

# The Junior Colonist

Robert Lindsey, Editor

Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon were big half-days for the decorating committees. The roof garden was decorated with holly and mistletoe Saturday afternoon for the dance that evening, and a Christmas tree was put up and decorated Sunday morning. Another bunch gathered holly early Sunday morning for the theater, and when they had finished the place was a bower of loveliness.

Swimming, dancing, ball playing and eating were the chief events of Christmas day in Newllano. Big and little entered into the spirit of celebration.

A heavy fog hovered close to the earth early in the morning, and was only broken by the bright rays of the sun which made their full appearance about nine o'clock. They were warm and with them came a gentle breeze from the Gulf which swept away the heavy atmosphere and left a world as beautiful as a spring morning.

Some of the boys and girls took long hikes out into the woods and fields. Others helped their parents and still others made garden.

The little tots were as busy as the older ones with their new dolls, their horns, mouth-organs, tops, and the like. One little fellow thought so much of his mouth organ that he spent the entire morning on the porch all alone learning to play.

At half past eleven the toll of the dinner bell told young and old that a bounteous meal was ready at the hotel. From all streets, nooks and corners, came merry colonists, all heading toward the sound of the bell. Beef, sweet potatoes, gravy, salad, celery, rice, and pie and many other good things in unlimited quantities were served. Over two hundred and fifty passed the serving counter.

After dinner, some went swimming while others had a lively basket ball game until about four o'clock, when all prepared for supper.

Supper over, and a little rest, the lights at the roof garden signified that there was something doing to continue the day of grand merry-making. Holly and mistletoe suspended from the supports above, intermingled with paper Christmas bells of all sizes and colors. In the center of the big floor stood a huge Christmas tree glowing with decorations and trimmings. Even the brick walls seemed to wear a pleasant smile and the lights seemed to sparkle like rubies and diamonds.

First were several dances. Then came a play by the tiny tots from the kindergarten, speaking, and singing, as they impersonated cooks, washer-women, carpenters, doctors, and seamsters. Next came more dancing. Then a song by some of the school children, as they marched and swung beautiful wreaths. Mildred Seelye then told in humorous words the story of a young lady whose father had a ferocious bull dog and whose lover lost a portion of his pants one dark night. More dancing followed until nearly eleven o'clock.

## LLANO CHILDREN BECOME GREAT ASSET TO KITCHEN

The children of Newllano have taken in charge the serving of the food and the washing of the dishes at the new cafeteria, which gives Comrade Conlin and his group of lady cooks a great lift in their endless task of serving this bunch of ever-hungry co-operators.

Owing to the fact that the grade children attend school in the forenoon and work in the industries in the afternoon, they serve and wash dishes at noon. Mrs. Gaddis dismisses a few minutes before eleven-thirty, so that the children may eat before the ones coming from the industries arrive. In that way the children are through and gone before the others come, making plenty of room for all. Our family is becoming so large that we can not all eat at once. Immediately on the ringing of the dinner bell, those who wash

## You Bet Santa Was Here



dishes and who serve hasten to their places. The rest line up and pass by the counter where the trays, silver ware, and dishes of food are sitting. Each takes what he desires on his tray and passes to a table where he empties his tray and give it to Mr. Conlin, who wipes it off and takes it back to the counter. At the counter stand Ruby Synoground, Ella Dalton, Clifford Synoground and Esther Klahr. They dish up the food in the small dishes.

As each finishes eating, he takes his dishes to a nearby table, where Fred Jensen and Edna Neal wash the silver and glasses. Back of the dish rack is Walter Geis, up to his elbows washing the dishes. Beside him is Ralph Snowball, rinsing the dishes and putting them on the rack. They evidently wouldn't let him wash for fear he might melt and run down the sink. Yes, and if he did that, he would go straight to the fertilizer pit, for the sewerage system of the cafeteria is connected with it.

In the evening, it is about the same, except that the high school children conduct things then. Bennett Babb, Carl Hoover, Vinita Thurman, and Gladys Belcher serve. Marion Starr, Victor Gaddis, and Bob Lindsey wash silver ware, while Loretta Toble and Maxine Gaddis wash the dishes.

Some jolly bunches are these dish washers. Every fellow swinging a dish rag or towel as the case may be, does his or her part willingly and harmoniously.

Oh yes—they do something else besides serve and wash dishes! The other day, Mr. Conlin asked them to scrub; so when the dishes were finished, the water began to fly and fall and run and flow, while mops and brooms and washing powder and soap pushed and shoved by sturdy hands and feet, all mingled in a final contest with the grease and dirt for a victory of cleanliness over uncleanness. The former won the race by a rod and a half and the floor looked as bright and as clean as the dishes on the shelf.

Llano youngsters never whine and grumble at such small tasks as washing dishes or scrubbing the floor. Not much! They tear into it with a vim and before they know it the job is done.

Next week, the crew changes. They serve one week and wash dishes one week; then some one else gets a chance.

Clifford and Freddie West, who have been here nearly a year, attending school, have returned to their home in Jennings, La., where they will spend the holidays with their parents and old friends. They are both excellent young teamsters and fill a very important part in the hauling department.

Elmer and Christian Jensen, brothers of Fred and George, who have been here for about three months, arrived last Thursday from Texas to attend school. They are in the first and second grades.

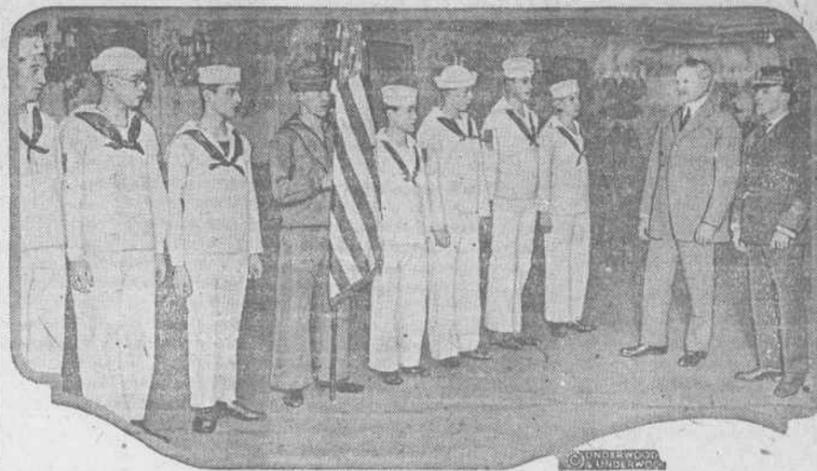
**Whistle Easy to Play.**  
"So simple that even a child can use it" is a phrase commonly seen and heard these days, and which is applied with ease to a new whistle instrument, described with illustration in Popular Mechanics Magazine. By pulling and pushing a lever attached on the inside of its barrel to a small piston, the tones of the whistle are caused to change. This lever terminates on the outside in a triangular-shaped finger-piece running through a slotted plate. Markings representative of musical tones appear on the plate, and as the triangular lever moves into place before the markings, a correspondingly pitched musical tone issues from the whistle.

## Woman's Universal Alliance Gets New Home



"Clifton," the future home of the Woman's Universal alliance at Washington, D. C., where civic and educational work will be fostered. The estate on which this spacious old mansion stands covers 38 acres at Thirty-first and W streets, N. W. The representative of Col. James Elverson, publisher of the Philadelphia Enquirer, has announced the transfer of the property, the contract of sale being signed by Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun, president of the alliance.

## Sea Scouts of Chicago Inspected by Pershing



General Pershing, during his recent visit in Chicago, inspected the Sea Scouts of that city, a well-organized band of lively boys. He is here seen looking them over with Thomas Keane, portmaster of the Sea Scouts.

## HERB FARMS TO BE COMMON

Comparatively New Branch of Horticulture is Becoming Popular in England.

Without doubt herb culture is the coming science. One of the most arresting facts in the domain of medicines today is the progress made in pharmacy, London Tit-Bits states.

Herbs, from having been used as ill in medieval times, fell into disrepute, and in modern times herbal remedies, apart from drugs which could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, were tabooed, save by the enlightened few.

Herb farming is a new branch of horticulture, writes A. R. Horwood, F. L. S., in the Homeopathic World. It is an interesting and intellectual pursuit specially suited for women.

Before the war there were numerous herb farms run on commercial lines by firms of manufacturing chemists. But there were no schools for the training of amateurs. Since the war, however, a school and herb farm has been started at Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire, by Mrs. M. Grieve, F. R. H. S.

One of the main objects of herb farming is to cultivate plants of medicinal value. Besides the drug plants in general use, such as belladonna, henbane, fox-glove, aconite, datura and so on, a vast number of herbs whose real value is known are used in medicine, including such common plants as dandelion, couch grass, red poppy, colchicum, barberry, chamomile, dill, fennel, blessed thistle, valerian and male fern.

## TO PROTECT SACRED SNUFF

Reason Given for the High Bench Behind Which Supreme Court Judges Have Their Seats.

The Federal Supreme court is celebrating its centenary of "the high bench." Originally the justices sat behind a long bench on the floor of the court—on a level with the lawyers who tried their cases before them. This straight desk had set into it a snuff box opposite each justice's seat. Henry Clay was arguing a case before the court. During a pause in his argument one of the justices reached forward, took a pinch of snuff and settled back to weigh the more carefully the reasoning presented. In his next pause Mr. Clay reached over and with a "Thank you" took a pinch himself. The court was indignant. That afternoon they met to decide what could be done to preclude the possibility of a second breach of the "etiquette of the court" and decided to have a bench made of such height that no mere practitioner could reach their pet snuff. Since then they have sat behind the high bench that is in use today.—New York Tribune.

## THE TOUCH OF A FRIENDLY HAND

When a man ain't got a cent,  
And he's feeling kinda blue,  
And the clouds hang dark and heavy  
An' won't let the sunshine thru,  
It's a great thing, O my brethren,  
Fer a feller just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder  
In a friendly sort of way.

It makes a man feel curious,  
It makes the teardrops start,  
An' you sort o' feel a flutter  
In the region of the heart!  
As you look up in his eyes,  
An' don't know what to say  
When his hand is on your shoulder  
In a friendly sort of way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,  
With its honey and its gall,  
With its cares and bitter crosses;  
But a good world after all.  
An' a good God must have made it—  
Lestways, that is what I say  
When a hand is on my shoulder  
In a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"I hope for a social order under which there will be no babies whining for milk, there will not be women selling their charm for a crust of bread; competition and enmity will give way to co-operation and love among human beings."—Ricardo Flores Magon.

Boost Universal Co-operation by getting subscribers for The Llano Colonist.

## Dr. DeQuer's Magnetic Health Institute

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Author "Health Through Natural Forces"

A quiet, home-like place, where modern nature cure methods are used. Abrams diagnosis. Hydrotherapy, magnetotherapy, dietetics, massage, gymnastics, psychotherapy, physical culture, etc.

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Moderate Terms—Splendid Treatment

# ARE YOU ONE ?

Way back in the spring of this year we estimated that we could completely place the Llano Colony on Easy Street by purchasing the balance of our land option and erecting our new brick dormitory. It would take about \$125,000—a big sum for poor co-operators to handle, yet we believe that it can be done.

Would you believe that we have already been promised twenty-two thousand of it? Yes, twenty three co-operators have joined the "LLANO 125 CLUB" and we are confident that in the next two months, we shall find quite a number more who are willing and able to join. For every one who wants to join the 125 Club we hear from a dozen who want to come to Llano, but who have waited too long, and have lost the little money which they had. One lost it all in a bank failure just a month or so before he would have joined us.

When we have finished purchasing our 20,000 acres of land we will be glad to say to those who are co-operators but who lack the necessary capital: "Come on, brother, the '125 Club' has made it possible." That's what the "125 Club" is for.

If you intend to join this group of nearly 400 co-operators some time, join this Club NOW, and thus help to make the Colony secure against all odds. Secure? Well we are secure now—for ourselves. We have all the land we can ever use, if we are just figuring on ourselves. But what about these hundreds who want to come? They must have land and tools and industries to work with.

The members of this club pledge themselves to furnish One Thousand Dollars each before January 1st, 1923. There are still about 100 vacancies, but, remember, only REAL co-operators are eligible.

Here are the "LLANO 125 CLUB" members to date. Can we add your name next week?

- |                   |                 |                  |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| TOM L. POTTS      | HOMER CLARK     | HENRY MUELLER    |
| A. B. DAWLEY      | BERT BUSICK     | MATT SUNNEN      |
| HARRY C. HALL     | JOHN STAVE      | S. L. FALL       |
| D. W. VAN SCHOICK | EARL A. YOUNG   | G. H. TOBLE      |
| JOHN WINTERS      | J. R. BROWN     | VICTOR NELSON    |
| J. B. MARS        | GEO. A. SANDERS | JENNIE FENKART   |
| ROBERT WURFER     | F. D. CONWAY    | Barnett KRECHMER |
| R. A. DALTON      | A. W. DEERNS    | FRANK KLAHR      |
| ETHEL GLESON      | H. J. HILLIARD  | JOHN KLAHR       |
| CHARLIE KLAHR     | E. E. KLAHR     | HENRY L. GEIS    |
|                   | MISS HAMILTON   |                  |

If you are one of this class, do not hesitate. Arrange to spend your vacation at Llano and see if you do not belong here.

THE LLANO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY  
Newllano, Louisiana, (via Leesville)

## The Girl That's Different

(Do You Want Her?)

"A Girl That's Different" is a reprint of a playlet written and played by Llano colonists.

It contrasts the new girl, as exemplified in Llano Colony, with the fussy, frivolous, artificial girls elsewhere.

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THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS