COSMOPOLITAN GROUP AT COMMONWEALTH

Students and Instructors Hail From All Parts of United States

Enrollment of students at Commonwealh for the school year of 1927-8 brings out the fact that twelve states are represented, and that these states are scattered from Canada to Mexico, and from coast to coast. Also, it indicates another curious fact; namely, that the states farthest away have the largest representation. Names of states, and representatives either here or on the road are as follows:


Kansas: Galen Bellman.

California: Ross Brown, Arnold [Continued on Page 3]

HOME AGAIN

My heart beat faster as I neared Commonwealth College. All those weary miles I had traveled from New York were forgotten as familiar sights, recalled memories of past school years. How vividly I recalled those first days at Mena when we were looked upon as freaks because we laughed and played, and wore knickers. Arkansasayers seldom laughed. And knickers! Gracious me! Yes, we were "a queer bunch and had a lot of funny notions; didn't believe in religion, but probably were Bolsheviks with a leaning toward free love. A bunch to be watched."

As I walked, the familiar sight of an old tumble-down cabin came into view. Several tousle-headed youngsters, clad in baggy clothes, and shoeless, stood listlessly watching me. An old woman, huddled on a bench, merely glanced at me as I passed. Those people at least had not changed since I had seen them two years before.

I quickened my pace as I came in sight of the campus and its group of rustic buildings; its library, its mess hall, its cottages, dormitories and the like. A group of forty or fifty cars stood parked near the mess hall.

ONE NINE TWO SEVEN AT COMMONWEALTH

Perfect Agreement

"Twelve thousand five hundred dollars is needed. Five dollars each from 2,500 others should be forthcoming annually," remarks Dr. Albert F. Green of Cleveland, Ohio, when sending Commonwealth his check for five dollars.

We agree with Dr. Green's mathematics, and also with his sentiment that there are several thousand others who are interested in Commonwealth; we hope to the extent of five dollars annually for the next few years. Commonwealth wishes to be able to rely on moderate contributions from many friends rather than rely entirely on larger donations from a few friends. If present plans are not far amiss the community will be able to reach complete self-maintenance within five years.

We hope, of course, that there will be many friends able to send hundreds, or even thousands of dollars to apply on the development of our program. We are confident that many others will want to join with those who have recently contributed from ten to twenty-five dollars. We feel sure that every friend will, as soon as he realizes the necessity for it, send along as much as five dollars. It is to this latter group that we wish to pass along the hint of Dr. Green.

"Scoop" of Season Due to Commoner

First Year Journalism Student Beats Other Reporters by Forty Minutes

Demonstrating the old adage that "The longest way around is the shortest way home," Eugene O'Hare, who took First Year Journalism at Commonwealth in 1926-7, turned in his report on the tornado that visited St. Louis recently in less good time than his paper, the St. Louis Star, was able to put an extra edition on the streets forty minutes in advance of all competitors.

How he managed to so quickly get to the scene of disaster is of secondary importance. The big thing is that he was there. And, being there, he used his ears and his eyes and his long legs. By the time reporters for other papers began to arrive, he was calmly seated on a section of fallen wall writing the story that shocked the sensibilities of Cleveland, Ohio, when reporters for other papers began to arrive, he was calmly seated on a section of fallen wall writing the story that shocked the sensibilities of Cleveland, Ohio.

HOG CHOLERA

It is so lonesome!

When sister was here I was never for a moment lonesome. She was my mate I ever had. Since I can remember, we looked so much alike that mother had the hardest time telling us apart. Sometimes we would pretend that one was the other. Oh, what fun that would be! Mother would make such funny faces!

Sister was a great sports, you bet! You'd never hear her cry because she had been tripped up! Indeed not! She'd laugh. And then she would chase me around the pen. But she never could catch me, unless I wanted her to. Sometimes I would like to slow down to make her think that she was gaining on me. But when she came close I would dash ahead again. That would make her angry. I loved to tease her that way.

One day mother complained that she was not feeling well. Sister attended her, so I had to search for another playmate. I tried to make friends with the neighbors' children; but none of them would speak to me. So I stopped trying and played by myself. It was so lonesome!
Dog Dies of Heartbreak

"Kazan, the 'Little Black Dog' that mamma loved and wrote stories about, insisted on taking his place with the family at her funeral. He sat quietly through the ceremony, then rode on the running board of our car to the cemetery where he was an interested observer. That night he howled mournfully for a little while. The next day—Tuesday—he seemed very depressed, and continued his refusal of food. Wednesday he was really sick, and although we called in a veterinary— who could discover, nothing physically wrong with him—he died last night. We buried him today. Days and days after we buried her. And we miss him so—I can't tell you how very much we miss him. For he was one of the family, you know."

Excerpt from a letter from a sister of Marat describing the funeral of their mother who died at Bentonville, Arkansas, recently.

SUNDAY FORUM OPENS WITH SPIRITED TALKS

Teachers and Students Engage In Animated Discussion

"The labor movement in the United States, for the most part, lacks vitalizing objectives, a consecrated leadership, and a trained personnel," said Dr. Zeuch in opening the discussion on "What Is Wrong With the Labor Movement," at the first Sunday evening forum of the year at the Commons, October 9.

"Many officials of the A. F. of L.," he continued, "have told me that they find it very difficult that they can get their men interested in the organized trades with the program of more wages and fewer hours. They realize that they cannot hold what they have gained without other or further objectives to hold the men together."

"There are too many men in labor organizations," he added, "who seek leadership for purely mercenary purposes. A few years ago we saw the head of one of the great international unions come before the conventin with a demand for a larger salary on the plea that he could get more elsewhere. Where leaders serve for dollars there is no consecration to the labor movement as such."

W. C. Benton, instructor in law, stated that in his opinion the great curse of the labor movement was the ignorance and stupidity of the rank and file.

William Cunningham, instructor in journalism, gave as his experience that he had found labor organizations suffering from the prejudices of the membership, in other than labor fields.

A. P. Drucker, instructor in labor history, remarked that, "the only measure of the efficacy of any organization is its success and if we take success as our measure we must admit that the A. F. of L. has achieved much for labor. It has taken the American worker, as he is, and not as he ought to be. No one can deny that insofar as there is any labor movement in the United States it is the A. F. of L. Much remains to be done, it is true, but let us not forget that what we have we owe to the A. F. of L."

Communism as a factor in the American labor movement was granted by all speakers, but almost all seemed of the opinion that Communists are impossibilists because they are not realists when it comes to dealing with American labor.

GUTS

(Extract from a new story in Industrial Solidarity, October 12. Students of Labor Journalism please note.)

"We do not want a man on that tipple who hasn't enough guts to fight for honest weights. A man who has guts enough to get us decent weights has enough guts to be a union man. This fellow worker has enough guts to belong to the I. W. W., and he will see that we get the right weights."
Cosmopolitan Group

[Continued from Page 1]
Kruger, Charlotte Kruger, Vivian Pavich.

Connecticut: Louis Shindell.
Colorado: Harry Cohen.
Oklahoma: Clarice Cunningham, Ubald Rich, Olan Wynn.
Texas: George Curbow, William Curbow.
Minnesota: Herman Erickson.
Illinois: Fritz Hoecevar, Nellie Toble.
Ohio: Lucien Koch, Raymond Koch.
Arkansas: Curtis Lane, Louis Mosher.
Washington: John McSarrow.

In addition to the above list, which is that of persons who made application regularly and through the mails, others, whose names and residences the writer of this has failed to receive, have wandered in until the total now being cared for is forty-one. There are nine teachers, or "instructors," as follows:

Earl Bellman, Helen Bellman, Wilbur Clarke Benton, William Cunningham, Clarice Cunningham, A. P. R. Drucker, F. M. Goodhue, Kate O'Hare, W. E. Zeuch.

Had all those who, earlier in the year, indicated an intention to matriculate succeeded in doing so the total number of students would have been much larger. But it seems that times are, so hard that many were unable, in the five months vacation, to earn enough above their current expenses to pay the modest hundred dollars a year required as tuition. A number of letters now on file express the regret of former students and prospective students, that financial difficulties will not permit them to come this year.

In a way, the smallness of the student body is advantageous. Had it been larger, housing accommodations would have been crowded, whereas now each student has ample room, thus facilitating concentration on his studies. The smallness of the various classes makes it possible for the instructors to give each student more personal attention than would otherwise be possible.

A noteworthy fact in connection with this year's school is that the hours of labor for students have been cut from twenty-four hours a week to twenty hours a week thus permitting each a half holiday in addition to Sunday.

He makes no friends who never made a foe.—Tennyson.

A gentle hand may lead the elephant with a hair.—Persian Rosary.

What's the Reason?

When the tendency of youth takes a definite direction the business of the sociologist and psychologist is to find and elucidate the cause. A remedy then becomes possible.—so far as a remedy may be indicated. Youthful impressions are not always wrong nor petrified impressions of maturity correct.

The following definitions of fundamental terms, emanating from students in Commonwealth law courses, represent the free expression of opinion fostered upon in most colleges. It may be said that such definitions follow:

The Helen S. Trounstine Scholarship Fund.

Louis Jaster, Wisconsin, $1.
V. Pavich, Los Angeles, California, $5.
Rudolf Stoess, Denver, Colorado, $5.
Daniel Hartman, Cooperburg, Pa., $10.
Robbie Solomon, Cleveland, Ohio, $5.
Dr. Albert F. Green, Cleveland, Ohio, $5.

Other Contributions

George Milburn, Coweta, Oklahoma, twelve books, most of which are classics.

Miriim Allen de Ford, San Francisco, California, four books.
Victor and Katherine Riggs O'Hare, New York; Set of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents."

Thanks, Friends!

For Contributions to Student Scholarship Fund
Louis Jaster, Wisconsin, $1.
V. Pavich, Los Angeles, California, $5.
Rudolf Stoess, Denver, Colorado, $5.
Daniel Hartman, Cooperburg, Pa., $10.
Robbie Solomon, Cleveland, Ohio, $5.
Dr. Albert F. Green, Cleveland, Ohio, $5.

Other Contributions
The Helen S. Trounstine Foundation, Cincinnati, Ohio, two sociological studies, "Wage Earning Girls in Cinncinati" and "A Program for the Development of a Department of Public Welfare for Cinncinati."

George Milburn, Coweta, Oklahoma, twelve books, most of which are classics.

Miriim Allen de Ford, San Francisco, California, four books.
Victor and Katherine Riggs O'Hare, New York; Set of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents."

are explained by the character of the students attracted by Commonwealth College, an institution wherein we purposely attempt to prevent students from accepting unthinkingly and uncritically any social, political, economic or religious doctrine. Such an institution naturally attracts the radical and iconoclastic youth. But, regardless of such a view, what about youth in general? Will the average thoughtful youth of high school education be found to approve or disapprove of these more or less facetious and iconoclastic appraisals?

1. Law: The working rule of a body politic.
2. State: The monopoly of violence within a given territory.

Scoop of Season

[Continued from Page 1]
abilities and aroused the sympathies of the reading public as nothing but a vividly told tale of death and destruction can do.

But the telephones were cut of commission. The streets were full of debris that motorcycles could not be used. So far as modern means of communication and transportation were concerned, the stricken district may as well have been on another continent. The score or more of tired and bedraggled reporters started out to walk the two miles to their respective offices;—that is, all but 'Gene.'

Refusing to become stampeded by difficulties, and remembering his coaching, our nineteen-year-old student scouted around until he found a telegraph office with a wire open to Chicago. He sent his story there; with urgent demand that it be at once rewire to the Star office if possible.

In appreciation of his splendid work, the Star management gave Gene full charge of all the "follow up" and other work in connection with reporting later developments of the tornado havoc. How well he handled the situation can best be judged by those who read the Star. We may rest assured, however, that he "made good."

Hog Cholera

[Continued from Page 1]

Several men entered one home one day, We thought this very strange. It frightened us dreadfully. But soon the men left and sister and I played again. Mother was asleep, you see, and did not need our attention. How happy we were!

The next day sister took sick. I was heart-broken. I did everything I could for her, but she also went to sleep. Oh, how bitterly I wept! Nothing I said or did could awaken her, so I decided I would go to sleep too. I lay beside her as I usually did when we slept; and must have dozed, because I did not hear the men approaching.

My heart was in my mouth when I saw the men standing over me. Yet I refused to move. They prodded me with sticks and that hurt, and I did run away. From a distance I watched them collecting sticks and piling them something out of a can on this pile and set a match to it. I was terrified at the realization they were burning mother. Soon they lifted sister and threw her on top of the fire. I could not stand the sight and ran away against my ribs so violently. I ran and ran! I did not know where I was going, and I do not know where I am now. And it is so lonesome!
What's the Reason?

3. Nation: A people holding peculiar and distinctive prejudices.

4. Government: (a) A system of principles based on the interests of the dominant class. (b) The group politically selected to make and administer the working rules.

5. Politics: The art of capturing and holding political office.


7. Court: A place where wrongs are officially condoned and perpetuated.

8. Supreme Court: A committee of Wall Street.


10. Education: The standardization of intellect.

11. Nationalism: The complete subjugation of the soldier to the shipper.


One-Nine-Two Seven

[continued from Page 1]

on the musical program with which we celebrated the formal opening of the fifth school year at Commonwealth College, Sunday, October 9, 1927.

Under the personal leadership of Helen Mareuel Hollman, instructor in music, students here from thirteen different states—from Canada to Mexico, and from coast to coast—were able, in one short week, to put on a program that met with the wholehearted and vociferous approval of the four hundred guests assembled for the occasion.

While the initial number created something of a sensation, the second, "It's a Fine Thing to Sing," carried more of an appeal to the guests; several of whom joined in as best they could—and even went away, an hour and a half later, humming the simple little air that so well expressed their hearts' desire.

"There is Music in the Air," an old time "singing' skule" melody, brought forth some sort of vocal effort from practically the entire audience. But the attempt to have the guests sing "Swanee River" while the students sang or hummed the "Humoresque" could hardly be pronounced a "howling success." Each party stopped to hear what the other was doing.

"Love's Old Sweet Song," and the

Book Review

OIL!
"Boston's Bogye"
By Upton Sinclair.
Published by the Author, Long Beach, Calif.

For ten years Upton Sinclair denied the novelist in him. In these ten years his typewriter was not left to rust, for the distinguished propagandist was giving free play to his passion for scientific research. Tirelessly energetic, he bored into heaps of reports, statistical tables, and such similar fearful documents,voicing a vast quantity of facts. These he poured into his hefty studies, notably of the inner operations of our procurstian school system. And then, stopping for a minute to fill up on his California oxygen and sunshine, he got to thinking that it was a long time since he last tried his hand at novel writing.

And so "OIL!" a novel as engrossing as any the year has brought. Not a word is wasted in the telling of the story, which starts off like a firecracker and keeps advancing steadily. Nowhere does it muddle; nowhere does it lag. There is no standstill in interest when the scenes shift. Always Sinclair is vivid, whether he describes the mucky oil fields, the jazzified evangelical world, or the high life of Hollywood and Paris. The story moves to its finish evenly, inevitably. Not only does it move, but it breathes also, and it lives.

We can pardon Sinclair the weakness of his theme. That theme, in brief, is that man can be educated to a realization of the social and economic ills that plague him. At the close of the book the hero, Bunny, heir to millions made in oil, founds a school along Commonwealth lines through which he hopes to bring that realization to his fellowmen.

As we say, we can pardon Sinclair the weakness of his theme. Doesn't he give us characters about whose red and white blood corpuscles there can be no mistake? So long as a novelist sticks closely to his business we shall not begrudge him a Mammonistic theme. He is free to use any art theory he pleases to label as his own. Only let him, once he essays a novel, fashion recognizable people, and let him so fashion them that we, his readers, shall be impelled to feel for and with these people of his fable. And when he has done this, as Sinclair does here so splendidly, then we shall pardon even his preachments.

I. W. AND H. M. B.

November 1, 1927

Home Again

[continued from Page 1]

Over on Mill Creek bluff a large crowd was gathered under the pines. It was the formal opening of the school year. I had arrived at exactly the right time.

The last strains of "America, the Beautiful"—supplemented by the corny cry of Lady Lou, the college pet—were dying away as I approached. This Arkansas crowd, proverbially quiet, seemed to have loosened up a bit.

The meeting was over, but the audience lingered to renew acquaintance and discuss the program: "Miss Kate's speech sure couldn't be beat," drawled one farmer. "That about ignorance and poverty, you know. That's just what I think. What we need is better education. We all feel these things, but Miss Kate sure can tell 'em. Did y'all get that crack about the bale-veeill? Ha, ha! I reckon them cotton buyers wouldn'be been mad if they'd heard it. Yes, an' did y'all hear that 'bout lettin' us use the libary? An' the singin' once a week? These Commonwealth folks do have some queer notions, but they sure are fine people."

Groups of people, chaperoned by instructors and students, wandered about the campus, inspected the library, the store, the cottages and dormitories. I looked and pondered: what had come over these people; these people who but a few years ago frowned upon us and stood aloof because we laughed and played, and wore knickers, and were suspected of being "Reds" and bolsheviks? It sure is some change.

It is hard for one having lived with the men of one generation to be compelled to make his defense to those of another.—Cato.

Labor, if it were not necessary to the existence, would be indispensable to the happiness of man.—Dr. Johnson.

Those who labor with their minds, rule; those who labor with their bodies are ruled.—Chinese Proverb.

To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—Jane Porter.