



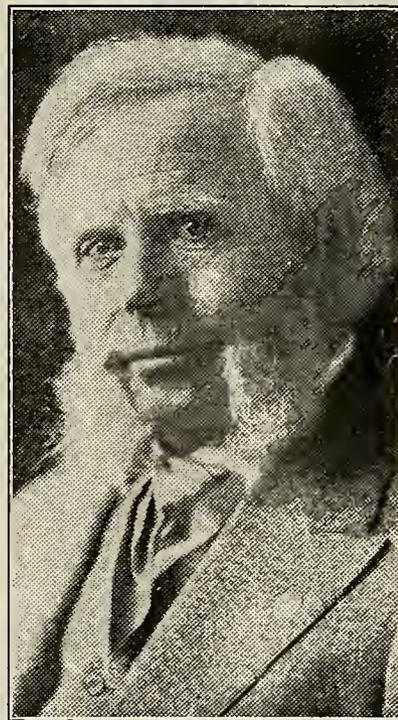
THE WESTERN COMRADE



Walter Thomas Mills

who has now associated himself with the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, will contribute a special exclusive article to the WESTERN COMRADE every month.

Walter Thomas Mills is known the country over for his keen insight into economic and social problems, and his constructive economic policies, and his alignment with the principles of "Co-operation in Action" will be welcomed by our readers.



WALTER THOMAS MILLS

What Next? By Walter Thomas Mills

Inspiring Editorials by Job Harriman

Editorials	3	What Shall We Do To Be Saved?.....	14
By Job Harriman.		By Dr. John Dequer	
Llano Getting on the Map.....	6	Fires 'of Love.....	15
By Robert K. Williams.		By Ethel Winger	
What Next?.....	8	Was Schmidt Guilty?.....	16
Walter Thomas Mills, who is now a member of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony, discusses Current Problems.		Fourth Installment of Job Harriman's Address to the Jury in the Schmidt Trial	
Unfair District Representation.....	9	Co-operation the World Over.....	18
By Cameron H. King.		News and Views in Agriculture.....	19
For the Length of the Story (Fiction).....	10	Reviews of Recent Readable Books.....	20
By Helen Francis Easley.		By D. Bobspa	
Why Not Ragtime?.....	12	Poems: To the Ideal.....	21
By Professor A. G. Wahlberg		By Dr. John Dequer	
Montessori—What It Achieves.....	13	A Workingman's Soliloquy.....	21
		By Clinton Bancroft	

August 1917

Price 10c

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 unemployment 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. The County school and the Colony Industrial schools are both in operation. A new public school will be built for the 1917-18 term.

The Colony owns a fine herd of 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 two 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.

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 will cost the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful. 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, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, planing mill, 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, baths, art studio, hotel, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, Industrial school, grammar school, Montessori school, commercial classes, library, two weekly dances, brass band, mandolin club, orchestras, quartets, socialist local, soap making, tailor shop.

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.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

Llano Publications, Llano, California

The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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

PUBLISHED EACH MONTH AT LLANO, CALIFORNIA.

JOB HARRIMAN Managing Editor.  7 FRANK E. WOLFE Editor.

Subscription Rate—75c a year; Canada \$1. Single Copies 10c; clubs of 4 or more (in U. S.) 50c. Combination with LLANO COLONIST \$1.

Publishers and others are invited to copy at will from the WESTERN COMRADE, but are asked to give credit. Nothing copyrighted unless so stated.

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

VOL. V.

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1917.

No. 4

Editorials By Job Harriman

WHEN Constantinople falls, the real issues of the world war will stand out in bold relief.

The Ottoman Empire will move its seat of government from Constantinople to Turkey in Asia. The Empire will lie adjacent to the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, the entrance to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. These are the gateways of the world's commerce, and Turkey will still hold the key to the situation. She lies so close to these gateways that she will soon be a menacing power. She is at the juncture of Asia, Africa and Europe. The gateways between these continents are in the palm of her hand.

Each and every world power will be jealous of her advantage. She will yield to none and have no friends among them. The arena of war will be shifted to her fields. The hordes of China, Japan and India can land in Turkey by water through the Persian Gulf as easily as the Occidental empires can arrive on Turkish soil.

This war will end in a titanic struggle between the Orientals and the Occidentals to control Turkey with the gateways of the world's commerce.

Unless a peaceable adjustment is made before that crisis comes, Occidental civilization may go down forever. Our vitality is well spent. Three more years will exhaust the Western powers while the Eastern powers will only be ready to enter the struggle. The cry for peace without victory will then be too late. Peace without victory may be possible now, but that day will forever pass when war is declared between Oriental and Occidental civilizations.

—o—

THE relations between nations are governed by treaties. When treaties fail, nations resort to arms. For this reason, all nations are constantly contriving to establish such treaty relations as will make their combinations more powerful than any other possible combination with which their interests may conflict. Hence treaties come within the modern meaning of preparedness for war.

The entire theory of treaties between nations is wrong. They establish ambitions that lead as inevitably to war as do armaments of nations.

This war has answered all arguments for preparedness. It is answering with the lives of the first-born and the blood of the nations. Whoever has believed that preparedness preserves peace, can believe it no longer. Peace is not the child of shot and shell, but of the deep and genuine affections of the heart. Men will fight if they hate one another but they will first prepare. Men will not fight if they love one another, nor will they prepare.

How long would our nation last if each state were armed and set against the other? How soon would the conflict arise if the states were to enter into interstate treaties? Nothing could more effectively aid and abet civil war than the right of states to enter into treaties. These rights must be governed by general law.

So also should treaties between nations be abolished. International relations should be governed by international law, and a parliament of the world established.

—o—

DIFFERENCES of opinion in these days of world stress must be expected within the ranks of the Socialist party, as well as within the churches, political parties and other organizations.

What attitude should be assumed with reference to the world war will always remain a mooted question among Socialists as among other people. These differences will arise not only out of varying conceptions of economic causes, but also out of moral ideals, religious and spiritual attitudes, patriotic emotions, and different opinions as to what the war is all about. Every phase of every question is being forced into bold relief and our opinions and convictions must necessarily be in a state of flux.

Some of our best members as well as some of the poorest, will withdraw from the party, but this is also true of other organizations. In this respect we will suffer less than any other organization in the world that attempts to assume a position on the war.

The churches have lost members by tens of thousands. The really spiritually-minded people cannot believe that this terrible slaughter, hitherto unparalleled in the world's history,

can by any theory be excused among the followers of the Prince of Peace. They believe in his life, try to live according to their convictions, and can not cease to abhor war and its resultant butcheries of men.

The Democratic party fought untiringly for its candidate because of his peace policy. Now it is rent asunder and its forces are scattered to the four winds.

The Republican party is reeking with dissension, some insisting that this country was forced into the war to protect the interests of Wall Street, some that it was brought about by the shippers of munitions, some one thing and some another.

The Progressive party has almost altogether disappeared.

The Socialist movement still lives, still weathers the storm, and is increasing in cohesive force and power as the days go by. The Socialist party has suffered and will suffer. There is a difference of opinion in regard to the statement in the majority report as to the policy to be pursued during the war, but not as to the causes of the war. The Socialists the world over agree absolutely that this war is the logical result of capitalism. Those who leave the party are no less convinced of this fact than those who remain. In all other organizations men differ fundamentally but the Socialists differ only on the matter of tactics. We do not even differ on the tactics themselves. When the question was put up to the National Executive Committee as to what the members were to do with regard to supporting mass action against conscription laws, they refused to give advice but replied that each must act for himself, act on his own responsibility and take the consequences. This fact establishes beyond the least doubt that that portion of the majority report was a mistake. Any statement of a policy that cannot be actively supported is a mistake and a tactical blunder.

It is upon this one point that we differ from the majority report. And it is upon this point that the majority of our differences rest. Upon the philosophy of socialism, imperialism and almost all war questions, there is substantially no difference. The movement itself is not affected by internal dissension but has grown, and is growing stronger. The form of our party organization is bound to undergo great changes in its adjustment to the new conditions but this shows life and adaptability, not death and dissolution. All organizations that were in line with the capitalist system are in the process of decay. The differences of opinion, the dissensions, and the warring of conflicting interests and opinions will constantly increase until final dissolution overcomes them.

The Socialist movement is taking on a new form. It is just now passing from youth to manhood. It was born in capitalism, thrived under its persecution and will arise to power upon capitalism's decay.

THIS world refuses to be ruled by force, but pleads for love to be its king. What service will life withhold from love? Yet it will begrudge every trifle of service it renders to force. Love inspires service. Force inspires resistance.

DEMOCRACY! A wonderful word. Militarism! Equally wonderful.

One is the child of the people; the other is the child of the plutocracy.

The one is humble; the other is ambitious.

The one is peaceful; the other is belligerent.

The one bears the world's burdens; the other imposes them.

The one loves; the other hates.

The one governs by civil rules; the other by martial law.

The one forgives; the other condemns.

Is Militarism fighting for Democracy or is the world deceived?

Believe this: Democracy will not follow this riot of military power unless universal hunger sweeps Militarism aside and opens the way for the human heart to function freely in love and affection.

IS DEMOCRACY dead in America? Whosoever, thinks it is is counting without his host. It is true that plutocracy has a grip upon our institutions but it is also true that the American people have enjoyed large liberties too long to submit to these sudden suppressions. Freedom has been indulged in so long in so many respects that it has become a matter of impulse and instinct. This is the profound fact in American life. Whosoever undertakes suddenly to crush it is as certain to meet his Waterloo as death is certain to end the war.

FORTUNATE indeed is occidental civilization that the crown of Russia has fallen. After it will go the imperialism of Russia. Imperialism of Russia will be torn up, root and branch. Socialism will soon be in full blast there.

Privately owned industries, the foundation of imperialism, are being transformed into publicly owned industries, the foundation of democracy.

Industries will no longer be operated in Russia yielding fortunes to the few; but they will be operated by the nation, yielding comforts to all. It is in fact that the security of Western Europe lies. Had the Russian crown and imperialism survived this struggle during another half-century of industrial development, it is beyond the ken of man to conceive what might have been crushed beneath its iron heel. But we need not fear. Every militaristic government is only as powerful as that portion of power which it has left over and above the power necessary to hold its discontented element in subjection.

Every militaristic power confronts the same fact. Within its bosom are the germs of its own decay. Every additional call for soldiers adds to the popular dissatisfaction, reduces the productive forces, increases the public burden and adds discontented soldiers to the troops, until finally the arms of the nation are in the hands of the discontented, when the crown falls. The crowns of Germany and England are standing on the brink of their graves. They are each pushing the other into their tombs. It remains to be seen what they will drag after them.

WHO are the traitors? Are they the members of the I. W. W. or the captains of industry?

President Wilson tells the story when he says the shipowners "are doing everything that high freight charges can do to make the war a failure. . . Prices mean the same thing everywhere now, . . . whether it is the government that pays them or not."

Bisbee, Arizona, is suffering from the same fact of which the President is complaining. The greed of the industrial, commercial and financial kings is the trouble in Bisbee as well as in foreign transportation. The ship owners have raised the freight rates. There is absolutely no reason for it. This act is as diabolical as the bottomless pit. Their cargoes and bottoms are insured against loss. The bulk carried is enormously increased. The carrying cost per ton is less than ever before, but the charges are outrageously high.

This fact the President says is "natural enough because the commercial processes which we are content to see operate in ordinary times have, without sufficient thought, been continued into a period where they have no proper place. . . We must make prices to the public the same as the prices to the government."

There is but one way to make freight prices the same to the public as it is to the government and that is for the government to take over, own and operate the business of transportation in times of peace as well as war. This holds good alike on land and water transportation. The President had as well tell a rattlesnake to put only a taint of poison in its fang as to tell a merchant to add only a little unjust profit to his charges.

Greed will not listen to the admonitions of the President, however just they may be. Greed knows only how to gorge. Gorging increases greed. Greed thrives on land and sea alike.

The mine owners and merchants at Bisbee are as viciously greedy as are the merchants of the high seas. The prices of food in Bisbee are soaring as high as the freight charges on the Atlantic. The I. W. W. boys must have food if they work. They cannot buy sufficient food at the present prices with the wages they get. The mine owners refuse to raise wages, and the merchants refuse to lower prices. The I. W. W.'s stand between the devil and the deep sea; between the merchants and the mine owners.

The merchants and mine owners, in the language of the President, "are doing everything that high prices can do to make the war a failure."

These boys cannot dig copper without food; without copper we cannot make cannon; without cannon we cannot slaughter the enemy. Whether or not we should slaughter them is not the question. The question is: Who is responsible for the Bisbee strike?

The fact is the I. W. W.'s cannot work without food. They cannot work without a fair wage.

Who are the traitors?

Why do they not arrest and imprison the strikers?

The answer is simple enough.

They have committed no crime. They are being deported contrary to law by the mine owners and merchants who are raising prices and lowering wages in violation of the laws of life, who are the traitors.

Even though we are content to indulge such commercial processes in ordinary times, yet since they have been carried into this period where they have no proper place it is up to the President to take over the mines and the storehouses and to see that the men are treated as human beings, not herded and driven about the state like a drove of cattle. It is high time that the traitor merchants and mine owners and shippers be handled by the government, and that their great iron jaws and paws be taken from the trough for sure.

The President will soon be forced to the necessity of taking over the mines and stores, else the mine owners and merchants will, by sheer greed, lead this country to downfall and defeat.

NOW China comes clamoring to enter the war. Japan, too, is on her way. And India is looking into the West.

In this hour of stress will they forget how the occidental powers proposed their dismemberment only a few years ago? Will they forget the days of Clive?

Are they coming with the olive branch, oblivious to "The Opium Wars" and the "Manchurian Slaughter"? Or is it the mane, the lashing of the sides, and the thundering roar of the lion of Asia, as it is waking from its centuries of slumber?

SO RAPIDLY did events take place immediately prior to America's entry into the war and since that time, that the American people seemed to have been psychologized by their very speed. Conscription and draft, censorship and suppression have come, individual liberties have been curtailed or taken away, and there has been no organized opposition. How long will it continue? Even now people are becoming surfeited with rising in public gatherings when the flag is displayed. Will they become tired of bureaucratic government? In Europe several good jobs have been vacated by gentlemen who held them by "divine right." In the United States officials are taking on dictatorial powers and many have become petty kings in the absoluteness of their power. Does it prophesy the coming of a new day in this country or is it that the people are just dazed and have not awakened yet?

WHOMEVER and whatever employs brute force as a means of survival invites the antagonism of the world. Whoever and whatever is gentle and loving invites the affection and admiration and receives the aid and succor of all.

FORCE is the law of death. It possesses the powers of disintegration. It calls to its aid cruelty, hate, revenge, tyranny and all things that make for destruction and death.

LOVE is the law of life. It is the only thing that possesses cohesive power. It calls to its aid reason, patience, forbearance and all things that make for peace and growth.

Llano Getting on the Map

By Robert K. Williams

PEOPLE are talking about Llano. Of course, some are saying unkind and untrue things. And others are saying pessimistic things. And some are drawing liberally on their imaginations. Perhaps some are even telling lies.

But aside from those who are talking fluently for and those who are talking influentially against, there are others.

These others are asking questions. They are seeking information. They are neither for nor against. They have no previous convictions and co-operation is not a principle with them. They just want to know.

Here is an instance:

Kate Richards O'Hare came to Llano and told us things about ourselves that we didn't even suspect. She told us that she had been asked by three large agricultural publications to come to Llano to investigate our system of co-operative farming.

That's fame! At least it is one of the stepping-stones to fame. It shows that people are hearing about Llano.

When in Washington, D. C., in June, Comrade Harriman stopped off to see a prominent official. He was granted five minutes of that busy man's time by appointment. When the five minutes was up, the official was so interested in the account of Llano that Comrade Harriman talked for two hours about Llano.

A governor of a state gave half an hour to listen to an account of Llano while a crowd waited to hear him speak.

Men and women prominent in the radical movement, especially those who believe in constructive methods, want to hear about Llano.

Phil Wagner, Kate Richards O'Hare, and Walter Thomas Mills have visited Llano within a month.

All came without notice. Meetings were held for each of them, meetings that would have cost from \$50 to \$100 or more anywhere else.

Hall rent is free, advertising is no expense and is unnecessary, music is a social service, and speakers give their services freely when they come to Llano.

Kate Richards O'Hare spoke on war in general, but devoted a portion of her time to Llano. And this is what she said:

"I am going out to the world and tell those who are eager to hear the message, the story of Llano. I have something new and encouraging to say. I am going to tell them that out here in the center of the great Antelope Valley a band of a thousand courageous pioneers has wrested from the grim desert a home where the ideals of Socialism are not TALKED

about, but are PRACTICED in the every-day problems of life.

"You colonists may think you are comparatively unknown and unheard of throughout the United States. If so, I would inform you that you are badly mistaken. While coming out to the West on my lecture tour, I have been asked by several large agricultural journals in this country to visit the Llano del Rio Colony to secure articles for publication on the system of food production and distribution practiced at Llano. And I have been offered for this work many times more than the labor to secure the information is worth. Is not that proof that the eyes of the nation are on Llano?"

Mrs. O'Hare saw all of Llano that she had time to see, and asked all of the questions that she could think of. And she expressed herself as being pleased—more than pleased—with what "Socialism Applied" can achieve.

Comrade Phil Wagner made a short address when here and he, too, saw the big ranch and was pleased with it. Like Mrs. O'Hare, he found many friends and acquaintances here.

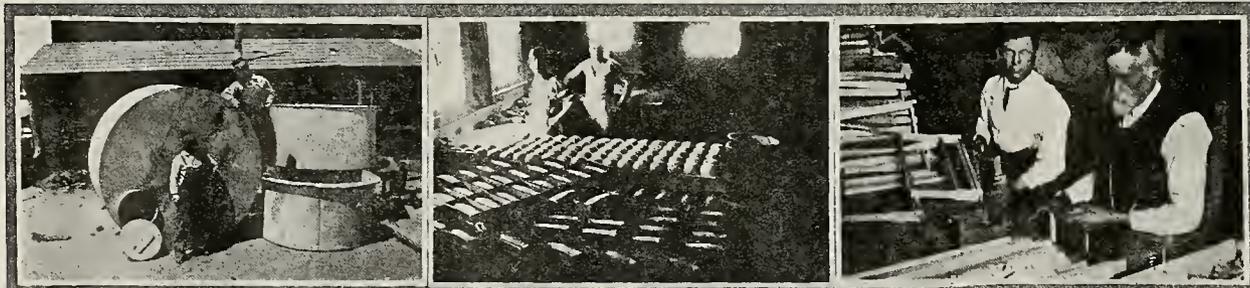
Walter Thomas Mills surprised and pleased his hearers by telling them that he had concluded to join the Colony.

Comrade Mills is not without experience in colonization ventures. He has visited Llano several times, has kept himself in close touch with the project from the first, and is assured of the success of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony.

He told his hearers many interesting things concerning the war, the Colony, his personal experiences, and his ambitions in connection with Llano. Comrade Mills is an organizer of wide and recognized ability. He expects to initiate some new lines of progress and to extend the influence of Llano in many ways.

The same evening, Comrade Job Harriman, just back from the East where he had attended the First Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace and had addressed a crowd of 20,000 persons in Madison Square, spoke to the colonists, showing the meaning of America's entrance into the war, the measures that are being taken, the reasons for these measures. He said: "This war may last for years. It is a question whether starvation or arms will terminate the conflict."

Had any other community held a meeting with Job Harriman and Walter Thomas Mills billed as speakers, with a band, with a hall to pay rent for, with advertising, etc., the expenses would have been more than \$100. Llano heard them and there was no expense. It is one of the advantages of living where rent is abolished, where profit is not the incentive, where the only interest is the interest the people feel in their community.



Left, honey tanks made at Llano to accommodate 1917 honey crop; center, Llano bakery products; right, making honey frames.

Progress on the Ranch

ONE of the most interesting phases of Colony activity is the work being done in perfecting the tunnel.

This tunnel, begun over twenty years ago and abandoned by the company undertaking it because of insufficient funds, is situated about four miles south of Llano on the Big Rock Creek where the Big Rock road forks to the right to Little Rock and Palmdale, and to the left to Valyermo.

The purpose of the colonists in renewing work on this tunnel is to secure the underflow of the Big Rock Creek that is now seeping off into the sands of the desert where it is practically wasted. The wide bed of the Big Rock Creek is a big sponge of sand and gravel. By honeycombing the bed from under and catching the underflow, it is believed that a very valuable addition to the present water supply will have been obtained.

The main tunnel runs north and south, just a trifle northeast and southwest. It is parallel with the road, running under in two places. It is 3075 feet in length, has an average width of five feet and an average height of seven feet. Solid rock has been tunnelled through almost the entire distance. There are four air-shafts.

The incline shaft, situated at the south end of the tunnel, is about seventy-five feet long, is forty feet underground and has a pitch of thirty degrees. To haul up the gravel and rock, the Colony's share of the water in the Big Rock Creek is diverted into a lateral ditch and run down a race the full seventy-five feet where a water wheel, manufactured and installed by the colonists, is stationed on the floor of the tunnel. A tremendous power is thus obtained, sufficient to elevate the cars containing 2000 pounds of gravel and rock to the surface.

At and near the incline five branch tunnels exist. These branches veer in different directions, all of which go out under the bed of the creek. One extends probably 500 feet to the southwest. Two others, fifty feet in length, run almost due south. In all of these, bedrock has been penetrated and gravel reached, so that an appreciable flow of water is secured. Another branch, originally started to serve as an additional tunnel, and running almost due east, will in the future, be extended up to the damsite which is about 600 feet east of the main tunnel. Definite plans have not yet been arranged with reference to the construction of the dam, but eventually the underflow from the damsite will be carried through this cast branch.

The work of the colonists so far has been that only of clearing away the debris that has accumulated in the abandoned tunnel for years. As soon as the loose and encumbering gravel and rock has been removed sufficiently, the further extension of the branch tunnels will be attempted. The work was begun last winter and praiseworthy progress has been made.

A very material increase in the flow of water is anticipated with the completion of the tunnels under the creek bed. One of the colonists working in the tunnel recently met the contractor who started the work over twenty years ago. The contractor stated that far out under the bed of the creek is a sump thirty feet deep, and that two of the branch tunnels run to it. If, he said, this were reached a very decided increase in the flow of water would result. These branch tunnels were stopped with bulkheads at a short distance from the main tunnel before the work was abandoned. From these bulkheads the seepage from the gravel bed behind them pours out in a steady stream of water.

The present flow from the tunnel is about the same as that in all seasons and is now 130 inches. The limit to the increase of this underground supply cannot be estimated accurately.

That a very material increase will follow as the tunnels are pushed, however, is certain.

In addition to the tunnel work, the colonists are now installing a sump in the creek bed at the head of the Hubbard ditch, about a quarter of a mile north of the mouth of the tunnel. A small tractor will be used for power with which to pump. It is expected that the sump will increase the water supply considerably.

Llano's Social Life

ONE of the most artistically and daintily arranged social events that have occurred in Llano was the wedding of Miss Louise Valek and John Wesley Irwin, Tuesday night, June 12. So harmoniously did all the details of the marriage ceremony blend and so exceptional was the ability displayed



Left, Myrtle Kemp, flower girl; right, Kathryn Miller, bridesmaid; center, Louise Valek (now Mrs. J. W. Irwin); rear, John Wesley Irwin.

in perfecting the arrangements, that the event deserves incorporation in the monthly ranch story.

When it became known that Miss Louise and Wesley intended to slip quietly away to the city to join their fortunes by having the knot tied, Mrs. Robert K. Williams conceived the idea of having the wedding conducted along artistic and orthodox lines. Both the young people approved the idea at

(Continued on Page 22)

What Next?

By Walter Thomas Mills



THE trades unions have fought for the solidarity of labor for a long time. Still the overwhelming majority of all the workers are unorganized, misled, pitted against each other and robbed in the same old way.

The co-operative societies have struggled for solidarity and economy, both in producing and in buying for a like period, and still the workers are paying more to the plunder of private monopoly than they pay for means of life. Unable to consolidate to exchange their services with each other, they are scattered and robbed on every hand.

For long years the Socialists have been preaching the doctrine of solidarity, a solidarity which they have approved in theory but have never been able to achieve as a fact.

The world war has come to disorganize, to confuse and finally, with one hand to break the power of the trades unionists, the co-operators, and the Socialists, and with the other hand, to force industrial solidarity and co-operative economy as a war necessity.

What Shall We Do About It?

Staggered at this unexpected turn in things, and disappointed at long delays, still something must be done. Trades unionists, co-operators, and Socialists have all been struggling with the same problems—all have been seeking relief from the same wrongs. They must not now stand still, stunned, confused and silenced.

All the world over, the dominant political powers have consolidated. The exploiting forces in society as represented by the various political parties and through these joint organizations, have become a single party as a military necessity in administering war policies, but they have also become a single party in aggravating and protecting both national and international gamblers in raising prices and in making war on labor. In the face of this situation, the trades unionist, the co-operator, and the Socialist cannot consent any longer to go their separate ways, not even with the conviction that they are separate paths, leading to the same goal. No matter how these paths may show on the maps made by the theorists, if kept separate, they can lead nowhere except to continued disappointment.

Things Not To Do!

The trades unionist has accomplished very much, but there are problems which cannot be solved by the weapons available, only in an industrial dispute. The strike and the boycott cannot reach and finally determine the questions involved in land, transportation, banking and marketing. Other agencies are available, and these other agencies must be used if labor is to be completely emancipated or, if even the fruits of the strike and the boycott are to be preserved.

The co-operators have sought to save the waste of duplication and the extortion of monopoly by voluntary association in production and in purchase, but no co-operative society less than the whole country itself acting through the agency of the government, is sufficient to eliminate waste or to avoid extortion in the control of natural resources, transportation or in the great industrial and commercial monopolies. Their power as citizens, as well as producers and purchasers, must be brought into united action.

The orthodox Socialist has frequently won a debate in proving that the only final solution for both waste and extortion is to be found in the political solidarity of the working class but while they have won the debates, so far, they have never won deliverance. Whatever may be true of the final solution, the immediate task is not the final one and mere controversies about the proper ending of the journey cannot help in the overcoming of obstacles immediately before us. Standing aloof from trade controversies, avoiding responsibility for co-operative societies, co-operative colonies, cash buyers associations, have been quite successful in escaping the real burdens but have not been successful, either in having any share in immediate progress or in misleading the public to suppose that the Socialists were not incompetent, simply because in-

Stolen Joys

By Ethel Winger

O Lake De Smet—you thief, with color stolen from
the sky—

You nestle smugly unashamed
Beneath Wyoming's snow-kissed hills,
In dreaming peace—and so do I.

I, too, forbidden, rashly brave,
Have come to dip beneath your icy wave,
And on your grassy banks, unclothed, unseen,
Except by noisy ducks and chiding gulls,
And flowers nodding on the green;

To lie, and dream the golden hours away.
Your breeze sings by with gentle warmth,
Your sun sends down a throbbing ray.

De Smet!—you thief! your waters stolen from the
sky—

You bask here unashamed in dreaming peace,
And so do I.

active in these particulars. Whatever may be true of the final solution, the immediate task of the Socialist is to render some vital service in the midst of the immediate difficulties or confess himself without reasonable excuse for his existence.

What Next?

If the above reflections are to be approved, then it is perfectly evident that the hundreds of thousands of people interested in co-operation, the two and a half millions of trade unionists, three millions of organized farmers, and the five or six millions of people who are ready to give support to the economic proposals of the Socialists, if freed from the prejudice of sectarian propaganda and the limitations of a partisan spirit, must get together. That is next or the next can be nothing other than the deepening of disaster.

Unfair District Representation

By Cameron H. King

THE Socialist Party has always stood for a just and proportional system of representation in the legislative bodies of the country. The action of the Fresno convention this year is however the first attempt to really get action in a state-wide campaign for the achievement of that object. An initiative proposition is now being prepared by the committee elected by the convention and pretty soon the petitions will be in the hands of the membership for circulation.

As a preliminary matter of interest the following facts are published, showing the injustice of the district system of elections by the very unequal representation secured by the different groups of voters at the various elections held in the year specified.

In 1912 for State Senator the Democratic Party cast 103,328 votes out of 301,345. It elected only four out of the twenty-one Senators to be elected; whereas casting one-third of the vote they were clearly entitled under a just system to seven Senators. The Socialist party, casting 45,291 votes should have been represented by three Senators. But they had a predominating strength in no single district and were left utterly without voice in the upper house of the legislature. The six Senatorships which the Democratic and Socialist voters were thus deprived of were gained by the Republicans. This gave the Republican party an overwhelming majority, 16 out of 21, instead of the 10 they were properly entitled to, and left the Senate misrepresentative of the will of the people.

In the elections for Assemblymen the same year, 1912, the Democratic voters got only twenty-five candidates elected, while if the election had been held under the proportional system they would have elected twenty-nine. The Socialists fared still worse. They were entitled proportionally to thirteen: they elected only one. As in the Senate the Republicans benefited by the unjust district representation system, electing fifty-four members of the Assembly, thirteen more than a majority. But their vote was so much less than half that they were proportionally entitled to only thirty-eight, three less than a majority. These figures show how the district system leads to a direct misrepresentation of the popular will, giving to a minority of the voters an overwhelming majority in the legislature.

The injustice and unfairness of the district system of representation to the individual voter is seen in glaring colors in this election. For instance, 91,785 socialist voters are given only one representative in the legislature, while 272,774 Republican voters only three times more numerous are given fifty-four times that representation in the Assembly alone. The Democrats, a little more than twice as numerous as the Socialists, are given twenty-five times the representation. Even so the Democrats with 75 per cent of the voting strength of the Republicans got less than 50 per cent as much representation.

Turning to the Congressional elections of the same year, we find the district system inflicting the same inequitable results upon the electorate. For Congress the Republicans cast 265,796 votes and elected seven Congressmen; the Democrats cast 196,610 votes, nearly four-fifths of the Republican vote, but they elected only three Congressmen, less than one-half. The Socialists with 104,122 votes elected no one, while the Progressives with 20,341 votes elected one Congressman. This shows how utterly unrepresentative of the actual divisions

of the electorate the legislative bodies become under the district system of elections.

In 1914, the inequitable operation of the district system cannot be shown with the same startling discrepancies between vote and representation because it was a year of political confusion. For the Senate, to which twenty members were to be elected, there were nine different groupings of electors resulting from the endorsement of the same candidate by two or more parties. Still some comparisons can be made which show the almost total lack of relationship between the vote cast by a group of voters and the representation they secured in the Senate. For instance 79,390 straight Republicans elected two Senators, while three-eighths that number, 29,564, Progressives, also elected two. And a group of Republicans and Progressive numbering 73,747 (more than 5000 less than the straight Republicans) elected five Senators. Compare this last group of Republican Progressives with the straight Democrats who with 86,463 votes only elected four Senators. Another group of Republicans, Democrats and Progressives numbering 10,072, elected two Senators, thus giving to each voter of this group eight times as much influence in the Senate as a straight Republican and four times as much influence as each straight Democrat. 9,942 voters of Republican and Democratic faith elected one Senator; but 39,550 Socialists (four times their number) elected no one.

Such figures show that the district system of representation is simply a hap-hazard system of misrepresentation. In 1912 the Democrats and the Socialists were the chief sufferers. In 1914 the Republicans find their representation one-half what proportionally it should be.

In the Assembly elections, in 1914, the Progressives became the victims-in-chief. They cast 147,762 votes which should have entitled them to fifteen seats in the Assembly. The district system with ruthless injustice cut them down to seven, while at the same time, it gave to a combination of 57,196 Republicans, Democrats and Progressives eight Assemblymen, one more for considerably less than one-half the number of voters. And Republicans and Democrats in combination numbering 42,300, less than one-third the number of Progressives secured almost equal representation, six to the seven for the Progressives. Of course, whosoever wins, the Socialists lose. With twice the vote of this last Republican-Democrat combination they got one-third the representation. They got two Assemblymen when they were proportionally entitled to nine.

For Congress in 1914 we find the same old district system beating the Republicans out of one representative among the eleven to which California is entitled. 292,906 Republicans elected only three members, whereas proportionally they should have obtained four. 187,704 Democrats, 85,000 less in numbers, elected as many Representatives as the Republicans. In addition a group of 32,575 Democrats including a few Socialists added one more to the Democratic representation. But the straight Socialists, twice as numerous, with 68,215 votes elected no one.

The confusion of returns resulting from the multiparty grouping behind candidates continued from 1914 to the elections of 1916. And the inequitable results of the district system shine through them just as clearly. 67,731 straight Democrats succeeded in electing two Senators when they should have had four. A combination of Republicans and

(Continued on Page 22)

"For the Length of the Story"

By Helen Frances Easley

"BY the way, Marion, have you written that story yet?" The tone in which the question was asked implied a perfect understanding and good comradeship. It was between dances and they were seated at the end of the porch, where they could watch the other guests, and yet were far enough away to permit a conversation without fear of being heard.

"No, Perry."

The answer was not at all satisfactory. It offered no reason and that was what the man wanted.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't know how."

"But you never have had any trouble writing others, why should this bother you?"

"But a love story, Perry! I've never written one of those, I just can't seem to imagine one," she said as the man laughed.

"Don't imagine it," he advised. "Such affairs happen every day, can't pick up a paper without running onto a paragraph which begins 'One of the most romantic secrets of the season is just being announced—.' Take one of those, Marion, and with all the modern day conveniences for speed, you ought to fix up a corker!"

"But it wouldn't be quite fair, would it, to send some girl's secret for a lot of people to read?"

"Oh, that's a case of 'they should worry,' but if you don't like the idea, fall in love yourself, and write your own experience."

This time the girl laughed, a little tremulously, and fortunately blushes are not discernable on porches dimly lighted by the moon. The soft dreamy strains of a waltz, which the orchestra had just commenced, seemed scarcely more musical than that little laugh.

"Why, I must admit that I had never thought of that. But what good would it do to fall in love by myself? That wouldn't be any experience. But I'll think about it. Really. Now hurry along and don't keep your partner waiting. I haven't this next dance, so I'll stay out here, thank you."

Fall in love! She was already so deeply in love, that it hurt her to think of it just now. It had always been called an immodest thing to give a love unmasked, and yet, how could a person help it, when love insisted upon taking up his abode in one's heart? The more one tried to keep him out the more he persisted, and once in, there was no such thing as locking him in and forgetting his presence. After all, being in love did not always mean a great happiness.

And the man? The man was Perry! There had been only Perry, for a long time, only she had not known it. She had not known that there was anyone. She remembered when his first real business success had come to him. She had been so happy that she cried, even while she called herself a silly little idiot, but she remembered that no other man's success had so affected her, and suddenly she knew why. It was because he was the man, the one man who really counted.

She had not quite decided whether or not she ought to be ashamed of her love. No one would ever need to be ashamed of being in love with Perry! Manly and right, he held the admiration and respect of everyone who met him socially or in a business way. No, he was absolutely the sort of a man a girl should care for, and as long as no one knew it, it could not possibly bring sorrow to either of them, and perhaps sometime everything would come right.

Marion had thought all this vaguely. She had never thought

to dwell on the one-sidedness of the affair. She was happy to go about with him, glad when he was glad and sorry when things went wrong for him.

Nor did she once allow herself to think that Perry showed her any special attention. His interest in her stories was no more than he would have given to anyone else under like circumstances. Ever since the days of high school themes, he had thought she was clever, and he wanted her to succeed, and his "don't forget I'm rooting for you all the time, Marion" had been a source of never-failing encouragement. But he would have said the same to anyone of the other girls whom he saw as regularly as he did her. As Alice North had said, "He was one man a girl could be proud to go about with." And when one of them announced that she was going to such and such a place with Perry Bently, she always did it with an air of conscious pride that was adorable. There was no silly sentiment in the attitude, it was merely a friendly tribute, and no one had ever given it any other meaning.

As for Marion, her interest in Perry had not spoiled her friendship with other men. She had always been a great favorite, her happy disposition made her so, and if she ever tired of being a good fellow, no one ever suspected it.

She rested her hot face in her hands. She was glad that she was alone just then. She had gone along happily, trustingly and suddenly she had been awakened by Perry's advice to fall in love. It hurt terribly, but even at that moment she remembered that it might have been worse if it had come later, and it couldn't last always. There was something stoical in her reasoning.

Suddenly she sat upright. She would pretend! For the length of a story she would pretend that Perry had fallen in love with her. She would change names and places so that no one would recognize them, but in her mind, no, in her heart, it would be Perry's and her love affair. For that little while she would be perfectly happy, she would dream and dream that Perry cared more for her than for anyone else and had told her so! She would pretend that the two had known each other always, just as she and Perry had, and they had always been the best of friends, only he would be one of those lovable stupid sort of men who never realize what they want until it is almost too late. There would be another man, an older man, who would pay her enough attention to bring Perry to his senses. She laughed softly as she considered this sudden acquisition of suitors, but it was only for the length of the story, the love story she had said she couldn't write. And if it was accepted she would tell Perry that he had given her the idea, and he would consider it a good joke. It wouldn't do any harm, she was sure of that.

The next few days were busy ones. Marion wrote and re-wrote, considered and re-considered. It was really amazing how the older man improved on acquaintance. She found that they had a great many tastes in common. He had traveled a great deal, in strange countries that were full of stories, he was interested in the books that she read and altogether he proved to be a very charming addition to her circle of friends. Still she couldn't be quite reconciled to his blase air, there was nothing of that about Perry. Then she would always remember Perry's eyes and close curling hair. With a start she thought of how tiny youngsters with fluffy curly hair had always appealed to her. She drew herself together sharply, before it occurred to her that for the length of the

story her imagination, her dreams could lead her unrestrained into all the dear fancies of heart-land. After that she would have to put them away, if she could.

However, the old man continued to be attentive. Marion had to admit that she admired him, and the family seemed greatly impressed, all except Martha, the little sister, who continued to think that Perry was simply the nicest person she knew. But in the end Perry suddenly discovered that he was in grave danger of seeing someone else win the girl he loved, but Marion forgave him his negligence and everything ended happily. Except that she was rather sorry for the old man, he had been very, very nice to her.

Marion was pleased with her story. It was different from anything she had ever written. In a way she had lived it, part of it at least, her caring for Perry was no pretense, and she had so woven the rest around that real part of it, that the whole story seemed alive. She hoped it didn't seem conceited to have made herself the object of two men's affections, when in reality there seemed to be no one. That part amused her. She was sorry when it was finished, and yet there was a sense of happiness that she could not explain. No matter what else came, that much was hers.

In a month's time, the story was accepted, and Marion commenced to wonder whether or not she should tell Perry. Since the night of the party the subject had not been mentioned, although she had seen him a number of times. Yet he would think it queer if she didn't tell him, she had never forgotten before, and he had been just as pleased with each succeeding bit of success as he had been with the first. Well, he was coming up that evening, perhaps she would broach the subject, although her heart pounded unmercifully at the thought of it. What would he think! Had she been presumptuous? But then it was only a story; he himself had suggested the method she might use to imagine it. She was absolutely sure of his attitude, he would be amused, nothing more, except, of course, pleased that she had done what he was so positive that she could do.

When he arrived that evening she was surprised to find that the prospect of her confession did not disturb her in the least, after all it was only a story.

"You remember, don't you, Perry," she reminded him, "about telling me how I might write that love story? Well, I did it!"

"Why, I told you to fall in love yourself, did you do that?" As one would say of an actor in a moving picture his face registered shocked consternation.

"Oh, not that, Perry," Marion reassured him, quite truthfully, for indeed she had not fallen in love with him for the sake of writing about it. "I merely pretended and since I know you so well, and you suggested the idea to me, I thought you wouldn't mind if I pretended that you were the man, one of the men, I mean," she added hastily.

"So there are more than one?" he queried, "a regular eternal triangle affair?"

There was no sarcasm in the tone, but there was something that would lead one to suspect that Perry would have been more pleased if there had been only one man.

"Certainly," she replied blandly. "There are generally two men in a love affair, especially in a story. The extra one serves to keep up the interest."

"I see. But go on and tell me the story. I'm anxious to find out my place."

Marion obeyed. It was rather an interesting little narrative and she gave quite a complete outline. The man listened

intently, his expression changed at each turn of the story. His first comment was startling.

"Who is the older man, Marion?" he demanded.

"The older man?" she echoed, not comprehending.

"Yes, he sounds like a pretty good sort, reminds me of Captain West who was here last summer. Marion, tell me, do you think him as fine as you have him in the story?"

Marion gasped. She had utterly forgotten Captain West. He had visited her uncle that summer before and had called at the house frequently. But she had never dreamed that anyone thought he had come especially to see her. But in spite of the fact that she had not had him in mind, her description of the older man fitted him nicely. Perry seemed to have forgotten that he was the real man of the story. He evidently understood that he had been put in merely because he was an old friend and wouldn't misconstrue her meaning. But the other man, a man she had known only so short a time, that was very different, surely he must have made a most favorable impression.

Marion laughed hysterically, she was perilously near tears.

"Why, Perry! I didn't think of him once, truly. The older man isn't anyone, the only real ones are you and I—" She said this impetuously and then stopped shortly, she must not say such things as that, "and anyway it was only pretending" she went on, "perhaps I shouldn't have written it, I didn't think. Will you forgive me?"

The man rose. There was a peculiar weariness about the movement that Marion had never noticed before. His face was white and for a moment there was a curious expression that was absolutely new, but he smiled the same old friendly smile.

"There is nothing to forgive, little girl, and I shouldn't have spoken as I did, I have no right to pry into your secrets, even though I have always been your old Perry friend. But I want to thank you for letting me be the right man for even just that little while, it was mighty sweet and I shall never forget it—"

Suddenly he caught her hands and drew her close to him.

"Oh, little Marion girl, I can't bear to think that there is any other man. I know you don't think of me that way, but I guess the story has gone to my head. I'm not as slow or blind as you have me in the story. I've never once forgotten what I would give the world to possess. I've been loving you always. I was going to suggest that you fall in love with me that night at the party, when you sent me away, and since then I have not dared come back to the subject. I realized then that I had no more claim on your friendship than the other fellows. I've been afraid to say a word for fear it might spoil it all, but I've got to say it now, no matter what happens. Do you think—"

He got no farther.

Marion was sobbing in his arms. She knew it was a happy cry, the same as the one when she had found out herself, so long ago, where her heart belonged, but he had no way of knowing it, so one hand crept up against his cheek, confidently, lovingly.

"Why, Perry, I didn't pretend myself in that story," she whispered, "that has been real for oh! so long. I just pretended you, because I love you!"

As he stooped to kiss the lips so near his own he said somewhat unsteadily,

"And how long is this story going to last?"

Together they repeated the promise.

"Forever and ever, Amen!"

Why Not Ragtime?

By Professor A. G. Wahlberg

THERE is a growing tendency among people to ignore the higher music, and cling almost exclusively to the lower forms well typified by what is commonly termed "ragtime". Some otherwise intelligent persons have even gone so far as to assert that ragtime is superior to what is known as classical music. A friend once remarked that the merits of music were not to be judged by the difficulty with which one must render it or the number of harmony combinations which it possessed, but by its power to move and incite to action its hearers. He further argued that at a Fourth of July picnic, a political convention, or in an army marching to war, a few lively selections of ragtime would do more toward filling men with enthusiasm than the compositions of all the Wagners and Verdis lumped together.

As this view seems to be prevalent universally, I will endeavor to shed some much-needed light on the subject.

First, I will give the reader a few definitions that he may understand clearly any terms or words that may subsequently be used:

Music—The art and science of expressing emotions through the medium of tones so arranged rhythmically and melodically, as to produce a satisfactory effect upon the ear.

Classical—A term applied to music of sufficient merit to bear repetition—standing the test of time, because of purity in form and structure. Not necessarily difficult.

Measure—Two or more regularly recurring pulsations, represented by a space between two bars.

Rhythm—The division of musical ideas or sentences into regular portions. The swing of a selection.

Syncopation—The unequal division of time or notes or tones; an artificial accent which is usually followed by the natural rhythm; or, music having measures with displaced accents—five or six different kinds of forms. Ragtime is the lowest form of syncopation.

Ragtime—The cheapest form of syncopated music, because of its appeal to physical action of little value.

Good music is not necessarily complex in its harmony arrangements. Some of our choicest music is exceedingly simple and easy to render. The Welsh melody will live forever. Auld Lang Syne, America, Onward Christian Soldiers, Sweet and Low, with scores of folk-songs and hymns, will be sung many generations later than the best ragtime selection yet to be written.

A great many of our songs and hymns are but excerpts from the works of the masters of tone.

The difference between the good and the bad in music is the difference between an audience (order) and a mob (disorder). It is not difficult to incite a mob. A mob is easily moved. Ragtime will do it.

As I was once much interested in politics, I will concede that my friend was right in stating that ragtime is best for political conventions. Representatives from all classes are there, especially the "mob", the saloon gang, the "ward-healers," "job-hunters," the "mentally and morally ragged." Give them rags! I have never heard of anybody coming away from a political convention any more refined than before going in.

The "good book" tells us that we are prone to wander. We are likely to do this on spees and holidays. It is when we are a little naughty or when we start to wander that some of us like "rags".

As ragtime is less than twenty-five years old, it is certain

that the Army of the Republic did not use it in the Civil War. It played and sung "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "Just Before the Battle," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marching Through Georgia," and a number of other melodies written by George W. Root. These with the national airs were used, and none of them constitutes ragtime. In the Spanish-American War, the bands did play "There'll Be a Hot Time" while capturing a city. This was probably justifiable under the circumstances because of the sentiment and the consequent fulfillment.

People ignorant in the structure of music rhythmically and melodically are likely to confound popular and other fleeting music with ragtime. "I Love You, California" cannot be classed as ragtime as there are but four syncopated measures in it. It is a popular song with a poor text and cheap musical structure. Advertisement and the sentiment have kept it alive. One seldom hears it now. "Tipperary" is not ragtime, for there is not a single syncopated measure in it. It was written by Americans and was a failure as a popular song until made famous by British bands who played it in the European war.

The national airs and melodies are the ones which inspire on the battlefield, where men are dying—not ragtime.

Ragtime was introduced in, by and through, the "Minstrel Show" where in song and dance, the singers and dancers would, so to speak, "take off" the negro—the emotional darky—with gestures and movements far more rude and uncouth than cultured and refined. Out of these experiences came "ragging" and nearly all low dances of the modern dance hall. The difference between the good and the bad in music is also the difference between aesthetic and "rag" dancing.

Music is built upon rhythm. Rhythm came out of the dance. G. Stanley Hall has said that one reason for the fact that ragtime is holding the attention of the musically untrained is due to the fact that the most successful ragtime numbers have short motives or phrases. The elemental mind cannot grasp much. Another has said that the difference between the good and the bad in music is identical with the difference between some of our modern writers and Shakespeare.

An argument against ragtime is its short life, for we find that even its proponents tire of it. A ragtime selection seldom lasts more than a single season.

In conclusion, ragtime appeals to the limbs or the animal side of human nature. In it, there is no appeal to the heart or the intellect. Good music requires an intellect for further understanding; consequently all without culture or an intellectual understanding of music are not touched by good music. The music which will stand an intellectual analysis, which appeals to the highest motives within us, which touches the heart as well as the head—that which is spiritual—will remain.

—○—

A poor man is ever at a disadvantage in matters of public concern. When he rises to speak, or writes a letter to his superiors, they ask: "Who is this fellow that offers advice?" And when it is known that he is without coin they spit their hands at him, and use his letters in the cook's fires. But if it be a man of wealth who would speak or write or denounce, even though he have the brain of a yearling dromedary, or a spine as crooked and unseemly, the whole city listens to his words and declares them wise.—Li Hung Chang.

—○—

A good man never makes a good soldier. The soldier is nothing but a legalized murderer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Montessori---What It Achieves

THE announcement made recently by the San Diego Montessori Association that Dr. Maria Montessori, founder of the Montessori system of education, would conduct a summer class for teachers at San Diego is one of the most notable ever made in educational circles. This will be the last appearance of Dr. Montessori in the United States for several years, as large classes await her instruction in many countries of Europe.

The elementary courses, as well as the courses in sub-primary work will be included in the summer course. The former deals with the teaching of children from the sixth year until they are ready for high school instruction. The institution of several demonstration schools to exemplify the practicability of the Montessori method is a feature of the course offered.

Dr. Maria Montessori is perhaps the most inspiring figure in the educational world. An understanding of her work and methods is essential not only to teachers and students and parents, but to all who profess to be versed in the social sciences. Originally appearing as the apostle of a system of education purporting to sharpen and develop early the faculties of the child, she now leads a great movement having for its goal race improvement—individual, biological and social. Hers is no freakish, fanatical philosophy; its value is permanent and indisputable, because all its theories have stood the test of science and reason, and its methods proved successful.

Dr. Montessori is a physician, a scientist and a pioneer in the field of education. She began her phenomenal career in the educational world in Rome by conducting experiments with mentally deficient children. Observing that her methods restored imbecilic children to sanity, she proceeded upon the hypothesis that an elaboration of the same system could be used successfully with normal children. Experiment proved her assumption to be correct.

The gist of the Montessori method is the careful watching of children so as to assist in the spontaneous development of capabilities or special faculties which they may possess. Dr. Montessori believes that the old conception of discipline confuses inaction with demeanor. In her method, liberty is allowed the child, and the child is encouraged in using his liberty profitably through the study of interesting, absorbing things. Learning is done by DOING and DISCOVERING. The efficacy of SUGGESTION rather than a series of nagging orders has been proved. The ideal of Dr. Montessori is to develop the WHOLE child—ALL his faculties and proclivities. Careful attention is given to bodily strength, knowledge of the practical necessities of life, keenness of all the senses, accurate muscular control, intellectual education and moral and spiritual growth. It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the broad field here covered in the instruction of the child, the children learn the rudiments of reading, writing and computation much earlier than children trained with the old method.

Prudence Stokes Brown, founder of the Montessori school in Llano, and who took special courses under the instruction of Dr. Montessori, is one of the most experienced and successful teachers of the new method. She has the following to say concerning the Montessori system:

"Instead of the old idea that children are instinctively bad and disorderly, Dr. Montessori has proved that the normal child is instinctively good and loves order, beauty and work. To that end, she has established the children's houses, laboratories where children are left free in their work. All disorder

is eliminated, but that activity which is good is left, the most complete liberty of manifestation. Adults often stigmatize as evil in the small child that which annoys them, when he is only seeking self-expression. He rebels, and is called 'naughty,' but give him the means of self-expression, and rebellion is noticeably absent."

The Montessori school which Mrs. Brown now teaches is a fascinating study in child psychology. Here the infant mind is seen to unfold, expand and flower with startling rapidity.

A mother visiting the school, noticing a child carrying a tall, pink pyramid of blocks around and around the veranda, asked, "Isn't that a waste of time?" "By no means," returned Mrs. Brown, "Note the poise he has—note the sense of balance, his steadiness." Mrs. Brown continued, "The poise Louis has is due to the training in carrying that pyramid and walking on a line to slow music, carrying a glass of colored water. Children love beauty, and so we appeal to this taste by providing attractive surroundings." The visitor noted that the whole porch where the children studied was indeed picturesque with the many bits of statuary and ornaments artistically placed.

William, Helen and Majorie were seated blindfolded at a table putting various geometrical insets into spaces provided for them. The visitor tried to show Marjorie where to place one. The child said, "Please don't show me, I want to do it myself," and William contributed, "That wouldn't be fair."

When asked how reading and writing were taught, Mrs. Brown led the visitor to a room adjoining the porch in which was a low blackboard. Here was Marian Rode, aged four, blindfolded, feeling some large sandpaper letters on white cardboard. She would raise the blindfold and carefully make the letter on the board as nearly like the sandpaper letter as possible. Marian was learning and at the same time enjoying herself.

The visitor asked a mother who came to get her two children whether the school helped in the disciplining of the children at home. "Indeed it does," replied the mother. "Mary Louise is much more adaptable and considerate than she used to be and helps in serving and washing the dishes. And Elizabeth, who is only two years and three months old, dresses and undresses herself even to buttoning and unbuttoning her shoes. In fact, the home is where this training shows, and I try to carry out the Montessori ideas in the children's lives."

It is hoped that as many teachers as possible will take the course offered in San Diego by Dr. Montessori. A large number have already arranged to attend the summer school, letters of inquiry having been received from all over the state of California. It is to be regretted that mothers cannot secure this instruction direct from Dr. Montessori at this time, but in the near future competent instructors will be available for all those desiring to learn the method.

Your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by the barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.—Macaulay.

He that would be no slave must have no slave.—Lincoln.

What Shall We Do to Be Saved? By John Dequer

IT is my humble opinion that this question was originally asked in an economic and not theological sense. It was to the early Christian a question of vital, present and not posthumous importance. What shall we do to be saved? Surely it was not the fear of hell hereafter that inspired the question. No, not the fear, but the realization of hell on earth in the form of Roman aggression upon their ancient liberties troubled them. It was the burden of militarism that ate like a canker into their economic substance and their social life, that threatened to reduce them to an ever lower peonage, that caused the cry: "What shall we do?" Not "What shall we talk?" Not "What shall we read?" But straight from the shoulder "What shall we do?" "What is to be accomplished?" Thus they banded themselves together and we are told that there were none amongst them that wanted, for they had all things in common.

Now I am not writing this as a sermon on the virtues of the ancient Christians. I am rather writing it in an attempt to awaken the slumbering social consciousness to action in a physical as well as an intellectual sense. I am a convert to the propaganda of the deed. Not petit larceny deeds of individual sabotage but broad, constructive deeds that lead to fuller and freer and nobler life. It is deeds, not creeds we need. It is social action in our own mill amongst the purple ranges of the Sierra Madres. To cut our own trees for our own dwellings that sleep in the shimmering sunlight at the edge of the valley. To awaken a consciousness that will cause earth to flower our collective soil with our collectively owned machine. to reap the grain with collective hand and collectively enjoy the products of mountain, plain and stream, made useful to the need of man by the social labor of class-conscious work. That is the action that counts in rearing the great temple of life from its foundation stone of bread to its turrets and minarets of joy, laughter and song. Things done are things won.

Generally speaking we are as lost now as were the Romans of the first century. Augustus Rockefeller, Caligula Morgan, Crassus Carnegie and Caesar Wilson today encroach upon our liberties, today are preparing armies for the destruction of the Jerusalem of our boast,—Free Democracy. Interest, rent and profit, taxes, special assessment, are now driving the widow from her cot and throwing orphans on the street; are causing the small farmer to vanish from his estate into the peonage of renting. Concentrated capital is driving the little shop-keeper from his bench, the little store-keeper from the mart. On goes the merry march of organized power, of organized might, strictly legal,—capitalism is long on legality—it always makes a law before it commits a crime, to sanctify that particular crime. Never do anything unlawful; be sure you have the law on your side; that costs money and to get money you must be organized either to retain your product or to skin Henry; never be lawless; legalize your acts before you commit them. I attended a conference of doctors, members of the Medical Association, organized for the benefit of the sick—Rats! They openly boasted of the laws they had secured for the safety of the people,—Huh? Oh, no; to keep out competing schools; to control the great art of dopeology in the hands of the association. They read a paper on public health, but if public health were well taken care of how would the learned doctor pay office rent? The medical associations have thus made laws or had laws made to protect their interests and their interest is the disease and not the health of the community. I visited a convention of undertakers,—ex-

tremely ignorant men. Mentally almost an equivalent of the people they deal with, and all I could hear was bluster and brag about the laws they had passed or caused to pass, that legalized the fines they put on death. They didn't call it vandalage, piracy, robbery—no, no—these are ugly words. They offend the taste of the living who will some day be dead. They call it business when they work to legalize processes by which they make it financially impossible for us to die decently. They do this through force of organization. And so we find it everywhere. Those who are organized drive those who are unorganized from the field through their collective power. Those who are organized, not to talk but to get or keep, are happy, well-fed, well-clothed, highly respected, well-washed and unjailed. They are saved now. They have their salvation here. Because you are unorganized to get, to make and to keep, you are underfed, misclothed, unhoused, unwashed, and unrespected, frequently jailed. You are so helpless that you cannot do anything but work for them who are organized to take the product of your toil. Hence, like ancient Christendom, you cry out, but not "What shall we do?" Your refrain is "What shall we believe to be saved?" "What shall we read?" "What shall we vote?" And "How moral should we be?" But whenever anybody says, "Let us do," then echoes the refrain from the unorganized "It can't be done."

Many of our so-called scientific Socialists seem to be still looking for a mystical deliverance, hoping to be taken into the co-operative commonwealth in white linen bandages, without work of any member of the body except the jaw. The word has become flesh. The man who denies the power of co-operation in the face of co-operative success in many parts of the world is simply an economic spook-artist who tries to make himself believe that he can orate himself out of hell. Then he makes fun of the priest who tries to mumble a soul out of Purgatory which, according to tradition, is only half as far down. Some consistency! We are told that only material things count. Economic determinism, materialist conception of history, material interest are continually talked about but when we suggest that we go to the land and do material things, "You ain't orthodox." They talk of Direct Action, but when you advise action—horrors! it always failed! Thus many of our Socialists, including the Executive Committees of some large states, give to our materialistic philosophy a very theological interpretation. It is surely not economic, for the science of economics deals with the management of industrial affairs, and in that our theorizers are "heap much" deficient.

The theologian says: "Believe my creed and you shall be saved." The mere political propagandist says: "Vote the ticket and doughnuts will fall like April showers" and then they have the brass to abuse the sound sense of mankind when they are laughed at.

In answer to the question: "What shall we do to be saved?" the Co-operator makes this reply: "Organize with your comrades; pool your resources; operate your own industries; eat and wear the products of your own toil; cease paying commission for the privilege of existence; organize for deeds and let creeds take care of themselves."

At Llano we are doing the social deeds; are supplying the social needs; are forgetting the soul-sickening creeds; are being saved from the worries and annoyances incident to working-class life; and above that, we vote the ticket of our class; we labor for the greater political democracy.

Fires of Love

By Ethel Winger

TWILIGHT EMBERS.

WHAT a riotous profusion of thoughts comes to you while watching a fire! In the orange flames, now flickering, now leaping, now dying to a red glow, you can see faces and friends. Memories of the long ago come back in that magic light; visions of the mysterious future shape themselves into the little golden tongues of twisting brightness; and into your half-consciousness comes creeping all the dim, intangible fears and hopes which slowly form into hazy reveries as you sit enchanted. And love—love, too, appears before you, and for a while you dream.

THE HOUSEHOLD HEARTH.

You think of those with you, sitting around the fire-place, and a warm gratitude steels over you, remembering the affections of mother and father and sister and brother. How constant is the love among members of your family!—so unchangeable that at times you almost forget that it is there, ready to come to the foreground when loyalty and help are needed. It is just a comfortable, satisfying love that envelopes you in its steady warmth—always ready when called upon, always unobtrusive when other matters are given precedence.

How well it is typified by the fire on the household hearth!—which furnishes the heat for the living-room, and gives a cheerful warmth without advertising the source. Yet, if you wish, it is there for closer communion, always silently inviting you to bask in its radiance. What a sense of security and peace there is in the fire of the home! How joyfully you come back to it again after every absence! Yet it does not crowd out the pleasure in some of the other fires you like—and recalling this, to these others your thoughts begin to drift.

THE CAMP FIRE.

What a grateful memory there is of the fires built as you spent the evening in the Out-of-Doors! Tired and cold from the long day's journey, with what a welcome the crackling flames received you! They flavored the meals you cooked with savory smoke; and after you had refreshed your body with food and warmth, they afforded your mind food for thought and stimulated sweet recollections of other days. After banking the coals with wood for the night, you slept, basking in the glow. In the morning you awoke, revived mind and body, and broke camp, eager to be off, yet looking regretfully at the dying embers. The fire had fulfilled its mission, and, having taken of its cheer, needing it no more, you left it forever.

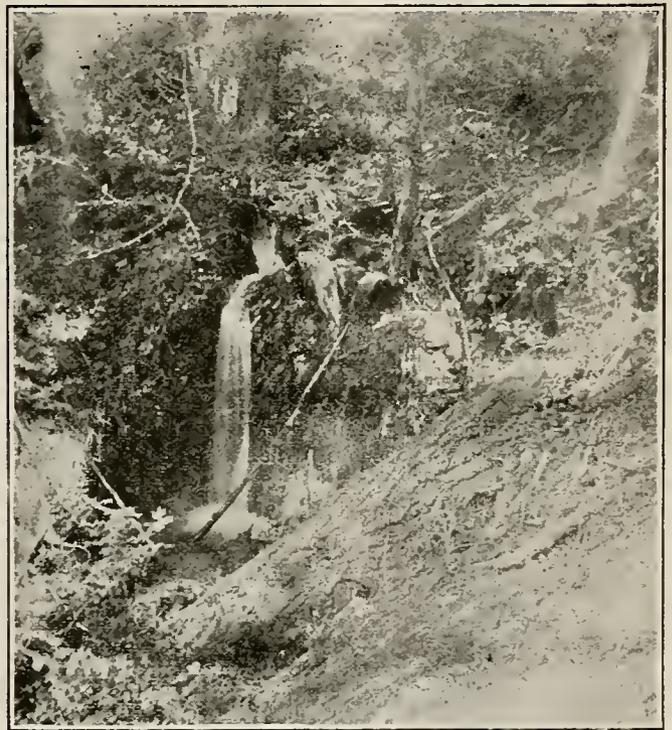
So with some of the friends you met in the hustle of life's activities. You greet them for a time, and appreciate sincerely their friendship. But when new places and new conditions call, anxious to find these new experiences, you hasten away. It is not without a feeling of sadness that you leave those who had brightened your path as you passed. Yet you must bid farewell, knowing that the pain of parting will gradually change into a happy memory.

THE FOREST FIRE.

You have seen other great fires out of doors, infinitely larger than the camp-fire. On some glorious day of Indian summer, you became aware of an increasing haziness along the timbered hills, and later you scented the delicate aroma of wood-smoke. The distant atmosphere became grayer and bluer, and then, above the hills, you could see the gray almost imperceptibly blending with the sky. Thicker and whiter grew

the smoke, and as you approached, the pines were lost in its clouds. Suddenly, the fire leaped out, and instantly before you were miles of burning forest. The waves of flames mounted to a mighty conflagration. The fire tore through the trees. It mowed down everything in its path. It mocked with crashing hisses all attempts to quench it. The roar resounded and reverberated through the canyons. For days the fire raged—until the fuel failed. For a long time the smoke lingered, and when the last coals died, nothing was left but barrenness and desolation. Those hillsides would always bear marks of the conflagration, but some day, in places where the decaying logs and impenetrable underbrush had been cleared away, more trees will be planted, and once again the green pines will lift their tops to the stars.

Such a fire is the love of lovers. Coming gradually, it is scarcely noticed before it gets a permanent stronghold, when it



Many such spots as this are within easy reach of Llano residents

carries all in its path. It is irresistible. And then, if it is denied the food on which it is fed, it will die out, leaving only ruin in its place. But if the splendid loyalties and affections were destroyed, so were the impenetrable prejudices, the decaying monotonies. And some day, on the old ruin, may be planted seeds where new ideals, endeavors and new love may grow unhindered.

THE FIRES OF THE INFINITE.

How differently magnificent are the fires of the sky!

The gentle evening star that comes with the twilight, so steady in its sublimity, so sweet in its beauty, fills us with reverence as we gaze. Its quiet radiance, broken by a faint, faint twinkle of rosy color, brings us peace, and dispels the weariness, the disappointment or the pain of the day.

(Continued on Page 22)

Was Schmidt Guilty?

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

ORTIE McMANIGAL met Hockin at Muncie, and there they arranged to, and did, purchase and store the first bit of dynamite that the Iron Workers' Union ever purchased or owned. It was stored in a music box in a cottage at Muncie, Indiana, where McManigal went for his supplies. Feeling that the place was not sufficiently concealed, he suggested that his supplies should be stored in a more isolated quarter. He accordingly moved the dynamite from Muncie to an old isolated cooper shop at Rochester, Pennsylvania. Feeling now that all was ready, the execution of the campaign of destruction began.

However far away, whether in Boston, New York, Peoria, Salt Lake or wheresoever, the dynamite necessary for the work was taken from the cooper shop at Rochester. Each time, he said, he returned to the cooper shop and went his way with his deadly missile.

Neither he, nor anyone else, ever got any dynamite or nitro-glycerine at any place, at or near any point, where a "job" was done, nor did they get any nitro-glycerine or dynamite except from the cache at Rochester.

This also is consistent with the secret methods which McManigal, on cross-examination, said they always and everywhere employed.

Not only did McManigal get the nitro-glycerine that he used from the cooper shop, but he said that J. B. McNamara also got all he used from the same cache.

It will be remembered that J. J. McNamara and McManigal found fault with Hockin for appropriating some of the cash that should have been paid to McManigal for the jobs that he claims to have done. This altercation resulted in removing Hockin from the field. Naturally Hockin became angry and a short time thereafter the cache of dynamite at the cooper shop was discovered. Suspicion, of course, was cast upon Hockin by those familiar with the plot, but at that time no evidence was at hand.

Another quantity of nitro-glycerine was purchased and deposited by McManigal in a cinder-pile near Pittsburg. It was from this cache, he testified, that he took the missile with which he destroyed the building at Peoria, Illinois.

Some time after the job at Peoria was done, McManigal testified that he was riding with J. J. McNamara from Indianapolis to Ohio, when McNamara discovered the mark Peoria on McManigal's shoes. "What do you mean by leaving that mark on your shoes? Take it off at once. They could trace you by that back to Peoria." Again we see with what secrecy they governed themselves.

Shortly after the cache was placed in the cinder-pile, McManigal said he was followed across the bridge and down to the place where the cache was placed. He claimed to have reported this fact to J. J. McNamara, and that he immediately ordered all the nitro-glycerine to be brought from the cinder-pile to his vault in Indianapolis, and McManigal claims to have done the transportation. The cache was placed there because McManigal said they thought it would be the last place where any one would think of looking for it.

Again Hockin was suspected of treachery but no evidence was then in hand to support the suspicion. Later, however, it appeared that Hockin had, as they suspected, turned traitor and delivered them into the hands of the enemy.

It must be remembered that McManigal testified that he

never met but two men who were not members of the Executive Board of the Iron Workers. One of these men was Smith of Peoria, Illinois. True, he testified that he met Webb of New York, but you will remember that Webb is a member of the Executive Board.

McManigal's testimony in regard to Young of Massachusetts is not true. It is inconsistent with the methods employed, inconsistent with the secrecy that the success of the enterprise demanded, and which was being strictly observed. McManigal said he went to see Young, that Young took him to the opera house, then being built by non-union labor, and told him where he wanted the dynamite placed. That Young then departed, and that he, McManigal, went for his infernal machine. That two watchmen paced to and fro in front of the opera house, meeting midway, then turning their backs each towards the other, they walked in opposite directions. That while their backs were turned toward each other, he slipped in between them, placed a shot under the stairs, and slipped out again and went on his way.

The fact is that J. J. McNamara, by means of correspondence always learned what buildings were in trouble and where they were located. McManigal received from him and Hockin all instructions. This was done in order that McManigal should not meet anyone, union or otherwise, in any city where he went. As a matter of fact, no one in any city knew who was guilty of the job, and not a footprint or trace was left behind. If he saw Young at all it was as a mere stranger who inquired for a certain opera house. Young might have told this stranger where it was located, and if McManigal paid his carfare, possibly he went with him to the place, without ever suspecting the man to whom he was rendering his services. Then they parted and McManigal, still under cover and free from suspicion, skulked back to the station and got his ten quarts of nitro-glycerine, a fearful engine of destruction. This time he testified that he left it in the depot with the parcel department. Sometimes he checked it with the hotel clerk. This tender-hearted father and 38-caliber winged angel, said he was sufficiently thoughtful to tell them not to drop it, that they might break something. It was thoughtful of him indeed. I can see him now with his iron wings folded, going afoot through the narrow streets of Boston, with his infernal machine in hand, to do his work of destruction, while Young lay peacefully slumbering without a thought of suspicion in his heart, only to wake on the following morning to be suspected with the rest of the union men of a crime of which they knew absolutely nothing.

This is the only method by which they could have carried out their secret schemes for three successive years. The same state of facts applies to Smith of Peoria. McManigal did not dare tell Young or Smith or anyone else in any place, what his mission was. The secret could never have been kept by such childish methods. No one knew nor could have known what was being done but a part of the Board and McManigal and J. B. McNamara. The proof of this is found in the testimony of the expert accountant (Mr. Cook) who told you who received and disbursed a certain fund which amounted to about eighteen thousand dollars. The accountant told you that the money was paid to Hockin, McNamara, Ryan and Webb, all members of the Executive Board; that Clancy received sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents all told, and that Butler, also a member, received only fifty dollars. It is altogether improbable that Clancy and Butler knew anything whatever of the campaign.

It is true that Clancy called for Hockin to come to the coast. Hockin had been in the field organizing, and Clancy thought he was the most desirable man. But Hockin did not come. He sent Mr. Berry of St. Louis. The man who was acting in secret in the field was also sent without the knowledge of Clancy.

Ryan, Hockin, J. J. McNamara and Webb—these four with McManigal and J. B. McNamara in the field doing the work, knew and kept the secret. If you will only look the facts in the face you will see that it could not have been otherwise. Place yourselves in the same position, conducting the same kind of a fight with the same methods. Would you have permitted anyone, however near to you, to have known what you were doing, excepting those who were absolutely necessary in order to successfully carry on the undertaking? I submit that you would not, and I submit that they did not. And the testimony of McManigal to the contrary, concerning Young and Smith was perjured for the purpose of lending color to the theory of the prosecution, namely, that the conspiracy was nation-wide.

We are not justifying the methods employed. In my judgment it was an insane policy.

But they were driven into a corner. McManigal suggested the plot. It seemed to them that it would work. They kept it a secret among themselves. Secrecy was necessary. Had such a policy been known to the organization it would have created greater consternation than defeat. The men in the various cities never knew it and never could have known it. The movement would not stand for it, and did not stand for it, and neither the organizers of the locals in the various cities knew it or would stand for it. When the McNamaras pleaded guilty the defense funds that were pouring in from all over the country stopped instantly, and the defense, both in Indianapolis and here, has been a poverty defense ever since. The forty men who were convicted in the East had practically no funds with which to fight. You have heard the worst of all the testimony that was offered against them. I submit that there is not sufficient evidence to convict so many men. The evidence would probably cover those whom I have named but it would not go beyond.

The theory of the prosecution is that the campaign was nation-wide, and that practically all the leaders of the labor movement are involved. It is upon this theory that they would have us believe that the lockout in Los Angeles in 1910 was a part of that plot and scheme. In order to confound the evidence and to confuse your minds, they first offered evidence of what happened in the East and then of what happened in the West, thus constantly oscillating between the East and West like a shuttlecock, as though that would connect the two struggles. Of course, there was a struggle in the

East. Everyone admits that. There was also a struggle in Los Angeles in 1910, but they were as distinct and separate from each other as the business affairs of the city of Los Angeles are separate from the business affairs of the city of Indianapolis.

The only threads by which they have endeavored to tie these two struggles together are the trip of J. B. McNamara to the coast and a letter and check of a thousand dollars sent to O. A. Tveitmoe.

I shall take up first the matter of J. B. Bryce, and second the check that was sent to Mr. Tveitmoe.

McManigal testified that he and J. B. McNamara were assigned to do some work together in Cleveland, Ohio. That J. B. McNamara was so secretive that he refused after the first trip to go again with anyone. That when he left Indianapolis for the coast he had two suit cases. That J. B. McNamara told him that one had clocks and batteries, but that he would not say what the other contained. That it was heavy. That he (McManigal) had two valises full of nitroglycerine, one being for a job at Omaha, Nebraska, and the other for a job in Wisconsin. That they went on the train from Indianapolis to Chicago together, but that J. B. McNamara would not talk. This is further evidence of the secret methods employed. If they would not talk to each other regarding their enterprise is it reasonable to believe that J. B. McNamara would talk to strangers on the Pacific coast? We are told by McManigal that J. B. McNamara came direct to Los Angeles from Indianapolis, and the registers of hotels have been produced in this court to support that statement. If that is true, and if the Los Angeles Times was blown up with dynamite, then the stuff that McManigal says J. B. McNamara brought in his valise from Indianapolis, is the stuff with which the work was done.

Later J. B. McNamara went to San Francisco. There is not one particle of evidence that he met any union men there. Everything tends to show that he observed his usual secretiveness. While he was there he stopped with a Mrs. Ingersoll. Somewhere he must stop and there he happened in. This woman was a stranger to the union men of San Francisco. Certainly if there had been any connection between the Eastern struggle and the lockout in Los Angeles this man Bryce would not have been housed with a stranger.

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

A DAY of disaster for any nation will surely dawn when its society is divided into two classes—the unemployed rich and the unemployed poor—the former a handful and the latter a host.—Daniel Webster.



Left, firing boiler at south industrial building; center, stone work for horse barn; right, grading Llano land for irrigating.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

California Associated Raisin Company

The California Associated Raisin Company is one of the most important and powerful farmers' co-operative organizations in the world. Organized in 1912, at which time the unfortunate farmers were becoming desperate because of the wretched marketing conditions prevailing, the company now controls eighty-five per cent of the raisin production of the United States; has a membership of over 3500 stockholders; has a working capital and surplus of \$1,500,000, and has a total acreage of raisins under contract of 140,000 acres.

Although handicapped early in the history of the organization by the blind, selfish desire of the growers to remain "on the outside" of the organization in the hope of securing a higher price from private dealers, the company prospered until today it is very firmly entrenched. Between April 1, 1913 and April 1, 1917, it handled 318,000 tons of raisins and received a gross sum for them of more than \$38,000,000. During the same period, after defraying expenses of handling, packing and selling, the growers were paid more than \$29,000,000. The result has been a permanent and material increase in price to the grower, and a decided improvement in quality of the product to the consumer.

The office of the California Associated Raisin Company is in Fresno, California.—Wylie M. Giffen, President.

Starting the Co-operative Store

No co-operative store should begin business before it has organized its market; in other words, its membership. No store should open its doors until it knows how many customers it can depend on to buy from its stock. Never count on passing trade. This means that the society must first be organized and its first members chosen with extreme care.

Never start a co-operative society through a general public meeting. That method brings in elements that will only disrupt when the first difficulties are met. But the members of a co-operative group should constitute a society for the study of social problems, with especial reference to co-operation.

The most effective group for organizing a co-operative society is one in which the members have an intimate personal acquaintance with each other and are bound by some other ties, such as membership in the same labor union, community center, neighborhood guild, workmen's circle or other organization which gives a sense of kinship and solidarity. It is best that the members should be neighbors rather than that they should live widely separated.—The Co-operative League of America.

Nokomis Co-operative Society

(Nokomis, Illinois)

We are progressing nicely. Our report shows that we made a seven per cent patronage dividend during the first quarter, and expect to show a better report this second quarter which ends June 30. Our membership is growing steadily and our sales for this quarter are about fifty per cent larger than those of last quarter. Besides getting the profits for ourselves, we are assured of best quality merchandise at an honest price as far as retailing is concerned. Also our patrons get full weight and measure.—From a letter by H. E. Gifford, Manager.

The Need for Co-operation

In the conduct of modern business there is much waste; there is also great profit. Last year the value of products of this country amounted to \$8,000,000,000; \$2,000,000,000 remained on the farms. When the \$6,000,000,000 of produce sold reached the consumer, he paid \$13,000,000,000. That is, it costs \$7 to market every \$6 worth of produce. The consumer is beginning to ask why some of this waste should not be utilized for him and some of these profits be returned to him. Nobody wants to help him; many in fact would find it to their advantage to hinder him; laws seem to be of no avail; government is helpless. He, therefore, must help himself, but to do this effectively he must work in unison with his fellow consumers. Co-operation offers the only sure means.—New England Co-operative Society.

American Society of Equity

One of the most useful agencies in America in spreading the gospel of co-operation is the American Society of Equity at Wausau, Wisconsin. The mission of the society is "to get the farmers together, teach them the lessons of co-operation, organize them and show them how, by co-operative selling and by co-operative large-scale buying, they can eliminate un-

necessary middlemen, reduce the cost of getting their products into the hands of the consumers, and thus receive a much larger per centage of the price paid for them.

European Co-operation

The transformation in the rural life of more than one European community through co-operation has amounted to little less than a revolution. Higher standards of agricultural products and production have been set up and maintained, better methods of farming have been inculcated and enforced, and the whole social, moral and civic life of the people has been raised to a higher level. From the viewpoint of material gain, the chief benefits of agricultural co-operation have been the elimination of unnecessary middlemen, and the economies of buying in large quantities, and selling in the best markets, and employing the most efficient implements.—Rev. Father A. Ryan.

German Co-operatives

The statistics of the German agricultural co-operative societies show that in 1915 there were 97 central co-operative societies, 2,833 co-operative societies for collective sale and purchase, 17,781 co-operative savings and loan banks, 3,588 co-operative dairy societies, 4,353 co-operative societies having other objects; a total of 28,652 agricultural co-operative societies, 164 of them founded in 1915, having a membership of 2,500,000.—Montana Equity News.

The American consumer has no good grounds for complaint against the farmer, because of the prices he pays for farm products. The consumer can protect himself by buying directly from the farmer as the English consumer, through the aid of co-operative associations, is successfully doing.—James Wilson, formerly Secretary of Agriculture.

Wind versus Work

If trade unionists and labor men generally had spent half the time they have expended on resolutions during the past hundred years on co-operative business problems, the Co-operative Commonwealth would have been much nearer today. It is far better to build factories than hold conferences for the mere purpose of protesting against the unfairness of exploiters. These protests have been made for centuries. Unless we make factories in the future instead of speeches, the protests will continue for centuries to come.—The Producer, England.

The workers of the world must learn to co-operate. If they do not hang together, they will hang separately.

Rochdale System in America

The Rochdale system of consumers' co-operation so successfully in vogue in England, may be used equally as successfully in America, provided an effort is made to adjust the system to peculiar business and financial conditions in the United States. Many co-operators have failed in using the Rochdale method in this country and have ever after contended that its application here is impossible. It is an interesting fact that of all the co-operative stores that have succeeded in America, the larger per centage of them have adopted a modification of the Rochdale system.

Co-operation Unifies

The most favorable omen for the success of the proposed Conference for the settlement of the Irish problem lies in the history and experience of the Irish co-operative movement. In the countries which have been sharply divided along radical, political and religious lines, the one unifying force has been the common interest of all groups in the co-operative stores, co-operative diaries and co-operative credit societies.—Laurence C. Staples, Co-operative League of America.

Co-operative Egg Marketing

In Canada approximately 105 egg circles are in active operation at the present time. Of these forty are located in Ontario. The most successful co-operative egg and poultry association in Canada is located in Prince Edward Island, where some fifty-two or fifty-three associations are amalgamated into one central association with central warehousing, grading and selling facilities.

The National Agricultural Organization Society is an institution that is helping farmers to co-operate. For information write to the Secretary, 340 Washington Building, Madison, Wisconsin.

News and Views in Agriculture

Do These Things Now

Thin the vegetables that show signs of crowding. To do so requires courage, but it will pay. The young beet tops make excellent greens.

At the first appearance of the striped beetle on melon and squash vines, spray with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green, or dust with powdered air-slaked lime.

Watch for curculio on plum and quince trees. This is a grayish beetle about a quarter of an inch long. Jar the trees and catch the beetles on sheets spread on the ground.

Do the cultivating and weeding early in the morning of a hot day. The uprooted weeds will be scorched by the sun. Never let the soil become caked or form a crust.

To produce extra large bunches of grapes pinch off the young shoots so as to leave one or two eyes.

Plant successive crops of corn, beans, peas, beets and lettuce.

Stop cutting asparagus soon and allow the shoots to grow. Keep weeds down and the soil well stirred. An application of quick-acting fertilizer on the asparagus bed will do much good.

As soon as the peas and beans are off pull out the vines and sow cabbages, turnips or sweet corn.

Look out for the green worm on currant and gooseberry bushes. If present spray with Paris green and water—an ounce to about six gallons.

—The Country Gentleman.

Light and Ventilation in the Dairy Stable

The general rule to be followed in lighting a dairy stable is one square foot of glass area for each unit of twenty square feet of floor space. Another rule calls for four to six square feet of glass area for each cow. For a shed fifteen by sixty feet, or 900 square feet, there would be necessary forty-five square feet of glass area. By spacing windows containing six square feet of glass area from center to center along the sixty-foot wall, ample light would be provided. Window ventilation is quite satisfactory when the sashes tilt in at the top, as a temporary proposition. These same sashes will work into a modified type of the King system of ventilation later, if desired.—F. W. Ilcotts.

Brood Sows

The practice of having brood sows produce two litters a year, as followed in some of the hog-raising sections of the United States, should be encouraged, except where short seasons and severe winter prevent. Sows intended to farrow fall litters should be bred not later than the end of June. Those that are in breeding condition after weaning their spring litter should be bred the first time they come in heat. There are generally a few sows in the herd that are thin and run down in condition after weaning, and these should be fed a little heavier for a few weeks before the breeding to insure a larger litter in the fall. The date of breeding should be recorded so as to determine the date of farrow. The gestation period of a sow is 112 to 115 days. The sows should be watched closely to see if they come in heat after they are once bred, so they can be rebred. The heat period is every 21 days.—United States Department of Agriculture.

The Windbreak as a Farm Asset

Windbreaks are, in more ways than one, a farm asset. They tend to prevent the soil from drying out quickly and they protect grain and orchards from mechanical injury by the wind. A belt of trees by the farm buildings protects them from extreme winter cold and summer heat, and makes the farm a pleasanter place in which to live. The windbreak may also be a source of wood supply for use on the farm and for sale.

—Farmers' Bulletin.

Garbage as Fertilizer

Mix the garbage with about three times the quantity of soil and let it remain for several months until it becomes well rotted. This will avoid fermentation and souring.—B. C. Marner, New York.

The Loss from Grasshoppers

In California alone grasshoppers have caused an annual destruction of at least \$1,000,000 to the cereal and forage crops, which are the main crops necessary for the food supply; not mentioning the immense loss from this pest to the fruit, vegetable and truck crops of this section of the country. In some of the larger alfalfa fields, the annual loss constitutes almost one-third of the normal production. In other sections this pest is present year after year, causing a great aggregate loss, but hardly

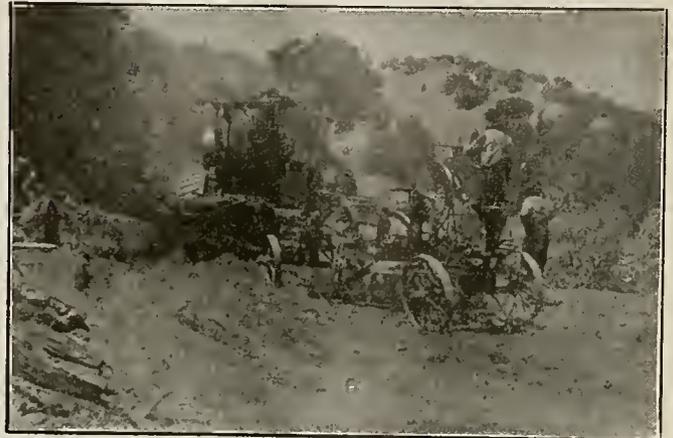
abundant enough to arouse the individual farmer to an effective grasshopper campaign. It is this aggregate loss over hundreds and thousands of farms that must be lessened, as well as the loss where the pest appears in such great numbers as to destroy the entire crop.—State Commissioner of Horticulture.

Small Fruits

The soil cannot be too rich for strawberries. Good berries will grow on a soil that will raise good white potatoes. A good fertilizer is well-rotted manure, with a little commercial potash and rock phosphate applied with the manure a year before the plants are set out. The only fruit that rebels against late pruning is the grape, which shows protest in bleeding. Raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries and currants can be pruned after they are in full leaf, or even in bloom without hurt.—The Co-operators' Herald.

Mushrooms

We sometimes hear the complaint that by neglecting to use the mushrooms that could be cultivated, Americans are wasting an important food. A good mushroom, properly cooked, is a very luscious morsel and as such is a welcome addition to the dietary. If you are absolutely sure



Building the Road up into the Mountains; it now extends for a dozen miles and is a remarkably good mountain road.

that the variety that grows on your lawn or in the neighboring fields is of the edible kind, by all means cook it and eat it; it will do you good. But if you have the least doubt of its innocuousness, you had better leave it alone; the risk is too great and the possible gain in nutriment is too slight.

How is Your Alfalfa?

Has your new alfalfa seeding stopped growing? Is it spotted and patchy? Is it turning yellow? Have you a thin stand? Let us find out what is the matter.

1. Are you sure your soil is not sour? Does it need lime for alfalfa? Did you test it with litmus paper to see if it needed lime before you seeded?

2. Did you inoculate? Are there nodules on the roots?

3. Is your field reasonably fertile and well drained? Are there any low wet spots? Alfalfa will not stand wet feet.

4. Do you have a hardpan subsoil six or eight inches below the surface? Hardpan is impenetrable to young alfalfa roots.

5. Did you have a poor stand last fall? Too thick seeding of the nurse crop and the use of late-ripening grain may cause poor stands.

6. Was your alfalfa cut or pastured late in the fall? Remember the eight-inch rule: If alfalfa does not go into winter with eight inches of growth it may suffer from winter killing.—The Country Gentleman.

Horse Rations

The ration for a horse of a pound of grain and a pound of hay per hundredweight a day is a useful standard. The horse doing light work may receive more hay and less grain, and the horse at severe labor should receive approximately the above amount of hay and enough grain to keep him in condition.—J. L. Edmunds, Florida.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books By D. Bobspa

"The American Year-Book"

Appleton's "The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress," is intended for the needs of writers and searchers of every kind. It does not aim to be a rival of other annual publications, either foreign or domestic. The Year Book "appeals first of all to students in all fields who wish a record of progress, not only in their own, but in other departments of human endeavor. It is intended, also, as a handbook for busy men, editors, writers, and practical and business men who wish to verify or confirm points that arise in their minds; and to serve as a handy body of reference material settling questions of fact." Having been familiar with the annual during most of the seven years of its existence, I can say with fervor that this expectation has been more than met, and that the 1916 events recorded in the 1917 edition make it the best issue of them all.

The Year Book is edited by Francis G. Wickware with the co-operation of a supervisory board representing the national learned societies. There are 127 special contributors, specialists in each line. The war occupies a large percentage of the discussion, and I have seen no other source of information of the year 1916 so complete as this one. The same thing for that matter may be said of any field of research or activity. The papers are grouped under 32 departments, with thorough table of contents and index. Socialism receives a fair treatment from the pen of Carl D. Thompson, dealing with both the American and foreign developments.

For a present and a permanent reference book, Appleton's has come to mean in its field what the World Almanac means in its sphere. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"How to Avoid Indigestion"

Dr. Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M., is a practical physician with many sane ideas, which he is not afraid to give to the "laity". In two little books he has recently imparted some facts that are worth reading. One is "How to Avoid Indigestion: Its Chief Causes and Curative Treatment."

This is rather an ambitious title for a brochure of 176 pages, but Dr. Wallace wastes no energy in side issues. He tells of the organs at fault the process of healthy digestion, everyday causes of indigestion, stomach and intestinal indigestion, diet for dyspeptics, and food to combat special symptoms. The book is designed for "the plain man, in plain English," what is of practical service in the daily routine of life.

"How to Avoid Nervous Disorders: A Complete Treatise Concerning Their Nature, Prevention and Cure," was prepared "expressly for the layman in all that pertains to the care of his nervous system in health, and its treatment when out of order." The author desires that the readers may be prompted to so train their nervous organization that it shall be the servant rather than the master of their fate, "and at the same time afford sufficient information to enable them to follow intelligently the general as well as the special lines of treatment of the more common functional nerve troubles of everyday life."—(The Britton Publishing Co.)

"Mental Adjustments"

One recalls Emanuel Julius' "Democratizing the Nice Stuff" in studying the pages of "Mental Adjustments," written by Frederick Lyman Wells, of McLean Hospital, Waverley, Mass. It is the most significant contribution to psychology of the past year, and written in a style simple enough for the average student, and at the same time erudite enough for the profound specialist. It is one of the series of "The Conduct of Mind," edited by Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Jastrow is the foremost American psychologist, and his seal on any book is evidence that it is something more than ordinarily worth while. I am going to quote from his analytical introduction to the book to give you an idea of its scope.

"The science of happiness," writes Dr. Jastrow, "is the most intricate of human pursuits. It is to this study that Dr. Wells makes a significant contribution. As a pioneer, he blazes the trail; others will be guided by his route, though the future highways may diverge from his triangulations. Central in the composition stands that complex of forces imposed by nature embodied in the function of sex, and from that focus radiating to all the expressions of human energy, desire, will, conduct. To consider the manifestations of sex so insistently and unreservedly may seem to many unused to this perspective an unseemly intrusion, or an unworthy degradation. The libido plays with the human will, mocks at its attempts to escape its bonds, and through the exponent of science reveals the true significance of the mind's expressions."

The volume moves toward a definite position in regard to the control and expression of vital trends. Such a position has a direct bearing upon ethics and education and all the regulative systems that distinguish be-

tween good and bad, between more and less desirable. For adjustment implies value, indeed sets the standard of value. Dr. Wells attempts an analysis of the source of such standards and an appraisal of their worth and fitness for the life that we today must attain. Beginning with the biological relations, he promptly introduces the mental factor, and presents the mind and its products as an instrument of adjustment. The use and waste of the mental trends is his theme. The substitution of thoughts for realities takes us back to primitive man and the unschooled habits of his mind, to magic and superstition; it takes us collaterally to the breakdown of mind in the forms of insanity, in which the distinction of fact and fancy fades.

"Difficulties and failures of adjustment furnish the basis for the more elaborate analyses . . . The nature of intelligence and the modes of testing it; the scope and significance of individual differences; the newer methods of attacking the higher judging processes in terms of which adjustment proceeds; these are included in the survey.

"Dr. Wells reflects his professional interests in the disqualifications and liabilities of the abnormal mind; his training is equally adequate in the study of experimental problems among the normal. The work should find its place as an aid to the general reader, as a guide to the psychological student, whatever his practical interests or professional purpose may be. Ideas irregularly scattered through the technical literature are here brought together, with much original interpretation, into a consistent whole."—(D. Appleton & Co.)

"White Nights, and Other Russian Impressions"

"White Nights, and Other Russian Impressions" is a good picture of Russia just prior to the Revolution, as pictured by Arthur Ruhl, one of the best known American journalists. An example of the impressions that is of especial interest is the following:

"Rodzikanko, the Duma president, like most of the deputies, is a landowner—he has enormous estates down in the southern steppe country—and on the hot summer afternoon when I was talking with him he was thinking, as many of his colleagues were, of the crops and getting home.

"The land won't wait," he boomed. "If the crops aren't good, Russia suffers. And the army suffers. We must go home soon." And the political earthquake was then only a few months away."

Nearly thirty full-page pictures from photographs accompany the vivid descriptions of scenes and events in Russia. "The Road to Russia" is an interesting introductory chapter that gives some sidelights on Norway and Sweden. He describes the homecoming of a group of German soldiers who had been exchanged from the allies' prison camps. They were spiritless wrecks, most of whom were nearly dead from tuberculosis, besides having legs, arms and eyes missing. Among the features of Russian war time life described are the events at the front, the Moscow Art theater, a look at the Duma, Russia's war prisoners, a Russian cotton king, down the Volga to Astrakhan, Volga refugees and Roumania's lesson on the meaning of war.

The narrative is told in the easy style of the well-informed newspaper correspondent, with pertinent observations on the meanings of what Mr. Ruhl was seeing. Previously to this book, Mr. Ruhl has written "Antwerp to Gallipoli," "Second Nights," and "The Other Americans." The photographs are particularly interesting and illuminating.—(Charles Scribner's Sons).

"The Royal Outlaw"

I am sure humanity has made a big advance, and H. G. Wells' idea of a finite God which had nothing to do with "creation" and all that bunk, since reading Charles B. Hudson's "The Royal Outlaw," a novel of King David during the period when he fled from the insane wrath of Saul and lived as an outlaw and exile. It is written on the style of the American historical novels so popular a few years ago, and still written by Emerson Hough. There is nothing of the mystic awe and reverence in talking of this fascinating poet-butcher amorous king of the Jews. His lawless gathering of associates, their trips among the enemy countries, their hidings in the caves and hills, the love affairs and the battles bring out all of their qualities as human beings without Jehovah's whiskers getting mixed into the frays.

The book is historically accurate, and a well-told novel. Romance and adventure blend in a stirring tale, coming from the lips of Old Alian o' the Wood, David's veteran man-at-arms. Alian was a robber, who abandoned his profession to cast his lot with the exiled king and became one of his chief counselors. Alian furnishes a good part of the humor, which relieves the strain of many fights. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

To the Ideal

By Dr. John Dequer

I love you in pain and in sorrow,
I love you in weakness and might,
I love you in evening and morrow,
I love you through darkness and light;
For my love from the heart, like a fountain,
Flows in perpetual streams;
My love is as vast as the mountains,
For you, the source of my dreams.

For me, your eyes gleam with a fire
That fills all the heavens with song;
For your voice doth ambition inspire,
To build beauty from a strife-sick throng—
For those who are weary and laden,
For those who are seeking the rest.
Fulfillment of promise of Aiden
I find, when asleep on your breast.

And I build, and teach and grow stronger,
When I think of the soul I adore;
And I wish that the sun would shine longer,
And the darkness of night I deplore.
For my spirit soars high like a lark—
A lark whose heart-throbs are song;
When I see you smile from your pillow,
I feel that in weakness I'm strong.

As the clover the bee calls to labor,
As the spring calls the bird to its nest,
As atoms call to their neighbors,
As play calls the child to its rest:
Your life calls my spirit to motion,
Like a mighty, redeeming machine;
You're my prayer, my song, my devotion,
My Saint, my God and my dream.

The keystone to all of my arches,
As in either your heart or your face;
In the music of soul-stirring marches,
In the swirl and jam of life's race,
I hold you, the crown of my power,
The hope and the joy of the strife;
You're my shield, my sword and my tower—
The pulse and strength of my life.

I may win or lose in the striving,
I may fail and rise up again;
I may sink, and the billows, fast driving,
May strand me with heartache and pain:
But no matter what fate may befall me,
As long as your hand, from the shore,
Will beckon sweetly, and call me,
I will live for the soul I adore.

A Workingman's Soliloquy

By Clinton Bancroft

I am the blind giant.
I am a part of the incomprehensible mind of the universe.
I am the man who first conceived the plow.
My hands fashioned its rude shear of wood and with it
turned the soil.
I raise the grain that feeds the armies of the world.
And I walk to and fro throughout the land seeking
a master.

The Master rubs the Lamp.

I build factories and mills and palaces for him.
My children toil and sweat in his service; we live in a hut.
I delve deep in the earth and mine the coal and iron that
give mankind dominion over brutes.
I build roads of stone and steel, and bridge the torrents and
chasms that divide the mountains.
I build great ships and sail them o'er the seas, then bring
them safely into port laden with treasure and meekly
lay it at the master's feet.
Without my loyalty to mastership, ignorance and poverty
would vanish from the earth.

And still I feel the goad
Of human needs and bend beneath my load.

The master rubs the Ring.

I fight the battles of the king.
At his command, I wound and slay my fellow worker with-
out cause.

I dive beneath the waters of the sea to sink and destroy
that which I have built.
From the clouds above, I hurl thunderbolts of fire and
death upon the children of the land for hire.
Sated with scenes of carnage and suffering the torments
of the damned,
I envy the felon his prison life and easy death.
I am a creature who feels
Upon his neck the crush of iron heels.

The zephyr is my pathway to the skies;
I ride among the clouds and mount above the storm.
The fabled powers of Jove are mine; in my hands—Death,
to dispense, to withhold.
The lightning is my messenger.
I speak across continents and seas with tongue of fire and
herald the Pentecost of war.
Listen! a message to you, O Fellow Workingman:
"Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."
Listen! a message to you, O King:
"Thou shalt not kill!"
And above the awful raging of the storm of war and battle,
I hear a voice saying:
"Peace, be still."—'Tis my soul, crying peace!
And when I speak the word, war shall forever cease.

The scales are falling from my eyes;
I think I see a light arise.

Fires of Love (Continued from page 15)

How fitting a symbol it is of the love of the God of the Universe! For it lifts our hearts above the mundanity of earth to a plane where we sense a kinship with the Infinite. This star typifies all the greatness of Nature for us, and in loving this one star, we also love the intangible, elusive, yet all-pervading God of Life.

THE FLAME OF THE VESTALS.

You remember how in ages past the Romans kept burning in the temple of Vesta a fire that was never allowed to die. It was fed by maidens, and if they violated their vows of virginity, never again might they tend the sacred flame. Every true Roman worshipped at the altar of Vesta, who typified in a larger sense the union of the nation. And every Roman knew that the sacred flame was ever burning, although he did not constantly make the offering before the temple.

I like to think of such a fire as representing the love of friendship—the REAL friendship that lasts, that never wavers in constancy. Only he whose life is pure can hope to receive from service at friendship's shrine the helpful mental stimulus, the understanding sympathy, the warm love and exaltation of spirit; and only he who will sacrifice can reach the heights to which these experiences can take him.

How dear to friends is the thought that though they may not always bring offerings to the altar and be worshipping with a heart as humble as the bended knee, the sacred flame of friendship is burning still the same, fed by the purity, the loyalty, and the sincerity of the lives of those who minister unto it.

THE FIRE OF LIFE

When the Infinite breathed into us the fire of life, we were given a spark of the fires of loves, as well as the beginnings of hatred and strife. Our whole being, then, with its activities, is a blend of the various fires of life. If we develop our bodies, our minds, our spirits with conscientious care, and keep them so unified as to evolve for us the highest efficiency for the use of ourselves and humanity, our lives will be living fires of love.

And so, can not we who see and feel the beauty of these fires of loves, try to make our lives as bright, as beautiful, as pure as the fiery flames and the love they symbolize?

Unfair District Representation

(Continued from page 9)

Democrats, polling 54,242 votes, however, elected twice as many, i. e., four when they were entitled to only three. A little combination of Democrats, Progressives and a few Socialists, numbering only 7,944 elected one Senator; but neither 19,053 Democrats and Progressives nor 19,250 straight Socialists could get any Senatorial representation whatever.

In the Assembly the unjust district system fairly outdid itself in disfranchizing Democrats. 224,476 Democratic voters succeeded in electing only nine Assemblymen when proportionally they should have had twenty-two. A combination of 39,694 Republicans and Democrats, less than one-fifth the number of straight Democrats, elected only one less Assemblyman, eight as against nine. Another combination of Republicans Democrats and Progressives, comprising 69,956, elected 10 Assemblymen. That is, a group less than one-third as strong numerically as the straight Democrats, elected one more

member of the Assembly than those same Democrats. Again, 7,097 voters of various faiths combined to elect one Assemblyman, but 56,751 Socialists got no representation.

When we turn to Congressmen we find that the Progressives get a rough deal, for 31,181 of them are denied a voice and vote at Washington, while only 30,042 Democrats with a sprinkling of Socialists elect one member. Republicans, Democrats and Progressives to the number of 58,826 elect a Representative, but 60,797 Socialists remain unrepresented. Comparatively speaking both Republicans and Democrats suffer from an utterly illogical combination in National politics of Republicans and Democrats, for 109,992 Republican Democrats elect two Congressmen, while nearly twice as many straight Democrats elect only three, and nearly three times as many straight Republicans elect only four Representatives.

The figures which I have cited show conclusively that under the district system there is no certain relation between votes and representation. The fact as to whether the majority rules or not is left to the utterly hap-hazard grouping of the numerous districts. As a matter of fact in many instances the minority controls the legislature and the majority is left impotent. The actual weight of any vote is a matter of purest chance. Unjust, inequitable, misrepresentative, the district system of election must go.

Llano Getting on the Map

(Continued from page 7)

once, and as a result, one of the most artistic affairs in the history of Llano was consummated.

The Assembly Hall was arranged to represent a church. An aisle was arranged from the double doors down to the platform where the ceremony was performed, and prettily enclosed by white ribbons running on white posts ornamented with pink roses and greenery. The aisle was outlined overhead with wedding bells, decorated with roses and pink ribbons and ending with a large bell of the same description. The electric lights were veiled in pink and white. Carnations and sweet peas abounded on the walls and ceiling.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Louis A. Pier and was an impressive ring service, the charm and loveliness of which is difficult to describe.

The orchestra played the celebrated Lohengrin wedding march as the wedding procession marched slowly up the aisle.

When the ceremony was over a reception was held at which refreshments were served.

My object in repeating the description of the wedding is to point out some of the advantages of a co-operative community. Had this event with its delightful arrangements, its beautiful decorations, and its impressive music by a twelve-piece orchestra, been held in any other city or village, it would not have cost less than \$500. The cost here was insignificant. The services of those engaged in making the ceremony the success it was, was entirely gratuitous and gladly given.

Llano is three years old. It has a record of achievement. Many will come and some will go, but always many more will come than those that will go. Those who stay, overlooking for the time the few oftentimes annoying inconveniences, will be the inheritors of the labors of those who have contributed to make Llano what it is today and is going to be in the future.

Llano, with its industrial and psychological problems, is a mecca to which thousands will come and from which will be marked the program that pointed the way out of the wilderness.

This Man Won a Membership in the Llano Colony by Securing Subscriptions to the LLANO PUBLICATIONS



EWALD SANDNER lives in Illinois. He worked industriously in the First Grand Membership Circulation Contest and soon obtained the lead, which he retained throughout the entire contest.

Here are some Winners in the First \$2000
Grand Membership Circulation Contest

EWALD SANDNER, Illinois, won the Membership in the Llano del Rio Colony.

Others who won Llano stock in the contest are:

- ERNEST BODEN, Canada.
- CHRIST COJANUS, Illinois.
- WALTER ELLMAN, New York.
- GEORGE TRUST, Washington.

The SECOND Grand Membership Circulation Contest is now on. Most of those who won premiums in the first contest won them with absurdly low numbers of subscriptions turned in. Enter at once and win in the new contest.

Join Our New Contest Now

Llano Publications
Contest Department - - - Llano, Calif.

Reduced Freight Rates

on Shipments of
Household Goods
from all Eastern points
to California

Members of the Llano del Rio Colony will find it especially advantageous to make their shipments through the

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

443 Marquette bldg, Chicago; 324 Whitehall bldg, New York;
640 Old South bldg, Boston; 435 Oliver bldg, Pittsburg; 1537
Boatmen's Bank bldg, St. Louis; 518 Central bldg, Los Angeles;
855 Monadnock bldg, San Francisco. WRITE NEAREST OFFICE.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates: 25c a line for one insertion; 15c a line thereafter. Twelve words to the line. Advertising payable in advance.

"THE NEW EARTH." Ocean beds become vast fertile plains. Earth watered from within; even deserts bloom. Deductions solidly based upon divine laws. Fifty cents, no stamps. Cross Publishing House, Nuevitas, Cuba. JJA

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

YOU CAN BUY THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO at the People's Library, 2079 Sutter street, and at 1350 Fillmore street.

What Are You Good For?

Did you ever try to find out?
Are you employed at work for which you are best fitted?
Do you KNOW or are you GUESSING?
Your children—what will you advise them to do?

The science of Character Analysis will answer the questions you have asked yourself. It is not fortune telling. It is not guess work. It tells you what you are fitted for and gives you the reasons. It tells you why you have not succeeded in what you have attempted and will show you in which lines you can hope to succeed.

An analysis of yourself will cost you something and it is worth many times what it costs; but information about it—that is free. Just write: "Send me free information about Character Analysis and Vocational Fitness." Write your name and address very plainly. Send it to:

P. O. Box 153, Llano, California

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.

Walter Thomas Mills

Is Now Associated with the Llano del Rio Colony

Comrade Mills is known to every Socialist and radical in the United States, and is also widely known in Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand, and Australia. He has been an active worker for many years as a speaker and writer. He has been identified with co-operative efforts of various kinds. After watching the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony for three years, studying it closely, and realizing the certainty of its success he has identified himself with it as BEING THE LIVEST AND MOST CONSTRUCTIVE PHASE OF THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY. This is what he says:

“For Every Job in The United States Someone Has Invested, in Something, \$10,000

This is the average cost of a job in this country. But if you buy your own job even at this price you would escape exploitation only at one point. You would still be robbed everywhere else just the same.

“You can own your job at Llano, Los Angeles county, California, in the most productive county in America, have you own house with the best of schools, free medical aid and hospital care, with the best social life, and so become your own employer, have for yourself your total products with a million dollar working plant co-operatively manned and managed, covering twenty lines of industry, and so escape exploitation at twenty points instead of one and that where no boss or trust can rob you of the means of life.”

Comrade Mills is going to lecture on “Co-operation in Action” with particular reference to the Llano Colony.

The Western Comrade

Will carry a Leading Article Each Month from the pen of Comrade Mills.

Watch also for the

EDITORIALS BY JOB HARRIMAN
STORIES ON THE LLANO COLONY
FIRST-HAND CO-OPERATIVE NEWS

And Many Other Instructive Features

The Second Grand Membership Circulation Contest Is Now On---Earn a Membership

THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS ARE FOREMOST IN TEACHING SOCIALISM—HELP
GET SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THEM NOW!

Write at Once for further Information: Contest Department—

The Llano Publications, Llano, California