

**THE FATUITY OF POLITICS**

Says the "Haldeman-Julius Weekly": "It is absurd to think for a moment that dropping a piece of paper into a ballot box once a year can be of any real effect. The problem, as I see it, is a cultural and an economic one, not political. The basis of society is not politics, but industry. Politicians are interested in voting, because they live by ballots, but the voters get nothing for their trouble. The right to select office-holders is not an important one. The really vital thing is making a living by our effort and then developing our characters and minds after the belly needs are taken care of. Voting never makes the people a living. It merely chooses individuals who will use the powers of government to supply themselves with a good living and scheme endlessly how to extract money from those who happen to have it. Government is a huge weapon to take energy, never to give it. Protection?"

"I call your attention to the late war. That was the flower of governmental 'protection.' Governments talk about 'protection' and scheme new wars. Don't look to any government. Remember what Thomas Paine said about society in every state being a blessing but government, even in its best state, being but a necessary evil. Don't rely on your ballots. It is all futile. Rely on yourself if you have an under-

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THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS  
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standing talent or ability, or if you are of the herd then combine with your fellow herdsmen for mutual aid, a union of the weak in mind and body for mutual survival. Of course, vote while you have the vote. But don't take it too seriously.

The ballot is a delusion; democracy itself is a delusion. There have been many attempts made for the organization of a democratic government, and, beyond that, a democratic society. It has been a catch-word for scores of years, a favorite with politicians and vote-seekers; but the bald fact remains that this world has never had a state or order that even so much as resembled a democracy. How could there be an enlightened democracy, when the material the state is to rest upon is crassly ignorant, superstitious, inferior? I cannot point to one genuinely democratic public institution in the world. There is no democracy in our government, in our industry, in our professions. We are commanded by the force of superior intellect, or the pressure of financial and economic power."

And Henry Ford writes in the Dearborn Independent: "In the practical business of the country, the people's vote has next to nothing to say. It can accomplish nothing. Can the people's vote have anything to do with the distribution of money to the farmers? Not a bit. Yet this is being done, and certain men for whom the public would never vote are making the distribution, and they are doing so according to a plan of their own, a plan which has its objectives and offshoots of which the public hasn't the slightest inkling. Let there be no misunderstanding: the people have not even a distant voice in the matters which most vitally concern them. Even Congress has no voice. Congress is not in control. There is a very perfect mass of machinery to prevent Congress gaining control. It is a disturbing situation when you see it clearly.

"Of course, the people do not see this nor do they understand it; but they sense it. That seems to be the ultimate protective faculty of the people—their power to sense things. They feel the drift, even though they cannot explain it. The soul of the people becomes extremely sensitive at times, and it is entirely this soul of the people that the politicians never knew. There is a heading up, a focusing, a culmination of two forces, and presently they will be in collision. The people will endure, and the false edifices built by misuse of their delegated power will fall. Hatred and cunning and the extreme efforts of evil propaganda are now being put forth: the enemy is being revealed; all disguises are being cast off; the lines are being tightly drawn; both camps will be large and the fighting will be desperate; but the camp of the people will endure."

**ENGINEERING AND HONESTY**

The newspapers have carried the story of an engineering student who found that he had been credited too highly in his examination papers. He returned the papers to his professor, called attention to the error, and received the lower marking which his work deserved.

To draw a moral of honesty from such an instance would be to lose sight of several things. Engineering is honesty. This student may or may not have acted on a consciously ethical or moral principle. He may or may not have returned the papers because his stock of religious inhibitions were wholly against his availing himself of an undeserved credit. These matters could only be decided after conference with the student himself. But, in any case, it is precisely what he should have done AS AN ENGINEERING STUDENT. Engineering IS honesty. It is the science of the truth of materials and their use. As an engineer this young man would know better than to place a 2,000-pound strain on a 500-pound strength. It is just as fatal to the general concerns of society for anyone to place 100 per cent confidence in what is 50 per cent deception. A whole community was plunged into ruin the other day, and years of its time and labor and incalculable values of a more delicate kind were destroyed, because the people placed 100 per cent dependence upon a banker who was only 25 per cent dependable. A course in engineering would have been good for that banker—and maybe for that whole community. All of us ought to know on what we are resting the life of the community and the nation: all of us ought to know whether the institutions on which we depend are strong enough to carry the load.

With more of the engineering type of mind in public affairs there would be more general safety. Engineering is edifying—that's its business. It enters into all building. It is the technique, in one form or another, of the Race of Builders. If our politicians were tintured a little with the a b c of engineering, we should not only have honesty (that goes without saying), but efficiency—the kind of efficiency that knows that national life cannot be built on a foundation of wind-bags, and that a national monetary system cannot be made the corner stone of private concessions.

This country wants engineering types, not only in every field of industry, but in finance and legislation and in public health and in all our economic and educational affairs. Because the engineering type goes to the foundation and builds up honestly, knowing that only honest building will stand.—Dearborn Independent.

**A LETTER FROM ENGLAND**

"Ivyroost," East Boldre, Hants, England.

Dear Comrade Pickett: Since receiving your splendid letter of May 6th, a little later the package of several leaflets, I have been doing what I possibly could in getting them out—I hope to make an extra effort to send many of them to those who I hope may be interested. I will enclose you copies of the letter and sheet that I am sending out with leaflet. A few people are interested, but the English are a dying race, wedded to their beer, their traditions, their snobbery. I appreciate much what you say about the percentage of real co-operators. I know the starting of a Llano (England) in the British Isles will be a giant task. Of course, I am in hopes that the giant will appear out of the throng, but I am more inclined to think that we may end in arranging a small group to go out and join you, the parent colony, and it will be from there in time that other colonies will get their leaders and inspirations.

I am busy on three shifts a day trying to put our place in shape to sell as well as possible; so that we may have the funds to join you if necessary, and pay the way out, etc. I quite think that I am one of you, and if our place can be disposed of successfully, if others will not join me, I shall look forward to going out to Llano for say six months, but more probably to stay with you.

I am in touch with Ernest Bairstow every little while, and fancy it's a matter of money that he does not join up—but I have not seen or heard from Woodland yet, but am trying to see him if he comes lecturing anywhere near this ranch corner.

I have heard from a Mrs. Talbert, a sister of Henry Sutton, who was with you at Llano. I have written her a couple times, and am awaiting a reply now. I agree with you that this movement appeals first to people who wish to merely better their own economic condition; but I believe you have hit upon the greatest scheme in modern times, and so long as you stick to ECONOMIC EQUALITY (a happy equality), and keep the religious sects out, you will prosper. I send my Colonist each week where I think it will do the most good—the copies I am sending you are not very good; they are the best I can do so far on my old typewriter and cyclo style. If I get any encouragement, I will have these nicely printed and try to make a good impression upon the likely people.

You are a very busy comrade, and need not bother to reply to this—in fact, I think you are doing much more than you should. You must try and rest more and leave more to others;

**EXPERIENCES OF H. DUBB**

As Told in Rough-Hewn Rhyme By Clinkenbeard Clews

In this land of the noble free, Dubb thinks he has a chance to be some day a care-free millionaire, the good things of the earth to share. He is convinced some business chance will be the means of his advance until his name will be in Dun's among the lucky wealthy ones. Perchance, with luck, he may invest until of wealth he is possessed—this is his ideal superb, a hope that nothing can disturb.

I have a chance, he loudly prates, to mingle with the potentates; John D. worked for a buck a day, and 90 cents he put away until he made his pile in oil and quit his life of lowly toil. The ground is full of oil to-day, and I am getting better pay than John when he began his scheme to make himself inoil supreme. If oil is safe, so's gasoline, and money's to be made; I seen a piece a day or so ago that said if the oil wells' flow does not increase as Fords are made, 'twill stop the flivvers' big parade.

Now, I don't call myself so dense but that I know when I read sense. I thought, if this thing is true, there is a chance to clean up on this circumstance, the greatest opportunity it's likely we shall ever see.

It happened that that very day a man wrote in to me to say he had a little stock for sale in wells then going through the shale. A well was being quickly bored to where oil was richly stored. The stock was low; the company new; here was a chance to dare and do. He had some stock reserved for me, a friendly thing, as I could see.

This man has all the inside dope; in fact, he's agent, and his hope is that

you really want a good understudy, and you can probably find one among that splendid group of young people that Llano is producing.

I only wish I could say that a good crowd of us were about to sail to join you; but it all must take time, and I shall do my best, and I feel many thanks for your kind friendly letter.

Fraternally,  
Leith Rothwell.

**Bundle Rates**

Colony boosters may now obtain copies of THE LLANO COLONIST in bundles for distribution among their friends at the following rates:	
5 copies for 1 month	\$ .50
5 copies for 3 months	1.25
10 copies for 1 month	1.00
10 copies for 3 months	2.50

his friends will all buy in and profit when the flows begin. So he'd reserved some stock a week—but I would have to quickly speak; it positively was the last, and prices were advancing fast.

Of course I bought; I'll take a chance when prices are soon to advance. Although there's been some brief delay the rise is due now any day. He's urging me to buy some more; he says to get in now before the news leaks out and old John D. grabs up this chance away from me. You bet I will—you know me, bub! You watch your uncle!

HENRY DUBB

**VALUABLE CITIZENS**

The negroes of the South produced in 1920, crops as follows:

- Cotton: A little over 4,000,000 bales.
- Oats: A little over 4,500,000 bushels.
- Corn: A little over 100,000,000 bushels.
- Rice: A little over 20,000,000 bushels.
- Irish potatoes: A little over 12,000,000 bushels.
- Hay and other feed crops: A little over one half million tons.

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**LLANO--The Trail That Leads to the Co-operative Commonwealth**

SINCE THE DAYS of Jesus Christ, the human heart has longed for the time when no man's hand would be against the hand of his neighbor, a time when each man's interest would be identical with the best interests of the whole community. The progressive thinker, all down through the march of civilization, has yearned for a better state of society in which to live. For this reason, more than any other, men and women have left their native soils and taken on the duties and terrible hardships of pioneers, searching for the golden opportunity.

From the East men go West; from the West they go farther West; but the smeary hand of exploitation has always followed close behind, leaving them often drained to the point of poverty.

To get away from the tithing-paying system—rent, interest and profit—men have struggled and fought and planned. Colonization enterprises have come into being in many parts of the world, having as their object the grouping of congenial workers in an effort to eliminate these objectionable phases of human life. Many of them have partly succeeded, only to be wrecked upon the rocks, because of a lack of understanding of each other's motives.

After studying most of the former attempts at co-operative colonization, and marking well the rocks and shoals in the stormy seas, Job Harriman founded a co-operative community at Llano, California, on May 1st, 1914. This community operated and prospered at this location until 1917, when the water for irrigation purposes proved unequal to the growth of the Colony, and a new and more resourceful location was found in Louisiana, where they are now located.

Founded on three great principles of sociology—equality of opportunity, equality of income, and equality of ownership, the Llano Colony has proven that men and women can live together in harmony and prosper. This Colony is incorporated under the law as a protection against unscrupulous persons and disgruntled self-seekers. Imagine if you can, a miniature co-operative commonwealth, and you have Llano Colony. Imagine a community where all the land, the farms, tools,

and industries are all owned by the collectivity; where each works for the other; where each receives the same compensation for a day's work; where no member will accept anything which any other member cannot have on the same terms, if he desires it—in short, imagine a place where the golden rule is the only law imposed upon the community, and you are picturing the Llano Co-operative Colony.

After eight years of work, Llano Colony is rated in the commercial world as worth over \$250,000. But Llano's least asset is its commercial rating. The fullness of life, the joy of living, the satisfaction of working, the security for the future, the healthy environment, the opportunity for education, the affection of your fellowmen—these are prized more, much more, than what the commercial world calls success.

This colony now has something like thirty industries, all collectively owned. Among these are: apiary, auto garage, building department, brick-making plant, blacksmith shop, butcher shop, broom factory, crate-making factory, chicken farm, dairy with about 20 milking cows and a herd of thoroughbred Holstein heifers, goat ranch, hog ranch, with several hundred Duroc-Jersey hogs, sweet-potato storage houses, dressmaking, grist mill, handle lathes, hotel, hospital, library, steam laundry, land clearing, fruit orchards, print shop, peanut butter factory, magazine and weekly newspaper, picture show and theater, wagon-making shop, candy kitchen, shoe shop, harness shop, and many other smaller concerns.

Then Llano's farms and gardens provide the bulk of the living for the colonists, the farmers specializing on sweet potatoes, sugar cane, peanuts, corn, beans, peas, etc., while the gardens provide greens and garden truck for the table year around.

The system of government is exceedingly simple. Stock is sold in the corporation at one dollar a share, and only stock-holders are employed by the Colony. An agreement of employment is entered into between the Colony as an organization and each individual. Each member is employed at what he best can do, or which needs most to be done. A board of directors is selected each year by the stockholders, which board in turn

selects a general manager. He selects his foremen for the various industries, and each is selected carefully according to his ability to do the work and to direct his men.

Each manager is given a free hand to run his department, always with the supervision of the manager and board of directors, in order that his actions may not be contrary to the collective welfare.

New industries are started from time to time as necessity demands. The object of Llano's industries is to provide the Colony with what it needs, rather than to make a profit by selling the products. Production for use is our slogan. Thus to make its own food, clothing and shelter, to provide as far as possible every convenience and comfort is the final object. To get as nearly as possible to the source of wealth, the Colony will raise sheep for wool; cotton can be raised, and the colonists can weave their own cloth and make their clothing.

The Colony's timber lands are now furnishing hardwood and pine for its buildings, its brick plant makes the necessary brick and can make tiling, hollow tile, etc., for its own homes.

The farm and gardens of the Colony have provided the tables with most of the good things which nature offers.

Thus the three important problems are easily solved.

Work is done as much as possible by machinery, eliminating heavy drudgery, and the more machinery used, the less the labor is. Many tractors are used on the farm and in logging operations for hauling, and for land-clearing.

The Colony now owns about 5000 acres of land, some of it of very fair character, varying from bottom land to rolling land and timber land. It intends to purchase a total of 20,000 acres, because the colonists realize that the movement is destined to grow to large proportions, several small communities probably will be settled on the land.

When the day's work is done at 4:30, each colonist has an equal opportunity to improve himself along many lines, such as music, vocal training, languages, science, agriculture, orchestra work, dancing, and other diversions. Many of these classes are well attended, and all the colonists realize

the fact that to keep progressive they must advance in knowledge. A radical in politics and a conservative in everything else is out of place in this community.

Llano's school system is as progressive as the co-operative colony. The children are not driven to learn. The subjects are arranged so as to draw out of the child the best that is in him. With this in view, diversified industrial trades are placed at his disposal. He may thus gain an insight into a world of endeavor and can choose that which most nearly fits in with his natural ability. The school has its own cafeteria now, where foods more especially adaptable to growing children are prepared by the domestic science class. Music, singing, languages, botany, agriculture, Esperanto, are among the subjects offered to Llano's children; and there are many opportunities for obtaining a real education, in addition to those provided by the regular state course of study, making them a thinking, alert, self-reliant group of future builders of a co-operative commonwealth.

Equal wages are paid to men, women and children. The theory of this is that each colonist owes to the community his best endeavors, whether he be learned lawyer, husky farmer, or little school child. They give to the whole the best they can, and in return receive the best each other can offer.

Hospital and doctor are provided when sickness comes, and there are no charges for such social services. Funerals are conducted along the same lines.

There is no need for insurance in the Colony for the dependents receive their support just the same, even if the father be removed from them.

Social life is made by those who live together. The great objection to living on the land is the isolation which accompanies it. Here in Llano, the farmers and the industrial workers live close to the center where dances, entertainments, picture shows, and all manner of good times can be had for the making.

No rent is charged for the houses, and any building can be used for meetings without cost.

Men work in whatever industry they are best fitted for. Sometimes they are moved

around to different work as is deemed necessary, but the fact is conceded that each worker works best at something that he likes to do and has fitted himself for. But when it is remembered that each is working for the whole, and the whole is working for the individual, no one refuses to do what is allotted to him.

Women all find lots of work to do. They feed the men at the hotel, wash and iron for them at the laundry, make dresses and overalls and shirts at the sewing department, attend store, office, etc., wherever their services can be utilized to best advantage.

There are no parasites at Llano. Even the incapacitated, and the aged can sometimes help. They assemble crates, wrap papers, attend machines, etc.

On special occasions such as harvesting, or planting, all the school children are glad to go to the fields and help. It is the common food store—and all will help to save the harvest. Men, women, and children will forsake their regular work to help where they can.

This is because they are actuated by an ideal. They believe in co-operation with each other. Some co-operators think co-operation means that others have to co-operate with them, that their lot may be bettered. Llano co-operators realize that each must sacrifice their personal interests and amalgamate with the collectivity. This is the very ideal which has made Llano a signal success in the co-operative field, when other like communities have disintegrated.

If you are interested in such a community and such an ideal and would like to learn how to get into practical application and demonstration of that ideal, write for more particulars. Ask for "Co-operation in Action," which goes more into the detail of Colony life and is illustrated by pictures, showing the colonists at work.

The Colony has its express and freight agency, and hopes to have its own postoffice soon. Address—

THE LLANO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY  
New Llano, via Leesville, La.