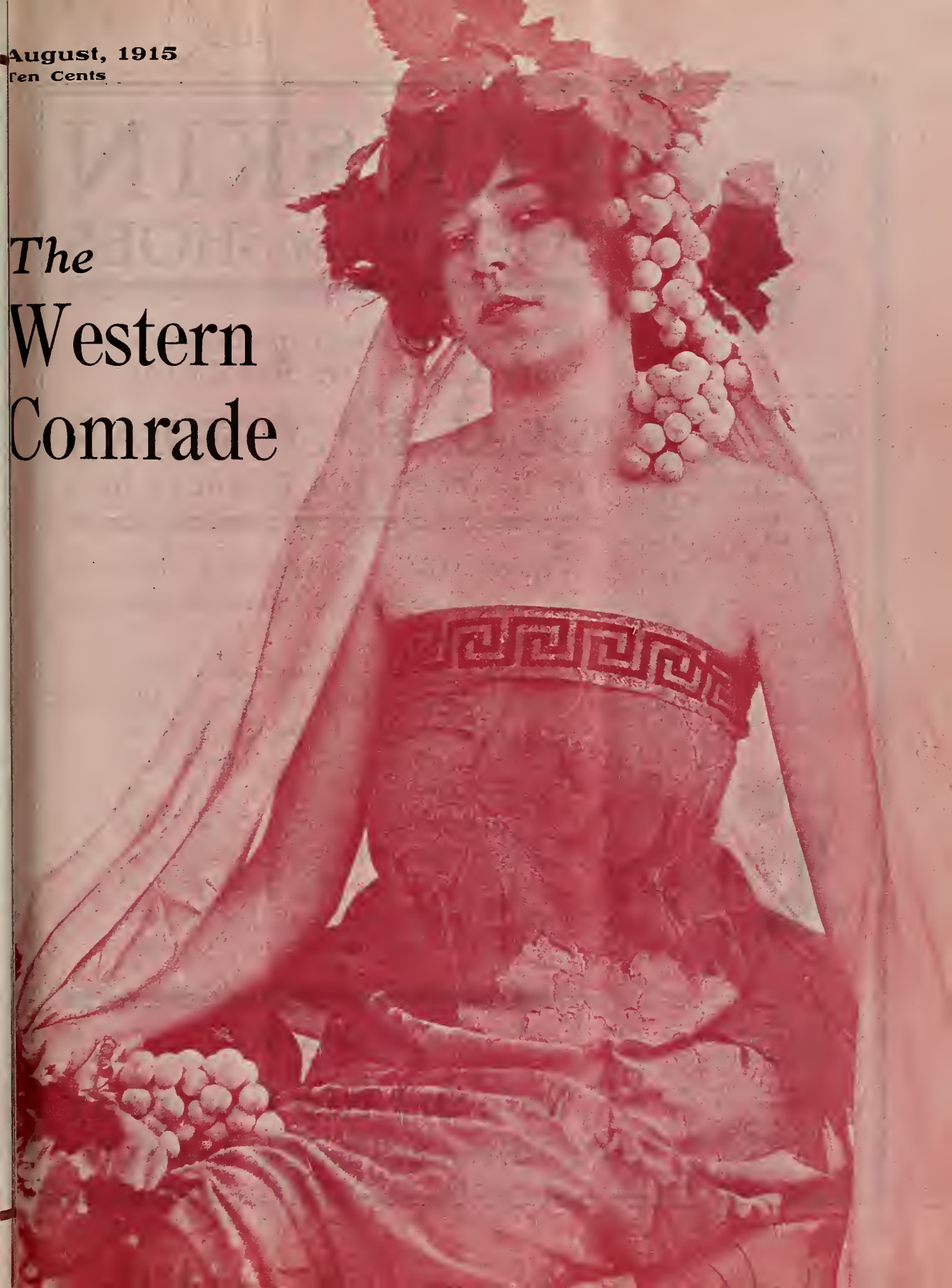


August, 1915
Ten Cents

The
Western
Comrade





ELKSKIN BOOTS *and* SHOES

*Factory operated in connection
with LLANO DEL RIO COLONY*

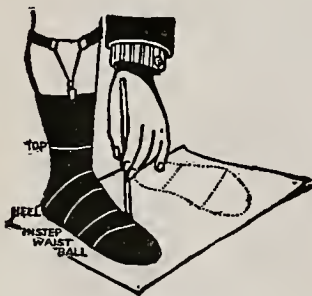
IDEAL FOOTWEAR For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

Men's 10-inch boots.	\$6.00
Men's 12-inch boots.	7.00
Men's 15-inch boots.	8.00
Ladies' 10-inch boots	5.00
Ladies' 14-inch boots	5.50
Men's Elk shoes....	4.00
Ladies' Elk shoes...	3.50
Infants' Elk shoes,	
1 to 5.....	1.50
Child's Elk shoes, 5	
to 8.....	1.75
Child's Elk shoes,	
8½ to 11.....	2.25
Misses' and Youths,	
11½ to 2.....	2.50

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

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

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



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

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



CONTENTS

Current Topics. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Southern Chivalry Vindicated.....Page 8

That Heavenly Mississippi. By Frank E. Wolfe...Page 9

Out of the Night! By George F. Hibner.....Page 10

Llano Colony's Progress Rapid.....Page 11

Aid to Our Kings. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 15

Robert Minor—Cartoonist of the Revolt.....Page 16

Billy's BuffooneryPage 18

The Muddling Worker. By Homer Constantine....Page 19

Do You Really Want Socialism? By John M. Work.Page 19

Truth Will Conquer. By Albert A. James.....Page 20

Recall This Judge!.....Page 21

Christian Balzac Hoffman.....Page 22

Let Men Live! By Edmund R. Brumbaugh.....Page 23

The Latest from Llano. By M. A. Kempf.....Page 24

Business is "Good".....Page 26

CARTOONS

The "Secret Enemy".....Frontispiece

Over WarsawPage 6

Brightening Business Skies.....Page 7

In GeorgiaPage 8

The Responsibility for the War.....Page 15

Labor Cartoons by Robert Minor.....Page 16

An Impertinent Uncle.....Page 23

Fertilizing the American Beauty Rose.....Page 28



The "Secret Enemy"



Labour "Leader": "Vot does de Var matter?!—Vy, you would be chust as vell off under the Chermans! plenty monny, plenty time for — drink, Eh?"—The Bystander.

British newspapers overlook no opportunity to brand as traitor every worker who has the spirit to revolt. Labor leaders are denounced as German spies. This has had its effect on every class but the workers. They are coming to know the capitalist prostitute press too well.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUGUST, 1915

NUMBER 4



Scene in Big Rock Canyon

CURRENT TOPICS

By Frank E. Wolfe

WAR in Europe closed the "fiscal year" on August 1 and each party in the business balanced books and added and subtracted figures showing losses and gains.

The first total shows a loss in dead, wounded and missing of 10,716,210 men. Fighting during August will run this total far above 10,800,000.

The next total shows a loss in money of \$16,500,000,000. To this total add \$45,000,000 each day since August 1.

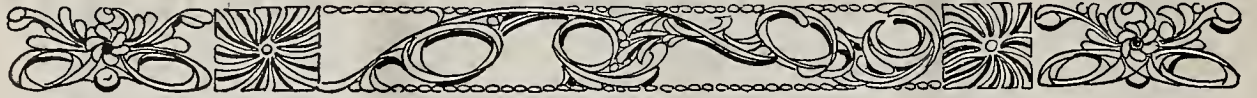
These figures do not include naval losses or ships of commerce that are destroyed hourly. German submarines have sunk nearly 300 ships since their under-sea campaign began several months ago.

These figures only cover the direct losses and do not take any account of non-combatants who are

doomed to die miserable lingering deaths, nor do they cover the untold losses of villages destroyed, cities pillaged, crops ruined and the general ravishment of entire districts. The figures do not cover the greater loss through destruction of productive industry nor the killing of strong workers or the creation of nations of cripples and madmen.

The expense indicated in these figures is entailed by putting 22,000,000 men on the battle line.

With 9,000,000 fighting men in field, fort and fleet, Germany has held 13,000,000 at bay. The mad Kaiser has forced the fighting and preserved the Vaterland from the heel of the enemy. Germany has produced her own food and munitions and her allies find themselves, at the end of the year, scouring the countries of the earth for food and munitions.



THE cost of the war in everything but money will have to be paid. The debt incurred by the awful toll of human life will have to be paid. The ruined cities may be rebuilt in half a century. Restoration of industries will be the work of the people for the next generation, but there is one debt that will never be paid.

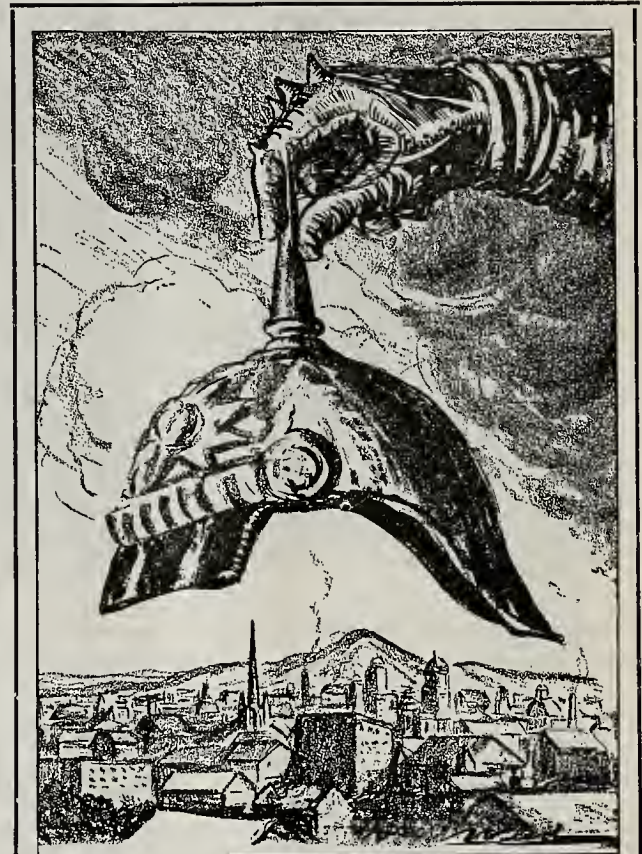
War bonds universally will be repudiated. War debts will not be liquidated. This must be obvious when one considers the size of the debt at this hour. The ever mounting total reaches \$66,000,000,000 and the increase is more rapid every day. Sixty-six billions of dollars! We cannot begin to comprehend the magnitude of these figures. We do not know if the concrete wealth of the world reaches to this colossal total.

Not enough gold has ever been mined to pay the interest on the debt this world-war will have rolled up.

If any nation involved should survive the crash, repudiation would be inevitable. There is no other way. To refund such a debt would be to mortgage the future and enslave races for a thousand years. This would mean a revolt that would sweep the nations out of existence. Repudiation of war debt—and all other debt is inevitable. The revolution is at hand! The ending of the war will mean that none of the nations now involved can stop. No two nor no group can conclude a peace that will mean anything but the beginning of a still fiercer struggle from within. To fight on and on is the only way. Exhaustion of the monetary resources of the world is at hand. Next will come exhaustion of the supply of men and munitions. Then will come another peace of Warsaw—the peace of death! Then the real fight, the revolt of the people! The survivors, the so-called “unfit”!

Gloomy outlook? Yes, it is gruesome enough. It is not more dismal than the situation. Our critics who dislike to think, prefer more cheerful scenes. Would that there was a more hopeful outlook for the world. The writer of today cannot keep away from contemporaneous history and these are the most momentous days since the dawn of this era of the human race.

WHEN the passengers sailed on the Titanic's first and last voyage they took the ordinary risks of steamship travel under a system of profits first and safety last. They knew an attempt would be made to break records. Plunging through the fog under full forced pressure the ship was driven to its doom. Speed meant mail contracts and fame,

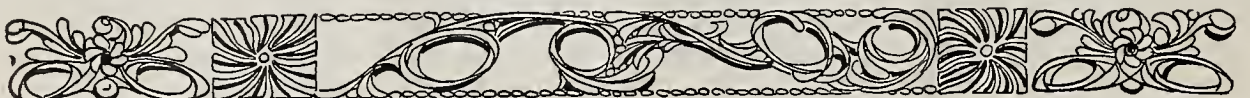


OVER WARSAW

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

that meant profits! Hundreds were murdered there but they had at least the chance to die in the open.

When the Lusitania sailed from New York the passengers on board took the hazard of booking on a ship carrying contraband of war if not actually an armed auxiliary cruiser. For the owners a successful voyage through the undersea blockade there was gold and glory—profits! Those on board risked





their lives and many died, but they went down heroically in the open seas.

The 1500 victims of greed who perished in the Chicago horror died miserably—crushed, suffocated in the crowded cabins or in the unspeakable filth of the slimy miasmatic ooze of the rivers.

There is small chance of the Eastland disaster causing a diplomatic rupture with any one or even division in the President's cabinet. There will be investigations, coroner's verdicts, probably indictments, trials, more trials, convictions, appeals and all the weary and bootless details of the course of the law. At the end nothing will be done to remove the cause of these murders. We shall continue to kill as long as there are profits in taking risks of wholesale murder.

* * *

WHEN hundreds of Canadian Henry Dubbs reached for their pay envelopes the other day they found a little slip which read:

"Your King and Country need you; we don't."

That means: "You're fired. You now have the alternative of starving or enlisting."

Of course Great Britain has never resorted to actual conscription, and never expects to.

In England every measure short of forcible conscription of the workers has been adopted. Every class but the workers is deeply interested in the war. Royalty, nobility and the loyal sons of capitalism have unhesitatingly plunged into the war. They see the necessity of preserving the existing order and of saving England—for themselves.

In Canada the same spirit seems to hold. There are thousands of unemployed, and there seems no likelihood of a dearth of workers. To discharge a few thousand will mean lower wages and more profits. Truly these be parlous days for Henry and Henrietta.

* * *

LOS ANGELES firemen appealed to the voters of the working class and on an initiative act they were given the two-platoon system. The working class voted solidly for the measure which gave the firemen an opportunity to go home to their family for a period out of every twenty-four hours.

This was voted at an election of city officials on an "economy and efficiency" platform. "Vote for us and reduce your taxes," was the slogan, and a majority of the council was elected on that war cry. There was much rejoicing at the achievement.

When the initiative law went into effect the council closed ten firehouses, some of them near the school houses. Then the "civic" organizations got busy and the infamous Municipal League led a move-



BRIGHTENING BUSINESS SKIES

Running Up an Awful Big Bill

—Des Moines Register and Leader

ment to bring about the repeal of the two-platoon law.

Twenty organizations joined in the action, prominent in which was the notorious Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and other Labor-hating



institutions. A majority of the City Council will join in the action. The power of the prostitute press will be thrown against the law and the initiative made a mockery. Political action will win for the workers? Does it pay to dally with this?

* * *

BULLETINS from the office of information of the United States Department of Agriculture disclose a pleasant little deception on the part of certain

worthy gentlemen who buy smutty barley from the farmers at a low price, then proceed to mix it with lime and sell it for "choice brewing barley." Inspectors say it is difficult to discover the fraud by a casual examination, but a chemical analysis shows the lime and the smut.

This adulteration and befouled barley finds its way to your dining table in some guise. There is no escape. You are poisoned for profit.

Southern Chivalry Vindicated

THE world holds Georgia in contempt. The cowardly murder of Leo Frank is a crowning act of infamy of all the long list of atrocities perpetrated in the southern states in the past few years.

With the guilt or innocence of Frank we are not concerned. With Hearst and Burns and a part of the capitalist press in search of advertising contracts arrayed on one side and another wing of the same press on the other side there is no getting at the truth. As to the blood guilt of the people of Georgia there is no shadow of doubt.

Leo Frank is dead. Georgia chivalry is vindicated and the manifest superiority of the southern gentleman once more has been satisfactorily demonstrated. There will follow a series of arrests, trials, demonstrations for and against the defendants. Possibly there may be some convictions and some "legal" murders. Georgia will thus have an opportunity to adopt the Mississippi plan of vicarious atonement by following a series of lynchings with a couple of legal hangings. If a way can be found to take someone who has killed someone out and kill them "legally" the fair name and fame of the state is saved.

This Georgia mob is the worst one of modern times. Its act was as studiedly cruel and cold blooded as, say, the Mississippi mob that "legally" combined a watermelon feast and a double hanging. The deed was as dastardly as that of the state of Georgia a year ago when, under the regime of Gov. Stanton, a boy was "legally" hanged on the accusation of being an accessory to an illegal murder. This

mob acted after months of "cooling time." There was no sudden pitch of passion, no hot headed demand for vengeance. It was as deliberate, bestial and



IN GEORGIA

The Southern Gentleman Demonstrates His Superiority
—The Masses.

revolting as, for instance, the "legal" hanging by the California mob which assembled vicariously at San Quentin and strangled Ralph Farris a few months ago.

That Heavenly Mississippi

By FRANK E. WOLFE



HERE is a land of pure delight—Mississippi! They hanged two negroes there recently—legally! So rare and unusual was this legal phase that the occasion was made a gala day. Five thousand persons were in attendance and there was a great diversity of features in the entertainment preceding the main event.

Dependent ever on the daily press we lose some of the finer points of the day's delightful diversion, but enough comes through to show that in the populace of this southern state we have still a lot of the true spirit of Americanism.

Starkville, formerly a tank town, jumped into everlasting fame when the sheriff, with true southern nobility of character, sprung the trap. Removing his hat he waved it gallantly and shouted, "Goodbye, boys, and good luck!" (What element of luck or chance entered where men swung off to glory filled with watermelon, soda pop and fried chicken?)

These men were "legally" tried and the sentence of the judge was "legally" executed. They had arisen in wrath and slain a Pullman porter. In our less civilized and semi-barbaric state we would have been prone to declare the act merited reward rather than deserved punishment.

Features of the day were free lemonade, scriptural reading, free sandwiches, political speeches by county candidates, church and Sabbath school announcements, sale of souvenirs of rope and scaffold, psalms of Moses and the lamb, watermelon and fried chicken (served exclusively to the condemned) and a score of other delightful, grand and petit divertissements.

One newspaper account of the affair gives a keen flash of insight when it naively states: "Back of and through it all was a sensed realization that Mississippi has been lax in the enforcement of the law and that this legal execution would go far to restore the fair name of the state."

Great! Simply wonderful! Here we have a vicarious atonement so simple and concrete that the most bone-headed of us can understand. When this point

was touched upon delicately by one of the candidates both the condemned, who sat on the gallows back of the speakers, applauded vigorously, and they were joined by the thousands who sat on the grass in the natural amphitheater where the great scene was staged. Thus the vicarious atonement scheme met with approval by both sides—the saviors and the saved.

The press agent who handled the publicity end of the entertainment advertised it extensively and the results were most satisfactory. Concessionaires reported a most profitable day's business.

During the progress of one speech a candidate for sheriff perpetrated an amusing lapsus linguae when he said: "I sure hopes you all will vote for me." Then, with an apologetic smile at the manacled men, he said: "I mean all of yo' all that can get to the polls!"

At this contretemps the multitude roared with delight and the condemned joined in a gale of laughter.

The crowning act of the day's performance was, of course, the hanging. This was preceded by much fervid singing and some religious shouting. The grand old song, "The Heavenly Caanan," ran through the whole day's ceremony and at the climax, when all stood and sang, the scene was most inspiring, the two

shackled men hobbling forward beside the Reverend Mr. Winbush and singing at the tops of their voices the closing lines:

"Not Jordans stream nor
death's cold flood
Should fright us from that
shore."

Thus far we have taken the daily news-

papers. May we not, with fairness, listen to voces Mississippiensis as our imagination is stimulated and inspired:

(The Sheriff:) "Now ladies and gentlemen, don't crowd down so close to this er, ah,—platform. You all will be given every op'tunity——"

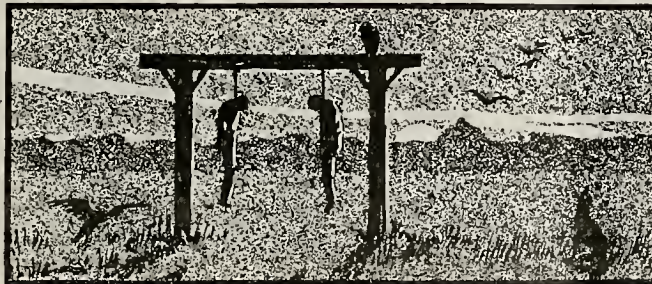
"Cose they does. They repents they-all's sins——"

"Ladies and gentlemen: In this campaign we come before you——"

"De good Lawd don't hold nothin' agin no-buddy——"

"Honesty and efficiency will ever be——"

"Here y'are, soovnr, same piece of rope they're usin', only two bits——"



Chorus of voices rising above the babble and reverberating along the grassy hill side:

"There is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

(As singing dies down:)

"No, dey don't pay nothin' fo' dat watermellyon. De jailor he done furnish——"

"Our chief aim will be to reduce you-all's taxes and——"

"Ice cole sody pop, only five a bot!"

"Fo'giveness ob sins an' salvation; dat's what we all lookin' fo' an——"

"Whar dey evah get fried chicken befo'? Dat's what——"

"Hush, he's gwine invoke de devine blessin'——"

"No he ain't——"

"We pledge our unwavering fealty to the old flag and the glorious principles——"

"Dere ain't no dam use you acting up——"

(Singing wells forth from a thousand throats and others of the multitude join with hysteric fervor.)

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

"Stand firm for the old party of Lincoln, Grant and Roose—er—oh, Taft——"

"Huccumb you-all ain't out in de cotton fiel wid dat——"

"Cose dey kaint go to hell——"

"Red hot, all hot! Weiners and tomollys, get 'em while——"

(The sheriff) "You-all will have to stop crowding up to this platform. We're treating you right an——"

"When will dey come aroun' wif de free lemonade an' dem——"

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green——"

"Peanuts! Five a bag! Hey Dit Seals; how you like it up dere wid dat iron on yo' laig?"

(Minister comes forward, raises hands.)

"Time's up." (The sheriff.)

"Our Father, who art in Heaven——"

Crowd mumbling, sounds like low slumbrous thunder of lazy sea on long beach. As prayer ends, noises resume. Singing, vending, cursing and swaying forward. Sheriff and assistants adjust nooses and pull down black caps.

"Wonder who' gwine send 'em to glory——?"

"He's gwine do it hisself—dat's kind sheriff we got."

"Don't crowd, now ladies an——"

"Popcorn, peanuts, all hot——"

"By virtue of the authority vested in me by the commonwealth of Mississippi——"

"Watch his knees wobble——"

"I now execute——"

"Looky, now——"

"And may God in his infinite pity——"

"Dit's weakenin'——"

"Have mercy on your soul. Goodbye, boys, and good luck!"

Silence. The low murmur of hundreds of crooning mammies swelling into loud song which is joined by the two men on the scaffold, whose muffled voices come from the folds of the hideous black bags:

"Could we hut climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er——"

Crash of trap sprung and bodies shooting downward. Figures bound upward from impact at end of ropes. Convulsively draw up knees then relax as shudder runs through frame.

Unintelligible shouts and wild cheering from crowd. Bodies sway and twist 'round and 'round at end of ropes. Doctors bare heads in burning glare of sun and hold watches in their hands as they draw near. Preacher bows head, his white lips moving.

"Not Jordans stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright me from that shore."

"Peanuts, five a bag!"

Out of the Night

By GEORGE F. HIBNER

COME, toilers, out of the night! Know that the sun is shining for you. That you, O wonder-beings, should toil ever for profit of others is like robbing you of sunlight that is abundant for all; like robbing you of shelter that is within reach of all. It is like locking you from music, art, joy, life,—all—all within easy reach, did you but cease letting others order your lives. Come, toilers, out of the night.

Come, toilers, out of the night! Sun and wind and wave hold peace and rest for you—hold silent great

lessons for you. And for you, Color is touching with infinite hands millions of miles today. Beauty is sending her hosts to the hills, the valleys, the rocks, the woods, the waters, the clouds, and in infinite voices of music—for you! For you! Did you know! Did you know! Come, toilers, out of the night!

Did you know that these days passed down to you out of the universe are for you—for you—and you have no right under the stars to sell them to others! O joy, joy, did you but know! Come, toilers, out of the night!"



Everybody in the Community Enjoys the Swimming Pool

Llano Colony's Progress Rapid

VISITORS at Llano del Rio Community are always surprised at the size of the town of Llano, the large amount of land cleared and under cultivation, and the abundance of water. In its growth within a few months from a few clustered tents to a town of 466 people in which substantial adobes are replacing temporary

tents, first necessary to house the people, Llano has duplicated the performance of early-day mining towns, and ere the year of 1915 is passed will have become the metropolis of Antelope Valley. This progress is taken as a demonstration of the ripeness of the times and how ready the people are to practice co-operation.

such distant places as England, Canada and the New England states. In truth, the eyes of the Socialist world are on Llano. Jim Larkin, the famous Irish-English labor leader, after his visit, said: "I am too filled with enthusiasm to give expression to my feelings, but one thing certain is that you have the land and the water. I am also very much pleased with the class of people that I find here."

Thomas W. Williams, state secretary of the Socialist party of California, was recently a visitor and he carefully looked over the possibilities of the Llano Colony. In a brief address in the Assembly hall he waxed quite enthusiastic over the potentialities of the land and water and called attention to the fact that the success of this colony would have a great effect on the Socialist movement at large, as he declared that we were inseparably connected with the movement whether or not we wanted such to be a fact. Comrade Williams pointed out that while the colonists are busy within the community they should not lose sight of the necessity of carrying their allegiance completely to the political end of the fight for furtherance of Socialism.

Visitors remark on the delightful climate of Llano. The lack of humidity, coupled with the cool breeze which blows nearly all day, renders working in the sun no hardship. Frequently the hottest part of the day



are always surprised at the size of the town of Llano, the large amount of land cleared and under cultivation, and the abundance of water. In its growth within a few months from a few clustered tents to a town of 466 people in which substantial adobes are replacing temporary tents, first necessary to house the people, Llano has duplicated the performance of early-day mining towns, and ere the year of 1915 is passed will have become the metropolis of Antelope Valley. This progress is taken as a demonstration of the ripeness of the times and how ready the people are to practice co-operation.

The reports of the various managers of the different departments show most eloquently the material progress that has been made.

Even the people at Llano had no clear idea of the tremendous advancement, the record of achievement carried by the reports of the different departments aroused their enthusiasm to a new and higher pitch.

More than 200 visitors shared the enthusiasm of the colonists last month, many of whom have signed up to join the progressive community, and all of them evinced a desire to become members eventually. The number of visitors is increasing all the time, some hailing from



Young Jersey and Holstein Stock of the Colony Herd

is between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. The nights are refreshingly cool and plenty of bedding is essential to comfort.

There is a good prospect that Llano will have a brass band before another month. The Saturday night dances are being continued with increasing attendance. If their popularity increases an addition will have to be put onto the Assembly hall. The visitors have a keen delight in the dances, which are free.

Dr. Robert K. Williams, who has been looking after the health of the colonists since his arrival, reports that an unusually good state of health is prevalent amongst the residents here. He has found but trivial disorders so far. The good water and the even and salubrious climate is largely accountable for this. At a recent meeting of the joint board he was duly recommended to be appointed health officer.

Dr. S. C. Hornef, the Llano dentist, will soon be a permanent resident of the Colony. His office equipment is nearly completed. Part of the furniture was made in the carpenter shop and is a credit to the institution. Aided by the capable Mrs. Hornef, he expects to have an office that will be a credit to any city. Twenty-five years of experience in dental work and travels that have taken him to every part of the world have won a reputation that is well established. It might well be added that Socialism has been one of the first thoughts with Dr. Hornef always. It is the opportunity to live in a Socialist community that has brought Llano this valuable citizen.

S. W. Coffren, recently elected manager of the finance department and appointed assistant postmaster, has initiated many innovations in the office. Distribution sheets will show the amount of labor in each de-

partment, giving information that will be valuable in computing costs.

Earl Glass, head of the engineering department, has been making measurements and obtaining other data regarding the tunnel, the source of the domestic water supply. This water is to be used to supply the new school house and the townsite. The latter is now being surveyed. The new townsite, nestling close to the Sierra Madres, overlooks the broad reaches of the great Antelope Valley. The distance from the present residence center

is about two miles. The elevation is considerably greater than the present, which is 3188 feet. Under the direction of Comrade John Harriman, the new swimming pool was completed recently and filled for the first time. The Colonists will be able to now enjoy another luxury. The dimension of the pool is 65 by 150 feet. Near it stands the newly finished Solarium in which sun baths can be taken.

The reports by the heads of departments give most clearly and concisely what has been accomplished and is under contemplation.

The extent of the agricultural operations are given as follows by Assistant Superintendent F. W. Carr:

One hundred and seventy-five acres of corn, 65 acres of which are heading out. The third cutting of hay has been taken from the 250 acres of alfalfa and the fourth cutting is now under way. At the Mescal tract 30 acres of corn and 50

acres of alfalfa add to the wealth of Llano. The total amount of land under cultivation, including garden, orchard, nursery, alfalfa, etc., is 1200 acres.

A report from the building department shows that the community has 64 tent-houses (part boards and



Sandbox and Irrigation Gates

part canvas) and twelve tents for visitors. There are twelve wooden houses and four ranch houses. Twelve clay brick (adobe) houses have been completed and occupied, five others are ready for roofs, and thirteen stone foundations have been completed upon which

houses soon will be started. In addition to this the foundation for an addition to the office building has been finished. This calls for four additional office rooms, and a room 18 by 24 feet for the managers' meetings, which are held every night. The following is taken from a report to the community commission by Comrade George

Heffner, manager of the construction department:

"The foundation and floor of a silo 25 feet in diameter and 30 feet high is now ready for the walls and a crew is busy making the concrete blocks to lay them up.

"A good portion of the mason work for a sanitary dairy barn, 42 feet by 150 feet, has been completed and the joist and roofing will soon be in place.

"A start has also been made in getting out materials for the construction of shelter for our work-stock, and if present plans are carried out a building will be erected 36 feet wide and 140 feet long, with a hay rack down the center that will hold from 20 to 25 tons of hay, so that we can remove an entire stack when we break in on it.

"We have two poultry houses, 18 feet by 60 feet, of an approved type. Also a brooder house, 14 feet by 24 feet, divided into three apartments. There are completed two rabbit houses, one 68 feet long and one 72 feet long, the combined capacity being 210 breeders. Beside the house there is a yard for the young stock, 58 feet by 64 feet, enclosed on four sides with chicken wire four feet high. The club house contains between 10,000 and 11,000 square feet of floor space.

"The bakeoven now in course of construction will have a capacity of 125 loaves at one batch and two or three batches per day can be baked. The plan is to lay a coil of pipe over the arch and cover it with eight

to ten inches of sand, which will furnish constant hot water for the bakery and the hotel kitchen. It is possible also to establish a temporary laundry at the rear of the bakery in a separate building where the hot water would be available to take care of that department until we can erect the industrial building and establish the permanent laundry. We can then turn the temporary laundry into shower baths.

"The carpenter shop has done good service. The amount of sizing and re-sawing has been too great for the machines that are now in use, as they were not intended for that kind of work. In this division are made the door and window frames, screens, tables and other cabinet work. Recently they made 50 bee hives and 1500 fillers for bee hives. The cabinet work for the dentist's office is practically completed, and a large batch of sash

for the colony house is ready to run."

Llano Local Socialist Party has 51 members and a steady and good attendance at every meeting. Frank Limpach is the secretary. It seems to some persons strange that "propaganda" meetings should be held in this community, but these gatherings are very popular and frequently visiting "nons" and "nears" get something to make them think. About 250 persons attend these meetings. Comrade J. Stitt Wilson commented on this, saying he knew no other place in California



Community Women Enjoy Haying Time



Swiss Milch Goats Thrive on the Llano.

where several hundred Socialists can be gathered together within an hour's notice. The local grows steadily and some day will be the largest and most solidly knit organization in California.

The sanitary commission, of which B. R. Brainard is

superintendent, is proud of its record made in standing two inspections by state officials and getting a clean bill. The county health department says we have the cleanest, most sanitary village in California.

D. C. Copley, who is in charge of the poultry department, reports 2000 stock. Of these there will soon be 1200 laying hens, culled closely, as this manager does not believe in keeping boarders. This department is now supplying fat young fryers and broilers and some ducks for roasting. This department was without a head and without proper organization and supplies until too late in the season to plan extensive incubating.

Comrade Copley has the department so well conducted that every member of the community is proud of it. He has plans for the future. He will plan large extensions for next season, when an attempt will be made to raise an immense flock of turkeys. During the winter there will be constructed additional brooder houses and new incubator buildings. With this done and the rancho on an extensive grain-producing basis, the birds will be increased to several thousand.

We will take the soil from beneath our feet and build houses and from the same soil take the grain and this will enable us to run a poultry department that will produce eggs and meat not only for this community, but will be a big revenue producer in the future. This was, in effect, the report of Department Manager Copley.

Leo A. Dawson, department of horticulture, has made a report showing excellent progress in his division. With his assistants he is preparing 7000 seedlings for budding to stone fruits such as Satsuma and Tragedy plums, French and Silver prunes and Salway, Elberta and cling peaches. The honey locust trees have made an average growth of three feet from seedlings as large as lead pencils last spring. Two thousand strawberry plants are making a fine showing and many thousand plants will be raised from these for next season. Twenty-five hundred blackberry and loganberry plants have made an average growth of three feet. The row of 100 rhubarb plants look promising and large quantities of this can be produced.

Many thousands grape cuttings have made a good growth of ten inches. About thirty acres will be planted in grapes. These are Concords, Sultanas, Muscats, Tokay, Thompson seedless and Black Conichon. One hundred acres will be planted in apples next winter. The Bartlett pear acreage will be increased by at least 160 acres at the next planting season. The young pear orchards on the colony have made an average growth of four feet. There is a large number of flourishing trees on hand and a "family orchard" will be planted for the community. This will contain among other fruits, seven varieties of plums, prunes and summer apples.

Several acres in experimental sunflowers have turned out fine and this will form a part of the poultry food for the future.

Experimental cotton plants are flourishing. The peanuts planted late are showing up well and will be a part of the crops of the future.

There are 137 head of cattle in the colony herd. This division is under the able hand of Oliver Luton. There is a large number of particularly promising young heifers. There are 175 head of hogs in the pork division. Fifty of these are good brood sows. The grade of this stock is improving and a change will be made to all Poland Chinas.

From the garden the colony is getting a large amount of vegetables. Two wagon loads of luscious watermelons are distributed each day. There are five acres in Muskmelons just ripening. Seventeen acres of potatoes have been dug and these are running from 30 to 50 sacks to the acre. Three acres of onions are ready for digging and two acres will be put in the same product at the fall planting.

A large supply of a great variety of vegetables is being turned over to the commissary department. P. A. Knobbs, who is in charge of this department has made a wonderful showing considering the fact that he has been working with recently cleared wild lands.

It has taken considerable figuring to get the department of social service running smoothly on the eight-hour basis. The workers in the clubouse, kitchen and dining room have the regulation hours and one day off each week.

The hand laundry has been organized under the direction of William B. Hunter, who has completed his arrangements for taking the work of the colony preparatory to opening the new steam laundry.

Plans are virtually completed for the irrigation system for the entire community. This department is now in the hands of H. M. Wood, who has had wide experience in the business.

The system as planned will take a large quantity of pipe as well as several miles of large cobble-stone ditches. Each of these ditches will be capable of carrying at least 2500 inches of water. The initial system as planned would include five cobble-stone ditches from one to three miles in length.

The first installation of pipe as laterals from these ditches will be fourteen miles. Some of these laterals will be the head pipe lines for orchards having turnouts at each tree row. Others will be larger pipe with turnouts at each 100 feet for alfalfa irrigation. There will be stands every 660 feet with gates to control the water into the different pipe lines. This is only the initial system, which will be duplicated all over the ranch, which probably sooner or later will cover 20,000 acres or more.

Aid to Our Kings

By FRANK H. WARE

MARS walked beside the parapet and laughed. The hoarse echoes grated through the hollow corridors of his fortress-palace. In silence he leaned forward and looked below, to Earth, where grappled millions of men midst the screams of heavy shells that hurtled through the air and fell, ploughing in their journey of death through villages, homes and factories. Here and there captured towns lay pillaged and burned, while in others soldiers were killing the unarmed and looting.

In one little village in Poland, jagged walls stood as mute evidence of a raking cannon fire. The main

hind came a young officer, blood oozing and dripping from a nasty wound in his cheek. Still clutching the neck of a broken bottle the girl sped up the street, fear lending wings to her feet. The officer, hoarsely commanding her to halt, quickly closed the distance between them, and drawing his sword raised it above his head—

The pallid face of a girl stared with glazed and unseeing eyes from the dust. The din of battle went on as before and again the laughter of Mars rang through the corridors.

Night came and the toll-keeper counted his dead. "How many?" growled Mars.

"Twenty-five thousand," came the reply in slow monotone.

"And the total?"

"10,716,210 to date."

Narrowing his bloodshot eyes to puffy slits, the great god turned to momentary thought. From behind a pillar in the corridor crept a gaunt, skeleton-like creature, who rushed forward and prostrated herself with a clatter before Mars. The war god stirred and, opening his eyes, started in surprise.

"Famine!" he cried, "Arise—waste no time. To Earth—Famine—tonight! Let thy hungry belly feast on women, babes and men. Haste—begone!"

The creature arose, a hideous grin playing across her fleshless face. Turning she strode into the corridor. A hollow clattering followed her.

Long after the echoes had died, Mars stood silent and stared into vacancy.

"I wonder," he mused slowly, "I wonder—if—"

Wheeling suddenly on his heel he strode to another part of the palace and stopped before a massive door. Groaning and creaking on rusty hinges the door swung slowly open. In the center of a little room sat another creature much dirtier and more bedraggled than Famine.

"Pestilence!" greeted Mars through his teeth, "stir thy foul rags and follow in the footsteps of thy sister Famine. Go blow thy breath on stricken villages of starving men and women. To the hospitals, tonight, and seize those sore wounded and aid them to their graves. Hasten—spare none!"

A stench arose and followed her as she passed along the hallways, and the black plants and flowers of the corridors withered and died as she neared.

"Famine! Pestilence!" Mars walked to his throne-room chuckling grimly.

(Continued on Page 30)



THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR

God: "I've read the green, yellow, and blue books, and know less than ever who is in the wrong."

St. Peter: "Suppose we settle it with the dice."

—Pasquino, Turin

street of the town was strewn with wreckage, and here and there lay bodies of women and children—the ravished and the more mercifully slain.

A young girl, hair flowing across her shoulders and clothing half torn from her body, screamed and dashed from the ruins of her little home. Close be-

Robert Minor, Cartoonist



"HELLO, WILSON! THIS IS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TALKING: WE WANT WAR!"

Workers' New Champion

LABOR in America should be congratulated on the fact that the greatest cartoonist of a generation has joined the staff of the world's leading Socialist publication. The New York Call has enlisted Robert Minor and the daily cartoon of that publication has proven not only one of its greatest attractions, but one of the most powerful propaganda features.

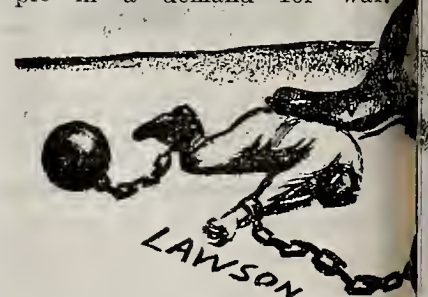
Minor's cartoons are reproduced everywhere. So compelling are his masterly drawings, so keen his ideas and so snappy the captions that editors find them irresistible. Wherever there is a man with red blood, a radical trend and a spirit of daring back of the scissors, you will find Minor cartoons reprinted.

In presenting this page to its readers, the editors of The Western Comrade feel it has offered a treat. The cartoons were taken at random and no selection was made other than to obtain a variety to show the wonderful power of this artist of the revolt.

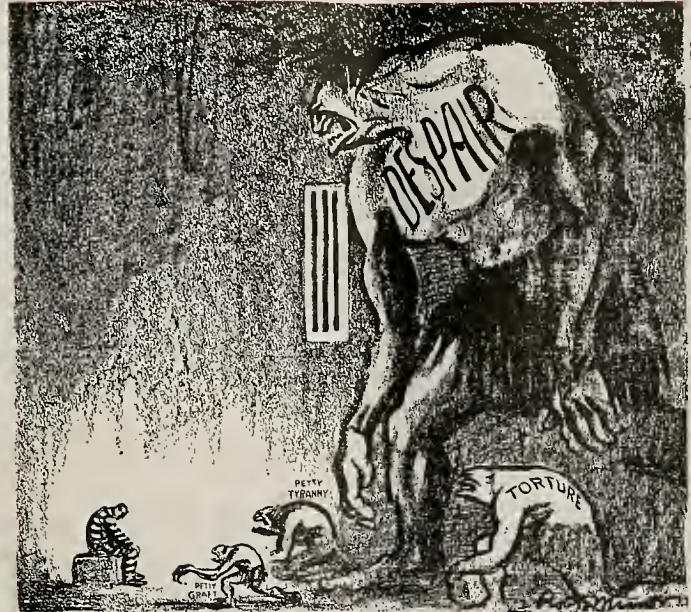
Probably no keener thrust has ever been made at the prostitute press than that where the painted lady is shown telephoning President Wilson, using the voice of the people in a demand for war.



"MEAT AHEAD!"



minist of the Revolt



SING SING PRISON REVERTS TO OLD SYSTEM
SUITABLE TO "CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION"



THE DYNAMITE SOWER

Billy's Buffoonery

DR. CHARLES F. AKED, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, resigned from a committee of one hundred because the organization booked Billy Sunday to "preach" in its Tabernacle. Then the Sunday press agents made their worst fumble by stirring up the affair. It might have healed, but these enterprising dopesters don't know such things never get well if you pick them. Dr. Aked made a statement in which he characterized Billy's pulpit mannerisms and buffoonery and blasphemy. Then the p. a. picked it and Dr. Aked came through with a bill of particulars that seems sufficient. Here it is:

I WITHDREW from the Committee of One Hundred quietly, without fuss or publicity. I gave my reasons to the committee and supposed the matter was closed. I did not send to the secular press a copy of my letter. I do not know, and can not learn, what member of the committee made my resignation public.

It all comes to this: I do not know of any consideration in the world which would induce me to become a party to the buffoonery and blasphemy of a "Billy Sunday" mission.

The justification of this language is to be found in the reports of the San Francisco press.

"Cleopatra was a flat nosed wench who sailed up the Nile clothed only in sunshine and climate." Let it be admitted that I have not secured from Dr. Sunday or from Bishop Hughes or from Dr. H. H. Bell a guarantee that Dr. Sunday said this in precisely these words. But nobody has denied it—neither Dr. Sunday nor the person described by the newspapers as his "official press agent," nor Dr. Bell, nor anybody else. The report stands.

Let us use plain and honest speech. I do not know whether Cleopatra ever sat naked in a boat and caused herself to be rowed up the River Nile. Yet I take my stand here: that nothing on God's earth can justify in a sermon the leering suggestiveness of Dr. Sunday's phrases.

There can be only one object in stating the fact—in if it is a fact—in that way. And the object is—dirt.

And parents may very well ponder this quotation: "Pilate was a lick-spittle, low-down, free-lunch, hog-pouched, pitiable, plastic, ward-heeling, whisky-soaked graft politician of his day."

If their boys bring this language into the home they—fathers and mothers—will understand that the youngsters have not been to a prizefight nor to a saloon nor to a house of infamous resort. Parents will understand that the boys have been to a religious service, and have listened to a preacher who by the grace of an American college is a Doctor of Divinity, and who is supported by the leading clergy of San Francisco.

My opposition to the proposal to invite Dr. Sunday could not, of course, be grounded in these utterances, because the meeting at which I voiced my objections was held many months ago, and my letter withdraw-

ing from the committee was written nearly two weeks ago. I had before me at that time such evidence as this:

Princeton University refused to invite Dr. Sunday, and gave its reasons. The dean of the graduate school, over his own signature, printed quotations from Dr. Sunday's "sermons."

And these are specimens:

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar."

"If I were the wife of some of you men, I'd refuse to clean their old spittoons. I say let every hog clean his own trough."

"Your wife has as good a right to line up before a bar and fill up her skin with the hog-gut you do, as you have."

"Then Herodias came in and danced with her foot stuck out to a quarter to twelve, and old Herod said, 'Sis, you're a peach. You can have anything you want even to the half of my kingdom.' She hiked off to her licentious mother."

"Why, a man with red blood in his veins can't look at half the women in the streets now and not have impure thoughts."

"Little girl, you look so small,
Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no chemise shirt?
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Don't you wear no underclothes
But your corset and your hose?"

They call this a revival of religion.

But it will be observed that in my letter to the committee I took another ground. I did so because I had read the apologies made for Dr. Sunday by clergymen and heard in committee the arguments in support of the invitation.

If the pulpit and the new substitute for the religion of Jesus Christ are the gospel according to "Billy Sunday," then Protestant Christianity is doomed and man's indignant heart will turn away to find the symbols of its faith elsewhere.

* * *

The Twin City Reporter of Minneapolis throws a glimmer of light on the Rev. Billy's madness and indicates he is as foolish as a fox. He is quoted as saying: "Why do people—especially the working people—fall for this religious game? I can't understand it. It's funny the way they go crazy and give up the money."

The Muddling Worker

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

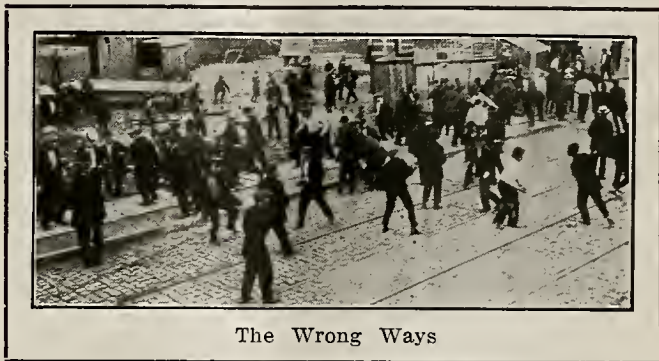
A CRITICAL analysis of a widely printed photograph of a scene at Bayonne, New Jersey, strike riot would show that it was rather poorly faked. Why have only one man in the attitude of drawing a revolver? Why not several with drawn guns? In my experience as a newspaper photographer I faked them worse than that and knew of it being done dozens of times.

But why should editors of Labor and Socialist publications be surprised or indignant about a cheating photograph. Is a lie by the camera worse than the myriad lies in the story written about the scene? As for the picture, I would rather believe it genuine and that the youth well down stage, in convenient range of the camera for "close-up stuff," is really drawing an honest-to-god gun, and that he is about to get some action.

The disheartening feature of the photo is the lack of cohesion and team work on the part of the rioters. There are enough men present, tramping over most convenient paving stones, to have carried the trenches of the Rockefeller gunmen. It seems like the old, hap-

hazard style of the workers, muddling along with little or no team work, while the other fellow depends on standing together in concerted action—and wins.

A couple of years ago I spent considerable time in



The Wrong Ways

Bayonne, and the scene here shown was on my route between the railway station and my work. Looking at it now I almost regret I could not have been present. Those smaller paving stones look so alluringly easy to dislodge.

Do You Really Want Socialism?

By JOHN M. WORK

IT has been said that Socialism will not be introduced on Wednesday afternoon at half past two. In other words, it will not be a sudden process so that we can point to any specific date as the time when the new order was born.

I agree with that statement. But, it is also true that there will come a time when we will win a general election and capture the powers of the National Government.

That day will be the beginning of the end of the great struggle for Socialism. That day will be the beginning of the end of exploitation, poverty, and all the social ills that blight the lives of the great host whose hearts are weary "longing for the strife to cease."

When will that day come?

It will come whenever the Socialists want it to come. We can have Socialism whenever the Socialists really want Socialism.

A minority of the Socialists are exceedingly active. Their work for the cause is all that could be desired or expected. But there are thousands upon thousands of people who vote the Socialist ticket, and yet who

never turn a hand over to get Socialism except by one act. That act is very commendable in itself, but, instead of being the sole act performed for the cause, it should be the culmination of many activities. Maybe these people want Socialism, but they certainly do not act like it.

In order to get Socialism, it is necessary to convince a majority of the people that we ought to have it—so that they, too, will vote the ticket.

There is no way to do this except through close, compact, thorough, efficient organization.

We must fight systematically, not chaotically. We must fire broadsides, not popguns. We must meet the powerful organization of the enemy with an organization still more powerful.

Ten million unorganized Socialists would have no terrors for the capitalist class. But half a million organized Socialists, carrying on a systematic, persistent, courageous, methodical propaganda, can turn the United States, not upside down, but right side up, scare the plutes into spasms, carry the election, and introduce Socialism.

You are not a good Socialist unless you are a mem-

ber of the Socialist Party organization. You are not a good Socialist unless you hustle for Socialism.

A Socialist who is not a member of the party organization is exploiting his own brother Socialists, because he is making them perform the duties he ought to perform.

We are already beginning to be called upon to step in and take charge of the immediate work of making the transition from capitalism to Socialism. In many localities, this responsibility has already been placed upon us.

Yet, many alleged Socialists still neglect their duty, though these successes make it vastly easier than hitherto to build a powerful organization and to reach the minds of the people.

Joining the party organization and paying dues promptly is the first duty of every Socialist. No other work you can do for the cause will have such a telling and far-reaching effect.

Having joined, be a member—a real member—not a dead one. Every member of the Socialist Party is an

integral part of the movement. Every member should be active. Every member should be thoroughly posted, not only on the principles, but also on the tactics and current events of the movement, so that the organization will at all times be able to act with both wisdom and expedition on every question that arises.

This insures the maintenance of a rank and file movement. Both a thorough and efficient organization and a rank and file movement are indispensable in the Socialist Party.

What it requires to accomplish these results is thorough organization, co-ordinate effort, persistent aggressiveness, wise foresight and indomitable courage.

The time for scattering shot is gone.

The time for rainbow-chasing is gone.

We must be practical. We must use common sense.

We must advance upon the enemy in perfect order and in battle array.

By so doing, we shall win this political battle and emancipate ourselves from the galling chains of capitalism.

Truth Will Conquer

By ALBERT A. JAMES

IS the religion of Christ a myth? Is it a power in the world today? Mind you, I do not refer to the visible organized church, but to the simple words and teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Bible.

Is it a fact that any considerable number of the individuals of the so-called Christian nations of the world believe that that Christ ever lived in the world as a man? And do they believe that His spirit is in the hearts of men today?

Every date line on every war order which sends the millions of working men of one nation at the throats of the workers of another nation, the date line, mind you, points to the birth of a baby in a manger, while the body of the order proves that the promoters of war have forgotten that the baby grew to manhood and taught and gave his life to prove that the world of the future should be ruled by love and brotherhood and not by brute force.

The date line on every promissary note points to the birth of the savior of mankind, but the interest clause proves that the so-called Christians of today do not take him seriously when he condemns the practice of taking interest.

The date lines on every piece of money points to the greatest day in the world's history, the day on which the world's creator took on the form of man and came to live among the people as an example of how evil might be banished from among men. Yet it is a common saying that money is the root of all evil.

In the early centuries after Christ, the ruling class of the world tried to destroy his work by killing those who were his followers. Later they discovered a more effective plan, that was to pretend to accept his teachings and by hiding his words from the mass they gave out their saying as the gospel and thus enslaved believers and unbelievers alike.

Too many of the world's dispossessed today hear only the call of the fat parasite when he adminishes the "servants to obey your masters." You are invited to turn to the words of Jesus and read there a radicalism that will make your Socialism look conservative.

Read the words of the Carpenter of Galilee and you will find there truths that will turn your hate to love. You will find there a social justice proposed that will make the Co-operative Commonwealth appear as only the next step up the long stairway of human emancipation.

Turn the pages of any New Testament and read there the words of the world's greatest man-lover. You will find truths which if properly used will drive the mental prostitutes out of the pulpit and force them from the social and religious leadership of the nation.

I answer my questions in the affirmative. The world's greatest teacher, who was murdered by the ruling class nearly two thousand years ago, still lives in the hearts of men today. His truths will bring freedom to the wage slaves of America today.

Recall this Judge!

"SIGN your name and drive a recall nail in the political coffin of Judge Willis."

Los Angeles was the first city in the United States to recall an official who opposed the will of the people, but this latest appeal is a bit startling to the average citizen who is stopped on the street by circulators of petitions and asked to sentence a superior judge to retirement for life.

"**WE APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ABOVE ALL JUDGES.**" So proclaims hand bills printed by the Anti-Grand Jury League, which goes on to state that the Central Labor Council, the Building

Judge F. R. Willis, given in open court, in which he declared that the indictment of Caplan and Schmidt was legal "Regardless of whether or not there was prejudice on the part of certain Grand Jurors who returned the indictment," therefore be it

RESOLVED that it is the duty of good citizenship to (1) recall Judge F. R. Willis from the bench; (2) to initiate constitutional amendment abolishing Grand Jury Process in California; (3) to form an ANTI-GRAND JURY LEAGUE in Los Angeles, California, and throughout the United States, and be it also

RESOLVED that we constitute ourselves a committee of one hundred to obtain the signatures of friends and members of Organized Labor in Los Angeles to the aforementioned recall and initiative petition.

Something new, this recall move in the defense of prisoners who are being tried in capitalist's courts by capitalist's judges and capitalist's juries with the probable capitalist's verdict; something new—yes, and a most unpleasant novelty to these judges who see appeals taken from the courts to the people!

The resolution passed by the Socialist Assembly sets forth in part that

"The grand jury which indicted Schmidt and Caplan was an illegal grand jury in this, to-wit, that it contained in its membership F. S. Hughes and H. S. Mayberry, personal friends of F. J. Zeehandelaar, the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Los Angeles; E. H. Greppin, a former director of said Association; L. J. G. Spruance and H. J. Whitley, who had the O. K. of said Association and its said secretary; J. E. Carr, a former partner of W. D. Stevens, a representative in Congress, and believed by the said Zeehandelaar to be on the side of the Association; John Blesser, believed by the said Zeehandelaar to be also on the side of the said Association; E. J. Vawter, also believed by the said Zeehandelaar to be on the side of the said Association; E. A. Forester, a strong anti-union man, and Charles A. Wier, one of the strongest admirers of the said Association and its said secretary."

Some prejudice in such a jury list as that—is there not?

And the judge who would ignore such prejudice—what should be done to him?

If you had a chance to sign a petition for his recall—what would you do?

Here is an opportunity for lovers of freedom to strike a blow at oppression and tyranny by the courts of capitalism.



David Caplan and Matthew Schmidt

Trades Council and the Socialist Assembly of Los Angeles have all passed resolutions similar in intent, the one passed by the Central Labor Council reading as follows:

WHEREAS, the fate of John Lawson today may be the fate of any man tomorrow whose power to organize the workers the masterclass fears, and

WHEREAS, Grand Juries in Colorado have indicted hundreds of Union Miners but not one mine-owner, and in New York scores of Garment Workers but not one clothing trades employer, and

WHEREAS, Grand Juries in California have just been given an added length of rope with which to noose those that they have indicted, by the decision of

Christian Balzac Hoffman

COMRADE CHRISTIAN BALZAC HOFFMAN has left us and we lose one of the bravest, gentlest souls that has devoted a valuable life to the noblest cause. His loss will be keenly felt not only by those who were more closely associated with him, but by thousands of absent comrades who have known him and loved him.

They knew his writing and his work on the platform. Comrade Hoffman's successes in the business world early in life did not lessen this profound love for his fellow-man. The grim sordidness of commercial life made no impress on his lovable personality. As a propagandist he was untiring, patient and withal forceful and convincing.

The end came for him as he had wished. He passed quietly after an active day's work for the cause he loved so well. To Comrade Anna, the beloved wife who survives him, we extend our sincerest, deepest sympathy. A note from her breathes a loyalty and devotion to his memory, and a brave support of her bereavement that is inspirational to still greater efforts in the cause to which this great soul was so devoted.—(The Editors.)

* * *

(This powerful arraignment of war and the makers of war was written shortly before the death of Comrade Hoffman.)

Do You Want War?

I MEAN you—the mother—the father—the brother—the sister—the woman—the man. I am asking you: DO YOU WANT WAR? I am not asking the money lender, the bond broker, the manufacturer of ammunition, of guns, shot and shell nor the exporter of food-stuffs and mules. I am asking YOU. Not the politician, the statesmen, the patriot, the American, the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Turk. I GO BEYOND THESE—TO THE REAL YOU. I appeal to your heart, your soul, to your manhood, your womanhood, TO YOU AS A MEMBER OF THE GREAT BROTHERHOOD—MANKIND.

Do you want war? Do you want to drench the whole world in blood? Is it not enough that Europe is blood-mad, frenzied with fire, rape, murder? Is America to be drawn into the orgy—into the death-dance of civilization?

Are you forgetting that this is a war of the rich? This is not a revolution of the people against their oppressors—of the workers against their exploiters—of slaves against masters—of poor against rich. This is a war of the ARISTOCRACY—OF KINGS AND PRINCES.

It is a great blood-letting of the PEOPLE, planned and ordered by the rulers to quiet the spirit of revolution—democracy—Socialism; to weaken and exhaust the people; to blind them with hatred; to divide them into nations and countries; to reduce them into tribes and clans; to set them to fighting and killing each



other; to forget that they are brothers, common men and women who own nothing except their strength to toil and have nothing to lose but their chains.

Beware, you sticklers for national honor—you prodders of patriots!

Should you succeed in involving America in war you may be unable to control the universal frenzy.

The exploited of the world, the homeless, jobless vagabonds, the tramps and loafers, the degenerates who rot in your jails and asylums—who fester in your slums and swarm in your cities, may take you at your word, may follow your preachings and example and burn, rape and kill on their own account.

You are playing with fire—hell's fire—when you push this game to the limit.

Let Men Live!

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

PRESS reports inform us that Thomas A. Edison, the greatest living inventive genius, has been engaged by the Navy Department to devise new and more deadly instruments of destruction. Following close upon this is another and even graver announcement—that substantial increases are to be made in the army and all military equipment. No doubt a great many know nothing of either event. Probably few who know, see anything therein to cause concern. Certain it is, however, that scarcely a protest has been made, and from many quarters has come most hearty applause. It all goes to show that, while making a great pretense of being for peace, and though we have scored severely the nations of Europe for indulging in war, we, the American people, are not free from their error, but are blindly, boastfully, treading the very same path over which the warring countries have rushed to their present fearful sacrifice of life and treasure.

Who can dispute it? And if there be those who can, how can they profess to possess regard for truth or to be intelligent? When genius is prostituted to the purposes of war, than which no baser purposes exist; when tens of thousands of strong young men are to be taken from home and friends and the pursuits of peace and led to die on the battlefield or herded into barracks, prepared to meet such death; when an insidious, widespread propaganda of war-making patriotism is well under way, with editors and teachers and preachers giving it strong support—when this is the case, is not some foreboding justified? Is it the part of prudence to sit with folded hands and ascribe an eternity to peace while “those who have caught the rabies from the dogs of war” persist in trying to produce an epidemic of the same disease?

The death of my father not long ago has made me feel more deeply than ever the preciousness and sacredness of human life. In spite of its sorrow and trials, words are too weak to express its wondrous charm, and the wealth of worlds were inadequate return for the gloom and the heartache that attends its passing. “Let Men Live!” Let this be our slogan. Let men live—and live as men should live. Life must be preserved as long as possible, be lifted up, made joyous and free. It will be. Mercy and justice demand it, and an enlightened, useful manhood and womanhood will bring it to pass. Life is worth living now with all of its needless woes. What will it be when a just social system has come to bless mankind?

It is hard to say and indeed it is a question if one should try. Prophecy is a thankless, hopeless task. It only invites the jeers and sneers of little, visionless souls, and even we who are looking far forward can catch but a glimpse of the glory that is to be. The rational, socially righteous man not only dreams, but he strives to make his dreams come true. He cannot be content with a counterfeit civilization. His wrath is aroused by a system that produces war or shackles



AN IMPERTINENT UNCLE

She: “You always follow me, and even count my footsteps. To know what you want of me is of no account to me.”

—Claridades, San Antonio, Texas

A “Mexican-American” view of the situation.

life to a needless struggle for animal necessities. The man of today who is making history, promoting progress, advancing the world, is a walking protest against anything or anybody that, suddenly or by degrees, destroys human life, defeating its purpose and denying its value.



The Latest From Llano

Dear Western Comrade:

I am writing to let you know it ain't all apricot jam and honey and never ending good climate out here in Llano.

Yesterday I stayed in the peach orchard at the Tilghman place after the other kids had gone. I was laying under a tree and the Engle's pup Smarty was there too. Then it got kinder late and a wind came up and we started for home. I was eating a dandy juicy peach and singing "I'm glad my mother didn't raise me to be a soldier," between bites and not minding the wind until it began to blow the alfalfa so that you would have thought you were walking on the ocean.

Smarty was walking along side of me, feeling friendly like with everything till the wind, phoof, upended Smarty and blew him away over the green and made him real mad so he barked while he was a going. It would have taken me too but I was ballasted with peaches so I just laughed tho' I couldn't see where I was going—till I saw stars—when a peach hit me on the nose and I woke up.

Gee, I'm glad now I dont live where there's cyclones or blizards.

Yours fraternally,

Fatty Smith.

—Drawing and Text by M. A. Kempf

Llano Dramatic Club

THE Live Wire Dramatic Club of the Llano del Rio Community has scored another success in the production of a farce comedy that proved a riot of fun from the minute the curtain rang up to the tag,—a new song of the community.

The company played to a capacity house—meaning everybody in Llano. Standing room only and overflows are the rules of Llano amusements for two reasons—the attractions are good and no admission is charged.

The cast of the Si Slocumb play included: W. A. Engle in the title role, Mrs. B. R. Brainerd, Ray Keough, Mrs. Keough, the Wallace brothers and their wives, Dr. R. K. Williams, Earle E. Glass, F. P. McMahon, Geo. T. Pickett, Wm. Schnitzer, B. R. Brainerd, Mrs. McMahon, David Cedarstrom.

Local hits and songs were liberally interspersed. Dr. Williams and Mrs. Wallace sang a duet that brought half a dozen encores. Dr. Williams by a clever piece of "business" brought Comrade Wiley of Fresno on the stage and the community members heard their new master of song for the first time. He not only sang, but within a few minutes he had everybody present singing, and singing well. It was inspiring to many visitors to see and hear the pioneers lustily joining in the chorus. With an all-star cast it would not be fair to make selections. The success of the play is most encouraging to the club and another play is on the way.

Two dramatic companies and a minstrel troupe henceforth will form a large part of the amusements of the community. When better facilities are provided for theatrical productions a greater impetus will be given to dramatics in the community. At present the assembly hall at the club house has a capacity of only about 450 and the seats are always filled and the standing room occupied before the curtain rings up.

The arts and crafts club has joined with the Llano local Socialist Party and the combination will contribute the next entertainment.

When the big silo, 20 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, is completed it will be visible for hundreds of miles across the valley. Ultimately a searchlight will be placed on the top of this silo and its rays will startle the people within a radius of several hundred miles.

Knit Underwear

Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

Union Suits, low neck, knee length, sizes 32 to 44.....\$1.25
 Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44..... 1.25
 Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44..... .37
 Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46..... 1.50
 Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½.... .30
 Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½... .50

Men's

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

Girls'

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

Children's

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

Boys'

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

Pure Wool Goods

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

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 35 inches, sizes 36 to 44.....\$8.00

Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes.....\$4.00
 Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes..... 3.00

Blankets

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

Men's Hose

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

Llano del Rio Community

(Mail Order Department)

923 Higgins Bldg.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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

REVOLT IN MEXICO

Read the Correct Interpretation of Underlying Motives in the
Most Remarkable and Valuable Book of the Year

The Mexican People-- Their Struggle for Freedom

—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon

• • •

Eugene V. Debs says:

“* * * It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power.”

• • •

Georgia Kotsch says:

“* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country.”

• • •

Published by **DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.**
Price **\$1.50**

We will send you this book and The Western Comrade for one year for \$2.00

Business is “Good”

BUSINESS is “good.”

If you have any doubts, consult the daily newspapers, which have a way, all their own, of juggling bank clearances and making them appear to be on the increase.

Business in Los Angeles, especially, is “good.”

If you don't believe it, consult the employment agencies, where one may find a hundred men for every job. Business in our town is “Good.”

If you are from Missouri, take a look at the 3600 empty storerooms, which, if rented, would net about \$5,000,000 a year.

And then if you are still in doubt, try and locate a real estate man who has made a deal in a month. Ask each one about the 6000 empty houses in Los Angeles, and top it off by trying to borrow some money at a bank at the same rate of interest, and on the same security, at which money could have been secured two years ago.

Business is “good” in Los Angeles and in your town.

There can be no doubt about it. Every firm, almost, has discharged a portion of its employes, and trimmed the wages of the others.

Also, and furthermore, the sheriff is busy closing up the small fellows who can't pay their bills, and collection agents are seeking, in vain, to run the unemployed into a corner and compel them to settle.

Yet, verily, business is “good.” And it's getting better rapidly, with reverse English.

But—if you think this applies to Los Angeles alone, you don't know your own home town. The “depression” is country-wide—it is world-wide.

The fact that expropriation has overtaken hundreds of thousands of our bourgeoisie friends is carefully concealed by the daily newspapers

THE JONES BOOK STORE

226 West First St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Headquarters for the best Socialist books and literature.

INSURANCE

Fire, Life, Accident, Liability
Automobile, Etc.

Best Companies Lowest Rates

P. D. NOEL

Phones —

Main 5247, A-4533 Residence 31238
Will be glad to call on you

The same old prosperity yawp greets you wherever you read the newspapers. Many of them refuse to print any more accounts of suicide and all sidestep the reason for the appalling number who give up in the unequal struggle.

One deep mystery is: What has become of the vast horde of small salaried counter salesmen, and book-keepers who have been thrown out by the closing out of small business? This is the most hopeless and helpless class on earth. Efforts to organize them have proven almost futile everywhere. Servile and smug they have led all battalions of the Henry Dubb cadet corps.

From this class is recruited the National Guard and the Naval Militia. Their sons later on join the Boy Scouts, the Boys' Brigade, the Militia of Christ and other regiments ready to battle for the gods of their masters.

The highways are strewn with blanket stiffs even this early in the year, despite the fact workers in seasonal occupations are not yet supposed to be disemployed. Therefore business is "good" for the rube constable with a mileage graft.

Business is "good"—for the makers of guns and ammunition, and the brokers who deal in war supplies, and the grafting officials who handle the war loans.

Make a Big Grab

Assailed by a ravenous hunger an old man steals a loaf of bread.

"Ten years," yawns a fat judge, and the old man goes to prison for life.

Another man steals an entire wheat crop and a railroad and gets a coat of federal court whitewash.

The moral lies before your eyes. It's a matter of proportion. Be a big thief and make a bold grab for the whole cheese.

Radiant Toad

Katheryn, blonde, beautiful and 6, whose parents recently entered the Christian Science fold, started on an evening stroll with a favored uncle. A toad rustled in the undergrowth beside the path.

"It's only a friendly toad," said the uncle.

"I know," said the child in a voice calculated to convince herself. "He wont hurt us. He'll just reflect love!"

Sold Only To

Physicians, Lawyers, Educators, Clergymen, Social Workers and Writers

Prices heretofore \$5.50. Identically same work,
in less expensive binding, now \$1.60.

This is the revised and enlarged MARSHALL ENGLISH TRANSLATION of

"The Sexual Question"

By August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich. Every professional man or woman, dealing with social, criminal, medical and religious matters will find this book of immediate value. Without doubt the most complete and authoritative as well as the most amazing book ever written on sexual matters. Subject treated from every point of view by this celebrated scientist in terms of the average reader.

The chapter on "Love and Other Irradiations of the Sexual Appetite" is in itself a profound revelation of human sex emotions. Complete exposition of degeneracy and treatment. Discussions of contraceptive means. Should be in the hands of everyone dealing with domestic relations.

Send \$1.60—check, money order or stamps—to

Gotham Book Society, Dept. 387

"Any book on any subject, by mail"

142 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

The British Columbia Federationist

Room 217
Labor Temple
Vancouver, B. C.
\$1.25 Per Year
Issued Weekly

R. Parm Pettipiece, Managing Editor
A labor paper unparalleled by any labor paper of Canada. Endorsed by the Victoria Trades and Labor Council and New Westminster Trades and Labor Council. Official organ of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and British Columbia Federation of Labor. The paper for Industrial Unity, Political Unity, Strength and Victory! If you do not take this paper you should subscribe today!

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN

Attorneys at Law

921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003

Main 619

A. J. STEVENS

Dentist

306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III August 1915 No. 4

Rambling Thoughts

The editor of a Los Angeles newspaper declares the war in Europe must stop because the world is going bankrupt, not because the blood, bones and flesh of millions of men are being used to fertilize the soil of the nations. The same editor sees trouble ahead because of the destruction of property and the piling up of a war debt that will require 500 years to erase, but fails to see anything to get excited about in the destruction of ten million laborers and the sorrow which fills the homes of the dead soldiers. Real property, owned by the rich, is one thing, and a few million lives is another, and of considerably less importance, according to this editor's line of reasoning.

* * *

The whole world is stark mad, and of course this includes the United States. The church people are praying for peace, and the ammunition manufacturers are working nights, days and Sundays to turn out more material, to take more lives. The United States is neutral, but the prosperity columns of its newspapers gloat over the big orders from Europe. Everybody wants peace, but most of them grab all the money they can get hold of, whether it represents an order for beans or bullets.

* * *

Catholics are killing Catholics, Protestants are killing Protestants, Masons are killing Masons, Socialists are killing Socialists, and husbands are killing their wives' families when they fire on homes in neighboring countries. Sure! Why not! It's a great little war, over in Europe. Surely its great to be crazy!

* * *

The Pontiff, posing as the one and only true representative of God, and supposed (by millions and millions), to have the power of bringing nations to their knees, has tried several times

to tell Kaiser Bill where his terminus is located. In fact, Bill told the Pope to go to and attend strictly to his own business, which everyone will admit is no nice way to talk to the vicar of Christ.

* * *

As further proof that everyone has gone crazy, it might be said that newspapers in the United States this winter will be gloating over the big European orders for food produced in the United States, while millions are going hungry in the country where the food was produced. Sure! Let's all go crazy! Ship the food to Europe to feed the soldiers, so they can kill a few more million innocent people, and at the same time allow other millions to starve to death here at home. That's a great little idea. In fact it would be considered a ten strike in any squirrel house in the world, if thought out in detail by one of the inmates.

* * *

Two foolhardy Americans lost their lives when they persisted in taking hazards of war and sailed from England on the Arabic. They

knew the ship was a floating ammunition magazine engaged in the most dangerous occupation of running guns through a submersible blockade. They gambled and lost and now their kind want you, Henry, to go to war and get killed. The world is mad, but there are a few million workers who still have possession of their senses and through this is the hope of the survival of the race.

* * *

A prize-fighter goes into training several weeks before the hour set for him to go into the ring. If he didn't intend to fight he wouldn't train. A girl learns dancing so she can show others just how they do the Los Angeles wiggle. If she didn't intend to dance she wouldn't take lessons. A printer learns to set type because he intends to set type for a living. A baker learns the baker's trade because he intends to bake bread for a living. But of course a nation doesn't buy battleships and rifles, and ammunition, with the expectation of engaging in war. Oh, no! Also, oh slush!—H. W.



FERTILIZING THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Retort Cautious

A FRENCHMAN and a German lived in the same apartment house just across the court from each other, and evenings after reading their papers they would sit in their windows and banter each other over the victories and defeats of their respective countries.

One night after nearly a week of French reverses, the German's gibes and quips seemed to cut very severely. One word led to another until the Frenchman could stand it no longer. Leaving his window in hot haste he returned a few moments later playing the "Marsellaise" on a violin. The German grunted his disgust and picked up his paper to read, but the soul-stirring music was too much. Throwing down his paper he disappeared into his darkened room and soon hoarse, throbbing tones of a loud trombone were blaring away at "Der Wacht am Rhine."

Other windows of the court began to fill with heads and shouts and pleadings for the entertainers to cease proved in vain. A hurry call for the police by the quaking landlord, aided by several protesting tenants, brought in the police reserve squad. It did not take long to place the musicians under arrest and they were taken to a nearby station house and locked up for the night in widely divided cells.

The next morning they were haled before a very sober and severe justice of the peace who meted out to them an exceedingly warm lecture on "Neutrality in America" with a fine of \$25 for disturbing the peace as a little side dish. Then they were made to shake hands as if they were forming a bond of everlasting friendship, and told to go home together.

Passing down the street they talked to each other in guarded language, both fighting shy of the war. When they reached their apartments a young newsboy was heard to cry out a great Russian victory over the Germans. The Frenchman's heart leaped for joy and on reaching that part of the hall where they parted he could hold himself no longer.

"I see," he said with a broad smile, "zat ze Russians have been umusing zemselves again."

Although hot under the collar from

WANTED
Bee Machinery

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is in need of a second-hand

Foundation and
Four-Frame

**HONEY
EXTRACTOR**

Send All Particulars and
Description to

Llano del Rio Co.

Apiary Dept.

923 Higgins Bldg.
Los Angeles

The American Socialist
Official Organ of the
Socialist Party of America.

The American Socialist speaks with authority. It is a powerful news and propaganda weekly and is the only paper in the United States which gives an account of the official business of the Socialist Party.

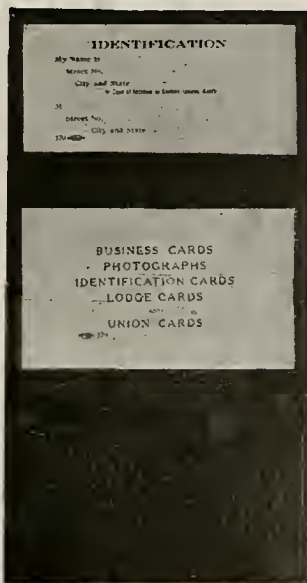
Every Socialist. Every Student of Socialism should be a subscriber.

Subscription Price
50 cents a year.

The American Socialist and The Western Comrade can be had in combination for one year by sending \$1.25 to

THE WESTERN COMRADE
924 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Socialists Attention!



In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

Send fifty cents in stamps or money order.

MUTUAL UNION TRADING COMPANY

(The only exclusive union label merchandisers)
(Owned and managed by members of the working class)

9 Board of Trade Court, CHICAGO, ILLS.

this remark, the German tried his best to control himself.

"Vell," he said, with a faint smile, "dot vos noddings. In der summer most of us Cherman's take der vacations an enchoy demselves by der mountains, or by der seashore, or—" hesitating before slamming shut the door of his room, "or capturing der French!" Slam!

Aid to Our Kings

(Continued from Page 15)

"Famine, Pestilence," he muttered again, this time almost tenderly; his eyes gleaming wistfully like a lover's. "A pretty pair," he murmured softly, "and faithful."

On Earth the two dread sisters already had begun their deadly work. Women and babies shriveled like thirsting flowers as Famine clutched them in her bony fingers. In the trenches and field hospitals the shadow of Pestilence crept.

Awakening from his reverie the war god called to his tollkeeper:

"Tell me," he gruffly ordered, "when there are thirty million."

Pictures for Propaganda



Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

We tell you how to get the greatest results at the least expense.

Send stamp for complete information.

W. SCOTT LEWIS

3493 Eagle Street.

Los Angeles, California

If you like

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

at all, you will
like it **BETTER**
than any other
magazine

Send your name and address
on a postcard to PEARSON'S
MAGAZINE, 425 East 24th
Street, New York City, for a
FREE SAMPLE COPY

AND SEE; then subscribe
through us—

HERE'S A BARGAIN
You can get both PEARSON'S
MAGAZINE and
THE WESTERN COMRADE
for one year by
sending \$1.50 (the price of
Pearson's alone) to

The Western Comrade
923 HIGGINS BLDG.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

"If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed . . ."

And again Gen. Otis says:

"Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers . . ."—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

EVERYMAN (Monthly)

Each Issue Has an Important Lecture or Essay by

Clarence Darrow

Year \$1.50, Copy 25 Cents

516 American Bank Bldg., Los Angeles

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.

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

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 475 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

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

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 175 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 1000 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added recently. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

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

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

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

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

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

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

About 120 acres of garden has been planted this year.

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

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

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

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and nearly 700 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

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

Each pays cash (\$750) for 750 shares.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

Are you tired of the competitive world?

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

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

"That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee."—Marcus Aurelius.

Tired of the Struggle?

ARE you a victim of the "back to the land movement"? If so, on your arrival, didn't you find that you must sell at wholesale and buy at retail? Compelled to submit to the other fellow's prices in both cases? Join the Llano Del Rio Co-operative Colony, where we buy at wholesale and will sell our surplus to the outside world at retail, through our own store.

Do you see your life savings being wiped out in the purchase of necessities because you can not use your time productively? Join our community where your job is your own and where you take your orders from a boss you and your comrades have selected.

Are you tired of creating by your labor orchards, houses, factories and machinery, only to see them owned and used by others to enslave those who do useful work? Join our Colony and help

create these things under collective ownership and democratic control.

Are you tired of a sixteen-hour day and isolation for yourself and family? Join our Colony and get an eight-hour day, and in our social life you will find congenial friends whose every desire is for your success.

Are you tired for the heartbreaking struggle to keep your children clothed and in school. Come to Llano where we consider our children our greatest asset and where our educators take the children at two years and carry them through from the Montessori (kindergarten) to the high school.

Are you tired of speculation, wherein the wealth of the workers passes as unearned increment into the coffers of those who speculate in land and

tools of production? Join our Colony where no real estate is for sale and no "business opportunities" are available.



ALBERT A. JAMES
Manager Membership Department

"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."—From the Community Constitution.

Llano del Rio Company

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California