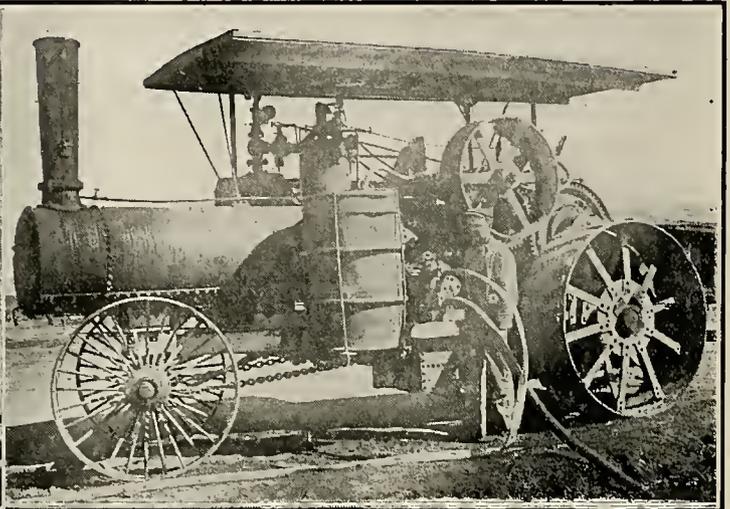
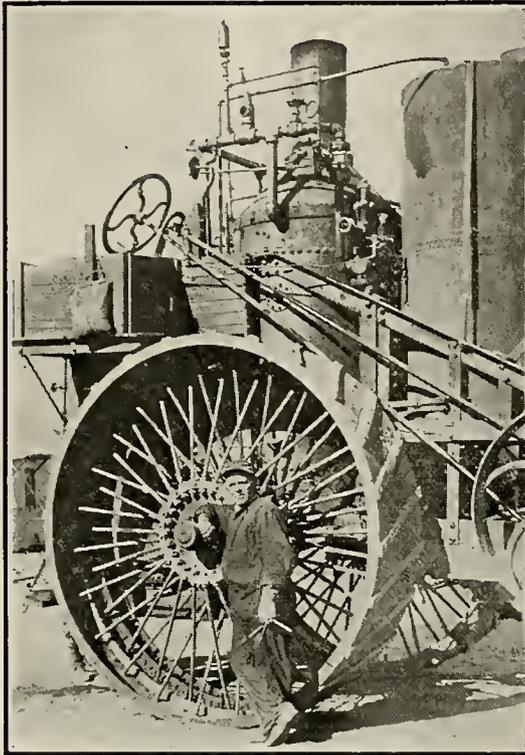




THE WESTERN COMRADE



Price
5c



Llano Industries

April, 1917

In This Number

Robert K. Williams

Tells About Llano and Her Problems
And How They Are Being Overcome

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

The Hope Box

A Story by Helen Frances Easley

**Llano's Solution of the Growing
Grocery Bill**

By Wesley Zornes

Next Month

Frank E. Wolfe

Will Write of the Achievements of
Three Years in the Llano Colony

**What Was Done
at the**

Emergency Convention

Will Be Told By The
Delegates from California

The Gateway To Freedom Through Co-operative Action

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

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

LLANO OFFERS YOU ESCAPE FROM—

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

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

COMMUNITY MANAGEMENT

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

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The management of the Colony rests with the board of managers, a member of which is the superintendent and his two assistants. These managers are selected for their fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be

the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

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

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOUND FINANCING NECESSARY

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

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

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

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

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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

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

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

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

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

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

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

GENERAL INFORMATION

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

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

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Weekly newspaper, THE LLANO COLONIST, gives the news of the world, of the Socialist and Labor movement in condensed form. It carries the Colony news, etc.. The subscription rate is 50c a year (Canada, \$1.00). The WESTERN COMRADE is the Colony's illustrated monthly magazine with articles of general interest and pictures of Colony life and development. The rate is now 50c a year. After May 1, 1917, the rate will be 75c a year, 10c a copy. Present combination rate for BOTH is 75c a year, and after May 1st, \$1.00 a year (Foreign postage extra).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND MAKE ALL PAYMENTS TO THE

Llano del Rio Company, Llano, California



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What Contest Workers Are Doing

FIRST PRIZE
\$1000 Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony

SECOND PRIZE
\$500 worth of Llano Stock

THIRD PRIZE
\$200 worth of Llano Stock

FOURTH PRIZE
\$100 worth of Llano Stock

NEXT FOUR PRIZES
 Each **\$50** in Llano Stock

OVER 25 SUBS
 Your Choice of a Variety of Llano Products

15 TO 25 SUBS
 A Henry Dubb Statuette and a copy of "Was Schmidt Guilty?"

10 TO 15 SUBS
 A Henry Dubb Statuette

WILL DISTRIBUTE PAPERS

"A friend handed me a copy of your paper which I found very interesting and I herewith inclose 50c for a year's subscription. If you are sending out any free advertising matter, I would be glad to distribute some.

"Wishing you every success, I remain,

"Your Comrade,

"H. A. W., Michigan."

* * *

WILL TAKE OUT MEMBERSHIP

"I have received the latest copy of the 'Gateway to Freedom,' dated January, 1917. I am so pleased with it that I wish you would send me a few extra copies for mailing to my eastern friends who know nothing of your Colony and would become very much interested in it if they did, and some of them join, I am sure.

"I intend to visit you in the very near future and if I can arrange matters as I hope to I shall join issues and make my home with you. I shall take out a membership anyhow and join when

I can. Wishing you all the success you deserve, I remain, very sincerely and fraternally,

"F. G. A., California."

* * *

Ernest Harrsen, New York, remitting \$1.50 for subs for friends, says: "It is with increasing interest and perhaps admiration that I read the Llano Colonist and Western Comrade. I believe in practical Socialism, and think that the only thing the native American will fall for. They are all from Missouri. I think that a successful Colony, properly advertised, will make more bona fide Socialists than our often spasmodic efforts or street speakers and educational campaigns."

* * *

"I am very much interested in your plan and want to work to the end of joining you as soon as possible," writes R. G. Page, Utah, sending in \$3.00 for subscriptions.

* * *

Subscription cards for the Comrade or Colonist, good until July 1st, are 50c until May 1 only; Combination cards are 75c, after May 1st \$1.00.

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Entered as second-class matter November 4th, 1916, at the post office at Llano, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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JOB HARRIMAN Managing Editor.



FRANK E. WOLFE Editor.

In making change of address always give your former one so that the mailing department may be certain that the right name is being changed.

VOL. IV

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1917.

No. 12

Editorials

THE Russian revolution was the world event of the month. That a revolution in a nation of two hundred million

people could occur in fifteen days is the marvel of it. This fact has shaken the thrones of the world and has already cast all crowns into the melting pot.

More and more the armies of the world are being drawn from the people. The old standing armies are dead. Their blood has already filled the trenches. They were the pillars of state. Upon them the crown rested. But the pillars are crushed. The crowns are falling, and the armies that are called from among the people are tied to them with heart chords, and when the people hunger the new soldiers will not shoot nor kill.

For this reason Russia has fallen. The throne of Germany is tottering. The Reichstag, the voice of the people, like the Duma, is demanding democracy, and soon the German army will heed the call of the hungry people.

The same voice is calling for democracy in England and already universal and equal suffrage with proportional representation has been substantially granted.

Thus hunger will turn the armies of the nations from the capitalist governments of the world to the people of the world, and, joining hands, they will lead democracy in a triumphant march through every land.

NEXT in importance to Russia's revolution comes the declaration of war by the United States against Germany.

England blockaded the North Sea, preventing all commerce with Germany.

Germany declared a war zone about the Allies, preventing all commerce with them.

Both belligerents are guilty of the same offense.

Yet our commercial interests are found through the doors of the Allies and hence we join with them in war against Germany.

Our international entanglements have been inevitable ever since the war broke out.

Our interests are international and our arms will follow our interests.

By Job Harriman

The owners of our industries and commercial enterprises are directly, or by their representatives, in charge of the governmental affairs. This is of necessity true. The reserve power of the nation is found in its economic institutions. We must draw upon this reserve for our food while the forthcoming crops are ripening. It is therefore apparent that whoever controls this food supply is in a position to determine our national policy, whether it be for war or peace.

Our commercial and industrial princes think they have less to fear from the Allies than from the Central Powers and hence our lot is cast with them.

We will send our navy and our troops across the sea. A million men will be conscripted and billions of dollars will be demanded.

The blood has been sprinkled on the door lintels and the flower of the American people will be stricken and the death rattle will be heard in the throat of the nation.

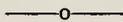
THE world's reserve food supply is virtually exhausted. Fighting armies of Europe have eaten the meat, the potatoes and the wheat products, and everywhere there is proof that the outlook for feeding the people of the world during next year is most alarming. The army is fed first, the people come next. Short rations have long been the portion of the non-combatants. Censorship in Europe has been so rigid that we are unable to get accurate news until the lid blows off as it did in Russia. The French Minister of Agriculture submitted a report two months ago in which he stated that the allied countries required for actual necessities to carry them through this year 300,000,000 bushels more wheat than the stock now on hand. There are but two sources of such supply—America and Argentina—and neither country can spare a bushel without bringing want to its own people. Argentina has placed an embargo on exportation. There is not enough wheat on hand to carry the people of the United States through until the time of harvest and milling. Flour prices are the highest in the history of the country and exportation of wheat continues. Reports from the various

winter wheat countries forecast short crops for next season.

The average wheat reserve at this season is 250,000,000 bushels. The reserve from which we are making heavy daily drafts is less than 100,000,000 bushels.

The world is a billion bushels of wheat short and suffering in America is inevitable unless prompt steps are taken. There is a great shortage in corn and oats. The potato crop is short the world over. The crop in America this year will probably be fifty per cent shorter than usual because of the prohibitive price of seed potatoes. The average price of potatoes in the spring of 1915 was 43 cents; today the average price is \$2.40. Warring Europe needs a billion bushels and if America exports any it will be at the cost of hunger to its own people. It is predicted that unless the millions of men now on the battlefields of Europe are put to tilling the soil starvation will come to millions. It will bring a famine that will be followed by a revolt that will make the recent Russian upheaval seem a pleasant pastime by comparison.

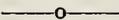
F. E. W.



SHORTAGE of food supplies has brought about a startling change in the opinions of some of America's most far-sighted capitalists. Here is J. Ogden Armour, head of the meat trust, advocating step-by-step Socialism and urgently advising that the United States government begin to step lively in order to avoid the appearance of being compelled to step. He favors government supervision of food production and food prices. He says Europe has been forced to socialize and that we should take the step before we, too, are forced. He describes the situation as dangerous.

This declaration is extremely significant. It comes from an accepted and acknowledged captain of capitalism in America. He is a fair and safe spokesman and his words carry weight. He wants to socialize before danger comes. Others will join him in the plea. Armour wants the government to take over the work (supervision) of producing and distributing the meat and other food production! As old Ben Franklin said: "Ca ira." And it does — it comes, it marches, and it will sweep the earth.

F. E. W.



NO convention since the beginning of the Socialist movement in America will occupy such an important place in history as the present gathering at St. Louis. The tacit, or organized, conspiracy of silence of the censored capitalist press keeps us from being informed from day to day, but we have the compensation that we are spared the painful experience of the proceedings. The Socialist press reports are accurate and, if they reach us rather belated, we have the satisfaction of knowing they are reliable.

Among the first acts of the convention was the selection of a committee on war and militarism. The personnel of that committee was a guarantee of the satisfactory action and results. The committee was composed of: Job Harriman, Cali-

fornia; Morris Hillquit, Algernon Lee, Louis B. Boudin, New York; Victor L. Berger, Wisconsin; Kate Sadler, Washington; Patrick Quinlan, New Jersey; C. E. Ruthenberg and Frank Midney, Ohio; Dan Hogan, Arkansas; John Spargo, Vermont; Maynard Shipley, Maryland; Walter Dillon, New Mexico; and George Speiss, Connecticut.

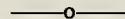
The majority of this committee submitted a report that was adopted by a vote of 140 to 31 for Boudin's minority report and 5 for Spargo's report.

The resolution called for unalterable opposition to all wars except the class war between the workers and the capitalist class. It declared that the working class of the United States has no quarrel with the working class of Germany nor any other country. It denounces as hypocrisy the statement that the war is not directed against the German people, but against the German government. "If we send an armed force to the battlefields of Europe," says the resolution, "its cannon will mow down the masses of the German people, and not the imperial German government. We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world. In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage. . . ."

"The working class has been plunged into this war by the trickery and treachery of the ruling class of the country through its representatives in the national administration and national Congress, its demagogic agitators, its subsidized press, and other servile instruments of public expression."

The report of this committee will have a tremendous effect on the attitude of the working class of America toward the war with Germany and the terms of peace not only between this country and those officially chosen as its "enemies," but between belligerent nations of the world. It will profoundly influence the inevitable readjustments that will follow in the internal affairs, its economic and industrial problems.

F. E. W.



IN the light of subsequent events there are some extremely significant paragraphs in the speech delivered by John D. Works of California in the United States Senate just previous to the action that led to the declaration of war. Some of these utterances are well worth preserving here. It gives, at least, one strong man's argument and shows his views at an hour of imminent peril to a nation:

"Any American citizen who would go to Europe and walk down between the trenches where they were firing at one another with their machine guns would be an ass, and would deserve to get just what he would get. No, I would not take any chance of being shot for him. I would not fight for him. That kind of a citizen is of no value or credit to us; that is, he puts the nation in peril and does not bring anything of value in return to this country after having been nurtured in it to the age of maturity, an age when he ought in ordinary decency to help keep out of trouble by using a reasonable

amount of common sense. So I would say to him when he starts for the war zone: 'My dear brother, we bid you farewell; you may go there if you want; you can tramp up and down all your life between the firing lines; but I do not assume any responsibility for your happiness or good health. It is right up to you.'

Senator Works outlined the hardships that American families were now undergoing because of excessive food exportations and the appalling increase in the cost of living. He said that there was suffering and lack of sufficient food within five blocks of the Senate chamber. He added that there was a lack of shoes, clothing and other necessities of life, and asserted it was all due to the conflict and that he had no heart in it or for it.

The following paragraph shows how clearly Senator Works understood the fact that the munition makers and food exporters were back of the move when he said:

"I would say to those who want to go across the deadline where there are submarines or Zeppelins that drop bombs: 'Go, and God go with you; but go at your own risk. I will not fight to save the merchandise of any such American citizens as you are. Go, and get killed if you want to, but we, the people, will not fight for you, or the like of you, or for your cargoes of war supplies.'" F. E. W.

IN a recent discussion held at Blanchard Hall in Los Angeles between W. J. Ghent and myself. Comrade Ghent took exception to a statement that all wars were on capitalist exploitation. In his "last word" closing the discussion (it could hardly be called a debate) he declared that all wars had not been capitalist wars and he pointed to the fact that capitalism was of recent origin. This was, of course, true, but rather an adroit way of dodging the fact that wars have always had an economic cause and that recent wars, which was the only thing under discussion, had capitalism's cohorts on one or both sides of the conflict.

No claim was made that all wars were capitalist wars—conflicts between capitalists for markets. The assertion was intended to convey and did convey to the audience the truth that all wars had an economic cause and were based upon the motive of exploitation.

The present conflict in Europe admittedly had its foundation in the struggle between capitalism of the warring powers for the world's market. That Belgium and other small powers were caught in the grinding cogs and fought purely in self defense does not change the truth in the contention that the war has its base on capitalism's urge to expand.

In the daily conflict between capitalism and its victims the war has the same foundation—the desire to continue and extend exploitation.

It is well not to confuse the issue by a quibble as to whether the class struggle is a "capitalist war." The fact is capitalism forces it, and is in turn forced by conditions that must be changed before an end can be made to the struggle. F. E. W.

LOS ANGELES is a city of approximately half a million inhabitants (vide claims of daily press). It is intensely patriotic (same authority plus an immense display of bunting). Some of its leading citizens are providing funds for recruiting, and one, who has large interests in Mexico, has donated rifles and cartridges for military organizations recently formed. The daily press fairly bubbles with enthusiasm and patriotism. One newspaper has a number of "recruiting information stations," and nothing is left undone to arouse fervor. Every inducement is held for action.

In Los Angeles, the record of enlistments in one week, according to the daily press, was 23 volunteers.

During the same period San Francisco enlisted 45. Something will probably be done to bring the Southern metropolis up to the standard of her northern rival and to show that this popular movement meets with equally patriotic support in Southern California as in other parts of the United States.

F. E. W.

THE group of self-styled Socialists which was given good position on page one of the capitalist dailies because it stood for war has been clamorously insistent that it stands for preparedness, but not for militarism, which they say is far different. None of these intellectuals has, so far as can be learned, enlisted. At least one of these gentlemen publicly declared for MILITARY TRAINING and all were openly in favor of PREPARATION. Most respectfully do we refer them to Webster's Dictionary, vintage 1915:—

MILITARISM: The spirit and temper which exalts the military virtues and ideals and minimizes the defects of military training and the cost of war and preparation for it.

F. E. W.

LLANO believes in preparation and it has prepared far beyond the hopes of a few months ago. This preparation has been in two directions—toward increased food production and improved housing conditions. The latter will come about to a great extent with the opening and widening of our road between the mountain lumber camp and the sawmill on the Llano below.

The extension in food supply and additional feed for live stock comes through the increased acreage planted. Our gardens are enlarged, our fruit supply for the season will be limited only by the capacity of the cannery to care for it. There will be a greater diversity and we will put up apples, pears, peaches, figs and an abundance of berries. Plans are made for enlarging the cannery and facilities for evaporating fruit.

A large amount of vegetables will be produced and cared for. The outlook for next season's meat supply is the brightest. The apiarist promises twenty tons of honey. Llano is preparing, fortifying and entrenching. Preparedness for the future is our watchword.

F. E. W.

Building Llano's Industries

By Robert K. Williams

"**Y**OUR industries are better organized, I believe, than you people generally imagine," said C. Bickel, a young student of sociology and co-operation, who is on his way to the Stanford University.

"I talk to the men in the various departments and find that every man, as a rule, is fully informed as to the use of every part and the whereabouts of tools that are used in the respective departments. This is unusual. I have been in many manufacturing towns and have visited scores of plants. I find in them men who know but one thing—the thing they are immediately concerned with. Not so in Llano. The men here are men of high order of intelligence, and all have the desire to push ahead and succeed. It is this impulse, in my opinion, that makes the men here acquainted with so many of the details. They, of course, feel that the colony belongs to them individually. This is fine, and as it ought to be."

Last year at this time no land was plowed for cultivation and planting. This year nearly four hundred acres are ready for the harrow and seed. Marvelous indeed. It takes a perspective to see Llano properly. One can't figure from day to day, but from month to month.

One thing that Bickel particularly mentioned was the spirit of co-operation. I am aware that it has been said there is no spirit of co-operation in Llano; but that is an immense mistake. Everybody in Llano will co-operate and be glad to co-operate when an intelligent and reasonable formula is laid down. Commissioner Wood of the county horticultural department asked what was done with the man who shirked. I answered the question by asking him one, thus: "What would you do if you were on a job, working as hard as you could, and the other fellow laid down on his end? Wouldn't you tell him about it? If he didn't improve, wouldn't you complain to the management?" He smiled and said he understood. There is no such thing as a concerted effort to kill time. Such a thing is only possible under capitalism.

Now, look at some of our industries. For instance, go into the shoe shop. The Colony has some of the finest shoe repairing and shoe making machinery so far made, and one of the best shoe men I have ever seen. This department runs like a clock. Organization! Give leather and other materials, and I'll back this department to get the work done on schedule time. The machinery is capable of making fifteen or more men hustle with all their might to keep up.

Step out of the shoe shop and into the cabinet department and you'll find some industry there. There's Putnam, Matz, Badgely and Rechsteiner, the old standbys, in there all the time. These men can make anything in wood. Every minute of the day they are employed in making useful things for the Colony. The planing mill department has been short of material frequently, and consequently its full usefulness has not been available. I don't know anything about planing mills, but people have told me the machinery used in the wood-working department is first-class.

The machine shop turns out as efficient and quick work as can be had anywhere. It was this department that the already quoted visitor noticed tools kept in order. This, too, in the face of the fact that many of the shop boys complain of mislaid tools. You see, we are so close to affairs here, and every one is intimately and vitally concerned in the one and the same thing.

In many instances lack of organization is discovered in

Llano. I have frequently found that the discoverer had no method of reorganization and himself probably unorganizable. You'll find men everywhere absolutely impossible to amalgamate into an organization. This fact explains the slow growth of the unions, and even the Socialist party.

When one considers that Llano started with a few small trees here and there, no money, no houses, no horses, no machinery, no people—nothing but hope—three years ago, the organization as shown here to-day is nothing short of marvelous. You must realize that every industry on the ranch had to be built from the ground up. We had no precedents to go by, nothing to guide us, and no one knew a thing about anything of this kind.

Go back to the machine shop for a moment. This department is not over two years old. Yet it has up-to-date tools, lathes, shaper, drill presses, dynamos and other necessary things with which to work. The garage is as complete or more so than any in the valley, and there are many in the Antelope years and years older. It is more difficult to build under capitalism, I know, but any garage owner would be more than proud of owning this shop with only two years' effort placed behind it. He would think he had succeeded. We take our shop as a matter of course.

The blacksmith shop is a busy place. Some fine, heavy work has been turned out. The horses are taken care of, repairs made on farm machinery, new instruments of various kinds manufactured right on the farm. The workmen—Krause, Page, Ossman, Garrison and others—are always willing to do their level best and with a pleasant smile. I have never seen or heard of any one receiving anything but prompt and courteous treatment.

Of course, as this is a part of our family, we feel at liberty to tell how much we lack. Brothers and sisters fight, honestly. I've seen some of the most glorious battles—back East—in domestic circles, too. We have a perfect right to have a fight if we want to; but three years have almost gone by, and not a fistic encounter in Llano—nothing but words—and we are a big family. I'm not saying that the desire isn't sometimes present, but we recognize the fact that progress is not made when a community is angry, and after all we are here to solve the social problem and secure economic freedom. Co-operation alone can do this, and very few indeed but recognize this fact.

What is the social problem? To me it means adjustment of human relationships. I have heard people talk of the social problem as if it were some intangible, far-off problem of the future, to be settled some day when "Socialism came into power." People sometimes are surprised to learn that we consider the adjusting of ourselves to each other here in Llano is the working out of the social problem.

Jack Wallace has got his warehouse and oil department in organized form. He is always on hand to give the colonist or stranger information or deliver the goods. Like many others, he is cramped for room, and the only frown seen on his face is occasioned when a fresh load of furniture shows up and no place to put it. He hopes, like the rest of us, that the Colony will soon own a big warehouse where plenty of room will always be available.

Speaking of frowns. We had a lot of visitors from another part of the valley. You know the Antelope Valley is a tremendous expanse, and distances are great, and neighbors live

seventy-five miles away and still are in the valley. After looking at the mask ball on St. Patrick's day, they remarked that in all their experience they had never seen faces so free from worry lines. This is no figment of mine. Visitors galore have told me that men and women wear fewer frowns in Llano than can be seen elsewhere. The reason, of course, is freedom from economic worries.

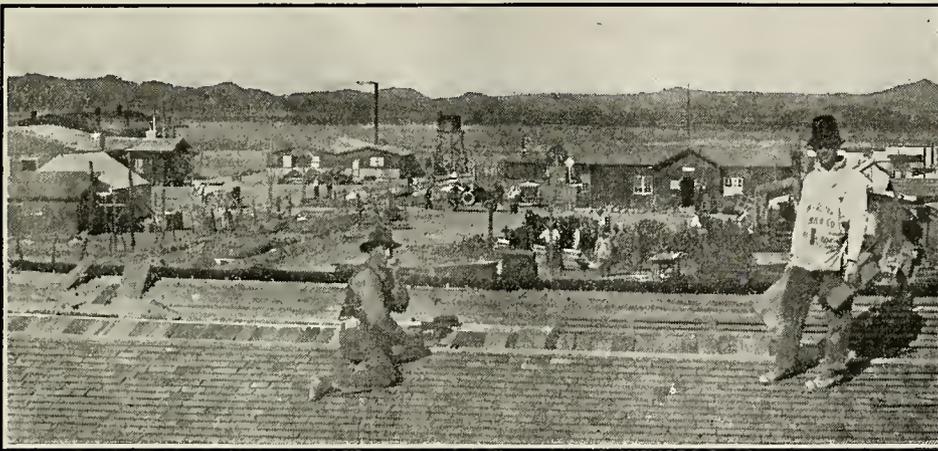
Oftentimes we forget that harness-making is an industry, or the keeping of horses in healthy condition belong to a prominent and useful branch of the ranch. Lacking facilities as we have in the past and are at present, I think the work of Crawford, Head and Roedmeister is fine. Last winter, when the horses were shelterless, the hearts of every one bled for the animals, but none worried over it more than Crawford and the other men intimately associated with the horse end of the ranch. Now that it is warm and a huge barn is well under way, hope and confidence in the future is strong. It was persistence and organization that got these adjuncts to the ranch.

Sometimes we lose patience and want to slacken up in our zeal, because we think that things are not moving fast enough. I know this feeling well and have seen it work harmfully. However, this feeling had little effect on our tanner, Sowitch. He came here full of enthusiasm to help build the Colony up by

who can wait, do the most with the least, is the useful member in any society, not in Llano alone.

Wants and needs are different. I want many things and need but few. Realizing the necessity of recognizing this phase, George Deutsch, who has been in the commissary for ten months studying needs and wants, has evolved a plan that works well in the distribution of commissary supplies. Under his system every household in the Colony is assured that whenever rations are in the commissary each will receive its share. The housewife does not need hurry to the store to get ahead of some one else. Whenever she comes for the kitchen supplies, whatever is to be distributed has already been apportioned and she knows that it has been done justly. The method of distribution obviates the necessity of rushing to the store and standing in line. The store for the families is open till 4 p. m., and from 4 on for those who do not get off duty till then or after. Much praise is due Deutsch for working out this difficult problem. The commissary has been most difficult to handle.

Very little is heard about the dairy department. George Milligan, who has charge of the milk production and breeding for milk producers, never says a word, but goes ahead and is getting results, as is evidenced by the regular and steady sup-



This is NOT one of the model houses of Llano. It is one of the temporary houses that are being built to take care of immediate needs. Many such houses are being built. Better and better homes are being constructed as the community grows older and facilities become more complete.

doing the tanning. There has been great need of a tannery here, such as he wanted. We had the hides and could provide more. Day after day elapsed and, outside of the preliminary work of starting the vats and foundation, little was done toward his tannery. Delay after delay occurred in the arrival of tools and implements used in tanning. Patience seemed almost on the verge of eclipse at times, but now that the tannery is an assured fact, Sowitch wears a broad smile, and the Colony is promised leather that will answer for all purposes. Now some leather is already in process of being made.

The reason I mention this in this fashion is to point a moral. We must learn to know that conditions control. Conditions govern here more than in the established centers of industry. There they have all the tools with which to work, and men to order about as tools. Here we sometimes need tools—money being among the number—and when the tools of industry are not here, and for the moment unprocurable, we must wait and shift about and plan. This, too, is part of the social fabric. Any one can purchase with money. An ordinary mechanic can do fair work with tools, but it takes a genius to perform miracles with inadequate tools. Geniuses and leaders are being brought to the front in Llano. The man

ply of milk and butter. It is true that the Colony could consume more milk and butter, and sometimes there have been shortages, but as a rule the supply has been quite sufficient for Colony needs. At the present time Milligan has sixty-odd cows in the barn. Every day a new cow is added from the pasture lands below the colony. While we all would like cream, cheese, etc., from our milk, we realize it is impossible and are willing to wait until it can be produced. This is what we call conditions controlling. The milk department is run efficiently. The men working in and about the barns silently and surely perform these necessary services, and the rest of us accept the product of their labor with little thought. You'll surely admit the dairymen are some co-operators.

In the matter of distribution of the milk supply, Groves has it down so fine that one hears but little complaint. It is up to Groves to count noses and see that every one entitled to milk gets his share. Organization in his department makes this possible. There would be little trouble running any department had we a big supply of everything. One has to consider the number of people arriving, those here, and an emergency always possible, when attempting organization of any department. Each division or department of the ranch has to be

started or has been started from nothing. No precedents aid one. Each question that arises is a new one. It is for this reason, and also that every stockholder is equally interested, that suggestions, good, bad and indifferent, are offered. Human nature demands attention. The earnest man, whether right or wrong, feels that his advice should be taken. When it is not possible to follow gratuitous advice, it frequently happens that the individual proffering the suggestion feels hurt. Without knowing all the details and conditions it is hard for any one to advise. Conditions and infinite detail control.

Joe Valek is probably as good a baker as there is in the country. He also is one of the fastest workers in dough I have ever seen. He used to turn out 300 and 350 loaves daily. Now he makes more than 500. In addition, when time permits and materials are available, he makes cobblers, cookies, cakes and pies for the hotel. Joe will work at all hours—in fact, any hours. Recently a flour shipment was delayed, and when it did arrive it was past 9 o'clock. Joe, with a smile, turned to and made a batch of bread and the colonists had hot bread for breakfast. This is co-operation sure enough. Had he no method such a thing would not be possible. As long as the finished product comes to us we think little of it. When withheld, we cry inefficiency, lack of organization, probably, or some other incorrect thing.

August, 1916, the print shop was erected. The building adjoins the cannery on the north. It is a small affair, but in it are a modern linotype, a fairly good press, a folder and job press and other print shop equipment. Where the most complicated of all machines—the linotype—now stands, a bunch of sage grew less than a year ago. George Cantrell is responsible for this metamorphosis. He had a persistent idea that Llano could be made a publishing center, and he has actually succeeded—succeeded beyond his wishes, as a matter of fact, for he can't begin to do the work already piled upon him. His quarters are too small, the machines inadequate for the increased demand. But the thing I want to impress upon you is that organization made this possible. When he started he knew what he wanted. He got good men about him, and few people are conscious of the existence of the newspaper plant. Roll on the press; Brande on the case; Cantrell, Butler and Johnson on the linotype, with several helpers, make up a crew of silent and swift workers.

Hand in hand with the print shop is the office of the WESTERN COMRADE and COLONIST, under the management of Ernest Wooster. Through this office sifts the materials that go to make up the magazine and Colonist, as well as the literature that contains descriptions of the ranch and its activities. The office of the COMRADE and COLONIST is in the back of the hotel; nothing dignified about it, but for efficiency and organization there are few newspaper offices in the country that can equal it. In it is a staff of helpers who love the work. Millsap, a mechanical genius and always on the job, has charge of the mailing. He has devised some very clever labor-saving articles which are worth real money. Busy! These people have absolutely no regard for time. Come early or late, these ardent colonists are at their desks. Mrs. Wooster, Ernest's mother, has developed into a real newspaper woman and aids wonderfully in securing efficiency. Jessie and Elizabeth Richardson took to newspaper work naturally and have proved of great assistance in the arduous task of getting results. Mrs. Corinne Smith, Mrs. D. Jewett and Mrs. Jennie O'Loughlin help in the office, and much of the promptness and sureness of the Colony's publications are due to their efforts. When seeking an example of co-operation and organization, investigate the COMRADE office.

The WESTERN COMRADE and COLONIST have steadily gained in circulation and they are receiving more attention than ever. Since Comrade Job Harriman has issued an epoch-making statement, the columns of the two issues will be and are being read more widely than heretofore. An old-time member of the Colony, who has the wanderlust, writes me from a different town nearly every week and tells me he has visited 120 towns inside of eleven months, and in the majority of these, he says, the WESTERN COMRADE can be found. This is good news to us. It is natural that advanced thinkers want to keep abreast of the doings in such a colony as this. Llano is trying to work out something that has heretofore been a theory; she wants to convince the world that co-operation is actually a success. While doing this, the publications are going broadcast and radical minds grasp all progressive news. Publishing is a success in Llano and if a more complete plant were here the publications would return dividends, if we figured in that fashion. Almost daily this department is compelled to turn down real paying business.

We ate over a thousand dollars' worth of pork this winter. That is, we saved in cash to ourselves that much money. As times goes on, and that shortly, too, the hog department will be so organized as to produce all the hog meat we will need. John Will took charge of this department several months ago. It wasn't much to look at at the time. The hogs were few, too. To-day he has 300 porkers in the pens and in the field. He has some twenty of the finest registered Durocs in the valley. These thoroughbreds are worth many hundreds of dollars. Soon a big increase will occur in the hog colony. Through Will's foresight he has prepared places, and now the hogs are comfortably cared for. The increase of stock, improvement of the strain, getting bigger hogs, the building of buildings for their care, has been no accident. John Will thought it out, and those under him helped carry his plans out. Method and organization has worked wonders in the hog department and two years hence Will predicts phenomenal success.

One of the show places of the ranch, the rabbitry, is a paying institution. The Colony has been fairly well supplied with rabbit meat. W. L. Kilmer, now assistant superintendent, is responsible for the rabbits being in such good condition. It was his practical experience that led him to build houses that would properly care for the breeders. As soon as time and lumber permits, the rabbitry will be increased, and this department promises to play a prominent part in the meat supply of the Colony. Lack of lumber only prevents further additions to the pens and rabbit increase.

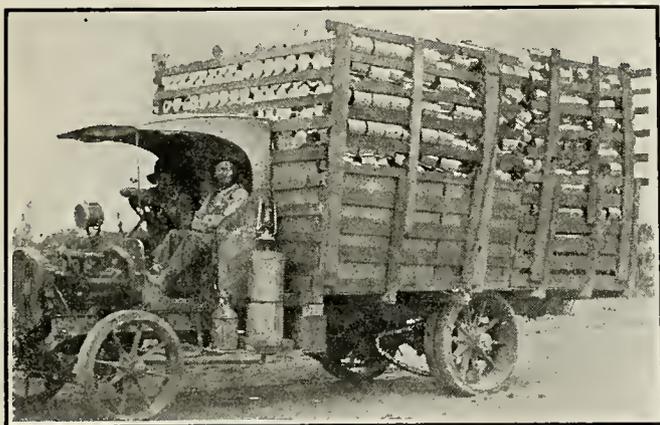
We are so rushed for labor, time and lumber that we of necessity must forego many useful things. Again conditions control. That we have any rabbit meat at all is due to organization. Kilmer knew what he wanted and, in part, got it. He still wants to see that department grow, as it surely would had we the materials to furnish him. Visitors always exclaim in admiration when they sight the rabbits nestling in their little hutches.

One doesn't notice much friction at the lime kiln. Charley Stevens, with his old reliables, produce lime of excellent character and do it without bluster. Knowledge, organization and method are necessary for this.

We take a look at the building department now. This department has been a storm center since I've been in the Colony, almost a year and ten months now. Many men have tried to give satisfaction in this trying position. The demand for houses has always been ahead of the supply. We had hoped last year to get logs down from the mountains and get all the lumber we needed. For a time it seemed as if we had

succeeded. We cut a good many thousand feet of lumber and then quit because of snows in the mountains. One has to live here and be close to the job to understand fully the wearisome and provoking delays, but good reasons, of course, can be given why we have not had more lumber. When we bought lumber from the outside, transportation then became the big problem, and it is some problem indeed. Any truck owner knows the precariousness of keeping trucks in condition, and in addition we had a rough wash to cross. (By the way, it is now being paved.) It is hard to explain and make people understand, when they have paid for a thing, why service should not be rendered on schedule time. So many things enter into the details of Colony life, and each one seems to be equally pressing, that the building department is constantly "up against it." One of the things that few people take into consideration is the fact that new members are constantly coming. These have to be provided for. Time and labor are given for this purpose, as well as lumber and tenting. The diversion of materials for this purpose alone is not inconsiderable, and must be taken into consideration before anything like an accurate estimate of the housing conditions can be arrived at.

For people to be contented, they must have proper shelter.



TRUCK LOAD OF CANS for the cannery. Photo taken in busy season. Will be repeated many times this year.

We all recognize this. This problem above all others, barring, of course, the food question, receives deepest consideration. There isn't a man on the ranch that hasn't seriously thought on this subject, and many have been and are the answers. The saw mill, with B. J. Smith in charge, is probably the real solution. Recently this institution procured a tremendously strong tractor. This will be put on the road to haul logs. In the meantime a road sufficiently wide must be built to the mountains.

A twenty-five horsepower tractor and scraper are used to rush this work. Movable camp tents and camps established on the road will permit of further efficiency. No time will be lost, if possible, in the rushing of this work, for we all feel the necessity of having plenty of lumber for all purposes before the fall season. Sufficient lumber spells a lot of contentment for us here and those to arrive.

In the meantime comrades who are to join this great constructive work are asked to pay an additional sum, ranging from \$100 to \$200, with which to buy lumber from the outside markets. We put the orders down in rotation and as little partiality shown as is possible. We seldom, if ever, promise

when a house can be finished. We sometimes seem to run over reasonable time limits, but that, again, can't be helped. Conditions are conditions and we are striving to better them; and we are daily, too.

The building problem will work out all right, but in the immediate now looms big. We are taking care of people the best we can, and I think right nobly, too. Pioneer conditions here are not comparable with those of desert claims or homesteads, no matter how favored the spot may be. Every one of these places lacks social environment.

Take the little understood department of the engineers. Colonists themselves seldom hear anything about the engineering department. The reason for this is a working organization. When one needs information relative to the land, water, distances and a working knowledge of the resources of the ranch, consult Engineer Proebstel. He will tell you; if he can't, he'll give you the reason why.

The water resources have been materially increased by developing water from the old tunnel tapping the underflow of the Big Rock. The tunnel was put in twenty-odd years ago. The work was completed in 1896. The length of the tunnel is 3,075 feet. When the work was stopped and the creek bed tapped, reliable reports show that 186 inches of water flowed from the mouth of the tunnel. After the early settlers disappeared for various reasons the tunnel received no care. Cave-ins resulted and in the course of years the waterway became clogged until less than seventy-five inches flowed out. Possibilities of re-establishing the former flow as well as developing more water were seen. For weeks a crew worked and few people even in the Colony knew what was being done. The tunnel is now cleaned out, and Ray Proebstel, our engineer, tells me that \$34,000 has been added to the material wealth of the Colony by this work. More than 130 inches flow from the tunnel now. Some young men are now engaged in making a place for a hoisting engine to haul the gravel out of the tunnel when work is resumed under the creek bed. Every water man who makes any pretense of knowing anything about water development is satisfied that a steady flow, materially more than now runs, can be secured by further penetrating the gravel, forty-one feet below the present bed of the stream. Several ideas relative to water development are under consideration. Method and foresight made it possible to increase the water possibilities of Llano.

Comrade Millarr has charge of the agricultural end of the ranch. It is some job. Every one knows it. Millarr recently went over the ranch with Professor Campbell, the Southern Pacific expert on tillage, and there are few points of difference in their conclusions as to the proper way of handling soils. Millarr and his associates, from the corral up the line, are co-operating in every possible way to get crops in this year and to prepare the land for fall work. The land in Llano in most part has been reclaimed from nature and lacks humus. The soil has to be built up, as every farmer knows, but, according to Campbell, the soil is capable of producing anything when given plenty of cultivation.

I will skip a lot of organized industries for want of space and speak of the organization in and about the hotel and the difficulties of housing. Mrs. Williams, my wife, has had charge of the hotel and truth compels me to say that she has effected an organization that works.

The kitchen: Allan Thorp is a cook of long experience and has owned a business of his own before coming here.

From four to six girls assist in the dining room. I hate to talk out loud about what I think of these girls and their work

(Continued on Page 26)

The Co-operative Commonwealth and Education

By Clinton Bancroft

GOVERNMENT is the conservation, the crystallization of the results of human progress. It follows and depends upon, never shapes or precedes, industrial development. Its functions are to conserve, to intensify, to generalize, not to lead; and co-operative workers now declare that industries may be so perfectly organized through private association and combination that they may finally be brought one by one under the operation and control of that mighty organ of society; but such organization must be done by the people consenting with that final consummation always in view.

But the success of would-be practical attempts at changing present systems or effecting a transition from private to collective ownership of industries must be measured by the accuracy with which such attempts reflect the educative change already wrought among the people. An educated brain and heart, an enlightened conscience and intellect, mind and morals illuminated by the divine light of knowledge—these are the solvents of error and evil everywhere.

For if the working of the new industrial system (and there must be a new system if the old evils and causes of slavery, poverty and conflict are to be destroyed) depends upon the voluntary support of the people, it cannot have it in the very nature of things unless the people are educated to an intelligent comprehension and approval of it.

The Modern Educator therefore realizes that industrial organization must keep time and pace with the educative progress of the people, and that his position, like that of the industrial organizer, is **not ahead of them**, not on the heights of ideal socialism expounding its beauties and beckoning to them to follow, to climb up after him, but down among them, **at their head**, with them, a part of them, working for them. He realizes as never before that the theories and principles he teaches may conform to the logic of pure thought, but social systems and policies must conform to the circumstances and conditions of the people.

The great competitive system is practiced by the great majority of the people. It must be gradually transmuted and changed to a co-operative system.

But a co-operative system of any scope can not be successfully operated among a people and by a people unless a very high degree of organizing power has first been developed among them. Of its great rival, the competitive wage system, the reverse is true. The lower a people are in civilization, the less organizing power they have and the less general intelligence there is among them, the better the competitive system works. Great oppressive combinations among the masters can not so successfully be made. The industrial slave has a freer field in which to compete. But the co-operative system requires organizing powers, and the fact is that our organizing powers have now become so great that they not only invite an adoption of the co-operative system but they are forcing it upon us whether we will or not.

The competitive system is doomed (not dead, but doomed to disappear from the industrial field). Organization is de-

stroying it; for organization is monopoly, and monopoly is upon us. There is left to the workers but a single choice—private monopoly under capital-ownership, or private monopoly under co-operative ownership. If they are satisfied to remain industrial slaves, they will choose the former. If they wish to be free and independent, they will choose the latter.

As stated, the transition of ownership must be gradual and it is only in this way that it can be so done; it can not be done at once nor by any law or edict or administration; neither can it be done by simply talking about it and explaining and advocating it. Talking, and explaining, and advocating are very necessary and indispensable in the work of organizing and instructing the workers in methods and systems, but they are neither the best nor only means of educating the people. More than that must be done. The educators themselves must practice what they teach. If they confine their efforts to teaching science, art, literature, language, law and trades, and to professional and vocational training they will never

achieve the results they so much desire. Neither will criticism of capitalistic methods, denouncing the perpetrators of wrong and injustice to the workers, nor appeals to the people for sympathy for the martyrs to the cause of labor effect the desired end. But criticism that calls the attention of the people to these things and at the same time directs them to an organized co-operative system better for them in every way and offering opportunity to the workers to gain economic power and industrial freedom is a different matter. Something will be gained by such action. That is the best educative plan; and that will require an organization that will both advocate and practice a co-operative system adaptable to industrial and educational conditions and the needs of the workers;

one whose benefits and advantages are easily accessible by them everywhere, national in extent and responsible alike to producers and consumers.

To show what that system is to be and how it will be established is a very important part of the work now confronting the Modern Educator. That is the education the people need, especially the working class, and in the Modern School it will begin with the child.

A very clear and practical illustration of the Modern School may now be seen in the schools as conducted in the Llano del Rio Colony. In them are taught what is usually embraced in the curricula of the public schools from the primary to the university. But here, along with the text-book studies which are adapted to static mind culture alone, are taught those things which change that culture from the static to the dynamic. The idea of the polytechnic schools is maintained throughout the course, and the arts and trades are taught as well as literature and science; indeed, the latter are studied with a general reference to the former. Not alone is the brain educated, but the hand and eye and ear, the main avenues through which the brain is reached. But it is as much in the methods as in the matter taught that the Llano schools are different from the public school system. Books are not aban-

CO-OPERATIVE workers now declare that industries may be so perfectly organized through private association and combination that they may finally be brought one by one under the operation and control of government.

There is left to the workers but a single choice—private monopoly under capital ownership, or private monopoly under co-operative ownership. If they wish to be free and independent they will choose the latter.

done by any means, but they are reduced to their proper place as guides and aids to the student engaged in acquiring knowledge as near as may be from original sources, and actively engaged as far as possible in its useful application. But it should not be understood that by the useful is always meant the material. Whatever best contributes to the cultivation of the mind and the well-rounded development of the individual is not omitted. But usually that cultivation and development can best be attained by the application of the physical and mental powers to something that is or tends to be materially useful.

The individual is made up of mind and body and his perfect development requires the proportionate and symmetrical development of these two constituents. "Mens sana in corpore sano." is the object and sum of life; a perfect mind in a perfect body, perfectly developed in all their powers and functions; and in the Llano Colony schools the student is taught how this development may be most nearly approximated. Development requires exercise; for the body, action; for the mind, thought. Thought and action scientifically directed and properly proportioned are the only means by which this development may be attained. The ideal man is not the dreamer, the sedentary scholar, nor the machine philosopher. The ideal man combines in healthful measure both thought and action. Learning and labor, physical labor, should go hand in hand, and that is what industrial education means. The ideal school system then necessary to this complete development will be that which gives the student proper opportunities for the exercise of these two faculties—mind and body. He must have time to think (study), and to act (labor, exercise).

Briefly stated, the patron saints of the Llano Colony schools are Froebel, Montessori, and Solomon. But the methods of these natural educators are so extended and adapted as to be applied along with "book-learning" to every department of education. The arts, trades, and sciences are all drawn upon in well balanced proportion, and natural methods applied most largely to the teaching of them all. The graduates of Llano Colony schools will go forth from their alma mater with no sickly, false, or sentimental views of life. The whole tendency of its educational system is to give the student wholesome and healthful ideals of learning and labor, of duty and happiness, and to equip him for getting the most and the best out of the years before him. The student is expected to pass imperceptibly from the schools to the trade or occupation in life which his natural aptitude has led him all along to select, and in the Co-operative Commonwealth continue the process of self-development, mental, moral, and physical. That is the real, the true **Continuation School**; for trained men are at the head of each industrial department, and the workers in each constitute under the Llano co-operative regime a school in itself wherein are intelligently and scientifically discussed and investigated all matters of interest pertaining to their future physical life in the Co-operative Commonwealth. And it is the desire and purpose of the founders of the Llano Colony to extend their school system by help-

ing to establish other educational centers of a similar character.

They are also planning a great university as the crowning feature of their industrio-educational system in which will be taught—in addition to law, literature, art, science and trades—co-operative organization of industries, co-operative land purchasing, co-operative banking and exchange, and the power that free money and free land would be to the workers in their efforts to gain economic freedom from their capitalistic masters. This university is to be grander in design, broader in scope and utilitarian purposes, and with a capacity for a larger number of students than any other university hitherto established in the United States. And its terms are to be within the easy reach of all the workers. The founders of Llano Colony realize that knowledge is power, and that knowledge is gained by education, by experience in actual contact with the world, and in the practice of the arts, trades, professions and vocations in which the student has been trained and educated.

They realize that education is a very necessary means in the struggle for industrial freedom, but that without a complete understanding of the fundamental essentials to successful co-operative production and just distribution, which essentials are collective ownership of land by producers and consumers, and exchange of the products of labor at labor cost of handling, and how to effect their legal possession and concurrent operation during the period of educating the workers and re-organizing ownership,—all private and public educational plans and systems and schemes, all schools of every description, colleges, universities and foundations, however grand and noble their purposes and aspirations may be or whatever the merits and advantages their founders may claim for them, are only contributing to the further up-building and strengthening of a dominant, powerful, and unyielding property class.

In the struggle to gain industrial freedom, in the process of organizing and building up the Co-operative Com-

monwealth, in the transition of ownership of great labor-employed productive industries, and in the adjustment of details in all their industrial, political, and legal phases, the educated man with the special training for the work to be done will be preferred to the untrained, under educated and inefficient one, just as he would be in any other great undertaking. In this great movement already begun, all the powers of educated minds and skilled hands available will be in demand and utilized. In that sense and for the purposes of organization and intelligent leadership, education embracing law, political economy and parliamentary practice and tactics is necessary to the working class. But if there are those, be they reformers or revolutionists, who hope to solve the industrial problem by first gaining control of government through a political party in order to establish the principles they teach, leaving meanwhile their graduates and the workers to the chance and circumstance of conditions in competitive society and the wage-system under capital-ownership, their hopes must end in disappointment and their work in a yet stronger capitalism.



The children learn many things at Llano.
These are making quilts for their beds

Merchandising the Atmosphere

By Alanson Sessions

IN the great Antelope Valley is the "makings" of one of the most wonderful dairy and stock sections of the world. Along with the profitable cow, goes the lean meat hog, whence comes the kind of bacon that rapidly mounts up into cash.

In the Canadian Northwest there are three months in the year—July, August and Winter. In the Antelope Valley also there are three months in the year—December, January and Summer.

One basis of wealth of this rapidly growing district is alfalfa. The soil throughout the valley is easily inoculated with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which, soon after the germination of the plant, begin to develop nodules and to draw the nitrogen from the air. The hotter the air the faster the bacteria work, extracting the nitrogen from the atmosphere and soaking it into the sap of the alfalfa root, through providing all the nitrogen necessary for rapid growth. With water plentifully and skilfully applied the limit of production is usually gauged by the amounts of available sulphur and phosphorous in the soil. Sodium carbonate or bicarbonate is nearly always present in sufficient quantities to preserve the alkalinity of the soil.

One of the landmarks of progress in agriculture is the discovery that sulphur is one of the primarily important plant foods. For many years the cow colleges have told us that phosphates, potash and nitrates are the only plant foods with which a farmer need ordinarily concern himself. Recently numerous experimentors almost simultaneously announced that their soils respond more readily to applications of pure sulphur than anything else. A chemical analysis of alfalfa hay shows a greater amount of sulphur than phosphorous.

The sulphur is commonly applied to the soil in gypsum (lime-sulphate), superphosphate, or in sulphate of potash. In this valley one of the soil ingredients generally present is sodium sulphate, or Glauber's salts. This salt is sometimes called "white alkali." Alfalfa growers have noticed that the heaviest crops grew on the edges of the "alkali spots." Till recently they had no authority for the belief that white alkali, or sodium sulphate was food for alfalfa. Now we know it is good because of the sulphur it contains.

There has always been much discussion of the possible tonnage of alfalfa that could be grown on an acre. The Fresno County Fair Association once started an alfalfa contest to find out. Under the strictest rules and supervision the winner cut and delivered at the fair grounds, before the first of October, eleven tons, fifteen hundred pounds of clean, fine, well-cured hay, all grown on an acre, in one season. The grower claims to have lost more than five hundred

pounds in baling, hauling and shipping. After that, on the same acre, he raised another two ton crop, thus totaling fourteen tons. Fourteen tons of alfalfa, with the usual grain, will feed three ordinary cows a year, if fed without waste.

The sun, the ocean, the winds and the high mountains play strange pranks on the Pacific coast. The soft southwest winds laden with moisture, evaporated by the tropic sun, sweep over the valley and precipitate their burden in the high Sierras. So all through the hay-making season no rains fall in the broad valley. The dry air cures the hay perfectly, so practically every crop is saved without a loss. In the hottest weather the rake follows the mower, putting the new mown hay into small shocks, where it cures perfectly in from two to five days, and retains all its leaves.

Alfalfa is the best roughage for milk cows, young animals and lean stock. Horses and cattle will grow to full size on alfalfa. Heifers developed solely on alfalfa make famous milk producers. There are thousands of cows that annually produce more than a hundred dollars' worth of butter fat on nothing but alfalfa hay. They would do better with grain and a better balanced ration, but the cheapness of alfalfa makes grain feeding a doubtful source of profit.

Hogs frequently grow from weaning time to a weight of 400 pounds on alfalfa pasture, with occasional periodical forays into a barley field, or a raisin vineyard where waste fruit was left. If time enough is taken, the pasture, shelter, shade and water kept in best condition, a pound of grain will make a pound of pork. The more grain the quicker the hog will mature, but the hog business in Llano will doubtless consist in making pork on alfalfa pasture.

In many parts of California rye sown in September on irrigated land will often be ready to head out in January and makes a wonderful pasture. Alfalfa growers often sow grain in the alfalfa fields after cutting the last crop in the fall. It grows all winter and the grain will be cut with the first crop of alfalfa. Sometimes it is threshed, and the straw, mixed with alfalfa hay, makes very fine feed.

Sugar beets, turnips, mangels, carrots and other hardy roots grow thriftily through the winter, if started in November or December. Canadian field peas and crimson clover are other all-winter crops grown successfully after the ground is inoculated, or the indigenous bacteria adapted by continuous planting.

Alfalfa is an air plant. Its nitrogen comes from the air through the bacteria on its roots, the carbon comes from the air and enters the plant through the leaves. The good dairyman markets his butter-fat and returns most of the milk to the soil by

(Continued on Page 26)

On Home Books

By A. Constance Austin

A BOOK—a childhood's treasure, or the choice
Of some forbear who else has left no sign,
By its mere presence, its patina fine
Of use and age, speaks in a subtle voice
To that deep self which first we brought to earth;—
Fresh from the primal truth of the beyond,
Yet conscious of experience, of a bond,—
Feeling the weight of all the lives whose worth,
And weakness, builded up his own. This soul,
Befogged by futile fact, behind whose veil
We crouch, dismayed by glimpses of the goal
Whose vastness daunts;—yet thrills to feel the frail
Reflect and perfume of the past, control
Him with an inward power beyond assail.

Then those torn covers show, where childish hands
Broke in to seize the message;—not mere words,
But aspirations. Still the mem'ry girds
Us on to meet the promise; it commands
A vision of the glowing haze that stands
Between youth and life's stress;—that youth con-
demned

To see the tide of his full pulses stemmed
By the dead reef of custom's set demands.
But those first books seem but a breath, to bid
Him catch at every dream in which the past,
Hope's free, inspiring lessons age-long hid,
To beckon onward to the best and last.
Thus the old books, even unread, forbid
Soul-weary worldliness to bind us fast.

Industrial Mechanics

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

It may be a misfortune to be regarded as seeing everything through the eyes of a mechanic, but we can "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," so we will look for the good in being so regarded and see what can be found.

In the first place the real mechanic must have vision. He must be able to see beyond surface conditions. When he looks at a part of a machine, he must see more than a dirty, greasy piece of iron. He must see the relation of parts to each other and be able to trace motion from one part to another through a maze of intricacy. He must look through the paint and finish and even through solid iron walls and bars, and see what is going on behind them.

He learns to know instinctively how much each part can stand and how much strain it takes to snap it. He learns to recognize when parts are related in the best manner and when they are not, what parts are superfluous; when the essential ones are functioning properly and when they are not.

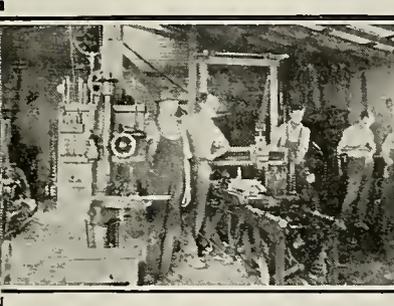
So something good can really come out of Nazareth.

Industry is a pretty broad term. It covers a lot of activity and only by industry is life possible. We must work to live and we must produce material things. Material things are vitally necessary to our existence and the more of these

cat, and furnish the means of producing it. They determine our habits and our thoughts; the kind of shelter we use; the kind of clothes we wear; the places where we live, and the distances over which we travel.

This being true, it is fitting and it is important that we give some consideration to the mechanics of industry, for no matter where we go, at home or abroad, at peace or at war, it is the person, or group of persons, or state, or nation, which is developed the most highly along mechanical lines that survives the longest. Darwin says the fittest will always survive. This being true, the fittest are the persons or nations who have developed the farthest along mechanical lines, for in the ultimate it is still the forces of nature we must defend ourselves from and make use of to sustain our lives.

In Llano we have dared to step into unknown realms, not unmindful that we are likely to make both discoveries and mistakes. We realize the importance of the mechanical development of our enterprise. To the outsider coming from an environment where mechanical lines are highly organized, our first steps along mechanical lines may seem uncertain. In a desert where nature's material is in an absolutely raw state our efforts seem puny and the outsider doesn't realize that our progress has been made with a minimum expenditure of money. He cries "inefficiency" but that is a relative term.



Extreme left shows scene in building rock-lined ditches for irrigation; center shows one corner of the machine shop; right is the Llano barber shop.

material things we make use of the more highly developed our life becomes.

These material things are all composed of nature's raw material transformed to suit our needs, and from the dawn of history the problem of transforming them has confronted us.

In solving it we have made discoveries. We have discovered relations between things, laws, principles, and processes, and one discovery has led to another. As a principle becomes clear in our minds it suggests an arrangement of material to make it operative.

In arranging material to serve our purpose, we have discovered new principles and so on, and in this way all the laws of mechanics have been established.

This has grown through the ages until we little realize how much our life depends upon it. From birth to death we are dependent more and more upon mechanical devices, and the use we make of these discoveries determines whether our lives will be full of happiness and comfort or misery and suffering.

Our discoveries along this line more than any other one thing determines the degree of our development.

Our mechanical discoveries have determined what food we

A bicycle is more efficient than walking, even though not as efficient as an auto.

The valuable fact is that we are improving our methods. Our people are gaining experience; mechanical genius is encouraged. Our future city is planned in such a way as to make the greatest use of mechanical means of communication, distribution, transportation, the securing of both comfort and convenience, and in the creation of architectural art. Never before has such a thing been attempted and definitely planned throughout a whole city and nowhere could it be accomplished but in a co-operative community, such as is being established at Llano. From time to time we hope to keep our readers informed in regard to the developments in the mechanics of industry throughout the world and also about the development and use of mechanical means which we now use in making life more beautiful to all who choose to work with us at Llano, and to those who make use of our experience in other places, and we hope it will prove interesting, for mechanical devices serve a much more noble purpose when used in the constructive work of making life easy, comfortable and beautiful, than when used for the destructive purposes of war.

Llano's Solution of th

By We

WHEN the lowlands are shrouded in shadows the beautiful Antelope Valley is basking in the warm sunshine. The ocean mists are dispersed and lose their power before the uplands are reached. December finds Llano reveling in the warm sunlight; not a cloud to mar the beauty of our perfect days.

When other cities are taking their vegetables from a hot house, we are able to go to the field and select them. The housewives of Llano will be able to have lettuce, radishes, cabbage and many delicacies of the table the year around, which would be prohibitive to a majority in other communities

In our climate the growing grocery bill has no terrors. We have water and land in abundance and the application of labor to our land has brought forth abundantly of the good things of life.

Our gardens have supplied our wants, and experiments which have been and are carried out is sufficient evidence upon which we can safely make the assertion that within a very short space of time we will be self-sustaining. Through the development of our agricultural resources we see a haven of refuge for many more from the struggle of Capitalism.

By the application of scientific methods in the preparation of our soils, we have achieved some astonishing results.

Those things which were considered impossible by those who farmed here for years have by co-operative management (the result of many minds working toward the same end) been overcome, and today the utterly impossible agriculture feats are positive actualities.

Potato culture by the little individual farmers of the vicinity was impossible. They failed to perceive the fact that we have here a soil totally lacking in humus, and as a consequence the nitrogen, phosphorical and potash elements are also low. The potato contains these elements in compounds. A soil lacking them will not grow potatoes. They relied upon empirical, rather than scientific knowledge. They saw the results of planting on raw soils. It had been tried and had failed.

It was left to us to first feed the soil and then grow potatoes. This could be done in two ways. By the application of barnyard manure, which would in time supply the food elements necessary, or plant some leguminous crop as a green fertilizer.

The first method was clumsy and slow, being adopted to intensive rather than extensive soil rejuvenation. The element nitrogen contained in the organic matter of the manure has to pass through a period of decay in order to release the ammonia and nitric acid, which are converted by nitrifying bacteria into nitrates which may be used for plant food. When immediate results must be attained, we then naturally turn to the only remaining alternative.

Some of our old alfalfa fields acquired from the farmers formerly here were run out, and practically unfit for further use in producing hay. These were plowed under, and in this way we found a practical, quick, extensive, and easy solution of the problem of soil development.

By planting in February we have demonstrated the fact that an early crop of potatoes of very good quality can be grown. A planting in July will produce a good crop in October. By a system of double cropping and crop rotation, which would be necessary under heavy cropping, we can grow an abundant supply of potatoes of very good quality on a small tract of land.

A great number of other small vegetables could not, in the psychology of the small farmer, be grown. Peas were an utter failure until agriculturists, with the aid of the boys, raised several hundred pounds on as many square feet of soil. This year a large field is being planted. The boys are all enthu-

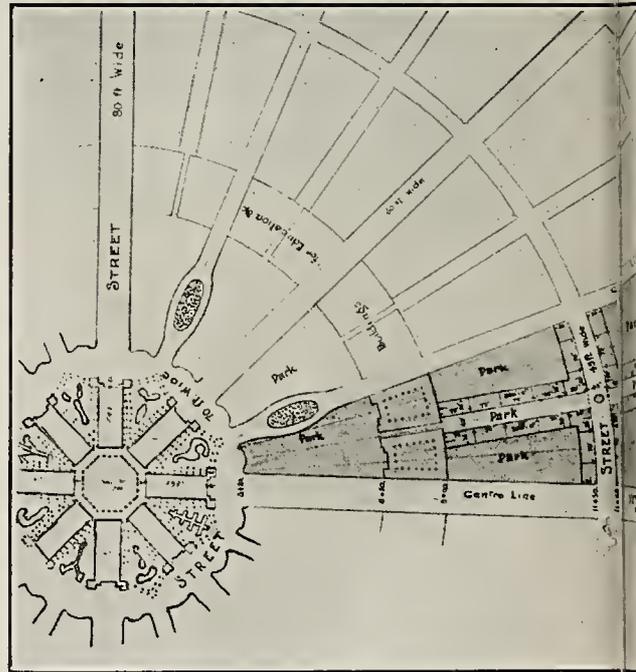
siastic, and affirm that soon Llano will be supplied through their labors with all their garden vegetables.

Peas, being among the legumes, should grow on a desert soil, as it produces nitrates in the nodules on its roots, which can be used as food by the plant. In theory this is right.

But our experience in planting them on raw soils has not been a success. Through the light of this experience let us theorize still farther. The physical condition of our soils might be such as to hinder root development. This also can be improved by cultivation. We must search for the time and the fundamental cause in the physiology of the plant itself.

The seed of any plant contains proteids to a more or less extent. The proteids are nitrogenous compounds. The drain on the soil nitrogen does not take place to any great extent until the seeds are formed. To this rule we must add a notable exception. In the leguminous plants the stems and leaves contain a great deal of protein. The leguminous plants, however, produce very little nitrates in the nodules on their roots until maturity is reached. An incident which came to my notice carries out this theory.

Alfalfa which had been planted on new soil grew about three inches and stood there. It began to turn yellow and looked sickly, yet it lived but did not grow. I pulled some of the alfalfa and examined the roots. Nothing seemed wrong,



No true idea of the plan of the City of Llano to be built on the city, can be given by any mere design. However, the cut shown here will be seen that the streets radiate from a center. In this century, the amusements, schools, etc. Novel features which can be brought to the notice of Llano people. Each home will have a small and will give perfect privacy, yet with no waste of space. It is a greater privacy and beauty of surroundings than by any other plan

Growing Grocery Bill

but the root nodules peculiar to legumes were absent. The mystery was solved later. At four to five inches in height the alfalfa began to bloom. After clipping the crop began to grow and several crops were harvested that year. We explained the incident in the fact that no nitrates had been formed in the roots and, as the soil contained none, no growth could take place until the period of maturity, when the nitrates, through the bacterial action, were produced.

In Llano we had the same experience with beans. The plant made no growth until forced to bloom in order that reproduction might take place.

The pea having, therefore, a greater protein content in its leaves than beans have, could not be successfully raised on our soils until the nitrogen content of the soil had been increased by the application of manure, which has been proven beyond a doubt by the experiment carried out in our schools.

Realizing the necessity of soil fertility, every particle of manure is hauled upon the land. In this way the plant foods are left on the soil instead of wasting in large rotten compound heaps around the barns, which is often the case on some farms.

Alfalfa cropping is now considered one of the cheapest methods of enriching our soils. Hundreds of acres are and have been prepared for spring planting. Alfalfa means more

stock, which means more meat, milk, and butter in the larder.

A year ago, where we now see hundreds of acres of young alfalfa was a barren waste capable of providing only small crops.

We are looking toward the future. Experiments which we have tried demonstrate to our satisfaction that other crops, such as cereals, may be grown successfully in this district. An experiment station has grown out of the demand for further experiments and tests along agricultural lines. The aim of this station will be to help make Llano self-sustaining by finding methods which will enable us to grow these things not yet grown. The flour problem will be the first attacked. Experiments will be tried using the dry and irrigation methods of growing wheat. We do not hope for a large yield per acre on raw soil. It is believed, however, that if proper methods of farming were used a yield of fifteen bushels per acre could be had. If these experiments materialize, at the present price of flour a yield of only ten bushels per acre would pay us well.

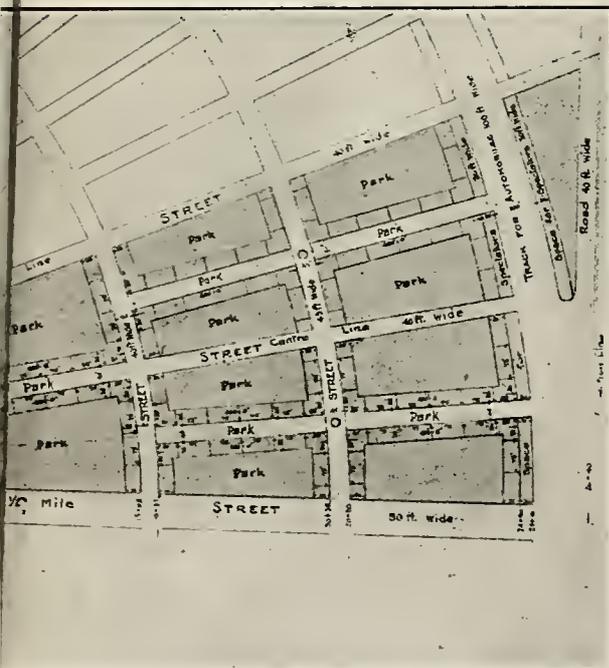
The growing of wheat on fertilized soil has, however, been tried with very satisfactory results. A yield of about thirty bushels to the acre was harvested on a small tract. It is only necessary to plow under alfalfa and incorporate in our soils the needed organic material and the problem is solved.

Llano is a natural fruit country. Sloping gently to the north the beautiful valley lies like a great vista before us. The greatest slope is about three per cent gradually in the valley, to less than one-half of one per cent. A perfect system of drainage is the first requisite in growing fruit trees. The altitude is something over three thousand feet. The beautiful, clear, warm days of spring eliminate all danger of early frost. A deep mineral soil makes horticulture a pleasure and not a problem. Nowhere in the world is there more natural horticultural advantages.

A deep soil means a well developed root system. The tree tries to equalize the development of root and top. As the root branches out and comes in contact with more plant food in the soil, it is able to support more top. The stems become hardier and are able to resist drought better, because the extended root system comes in contact with more soil moisture.

Today, where hundreds of acres of young pear trees stand like young sentinels in long straight rows, almost as far as the eye can reach, a year ago was a wilderness of greasewood and sage brush. These fields have been brushed, leveled and planted. Horticulturist Comrade Dawson realizes the importance and possibilities of fruit culture here and is planning to extend his work to greater fields. The experience in raising different kinds of fruits has been more than satisfactory. Apples grow and produce abundantly, the mineral elements of the soil imparting a color and flavor unbeatable. The quality makes the fruit of this section especially sought in the markets. The luscious fruit of the red raspberry, blackberry, dewberry and strawberry are a few of the experiments in this department which have proven a wonderful success.

Acres of alfalfa, fruits and garden growing upon a desert soil. Each new step must be taken with caution. Each new idea must be carefully tried before using. Ignorance of the productive power of our soils, we must necessarily work for a time in the dark. The results achieved have been remarkable. We stand today upon a firm foundation. Every necessity and even luxury can be had through scientific handling of our soils, and this can be accomplished by a united people working side by side for the same ideal. With the inspiration of Socialism before us, we have shown the world a true co-operative farm in action.



gentle slope of the San Gabriels about one mile from the present will convey some idea. It is a sector drawn out in some detail. will be clustered the administration building and certain silent in- be shown here will make it much different from any other city of vastly superior to those proposed for any other city that has been independent yard, will have a frontage on a city-maintained park, aimed for the Llano plan that more persons can be housed with yet devised.

The Hope Box

By Helen Frances Easley

EMILY PAGE rapped softly. She had almost forgotten her promise to Bob, and as she stood at the door, she wondered just what she would say first. There was no response as she pushed the door open.

"Oh! please excuse me, Miss Best," she exclaimed. "I had no idea that you were busy."

"I'm not busy, but I didn't hear anyone at the door. I'm just playing," Phoebe Best answered, "so please come in. I was just pressing these two little guest towels. I love them, don't you?"

She carefully pressed the last fold in the second piece of linen and held both up for Emily's inspection. The toweling was fine and satiny and the ends of each towel were finished with exquisite tatted edging.

"Did you do all that work yourself?" Emily asked after a careful scrutiny of the towels.

"Oh! yes," Phoebe answered shyly, a little embarrassed by the praise her caller's tone implied. "I enjoy it so, but my work isn't nearly so nice as my sister's. I've some things she did for me. Would you like to see them?"

"Indeed I should!" Emily felt that she was a long ways from the subject she had come to discuss, but there would be plenty of time for that, and even if she didn't have time for it herself, she admired pretty needlework, and very soon she would have to be buying some for herself. The thought brought a happy little smile to her eyes.

Phoebe went over to her trunk and after carefully unlocking it and much tugging and lifting she carried the second tray over close to the light.

Emily gave a gasp of surprise. She had expected to see perhaps a half dozen pieces of fancy work, but here in neat array was a whole trunk tray simply loaded with linen! But Phoebe was too intent on her task to notice her visitor's amazement. She picked up a pile of towels.

"There are some I did myself, the very first, so they are not extra pretty, but they will do to wipe faces on, don't you think?" She glanced up with a bright little smile. "Oh! here are the ones Mary made for me. She does such pretty crocheting. I've never learned, I guess I'm stupid, but we used to trade work. I'd tat for her and she did these for me."

Phoebe patted the towels affectionately, and put them on a chair beside her. Emily felt that she herself was a long, long way from the errand that had prompted her call, but how should she begin when this radiant faced little creature insisted on displaying her entire store of linens. Not that Emily didn't enjoy it. She did, immensely, only she wished she knew how to begin what she wished to say.

"I really haven't such a lot," Phoebe continued. "You see these four table cloths take up a good deal of room, and a trunk tray doesn't hold such a big lot, after all. But sometime I'm going to get more linen sheets. I do like the feel of them, don't you? They are so cool and clean!"

Suddenly Emily leaned forward and reaching her hand across the white heap in her lap, she caught Phoebe's.

"This looks mighty suspicious, Miss Best. You don't mean that you left a perfectly good man at home, and came up here to work in the office!"

Phoebe's pretty face flushed, but her eyes danced merrily.

"Oh, gracious no! There isn't anyone like that, at least not yet. But I'm sure, most girls, deep down in their hearts are looking forward to the time when they will have their own

little homes, and while I can't say exactly that I'm getting really ready, I've always thought that if that happy time came to me. I'd like to have some pretty things of my own, and I knew that if I didn't get them along slowly, I'd never have them, for I wouldn't have money enough at once, or even if I saved a year, to get all the things I would want."

Her voice trailed off wistfully. After all, the girl across from her was only an acquaintance of a month and such a confidence might bore her.

To be sure Emily's grasp had relaxed, but reflected in her own eyes was the same wistful expression of Phoebe's.

"Of course I understand," she said gently, and then quickly putting the towels back in place, she rose quickly.

"Really, I must be running back, I only came in for a minute——"

"Oh, I'm sorry if I've kept you from anything," Phoebe broke in, "I was so glad to see you. I wish you would come in oftener. I wish you could stay now, but I hope that I haven't detained you."

"Not at all," Emily assured her, "but I must hurry now, I'll see you in the morning." There was something breathless about her manner. It puzzled Phoebe for a moment, but as she put away her "hope box," it slipped her mind. However, she would have been more perplexed if she could have seen her caller.

Emily ran down the hall, and closed the door as though she were being pursued by furies. Once in her own room she dropped into a chair.

"Why—why—," she gasped, "she's one of the sweetest girls I ever knew, but I didn't suppose she would be like that!" Whatever "that" stood for, Emily didn't say, but she continued to speak incoherently.

"Bob will call me silly, I guess, and we all could have such good times together, but I didn't think she was like that. I just can't take the responsibility. I guess I am silly, but I couldn't ask her!"

For a long time she sat there thinking vague thoughts, long after Phoebe, four rooms down the hall, the innocent cause of it all had gone to sleep. Emily wondered what excuse she would give to Bob, and what he would think of it all.

She thought a good deal about Phoebe, too. They all liked her at the office. She was so sweet and obliging, and in her month's stay, they had found her a most welcome addition. The force of the Parks' Advertising Agency was very congenial. It was not comprised of many people, but all were capable and big hearted, and while there was a great deal of work to be done, there was time for a certain amount of friendliness. They were all proud of the Agency, which was young, and every bit of new business was a boost, if properly taken care of, and each seemed to feel that it was an especially assigned task to look after it. Perhaps this mutual feeling of enthusiastic interest and ambition helped the cordial feeling that existed at the office.

Finally what seemed a gigantic piece of good luck had come. It was by far the biggest piece of business that had ever been offered to them. The exploitation of a new food-stuff had been given exclusively to the Parks' Advertising Agency, and was being put out by a well known company whose funds guaranteed prompt payment for work done for them.

Mr. Parks, the manager, had called the entire force together, and the congratulations that greeted his announcement was

assurance enough that each and every one would work heartily and willingly. But no matter how enthusiastic they might be, it was physically possible for them to do only so much work, and Mr. Parks was well aware of it. He valued his employees too highly to ask them to overdo, and he realized that this new campaign would mean a vast amount of extra work. Already Bob Bruce and Russel Stevens, the two copy men, were almost to their limit. Bob stayed in the office, but Russel looked after the out of town work, often being absent a week, so it was plain that their present work would not allow them much time for anything new.

The campaign, as outlined, would include a number of cooking contests, with prizes given for novel and attractive uses of the new product. Also a good many newspaper stories would be needed, articles that would interest the women readers.

Some one suggested getting a girl, possibly a graduate in domestic science, but Mr. Parks was afraid the salary would not be sufficiently large to attract such a person. However he wrote to the head of the domestic science department of one of the Normal schools, stating the whole case, and asking advice.

The answer came quite promptly. Miss Brandt wrote that at that time of the year she had no student she could send, and as far as she knew all her graduates were teaching. But she could put them in touch with a very capable young woman, one who had nearly finished the course in domestic science the year before, but had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. She had not been able to return to school, but her mother was now quite recovered, and the department had only a few days before received a letter from the ex-student, asking if there were any positions open that she might apply for. Of course none of them had thought of the possibility of such a place as the Agency offered, and it might be that Miss Best would consider the position, for which they heartily recommended her.

So it was that Phoebe had come among them, a happy hearted, sunny haired little person, who kept up the precedent of the Agency for cheerful diligence, and before she had been with them a week Mr. Parks told the rest that she was a jewel.

To Phoebe's way of thinking, she had a great deal to be happy for. Her mother was well again, well enough to go to Mary, and then when she was despairing of finding anything to do this splendid position had found her! How could she be anything but cheerful and eager to do her very best?

And yet as Emily sat thinking of her, she kept reiterating, "I didn't think she was like that!" Indeed it was her last thought before she went to sleep, and the first in the morning. She thought of it all the way down town.

As bookkeeper for the Agency, she was a busy, alert young woman. She was generally the first one at the office, and Bob Bruce, second. The rest of the force often asked if it was the work that caused Bob's promptness. But he and Emily were sensible young people and took all the chafing in good part. They saw no particular reason for keeping their engagement secret, and for that matter, the office had surmised the truth even before it was announced. They were good comrades, and didn't mind having it known, and working together had only heightened the charm.

But this morning Emily was not exceedingly anxious to see Bob. She didn't know how she was going to explain to him, but a very few minutes after she reached the office she heard a well-known step in the hall. The door opened and then—

"Mornin', Emmy girl"—it was generally "Emmy girl" when

no one else was present—Bob called out happily. "Party all fixed?"

Emily shook her head mutely.

"Oh, didn't you get to see Miss Best?"

Emily nodded this time.

"Yes, I saw her, Bob." She was silent a moment, then spoke vehemently.

"I don't know how to tell you, Bob, you wouldn't understand, but I just couldn't ask her. She has a regular hope box, and she expects to get married."

"Oh! Engaged!" Bob looked interested.

"No, not engaged. It's hard to explain, but she has all those pretty things, and she expects to meet a man some time, a man whom she'll marry."

Bob's expression was one of absolute incredulity.

"But I don't get you, Emmy. That doesn't seem a very lucid reason, pardon me, dear, for not asking her. I'm not at all surprised that she expects to be married some day. A girl with her charm could hardly expect to escape, and anyway it's perfectly natural for everybody to expect to get married some day. So I don't see why you should have let that stand in your way of asking her."

Emily watched the street resignedly.

"I knew you wouldn't understand. But, Bob, you didn't see her when she showed me those towels and things, and you didn't hear when she spoke of them. And it just seemed to me that it would be wicked, positively wicked, to ask her to go with Russel——"

Bob interrupted her with a shameless, uproarious laugh.

"Oh! Emmy girl, I'm beginning to see light. You're afraid this young and unsuspecting maiden will be too greatly impressed by our gallant Russ——" The thought was too mirth-provoking for Bob to finish his remark.

"Well, I don't care, Russel Stevens IS nice. I've always thought he was about the nicest man I'd ever met, excepting you."

The laughter died immediately.

"Oh! Emmy girl, what makes you say such nice things in this office, where we are likely to be favored by an audience at any minute?" There was an inexpressibly tender tone in the man's voice.

"But, honestly, honey," he went on, "I think you are wrong. Just because a girl may have some things for the home she may some day have, it's no sign that she is going to fall in love with every man that admires her. And I'm sure Russ does admire her. He himself planned this party just before he left, a week ago, you know, only he didn't have time to ask her himself, so he left it to us. Why, the four of us could have the jolliest time together."

"But it doesn't seem quite fair, Bob. There is Edith Stuart, you know. Almost everybody thinks she and Russel Stevens are engaged. He goes around with her more than any one else. I suppose she is lovely; a girl with all her money and advantages ought to be."

Bob's face sobered.

"Well, I hadn't thought of her; but, truly, I think they are just good friends. I'll admit I don't know much about it, but I'm sure we needn't worry about that. So, will you ask her, or shall I?"

Emily laughed. It was a nervous little laugh, to be sure, but it was better than none.

"Perhaps that would be better," she replied; "and anyway it gives me a chance to wash my hands of the whole matter, Heartbreaker!"

So Bob did the asking instead of Emily, and Phoebe con-

sented happily. She hadn't dared admit even to herself how lonely she had been, but now that the spell seemed about to be broken, it came over her suddenly how much she had wanted to go about as the other young people of the office did.

The little party was a grand success. Even Emily had to admit it. They had gone first to an extremely good vaudeville performance, and afterwards to a quiet little cafe for supper. It was an event for Phoebe. Her enjoyment was so infectious that it would have enlivened even the dullest party, and as it was the other three young people, accustomed to the jolliest of good times, always remembered it as one of the pleasantest they had ever experienced. And it proved to be the first of many that followed.

"I like that little Miss Best immensely. A fellow can't help but admire her, Bob," Russel confided to his friend. "I hope we can all go out together often. It would be something mighty nice to look forward to when I'm out on the road."

Bob glanced quickly at his companion. His remark didn't sound as if he were in love with Miss Stuart. However, he said nothing of it to Emily, although he did tell her that Russ said he hoped they could get together often. And while Emily told Bob that Miss Best had assured her that she had had a delightful time, she did not tell him of the ecstatic glow on Phoebe's face as she had said it was one of the very best sort of times she had ever had. For a reason she could not explain even to herself, she felt an unaccountable secrecy as to Phoebe's appreciation of the evening. Nor could she get away from the fear that it might end in a heartache for Phoebe. She could not help but feel that Russel's regard for Miss Stuart was more than friendship, but she said nothing of it to Bob. If she had, he might have told her what Russel had said about something to look forward to, and, in a way, allayed her fears.

But Emily did not allow her qualms to stand in the way of any of their good times; in fact, after they had been out together several times she began to think that she had been altogether wrong in her first idea. It was quite evident that Russel Stevens admired Phoebe Best and enjoyed taking her about, and while her attitude toward him was the friendliest imaginable, even the vigilant Emily could not detect a hint of a deeper regard. Indeed, Emily was a little ashamed that she had even thought that Phoebe might not be able to be "just friends" with a man, on account of that little hope box. Bob had a perfect right to call her "silly."

But Phoebe, in her own heart, did not realize how much Russel Stevens' friendship for her counted. She accepted it as one of the very good things which had lately come to her, was deeply grateful for it, but had not once analyzed what it meant to her.

With the incredible quickness that such things are learned, Phoebe had heard of Edith Stuart, but the rumor was so vague that Phoebe saw no reason for letting it spoil a very pleasant friendship, for she honestly believed it to be nothing more. Of course, if Mr. Stevens were engaged to the lovely Miss Stuart—she had been pointed out to Phoebe, and Phoebe used the adjective in all sincerity—he wouldn't care to be going about with any other girl. She did not even ask Emily about it, and it was one subject that Emily herself carefully avoided.

One morning Phoebe found a letter on her desk, addressed in an unfamiliar hand. It was from Russel, and he was asking her to please let him call on Thursday evening of the next week. He was very anxious to see her, and was writing her because he was afraid she might make another engagement for the evening!

Phoebe's face flushed hotly; a thousand little triphammers

seemed beating in her veins. What could he mean? If he wanted to see her so much that he would write to her, why surely, surely—— Her heart and not her mind answered, and suddenly she hid her face in her hands as if to hide from the walls and the furniture the happiness her eyes were proclaiming.

Next Thursday! That was five days away. Five days to wonder. And yet she didn't want to wonder. Suppose she wondered wrong! She went about her work feverishly, and there was a suppressed excitement about her that Emily noticed and could not fathom, a sort of an exaltation, a vivacity that in a way was new to Phoebe.

With almost childish interest, Phoebe found herself crossing off the days. Wednesday, as she left the office, she thought to herself, "Only one day more." She hurried to the elevator, rode to the first floor, passed through the entrance hall to the door, and there stopped, transfixed by what she saw.

At the edge of the sidewalk, just opposite the door, stood a limousine, and in it Edith Stuart, lovelier than Phoebe had ever seen her, while holding the door open was Russel Stevens, traveling bag in hand. Evidently he had just come in and Miss Stuart had met him at the depot and had brought him up town. He had turned and, catching sight of Phoebe, took off his hat, bowed and resumed the conversation.

Phoebe moved on as one in a dream, her mind a curious, incoherent jumble, but again and again occurred the thought that this was Wednesday and Russel was in town. She had not given the matter any real consideration, but she had supposed that he meant to see her as soon as he came in. But, instead, he had only bowed to her, a distant, coolly polite greeting. Could he have forgotten the way he had written to her?

Emily pushed the door open quickly, and fortunately the light in the room was too dim for her to see the white, set look on Phoebe's face.

"Oh! Phoebe, dear," she said, excitedly, "will you go with me to see 'Madam Butterfly' this evening? It was Bob's time to have the complimentary tickets, but he has to write up the new show at the Radcliff to-night, so he told me to ask you. And parquet seats at that! Phoebe, think of the class!" And Emily caught the little figure up in her arms and danced around gaily from bed to door and back again.

"Let's hurry down and eat dinner, and then dress, for we want to doll up as much as we can," and she released her partner long enough to make a little curtsy.

There was no refusing her, and indeed Phoebe grasped at the chance of a diversion, anything that would make her forget Phoebe Best. Emily decided what she would wear.

"You look so lovely in your new suit and that beautiful lace waist that is low in the neck, and please fix your hair low on your forehead and two big coils at the back. I love it that way."

They were indeed a pretty pair, and, while they were strangers to those seated near them, there were a good many admiring glances in their direction.

Suddenly there were excited whispers behind them, comments they couldn't help hearing.

"Oh! see; there in the lower right-hand box; yes, the third. There is that lovely Edith Stuart and her parents. Well, well! and young Stevens! I suppose that amounts to an announcement!"

Instinctively Emily's and Phoebe's eyes also sought the box designated, and there indeed was Russel Stevens, in company with the Stuart family. Russel handsome in evening clothes, and Edith beautiful in a most exquisite gown. They were just entering, and the voices behind went on with their comments.

"Awfully fine young fellow; no money, but ambitious and very good family. No, I don't know who the other is"—just then another young man, evidently a guest also, seated himself—"a friend of the family, I suppose. Nothing worldly in their plans for Edith, and she could have married money. Of course, her grandfather's will leaves her amply provided for; her fortune almost equals her father's. But you wouldn't call Russel Stevens mercenary; he wouldn't marry her if he wasn't head over heels in love with her—he's not that sort—"

The voices drowned on, but were drowned to an indistinct murmur by the overture, but no music, however loud, could drown the thoughts in the two girls' minds.

Emily was furious. After all she had been right and Bob wrong, and just before the curtain went up and the lights off she had had time to see the strained look in Phoebe's eyes. After all, Phoebe did care! Oh! if only they hadn't come, at least she might have been spared that. Everything was going wrong! But she dared make no sign that she knew, or offer one atom of sympathy.

As for Phoebe herself, she had met Russel's eyes in that one glance, and his had leaped to hers, eager and happy, but after the barest nod she had looked away, and not once again during the evening did she turn her head in his direction. Now she was sure she knew, he meant to tell her of his engagement. He considered her a good enough friend to be among the first to be told. How foolish she had been to let any other thoughts creep in.

But why, why, did the opera have to be "Madam Butterfly," with its haunting, heart-rending music? Phoebe tried to be philosophical, and persuade herself that it was providential, to remind her that there were other heartaches than her own, for she could not deny that it was a heartache to her. But such reasoning brought little comfort. She had allowed herself to dream, and it was hard to give up.

Finally the curtain went down at the end of the last act, and the lights flared up to reveal tear-stained faces. Phoebe was mopping frantically at her eyes, as she smiled apologetically at Emily, and Emily's eyes were also red.

"Really, I couldn't help it," both announced at once.

The people left the theatre slowly, the aisles were crowded, but at last they reached the foyer, and Phoebe glanced up to look directly into the eyes of Russel Stevens!

"Good evening," he smiled, "This may not be according to the etiquette book, but if you don't mind, I'm going to take you home!"

Emily gasped, and Phoebe appeared to be stricken dumb, but the young man seemed to think that they had not recovered from the effects of the opera.

He hailed a taxi, and they rode home in comparative silence, but as he helped them out, at the house, he asked Phoebe if he might see her a little while.

"I'll send her up in a moment or two, Emily, but this is important," and without an answer Emily fled into the house.

"The crazy man," she said to herself. "I wonder what he means? I wonder if Phoebe will tell me."

When they were alone Russel turned to the little person beside him.

"Did you get my note, Phoebe?" he asked. It was the first time he had ever called her by her first name.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"I didn't think I would be lucky enough to get to talk with you to-night, but when I saw you at the theatre I couldn't wait until to-morrow night, so I explained to the folks and they ex-

cused me. Honestly, Phoebe, there were just two things I wanted to do this whole evening. One was to punch that American Officer's face, and the other was to be sitting down there by you! I'd have given almost anything to have asked Emily to change places with me! It seemed that that was the place that belonged to me! I want it to always be my very own place, little girl!"

Phoebe turned her face up wonderingly. This didn't sound as if he were engaged to another girl.

"You mean——"

"I mean that I want you to love me, as I love you, to be my wife some day. Why, Phoebe, sweetest, I've been crazy about you from the very first, but an idiotic little promise kept me from telling you."

"Yes?" queried Phoebe softly, with something like a sob in her throat, and evidently Russel thought the little word answered all questions; and indeed it did, for Phoebe offered no resistance as Russel caught her close in his arms, and held her as if he would never let her go.

"You see, it was like this," he went on, after a happy little silence, "Edith Stuart has been engaged to Fred Parker for some time, and he was the other man in the party tonight. He has been away for nearly a year, but before he left, a lot of people who knew them well, suspected, and as they wanted to keep it a secret, we decided that I'd show Edith a lot of attention. I don't know WHY people want to keep engagements secret, do you, little girl? I'm just that happy I want every one to know it," he laughed boyishly. "But I guess everyone doesn't think as we do. And I didn't mind it a bit, that is at first. Edith and I have been good friends since we were little kids in school. But when I met you, I could hardly wait for Edith to announce her engagement. I even told her why, and she wished me 'Good luck.' Fred came back yesterday; the party tonight was in his honor. It has been planned for nearly a month, and that's why I knew I could tell you on Thursday. See? The announcement cards were mailed tonight, and it will be in the papers tomorrow. Lot of silliness, I think, but that's the way they wanted to do it."

Phoebe laughed happily just from pure joy, as she patted the big hand that held one of hers.

"And I wanted to go home with you this afternoon when you left the office,"—"Oh! the dearness of him to be explaining everything that seemed wrong," Phoebe thought—"but Edith was in the midst of a long story of her plans, and then I had to make a report at the office, so I was sure I couldn't see you until tomorrow, or is it today, Phoebe? I do believe it's Thursday morning! I must let you go upstairs, and I must go home, for I've got to take the five o'clock train for Clinton, but I'll be back on the evening train and out here right after dinner. Tell me 'Good night,' a really-for-sure 'Good night,' Sweetheart."

It was a radiant Phoebe that softly entered the house. As she came to Emily's door she saw the light through the transom. Emily was still up.

"Oh! I must tell her," Phoebe whispered to herself, "I must tell someone, or my heart will burst."

She opened the door a tiny ways, and putting her lips to the crack called softly.

"Emily."

"Yes."

"You know my hope box and all——"

Phoebe's voice quavered a little over the "all."

"Yes, honey. Why?"

"Well, I'm going to use it, Emily. It's Russel."

A Talk About Babies

By Prudence S. Brown

IT is without apology that I present my topic. We have talked about chickens and cows and pigs and rabbits and tractors and airships and limekilns and alfalfa and we have all been interested and have acknowledged the importance of these things. Now it is my turn to talk, and I choose babies, or rather, a baby.

A nine months old baby with wonderfully intelligent blue eyes; straight, well-poised little back and head, and a definite hand grasp. A beautiful, good natured, perfectly healthy baby, Olga Maria Webster.

The point of my story is to show that the intelligence in the eye is a result of systematic response on the part of the parents to the growing needs of this child and the remarkable graceful carriage of the little head and back gives evidence of the fact that the child's muscular development has also been intelligently assisted.

To refer again to the eyes which make such a striking impression when you meet Olga Maria; it is not alone the color nor the shining clear beauty of the ordinary baby's eye. It is rather a steady, calm gaze directed where she wishes and for as long a period as she wills.

Today, for example, a large green ring worn by a visitor attracted Olga's attention. She reached for it, not with the usual groping motions of a child of her age, but so definitely and easily that she took the lady's hand and examined the ring thoroughly, making no attempt to put the attractive new toy in her mouth. This was done several times, thus removing all doubt as to whether this clean cut grasp was a happy accident or the logical result of her muscular training.

Olga Maria Webster very fortunately fell into the home of parents who believe with Dr. Montessori "that we should not consider babies from the physical viewpoint as little men, but remember that they have characteristics and proportions that are entirely special to their own age and stage of development."

Mrs. Webster has followed very precisely the rules of health and hygiene set forth by Dr. L. Emmet Holt in a small book called "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Aside from careful feeding and bathing and plenty of rest from any attention at all, Olga has been allowed to kick and play on her back in naked freedom for at least twenty minutes before being dressed in the morning and before going to bed at night. During this play time she has been encouraged and stimulated by the many playful tricks that parents use as naturally as children play. Placing a slight pressure against the feet, allowing the child to cling to the adult fingers while the little body is lifted from the bed by that mysterious inner force; rocking the baby gently from one side of the bed to the other and many other natural exercises. These responses were made with extreme gentleness and care that the tender little muscles were not strained or overtaxed.

This sort of parental play is in perfect accord with Froebel's idea that education consists in giving an intelligent response to the child's instinctive movements. He wrote these responses out in little plays. In fact, never has so great a philosophy of Mother and Child been written as Froebel's "Mother Play." In his first play he says; "Watch a mother's answering play as her happy baby kicks; she will brace her hands to please him or in loving sort she'll tease him with her playful tricks." In each succeeding play he taught mothers to make the indefinite baby act definite by offering resistance, slight at first,

but gradually increasing with the increasing ability of the child to overcome resistance. He said: "It is the destiny of man to become conscious of the divine essence within him and to reveal this in life in self determination and freedom."

The Webster parents are nurturing this inner demand for expression by a playful response to Olga's natural activities.

Dr. Montessori, like Froebel, cherishes that "sacred flame," that inner life, and says that her method "is a defence and fortification of the inner life." She says: "The tendency of the child to stretch out on his back and kick his legs in the air is an expression of physical needs related to the proportions of his body."

Olga was given this exercise, as we said before, twice each day and at two months she began to lift her back into a bow and leap across the bed. At four months she would hang head down with great delight, her mother holding her by the ankles. Beginning as early as two months the parents had encouraged her to cling to a half inch rod with her hands and at four months she would hang her full weight by her hands on this rod.

Just how much Mr. and Mrs. Webster have studied Froebel and Montessori I do not know, but whether they have ever studied or not, I do know that they have used just the method and employed the means given by both of these great genius educators.

One very tactful toy given Olga Maria is a large, firm rubber ball hung from a bar that stretches from the head to the foot of the bed upon which Olga plays. This has stimulated the little muscles just enough to incite a playful response. This ball was given to her when she was two months old and has been a daily plaything. She now, at nine months, consciously pushes the ball with her feet to her Father or Mother when they swing it toward her.

Froebel's worsted balls of the six primary colors, one inch and a half in diameter, were also hung on this rod. The device used by Mr. Webster was to slide the large ball away and replace it with the small balls. These small balls incite the ambidextrous use of the hands and arms and strengthen the back muscles. At eight months Olga played ball; that is, she would return a ball thrown by her Mother with a definite overhand throw.

The pendulum play given by Dr. Montessori in her chapter on Muscular Education is now one of Olga's favorite games. This consists of a ball suited to the size of the child's hands hung by a cord attached to the bar. The child seated comfortably catches the ball as it swings toward her and she returns it by pulling it and letting go, or by striking it back. This exercise is especially good for the arms and the spinal column and is an exercise in which the eye gauges the distance of bodies in motion and is as adaptable to the wee child who cannot yet walk as to the child from two to six years of age.

At five months Olga began to sing; not a tune, but a distinct singing tone—Mrs. Webster had sung to her each day while bathing and dressing her. She now sings about four distinct tones. About the same time Mrs. Webster began throwing the spectrum colors on the bed or anywhere near Olga Maria and she would try to catch them or seemed to wonder why she could not.

At six months the baby would sway her body in perfect time to the Hiawatha two step. At eight months she would run her

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Montessori--the Woman

By Frank E. Wolfe

TO have achieved the highest ambition one could wish; to have driven forward to a goal so beautiful that it is beyond vision, and yet to have retained the delightful simplicity of manner and expression that one sometimes sees in an unspoiled, natural child, is to have conquered the world and its works. That this victory has been gained by a modern educator is my conclusion after an hour with one of the most remarkable women of the age: Maria Montessori.

That she has reached an ultimate or solved a problem, no one will claim. Montessori simply makes straight the way for an educational system that ultimately will sweep aside the old method. She has made her demonstration by use of the most wonderful, most beautiful, and most plastic thing in the universe: the mind of the young child.

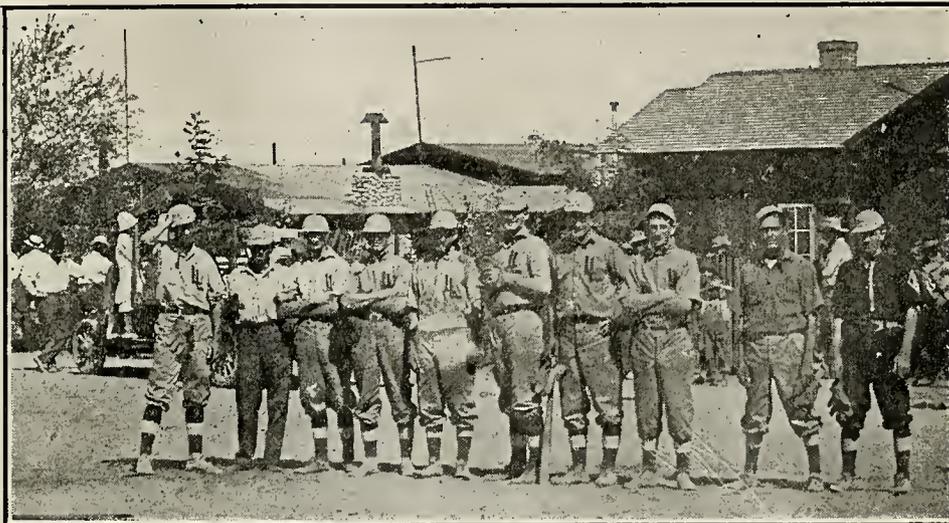
"Dotoressa will be here presently," was the simple announcement of one of the disciples, and the soft intonation of the word showed the devotion back of it. When Dr. Montessori came into the room, she swept a swift glance that covered each stranger, then as quickly returned and classified us. It was all impersonal yet unmistakable. She was keenly conscious of the presence of strangers, but her poise held her through the rather awkward pause that followed our presentation. In a low seat, surrounded by a circle of absorbed listeners, a low broad table before her, she once more took the situation into her capable hands. She spoke slowly and simply at first, then as her subjects possessed her the clear ring of her voice expressed eloquently the intellectual and nervous force which is the great part of her powers.

In appearance the Dotoressa fills one's ideals of a beautiful Italian woman of noble character. Her complexion is wonderful and the heightening color that came to her face in the exuberance of her talk, accentuated her rare beauty. Her eyes set well apart, are luminous and expressive of her quick emotions. Watching her as she sat dressed in something soft and dark, her wealth of shadowy hair framing her face, her hands moving swiftly among the papers, maps, and pictures before her, one lost the sense of the presence of all others and surroundings. She talked rapidly in rather sharply punctuated periods. Every sentence carried thought and purpose.

At the time when her explanation of her "City of the Sun"—for that was her theme—touched upon the lives of the children, her voice took on a softened tone, her expressive hands would clasp, and one could see the great mother heart well up in love for the childhood of the world. Then she would smooth out a delicate little smoke colored handkerchief on her knee and, having removed every little wrinkle

from the fabric, her face would light up with ineffable tenderness, as if she had smoothed out the last wrinkle from all the pillows of pain of all the children of the world, and the talk would take a quick turn to the great benefits to come to the happy dwellers in the magic dream city.

Montessori has an intense social passion. Her whole system of education rests upon better conditions for the people. Social betterment, sanitation, hygienics, improved environment, destruction of fear for the future welfare of the child—all this enters into these wonderful plans, but, if one must say it, she fell disappointingly short at the climax. She did not go into the economic side of her plan; she just quit where a dozen words would have bridged us across. That this was, of course, simply a betterment, a small social conquest, and not a finality; that the great victory for humankind would only come with the abolition of exploitation; that the "City



SPORTS are not neglected in Llano. Each year a baseball team is formed. Last year the Llano boys showed such prowess that they became valley champions and could find none to play against them. There are also football teams, basketball teams, etc., in the seasons when these sports are so popular.

of the Sun" would then be for all, and poverty, and with it, sickness and crime, would be no more—there is where this beloved Dotoressa failed us.

Of course we are insatiable, and after all we are not, through her, seeking surcease for the sorrows of the oppressed. She is doing her work and doing it well. It was only when she came to the reformer part that she was at all disappointing.

It is in her educational work that she has won her great renown and her model city is but a diversion. But it is not purposeless. Her every action and motive is always worthy. The "City of the Sun" was worked out remarkably well by the Spanish architect who had made the drawings. The explanation was doubly interesting because of the way in which Dr. Montessori handled the most minute and complex details. Such a city would be a remarkable improvement over the hideous hodge-podge of the planless modern city. The plans embrace at once economy, utility, and beauty.

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The Hope of Llano

By Dr. John Dequer

LIFE has its mysteries, its unsolved problems, and its infinite possibilities. Upon our wise solution of these problems depends our individual and collective happiness. We who make up the warp and woof of civilization find that our problems are, in a sense, twofold: individual and collective.

Our individual problems are chiefly those questions of how we may harmonize our lives with the Social Whole. Our social problems center around the forces of production and distribution. Between these two aspects of life—our individual will and the needs of our social life—lies the great problem of liberty.

Liberty is the most fragrant flower of life. It is the blossom of human existence. It is the flower that we must collectively cultivate, a blossom that we must individually train. Mankind in collection is moved by necessity. Need is the husbandman of progress.

Socialism recognizes the moulding force of the economic urge. Socialism is the culture of human existence. It deals with and explains the forces that mould and make institutions; also the elements that work for decay and death.

We who endeavor to collect mankind for the final battle of construction, we at Llano who seek for builders of the fair city of our dreams, have learned more than books could tell of what capitalism has done to the souls of men and women. We have learned what is the result of isolation and competition upon the minds and hearts of many of our race. We are forced to realize what a brambly wilderness of superstition, suspicion, and ignorance is that jungle of selfishness called Modern Civilization. We realize how hard it is to harmonize the chaos of conflicting opinions and weld them together into a glowing bond of mutual sympathy.

If as Socialists our position is correct, if indeed in our philosophy lies the seed that will make the world beautiful, then it is our duty to sow and to cultivate that seed and show its fruitage to those who dwell in the competitive wilderness. And we must be able to prove that fruit of our vineyard to be more attractive than the fruit of competition.

It is true that we get a worn and depleted soil from the competitive world. We get misnourished and misformed men and women, both in body and mind. Our material with which to start is crude in every sense of the word. It will need labor, and labor, and still more labor. It will need patience, and patience, and still more patience. It will need love and charity. But with these forces we can dissolve the crudeness and hardness and prepare a land where a love-born race may dwell with minds attuned to the social needs of all and with hearts aflame with the fire of sympathy.

Socialism is a philosophy of life. It is not concerned with death. It enlarges the mind; it does not bind the soul. Its bible is the universe, its psalms the stars, its books the mountains and seas, its prophets every man who has found and demonstrated a fact. The wonders of lightning, sunshine, and storm all tell him what he might do if he worked with, instead of against, his fellow man.

The Socialist does not repudiate the old simply because it is old. Neither does he allow age to hallow a lie. A lie is a weed he must exterminate, no matter how deeply the world may be devoted to its name.

The lies, follies, and mistakes sanctified by the stupidity of past ages often come to us out of the competitive jungle. They are the debris that encumbers the soil of our progress; men and women from whom the creed and educational lopsideness has not yet been removed. When they come, for a time they are blinded by the mass and dirt of competition. Soon, however, their vision clears and they catch glimpses of the world that is to be. Some there are who ever hate to have the parasitic growths of the world's mental childhood removed from their brains. They are afflicted with an intellectual photophobia. They would rather leave the field than face the light. These, however, are few. They seem to fear that they might be stripped mentally nude, and their spiritual malformation be exposed to the world.

Llano seeks not only the hand but the heart of man. We remove the mark and set the man free.

We will be fought even by those whom we seek to save. We are being fought by those who sought our help. It is but natural that it should be so. A sleeping world hates the social alarm clock. Ages of slavery have hallowed every fetter and sanctified every chain.

We have been boss bound, job bound, creed bound, bible bound so long that many of us hate to be unbound. Llano wakes the dreamer and frees the captive, if he will it so.

The greatest service we can render is to our fellow man. The greatest devotion we can show is to the weak. The religion of Socialism is the doing of deeds of love.

We must band together to produce the needs of life for all. We must carry the aged and the ill. Age will come to all; sickness may call at any time. We must care for the weak, the young and the unfortunate. Hence the strong must toil, their labor lighted by the sunshine of reason. We must develop in our breast the milk of human kindness. We need (and we are developing it) faith. Faith in ourselves; faith in our fellow man; faith in the land we work, but above all, faith in the ideal that moves us into collective action.

Then there is hope. Were it not for hope the world would perish. Hope is the great sustainer and he who robs his fellow man of hope is a thief indeed.

And last of all, but not least, we need charity. The man from Texas works differently from the man from Dakota. The man from New York does differently from the man from Washington. Capitalism has kept us isolated. We are strangers to each others' ways. Llano brings us all together. Often we cannot see each other's view point for a time. Hence we need charity.

And so in conclusion let me say that we have the physical resources; we have the loyal, idealistic men and women who live and teach the faith, hope and charity essential to the success of the greatest movement ever put into action in the United States for the common people.

WE NEED faith. Faith in ourselves; faith in our fellow man; faith in the land we work. But above all we need faith in the ideal that moves us into collective action. For faith gives rise to courage, and courage is needed in our struggle with Capitalism outside and development within.

Faith, confidence, determination, are the essentials of success.

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

THE effect of Socialist institutions on industrialism is so fundamental that it is hard to speak of the industrial SIDE of the model city. The Socialist City IS the industrial city. Active and useful employment is a condition of life in such a community. Some of the activities may be merely contributory to the well-being of the workers—art, music, and other educational features would come under this classification—but Victor Hugo has well said that “the Beautiful is as useful as the Useful, perhaps more so;” so perhaps these things can be classed as utilities, at least. And why not as industries? They certainly require intense and long continued industry before they can be successfully practiced.

A large proportion of the citizens will be agricultural workers; but their share of public service must of necessity be carried on outside of town limits, where, however, their orchard, alfalfa, corn and carrots will make a beautiful mantle of verdure and fertility thrown over the desert approach to our homes.

But the keynote of the city itself will be the “coming into its own” of industry. The outer circle of the two rings of public buildings will be devoted largely to factories. All the industries which do not detract from the public convenience and comfort will be centralized there in connection with a part of the school work. We will have a rug factory; a knitting mill; a pottery; a furniture factory—we will probably make most of our own furniture, in fact we are turning out some very nice cabinet work now—an electrical fittings shop; an airship factory; a boot and shoe factory—we are already starting a factory to tan the hides of our cattle—but that will be outside the city limits; a plant for cement art work—an indefinite amount of this will be needed to beautify our public buildings and parks; a dressmaking and millinery establishment where the women and children will be outfitted as part of the school system, by young girls working under the direction of experts. Think of a town where no one should be dressed shabbily or in bad taste. This one feature would be worth the price of admission. Its possible development is an interesting subject of speculation. There would be a model throne. The customer would take her place and the costume designer would analyze her face, figure, and carriage to the attentive class of girls. This type would call for such lines and colors; that type would demand quite a different treatment. There would be several artists with their respective admirers and patrons, and a skilled dressmaking staff to execute the ideas. The Colony department store would carry a line of materials of all sorts selected for quality, not cheap showiness; and on this the customer could draw in exchange for credit cheques whatever the artist called for. An invalid lady once complained that she did not like to have to wait in her carriage on the main street of her town, because the procession of hats which passed her was so painfully hideous. This feature of the cheap-and-nasty, shoddy side of competitive society can easily be eliminated at Llano. Hats and dresses made of good materials and under trained and intelligent direction could be worn a long time to the entire satisfaction of the wearer. Some of us—I will not say all, because it is rather a rare piece of good luck under the present conditions—have had the joy of possessing a hat or gown which was entirely harmonious and comfortable, and have clung to it until it eliminated itself by the inevitable decay of

nature. Such privilege and comfort should be the rule, not the exception, and would be if we allowed our buying and dressmaking to be governed by trained experience and judgment.

It is one of the features of the educational system at Llano to let the children work around with their elders at whatever occupation attracts them until they finally settle down to the vocation for which they are best fitted. Certain things they will be required to do. Every girl should spend some time in the dressmaking establishment even if she hates a needle; just as every boy should have some training in handling tools even if he has no mechanical bent. If they never use their knowledge themselves it gives them a touch of personal experience to bring to bear on their relations with others.

There will be many other industries. The printing establishment bids fair to demand much space for its accommodation. It is attracting outside business to an astonishing extent and, being based on co-operative principles, can underbid any firm that is struggling with competitive conditions.

One or more buildings will be devoted to studios and professional offices. It may be desirable to have a well-appointed hydropathic establishment, convenient to run into for an occasional bracing douche or treatment, in addition to the sanatoriums which are planned for various strategic and scenic situations in the neighborhood.

Then, as the community grows, individuals come in with special abilities and occupations for which accommodation will be afforded. No one can foresee what the first successful co-operative community on a large scale will attract to itself. The important thing is that all the provisions in the charter are so elastic, and the management so liberal and far-seeing, that any form of effort or originality that promises to be advantageous to the Colony can find free scope for its exercise. The one point of originality demands an article of its own, so many are the inventions and patents that have already gravitated to Llano.

The buildings in which these industries are housed will correspond in architecture to those of the Civic Center which they face. They will be one or two stories high, built around a court, with every feature of sanitation, sunshine and fresh air emphasized. The general working hours will be shortened as the community acquires economic independence, but one system is already practiced which is especially admirable. It is possible for women who have homes and families to consider, or men and women who are not strong enough to work for long hours consecutively, to come to the factory for two or three hours' work, and leave when it becomes necessary. This idea of making it possible for mothers or delicate people, or those of advancing years, to keep their independence, and feel that they are “doing their bit” without wrecking what remains of their health and vitality, will in itself lift a great burden of misery from the world.

Noisy or “smelly” industries will be located on the outskirts, where the workers will have easy access to their homes—the homes of course are all alike in general plan, subject to small variations for individual taste—and to the recreations and social advantages of the Civic Center. The buildings will be of the same general style as the Civic Center and the surroundings will be parked as the rest of the city is parked, and the profits of the industry will go first to making the con-

ditions of its producers' lives wholesome and attractive and then to building up assets for the general Colony benefit.

And so the Socialist city is planned and created for the working men and women who created it, and every form of effort gets the full product of its activity. The man who works with his hands exclusively will at least get the material benefits which his handiwork creates, knowing that his son will have the advantages which he lacked, and that every kind of machinery is being sought out to take the burden off his shoulders, shorten the hours and increase the accomplishment. The man who works with his head will see the results of his creative power accomplishing themselves without the delay and obstruction which so frequently brings to naught the constructive efforts of thinkers "on the outside." Every kind of thought or labor which is helpful to the group will have full scope where community benefit and not individual benefit is the test to which each suggestion is subjected. Every premium and advantage will be the reward, not of inheritance from others or unearned profit, but of service and industry—as befits the Industrial City of Socialism.

A Talk About Babies (continued from p. 22)

fingers on the table in perfect imitation of her Mother running the scale, passing the thumb under the fingers. At this same period also, she clapped her hands definitely and would point her index finger, separate from the rest of her hand, to any object that attracted her attention.

At this writing Olga Marie is nine months old, weighs twenty-one pounds but does not look fat, has four teeth, sleeps about fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, plays alone a great deal and is by no means spoiled.

I am under the conviction that Olga is only a normal child and that anyone interested in a child could, without the least injury to the child, give it the remarkable development of body, mind and soul that Olga possesses, and by doing so give a start to the child's life that would be an invaluable asset to its future education and career.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster scorn the usual noisy, superficial toys made to sell and are carefully selecting and ingeniously manufacturing Olga's toys.

They hope to continue a very careful direction of Olga's education along the lines of the Montessori method and I most heartily endorse their spirit and their method of caring for Olga Marie.

Building Llano's Industries (cont. from p. 11)

in the hotel, but really it is a pleasure to be around where they are. They serve the long line of men and women three times a day. The tables are spick and span and everything kept in as fine order as is possible under our inadequate quarters and conveniences. Mrs. Williams is complimented over and over again by guests who notice the service rendered by the hotel force. Anyone can run a hotel with plenty of servants, plenty of money, steam heat, food, etc. To my mind it doesn't take such a marvel. But in Llano it takes a magician and a genius. Reaching this conclusion, Mrs. Williams must be both. Comrades Allen and Thomas are also indispensable to the success of the hotel, as are also Spencer and Glassen.

At a recent assembly meeting Comrade Van Nuland was asked to say a few words on what he considered the outlook for increased crops was this year. He contrasted this year with last and pointed to this field and that, and called atten-

tion to their condition last year. Stone, brush, knolls and hollows characterized many fields. The stones have been removed, hollows filled and bumps removed and crops planted. He was enthusiastic and showed absolutely that by organization of the farming forces the future of the Colony was assured.

Robert White, who has been out of the Colony for more than six months, returned recently and was called for a talk. White is an expert carpenter as well as a farmer of long experience with intimate knowledge of California soils. He said that he was dumbfounded when he returned and saw the progress that has been made since he went away. This, he said, could not have been done had there been anything but method and purpose behind every move. His words carried conviction, as he is known as a man of unusual judgment and ability.

Montessori---The Woman (cont. from p. 23)

If the Dotoressa failed any on the economic side she did not fail all her hearers. She simply did not go far enough for my insatiate, revolutionary desires. Clearly and unmistakably she set forth her understanding. She looked straight before her in summarizing. The color in her cheeks had spread out and her whole face was aglow with the earnestness that carries conviction. She did not hint at radical reconstructions except that it would be radical to provide a higher standard in housing, sanitation, food and hygienics. She frankly bespoke for every child all that it might need for sound physical and mental development. There rests her chief devotion to the proposed city. She did not ask that the state do things; simply that they be done. That she is radical is shown by her revolutionary method of education. She abhorred the system of "cram" and "drill" which in the schools is directed by the soulless automata it has itself created. To Montessori property seems to be a tool for the improvement of childhood, the perfecting of the race. She seems to care little who owns this: the people or individuals. She looks for results and goes in her simple and beautifully direct way to get them. She seems to care only for administration. She wants every child to be born with sufficient strength physically and mentally to enable it to take the best training for the good of society and the race. This is but a deduction and not an interpretation. Every line might be disavowed. It is but an impression.

Dr. Montessori seems not to be governed by interest, sentiment, religion, or passion; simply reasoned knowledge of what is best for the children. She seems conscious of what she has wrought, but eager to push it forward with all speed. Her effort will revolutionize the educational systems of the world and it will be taken onward and upward, perhaps by stronger hands, but it is destined to sweep over the entire educational system from the smallest Casa di Bambina to the proudest University.

Merchandising the Atmosphere

(Continued from page fourteen)

feeding to stock. Now butter-fat is just a simple little mixture of tristearin, tripalmitin, triolein, and tributyrin—any Boston child knows that. Llano people know it is a mixture of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—the same things that make soda water, and they all come out of the air.

Alfalfa likes hot air, the cow likes alfalfa, the people like the butter and pay handsomely for it. You can merchandize the atmosphere through this process at as great a profit in Llano as in any territory on earth.

California to the Front By J. H. Ryckman

THE radicals of California are determined that the Golden State shall not lose the reputation she has attained as the most progressive commonwealth in the Union. Senator Johnson said last fall he wanted to go to Congress to put upon the federal statute book the laws he had had written on the statute book of California.

He left no one behind him to carry on the work he claims to have begun. So the Single Taxers and Socialists are taking up the task and propose to set a pace that will take the Senator's breath when he hears about it in faraway Washington.

At the Single Tax Conference at San Francisco, January 13 and 14, a proposed Single Tax constitutional amendment was formulated and adopted to go on the ballot at the general election in 1918. It is as follows:

"The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

"Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended by adding the following as Section 5 thereof:

"Section 5. On and after January 1, 1919, all personal property, except the franchises of public service corporations, shall be exempt from taxation thereafter to be levied.

"On and after January 1, 1920, all improvements on land shall be exempt from taxation thereafter to be levied, but the value of land and the value of such franchises shall not be so exempt.

"Provided, that Sections XI and XIV of Article XIII of the constitution shall not be affected hereby in so far as they concern State revenues.

"All provisions of Article XIII of the constitution in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

"This amendment shall be self-executing."

This conference was participated in by all the Single Tax groups in the State, with the single exception of a few members of the Single Tax League of Los Angeles, known as the Great Adventure group.

The Great Adventure form is as follows:

"The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

"Article XIII of the Constitution is hereby amended by the following section:

"On and after January 1, 1920, all public revenues, state, county, municipal and district, shall be raised by taxation of the value of land irrespective of improvements thereon, and no other tax shall be levied.

"The intent of this amendment is to prevent the holding of land

out of use for speculation, and to apply the land values which the community creates to community purposes.

"All laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

"Taxation shall be uniform throughout the State, and the legislature shall make adequate provision to carry this amendment into effect according to its intent."

At the close of the Conference the Equity Tax League was organized, into which has been merged or with which has been affiliated all Single Tax and Home Rule organizations in the State.

With the solitary exception of this small faction, the Single Taxers present a united front to the forces of greed and privilege and land monopoly in California. At Fresno, in February, the Socialist Party, in state convention assembled, indorsed the Equity Tax League measure and adopted two measures supplementary to the Single Tax bill to go on the ballot at the same time.

The first is a comprehensive scheme of collective ownership of public utilities by the state and its political subdivisions, to be financed by a tax on land values—the bonds for such purpose to be retired in fifty annual installments by the taxation of land values irrespective of the improvements thereon. All Single Taxers, from Henry George down, recognize that we cannot attain the full fruition of Single Tax without the public ownership of all public utilities. Only then can the principle of the Single Tax be made to strike at the foundation of land monopoly.

The second proposition to be put forward by the Socialists will make the Social Insurance Commission and its plans now so much discussed at Sacramento by progressive reformers look like thirty cents. It contemplates nothing less than a liberal and elaborate scheme of social insurance, including old age, sickness and disemployment insurance and mothers' endowment, to be financed wholly by the taxation of land values, and not as now proposed in this state, and as now in operation in Germany and other countries, by a tax on the beneficiaries and on the employers and the balance to be made up by the state. This is a clean-cut scheme to endow motherhood and to banish forever the three burdens, the three dark shadows, that oppress the workers of the world—to wit, the fear of destitution when old age comes, when sickness comes and when disemployment comes. With these three fears lifted from the minds of men and women, the race will enter into a new and splendid era and the age of the superman will have come. Let all forward-looking men and women get behind these measures with the Socialists and the Equity Tax League and help California set the pace for progress throughout the world.

What Other State Secretaries Say of the California Constitution

Sisseton, S. D., March 22, 1917.

Dear Comrades: Am uncertain as to full effects of omitting usual pledge; program is strictly correct. We have too long presented theories and must become practical or get off the map.

Some one in Shakespeare's "Tempest" said: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep!" The reply was: "Ay, marry! so can I; but will they come?" We adopted an industrial or farmers' program in South Dakota seven years ago, but it was too good to be true; anyway, they did not "come."

I bitterly assailed the Non-Partisan League, in my ignorance, but now believe Socialist candidates should accept their indorsement. They appeal to class interests, present immediate demands that are very much needed, get a \$16 fee for two years, THEN educate their speakers, etc., to demand public ownership of all publicly operated industries, full democracy, justice to ALL useful to society, and, more slowly, elimination of land "values" through modified Single Tax.

THEY DON'T NEED US, but we made them possible through education. Unless we cease to be utopian and "impossible," we will be forgotten.

I shall watch your experiment with interested approval, but doubt anything heading off the onward sweep of the N.-P. movement.

Fraternally,

E. F. ATWOOD, State Secretary.

* * *

Omaha, Nebr., March 24th, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrade: I have received the matter to which you refer in your recent letter, but I have not had time to give it the consideration which I know it merits. I have great confidence in some of the men to whom you refer, especially Mills and Harriman, but I am obliged to cut out everything that I can on account of a law course which I hope to complete in June. An examination means more to me just now than anything else. I have to take things on faith and let it go at that a little while longer.

Yours fraternally,

G. C. PORTER,

State Secretary Socialist Party of Nebraska.

Bath, Maine, March 25th, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrades: In a conversation with Comrade Arthur LeSueur of the People's College some two years ago in Chicago, we talked at some length concerning the reorganization of our locals along vocational and occupational lines, the idea at that time being a realm of uncharted thought to me. Since then I have given it considerable study and, while still in doubt as to how it would work out in practice, I am free to admit that the general proposition "listens good to me," to relapse into the vernacular.

Certain it is that our present methods are obsolete, antiquated and altogether inadequate, entirely out of joint with the spirit of our people, and must be superseded by something entirely different unless we are prepared to officiate as chief mourners at the funeral of the organized Socialist movement.

I shall watch with interest the working out of the proposed changes in California, should they be adopted.

Fraternally,

FRED E. IRISH.

Interstate Secretary Maine and New Hampshire Socialist Party.

* * *

Atlanta, Ga., March 25, 1917.

The Llano Publications, Llano, Cal.

Dear Comrades: I have received the Llano Colonist for some weeks and have followed the news of the Colony with the greatest interest; I thank you for so kindly sending it to me. The number of the Western Comrade referred to in your recent letter is also at hand and has been read with care.

In my opinion, the California comrades did a great thing at Fresno. Our party as it stands today is dry and lifeless. I believe the proposed changes will revitalize it. I intend to use my influence to get something of the kind started here in Georgia.

Fraternally,

MARY RAOUL MILLIS,

State Secretary of Georgia.

What Thinkers Think

The Substance of Instructive Articles in March Magazines

THE LITERARY DIGEST

The Unprofitable Side of Our Great Munition Contracts.—In Europe, manufacturing methods have developed mechanically along intensive lines, producing goods of superior merit, while here quantity in production rather than quality and accuracy is the rule. We have turned out little work of the class called interchangeable, and few places keep even a set of master gauges for standards. Complete specifications are a rarity in American practice, and, as far as I know, not a single plant accepting munition contracts attempted to develop a model to be used as a standard. They thought anything would do to fire out of a cannon, and paid little attention to the specifications which they were supposed to be carrying out. The result is that enormous orders have been turned back on their hands, and the foreign inspectors are making reports very unfavorable to our efficiency.

Food Riots in the United States.—The pressure of rising food prices is a fact not to be ignored. In a year of unprecedented prosperity, with increased wages and unemployment almost an unknown quantity, there is actual suffering among workers because of the cost of foods. Staple vegetables have gone up from 100 to 366 per cent. There are several causes—subnormal production, abnormal amount of exports, speculation, and reserve stocks being held here to ship to Europe later on. The railroads are giving preference to European munition freight. The president of the Chicago Board of Trade telegraphs the Presidents of Eastern railroads, "I request that instructions be issued by you forthwith prohibiting movement of any freight except food stuffs, coal, and other necessities to sustain life." The Governor of New York, recognizing the situation as "the most serious, perhaps, in the history of this state," approves a bill for state control of foodstuffs.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

The Gain of War; A New Gospel.—Ten million men have been withdrawn from the industrial army of Great Britain and are being supported by the country as soldiers, munition workers, etc. The remaining five or seven million have never been so prosperous. But what would the wealth of the country be if the ten million were employed producing commodities? We could have a civilization as high as that of Athens, not based on slave labor but on that of machines. Our distribution of wealth is nothing like as equitable and fair as that of Athens 2300 years ago, and our love of art and science and letters nothing like so intense. The war has proved that it would not entail general impoverishment to level up the lowest classes; there would still remain more for the able and clever than they could have obtained fifty years ago. The ideal is actual; here and now we can realize our dreams. Any modern nation can abolish poverty.—Editorial.

Crimes of Charity.—The Organized Charities browbeat the applicants for work until they are afraid to refuse wages as low as three dollars a week for men, and two for women. They help to break strikes among the sweatshop workmen, and the grateful manufacturers subscribe to the charities and label themselves "member of the organized charities." Working with a charitable organization makes one lose one's faith in mankind, as the investigators are as hard-hearted as the applicants are "submerged."—Konrad Bercovici.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

An International Policy.—We have had thirty months for thought; we have been getting together. The present war is the result of the natural operation of the capitalist system. It came as a normal extension of the policies of the great European powers. America is at present pursuing the same policies and so may expect in due time to have her war. If the 110 Socialist deputies in the German Reichstag had stood in their places and said, "We are against this thing and we shall do nothing to support it," they might have been shot but they would have saved the lives of millions. If you take the opportune moment much can be done, but many thousands of conscientious objectors can do nothing now in England and Germany. We workers must educate our children out of this kind of barbarism.—William E. Bohn.

The Curse of Success.—The philosophy of a successful capitalist is revealed in Charles W. S. Schwab's recent book. "The man who fails to give fair service during the hours for which he is paid is dishonest. The man who is not willing to give more than this is foolish." Work and save. No time for the Great Adventure of Youth, for love, for

creative work, for living. Fight to get the best of the other fellow before he gets the best of you. And when the savage fight is over, you are either successful, with the virginal sap of life dried up into a smug satisfaction with things as they are—or you are one of the failures on whose tragedy is built the success of the very few.—Louis C. Fraina.

The Menace to Mexico.—The U. S. Government has protested against clauses in the new Mexican Constitution, which apparently mean nationalization of the Mexican oil-fields, and the power to confiscate property holdings of foreign capital. These are precisely the ends Mexico has in view, the development of National Capitalism, a bourgeois revolution against the Imperialism that now has Mexico in its grip. Carranza's effort to free his country of this control is being bitterly fought by international imperialism.—Louis C. Fraina.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A Woman Who Teaches Men How to Fly.—There was supposed to be one thing that a woman could not do. She was too temperamental, too erratic for aviation. But the "Stinson School of Flying" is a girl of twenty and she has trained one hundred of the aviators who are flying for England. She performs all the aviation feats constantly and has a sense of humor, for when asked to what she attributed her success she said: "Why, I never fell down on my job."—J. P. McEvoy.

Preventing Men from Becoming Misfits.—At the School of Engineering of the University of Cincinnati one half of the students walk out of their classrooms every fortnight, put on overalls and go to work in the local shops and the other half comes back to class work. This not only gives them practical training, but it eliminates the unfit applicants, and makes it possible for the students to support themselves, and, in at least one case, a mother, two brothers, and a sister.—Merle Crowell.

THE MASSES

The Courage of the Cripple.—Men who begin life handicapped often end in over-compensating to a point where to all appearances they are stronger and more aggressive than they would have been if they had started even. The Kaiser, Roosevelt, and Nietzsche are cases in point. The German race has struggled through centuries of disaster, and has the fear complex incident to such a history. The Kaiser and Militarism are effects, not causes; they are a superficial expression of something that is going on in the German soul. She cannot be whipped into either impotence or consciousness of her own aggression. The aggression itself must be attacked through a policy that is understanding of its deeper causes. And the first step in this policy is to switch the controversy from the physical into the realm of reason.—Amos Pinchot.

McCLURE'S

Repair Shops for Men and Women.—The old story, wholesome food, fresh air and exercise; we believe in it at home; at the sanitarium we have to practice it. It is the will power that is lacking in neurasthenics—will power and an object in life. Justify your existence on this earth or the earth does not want you. Live and eat simply. A high protein diet tends to clog the system with poisons. If you say, "There is nothing the matter with me but constipation," you might as well say "There is nothing the matter with me but small-pox."—Cleveland Moffett.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Conscience and the "Conscientious Objector."—Like the Quaker, John Woolman, who had a stop on his "mind" on finding himself getting rich by commercial methods, and returned to day labor, so we all of us awaken at times to the consciousness that we are being weighed in the balance by some inner authority,—and found wanting. Horses and dogs also manifest moral judgments. The standard of right is not merely the reflection of the conventions of the community; the law of all the past ages has left its impress on our minds. But there are periods when new moral judgments break through the chinks in the crusted minds of a whole generation. We are today in the early stages of such a rebirth. How soon shall we all feel a "stop in the mind," not only about war, but also about living unproductively on rent and interest, absorbing more than can be allotted to others, instead of "choosing equality?" When dealing with the real conscientious objector, what is the community, which feels itself betrayed, to do? We may fairly ask him not to claim the privilege of a "soft option." If really moral he will certainly "choose equality" with

his fellow citizens even more when it is a question of equality of sacrifice than when it is one of reward. It is now a long time since the emergence of that moral genius who taught a religion of love; and in spite of all the ingenious perversions of the teaching, some of it has got imbedded in the Caucasian mind. Some men decline to kill men, and it is necessary to provide for all sorts of consciences by offering the objectors all sorts of alternatives.—Sidney Webb.

A Woman and the War.—There is need for a kind of courage even greater than that of the men who face annihilation in the trenches. There is a call for "heroes of thought to do battle with all the evils that make it possible for men who have no quarrel to assemble in their millions for mutual destruction." Paganism was a more terrible force than militarism, and was overthrown by the labors of one man and his tiny following. Woman must follow the path of pain and suffering a little longer, she must learn for herself through bitter experience how great a curse war is, but ultimately her power and influence may prove decisive.—The Countess of Warwick.

THE CENTURY

War Debts and Future Peace.—Formerly men financed their enterprises on the immediate capital which they could gather together. Now they use the expedient of long term bonds, which disguises the facts, places the burden to a large degree on the future, relieves immediate pressure and **MAKES POSSIBLE STILL GREATER EXPENDITURES.** If the experience of the past is taken as a criterion, a thousand years in the future the English people will be paying taxes to meet the interest on the debts now being incurred. The total war debt at the end of another year would amount to half the total assessed property in the United States. Unless repudiation comes the interest on this will have to be met every year. Humanitarian impulses to prevent such another world disaster will have their weight, but these influences fade with time. The economic factors will continue and will be a compelling force in the promotion of permanent peace.—Joseph E. Davies.

METROPOLITAN

Have You a Little Theatre in Your Town?—They are budding out in a hundred little towns and, what is stranger, are competing successfully with the big commercialized shows in the large towns. When organized for the love of art and not for social climbing, they are a tremendously illuminating factor in the local intellectual life.—Louis Sherwin.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Pneumatic-Tired Road Skates.—This skate has two nine-inch wheels on each foot, so adjusted that they do not interfere with any movement of the leg or foot. They are very readily steered, noiseless regardless of the nature of the surface skated over, and, since the skater glides on a cushion of air, there is no jar. They will probably be useful for business purposes and even for moving armies rapidly. You can skate at about three times the speed with which a man usually walks.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

Why Does the Heart Stop Beating at Death?—It does not—in the case of many animals. Heart muscles possess the inherent quality of contraction and will continue to contract as long as a certain temperature is kept up. It is possible to grow the heart muscles of a warm blooded animal in an incubator, and single cells may attach themselves to each other and beat rhythmically as long as the environment is favorable.

AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Live Stock Problem.—Argentina, for every thousand inhabitants, has 4487 cattle, while we have but 739, and Germany but 327. If we want to compete we must systematize all the branches of this industry. The packers now are preying upon the producers and the consumers. The only proper method is to make the packing houses public utilities and place them under thorough control and regulation. The "law of the jungle" should cease, and economy, efficiency, co-operation, and just dealing should take its place.—Dwight B. Heard.

State Purchase as a Solution of England's Liquor Problem.—The London Spectator advocates a policy of state purchase of the entire liquor interests of Great Britain. Since the country is facing the risk of food shortage the consumption of foodstuffs in national breweries should cease. Also the men employed should be released for other duties, both civil and military. Under the stress of great national peril the government should take over the whole affair in such a way that no individual should be ruined.

Women in British Industry.—In the munition factories the women have shown themselves not only competent mechanics, but are employed as "foremen" and inspectors. Definite provisions have been made for fixed

bases of pay so that their labor could not be exploited. Engineering works are being established where all the employees are to be women with mechanical inclinations, preferably the widows and daughters of officers.

Education and Crime Among Negroes.—Judge Gilbert T. Stevenson finds that the negro, constituting only one-tenth of the total population, is penalized for one-third of the crime. However, the negro furnishes only about one-fifth of the convictions. The difference is made up in longer terms of imprisonment for negroes. Moreover these criminals belong almost exclusively to the uneducated classes, and in investigating the records of the industrial schools it is found that their graduates almost invariably "make good." The high rate of negro criminality is as much a condemnation of the community in which it exists as of the offending negroes themselves.

Book Reviews

"SONGS OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE." By Luke North

He stands for men—this Luke North; he knows that poor men can be very cruel and rich men kind. He knows that the line of cleavage is in the heart—those who care and those who don't. This heart, dormant usually, or pumping only in a mechanical way, he rouses, interests, he excites it to consciousness and dominance, and he finds beneath every hypocrite, liar and coward (which we all are) a Man or a Woman true and dependable at the center. He teaches that no one has a right to anything while a child lacks food, and that the only man who lives up to his ideals is the man who has none. For ideals are of thought, which is fluidic, and wherever thought is active, ideals keep a measurable pace in advance of conduct. When conduct catches up with ideals, thought has ceased to flow, "mental stability" ensues, self-complacency and self-righteousness obtain. Altogether the lesson he teaches is vital and timely and he drives it home with force and conviction.

Published by the author at Los Angeles, California.

"GOD VERSUS MAMMON." By Horace Mann

A series of reprints of articles showing up the injustice of the present economic system, accompanied by striking quotations bringing out the fact that the "saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs," were all socialists. Mr. Mann's chief thesis is that dividends viewed as personal income independent of service rendered are graft and cannot be tolerated by Christian civilization. Profit may be defined as the amount an employee pays for the privilege of having a master. The way to abolish this form of exploitation therefore is for every man to become his own employer. In other words, we must abolish the ownership of one man's job by another man, just as we have abolished the ownership of one man by another. In this way we shall not only overcome aversion to work; we shall develop universal love of work, and the desire to do the best work possible.

Published by the author at Leliter, California.

"SHALL J. P. MORGAN OWN THE EARTH?" By Jack Pansy

This little treatise is a compilation of the report of the Pajo committee and the report of the Industrial Relations committee in the Congressional Record. It gives the statistics concerning the control of American finances controlled by the Morgans, whose assets are valued at twenty-five billion dollars, one-sixth of the total wealth of the nation, and shows how inevitably the same ring controls the Associated Press.

Published by the author at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE WESTERN COMRADE, APRIL 1st, 1917.

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Publisher, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

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Owner, Job Harriman, Llano, California.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

(Signed) ERNEST S. WOOSTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this third day of April, 1917.

F. H. CHAMBERLAIN

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

(My Commission expires May 19, 1920)

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An Aditorial by the Circulation Manager

THE most wonderful opportunity ever given any radical publication is now open to the Llano Publications, the WESTERN COMRADE and the LLANO COLONIST.

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The Llano Publications must take a foremost part in fusing the world's co-operatives into an impregnable whole.

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We voted, but the people would not vote with us because we lacked **Proof**.

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But this depends on the circulation of our publications.

And this depends on **WHAT OUR READERS DO**.

The Llano Publications carry practically no paid advertising. They have no subsidy, no bank account. They live on subscriptions entirely. They must depend on the loyalty of their readers.

We ask every reader to work for the cause. Installment members should secure every subscription possible. The security of Llano can be increased, its growth hastened, its success double-clinched by a great circulation of its papers.

ARE YOU WITH US?

If you are, will you prove it by your effort? Will you get **ONE** subscription right **NOW**?

If the printing department at Llano were not a part of the Co-operative Colony it would be impossible to put out the WESTERN COMRADE entirely on subscriptions. But this co-operation must be extended until it takes in every reader.

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May 1st is the Colony's third birth-

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No Corporation in the World Ever Made Such a Marvelous Growth With No Initial Capital. No co-operative colony ever even approached it.

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We don't ask you to send in a hundred subscribers or even ten—just **ONE**. We are putting our problem up to **YOU**. It is not a favor to us; it is working for the thing you believe in. The Llano Publications are spreading the story of "Co-operation in Action." Our readers believe in it. Will they help?

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Now the COMRADE and the COLONIST are 50c a year each, or both to one name and address for 75c.

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Canvas Gloves
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LLANO offers you the ONLY investment for \$1000 that gives you genuine opportunity. If you come to LLANO, do your part, put your shoulder to the wheel, co-operate with your comrades and help to build the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony into the far-reaching, powerful working-class institution that it is destined to become, Llano will do this for you:

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