself in the Socialist City.

Each room in the house will open by French windows into the private garden, but all other windows open on the parks, as each row of houses lies between two parks. There are very carefully worked out plans for these as they are the fundamental feature of the city. It is difficult to think of a town without waste spaces and long expanses of dusty streets, but this city will be literally all garden, except for the ground actually built upon. The homes back up against one another with a sound proof wall between, but the nearest house that you can see from any window (except at corners) will be forty feet away. The side of the house fronting on this strip of parking will include the staircase, the back of the dining room, and one side bedroom window. The main windows of the bedroom as well as those of the dining room, open on the private garden. On the other side the houses will be from two to four hundred and fifty feet apart, and with careful planting it will not be difficult to arrange so that no other house will be visible from the ground floor. This idea will be borne in mind in setting out the trees, though it will not be necessary to stick to it slavishly, as the houses will be pretty enough to add to the beauty of the view instead of detracting from it. It is not planned to have large bluegrass lawns, as they are not adapted to this country and rarely look thrifty, smooth, and even. There will be a good deal of shrubbery and expanses of other kinds of ground cover such as periwinkle, ivy, lippia, Siberian strawberry, sedum, and some native plants. There will be swimming pools in the parks, and little rustic amphitheatres where a few neighbors may gather for a reading or a little music; bird refuges and tennis courts, and always a quiet cool pergola over the sidewalk leading to the Civic Center. The most distant house in the City, planned for from ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants, will be only one-half mile from this general rendezvous, where all the business activities and the social life of the community will center, and that walk will be through a park and under a pergola all the way. The turning the streets into parkways was chiefly decided on to get rid of the glare and dust, which are the obverse of the glorious sunshine and the absence of fog and rain which are among the privileges we come here to enjoy.

It is also proposed not to use the customary street numbers, but an address will read, Mrs. J. Smith, Matilija Park, Llano. One circle of parks will be named after local plants, another after the great servants of humanity, etc.

As there are a great number of these little parks it will be desirable to introduce into them as much variety as possible. A very beautiful effect could be created by selecting only silver toned foliage for one of them. Another could be dedicated to desert plants. Yellow, blue or red color schemes could be worked out, and a park could be one color in the spring and another in the fall. The little parks between the buildings of the Civic Center will be worked out on modified Japanese lines, and the open space between the two circles of public buildings should be planted in lawns and low shrubbery with fountains and still water.

Mention should also be made of the race-course around the outside of the town which of course will be framed in foliage and supplied with permanent seating facilities.

Our Homes

By Dr. John Dequer

A CASUAL glance at the economic evolution of the last half century gives one the impression that "homes," as many of us still know them, are in process of extinction, and in their place is appearing the tenement, the apartment house, and the "jungle" of the migratory workers. The country home with its romantic charm, its peace and quiet, its mighty trees, its broad fields, its cackling geese and bleating lambs, its fragrant flowers, and wholesome toil-hardened sons and daughters, is fast dying out. Land prices have climbed beyond the reach of the younger generation. A job awaits only the strongest of arm and brain. A job in an office or mill, a factory or a mine, and on a modern farm. I say "modern," for the character of the farm has changed. It is no longer the old homestead with its neighborly help at harvest time. The genial co-operation of the log rolling, barn raising, corn husking, or quilting bees—where harvesting and threshing were a neighborhood feast, where simple souls rejoiced in nature's bounty and hearts were warm with the wine of helpfulness. The old farm neighborhood is passing away.

Farming is carried on on a large scale. The bunk house has destroyed the old time hospitality. Capitalism has set enmity between the land man and the worker. The class war of mine and shop has invaded the fields green and golden. The hatred born of exploitation has penetrated even the quietude of the meadows. Imported seasonal labor needed in this age of privately owned machine agriculture creates the bundle carrying worker. He carries his bed from bunk house to bunk house for a pitiful wage, when the shortness of the season is measured by the length of the year. The migratory worker silently proclaims to the world the death of our present social order. He indicts capitalism as the arch enemy of the home as enjoyed by our fathers.

To a person who studies social statistics the rapidity of this extinction is indeed appalling. Soon we will be a nation of renters, and wanderers. A homeless nation, with no place to lay its head. This is not a dream. It is a condition—a condition that cannot be remedied by endeavors to restore the old. We cannot unlock the gates of the evening and bring back yesterday. The domestic order is dying and there is no remedy for death. But nature never despairs. She is evolving a new order from the ruins of the old, not through our conscious efforts, but in spite of them.

The apartment house, together with the delicatessen, laundry, restaurant, and other municipalized domestic conveniences, points to a new order. Where man and wife may both take part in active social labor, where both may function in the general organization of society. Where both may live the life of the new age. The new age will socialize the domestic labors, in spite of all our protest. The new age will do away with the drudgery of broom, mop and kitchen. The new age will break man's tyranny over woman by making her economically independent. It will ultimately destroy that most unfortunate social victim—the female parasite, the human doll, the legalized mistress—kept to advertise a man's ability in the commercial game.

The new age will not, as some say, degrade, but rather it will liberate and glorify, the womanhood of the world, and through this it will beautify the soul of all.

It is well to have the vision of the new age—it makes for optimism.

To understand the evolutionary trend of things, lights the

fires of hope on the shores of life. Knowledge and understanding are the foes of pessimism. Pessimism is the harbinger of death—optimism is the activity of life. Pessimism is the old seeking for the fountain of youth; optimism is life renewing itself from the organism of the old; optimism is the smile from the cradle—pessimism is a groan from the grave.

The old order of society is no longer able to meet modern requirements. It is unacclimated to machine industry. The new order of society must meet the modern requirements of life. It must meet the new ideals that spring therefrom.

The home for the skilled laborer, the office worker, the salaried and professional man is in a state of rapid transition. Doctors, lawyers, engineers, mechanics of the better paid class, are leaving the cottage for the apartment. The laborer sinks down into the tenement. Here he festers in a hotbed of physical and social disease. Here his cry moves some to pity and some to dread, but all to shame. The tenement is a token of a seriously disturbed social condition. Yet it has behind it the forces that make for a general transition. Man must be near the place of his employment. His employment is social. The requirements of machine industry make it so. He does not dwell in slums because he loves to degrade himself. He goes there because the work for which he is intellectually and physically fitted forces him there. The factory employs thousands of people, often under one roof. They must be housed accessible to their place of work. Herein lies the problem of cheap housing, for the work done by those myriads of human beings is paid with the most pitiful wages. Hence their purchasing power is low, and the conditions of their home life must necessarily conform to their power of purchase. On the other hand the apartments for the better paid are developing continually in comfort, healthfulness and beauty, foreshadowing the life that is to be.

So much for the drift of society in a given direction. Let us now review what we are doing to meet this condition on the Llano. Here we are endeavoring to subdue the machine to social service. Here we eliminate the fence from agriculture. Here we abolish the sweat shop, here we use our every wit to humanize industry. Here we are about to build a city with neither palace nor hut—without mansions or slums. Here we build in and for social equality. Here we also build for beauty, for health and comfort. The home is of course more than a house, even as man is more than a body. The home is the human nest. It has physical and spiritual significance. On the physical side it is the shelter under which man abides and rears his offspring. The home must therefore be constructed with due regard to the requirements of health. It must admit an abundance of air and sunlight.

In Llano we are consciously working toward this ideal. The laundry is banishing the wash tub. The steam saw takes the place of the buck saw. A commercial bakery saves the family baking. Municipal kitchens will in time do away with home cooking. Already the Montessori school takes care of the little ones, and the mothers who erstwhile knew only the home are seen in creamery, studio, office, school and library—doing social work and developing social ideals.

As the domestic drudgery is taken out of the home life, the spiritual side of the home begins to develop in greater beauty. The mother loses the character of cook, and becomes the comrade in harness with her husband. The "I keep you" idea passes away, and the more glorious ideal of "we walk the path of life together" takes hold of the heart and brain.

Schmidt Case Testimony

THE issue of wages and hours is the point at which the line of every great industrial battle is drawn. The hosts seeking profits are arrayed on one side of the wages and hours line, and the hosts of bread winners on the other. In this great industrial battle in the East, the Steel Trust together with the Erectors' Association were struggling to force wages down and the hours up. This is the line of battle and the prosecution may as well face the fact. Equivocation will not avail them. This prosecution is not conducted, as they would lead you to believe, for the purpose of convicting a few so-called conspirators. This prosecution is conducted for the purpose of undermining the union labor movement of America.

You men of the jury must admit that the labor unions are the only power that now stands between the weak and helpless individual and the billion dollar steel trust together with the powerful Erectors' Association. Disband the labor organizations or conduct the open shop, which is the equivalent, and you open the way for greed to afflict this country with a terrible disaster that means poverty and ignorance and corruption and despair.

Yet the Steel Trust commanded the steel erecting and construction companies of the United States to pass and enforce with all their power a resolution—that is, to enter into and enforce a mutual agreement—that they, or any one of them, would not deal, directly or indirectly, with the labor union; that they would only hire men as they came; that insofar as they were concerned there should be no labor unions; that there should be no organized power to fight to better working conditions. Only the individual man, standing alone, shall have the privilege of selling himself at whatever price those who wish to buy shall place upon him. That his poverty and degradation shall be measured by the greed of the powerful, and that the luxuries of the powerful shall be limited only by their temptations.

That this is the ripe fruit of an open shop system there can be no doubt.

That the destruction of the labor unions and the establishment of the open shop is the purpose of this prosecution, and not the prosecution of a few so-called conspirators, there can be no question. Time and time again it was testified upon this stand by members of the Erectors' Association that they would not deal with labor organizations; that they all ran an open shop; that they would not even negotiate nor confer with labor organizations; that they had not dealt with labor organizations since 1906; that since the year 1906 they only hired and dealt with laborers individually.

Notwithstanding the long and bitter struggle previous to this strike, there was never any violence committed until after this soulless resolution was passed in 1906. No violence until the greedy corporations endeavored to deal the death blow to the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

There were four of these felons employed or in some way bribed or induced by the state to testify for the prosecution. There was Dugan of Indianapolis, Davis of Massachusetts, Clark of Cincinnati, and McManigal. These principal witnesses for the state were all guilty of felonies, some guilty of capital crimes, each endeavoring to perjure this defendant's life away for his own liberty.

Shall I say perjury? Yes, perjury. It is easy to say perjury. It was easy for the District Attorney to scream perjury, which he did, but he showed no instance. I shall not only accuse

them of perjury, but I shall let the poisoned statements that fell from their putrid lips, turn like the serpents they are, and sink their poisoned fangs in the very hearts of their testimony.

Let us consider first the testimony of the felon Clark of Cincinnati, Clark of Goosetown fame. Clark who stealthily went to Goosetown and met a man with a basket full of dynamite; twenty pounds of eighty percent nitroglycerine! How remarkable; just the amount and just the percent that the prosecution would have you believe was placed in the Times building. He told you that there were about twenty sticks weighing about one pound each; that they laid in his little basket without wrappers and did not mash or run together during the entire trip from Goosetown to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Dayton, Ohio.

Eighty percent nitroglycerine, in sticks, put out by the manufacturer without wrappers, and carried in a warm car for hours without running together! What a statement! It would tax the ignorance of a mule, and the credulity of a simpleton to believe it.

One hundred percent is oil. Eighty percent is soft and mushy. But listen! He took this mushy stuff and kept it all night in his home in Cincinnati and picked it up stick by stick, and gently laid it in his valise and inserted a concussion cap, according to instructions, he never having performed such a feat before; and then attached sixty feet of fuse, closed the valise, and took the first passenger train to Dayton to do his deadly work. Do you remember the terrible havoc and the fearful wreck produced by this infernal machine?

Listen! It was raining on that fatal night when he stealthily stole his way through the sleeping, peaceful city of Dayton, to River Bridge and thence to the engine and crane, where this felon placed his infernal machine. Down close under the shoe of the derrick the dynamite was pressed and over it was placed, close and snug, an umbrella, to shed the drenching rain that nothing might interfere with the deadly work. The fuse was lighted and the perjured villain found his way to the streets of the city and there waited that he might hear the terrible crash and know his work was well done. The devilish sound of twenty pounds of eighty percent nitroglycerine came crashing and roaring through the streets and lo! it only blew off the skin of this umbrella.

Look at it! The cloth is gone but not a wire is bent or twisted. The enamel is not even disturbed.

Look at it! See the handle! It escaped scot free. Not a crack or scratch on it. Ah! His initials that he carved on the handle before he placed it over this terrible infernal machine, are likewise undisturbed. Look at them! Placed there to tell who was guilty of the crime. He was not arrested, nor was the crane broken, nor any damage of any consequence done. And for this reason this perjured felon says he was not permitted to continue the work of destruction. Again I beseech you to inspect this umbrella. See the ribs and stays and the handle and the staff unbroken and in perfect form and shape. You, gentlemen of the jury, know that this umbrella is telling you the truth. Every rib and every stay tells you in no uncertain terms that the felon Clark is a villainous perjurer. They tell you that Clark never placed dynamite under the crane on the Dayton bridge.

[Taken from Job Harriman's address to the jury at the conclusion of the Schmidt trial. The entire address, one of the most remarkable ever made, has been compiled to be printed under the caption "Was Schmidt Guilty?" Schmidt was convicted of dynamiting the Los Angeles Times and is now in the Los Angeles County jail.]

The Lieut.-Governor and the Pigtails

(Continued from Page twenty-five)

"But, oh Andy!" she went on with a smile, "please don't think I've played all the time. I've really been busy. There was my music, you know. I've kept that up and Aunt Emma has proven to be a splendid teacher of domestic science. Part of the time I have full charge of the house, and it is such fun. So altogether I've had a grand good time in this beautiful country."

"You really like it better than any other place then?" Andrew asked. There was a curious lifelessness in his tone, he seemed anxious for her answer, yet fearful of what it might be,

"I can't tell anyone how I love it," she replied "but the feeling comes up in my throat and chokes me. Sometimes when I look over these wonderful cities and then across the bay I just want to shout. I want to tell people that they don't half realize the beautiful things about them. There are so many places I want you to see, we are going to have to hurry to crowd them all in. I wish you were going to stay a long time, don't you, Andy?"

Again he agreed, watching her intently.

She smiled slowly.

"For then you could meet Alice Wayne. She went to Los Angeles last Monday, and won't be home for nearly a month, but she has brown eyes."

"Brown eyes?" Andrew queried vaguely.

"Yes. You know you said you preferred them. And I picked her out for you as soon as I heard you were really coming, only she had to go before you came. I think Fate was very unkind to you." She was not looking at him and she did not see the sudden tightening of his mouth. Was she purposely spoiling things for him? He realized that he had been building air castles, fragile structures that can be toppled over by a word. When he spoke his voice sounded tired and strained.

"Please don't play at that any more, Bobby-Ann" he said, "It was only a joke in the beginning, but it doesn't amuse me this morning. For a long time I've been remembering a little playmate I used to have. I really didn't think she could ever grow up, to me, but she has, and what is more, she has always had my heart, but I didn't know it until last night. I know I've grown rather dull, but there must be something besides just the city and bay and hills to make you love it so out here, and to find housekeeping so pleasant. There must be some tremendously lucky chap who probably doesn't half realize his good fortune. Bobby-Ann, I suppose you would never go back with me, even though I love you better than all the rest of the world?"

Bobby-Ann flushed, amazement, incredulity and wonderful joy flashed over her face, and there was something very like tears in her eyes, but she held out both hands to him as she answered him simply, a little sob in her voice.

"Oh, Andy!" she said, "I do love it here, it is so wonderful, but even that doesn't count with you away back there. There isn't or hasn't been anyone else and I guess I like to keep house because I was born that way! I've been loving you always, better than anyone else in the world, and last night I began hoping that you would see that I had grown up."

—o—
"Just read through, from cover to cover, the December COMRADE, and must say it is the best yet. Every department is strong and you will get results from it, I am certain, and I am sure the January number will be just as good, as the subjects you expect to cover are of such vital interest.
WALTER HUGGINS, Chicago.

Contest News

The Grand Circulation Membership Contest being held by the Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist has more than 110 contestants. There is still plenty of time to enter as it does not close until July 1, and every entrant who sends in ten or more subscriptions will receive some sort of premium.

Every letter breathes enthusiasm. People everywhere are ready for the message of "Co-operation in Action." It is no criticism of the Socialist Party that the vote has fallen off; but contest workers should make use of this fact. People are all the more eager to learn of what co-operation will accomplish. They see that winning by the ballot alone is further off than they had thought. It will require other means. The co-operative field has been neglected in America. Socialists are just beginning to wake up to this fact. The Western Comrade and the Llano Colonist are the publications which tell the story of the greatest co-operative demonstration in the world.

And that is why EVERY socialist should be reading them.

One man in San Francisco, through the mistake of the postman, had a copy of the Colonist put in his mail box. He became interested, visited the Colony, and is now a member. That happened within two weeks after the postman's lucky mistake. A letter received the other day read ". . . Over the shoulder of the man in front of me in a street car. I only got the name of the Western Comrade, Llano, Cal., but it is the paper I want to read." Another writes, "I saw a stray copy; it is the paper for me." These are not just extraordinary examples. Every day such letters are received by the editors of the COMRADE. They show how people are thirsting for the message of co-operation in action.

Let's all work together to make the February record double the January one. Don't let a single one get away. Get him for eight weeks to the COLONIST anyway. That will be enough. Keep his expiration date and call on him at the end of that time. He'll be ready to subscribe for both then. Experience has shown that. See if you can send in at least two a week in February, eight in all. That will mean 900 new readers becoming interested in "Co-operation in Action," practical Socialists when they have read about the Colony for a few weeks.

Our Mail Bag

"Dear Comrades: I am enjoying the COLONIST immensely and look forward to the time when we will have a powerful daily newspaper for Socialism and Co-operation.
I. J., Montana.

"Dear Comrades: . . . The COLONIST is read with much interest, and the reading makes me impatient to be with you, and lend a helping hand to get the productive work done at the proper time for best results. Soon you must talk in 'sections' instead of 'acres' or 'quarters' and I notice you talk in 'tons' no winstead of 'pounds' or 'hundreds.' I have been talking Colony to many, and I am kept busy answering questions. When the thick of the fall work is done, I shall devote some time to working for Llano. Hoping everything is moving along smoothly. I am
Yours for a perfect environment,
B. R. S.

WHAT AN ABSENT MEMBER WRITES

"Everybody is tugging for the almighty dollar. Nobody has time to look after the welfare of his neighbor, or anything but work—work. I work from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m. I can't see any way out of it as long as I stay here. I hope we will not have to stay here longer than spring.

From what I see in the LLANO COLONIST you are getting along fine. I wish everybody had grit and staying qualities.

. . . I am proud of the workers and boosters for Llano. When I am asked about the people of the Colony, I answer 'The best that can be found. Good enough for the best man or woman who is living to live among!'
John Price."

Please Vote on This

Dear Reader: We want you to write us a letter of 100 words or less giving your preference of the articles contained in this and other numbers of the WESTERN COMRADE. Please state whether you are a regular reader or a casual reader of this magazine. State which articles or series of articles you like best, which is your second choice, and mention others in the order you favor them. Tell why you read the magazine, how long you have been a reader. The editors will greatly appreciate this favor. Your letter will not be published if otherwise requested. Fraternaly yours,
THE WESTERN COMRADE, Llano, California.

Installment Members:

The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is in the market for figs, prunes, peaches, raisins, etc. You can assist in putting us in touch with those who have them.

☐ The LLANO DEL RIO COLONY is at present in need of

10 Tons of Alfalfa Seed
A Carload of Wheat
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Many Other Things.

☐ We are now in a position to make immediate use of many articles and machines which have not been practicable for us heretofore.

☐ You are invited to correspond in regard to the needs listed above.

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COMRADES and Friends of the Llano del Rio Community can be of great assistance if they will send to the Membership Department lists of names of persons who are likely to become interested. Literature and letters will be sent to anyone upon request. Installment members are urged to give this their attention.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Space in this column: Twenty five cents a line, payable in advance.

WANTED—CAMERAS. THE WESTERN COMRADE WOULD LIKE to get in touch with someone having a good camera. Write to the Western Comrade at Llano, California.

FOR SALE.—BREEDING RABBITS. BELGIANS, NEW ZEALANDS, AND Flemish Giants. We can supply all ages up to eight months. For further information address Rabbit Department, Llano del Rio Colony, Llano, Cal.

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LLANO COLONIST.....50c
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☐ Add 25c to any of the above clubs for BOTH the COMRADE AND the COLONIST.

☐ Add 35c to any combination less than \$1.00, or 25c to any of \$1 or over, and receive a 50c Statuette of HENRY DUBB with his "Llano Smile."

NOTE: These rates subject to change at any time without notice.

NOTE: Add 25c to each monthly, and 50c to each weekly publication if it is to be sent outside the United States.

Photo Post Card Views of Llano

The WESTERN COMRADE has secured some magnificent views of Llano and her industries which have been made up into postcards. Some of them have appeared in the WESTERN COMRADE, but most of them have just been taken especially for postcards. Included in the list are:

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| View from hotel, looking south. | Lime kiln (two) |
| Hotel, looking east | Football team |
| The damsite | Pigs and pens |
| Chickens and turkeys | Dairy barn |
| Mountain stream and canyon | North section of Llano |
| Sawmill (different views) | Llano boulevard |
| Bird's eye view of Llano | Swimming pool |
| Rabbitry (several views) | Bakery |
| Irrigation scene | Cannery |
| Livestock | Various Llano products. |
| Mountains | Cows |
| Woods | Industrial school |
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THE WESTERN COMRADE, LLANO, CAL.

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in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, and the other premiums, which aggregate more than

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Every contestant who sends in ten or more subscriptions receives a premium.

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- THIRD PRIZE**
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- FOURTH PRIZE**
\$100 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
- NEXT FOUR PRIZES**
\$50 worth of Llano del Rio Stock
- OVER 25 SUBS**
Your Choice of a variety of Llano Products
- 15 TO 25 SUBS**
A Henry Dubb Statuette and a Copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"
- 10 TO 15 SUBS**
A Henry Dubb Statuette

Enough have now entered the contest so that it is to be held. Already many have sent in good lists of subscriptions.

You can still enter and win a premium. Remember, every person who sends in ten subscriptions of one year each receives a premium of some kind. Send for list of rules and details.

Besides, you are helping to spread the propaganda of "Co-operation in Action." You can get some readers for the Llano publications, no matter where you live.

Send in the contest form at once, properly filled out, and let us send you full information, together with receipts, literature, samples, and return envelopes. Go to work today. There is still plenty of time.

(Cut Out and Mail to Us At Once)

The CONTEST EDITOR, Llano Publications:
 I wish to enroll as a contestant in the GRAND MEMBERSHIP CIRCULATION CONTEST.
 Please send me full information.

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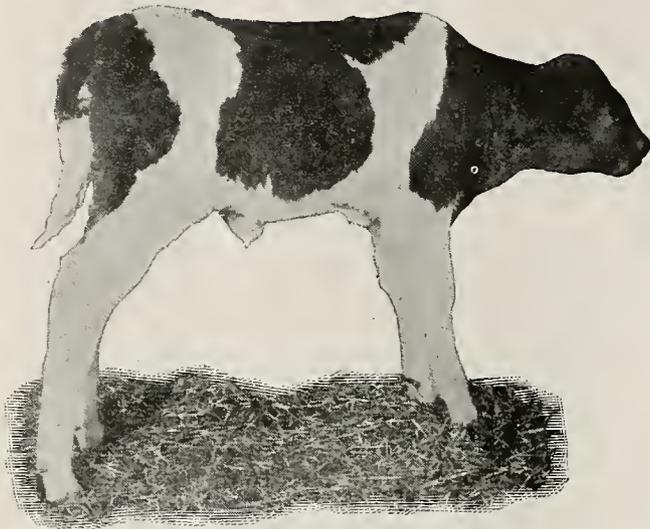
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WHO ARE MAKING THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY THE GREATEST SUCCESS AND THE SOUNDEST BUSINESS VENTURE YOU HAVE EVER HEARD OF.

You can become an instalment member at once. A membership in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community means identifying yourself with the greatest and most successful project of its kind in the world.

Two score of industries are being carried on co-operatively, owned completely and fully controlled by the residents of Llano. Orchards and vineyards, gardens and alfalfa fields, nurseries and ranges are owned. A laundry, machine shop, planing mill, sawmill, commissary, printing plant, two publications, cannery, irrigation system, transportation system, dairy, poultry yards, hogs, horses, goats, rabbits, rug works, blacksmith shop, warehouse, shoe shop, Industrial and Montessori school and many other minor though important industries are owned and controlled by the members of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

They enjoy the benefits. There is no limit to the development of this project. Plans are being prepared for a city of ten thousand.

Why not join your comrades? Are n't you tired enough of the struggle? Why not prosper with your friends and brothers?

Find out all about it and arrange to become a member at once.

Invest 75 Cents

in news and information concerning the progress of the Llano Community.
THE WESTERN COMRADE
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THE LLANO COLONIST

The WESTERN COMRADE with its illustrations and articles on the development of this great project, and the LLANO COLONIST with its weekly news of the details, weather reports, managers' reports, and social activities, are immensely interesting to every person who is interested in co-operation.

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