TWO JAYHAWKERS JOIN FACULTY
Will Arrive at Commonwealth In July To Take Up Residence
Earl S. Bellman and his wife, Helen Marcel Bellman, of Lawrence, Kansas, have accepted the challenge that Commonwealth offers to educators with social purposes and will come to Commonwealth next month to begin their residence as teachers and group members.

Mr. Bellman, a graduate of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas, has spent the past year in post-graduate study in the fields of sociology and history at the University of Kansas. Mrs. Bellman is a graduate in music of the school of fine arts of the University of Kansas where she has been teaching the past year.

Mr. Bellman has had a rather intensive background for a young man. In his boyhood days as a high-powered go-getter, the kind that is written up in the "Success" magazines. In high school he went in for debating; being a member of the debating team that won the Kansas high school championship. In college he took a very prominent part in Y. M. C. A. work; being president of the Kansas Y. M. C. A. Council, chairman of the Rocky Mountain Y. M. C. A. Student Council, and a member of the National Y. M. C. A. Council. Meanwhile he found the time to be

LA TROCHILUS COLUMBRIS
He was just a humming-bird, a little "ruby throat," but the finding of his perfectly preserved body, after what must have been several months since death, supplies mute evidence of a tragedy the recording of which is worthy of a greater pen than mine.

With others of his kind, he came up from Louisiana when the days began to warm, and long before the blue-bird, the proverbial "first sign of spring," put in an appearance. Throughout the long summer, he could have been seen darting about from place to place, or poised on whirling wings before some deep-throated flower while his forked tongue darted in and out with the

"COPY"
"Brrr-r-r — Brrr-r-r — Brrr-r-r.
There goes that fetch-taked alarm (Only we don’t say “fetch-taked”).
It is five o’clock; time to roll out.
No, I am not going to the farm today. I have an easier job. I’ll stay home and get together “Copy” for the Fortnightly. But publication day is close at hand and I’ll have to hurry. And anyway, I guess I’d better feed the mules and the pigs and the cows and the chickens, and give the boys that much of a hand; so here goes.

The little mules are gone. They were here with the others when I got down to the barn, but I was a bit slow with the feeding and they walked off disgusted. No doubt they are now in the pasture across the creek; and I shall have to wade after them, and the water is several inches more than knee deep, and it is cold.
Oh yes! I almost forgot! This is “Dipping day.” I shall have to drive the cows the two miles to where the State maintains a dipping vat filled with something that looks like very dirty water, but which is said to contain chemicals that will kill fever

THE PINewood PIKE FINALLY COMPLETED
The Improved Road from the Talihina Highway to Commonwealth Ready To Receive Finishing Touches
A ten-ton, seventy-five horsepower, Holt tractor, dragging a great road grader spent two days in the last week of May throwing up and grading the roadway that connects the campus with the rock-ballasted Talihina highway.

The Pinewood Pike, as the new stretch of highway will be called, reaches from Commonwealth’s front gate to its front door, a distance of a bit over a half-mile. It was laid out by Prof. P. M. Goodhue, C. E., who, instead of cutting a straight track, wound the road in long, graceful curves which take advantage of the terrain and give a maximum of scenic effect.

The Pike traverses one of the most beautiful pine groves in all this region; and which is now a possession of the college. Tree boles straight, and round as if turned in a lathe; clear of limbs to a height that in many instances approaches forty feet; almost as close together as a group of young ears; canopied with evergreen boughs through which the sunlight can hardly penetrate—but high enough so that one may catch glimpses of Cedar mountain a couple of miles to the west, and Rich moun-

ARE YOU A COMMUNARD?
Can you plow? Can you hoe? Can you dig potatoes? Can you drive a team? Can you pull a crosscut saw without putting a kink in either it or your back? Can you swing an axe with sufficient accuracy to strike at least twice in three places? Can you follow a line in sawing a board? Can you drive a nail without smashing your thumb—and can you quit driving nails when you have driven sufficient to meet the requirements, and before the wood has made a pin cushion? Can you peel potatoes and save enough out of a bushel to serve for your own dinner? Can you milk a cow? Do you know how to put the harness on a horse? Can you pitch hay with sufficient rapidity to, in a
Commonwealth College Fortnightly

Can The Five-Day Week Save Capitalism?
By KATE RICHARDS O’HARE

I.
It is interesting to note that the organized labor movements of the country are making a determined fight for the only thing that might keep the capitalist system on an even keel and stabilize the wage system for some time to come; namely, the five-day week with no reduction in wages. The combined forces of all modern progress in industry have been directed toward increasing production. Now, like the man who prayed: “Oh! Lord, thou knowest my needs. Send, Oh Lord, a barrel of flour, a barrel of salt, a barrel of pepper—Oh hell! That’s too much pepper!” modern industry finds itself with too much pepper. The power of the machine age to produce has so far outstripped the power of the wages of the workers to purchase the products of the workers, that the sacred law of “supply and demand” threatens to topple the whole capitalist system. Secretary of Labor Davis, says that 14 percent of the face factories running 40 days a year could produce all the shoes the United States can use. The coal mines now in operation can produce twice as much coal as can be consumed, and the rapid development of hydro-electric power and oil burning engines is constantly reducing the amount required. Both the steel and the textile industries are producing far more than is needed; as is the case in most of the basic industries, the automobile industry included.

II.
The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics warns that 100 percent production is dangerous. It has been doing research work in nine important industries and has found that for each hour that a man works he is producing from one-tenth more to twice as much as before the war, and with little or no increase in the purchasing power of his wage. This increase exists notwithstanding the fact that in several basic industries there has been a change from the 12 to 8-hour day.

III.
The cotton farmers of the South were bankrupt last year because they produced too much cotton; and the same is more or less true of the producers of corn, wheat, potatoes and staple crops in various sections of the country. The United States Agricultural Department has recently issued a remarkable pamphlet advising the farmers that practically every staple crop was over-produced last year, and will be over produced again this year unless the farmers curtail the number of acres planted.

Great disasters have in the past helped to establish an equilibrium when capitalism became dangerously top-heavy. (Providence probably taking care of foolish things were pretty shaky in this country until the San Francisco earthquake toppled that city and made a market for all sorts of materials and provided employment for a surplus labor army. Providence may have tried to help out with the Florida hurricane and tidal wave last year, but it was a feeble and ineffectual gesture.

Of course a good, rip-roaring war would do wonders, but the poor old world has not sufficiently recovered, financially, from the last war to undertake another. Every nation, practically, but the United States is bankrupt, “busted flat,” and there is no sense in making war on a nation that has no money. It is doubtful if any of the civilized nations could manage to rake up money enough to make it worth while to start a war in order to get rich. They might give it a try. For rest assured if the “best minds” who run things in Washington had any hope that a respectable war could be managed they would be on the job. But Mexico can only hand over a few crumbs to brothers Doheny and Sinclair to eke out the scanty pickings of Elk Hills and Teapot Dome. Nicaragua can only take care of a few New York bankers, and Great Britain has the upper hand in China. So there seems to be nothing practical but the five day week, and probably by the late nineties, without a reduction in wages, in order that the working people of this country can buy back enough of what they produce to keep the industries running.

No one who knows anything of economic processes can believe that the five day week and the six hour day can be a real and lasting solution for the problems of over production, but they might temporarily relieve the situation until something basic could be done.

Some Do and Some Don’t

It happens rather frequently that the Fortnightly contains special articles, poems, etc., that other publications think it worth while to reproduce. We do not object. In fact, we carry at our masthead a standing invitation to editors, particularly of labor and farmer papers, to make free use of anything appearing in our columns. We also suggest that a line crediting the Fortnightly will be appreciated. Our exchanges generally are courteous enough to give due credit, but there is one publication that evidently cares nothing about newspaper ethics. I refer to Industrial Solidarity, and to a recent issue wherein appears a poem that was written for the Fortnightly, exclusively, but which Industrial Solidarity published without credit and in such manner as to create the impression that it was written for that sheet. Speaking to lovers of a square deal, further comment is unnecessary.

—THE EDITOR.
Society Notes

Hours. The Commoners ought to be reported to the unions. They pay no attention to hours. While the miners are fighting for a six-hour day and a five-day week the Commoners put in from twelve to fourteen hours daily in a six-day week, not counting all the little odd jobs saved up for Sundays. Theoretically, the work day consists of nine hours during vacation, or at least until crops are "laid by," but it doesn't work that way. Marat may be seen, and heard, at break of day, feeding the stock— and repeating their various pedigrees in terms said to be in common use among the western loggers where he received his education. Munson, as like as not, is up in time to make the fires for the cooks. Gates may be heard hammering away for an hour or more before breakfast. Kate O'Hare rises ahead of the sun to can berries. Zeuch usually pounds out his correspondence before the breakfast bell rings when it is necessary to help with the rush work in the fields. Then the overtime in the evening is often as great as the beforetime in the morning. Gates never lets up pounding 'til dark. Earnest and Munson don't come from the field until almost dark. One evening recently Benton and Zeuch set out sweet potato slips until dusk. Yea, verily, they ought to be reported to the unions.

The Old Swimmin' Hole. Yes, it is true that we are working about all the hours that it is light enough to see, and sometimes we have to sort of feel our way, but there is compensation. When supper is eaten and the evening chores are done, it is "the Old Swimmin' Hole." Such a laughter and shouting and splashing you will not hear anywhere. Practically all of the students who stayed over beyond the end of the school term confessed that it was the "old swimmin' hole" that intrigued them. Practically all of the students who have written since leaving, mention the "old swimmin' hole" and say that they long to try its depths again. Why don't you come on in? The water is fine.

Our Red Army. Oh yes, Commonwealth has a Red Army. And if you happen to be out near Kate O'Hare's cottage or near the old Castle, where Marat now resides alone; and if you should hear a patterning like many raindrops falling upon leaves; better look out, for the Red Army is executing a charge! And if you happen to be barefooted, or without stockings, you are liable

Book Review

THE AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK, 1927

Published by the Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15 street, New York City; $1.50.

This is by far, we believe, the best Year Book gotten out by the Rand School. It is packed from beginning to end with facts and information no one writing in or connected with the Labor Movement can afford to be without.

Section 1 deals with industrial and social conditions throughout the world; (2) with Trade Union organization; (3) with labor disputes; (4) with labor politics; (5) with labor legislation; (6) court decisions affecting labor; (7) civil liberties; (8) workers' education and health; (9) labor banking, investment, and insurance; (10) with co-operation; (11) with public ownership; (12) with international relations of labor; (13) with labor abroad; (14) is a list of new books and pamphlets; and (15) closes with an International Labor Directory.

The book is well organized and is impartial in spirit throughout. It should be in the library of every labor union officer, as well as on the shelves of labor educators and on the tables in the Union halls.

Director Solon DeLeon and his associate, Nathan Fine, are to be complimented for the valuable document they have given the Movement.

—COVAM.

Two Jayhawkers

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taining booming in the distance—it makes a peaceful promenade as well as a delightful view.

Work on the Pike began more than a month ago with the cutting of trees and the pulling of stumps. The stump puller was supplemented by several boxes of dynamite which shattered the larger and more stubborn stumps that refused to give under the strain of the steel cables. Its completion marks a stage in the development of our project.

Not the least interesting fact in connection with the new road is that the Arkansas Highway Commission co-operated with the Commoners in the construction.

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Pinewood Pike

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Communard

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day's time, provide yourself with a bed and the team with its supper? Did you ever set out sweet potato slips or pick strawberries? How many bushels of peaches can you peel and slice in a day? How would you go about putting up a barbecue fence? Did you ever sharpen a file and drive one with a maul? Can you make your own bed and sweep your own floor? By all means, do you think you could start a fire without blowing up the stove with kerosene? Did you ever wash clothes? Did you ever wash them and heat your water over a camp fire, and stand in the smoke while you wrung the water out of them? And how many buttons were left on the garments when you had finished? If it became necessary, could you cook meals, and do it in such manner as to avoid digestion and dyspepsia?

If you can do a reasonable number of these things you will thrive at Commonwealth—and the Commoners will fall upon your neck and call you blessed. If your knowledge of the practical meanings of life has been gained entirely from reading Chicken Ranch prospectuses and Success magazines, I would advise that you think it over, long and seriously, before venturing upon a life wherein you will have no munials to take off of you while you play at doing "office work" or arranging books in the library, or some other fool thing that the barn boss or the cook probably could do better anyway.

Commonwealth College is an educational institution, and it is highly desirable that those who come here shall be educators, or have the capacity to become such. But Commonwealth also attempts to be a self-maintaining institution, and to be that and remain that it is necessary that the educators shall also be workers; and that they shall have some knowledge of pioneer conditions, or have the intelligence to learn.

—MARAT.

Good and Welfare

The Last Order of Business

By NAZARETH DAWN

Our Religion.

Father Zeuch has been chuckling almost as much to himself the past few days. Some time ago "The Classmate," the Sunday school paper of the Methodists of the Concordia, tried a bit of propaganda on the Commonwealth under the head of "Work-your-way College." Some of the "unco gude" among the Methodist brethren of Mena wrote to the editors of "The Classmate" to inform them that Father Zeuch was a Catholic; others wrote to state that Commonwealth didn't hold any religious services. The editors of "The Classmate" were worried.

Father Zeuch, who, of course, is none other than Herr Doktor Professor William A. A., Ph.D., laughs to think that the sobriquet applied to him by the students should confuse some of our simple-minded Fundamentalist neighbors. He says that it is rather tough on the Catholic Church to have him thus elected to the priesthood willy-nilly. Father Zeuch was born and baptized a Lutheran, was a star pupil in the Methodist Sunday school which he attended for years, and was graduated from a Presbyterian college. But he has come through the ordeal with a broad-minded tolerance for all faiths. He has an amused contempt for the usual Fundamentalist intolerant attitude toward Catholics and peoples of other faiths.

As for religious services at Commonwealth: It is true that no formal ordnary services are held. The Commoners are old-fashioned Americans in that they believe every man's religion is his own business. No student is forced to profess any religion or to attend any religious services at Commonwealth. If any student wants to go to church, if any group of students want to hold religious services of any kind they are entirely welcome to the use of any available hall at the college for that purpose. There is absolute tolerance and freedom of religious thought and practice on the campus.

These people who are always concerning themselves about the other fellow's religion should be looked upon as psychopathic cases and treated accordingly. Every man has the right to do what he likes, in the sight of man and of whatever gods there may be without worrying about the other fellow. The God defenders lack a sense of humor. I imagine that He could get along much better without the kind of defense some of them make for Him. God is sometimes extremely unfortunate in His friends. I presume that His patience must be sorely tried with the Fundamentalists. They are so narrow and intolerant.

The Commoners, like Job, will have to put up with whatever afflictions may be sent—even though they may come from those who in their ignorance and arrogance call themselves the chosen of God.

La Trochilus

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rapidity of that, if a serpent, fetching forth the insects that lay hidden there. One with keen eyes and some knowledge of woods lore might have discovered his nest, a tiny ball the same color of its surroundings, snugly ensconced in the crotch of a shrub or suspended to the under side of a large leaf. In that nest were two plain white eggs but very little larger than navy beans. What happened to the eggs, we will never know. They may have hatched and the young birds have gone their way, or they may have served as a lunch for some snake or lizard. That a larger bird destroyed them is not likely, for few living birds would dare to incur the anger of these little furies with their needle-like beaks. Mrs. Trochilus died first. That is certain. Otherwise the pair would have migrated south when the flowers died and the frosts and fogs began. No doubt she was overcome by a tussle with a Tarantula or other large spider—a fate that is all too common with humming-birds.

Seeking continually for the mate that would never return, the gallant little fellow was caught in the autumn rains, and sought shelter in a miniature cave in the sandstone cliff that overhangs Mill Creek where it passes through the college farm. But the rains turned to sleet, and the sleet was followed by frost. And the cold penetrated the shelter in the rock; and it penetrated the beautiful feathers; and it numbered the wonderful pectoral muscles and stopped forever the whirring wings.

The cold could numb but it could not cause relaxation. The strength of the whole body was transferred to the talons and fixed there. Sus­ pended head down from a twig, it hung until last week when a nature lover in search of wildflowers found it.

The luster of the plumage is un­ impaired. The rich golden green of back and sides is as fresh and vivid as it could be in a living specimen. Under the throat, the ruby-red gor­ get flashes like a living flame.