PARTY ENDS HAPPY THANKSGIVING DAY

Kate O'Hare Entertains by Telling Fortunes of Credulous Commoners

An evening party at the guest house ended a Thanksgiving day which, for pure, unadulterated joy, was probably the happiest ever spent by most of those participating; a day for which much of the fun must be credited to the skill and ingenuity of Kate O'Hare, official hostess.

Beginning at 7:30 p.m., game after game followed in quick succession until everyone had exhausted his repertoire and there arose a clamor for other amusement. The clamor was heeded, and Mrs. O'Hare, as the only expert palmist in the group, consented to act the role of palm reader. As she took her seat by the lamp a swarm of clients surrounded her—but many slunk into dark corners to avoid notice before the first case was completely analyzed. Many others, however, bravely stood their ground and awaited their doom.

The dubious were merely amused but others were astonished when Mrs. O'Hare accurately disclosed their past life, and with apparently equal accuracy, predicted their future. There was Helen Bellman, of whom it was predicted that she might be the mother of triplets; and there was Sylvia Aronson who was forced to admit that she already had chosen names for five babies; and Rose Brown, "a well balanced individual with great capacity for love;" and Irving Weisman, "a two-baby man, afflicted with incorrigible stubbornness." There were some men with two women in their lives, and some women with two men in their lives. Some were to be married young, and some in their thirties. Some were said to act entirely through their emotions, while others were alleged to use a degree of reason.

Do They Believe?

"The thing that astonishes me," said Dr. Zeuch, "is the amount of actual belief in such nonsense to be found in a student body of this sort."

Immediately preceding the party at the guest house, the entire school sat down to a banquet which, although it was prepared by persons detailed for that purpose with little regard for previous culinary experience, was en-

Thanks, Friends!

Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California—"Money Talks."
Roy C. Hall, Monticello, Ohio—Complete University of Literature, 3 years Haldeman-Julius Monthly, other booklets and books.
Luther Ely Smith, St. Louis, Mo.—Booklets and old issues of English "New Leader."
Mrs. Charles H. Duncan, New York City—$50.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan—Piano music for square and folk dances.

Pledges
Henry Schoen, Springfield, Ill.—$25.
Dr. Albert F. Green, Cleveland, Ohio—$15.63.

MILBURN LEAVES AND COMMONERS MOURN

George Milburn, freelance journalist, who had been a working guest at Commonwealth for several weeks, left Saturday, November 19, for New Orleans.

Milburn came to the college early in October to visit William and Clarice Cunningham and he intended to remain only a few days, but the community interested him and he postponed his departure from week to week.

"With his departure," writes Mildred Chadwick in the Campus Bluff, "there has disappeared from the campus the decorative suspenders, skin-tight sweater, red cap, and yellow slicker; as well as much of that quaint wit and Rabelaisian humor. Many evenings at Luna Lodge were enlivened by George's antics. His ability at rolling cigarettes and telling stories made him a general favorite. His wit was of the quiet, graceful type, the virtue of which lies in its adherence to the facts and realities of life."

His slant on men and women of his acquaintance were always edifying. Those who have heard his stories of the Russian countess and the Yiddish comedian, the tale of the Communist gal with the Narcissus complex, and the Beautiful but Dumb daughter of the English waiter, can testify to their charm."

IRISH PLAY FEATURES MONTHLY THEATRICAL

Big Crowd Watches Presentation of Patriot Play by Lady Gregory

"The Rising of the Moon," Lady Gregory's Irish patriot play, featured a diversified program of entertainment rendered by the students at their regular monthly theatrical in the Commons, Sunday evening, November 27. Standees of neighbors and Commoners lined the rear and sides of the auditorium several feet thick.

The simple trick of holding her nose high in the air enabled Charlotte Moskowitz to effectively collee an Irish jig. Followed in rapid order folk dances and songs representative of many races: the Highland fling, Tichi Kruger; an old English dance, Nellie Toole and Ross Brown. Lucien Koch sang the "German Spinning Song" and Minnie Siegel the French "Alouette."

Charlotte Moskowitz and Selma Kleban danced a Russian folk dance; Ada Rothman and Raymond Koch sang Troyer's "Invocation to the Sun God," and Curtis Lane, in black face, did several Negro songs and dances. These numbers were arranged by Mrs. Helen Marcell Bellman, musical director, in illustration of her recently completed series of lectures on the "Folk Music of Many Lands."

Home-Made Property

There followed a dramatic reading of Poe's "The Bells," by Irving Weisman, a marionette skit with Sylvia Aronson and Charlotte Moskowitz, and several musical renditions on the guitar and ukelele by Curtis and Ross Lane.

"The Rising of the Moon," was enacted on dimmed stage against a background of tan blankets. The resourcefulness of Director Helen Bellman enabled the acting company to surmount the property difficulties. With these helps the four actors enacted the story of the rough, but kindly Sergeant who allowed a notorious Irish patriot for whose capture £100 were being offered as reward, to make his get-away. Harry I. Cohen played the Irish patriot, Lucien Koch, the sergeant, and Galen Bellman and Louis Moshner, policemen.
Commonwealth College Fortnightly

December 15, 1927

Liberalism

By WILLIAM EDWARD ZEUCH

For fifteen years, that is, since my late teens, I have been what the Villagers of some years back called "intrigued" by this thing called Liberalism. I have seen organization after organization and journal after journal rise to represent Liberalism in the United States. Some perished while others still survive. Of late I have wondered often whether Liberalism in America hasn't been merely a refuge for those who are without what one of my nice friends calls, the "intestinal stamina" for action.

II.

The center of Liberalism, like the center for almost everything else in these United States, is in New York City. There all the organizations head up in executive committees of some sort. There the journals are published. You will find pretty much the same sort of person, and oftimes the same person or persons, on most of these committees. They are usually individuals with sufficient income to devote their time to a sort of professional Liberalism. They rush from committee meeting to committee meeting, listening to reports and chewing over policies with a sort of fogged out enthusiasm. They are the martyrs.

III.

The rank and file of the Liberal movement is scattered throughout the urban hinterland. They are the local intelligensia. They subscribe for the Nation, the New Republic, and the World Tomorrow. Sometimes they are isolated souls.—The Nation has twenty-seven subscribers in Arkansas. Most every college worthy of the name has a little group of teachers who qualify for the term Liberal. The sinews of war—a perfectly ladylike war of words—comes from these Liberals of the hinterland, their subscriptions and donations being supplemented, of course, by the professional walk-to-do Liberals of the executive committees. If noses were counted, I should imagine that there may be as many as twenty thousand of these bona fide Liberals in America, though I fear I may be padding the figures a bit.

IV.

The great distinguishing characteristic of a Liberal is that he is a talker rather than a doer. To listen to him you would imagine him a radical. But should he happen to be a professor and you were to suggest that he join the American Federation of Teachers you would see him shrink into his shell. Or should he happen to be a preacher and you were to suggest that he talk to his people about the plight of the miners in Colorado and Pennsylvania he would find all sorts of reasons why it would be most inadvisable.

The past summer I attended a conference of Liberals. For a week they did nothing but talk, talk, talk. "There was much wrangling about it and about, but evermore they came out by the same door wherein they went." At the end of the week they all went home with whatever tendencies to progressive action they may have had released in talk. That is of the very essence of Liberalism in practice.

V.

"Ah, you overlook the fact," says my Liberal friend, "that if we just talk long enough someone will do something about things." I wonder. What historical justification is there for that statement? Where has the talk of Liberals ever brought action? Where has any great movement been based on the talk of Liberals?

Radicals have gone to the people with a message that they could understand and created mass movements, but the talk of Liberals rarely extends beyond their own particular coterie. Radicals have built up mass movements upon the basis of existing economic conditions as did the Non-Partisan Leaguers in the Northwest but no one imagines for a moment that Liberal talk had anything to do with that action. Now you must play me a trick but I can't think of any movement in America fathered by Liberal talk. The Liberals deceive themselves.

VI.

My Liberal friends may cackle with glee after reading brilliant articles in The Nation, The New Republic, or the World Tomorrow. They may get a further kick out of them by talking them over with fellow Liberals over their dinner plates at the University Club. The action that leads to progress will await, however, for those who talk less and have more "intestinal stamina."

BELLMAN IS BACK

Earl S. Bellman, Executive Secretary, returned to Commonwealth the first of December, after a six weeks trip to New York City and points east. Earl was attending to the business interests of the college, and says he was able to interest a number of friends in Worker's Education.

Many people are so unused to thinking for themselves that they would be frightened at the appearance in consciousness of a thought really their own.—Adlai E. Lay, in Man's Unconscious Conflict.
STUDENTS CELEBRATE RUSSIAN ANNIVERSARY

"As students and seekers after truth we should view this splendid drama, the Russian revolution, as it is and not what we want it to be. We may disagree on the methods used—and perhaps the methods used were not the best—but I hope we can all agree that people have a right to move away from misery," stated Fritz Hoevear, first speaker at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Russian revolution staged by Commonwealth’s half dozen Russian and Jewish students, Sunday evening, November 20.

"Pre-Revolutionary Russia was narrow, intolerant and uneducated. Schools were taught only in Russian, notwithstanding the fact that the empire contained peoples of numerous Chinese and dialects; and the subjects consisted mostly of Latin and Greek, and the history of the Tsars. The nobility, of course, obtained higher schooling, but such was not for the great mass. Post-Revolutionary Russia is advancing educationally. The schools have been separated from the church and placed under government control, and they have been opened to all. Textbooks have been modernized. There are even educational opportunities for adults," said Harry Cohen, the second speaker on the program.

Russian folk-songs—including "The Volga Boatman," and the "Russian Funeral March"—and a well executed Russian dance were among the striking features of the celebration.

Party Ends Thanksgiving

[Continued from Page One]

The turkey was not the only delicacy to grace the day. There was turkey, but there were other dishes as well. Among these were vegetables, salads, pies, and coffee, "nothing fancy." Even the cooks were heard to say that they had eaten so much they felt real corpulent. There were no speeches, but the steady click of dishes, the clatter of chafing dishes, the sound of music, and the laughter of the guests made the menu sound complete.

Thanksgiving Day was ideal for outdoor sports and all except those detailed for the day indulged themselves of the balmy weather to go hiking—or loll in the shade along the edge of Mill Creek Bluff and read and dream.

To an extent characteristic of no other institution, save that of the state itself, the school has power to modify the social order.—Dewey.

Book Review

ELAN D’OR
Money Writes!
By UPTON SINCLAIR

This volume concludes a series of studies of our propaganda institutions from an economic point of view, begun by the author ten years ago with his "The Profits of Religion." This time Mr. Sinclair puts the modern American scribbling tribe under his class-conscious microscope, and what he thereby discovers makes 223 pages of interesting, though somewhat unconvincing, reading.

"Money Writes!" is in the manner of "Man's Slaves," that is, it presents a Marxist's slant at literature. To Mr. Sinclair literature is the response to the stimulus gold. The moneylords flash a stack of bills and presto! here is a book, nay, hundreds of books, all of them in a more or less individual way reflecting the smug and snobbish preferences of the moneyed class.

The writers are subtly conditioned to react in just this way—to scurry, inspired, to their individual typewriters, and pound out charming words bespeaking love of worldliness rather than love of the world. Those writers who are blind to the glint of gold, like Mr. Sinclair, for instance, are made shift of—their brain stuff never gets between covers, unless it is privately printed at the author's expense. The large magazines and publishing houses are controlled by the money lords.

This is the substance of Mr. Sinclair's theory, which he aptly and strikingly calls chrysotropism. In its support he names an imposing galaxy of literary Big Berthas, best sellers like Zane Grey, Booth Tarkington, Harold Bell Wright, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton. In the individual cases of these writers his theory is most convincing. For who can gainsay the fact that they are money grubbers?

Concedibly less convincing, however, is his theory when applied to the top-notchers of the profession: Dreiser, O'Neill, Sinclair, Lewis, Cabell, Mencken, Sherwood Anderson. Their writing is influenced less by money and more by their own peculiar characters. This Mr. Sinclair impliedly recognizes. Wisely he refrain from giving the golden attraction test to the fluid that oozes from the nubs of their pens.

Where "Money Writes!" suffers most as a work of criticism is in this making of money the snake in the paradise of literature. Economics thereby becomes the sole motivator of art. Only a dyspeptic Marxist could postulate such arrant nonsense. Another weakness of the book is the author's apparent limiting the writers to sunshine merchandising.

What if the writer is not a gospeller of sweetness and light—"scientific optimism" and "constructive social vision," as Mr. Sinclair calls it? What if he is an individualist, as ninety-nine out of every hundred are? What if he is a sensationalist? A pessimist? Mr. Sinclair probably would answer that such a one is either bought or mentally diseased or both.—Irving Weissman.

CUNNINGHAMS SPEND HOLIDAY AT GIRARD

Clarice and William Cunningham spent the Thanksgiving holidays at the Haldeman-Julius home in Girard, Kansas. The occasion of their visit was the marriage of Aubrey Roselle and Josephine Haldeman-Julius. Although the Cunninghams missed the actual marriage ceremony, held two days before the date announced, they participated in the celebration on Thanksgiving day.

The Haldeman-Julius hospitality was the feature of the trip, according to Clarice. "It was not new to us," declared Clarice, "but I find I am always a bit amazed at the manner in which Marce and 'Manuel handle a crowd of guests—they are Marce and 'Manuel to everybody.

To 'Joey and Aub—we have always known they would marry sooner or later. Sweethearts for three years, they have found each other essential. Their so-called 'companionate' arrangement, whereby they continue in school, is the only sensible plan in their case. The marriage is legal in every respect. They have done exactly as thousands of couples have done before under similar circumstances. They are a lovely pair—'Joey and Aub. They have promised to come, with Marce and 'Manuel, to visit Commonwealth within the next few months, and then you can see for yourself how admirable they are.'

But another Clarice hitch-hiked to Girard and back, riding in every sort of vehicle from farm wagon to limousine. "It's good for everybody to get out occasionally and jolt over several hundred miles of bad roads," said Bill. "His trip has been an event to us. We have a propped up Haldeman-Julius family to visit Commonwealth. When they come you will share our enthusiasm for them as individuals."

Other weakness of the book is the author's apparent limiting the writers to sunshine merchandising.
BULL CALF IS BORN TO COLLEGE BOSSY

A bull calf was born to Red, one of the college cows, November 21.
"I saw Red," said Bill Cunningham, stockman, "start toward the timber before she had finished breakfast. Red's appetite is ordinarily very good and she possesses a well developed gregarious instinct. When she thus renounced food and company and sought the solitude of the forest I knew that a biological process more important than eating a meal was about to take place. I followed her at a distance.

"She went for a half mile into the timber and then stopped. She threw her head about to sniff her side. The pains were beginning. I heard steps behind me and turned about to look into the Jersey eyes of Mousy, one of the college milkers. She too had left breakfast to be in attendance at the birth.

"Mousy was prepared to guard the baby until its mother was capable. A rhythmic clanging told me that Spot, the bull cow, was coming also.

"An hour later Red was rasping her huge tongue over the soft fur of her son, while he, still wet behind the ears, was pulling at a teat. Mousy and Spot were standing nearby with expressions of relief and satisfaction on their faces. They were typical midwives, sharing vicariously in the joy of motherhood."

Salted Soup

By LUCIEN KOCH

"There is something about a cigarette. When a fellow is sad and sentimental he likes to smoke—it chases trouble.

I was rolled up in my blankets, listening. I always like to lie that way and listen when Curtis Lane thrums his guitar. This time he was playing a Hawaiian melody. The kind that sets your mind wandering.

"Leap year is coming soon, and I think I'll get caught. I never had the courage to do the asking myself. You have to start the first of the year, too, because you need at least six months to be won over," he murmured, as he laid aside the guitar and stooped to unlace his shoes. "I guess a fellow could get up a nice affair here if he wanted to. But everybody is too much the same—one is like the other. Besides that I don't like on salted soup. Nature doesn't work that way.

The birds have their mating season at the time of year when there is plenty of nourishing seed. A dog is a better lover when he gets meat and becomes a little savage. The human has no particular mating season be-

Society Notes

The Guest House may now be clas sed as modern in every respect. A five hundred gallon water tank, in which to catch water from the eaves of the house, a sink, a bath tub, and other essentials, have been installed; the plumbing work being done by students Al Kruger and Joe Lampert. The stand for the tank was erected by the carpenter crew under the direction of its foreman, Lucien Koch. Henceforth—unless it be true that "it ain't gwine to rain no mo"—guests will be spared the rather irksome task of carrying bath water in galvanized buckets from the campus spring a distance of 150 yards or more.

Mules and Barbed Wire are a bad combination to mix with, according to Walter Stein. While trying to close a farm gate with one hand and keep hold the halter rope of a fractuous mule with the other he received such severe lacerations about the fingers that it required all the skill of Minnie Siegel, nurse number one, to prevent the blood oozing through and spoiling a perfectly good ten-cent handkerchief that had only been in use a couple of months.

Black Eyes are like greatness: One may be born with them, or one may achieve them, or they may be thrust upon one as witness Raymond Koch. Ray says he ran against the pole at the corner of the tennis court, (which is mighty close to a corner of the Girls' Dorm.) An alleged eye witness—if there can be such a thing—said that Ray ran against the perfectly serviceable fist of a diminutive but agile figure he was pursuing through the gloom.

Drucker Pays Debt

(Editorial in Baltimore Sun, October 18, 1927.)

"Mena, Arkansas, is not so very far from Colorado Springs in measurement of space. But Commonwealth College in the former community is a far cry from the Department of Business Administration and Banking at the latter. I have no knowledge that his nourishment may be canned. But salted soup won't do.

"There's something about a couple. When I see them going together I think of this. I don't mean this puppy love (Curtis has almost attained his majority). In real love it's different. There is no selfishness. Both believe in each other and share everything with each other."

He was in bed. I blew out the light and let him rave.

COUNTY WAR AGAINST FEVER TICK IS OVER

Polk County's war against the fever tick practically closed with the week ending November 27. Except for a few pastures that will be kept under quarantine for purposes of observation, the ban has been lifted and citizens will no longer have to range from five hours to a day each fortnight driving their livestock to the dipping vats that an ever-watchful State Agricultural Department had established at rather frequent intervals throughout the county.

The war against the fever tick was begun four years ago, but it was at first somewhat unsuccessful because of the strong opposition of cattle owners. Many believed there was no efficacy in the chemicals used, and that the whole eradication plan was just another scheme to create jobs for political hangers-on. In some instances, so it is said, the dipping vats were dynamited, so great was the objection to their use.

To overcome this unreasonable objection, the State Agricultural Department then resorted to a campaign of education. Lecturers toured the country, illustrating by means of moving pictures the advantages to be gained by freeing the livestock from the ticks that kept them poor and scrawny—and that in many instances actually caused death. "I'm glad it's over, but it sure done me a pile of good. Maybe now we can raise some decent cattle," was the way one Colorado neighbor expressed himself. And this is typical of the way all see it now.

Colorado College. The little Arkansas institution is a sort of Brook Farm, under distinctly radical leadership, and doctrines which are current there have little affiliation with those which are current in any normal school of banking.

And just that difference makes the action of Dr. A. R. Drucker, professor of business and banking at Colorado College, the more interesting. For, as the New York WORLD reports, Dr. Drucker is about to leave for Commonwealth College, there to give his services free, as do all the faculty, in such ways as the needs of that co-operative society dictate.

"Born to poverty in Russia, and attaching all his advancement to opportunities gathered in this country, Dr. Drucker regards his new position in the light of repayment of a debt to this country. His act is chivalrous. And its flavor is not lessened by the fact that he chooses to square his obligations to America in an obscure radical colony which 100 per cent Arkansas lawyers have labeled "un-American."