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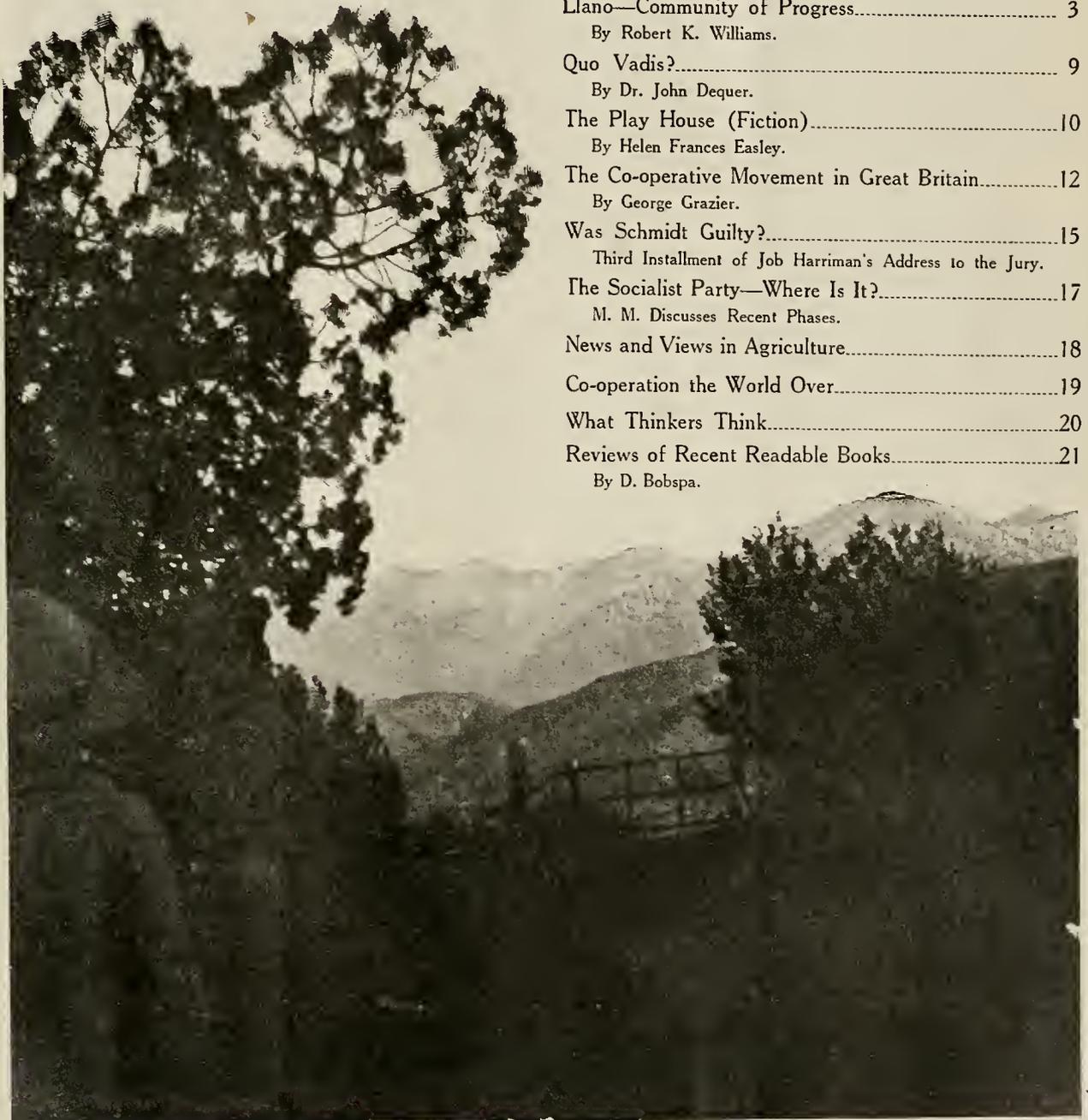
DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

# THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

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# The Gateway To Freedom Through Co-operative Action

**T**HE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

## 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.

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming 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.

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 comfort 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 get meals 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.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 125 Jersey and Holstein cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with the tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and two splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

Much nursery stock has been planted, a vineyard of 40 acres put out, and many fruit trees set this spring. The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

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 has a well equipped sawmill. 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.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy. They will be built as fast as possible.

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.

## 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, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, lumbering, publishing, transportation (autos, trucks, tractors), 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 classes, 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 \$4.00, from which is deducted \$1.00 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 disemployed, 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.

## HOW TO JOIN

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.

Address Communications regarding membership, general information, etc., to the

Membership Department

Llano del Rio Company

LLANO, CALIFORNIA

# The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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VOL. V.

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1917

No. 3

## Editorials By Job Harriman

**G**REAT excitement prevails everywhere over the food situation. As time goes on the excitement will increase until it develops into a spasm centered in the abdominal regions. A food famine is as inevitable as the tomorrow is to come. Yet many Congressmen not only oppose conscription of food, but they are opposed to a clause in the food bill which would enable the federal authorities "to find out exactly how much food there is in the country, where it is stored, and who owns it." They fear that "such powers will be destructive of individual liberty and will violate the sanctity of property."

Individual liberty and the sanctity of property have already been violated. In fact, there is no longer any such animal as the sanctity of property. When Congress passed the conscription law, by means of which two million men may be taken even against their will, they dealt a death blow to the sanctity of private property. If men may be called contrary to their will and forced to bear arms, surely property of every kind may and will be seized with which to feed and maintain these same men while at war.

Is it possible that members of Congress think that property is more sacred than human life? Or is it true that the law does not reach their lives and that they wish also to hold on to their property? Some are suggesting that the merchant should only make a reasonable profit. Why a profit at all? Are the poor soldiers, whose lives are being taken, getting a reasonable profit? Are they getting anything?

Is it not time that a dead level be struck? Shall we not treat man as man and nothing more? Is life dearer to the man who has property than to him who has none? If there is any difference in the anxiety of the rich and the poor, it is not due to the sanctity of their lives, but in the "sanctity" of their property. He who believes in the sanctity of property, being the owner, should go to the front and defend the sanctity of property by the strength of his right arm. Why should he be permitted to stay home and hide, cowardlike, behind his property?

The question of the hour is a question of service. This will continue to be the question as long as the war lasts. Property and person will be seized. If any favor is shown, it should

be shown to persons and not to property. It is more human to save man than to save property. Then, too, live men will produce and replace property, but property will mold and decay without the constant help of the hand of man.

This war sprang out of the sordid greed of man for profits, and it will last until the pain and the anguish of the wounded and bleeding millions shall have smothered and buried sordid greed and melted men's hearts and souls with sympathy and love and inspired them with a persistent passion for mutual aid. This is the day of reckoning of private property. When the clouds of war shall have rolled away private property will have become a thing of the past. Common property and mutual interests will have come as a healing balm to the hearts of men, and with it the lion and the lamb will lie down together and men will dwell in peace forever.

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**E**VERY industry is a little monarchy. Every owner of an industry insists upon running his own business as he sees fit. He insists upon buying labor as cheap as he can, and using it each day as long as he can.

These are the necessary sequences arising from private property. Competition all but compels the enforcement of these rules. Everything tends to induce them, and to support the owner in their enforcement.

The owner of the poorly equipped and less efficient industry is compelled by necessity to enforce these rules, while the owners of more efficient factories are induced to enforce them by the enormous accruing profits.

These owners, possessed of economic power, play such a part in the elections that they succeed in electing men of their own views to the Legislature. These legislators enact these rules into laws, and thus the state or government becomes a composite of the little monarchies.

Militarism is, therefore, the child of private property, and has all the vitality of the industries that exist under its sway.

It is in the industries that lies the secret of the tremendous vitality of the German and English imperialism and the unstable and low vitality of Russian imperialism.

Germany, England and France are industrially developed

to high efficiency. Russia's industrial development is in its infancy. Their respective imperialistic vitality is measured accordingly.

With her 200,000,000 people her militarism does not compare in vitality even with that of France. Give her fifty years of individualistic development and she will sweep over Europe like a tidal wave.

The United States possesses tremendous imperialistic vitality. Its industries are developed in many instances to the highest efficiency, yet one fatal weakness will develop in our European campaign. It seems to have escaped the attention of those directing our forces. Surely, if they had considered it they would have paused longer. They forget that the field of battle is three thousand miles from our seat of supplies and the ocean is swarming with submarines. True, our necessities will compel a much higher and more efficient form of industrial and agricultural organization, but, however efficient it may become, it cannot, in our opinion, overcome this enormous handicap. The distance is too great.

Far wiser were we if we should tell England to draw upon her colonies for reinforcements, and tell Russia to pour in her men while we organize a mechanical and agricultural drive and thereby furnished food for them all. It is to be feared that the terrible slaughter that must take place along the trenches, accompanied by an enormous loss of life that is almost altogether unavoidable, by the submarines sinking our transports, may result in an uncontrollable reaction as soon as a food shortage develops. Were the course suggested above followed, there could be no shortage of food, and hence no reaction.

**T**HE position of the Socialists regarding the war is generally misunderstood. The fact that Socialists are opposed to this war is immediately construed to mean that they are pro-German and are opposed to assisting the Allies. This construction is made by some Socialists who have been prominent in our movement as writers, but whose judgment has never been taken seriously by the party.

Charles Edward Russell, who was strongly in favor of the Syndicalist school in 1912, now leaves that school, the most radical anti-war faction of our party, and goes off almost alone into a pro-Ally war campaign. There are several others of the same type. They will not have a following either of their former factional associates nor of the more constructive faction of the party.

The real reason why the Socialist party is opposed to this war lies in these facts:

1. That they look upon this as a war between the powers for the domination of the world's commerce. In that they feel that they have no interest. There is, however, diversity of opinion on this point. They all oppose imperialism, believing that imperialism arises out of capitalist institutions, or at least out of private control of economic conditions.

2. The Socialists of the world have met in international con-

ventions for years; they look upon each other as comrades in the same cause; they are bound together by a common literature, a common interest, a common feeling of real friendship and brotherhood such as is known only among the oppressed, and the thought of going to war and shooting each other is unbearable. If there is an organization on earth that should be regarded as conscientious objectors, it is the Socialists of the world. All national lines are to them merely geographical lines. Their brothers in Russia, or Germany, or France, or Austria, or Italy, are as dear to them as their brothers in New York, or Massachusetts, or Illinois, or California. They are separated only by geographical lines. Our race prejudices have long since perished. In the light of this fact, and of the further fact that we have always fought brute force as a means of building society (but have always advocated brotherhood and peace), can the late Peace Conference be understood.

Every international Socialist should be exempt from international military duty. He has a far deeper feeling and, if forced to military duty, would suffer greater pangs of grief and conscience than any religious sect on earth.

**H**OW strenuously all of the papers are engaged in dodging the inevitable! But, dodge as you will, the hour has come and you must pay the price of your wrongdoing. You are trying to eat your cake and keep it. Before you are through you will find it an impossible task. Eat it you must—but keep it you must not. You wanted the war that you might make money out of it; but, alas! you have the war, and its necessities will consume both your money and your privilege of making money.

Come, capitalist neighbor, let us reason together. This is your government, isn't it? You have made the laws, haven't you? You are satisfied with the government's defense of your property, aren't you? You are making money out of the high prices of everything, aren't you?

Now, when the government called for soldiers, they did not volunteer. The government believed conscription was necessary, and so did you, didn't you? And conscription became law.

The government needed money to carry on the war, didn't it? It issued bonds and offered them for sale, and you approved of it, didn't you?

It wanted money for two purposes:

First—To pay the men and to loan money to the Allies.

Second—To buy munitions and food.

Again you thought this was right, and again you approved, didn't you?

Now hold your breath. Your cake is going. The government will conscript the money you have made while prices were high. You will not buy bonds with it. You think the Allies are bankrupt, don't you? You are afraid to buy bonds, aren't you? You are afraid your own government will become

bankrupt in its effort to finance the Allies, aren't you? That is the reason you will not buy bonds, isn't it?

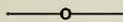
That is precisely the reason why the government will be compelled to conscript your money, isn't it? If this war is right, conscription of your money is right, isn't it?

But this is not all. Prices are soaring so high that the producers and gamblers in merchandise and food are consuming all the money that the government is getting for the bonds it sells. Hence it will have no money, if this continues, with which to buy food, or pay soldiers, or loan to the Allies. But if the government fixes prices the farmers and others will quit producing, won't they? You would not blame them for quitting if there is no money in it, would you?

But what is the government to do? It must have money to pay men, and good cheap food to feed them and the Allies, and money to buy munitions, and money to loan to the Allies.

What must she do now? She will be compelled to conscript the food, and the resources, and the men to operate the resources, won't she? Your money will be conscripted, won't it? Your privilege of getting money by producing or by selling merchandise for more than it cost will be taken from you, won't it? And that is right if the war is right, isn't it? Now hold your breath.

That is State Socialism. Before you would surrender to it, you required millions of men to be murdered in the trenches. Do you not see that your greed has led to the most terrible crime of all the ages? And will you still cling to your money and force the war to continue? This war will not end until capitalism is consumed by the all-absorbing forces of this war, and the hearts of men are melted like shot in this terrible crucible and merged in brotherly love.



**I**N TIMES of war the feelings and forces that make for peace are all but forgotten. Those who are involved in wars, and especially those who are directing the military force, become lost and so absorbed by the surging power of which they are a part that all opposing ideas and forces seem to them to be wrong. They become the more convinced that the opposition is wrong because, temporarily, they have the power to crush or overcome it. They forget that the desire for peace is an abiding and persistent urge. The more opposition there is to peace and to peaceful measures, the more peace is desired. The finest mental and heart forces of the world are for peace. They stand on the brink of the trenches, the tomb of six million men, and cry with unutterable anguish: "Is it not enough?" "Are we fiends incarnate?" "Are we maniacs indeed?" "Is there no love left in our hearts?" With a deaf ear, the commanding powers moves millions of men in a constant stream to the brink, and pushes them over into the slaughter and to death. Once, could be forgiven; but what is to be said of those who force the butchery of men, day after day, week after week, month in and month out, year after year, and

still cry for more blood, more arms, more men to bleed and die?

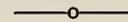
And shall we be blamed for demanding that our government lay down its arms? Do we hear them say there is no escape? That they must fight? That conditions have forced, and are still forcing, the issue?

True it is, that this war is the result of the economic conditions prevailing in the world. And have the powers, at this late hour, just come to realize this terrible fact? Realizing it, are they still blind? Do they hope to find safety in implements of war, in the grip of men whose hearts are inspired by greed, hatred and revenge? Peace and safety are not found there.

Rifles, cannon and swords are evidences of danger, and not of safety. Backed by revenge, hatred and ambition, the implements of war have become a world menace. They will destroy the institutions from which they sprang, or the energies of the race will be exhausted and man will relapse into another dark age.

The foundations of peace must be laid in economic institutions. We cannot fight each other in our every-day business life and at the same time learn to love each other. The fruits of contention and conflict are hatreds. The fruits of victory are ambition for greater victory and greed for greater gain. The victor and the vanquished are always enemies, whether that victory be in the industrial or military battlefield. A century of struggling in the commercial and industrial battlefields has hardened the hearts of men and prepared them for the more acute and horrible world conflict.

The war will not end until the elements of war shall have passed away. The hour of transformation is at hand. The overwhelming needs of the world will force the amalgamation of all industries under social control. The conflict between individuals in the business world will end. Man will unite in a common struggle to save the race. The love of each for his own family will enlarge into a love for the race, and in the heart of love will safety and peace find an everlasting dwelling place.



**T**YRE and Sidon, Babylon and Egypt, the Caesars, the Charlemagnes, the Napoleons and Cromwells, have had military power sufficient to have made their governments immortal, if force could do it. But always there is in brute force the germs of death. Russian imperialism has forced its tomb. German imperialism has aroused the antagonism of the world and will soon go down. The brutal imperialism of England, of Italy, of Turkey, of all the world, has aroused the antagonism of the people of the world and must go down. The European trenches are the tombs of imperialism. In them will every crown and scepter be buried. Over the trenches the world's heart will bleed with sorrow. It will bathe its lost ones in tears. It will visit the sentence of death on force as a rule of life. It will tell men to recompense evil with good. It will teach the children of the world to love one another and so fulfill the law.

# Llano—Community of Progress

By Robert K. Williams

UNUSUAL weather the nation over, and, it is said, the world over, an unprecedented late spring has delayed crops more than two months in Llano. At this time last year the alfalfa had been cut twice; this year but once. However, a greater acreage is in this year, which will more than compensate for the lack of crop at the first cutting. Garden truck is behind hand, and the climate has not been at all up to standard. It has been cold and disagreeable in many ways. Reports from various parts of the country say that weather vagaries are general. So Llano is no exception, but must receive the good and bad with the rest of the world.

Progress, however, may be reported in the garden and field, and everything points to a good crop for this year's canning, both of vegetables and fruits. It is now beginning to get warm in the valley and evidence of new vegetation is springing up on every hand.

The great valley is a mass of flowering plants and the ground is really carpeted with varicolored flowers. Bees are busy and it will not be long before a new and greater crop of honey will be harvested. The bee industry in the Antelope Valley offers many attractions for the bee man, as the flower season is longer than is generally found in other parts of the country.

Visitors are coming more freely than ever to Llano. Indeed, few days pass that do not bring interested and curious people to Llano. Llano has much to offer, but it is a fact that she has not enough to offer. One of the reasons that Llano has not grown faster from a farming and industrial point of view is due to the fact that people come so very fast. People come faster than houses and places can be built. The war, instead of stopping the influx of people, will doubtless make it greater. Conditions are becoming so on the "outside" that living is growing harder and harder, and Llano offers about the only place of refuge and safety in the country.

Most people who come are willing and anxious to put up with any sort of housing to secure the opportunity of staying away from the turmoil of competitive strife that is found on the outside. It is a curious thing that, notwithstanding small and inadequate housing for over two years, a place has been found for every one who was willing to put up with the necessary inconveniences.

However, things are getting better. The road to the timber land is almost finished. Hauling actually could be done over it now, and there remains but sending the tractor after the logs to start the mill sawing. When the hum and buzz of the sawmill is heard new hopes and aspirations will fill the hearts of every one. Vexatious delays have occurred in the construction of the road, and minor accidents stopped, for the time, the work of going ahead. For instance, work on the road was stopped for more than two weeks by the delay in the arrival of a spark-arrester which the government insisted must be put on the tractor before it could be put to work.

It is very hard to count on things. When an institution such as Llano is growing and the diversion of labor is so constant, promises cannot always be kept. It has been remarked often that some people here make promises and then don't keep them. That is perfectly true. Conditions, as has been said, control Llano. When one goes on an auto trip promises go for nothing. Accidents too frequently occur, and

to say definitely when one shall be at a certain place under such conditions is practically impossible.

The finishing of the log road and the starting of the sawmill has been expected and promised from time to time. Accidents and unusual delays occurred and set back the operations. These things are not within control. It would be perfectly easy to make promises and keep them if conditions were standardized. This condition obtains, as well as the other one of families arriving with household goods, demanding homes and a place to store the furniture. We run a hotel and a warehousing and a housebuilding department.

The question is still asked when we shall begin work on the upper townsite. No one can definitely answer that. Promises are good, of course, for an early beginning. It would seem all possible urge is behind it. There are a half-dozen good reasons why we should move from this townsite to the one on the slope above. Our intentions are good, and yet there seems something just across the horizon of unaccountable things that prevents us from going ahead. However, we



Another View of Scenery Close to Llano.

believe that it is a question of lumber as much as anything else why the work has not been started.

A few Sundays ago some of the men and women of the printing and publishing department went to the old brick yard and made a few large adobe brick as a matter of experiment. Up to the present these bricks seem to be standing the weather all right. If the brick are a success, it was the intention to start the print shop first and finish that, and then the homes of those who work in that department on the new townsite. Adobe brick 6x12x18 inches seem to fill the bill in point of size and can be made quickly, using the old method of mixing. However, there is nothing absolutely definite about this plan. Many changes may occur.

When the newcomer drives over the upper townsite he is inspired with the view. For this if for no other reason the town should be moved. Hills off in the blue haze loom large and grand to the north, east and west. Small hummocks miles and miles away break the monotony of the great valley.

Desert land has a peculiar fascination for most people. Some like the mountains and the majestic grandeur, but the desert has a mysteriousness that cannot lurk on a mountain crag. Light and shade changing, ever changing, lend a charm beyond expression and has to be viewed to be recognized and appreciated. Desert men come back again and again to the magnitudes where solitude lends the allurements. An Easterner for the first time sees little in Western plains, covered with nothing but sage, cactus and wild flowers. However, after a study of these plans is begun and the aroma of their foliage sinks into the blood they are lost to the old ties of the East.

Some of the worst detractors of the West often stay to become its best boosters. It is surprising how little general knowledge obtains in regard to California valleys. The great valleys seem to be different to every person, and it is seldom one finds that the distant impression is correct. One man from New York was surprised and disgusted to find "nothing but sand and sage more than 1,600 miles east of Los Angeles." He had forgotten his geography and allowed his feelings to talk.

The Colony is doing many things, and at all times keeping in mind the one idea, that of getting a living. Work on the ranch, tilling the soil and growing things, is uppermost in the minds of those having in charge this important work. Urgent demand come from all sources to increase the output of

there are a vast crowd of poor people in the nation and jobs are quickly snapped up.

Freedom at Llano is a real thing. The thralldom of bills, which is a nightmare to every salaried man or a man working for wages, is not a factor at all in Llano. We get what we need from the commissary, or else eat at the hotel, and when the month rolls round nothing but a statement, showing credits usually, is received by the worker. Credits, such as we work for, have a real value. They connect directly with the stomach. You cannot come into the hotel and eat unless you possess a ticket. The ticket is as good as any twenty-five-cent piece. This one fact alone is a fine argument against the necessity of money, though it is the reigning thing, and we must not change the system too abruptly. We must grow into it.

The commissary is growing and expanding in a way that will make for the betterment of that department. It is true, everything cannot be kept there. We haven't got the money to lay in a big supply of this and that. We must keep such supplies as are demanded by the average. This we try to do. The commissary department is always busy thinking out methods to improve the condition of the shelves.

The question has been asked why people leave Llano and go to other parts and go to work. There are, of course, many reasons, but the most potent, in my mind, is the lack of a few



1. In the Cabinet Shop. 2. In the Mill Yard. 3. The Tin Shop. 4. View in Machine Shop.

vegetables and wheat. Recently a comrade arrived from Arizona. He was refused beans at a grocery store unless he would plant them. This demand for more food, while seemingly an old-time trick, cannot help but make for ultimate solution of the age-old question. When the little gardener finds it easy to raise stuff with a little help, he will soon see that it would be much easier to raise and consume with much more help. Llano, through its co-operative efforts, offers to the willing worker such an opportunity, and a growing army of practical co-operators is beginning to learn about it.

When a newcomer is asked how he learned about Llano he usually mentions some paper or book or one of our publications. This shows that the printed page is reaching farther and farther, and it is only a matter of time until a great host will be acquainted with Llano and its efforts to secure economic freedom. It has been mentioned that the war condition will bring people to us. Personally I believe this to be true. Evidence shows, since it was definitely known that the United States was going into war, that a new impetus was given to inquirers and the arrival of families. Economic conditions will doubtless continue to grow more and more embarrassing, so that the common man and woman will have great difficulty in even existing. Of course, it is recognized that many industries will be operated more than ever, but

ready dollars with which to buy some of the commoner of little luxuries and things they are accustomed to. We are not self-supporting, and it will be some time before we are. Until we make it from the land, through live stock, or industries, or some method of financing not yet adopted, we must deny ourselves luxuries. Of course, those that are contemplating coming and have read of us for a long time know the conditions obtaining and are striving to accumulate sufficient to pay their way in and still have something left over.

I would like to see every new member comfortably provided for. A few extra dollars in Llano goes farther than anywhere you ever saw. We carry the ordinary things, but are not rich enough and old enough to carry a big line of merchandise. When the time comes that the Colony can pay some of its wages in cash, there will be a happy crowd in Llano. I heard a crowd dreaming about the time when the Colony would be self-supporting and every one had cash in his pockets to spend. The consensus of opinion was that, while they themselves did not want the cash, they thought it would make for content and happiness should it be known that every one could get cash when he wanted it; which reminded me of the story of the old man who thought he would draw his money from the bank, fearing it was unsafe. When the teller handed it over, the old fellow shoved it back and said:

"Oh, you still have it." Oftentimes a knowledge of the possession of a thing is sufficient to make one content.

The nights in the high mountains are still cold. The snow has melted slowly. A little later in the season much more water will flow. In the meantime work on the tunnel is progressing. Considerably more water has been secured by opening up the old tunnel. The work of crossing the creek on or near bedrock will be pursued. Arrangements to allow the Big Rock to flow down the 3,000-foot tunnel are made, and when this is actually done a great deal of seepage will be avoided and thus saved. At the mouth of the tunnel a new ditch has been dug, and, being straighter, will, when cobbled, conserve and bring to the land more and better water. The engineers and all those interested in this phase of the development of the ranch are sanguine over the water improvement.

It is too early to speak of preparations for fall food conservation, but it may be remarked in passing that a great

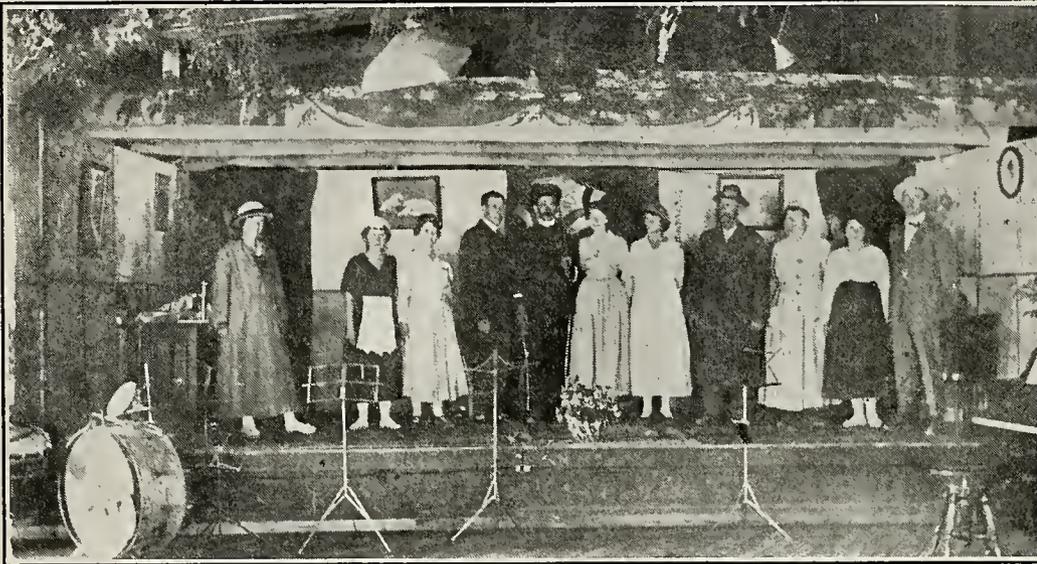
In last month's story of the May Day celebration an oversight occurred in my story which caused me serious embarrassment and chagrin. It was no less than an account of Llano's first baby show. I herewith append a resume of the artistic affair, and beg the indulgence of sixteen mothers whose hearts were delighted with the receipt of blue ribbons for their babies.

Mrs. Robert K. Williams evolved the idea of Llano holding a baby show on that festive and historic occasion. The crowd was right for it and the setting was perfect for its holding. The mothers with babies fell in line and enjoyed the spirit of a baby show to the fullest.

Assisted by Comrades Frank E. Wolfe and Mrs. Wolfe and Mrs. M. G. Buxton, arrangements were quickly made for holding the baby show in the assembly hall after the barbecue had been disposed of. Bunting tacked to posts placed in a semi-circle held back the eager crowd which pushed its way to the front to view the little tots held on the laps of proud mothers

or nestled among snowy drapery in buggies. Sixteen mothers brought their babies.

Before beginning the exhibition, Comrade Wolfe, in a felicitous address, told of baby shows he had attended and judged, and said that years could not dim the joy of a mother who received a prize to show to the child when grown to manhood or womanhood. At the conclusion of his remarks, George Bowers, manager of the dairy, made a request to exhibit the latest arrival in the Colony. Mrs. Williams and the others were puzzled for



The Llano Dramatic Club which offers such good amusement at intervals for the benefit of the Llano Colonists.

quantity of beef and pork will be arranged for, so that the coming winter will not see a shortage on this score.

In coming to Llano, I wish again to impress upon you the necessity of bringing as much of your household and personal effects as possible. All these things have been useful to you, and they will be doubly so here. Don't forget this. Also bring as much of your clothing as you can. Don't despise the homeliest rag. This is the time of saving, so be saving. I would advise you to bring as many work clothes, stockings, shoes, etc., as you can. If you do this, you will be less of a draw upon your comrades here and, in addition, feel a greater sense of independence. We, of course, try to supply every want, but it is impossible, and shortages will occur and transportation often fail. Don't forget, also, that dollars are good everywhere, and they are good to have when you want a luxury or two that is not carried in the commissary.

The spirit of the Colony is good, and there is a steady determination ever prevalent of making Llano the first successful colony and beating by a long time the inevitable co-operative commonwealth that will be born out of the world war struggle.

a while at the request, little dreaming what he had up his sleeve. However, they gave him glad permission to show his friend's baby.

Mr. Wolfe was assigned the duty of awarding the prize to the best baby; he, a diplomat at all times, decided that as Llano babies were the best babies, the handsomest babies and most perfect babies, that a blue ribbon be given to each mother for her baby.

When the hearts of the mothers were made glad by the receipt of a first-prize blue ribbon and the cooing infants were safely and snugly tucked away in their go-carts, imagine the surprise of the committee, and the gale of laughter and surprise, when Bowers came trudging into the hall with a two-day-old calf pulling at his forefinger. The sturdy little bovine was not at all disturbed by the unusual noise and the peals of merriment, but followed greedily on and almost swallowed Bowers' hand. Proudly picking up the young Holstein scion in his arms, Bowers walked around the room, and his little one received fond pats and many "Oh, dear, isn't he cutes." George was as proud as a mother when a floral wreath was flung around the bulging neck of his pet.

# Quo Vadis?

By John Dequer

**T**HE working class argues, quibbles and fights. The capitalists plan and scheme and set the wheels in motion.

The working class speculates on, instead of experimenting with, the laws that govern man and society. They talk loud of economic forces on which they have no grasp. The capitalist meanwhile appropriates the earth. The thinking ones among the workers revel in mental fireworks, while the capitalist rejoices in material accumulation. As a rule the capitalist is not very intellectual; but he knows how to invest, and it is this that renders him substance, and substance gives him the power to buy the specialized brain of the workers.

He pays them for their specialized work, and if they do not deliver the goods he fires them without ceremony. Hence, if you, as a worker, want to sell your brain power, you must have a brain worth buying.

A marketable brain is one that has accumulated experience and trained functions. To acquire these means concentrated application. Concentration of thought upon the work in hand is the keynote of education.

Education was given to the workers only because trained brains were needed in the business world. All brains, however, are not of equal power and capacity. There is an almost immeasurable gulf between the gibbering idiot and an intellectual giant. There is a long cry between Henry Dubb and a Shakespeare. Their brains have different capabilities, different inclinations and desires.

The flaming brain is not a class product, but a freak product. It is a case where nature, in the distribution of vitality, has endowed the head with a more generous amount of cerebral activity. This, more than subsequent environment, produces the leader, the manager, the capitalist. When nature over-endows a single faculty we have a genius or a crank.

While science has proven that acquired characteristics are not inherited by progeny, it has also proven that freaks transmit themselves persistently. The freak favorable to special environment will multiply there and become a type, a variety, and finally a distinct species, even as man is a species allied to but distinct from anthropoid apes (chiefly in his environment).

Among both working and capitalist classes certain freaks are born. They are termed "idealists." They are about as well fitted for the modern competitive business world as the nether regions are for a powder house.

The idealist is a being in whom the soul inclinations are stronger than his equistic instincts. They forget self oftentimes in their passion for the mass. They differ one from the other in many ways, but in this they are a unit in that they possess large social hopes and fears.

The modern world has no real room for them. They are prophets in their own country. Their idea of right and wrong, their soul-passion to care for the weak and preserve the afflicted, appeal to the ears of many. Hence the idealist finds his work on the soapbox, on the platform, in art or in literature. If he is mentally not strong enough to reach these vocations, he will work at something else under protest, but show marked tendencies to the aforementioned fields of activity. The idealist, be he man or woman, is a prophet of things as they, in his or her judgment, ought to be. The capitalist, on the other hand, is a master of things as they are. The idealist has ideas—mostly unsaleable.

The capitalist accumulates the things that feed the stomach. He also seeks after and develops the talent needed to run the world's business for him. He patronizes the scientist, the inventor, the discoverer, when these worthies have demonstrated that they have something out of which the capitalist can make money. True, he will freeze them out, if he can; that is true of the small ones, whose ideas are more interesting than useful.

Do not misunderstand me. I did not say that the capitalist produces anything. I say he accumulates, and at the smallest cost in time or money to him. He therefore watches each opportunity, and, as he is no sucker, he generally investigates, or sees that some one who is competent investigates, the bait before he swallows.

Mrs. Capitalist often sympathizes with the poor. She is charitable to them as long as they are grateful for her smile and don't strike. The agitator often proves interesting to her. Thus we see the wild-eyed agitator, the long-haired, moon-eyed, philosophical anarchist, sometimes in her company and sometimes even in her home. But you seldom hear that he has married into the family or become a partner in her husband's business. He is looked upon as a well-meaning, whole-hearted, pleasantly conversational pest, who may be depended upon to say something perfectly awful, thereby adding breeze and zest to the otherwise prosy lives of the idle ladies in the homes of the masters of industry. A few times I have been so invited, and I am frank to say that I felt as if I were an odd-looking bedbug whom they dared not kill for fear of being personal. In spite of an occasional dinner party, however, the idealist generally dies poor.

Why? The answer is simple. Life renders two types more or less distinct. These types look at life from different angles. One wants and seeks liberty, and is willing to shoulder the responsibility that liberty entails. The other type wants freedom from responsibility, and therefore has to take the slavery that such freedom entails.

The capitalist sees where markets may be opened, and he buys newspaper editors, preachers and teachers, to produce a spirit needed to get that market. He therefore shoulders tremendous risks in finance, while the workers, as a mass, rather fight than think. If they, as a mass, thought, there would be no fight, no profit and no capitalists. Here the idealist shouts, "Fight is wrong, profit is wrong, capitalism is wrong."

But profit is here, fight is here, capitalism is here. What are you going to do about it? Argue, of course.

This world is not run by argument. It is run by work and thought, by brawn and brain. Both are expenditures of energy, and in the competitive world men's labor power can be bought at its value, as food and clothing, and his brain power at a rate often not much higher. The thinker can turn his thought into cash and his money into comfort and power by the system of markets. There is a great incentive to selfishness. A worker who is endowed with executive brain, who brings his cerebral action upward to a high efficiency, is paid more so as to create a distinction between the workers. There is not room for all in a superintendent's office, we are told. Granted: but the room in the really responsible places has not yet been overcrowded. The fact that the common labor market is generally congested only shows that the mass of

(Continued on page 22)

# The Play House

By Helen Frances Easley

**C**EDRIC watched the little girl crossing the lawn toward him. She must be the one his father told him about the night before, when he had come back from his alternating six months, as he himself called his absence, having heard some one speak of the decree which governed the movements of his baby life.

Cedric liked girls. Even if other boys did call him a sissy, and even though he was seven years old and almost a man, he liked their pretty, soft dresses, their flying curls, if their hair happened to be curly, or a bobbing "Dutch cut," if that happened to be the mode of their coiffure. Of course, he wouldn't have wanted such things for himself, but for girls they were lovely; girls just couldn't be girls without them, he argued. And this new one appeared to be all that he could desire. Her eyes were veritable violets, and her hair, a somewhat frowsy mass of curls, seemed to be a nest of sunbeams. And she appeared to be younger than he—much younger. Why, she couldn't be more than six!

"Hello!" she said, with a most engaging smile. "Are you the boy that lives here?"

"Sometimes," he responded.

"Yes! I know. I've been waiting most of two months, I think it is, for you to come home. It's been such a long time. My mother said you lived here part of the time, and somewhere else part of the time. I think it's such a funny way to live!"

"I've always lived that way," Cedric maintained, stoutly. He did not like to have the dignity of his position assailed. "And," he added, somewhat timidly, "I like to travel." A hundred miles is, after all, quite a trip for a boy to make alone.

"Oh! So do I," replied his visitor, "but I just couldn't do without either my father or my mother. The three of us go everywhere together! We are all just crazy about each other. Daddy says he has the nicest family in the whole world, and mother would just die without him, I know. Why, when he is gone just a day or so she watches for him to come back, and the minute he gets in the house he holds her close in his arms, and she pats his cheek or runs her fingers through his hair—it's curly like mine—and calls him her big boy! That sounds funny, doesn't it, because Daddy is a really man. Does your mother ever call your father a big boy?"

"No," Cedric responded, slowly. "No, I've never seen my father and mother together. People call them divorced. I guess that means they don't live together, and they never love anybody 'cepting me. When I go to mother's she holds me up tight and says 'His father's mouth,' and cries on my head a little; and when I come home father mumbles something like 'His mother's eyes more than ever,' and kisses me hard and almost squeezes the breath out o' me; but that is all they ever say about each other, and they haven't anybody to love but me."

"But I suppose you do have awful nice times!" Here the innate motherliness of woman was uppermost in the desire to sooth and conciliate.

"Oh! yes," the boy responded, brightly. "Mother and I have lovely times together. We go to most places together, and she has the cunningest little 'lectric runabout, that I can almost run by myself, and we have such nice little parties, and mother tells me the nicest stories, nicer than Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. I do get sort of lonesome for her stories, but of course my father is awful busy!"—with a valiant

effort to shield the man—"and I can't expect him to play with me like a lady would; and anyway I'll soon hear lots of stories—I'm going to start to school in September. I'm seven years old! But one time father and I almost had a picnic, almost. It was just before I went away last time. Father said he would take me to his little cabin, so Jane packed the big lunch basket and we went in the automobile. It is just a teeny little ways, but the lunch basket was too heavy to carry, so that's the reason we rode. Why, I could find my way there all by myself, I'm sure! We went to that cunning little cabin, and father unlocked the door. It was just like a play house, furnished with the nicest things, and we walked through the three rooms, and all of a sudden father said: 'Son, we can't stay here!' I was so 'sprised, 'cause the little house belongs to him, but when I told him so he only shook his head and locked the door again. We went 'way back in the trees, where we couldn't see the little house at all, and ate our lunch; and it was pretty nice, only father was sort of quiet; but I should like to see that little house again."

"So would I," the little girl agreed, her interest stirred by the boy's description of the little house and the cunning furniture. "I just love to play house. I have one for my dolls, only it isn't big enough for me to get into. Do you think we could go there some time and have a little picnic?" Her eyes were very wistful.

"Oh! lets," Cedric rose eagerly. "I'll tell Jane, and we can go now," but he was restrained by a little hand which pulled him down again onto the lawn.

"I can't go now," the lips quivered, although the child struggled bravely to control them. "I can't go without asking my mother, and I haven't seen her this morning. Nobody has paid any 'tention to me since I got up; even Daddy didn't have anything to say to me. I had my breakfast in the kitchen. Why, my hair hasn't been combed even!" Her voice rose shrilly and she was perilously near tears. "And I was so lonesome, so when I saw you here I came right over!"

Cedric's manhood asserted itself. He reached out timidly and touched the shining curls.

"Oh! pooh! little girl"—here he remembered that she had not told him her name—"I wouldn't care about that. Why, I like your hair that way; it makes me think of the sun fairies my mother told me about. And if your father and mother don't treat you nice any more we'll run away to the cabin. We'll go to-day!"

It was an alluring proposition and brought the pink to her cheeks. She was contemplating it seriously, when suddenly a voice broke the stillness.

"Alice! Oh, Alice!"

"That's me!" the child said, sitting up straight. "Oh! how funny—I didn't tell you my name. I know you are Cedric Wyler, but I guess you didn't know that I'm Alice Roberts."

"Alice! Oh, Alice!"

The voice was coming nearer, and suddenly a pretty maid, with face flushed and eyes shining, found the children.

"Oh! there you are, honey!" There was no censure in her voice. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Guess what is over at your house. A baby brother!"

Alice was up and flying across the lawn in less time than it takes to tell, and Cedric, watching her, was filled with jealous rage. He had been sure that he had found a playmate; she had almost consented to run away with him, and here she was

returning to her family, the family who had neglected her for a whole morning, returning to them gladly. A baby brother, indeed! Probably she would never come back again if she had a brother of her own to play with. He gulped back the lump in his throat, and Alice, halting at the edge of the lawn, turned suddenly.

"Oh! Cedric!" she called. "Of course, I have to go home now, but I'll come back soon, for I like you lots! I 'most forgot to tell you."

It was comforting, and Cedric, greatly mollified, turned toward the house, walking slowly. But the nearer he came to it the quicker became his steps. A brilliant idea had come to him. He mounted the broad steps, a sturdy little figure, and hurried to his father's study.

"Father."

"Yes, son."

"I want a brother—no, a sister!"

"Why, son, whatever put that into your head?" exclaimed the man, amazed at the request.

"Alice, the new little girl. They have a baby brother at their house. I guess he just came this morning. Anyway she just found out about him, and I think I'd like to have a sister!"

"But what would you do with a baby in this house? Who would take care of it? I'm afraid that neither you nor I would have time, and Jane is busy all the time, as it is."

Cedric dug his heel into the thick rug and twisted his hands in the pockets of his diminutive "knickers." He was going to mention a subject that was carefully avoided, as if by mutual consent. He had never been denied the right to speak of his mother, but he always did it timidly, and very seldom, for he felt that the conversation made his father uncomfortable. However, he felt very brave to-day, and his words came steadily as he looked straight into his father's eyes.

"Why, I thought maybe if we got one, maybe we could get my mother to come back and take care of it. Don't you think maybe we could range it?"

"I'm afraid not, my son. It's quite out of the question. Now run on and play; you see I'm very busy now. I'll see you soon."

He strove to speak lightly and succeeded well enough to deceive the boy's ears.

Cedric walked to the door, opened it and stood with his hand on the knob.

"All right, father. I didn't mean to 'sturb you. I just thought I'd talk it over with you. Alice thinks we're awful queer, and I don't like to be queer. I didn't think you would like it either. But she thinks it is funny because our family is divorced. She says none of theirs could ever get along without all the rest, and when her father is gone for just a little while her mother waits and looks for him, same as if it was a long, long time, and when he comes home he holds her close up in his arms, an' she pats his cheek, and runs her fingers through his hair, an' calls him her big boy. It sounded sort of funny to me, but nice, and I thought maybe—maybe—" The little voice trailed off apologetically. He had taken far too much of his father's time, and so the door closed on the imploring gaze of the big brown eyes, so like his mother's.

Malcom Wyler was a young man, only a few years over thirty, but as he pushed from him the papers, in which he had lost all interest, he seemed very, very old. The face which he buried in his hands was working convulsively. What a mess he had made of life! How vain were all his efforts! The boy was beginning to awaken, and his little glimpse of other people's happiness would constantly cause him to wonder and

think. He might never ask, but there would always be the desire for an explanation.

"Pats his cheek and runs her fingers through his hair!"

Ugly sobs shook the man. The boy's words had crucified him. His heart was fearfully and cruelly torn by the memories so ruthlessly brought to mind.

"Her big boy!"

No one could ever be sweeter than Laura, no one could speak love names more caressingly—or have been truer, he added it haltingly, almost grudgingly, for his pride was dying a hard death. He had been to blame; he knew it now, he had known it for a long, long time, but it was too late. He himself had made it too late. He could never go back; his attitude had been absolutely unpardonable. No matter how humbly he might ask for forgiveness, it would never be granted now. He had waited too long, and though he was finding his punishment well nigh unbearable, he had to admit that it was just.

He did not appear at lunch. When Jane went to his door to announce it, he excused himself, saying that he had not finished his work and that he had better not leave it. So Cedric ate hurriedly and resumed his watch on the front lawn. He found the house across the road very interesting. He wondered what the new brother looked like anyway. He had never seen a teeny-weeny baby, and although he was sure that he had been one himself, he had no distinct recollection of what it was like. Anyway he must be quite wonderful, and perhaps Alice would not come back for a long, long time, three days maybe, at which thought a blurriness of which he was ashamed came into his eyes. He was thinking very lonely thoughts when he was amazed to see Alice waving at him; not only that, she was coming across the road!

He ran to meet her, his face radiant, and she greeted him with a little, gurgling laugh.

"That brother is the cutest thing," she confided; "so little and soft, but sort of red; only I don't mind that a bit; the nurse says it will wear off anyway. But he and my mamma are taking a nap now, and so we have to be so creepy quiet, so I asked Annie if I might come over to see you, an' she said 'Yes' right away, that I could stay all afternoon. Everybody is so smilly and happy over at my house that they act just like they was glad to let me do anything I ask 'em."

She twisted her belt nervously as she went on shyly.

"And couldn't we go to the little play house? Next to my brother, I keep thinkin' of that little cabin you talked about, and I do wish I could see it!"

Her tone was very wheedling and coaxing—an absolutely unnecessary quality, for at the mere mention of her desire Cedric responded with alacrity.

"I just guess so! An' wait a minute. I'll ask Jane to fix us a lunch, just a little one, 'cause we must hurry and get started. An' I'll tell her we're going to have a little picnic."

Several hours later, just at dusk, Annie, the maid of the Roberts household, came in search of Alice, and in turn she and Jane ransacked the Wyler premises for the children. They could find no trace of them.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed motherly old Jane, "Cedric came in and asked me for a lunch and said that he and Alice were going to have a picnic in a play house. Has Miss Alice a play house?"

Annie shook her head.

"Then where do you suppose the little scamps went? I never heard Cedric talk about a play house before, and I supposed it was some contraption of the little girl's!" She meditatively

# The Co-operative Movement

**I** HAVE been requested to tell you what I know about the co-operative movement in England. It is just about six years since I left there, and, needless to say, those years have been very eventful. The whole world has been passing through a series of events which will leave their mark on history's pages for all time.

I well remember that about the time I left England, and for a couple of years afterward, great business was being done by the emigration agencies. Everything that could be done to show the alluring West in a good light and to make it attractive was done—on paper. At that time there was a tremendous army of unemployed, which bid fair in a very short time to deteriorate into an army of unemployables. This condition, allowed to develop, was sure, sooner or later, to prove a great menace to the existing order of things. Capitalism had already run its course; its industries were no longer able to absorb the requisite proportion of the labor power available in order to keep the system running smoothly. We know full well that capitalism, for its successful operation, needs an unemployed reserve. But we also know that when

armies were being used to quell the revolting workers. Unemployed demonstrations and hunger marches were every-day occurrences, and each country seemed to be competing with its neighbor to see which could make the most pretentious demonstration. I doubt whether the acts of diplomacy performed by the members of the various governments to appease the demands of labor have been surpassed even by anything that has been done in the great world war. Thoughtful men and women wondered what was to be the result of this condition. The more acute it became, the nearer the great crisis when the system must break down. Even you in this comparatively new country had begun to experience the same kind of thing. Hired thugs were sent into the disturbed areas, the captains of industry held the upper hand, and Ludlow is one of the jewels in the crown of capitalism in this country.

From what I have said, are not some of you able to understand clearer what precipitated the great struggle that is now in progress between the nations? Do not jump to any conclusions about the cause of the present war, unless you have been a student of economics. The science of economics has



The mountains abound in picnic spots where Llano citizens may enjoy their vacations.

that reserve grows to undue proportions it is inevitable that trouble will arise. Emigration was a kind of safety valve and served the purpose of easing the pressure. But, with all this, the workers who were left and who could secure employment were still able to produce such a surplus that the markets continued to be glutted. There was not only a surplus of the commodity labor power, but also of the commodities that labor produces. The reward of productiveness was starvation.

One need not be very observant to be able to understand how this condition was brought about. The very fact that any one can find some other individual who is willing to give employment and pay wages has more in it than appears on the surface. Industrial concerns do not employ men and women because they love them. They employ them because their labor is a source of profit to themselves. Now, because I happen to have been born in England and have referred to the condition that existed there, do not think that I wanted you to believe that it was a condition peculiar to that country alone. It was not. All the countries of Europe were in the same fix. All had the same problem to solve. If markets could only be found, the problem would be solved for a time. But no such markets were to be found, however.

Industrial unrest was the order of the day. The standing

always been spoken of to the workers as the dismal science, but, if we only knew, it is the key to the whole situation that millions are trying to understand at present.

But, you will ask, what has this to do with the co-operative movement in England? I hope to show that it has much to do with the co-operative movement, not only in England, but all over the world. And I shall try to show why I think the co-operative movement is going to solve the difficulties that have arisen from the competitive struggle—not only in solving labor's problem, but also in making such a thing as a war between nations an impossibility.

We must understand that, in an industrial sense, England is much older than this country. She was well developed before this country got its start. In fact, I suppose that most of the machinery at first used in this country was brought over from England, paving the way unconsciously for a rival in the commercial field later. All phenomena takes place in due season as the conditions which produce them develop. The co-operative movement is older in England than in America for the reason that the conditions were ripe for the birth of such a movement. The co-operative movement had in England a Socialistic origin, for its founder was Robert Owen. Owen himself avowed that his grand, ultimate object was "com-

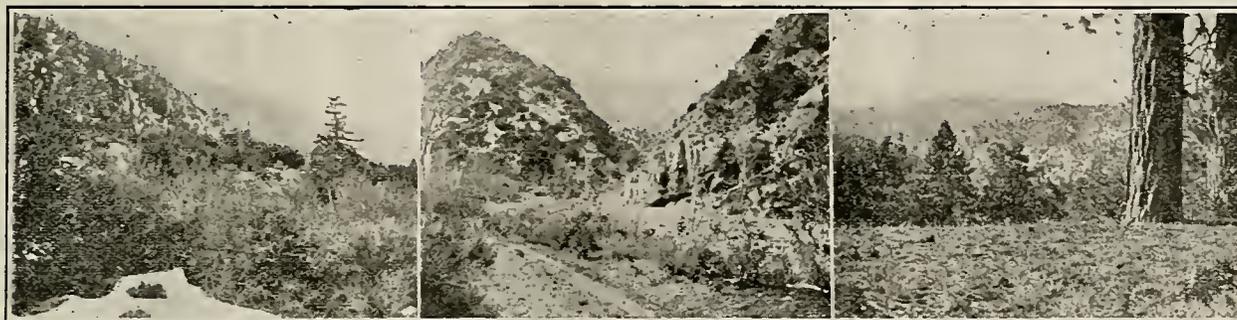
# n Great Britain

By George Grazier

munity in land," with which, he hoped, would be combined "unrestrained co-operation on the part of all, for every purpose of human life." It is thus important to associate co-operation with Robert Owen, for, although co-operation did not have a continuous development from that time, he had the same idea that is guiding the movement, and that is guiding us here in Llano. The modern co-operative movement in England may be said to date from 1844, when a few men in the town of Rochdale, in Lancashire, commenced what may be termed "the process of joint stock storekeeping." It is true this is something different from the proposition of Robert Owen, but we shall see that from the beginning there has been a gradual development taking place, and there is a growing desire for that "unrestrained co-operation on the part of all, for every purpose of human life."

The Rochdale pioneers were a few workingmen, who, instead of shouting about the high cost of living, simply combined their very limited resources, appointed their directors and managers, bought their supplies direct from the manufacturers, and supplied their members with commodities at

tive movement as it stands to-day, gaining in strength in proportion to its economic power, wielding political influence because of the force it can command by and through the possession of vast economic resources. During 1916 the combined organizations did one thousand million dollars' worth of business, one organization alone transacting a business averaging five million dollars per week. Wheat lands in Canada and tea plantations in Ceylon are owned by them. They are acquiring land in England and raising vegetables and live stock. They own eight flour mills, and last year 3,185,963 sacks of flour were milled and delivered to the various distributing societies. This was made into bread, biscuits, cakes, etc., by co-operative labor. The only eight-hour-day match factories and cake, biscuit, jam and pickle factories in England are operated by them. One of the biscuit factories alone turns out 1,750,000 cream crackers every day, in addition to its other products. They are making their own shoes, clothing, bedding and furniture, and can construct any kind of building, from a rabbit hutch to any first-class public building. Printing establishments are owned and controlled by them, and they



Many such beautiful scenes as these are within walking distance of Llano Colony.

first cost, thus eliminating middlemen's profits. The same thing was done in other towns and cities, and there is hardly a town or city there now without its co-operative store. That was all right so far, but any one who takes the trouble to analyze the position would soon find that if that was all the co-operative movement was going to accomplish it may as well have died at its birth. Because, although the organizations concerned could supply their members with commodities at a somewhat lower price, this advantage would soon be counteracted. So long as these men were working for wages, producing for manufacturers, how long would it be before wages decreased in proportion to the decreased cost of living? The men whom they had eliminated from the system of distribution would become their competitors for the positions which the manufacturers had to offer. Wages would fall again to subsistence level and the co-operative storekeeping would be of no advantage. But the co-operative movement did not stop there, and the men who saw the necessity of a distributing medium controlled by themselves, soon discovered that they in fact gained nothing unless they began producing as well. They learned what was necessary by trying to do something. They might have theorized to this day. The main thing was to act. They did so, and the result is the co-opera-

even own vessels for carrying cargoes which have been raised by them or purchased abroad for their consumption.

You will readily understand from this that the co-operative movement there, although a comparatively recent arrival, is gaining such power and momentum that it is to-day one of the forces that is fast changing the whole industrial and social outlook. Let it not be thought that all this has been brought about without opposition, or that it is so strong to-day but what capitalism takes every opportunity to challenge its bid for supremacy. For instance, the tea brokers of the country have always conducted a campaign against the C. W. S., and even at the present time are doing so. What moves them to do so is the desire to create unpleasantness for their dangerous and hateful competitor. Meanwhile the C. W. S. regards these attacks with calmness. Thanks to the society's own extensive tea plantations and its financial strength, the traders can do the C. W. S. no damage. On the contrary, this conflict, as often in the past, will serve to strengthen its position still more.

Many thought that a great war, such as the one in progress at the present time, would cause the disruption of the co-operative movement. But, on the contrary, the movement has made considerable progress. One finds that co-operative organizations are based on the principle that the welfare of its mem-

bers shall be the first consideration. When they start producing, it is only natural that the providing of food, clothing and shelter shall be the first great object. This was the condition when the war started. An organization, consisting of hundreds of thousands of members and reaching from one end of the country to the other, was doing for itself just those things which the government was forced by the greed of the capitalists to do for the whole people. Capitalism collapsed because of its greed and incompetency. It tried to put on a bold face in spite of this, and the various interests tried by bombastic methods to pursue the old course. The government had always been the faithful executive of the capitalist class and had always obeyed their every wish. But the government began to realize that there was something more serious taking place than ever had taken place before. The very nation itself was liable to fall into the hands of other exploiters and to be dominated by them, so it deliberately said: "If you want these glorious privileges preserved for yourselves, you will have to allow us to run the business." It took a time to convince them, but the fact that the German military machine had done this long ago and controlled practically all production and distribution, not only for the army and navy, but for the general public as well, convinced them that they must give way or lose all. It is a sure thing that if some of these keen business men, as they are called, had been allowed all the rope they wanted they would surely have come to grief. However, their faithful executive, the government, prevailed, with the result that the military machine of the Allies is making a bid to equal the German machine in perfection. The individual capitalist and corporation there must be careful not to be too bold at present.

But what happened to the co-operative organizations? Did the government take them over? No. Why not? Because they were organizations founded to render service to their members, and the government well knew that if one part of the nation was now producing and distributing the necessities of life through an efficient organization it would be easier for them to manage the rest. Therefore it was a wise policy to allow the co-operative organizations to go on the same as before the war. There were several reasons for this: First, the co-operators were manufacturing and distributing goods that the people could not do without. They were producing what the people actually needed. Secondly, their factories and machinery were such as could not readily be used for the manufacture of munitions and implements of war. So the government felt that just to the extent of the co-operative organizations' activities were their own responsibilities lessened. These very facts prove to the world the difference between capitalistic and co-operative production. One is production for profit; the other for use. At the time of a national crisis capitalistic methods were found to be useless and a hindrance; while co-operative methods, originating with the idea of rendering service, filled the bill. The normal functions of the co-operative enterprises were of such a nature that they were bound to aid in the prosecution of the war. It was unavoidable—to refuse to operate would just mean cutting off their own supplies and sacrificing all.

Apart from that, the thing to note is that co-operation as a system has proved to be efficient. Where it was not already in operation the governments have enforced it to suit their own purpose. After the war it will be up to the people to see that the system of co-operation is maintained, not to fit each nation with the teeth and claws of Mars, but to produce those things that are necessary to every nation's well-being. Capitalism has starved the people in the midst of plenty. It

will be the function of the co-operatively managed nations in the near future to see that equitable distribution is made, thereby abolishing poverty and all incentive to crime, individual or national.

You ask, how is it possible for a nation to commit crime? I submit that the principle underlying criminality is the same, whether applied to an individual or a nation. To cause unnecessary suffering can be construed in no other way, and the present war is the greatest crime of the ages. However, those that hope to gain by it will find, after all the smoke and thunder of battle are passed away, that instead of the supremacy for which they hoped, they have really ushered in a new order of society. Very few people realize that at the present time a social revolution is being effected. The co-operators of the world have tried to effect it peacefully in a practical way. The so-called political leaders tried to accomplish it by passing resolutions and making speeches. The old trade-unionists never had any conception of what a social revolution meant. All they ever troubled about was keeping pace with the increasing cost of living, and a devil of a time they had.

While speaking of this, I just want to refer to an editorial in an English co-operative magazine called "The Producer." Commenting on the activities of the Labor Party there, it says: "The Labor Party does not yet seem to have realized that for the economic betterment of the people, collectively owned fields, factories and workshops are better than speeches and resolutions; they could, in fact, be made more effective in the economic welfare of the workers than almost any kind of legislation. When we are treading the paths of national legislation we are upon very uncertain ground, that is apt to give way at any moment. But when we capture fields and grow wheat, build factories and manufacture goods, erect warehouses and distribute the contents one to another, we know we are getting on solid ground."

The progress made in the older countries should give us encouragement in our work here. Consider that the organizations there have kept in touch with one another in the most friendly manner, even though the governments have declared the countries to be at war. The co-operators were helpless to prevent the war. It was useless for them to pit their forces against a machine that was a thousand times as strong as themselves, and which they knew was determined to crush everything that stood in its way. Co-operators here extend the glad hand to co-operators in other countries. Our interests are the same. Wars can never arise between us. It is only where an antagonism of interest exists that war is a possibility.

Once get a national co-operation firmly established, and war will be a thing of the past.

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# Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the third installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles Times dynamiting cases.]

**H**ERE let us turn the light on McManigal, the felon called as the principal witness for the state.

Mr. McManigal is a self-confessed murderer. He claims to be guilty of the murder with which this defendant is charged. He pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy in Indianapolis, and has testified in this prosecution, the theory of which is that the conspiracy charged in Indianapolis is a continuing conspiracy, and that every one involved therein is guilty of the murder of Charles Haggerty. After testifying in Indianapolis, the prison doors were opened, this criminal, McManigal, shook off his chains, walked out, was given a thousand dollars in cash by the County of Los Angeles, and told to go his way in peace.

That was the price paid for his testimony in Indianapolis and upon this stand. What a willing, anxious witness! Why should he not be willing? Was not his liberty at stake? Would he swear a man's life away for his own life and liberty? Would he not kill a man, with an oath, for his liberty, if he would kill a man with a gun when his liberty was only in jeopardy? What a tender-hearted, loving father the prosecution would have you believe him to be. What a fiend incarnate was he before they caught him! What a change of heart the third degree, coupled with a promise of liberty, and a thousand dollars cash on the side, will work in the heart of a murderer! He was not always thus, a hired butcher, bought with the price of his own liberty. He was not always a saint, with a loving heart throbbing with parental kindness. In 1907, when the violence first began in the East, McManigal was merely a workingman, that is all. Just a man working on the job, helping to erect steel buildings the same as other working men.

I want you to pay particular attention as I repeat the unreasonable and improbable and false story of McManigal.

He testified that he was working in Detroit on the Ford building when he met a man by the name of Hockin. That statement is probably true. He said that there was a building in the neighborhood under way of construction, upon which a number of non-union men were working; that the union men working on the Ford building were ordered to watch the non-union men on the other building and to follow them to the car that they took on their way home, and, when they got off, to give them a beating; that the men working on the Ford building followed the orders of Hockin and beat the non-union men, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Hockin, but that he, McManigal, refused to obey the orders—that he did not believe in that sort of business and remained at home. Do you think it was his tender heart that kept him there? Might it not have been his physical cowardice? Personal warfare with bare fists requires some courage. Are we quite sure that this saint of Mr. Noels, made thus by promises of liberty and cash payment, has the kind of courage necessary to enter a contest with bare fists? You heard he had the nerve to carry pure nitro-glycerine on long trips. Well, yes! But he was familiar with nitro-glycerine and knew how to handle it with safety. That required nerve, not courage. But did he not put this nitro-glycerine in many places, under the most difficult circumstances? True, he did. But you must remember that many cowards are the best shots. It is their cowardice that makes them good shots if their hearts are wicked. You will

remember that this loving father so tenderly cherished by Mr. Noel had always with him a brace of .38 repeater Colt revolvers. The penalty the law placed upon him for destroying property was imprisonment. The penalty he placed upon an attempt to catch him was death. What a father! What a tender heart! What do you think of a man who would take a human life rather than be imprisoned for a few years for committing a crime? He could blow down a bridge and murder a man rather than be caught. If he could murder a man with a gun, in cold blood, rather than be imprisoned, how much more willingly would he murder a man with an oath, rather than be hanged?

Listen to the story of this man. When he refused to join what he calls the entertainment committee, he tells us that this man Hockin, hitherto a stranger, told him that since he refused to assist in beating the non-union men, he would have to blow up a building with dynamite. He testified that he protested—that he did not want to destroy property; that it was wrong; that he would quit work and go back to Chicago before he would do such work; that Hockin was incorrigible and told him that he must blow up the building; that if he quit work and went back to Chicago he would be boycotted and would not be able to go to work; that Hockin told him to wait while he went up into Canada, where he would get the dynamite; that Hockin went and returned without the stuff. What an improbable story. The story is impossible. Do you think the organizer of a labor organization would pick up a stranger and force him to blow up a building with dynamite? You must remember that there was a strike on, and at such times spies are as thick as maggots in a festered sore. Do you not know that organizers have long since learned to be exceedingly cautious at such times? Were the organizer to force such an act, it would only be necessary to disclose the fact to one of the spies, some of whom are always present and known.

No organizer or any other man would try to force a man to commit such a crime at such a time. By doing so he would place not only the strike, but the entire organization, in jeopardy, and himself in prison. Of all methods yet employed to procure the commission of a crime, this one is certainly the most unique. Clever—no, the story is not even clever. It is coarse and inconsistent with the remainder of this felon's story. Do you not remember that he said they conducted their campaign of destruction with profound secrecy? Do you not know that such acts must be done in secret? Do men herald such acts to the world? No! No! Those are the class of acts that are kept under the bushel. Indeed, they must be kept under the bushel. Whatever success attends them depends on secrecy. Yet this man Hockin took every chance of heralding it to the world by picking out a stranger, and forcing him, against his will, to commit a crime. Do you believe such stuff? Is this man to hang on such testimony, or on the testimony of a man who lends himself to such unreasonable stories to gain his own liberty, together with a thousand dollars in cold cash on the side? Cash—that was a mere "gift" to show that the people of Los Angeles County were good fellows! Do you remember the umbrella story? Here is another, equally corrupt, unreasonable and false. A story so utterly and completely at variance with the methods of secrecy that must be employed under such circumstances can only be looked upon with disgust. And to him must be turned a deaf ear, consigning him to dwell among those angels whose

wings, while on earth, were made of iron barrels, and leaden balls, and whose trails were slimy with human gore.

Now let me tell you what really happened. You will remember that the resolution of 1906 was being rigidly enforced. That there was a strike on in Detroit. That the union men were suffering defeat in every quarter and the dissolution of the union seemed inevitable. Consternation was abroad and their hearts were sinking into despair.

At this moment McManigal came to Hockin. Who was McManigal then? Not a perjured villain, nor an angel, but merely a man who, like other men, was in the struggle to better his condition. He was, like the others, struggling for higher wages and an eight-hour day. He had been a miner, accustomed to handling and using dynamite. He knew the terrible havoc that would be strewn in its wake. He was cunning as a fox, stealthy as a cat and conscienceless as a viper. It is to this man that the campaign of destruction is due.

He went in secret to Hockin. I think I can hear him, whispering his mildew into Hockin's ear as he tells him of his former occupation and how he could turn the tide in their favor by destroying the property of their enemies. We can almost hear him say, "I can run down to Tiffin, Ohio, and get all the dynamite we need. My uncle and father live there, and I know the men in the mines, and they will sell me the stuff. You give me the money and I will buy the dynamite and fuse, bring it back, and you can leave the rest to me. On that night you had better be somewhere all the evening, for they know you and they might arrest you. I am not known and they will never suspect me. Take it from me, Hockin, after this is over they will be afraid of more to follow and they will make peace with us."

Facing an inevitable defeat and sinking in despair, Hockin grabbed at this fatal straw. Money was supplied and McManigal started on his way to Tiffin. There he met his father and uncle, to whom he told his story with the glee that always shows in the face of the man who is about to commit what he believes will be a successful crime. His father and uncle, of kindred criminal blood, lent their assistance to him in his mad career. The dynamite and fuse were bought and he went on his way with them to Detroit. You will remember with what cunning he opened the door leading from the alley into the building, where he placed one charge and lighted the fuse. Then, closing the door, he returned to his room, where he had left the other two charges for other buildings. Soon the crash came. Then, lying on his bed, he heard the calling of the newsboys, "All about the great explosion." I think I can hear him chuckle as he cut the item from the paper and sent it to his uncle and father, telling them of his great success. Does not this fact prove beyond all question that his story was false; that he was not forced to commit the crime; that he was not acting under protest; but that the crime was of his own choosing; that he was proud of his own accomplishment? And that he hastened to tell his accomplices of his glee and of conquests yet to come?

Looking up and down the street, he saw a policeman at each corner. He thought that he was discovered. Going hence to his own room, he cut the other charges into small bits, dropped them into the closet and repaired to the street, leaving no trace behind. Rather a successful man to have been chosen by chance. No, he was not chosen by Hockin. He was chosen by himself to carry out his own dire plot. He did it with skill, and cunning, and success.

And Hockin? What became of him? He was arrested, as McManigal said he would be. He had prepared his alibi. He

was at a banquet. He was soon released, and, congratulating each other, they discovered that they had launched a unique campaign of destruction, with McManigal as the chief actor and with Hockin as the directing general. These two, and no more, knew the facts at the time.

This job at Detroit, according to McManigal, was the first job pulled off. It was in 1907. Immediately thereafter Hockin went to Indianapolis and revealed the plot to J. J. McNamara and Ryan. He told them of McManigal's plan and how they had successfully carried it out; how the strike was settled and the union men in Detroit had been put to work on the wrecked building. I think I see these officers as they sit in consternation, listening to the story and the proposals of this terrible campaign. They were confronted by an overpowering enemy. Their efforts were futile. They were suffering defeat after defeat at the hands of the Steel Trust, with no hope of success by using methods previously employed. They were losing their old and staunch members. Members were quitting who had faithfully fought long and hard and who were being forced by hunger to heed the call for bread. The organization was disbanding. Despair was abroad in the ranks, and unless something more effective could be done the union would soon be a thing of the past. Dangerous as was this new plan, and though criminal in its character, yet these men, as all men engaged in war, felt that any course that would save their organization, and hence the lives of their members, was justifiable. Expensive as it might be, and dangerous as it might become, they concluded that nothing could be more expensive nor more dangerous than a funeral. They could not see that such a course led inevitably to the grave, but hoped, as all men in despair hope, that whatever will save for the moment will save forever.

And thus the campaign of destruction was launched. At that time only the four men, Hockin, Ryan, J. J. McNamara and McManigal, knew the plan.

That all matters might be understood and settled between them, McManigal was brought to Indianapolis. It was then and there that the terms were settled and agreed upon. You will remember that McManigal said it was a matter of business with him. That he did not care to go from work to dynamiting and thence to work again. That he would either have nothing to do with it or he would make it a business and work at it all the time. The price agreed upon was \$200 a shot, all things furnished and expenses paid.

McManigal testified that he was told not to visit Indianapolis nor to be seen with J. J. McNamara except at long intervals. Do you know what this means? It means secrecy. Secrecy is the primal necessity of such an undertaking. The union movement would not support such a course. The law condemned it. Public knowledge meant failure. Stripped of every trace that would lead to Indianapolis and communicating with that office through Hockin, the machinery was ready and McManigal went on his way.

For the first time in the history of the Iron Workers' Union, dynamite was purchased. I say this without fear of contradiction. The prosecution broke into the office of the Iron Workers' Union at Indianapolis, took all the records, and is armed from head to foot with all the facts in the case. Had there been any purchase of dynamite previous to this state, the records would have disclosed the fact. The prosecution would have presented those letters and you would have been apprised.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

# The Socialist Party---Where Is It? By M. M.

**E**AST and West, North and South, the Socialist Party has been rent asunder. Fragments have split off; factions have formed; schisms have been created. World-wide problems have wrought world-wide havoc with every institution, and nationalism has risen superior to internationalism. The Socialist Party of every country has suffered.

But in the United States where the party was weakest, where the leprosy of dissolving party membership has reduced the membership and the tuberculosis of falling vote has closed the field of new recruits, while the mal-nutrition of lost interest has brought despair to the entire movement, the effect has been even worse.

Two factions have been forming for some time. One looks backwards to Karl Marx for instruction, and regardless of present day necessities, of the problems of this period or of the exigencies of new conditions turns, like the Moslem, its face always to the East.

The other faction faces the problems of today and looks toward the logic of today for the answers. Without deprecating the wisdom of Marx, this faction gently reminds the Socialists that Marx is dead, and that the dead hand of the dead Socialist is no less dead than the dead hand of the dead capitalist.

Two significant conventions have been held in the last few months.

One was at Fresno, February 17, 18, and 19. California Socialists met and formulated two constitutions, the majority report and the minority report.

The other was at St. Louis, April 7. The emergency convention met and formulated a majority report and three minority reports.

At Fresno there was a desire on the part of the majority to make a more radical constitution, to adopt timely measures, to use methods that would lead the party forward.

At St. Louis, the majority had nothing new to offer.

The Fresno majority constitution carried by a three-to-one vote.

The St. Louis majority report is being suppressed by the authorities as being seditious, and a number of prominent Socialists are in jail or out on bail as a result of distributing them.

It is not the fact that the St. Louis majority report is seditious that makes it significant; the efforts of the radicals everywhere are likely to be considered as such by the powers that be.

The significant thing is that those assumed to be leading thinkers in the Socialist movement of America had nothing constructive to offer in the face of an emergency and in the face of dwindling membership and a reduced vote. They could suggest nothing to overcome these conditions. They merely reiterated their position, known to every one who has ever given the Socialists even a moment's thought.

How different the sentiment at Fresno! There constructive measures were not only given a hearing, but were adopted.

State Secretary Williams has compiled a brief statement in which he has enumerated the chief changes. They are well worth noting:

## Chief Provisions of New Constitution.

First—Four regular referendum elections per year—in January, April, July and October.

Second—State Executive Committee to consist of nine members, to be elected by Industrial Groups.

Third—Work of Locals confined to propaganda, education and organization. Locals will have nothing to do with the political activity of the party.

Fourth—Locals will have no territorial jurisdiction. Locals will have jurisdiction over their own members only.

Fifth—Any five individuals may unite and organize a Local without regard to residence of members or the territory covered.

Sixth—There may be as many locals in any community as there are groups of five or more desiring to unite in forming a Local.

Seventh—All existing branches will automatically become Locals and will be recognized by the State Office.

Eighth—All of the political activity of the party will hereafter be administered by all of the party membership, without regard to Local organization.

Ninth—No group of comrades can get together in a city or county and assume control of all political activity of the party, nor can they interfere with any campaign being conducted in some political subdivision of the city or county.

Tenth—In case a majority of the members residing in two or more political subdivisions of the city wish to do so, they may co-operate, providing a majority of the members in each subdivision are agreed.

Eleventh—Members of the State Executive Committee automatically become State Organizers for the particular Industrial Group electing them, and are amenable to said group.

Twelfth—All members at large will pay \$2.50 dues per year, payable in advance.

Thirteenth—All new applicants for membership in the party must pay \$1 on admission, to be applied as follows: Twenty-five cents for the State Bulletin, 15 cents to pay for the national dues for three months, and 60 cents to be applied to the State Organization fund. The member in return therefor will

receive the State Bulletin for one year, and a membership card, duly stamped, for three months.

The Socialists of California are endeavoring to put the party on a firm foundation. The Constitution was adopted only after a systematic and careful study of conditions had been made.

The conservative element fought it with the arguments conservatives usually use. They wished to continue in the same old way.

One of the worst features the Socialists have to contend with is the professional disrupter. He is the man loudest in his talk of the "bourgeoisie" and the "proletariat," of the "class struggle" and the "working class." With these words he establishes himself as a Socialist, and then begins systematically to drive out those who really belong to the working class and who feel the class struggle without forever talking about it.

Under the old Constitution the best locals were constantly being broken up and the best workers disgusted by the tactics of these disrupters, many of whom were honest enough in their intentions.

Under the new Constitution it is easy to form new locals, and those who come to cause dissension cannot hold a local

(Continued on page 22)

**T**HIS is the new clause that is to deliver the Socialist Party of California out of the hands of those who have choked it slowly till life is nearly extinct, who have prevented co-ordinated action, who have made it an ineffectual shell:

**"Socialist Locals shall be organized without regard to political subdivisions. The jurisdiction of said Locals shall be confined to members thereof."**

# News and Views in Agriculture

## Laying Contests Have Shown

That the 200-egg hen is a very substantial present-day reality. That it is possible for the domestic fowl to produce more than 250 eggs in 365 consecutive days. That high fecundity is primarily a strain or family rather than of breed. That the selection and mating of highly prolific birds can result in a marked improvement of the average egg production.

That the continued selection of breeding stock upon lines that emphasize inherent tendency to ovarian activity is inclined to alter the weight and conformation of certain pure breeds.

That the average weight of the eggs from both high and low producing strains can be materially increased through selective breeding.

That the trap nest or the single-bird pen is the only absolute index to a bird's capacity for egg production.

That when other things are equal the so-called mongrel may be the equal, if not the superior, of many strains of pure breeds.

That the absence of male birds from the laying pens does not affect the egg yield.

That the heavier breeds are the best winter layers.

That an abundant supply of plain, wholesome food in conjunction with proper housing and management is conducive to increased production.

That the cost of feeding does not in itself make for profit or loss in the poultry business.

That the efficiency of different so-called standard rations cannot be exactly determined from their use in connection with small experimental pens of birds of unknown performance.—Charles Opperman in *The Country Gentleman*.

## A Good Contact Insecticide for Sucking Insects

Lime .....	40 pounds
Sulphur (flowers) .....	30 pounds
Water, to make.....	100 gallons

Heat in a cooking vat or other vessel about one-third of the total quantity of water required. When the water is hot, add all of the lime, and at once add all of the sulphur, which should previously have been made into a thick paste with water. After the lime is slaked, another one-third of the water should be added, preferably hot, and the cooking should be continued for an hour, when the final dilution should be made, using either hot or cold water, as is most convenient. The boiling due to the slaking of the lime thoroughly mixes the ingredients at the start, but subsequent stirring is necessary if the wash is cooked by direct heat in kettles. After the wash has been prepared, it must be strained through a fine sieve as it is being run into the spray tank.—Fred P. Roullard, Horticultural Commissioner, Fresno County.

## Locating the Apiary

In selecting a location for the apiary, dense shade is objectionable, whether it be brush, arbor or large trees, on account of the inconvenience of getting swarms, which will use this for a settling place. It is also objectionable on account of keeping the early morning sun away from the bees, and thus keeping them in the hive late in the day, when they should be at work.—J. B. King, Texas Department of Agriculture.

## Use for Peanut Hulls

Utilization is now being made of the peanut hull. In Johnson County, Texas, a contract was closed recently for a hundred carloads of peanut hulls to be used in a mixed feed for live stock. This utilization of the entire peanut plant will no doubt prove a factor in feed prices next season.

The general opinion of fieldmen in that section is that the forthcoming peanut crop will be more profitable to the producer than in the past seasons.—W. E. B., in *The Country Gentleman*.

## Radishes and Lettuce—Directions for Planting

Radishes and lettuce are favorite plants in small gardens because, while these are attractive additions to the table, they are in a way luxuries on which many housewives hesitate to spend money.

Lettuce does not withstand heat well and thrives best, therefore, in the early spring or late autumn. In order to have the leaves crisp and tender it is necessary to force the growth of the plant. The usual method of growing the plant for home use is to sow the seeds broadcast in the bed and to remove the leaves as rapidly as they become large enough for use. It is better, however, to sow the seeds in rows fourteen to sixteen inches

apart. This will result in the formation of rather compact heads and the entire plant may then be cut for use. For an early crop in the North, the plants should be started in a hotbed or cold frame and transplanted as soon as hard freezes are over. In many sections of the South the seeds are sown during the autumn and the plant allowed to remain in the ground over winter. Frequent shallow cultivation should be given the crop; and if crisp and tender lettuce is desired during the summer months, some form of partial shading may be necessary.

For head lettuce, Big Boston, Hanson and California Cream Butter are good varieties. For loose-leaf lettuce, Grand Rapids or black-seeded Simpson are recommended.—United States Department of Agriculture.

## Don't Use Rhubarb Leaves

Because rhubarb leaves contain certain substances which make them poisonous to a great many persons, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture warn housewives against using this portion of the plant for food. A number of letters have been received by the department calling attention to the fact that certain newspapers and magazines are advocating the use of rhubarb leaves for greens, and that disastrous results have followed the acceptance of the advice.—United States Department of Agriculture.

## Value of Peanuts for Oil and Meal

One ton of peanuts will yield eighty gallons of oil valuable for human food purposes, as salad oil and in cooking, and 750 pounds of meal, which contains 48.26 per cent protein and 9 per cent fat and makes a more valuable live stock feed than does cottonseed meal.

Peanut oil is one of the most important of the world's food products. France uses about 16,000,000 gallons of edible oil and 23,000,000 gallons of low-grade oil in the manufacture of soaps each year, while Germany uses about 6,000,000 gallons of high-grade oil. It is noteworthy that of the 1,500,000 gallons of peanut oil annually imported to America more than half passes through and is used in the manufacture of oleomargarine.—Hawaiian Tiller.

## The Improvement of Nursery Stock

In order that nursery stock may be improved in the broadest sense of the word, the orchardist must be continually on the alert to observe all that is desirable among Nature's raw materials, the chance seedlings and bud sports; the plant breeder must take the most desirable traits from the best we have in each fruit and endeavor to combine them; the scientific investigators of our experiment stations must enter the practically neglected field of root stock investigation and determine not only the affinity between stock and scion, but the root that is best adapted to certain soil conditions and best adapted to resist insect pests and plant diseases; while the nurseryman, profiting by all that these have done, must get out of the rut of blind and thoughtless following of old horticultural trails that have naught but antiquity to recommend them, and he must fully understand the great responsibility resting upon him as counselor and guide to many orchardists. He should never forget the cruel disappointment to some one that must inevitably follow either his carelessness or his dishonesty if he should allow stock to leave his hands other than that which his customer desires. He must place his business on a higher plane than that of mere buying and selling, and must feel that it is his mission to be an agent in helping Nature add to the welfare of mankind.—A. L. Wisker, Loma Rica Nursery, California.

## Government Aid for Purchase of Tractors

The Italian Ministry of Agriculture has issued a notice fixing rules whereby agricultural bodies and societies in Italy may obtain a government contribution toward the cost of acquiring tractors for mechanical plowing. The grant will be conceded to these bodies up to thirty per cent of the total cost and, the Board of Trade Journal states, this figure may be increased to forty per cent in the event of not less than five tractors being employed in any one Province. In the case of private persons the grant will not exceed twenty per cent. This is not only a practical solution of the problem of greater production that we hear so much about but also mighty good co-operation between government and farmers.—"The Organized Farmer."

Sweet clover is adapted to a wider range of climatic conditions than any of the true clovers, and possibly alfalfa.—United States Department of Agriculture.

# Co-operation the World Over

## Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

### The Salvation of Irish Farming—Co-operation

In 1888 the struggling farmers of Ireland were exploited to the point of a bare subsistence by railroads, middlemen, commission men and bankers. Families vegetated in grinding, degenerating poverty, until nearly all the ambitious young men, cognizant of the doom which awaited them on their own soil, emigrated to America.

Sir Horace Plunkett, father of co-operation among farmers in North-western United States, after making an exhaustive study of Irish conditions, proposed as a remedy for this wretched poverty—co-operation. With the assistance of the enthusiastic Father Finlay, Plunkett induced a group of farmers in 1889 to form a co-operative creamery, the first co-operative enterprise in Ireland.

The first year this society did a business of \$21,815. The next year Plunkett organized sixteen more creameries, which in 1891 did a business of \$251,910. At this juncture the movement was strong enough to enter the field of co-operative banking. Not having a rational and adequate credit supply, they established a series of co-operative banks and credit societies, lending money for one and two per cent less than that lent by private companies. This last move aroused the forces of capitalism to a realization of the powerful enemy in the person of Co-operation. For seven years the corrupt interests fought the movement bitterly. But co-operation triumphed, and to-day is the most inspiring agrarian movement in the world.

Ireland now has the following co-operatives: 193 agricultural, 235 credit, 18 poultry, 18 home industries, 52 pig and cattle supply, 10 flax and 29 miscellaneous. In 1913, 985 co-operative societies did a business of \$16,665,900. There are 300,000 farmers in Ireland, more than a third of whom are enrolled in the various co-operative societies. All of this has been accomplished under the auspices of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, organized and directed by the inspiring genius of Sir Horace Plunkett.

The results? The incomes of the farmers, by abolishing the sources of exploitation through co-operative endeavor, have almost been doubled. Farming, previously the most dismal occupation in the island, has become a joy and a science. Ambitious and energetic young men and women are now remaining on the farms, gladly taking up the occupation of their parents—the best proof in the world of a thriving rural population.

What a contrast here to the suffering and privation of competition!

### Alaska Indians Operate Co-operative Stores

Through the assistance of the United States Bureau of Education, Alaska Indians at Hyaberg, Southeastern Alaska, have been guided in the organization of several co-operative stores, in order to abolish the criminal exploitation at the hands of unscrupulous traders. At these stores the natives may exchange their wares and purchase the necessities of life at a legitimate price. The stores are owned and operated by the Indians themselves. Twelve months after the establishment of the co-operative store in Hyaberg the Indians declared a cash dividend of fifty per cent, and still had sufficient funds at hand to build a larger store.

### The Co-operative League of America

One of the most important organizations in America formed for the purpose of educating the people to an appreciation of the value of co-operation is THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE OF AMERICA, with headquarters at 70 Fifth avenue, New York City. The aims of the league are: First, the explanation through leaflets and pamphlets of the principles underlying the successful operation of co-operative stores; second, the investigation of commercial and industrial conditions in the United States in their relation to co-operation, so that co-operative enterprises can be advised as to how and where to adapt themselves to special conditions peculiar to this country; and third, to furnish expert counsel to co-operatives in the administration of their business and financial transactions. The membership of the league is composed entirely of earnest students of co-operation who are interested in the growth of the American movement. Persons interested in co-operation are urged to become members and to write for information.

### The Practical Value of Co-operation

The co-operative movement is teaching people to do things for themselves without asking or accepting aid from the state. It is teaching the workers to administer the affairs of society on every scale. It is raising up from the ranks of labor men who are capable of large enterprises.

In its conflicts with the forces of capitalism, co-operation is the only

force that has triumphed. Great trusts have gone down before it. In Switzerland it vanquished the beef trust, in Sweden the sugar trust, and in England the soap trust. It has prevailed against great obstacles. Whereas the workers have notoriously suffered defeat at the ballot box in their contests with privileged interests, the co-operators, in their great contests with the vested interests, have always won the victory.

The powerful combines, with capital, unscrupulous control of politics, and the force of vested interests behind them, have been beaten by organizations largely composed of working people. Co-operation has succeeded against the greatest economic odds.—James Peter Warbasse.

Co-operation is the act of working together towards a common end or uniting for a common purpose. The success or failure of co-operation lies not in co-operation itself, but in the individual who co-operates or fails to co-operate.—California Fruit Exchange.

### Co-operative Bull Associations

Co-operative bull associations are formed by farmers for the joint ownership, use and exchange of high-class, pure-bred bulls. In addition, they may encourage careful selections of cows and calves, introduce better methods of feeding, help their members market dairy stock and dairy products, intelligently fight contagious diseases of cattle, and in other ways assist in lifting the dairy business to a higher level. Incidentally, the educational value of such an organization is great. The history of the co-operative bull association shows that it is especially adapted to small herds, where a valuable bull for each herd would constitute too large a percentage of the total investment. Thus the organization enables even the owners of small herds to unite in the purchase of one good bull and each to own a share in a registered sire of high quality. Though still in its infancy, the co-operative bull association movement promises eventually to become a very great factor in the improvement of our dairy cattle. At the present time there are in the United States thirty-two active bull associations, with a total membership of 650, owning about 120 pure-bred bulls.—United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry.

### Co-operative Canneries

It is estimated that the co-operative canneries of the United States handled over \$158,000,000 worth of the canned and dried fruits and vegetables marketed last year. Practically all of the co-operative canneries in the United States are found in the Pacific Northwest and California, the annual business of these organizations ranging from as low as \$50,000 to as high as \$1,500,000 for a single cannery. The most successful co-operative canneries now in operation are those which put up or pack a wide variety of products over a long period, some starting with strawberries in May and continuing until December with late vegetables. By utilizing the various products as they mature, the operating period may be extended to about six and one-half months.—United States Office of Markets and Rural Organization.

### The Value of Co-operation

Co-operation does away with the grave evils of debt, especially in connection with little shops. The curse of housekeeping on credit is the irresponsibility it breeds, and in checking this irresponsibility co-operation has strengthened self-reliance and self-control in a thousand homes. But it has done far more than check reckless domestic expenditure. The co-operative store trains men and women to act with prudence, and educates them in the business of wisely conducting their own affairs. A positive sense of responsibility is fostered by co-operation, and in learning to manage the store co-operators gain an experience that is invaluable for good citizens.—Joseph Clayton.

### Co-operation in Holland

Of the 958 creameries in Holland, 680 are co-operative; of its 291 cheese factories, 201 are co-operative. Co-operation in Holland is used also in other lines of agricultural manufacture. Of 21 potato-flour factories, 13 are co-operative. There are six co-operative strawboard mills and two large beet-sugar co-operative factories. One co-operative artificial manure factory supplies half the fertilizer used in Holland. Holland has 600 credit banks, affiliated with three central banks, all co-operative.—Paul V. Collins, Pearson's.

### Co-operative Banks in Italy

There are 900 co-operative banks in Italy and, until recently, they did not even have government inspection, yet their losses for a term of years averaged only six hundredths of one per cent.—Albert Sonnischer.

# What Thinkers Think

## The Substance of Instructive Articles in June Magazines

### Review of Reviews

**Present Agricultural Situation.**—For the first time we are thinking agriculture in terms of a nation. If we are to have a big increase in acreage the nation as a whole and not farmers as a class must take a hand. The Department of Agriculture brings to the farmer vast stores of scientific information and seeks to stimulate co-operative efforts on the part of the farmer, and to help him to market products. By planting such legumes as soy beans, cow peas and peanuts the meat supply can be supplemented materially this summer. Co-operation must be the watchword. There is no other means of eliminating waste. Wheat ground in a hand grist mill in the kitchen is as good as most patent breakfast foods, and much cheaper.—Carl Vrooman.

### International Socialist Review

**Shop Control.**—The part that organized labor should take in the management of industries is the question of the day in England. At the Trade Union Congress the president disclaimed any desire on the part of the workmen to manage their employers' affairs, but claimed the right to control their hours, living conditions and the character of their foremen. Even enlightened employers consider this unsatisfactory. Labor unions must assume responsibility towards society. The development of labor control of industries will proceed as fast as labor shows the requisite power and understanding, and the essential thing in modern progress is the devoted co-operation with the State of the hitherto irresponsible proletarian trade unions.—Austin Lewis.

### Century

**Europe's Heritage of Evil.**—The Roman Imperial idea of the essential unity of mankind and the supremacy of law based upon reason and divine command failed before the Ottoman assault on Constantinople, and the future was seen to belong to the separate nations which alone possessed a strong sense of unity. This national feeling developed into an irresponsible sovereignty of the state before which individual rights and welfare had no existence. Even the French revolution merely transferred this absolutism to the representatives of the people. The modern state has become an economic as well as a political organ of society; it is in fact a stupendous and autonomous business corporation, the most lawless business trust, viewing the other nations as business rivals. It is absolutely free from effective business regulation and has immensely concentrated wealth such as kings and emperors never had at their disposal. In struggling for supremacy they adopt principles of action for which individuals would be ruthlessly suppressed as dangerous bandits. If there were no economic questions involved the conflict of nationalities would soon be ended. And with all this wealth and power, it is in the richest nations that discontent is deepest and most wide spread. States, like individuals, must admit their responsibilities to one another and take their place in the society of states in a spirit of loyalty to civilization and humanity.—David Jayne Hill.

### North American Review

**Industrial Americanization and National Defense.**—After a considerable period of trying to put efficiency into industry from the outside "experts" and employers alike are coming to see that the real development of efficiency is from the inside and is a matter of the spirit that prevails throughout the business. An organization interested in organizing its human side can do no better than put its best executive, not its weakest and most amiable, in charge of the work. The spirit he needs is a combination of a sound realization of business values and a quickened sense of industrial justice. A system of promotions and transfers, the provision of proper incentives, and American standards of living will release great stores of energy now shut off.—Frances A. Kellor.

### Everybody's.

**The Wings of the U. S. A.**—When the world comes to, after the war madness, it will discover that the air has become a safer sphere to travel than the land. One man makes two trips a day from London to the front in France, taking over a good car and bringing back a broken one. He boasts that he can bring almost any machine across the channel if the motor will pull it. A machine can only be used twenty-four hours at the front. Then it needs a week's repairs. It takes six men and three machines to keep one flying man in the air, over the front. Machines are being built that can carry from one to two tons, with planes so wide and strong and stability so certain that men can move about on their wings and adjust their engines while in full flight.—William G. Shepherd.

### Independent

**Woman's Place.**—The National League for Woman's Service has been established under the supervision of the Department of Labor, to make the best use of the present opportunity for organizing the abilities of the women of the United States. The idea is to systematize and co-ordinate the action of the many women's organizations and to concentrate them on the tasks for which they are best suited. The war has already demonstrated that bread is as essential as bullets, and the food problem of the United States can be very simply solved by preventing waste in buying, preparing, cooking and serving, and by planting home gardens. Besides, women are being encouraged to learn their husbands' business, so that when the man is called away the wife may be able to maintain the family's economic status.—Maude Wetmore.

### World's Work

**The Rise of the Russian Democracy.**—The early history of Russia was a long struggle under autocratic chiefs to establish its territorial security. In the nineteenth century the movement for liberation began. In 1861 the serfs were emancipated. In 1864 the Zemstvos, local provincial councils, were established. A long educational process followed, marked by continuous oppression on one side and occasional acts of violence on the other. The Duma was the next step forward—1905. The Duma and the Zemstvos kept up the educative processes, and co-operative societies grew like mushrooms, and through them the educated classes were finally able to effect a union with the peasants. The bureaucracy, in its last struggle against constitutionalism, at last in this war went to the length of treason. If the Kaiser had appointed some of the imperial ministers he could not have chosen better men for his purpose. In this emergency the army had to depend on the Zemstvos for its food and munitions, and when the revolution finally occurred the Zemstvos officials took charge of all the national offices.—Samuel N. Harper.

### The Fra

**Children Nowadays.**—One of the illusions with which we mislead ourselves is that "this generation is a peculiar one" and that we, their parents, are inadequate to the task of solving the problems with which they are confronted. But this is not our business. Each set of parents are hyphenated citizens of the age in which they are rearing their children, while the children themselves are natives. We find fault with the children—for what? For not being as old as we are! I offer the suggestion that our first duty is to grasp intelligently and sympathetically our child's viewpoint of life, and not vent on them our middle-aged desire to stagnate under the belief that we are correcting them. Our children are as good and as wise as we were in childhood. Heaven knows they could not be much worse or more foolish!—Strickland Gillilan.

### Scientific American

**The Technology of the Washroom.**—A fellowship has been established at the University of Pittsburgh to investigate the problems of the laundry man. Soaps and cleansing solutions are being scientifically tested in order to make the laundry superior to home work not only in cleaning clothes, but also in the preservation of fabrics. The exact effect on various fibers of different processes of washing and drying are being investigated, and a portable chemical laboratory arranged expressly for the laundryman's use in testing the material he has to purchase. With this outfit any laundryman can become his own assayist.

### World's Work

**Labor.**—The representatives of the organized labor movement have recently adopted propositions relating to the share which wage earners should take in the war. Their work in producing material and munitions is as important as that of the soldier at the front. They should accordingly be protected as regards conditions of work and pay, and this can only be done by giving the organized labor movement the greatest scope and opportunity for voluntary effective co-operation in spirit and in action. Industrial justice is the right of those living in our country. With this right is associated obligation. In time of war this may call for more exacting service than the principles of human welfare warrant, but this service should only be called for when the employers' profits have been limited to fixed percentages based on the cost of processes of production. Labor further requires that there is a clear differentiation between military service for the nation and police duty, and that military service should be carefully distinguished from service in industrial disputes.—Samuel Gompers.

# Reviews of Recent Readable Books By D. Bobspa

## "A German Deserter's War Experience"

"A German Deserter's War Experience," now in its second printing, is the straightforward narrative of one of the many German Socialists forced to go to the trenches against his will. After fourteen months he deserted and succeeded in reaching America. The book surpasses even MacGill in its uncovering of the horrors of war to the common soldier—for this young comrade did not have to pass his manuscript through the hands of the army censor.

Here we read of the wholesale shooting of officers by their own men; we see hundreds of dead thrown like cordwood to one side to make room for further advances; the trees strewn with entrails, heads, arms and legs; dead and partly dead buried, hundreds together, in big graves; see men held in subjection by cruel and brutal force of the junker class; listen to the discontented mutterings of the German soldiers.

When the German army was mobilized three years ago the men were ignorant, up to almost the time of the first engagement, of what country they were to fight against. "The soldier is told 'The Belgian is your enemy,' and he has to believe it. . . . Never mind; shoot as we order, and do not bother your head about it." The author was detailed to help execute some of the poor Belgian civilians and describes the full horror of his feelings. He tells graphically of the hand-to-hand street fighting, relating in one case how one German soldier bit a large piece from the face of an "enemy" and the reaction so sickened the victor that his life was ruined.

While the story is mainly devoted to plain narrative, one sees much of the psychology of warfare—how the men gradually become like beasts. Trench warfare is described—body lice, head lice, rotting corpses and all. The famous Christmas interchange of greetings between the French and German soldiers was participated in by the writer of the book, whose name is withheld for the sake of his relatives still in Germany.

This soldier found the Belgian civilians at first friendly to the Germans. The German soldiers were severely punished whenever caught feeding the starving women and children or in any way showing consideration for them. One of the examples of the means used to inflame the minds of the "mass butchers" against "the enemy" was to station guards at all wells and declare the Belgians had poisoned the waters, while the tired, hot soldiers went plodding on almost dead from thirst. At times they disregarded the soldiers stationed on guard and drank to their limit from the "poisoned" wells—without any damage to themselves.

The officers seldom went into action. They withdrew to a place of safety, as a rule, leaving the men in charge of petty officials. After serving fourteen months in the war without any money, the young man obtained a furlough, only to learn that the government-owned railroad would not carry him until he was able to pay for his carfare. While the book deals with his personal experiences in the German army, the author, as an anti-militarist, hates all war and his narrative is non-partisan. The little volume (which sells at \$1) is worthy of wide distribution in this hour of labor's fight. It is one of the most illuminating documents the war has yet produced. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

## "Woman: Her Sex and Love Life"

The world owes a wonderful debt to Dr. William J. Robinson, "the sane radical," for his series of books on sex, eugenics and birth control. Twenty years ago he began his crusade for a rational conception of life, and has taken the public into his confidence in his many popular books, while reaching the medical profession regularly through "The Critic and Guide."

"Woman: Her Sex and Love Life," is the latest addition to the little library Dr. Robinson has written. Having examined scores of books on the subject of sex, I have nearly always felt, when through with them, that they might just about as well never have been written, because they were so hazy and left the reader in ignorance of anything specific.

There are those who imagine all evils of life due to woman; others of the Vance Thomson school who think all that is wrong in the world sprang from the male. Dr. Robinson views both sexes as human beings. He doesn't attempt to make any kind of sweeping generalizations. His is the first book on woman from a sex standpoint that has covered the ground. There is no phase of the subject that is not taken up, and I would like to see the day when every mother would give his book to her daughter at an early age.

The nasty-minded will look in vain throughout the 400 pages for any satisfaction. The book is plain and common-sense, but is pure and chaste

to a degree that not even the black shade of Comstock could find an excuse to take it to court. The mission of the book is "to increase the sum total of human happiness." It will do this in direct ratio to its sales. The hocus-pocus of the medicine man and priest is dropped, and Dr. Robinson strips the element of mystery and the fogysm of past generations from the subject.

Perhaps a list of chapter captions will give some idea of the scope of the book: The paramount need for sex knowledge for girls and women; the female sex organs: their anatomy; the physiology of the sex organs; the sex instinct; puberty; menstruation; abnormalities of menstruation; the hygiene of menstruation; fecundation or fertilization; pregnancy; the disorders of pregnancy; when to engage a physician; the size of the fetus; the afterbirth and cord; lactation or nursing; abortion and miscarriage; prenatal care; the menopause, or change of life; the habit of masturbation; leucorrhea, the whites; the venereal diseases; the extent of venereal disease; gonorrhoea; vulvovaginitis in little girls; syphilis; the curability of venereal diseases; venereal prophylaxis; alcohol, sex and venereal disease; marriage and gonorrhoea; marriage and syphilis; who may and who may not marry; birth control, or the limitation of offspring; advice to girls approaching the threshold of womanhood; advice to parents of unfortunate girls; sexual relations during menstruation; sexual intercourse for propagation only; vaginismus; sterility; the hymen: is the organ necessary for impregnation? frigidity in women; advice to frigid women, particularly wives; rape; the single standard of sexual morality; difference between man's and woman's sex and love life; maternal impressions; advice to the married and those about to be; a rational divorce system; what is love? jealousy and how to combat it; remedies for jealousy; concluding words. (The Critic and Guide Company, New York City.)

## "The Gun-Brand: A Feud of the Frozen North"

"The Gun-Brand: A Feud of the Frozen North," by James B. Hendryx, ought to prove a popular seller this season. It is "snow stuff," to borrow Charlie Van Loan's movie language. "The Promise" and "Connie Morgan in Alaska" acquainted the public with the powers of Mr. Hendryx as a novelist. The story is intensely interesting from the moment Chloe Elliston, granddaughter of old "Tiger" Elliston, braved the unknown wilds of the frozen northland to found a school for the Indians, to the last page where she looks into the face of the big Scotch trader and miner and tells him something that makes further chapters unnecessary. What occurs to make this page possible will keep one sitting up late, no matter how sleepy. But there is nothing of sensationalism. The intrigues of the quarter-breed free-trader, the whiskey runners, the gun fights and the final battle between the rival outfits give scope for continuous action. Only one scene might be questioned—the punishment of Pierre Lapierre, the bad man of the novel. With the gun sight MacNeal deliberately mutilated the face of the man. The description is vividly written. While he merited even this punishment—so far worse than death—one shudders at reading of it. The fierce passions of man where the elements preclude the success of the weakling, the eternal appeal of "the love of a lass and a laddie," combined with a skill in narrative, make "The Gun-Brand" one of the season's distinctive books. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.)

## "The Story of the Grand Canyon of Arizona"

Science and art blend in an attractive booklet, "The Story of the Grand Canyon of Arizona," a popular illustrated account of its rocks and origin by H. N. Darton, geologist of the United States Geological Survey. The purpose of the guide "is to point out the more important relations of the rocks and to outline their history and the conditions under which the canyon was developed. Care has been taken to avoid technical terms so far as possible, so that most persons should have no difficulty in understanding every part." In addition to photographs, there are maps, cross-sections and lettered views. (Fred Harvey, Kansas City, Mo.)

## "The Mythology of All Races"

The Marshall Jones Book Company, publishers of "The Mythology of All Races," the most monumental work of its kind ever attempted, announce that Professor Axel Olrick of Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished scholars in the field of mythology, who was writing the volume of Eddic Mythology, died in February. He had practically finished his work on the book and his Scandinavian colleagues will complete his task. There are to be thirteen volumes in the completed set, each written by the world's best authorities in their respective fields.

## Quo Vadis? (continued from page 9)

men are but the garden variety. The fact that the sons of the middle class are sinking eighty-three per cent into the working class, fourteen per cent into the professional class, and three per cent into the capitalist or, rather, middle class, shows conclusively the signs of the times. It will bring on revolution, you say. Perhaps. But mob revolutions but play into the hands of the Napoleon. It would simply be St. Bartholomew's night for labor. The revolution of the proletariat would simply be a butcher's feast. Workers can be hired, for wages, to kill those who seek wages.

So there is, then, no hope for mankind?

Yes, there are already stars in the social skies that point the way. Let the iconoclasts silence the argument about right or wrong, and band together, not with rifles, but with tools. Let them play the game the capitalist plays, for their collectivity. Let them co-operate. The hope for the present and the future lies in industrial and co-operative action. It lies in adapting ourselves collectively to capitalistic requirements. It can be done now, here, without delay. The world has closed the debate on co-operation. The victory is awarded to collectivism. Competition in business has been weighed and found wanting. Co-operation broods with creative force over the wreck and ruin of dying order. No longer need we argue. We must act. We must enter the field with pitchforks, not pamphlets. We must enter the diggings with spade instead of speech.

Collectivism does not come as the idealist wanted it. Through the using of an instructed working class, it looms up as the result of economic pressure upon those who hold the places of responsibility.

## The Play House (continued from page 17)

tapped her foot against the floor. "Just a minute, Miss, and I'll ask Mister Wyler if he knows anything about them."

She found a haggard-faced man, with a great pile of papers still before him.

"Pardon me, Mister Wyler, "but we can't find Cedric."

"Er—what, Jane?"

"We can't find Cedric," she repeated. "He and the little Roberts girl. I fixed him a lunch and he told me they were going to have a picnic at the playhouse. Do you happen to know where that is? It's getting late and we're worried."

Jane had never been told about the cabin, and for a moment Wyler did not comprehend, but suddenly he remembered. That was what Cedric had called it on his one visit there. Hastily rising, he hurried from the house.

"I'll find them," he called back.

He went down the path through the woods, now growing darker every minute, and what memories the old path brought back! Laura and he had spent their honeymoon days in that little cabin. What a wonderful picnic time it had been! He stopped short in amazement. Even now there was a light twinkling at the window!

He strode forward and pushed open the door, only to stop stupefied.

There before him at the tiny table sat the two children and the woman who had been his wife!

The silence was long and heavy, and she was the first to speak.

"Don't scold us, please, Malcom! I came last night on the

same train with Cedric, although he didn't know it, and no one saw me. I didn't mean to bother you. I didn't suppose you would ever come here, and you remember I had a key, too. But when the children came this afternoon I made them stay, for I thought maybe you would come to hunt them!"

She had begun bravely enough, but her voice broke pitifully, and tears brimmed the big brown eyes as she looked at him beseechingly. What a child she was, and how like Cedric when he had been in mischief and wanted forgiveness! All the man's hunger for her surged through him overwhelmingly.

"You wanted me!"

The glad incredulity of his words was heartrending, and she nodded mutely, to find herself crushed in his arms. Her answer had wiped out all differences. Nothing else mattered.

Cedric drew himself up proudly as he looked at Alice. He had heard enough to know that some ceremony was necessary in a matter of this kind. Jane was largely responsible for his knowledge of ethics, but he was sublimely sure that everything was coming right. Alice could no longer call them "queer."

"I guess," he said, with adorable dignity, "that we'll get some preacher to spoil that divorce, 'cause my family seems real crazy about each other! See! My mother is patting my father's cheek!"

## The Socialist Party--Where Is It?

(Continued from page 17)

down to a few members, forbidding other locals to be formed within its territory. The day of the troublemaker is to be less easy than of yore. Their absolute control of the party is gone forever.

Another important provision is the industrial organization of Socialists. Instead of mixed locals, it will be possible to form industrial locals, composed of members of a craft or calling. There will be nine industrial groups, and the state organizers of these groups automatically become the state executive board.

The classification of members into groups is as follows: Farmers, Miners, Transportation Workers, Manufacturing Workers, Building Trades, Printing Trades, Housekeepers, Office and Service Workers, Professional Workers. They are to be registered as such in the state office.

It is planning to make organization as easy as possible, and to make it as difficult as possible for those enemies of the party to get in as they have in the past.

In California everything is for progress. In California the Socialist party first began to deteriorate. It had gone down until something HAD to be done. And, when that time came, the loyal members did it. They have forsaken tradition and have plunged forward, ready to risk making the mistake of a wrong procedure, but entirely unwilling to stand still and constantly look back to the Past for guidance.

To stand still meant further decay. To change the old method and to go onward might invite disaster, but no disaster can quite equal that of senile debility.

Will it work? The next few months will show that. But, at least, there is the certainty that nothing is to be lost and there is every likelihood that much is to be gained. The motto of the Socialist party was never better applied than when applied to the Socialist party of California before the new Constitution was adopted: "Workers of the party, unite: you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain!"

## Important Notice!

Dear Comrade:

It has come to our notice that enemies of this Colony have inspired an attack that is calculated to do us considerable injury unless our installment members and correspondents are able instantly to discover the nature of the attack, and understand its real character and aim.

If you receive a printed circular well designed to cast suspicions upon the integrity of your comrades who have worked ceaselessly with honor and in good faith to make this Co-operative Colony a success, you will know that certain influences inimical to your interests and to the interests of the Colony are at work.

If you receive such a circular, please communicate with us at once concerning the matter, and we will give you information covering developments in the case.

This attack was timed when Comrade Harriman, founder and president of the Colony, was in New York as a delegate to the World's Peace Conference.

All we have ever asked is even-handed justice and fair play.

Many times we have been asked if we did not fear that our demonstration of success would bring insidious or open attacks by the agents of capitalism. Our answer has been that we are proceeding with honor and sure intent, and that we did not despair of successfully defending ourselves against any injustice.

Our protest at this moment is against circulars sent out without fair and honorable investigation and a hearing of our side of the case. If you have received any circular, will you not do us and yourself the justice to write us fully, to the end we may explain or aid you to dispel any doubts planted by your enemy and ours?

We are making a success of a great co-operative enterprise and we shall continue it. We do not expect to do this without difficulties and, possibly, attacks. All we ask is fair play, and you can help us get it. Will you do this much for your pioneer comrades here on the front who are making a demonstration of the power of collective effort with the view that the move may spread to universal co-operation among all men?

Yours fraternally,

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,  
Llano del Rio Company.

## Llano Job Printing

The Llano del Rio Printing and Publishing Department is now equipped to handle job printing.

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The Llano Publications, Llano, California.

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It commences July 1 and finishes December 31.

## Now Is the Time to Enter

Write at once for full information about this opportunity to  
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Next month we will be able to announce the name of the winner of the first  
contest, which closed June 30.

If you enter now and work steadily, you may be the winner of this contest.

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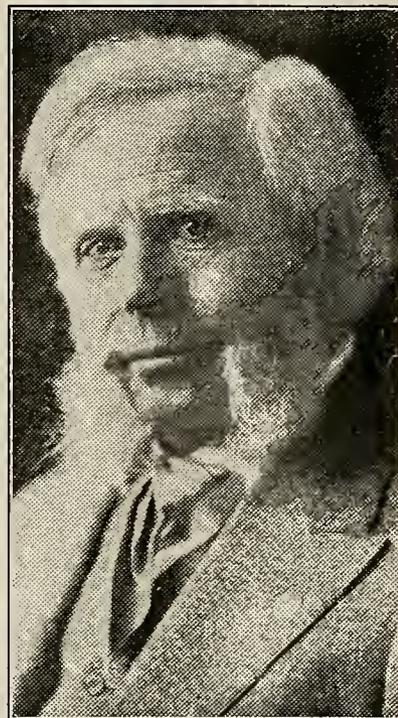
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