

The WESTERN COMRADE



May - 1916

Five Cents

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

Through Co-operative Action

THE name of the Nevada Colony Corporation has been changed to the LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA. This has been done in order to conform to the name of the only colony enterprise in which we are interested—the LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY, situated in Los Angeles County, California.

We are not interested in any colonization enterprise in Nevada, or any other state outside of California. Another important change has been made in that we have decided to issue our former contracts instead of the one we offered as the Nevada Colony Corporation. This makes the terms of membership much easier on the members. Instead of asking \$2,500 for memberships, we have decided to continue on the \$2,000 basis. This requires the member to pay \$1,000 as the initial fee, and to work out the remaining 1,000 shares at the Colony, at the rate of only one dollar per day instead of two dollars per day. Outstanding contracts will be changed to conform to this when requested.

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

The LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY is interested in only one magazine—THE WESTERN COMRADE. This is an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the cause of co-operation and Socialism. It has been issued by the Colony since its inception. Job Harriman, founder of the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY, is the managing editor. THE WESTERN COMRADE is the only magazine that we guarantee will print stories in each issue covering the activities at the LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY. The subscription price is fifty cents per year, clubs of four, twenty-five cents a year.

You are urged to read the following with great care. It will give you much information concerning a colony two years old, with a record of wonderful achievement and success.

WE have an abundance of sparkling water from mountain streams sufficient to irrigate thousands of fertile acres where nature's bounty is limitless. We are conducting a great agricultural, horticultural, stockraising enterprise. We have a number of industrial plants operating and a number of others projected. We have nearly 800 residents at the new city of Llano and thousands of others are planning to make it their home in the future. There are excellent schools, among them a wonderful Montessori school which takes charge of the children at two years of age. Schools range from this to the high school.

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

The climate is delightful, the soil fertile, the water pure and the social life grows more ideal as the colony increases in numbers.

Sound Financing Necessary

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

The money derived from these initial payments is used to pay for land, improvements, machinery and to carry on the enterprise until it is on a paying basis. It takes considerable time to bring a large agricultural undertaking to a productive point. The colony must proceed on sound financial lines in order to continue its present success. This fact must be obvious to all. The management of the Llano del Rio Community has never been unmindful of the fact that there is a numberless army that cannot take advantage of this plan of co-operation. Many letters come in that breathe bitter and deep disappointment. No one could regret this more than we do. It is our hope that the day will come when successful co-operative groups can say to their stripped, robbed and exploited brothers: "You who come with willing hands and understanding of comradeship and co-operation are welcome." The installment plan of payment whereby one pays \$10.00 a month is proving satisfactory. On this plan the absent comrade is providing for the future while his brothers and sisters on the land are bearing the brunt of the pioneering. Families entering the Colony begin to draw from the commissary. Some of the food, all the clothing, much of the material they draw, costs money. The initial membership fee goes to offset the support of families until the colony shall be on a paying basis.

Important Questions Answered

WHEN a member of the colony dies his shares and credits, like any other property, go to his heirs. Only Caucasians are admitted. We have had applications from Negroes, Hindus, Mongolians and

Malays. The rejection of these applications are not due to race prejudice but because it is not deemed expedient to mix the races in these communities.

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

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

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

'Constitution and By-Laws'

MANY persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed on this page of this magazine. The management of the Colony rests with the Board of Managers, a member of which is the superintendent. These managers are selected for their

fitness and ability. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the Board of Directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

Community Management

THE LLANO DEL RIO COMMUNITY has a remarkable form of management that is the result of evolution. The management of the affairs of the colony industries are in the hands of the various department managers. There are about twenty-five of these departments and in each department there are divisions. Over some of these divisions are foremen. All these are selected for their experience and fitness for the position. At the managers' meeting as many persons as can crowd in the room are always present. These meetings are held every night and they are unique in that no motions are ever made, no resolutions adopted and no minutes are kept. **THE LAST ACTION ON ANY MATTER SUPERCEDES ALL FORMER ACTION AND THIS STANDS UNTIL THE PLANS ARE CHANGED.** The plan is working most admirably and smoothly. At these nightly meetings the work for the next day is planned, teams are allotted, workers are shifted to the point where the needs are greatest, and machinery is put on designated work, transportation is arranged, wants are made known and filled as near as practicable. The Board of Directors, members of which are elected by the stockholders, meets once a week and has charge of the financial and business management of the enterprise. These directors are on the same basis as all their comrades in the colony. At the general assembly all persons over eighteen years of age, residing in the colony, have a voice and vote.

What Colonists Escape

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

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

The Directors of the company are: Job Harriman, president; Frank E. Wolfe, vice-president; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer; C. M. Cason, auditor; F. P. McMahan, vice-president; W. A. Engle, secretary; D. J. Wilson, vice-president; A. F. Snell and Emma J. Wolfe.

Address all communications and make all payments to the

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA, RENO, NEVADA

Information About the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

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

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

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

There are about 800 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

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

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

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 1000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

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

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

There are many thousand grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

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

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

The Llano Community recently purchased a part of the San Gabriel forest reserve from the United States government. It has been estimated that nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber can be obtained from this land.

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

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. This year the garden is being enlarged to more than twice this size.

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

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about one hundred acres of young pear trees.

More than 26,000 2-year-old fruit trees were set out this spring. These are, for the most part, pears, peaches and apples.

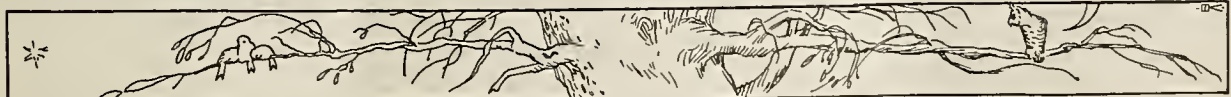
Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

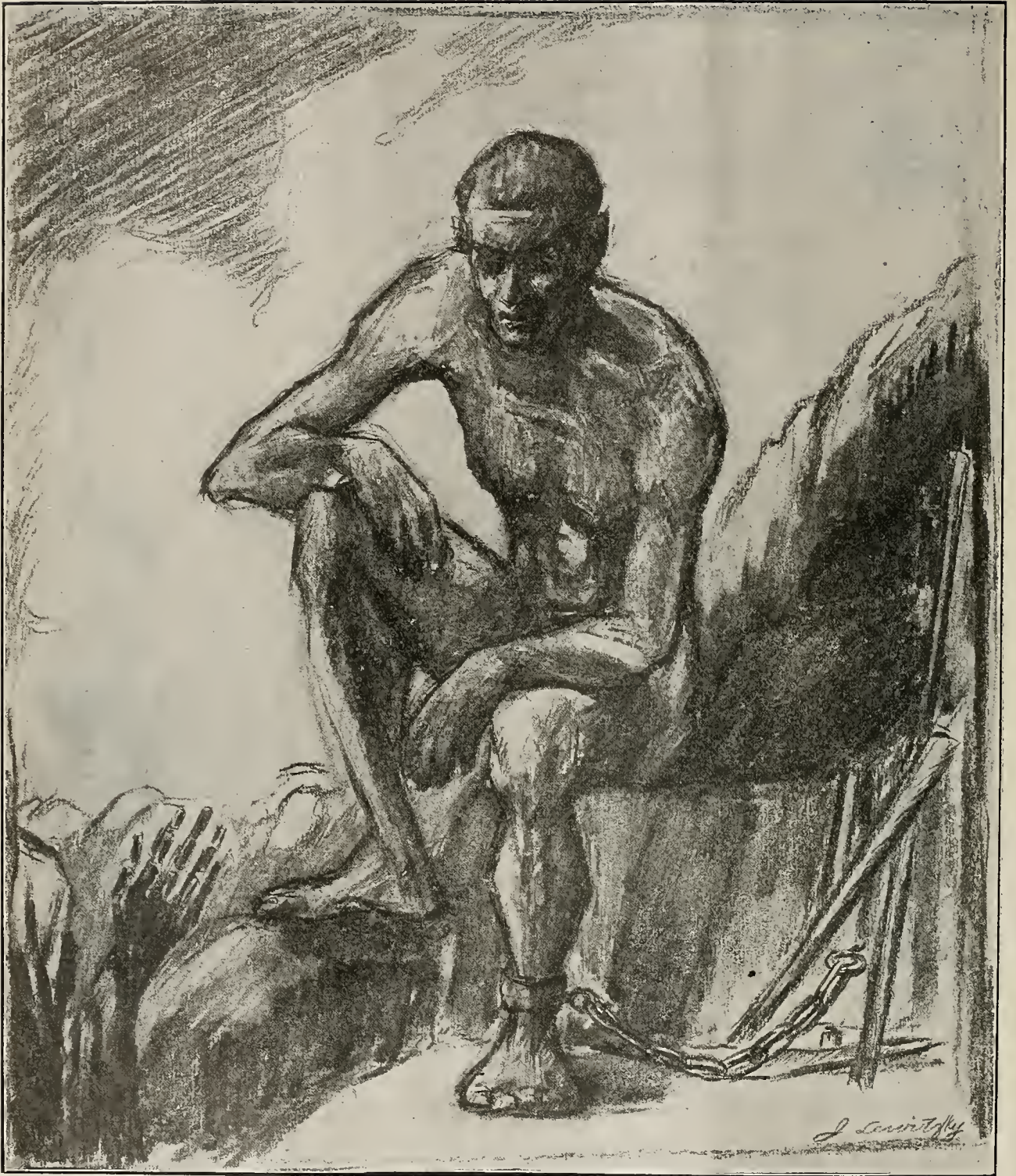
A large lime kiln is now running, and there is enough lime in a nearby hill, owned by the colony, to build their proposed city.



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The Slave

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. IV

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1916

NUMBER 1

E D I T O R I A L S

“WE are after O. A. Tveitmoe, but we have no evidence.”

By Job Harriman

This was the statement of Woolwine in his talk before the jury in the Caplan case.

“No evidence,” and yet, “we are after him.” There was “no evidence” against Tveitmoe in the Indianapolis case, and yet the jury convicted him. The United States Circuit Court set the verdict aside on the ground that there was “no evidence” to sustain the villainous verdict.

Judge Anderson, District Judge at Indianapolis, was “after him,” knowing there was “no evidence.” It was his vicious treatment of Tveitmoe in open court that caused the jury to convict.

Miller, United States District Attorney, was “after him” with “no evidence.”

Otis is, and for fifteen years has been, “after him” with “no evidence.”

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of the Pacific Coast, and the Erectors' Association are “after him” with “no evidence.”

Is it not time that the working men were learning who is their friend?

Why are they after him?

Tveitmoe is recognized by friend and foe as one of the most capable men in the American Labor movement. In labor troubles his judgment is unerring. As a general, he has no superior. He is at once a statesman, a politician, a general and a student of political and economic science. He knows equally well the psychology of both the working class and capitalist class. He knows how avaricious are the rich, and with what heartless tyranny and brutality they treat the poor. He knows that the rich acquire their power by sapping the poor of their energy through labor. He knows that for this energy an equivalent is not rendered. He knows that their wines and sweet meats, their palaces and diamonds, their silks, their broadcloth and satins are all purchased by the blood money taken from the poor. And what is worse, he knows that the very energy that is taken from the poor is the power by which they are coerced. He knows that labor produces all wealth; that a part of the product is used by the rich with which to pay taxes. He knows that the tax money is used to pay the judges, the police, the militia, the standing army, and to finance the legislature while they make the laws. He knows that these laws are made by reason of this influence, to protect the institutions out of which these privileges

grow. He knows how heavy is the burden that rests on the shoulders of the poor, and he hears the groans, and knows the pains of the millions of poor men, women and children as they stagger on under this crushing burden, in poverty, hunger and dirt. Knowing and seeing it all, he has made up his mind to help organize the poor, to help them throw off their burden; to help the suffering millions to conserve their energy and to live each for all and all for each.

This is why the capitalists and their hirelings “are after him” with “no evidence.”

Is it not time the working class, and especially the union men and the Socialists, were learning who is their friend?

* * *

SURE, Mrs. Robert Liggett is right in her position that “wealthy women should not bear children.” Why should they bring children into the world who are taught that it is a disgrace to work, and who only eat and drink and absorb the wealth produced by the poor?

* * *

THE smoke of the battle in the South is clearing away, while the clouds are dark and lowering in the north.

The scene of the Northern struggle is in Detroit. Roosevelt, the unique champion at once of war and peace (?) went forth to that city with his political sword in hand, his brow knit, his lips distended, and his teeth set in the grip of his iron jaw, as he growled: “We shall have peace, but first we shall fight.”

It is said that he had on his high-top boots ready to kick or strike or bite Ford, as occasion required. His great, fat paws were in condition to give his antagonist a ferocious swat. His growling and snarling and snapping indicated that his fangs were in excellent trim. His violent kicking placed him in the class of the stiff-necked and long-eared generation.

A unique peace animal is this—with his large paws, his ferocious fangs and his ironed hoofs. As a peace angel the monster would look better in pieces than in conglomerate form. What a heart such a monster must have! War, because he is ambitious for military glory. Peace—because he is ambitious for political preferment. His peace notions are terribly ripped and run down at the heel, but his hat is still in the ring.



THERE are three distinct factions in the World Labor Movement. One is purely political, one is purely economic, and the other both political and economic. It is by the latter that we find substantial, constructive work being done and from it that we may expect acceptable results of great magnitude.

The two former factions tend to develop the same psychology—namely fanaticism—among their membership, but for very different reasons.

They both invariably ask the same question, that is: “Do you believe in political action or direct action?” If they could only ask: “Do you believe in political action and direct action?” they would not only unite their forces, but they would also unite with them the third faction, which combinations would be a tremendous, if not irresistible world-wide working-class power.

This, however, will not happen until, by its efficiency, the political and economic group shall demonstrate the wisdom of its course and absorb the other groups. Unfortunately, the psychology of a large faction is not as easily changed as is a conjunction.

The psychology of the purely political faction tends to develop fanatics, because it is a matter of words and not of actions, and because it is not vitally connected with any great industrial or economic movement which is held in the fight and anchored in the storm by ever-present and persistent material interests and necessities. The political faction, therefore, has no source from which to draw great cohesive power; hence, however large, it is essentially weak. Weakness begets despair among the membership, drives the practical man away from the organization, leaves the doctrinaire in charge of affairs and gives him a chance to persist in his fanaticism.

The psychology of the purely economic movement tends to develop its theory of direct action, along the line of sabotage.

The destruction of property is so directly in violation of every human instinct and every institution now established or to be established by the capitalist class, or any other class, that it instantly arouses and causes to be mobilized the power of government for its suppression.

This faction forgets that every able-bodied man stands, with all his power, ready to enforce the law. The men of this faction may even be called upon by conscription to suppress themselves, especially if this call were backed by popular opinion. The entire power of the nation is back of every law and every ordinance. When, by its sabotage, a

mere faction meets the national power, it must go down in defeat. Its weakness, likewise, begets despair, the practical men tend to withdraw and the fanatics remain in charge of affairs. The tendency toward fanaticism is, however, less marked in this than in the political faction.

These three factions represent the workers.

Acting together, politically and economically, they could take and hold any state in the union. They could pass laws legalizing their own institutions. This would place the power of government back of them and their institutions and their enemies would soon be known as the violators of law and order.

The industrial organizations are forced by conditions into action for self-protection. They should extend their activities into the political field and seize every source of power.

Fanaticism has a narrow field and its days are numbered.



LOOK at it square in the face. Don't hide your eyes, but look.

12,000,000 men dead, dying and wounded.

12,000,000 women without able-bodied husbands. Polygamy is now advocated in Europe.

Cut the hearts out of the women, tear them out by the roots; they are no longer mothers.

Cut the hearts out of the men, petrify them; they are no longer fathers.

Pick out your strongest, most brutal men, stand them and bring soulless litters into the world. They must not be children. They must be soldiers, born to shoot, and kill, and murder their fellows.

They must not have hearts, lest they love their fellow men and refuse to murder.

Will the women of Europe submit to this brutal assault for military purposes, or will they turn to Socialism for help?

Come, ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and we will give you rest.



PREPAREDNESS for conquest and preparedness for defensive purposes are very different propositions.

The one means an enormous initial outlay, coupled with a heavy fixed charge and no substantial returns.

The other necessitates an equal initial outlay, with practically no fixed charge but with large substantial returns.

Preparedness for conquest calls for hundreds of millions for a fleet and an inexhaustible treasury to



support a marine force and a standing army—for the most part in idleness, debauchery and degeneracy. Men go rapidly to hell when they have neither wives nor work. Strong, able-bodied, well-fed, idle bachelors soon become a stagnant pool. Its putrid, festering stagnation feeds upon and consumes the new recruits. The morale of its armies is the world's greatest shame. Procreation is nature's command and whatever institution violates this mandate morally rots and perishes in its own putridity.

Preparedness for defense calls for millions of dollars for forts, and for rifles, with which to arm every citizen of the country. Shall they not be armed?

Why not arm the Republicans and Democrats and dispense with our present degraded, depraved, out-of-date and expensive military machine?

Why not? Plain enough! The government is afraid of an armed citizenship.

Who is the government? It is our millionaire class. That class owns the trusts, the railroads, the newspapers and they manage our conventions and almost always choose our candidates. A standing army is the ideal of their heart, but an armed citizenship sends a chill of consternation through their cowardly souls.

* * *

MORE children—more children for soldiers, is the dying echo of the Rooseveltian theory. How about the homes, Mr. Roosevelt, that the European war is breaking up? No wonder that Socialism is spreading throughout the nations of the world. The Europe that was at the beginning of the war is passing away, never to return.

The crowns of all nations are toppling; and lucky indeed, will it be for royalty if their crowned heads do not topple with the crowns. The great fortunes are crumbling; and fortunate, indeed, will it be for the rich, if they, too, are not crumbled.

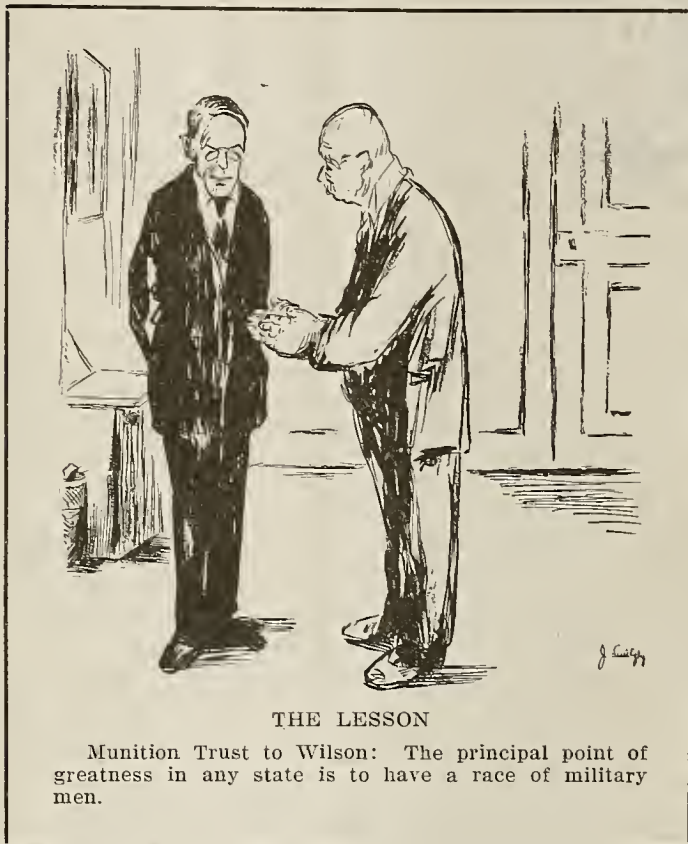
The commissary will eventually fail. The soldiers, disgusted with slaughter, will turn and rend their masters. They will meet in international congress and lay the foundation for a new civilization.

This world-war is but the birth pains through which the nations are passing from a commercial, industrial and military struggle to universal peace and lasting prosperity.

* * *

Be prepared to meet thine enemy or thy God may call thee early.

Patriotism is a child of happy homes and satis-



THE LESSON

Munition Trust to Wilson: The principal point of greatness in any state is to have a race of military men.

faction. Rebellion is a child of miserable hovels and dire distress.

The country with the most happy homes and the most well armed and satisfied people is the best prepared.

Even a dog will fight for a bone if there is meat on it.

Why should a man fight for a country that offers him only a hovel?

Well armed and happy people in good homes are always prepared to meet their enemy.

Cannibalism and conquest are twin sisters.

A great navy is an implement of conquest.

Powerful forts are implements of defense.

Should a Christian nation possess a great navy?

Did some power smite us on the one cheek?

Can we not turn the other cheek to the offender beyond the sea, without a navy?

Why not throw the Bible away?



Westfieldian Infidelity



WESTFIELD, at the time of this story, was a remote neighborhood about fifty miles from a railroad, fifteen miles from the nearest tree, and three hundred years behind the times. Since then the railroad has come closer, trees have been planted, but rational reasoning is not yet in sight, for Westfield the renaissance has not yet arrived.

By JOHN DEQUER

To most of them the world is flat; the universe was made in six days; unbaptised children go to hell, which they keep on burning without regard to the fuel supply. Such is Westfield.

Westfield has a large Church and low foreheads. Hard workers and weak thinkers. It was ill-supplied with knowledge, but overloaded with superstition. Westfield is a social fossil in the modern world.

Among its myriad whiskers and scanty brains Ben Bunt grew up cursed with an inquiring mind, burdened with an astute intellect, diseased with an active imagination. He was the terror of the neighborhood, although he was only a child.

The preachers had told him that he was an infidel, simply because he came to conclusions contrary to the Creed, through his study of natural phenomena.

His passionate thirst for truth was infidelity to the mind of the parson. He said so in Catechism class, and the children took it home. "Domine heeft segt." Ben was an infidel. He simply wanted to know why things were as they were. Why the unity in diversity? Why the singleness of principle under the diversity of form? With him there was nothing too holy, or too rotten to escape his scrutiny. And for this he was branded with a name that even to him called to his mind the words of Watts:

"The tempest of angry fire shall roll and blast the Rebel Worm,
Beat down upon the naked soul in one eternal storm."

The words of this very comforting hymn came to his mind again and again, while in his brain was the eternal question, "Why?" And his Reason answered, "It cannot be. It is a lie."

But how was he to pick it to pieces? To ask the preacher would mean abuse; to ask his folks, the strap. He had to solve the problem for himself. Reason could find no co-operation in Westfield.

As Ben rode down the dusty road contemplating the mystery that God had given human beings—brains—and made it a crime to use them, the story of Ben's sin against the preacher was spreading broadcast through the land. That evening everybody talked it; and at the store it was the subject of sage remarks by the bewhiskered guardians of the faith up to ten years ago. A tramp was a curiosity in Westfield, and an infidel a thing that was considered more or less a mythical monster. Now one had risen up amongst them who defied the Vicar of Christ. That he was only a child, made it more interesting. It proved how depraved he was.

To the reform school with him was the universal

sentiment among the animated fossils. Ben's father heard of it ere the day was gone, and Ben was reprimanded and given an aid to memory that lasted him through the night.

Sleep would not come to his eyes. He was too sore in body, so he thought. Not of vengeance. Ben could not think vengeance; he was too large to seek revenge. He thought why, wherefore and whatfor? Slowly he formulated his answers, and crawling out of bed he wrote them down.

The church had thought certain things for centuries, and they had been accepted as true. Each animal had been separately made out of mind and turned loose. That was the teaching of the church. They had the mind of the people fixed that way, and they had built churches, sent out missionaries, built schools, and paid preachers. They had money invested in a church machine. That was the situation. He wrote it down. Yes, it looked right. Under it he wrote, "Deduction."

"For anyone to show the wrong of the teaching of the church would mean to jeopardize the livelihood of preachers, and make church investment useless; and make the Wise Men of the last generation as liars, or ignoramuses. Therefore to seek the truth as it is, makes a man an infidel on three counts.

He makes the preachers' job uncertain. He makes invested money useless. He makes it plain that creed makers were not Nature, but book readers. And as Nature is the only source of truth, these men in not studying Nature did not arrive at truth. And as no man likes to admit he is wrong, it is infidelity to prove him so. The church is built upon the skulls of yesterday. I want to stand upon the rocks of today."

"If to seek the truth is infidelity, then I accept the name."

He crawled back into his cornhusk bed and tried to sleep, but sleep had flown. He kept on thinking. Twice he got up and lit his candle, and read the Bible, the first five chapters. At last daylight came, and his father called him. He got up, but looked tired. His brothers taunted him with being an infidel. His mother told him that she was ashamed of him. While his father asked him who had told him the things he had said to the preacher.

"Now, Ben," said the father, "who told you this stuff?"

"Nobody."

"Then where did you get it?"

"From observation."

"What did you observe?"

"How things are made."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that cats and dogs, horses and rabbits, beavers and rats, birds and buffaloes all have bones in definite numbers, similar structure, of identical function."

He here elaborated the uses of different bones in each, and showed the unity of all life in structure.

"Do you not believe that God made them?"

"Don't the Bible tell you so? Isn't that enough?"

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The Working Hypothesis



THE spectacle that Haeckel

is making of himself in the papers in assuming that Germany, beaten, would still be in a position to blot out nationalities and confiscate their territories and seize colonies at present in the possession of other powers, is an interesting illustration of a curiously unscientific aspect of the mind of this great thinker.

It brings strongly to recollection the impression received on first reading his books, that he is still guided by the spirit of the middle ages; expressing the results of his very admirable research in the terms of the missionary proselytizer who believes that anyone that does not accept his peculiar doctrine as definite and final Truth is destined to eternal destruction.

The fact that certain fundamental theories of the Haeckelian dogma have been superceded by recent scientific progress does not seem to have introduced any element of intellectual caution or modesty into his mental processes. To Haeckel's mind the idea is that the German superman is destined to conquer and rule the world is a scientifically demonstrated fact. Having once accepted this as definite and final truth, he refuses to be moved from his faith by the progress of events, which has evolved forces strong enough to supercede that fact and work over its residue of truth into a new form capable of subserving the requirements of the progress of civilization.

This open letter or interview of Haeckel's is a striking object lesson to the average intelligent student of life. Almost every human being has some sort of "hit or miss" philosophy, love of wisdom. He desires, or loves, light, or wisdom, on the conditions of the universe which surround him and the rules of the game which he plays perforce day by day, just as instinctively as he desires material light by which to guide his movement. The philosophies which have been evolved are probably as many as the individuals that have lived so far on earth. Each man's mind to him a kingdom is, and the most abject slave of superstition makes mental reservations. The fact that no established hierarchy is secure against a wave of new thought or heresy, has been the despair of well-meaning conservatives from the beginning of the world—and the salvation of the peoples.

But though all men do some thinking, and the most degraded are capable of sudden awakenings, still one delusion has beset even great minds and has only been imperfectly apperceived as a delusion by even the greatest thinkers of all time.

This hallucination is the hope and expectation of arriving at the Ultimate Truth, the complete solution of the great mystery in which we bathe as we bathe in ether.

Each leader of thought has worked on the great problem until he has co-ordinated the facts which his knowledge and mental calibre could comprehend, and then has enunciated the "Truth" to his followers. In each generation great hosts will follow these leaders

By A CONSTANT ASSOCIATE

blindly, and if they happen to have political ascendancy

will cheerfully think it worth while to hang or shoot or burn anyone who will not subscribe to their final infallible dogma.

And the incomprehensible fact is that no generation seems to have observed the regular recurrence of this obsession through the centuries.

The greatest accomplishment, invention, or discovery of the modern world is the recognition of the evolution of the scientific mind; and as words are the most powerful weapons man can wield, the greatest benefactor of the race is the man that first thought the words "working hypothesis." The working hypothesis, first tentatively introduced in solving certain problems, has become the one tool with which all progress is worked out. It is as fundamental to the thinker as the saw and hammer to the carpenter, or the spade (in some form, say a string of plows behind a caterpillar) to the cultivator.

The great value of the working hypothesis is that it is recognized as a step toward a partial end, and not a landing on a final summit. With the working hypothesis the scientific mind came into being, and as this new power evolved and gained ascendancy, dogmatizing about Truth began to be discredited. The fact that the scientific mind never rested from its labors, but found that each step forward opened up new vistas, gave pause to the formulators of religious or political creeds. In these days these scientific visions are transcending the wildest flights of untrained imagination, and present glimpses of things far more improbable than the marvels of magic and sorcery which our ancestors scorned as childish. The possibilities ahead of mankind are thus indicated by one student of the future:

A man nowadays, born with the mental equipment of a student, instead of acquiring a definite body of knowledge, and then handing it on to a group of pupils, on the system which the Chinese carried to such excess, remains joyfully a student to his last day in this mortal manifestation, and gives what time he can to leading other minds to think for themselves—in no case to accept his results as final.

It is now considered that every scientific demonstration may prove to be a transitional statement of fact—to be modified or possibly transformed by future developments—in short, a working hypothesis.

If it can be accurately demonstrated on its plane, it is a useful tool to help in constructing or in delving out a new fact which will supercede it, showing it not as far as it went, but as a partial result, which takes on quite a different aspect seen from beyond.

Darwin, speaking late in life, said that his theory of evolution, or something like it, would probably be accepted as a scientific law by future generations. Various ways of correcting or enlarging it are being worked out. It is being scientifically demonstrated that the struggle for life law is very strongly balanced, if not being gradually superceded, by the mutual aid law. Thus though the struggle for life remains a law, the enlarged conception of a universe, as it grows more

(Continued on Page 27)



THE COAL DIGGER

Here is a "labor saving" machine that does the work of 100 men. The men who constructed and those who operate this machine join those who first discovered the coal in the belief that the workers should own the giant digger and the fuel it takes from the earth. They are Socialists.

Every Day Is Mothers' Day

MOTHERS' DAY was widely celebrated. From *By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH* birth to children without the love which alone can make

rostrum and pulpit and press came praise of women who have risked life to give it. Tens of thousands of flowers of every kind and hue were worn in honor of the mothers of men.

It was entirely fitting. Honor of mothers is a harbinger of hope. So long as the mothers of a nation are honored, so long will it survive. Such honor, however, should not be confined to song and eulogy, nor even to love and respect for one mother—one's own. No mother is sufficiently honored who is not honored in common with all who have given life to the world.

He who sincerely and intelligently desires to honor motherhood, furthermore, cannot rest content while burdens are laid on mothers that darken and demoralize the life of the present, filling with briars and stones the path that the feet of both present and future must tread.

Thousands of mothers see their strongest and best seduced by the jingo cry and led forth to slay and be slain in the name of patriotism. Thousands of mothers have married men merely for bread and give

sacred the union of man and woman.

Many mothers give birth to their offspring in silence and shame, while the fathers walk from town to city begging an opportunity to earn her life's necessities. The economic hardships of capitalism deal their hardest blow upon the mother. Many a birth pang might be spared, and many hours of anxiety might be turned to days of hope, but for this enemy of motherhood.

Capitalism is the enemy of motherhood. A myriad of bleeding hearts, broken bodies and blasted hopes substantiate the statement.

Socialism is the friend of motherhood. It seeks to insure for all real, human lives, to make motherhood as safe and desirable as it is essential, to abolish forever the degradation of womanhood both in and out of the marriage relation.

Capitalism is dying. On every side are signs of approaching dissolution.

Socialism is being born. The birth pangs are felt. Soon it will be a living, breathing, visible reality.

Then every day will be Mothers' Day.

The New Impossibilism



WHEN they were By FRANK E. WOLFE

building a railroad from Louisville to Frankfort, the line was built to the westerly side of the Kentucky River and before the bridge was built the tunnel was bored through the mountain on the other side and offered a black and gaping mouth to those who approached from the west. A crowd of hill billies held a picnic beside

the tracks. One tall corneracker, with weedy beard, spat thrice solemnly and announced "It kaint be did." After interrogations and an impressive pause the wise one answered: "They aim to run them thar kyars down that track and jump 'em across the river and hit that hole. It kaint be did!" He was right. What he thought they were going to try to do couldn't be done.

Throughout the country today are wise mossbacks and hill billies who, when the word colony is mentioned, shake their heads solemnly and say "It can't be done." What, in the profundity of their ignorance, they are thinking of, probably could not be accomplished.

Doubtless some one of the wise ones who predicted Fulton's steamboat would not navigate stood on the shores and saw the ship go paddling merrily along. Then he doubtless shook his head and kept on muttering: "It won't go, it simply can't go; it's flying in the face of the Almighty." Then tucking his bible under his arm he toddled away, still muttering: "It don't work."

When a group of Socialists, saddened and weary with wrangling and bickering over words and theories and doctrines, joined forces in California and determined to put some of their theories about co-operation into action there was a howl from some of their comrades.

"It can't be done!" came a shout in high tenor from the soap box.

"It can't be accomplished!" echoed in lyric soprano from the platform.

"It won't work!" in deep baritone from the grocery nail-keg beside the prune barrel.

"It is impossible under Capitalism!" in coloratura contralto from the scientific sister beside her academic desk.

In the meantime the Llano del Rio Colonists were deaf to the cries that it would not navigate. The pioneer colonists were clearing hundreds of acres of land. They were cutting alfalfa on hundreds of other acres. They were planting vast acreage in orchards and small fruits, digging miles and miles of irrigating ditches, caring for a large herd of dairy cattle and range stock; planting a great garden, working in their industrial departments, planing mill, machine shop, tannery, rug and carpet weaving plant, and producing a large per cent of their own food and other necessities of life. They were sending all their children to school, from the age of 2 to 20; conducting their own entertainments and establishing a social life of their own liking. They were developing their latent talents for writing, speaking, drawing and giving fullest expression to whatever

their inclination toward arts or crafts. They were making a wonderful demonstration of the practicability of concrete co-operation. They were and ARE doing all these things. They are making the earth give forth its boundless bounty; serene in their knowledge of the fecundity of the soil; confident of their efforts to force from nature a living and more for themselves and their families. They knew it could be done. Their colony is growing steadily in financial strength and their numbers are increasing. All the time the incredulous ones shake their heads and mutter "it can't be done." They tuck their economic bibles under their arms and totter along the banks of their river of doubt gibbering and chattering that it's not written in the book; that it is not prophesy; that it can't navigate under Capitalism.

The Llano del Rio community and other successful co-operative institutions have proven the power of collective effort. Despite this fact the first attack made by capitalist newspapers brings an echo of "I told you so" from the dodderers who open their Book to prove once more that it can't be done. The greatest labor and Socialist hating newspaper in the world prints a lying and malicious statement concerning the colony where nearly 800 comrades are working with enthusiasm, living in happiness and without fear, and from scores who have been for years on the fighting line comes a grunt of satisfaction and a merry "I told you so. It can't navigate. It can't be done."

The only discouraging feature about this is the undisputed fact that many Socialists read and believe, accept as inspired gospel, every word in their capitalist press. Worse than that, the editors of some Socialist publications are equally gullible.

Where you find a small minded petty official of a jealous disposition, a hypocrite at heart who prates about loyalty to Socialism despite the fact he has no social instincts, there you will find a mean spirited knocker, too cowardly for a fair, manly, open fight. In this type you will find the professional disavower who tries by underhanded, insidious means to injure co-operative movements. The first cry is that the co-operative institution they are attacking is "not Socialism." The fact that no one has ever claimed they were Socialist institutions makes no difference to the vicious maligner. The fact that the co-operators repeatedly disavow any official connection with the Socialist Party makes no difference to this type of human heloderma. Vicious attacks upon the comrades who have been brave enough and bold enough to try to put their theories into practise will not, in the long run, hurt co-operative institutions. They do, however, show the Socialists the true character of some of those who are so eager to attack any comrade who strays from the realms of mere theory.

Co-operation has come to stay. Colonies founded on sound business principles are going to prove to the cave-dwelling portion of the so-called radical movement and then to the whole world that the ship of co-operation will navigate.

Llano del Rio Anniversary



DAY DAY, 1916, By ROBERT K. WILLIAMS the open air with great gusto. the second anniversary of the birth of Llano del Rio Colony, as a co-operative entity, dawned deliciously cool and an azure sky beamed down while a soft breeze made ideal the portentous and inspiring ceremonies that continued throughout the day.

Llano, Cal., is now in the spot light, and stands as a beacon toward which the eyes of the oppressed thousands in the competitive world are turning with the hunger of hope deferred.

More than a hundred sympathetic and intensely interested visiting spectators joined with over 700 colonists to do homage to the day and the man whose foresight and faith in humanity made possible the long-armed movement that will live as long as the heart of man beats—Job Harriman.

Good feeling permeated the mass, and it is doubtful if a spot on earth held more kindly thoughts toward one another than at Llano on this day. Love's radiance beamed from the faces of all, and inspiration and aspiration lit up the grays of life and made glowing the duties that lay before—that of an example and an edifice to shelter those that are yet unborn and security for those now living.

The tone of the ceremonies was lofty and dignified. Speakers and audience realized that a parting of the way is beginning and this knowledge lent a depth of feeling difficult to describe. At times tears filled the eyes of many and quick surges of the blood suffused cheeks unused to such emotions.

In Llano a new life is dawning. The ancient precepts as laid down by the benefactors in the dawn world are coming into their own and are twining themselves around the hearts and in the minds of those brave enough to stand strongly together, so that those already here may live ideally, and those to come, enjoy the fine things of the spirit.

The spirit that thrilled the participants in Llano's second anniversary will never be forgotten.

Llano's 15-piece band, a recent development within the colony, played several choice selections in front of the club house and was cheered.

W. A. Engle, one of the early pioneers and founders of the colony, spoke to the assembled colonists and visitors from the hotel porch on the "Red Flag."

At the conclusion of his talk the red flag was hauled to the peak of the flag-staff on the gable of the club house, and The Red Flag was sung by the crowd in

contrasts of the day, and perhaps the most impressive, was the reproduction of the colony's visible assets in the shape of material wealth, when the parade of 1914 passed in review.

Contrasting Llano's possessions of hogs, cattle, goats, rabbits, machinery of all kinds, automobiles and trucks of 1916 with those owned by the colony in 1914, showed the actual benefits of co-operation.

H. L. Dawson and sister were drawn through the streets by a mule team, the wagon loaded with provisions obtained at Palmdale, while Frank P. McMahon and M. Stanley, guided and herded the live stock, consisting of nine pigs and one cow. This outfit was met by five others, already on the ground, who eagerly awaited the arrival of the commissary, as the Llano larder was running low.

The continued cheering showed that the colonists here now appreciate the struggle that had been gone through by these hardy visionists, who had foreseen enough to see green fields and a city of hundreds by the year 1916.

The assemblage repaired to the spacious dining hall, which was completely filled by highly interested and enthusiastic people, and were entertained by two selections by the Llano orchestra. The orchestra consisted of six peices and the quality of music was first-class. Two years ago a harmonica or an accordion played the overtures.

Frank P. McMahon, one of the earliest men on the scene, and still working with unabated enthusiasm for the colony and the great cause it represents, spoke feelingly of the changes that had been wrought since the foundation of the co-operative effort on the sloping planes of the Sierra Madre.

He described the struggles, heartaches and joys attendant upon the upbuilding of the greatest of all co-operative efforts. Because of the fact that the Llano del Rio Company being organized as a corporation it escaped the usual pitfalls of the co-partnerships, joint stock companies, associations and the like. McMahon's talk brought the people closer together and gave them

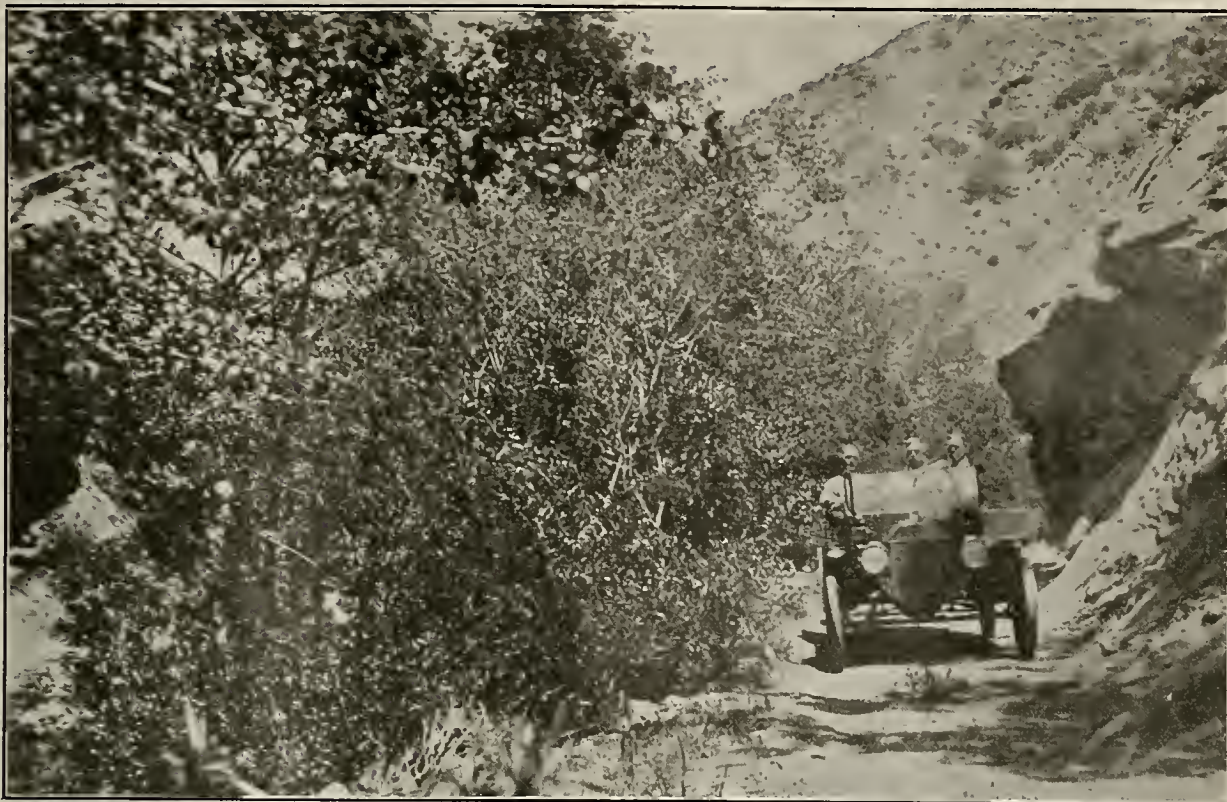
an insight into the hopes and ambitions of those early on the scene. He told of many incidents that are amusing now, but at that time were of significant import. The hardships endured could now be looked back upon with pride because those that engaged in them became stronger and more loyal to the ideal that is the inspiration of every colonist who dares to

Important Announcement

THE name of THE NEVADA COLONY CORPORATION has been changed to THE LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA, the activities of which will be devoted exclusively to the affairs of the Llano del Rio Colony, located in Los Angeles County, California.

The Llano del Rio Company and Colony has not and will not have any connection whatever with the Nevada Colony. The two colonies are far apart and it is impracticable for either to assume the management, responsibility or obligations of the other.

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada
Journal Building - - - Reno, Nevada



Llano Colonists Enjoy Driving Through Big Rock Canyon

forsake his interests elsewhere and come to Llano to help work out the problem of the age, that of getting a living and keeping the surplus product.

F. P. McMahon congratulated us on the success of the festivities and said that it made his heart beat fast to see dreams come true. Two years ago a dry, cacti-covered plain with trails here and there, was the only development shown; today good roads ramify here and there and a town is growing up under our very eyes that is to point the way for the toiling millions, and which will show the fallacy of the outworn competitive system.

The Llano quartette sang two selections, and D. C. Copley, leader of the orchestra and manager of the poultry department, spoke at considerable length on the "Colony Spirit." He recited many incidents to show that a spirit of helpfulness imbues everyone who is a member of the colony; that the recognition of the identity of interest cemented the people together and from it grew a mutuality that could be found nowhere else.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of Dr. Turnwall, who is an excellent mandolin player and musical enthusiast, rendered two excellent numbers. Like all other developments at Llano, the Mandolin Club is a complete evolution from one little starting point.

Llano is blessed with a most diversified talent. We have writers, musicians, poets, readers, actors, mechan-

ics—in fact, we have representatives from nearly all cults, crafts and trades.

The stirring "Marseillaise" was sung by the assemblage, led by Fred H. Gallup, a most accomplished tenor and musician. The hall rang with the vim of the colonists in giving expression to their feelings.

W. C. Hunton, master of ceremonies and chairman of the occasion, mounted the platform and after gaining silence, spoke a brief tribute to Job Harriman, the man, and introduced him to the expectant crowd. When Mr. Harriman mounted the rostrum prolonged cheers and applause broke out and paid tribute to the depth of feeling in the breast of many.

Mr. Harriman stood bowing, a pleased smile lighting his face, and after a considerable pause, he started a few brief sentences.

He succinctly went over the history of the colony, told of some of the obstacles placed in the way of those who were first on the ground; obstacles of nature as well as those interposed by man.

He painted a glowing picture of the future premised on the accomplishments of the past. Ten thousand men and women, with their strength and their power to adapt themselves, would mean freedom from the sordidness of the system encompassing mankind. He pointed out that a man is more than a perpetual motion machine; he not only feeds and clothes himself and family, but feeds the world and affords all the luxuries owned by the capitalist.

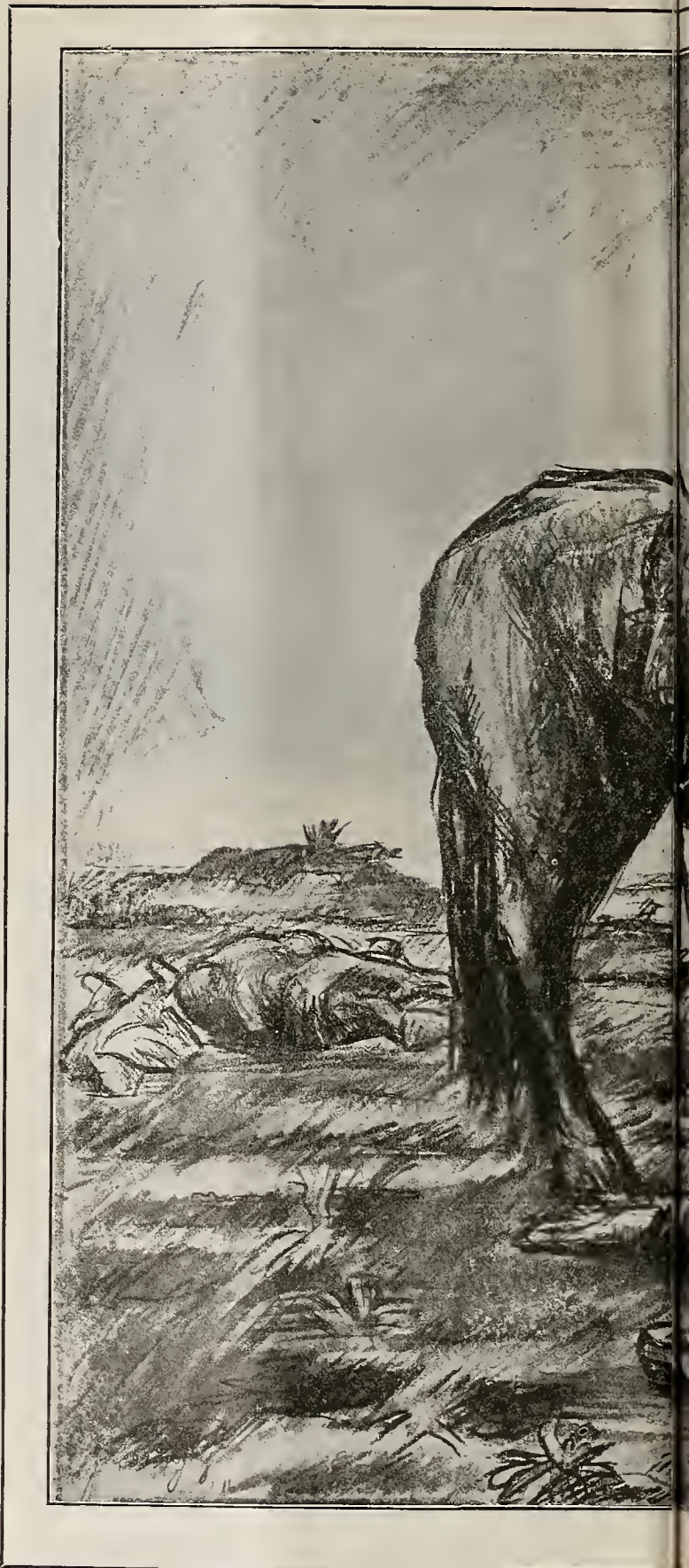
When this great surplus was saved and reverted back to its creators nothing on earth could stop the true development of society. The colony needed, he said, ten thousand people for more than one reason. However, the colony is fast growing away from a village, and soon it will come up to a man's size town. From that it is but a step to a city. The village has but one mind and one thought; the diversity of action is not there and unfriendly and hurtful conditions sometimes obtain. The colony must be so big that it will be impossible for any one individual to know more than a fractional part of the complex activities necessarily arising from a mass of people.

The sky is unclouded. The decks are cleared and the worst of the journey is over. Three years ought to see a new civilization developing from the plains of Llano. The colonists lived this year better than last, and last year better than the year before. Next year the members at Llano will live better than this year and will increase in the possession of the necessities and luxuries. Two years ago, he pointed out, the colony had no machinery. This year machinery was in place and turning out the various things necessary to keep the wheels of progress in constant motion. Two years ago there were no automobiles here; today there are many. Next year there will be more. The movement started as it is, will continue to go on and grow and grow, and nothing now can stop it. The mind of the people at large is ready for something of this sort. Never before has there been such a good opportunity for the emancipation of mankind. Conditions are ripe; the fields are white awaiting the reaper.

What is the use of working forever for others? When the grain is planted and the fields prepared for the next season's crop; the animals cared for and tended; machines in repair and development going on in all lines, a half dozen automobiles can be provisioned with the products of the fields, gardens, bakery and the dairy, and fifty people can be sent to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado for two weeks to view the majestic scars on nature's breast. On returning, fifty or more can be sent every two weeks on this trip alone the whole year through.

Mr. Harriman told of the advantages to be gained by people casting their fortunes with those at Llano. True liberty of spirit and freedom of action could sooner be obtained in this colony than elsewhere on earth. The educational facilities within a very few years would far exceed those of any city for the reason that nothing but the interests of the child had to be considered. Happiness, the goal of mankind, could more readily be worked out here than elsewhere, and soon the world would come to see that salvation had to be worked for and wrought from the inner man applied to concrete things.

While others are dreaming of Socialism those at Llano are working out the problems and living them. Capitalism is going; the citadel of entrenched interests are everywhere tottering, and the progress of the co-operative efforts on the great reaches of the Antelope Valley spells more fear to those wishing to have and to hold the good things of life unjustly than any one other thing on the face of the earth.





Somewhere in France

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

What Two Years Have Wrought

By ERNEST S. WOOSTER



LLANO DEL RIO, city of hope, home of buoyant optimism, realization of a dream that incubated in a master mind for twenty years—

Llano del Rio for numberless centuries the home of the joyous, jumping jack rabbit and his traditional racing partner the tortoise is no longer tortoise-like. Big Rock Creek tumbled and roared along its little canyon, spread out in the plain, slid into the sand and was licked up by the greedy, searching rays of the sun. Quakers and Germans tried to tame the desert by pouring the life-giving Big Rock on it. That was a quarter of a century ago.

Where Quaker misjudgment wrought failure, and German trust tempted an absconding treasurer to forget his obligations, Socialist pluck and energy are building a Vision City. They work and sweat and quarrel; they have their troubles and their pleasures. But they don't worry and they do co-operate, and those are the big things in the big plan they are following out. Profiting by the mistakes of others they are working along different lines, and a magnificent spirit that nothing can quench dominates them. The quarrels are small and short lived—the Job is too big, too intensely interesting, too enthrallingly fascinating to let little things interfere.

Two years ago the Jack Rabbit and the Desert Tortoise began to discover that their last race was run. A fleet of Fords began to encroach on their domain. Traction engines drawing huge gang plows buried the tor-

toise before he reached his intermediate goal, and the rabbit scurried off to find a new partner.

It was the beginning of the big dream that had lurked in Job Harriman's gray matter for a score of years. Since then the Big Rock Creek no longer savagely roars along down the canyon. It becomes tractable and patient and sedately follows rows of pear trees and cabbages and tomatoes.

It took courage two years ago for those pioneers to try to conquer that desert. There was a one-year-old pear orchard of forty acres and an alfalfa field. The neighbors were few and hostile. There were five in the party, five to start the greatest adventure in history. Sometime it will be a story embellished with romance and described by livelier imaginations. But it was a sordid fact then. Five people with one cow and a wagon, four horses, and nine pigs—that was the caravan.

Two years later, May 1, 1916, eight hundred people formed in line and waited for their portion of the barbecued meat, the salad, the pie and cake, the beans and the other good things provided by the Celebration Committee. The colony had prospered.

The nine pigs have increased to several hundred. The one cow has become part of a herd numbering a hundred and fifty and are housed during milking time in a barn built for permanence, with stone walls a foot thick and equipped with a silo thirty feet high that provides "canned" alfalfa and corn for them in the winter. Seventy horses and mules, besides two huge tractors and several trucks help the four horses that made up the original working force.

Two years ago—nothing. Now Llano del Rio is the metropolis of the Antelope Valley. It is a town of a hundred homes, built along streets, and all of the houses numbered. It has its doctor, its barber. A swimming pool, boats for the children, a tannery, a steam laundry, a bakery, a rug-weaving plant, a shoe shop—they are all in operation. There's a splendid library. There's a garage and machine shop, a planing mill, and a hotel. There's a creamery, too.

Llano boasts a band and an orchestra, two quartets, a mandoline club, and a baseball team. Dances for the children every Thursday night and for everyone else every Saturday night provide entertainment. And everything's free.

Just one store in town means a complete monopoly for this venture. Only it belongs to everyone and doesn't make any profit.

The spirit of the whole thing is wonderful. The colonists see the Grand Vision ahead and trivial things cannot be permitted to interfere with it.



The Sierra Madre Colony Is Doing Well With Chicken Raising

There's work to be done, a town to be built, a desert to be conquered, people to be educated—a whole civilization to adopt, to adapt, and to rebuild and extend. That's the dominant thing, the thought of the job ahead. And the colonists tackle the job with joy and enthusiasm. Never has the future been so bright nor system so intelligently applied to the work.

Education is a different thing there, too.

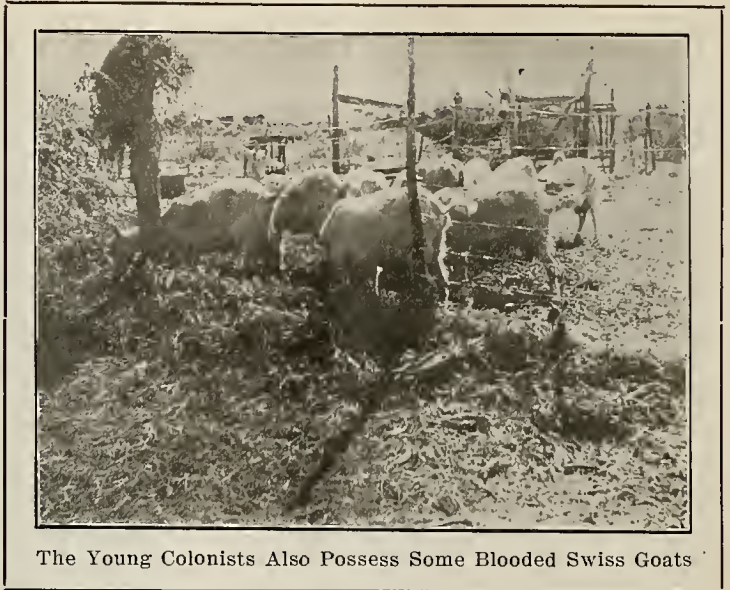
George Pickett was given the task of curbing, disciplining and subjugating the children. Nobody else wanted it, nobody else would take it. George is a fellow who is usually given the jobs that others can't do anyway. That's what they have him there for. He didn't know much about boys and girls, having none of his own, so he thought he would just use common sense and judgment instead of trying to know anything. The first thing he did was to get forty acres of land to put his new-found family on—it was a family of about one hundred.

They gave him a piece of land near one of the school houses—they have at least three—and built him a cook-house. That was all they would do. George skirmished around and got four horses for the boys. He had the goats turned over to what the grown-ups call the "kid colony." There are nine goats and nine kids in the lot (goat kids, that is). He got a lot of rabbits, among them a little jack rabbit that is raising with the Belgian rabbits. Now he has 750 chickens to add to the lot.

That gave him a pretty good start. With the help of "Doc" Zornes in the garden, and E. A. West in building they are doing things. The boys attend to the horses, haul adobe bricks, put in their foundations and are going to build a club house 112 feet long and 54 feet wide, with 9-foot porches on three sides. They have a garden planted. The "kids" expect to show the rest of the people how a colony should be governed. Meanwhile they are getting the best practical training in the world. It is a school that professional educators can study with profit. It is the sort of school that is hard to keep the boys and girls away from. In fact, the grammar school teachers complain that they can't keep the children in school without using almost heroic measures.

But George Pickett hasn't all of the honor. His wife has charge of the girls, and when Minnie Pickett starts to do anything she doesn't stop till it is finished. So she had a table built outside, organized the girls, and now has them feeding the boys at noon. So good is their cooking that there is never less than a dozen men there, besides the boys, for dinner. The girls are getting some excellent training also. And it is all fun for everybody.

There's the Montessori school, the new lime kiln that makes lime in record time, the new printing plant, which will be well equipped, the lumber mill being built, the new townsite for which reservations are now being made—there are scores of things, and I have already used more space than the editor allowed me. The tanner is making leather, tanning rabbit skins with the hair

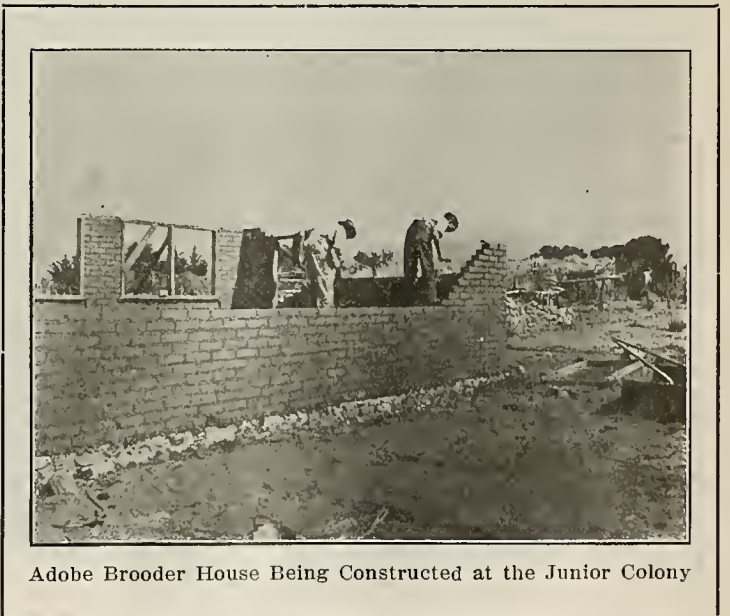


The Young Colonists Also Possess Some Blooded Swiss Goats

on. Some time a glove maker is going to come in, and then a new industry will be started—automobile driving gloves made with the fur on. There are lots of big plans afoot, lots of visitors coming in, lots of things being done.

The above summary of the situation is a combination of personal knowledge and observation, the information gleaned from questioning those who have been there, and a survey of the two years of effort as portrayed by the birthday celebration May 1.

It is so hard to recollect every improvement noted as the days go on, and only close observation and frequent visits can satisfy the curiosity and confirm the stories one reads about this wonder city of the future. If you have never been to see Llano del Rio Colony, a visit will be a revelation. No vacation could be more enjoyable, more profitable.



Adobe Brooder House Being Constructed at the Junior Colony

Co-operation at Llano



INTERESTED visitors and partially paid members of the Llano del Rio Colony, desirous of seeing their investment for the first time, continue to come to the colony regularly. The weekly reports of the registered guests at the hotel is an inspiration for all. Men and women from all parts of the United States carry back messages of hope and progress.

By ROBERT K. WILLIAMS

kinds and new development on every hand. She now sees the

fruition of her hopes in the beginning of the foundation for the new industrial building on the permanent townsite.

Things are moving so fast at Llano that those here do not realize it. We are living in a changing world. A new society is growing right under our noses and it is a continual struggle to adapt ourselves to the changing conditions.

A month or so ago the population hovered around the 650 mark, today nearly 800 people are here. New and better tents and houses are going up. These things are noticed by the returning visitor.

And then too, friendly relations are being established with the outside world. Llano's baseball team, through its sportsmanlike attitude and its ability to play ball, has gained the good will of the whole of Palmdale, Lancaster and Victorville. Nearby ranchers are watching us with interest and many have expressed their desire to join the colony. Indeed some have turned their lands into the colony and are now members of this on-marching community. The individual farmer finds that he cannot exist and gather subsistence from his arid acres. He finds that ranching nowadays needs collective and not individual effort.

Two years ago the world lay wholly ahead of Llano. Only two or three cultivated spots adorned these plains. Sage brush and cacti abounded. Today part of the world is conquered and the uprooted sage brush and cacti have long since disappeared in smoke and their embers have enriched the ground. The portent of the future is most alluring.

The worst of the voyage is over. The many rocks and shoals that beset the path of the sturdy pioneers of Llano have been safely negotiated. The most powerful influence in the State, inimical to the interests of the colony, has been successfully overcome, and from now on the progress of Llano is one of business, and interested, and friendly co-operation of its mem-

bers. It is safe to say that the colony will be almost 90 per cent self-supporting this year. The vegetables from Llano's gardens furnish abundance of green things. Lettuce, radishes and onions are daily relishes. Cabbage now occasionally furnishes a pleasant change. Dewberries from our gardens gladdened the hearts of the colonists the latter part of May. Four varieties of such berries have been planted and Horticulturist Dawson promises to have them come with pleasing regularity and change.

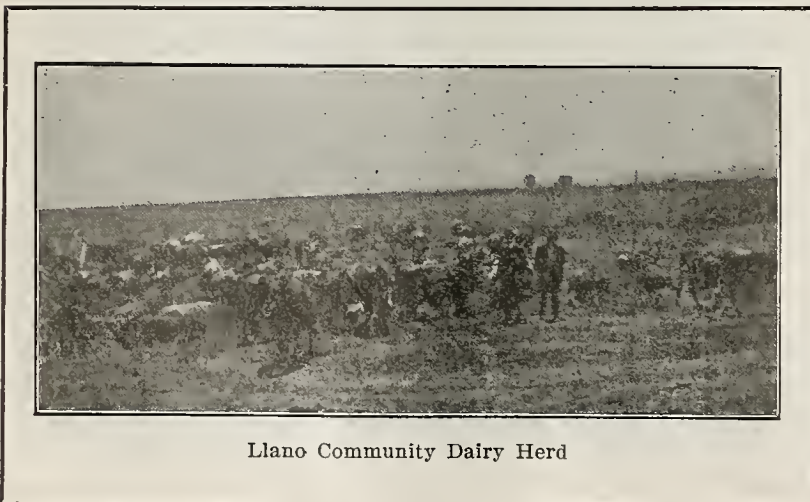
It may not be possible to fulfill all of our expectations, but so much has been done that we are ready to accept most anything, and even if things do fall short of prediction we are strong for a further trial. We may not have twenty acres of tomatoes, as predicted some time ago, but

Actual construction work is everywhere visible, and crops of varied sort beautify the land.

Intending colonists, it seems, no matter from whence, have the same tales to tell of the dread competitive grind in the so-called outer world. Those that are sheltered by the wide-spreading arms of the colony believe themselves fortunate, and feel but little the strenuous strife everywhere an incident of life.

The colony as a whole has made more progress in the past four months than in the previous year. The reason, of course, is plain. More people are here; better facilities are afforded for the expression of skill and greater amplitude given for genius. One visitor, who had been here previously, remarked that he was pleased to see a quantity of tools spread about. On his former visit he noticed a paucity of tools necessary to work with, and his first observation was that everything would be added in time, and at that shortly.

Every time a member returns after an absence, vast changes are noticed. Mr. Ingerson, one of the early members, lately joined the colony to stay, and was simply astounded to see the social life so changed. The Saturday evening dances that he enjoyed so much were completely metamorphosed. New faces, new dances and a completely new and first-class orchestra had been evolved from the nucleus of the old. Miss Austin, who is much interested in our town, as one of the designers of it, returned a few nights ago, and her first remark was that it was like coming into a new world. Progress was to be seen everywhere. More land under cultivation, new areas cleared, more machines of various



Llano Community Dairy Herd



The Colony Fish Hatchery at Jackson's Lake

tard tree life when properly handled. The alfalfa, under J. C. Crawford, has been cut twice up to the present time. The yield is heavy. It is said that alfalfa in this region contains sufficient nourishing qualities as to permit horses to work on it alone. This is not possible in all alfalfa regions.

Actual work on the permanent townsite has begun. The first building to be erected is to be the silent industries building, measuring 29 by 150 feet. In this building will be placed the printing-shop, the tailoring establishment, shoeshop, etc. Lime from the kiln is now being furnished in sufficient quantities to preclude the possibility of shortage. Experts who are handling this lime claim it to be of exceptional strength and quickness.

The sawmill under Manager Smith, just east of the permanent townsite, is assuming shape, and his report of last week said that he has the saw rig set up, ready for running; the carriage and carriage feed rig, the engine and boiler placed, and will be ready to start on the brick work Monday, May 29. He has about fifty feet of

the wall up to the first floor joist line and all of the piers in for the main line shaft. This mill will have a capacity of about 30,000 feet daily and will aid greatly to solve the housing problem. Logs from the mountain will soon be coming over the surveyed road. The haul is approximately 12 miles.

However, until such time as we are saving lumber, it is advisable for members desiring to stay, to bring or send tents, or make arrangements to have temporary housing provided. By doing this a big burden is

here will be many acres, more than sufficient, Deo volente, to supply our daily wants and to preserve food can for winter use. The cannery is being rushed and Manager Keough of that department says that by July 1 the plant will be in operation, in plenty of time to take care of all vegetables and fruits offered.

P. A. Knobbs of the garden department, and his assistants, are working like Trojans to get a surplus of things for this fall. Knobbs is full of confidence that we will go over the winter without any considerable want for the usual garden things. Mr. Newman, and his helpers in this department, are continually busy with the berries, grapes, and many other things that belong to the garden. He has eight acres under his care and it will be intensively cultivated. It seems, upon inspection, that every variety of vegetable and plant has been planted and has started to grow. It would be positively unsafe to predict what may happen when the stuff under his care comes to fruitage.

Mauricio, in the eastern garden, is busy all the day with his cabbage, cauliflower, radishes, onions, garlic, parsley, beets, etc., and many acres are showing the result of his constant care. Before the planting season is over, 80 to 100 acres shall have been planted.

H. L. Dawson, in the horticultural department, has over 300 acres of fruit trees in, and he reports they are doing nicely. He has six acres of nursery just south of the town, in which he is trying all sorts of experimentation. He has learned many things about this soil and is thoroughly satisfied that no untoward soil or atmospheric condition obtains that would re-



The New Lime Kiln at Llano

taken off members here and the occupants made much happier. It is always hoped that the women folks be made comfortable. They have the worry of keeping the house and the nicer the house the nicer the home.

The rabbits are increasing and about 3000 are crowding the pens. Manager Kilmer expects to have three more 90-foot pens erected before long. By so doing he will be able to place between 800 and 1000 breeders therein and materially solve the meat problem of the colony.

The dairy department under George Bower is turning into the creamery about 1000 gallons of milk a week, which serves as the butter and milk supply of the colony. About 73 cows are being milked. Almost 100 head of stock are being pastured on the range near the Lovejoy Buttes, 11 miles north of the colony, under the care of Morris brothers.

The colony is congratulating itself that Mr. F. W. Eddy, wife and little girl, are now members. They will move at once to the fish hatchery, where Mr. Eddy will engage in the propagation of trout. Mr. Eddy is an experienced fish spawner, and declares that the spot is ideal for fish-raising, surrounded as it is by immense mountains, with the purest of crystal water. One hundred and sixty acres of land, the origin of the Big Rock, belong to the colony. The water bubbles out of the ground over a 30-acre space, which is heavily covered with vegetation. This can be turned into an ideal camping location, with the Hatchery Inn and a hostelry for the accommodation of the colonists as well as sight-seers and campers from the city.

The Sierra Madre Colony

THE Sierra Madre Colony, or the boys' and girls' colony, located about a mile south of the main colony, is progressing wonderfully well through the untiring efforts of George T. Pickett and his helpful wife; "Doc" Zornes of the agricultural end; A. B. West of the masonry and construction end, assisted by the boys and girls belonging to the colony.

A brooder house, 16 by 24 feet, made of adobe brick, has been completed by the boys under the direction of Mr. West, and 1200 little chicks are now cozily esconced. Alfalfa runs are now growing in front, so that when the little things are ready to be turned on it, an abundance of green stuff will be close at hand.

Pickett's home, 20 by 40 feet, has been almost completed, with the aid of the boys, and will be used as a kitchen for the scholars, as well as serving meals to transients.

The next masonry work on the program will be the construction of the club house. The foundation has been partially completed and the remainder will be rushed.

The goats number 19, nine of which are milking, and are in charge of two girls and a boy. They attend to the milking and see that the goats are properly fed.

The rabbitry is being constructed as the increase of rabbits demand. About fifty rabbits now are securely housed in the hutches, which are the product of the genius of the boys interested in this department.

The four horses belonging to this colony are in the pink of condition, and are carefully attended by other boys who like this sort of work. These horses are ex-

tremely useful in the development of the forty acres allotted to the Sierra Madre Colony.

The boys and girls have been doing clearing work to a remarkable extent. It is the intention to clear and plant the whole of the forty acres as fast as time and conditions will permit.

The gardens, quite extensive in size, are doing fine. Onions, lettuce, radishes and peas have been eaten already and an abundance of corn, tomatoes, sweet and Irish potatoes with melons, berries, etc., are promised as soon as nature will bring them up. The system of irrigation used is up to date and the water supply can be regulated to a nicety.

Enthusiasm prevails among the boys and girls over the success thus far made. The finest training possible is here offered the pupils of the school. They are invited, but not compelled to work, and so far there has been no shirker. The task of furnishing and developing work and conditions devolve upon George Pickett, who deserves special credit. Visitors, especially those with children, are more than interested in the Sierra Madre Colony. They see an opportunity for the education of their children from a practical point of view. When the scholar finishes in this colony he or she will be fitted to take up the duties of a citizen.

Mr. Harriman sees great possibilities for the younger generation in the development of this manual training. He believes that Llano can be made an educational center second to none, within a very few years.

In addition to the more practical things, Pickett has not neglected the play end of the institution. A first-class ball diamond is just across the road, and land is being cleared for extensive playgrounds on which will be tennis courts, and the paraphernalia that goes to make a down-to-the-minute exercise and playground.

It is doubtful whether any boy or girl that attends this school, that is, the regular grammar school, with the practical and playground end, added, could be induced to leave the colony when grown to seek new fields, and attempt to buffet the sinister monster of Capitalism. The struggle attendant upon getting a living is a thing apart and the parents and children have no worry on this score. It will not be long until this colony will be practically self-supporting. That is, it will raise an abundance of foodstuffs and the surplus can be turned in barter to the larger colony, for the things required in the lesser.

The Montessori School

MRS. PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN is now in San Diego completing arrangements at the Exposition for the exhibition of the Montessori school system and will take Llano children for this purpose. It is Mrs. Brown's intention to take ten children a month, for four months, for an outing as well as training in the wonderfully charming Pepper Grove of the Exposition.

The attendance at the Montessori school has increased, until the average attendance is above sixty little tots. Mrs. Brown has left competent teachers—Mrs. Wilhide, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Masteller and Mrs. Buxton—to guide the young minds while she is absent.

It is remarkable the interest this school is attracting

(Continued on Page 27)

Millville Preparedness

OR a week the Parker home had been the hub of Millville feminine thought and activity, with this one coming and that one going and the other one staying, some to help, some to talk, and all to see Nellie's wedding garments, from the white silk gown in its tissue wrappings, with little sachet bags pinned in the bosom and sleeves clear to the very

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

Nellie Parker, must be just a bit worse than all the rest.

After her rebuff she had never asked any more questions, and she tried to control her arrant thoughts, for she wanted very much to be a nice girl. But her eyes were bright. They flashed messages to her brain of what they saw, the messages became perceptions, the perceptions thoughts and the thoughts conclusions, so that in spite of all her efforts and prayers that God make her a nicer girl, the rudiments of the secrets of conception and birth and maternity which only married people are supposed to know and talk about, and then only in whispers and in segregated groups, become hers almost unconsciously, but with the vaguest, the strangest, the shyest, the sweetest of a generalized idea, an impression chiefly of physical suffering triumphing finally in the joy of parenthood.

The rapturous but immodest thought that some day she might make her dainty wedding garments into clothes for her baby refused to be banished. It nestled mischievously in her consciousness as though it were a naughty child itself. She undressed and knelt and prayed as usual, finishing, "And Lord, please help me to be a nicer girl, for—" she should have said, "for Jesus' sake, Amen," but instead her lips slipped—"for Jimmie's sake. Amen." Then she added, "And for Jesus' sake." She hoped that God would look over the slip, as she was going to be married tomorrow.

Eyes closed, head buried in her pillow, she tried to go to sleep, but her excited mind went rioting off until she feared Satan himself must be sitting at the foot of her bed. Never, never before had she felt so openly, so uncontrollably, so joyously wicked! Her timid thoughts broke through their leashes and her conscience went chasing madly after them to bring them back. She turned restlessly and threw out her arm. Instantly Jimmie's dark head seemed to be resting upon it and her arm instinctively curved. Then it straightened stiff and she sat up with a gasp. She was a wicked, wicked girl! She got up and knelt in front of the open window to cool her hot cheeks. She hoped that God would remember she was to be married tomorrow. He must know that when a girl was to be a wife soon it was hard for her to stay all girl up to the very last minute. She wondered what all those eyes of God—the stars—thought of her. They did not look angry or shocked. They twinkled and winked at her one by one and by the thousands, almost as though they were amused behind their inscrutable lights. They brought her some comfort. That unseen fearful Power that brooded over her every thought and act, inscribing black marks for the bad and gold ones for the good, had forgiven her.

But the night sounds made her strangely lonely—the croaking chorus of the frogs in the marshy pasture, the shouts of children not yet called to bed, the monotonous lullaby of Mrs. Macdermott rocking her baby to sleep next door. She was filled with feminine premonitions. She wished that Jimmie had not been forbidden the house and her on this last night. His voice and touch would have reassured her. In that melancholy hour



garters that would hold up her stockings. There was nothing they did not see and discuss, and the verdict was that Nellie was properly prepared.

Nellie did not mind the general hub-bub. She was living in a dream world which no one inhabited save herself and Jim Preston. Smiling, she listened and smiling she comprehended hardly a word that was said.

On the evening before the wedding Mrs. Parker and the Judge drove over to the little cottage Jimmy had built for his bride, to see that all was in readiness—the pantry shelves stocked with canned fruit, the cupboards with provisions, and the drawers with linen.

"I believe in preparedness," she said to the Judge, as she poked some moth ball among the folds of a blanket she was packing away, "even in marriage."

Nellie, with that same smile on her lips, was also kneeling in front of a drawer, concerning herself with preparedness, not of moth balls and blankets, but of violet sachet and delicate white garments with here and there just a whisper of pink. They needed no inspection. She had made every stitch of them herself. It was probably the hundredth time she had unwrapped them, run her hands softly over them and folded them again. She knew there were far more than she would need, that after her marriage they would be too fragile for everyday wear. Her parents had told her she was extravagant. She thought of this now as she sat before the drawer, her lips curved in their perpetual smile. She couldn't tell them that she wasn't really extravagant—some day she could make her wedding presents over into tiny yokes and petticoats and little dresses. Her smiling lips parted—it should be a boy . . . with gray eyes and dark lashes like Jimmie's are . . . and a very bald head . . . and . . .

She flushed a deep red and hastily closed the drawer. In spite of all her prayers and efforts, Nellie feared she was not a good girl. Or why should she persist in thinking of things nice girls must never think of, like that about her—like that? Guilty and ashamed, her lovely smile gone, to do penance she resolved to go to bed, although she was not at all sleepy. She wondered if other girls found it as hard to be nice as she did. She recalled how curious she had been some years before, and how one day she braved her mother's stiff reserve. Mrs. Parker had turned very red and cross. She glared at her daughter. "Nellie Parker, I'm ashamed of you. Nice girls never think of such things. Go right upstairs and say your prayers."

As Nellie brushed her hair she decided there was no doubt about it. Of course all girls were naturally bad—that was Eve's fault in eating the apple—but she,

before the spring evening finally settled into darkness and silence, as she knelt alone before the open window, Nellie's Day of Days, her joyous Tommorrow so long dreamt of and planned for, began to assume a new aspect. It loomed formidably near and a bit terrifying in the non-knowable, non-talkable, non-thinkable experiences it was bearing toward her.

Down the road came the quarrelsome rattle of her father's old auto. She slipped back into bed and began to count backwards in hopes of going to sleep. Then an unexpected thing happened. Her mother, ordinarily as affectionate as the imitation stone pillars in front of the Baptist church, entered and with the utmost solemnity bent over and kissed her cheek.

"Good night, my child. May God protect you," she said. "I hope you sleep well."

At least those were her words, but her tone and manner implied, "Good night, my child. May God have mercy on your soul! You won't sleep much tonight!" So it sounded to Nellie.

"Mamma," the words burst out of her impulsively, "what makes you—what will—how—" Her voice died away quite unable to scale the wall of lady-like propriety that separated her from her mother. She hastily changed the subject.

"Thank you for all the nice things you've given me. You didn't forget a single thing, did you?"

"I tried not to. A girl's a long time married and ought to be properly prepared. Good night."

"Good night. Nearly all women get married some time, don't they, Mamma?"

"Of course. Good night."

Nellie felt better when she thought of that vast army of other women, especially when she reflected that some of them braved the ordeal

Song of the Submarine

By George Mauricio

(While on board the H-2.)

I Nose along with decks awash,
All hid by flying spray,
And carefully I search the sea
For ships on which to prey.

For none may know just when I go,
And none when I may come,
As quick as breath—as sure as death—
I send them all below!

Into her sides my missiles go—
To wound her sore, and then—
Like frightened sheep into the deep
Drop cursing, praying men.

Sing ho! for ships I've met and sunk;
Sing ho! my hearty, ho!
A great machine quick turned to junk—
Gone to a grave below.
Where silent things weave in and out
And ragged seaweed grow.

I nose along beneath the fog,
That curtains all the sea,
A slimy eel, all made of steel,
A thing of mystery.

For none may see and none may know,
Nor learn my deadly hate,
Until they know the crashing blow
That shivers every plate,

As through her sides my missiles go,
To wound her sore and deep,
And from her deck—a twisted wreck—
White-faced seamen leap.

Sing ho! for ships I've yet to meet,
Sing ho, my hearties, ho!
Pick and pride of some mighty fleet,
Gone at a single blow
Down where the slimy sea-snakes creep,
Their evil eyes aglow.

not only once, but twice, or even three times! Still most women did not look happy. Now she should think their faces would fairly shine! Sometimes after an evening spent with Jimmie when she had caught glimpses of herself in the glass she had been amazed at the way her own face shone. Her eyes blazed like stars, her cheeks were pink, her lips rosy and parted. Would her face shine more than ever after she was married or would it stop shining altogether as so many other women's did? What gave so many women that terrible married expression when their faces were in repose, so reserved, so pleasant, so patient, yet so full of a secret, furtive, smouldering something she could not understand? There was nothing in the secret of conception and birth and maternity as she understood it, to make women look like that. There must be some deeper, more fearful secret in marriage that girls must not know.

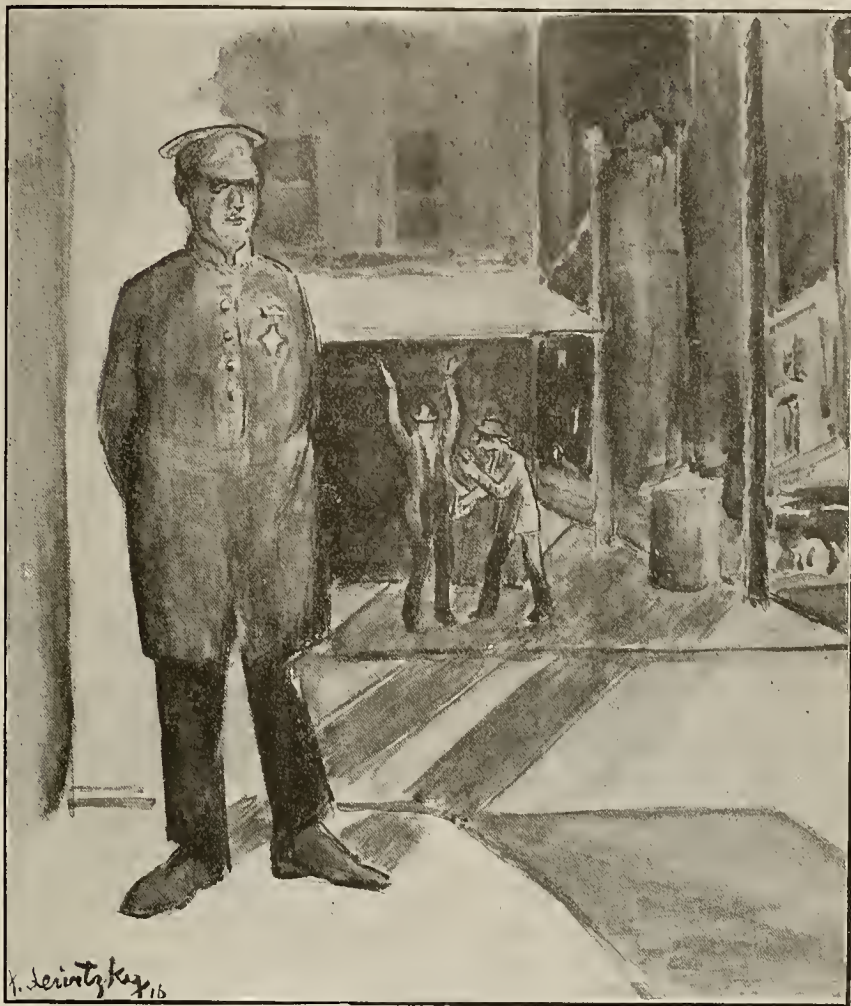
What could it be? Wide awake, alert, nerves taut from over excitement, Nellie lay and pondered, and as she pondered little beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead and the palms of her hands grew moist. Could it be—was it possible—one might almost think from the way her mother and other women looked sometimes when she surprised them in a secret conversation that there was something shameful in marriage, something from that dark underworld of thought and deed that a girl could not help know existed, for echoes from it were sure to reach her and make her cheeks burn with loathing and disgust. Was it possible that the world of love could have anything in common with that other world? What an incomprehensible thing life was! What a painful, puzzling, lonely process being a girl had been, with no advice, no explanations, no sympathy anywhere. And

now, tonight, it seemed that being a woman might prove an even more painful, more puzzling, more lonely process, with no one in the world to take her problems to, save one, and him a man. And Jimmie had never been married. Probably he knew even less of women than she did. A Man! There was no getting around the fact that he was a Man. And tomorrow he would hold her life in the hollow of his hand!

She shuddered!

The thought clutched her heart. She would soon be at the mercy of one of those mysterious male creatures who for some strange reason God had made necessary in His scheme of creation, but nevertheless must not be thought about by nice girls or never looked at straight in their eyes. Being naturally depraved by sins of Mother Eve, she had often wanted very much to look at them or read about them—there were so many of them in the world and they were such curious looking, fascinating creatures, as they swaggered about in their male garments. But she wanted to be a nice girl as her mother had taught her, so when one of the forbidden walking riddles was about she always blushed and tried to put her mind on higher things, like Bible verses, or the Golden Text for the following Sunday morning.

Of course her little, bewhiskered, gray-haired father was not a Man. She never thought of him with a capital letter. Nor had she realized that Jimmie was one before. First and for a long time he had been a playmate, then one day as she was returning from school he had kissed her. It was just a dab, but it had burned into her heart, and changed the freckle-nose, wide-smiled playmate into a lover—a bringer of miracles, a magician who by the merest softest touch of his lips upon her skin could make that distasteful thing called a kiss become an exquisite nameless thing, almost painful in its hints of deeper raptures. And after the kiss and engagement had come another problem. When a girl—a nice girl—had a lover—a very eager, persistent lover—what ought she to do? That is, if she was engaged to marry him? Of course, the answer was very simple if he had not asked her to marry him. If a man offered a caress without first declaring his intentions, a nice girl must become very angry and say, "How dare you?" or something of the kind. Girls always did that in books. But usually



On Duty!

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky

when the girl was finally engaged, the books closed in the most exasperating way. Or in those few books where the engagement took place in the beginning, the couple were always quarreling, or the hero seemed so much more easy to satisfy than Jimmie, who was always saying, "Aw, why don't you be good to me, Nell? Don't you like me?" Finally she had poured out her heart. "Oh, Jimmie, it isn't that! But it's like a beautiful new game that I don't know how to play. I don't know what engaged girls ought to do. Do you?"

"Gee!" Jimmie had said, "Gee!" as he sat down suddenly and mopped his brow. Then, "I guess I've got a general idea. And I'll try to keep the rules. But I'm awful sure," he added firmly, "that one of the rules is, you ought to kiss me."

So Nellie had returned the exquisite, nameless thing, and was very glad it was according to the rules.

And now the idea that her lover was one of those male beings whom her mother had taught her to fear and avoid, filled her with wretchedness. She forgot Jimmie's gray eyes and mischievous smile, his tender, protecting kindness. She remembered his short, black

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hair, his prickly cheeks and upper lip, his stern, straight brows, his deep voice, his broad, flat chest and hips, all those masculine peculiarities which emphasize him as a being foreign to her, hinting of the frightful and unknown. In the unnerving, silent darkness about her, in the darkness of her own ignorance and misinformation her lover became a stranger.

Her nerves gave way. A lump gathered in her throat and choked her. She began to sigh heavily. The sighs turned into sobs. She bit her pillow to keep from screaming. Her mother heard her and opened the door.

"What's the matter, Nellie?"

"I don't want to be married. I'm not going to be married. I'm not going to be married! I'm not going to—"

Westfieldian Infidelity Continued from page 10

"How do I know the Bible is true?" Ben continued.

"Don't you believe the Bible?" Pa roared. "Didn't I tell you to believe it?"

"You told me also to believe in Santa Claus, and in storks."

"Can you point to anything in the book that is untrue?" demanded the father.

"It says that the rabbit chews its cud, and it don't," answered Ben.

"So you mean to tell me that my prayers have had no effect on you?"

"I never knew they were directed at me," said Ben. "I thought you were talking to God."

"Don't you get smart," cautioned the father.

Ben ignored his threat and assumed the offensive.

"Paw," he said in a drawl, "Is God all-powerful?"

"Sure," answered the father.

"Does He know everything, Paw?"

"Why, of course he does."

Knew about me before I was born?"

"Sure—even from eternity."

"He knew that I would like bones of animals; that I would study life; that I would ask questions about His business. Didn't He now, Paw?"

"Yes, He did."

"Now don't be foolish, Nellie. Of course you are. Everything's ready. You're worn out, that's all. It's your nerves. Here, I'll give you a dose of Nervine."

She got the trusty bottle and administered a large dose.

Gradually the sobs subsided. Nellie lay with her lids half closed, the eyeballs rolled back. A blue circle formed about her pale, twitching lips. They dropped apart, showing the rows of little white teeth within. She sank into a heavy stupor. The demons of Shame and Fear, her heritage from the degraded past, might be powerful enough to drive away a girl's virgin love, but they could not withstand the effects of a table-spoonful of Nervine. They retired grinning. They knew their turn would come again.

"And God is good, ain't He, Paw, and just, too? And He sends people to hell because they are bad, don't He?"

"Yes."

"He makes everything and knows everything. Knew about me coming?"

"Yes."

"Then if He is merciful, why didn't He stop me before I came? If He knew that I would be curious, why didn't He give me a head like yours? If He is just, why did He make me the way I am?"

"And, if He has planned everything beforehand, why do you ask Him to change it?"

And father and son mingled in close communion on the physical plain.

It was wrong to question the old about things physical or spiritual as their ultimate answer was punishment. So Ben went out into the fields and spoke to the flowers, the insects, the birds. Yea, even to the bones of the dead; and they answered him. Kindly they rewarded his labor. The God of Nature was kindlier than the God of Men. The God of Nature invited the soul to feast; the God of Man condemned the soul who ate. Ben in his love of Nature learned the truth that man makes his God in his own image, while Nature is the one, the real and the everchanging truth.

The Working Hypothesis Continued from page 11

complex, evolving in the direction of altruism, as being a greater force than selfishness, changes the whole aspect of evolution as laid down by Darwin. His modesty, which made his admirers smile at the time, proves to have been but another aspect of his exceptional wisdom, and leaves him far greater in the minds of his successors than he was to his generation, as likewise his theory, being expressed in the terms of the working hypothesis, was also left free to grow.

A thing that cannot grow is dead; a thing that is finished has ceased to have any great value to

its creator. A painter thinks not of the painting he has completed. This universe is a great work of art, infinite in time and space. To know about it is an infinite task for infinite minds.

Let us never try to lock up infinity in our little mortal creeds and formulas, but work together harmoniously with the one tool without limitations, the working hypothesis, and teach our children that the truth as we see it is but the outer edge of an infinite realm of wonder and glory, and that every step onwards in its discovery is pure joy.

The Montessori School Continued from page 22

from all lovers of children. Men and women used to the older and less efficient methods, and those unacquainted with any at all, are astounded at the evidences of training acquired by these little ones in a very short while. The children are allowed to develop naturally and the ways and turns shown by the budding minds are simply marvelous and a constant source of inspiration. The school has received visits from many women and men educators from a distance. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend,

both graduates of Dr. Montessori, were recently in the colony, and declared that they could not imagine a more efficient school anywhere. They marveled at the genius which overcame natural and artificial difficulties and brought up to such perfection the Llano Montessori school.

For the information of several inquirers back East, it may be stated that little ones from the age of 2½ to 6 years are received in this school. From thence they go into the upper grades.

Slave or Master? By George Gibbons

In this day of war (in fact the most terrible war that so-called civilization has ever seen), this day of feverish preparedness, let us pause and look at war and the relation it bears to the worker.

Mr. Workingman! in time of war, or time of peace, do you get enough to feed, clothe and shelter you?

Will the workers of Europe come back from the trenches in Flanders and find that they have bettered their economic condition?

Or will they find that they have to go back into wage-slavery and stand a greater tax burden to pay back the money loaned to finance the war which the workers fought for the master class of Europe, too shrewd to fight themselves?

Let us look at the situation here. We hear much in the prostituted press about intervention in Mexico. If the Otis, Hearst or Guggen-

heim families want to shoulder a rifle and go to Mexico, well and good. They are interested there.

But you men who lost your wives and babies under the tents at Ludlow; you men of Lawrence; you men of Paterson; you men of Paint and Cabin Creeks; you men of Calumet—but, why go on? You men of the working class, have you a fight to make? Then don't take a gun and fight to weld your shackles of servitude tighter. Stand in the open and defy the master-class. Organize on a co-operative plan, regardless of creed or nationality, and you will accomplish things. First, get the product of your labor, and, second, put the master to work by your side. To do away with wage-slavery you must overthrow the economic masters, because where there is a master there must be a slave.

What the War Really Means—

- ☐ WAR is a pitiless revealer of motives.
- ☐ The present war is a struggle for economic supremacy between the capitalist interests of various nations.
- ☐ But—*what are the deeper economic causes?* The "law of motion" driving the nations to slaughter?

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Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. IV May, 1916 No. 1

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Jungle Jottings

By Emanuel Julius

"French scored in the air" is a headline. The newspapers look on this war as a game of baseball. "What's the score?" the reader asks every morning. "Oh," answers the newspaper writer, "two Zepps down for the Germans; 1200 yards of trenches for the French!" The story of a single murder in peace times may terrify the entire world, but the destruction of millions in war times is considered a form of amusement—a game.

* * *

There was a time when people believed scourges and black plagues would be with us forever, but we learned that plagues are not the result of divine displeasure but of human negligence. The same applies to war. People believe wars will be with us forever, but scientific slaughter will go the way of the other plagues that have afflicted mankind. Wars are the result of human ignorance. When all the people learn to live by production and not by exploitation, they will have no reason to hurl the missiles of death.

* * *

Better be a dreamer than an unthinking slave.

* * *

A workingman who doesn't own his job can't call himself a free man.

* * *

The editorial jingoes are like Artemus Ward, who said he loved the Union so dearly that he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relatives. The insane militarists seem anxious to provoke a war so that the members of the working-class may do the dying while the monied interests rake in the shekels. Oh, it's a great thing when you can do the patriotic talking while the other man does the dying. But what will you do when the other man learns to tell you to back up your hot air with a bayonet? Oh, you will think twice before you do any war yelling. Won't you?

* * *

The men who write the school books of a nation can make any nation believe in any wrong.

Battleships nowadays are nothing more than dollar-chasers for the commercial pirates who have commodities they want to unload in new markets.

* * *

Some people have queer kinks in their craniums. They admit that it is wrong for an individual to run around with an automobile and pump away at anyone in sight, but it is perfectly all right for a nation to rush around with a lot of dreadnaughts and army corps. What is wrong for an individual to do certainly ought to be wrong for a nation. The same logic, in my opinion, applies to capital punishment. If it is wrong for you to commit murder, what right has the state to take human life?

* * *

It costs a parasite more to satisfy one of his whims than it costs a workingman to feed his entire family.

* * *

Here's a recipe for making good wage-slaves: Take five feet six of ordinary muscle and bone (with just enough bonehead to make Hennery invulnerable to the ideas of the Socialists), plenty of patriotism, a belief that it is perfectly ethical for the capitalists to own privately what the people need, and the opinion that unless the workers are very poor they wouldn't do any work. Mix well together. Add the following: Opposition to any workingmen who strive for better living conditions; hatred for anyone who wants the producers to get the full social value of their labor. Take this mess and put it over a slow fire. Let it simmer. Season with plenty of beliefs that the old parties will do something for Labor after they have finished doing their bit for capital. Garnish with a liberal dose of capitalist newspapers so that the dish will acquire its proper heaviness. Serve hot on election day.

* * *

A government that does the most for the capitalist minority and the least for the public majority deserves the scorn of every honest person.

Colony Courier

Graduation Exercises

Fifteen pupils of the Llano grammar school will participate in a class play and graduation exercise June 2. The names of the graduates are: Laurence Ecklund, Oliver Foore, Carl Foreman, Alberta Fread, Rose Kaufman, Jennie Leslie, Victor Stokes, Myrtle Kemp, Mary Moulton, Daphne White, Orma Johnson, Raymond Palm, Fred Scott, Norman Scott and Merl Wallace.

Graduation Class Reception

On Monday, May 29, the graduates of the Llano Grammar School to the number of fifteen, held a reception and dance, for the parents and friends of the grades, in the big Assembly hall. Dancing continued until quite late, after which dainty refreshments were served. The girl graduates, assisted by the boys, tastily decorated the hall for the occasion. A delightful time was enjoyed by all.

The Hikers' Club

Llano boasts of some star walkers of both sexes. Sunday, May 28, found twenty ardent walkers lined up for an early start to Jackson Lake, 12½ miles off in the hills. The distance was negotiated in good time and a weary but delighted crowd returned at sunset, declaring that next Sunday would see them astir early for another long tramp. The twenty-five-odd-mile trip left no bad effects. Luncheon was eaten at Jackson Lake and many kodak pictures were brought back.

Married

Miss Harriet Burdick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Burdick of the colony, to Mr. Rich Weisner of Redlands, May 27, at 3 o'clock. The happy pair went for a two weeks' honeymoon to the various beaches about Los Angeles, and after which time they will be home to their friends in the colony. Mr. Weisner became a member of the colony through the talking ability of Miss Harriett, and her love for the place. Mr. Weisner's father also became an installment member, in sympathy with his son's devotion.

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3x 6	2.25	11	12	3x 5	.75	3
4x 7	3.75	16	18	3x 6	.90	4
6x 9	6.75	32	35	4x 7	1.65	7
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Smart Smatterings

The uncompromising fight against
Social Imperialism is fundamental
to a revolutionary mobilization of
the proletariat and the rebirth of
the International—**S. J. Rutgers.**

* * *

If our economic organization is
the chief cause of war at the pres-
ent time, the simple, obvious thing
for us to do is to direct our influ-
ence against the continuation of this
cause.—**William E. Bohn.**

* * *

Force never yet, so far as my
readings of history go, put an end
to force.—**Bouck White.**

* * *

The total military expenditure of
the warring nations for the first
year of the conflict was \$17,500,-
000,000. For the second year it will
be \$28,000,000,000.—**Milton Bron-
ner.**

* * *

Find me valuable land idle, and I
will find you idle men and idle capi-
tal.—**James R. Brown.**

* * *

Some very earnest Socialists and
others discount the co-operative
movement on the ground that it is
not sufficiently radical; yet what
could be more radical than a move-
ment which has for its goal the
complete democratization of indus-
try.—**Cheves West Perky.**

* * *

The city government has ceased
to be a powerful brotherhood of lo-
cal grafters.—**Felix Krendon.**

* * *

Land has been performing some
strange antics in this country dur-
ing the last fifteen years.—**A. M.
Simons.**

* * *

It has been found in practice that
direct taxes cut into expenditures
on luxury more than they interfere
with investments in industry.—
William English Walling.

* * *

I hesitate to praise individuals,
especially individuals who hold the
reins of government.—**John Ken-
neth Turner.**

Imperialism is the attempt of a
dominant race to extend its do-
minion over other races and as-
similate them wherever possible. It
matters not whether it is done in
the name of "the white man's bur-
den," "kulture," or "Socialism."
—**Henry L. Slobodin.**

* * *

Had the Social Democrats of
Germany paid as much attention
to the development of industrial
power as to political power, the
present war could not have been
pulled off.—**J. O. Bentall.**

* * *

Some workers forget that the
body is only a wonderful machine,
and that when the gearing is once
worn out, it is done with.—**Camille
David.**

* * *

If you want to make a railroad
brotherhood official hot under the
collar, accuse him of planning a
strike.—**Jack Phillips.**

* * *

The modern invention of perpet-
ual corporations and trusteeships
has made it possible to develop for-
tunes so vast they exercise the
power of life and death over mil-
lions of men, women and children.—
Senator Owen.

* * *

If you want to get the support of
the workers you will have to create
a nation in which they can own their
own homes and be able to make a
decent living, so that, if it is ever
threatened they will have some-
thing worth fighting for.—**James A.
Maurer.**

* * *

One finds and liberates love and
more thorough devotion to work
that in a measure belongs to him
than in a tuck for one whose God
is Mammon, whose concept of a
worker is that he is a serf.—**Fred H.
Beckwith.**

* * *

The philanthropic capitalist is the
thief who has stolen the cow and
who afterwards offers to the right-
ful owner an infinitesimal part of
the milk extracted by him in the
milking.—**Anthony Turano.**

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Dillon, Mont., May 4, 1916.

Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed find check for \$40.00 to apply on my membership.

I arrived back in Dillon from my trip, on the first, and am bucking into the system once more. But with a lighter heart, for I know now what my comrades are doing at "Yaw-no," and I feel glad to be doing my part with the enclosed amount.

With kind regards to those that I met in the office, I remain,
Yours fraternally,

IRVING JILBERT,

Antioch, Cal., May 10, 1916.

Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Please find draft for \$20.00, payments for the months of April and May, on contract of Llano Company. Am always anxious to hear of the Colony, which I read in The Western Comrade.
Yours truly,
H. L. FRISBIE.

Washington, D. C., May 8, 1916.

Llano del Rio Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dear Comrades: Enclosed is a money order for \$30.00, payment for this month's installment on my contract.
With best wishes for the continued success of the Colony, I am
Fraternally,
RAY D. DAVIS.

Washington, D. C., May 8, 1916.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find check for \$10.00 as payment on my membership. The news of the Colony always gives us much pleasure and we are glad to learn that you are doing so well.

With best wishes to you all, I remain

Yours sincerely,

I. P. DINOWITZER.

Ely, Nev., May 10, 1916.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed you will find a money order for \$20.00 for the month of June.

With best wishes to you all, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

CARL ELLINGSEN.

Fresno, Cal., May 5, 1916.

Llano del Rio Company.
Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find draft for \$340.00, to be applied on my stock.
Sincerely,
MARTHA J. PATTERSON.

Los Angeles, May 4, 1916.

Llano del Rio Company.
Gents: Enclosed please find check for \$10.00 to apply as payment on my stock, month of May.
With best wishes for your success,
F. S. WEBER.

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