

# RUSKIN.

THE COLONY WHERE LABOR IS KING.



IN THE heart of a Tennessee valley, at the town of Ruskin, the Almighty Dollar has been pulled down from its high plane and an altar has been set up to work by a community of socialists, who are trying to prove that universal justice may be a business success. They started in on the text that "All labor is equal in value," and for three years have faithfully lived up to it. By that standard a diligent president should be paid no more than a diligent hod-carrier, and the sculptor's chisel earns neither more nor less than the barber's razor. An hour of good, hard work, whether of brain or muscle, is the unit of value by which all achievement is measured.

The practical object of the community is to see if the world cannot do without the system of hire, by which men are worked with no direct interest in the result. In Ruskin everything belongs to everybody; the profit of the community is the profit of each man in it, and the honest endeavor of every member helps the other two hundred and thirty just as much as it does himself. Each man owns the wealth he helps to make, and gets the profit of his toil. The plan has been tested by three hard, struggling years, and its founders no longer regard it as an experiment. They have built a city without avarice, and in its future lies the solution of the bitter difficulties that split the world into two angry factions, known as labor and capital.

In Ruskin the government is literally by the people and for the people. It educates the children, pensions the aged, provides for the sick and gives a home and a good living to all, men and women alike, who are willing to work for the common good. The president gets the same recompense as the butcher, and neither talent nor training can alter the value of an hour's labor.

A journalist by the name of Wayland, who ran a labor paper in Greensburg, Ind., was the first starter of this new Utopia. After firing all the socialists in the country with his articles



PRESIDENT J. H. DUDSON.

on community property and the equality of labor, he called for volunteers who should build their own city and control their own farms and factories. He looked at various tracts of land, and finally sent an agent to inspect an unbroken wilderness in Tennessee. The advertised "farming land" was covered with huge trees and impenetrable underbrush. The "town" was a dark, sunless ravine, without food or water. The "populous neighborhood" was peopled by a few forlorn, indolent natives and a number of fierce razor-backs. In spite of this report, however, Wayland purchased the property and boomed it magnificently in his paper. Soon the pioneers in the cause of socialism began to set out for this new Eden, which they knew vaguely as "Ruskin, fifty miles west of Nashville."

The first to arrive was E. B. Lonsbury, whose ardent socialism was considerably dampened when he found himself in a mud cabin on a gloomy sidehill, with a dense jungle on all sides and no water within half a mile. He might have gone back forever to capital and inequality, but his wife followed the next day, and a few days later a socialistic shoemaker dawned on the horizon and helped dig a well. A month later that dismal valley contained a carpenter, a machinist, a barber, a shoemaker, a butcher, a cooper, a farmer, a wire nail operative, a farmer, a blacksmith and a man in general, who was put down as a laborer. Not long after the founder of the community dropped in—and was wise enough to leave without ostentation or farewells, after meeting their exasperated questions with a mild suggestion that the best thing to do was to put up manufacturing and make themselves into a big city as quickly as possible.

The community, left to itself, decided that its one chance of a future lay in the erecting of a printing establishment, so baker, barber, wire nail operator and all joined the one carpenter and put up the building. That, a little clearing and a few cottages, was all that was accomplished that summer, and the winter brought hunger and cold and utter desolation.

Lonsbury and eighteen others incorporated the colony under the law governing the formation of mining and manufacturing companies, laid out avenues, cut down trees and were very cold, hungry and uncomfortable. After

a year of struggle they decided to move to a more passable location.

After some exploring a beautiful, fertile valley was found. Five hundred acres of magnificent soil are now devoted to orchard and vineyard, corn, wheat and oats and to the homes of the colonists.

One thousand acres of beautiful forest land represents the stock farm. A three-story building contains the cooperative dining-room and the theater, and in the library there are more than 1,000 books, chiefly on socialism and economics. The whole place radiates cheerfulness and energy. It would be hard to find in the working classes of any country sixty other families who are as well off as these, who fare so well, have as many comforts and can give as much time to reading and music. There is a newspaper, whose weekly circulation comes to more than 30,000, and so brings up the salary of the Ruskin Postmaster to a figure unusual



ONE OF THE HOUSES.

in so small a town. There is a mortgage of \$6,000 on the farm, but 505 acres of fertile land can easily take care of that. The actual worth of the land improvements of Ruskin is estimated at \$30,000.

If there were any doubt as to the socialist sincerity of the Ruskinites, one remarkable fact in their history would remove it forever. The seventy-eight stockholders paid \$500 apiece for their shares, which have now risen to a value of \$961. The question of a dividend was brought up, but was voted down by the stockholders themselves, who preferred to devote the surplus to the general good, since their object was not personal wealth. When any one wants to join the Ruskin community he must pass a written examination on his principles. He must be able to do any useful labor assigned to him, he must believe in uniform compensation, he must be able to coherently define socialism, communism and competition. A ballot is taken on his answers. If in his favor he pays down \$500 and takes possession of his cottage as a regular member of the colony. He is guaranteed work for every well day and pay for every sick one. He has neither taxes nor rent to pay, nor doctor's bills, nor school bills, nor washing. His children are given schooling, music, languages and industrial training for nothing. He is entitled to draw checks for fifty hours' work each week. If he does more it is not paid for, and so is a gratuitous present to the community. There is no taskmaster to watch him, but he is not expected to shirk. Three who attempted it were promptly suspended from the community.

If he has a wife, she is also entitled to earn fifty hour-checks a week, for she is paid for working in her home.

The children get their living in return for going to school and are allowed to earn twenty hours' worth of labor checks a week out of school hours.

The coin of the realm is in the form of paper checks, which represent so many hours of labor. The schoolmaster, after teaching, all the morning, receives a paper check which certifies that he has done three hours' labor for the community, and is entitled to an exact equivalent. When outsiders come to the store as many of the neighbors do, they pay for their purchases in cash, as they would anywhere, but there is a separate price list for the Ruskinite, reading somewhat as follows:

One pound of tea.....	11 hours
Three sticks of candy.....	1/2 hour
One cut of tobacco.....	2 hours
One pair of trousers.....	37 hours
One lemon.....	1/2 hour
One pair woman's shoes, best.....	32 1/2 hours
One pound crackers.....	2 1/2 hours
One pound of coffee.....	7 hours
One gallon coal oil.....	6 1/2 hours
One straw hat.....	15 hours
One pair best shoes.....	70 hours
One quart peanuts.....	1 hour
One yard gingham.....	2 hours
One gallon gasoline.....	6 hours

The first two years of the community's existence were all struggle and suffering and discouragement, and it needed the courage and heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers to keep the little band together. Socialism lived in a Tennessee wilderness is a very different thing from socialism read in a book or spoken from a platform, and many a time the members would have gladly gone back to theory and left the practice alone. Some dropped out, disheartened, but of the thirty-five original members twenty still remain. The community can now show seventy-four heads of families, and numbers 214 members in all. Music receives as much attention as art and arithmetic and scroll-sawing in the schools, and the department earns its principal's labor checks for eighty hours a week. It already possesses five pianos, seven organs, nine violins, five guitars, one bass viol, one banjo, three cornets, two flutes, one fife, one piccolo and one tuba.

The people of Ruskin are all from the laboring classes and many of them have little education, but the greatest interest is taken in that of the children. For the smaller ones there is a kindergarten

held out of doors in a beautiful grove of beech trees. In addition to the regular school there is a class in fine arts, where drawing, painting, sculpture and pottery-making are studied under Professor Isaac Broome, a well-known sculptor, who was one of New York's commissioners to the Paris Exposition. Professor Broome has long been a theoretical socialist, and has played a prominent part in the community, though he comes from a much higher walk of life than most of the members. He takes a leading part in the symposiums, as the weekly meetings for socialistic discussion are called.

The chief claim of the Ruskinites is that as common people they have skillfully managed a great social and business undertaking, and so far have made no serious mistakes. In one year they have increased the value of their holding by \$32,055, and contentment and harmony pervade all they do. If they could accomplish so much surely able, trained organizers could do much more, and from that they argue that in time the State, the country, the whole world would be run on a communistic basis. No personal capital, labor the standard of value; from these they deduce a world without covetousness, which is almost a world without sin.

## DANCING HAS DEGENERATED.

This Declaration is Made by the Countess of Ancaster.

The Countess of Ancaster, who has created a great stir in the fashionable world of London by her declaration that dancing has degenerated into a graceless romp, is the wife of Lord Willoughby d' Eresby, the baron of Aysland. The countess' daughter, Evelyn Clementina, is married to Maj.-Gen. Sir Henry Ewart, the queen's equerry. This fact and the very high social position of the countess herself give more than ordinary importance to her opinions upon matters concerning society, and dancing is certainly one of these. Countess Ancaster's husband's family is one of the most ancient in the Norman nobility of England. He is the twenty-second Lord Willoughby. The first was Walter de Bee, upon whom



COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

William the Conqueror settled the barony. Lady Willoughby herself is the second daughter of the late Marquis of Huntly, the tenth of that title.

## The New Wizard.

Young Guglielmo Marconi, the Italian electrician, has been attracting attention in the scientific world for several years. Although only 23 years old, it is said that he has accomplished something that Tesla and Edison experimented for without any great success. Marconi claims to be the inventor of the wireless telegraph.

While the idea of "wireless telegraphy" is not new, it was deemed by many to be almost impossible to bring it to such perfection that it might be made of practical utility. The Italian says that the distance to which he has transmitted messages, twelve miles, is



GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

only limited by the imperfection of his present appliances.

Nicola Tesla declines to comment at length of Marconi's inventions, on the ground that he himself has devoted a number of years to the study of the great problem of transmitting dispatches without wires.

## Electric Light on Battlefields.

Special attention is being given by the French military authorities to the questions of succoring the wounded on battlefields when night comes on after a great battle. Experiments have been made with powerful electric arc lights, but the apparatus has conditions. At length it has been practically determined that the ambulance corps men shall wear little incandescent glow-lamps in their hats, just like ladies of the ballet in a spectacular extravaganza. Each man is to carry a little primary battery in his pocket for the production of the current. The wounded in need of succor will look out for the little moving lights, and if possible drag themselves toward them.—Paris letter.

## A Magnetic Hill.

On the island of Canna (situated northwest of the island of Rum) there is a hill so magnetic as to affect the compasses of vessels passing near.

Every woman in telling of her sickness says she "suffered everything."

# The Costliest Cough Cure is Change of Climate,

and it's a cure that's not often possible and not always sure. There's a better idea about coughs and cures: Why not fit the lungs to the climate instead of fitting the climate to the lungs? It is the power to do this that makes

# AYER'S Cherry Pectoral THE BEST COUGH CURE

in the land. It is a sure cure for colds and coughs; a specific for Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough; it prevents Pneumonia, cures La Grippe; and it so strengthens the lungs and heals the torn tissues that many cases of disease marked by all the signs of Incipient Consumption have been absolutely cured by its use. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral can now be had in half-size bottles

At Half Price, 50 cts.

"We tried almost everything for asthma without success. At last we used your Cherry Pectoral and the relief was immediate." S. A. ELLIS, Keene, N. H.

"When I had almost despaired of ever finding a cure for chronic bronchitis, I derived most excellent results from Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I can testify as to its efficacy." R. G. PROCTOR, M. D., Oakland City, Ind.

"There were sixteen children in my father's family and there are seven in my own. We have never, since I can remember, been without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have never had a case of cold or a cough that this remedy did not cure." Hon. WM. E. MASON, Chicago, Ill.

"My wife was sick in bed for ten months and was attended by six different doctors. All of them said that she had consumption, and some of them said she could not live a month. I bought one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It seemed to help her, so I secured one dozen bottles. Before these were all used, she was completely cured and to-day is strong and well." J. W. EWING, Camden Point, Mo.

"For more than a year my wife suffered with lung trouble. She had a severe cough, great soreness of the chest, and experienced difficulty in breathing. A three months' treatment with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral effected a complete cure. We regarded it as remarkable, as the other remedies she had tried had failed to even give relief." C. H. BURKIS, Marine Mills, Minn.

## A TURKISH COUNTESS.

Once an American Girl, She Is Now the Wife of a Pasha.

The Countess Djemil, the beautiful wife of Gen. Hassan Djemil Pasha, one of the most distinguished of the Turkish commanders that took part in the recent triumphant campaign against the Greeks, is an American woman, and a few years ago was a society belle of San Francisco. She was formerly Miss Eva Taaffe, a granddaughter of the late W. T. Taaffe, who was prominent in business circles in early days. Miss Taaffe went to Paris five years ago, entered the conservatory there, and attained quite a reputation as a singer. Gen. Hassan Pasha is a Belgian by birth and entered the military service of the Sultan twenty years ago. He adopted the Mohammedan faith with the privilege



COUNTRESS DJEMIL.

of taking but one wife. The Count and Countess Djemil reside in one of the handsomest mansions in Constantinople, presented to the Count by the Sultan as a token of regard for his military services.

It is understood that the President has decided to make practically no more appointments until the assembling of Congress.

A negro colony has been formed near Decatur, Ala.

Director Preston, of the Mint Bureau, is beginning to feel that he is out of the woods in the matter of meeting the demand for subsidiary silver coins.

## BROTHER OF THE NOVELIST.

W. H. D. Haggard the New British Minister to Caracas.

W. H. D. Haggard, the new British minister resident at Caracas in Venezuela, is a brother of the famous novelist, Rider Haggard. He is the first diplomatic agent to be sent to the South American country in many years. The relations of the two nations have not been such as to permit the presence of a British minister in Caracas. Now that these relations have made way for a more cordial feeling the intercourse has been resumed. Mr. Haggard is one of the oldest men in the service. He has been in the consular department for full thirty years and has filled many minor offices. Since 1894 he has been



W. H. D. HAGGARD.

British consul general at Tunis. His mission to Caracas is in the way of promotion. Mr. Haggard will be succeeded at Tunis by Sir Henry Johnston.

The following sign on a farmhouse not far from a certain Massachusetts town is possibly responsible for the vacant rooms and the complaints of the owner. "Boarders taken in." George Washington, in his best estate, could not have been more truthful than the author of the sign.

## In a Duck

A duck shot by Edward Jackson, of Aitchison, had a nine-pound fish in its esophagus.

## GLADSTONE'S GRANDSON.

Youth Will Inherit an Estate Both Valuable and Historic.

This is a late portrait of Mr. Gladstone and his grandson, Master W. Gladstone, the heir of Hawarden. It is all the more interesting because Master Gladstone's portrait has never before been published. Young Gladstone is the son of the late W. E. Gladstone,



GLADSTONE AND HIS HEIR.

and supplants his father as the heir of the estate of the former premier. The photograph of the lad and his grandsire is excellent, and gave extreme satisfaction to the family. The likeness of the boy is faultless. He is seen standing at the side of the statesman, whose right hand affectionately holds the left hand of his grandson and heir. The photograph was taken beneath the wall of Hawarden Castle. W. H. Gladstone, the father of Master Gladstone, was the eldest son of the statesman, and died in the middle of a career that had given great promise. Like his eminent father, he was a good politician, and sat in Parliament for some time as a representative of East Worcestershire. His young son is a noble child, and inherits much of the brain and brilliance of "the grand old man."

And now in London they are fighting the long hat-pin. The editors don't seem to be "stuck on it."