Will Save Society

[Continued from Page 1]

es of her long and eventful platform career. Space not permitting a full report, we must confine ourselves to a few of the more important points, as follows:

"Workers education is here because the people who do the productive work of the world are beginning to realize that they have the same right and duty to make modern science serve them as have the owners of the machines.

"For almost a century modern science, as applied to industry, has been the servant of the machine owning class. It has harnessed fire and water and electricity to the wheels of commerce; its chemists have solved many of the secrets of nature; its engineers have tunnelled the bowels of the earth for minerals, thrown a network of transportation about the earth, and builted machines that have not only almost human intelligence but superhuman endurance and strength. Modern science applied to agriculture has not only made two and shelter grow where nothing grew and builted machines that have made possible every laboratory, and trained scientists and engineers how to produce more crops, now teach him how to market them without support—teach him how to live."

Sacca and Vanzetti

[Continued from Page 2]

posters we were carrying. Once a policeman saw us, but we got away before he could nab us. . . I didn't mind it a bit being up all night working on behalf of Justice."

A man holds a petition before her, calling upon the Soviet Republic to free all political prisoners. The girl refuses to sign. "How do I know who they are? They may be enemies of Communism. It would be dangerous to free them now when the country is trying to get on its feet."

Constitutional government can never go on without lying.—Bolingbroke.

cars. At the same time, the producing classes, both agricultural and industrial, seem threatened with hunger because there is too much food, rags because there is too much rain, exposure because there is too much housing.

"The producers are beginning to ask themselves, 'How come?' The laborers are calling science to account. We say we are weary of being treated like children; we have built every college and university, we have made possible every laboratory, we have fed and clothed and housed your clan. Without labor and its gifts science would still be stifled by superstition and dogma. We want our share of the service of science.

"You have taught the farmer how to produce more crops, now teach him how to market them without support—teach him how to live."

Thanks, Friends!

For contributions to the Student Scholarship Fund:

Rachel T. Dunlop, Monterey, California, $25.

E. Haldeman-Juilius, Girard, Kansas, $10.

Vida D. Scudder, Wellesley, Massachusetts, $10.

Albert M. Todd, Kalamazoo, Michigan, $10.

Mary F. Shields, Lansing, Michigan, $10.

F. J. Bryan, Clifton, Arizona, $.5.

For a number of valuable pamphlets and books received during the past few weeks:

Mary Winsor, Haverford, Pa.

Margaret Shipman, Lee, Mass.

Dr. B. Liber, New York city.

The Nearings, Ridgewood, New Jersey; twenty volumes of the Vanguard Series.


Labor needs science, and science must have labor on which to rest. But the owners of the earth, through their endowed and subsidized schools and colleges, seek to prevent science coming to the aid of labor. That is why such schools as Commonwealth exist. That is why they are a vital necessity. It is only through such schools that science and labor may become merged in one harmonious whole in the new gospel of workers education."}

In addition to the address by Mrs. O'Flare, the exercises consisted largely of a splendidly arranged musical program conducted by Helen Marcell Bellman, instructor in English and music. The program was so varied and attractive that it is reserved for the next issue of the Fortnightly.

"Science created the machine, and the machine created the demand for cheap labor. Now science must do its part to remove the stigma and the curse of cheapness from labor if it is to be true to itself. For science has demonstrated that cheap labor is cursed labor.

"Labor unions, fighting unaided and alone, and with college, university, laboratory, and trained scientists against them, have slowly forced the wages of the worker higher and higher until in the organized trades of cheap labor has to some extent been lifted. And wherever union wages, hours and conditions prevail the best type of human life may be found. Decent living conditions, good health, some security of life, schools, churches, a little of culture and beauty and joy will be found in exact ration to the intelligently exercised power of the unions.

"But among the farmers and unorganized workers labor is still the cheapest commodity on earth. And there we find disease and vice and crime. Modern science is much concerned with the ravages of social diseases now. Tuberculosis is bred in the slums, Hookworm and pelagra are bred in the poverty stricken shacks of the tenant farmers. Venereal diseases are bred among the unskilled and unorganized workers whose labor is so cheap that it does not provide a living for a family, and compells them to find the little sordid love-life they have in the garbage cans of society. Wherever labor is cheap the brothel and the jail is overfull.

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PUBLISHER URGES COLLEGE SUPPORT

Individuals Need Not Wait Upon Movements, Declares One Who Backs His Judgment With a Donation

If the American labor movement were not so unimaginative and lacking in idealism—or, to state the case more simply, if it were not so indifferent to the education of the workers—it would give a lot of attention and encouragement to Commonwealth College, which is not only an institution of learning but an educational community for workers. There workers who cannot afford to spend the time and money for an elaborate university education have a chance to earn an education that is carefully planned with an eye to essentials. There is nothing of more importance to the workers than education, and this not merely from the standpoint of individual advantage, but also as regards their attitude toward the problems of government and society and their own collective position in society. What the American labor movement lacks is intelligence and vision, which real workers' education,

BELLMAN TO GO EAST

Earl S. Bellman, Commonwealth Executive Secretary, plans to leave sometime this autumn for a five-week trip through eastern states. While away, Mr. Bellman will visit at New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the intervening cities, and hopes to be able to interest many friends in the plans and needs of the college.

In his absence, the courses conducted by Mr. Bellman will be so arranged that the students may engage in research work without the pressing and immediate need for an instructor.

In an effort to combine pleasure with business, Mr. Bellman will travel by way of Memphis; the routes by way of St. Louis and Chicago having become so familiar they have lost interest.

There is no power this side the grave that can prevent me seeking out scoundrels and exposing them.—Jean Paul Marat.

COMMONWEALTH BELL BUSY AGAIN

Teachers and Students Sleep and Eat, Work and Play, On Signal From Brassy Throat

"Clang, clang!" There goes the first bell. Better roll out or you'll be late for breakfast, and mayhap get bawled out by the ogre who presides over the kitchen range. "Clang, clang!" That was the signal for the first period. Pretty soon, thin lines of boys and girls will be criss-crossing each other; each line a class seeking its instructor, who may have established his schoolroom for the day most anywhere, but who is more than likely to be holding forth in some little cottage hid away among the trees. "Clang, clang!" The thin lines criss-cross each other again—exchanging instructors; for this is the second period, and it is very few who can sit through two periods with the same instructor. "Clang, clang!" There it goes again, for the third time, and the fourth, and the fifth. "Clang, clang; clang, clang!" Let's go and get our chow. "Clang, clang; clang, clang!" Oh, Lord, it's one o'clock and time to go to work. And while we husk corn and build fences and cut wood and do the thousand and one other things one has to do, old Brassy-throat will be silent—unless, of course, he has to call some one in on urgent business. "Clang, clang!" Thank goodness, the day is done at last. What shall we do tonight; dance or go 'possum hunting?

WORKERS' EDUCATION WILL SAVE SOCIETY

Cheap, Ignorant Labor Responsible For Every Kind of Social Evil, Says Social Worker

"It is not the educated, organized workmen who fill our prisons. Ninety per cent of all criminals come from homes where gross ignorance reigns, there where there is not a living wage, where the mother has never had an opportunity to rear useful citizens," declared Kate Richards O'Hare in the course of her address to the students and visitors assembled to celebrate the fifth annual opening of schools at Commonwealth College, Sunday afternoon, October 9, 1927.

Altho but a few hours had elapsed since an all-night journey from Shreveport, Louisiana, where she addressed a group of Negro farmers who are seeking some way to throw off the yoke of rent-slavery, Mrs. O'Hare was equal to the occasion and held the undivided interest of her audience through what was perhaps one of the greatest and most instructive speeches...

CO-WORKER VISITS DRUCKER

W. A. Lobhey, of the Electrical Workers and Operators Union, Colorado Springs, Colorado, visited with instructor in labor economics, Drucker, and with other friends here, recently.

Mr. Lobhey is well known, locally and nationally, through his untiring and intelligent efforts to advance the interests of organized labor in general and the Electrical Workers and Operators in particular, having been an active member of many committees and delegate to many conventions for that purpose. He became acquainted with Dr. Drucker while at the Labor College at Colorado Springs. While here he made investigation of Commonwealth methods and purposes such as none but a highly trained and educated labor leader could make, and his frankly expressed opinion that the working class could hope for no material advancement until the country is dotted with similar schools is highly gratifying.

Twenty-two years ago Mr. Lobhey lived near Mena, and his visit at the college was cut short that he might look up old friends and acquaintances.
Early morning. In the subway. A laborer, jacket slung under his arm and shirt sleeves rolled, is speaking: "Why should I buy a paper? If there's something worth readin', all right. But who wants to read about dirty cops? I can't see why they raise a racket over 'em. Everybody who ain't alkally nutty knows they done the killin'. Then why don't they give 'em the chair? I betcha if I done it they'd finish me pretty quick all right. But these fellers happen to be reds so the bullshitters raise hell and scare the cops off!"

A fellow-worker rushes up to me as I enter the office where I am employed. "Hey, Irv, did you hear the latest about Vanzetti?" The gloom on his face freezes my heart. "No."

"Sock-o!" He explodes, simultaneously giving me a resounding thwack on the back. And then the idiot bursts out laughing, pointing the while at me. "Yo!"

Noon. In the "automat." A stenographer is speaking: "Isn't it a shame the way they torture the poor men? Honestly I think it's an outrage. I know if I was put in prison I'd just die. I just know I would. And them poor men locked up seven years! Can you imagine? ... You never was in prison was you? I mean you never visited one? I did once, and I'm telling you, I don't wish it on anybody. Not even my worst enemy. I remember the time Josie and me went to see her brother in Blackwell's Island. You know, Bill. He did something or other, I don't know what, just exactly. Anyway, they sent him over the Island. Well, when Bill saw me and Josie he just cried like a baby. Gosh, you should have heard the things he told us! ... I'm telling you, I don't wish prison on anybody. Not even my worst enemy. And them poor men locked up seven years! Honestly, I think it's an outrage."

A gang of carpenters working on a new office building. Having eaten their lunch the men sit in the sun and talk. Says one: "I don't care what Schnapik says! It ain't right for us to work. We should strike. We should protest against killing innocent workers. Schnapik says they are anarchists. What difference does it make? They're workers, ain't they?—innocent victims of capitalist hate, no? Then why not protest against their being killed?"

A second: "Go 'head—wotta hell I care. I no strike; I got wife an' five kids. Strike one day—nex' day boss say no maw work. Who give my kids eat? You? Maybe you pay rent, too, huh? Strike—wotta hell I care!"

The office manager of the banking house I work for is speaking. "Yes, indeed, I have been following the case quite closely. Of course I believe in their guilt, as every loyal citizen ought to believe in it. They have been convicted in open court and under absolutely fair conditions, so far as I can judge—the case is closed. It is to be regretted that the machinery of the law should have been allowed to be spiked so long. The partisans of the convicted men, by interfering, only caused needless pain and suffering to them. This wilful group of anarchists ought to be put down. They desire to overthrow the government, and so put aside all checks, all restraints—in a word, they desire license. Governor Fuller ought to clap every one of them in jail."

Near Union Square. In the evening. A young Socialist is speaking to his girl companion. "Listen to me, Ruth, don't waste the evening listening to the bunk of crack-brained Communists. They didn't call the meeting as a Sacco-Vanzetti protest. Hell, no! It's a publicity stunt, pure and simple. A Communist would even kill his own mother, if he were sure the speech he'd make over her body would get into the papers. That's how sincere they are! . . . Let's go over to the Rand School and see what's on for tonight."

Union Square. The mass meeting for Sacco and Vanzetti has not yet been opened. A young girl Communist proudly recounts her activity in advertising the meeting. "Believe me, it was no easy job putting up the posters. We had to work in the night, for fear the police would arrest us. Our luck, it had to rain. But we did not stop until we got rid of all the..."

[Continued on Page 3.]
**Society Notes**

**Why Did He Do It?** Why did Marat, "the man forbid," forsake the Castle, home for confirmed bachelors, and take a suite of rooms in the Married People's Dorm', heretofore the exclusive and sacred quarters of those "whom God hath joined together?" Marat explains that his duties as chief cook and bottle washer require much privacy and opportunity for concentration than is possible among the gang of roughnecks that infest the Castle. Certain would-be seers and seeresses predict that the next stage in the life of our more or less erratic hash provider will begin with a trip to Hot Springs—a city which has become a sort of "Gretta Green" for Commonwealth couples.

**More Nurses Arrive:** Lilian Weis-
fel and Ada Rothman, trained nurses, from New York city, now grace Commonwealth campus with their presence. Together with Minnie Seigel, the nurse whose arrival was reported in a previous number of Fortnighly, they will endeavor to patch up the cuts and bruises of the carpenters, painters, electricians, and the like, who nearly always manage to mangle themselves when they essay to chop firewood, husk corn, wash clothing, operate typewriters, or perform other extra-hazardous duties. The nurses declare they came to Commonwealth to escape professional cares. Time will tell whether they have succeeded.

**Ubaldo Rich,** organizer for the United Mine Workers of America, has come to Commonwealth for technical training in the art of persuading workers that their class interests can best be preserved by increasing the general knowledge of those who must do the struggling. Following Rich, comes here from Krebs, Oklahoma.

**Getting Settled** in their assigned quarters, is the not altogether unpleasant task that takes up a lot of the spare time of newly arrived students. While each one goes about the matter in his, or her, own way, there is a very pronounced tendency toward distinction along sex lines. The boys, as a rule, toss their grips and bundles into a corner, obtain water pails and wash basins and bed linen and the like from the domestic manager, hang their hats and top coats on handy nails, tack a few pictures of bathing beauties on the otherwise bare walls, sweep up part of the worst litter from the middle of the floor, light cigarettes and call it a finished job. Over at the dormitory dormitory there is a continual sawing and hammering, thumping and scraping. Furniture is being arranged and re-arranged. Curtains are being changed to the windows—and then being changed for other curtains which the fancy of the moment deems more suitable. Little nest-like shelves are being superimposed. From packing cases, to hold all kinds of odds and ends more or less valueless but more or less dear to the owners. If "primitive" means rude and crude, rough and unadorned, then Commonwealth's fair co-eds are supplying a pretty strong argument to the effect that women were never primitive.

**Robert Earl Bellman,** extremely juvenile demonstrator for the classes in Psychology and Physiology, passed the first mile post on his journey toward manhood. Instead of quietly blinking at the sky or the road as formerly, he has discovered that prolonged vocal effort will cause his humble subjects to climber out of bed at any hour of the night to provide for his physical needs. His original eight pounds of avorpidous is being augmented by other pounds so rapidly that no one can at any time state positively what the total is. Any way, he is getting to be quite an armful; as may be attested by every person on the campus, with the possible exception of "Father" Zeuch.

**Mental Leprosy**

A dozen Commoners were gathered at Luna lodge to while away a September evening.

"Have any of you ever tested the theory of mental telepathy?" asked the little red headed communist girl from Syracuse.

"What's that?" demanded Stein.

"Well" said the girl, "one of the group, who is to be the subject of the experiment, goes outside and the others decide upon something in the room. They call the subject back into the room and ask him to concentrate upon that thing. After a few moments the subject is able to name the thing."

"Odd superstition," sneered some one.

"Let's try it," urged the girl, "and see."

Stein gave a contemplative grunt. "Stein, you go cut," suggested the girl.

Another grunt.

"Go on," urged another student, "and try it."

Stein rose obligingly and strode out. The game was on.

The red headed girl was a newcomer. That accounts for her choosing Stein.

Technically Stein is a "working guest," that is, he works for his maintenance, as do the others, attends a class if it interests him, but "makes no pretense to culture."

"They ain't no use cultivatin' my brain," he says. "It won't cultivate."

**Weather! Y's,** we have it in endless variety. Visitors came here from a northern city expecting to find surcease from heat and humidity, but there was much rain and much heat—some of the thermometers registering above 85—and they went away disappointed, and no doubt believing Commoners to be a set of prevaricators. Then, visitors came from another city hoping to get thawed out, and straightway the temperature dropped. One morning it was but 56 above 0, and at no time for the past three weeks has it been above 70. The writer of this now sits shivering; and he has on the same number of garments he wore last January. At breakfast, the boys come in the kitchen and crowd about the range so much that the cook is getting gray headed. And this is Arkansas, in the heart of The Sunny South.

If happiness have not her seat and center in the breast, we may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest.—Burns.

As soon as Stein was out of hearing the girl began to explain in an excited whisper. "Whatever thing he names will be IT. And you must all act surprised, no matter what he names. And if he doesn't fall the first time we'll send someone else out. Then we will argue a while and decide upon—let's see—that picture. When the person returns he will name the picture, see, and again we will act surprised. The next time it will be that pipe, and the third time that doorknob—and Stein will never catch on."

"All right," agreed the others.

"All right," shouted the girl to Stein outside.

Stein entered and sat down silently.

"Everybody concentrate," said the girl.

There was a long silence, and then Stein spoke up. "All I can get," he said, "is that I'm out of order."

"What do you mean?"

"That you're puttin' somethin' over."

"Oh no, let's have someone else try, then you'll understand, Minnie," said the red head. "You go out."

Minnie, the nurse, obediently left the room.

"Now," said the girl, "let's choose—let me see—that picture up there."

"No," shouted Stein. "I'm gonna name the object—an' we'll see if there's any MENTAL LEPROSY around here."

There was a roar of laughter.

"Aw, let's play something else," suggested the girl from Syracuse.