

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION



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First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace Page 27



Llano's Third May Day By Robt. K. Williams . . . Pages 8, 9, 10

The Gateway To Freedom Through Co-operative Action

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

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

GENERAL INFORMATION

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

An abundance of clear, sparkling water coming from mountain springs is sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres. The climate is mild and delightful, the soil is fertile, and markets are not far distant.

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

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

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

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. Part of the children get meals at the school; some live at the Industrial school all the time. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built on the new townsite. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve,

and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth \$35 to \$40 a thousand costs the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

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

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

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

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

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

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 enter-

prise 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.

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.

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.

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.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Following is the plan which has proven successful: Each shareholder agrees to buy 2,000 shares of capital stock. Each pays in cash or installments, \$1,000. Each pays in labor, \$1,000. Each receives a daily wage of \$4.00, from which is deducted \$1.00 for the stock he is working out. From the remainder comes his living expenses. Whatever margin he may have above deduction for stock and living expenses is credited to his individual account, payable out of the surplus profits of the enterprise. If an installment member falls ill, is disabled or disemployed, the Colony gives him every opportunity to recover and resume payments. In no case will he be crowded. If he finds it impossible to resume payments, we will, upon request, issue stock for the full amount he has paid. This is transferable and may be sold to his best advantage. In this we will endeavor to assist wherever practicable. Corporations are not allowed by law to deal in their own stock.

HOW TO JOIN

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

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

MEMBERSHIP DEPARTMENT, LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY,
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Read of Llano in the LLANO COLONIST, the weekly paper telling in detail of what is being achieved, giving an intimate peep into the daily lives, the smaller incidents of this growing, thriving institution.

Read, too, the WESTERN COMRADE, the illustrated monthly magazine, giving more complete articles concerning the Colony, showing photos illustrating its growth, etc. The editorials, and many other special features, are making it one of the leading Socialist magazines of today.

For subscriptions to the Publications, changes of address, etc., please write

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
LLANO, CALIFORNIA

Problem of the Boy

By D. Bobspa

I SEEK solution of a problem.
Given Heredity plus Environment,
I would plot the eccentric curve
Of the unknown quantity,
B-O-Y.

See how the shuttles of Fate
Play hide and seek
In interplay
Of forces varied to produce
The boy.

What of Heredity,
The long-stretched lines
Of the warp,
Gift of the misty past to
The boy?

What of environment,
The complicated maze
Of the woof
Potent in moulding
The boy?

A tired mother,
Working and exhausted,
Pauses from her busy duties
To give joyless birth to
The boy.

Hungry and tired,
He is born into the world.
The infant,
Still underfed, grows into
The boy.

Hopes and longings
Burn in that abysmal home,
And bright pictures of the future
Steadfast beckon to
The boy.

School days are happy,
In spite of poverty.

For, toiling through the mire,
Hope still rules
The boy.

The workshop claims him
And school days are over,
As Mammon's jaws open wide
To receive its sacrifice—
The boy.

Society approves the crime
(On greater profits bent),
While you and I stand condemned
For the murder of
The boy.

His Heredity: the son
Of all the ages,
The blood of earth's best workers
Coursing the veins of
The boy.

His environment sordid
Wove a sorry figure through
The warp, giving sad answer
To my problem of
The boy.

"Plus Environment."
Here the problem, then,
Must start for
The saving of
The boy.

From to-day's environment
Springs the heredity
Of to-morrow
That will strengthen
The boy.

A free earth
Where mothers will be able
To laugh and grow strong
To endow with his birthright
The boy.

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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VOL. V.

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1917

No. 2

Editorials By Job Harriman

ANOTHER convention is now called, to be held in New York May 30. The call is issued to Socialist, Labor, peace, religious and political organizations. Favorable response is coming in from all parts. Evidently the majority report of the Socialist convention has not become a rallying point for the American people.

Many of those who signed and two of those who drafted the majority report of the Socialist party convention signed the call on the following program. This proves the folly of the majority and the wisdom of the minority report:

PREAMBLE.—United in our love for America we are convinced that we can best serve our country by urging upon our countrymen the adoption of the following program:

1. **PEACE.**—The conference favors a speedy and universal peace in harmony with the principles outlined by the President of the United States and by Revolutionary Russia, and endorsed substantially by the Social Democratic organizations of Italy, France, Germany and Austria and the liberal and democratic forces of England and other countries, namely:

- (a) No forcible annexation of territory.
- (b) No punitive indemnities.
- (c) Free development of all nations.

We favor all steps leading to international reorganization for the maintenance of peace based upon the principle of obligatory adjudication of disputes among nations, disarmament, neutralization of the great waterways, trading on equal terms between all nations, and protection of small nations.

We urge the government of the United States immediately to announce its war aims in definite and concrete terms upon the above principles and to make efforts to induce the Allied countries to make similar declarations, thus informing our public for what concrete objects they are called upon to fight and forcing a definite expression of war aims on the part of the Central Powers.

We demand that this country shall make peace the moment its announced aims shall have been achieved without waiting for the territorial ambitions of the belligerents to be realized. We further demand that it shall make no agreement with other governments limiting its power so to do or any agreement or understanding looking toward an economic war after the war.

2. **DEMOCRACY.**—The Conference pledges itself:

- (a) To oppose all laws for compulsory military training and service.
- (b) To uphold freedom of conscience and to support conscientious objectors.
- (c) To defend the constitutional rights of freedom of speech, press and assemblage during the war.
- (d) To work for the democratization of the diplomacy of the United States, including the principle of the referendum on declarations of war, and upon concluding alliances with foreign nations.

3. **ECONOMIC POLICIES.**—(a) The Conference is opposed to

the nullification or suspension of progressive labor legislation during the war; to the suspension or curtailment of the rights of the working class.

(b) It demands that none of the revenue required for the prosecution of the war shall come from taxation of the necessities of life, but that all war funds shall be raised by heavy taxation upon profits of war industries, by a heavy and progressive income tax, and by federal inheritance taxes.

It is to be hoped that this convention will give issue to a constructive program. The forces of decay are already at work in the heart of capitalism. It is our mission to aid in the birth of the new order. Socialism, the legitimate child of capitalism, is struggling, this moment, to escape from the womb. The thing to do during the war, is the all-important question.

We cannot resist the inevitable, but we can so take advantage that our influence will be felt far and wide.

As a program for this convention, we propose the following:

DOMESTIC POLICY.

1. The municipal, state and government ownership and control of all natural resources and productive industries.
2. Universal suffrage.
3. Free speech and free press.
4. Popular vote on declaration of war.
5. Conscription of all incomes and inheritances.
6. Conscription of all men and women for industrial army.
7. Increased pay for industrial workers.
8. Institutions for the industrially incapable.

FOREIGN POLICY.

1. Speedy and universal peace.
2. No indemnities.
3. No annexations.
4. No foreign alliances.
5. Complete disarmament of nations.
6. Compulsory international arbitration.
7. United States of the World and International World Parliament.
8. Open door for all nations to the sea.

The new order will submerge property and elevate human-

ity. In it the mountain peaks of special privilege will be leveled to equal opportunity, and the power and influence of man will depend upon his own genius and ability. The hour has come when man will be man and nothing more.

This war was started by the rich. It will be ended by the poor. In the past the few could be and were inhuman to the many; in the future, the many cannot be inhuman to the few.

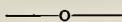
The masses are irresistible. The arms of the world are in their hands. The governments of the world are conscripting the poor and supplying them with the machinery of war. Under the pressure of hunger, the poor will assume the control of the machinery of government.

We were opposed to this country entering the war. But we have entered. Now we have not power to oppose conscription, and soon the government may not have the power to resist the fruits of conscription.

Commercial and financial necessity forced our government to take up arms.

Efficiency will force government control of the resources and the industries.

Hunger will force world peace, world disarmament, universal suffrage, universal labor, and the downfall of capitalism.



LITTLE do we dream of the task we have undertaken. We have assumed the responsibility of feeding, financing and manning a world-war with our base of supplies three thousand miles from the field of battle. Between the battlefield and the base of supplies lies a ravenous, insatiable ocean, fed by relentless and untiring submarines.

Germany is yet the attacking party both in the East and in the West. Not one battle of note has yet been fought on German soil. How much more difficult it is to attack than it is to defend, the Allies will learn when they move against German forts and over German mines. Such a slaughter as has never been known will come in those days.

Already 45,000,000 men have been lost, wounded and killed. Over 7,000,000 have been killed.

We have sent Russia \$1,000,000,000. She agrees to continue with the Allies to the end. The resources of the Allies and the Central Powers are again about equally balanced, and again will they pour their food, money and men into the terrible vortex.

Meanwhile, each nation is seizing all the means of production and is organizing all its men, women and children into a productive army. Universal suffrage is rolling like a tidal wave over all nations. With anguish of soul and a bleeding heart, the world is trampling under foot its old idols and gods, money and private property, and is creating a new god—the sacredness of human life. In the future, humanity will worship at this altar. This altar will be completed when the crowns melt, the thrones decay, and when political suffrage and industrial armies shall have grasped the earth.

CONSCRIPTION! What does it mean to the rich, and what does it mean to the poor? Shall the rich be embalmed in their riches with the blood of the poor? Is not conscription the call of capitalism? Shall it call the worker and leave the capitalist? Shall it call man and leave capital? What is there in capital so sacred that it should not be called to war? Shall we conscript human lives and leave incomes and inheritances? Does the country belong to property or to people? Shall property be preserved by bonded indebtedness while the people are cast into the trenches to rot? In the eyes of war and death, is one man better than another? Does not death reduce all men to a common privilege—the tomb? Why, then, shall their privileges differ in life?

Conscription? Why not conscript everybody and everything?

Conscript all natural resources, all industries, all capital, all incomes, and all inheritances.

Conscript every human being.

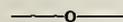
Everybody cannot go to war, but everybody can do some useful thing.

Separate the rich from their wealth and make people of them.

Unite the people in a common life, in a life of mutual interest, and use the power of wealth to protect that life—and war will be no more.

War is born out of the struggle for wealth, and not out of the hatred of men.

Conscription of everybody and everything is the highway to an early peace and an enduring civilization.



THEY tell us that we are in war. And, sure enough, we are. But how did it happen? Who is responsible? Are we quite sure that anybody is responsible? Does not the majority report of the late Socialist convention state that the war in Europe was “the logical outcome of the competitive-capitalist system”? And that “the forces of capitalism are even more hideously transparent in the war . . . of this country”?

Nobody, but EVERYBODY, who approves and supports the capitalist system, is responsible. The blood of the nations is upon every hand.



MEN, money and food—these are the three necessities for a successful war.

Volunteer for certain death? The volunteer candidates for that country whence no traveler returns are few. No men, no army; no army, no war. But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of men.

A liberty loan to the already bankrupt and defeated allied nations from which no interest or principal may return? As well expect a miser to feed a missionary as a banker to back a broken reed. No money, no munitions; no munitions, no

war! But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of money.

At least, this war will bring money down to a level with humanity.

Plenty of food and low prices, when the world wolf is howling at our doors? As well expect a gourmand to dine on delicacies as a capitalist system to glut its larder or check its greed. High prices: intense activity. But high prices will absorb the money. No money: no munitions. Low prices, sluggish activity; sluggish activity, no food; no food, no war. But we are in war; hence CONSCRIPTION of productive resources.

Conscription of all productive resources!

Conscription of all men to operate the resources!

Conscription of all money for whatsoever purpose!

This is the only road to a successful war, and to an early and lasting peace.

—○—

CAPITALISM is a monster. It is reeking with human gore. It is an all-devouring cannibal. It devours the poor, builds governments of their blood, and then devours the governments. It develops greed for power in the hearts of men, and crushes them with that power. It decays the hearts and souls of men, and destroys them because they have not love. It is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal that resounds the world around. Whosoever follows it will perish by its hand. It is a serpent with a fang for every heart. Whosoever yields to its alluring promises will be crushed in its coils. The pathways it makes lead finally to the trenches, to a decaying mass, a putrid tomb.

—○—

THE May Western Comrade pointed out the danger of the majority report of the St. Louis convention. Events have justified the prophecy.

Not alone the danger to the party—though that is great enough.

It is the danger to the members of the party who try to carry out the admonition of the party press and the party leaders to distribute generally the majority report of the convention.

The May Comrade pointed out that the majority report could easily be construed by government officials as being seditious.

The "Milwaukee Leader" of May 19 carries the news of the first fruits of this campaign of distribution of the majority report.

United States authorities raided the headquarters of the Socialist Party of Indiana and seized all literature bearing on war.

The raid is thought to be directly traceable to a speech made in the United States Senate by Senator Husting, of Wisconsin. Senator Husting attacked the majority report on war and militarism.

Socialists must remember that today their rights only exist as official interpretation permits. Despotic powers have

been granted or have been usurped by over-zealous officials.

That the persons who formed the St. Louis convention were indiscreet or that their judgment was not good has no bearing on the case.

But that innocent and energetic Socialists, hating war and the over-riding of liberty and rights, should distribute this Majority Report is the concern of every Socialist.

Party members have been urged by those in whom they have the utmost faith and confidence to give the greatest possible circulation to the St. Louis majority report.

Without meaning to do so, those who drafted the report are plotting the downfall of their comrades.

What has happened at Indianapolis may happen anywhere. Public officials are empowered to stamp out anything they may deem treasonable.

The public mind is inflamed.

The majority report contains statements that may easily be interpreted as seditious.

Every Socialist who distributes this literature may subject himself to the charge of treason.

Under date of May 25, Thomas W. Williams, State Secretary of the Socialist Party of California, writes:

"I have been notified by the United States District Attorney's office of Southern California that the circulation of the Majority Report is in contravention of recent Congressional action and that the same would not be admissible to the mails or for general circulation."

Not to oppose what we cannot help and what it is too late to prevent, but to make the most of the opportunity for educating the people to the advantages of co-operation—this is the course that can be pursued profitably by Socialists. The war is not of our making, but we can take advantage of the opportunity it presents to push our propaganda and hasten the day of the coming of Socialism.

—○—

NOW comes a long line of editorials in the daily press, backed by "influential citizens," demanding that gambling in foodstuffs be "prohibited during the war." Is it wrong, then, to gamble in food in time of war and right in time of peace? Is it possible that influential citizens do not use their consciences in time of peace, reserving them for action in time of war only? When hunger strikes society above the belt in the region of the aristocracy, it seems to awaken "public conscience." Conscience becomes terribly rusty when it is so long between wars. How freaky a rusty conscience is, anyway! Saving food to feed men to kill other men is a freak of conscience that passeth all understanding. When gambling in food raises prices in times of peace until the poor are hungry, it is proof positive that the poor are shiftless and indolent and should work longer hours. But if prices rise in time of war until they annoyingly reach the rich, then gambling is a "crime against God and man!"

How fortunate it is for this poor world that the rich are blessed with a keen conscience!

Llano's Third May Day

By Robert K. Williams

MAY DAY dawned serene and bright. A spirit of anticipation seemed to pervade the atmosphere. For weeks May Day had been talked of and elaborate preparations had been made. Visitors from many parts of the state and from surrounding states had come to spend May Day in Llano. Members not fully paid, and others, visited the Colony for the first time and to enjoy the festivities of the day.

The first event of the day was the Pioneers' Parade. The first comers to the Colony, with single team and one lone cow in the rear, trudged along, representing the full quota of colonists and visible possessions of the Llano del Rio Colony in 1914. Following the first pioneers came quite a procession of arrivals of the year 1915. The line was headed, of course, by the founder, Comrade Job Harriman, and as many others of the original board of directors as were in the Colony for the celebration. Cheers greeted the members of 1914 and



Athletics at Llano on May Day, when a number of Llano athletes made excellent records in outdoor sports

1915 as they passed in review. Something seemed to rise in the throats of many as memories of the past surged up while they waited the procession.

A tremendously affecting thing it is to witness a large body of people doing the same thing at the same time. When one realizes what this group of people are in Llano for, and what the trudging group meant, a vision overcoming the hardships of the past compensates for everything. After all, it's the spirit that counts.

Athletics were held on the open road and some commendable performances were recorded. The standing jump, the mile run, the broad jump and several other events were of unusual record. One of the pathetic things of life is to witness "old timers" attempt to come back. Age creeps on us so slowly and unconsciously, providing one is healthy, that waning power is not suspected until the reserve is drawn upon, and ageing muscles and reserve fail to respond. Some of us who prided ourselves on our ability to jump and do other feats of strength, agility and endurance, discover that in the mad race for something to eat we have neglected to store Nature's power, and when a test came we hit the ground like a frog loaded with too many woolly worms.

For fear people may not know to whom I refer, and think it is they that are referred to, I will state that one of my greatest joys was to out-jump the other fellow. I'm afraid to mention how far I used to jump, but of course it was some jump. When I stood on the jumping board and looked at the best mark I mentally commented on the lack of spring in the other fellow. But, but—when I jumped! It was no less a mental shock than a bodily one to discover that four or five feet had been extracted from my record. However, one bright spot remains. I beat one fellow, and it happened to be Assistant Superintendent Kilmer.

Athletics continued during a great part of the day, and the results are recorded elsewhere in the LLANO COLONIST, and right proud will these vigorous fellows be in after years (when our publications will run a column "Forty Years Ago Today") when they discover some May Day their names shining forth as stars of ancient magnitude. Perhaps forty years from now they can sympathize, and appreciate my state of feelings now.

The crowd congregated within the spacious hall to hear the speeches of the day. The hall was filled, as is usual, to overflowing. Dr. John Dequer was the first speaker on the list. His subject was "The Significance of May Day." Dr. John is an eloquent speaker, and it would be embarrassing to him for me to tell what other people said about his speech, but really it was inspiring, and the marvel to me is where the deuce he learned all the stuff he told us, and how he ever acquired the mellifluous flow of language. I know lots of people twice as old as he is who don't know a quarter as much. He touched lightly on the past and buided on the future. He told of the solidarity of labor and what May Day meant and would continue to mean. His remarks were highly appreciated, and prepared the audience to hear Comrade W. A. Engle tell of the origin and history of the flag, what it stood for and what it should stand for. Comrade Engle has been with the Llano movement since its inception and has been a close student of its affairs, being one of the board. He has also been identified with the labor movement for years. Being a public speaker, he acquainted himself with the lore of the past and interested the large group with his intimate knowledge of the flags of the ancients.

Comrade Job Harriman, the president of the company and founder of the institution, arose amid applause and remarked that, as the other speakers had gone into past and future, he would confine himself to the present and tell of the things done and doing. He gave a brief history of the Colony and interested many newcomers and inspired them with an even greater hope. Comrade Harriman has the happy faculty of making things plain. Members arrive so frequently that much of the history of the Colony is a closed book, and an occasional rehearsing of the past keeps clear the difficulties overcome and the plans entertained for the future.

When these wonderful speeches were going on I regretted that I didn't have a memory as permanent and retentive as a phonograph record. I am sorry that it is impossible to repeat what was said, or to convey to you the mannerisms, the tones used and the spirit that ebbed and flowed like a wave, as the speakers played up and down the gamut of human emotions. As the years pass, and the trials of the present become a thing of historic and pleasant memory, those of us that were permitted to hear these men will remember, and always with a comparison in mind. You've always noticed that things of

yesterday were better than those of today. I used to have a pepper-and-salt suit that my sister gave to the missionaries, which was the best suit of clothes I ever owned. No tailor ever made such a good suit since. It's just the same with the buckwheat cakes that Mother used to make. Llano of May Day, 1917, will linger as a pleasant memory and no May Day can ever again compare, no matter how big or how impressive the following ceremonies will be. The first cow, of tender memory, which the Colony owned is now spoken of with reverence and adulation. Ancestor worship is easy of explanation when one looks at things in the light of passing events.

At the conclusion of Comrade Harriman's speech the crowd repaired to the grove north of the hotel and formed themselves in lines to be served at the two places of refreshment with barbecued meat and other eatables. Two converging lines of people, each almost ten rods in length, filed past the serving tables until after three o'clock. Colonists and visitors all enjoyed the barbecue.

The Maypole dance, which was to be given in front of the hotel, was transferred to the east side on account of the west wind, which made graceful dancing difficult. The girls deserve great credit for the performance, which was witnessed by a large circle of attentive lookers-on.

In the evening, promptly at 7:30—Llano time—the Llano Dramatic Company offered its special program—the farce comedy, "The Mishaps of Minerva"—prepared for May Day. Arrangements were made for a two-night stand, as the Assembly Hall does not accommodate all who wish to attend, and there were a hundred visitors in Llano for May Day. So it was decided to repeat the show on Wednesday night and visitors were given first rights on Tuesday night, the hall being well filled on both nights, with ushers and doorkeepers handling the big crowds.

The performance was so well given that it has since been decided to offer it in the small towns of the valley. With twelve amateur but well-trained actors in the cast, with the Llano orchestra, with the stage lighted by electricity generated by a steam engine rebuilt in Llano, the wiring and installation done by Llano electricians and helpers, the stage built by Llano carpenters, and the scenery arranged and painted by Llano talent, the show could well be called a "home production."

The play was a two-act production, and the performers had their parts so well that interest never flagged for a moment. It was well handled throughout and made a decided hit.

The day finally concluded with the dance, the hall being even more crowded with visitors and home people. Everyone had a good time, and the third May Day celebration was voted a greater success than any of the preceding ones.

There's a description of the May Day events and, after glancing at it, I find it totally inadequate to express just exactly what was put into the day. While we all enjoyed the parade, the athletics, the addresses, the barbecue, the dance, yet there is something more about the whole affair that is clear out of reach. I can't express it. No use of me trying, and I don't believe any one else can do full justice to the day. There's a something about May Day that feels like a Fourth of July, a Thanksgiving and a Christmas. The dearth and chill sometimes here and there, a sadness of joys and sorrows experienced, and hopes and resolutions for the future of New Years, are all combined in this day. When looking at the track events, it is not merely a competitor we see; it is not the paraders in the march we see when we see the winding cortege. It's something else. It's the spirit that we feel, the something intangible that weaves the universe about and binds human



Scenes at the barbecue on May Day, showing diners lining up at the serving stands; bottom, barbecuing the meat.

hearts and purposes human minds to a goal far beyond.

No use talking, there is a spirit in Llano that is unusual. There is a community of interest that binds, and it is not entirely economics. Powerful though the urge of economics is, yet life is a hopeless morass without the sweet interchange of human affection. Dollars and property cannot take the place of heart throbs, and no callous connection of gold ever ties a knot that holds.

Llano, indeed, stands for something else, quite something

else, than dollars and property and possessions. Dollars and property and rights and titles are absolutely necessary for the permanence of our existence, yet if we traded entirely alone on this our movement would fail, and our living out here on these pleasant slopes would be in vain.

The story of Llano must be told over and over again. Each month sees new readers of our literature, and perhaps for the first time in their lives a hope is thereby instilled. The unfortunate part of it, however, is that many people read their hopes into the lines. I am trying to reach the great mass of people who have just heard of us but are not acquainted with our movement, and make them see conditions as they exist. But it's impossible. One man left a note for me when he left for his home back East to "enter the treadmill," as he expressed it, saying that the literature of Llano did not half express the spirit or tell of the things done or the potentialities. This made me feel good. Therefore it was some shock to listen to a gentleman from the southern part of the state say: "I am very much surprised. You haven't got anything done that I can see. Three years' work! You haven't accomplished very much."

Recently I met a man who lives fifteen miles from here. He was here the first few months of the Colony's struggles. He told me that he was astonished beyond measure at the development shown. Really he ought to know what he's talking about, for he has 160 acres and has but thirty cleared, while our clearing runs into the hundreds. Another neighbor remarked that we surely had done a lot in three years. He said he hadn't done very much in that time. A woman told me the other day that she would die if she had to stay here a month. Another woman, who went in the same party over the ranch, said upon returning that she thought this was the greatest place on earth and was going to return here as quickly as possible.

The Colony is big enough and strong enough to stand up under most any strain and can stand knocks as well as boosts. While knocks and unpleasant things are not delightful, yet they come with a certain welcome and helpfulness, for it keeps us from getting overenthusiastic.

As for myself, I am enthusiastic over the future and present possibilities of Llano. There are others here who are not as enthusiastic as I. There's a reason, of course. There's a reason for most things. In the early struggles of any enterprise every one cannot be expected to be happy and contented. Our housing is not and has not been what we want. It's the hope of better housing that keeps many of us enthused. Anyway people are not constituted alike. I can eat most things. Some are not so fortunate, and consequently marvel at my internal arrangement. It just happens so, and I take no credit for anything. If we have starch, I eat it. If we have something else, I eat that also, and say little about it. I was in the commissary a few days ago and heard a woman give an order for lard. We didn't have any. She wanted to know how beans could be made palatable without fat pork. This question disturbed her very much. It wasn't my problem, so I could look on with amused tolerance. There are some who eat to live and while eating live in the future. Some of us live right now, every minute, and the big problem presents itself three times a day. A man came with his family, and returned to the city because he couldn't obtain eggs and cream at all meals. So what is one's problem is of no moment to another, but perhaps that other has a hobby on something else and is as offensive as possible while dilating on his own likes and dislikes.

Hope is a tremendous lever to raise oneself above the an-

noyances of life. One of the hard jobs is to create something out of nothing. Few ever succeed at it. Llano comes nearer succeeding at this particular job than anywhere else, at least in this county. We started with nothing, and worse than nothing—we were thousands and thousands in debt, with an organized world against us. We have lived and grown, perhaps not fat; at any rate we have lived. The struggles have been hard. We had to find men—men of tact and managing ability, and men with vision. They are here, lots and lots of them, and more will come. But, please, please, do not think Llano is a ready-made heaven. It is not. There is work to do. Every one with the intelligence of a mosquito knows that labor produces everything, and if they know and realize it, they should know that all good things come to those who labor for themselves.

Llano is set in the midst of competition and it is still an unexplained group. Under capitalism and while working for the other fellow, it is generally known that the results of one's labor goes, in most part, to the owner of the job. Here it is not so. The results of labor in Llano, so long as it is productive and constructive, go to the mass as a whole, and, in proportion, to oneself. This is true. Once the labor here gets on a self-supporting basis, the division of the proceeds will not go to any small group, but to the group as a whole.

So far as I can see, the future of Llano lies in the soil and its allied industries. I mean by this, farming and cattle or live stock. There are many industries that will grow out of Llano and be self-supporting as a separate entity, but the success of the whole enterprise depends on land and water. The land is here, as is well known; the water is here, too, not merely according to my judgment, but according to the experienced judgment of engineers. A visit to the fountain head of the supply of water awakes a new hope in the breast of most experienced men. However, this is not universally so. A man came here not long ago who lived on the bank of a broad river. He said we had no water. Of course not, in comparison with the vast stream he was accustomed to.

A girl about thirty-two, I should judge, told me she was accustomed to all the luxuries of the land. I was abashed. I felt for a moment as if I was in the presence of greatness, and even yet when I am close to a great man or woman I shiver, so I shiveringly asked her what particular branch of business, if she had one, she followed. She proudly said she worked as a domestic in the homes of the rich, and therefore the larders were always open to her. Llano held no attractions for her, and she left to seek her vision in the palaces of the great overlords.

The above divergence is to show you that Llano is impractical and hopeless to some, and a wonderfully real and hopeful theme to another. How do you account for it? A half-dozen people sit down at the same table and eat the same things, and three get sick. Why? Every school of healing will answer that question differently. How, then, can Llano be made a place of satisfaction to every one?

Some have left Llano, and more will go, but many more will come. Those who remain will be the inheritors of the labors of the past. The world is not quite old enough to inculcate the lessons of co-operation sufficiently to make a deep and lasting impression. However, the earth is being driven to it. The great war is setting the pace, and organization and co-operation is now almost worldwide, although the products are not distributed on an organized basis as yet. However, there's hope of this, and the sooner every one realizes the necessity of getting together the quicker will the great food and economical problems be worked out.

May Day

By Dr. John Dequer

MAY DAY is of all days a day of joy in every country not stricken by the grim hand of war. In time of peace May Day is a festival sacred to Labor throughout the civilized world. May Day, the day of flowers, love and song. May Day, the day when the land man sees the growing grain present its promise of a life-giving harvest. May Day embodies the spirit of hope for the year. And in working-class circles it embodies the ideal of emancipation from economic slavery. It is a day sacred to the hope preached by the prophets and teachers of the race. It promises to the world that out of the seed of Labor Martyrdom shall some day spring a harvest of justice, truth and righteousness.

The blossoming trees, the flowering shrub, the waving grass, the singing bird with love pain vibrating in its little heart as it sits swinging by the nest of its mate, hoping for the safety of the brood that is to be, proclaim the natural world filled with the creative passion, proclaim the love hour of Nature. The flowers in color, the birds in song, the beasts in their noblest bearing, rejoice to-day. All Nature shouts the onward march of life. May Day, the day of life triumphant for man and beast.

Nature as such knows neither war or peace. Only mankind, with their artificial society, have strangled love and enthroned hate among themselves. They have crushed the heart to make room for the brain. They have killed the heart to exalt the flesh. Civilization based on class government has opened the pit of Gehenna and let destruction loose in the world.

Throughout the world of Nature there is always struggle and death between species. Joy for one is often brought with pain for others. Still much of life's span is but love's sweet agony. It rewards itself in the new life born. It gives us the joyous lamb at play. It gives us the yellow-mouthed nestlings on their bed of down. It gives the calf and the colt, trotting by their mothers' side. True, they were born in agony, but they live in joy. A joy to themselves and the being that bore them. They live true to the law that all reach a heaven of happiness through the reefs and shoals of pain. We win the joy of rest only as a reward for struggle.

The hawk still preys on the dove only to lay it at the feet of its young. The wolf still slays the sheep to feed her cubs. The cougar purrs with delight over the carcass of a fawn. All Nature is still "red in claw and fang." The love passion is seen only in the species, but not between the species.

Here man is an exception. Civilization has given him power and knowledge; it has robbed him of justice and fellowship. The natural world slays alien species for food. Man walks to the goal of his ambition on carpets of kindred flesh.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One eternal purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns!"

These cruel, heartless, soulless, hypocritical conflicts, who knows but they may be the birth pains of a new social organization that shall be as beautiful and just as the present is powerful and cruel? Who knows but that with the death of kings, the fall of thrones, the bankruptcy of treasuries, with the ruin of the commissary of the world, will come a new era fathered by necessity and mothered by love? But our hopes do not alter the realities of the present situation. Our hopes do not silence the guns. Our hopes do not break the bayonets. Our hopes do not extinguish the bombs. Our hopes do not take the man from the ammunition and return him to the plow.

Our hopes do not stem the crimson tide that stains a thousand fields. Our hopes are as vain as our prayers, unless they stimulate us to action. Unless hoping leads to doing, our hopes are of no avail.

Labor and love are the redemption and the resurrection; work and wisdom the portals of salvation for mankind.

To do the social deeds will ere long not be a venture, but a necessity. To care for the broken, the halt and the blind made by war will become a universal duty. Love divorced from charity, kindness purified by knowledge, humanity compelled by circumstances, will lay the foundation for a new earth. And when the new earth is won, heaven will be gained.

After this war will be the resurrection. Not the theological resurrection of dead men, but the spiritual resurrection of dead virtues. Justice, equality and brotherhood will rise as from the tombs. After this war the world will be redeemed from the threefold curse of interest, rent and profit.

After this war we shall see the salvation born of production for human needs. We shall be saved from the destruction born of avarice and greed.

When the smoke has cleared and the passion died away mankind will celebrate a glorious May Day in a new era—an era where the self shall feel its dependence on the whole. We shall celebrate a May Day of Nature, taking our children to our hearts, instead of to the recruiting stations.

We will celebrate a May Day by beating our guns into tractors and our shells into reapers. We shall celebrate a May Day throughout the world as we celebrate it here to-day.

There is something almost prophetic in the birth of Llano. It is more than mere circumstance. Less than four months before the outbreak of the war the foundation of Llano was laid. The first successful co-operative colony was started. Like John of old crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the paths of the Lord," so Llano cried from her nest in the desert, "Co-operate and live." While the battle raged from Liege to Arras, while blood flowed from Riga in Europe to Bagdad in Asia, while hell's grim fury grasped all the Old World, Llano, small and insignificant, cried its message of peace and union to a bewildered world. She labored to change the dust of the desert into gardens of grain.

She battled with the rocks and thorns of Nature and of ignorance. Her literature went out into the highways and byways, into the fields and hedges. She drew the mind from scenes of blood to scenes of peace. Many came and stayed to fight with us. Some went back to the jobs and bosses of capitalism. To-day we celebrate a victory—a victory not without pain, but without blood; a victory not counted in dead and wounded, but in fields and orchards, in herds and industries. We celebrate a victory of co-operative achievements, won against capitalism outside and ignorance inside and wilderness under foot. We are battling to win the state of California to our ideals. We seek to conquer the world. The Angel of Co-operation has come to redeem us from chaos. Necessity, the great transformer of men and institutions, sent her. She broods with gentle ardor over a self-sick world. She inspires new motives, erects new standards. Through the wreck and ruin of the old she moves, breathing hope, inspiring vision and pointing the way.

Without her presence Llano would be impossible; without her benediction upon the efforts of our brains and hands, mankind would destroy itself. Co-operation is the life and resurrection of the human race.

Efficiency

By L. W. Millsap, Jr.

DID you ever meet this popular will-o'-the-wisp? If so, you are a very fortunate person, because striving for efficiency is like chasing a rainbow. By the time you have painfully arrived at the place where it was when you started after it, it has danced merrily on ahead, leaving you to still struggle onward.

This term has become very popular in the last few years and is handed about as cheerfully and carelessly as a new slang phrase is by a bunch of rah!-rah! boys, and a person who cannot put "efficiency," "psychology" and "submarine" all into the same sentence gets a quiet look of pity from his or her companions.

It was the man in overalls, with greasy hands, with black finger-marks on his face, with his back covered with dust and his pockets sagging with monkey wrenches and other miscellaneous hardware from crooked wires to crank shafts, that put this term into the spotlight and made it popular.

Efficiency is the accomplishment of results in the best, easiest and quickest way. Now it is a fact that the human brain is stimulated to action by watching the operation of mechanical devices. It is also nearly always necessary to use mechanical devices when efforts are made to accomplish results in better, easier and quicker ways. On account of this fact it is habitual for mechanics, as a rule, to be on the lookout for better methods to estimate the possibility of satisfying the need and to devise methods for the accomplishment of the end in question.

He has talked about it so much and has shown such marvelous results that the rest of the world has taken the cue and today we see in every line of activity time, energy and money devoted to the discovery of better, easier and quicker ways of obtaining the desirable things of life. Like other good things, man will misuse efficiency first and injure himself with it, then, having acquired experience, he will make proper use of it. In fact, he is going through that process now. He started out to get the desirable things of life in the best, quickest and easiest way, but he has become so interested in the best, easiest and quickest way that he has lost sight of the fact that it was only desirable things that he was after, and the present time finds him pulling down on his defenseless head an avalanche of very undesirable things, and doing it in the best, easiest and quickest way.

Meanwhile he is making discoveries and at the same time the will-o'-the-wisp is dancing along ahead, always out of reach. The best, easiest, and quickest way under yesterday's conditions becomes the worst, hardest and slowest way under

tomorrow's conditions and our work becomes only relative to surrounding conditions.

Conditions set our standard and conditions change this standard from day to day. If we reach our standard on the day it is set by conditions we work at one hundred per cent efficiency. If we reach it a week later when new standards have been set, our percentage is very low, and so the will-o'-the-wisp beckons us on.

Think of the change of the standards in transportation. First we walked.

It was the best, easiest and quickest way to get somewhere. Then we forced another human being to carry us. Then we devised a seat that could be carried by two individuals. Then we put wheels on this seat and dispensed with one individual. Then we put an animal in the place of the human being. Next we put an engine in place of the animal. Then we made the seat larger and carried a

number of people. Then we made the engine smaller and still hauled the same load. Then we laid rails to run it on and lessened the time and energy; and so on ad infinitum. The canoe, the steamboat, the ocean liner. The bicycle, the automobile. The balloon, the airplane.

Every change made it necessary for manufacturing methods, habits and knowledge to also change, and every little change anywhere in the whole industrial fabric was felt eventually through the whole mass.

Confusion? Yes. What of it? If it is incident to growth, well and good; if it is not, there is no efficiency. Efficiency lessens confusion, change of conditions makes confusion in related things because it sets new standards. The valuable fact is this: the confusion it creates is temporary, while the lessening of confusion that it makes possible is permanent.

Let us take a concrete example and analyze it. Suppose a man starts manufacturing an article in a small, one-room shop, and this grows into a big factory. He adds one machine at a time and one building at a time until his plant covers several blocks.

At every step he has aimed to take the best, easiest and quickest way, but the chances are strong that he took the easiest and quickest way, and gave little thought about whether it was the best ultimately. Finally he realizes that something is wrong. He is not getting the results, so he analyses the situation and he may find something like this: His raw material is delivered on one side of the plant while the first process takes place on the other side. The processes carry the material from one detached building to another till the last process finds it at a point clear across the yard from where it



Athletics formed one of the chief attractions on May Day. Below is one of the serving stands.



Part of the May Day crowd in line before the serving stands in the orchard. Over 1000 people were present.

must be delivered to the cars in a finished state. It has taken time, energy and money to transport material across those yards three times when once would have been much better, had the machinery been laid out in the proper order.

There is no cure but to shut down, move all his buildings, change the location of all his processes, and place them so that the raw material is delivered at the closest possible point to the first process, from which it travels the least possible distance to the next process, etc., until when the last process is completed it is found at the closest possible point to the place from which it may be shipped.

This is called "straight-line production." It causes temporary confusion to plan the route for the material in process, and then to move all the buildings and machinery to their places, in conformity with the proper consecutive order, but once it is done, less energy, time and money are required from that time on.

Llano has grown to the point where straight-line production must be planned and established in a number of places to prevent extravagant expenditure of time, energy and money, and, while the old way was the best under the conditions that developed it, a new standard must be set, and we hope to soon have some good examples of straight-line production.

Another modern efficiency measure is called "division of labor." Let us suppose that the labor question is repairing bicycles. In a shop where jobs are few one man must be able to do everything. He receives work, fixes tires, makes adjustments, does brazing and keeps books, or more often does not keep them. His business increases and he hires men. They all do as he does; that is, they do anything that is necessary on the job in hand. When his business grows to the point where five men are employed he realizes that something is wrong. He is losing, the men are dissatisfied, and he does not know why. Then he analyzes his trouble and makes a discovery. Two men wish to use the same bench at the same time and there is a local conflict of interest. One sharpens a tool for his purpose and thereby spoils it for his fellow worker. One estimates the price on a certain job and another estimates a different price on the same job, and there is endless conflict and loss. So after some study he changes his whole plan. He selects the best fitted man and lets him meet customers, and receive and deliver work. Another man is given a bench to himself and tools for the purpose, and he opens up the trouble and prepares the job for a more skilful man to finish. Another is given all the rubber equipment and he fixes all the tires. Another does assembling and makes all fine adjustments while the fifth does brazing and heavier work. From that moment on there is no conflict, the men discover better methods of doing the tasks in their division, a spirit of team work develops and the whole organization radiates success and grows.

These two examples will suffice to indicate methods. Besides these there are "quantity production," "standardization," "simplification of process," "working to schedule," "motion study," "scientific employment," and dozens of other efficiency measures that are employed in modern industry. As long as these are used to obtain desirable things and work to the advantage of all, everything is well, but when they are used for purely selfish purposes Nature asserts herself and the punishment is speedy and certain.

As Llano grows it is the hope of all that these methods will be established as rapidly as circumstances will permit, and, as all efforts will be directed to make them function for the benefit of all, it is easy to imagine how rapidly the will-o'-the-wisp will dance ahead and beckon us on into new fields of endeavor. With light hearts we will follow as Nature intended that we should.

A Social Puzzle

SOCIETY sat musing, very sad,
 Upon her people's conduct, which was bad.
 Said she, "I can't imagine why they sin,
 With all the education I put in!
 For instance, why so many maimed and sick
 After their schooling in arithmetic?
 Why should they cheat each other beyond telling
 When they are so well grounded in good spelling?
 They learned geography by land and tribe,
 And yet my statesmen can't refuse a bribe!
 Ought not a thorough knowledge of old Greek
 To lead to that wide peace the nations seek?
 And grammar! With their grammar understood,
 Why should they still shed one another's blood?
 Then, lest these ounces of prevention fail,
 I've pounds and tons of cure—of no avail.
 I punish terribly—and I have cause—
 When they so sin against my righteous laws."
 "Of grammar?" I enquired. She looked perplexed.
 "For errors in their spelling?" She grew vexed.
 "Failure in mathematics?" "You young fool!"
 She said, "The law don't meddle with the school.
 I teach with care and cost, but never ask
 What conduct follows from the early task.
 My punishment—with all the law's wide reach—
 Is in the lines I don't pretend to teach!"

I meditated. Does one plant him corn,—
 Then rage because no oranges are born?

—C. P. Gilman in "The Forerunner."

The Socialist City

By A. Constance Austin

DEVICES for minimizing the labor of housekeeping are an important part of the general conception of the Socialist city. The frightfully wasteful process by which women throw away their time and strength and money in a continuous struggle to deal with a ridiculously haphazard equipment in the ordinary home is one of the great and useless extravagances of the present system.

In our model city modern schools, with their athletics and supervised playgrounds, will relieve the mother of all duties except the purely maternal ones of loving counsel, comfort and never-failing refuge in the stress of human failings and disasters.

The central kitchens will remove the hatefully monotonous drudgery of cooking three meals a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and washing the dishes. A few improvements, such as stationary tubs, are in general use in the better class of homes in many progressive communities. It ought to be a penal offense not to have stationary tubs in dwelling houses, just as it is to have anything but sanitary plumbing. How many women have I seen bringing on permanent internal disorders by trying to lift the ordinary galvanized iron tub! However, it is a fact that a very small percentage of homes have these modern conveniences as yet. In our city the stationary tubs will not be important, as the people will own the central laundry and will be able to administer it so that their effects will not be damaged by carelessness, rough work and chemicals. It may be desirable to put a small outfit in one of the roof bathrooms, so that particular people can "do up" a few delicate articles when necessary, and hang them up on the roof, where they will get the benefit of the full blaze of the sun and will not be a disturbing element in the neighbors' view, as the roof balustrades and pergola will provide seclusion even on the outdoor second story.

Electricity will contribute its thousand conveniences—lighting, heating, power for vacuum-cleaning and sewing machines, egg-beaters, irons and who knows what devices the morrow may bring forth in this age of miracles. "Built-in" furniture solves the problem of unnecessary labor. Cleaning under heavy furniture has always been an element of danger for the frailer class of women and a temptation for neglect by the careless housewife. Beds that can be swung this way or that with a touch, and bookcases and sideboards that are part of the wall finish, all mean economy of strength and time and the achieving of real sanitary conditions. In the good old times the more difficult details of cleaning were often deferred by a desperately overworked housewife to a semi-annual cyclonic disruption of the home.

Some of the most beautiful modern homes have tile floors, which, beside having the harmonious tones of a Persian rug, are the beau-ideal of simplicity of cleaning and absolute clinical sterilization. A plan is contemplated in Llano by which their only objection—chilliness—is overcome. Highly finished cement is the next choice for floors, providing the same arrangement is carried out. Both these floors require a number of deep-naped small rugs, easily handled and placed in strategic positions. We expect—indeed, we are already making—very artistic rugs, which will be available to all our colonists, not just the chosen few. Waxed or painted wooden floors will probably, however, be preferred by the majority, from conformity to habit. The children, however, will have an opportunity in this, as in many other lines, to acquire habits

based on more advanced standards of beauty and simplicity.

Another household bugbear is the windows. As in the model city these are nearly all French windows, and are not commanded by the neighbors, and as the breezes of Llano will all come over alfalfa fields and grasses of the parks, instead of dusty streets, they can open, which will call for much less cleaning. The glass of the sun parlor will be slightly coated with paint, like a conservatory, which will diffuse the light and reduce the cleaning to an occasional hosing. The sun parlor in any case should have a concrete floor, as it should be lined with vines and potted plants, and sprinkled every evening just before bedtime by sprinklers so arranged that by turning a switch every part could be deluged simultaneously. The same arrangement should obtain in the patio garden.

It is contemplated to deal with the fly nuisance in Llano by permanent self-cleaning fly traps, on wings, which at intervals would also provide the music. A compartment walled with screen netting, roofed with glass, with flowers and grass for a floor, could be built onto the outside of the sun parlor, which is also the dining room. This should be accessible only by a bird-proof turntable door at one end. This arrangement could be three feet wide and any length, an unimpeded flight of sixty-five feet being possible. A little fountain would give them permanent fresh water and baths. As any flies would be inevitably attracted to the dining room, the usual arrangement of some sugar and water and a slit would provide the flies with speedy elimination by Nature's method—and the birds with healthy exercise and normal conditions, which, however, would have to be greatly supplemented, as the fly crop would soon cease to be. Llano could incidentally develop a very profitable canary-breeding industry. It is thought that even mocking-birds could be induced to breed in such normal conditions. These and other fly-catchers would have to be kept in any case with the canaries, as these last are not fly-catchers, but only profit-catchers. Fly screens in the doors and windows—prolific source of annoyance and one of the little fretting conditions which reduce our vitality and efficiency—could thus be eliminated.

The window curtain is another household scourge. Good housekeepers—poor martyrs!—keep up a perpetual round of washing and stretching and pressing, under which the delicate fabrics quickly succumb and have to be expensively replaced. Bad housekeepers have soiled curtains, which are much worse than nothing. These ornamental draperies are of no particular service in keeping out sunlight or even prying eyes—(when real protection is desired, you pull down the shades)—but merely soften the lines of painfully crude window frames. A much better way of treating all wall openings is to make the frame so beautiful that no one will wish to mask it with muslin. The solid frame itself can be delicately carved in low relief in wood or stone, or painted in subdued designs. A whole new art industry could be developed in this almost virgin field. The actual opening could be further outlined by lacy tracery of wood or metal, which would accent the lovely vistas of our parks with a transparent frame visible even at night in a darkened room. Under these conditions curtains would become a pleasant eccentricity practiced by curtain-born housekeepers to whom these little conventions are the manifestations of their interests and activities.

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Making Wood Pulp for Paper

By R. A. Barber

IN TAKING up the subject of papermaking, the first step is the preparation of the wood, which is to be converted into pulp. Spruce is the best wood for the purpose, although other timbers are used, especially hemlock. None of the hard woods are suitable.

The wood is first cut into convenient lengths for handling. After the trees have been cut the desired lengths, the bark is removed either with drawshaves or axes. If the timber is of large dimensions, it is cut into shorter lengths and split into blocks of the proper size to be fed into the clipping machines.

Spruce and hemlock trimmings and cull pieces from saw-mills, after being reduced to proper lengths, are also utilized in pulpmaking.

The clipping machines, or chippers, as they are termed, consist of heavy circular plates revolving at high speed in a sort of iron hopper. The opening through which the wood is thrust against the knives is box-shaped, between two and three feet long and about one foot square. This is set at an angle with the revolving plate, which gives a shearing cut to the wood. If the pieces of wood to be chipped were presented to the knives endwise and at right angles the result would be more of a grinding process and would not chip easily.

These chippers reduce the inserted pieces of wood into chips

chlorine gas is also mixed with this liquid composition and held in solution. The pulp, having been properly screened, is now conveyed to the bleach tanks.

The pulp is again submitted to a washing process in the tanks, in which a portion of the bleaching liquid is mixed with the water, and as the pulp is conveyed from one tank to another the amount of the bleaching liquid is lessened until the bleaching is completed.

The pulp passes from the last bleaching tank over the other bleach screens, from whence it is conveyed to another washing tank. In this a long wooden drum of a peculiar slatted construction is revolving. The bleached pulp is mixed with water. The water, laden with pulp, passes into both ends of this revolving drum, passing out through the slatted portions. This causes the pulp to be thoroughly washed and at the same time has a tendency to break up any portion of the pulp which may adhere, so that the fibers may be distributed evenly through the water.

The water carrying the clean and bleached pulp passes on to another tank, where it is ready to be taken and pressed into sheet form. This process will be somewhat difficult to describe except in a general way.

Revolving in the last-named tank, which is about eight feet

Celebrating May Day.—
Center and right-hand scenes
show preparations for serv-
ing lunch to 1,000 persons.



of varying sizes. They are carried on an elevator to a revolving wire screen similar to a corn popper, only very much larger. From this revolving screen the chips are conveyed to shaker screens, which remove all the fine sawdust-like portions, for the chips must have some length to produce fiber.

The chips are conveyed from the screens to bins located above the digesters. These digesters are about forty-five feet in length and fourteen or fifteen feet in diameter, made of steel and lined with brick. The digesters are filled with the chips, and a liquid, consisting chiefly of sulphuric acid, is poured over them. The whole mass is then cooked with steam from seven to eight hours.

The cooked mass is blown by steam from the digesters into a tank with a perforated bottom, where the pulp is thoroughly washed with a hose for the purpose of removing the acid, dirt and other foreign matter that might have adhered to the wood.

After being washed, the pulp is passed over what is termed the unbleached screens, to remove any portions of the wood that may not have yielded to the digesters. The pulp is then submitted to a bath, composed mainly of salt electrically treated, for the purpose of bleaching. The salt is arranged in cells and submitted to a current of electricity, by which chlorine gas is generated. The bleaching liquid is composed mostly of lime and other ingredients having bleaching qualities, and is reduced to the proper consistency by adding water. The

long, is a drum perhaps three feet in diameter, faced with rubber corrugated in a circular manner, not longitudinal. As this drum revolves in the water it picks up a portion of the pulp, which adheres to its corrugated surface.

Running horizontally above this drum and in close proximity to it, is a canvas-like sheet about eight feet wide, made from pure wool and rather roughly woven. As the drum revolves the pulp meets with the wool canvas and is deposited evenly on its surface. The pulp now meets a felt sheet of the same width running like a belt over the rollers. The roller running close to the woolen sheet is made of some polished metal, perhaps steel. It is called the press roll. Directly under this metal roll is a similar one, and over this the woolen sheet passes. At this point and for some distance the woolen and woolen felt sheets run together in close proximity. As the pulp is carried along on the surface of the woolen sheet it comes in contact with the felt sheet and at the same time passes between the press rolls and continues on between the felt and woolen sheets. This process squeezes out the surplus water from the pulp and at the same time converts the pulp into sheet form. Later it passes through a set of press rolls and becomes a sheet less than an eighth of an inch in thickness.

At this point we now have our pulp in a somewhat usable shape, but still too moist and tender to be handled. This

(Continued on Page 26)

Was Schmidt Guilty?—Job Harriman

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

SHALL I say perjury? Yes, perjury! It is easy to say perjury. It is easy for the District Attorney to scream perjury, which he did, but he showed no evidence. I shall not only accuse them of perjury, but I shall let the poisoned statements that fell from their putrid lips turn like the serpents they are, and sink their poisoned fangs in the very hearts of their testimony.

Let us first consider the testimony of the felon Clark of Cincinnati—Clark of Goosetown fame; Clark, who stealthily went to Goosetown and met a man with a basketful of dynamite, twenty pounds of 80 per cent nitro-glycerine! How remarkable! Just the amount and just the per cent that the prosecution would have you believe was placed in the Times Building. He told you that there were about twenty sticks weighing about one pound each; that they lay in his little basket without wrappers and did not mash or run together during the entire trip from Goosetown to Cincinnati and from Cleveland to Dayton, Ohio.

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

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

Listen! It was raining on that fatal night when he stealthily stole his way through the sleeping, peaceful city of Dayton, to River Bridge, and thence to the engine and crane, where this felon placed his infernal machine. Down close under the shoe of the derrick the dynamite was pressed and over it was placed, closely and snugly, an umbrella, to shed the drenching rain, that nothing might interfere with the deadly work. The fuse was lighted and the perjured villain found his way to the streets of the city and there waited that he might hear the terrible crack and know his work was well done. The devilish sound of twenty pounds of 80 per cent nitro-glycerine came crashing and roaring through the streets and lo! it only blew off the skin of this umbrella!

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

Look at it! See the handle! It escaped scot-free! Not a crack or a scratch on it! Ah! his initials that he carved on the handle before he placed it over this terrible infernal machine are likewise undisturbed. Look at them! Placed there to tell who was guilty of the crime! He was not arrested, nor was the crane broken, nor any damage of consequence done. And for this reason, this perjured felon says he was not permitted to continue the work of destruction. Again I beseech you to inspect this umbrella. See the ribs and the stays and the handle and the staff unbroken and in perfect form and shape. You, gentlemen of the jury, know that this

umbrella is telling you the truth. Every rib and stay tells you in no uncertain terms that the felon Clark is a villainous perjurer. They tell you that Clark never placed dynamite under the crane of the Dayton bridge.

They tell you that they were in Cincinnati at home with him that night. They tell you that this felon was put upon this stand to help hang this defendant with a lie. They tell you that the prosecuting attorney knows that the felon Clark was giving perjured testimony when he swore that this unscathed umbrella frame was pressed close down over twenty pounds of eighty per cent nitro-glycerine when it exploded. I had rather my blood would curdle in my veins than to present such evidence with which to take a human life. He would have you believe that twenty pounds of eighty per cent nitro-

Correction

IN the May WESTERN COMRADE, on these pages, an announcement was made of the purchase of a great strip of territory in the San Joaquin Valley.

When the article was written and the advertisement inserted on the back cover page, all details had been concluded and it seemed that the deal was finished.

But the first negotiations had been made before the United States decided to go into the war. The prospects of a long and costly war, which would place additional burdens on all of the people, and which the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony could not hope to escape, led the Board of Directors to reconsider their first unofficial decision.

A visit was made to the new property. After this, a thorough discussion of the probable costs, the hardships that might be imposed by war conditions, and which cannot be foreseen though they may be judged by what the warring countries are going through, led the directors to take a different view of the matter.

The result was that they have decided that it is too much to attempt under the conditions which the Colony, together with the rest of the country, must face.

Therefore, the land purchase must be laid over, and all energy and

glycerine would twist and tear and break a six-inch steel beam while the frail reeds of an umbrella in equal proximity would go unscathed. You have a right to expect a lie from a felon and an equal right to expect good faith upon the part of the District Attorney. The rule is that when one is false in one thing that you should look with mistrust upon all he says or does. This rule should apply to attorney and witness alike.

It is upon the testimony of this felon Clark that the prosecution hopes to lead you to believe that violence began prior to 1906.

Now let us turn our attention to Mr. Noel's "tender-hearted," angelic felon, Davis of Massachusetts.

Once he, too, was an iron worker. He was no angel then. You should have heard the attorney for the Steel Trust de-

Harriman's Address to the Jury

cribing his villainous heart to the jury who pronounced him a felon; a heart rich in abundance with all the criminal impulses known to the law. Wings? Not then! Barrels of iron, with triggers and nitro-glycerine, told the story of his virtues and his means of defense. His wings had not sprouted then. Only after he became a witness for the state was it that his wings loomed up and his angelic disposition appeared. When he was in real life, before he became an angel, and before his wings had sprouted, he was the possessor of a brace of substantial Colt's revolvers, and, though he wore them behind, he was unable to fly with them. Yet by his skillful use of them he was able to make others fly.

A strange and remarkable angel this! He was charged with an assault with a deadly weapon. An angel with murder in

this jury who would believe that the prison doors would remain open to this felon if he did not tell a story agreeable to the prosecution? If his story were true, would it be necessary to open the doors to this non-union man in order to get the truth? He was expelled from the Iron Workers' Union. If the truth were against his enemies would he not tell it without a bribe? He is out of prison without bonds. The doors of the prison are open to receive him if his story displeases the prosecution in this case. Do you remember the umbrella story of Clark? Is there a man on this jury who can believe that the District Attorney did not know that Clark was perjuring himself when he told that umbrella story? Will the same District Attorney not demand as rigidly and receive as gladly the perjury from this felon's lips? Do you think that the prison doors would be opened to a double murderer in order to convict a so-called conspirator, if only to convict him of murder? Ah! There is more than human life at stake here. There are millions of dollars of profits at stake. And what is the life of a human being when money is at stake?

Destroy the labor unions and possible profits become real. Fail, and they disappear. Has not the Steel Trust sufficient power to open the doors for the desired perjured testimony? Would a man guilty of murder not perjure himself if such perjury would save his own life, even though it helped to murder another man? And is it any less a crime in the eyes of the prosecution to murder with a lie than to murder with a gun?

Who is this man Dugan? He is the man who shot and killed his wife and wounded his daughter in Indianapolis, Indiana, the home of the gentleman assisting in this prosecution.

WOOLWINE.—That is not in the evidence.

HARRIMAN.—Get the International Iron Workers' magazine and I'll read the story of the murder.

McKENZIE.—That is in the volume published some two years after the Times explosion, and was only introduced for identification.

HARRIMAN.—I beg your pardon. I thought the story of his murder was published in an earlier volume. This fact is not in evidence and hence this cloud shall be lifted from the gloom that shrouds the putrid character of this perjured felon. Without further comment I must therefore leave him with you, together with the other felons who testified that violence began before 1906.

The purpose of this perjured testimony is to throw the responsibility of violence upon organized labor while the opportunity was open for a fair fight in an open field. After the resolution was passed in 1906 the field was no longer open. A fair fight was no longer possible. Not only did the Steel Trust hold all the erection and construction companies in line, presenting a solid front, by refusing to sell steel to whomsoever faltered, and by forcing the association to pay the losses of each member, but in addition the Steel Trust, with all its influence, was able to direct the power of government against these union men. The energetic enforcement of this resolution cast a gloom over the entire organization and robbed the International officers of all hope of future success. They, more than all others, were conscious of the tremendous power arrayed against them. Their organization was dissolving. The men could not understand why defeat after defeat awaited them on every hand.

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

of Error

sources given to a more extensive and thorough development of the present holdings, amounting to about nine thousand acres.

The WESTERN COMRADE, in making the announcement, had got those pages into print in order to get the magazine out on time. When the article was written, there appeared to be not the slightest doubt but that the deal would be finished before the magazines reached the readers. In fact, the deal seemed to be definitely settled.

However, though the particular purchase under consideration was not put through, it shows what the general plan of the Colony is and indicates what may be expected as an announcement in the future.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are thousands of acres adjacent to the Colony that will undoubtedly be acquired, the intention of the Llano del Rio Colony is to extend the holdings everywhere, securing tracts in various places so that the greatest possible variety of products may be grown on lands owned and controlled by the colony. Wheat lands, cotton lands, tracts suitable for growing many kinds of fruits, as well as timber lands and grazing lands, will come within the control of the Colony when the formulated policy is in full operation.

his heart, produced here “To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!”

What a travesty! And upon his word a man shall hang. He was as vicious then as he is now, and he is as vicious now as he was then. He was a felon then and he is a felon now. He was a liar and perjurer then, when he said he was not guilty. He is a liar and perjurer now when he says that so-called conspirators committed violence before the year 1906. Why, McManigal himself describes the first explosion and says that Hockin, the ringleader, did not know where to get the dynamite when they first met.

Dugan! Who is Dugan? He is the man who swore that J. J. McNamara offered to send him nitro-glycerine early in 1906. He is a self-confessed felon. Is there a single man on

Dearer Than Honor

By Ethel Winger

SUE WINTER looked up from her text of sociology to the couch where Anne Marshall was comfortably curled as she read. "I wonder how it feels," Sue asked, enviously, "to come back to the dorm and visit, and not to have to bother with lessons, to get all the fun of college without having classes interrupting your school work, to have time to read novels—"

"Why," replied Anne, "you long for some lectures to go to, and you get so lonesome for 'em you visit all of Father Flanders' classes and tag Sunny to his; and I'm NOT reading a novel. I'm studying the same thing you are—the same subject, that is. The difference lies in the fact that your book was written by some hidebound theorizer, in the orthodox style, while mine is interesting and deals with realities."

"Is it the text you used last year?"

"Heavens, no—child! It is Deming's 'Message to the Middle Class.' I wouldn't advise you to mention it to your prof. He might get a few ideas, and that would prove fatal. And this is 'War—What For?' I'm trying to review some points to use in my arguments with Don, to see if I can keep him from going off to 'somewhere in France.'"

"Why, Anne, you wouldn't prevent him from using this opportunity to serve his country, would you—and humanity—in this war for—"

"Bosh!" returned Anne, with the frankness one bestows on a best friend. "You make me sick. Of course, I would. I'll read you a letter from a highbrow friend I acquired this year. He can explain it to you better than I." She fished in a pocket and produced a typewritten page. "Listen:

"This war situation looks serious, doesn't it? In yesterday's paper I saw that they are planning more concentratedly on this measure for a 'selective draft.' It has been urged that the first installment be taken from those from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and of course that includes me. But I shall not go, if I can help it; it is against my principles. It is not that I am a coward, for I think that it takes more courage to face public opinion at home than bullets abroad; it is simply that all my instincts are against war—especially UNNECESSARY war, as this is.

"In any national crisis, it is supposed to be every patriot's duty to offer his life for the cause, whatever it may be. But I think it is his greater duty to investigate the cause, and, if it is unworthy, to refuse it allegiance. A war like this is a war against social order; it places nationality paramount to morality. It denies the teachings of the Prince of Peace. It makes beasts and butchers of people who call themselves men. I, for one, think we have a greater need for volunteers in the Army of Social Service. I could no more go to the trenches and wait destruction at the hands of men with whom I have no quarrel than I could go fight out here in the streets and kill the first passerby I happened to see. What is the difference? In either case I would be killing innocent strangers, my own brothers. I may be a mental coward and a moral pervert, but that is my sincere idea on the subject.

"I am convinced that there are others, untouched by capitalistic viewpoints, who feel as I do. Since it has been provided that married men probably will not be called out at first, the report is significant that six hundred men stood in line before the marriage license bureau in one of our large cities. I do not consider these men necessarily cowards; prob-

ably their minds, like mine, revolt against war, and they are using every legitimate means to avoid it personally.'

"And that's exactly how I feel about it! Now, don't you start an argument—wait until I get back. It's two o'clock, and I promised Father Flanders to be at his lecture room with these books of his exactly at two. Where IS my hat?"

Sue watched while Anne crushed on a small sport hat, secured by a band under her chin, and noticed how effectively the white felt contrasted with the gleaming black hair, the sparkling dark eyes and the rich brunette skin. She was a vibrant little figure, there before the mirror, hastily dabbing powder on her saucy nose, and smiling at her own piquant face in the glass. Turning to her friend, she announced: "I want your tennis racket."

"In the corner, dear," returned Sue. "Help yourself. But who are you tennising with today—Si, or Toby, or Nobby, or—"

"Why, Sunny Flanders—of course!"

"I might have known that. I don't mind you playing tennis with him, heaven knows. But I do hate to see you playing on that infant's affections; he's too big a dear to be turned into a cynic for life. Have a heart! Isn't it enough to flirt with the other fellows?"

"My friend, I'm not playing on anything of his except his tennis courts, and at that we usually use the college courts. I might flirt with him if he were like the other fellows—if he had tissue paper for skin, spaghetti for bones, and sour jelly between. But Sunny has too much sense—and I am merely his dear, motherly sister."

"But are you sure that's all? Since you've come back I've noticed—"

"I've not a second to listen," Anne broke in, as a dull red crept over her face. "If I don't beat it right now Father Flanders will be permitting himself the extravagance of tearing his hair. Thanks for the racket. Bye, beloved; see you later." And, playfully tapping her friend farewell with the tennis racket, she was gone.

Sue could not keep her mind on her book. What was Anne up to now? Did her blush disprove her words? Was her haste an evasion? Sue was sure that something was going on beneath that flippancy—but what? She pondered again over "the triumvirate," as Anne had dubbed herself, Professor Flanders and his only son—called "Sonny" by his father and "Sunny" by the adoring students, who loved his wholesome gaiety and refused to take him seriously. Western University had smiled indulgently the last two years when Anne would accompany the professor on his daily walk; it had grinned in open amusement when Anne and Sunny strolled off to the tennis courts, while certain upper classmen would watch with jealous disgust that "upstart" playing with the most popular girl in school. But Western University was frankly puzzled when Anne, Sunny and his father would go off every holiday, laden with inviting baskets, for a hike along the river. Anne was reckless, Sue thought. If Professor Flanders, a widower as he was, had not been the oldest, gentlest, most loved man on the faculty—of the scholarly, classical type you would expect in a Latin professor—and if Sunny had not been so irrepressibly boyish, friends with all the girls, but "queening" with none; and if Anne had not, notwithstanding her lack of conventionality, warmed her way into everybody's heart and stayed there because of her human touch, her comprehending

sympathy and her unending vivacity, she might have created a lot of gossip. But the three were so childlike in their enjoyment of each other, so frank in their affection, that nobody had the heart to disapprove. They merely pulled Anne away for as many engagements as possible outside the little circle, and wondered whether Anne were more interested in father or son and if father or son were more interested in her. Nobody knew—except Sue. SHE knew that Anne always called the professor "father" and that during the entire course she had given him a daughter's affection and received a fatherly love in return. With him she discussed all her ambitions, her tendencies, her affairs, as well as philosophical questions of the day, in which Anne was unusually well versed for a girl of her age. Not until Sunny entered college, in Anne's third year, had she grown acquainted with him and gradually developed a sisterly affection for him. Anne had understood, as did Sue, that Sunny had a keen mind. He had taken all the available honors and scholarships as he went along, in spite of his relative youth, but, like the rest of the students, she never took him seriously, and laughed and played with him,

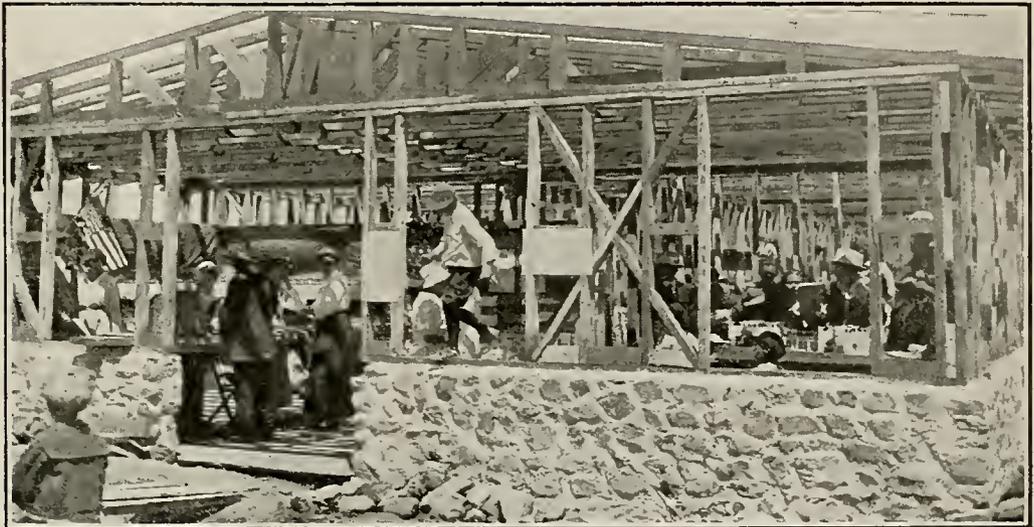
ing the campus the following week when her school was out, Sue determined to learn the true state of affairs. But, when Anne had arrived, they had so many places to go, and so many people to see, that they seemed never to have time for their old, intimate talks. And if conversation became gradually serious Anne would interrupt suddenly with some appointment, as she had this morning, saying, perhaps, "To be continued in our next." Well, Anne's visit would last a week longer, and some time—

The clock, striking half-past two, interrupted Sue's meditations. She sprang up, looked with chagrin at her unfinished assignment, snatched a sweater and, dashing off, was soon in the classroom, buried in the professor's serious explanation of the present war as a war for humanity, quite unconscious of the fact that, a floor above, Anne was having a talk with "Father Flanders" in the Latin room, and that they, too, were discussing the war and the drafting situation.

* * *

"Come, father," Anne was saying at the window, "just look at that group of boys down there. It's Si and Toby and Nobby

The reception room of the new dormitory, unfinished, was used by the Western Comrade for a display booth; besides the Comrade exhibit, a model of the Austin house plan was demonstrated to residents and visitors.



and quarreled with him, in a big-sister attitude. Hers was the superior wisdom of twenty-three, looking down on the boyish precocity of nineteen. And she was inclined to "mother" him.

But Sue wondered. Did Anne realize what Sue had grown to suspect—that something lay deeper in Sunny's mind than that childish comradeship? She had watched him after Anne's graduation. A more serious look, somehow, was in his eyes. And Sue, as Anne's best friend, had noticed, because she saw more of him than anybody else. And she realized that it was largely because she was Anne's friend that Sunny sought her out very often. Always he would speak of her chum, and ask what news she had; and when Anne's long, entertaining letters came they would laugh and talk over them. Sunny was always happier on those days, and Sue named them "Sunny days." Did Anne realize what she was doing to him? Had her unusual knowledge of human nature, as applied to everybody else, failed her with Sunny because she never took him seriously? If Sunny had only been like the other fellows it would not have been so bad! When Sunny had triumphantly produced a letter from Anne, telling of visit-

Perkins. I love every one of 'em. They're all such manly fellows—you don't find many of THEIR kind, even in this old university. They're just getting in from surveying. Look at them—tall, strong young fellows—'fine material for the army,' as the speaker said in assembly this morning. Just think of it, father! The very type of men our country will need for constructive, not destructive, work. Yet, any time, they may be called out to the war and they'll go—and never come back, perhaps. They think it's their duty! You read those paragraphs of my letter—that's the way I feel. Father, you are the person who taught me Socialism, even if the college authorities don't know it. You gave me this book, 'War—What For?' and you understand it better than I. So you understand what I feel when I say I'd rather see Si and Toby and Nobby—yes, even Sunny!—and I like him best of all—I say I'd rather see them shot for treason for refusal to serve, if worst should come to worst, than to see them go back on their sense of right, their principle, and join the army! Wouldn't YOU? Wouldn't YOU rather see them die in the face of public opinion, martyrs to the cause of truth, than see them go off amid the cheers of the populace—to war—to die—however gal-

lantly — martyrs to the cause of the munition-makers? Wouldn't YOU?"

Anne's voice was tense. Her hands were clenched. Every muscle of her body was taut. Her blazing eyes, seeking those of the professor's, softened as she saw his had dimmed during her appeal, and she noted his anguish as he turned away and sank into a chair. But, still tense, she waited for a reply.

"Theoretically, yes, daughter." His voice quavered to a whisper. "Practically——"

The negation was clearly expressed, although he uttered no word. His head fell to his hands on the desk before him, and suddenly there swept through Anne the poignant sensation of his own anguish—with her own sorrow for him added to it. She knew that he was crying over and over in his heart, "My son! My sonny boy!" And because convention meant nothing to Anne, and because she was impulsively human, she went to the arm of his chair and put her arm around the old man's shoulder.

"Don't, father. . . . I didn't realize how I was hurting you. I didn't realize . . . I don't yet . . . but I understand . . . something of what Sunny means to you. I've never known a mother—or any father but you, or any brother but Sunny. And I never quite knew what it meant. I see better now that I was wrong—and selfish. I shouldn't have said that."

For a long time they sat in silence, neither trusting to speak. Then Anne went over again to the window. She caught a glimpse of Sunny, tennis racket in hand, going to the library—to meet her. All at once there was a tug at her heart. Glancing quickly away, she found the professor at her side, looking at her. She could not bear the pain in his eyes, for she felt the tears growing in hers as she turned away. He spoke:

"You were right, daughter—you were quite right. Disbelieving in war, and understanding many of the reasons why we are involved in this one, I should, in all honor, sacrifice, if needed, even my own son to that truth. You, as nobody else, understand a little how wrapped up I am in him—how dear he is to me—how doubly dear because he cost me his mother's life, and because I promised her always to take care of him, the care she would have given him. And it is easier for you and Sonny to have such strong hearts in a matter of this kind. Your aspirations are untried; your hopes are new. The world has not yet laid its heavy hand upon you. But I—I have lived most of my life now, and in living I learned deeply the truth you were reading in that book: that we may hold honor dearer than life, but that we cannot—MOST of us cannot—hold it dearer than the lives of those dearest to us. In Sonny I see his mother living again—her sweetness, her sympathy, her joyousness, her simplicity. Yet he does not lack the manly qualities, the manly strength, in which I failed today. HE would sacrifice his life for that principle, but I—I cannot!—would not! were a choice given me, sacrifice my boy! My boy! Always my boy, to me. If he is taken, I would die!"

There had never been such a moment in Anne's lifetime. In the presence of his emotion a sword seemed to pierce her own heart also. She loved him as she loved nobody else in the world. He had been a father to her. And it came over her, the truth of what he said: She might be able to sacrifice herself—or Sonny—for honor, but she could not bear to see her father bear the sacrifice of his son! For her father was dearer than honor! Dearer, perhaps, because he was not her real father, for a real father would have owed her the kindness that he had shown her from choice. That, in her life, was the thing that had always touched her girlish gratitude. He

had given her so much of a father's love, without having had a father's responsibility. But he was speaking.

"It has been so, my whole life. I have been a coward—not for myself, but for others. It is as this book tells you. I was wheat; I hated tares. Yet I have not been willing to have all the tares pulled, because some of my wheat might come with it.

"I had the usual expensive, orthodox classical training of the men of my day, of my class. Not till I was almost forty did I finally embrace Socialism. My travels and researches had prevented saving. But I still felt young and brave. Then I married. I had my chair in the college, and my work here was all I was fitted for. Sunny's mother was delicate. It would be only a few years, I thought, until I would be able to get a start. I would stay here quietly and not advertise my new belief until I was in a better position to do so—until she would get better. But she never did. For her sake, I had to provide a few of the best things of life. I could not risk losing my position by flaunting my opinions for a while. Then when she died and left me Sunny, it was the same thing over. He was a sickly child, and I was so afraid of losing him. I kept him under a doctor's constant care. It was expensive. It was important to keep my place.

"Gradually I gave up all my plans. I was getting old. It seemed a hopeless game. I have kept my new light of truth under a bushel. For after all I was only a Latin professor, even though I was as high up as most in the profession. My temperament, my training, were unfitted for propaganda work. I have found little time for writing, and I dared not publish the manuscripts I had. So I have contented myself with indirect influence, lending my books mostly to young tradesmen in the town, and I am giving night lessons in English to the mechanics. They get my books, and perhaps after all my influence has been as great as if I had not been what I am, in a way, a hypocrite."

"You have! I know it!" cried Anne. "You have put me and others on the right track. And so you HAVE been actively working in the field. But there is Sunny again. What would you do if HE were called out?"

"I would have him go—if he will—and hope for the hopeless chance that he may be spared. And then——" His voice broke.

Something in Anne seemed to snap, and she burst out in a sudden blaze of passion: "Father! Isn't it terrible that we who know why—and how—the proposed war may be, that we who are not the dupes of public opinion, the press, the preachers, the capitalists, are forced by circumstances to submit! Or, perhaps, if the militaristic spirit increases, to risk our lives by refusal! There are thousands who think they are fighting for democracy, for their homes, when they go to war. Knowing their sincerity, I can only admire their courage. But how CAN they think they are fighting autocracy, as opposed to democracy, by slaughtering the workers of the nations? How can they think they are fighting to defend their homes by overthrowing the same kind of homes of the same kind of people, with whom they have no quarrel and whom they have never seen? How blindly they will fight at the command of their autocrats! Why can't they see the root of things? We can't help them—they won't be helped. We can't tell them—they won't listen. And we can't help the ones who DO know the causes but who are the victims just the same—like Si and Nobby and Toby and Sunny! Surely something will be done—a brighter, sunnier day will dawn——" She saw her growing incoherency and flushed, but plunged on. "I haven't any right to be selfish, I know.

How can I hope that Sunny and MY friends will be spared—and hope that other girls' brothers and friends will be killed instead? But Sunny, in his fineness, his wholesomeness, like a ray of sunlight on a gloomy day, a breath of fresh air in a vitiated atmosphere—to see all THAT wasted—don't, father! If he goes, I will be more than your own daughter—you will always have me, you know." A tear dropped on the sill before her, falling on the open letter she had read to him. It struck the last paragraph. Dumbly she looked at it, unconscious, and suddenly its meaning flashed to her. "Since it has been rumored that married men probably will not be called out at first—" Anne's heart skipped a beat and then went pounding away. What an idea! COULD she? A musical chime, contrasting with her turbulent mood, sang slowly through the hour.

"Three o'clock already!" she exclaimed. "I promised to play with Sunny at three. And listen, father! I've first thought of a way out—maybe. I'll tell you later." She tried to laugh, but it was a hysterical little laugh, and impulsively she kissed the professor right on the bald top of his bowed head. Laughing again, now merrily, she had seized her racket and was tapping down the steps before the astonished man could recover his senses.

As Anne hurried through the building she forced her face into its usual expression, pausing at the door to make sure that her smile was on straight. Then, with an effort, she fell into her long, athletic stride. She made a vivid picture in her white middie suit, with its blue collar and red tie, for the last hour had put a heightened color in her face and a deeper flash to her eyes. The freshmen all turned to stare, for she was a stranger to them. To avoid the students thronging the class, she "cut campus," something no underclassmen would dare to do; but in spite of her hurry she was delayed all along the way by juniors in their corduroys asking how long she would be there, and by the seniors, distinguished by their somber sombreros, who wanted to know if they could go to the movies or some dance that night, or to-morrow night, or the next.

Sunny, watching impatiently from a library window, saw all this, and tried in vain to kill a certain green monster inside him, which, like the beast of Hercules, seemed to grow larger with every blow given it. As Anne neared the building he suddenly became absorbed in his "History of Art" and, with splendid concentrated enthusiasm, began taking notes from his book. He wrote: "Fra Angelico (1387-1455). Painted madonnas of the gentle, insipid type, like that Toby out there. Same inane grin that would make you wonder if anybody were home, if you didn't know already there wasn't." He seemed to derive comfort from the process, and he continued. "Fra Filippo Lippi (1402-1469). Too bad that Guy Perkins wasn't named that—would just have suited him. It's a double-decked shame that Titian (1477-1576) died before he saw that tie Si Lentz is wearing; he might have got a few new ideas in coloring—"

He turned a page, for he sensed, rather than saw, Anne coming toward him, pausing to whisper some greeting to students at various tables. With painstaking care he was writing out: "Ghirlandajo (1449-14—)" when an unceremonious poke from Anne's racket closed his book and gave him the cue to look up, registering complete surprise.

"What do you think this is?" demanded Anne with mock severity. "Greek art? Then kindly stir your pediment groups, or all the courts will be full."

Sunny looked significantly from the clock to the face above his chair and, rising, prepared to go. As they started he sug-

gested, still significantly: "Who is twenty minutes late already? A gentleman of honor keeps his appointments religiously—religiously, get that?"

They were hurrying along the campus now. "I left father's room promptly at three," defended Anne. "That old library clock—"

"Is exactly with the chime. It seems to me it takes you a long time to walk half a block." He grinned at her—significantly again. "If you're that slow on the count, I won't have any trouble in beating you in love-games today," he added, and wished he had not, for somehow that sounded significant, too. So he began to bounce the balls alternately against the ground.

"Better conserve your energy, then," Anne warned, "if you're going to beat me. A year of wielding the birch should have improved my strong right arm." But she hardly knew what she said, and walked along in silence. Somehow all her old "pep," physical and mental, deserted her. She must think hard how to break the news to him. Well, she would wait until the game. She threw herself into serving with all her might. But she could not play! And so her most ignominious defeat in all their history went on record. Sunny won two sets of love-games!

He approached her at the net with grave solemnity. "This is too cruel. I won't play any more with you; it's too much like the regulation but reprehensible habit of taking candy from kids."

"Why!" exclaimed Anne, with airy indignation. "I merely gave these two to you, so you wouldn't feel so badly next set—"

Sunny's immoderate laughter interrupted her. "Har! Har! She says she gave 'em to me! All right—I took 'em. Now I'll take your racket, too, and we'll take a hike, but first you'll take my sweater, or you might take cold, and—"

"You seem to be good at taking everything but suggestions," cut in Anne, icily—a favorite pose, and one which Sunny hugely enjoyed.

"Sure. I'll take suggestions, too. Got any for me?"

"The biggest one you ever saw." A wave of crimson spread over her face.

"I've got a suggestion, too—this: S'pose you tell yours? What is it?"

No answer.

"What is it?"

No answer.

"All right," he conceded. "I'll have nothing but silence, and but very little of that."

Anne laughed—"I was just thinking."

Sunny clasped his hands and rolled his eyes piously to the skies. "Thank heaven for that," he intoned, fervently.

But somehow the usual careless badinage fell flat. They both sensed it and quit talking. How long they walked, with only occasional remarks, they scarcely realized until Anne called attention to the sunset.

"We'll watch it from here." Sunny pulled her to a log. "This seat was made for us. Rest your back against the tree."

Anne obeyed as a child might have done. He looked at her closely. "You're tired," he said, gently.

Something in his tone made a thrill quiver through her body. "You're cold, too—poor girl! Let me pull your collar up." His fingers tenderly buttoned the throat of the sweater, and when he had finished he let his arm remain around her shoulder.

She made no motion of restraint, but sat with half-closed

(Continued on Page 26)

Forcing System in Farming

By Wesley Zornes

LLANO points the way. The world is in the throes of a death struggle. Germany is fighting for industrial supremacy. The United States, due to her commercial relations, has been drawn into the terrible vortex.

The food supply is dwindling. The people are facing a situation which means undernourished and underfed men, women and children.

In this world crisis every eye is turned toward the farmers, and appeals are being sent out in order that they may see the seriousness of the situation. Every available means to increase the food supply of the nation is being sought. Under the instruction of trained agriculturists, lots and even lawns are being planted to garden stuffs, and still the cost of living continues to climb.

In spite of President Wilson's earnest appeal to the farmers and the speculators in farm products not to speculate on the nation's foodstuffs, every farmer is planting the crop that will bring him the most returns.

Lots are being held at exorbitant rentals by real estate sharks, gamblers in the nation's welfare. The South is still planting cotton, because cotton will bring better returns than other crops. The President's appeals go unheeded in the mad rush for profit.

In spite of the urgent requests of the Department of Agriculture, a very large proportion of the land is standing idle. Some of the best agricultural lands of the sunny Southland are left as harborers of weeds. Land that should be growing from two to three crops of vegetables yearly are only producing one. Sometimes total failure rewards the poor serf or renter.

Fine potato soil is being planted to barley, for more ready cash can be had from hay at the present price. Large walnut groves are left totally barren. Wide strips of land that could be producing foodstuffs are left to leach away, in utter disregard for the fertility of the soil.

Farm owners, in a great many cases, live in the city and rent. The renter must get as much as possible from the soil, for rentals must be met. They naturally, sometimes through ignorance, often wilfully, crop the soil until almost depleted, and then move to another tract. In a great many cases no attempt is made to replace the wasted elements of the soil. In Virginia there are large tracts of land ruined by continued tobacco growing. Similar conditions are prevalent in almost any large agricultural region in the United States.

According to the Agricultural Year Book, 1914, no Southern state is giving sufficient attention to the production of foodstuffs, either for human beings or live stock. The state of Texas imports annually more than fifty million dollars' worth of wheat, corn and oats.

Individualism in agriculture has outgrown its usefulness. Its utter disregard for soil fertility and its waste in the application of labor has in the present crisis shown us that a more efficient method of handling our soils must be evolved, or our country will perish in the struggle for existence. Inefficiency and gross neglect present themselves on every hand. The crisis is near. We must produce more foodstuffs. The great agricultural revolution is upon us. Our farms must be intensified. Machine methods must be evolved, for, with war devastating the world, the flower and manhood of our land will be called to the colors. Labor will be scarce.

Large farm tractors will become an actual necessity. Already manufacturers have had an increased demand for trac-

tors, due to the prohibitive price of horse feed. The small farmer will cease to be a factor. He will soon find himself in competition with machine methods, and as the hand mechanic has been replaced by machine labor, so will the small farmer be forced to the wall by superior methods of production.

J. Ogden Armour, head of the meat trust, is advocating socialized production in order to increase the food supply. Secretary Lane threatened possible confiscation by the government of all unused lands in reclamation tracts of the West.

Agriculturists of the country favor a great industrial army, which would be controlled by the government. Edward Bellamy's great industrial army, it seems, is about to materialize.

As the war progresses, the great powers will be forced, through economic stress, to adopt the most up-to-date and scientific methods known to agriculture. Upon the agricultural output depends the final outcome of the terrible struggle which marks the beginning of the decay of individualism.

What is to be done? The nation stands helpless against the fangs of the speculator and the land shark. Individual inefficiency spells national failure. We have preacher-farmers; doctors, lawyers and even school teachers have tried hard at winning a sustenance from Nature.

Trained agriculturalists represent a helpless minority of the great composite whole. Individually they are lost in the maelstrom of prejudice and superstition that has befogged the brains of so-called farmers for years. Collectively, their training can be used and transmuted for the good of all.

Through their direction waste places will bloom. Soils will be adapted to the crops. Soils will be rebuilt. Great tracts of wheat lands throughout the Middle West can, with methods already evolved, double the yield. What ignorance has torn down, science will rebuild. The ignorant doubting Thomas who has an orchard full of weeds will be relegated to the junk heap.

With experts at the head of every department, efficiency is an assumed fact. Instead of mechanical and professional farmers, Llano's Agricultural Department will be a department of trained farmers. Llano's farm is a farm of specialization. Rapidly specialists are heading every department. This idea of specialization is growing, and not only will there be specialized farmers, but specialized workmen.

Out of chaos we have one guiding star. Llano stands as a monument, around which will grow the great agricultural future—Llano, our hope, our vision; the guiding hand of progress, that points the way from industrial chaos into the Great Co-operative Commonwealth of the future.

When is a Cow Profitable?

(J. W. Ridgway, Texas A. and M. College.)

One cannot too often emphasize the importance of every dairyman keeping a record of the individual performance of every cow in his herd. This subject has been worn threadbare at every dairy meeting held during the last ten years. Nevertheless, dairymen must realize that it is the only means by which they can realize their source of profits, and unless they do this they are in the dark regarding their business, and no individual or concern can prosper under such conditions. The fact is outstanding that a cow producing under 200 pounds of butterfat in a year is an unprofitable cow. In this connection, attention should be called to the value of the manure, a by-product which is often overlooked.

News and Views in Agriculture

How to Plant Vegetables

(United States Department of Agriculture.)

MANY home gardeners wish to know whether it is safe to plant any vegetables in the open ground while there is still some likelihood of light frosts. To aid these home gardeners, the specialists have worked out the following grouping of the common vegetables according to their ability, if planted in the open, to withstand spring frosts. These directions do not apply, of course, to the planting of seeds in hotbeds or seed boxes to secure plants which afterwards are to be transplanted.

Group 1.—Plants not injured by a light frost. These may be planted as soon as the soil can be put in good condition: Cabbage, Irish potatoes, early peas (smooth types as distinguished from wrinkled), onion sets, and salad crops, such as kale, spinach and mustard. At the same time start in seed boxes in the house or in hotbeds tomatoes, eggplant, peppers and cauliflower.

Group 2.—Vegetables which should be planted only after danger of hard frost is over: Lettuce, radishes, parsnips, carrots, beets, wrinkled peas and early sweet corn.

Group 3.—These should be planted after all danger of hard frost is past: String beans and sweet corn (late varieties). A few early tomato plants may also be set out, but care should be taken to protect them from any sudden chilly weather, by providing a shelter of newspapers, boxes, etc.

Group 4.—This group should not be planted until all danger of frost is past and the ground has thoroughly warmed up. Included in this would be: Cucumbers, melons, squashes, pumpkins, Lima beans, tomatoes, eggplant and peppers. Plants of tomatoes, eggplant and peppers which have been grown in boxes or hotbeds should be ready to set in the open at this time.

In order to insure a steady supply of vegetables, crops like beans, peas and lettuce may be planted every three or four weeks, whenever the space is available. Some of these can be planted in the spaces made available by removing the other crops.

If your garden is small, do not attempt to grow potatoes or late sweet corn. It is better to select half a dozen crops which the family likes than to grow fifteen or twenty. If the size of your plot is less than 40x100 feet, or 4,000 square feet, it usually is not advisable to grow late potatoes or late varieties or sweet corn.

Succulent vegetables of all sorts contribute bulk to the diet, and so are valuable from the standpoint of hygiene, because within limits bulkiness is a favorable condition for normal digestion and also of importance in overcoming a tendency to constipation. They are also among the important sources of necessary mineral matters in the ordinary diet.

* * *

Rural Credits

(Dr. Ellwood Mead, University of California.)

The passage of the farm loan bank act creates a new era in financing the farmer. The act grew out of the increasing needs of the farmer for money. Farms have to be better equipped, more money is needed to carry them on. It costs more to grow fruit and other high-priced crops than it used to cost to grow wheat. In every way the farm requires more money in its operation than it did twenty-five years ago. But

we have just come to realize that fact. We have passed a law that looks after the interest and business and commercial enterprise which enables farmers to get money at a reasonable price and on the right terms. But until the passage of the farm loan act there was no means provided that would help the farmer to get money at a reasonable rate of interest or on long enough time to enable him to pay it back out of the earnings of his farm. This act will give the farmer forty years of time, with the privilege of paying up at any time within five years. It will enable him to pay it off in uniform yearly payments, instead of having to pay it off in a single large payment or in a few large payments. If, as seems probable, money can be furnished at 5 per cent, then the addition of the payment of 1 per cent on the principal, or 6 per cent in all, will pay off a debt in thirty-six years. In other words, under this act the farmer can pay off his debt, principal and interest, with a lower annual payment than he now makes for interest alone. It is expected that these banks will be ready to do business this spring.

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Dried Pears Profitable

(F. G. Stokes, Horticultural Commissioner, Kelseyville, Cal.)

The demand for dried pears is certainly on the increase, the markets ever widening and the price with an upward tendency. The question as to whether or not to dry pears is generally settled by the price paid for the particular product, there being much variation in the sugar content and texture of the Bartlett, whether irrigated or non-irrigated, and by the ratio of evaporation from ripe fruit to dried. Where pears in one county dry out from four and five pounds green to one pound dried, in many other localities the ratio is as high as six and seven to one. The higher the ratio, naturally, the higher the cost of manufacturing the dried ton for market. Where it costs, without figuring on wear and tear of plant and interest on investment, from \$35 to \$40 labor, etc., to turn off each dried ton, in some other places it costs \$50 or more, assuming the same scale of wages to be paid; and then, on the side, it might take one or two tons more of the fruit per dried ton. For this reason alone, many counties find it more profitable to sell their pears green to the canner or in nearby cities or to ship in refrigerator cars to the Eastern markets.

* * *

Choosing Breed of Swine

(United States Farmers' Bulletin.)

There is no best breed of swine. Some breeds are superior to others in certain respects, and one breed may be better adapted than another to certain local conditions. The essential point is that after the farmer has once decided upon the kind of hog to raise, he should stick to his decision and develop the chosen breed to its highest possible standard. It is not feasible for one individual to raise several different breeds and bring them to perfection. In making his choice, too, the farmer should be guided by the kind of breeds already established in his locality. If he selects one of these, he is not likely to make a mistake. . . . There are two distinct types of swine—namely, the lard and bacon types. The principal breeds of the lard type are the Poland-China, Berkshire, Chester White, Duroc-Jersey and Hampshire. The principal breeds of the bacon type are the Tamworth and large Yorkshire, both of British origin.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Extent of Co-operation in The United States.

It is roughly estimated that there are 870 co-operative stores in this country. Only two out of the forty-eight states of the Union have been reported as not having co-operative stores. Perhaps fifty of these are prospering; the remainder are not on a firm basis, and are struggling for life because of the inexperience and disloyalty of members within the group and vicious competition on the outside. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the future for the co-operative movement in the United States was never brighter.

The greatest success in the co-operative store movement has been attained by the United Mine Workers in Illinois. The membership of these stores consist of several different nationalities, yet complete harmony reigns constantly. Twelve of these stores in one quarter did a business of \$200,000.00, and declared an average dividend on purchases of over eight per cent. These Illinois stores are federated into what is known as the Central States Co-operative Society, have a central auditing system, plan to establish central buying, and intend to unite with the store societies of neighboring states.

Co-operation among the farming class is growing by leaps and bounds. The Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union is active in twenty-three states and has three and a half million members. The purpose of this organization is to encourage all forms of co-operation. The organized farmers in Oklahoma have a hundred successful co-operative stores. One of the most important agrarian movements is the Non-Partisan League in the Northwestern States, the purpose of which is to organize a general revolt of the farming element against exploitation by affiliating with the labor unions and by establishing agricultural co-operatives. This movement is, perhaps, the most powerful in America. Co-operative marketing organizations are springing up by the hundreds. In California, this movement is best typified by the California Associated Raisin Company, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and the California Almond Growers' Exchange.

Industrial or mechanical co-operation has not been so successful. Usually this is due to the failure of the organizations to work in connection with the organized consumer. Among the successful ones, however, can be mentioned three glass companies, one boot and shoe concern, two laundries, three barrel manufacturing companies, five bakeries and three cigar factories. The Independent Harvester Company has several thousand farmer members. Five successful silk co-operatives exist in Paterson, New Jersey. Three highly successful printing and publishing co-operatives are operated by the Finns in Chicago.

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An Illustration of Practical Co-operation.

From Arcadia, Florida, comes an instance of the value of co-operation and the broad spirit of mutual helpfulness which it inculcates. The orange growers of that community are associated into an organization known as the Associated Orange Growers. During February, a hard frost damaged the orange crop, and many of the members would have secured nothing for the year's work had it not been for the co-operative spirit shown by the more fortunate ones. The extent of the damage was determined by the Association, and sixty per cent of the value of the total crop was voted to each member, regardless of the damage suffered by each individual. Men who had not suffered were paid but sixty per cent of the worth of their crop. Those who had no crop to sell were paid sixty per cent of the value of the crop they might have had had no frost injured it. The fortunate shared with the unfortunate, and each member fared comfortably as a result of the year's work.

* * *

Effect of War on the Co-operative Movement

In considering developments likely to affect the general welfare of the movement after the war, it is well that we should remember the things that have gone before. For nothing else proves how very ably the co-operative movement has kept its head, so to speak. Its cautiousness may be said to be the chief factor of its stability. The outbreak of war brought with it all the possibilities of an economic crisis; commercial breakdown seemed imminent. The co-operative movement, however, remained wonderfully true to its traditions, did much to avert a food panic, and kept retail prices at normal levels in many places while its pre-war stocks lasted. During the war it has further demonstrated the value of

working-class control of the means of life as a check to profiteering. During 1915 some 210,714 new members joined the movement, taking its total membership to close upon the four-million figure. Its sales increased by fourteen and a half millions, while its total sales reached the gigantic sum of one hundred and two millions. The financial position of the movement is practically unaffected by the war. It fact, it may claim to have been strengthened by the general prosperity of the movement and the growing utilization by the Trades Unions of co-operative banking facilities. No section of the nation has stood more firm, in fact, all through the changes of the war than the co-operative movement. Statistics prove it will emerge from the war considerably stronger in membership, finances, and one dares to add, moral purpose.—George Stanton in *Co-operators' Year Book*, England.

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Shortage of Tin for Canned Goods.

All tin is likely to be commandeered by the English Government. All co-operative societies using tins for packing and other purposes are preparing for a future shortage.—*The Producer*, England.

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Canadian Co-operative Apple Production.

Canadian apples today are known the world over, and, while the industry is still in its infancy in some parts of the Dominion, it is well established in others, as, for instance, in Nova Scotia, where for some years past the organization of co-operative fruit companies has made notable progress. There are now over thirty-two of these, and most of them are in the combination known as The United Fruit Companies, which probably handles something like half the season's apple crop of the province.—Walter Haydn in *The Producer*, England.

* * *

Co-operation the Keystone of Civilization

Modern civilization is based upon confidence and co-operation. Confidence is the foundation upon which all modern business rests; co-operation, the keystone that unites the separate units and gives strength to the whole structure. The progress and advancement of a certain article together with its trade prestige or superiorities, are usually found in exactly that degree that its producers may have co-operated to that end.—California Almond Growers' Exchange.

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Value of Growers' Organizations

The value of growers' organizations is no longer a matter for theoretical discussion. It is a demonstrated, practical business fact, now in actual successful business operation. It is also not true that co-operative business is extravagant and inefficient. This is a purely theoretical assertion which "practical" men have parroted so often that they have hypnotized themselves into believing it. The chief wastages, extravagances and crookednesses are, and always have been, in private business. The best-run agricultural marketing institutions in existence are the semi-governmental Landwirtschaftsrath organizations in Germany, and the completely governmental currant cartel in Greece and coffee pool in Brazil. Illiterate Russian peasants, in their political mirs, look after their farming business better than their educated neighbors under private ownership. If the evidence of facts means anything, it means that the traditional business theory about private efficiency and co-operative inefficiency is a pure hallucination.—Fresno Morning Republican.

* * *

Government Issues Bulletin on Co-operation

The importance of the modern co-operative movement is shown by the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued a bulletin from the Office of Markets and Rural Organization which deals exhaustively with the subject of co-operative stores in the United States. The history of the movement is delved into, the plan of organization in general treated comprehensively, and the methods of financing, crediting, purchasing, selling and accounting discussed in a broad manner. The publication is written by J. A. Bexell, Dean of the School of Commerce, Oregon Agricultural College; Hector McPherson, Director, Bureau of Markets, Oregon Agricultural College; and W. H. Kerr, Investigator in Market Business Practice, Office of Markets and Rural Organizations, United States Department of Agriculture. The bulletin may be secured by writing to the Department for Department Bulletin No. 394.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books By D. Bobspa

"The Truth About the Medical Profession."

"The Truth About the Medical Profession" gives the views of an honest physician, J. A. Bevan, M. D. Humor and sarcasm, ridicule and satire, abound in the philosophical book. The introduction by the son of Dr. Bevan, Mr. Gordon Bevan, and his notes constitute a large part of the text. The bugaboos of the medical world are shown in broad daylight, and the reader of this treatise will no longer fear the quackery of the medical leeches upon society.

The author bases his philosophy on economic study and disease found to be in large measure the result of low wages, ignorance of the people, and the need of the physicians to operate for practice on the poor that they may filch large fees for similar operations on the rich. Operations, vaccination, the doping with drugs, and the whole range of medical hocus-pocus that helps to kill off the human race and keep the people from getting their share of the world's goods, find an enemy who intelligently dissects their hollow claims.

It is shown clearly that it is absolutely impossible for the medical profession to be honest and live. Dr. Bevan quotes examples of the criminal ignorance where the medicine killed patients—contending that medicine hampers nature in its cures and any patient will recover far better without than with the concoctions guessed at by physicians.

But it is by no means only as an exposure of the quackery of medicine the book is worth while. Dr. Bevan and his equally gifted son have caught a broad vision of democracy. They have brought to bear on their philosophical studies a wide range of general information and clear intellects. Hardly a phase of human activity is left out of the rapid-fire survey of human society. The medical craft is only one of the many-sided citadel of special privilege attacked by the Bevans. Their little book ought to be widely circulated. It is time humanity cast aside the hoary myths of the Dark Ages. We laugh at the "medicine man" of the naked savage and submit calmly to more silly and far deadlier practices on the part of our own bungling physicians. "The Truth About the Medical Profession" ought to circulate as freely as the Sanger propaganda and the Walsh report. It is a sane, non-hysterical, economic, philosophical, human document with an enlightening message. (Price \$1. Published by the author, 914 Myrtle street, Oakland, Cal.)

* * *

"In the Claws of the German Eagle."

The first sane book on the Great War from the pen of a newspaper correspondent has fallen into my hands. Albert Rhys Williams tells his experiences of the early days of the conflict in 1914 in his sketches, "In the Claws of the German Eagle." Mr. Williams spent seven years as a social worker in the slums of Boston and New York; so mere battle sights were tame to him. He dedicates his book "to those who see beyond the red mists of war." In our present state of national hysteria it will be hard to read this unbiased book by a cool-headed American.

He tells of the unavailing search of weeks in all Belgium for a bona fide atrocity specimen. There were terrible evidences of the full horror of war, but the atrocity victims were always "back in such and such a village, etc."

"Let no one attempt to gloss the cruelties perpetrated in Belgium," he continues. "My individual wish is to see them pictured as crimson as possible, that men may the fiercer revolt against the shame and horror of this red butchery called war. But this is a record of just one observer's reactions and experiences in the war zone. After weeks in this contested ground, the word 'atrocity' now calls to my mind hardly anything I saw in Belgium, but always the savageries I have witnessed at home in America."

"For example, the organized frightfulness that I once witnessed in Boston. Around the strikers picketing a factory were the police in full force and a gang of thugs. Suddenly, at the signal of a shrill whistle, sticks were drawn from under coats and, right and left, men were felled to the cobblestones. . . . If in normal times these men can lay aside every semblance of decency and turn into raging fiends, how much greater cause is there for such a transformation to be wrought under stress of war when, by government decree, the sixth commandment is suspended and killing has become glorified. At any rate my experiences in America make credible the tales told in Belgium."

Much of the author's aplomb came from his experiences with Gremberg, a Belgian private. "If I had been born a Boche, I know that I would act just like any Boche. I would do just as I was ordered to." "But the men who do the ordering, the officers and military caste, the whole Prussian outfit?" "Well, I have it in for that crowd, but you see I'm a Socialist, and I know they can't help it. They get their orders from the capital-

ists." . . . "Well, I suppose that you are pretty well cured of your Socialism, because it failed, like everything else." "Yes, it did, but at any rate the people are surprised at Socialists killing one another—not at the Christians. And anyhow if there had been twice as many priests and churches and lawyers and high officials that would not have delayed the war. It would have come sooner; but if there had been twice as many Socialists there would have been no war."

A picture of Gremberg forms the frontispiece of the volume—one of the many graphic pictures from war photographs. The writer is fair and unprejudiced. He gives scores of intimate pictures of life in both the armies of the Allies and of the Germans in those early days of the war. (New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

* * *

"The Principles of Natural Taxation."

C. B. Fillerbrown, author of "A. B. C. of Taxation" and "Taxation," brings his subject to date in "The Principles of Natural Taxation," "showing the origin and progress of plans for the payment of all public expense from economic rent." The book contains portraits of Henry George, Edwin Burgess, Sir John Macdonnell and Thomas G. Shearman. Part I, "The Authorities," deals with Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Patrick Edward Dove, Edwin Burgess, Sir John Macdonnell, Henry George, Rev. Edward McGlynn and Thomas G. Shearman. The second part treats of the following sidelights: "A Burdenless Tax: The Threefold Support Upon Which the Single Tax Rests"; "Land: The Rent Concept—the Property Concept"; "Taxation and Housing: The Taxation of Privilege"; "Thirty Years of Henry George, with a Record of Achievements"; Henry George and the "Economists"; "The Professors and the Single Tax"; "A Catechism of Natural Taxation." The appendix reviews briefly the theories of the Physiocrats, Thomas Spence, William Ogilvie, Thomas Paine and Herbert Spencer.

"The object of this compilation," writes Mr. Fillerbrown, "is to trace the metamorphosis of the land question into the rent question; of the equal right to land into the joint right to the rent of the land; of the common use of the earth into the collective enjoyment of ground rent; of the nationalization of land into the socialization of its rent; of private property in land, including the private appropriation of its rent, into the public appropriation of that rent without disturbance of the private ownership of land."

There is a great deal of matter that will be new to most general readers. In view of the national indorsement of the Great Adventure campaign in California to restore the land to the people immediately, the volume should have a special national significance. (Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

* * *

"Social Forces in American History."

A comrade in Kentucky a few years ago took A. M. Simons' "Social Forces in American History" and James Oneal's "Workers in American History" as his texts. It was nearly a year before the parents learned what he was doing to their children. He is now out of the teaching profession. You can't have the truths of American history taught in the American schools. You were taught a lot of lies cooked up to make you patient slaves.

The People's College of Fort Scott, Kansas, is conducting a low-priced course in American history, conducted by Mr. Simons, consisting of thirty lessons. You can learn all about it in a booklet giving the outline of the course by sending a card to the college. The studies are based principally on "Social Forces in American History."

Recently I have looked over the revised edition of this volume. It is one of those books that ought to be in every home, for surely it is worth while for the working class to know the truth about American history.

Do you know what three inventions destroyed feudalism? That most of the "Revolutionary fathers," including Samuel Adams and George Washington, were smugglers and land speculators? That the organized labor movement of a century ago demanded universal suffrage and founded our public school system? Why the first labor unions after the Civil War were secret organizations? These and scores equally valuable are told by Simons in his history. It is based on the best researches of the leading college authorities, and not one fact is in dispute. Yet not one school in America except the People's College dares proclaim it as its textbook. It is written in calm and scientific language, in scholarly style. (New York. The Macmillan Company.)

Dearer Than Honor

(Continued from page twenty-one)

eyes, watching the dying colors of the sky. She had thought it was going to be easy—but NOW!

Impulsively she reached out and took his hand. That would make it easier. Suddenly she stiffened up, and slowly, haltingly at first, she began the dreaded "suggestion." Then fluently, eagerly, earnestly, she threw herself into her words, for that was Anne's way. Unfolding her plan, she held his startled, fascinated gaze, explaining, as she went, her reasons for it. Then abruptly she stopped and dropped his hand. She had poured out her impulsive plans and now she felt cold. A dull feeling of pain surged over her, and with the fleeting of her impulse came the frantic wish that she had not spoken. What could he think? If he would only say something! She looked at him; the misery in her eyes was matched in his.

"Anne!" His words seemed a cry, although he spoke quietly. "Ever since you've known me you've been hurting me. The time you spilled hot sulphuric acid in the lab, and it burned through my tennis shoes to my instep; the day you accidentally scratched my arm with your absurdly long fingernails; and when you scarred my face with your ridiculous fencing. And all the time you've treated me like a baby, and flirted with all the other fellows. But all that was nothing to this—when you imply that you want to make a sacrifice of yourself and marry me just to keep me from having to go to war. Maybe I'm just a kid. But I'm old for my years, in spite of what you all think. I'm more of a man than you think. I'd rather die a thousand times than do that! Just to keep me and father from being hurt!"

"You don't care, then?" breathed Anne, abashed at his vehemence.

"About dying? No! When you feel that way. About YOU, Anne? I've always cared! I think you knew that even if I never told you. You wouldn't have taken me any more seriously than the others. I am just that young upstart."

His bitterness stung her. She, too, was suffering. She put her hand on his shoulder. "But Sunny—there's your father; and I can't see any other way out if the 'selective draft' takes the proposed form. If you go to war and get killed, it will kill him. I told you everything he said. You are dearer to him than his life—his honor. You don't like the idea. But it might save his life. Your father, Sunny—isn't HE as dear to you—as LIFE?"

"You know he is!" he exclaimed, hotly, "and in honor I should be willing to do this thing—since you wish it. But you are forgetting the rest of what you said. My father is dearer than honor, and even for honor's sake I could not sacrifice YOU!"

Anne had not foreseen this. It was something terrible—yet wonderful! For a moment she forgot her plea, and asked, smilingly tremulous: "But the old Spanish idea, Sunny? 'I had not loved thee half so well loved I not honor more!'"

"That is a theory! I don't believe it! If it is true, I am a coward." He stood up and looked down at her. "Anne! what are you doing? He stooped to pull her hands away from her face. "Anne! Don't—please!"

She arose and, unashamed, let the tears fall down her cheeks. "Don't, Anne!" he begged. "You say you wish it, but it is just one of your sympathetic impulses—perhaps a sense of duty toward father and me. It isn't right. You don't love me—I've known that too well! And I cannot let you do it—

even for father's sake. Such a sacrifice from anybody would be horrible. From YOU, Anne, it would be intolerable!"

"Sunny, dear." Her voice shook, but she met his eyes squarely and she put both hands on his shoulders. "Maybe you did know part of the truth before, but it's wrong, now. I knew you pretty well—better than I knew myself; and, even if I didn't admit it to myself, I did know that you cared for me. . . . But I didn't know, till now, that I really cared for you, too—that way."

The Socialist City

(Continued from page fourteen)

It must be remembered that women are as individual in their tastes and abilities as men, only their expression has been rigidly repressed into one channel by their economic slavery through the ages. The fact that the girl very commonly "takes after" the father, would be enough in itself to vitiate the theory of the intrinsic conventionality of women. Relieved of the thankless and unending drudgery of an inconceivably stupid and inefficient system, by which her labors are confiscated and her burdens aggravated in every possible way, she springs forward with astonishing elasticity and power. To accuse her of lack of originality and organizing capacity is most unjust. These manifestations have been imputed to her as crimes. She has been most strictly drilled from babyhood to isolation in the home and to conformity, while her brother was stimulated to aggressive individuality by contact with the larger world. In the Socialist City the home will no longer be a Procrustian bed to which each feminine personality must be made to conform by whatever maiming or fatal spiritual or intellectual oppression, but a peaceful and beautiful environment in which she will have leisure to pursue her duties as wife and mother, which are now usually neglected in the overwhelming press of cooking and cleaning.

She will also have time in the intervals of her rightful occupations, or when they are unfortunately denied her, for the activities which are personal expressions, her individual contribution to the welfare of the community.

Making Wood Pulp for Paper

(Continued from page fifteen)

brings us to the drying process, which consists of a series of hollow iron drums, thirty-eight in number—one row of nineteen above the other, but not directly so, the edge of the upper being over the center of the lower. These drums are somewhat longer than the sheet of pulp to be dried and are heated on the inside with the exhaust steam from the engines.

As these drums revolve slowly the damp sheet of pulp passes over them, first over the top one and then down under the lower one, and so on through the series of drums in a continuous ribbon-like sheet of snowy whiteness. After the sheet leaves the drums it is reeled on a shaft about sixteen inches in diameter. As it is being reeled, two circular, knife-edged disks cut the sheets into three sections as it is wound into a roll.

After the roll has acquired the proper size, the three sections are taken from the shaft on which they have been wound, and each section is wrapped with the same material, cut in proper dimensions for the purpose, and bound and tied with heavy cord.

In this form the pulp is then shipped to regular paper mills, where it is converted into paper for high-class magazines and other high-class paper.

First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace

REALIZATION of the futility of the convention of the Socialist party held in St. Louis, April 7, and which adopted a majority report that has already involved prominent Socialists in trouble with the authorities, has undoubtedly animated some of those prominent in that convention who are instrumental in calling the First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, May 30.

Some of the cooler heads at the St. Louis convention warned the convention of the danger in which they placed themselves and their comrades in adopting and recommending for circulation the majority report adopted at that time. The "Milwaukee Leader" under date of May 19 in a news item reports . . . "United States authorities, without warrant or observing any process of law, raided the state headquarters of the Socialist party of Indiana and seized all literature bearing on war. . . . The raid is thought to be due to a speech made in the Senate of the United States by Hastings, Wisconsin, when he bitterly attacked the majority report on war and militarism of the National Socialist Convention."

The WESTERN COMRADE, in editorials, pointed out the danger contained in the majority report. Already the danger has been made apparent. California representatives were unable to carry through their clearly outlined program of constructive measures, pertinent to the needs of the day and built on the vital issues of the war.

The New York conference is assumed to be called by those who realize that the Socialists of America have failed at the moment of the supreme test. There is no other radical organization envisioned to the degree of being able to see through the immediate issues of the day on toward the end of the war with its reconstruction period. American Socialists are denied, by the American government, the right to participate in the convention called to be held in Stockholm; passports will not be given them and severe penalties are threatened for any American Socialists who defy the government and take part. American Socialists have not justified the United States government in believing they are wholly loyal and the attitude will be unfavorable to them so long as this condition prevails.

There is left, then, no organized movement in the United States that is gifted with foresight to plan ahead. Therefore, leading Socialists, radicals of other activities, and those prominent in great social movements have united in calling the conference. Invitations have been sent broadcast, as follows:

You are cordially invited to participate in the First American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, which is to be held in New York City on May 30th and 31st.

The purpose of this conference will be to clarify public opinion of the issues arising out of America's participation in the war; to devise means for safeguarding American liberty and democracy; and to formulate the demands of forward-looking Americans as to the terms of the coming peace.

It is also hoped that from this gathering will result such co-operation, co-ordination, and solidarity of the democratic forces of this country as will make their voice most effective in the councils of the nation.

The enclosed tentative platform will serve as the basis for the discussions of the conference. It is presupposed that organizations and individuals participating are in substantial agreement with the principles set forth therein.

We earnestly request that you appoint delegates to represent your

organization at the conference. Kindly facilitate the administration of the undertaking by a prompt reply.

Very sincerely your,

EMILY G. BALCH,

Former President, Boston Woman's Trade Union League

JOSEPH D. CANNON,

Organizer Inter'l Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union

MORRIS HILLQUIT,

Member National Committee of the Socialist Party.

RABBI JUDAH L. MAGNES,

The reason for the conference is given in the "Call to Action," which states:

A CALL TO ACTION

It is now less than six weeks since the United States entered the world war. In that short space of time the grip of militarist hysteria has fastened itself upon the country; conscription is being placed upon our statute books; the pernicious "gag" bill is about to be forced through Congress; standards to safeguard labor, carefully built up through years, have been swept aside; the right of free speech has been assailed; halls have been closed against public discussion, meetings broken up, speakers arrested—and now the danger of a permanent universal military training law confronts us.

While all this military organization is going on in America, rumors of peace come to us from Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia. Shall it be said that we, the latest to enter the war, are less concerned about the early establishment of a peace based on justice for all?

We call on all American citizens to unite with us in the First American Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace, at the Holland House, on May 30 and 31, to discuss how best we can aid our government in bringing to ourselves and the world a speedy, righteous and enduring peace.

May 7, 1917.

A tentative program is announced, organizing and executive committees have been appointed, and the support of broad-minded, energetic, influential men and women throughout the United States have been secured. The invitation is signed by:

James H. Maurer, Harrisburg, Pa.; Victor L. Berger, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; A. J. Boulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; James J. Bagley, Brooklyn; Rose Schneidermann, New York; John C. Kennedy, Chicago; Edward J. Cassidy, New York; Joseph Schlossberg, New York; E. Baroff, New York; Henri Bereche, New York; Roy Brazzle; Mary Kenney O'Sullivan, Medford, Mass.; Arthur LeSueur, Kansas City, Missouri; Algernon Lee, New York; James O'Neil, Boston, Mass.; Harry Laidler, New York; Julius Gerber, New York; Julian Pierce, Washington, D. C.; Job Harriman, Llano, California; Winter Russell, New York; Harry Weinberger, New York; Rt. Rev. Paul Jones, Salt Lake City; Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; Rev. Richard W. Hogue, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Sidney Strong, Seattle, Wash.; Rev. H. L. Canfield, Woodstock, Vermont; L. Hollingsworth Wood, New York; David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, California; Simon N. Patten, University of Pennsylvania; Scott Nearing, Toledo, Ohio; William I. Hull, Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania; Harry L. W. Dana, Columbia University, New York; Lindley Miller Keasbey, University of Texas; Harry A. Overstreet, New York; Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, President Hobo College, Chicago; Brent Dow Allinson, Cambridge, Mass.; Grace DeGraff, Portland, Ore.; James McKeen Cattell, New York; Randolph Bourne, New York; May Wright Sewall; Daniel Kiefer, Cincinnati, O.; Amy Mali Hicks, New York; Frank Stephens, New York; Mrs. Glendower Evans, Boston, Mass.; Helena S. Dudley, Waltham, Mass.; Lenora Warne-son, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Lola Maverick Lloyd, Winnetka, Ill.; Mrs. Elsie Borg Goldsmith, New York; Margaret Lane, New York; Edward Berwick, San Francisco, Cal.; John Reed, Croton-on-Hudson; Edward T. Hartman, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. L. C. Beckwith, Providence, R. I.; Miss Crystal Eastman, Croton-on-Hudson; Anna F. Davies, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry R. Linville, New York.

Letters from Our Readers

Colonist for Twenty Years

Editor Llano Colonist: My first attention was called to Socialism in reading about the Ruskin Colony in Tennessee some twenty years ago. Thus my idea of co-operation and Socialism was linked from the beginning. My first lessons in Socialism taught about the Co-operative Commonwealth and National Co-operation. I read the Coming Nation, the Appeal to Reason and other literature describing the workings of the Ruskin Colony from its beginning to its untimely death in Georgia. I read a paper two years, the name of which I have forgotten now, established by a colony which flourished on the shores of Puget Sound many years ago. I can't recall the name of that colony now. I was an earnest seeker for their faith and an eager reader of their progress. My wife and daughter wanted to go. The pictures they saw of this colony life, showing the blessings of co-operation, was a rising star in their lives. But alas! this colony, too, went down! "Faith" in Socialism—died. But I hung my faith upon political Socialism and fought the good but losing fight.

The Farmers' Union and many growers' associations came upon the scene with their plans of co-operation, but these all fell far short of giving the relief the world seeks.

Without going into detail as to the failures of Socialist efforts at co-operation, I will say right here that unless the Socialist party proves its faith by its works, as you and others are doing, it will die a natural death. The Oklahoma Socialist party, in its last state convention, adopted a report indorsing all co-operative efforts, inside or outside the party.

How encouraging it is to learn, after all the dismal attempts at co-operation, of the brilliant success at Llano! Again the wife and children ask to go, and we are straining every effort to make our desire a reality. Tired and sick of the competitive war, we hope soon to dodge our enemy and flee to the "City of Refuge"—Llano.—G. M. Fowler, Okla.

* * *

Likes Llano Papers

When you print "Write what you like best in our paper" you are asking something rather difficult from us, who are not accustomed to expressing ourselves in writing.

First, I like the spirit of Socialism breathed in every line; the points of view and the conclusions to which Socialism brings one are much needed. Most Socialists are converts and require the education your paper gives how Socialism works out practically. I was in hopes you would give an example of Meyer London, our only Socialist Representative. When the war started he brought a measure before Congress to put an embargo on foodstuffs going out of the United States. No one spoke on the subject, and he was the only one who voted for it. Because he was a Socialist, he had the vision and the conscience to stand for the Socialist principles, and it is only now, after nearly three years, when the damage is done, that Congress has waked up enough to wrestle with the subject.

Another thing I like about your paper is that it attends strictly to its own business, which is to exploit Llano and Socialism. The usual newspaper is of two kinds, both tiresome beyond endurance, and you have avoided both these kinds—the city paper, with its encyclopediac knowledge, and its "mays" and "it is saids," which leaves a confused jumble in the mind; and the country newspaper, which aims to have absolutely nothing in it—not even the local news—for fear of making somebody mad.

Your paper is condensed and, while entertaining on account of the life it expresses, it also gives us the world news, for which we pay for the paper.

I don't know that it is the way the paper "is made up," as they say, but it is the kindred spirit I find expressed in it; hardly worth mention-

ing, but little things I had thought of for years that I never heard any one say, and it pleases me to read it in your paper. For years I have said the house I was going to build would have a flat roof, and, while my friends said I was crazy, your paper said it was the way Llano houses were to be built. The common sense and the advanced spirit of the experiment of Llano appeals to me wonderfully. It does my soul good to read in the paper of the plans that are to be for the benefit of all. The communities in which I have lived have been absolutely hidebound. No one can or will do anything never done before, because no one else has ever done it. Your paper tells us in Llano you are free from such bondage.

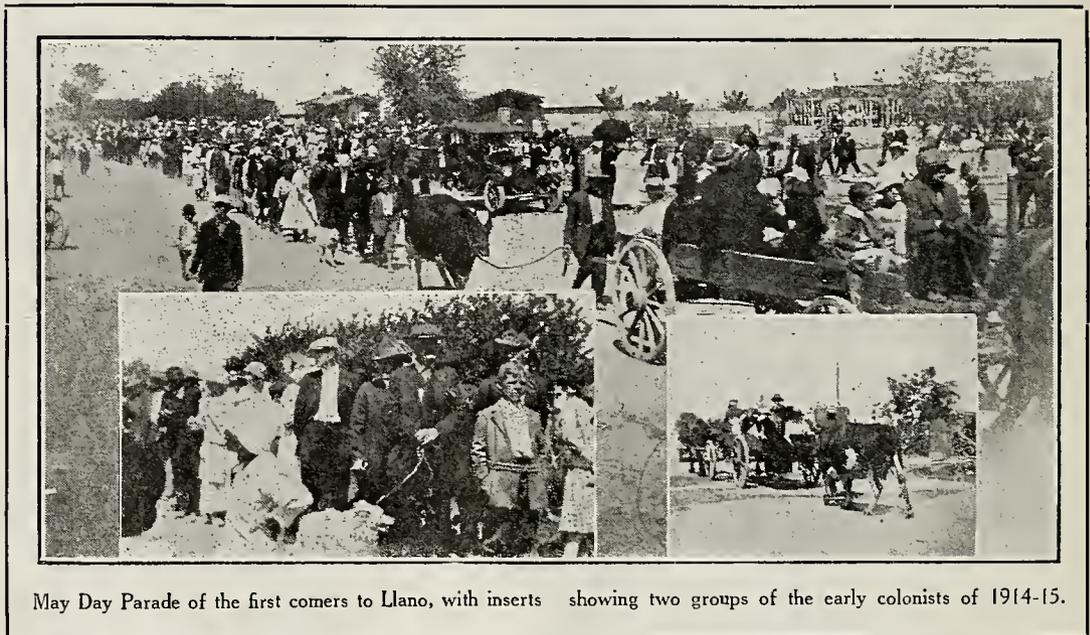
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MRS. G. L. SHURICK, Ohio.

Thinks Everyone Should Subscribe

I received all the literature you sent to me, and, after reading almost every word with great interest, I was very much pleased with the splendid progress that is being made by the Llano colonists. It is indeed inspiring to know that in a short time such progress has been made towards the great ideal and principles upon which our future civilization must be shaped.

In order to show the extent of my interest in the Llano Colony, I inclose



May Day Parade of the first comers to Llano, with inserts showing two groups of the early colonists of 1914-15.

money order for the WESTERN COMRADE and LLANO COLONIST. Furthermore, I wish to declare my intention to apply for membership in the near future. Fraternaly yours,

* * *

M. B., Arizona.

Much Interested in Llano

Dear Comrade: You wanted us readers of the Western Comrade to vote upon the articles printed in the Western Comrade from time to time, and express our preference, giving first, second and third choice, etc. Now, comrades, I have no particular choice to give in what I have read in the Western Comrade, for almost every article has met with my approval, and to make a choice would, to my mind, be showing partiality among the writers. There is not an article in the Western Comrade but what I have read, and I am so anxious to get all the news that I can hardly wait from time to time for the next issue to come. And, so that I might hear from the Colony more often, I subscribed for the Llano Colonist, and by getting the Colonist once a week it seems to shorten the time between each issue of the Western Comrade. For my part I want to hear from all, and upon all things, that will show what the colonists are doing, and what is in the minds of comrades, pertaining to the developing of all our ideals. By writing and expressing our thoughts that come into our minds from time to time, regardless of the correct way of expressing them, only tend towards broadening our minds upon the things for which we are striving, and often put a thought into another mind who can with more accuracy express the thought so as to accomplish the desired result.

ROBERT S. DARNELL.

Aditorial by the Circulation Manager

Can You Combine Practice With the Study of Theory?

A SHORT time ago we tried out a little experiment.

We wrote a letter to each of the persons in the Grand Membership Circulation Contest asking for their experiences in getting subscriptions for the Llano Publications.

And here is the argument that we found our contest members met most frequently:

"I already get so many Socialist papers that I cannot take another; haven't time to read those that I am already taking."

The Llano Publications are the only ones in the country that tell of the principles of Socialism being applied.

Now what would you think of a man who went to church every Sunday and said his prayers every night and devoutly and sincerely worshipped God, but who refused to make an effort to put the principles of Christianity into general operation?

You would laugh at him, of course.

But stop a minute. What of the Socialist who reads of the Socialist theory, absorbs every word of the wisdom of Marx, knows the "Communist Manifesto" by heart, is on the mailing lists of many Socialist papers and magazines, yet will not study the practice of Socialism?

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is the practice of the principles of Socialism. It makes no difference whether you believe co-operative colonies can succeed or not, the fact remains that virtually every Socialist principle is in active, every-day use in Llano today.

What's the use of learning all the fine points of Socialism if you don't make any attempt to put them into practice? What would be the use of learning all there is to know about

medicine if you would refuse to treat a patient?

When any Socialist tells you that he has so many Socialist papers that he has no time to read any more, direct his attention to the fact that he is missing the fruit of all his study.

Make it clear to him that he is theoretically right, but ask him if he knows for certain that Socialism will work. Ask him how he could prove it to an unbeliever.

In Llano we are practicing Socialism. No other paper in the country can tell of the progress this handful of brave Socialist pioneers are making.

You know how we respect the old-time Socialists who went out and soap-boxed on the streets, who got themselves put into jail because they were Socialists, who sacrificed friends and home and fortune and everything for the sake of the principles they believed in. They were courageous, stout-hearted men and women.

But what of these modern Socialists who have the courage to put into present-day operation the things they believe in? Are they any less courageous? How open-minded is the Socialist who refuses even to read of what they are doing? How can he hope to convince other people that Socialism is practical and beneficent, when he will not himself show faith in the thing he stands for?

What can you expect of the unconverted when Socialists themselves refuse to investigate, or even to read of, the progress of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony which is demonstrating the things they have preached for so many years?

These are not idle questions. They are the questions that we expect our readers to ask Socialists everywhere. They are the questions that point the difference between mere ineffectual

talk and purposeless opposition to existing conditions, and the positive position of really doing the things we think are right and which we are asking others to accept as being right.

Socialists everywhere are discouraged, disgusted, hopeless.

But there is no reason to be. Our principles are correct—Llano is proving that. It is the application of them that the people are looking for. Our method of teaching must be adapted to the time. We have virtually graduated the primer class in Socialism. The people of the country are willing to concede that Socialism is probably right. But they demand proof.

They are now promoted to another class. We must teach this new class. The old propaganda they know. They do not want it over and over again, any more than a little child wants to read the same book over and over.

Our opportunity is greater than ever before. The whole world is teaching Socialism as never before. It is our time to profit by it. But we must take advantage of the conditions of the day if we are to do this.

Llano is the example. It is the most perfect and complete example of co-operation in the world. It convinces. We must direct the attention of every Socialist to it. We must get every Socialist to use it as an argument, the most convincing of all arguments. And to do that it is necessary to push the circulation of the Llano Publications. Will you help? Will you get just one Socialist of your acquaintance to reading of the actual practice of Socialism?

The COLONIST is 50c a year, or \$1.00 for a club of three. The COMRADE is 75c a year, or 50c in clubs of four or more.

Both to one address are \$1.00 a year or 75c in clubs of four or more.

Canadian rates are \$1.00 a year for either the COMRADE or the COLONIST. No club rates apply outside of the United States.

The Truth About the Medical Profession

By John A. Bevan, M. D., Columbia University.
(Inventor of the Oesophagoscope)

Grand Ave. Temple Bldg., Kansas City, April 13, 1917.

"... It impresses me very favorably indeed."

"I find a splendid philosophy underlying 'The Truth About the Medical Profession,' which goes far deeper than the exposure of quackery, and its subtle sarcasm and humor are delightful. The writer's mastery of his subject is apparent, as is his fundamental democracy and knowledge of the ills which beset humanity."
—Extract from letter from FRANK P. WALSH, Chairman of Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.

"'The Truth About the Medical Profession' gives the views of an honest physician. Humor and sarcasm, ridicule and satire, abound in the philosophical book. . . . The bugaboos of the medical world are shown in broad daylight, and the reader of this treatise will no longer fear the quackery of the medical leeches upon society. . . . Hardly a phase of human activity is left out of the rapid-fire survey of human society. . . . The book ought to be widely circulated. . . . It is a sane, non-hysterical, economic, philosophical, human document with an enlightening message."—Extracts from review in OAKLAND WORLD, May 4, 1917.

RYAN WALKER, the well-known cartoonist, writes: "I have delayed in acknowledging 'The Truth About the Medical Profession,' because I wanted to read it carefully. I enjoyed your caustic and keen satire, and I only wish that you could get a wide circulation for your showing up of the fakes and humbugs of the medical profession."

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June 30 Closes the Contest

This is the month to get in your best work. The results have been gratifying. Thousands are reading of the Colony who had never before heard of it.

Discouraged Socialists have seen the dawn of a new hope. Sane methods of educating the people to Socialism have inspired constructive Socialists with new zeal.

Non-Socialists have been interested in the theory of Socialism through reading of the success of applied principles. Concentrated Socialist effort instead of scattered, sporadic work is achieving results.

It is impressing the reading, thinking public.

Now for a Whirlwind Finish

The contest began with the beginning of 1917; it closes when the year is half through, June 30.

Workers throughout the country are spreading the story of "Co-operation in Action."

As soon as possible after June 30 the premiums will be awarded.

Some one will get a membership.

Someone else will get half a membership.

Others will be well rewarded for their efforts in the behalf of Socialism.

Now is the time for every contestant to do his part. No matter whether a prize is the reward, or whether the only reason is to spread the news of Socialist achievement, let's work to make June the biggest month of all.

Let's have the story of Socialism in Practice going to hundreds of new readers as a result of June work.

Will you do your part?

Literature for Free Distribution

The Llano Publications have just had printed in the Llano shop a number of leaflets for free distribution.

We ask your co-operation in getting them before the people to direct their attention to Llano and "Co-operation in Action."

Here are the titles; send for as many of each as you can distribute to advantage, ordering them by number:

- | | |
|--|---|
| No. 1. Civil Life or Llano Life? | No. 6. Will Your Children Follow in Your Footsteps? |
| No. 2. Socialism is Succeeding in Llano Today. | No. 7. Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony Succeeds. |
| No. 3. Age Limit a Tragedy. | No. 8. Watch Co-operation in Action! |
| No. 4. Is This Socialism? | |
| No. 5. Socialism in the Making. | |

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS, LLANO, CAL

Llano Job Printing

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

Cards, leaflets, booklets, stationery, etc., will be handled in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which will compare more than favorably with those found elsewhere.

All work will be given the union label unless otherwise requested. Every employee is a Socialist and a union man.

The Llano Publications, Llano, California

Wanted--A Comrade

to take over a thirty-acre ranch and provide for two old people a few years, and have the farm for pay.

A little capital and good reference required.

Address: S. Whipple, R.F.D. No. 1, Box 25, El Centro, Cal.

WANT JAN. 1914 COMRADE!

☐ The files in the office of the WESTERN COMRADE lack the JANUARY, 1914, number. Anyone having a copy will please communicate with the Western Comrade, Llano, Cal.

announcing another \$2000 contest

first prize—a LLANO MEMBERSHIP
second prize—500 shares Llano stock
third prize—200 shares Llano stock
fourth prize—100 shares Llano stock
5, 6, 7, 8th prizes—50 shares each, Llano stock

other special premiums to all who
send in more than 10 subscriptions

Contest Commences July 1, 1917 and continues until Dec. 31, 1917

The Llano Publications have secured stock to be used in the Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest.

The success of the Contest started in January and which closes June 30th was great enough on May 1st to justify holding another, and plans were made at that time to announce it in the June WESTERN COMRADE.

The day following the close of the Contest now

running, the new one will begin. All subscriptions received during the last two weeks of June may be credited on the new Contest, IF SO REQUESTED.

Send in at once for literature and supplies, for instructions and suggestions.

Apply at once to be enrolled as a contestant in the new Contest. Be all ready to start at the earliest possible moment.

Write at Once for Full Particulars

get an early start—begin at once

The Llano Publications, Llano, California