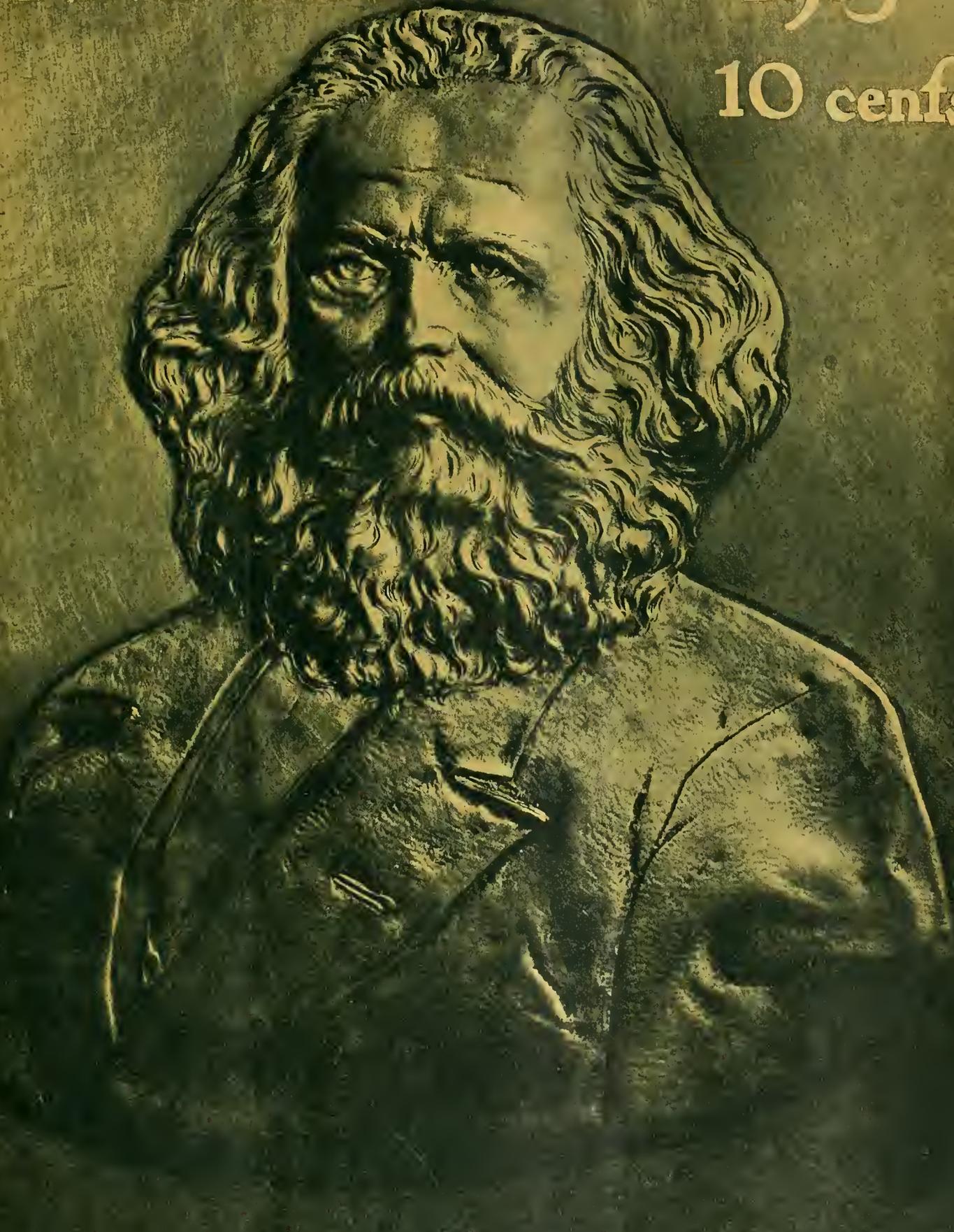


# The WESTERN COMRADE

NOVEMBER

1915

10 cents



*John M. ...*

# Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

## Llano, California

**T**HIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 900 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

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

Each pays cash (\$750) for 750 shares. This will be increased to \$1000 on December 15.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

Are you tired of the competitive world?

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

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



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Competition in Legal Horrors —

# THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOVEMBER, 1915

NUMBER 7



Basin on Big Rock Where the New Dam Will Form a Great Lake

## EDITORIAL REVIEW

By Frank E. Wolfe

OF all the comments, critical and encouraging, that have come in since the printing of Job Harriman's article on fanaticism in the Socialist Party, no one has so cogently put the case as a comrade of northern California, who says:

"The article in *Western Comrade* on 'Fanaticism Means Failure,' is most timely. Just as the church has said, 'Let us get together and believe something about Jesus,' instead of saying, 'Let us get together and put the principle of Jesus at work.' So the Socialist Party has said, 'Let us get together and believe some economic doctrine!' instead of saying, 'Let us get together on a simple program of co-

operation and public ownership.' The American people will never get together on doctrine, economic or religious. But they are well nigh ready for a simple program. I think the time is ripe for a movement that will parallel to some extent the English 'I. L. P.' A movement that will have the ultimate goal in view, but will be wise enough to begin with a program that will unite all forward-moving people. A 'National Public Ownership League' is a good suggestion. \* \* \*

"Hundreds of thousands of people are ready to move thus who will never become 'doctrinaires!' The American mind is not interested in photoplays,

it wants action, not a preachment, but a program, and a program that does not reach too far beyond the horizon of the average mind. We want a move-

tain of the higher subdivisions are in the hands of heresy-hunting doctrines who will not brook any progressive action.

They will tell you the party is drifting into the position of the old S. L. P. and that its political power is gone.

\* \* \*

ONE might get the idea that the dogmatic Socialist of the "headquarters" type might at least remain "neutral." This is not the case. He is more likely to abandon his assaults on the ramparts of capitalism and train the mighty engineery of his fighting guns on the advancing columns of his own comrades who are trying to put his preachment into practice.

"I want to see the Llano colony fail," said a secretary of the executive committee in a large California city. When they (the men and women at Llano) lose out they will be better Socialists."

This amazing statement has been duplicated in other sections. Socialists of California have been driven into a panic of fear over statements printed in an infamous labor-hating newspaper. From their actions one might well believe the statement that this notorious journal is to the "Red R-r-evolutionist" what the Bible is to an orthodox Presbyterian—sacred, and to be believed "from kiver to kiver."

\* \* \*

IN the vast correspondence that flows into these offices there comes from nearly every state in the union expressions of profound gratitude that somewhere a group of Socialists has been brave enough and energetic enough to do something.

"Thank God for some action! I am tired of this platform theorizing. I shall join you, if I am permitted, and help work out the problem of feeding, clothing, and making happy humans. I know it is individual deliverance for a few thousands, but it will make a wonderfully impressive demonstration for the world," writes another prospect.

He, too, is right. To solve the problems he mentions means a thousand more colonies; it means a move toward the seizure of the sources of life that will be revolutionary.



### BORROWING A HALF BILLION

Just a Minute, Please

—Des Moines Register and Leader

ment that will get the people, the state to **begin to move in the right direction.**"

He is right. Our way has been faith but no works. We have advocated theories until the welkin rang, but whenever anyone has attempted a practical application of those theories he has been the object of the bitterest attacks from his fellow theorists. In California, as in other states, the party membership is at a low ebb. Here we have thousands of splendid spirited comrades who have lapsed their cards and are outside the organization. Asked a reason many will say because there is no action; that the various locals, city organizations and cer-



**E**ARL LOREBORN startled England when he declared in the House of Lords, that revolution was certain to follow in Europe if the conflict were continued indefinitely. This is most encouraging. The conflict will continue indefinitely and it will be followed by revolution in every European country.

Fifteen millions of men have been killed or disabled for life and countless thousands of non-combatants' lives have been destroyed by this hucksters' war. England alone is spending \$21,000,000 a day, principally for munitions. Billions more will be spent. Germany is probably spending as much, and the other allied powers are pouring out untold treasure of gold. And the end is not in sight. England is making desperate appeals for the people to turn their sovereigns into shells and their shillings into shrapnel. The cry is "Crush Germany with English gold!"

The struggle has settled into dogged determination to hold out to the end. In England, France, Germany and all other countries the censorship is more rigid than ever before. In London the Daily Globe was suppressed for asking the government embarrassing questions, and a few days later a similar fate overtook the powerful Voerwartz of Berlin. The British sheet was merely radical. The German journal was the leading Socialist daily in the country. The questions asked by our German comrades were couched in the politest terms and the demand was for more knowledge about the war and more truthfulness in statements that were officially published.

Suppression is what the Socialists of Germany have thrived upon. Under Bismark's iron laws the party grew at a rate that appalled the Emperor. Suppression at this hour will do much to fan the smouldering revolt into consuming flames.

When the hour strikes Europe will be swept as with a cyclone. Readjustment there will mean an overturning here. Socialists in America have the greatest opportunity for propaganda that has ever been presented in the history of the movement. Loreborn foresees revolt, and British workers will do their part to make the prediction come true.

**W**ATCH the unfolding and growth of the conspiracy of the armament makers. The subsidy slides over the face of the purchased press and the agitation for large war appropriations grows apace. Never was the American press so beautifully oiled with the smooth lubricant of capitalist gold. From the large dailies to the smallest pornographic sheets, there is a cry for warships, fortification and a great army.

Preparedness is the cry. Well, preparedness will



prevent war. Witness Germany—the best prepared country in the world. There peace, plenty and prosperity reign. Let us prepare for war and have the peace of Germany.

THE LaFollette alien seaman's law did not go into effect on November 4, as per the provision of the acts. The law is indefinitely suspended on order of the Secretary of Commerce. The enactment of this measure was hailed as a great victory for the workers. Vessels are being given clearance at the "discretion of collectors of ports." Pretty soft for the collectors!

Nullification of the seaman's protective law finds a hundred parallels in similar acts for the betterment of the working class. In California an act protecting the public from the danger of moving trains by telegraph by inexperienced operators was set aside by the state railroad commissioners.

In Los Angeles every effort possible is being put forth by every labor-hating journal and organization to repeal the two-platoon ordinance for city firemen. This "working class measure" was adopted by an overwhelming vote on an initiative election. Everywhere a "higher power" is invoked to nullify labor legislations. These acts crept through while the exploiters were not looking. Now they are to be arbitrarily nullified. Such instances make it difficult for the political actionist to keep a straight face while arguing for the use of the ballot as a means of righting the wrongs of the workers.

\* \* \*

THERE are more revolutionary Socialists in California and in the United States now than ever before, yet the party membership is about one-third what it was a few years ago. There is a distinct demand for action—political, direct, and through co-operative movements.

\* \* \*

THAT agents provocateur should be sent into the colony for the purpose of sowing the seeds of dissension was a foregone conclusion. That these persons should be keen, tactful and of the type that, for a time at least, could deceive and lead the members of the community was also to be expected. Most of the residents at Llano are convinced that at least two of these efforts have been made. The fact that the chief labor-hating newspaper of California has so vigorously championed the cause of a disturber is taken as an indication that the operation of this

traitor is not a mere accident. A determined effort will be made to arouse alarm and distrust. Our comrades are forewarned of these attempts. Nothing will be left undone to discredit the great enterprise.



Meanwhile we grow apace. Each day sees us more strongly entrenched than before. There is no outside influence that can harm us. Loyalty, faithfulness and confidence of our comrades will make us invulnerable. Everywhere our friends should view with distrust the efforts that may be made by these agents of capitalism. We are out to win unbounded success and each day sees us nearer our goal.

\* \* \*

The cover page of this issue is from a photograph of a remarkable bronze engraving by Adolph Feil, a member of the Llano del Rio Community.

# Murderers—You and I!

By G. E. BOLTON

W e have just killed a boy—you and I. He was a youth, in the day of his adolescence. He had but wandered from a mother's care. But we have killed him in our blood lust, you and I. We strangled him and he died slowly, horribly.

Have you ever before seen anyone die by the rope? Is it not horrible to see them, to look at the writhing bodies, the distorted face, the staring eyes, the protruding tongue—for no black hood of death could conceal that.

What did you see when we killed him? I am not morbid but I am deep in the scene and I want you, who helped me kill him, to dwell on it with me.

What impressed you most? Was it the screams, the swooning of the sister or the dry sobs of the mother or the boy's own manner?

Do you know what impressed me most? I think it was the silence—and the quick sounds. I looked to see who it was making a dry, choking sound, not sobs but the retching of a body trying to keep from crying aloud. Then the clanging doors! How it startled us after the silence and the waiting!

Did you hear the droning voice of the priest? He mumbled his words horribly, but I know he was not saying "Thou shalt not kill." He does not say that because he, too, believes in the killing, and he helped us—you and I—in the killing.

Did you hear the groans—not of the dying, but of those who were doing the killing? Did you feel the stab in your soul when the boy's body shot downward? I did, and I felt him tremble when we placed the black cap over his face. I felt the thrill of horror when we put the noose—the noose we had so cleverly and so brutishly wrought, over his head. Did you see how smooth and soft was the skin on the lad's neck? Yet it was cold—so cold.

Did you think, as I, that this was some mother's boy; that she should be there with him so that she could take his body when we lowered it and said: "Woman, behold thy son!" Then it seemed to me that she was there and that she took him, her boy, her baby—for he was that to her even after we killed him—and sat beside him as mothers have always sat, and with her hair she wiped the dew of death from his brow and the bloody froth from his lips—from the lips of the boy you and I had just strangled to death; she held his head on her lap and moaned as only stricken mothers can.

"Give him to me, now you have done with him. He was my baby only a little while ago. He was so sweet to me, so gentle. I never knew him to be harsh or cruel. My boy, my baby boy! What have they done to you? You were such a beautiful boy and we loved you so. You used to sit with me there at home and we watched the sunsets, your head on my shoulder—and now they have strangled you."

Then there seemed a long silence, broken only by low moans, and then again her voice:

"Your neck was so soft and sweet and now it's so bruised and mangled. They say it was but justice. I prayed to the Mother whose

son was slain as you have been, but the priests said it was God's will. Now you are gone from us forever. My boy, my baby boy!"

Did you hear it, you who have strangled this child?

You say you did not kill him?

You were not there!

I SAY YOU LIE!

You and I and all of us murdered this boy. Come, admit your guilt. Your hands are red with blood! You are as guilty as hell!

(Continued on Page 24)

## Stranglers

By Frank H. Ware

I SHUDDER as I watch him—  
My victim!

His upturned face is white as chalk—  
Drawn cheeks and burning eyes—  
His parted lips and glistening teeth—  
I watch it all!

I tremble lest he take his life—  
My victim!

The scaffold in the prison yard—  
The priest with cowl and book—  
The shadows dancing on the wall—  
I watch it all!

I hear him utter his futile prayer—  
My victim!

He leans upon the padre's arm—  
A crash! His soul has flown!  
I am the State—avenged am I—  
But lo! My hands are stained!



# Sophy

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN



It was a story straight from life, the setting in our own enlightened Southern California. Here it is as I caught it from the lips of the woman sitting behind me, not long ago on the Los Angeles Interurban:

“\* \* \* if I was a sinner nobody could bring me to the Lord quicker’n he could. He’s certainly the preacher to save souls. He took our little Annie by the arm the other day, and he hadn’t talked to her five minutes before she began to cry and knelt right down on the floor and said she wanted to be baptized right away. And her only seven, too, and so little and delicate! Ain’t it wonderful the ones the Lord chooses? Well, as the Bible says, ‘A little child shall lead them.’ All our children come to Christ early, all but Sophy, ’n Samuel told her she was no child of our’n and need never come back. I-I thought a heap of that girl too. I-I could hardly bear to give her up, but it was the will of the Lord, ’n Samuel knows best. She had the good Christian home the others did, but she always chose the ways of Satan.”

“What! Sophy isn’t gone!”

“Ain’t you heard? Oh dear! Oh dear! Seems like it’s a terrible cross the Lord’s give us to bear. How me and Samuel worked all these years to make that girl meek and humble in the sight of the Lord! But she was that vain and proud! Always complainin’ about the way I made her dresses and the kind of shoes I made her wear, ’n wantin’ to wear her hair in curls, instead of thinkin’ of her soul and the life everlasting. Many’s the time Samuel’s stood over her and made her kneel down and pray for the Lord to forgive her for her sinful vanity, and she was that deceitful that he had to make her pray out loud to be sure she was doin’ it.”

“What a pity that——”

“Yes, to think me and Samuel who was saved by grace thirty years ago should have a child like that. But it was the Lord’s will and I ain’t complainin’. We done our duty and tried to put the fear of God in her heart. I ain’t complainin’, but it’s an awful thing to know your own girl is goin’ straight to hell. I-I thought a heap of that girl. Many’s the time I’ve had to pray for strength to do my duty by her, or she’d been a windin’ me around her finger, she had that cute, tantalizin’ way with her. I rec’lect one day when she was still a baby sittin’ in my lap—

Samuel ’n I had only been married a couple of years, an’ she was laughin’ an’ crowin’ ’n takin’ on about nothin’ like she always did, ’n I grabbed her up before I thought ’n said, ‘Oh, ain’t she the prettiest thing you ever laid eyes on?’ ’N Samuel looked up from the Quarterly he was readin’ n’ said, ‘Emma, you’re makin’ an idol of that child. The Lord will punish you.’ ’N I knew Samuel was right. He’s been a good husband to me. I prayed over night for a month for the strength to marry him. I knew it was my duty for he was a worker in the field of Christ and he had forty acres of land, ’n I knew I mightn’t have as good a chance. He’s always been a good provider ’n a good husband ’n I knew he was right in the sight of the Lord, so I made up my mind I’d always try to do right by my children ’n not let my sinful feelin’s get the best of me. So when Samuel was sayin’ the blessin’ and Sophy would begin to laugh and pound the high chair I’d spat her hands, ’n she was that full of laugh, she thought I was playin’ with her, so she’s look kind of sacred a minnit, then she’d begin to laugh ’n holler more ’n ever. So I had to hit her real hard before she’d know I meant she was bein’ wicked. Then she’d set there ’n tremble all over, for she knew if she cried her father would take her in hand; for as Samuel often says, as all children are born in sin, whose goin’ to take it out of them unless their parents does it. So he always started in early to make the children honor their father and mother.”

“Wouldn’t—”

“No, she wouldn’t.”

“I wasn’t goin’ to say——”

“Oh that’s all right. As I was sayin’, Sophy found out pretty early that she mustn’t let her feelin’s lead her in sin. She never was much of a hand to cry though. It was her laffin’ when she shouldn’t that we had to stop, ’n her thinkin’ so much about her looks, ’n always wantin’ what was pretty, not what was good in the sight of the Lord. She said once that she didn’t want to go to that ugly church, that it smelled bad, ’n the people all looked ugly and sang such ugly songs. She only said it once. Samuel said he was goin’ to teach her to be a good Christian woman if it broke our hearts and took all the hide off her back. So she did just what we said after that without talkin’, but she never stopped her laughin’. ’N when she’d go to church instead of keepin’ her eyes on the preacher or down at her book like a modest girl should ’n be-

(Continued on Page 23)

# The Job

By FRANK H. WARE



"AY, May," said a young girl to her working companion as they sat dipping chocolates on the fourth floor of a large candy factory, "who was the guy you were out with last night?"

"Aw," returned May carelessly, "just a 'pick' what come along at quittin' time last night. Calls himself

Gerald Warner, son of a Wall Street broker. Like as not, though, his name's Smith an' his old man's a plumber." And her blue eyes sparkled as she tossed her blonde curls.

"Didn't he show you a good time?" queried the first girl.

"No kick there, Rose. Went down to a show—Charlie Chaplin, he's great this week—then to a cabaray. The kid was flush with his coin all right."

"Gee, I wish I was a man," reflected Rose, thoughtfully, "then I wouldn't have to work in a candy factory at six per."

"Jiggers!" warned May, "here's Gibbons."

A glowering individual approached, hovered over them for a moment and passed on. His face was hard and stern, and his severe scrutiny caused the girls to tremble.

"What's he so blame sore about here lately," whispered Rose when the foreman was out of earshot.

"Sadie."

"What's she done?"

"Nothin'—only——"

"Only what?"

May glanced around cautiously, then bending forward over her work turned her head toward Rose.

"She listened to the bunch upstairs kickin' about protection. You know, only one fire escape and narrow wooden stairs at the back. Somebody ran to Gibbons and 'peached.'"

"What'd Gibbons say?"

"Gave her hell. Told her she was hired to work and not kick—then he canned her."

"An' the bunch upstairs?"

"Got the same dose. There must of been twenty-five of them."

Again the foreman bore down upon them, like a hawk after its prey, paused over the industrious girls, then went on.

"Gosh!" whispered Rose in relief, "tin cans were ringin' in my ears for a moment."

"I thought he had us, too!" returned May

For several moments they worked on speedily, silently. Finally when Gibbons was again over at the far end of the room May whispered.

"He," she said, indicating the foreman with a slight nod, "he's got orders to cut down expenses and get out more work. Fat chance to get protection with them kind of orders from the boss."

"Hm," returned Rose thoughtfully, "maybe if somebody would go up to the fire commission with a big kick—maybe they might——"

"No chance, Rose. That's been tried before. Listen here, the old man's a millionaire—rides in a limousine and all that. Last week he gave a swell private dinner to some city officials and of course a bunch of them fire commissioners was there an helped lick up the champagne. Now what's your chance for protection."

"I guess there ain't none," Rose sighed resignedly.

"You bet there ain't," and May's words carried conviction with them. "Listen, Rose," and May spoke very slowly, yet cautiously, "me and you and everybody else in this building—and there must be a thousand—needs their job. The boss knows it—so does the fire commission."

Saturday afternoon came, and instead of the usual half holiday the toilers in the candy factory were made to work all day.

Late in the afternoon Rose turned to May. "May," she whispered, "Do you smell anything?"

May raised her head and sniffed the reeking air of their close and uncomfortable room.

"Smells like smoke," she commented.

"That's what I——"

"Fire!" screamed someone. In a moment was wild disorder.

"Fire! Fire!" echoed others. Then came the mad scramble for the narrow stairway.

Smoke by this time was pouring through cracks in the floor, and, as the factory was of cheap wooden material, the flames quickly spread to other floors.

"May!"

"Rose!"

"Where are you?"

"Here—I'm——"

"Hurt?"

"I don't know—Gibbons knocked me——"

"Quick, May, give me your hand, the fire——"

"I know—but the smoke is so thick."

(Continued on Page 26)

# Socialism and Farmers

By J. E. BEUM



IS Socialism beneficial to the farmers? Let us see. Under Socialism all competition in all vocations and walks of life will be eliminated. Instead of competition we will have co-operation in all the departments effecting the production and distribution of commodities. Every industry will be centralized under one head and under its own management. This will obviously eliminate many needless vocations.

Nor will there be several institutions carrying on the same line of business in the community necessitating the marshaling of enormous useless capital for their construction, nor their corresponding waste of energy in time and wages. This will mean a tremendous saving to the farmers of the community who now bear the brunt of the burden in the support of these needless concerns. Let me give you a concrete illustration of what is meant by this limitation of economic worth. Manchester is a little country town surrounded by a farming community. It has four elevators and one mill buying grain, making in all five places that buy grain of the community. Under our modern system of handling grain one elevator could handle this grain and under collective ownership we would unquestionably have but one market place for grain in Manchester. This would be a direct saving of the capital used in building and maintaining the other four places that are not needed.

Again there are three lumber yards at the present where only one yard would be necessary under collective ownership since all the yards carry practically the same stock. Here again we would have a saving of the capital and energy now in building and equipping the other two extra and needless yards.

Then we have seven dry goods and grocery stores where one store could effectively handle all the business under collective ownership. Again a considerable gain of the saving of capital and labor. And thus it would be in all other lines now followed by several competitors in the same town. This would mean an incalculable gain to the farmers who are the patrons of this town and who represent the large percentage of

its consumers. For there can be no argument but that the patrons of Manchester pay for the extra capital invested—the extra labor spent and the extra profits exploited by all these needless concerns.

Every community operating under the economic system pays for and supports the unnecessary shopkeepers in its midst. For if the community does not pay for them who does?

And now about Socialism and the little farm. Socialism does not propose to deprive the farmer of his little farm. On the other hand, capitalism is eliminating the little farm.

The census in 1880 shows that 25% of all the farmers in the United States were renters; in 1890, 28%; 1900, 35%; while the 1910 census shows 37%.

But that is not all. A large percentage of the farmers who hold paper title to their lands own but an equity in the land itself. In other words the farms are mortgaged. And that the increase in the number of mortgaged farms from year to year is in the same proportion as the increase in the number of renters, is the opinion of men who are best qualified to give us information on the subject.

A mortgaged farmer is only a little better situated than a renter. The only difference between the two is that one pays interest and the other rent. One is exploited as surely as is the other. And as the land advances in value the mortgages and amount of interest increase in proportion.

While I was practicing law in a town in Northern Minnesota some years past, I had occasion to pass on abstracts for a Massachusetts loaning company that was operating in the vicinity of the town where I was located. All the mortgages that were taken by this company with very few exceptions were either renewals or the taking up of old loans of other companies. Invariably these loans were for a larger amount than the amount of the old mortgages. While the rate of interest in some instances might have been less than the rate for which the old mortgages provided, yet the amount of interest to be paid was more than replaced by reason of the increased principal. And what was true in Northern Minnesota is true

“ . . . Instead of the dismembered, disjointed and cut-throat system which is in vogue today, agriculture will be organized along the line of scientific principles; and all those who engage in the industry, instead of the selfish and insane method, will aid to make it more efficient and thereby contribute his share to the betterment of the human race.”

everywhere where similar conditions exist. And similar conditions exist almost everywhere.

There is but one practical solution for you and that is Socialism. The first rule of Socialism is co-operation. Instead of the dismembered, disjointed and cut-throat system which is in vogue today, agriculture will be organized along the line of scientific principles; and all those who engage in the industry, instead of the selfish and insane method, will aid to make it more

efficient and thereby contribute his share to the betterment of the human race.

These are some of the general principles demonstrating the practicability of Socialism as effecting the farmer. The large capitalist has long since seen the inherent folly of competition. Why not you farmers also join in the triumphant march toward which the civilized world is quickly passing—the universal brotherhood of man.

## Sunday and Socialism

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

"I AM no Socialist," shouted Billy Sunday at one of his meetings in Omaha, and fully five thousand people applauded. It was a pitiful spectacle, a heart-rending exhibition of hypocrisy and ignorance; let us be kind and say it was mostly the latter. Hypocrisy is too serious a charge to be hurled lightly.

Mr. Sunday may consign to fire and brimstone those who disagree with him; probably he would reserve for me the hottest place in the bottomless pit; but I shall not retort in kind. Reason and policy forbid it. The dogma of eternal torture seems indescribably hideous to me and to deny those attributes of justice and mercy ascribed to God and without which He is not God at all. Besides it is better to be known as a friend than an enemy of religion, religion having so vital a bearing on human life and conduct, and to express one's self too bluntly is apt to lead some to misunderstand.

Mr. Sunday speaks much truth. No one can doubt it who is fair enough to give him a hearing. He also says what is not true, and this it is that calls for reply. Being but a man, he is open to criticism. Lips that speak truth one moment are not given leave to lie the next, and only cowardice could ask that falsehood go unchallenged.

"I am not a Socialist." Mr. Sunday uttered the words as if denying an accusation of something extremely reprehensible. "Why?" we may ask. Has he ever given a moment to fair, unbiased study of economic problems? What does he know of conditions confronting the lives of the poor of today? Is he conversant with the works of Thompson, Wilson, White, Car, Tucker and Rauschenbush—all Socialists and all Christians? If not, why not? Is it because he thinks that souls can be saved from sin and prepared for life eternal and sinless while the bodies of workers are maimed and broken through toil and need and sent to early graves? Why is Mr. Sunday not a Socialist? It is up to him to give a satisfactory answer or be convicted of trying to serve both God and Mammon.

"Crime breeds poverty," said Billy Sunday. He picked a high proportion—ninety-five per cent. We may well question the statement with such a percentage in view. Think what it means! That the poor are poor because of their sin, that the extent of their poverty exposes the extent of their shortcomings! Were it so, Mr. Sunday would have to work harder than he does, and it would take him a thousand years to make even a dent in the devil's armour. Two-thirds of the people would be beyond redemption and half of the remainder criminals at heart. The washer-woman, slaving over her tub, would be a fiend incarnate, and the perfumed female in her limousine an angel of light. Surely, Mr. Sunday does not always realize the import of his words.

"You cannot produce good conduct by mere legislation," claimed Sunday as a clincher to his attack on Socialism. It sounded like a sentence from a speech at a liquor dealers' convention. But who ever said that you could make men good in this way? Certainly not a Socialist. That statutes are not the source of morality is a big, basic element of the Socialist philosophy. There is hardly a limit, however, to the efficacy of law when backed by widespread, intelligent public opinion. To contend otherwise is to take up the cry of anarchy, to plead for a state in which greed-inspired fraud and brutal force occupy jointly the seat of power.

Mr. Sunday gets much notoriety. Millions will hear and read his sermons who will never see these lines. The truth is hampered. A thousand forces combine to keep it down. We have reason to rejoice, however; the truth cannot be killed; it proceeds from God and partakes of His immortality. It must and it will be triumphant.

The Golden Age is before us. Showers of material and spiritual blessings are in store for mankind. Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, believer and non-believer—workers of the world, let us reach out and take hold of our heritage.

# Age Limit a Tragedy

By FRANK E. WOLFE

“WHAT is your age limit?” is a question frequently asked by those making their first inquiry about the Llano del Rio Community. The question has a tragic significance for thousands of workers still in their prime days of usefulness.

“I am strong and vigorous, and can do the best day’s work of my life; yet I was among the first to be laid off in my shop, and my gray hair has prevented me from getting a job, though I am but forty-seven, and in good health,” writes a man from one of the big railroad centers.

The fear of the loss of the job is ever present with the American worker. As the centralization of wealth goes forward, the seizure of the sources of life closes other avenues to the younger men, and the older ones are replaced. Modern labor saving machinery and the “speeding up” process has crowded the middle-aged man out of industries.

In the Llano del Rio Community the tragedy of the aging finds no place. There, no one is pushed aside. Willingness to do one’s best, to make the effort, is the only requisite. The young, city-bred clerk, who could carry but four bricks from the mill and who worked beside a grizzled man twice his age carrying a full mould of six, found there a reversal of the rule in the outside world.

How, bitter the hour when one full of life, active and eager to go on doing a man’s work finds himself gently but persistently thrust aside because of his age! Enforced idleness, involuntary physical stagnation, discouragement, and loss of confidence in one’s self, is quickly followed by mental failure and a life destroyed at a time of its fullness when ripe experience should make service more valuable.

What horror overcomes the worker when he reaches the understanding at last that nowhere is he wanted; that youth that can be speeded is preferred because profits must flow; that the master will be served—no matter what hopelessness! What more dismal, soul-depressing thought could come to the worker than that soon he will be brushed aside—scrapped and ruthlessly

discarded like the obsolete machinery of yesterday!

Beaten and bludgeoned in the fierceness of the struggle, men and women come to us with bruised heads and sore hearts. Almost from birth they have been robbed, cheated and exploited by merciless masters, and the iron is in many souls. Suspicion and distrust has become a part of their nature. Slow and difficult is the process of disarming and reassuring them. “It looks too good” is an expression we have heard a thousand times. But, my comrades, it is coming! We get a better understanding as the vision grows. The pronoun “we” takes on a sweeter sound than “they.” “Our” possessions in land, water, stock and machinery, is more valuable than “mine.” Hope renewed, confidence in humanity restored, brotherly feeling and comradeship grows.

We are pioneering, but some of our experienced men laugh at that and declare if there is pioneering, it is a de luxe method.

Our vision of the future comes nearer to realization every day. Interest in this effort to put the co-operative theory into practice grows in almost every English-speaking country.

We are making a demonstration of wonderful success. We are not groping; we have found our way. “Insurmountable” obstacles have proven easy when

approached with determination and confidence—and in this some of our strongest and most indomitable spirits were those whom capitalism had pushed aside.

In the fullness of their years we shall tenderly care for our comrades, who have wrought in our mutual service, and their declining days shall be filled with sunshine and joy of life among their own people.

At Llano we have planned to provide for the future by making the soil with its boundless fecundity produce enough to cover all our needs of food, clothing, shelter, education, amusement and social life; there, I say, we hope to so lift the burden that the workers, free from haunting fear, shall stand erect as free men and women dauntless and happy in the assurance of safety in the days to come.

The Declaration of Principles in the Constitution of the Llano del Rio Community contains the following paragraph:

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

The General Assembly of the community has passed resolutions pledging the people of Llano to render aid and support to their comrades who may be overtaken by accident, ill health or inability to work. This sentiment is shared alike by young and old in the colony.

# Snow Caps Greet Colonists

By R. K. WILLIAMS



SNOW-COVERED range glistening in the bright sunshine forms a most entrancing morning background for the white tenthouses and the more subdued coloring of stone and brick buildings on the llano. While the high mountains are snow covered well down into the timber line, the bright sun warms the valley and the alfalfa fields have taken on a more vivid green. We had a quarter of an inch of rain on the mesa but much more than that must have fallen on the mountains back of us.

The snow in the mountains means a bountiful supply of water for the next year. Some of it will reach the colony two or three years hence.

The action of Nature at work in the hills could be seen from the plain below and proved a beautiful and magnificent sight. Two days' snowfall sufficed to fill the canyons, cuts and draws of the mountain sides. Since then sunshine has beamed down in the same pleasant way of mid-summer.

With the exceptions that the evenings and mornings are chilly, some ice forming on standing water, the climate is very much the same as that of a month ago. Warmer clothes are being brought from trunks and other places and worn, much to the comfort of the people. Old residents of these parts tell us that snow in the mountains at this time, is a month earlier and assures an abundance of water for next season's irrigation.

This fact is very welcome as the colony has been steadily clearing land and many more acres will have been leveled and planted by spring so that added waters will find a profitable outlet.

Chilly weather has not deterred members from joining us. Nearly every day one to two new residents settle down and begin to make themselves at home. The colony now has nearly 700 residents. This is a considerable increase over last month. History

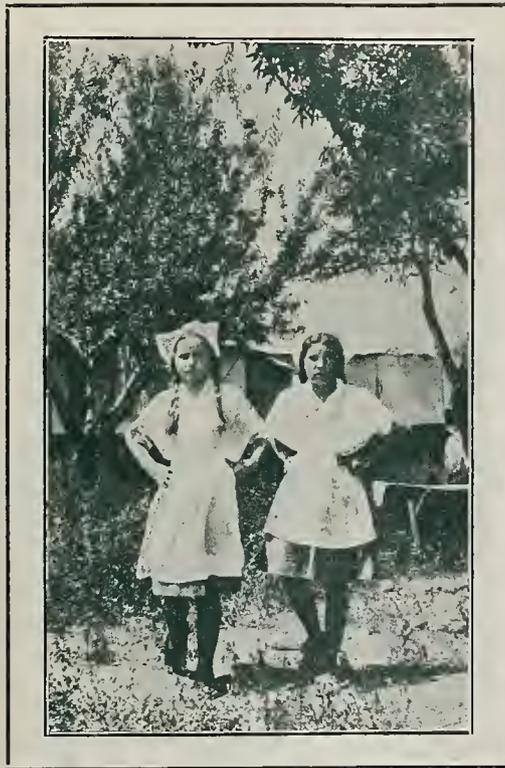
becomes stale very quickly. Things are continuously moving forward. Every day sees something new in the shape of houses, tents, new land prepared for various things. The commissary carries on its books 157 traders, nearly all heads of families. The hotel takes care of from 125 to 140 daily.

The assembly hall in the club house, which is also used for the dining room, has been enlarged and even now is inadequate to meet the requirements of the colony. The first demonstration of its inadequateness was on last Saturday night, when the usual dance was held. So many people gathered about the floor that the actual dancing place seemed smaller than usual.

This fact is extremely gratifying. We would regret to think that we had more room than we needed. It helps a lot to know that there is a greater demand for space, for houses and other things than we are able to supply fully, though it is rather rough on the ones not comfortably fixed.

As a matter of fact the time may never come when we really will be ahead of the demand for homes and space. This is the way to grow and gives assurance that people everywhere are waking up to the fact that we have here a demonstration worthy of the participation of everyone and that by such participation a great cooperative enterprise, stronger, more substantial than any ever launched and maintained, will be a concrete entity.

Word from all parts of the United States reaches us that the "eyes of the Socialist world" are upon us. Visitors and travelers tell us that everywhere questions are being asked about the colony. They also tell us that the only deterrent to many more joining us is the initial price required before the member can secure a working contract. This, of course, has to be done, as we are still living under capitalism and we yet have to work on capitalistic lines, especially with the outside world. Inside the colony group itself very little need of money is experienced, but this does not mean that the member could not use money here



# Llano del Rio Co-operative Co



General Panoramic View of the Llano del Rio Community. The Foreground Is a Vividly Green Field of Alfalfa. The



Montessori Class. Teachers, Right to Left: Prudence Stokes Brown, Director; Mildred G. Buxton, and Adeline S. Hor

# Community As It Is Today



Shown Here are Temporary and the Land Will Be Turned Into Alfalfa and Orchards When the Permanent City Is Built



Little Montessorians Enjoy Their Play-Work in the Sunshine. The Cottonwoods Furnish Shade for the Alfresco Room

with which to procure things we do not carry, in case such things are wanted.

However, money is not needed in the colony for exchange purposes, for all of our barter and trade is carried on in a credit way.

The even tenor of colony life and the effects of mutual assistance is fast showing results in the younger generation. A new psychology is being created in the boys in the schools and in the general colony life, and the example of work being done cooperatively. For instance, upon George Pickett's return from the north, where he had been on an expedition of explaining the colony and other business, he formed a group of boys, ranging in age from 7 to 14 years, and started to work on a bad piece of road, just west of town. The first day, thirteen boys formed themselves around him, and during the day they worked like Trojans. It took all of Pickett's persuasive powers in keeping them from overdoing their tender muscles. So anxious were the little fellows to show results the first day, that they swallowed their midday lunch in ten minutes, and while Pickett was up the road a short ways exploring, he returned and found them hard at work.

Nearly two miles of excellent road work was done the first day. When the trucks came in after dark, the drivers said that the moment they struck the repaired piece of road the difference could be noticed.

The second day's lineup showed twenty-three ardent youngsters ready and they trudged off under the leadership of Pickett with their picks, shovels and rakes. Pickett facetiously called them his "Coxey Army" and the boys fell into the humor of the joke.

More work was done the second day than the first and the third day sufficed to complete, in good shape, five miles of once very bad road.

The workers were rewarded with a taffy pull in the bakery under the auspices of Mrs. Pickett. None but the workers was allowed to indulge in the good things passed around and many were the longing looks and much mouth watering occasioned in boys unable to get into the gang.

The next big job for the boys will be to brush up the horse barn and help make the faithful animals warm and

cozy and protected from the cutting winds. The boys' slogan, worthy of all emulation, is "No work, no eats."

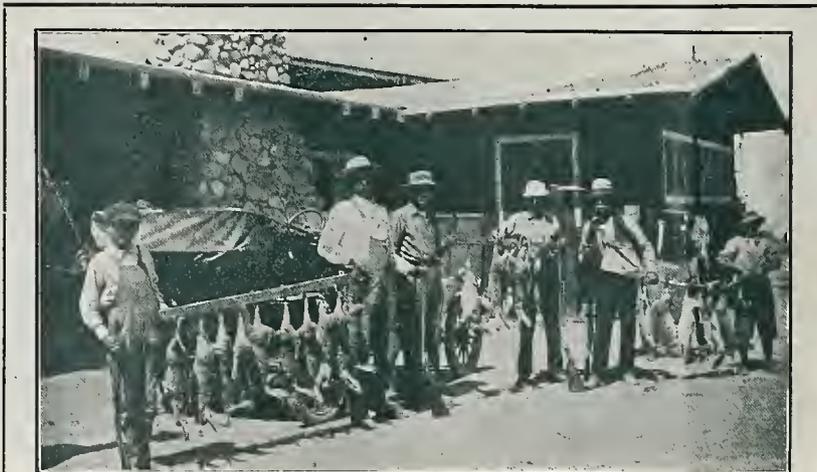
Here's a list of the little stalwarts that helped to show the results of cooperation in action: David Wallace, Eugene Fredericks, Merrill Wallace, Raymond Ward, Warran Powers, Harry Pike, Clarence Fremont, John Price, Iver Iverson, Lee Fread, Maurice Eldridge, Leonard Zimmerman, Spencer Brown, Ross Brown, Harold Millar, Orvil Millar, Carl Miller, Warren Fread, Everett Morrison, Chester Morrison, Bebel Alonzo, Irvin Barlow, Richard Rawlins, Merle Bowman and William Carr.

The transportation department, working under difficulties, indeed, is improving vastly and on Sunday last seven truck loads were pulled into the colony. This depleted the immense pile of stuff at Palmdale quite a lot. For the past four days nearly forty tons of materials, foodstuffs and household goods were drawn into Llano. Three trucks running almost steadily are now doing good work and real results can be seen at this and at the Palmdale end. With a clearing up of the freight situation many of the colony's difficulties will have been solved. As the freight arriving and departing is sure to grow more and more, this phase of colony efficiency will require eternal vigilance and work. However, there is a sanguine hope that troubles in this direction will be solved in the natural course of the colony's unfoldment.

The colony has been exceedingly enriched by the receipt of a complete sawmill, shipped from near Oakland. The capacity of this mill is in the neighborhood of 30,000 feet daily. Doubtless it will be set up here at the colony and the logs hauled from the nearby mountains and turned into the sort of lumber required. By having the mill here, it is figured that great saving of lumber will be made and in addition have the slabs and ends of firewood, which will mean labor saved.

Wheat planting is well under way and by the time this magazine reaches the public more than 120 acres will have been put in.

Land has been prepared for oats and barley and fruit trees and the tractor is busy at work with a crew clearing more land for the spring planting of pears, apples, cereals and al-



Result of Two Hours' Rabbit Hunt at Llano

falfa. By spring there will be a large area devoted to alfalfa, how much at this time it is difficult to say.

Twenty-six teams are busy at work leveling land. Weather conditions probably will permit this sort of labor for a considerable time.

The building department is working hard to prepare places for the incoming people and are still behind. However, there is but little actual

suffering, though some discomfort, from this phase of colony life. People generally coming in have brought their own equipment, so that a few hours' labor suffices to put up a substantial and comfortable place to live.

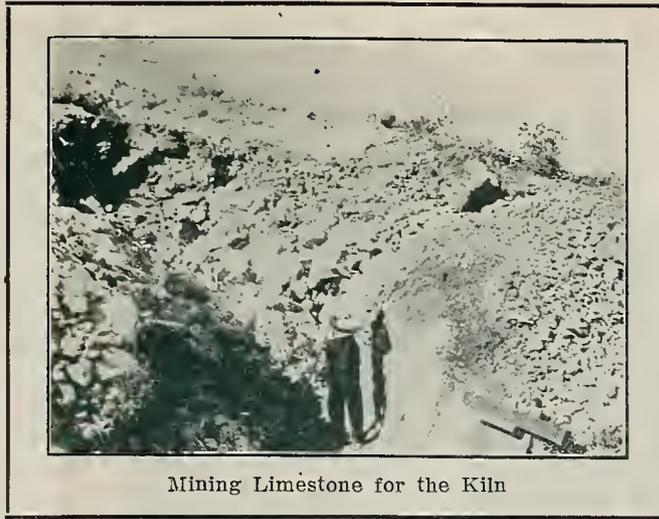
The schools in Llano are progressing. In the high school there are twenty-three pupils in some studies and nineteen in all the studies. C. W. Hunton, the teacher, is greatly pleased with the fine showing and is enthusiastic over the interest shown by pupils and parents in his particular branch.

At the present time there are more than 260 pupils attending the various schools and this number is rapidly being recruited. In addition to the regular schools now in progress, there will be added more studies along industrial and agricultural lines. The latter will be included in a night course.

A wireless telegraph club has been organized and work begun on the construction of a station that will be fully up to the standard and of commercial capacity. Much interest was evinced and it is the intention to teach those desiring to learn this fascinating method of communication both in the electrical and telegraphic work. Plans are being considered of aerials, whether to make a temporary set or to go for the permanent thing at once. A wide field will be opened when the wireless is in actual operation.

Some of the difficulties besetting the formation of Llano schools, and detailing the present condition of them, is fully set forth in the following article from the pen of Miss Grace M. Powell, one of the teachers in Llano.

**A**LTHOUGH there were neither doors nor windows in the new building, it was very pleasant during the warmer weather and before the cold weather came the windows were put in. Besides the doors and



Mining Limestone for the Kiln

windows new individual desks were put in, the pupils formerly being seated at tables.

The work of the grades is very similar to that of the city. As yet domestic science has not been started, but within the next month a building will be erected for that purpose.

The Montessori Kindergarten, which is the pride of the colony, is in charge of Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown and her as-

sistants. There are fifty-four children enrolled. This work is carried on at the Goodwin Ranch. They have a seven-room building, which is well equipped for such work. The children are taken to and from the kindergarten by automobile. These daily rides are a source of great joy to the wee ones.

The high school department holds session in a large room at the hotel. They are in charge of Mr. C. W. Hunton and work is carried on in the same manner as other high schools.

A new addition to the school system is the night school, which is a popular place for the men and women as for the boys and girls. Almost any subject desired can be taken up, but the class that has the most students is the Public Speaking and English, which is in charge of Mr. Etherton. Another well attended class is the music class under the supervision of Mr. Page.

Night school is in session six nights a week and a great deal of interest is being shown by the well attended classes.

Taken as a whole the school of Llano will stand in the lead with any of the county schools.

Up to the present time there are 130 pupils in the grades, fifty-four in the Kindergarten, twenty-five in the high school and about fifty in the night school, or about 260 people of all ages attending some branch of the Llano school.

In connection with the school work, a Parent and Teachers' Association has been formed, so that the parents can be in touch with the work of the school and see and help the school in its many problems. These meetings are held twice a month. They are well attended and much interest is being shown in them by the parents and teachers.

Work on our new \$5000 schoolhouse will soon be begun.

# Life On the Llano

By R. K. WILLIAMS



A Nook in the Adobe Home of Chance Scott

ing build this great project, a project that means absolute freedom from worry and contented old age. Job Harriman's enthusiastic optimism is shared and echoed by all the friends of this wonderful effort at cooperation. He says that we have a principality in the making and the way that it is to be made is for the individuals themselves to work and pull together for that one great end. Anyone who is willing to come here, brave some hardships, put up with some discomforts, go a little short now and then on the table and wear a few less handsome clothes, will be welcome here. This will be, we feel, a temporary condition. We invite the world to come and visit us. But to the questions:

A lady from Kerman writes and asks six questions. One



OW "We Live at Llano" has stirred up some enthusiasm and this department has received several communications in the last few days pouring in all sorts of questions. It is very gratifying, indeed, to note the interest taken, and to read the words of commendation, saying that these hints are very helpful, and that they can rely upon the information thus purveyed.

When one is filled with enthusiasm for a thing, it is hard to hew close to the line, but this we have determined to do. We have grown so large and have so much development work done to show the prospects and other visitors that we do not find it necessary to expatiate in rhapsodies or attempt to juggle at all with the cerulean. All that is needed is to give a clear exposition of facts and if the facts prove unpalatable or act as a deterrent upon the intending member, then we conclude that that person is not very determined of heart and is looking for something that we haven't got here. We have no apologies for the colony. We have but kindly feeling toward everyone who is help-

of the questions is difficult to answer and I doubt the wisdom of attempting to answer it. The query is: "What provision have you made for bringing up the children with a religious training? I feel that I want my children to have Sunday school and to be brought up with a feeling of reverence for God."

As yet we have no regular provision for "religious training" in the popular acceptance of the phrase. We feel that parents who have arrived at the age of discretion should be able to bring up their children along these lines pretty much as they ought to go. As there are so many sects and creeds it would be hard to install the Sunday school that would be satisfactory to all. We have people of all sorts of religious beliefs in the colony, and we have some with no belief at all. To establish a colony religion, so to speak, doubtless would be very distasteful to a large majority of residents here who feel they have sufficient intelligence to individually work out these problems for themselves. The feeling is that if colonists want to hold "divine worship" it should be held within the sanctity of the home, and that none of the present public buildings used for the purpose, and also there is a rule that if

anyone wants to propagatate any particular religious creed, that individual must submit to the open forum and answer any questions put.

Socialists the world over do this, as well as most other lines of human uplift invite interrogations. As a rule, the expounder of the gospel does not do this. Whenever the proper person comes along qualified to teach the Bible in the proper way, that is as generally wanted, then that person will have an opportunity to display his profundity and skill. Until then, probably, the Sunday school, as regularly known, will have to be a small group affair.

We believe that reverence to God is shown by reverencing and helping one's brothers and sisters and that God can be seen in the faces of all, if deeply sought and that God can be seen in these giant hills and valleys and that Nature's god smiles up from the carpet of flowers adorning the wide plains.

The same lady asks how goods from the commissary are distributed.

The answer to this will be repeated. There is no regular delivery wagon to convey groceries from the commissary to the homes. There is an attempt to have all the colonists do their shopping in the morning. It is urged that they bring their own receptacles for carrying away provisions, etc. As remarked before, baskets soon run out and the distance to the source of supply is so great, that intending residents are requested to bring with them baskets and especially jars, buckets or bottles to convey liquid materials, such as vinegar, honey, syrups, oils and the like. Let it be emphasized that the more completely one provides themselves with the accustomed things at home, the better and more satisfied will they be, and incidentally save us all considerable outlay in cash.

The next four questions can be grouped. They are: "Have you a medical doctor? Dentist? (and my husband wants to know about the barber) and telephone?"

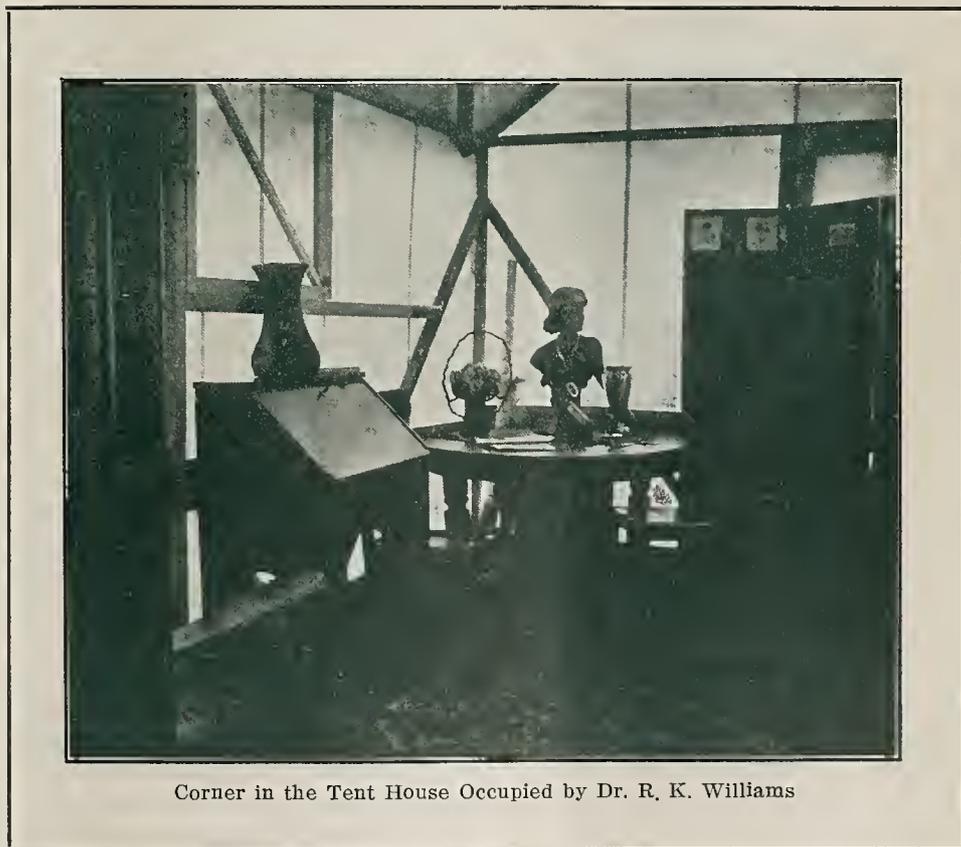
Unfortunately we have no medical man with us. The opportunities for a broad-minded and first-class doctor are unlimited. We have an ideal climate here for the curing of

chronic troubles, and a sanitorium run in the interests of the colony would be the means of bringing in a big revenue. It would permit the working out any particular ideas of the doctor that were for the betterment of humanity. While the doctor would receive \$4 per day, which seems pitiable in comparison to some incomes of surgeons and doctors, yet the security and freedom experienced by that individual and the knowledge that some time he would be beyond all possible want, in addition to the satisfaction that he would be doing a noble work, would more than compensate between the sure \$4 and the large income that he hopes to receive.

We have no dentist at the present time. We have had our hopes dashed several times, but do not despair of getting one soon. This is no promise that we will have a good dentist soon, but it can be said that we are in communication with a good man, who may come in.

Yes, we have a barber, and he is a good one. He has a neat shop, and practically all the usual things obtainable in a city shop can be obtained from his department. Charges are 15 cents for a shave and 25 cents for a haircut. He sells tickets which reduce the above figures somewhat and the cost is charged against the individual having the work done and credited to his department. We could have a telephone here con-

(Continued on Page 24)



Corner in the Tent House Occupied by Dr. R. K. Williams

# The Church and Llano

By ALBERT A. JAMES



FREQUENTLY we are asked if we have a church at the Llano del Rio Colony. The various forms in which this question is asked emphasizes the fact that innumerable religions and sects have sprung up, as a result of the competitive system.

It seems that a new sect or "moral standard" has developed, as a result of each form of exploitation. For instance, we have the captains of industry of the Thaw-White type, employing a "Billy Sunday" to tell their wage slaves that they will go to hell if they drink booze. We hear these same captains of industry say that they could well afford to pay Sunday \$50,000 a week, because of the profits they make because of the increased efficiency of their men, caused by Sunday's work.

Unfortunately, Billy Sunday has to put a few extra touches on the hell of a generation ago, in order to get a contrast with the hell the steel workers are forced to live and work in at Pittsburg.

This extra touch which Mr. Sunday gives to his picture of hell offends the aesthetic tastes of the Rev. Aked, who would warn an office boy to be loyal to his master and not trade office secrets for a ticket to the ball game. But he would hold in reverence the \$10,000 a year Bishop, who would trade his ability to draw a crowd to the faithful Epworth League workers of his church, for \$100 per night.

We are sometimes condemned because we do not build a church at the colony. Please tell us, you who think you are followers of the lowly Nazarene, who we would accept in that church? Would you exclude from it the Jew, or would you accept the Jew and exclude the Mormon, or would you condemn to everlasting punishment both the Jew and the Mormon and accept only the Methodist?

It may be you would have us build a church for each of the various sects which the competitive system has developed. If so, we would need more churches than cow stanchions.

Would you have us continue the practice of building hundred thousand dollar edifices in the name of the Carpenter, and mortgage the soul, the conscience and the honor of those who "worship" there to the money lender of the community? Would you have us build these great palaces and dedicate them to the worship of the Carpenter who had no place where he could lay his head?

Those who have blindly followed formalities have, at times, shown evidences of having realized there is a second commandment, as well as a first, and have attempted to show the South Sea Islander that it is not in harmony with the teachings of the Nazarene for him to slay his brother, put him in a pot, cook him and eat him; but these same formality worshipers will boldly defend our present industrial system whereby the strong devour the weak, by absorbing daily the greater part of the production of the workers, through a system of profits, rents and interest. They fail to see that to consume a man's time is to consume his life. They do not stop at consuming a man's time, but consume the time and life of the women and babies, grinding into profits the lives and souls of the most helpless members of our race.

We are not at all disturbed when the defenders of the present industrial system use every means to retard the work of those who would establish a community where the god of profit is not worshipped and where the rights of the individual are conserved through co-operative ownership of the means of production.

Those who preach submission to the present conditions and forget that justice should be done, are quick to condemn. Those who would teach the wage slave of today to be patient and bye and bye everything will be lovely, are careful to see that there is pie in the cupboard today at their own home. Is it any wonder that the workers are tired of such preaching and are seeking an asylum from those who would coin the most sacred belief of man into money and self-aggrandizement?

We have frequently asked correspondents who clamor for churches to send us the plans of the church where the Carpenter of Nazareth worshipped, but none has been forthcoming.

Have we a place of worship? Yes, we have God's great, unlimited creation of mountain and plain. We breathe the pure air, unpolluted by the breath of him who shouts the praise of a murderous army or shrugs his shoulders indifferently when the state literally tears the head from the body of its victim at a legal hanging.

No, we have no visible church; but we have a determination to erase from our hearts that cannibalistic spirit (our heritage for generations) and establish in its stead that spirit of real brotherhood which not only revolts at making a pot roast of our brother, but also refuses to eat his time or consume his wife and babies.

# Sophy

(Continued from Page 10)

havin' proper in the chosen house of God, she'd look around and around with them big black eyes, then all of a sudden they'd crinkle up, 'n she'd begin to bite them full red lips o' her'n—I guess Satan made her mouth—'n like as not she'd disgrace us by snickerin' out loud. 'N when we got home 'n had to face Sam'l she'd begin to trimble, 'n maybe all she'd say was that Brother Barker was tryin' to get a chew of tobacco out o' his pocket without Sister Barker seein' him. As if Tom Barker's godlessness wasn't a thing to cry about instead of laugh about!

"Well, what with Samuel's and my Christian training Sophy got quieter as she got older, 'n Samuel says, 'With the help of God we'll save Sophy's soul yet.' He kept thinkin' every Sunday that she'd get converted 'n want to be baptized, but I could see that Satan was still lurkin' in her, behind them big smoulderin' eyes. I got so's I couldn't understand her at all.

"When Samuel would get the whip, she looked so tall and slim, 'n stood so queer and still, not shakin' a mite like she used to when he hit her, she gave me a queer sort of feelin' that there was something about her he couldn't hurt no matter how hard he hit. 'N I suppose the Lord will punish me, but when I found she'd sneaked out 'n learned to dance I never told her father, for I knew he'd turn her out, 'n sinful as she was I thought a heap of that girl. 'N things went on like that for awhile, me standin' between her and her father, 'n then one day he said he'd waited till she was seventeen, he'd given her good Christian trainin' 'n plenty of time, now she'd got to make up her mind to be baptized or go, he couldn't have her evil influence leadin' her little brothers and sisters astray.

"'N then Sophy got mad. She was never much of a hand to get mad, except at her father. With me, she'd just give me a queer, nityin' kind of look, but when her father said anything to her, her eyes got just like red hot coals, but

she never dared to say much. But now she broke right out and told him she hated him and his hideous religion, 'n all she'd stayed this long for was because she couldn't bear to leave her little sisters and because she pitied me. She said she never blamed poor Ma—she was always tormentin' herself more'n anybody else tryin' to live up to her ugly belief. 'N she said that from now on if she starved to death doin' it she was goin' to look 'n look till she found a place where all the laughter 'n fun that was always seethin' 'n bubblin' way down in her would be wanted. 'Somebody must want it,' she said, throwin' out her arms with one of them gestures she was always enticin' me away from my duty with, 'I've got so much, 'n maybe the devil will like my bein' pretty if your hideous old God don't!

"She never got any farther, for Samuel got right up 'n pointed to the door, his hand ashakin', 'n said, 'Out of this house, you devil's woman! You ain't no child of ours!'

"'N she went and I got up to follow her out and tell her to be sure to take her winter underwear that was on the top shelf in the children's room, 'n I wanted to give her the egg money I'd saved up, for Samuel always lets me have that for my own, as he says he knows I won't squander it, but Samuel said, 'Sit down, Emma,' so I set down.

"Samuel's hand was still shakin', but he picked up the Quarterly 'n went right on readin'. Samuel's lots stronger 'n me. But Sophy came back and kissed me good-bye 'n I whispered to her about the underwear, 'n then she began to cry, 'n oh it was terrible! Terrible! Sophy goin' straight to hell like that! My own girl on the road to hell!"

"You don't mean to tell me Sophy has——"

"Oh not like you think. She's married and got a baby, but her soul's lost just the same. She's one of them movie actresses!"

The speaker lapsed into sobs.

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Llano, Cal.



# Murderers—You and I

(Continued from Page 9)

You priest, you preacher, you lying, sniveling psalm-singing hypocrites. You are the murderers!

You judge! You miserable, cowardly assassin! You draw your cloak of sanctity about you, but you smell of the musty tomb! You and your damned laws and courts and dungeons and gibbets: You reek with the stench of the rotting ages. You murdered this boy!

You banker, gambler, petty hucksterers—you of the tribe of business—you slew this youth!

You of white soft hands, large of girth and small of brain, you are the murderers!

You, reader of this, you helped me strangle this boy, but there is a difference.

You wanted it done; I was unwilling. You believe in capital killing; I abhor murder. You call it punishment; I say you do it for brutal, cruel, barbaric revenge. You, people of California, make me a party to your crime of murder and for that I hate you with all the hate of hell!

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## Life On the Llano

(Continued from Page 20)

necting us to all parts of the country, with a day or two of labor. We have the wire to connect it up and the loose ends are just a mile and a half away. This matter is simply one of doing the work and as we are so pressed for other things have not thought it necessary to take the time to do it.

Vegetables are daily carted around and all desiring may give their orders to the vegetable man. The garbage is removed daily. The families place it in cans on the back of the lots as in the city, and the garbage man does the rest. Families contemplating coming in would make no mistake in bringing along this receptacle. However, this is not insisted on.

An Idaho man asks how the adobes are constructed. While the writer is not able to build one, or tell exactly how it is done, yet the following is a rough sketch. Bricks are made in the usual way and sundried. These are laid on stone foundations, asphalted over to prevent capillary attraction, and the walls run up in the usual way. The roof is then laid and dirt mixed with water, collected usually in the yard of the building, and is then carried to the roof and artistically laid. The roof is then painted with asphaltum and the sides covered with a waterproof material. These homes are plastered with adobe, which gives them a nice brown

color. The effect is soothing and the interiors are warm and dry. The building is 16x24, two rooms. Some few are slightly larger. These adobes are temporary and will be torn down when we move to the permanent townsite.

The cafeteria is in vogue in the dining-room. That is, everyone waits on himself, practically. Knives, forks, etc., are in boxes and plenty of trays constitute the equipment necessary for the attack on the food supply. Then you go in front of a long counter, where you are handed the various edibles. This method has been found very satisfactory, as it does away with much labor in the carrying dishes to and fro, filled and empty, and causing considerable waiting on the part of the diners.

Mrs. A. F. Zachaery of Bridgeport, Conn., asks what to bring to Llano in the way of clothing.

Everything that you are in the habit of wearing, with the exception of extreme evening gowns, or of a very dressy nature. One nice dress for our evening affairs would not come amiss. However, would advise you to bring the substantial and lots of them, such as middie blouses, middie pinafores, one-piece gingham dresses, plenty of aprons and one-piece woolen dresses, serge or something warm. The winter season throws a considerable chill around and everyone should take

care to provide themselves with plenty of warm clothing.

Provide yourself and children with warm sweaters and, of course, your regular winter coats, warm stockings and good, strong walking shoes. Don't forget the knitted caps and snug hats. These are generally useful.

As remarked in a previous issue in regard to household furnishings, bring the cookstove, built for wood-burning, at least five links of pipe and two elbows. The colony makes this material, but it is not always possible to obtain it on request and you might as well be comfortable as quickly as possible.

There is a mistake that should be rectified now that appeared in last month's Western Comrade. The statement was made that family washing could be done at the laundry. This statement has been indignantly refuted more than fifteen times, so it is advisable to bring your own washtubs—galvanized, preferably—boilers, buckets, etc., in order to do this work at home. However, at the time of last writing, there seems to have been set aside a day to do family washing, but since the rule has been changed on account of the inadequate quarters and hand work.

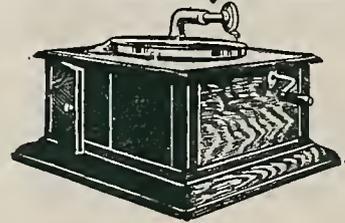
As has been said before, bring all your kitchen utensils. A man recently arrived after giving away everything in his home kitchen. He was much put out and suffered not a little in not having these necessary things when he arrived here. It is hardly necessary to dictate to the housewife what to bring along these lines, as her good sense will figure it out.

In making yourself comfortable in Llano, do not forget a good supply of warm bedding. As a matter of fact, figure this way: Assume that there is nothing to be had along these lines for a long time and that you must depend wholly upon yourself. This policy will win most anywhere and will make you comfortable here.

Recently a family arrived and began drawing heavily on the commissary. While this is in a sense all right, yet it is not fair to the colonists already here. People on the outside must not forget that this is a living proposition and when you come here to join us, you

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are joining a lot of humans just like yourselves and have the same wants and filled with the same desires. We have all made sacrifices to get into this colony and now that we are here, we want others to respect this sacrifice and help as much as possible by helping themselves.

Come so equipped with flannel shirts, heavy boots and shoes, hats and gloves, rubber boots—in fact so supplied that you will not need

to go to the commissary for several months.

There are many more questions to be answered and we hope that we have helped a little, and before closing will say to the Chattanooga correspondent that we eat pork, salt pork, bacon, hams and other products of the noble animal, but we don't always have him. So bring all the dried meats you can pay for and receive the blessings of the commissary man.

## The Job

(Continued from Page 11)

"Hurry, May, the heat——"

"Over this way——"

"Yes—the stairway is——"

"It's all on fire!"

"Let's try a window?"

"I don't know——"

"The smoke—it's so thick I—hold tighter! May—we'll soon be——"

"Yes," feebly, "I'll try——"

"Here's a window—May!"

"May! Look up here! No! No! Don't faint! For God's sake. May! We must get out of here! May! May! Please, wake up! See! The people below—they hold out their arms to us! The flames are closer! God, May! Jump! The heat—May! You must jump! You will die—look out! Our clothes are afire! Oh! May! May! I must leap! Good-bye dear—good——"

Through the air, clothes aflame, the girl leaped four stories, striking the ground with a sickening crash.

DOWN the long ward of a hospital were rows of cots filled with burned and injured victims. Here and there nurses and doctors busied themselves with their patients in the attempt to alleviate pain.

"May!" screamed a girl in a cot.

A nurse hurried over to quiet her.

"There, there, dear, you'll be all right soon."

"Is May here?" she asked plaintively.

"Rose!" came in a muffled but glad cry from the next cot.

"May! I'm so glad——"

In a week the nurse obtained

permission of the doctors to place the girls' cots closer together.

"May!" whispered Rose, after the nurse had gone, "do you know?"

"About you? Yes."

"And I know about you."

There was a silence.

"Will you tell me—if I tell you, May?"

"You don't have to tell me, Rose—I know."

"I know, too, May, about me. I-I can't walk any more. My-my feet are gone!"

There was another silence. Both were stifling the sobs of pity for the other.

"Rose," said May finally, "they lied to me at first—but I knew. They didn't have to tell me. Please, Rose," she pleaded, "if mother comes don't tell her—not yet, anyway—I am blind!"

"I won't," promised Rose.

"Is there a window—near?"

"One at my left," Rose answered.

"What can you see—you know I——"

"There is a court wall," she began slowly—then apologetically, "I can't see much, but there's a vine there with a few leaves on it—and one leaf that's red—and—flutters. Oh May, dear—I-I can't!"

Another long silence, then:

"Rose, do you think I can learn all over—in the dark. I've got to work—or starve——"

"We will both try, May. We got to live." Then she sighed heavily as she said:

"I wonder if we can get our old jobs back when they rebuild the factory?"

### Militaristic A. F. of L.

HERE is a word of greeting to Comrades Joe Cannon and Adolph Germer. They failed to get an anti-military resolution through the A. F. of L. convention, but they put up a fight that attracted widespread attention. Joe's speech was carried out by the press associates and given widespread publicity.

"As soon as we are prepared," said Comrade Cannon, "we shall be plunged into a war whenever it may mean profits for the financial interests."

The truth of this undoubtedly was borne in upon the hearers, but Gompers rushed to the rescue of the armament makers and profit pickers.

A sad feature of the situation was that Andrew Furuseth, the grand old stalwart, took the side of the militarists. It is unfortunate that one so keen in almost all matters concerning the workers should be groping and blind on such a matter.

### Interrupted Joy

"Young man," said the magistrate severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

### Fittest to the Front

In Servia the aged and the infirm, the invalids and crippled, are fighting in the war. This is an inversion that should be stopped. These are the fittest, and usually they are allowed to live while the young and strong perish. Let us cling to our old claim of the survival of the fittest.

### On the Free List

The Ripsaw heads an article "I Hope God Will Read This."

We hope so, too. Why not consult your subscription list?

### At the Class

"The new colonist would be a good dancer if it wasn't for two things." "What's that?" "His feet."

## Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

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

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Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III November, 1915 No. 7

## Random Shots

GEORGE R. LUNN, direct actionist who once chopped down a sacred tree in the streets of Schenectady and narrowly escaped a jail sentence for chopping at the same time sacred tradition and a court injunction, has been for the second time elected mayor of that lively New York city. Lunn really succeeded in getting arrested and jailed in another New York town where he insisted on speaking on the streets.

Lunn believes in action and is utterly unafraid alike of the sneer of the direct actionist and the snarl of the pure and simple political actionist. With Lunn was elected Steinmetz and half a dozen other Socialists. Lunn will appoint heads for a score of the most important offices in the city. Here again is power in the hands of men who know how to use it in the interest of the workers. Here is a city where will no longer be heard the echo of the resounding whack of the policeman's club on the skull of Henry Dubb.

\*\*\*

"We're all going to be blown up—we are." So cries the powder trust—also "Help!—U. S. A.—the American people—Help!"

Well—what if they are?

It would be but a case of getting a taste of their own patent medicines, which they so cleverly compound for their Christian Allies to doctor their comrades of Germany.

\*\*\*

The poor Mexicans are starving. I know, because the Standard Oil through its well-lubricated newspapers says so. We must send an army over the border and stop their rioting. We must protect our (the Standard Oil's) property. We must feed them—(bullets)—but (secretly) we must starve them back into the servility and slavery from which they are now revolting.

Watch capitalism with its generous benevolence step forward this coming yuletide and spread its share of Christmas giving. As a forerunner they have already given Great Britain a half billion dollar war loan. They have sent hundreds of tons of ammunition to the Allies. Even the starving Belgians have received their share—and another share is promised right away.

Oh! We here at home? No, they haven't forgotten us, either. Just the other day they gave us a nice little factory fire and burned a number of the "inmates" with it. That will give some of us unemployed a job when they build a new factory.

And then again, on account of the war they have given us a nice assortment of high prices. (Somebody's got to pay for all this food they send abroad.)

Now what are they going to do Christmas? Maybe, if we're good, they might send a few regiments or so of us over to help the Allies. (Maybe, they might give us a nice war of our own.)

Capitalism is such a beautiful blessing. It makes the whole year a continual "merry" Christmas.

\*\*\*

Spanked, figuratively, by the Llano General Assembly, a group of the younger and more ebullient set was not utterly crushed—not utterly. Four of the irrepressibles gathered where the moonlight flooded the broad front porch: with arms over each other's shoulders, eyes turned upward and with a beautiful barbershop chord sang:

"In Heaven above,  
Where all is love,

There'll be no 'sembly there!"

\*\*\*

If you think the French Socialists have followed the renegade Briand you have been deceived. In a speech recently made by Renaudel, a Socialist deputy, the declaration was openly made that France should annex no part of the enemy country. This utterance was met by cheers from the Socialists and howls of protest from others. Just what territory the French hope to annex would be difficult to imagine inasmuch as the red breeches have scarcely disfigured any landscape beyond the borders of their own patrie.

At the recruiting stand: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Martha, the celebrated Salome dancer, will favor us with some of her favorite—"

"Those volunteering for the front kindly step this way—"

"Men, I am sacrificing everything for the cause—I have allowed women to work in my factory in order to let the men go to the front."

"God on High is with us. Last night seventy souls were wiped out in a brutal and murderous assault by a Zeppelin. Step up, boys, and sign for the front. Let us pray!"

"Are you married, my good man? No? You will find a war bride over there on the right. The priest will marry you."

"The Celtic sisters will now favor us with a song and dance. You men, back there—step up closer!"

\*\*\*

Zeppelin Heinie—"What's doing' today, Sub?"

Submarine Semival—"Nothin' much. One liner with 350 women and children is all. How's it with you?"

Zeppelin Heini—"Pretty rotten. One little college, one glue factory—oh, yes—and a hospital—only two thousand in it, though."

\*\*\*

Sizzling and hot comes the war news from the "front" these days. Wonderful skill and tireless zeal is shown by the war correspondent, who never sleeps and never abandons his post. How the world thrilled over its morning postum and sausage when it read in Los Angeles Tribune under caption "Zeppelin Inspection" the following amazing item:

LONDON, Nov. 17.—Stately butler to aristocratic master in London's west end: "A Zeppelin's passing hover, sir—if you wish to inspect it, sir." The Zep was hurriedly "hinspected."

Then on the turn over page we find more startling news that should have been headed "Important If True!"

PARIS, Nov. 17.—A wounded soldier fell from a tramcar at the Quai des Tuileries and the wheels passed over one leg, producing splinters, but no blood. He had lost his real leg in the battle of the Marne.

You will surely get your penny's worth any morning you invest.

—E. d'O.

## Ballots Will Educate

William E. Bohn

IN the public schools we are spending more money on the education of girls than on that of boys. One of two things is true. Either the educated female is a good product partly wasted, or she is a poor product and our money is wasted.

As a matter of fact, she is a good product. But she is not as good as she might be. Give the girls the prospect of active participation in our political life and a wide range of studies will gain new meaning for more than half our pupils. They will learn more without the expenditure of an additional dollar. And what they learn will gain in meaning. The girl graduate will leave school a fitter person because she has seen from the start a reason for intelligent citizenship.

\* \* \*

## Oily Junior

The continuous, unwarranted assaults on young Mr. Rockefeller bring to mind the brutality of the public a few years ago, at the time of the Tarbell articles. To paraphrase an utterance of that day:

"John D.  
Jr. he  
Is catching it  
From A to Z,  
'Till he must think,  
In this turmoil  
That hell is heated  
With Standard Oil."

Statement of ownership, management and circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of

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JOB HARRIMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1915.

A. A. JAMES,

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My commission expires July 20, 1916.)

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

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

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

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

## Burn Air and Oil

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

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

For further particulars and price list of burners address

## Llano del Rio Company

Mail Order Department

923 HIGGINS BLDG.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Territory open for live agents

# Knit Underwear

*Cheapest Because It Wears Best*

## Women's

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

## Men's

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

## Men's Hose

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

## Girls'

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

## Children's

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

## Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32...\$	.60
Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 32.....	.90
Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½.....	.25 to .40

## Pure Wool Goods

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

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

## Blankets

White or grey, 70x82 in., weight 5 lbs.....	\$7.85
Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs.....	9.90

# Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

(Make all checks or money orders payable to Llano del Rio Company)



# ELKSKIN BOOTS *and* SHOES

*Factory operated in connection  
with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY*

Men's 10-inch boots.	\$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots.	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots.	8.00
Ladies' 12-in. boots..	6.00
Ladies' 15-in. boots..	7.00
Men's Elk work shoes	4.00
Men's Elk dress shoes	5.00
Ladies' Elk shoes...	4.00
Infants' Elk shoes, 1 to 5.....	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8.....	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11.....	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2.....	3.00

## IDEAL FOOTWEAR For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

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

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

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



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

SALES DEPARTMENT

# Llano del Rio Company

922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

# Wanted: 100 Men!

## Steady Employment for Life

A FEW months ago the advertisement in this space called for 1000 men. Nine hundred have responded. Not all of them have arrived at Llano, but there are several hundred there and all the absent members are eager to come and they are flocking there by the score every month. The remaining memberships are being rapidly subscribed and in a short time they will all be taken. Are you going to be among the fortunate thousand members and join the several thousands of comrades who are working out the

problem that has vexed humanity for ages? Are you not tired of the struggle under the murderous competitive system? Thousands are going down every month under foreclosures and other capitalist methods of expropriation. Are you not ready to join a group of workers and be one of the pioneers in working out this great problem that has confronted humanity throughout the ages.

The community is extending its holdings of land and water, live stock, farm implements and machinery. It grows in numbers and in financial strength. It grows in power because of solidarity and comradeship.

A complete new, modern sawmill plant has been added to the colony property. This comes in, as does our other machinery, free and clear of debt. Our greatest task now is to clear more and more land and get in crops.

Only about 100 memberships remain. The initial fee will be raised

to \$1000 in a few weeks. If you want to join this great cooperative community you will have to act promptly. Don't delay an hour. Send us information about yourself and ask for an application blank. Read the stories about the colony in this magazine. Prompt and decisive action at this hour may mean a turning point in your life that will lead to happiness and safety during your old age.



Members of Llano Colony on an Outing

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

## LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California