

# RUSKIN.

THE COLONY WHERE LABOR IS KING.



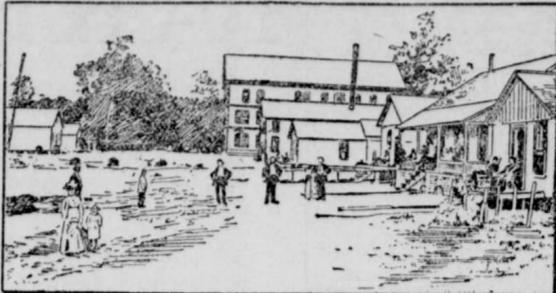
IN THE heart of a Tennessee valley, at the town of Ruskin, the Almighty Dollar has been pulled down from its high plane and an altar has been set up to work by a community of socialists, who are trying to prove that universal justice may be a business success. They started in on the text that "All labor is equal in value," and for three years have faithfully lived up to it. By that standard a diligent president should

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

care of that. The actual worth of the land improvements of Ruskin is estimated at \$90,000.

If there were any doubt as to the socialistic sincerity of the Ruskinites, one

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



PRINCIPAL STREET IN RUSKIN.

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 \$861. The question of a dividend

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	52 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.

### A New "Ad" Scheme.

Advertising threatens to "break out in a new place. Many barber shops in this city have recently received from a corporation, officered with men of distinguished surnames, a circular proposing an ingenious enterprise. The company writes to obtain the privilege of posting advertisements on the walls and ceilings of barber shops at such points as shall come within the range of vision of persons that submit themselves to the hands of the barber and his assistants. It is the hope of the company that the barbers will yield up their wall space in return for so many shares of stock per chair in the company, and the glittering hope is held out that when the business is once well established the stock at a par value of \$10 will pay dividends of 50 per cent. annually. It is announced that the business is already established in 3,000 barber shops in Philadelphia.—New York Sun.

### Why Not Grow Beets?

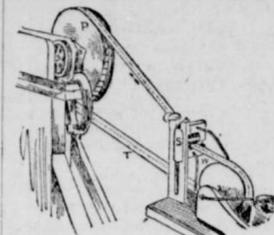
Germany has 1,900,000 acres of land in sugar beets, and France has 1,700,000. Ten or twelve tons of beets can be grown to the acre and will yield a ton of sugar. One million acres of sugar beets give a crop worth \$50,000,000. One million acres in corn at present prices give a crop worth \$2,250,000. Why not grow sugar beets?—Leavenworth Times.

Some people save money by not paying their bills.

### THE FUTURE TELEGRAPHY.

Every Man Will Prepare His Own Message Slip.

An increasing amount of attention is being given nowadays to the possibilities of rapid telegraphy. By the Wheatstone system, in which a previously punched strip of paper is fed into the transmitter, from 100 to 150 words a minute are now easily sent over a single wire, a speed which is three or four times that of the operator who manipulates a Morse key. By the Rogers system, not yet in general use, it is claimed that 200 words a minute can be handled and printed on

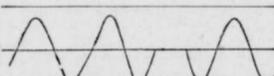


THE NEW TRANSMITTER.

a typewriter automatically. What is called the Delany system is still more rapid. But all these achievements and projects are surpassed by a plan described by Lieut. George Owen Squier of the Third United States artillery and assistant professor of physics at Dartmouth. In some experiments conducted by Lieutenant Squier, in cooperation with Prof. A. C. Crehore at Fort Monroe, a speed of 1,200 words per minute was actually attained, and the assertion is made that from 3,000 to 6,000 words a minute may be sent by the same system between points as far apart as New York and Chicago.

One great novelty about the new plan is that it utilizes an alternating current instead of a constant one. Now, if an alternating current be interrupted, and if the interruption occurs at just the stage of an alternation which is midway between a positive and a negative wave, there will be no spark, because the force which is flowing in one direction subsides to zero before it begins to flow in the other. What Messrs. Squier and Crehore propose, then, is to interrupt their current and restore it at just such "zero points" in the oscillation as this. But the sparks will not disappear unless the "make" and "break" occur at precisely the right instant; and thus a simple and valuable guide is afforded the operator in adjusting his apparatus. When he finds that sparking has ceased, he knows that his transmitter interrupts and restores the flow at the zero stage, and is working in perfect harmony with the particular frequency of alternation employed.

Now, let us suppose that the Morse alphabet, which is composed of dots and dashes, is to be tried with this system. In that case a break lasting from the beginning of a positive wave until its end might stand for the dot, and a break from the beginning of a positive wave, but continuing past its subsidence through the rise and fall of the



negative wave also, would make a dash.

The machine by which messages are sent with an alternating current, is very simple. A narrow wheel with a flat, narrow periphery is kept in rotation at a rate which is rapid and is equal to an integer number of cycles. Let us imagine, now, that the wire carrying the message is cut in two, and the adjacent ends are provided with flexible metallic tips, or "brushes," and that these two brushes rest, side by side, on the periphery of the wheel, and thence into the metal of the wheel, and thence into the other brush, so long as the wheel remains clean. If, however, a little patch of paper or other insulating material be attached to the periphery at a certain point, every time it comes around it will break the contact between one brush and the wheel, and thus open the circuit. As soon as the patch is past the connection will be restored.

This, however, was not the exact plan really pursued. In practice a long, narrow strip of paper was kept in motion by the wheel, just as a belt is by a pulley. This strip has been previously perforated with holes of different lengths, long or short, and carefully spaced. One brush rested on top of it, and the other pressed upward against it from below, the two being removed a short distance from the wheel, and situated one directly above the other. So long as the brushes were separated by the paper strip no current would flow, but when a hole permitted one to reach through and touch the other the current would be restored. The interruption and restorations of the current always occurred at the zero stage, between positive and negative waves, so that no sparking resulted after the brushes were once adjusted. The wheel P was geared to the dynamo so as to make one revolution to every 184 half-cycles. The perforated tape is indicated at T. The current wires are shown at W W, but the brushes are hidden by the adjustable support S. An actual speed of 1,200 words a minute was secured in this way, and three or four times that rate is said to be entirely feasible.

It is thought that a telegraph company of the future will fulfill a somewhat different function from the present ones. The company will own its own wires and rights of way as now, but the tendency of the offices proper will be to transmit and receive letters already prepared, rather than to undertake the preparation of the letters

as well. When the system comes into general use, business offices will have their own perforators, and it will become necessary for the operator to learn the telegraph alphabet as a part of his preparation as a stenographer and typewriter. The three-key perforating machine is comparatively inexpensive, but undoubtedly a machine could be devised at an early date, as an attachment to the present typewriter, for the purpose of perforating letters at the same time that they are being written by the typewriter in the usual way. These perforated strips of paper will be carried to the telegraph office, as letters are now delivered at the post-office, and the telegraph operator will slip the strip on the machine, and off will go the message.

### 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.

### 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



COUNTESS 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.

### For Dead and Mourner.

City life tends to make the funerals of its people less and less elaborate. Business keeps friends from attending the last ceremonies, till each year finds fewer and fewer of the deceased's companions accompanying the body to its last resting-place. This state of



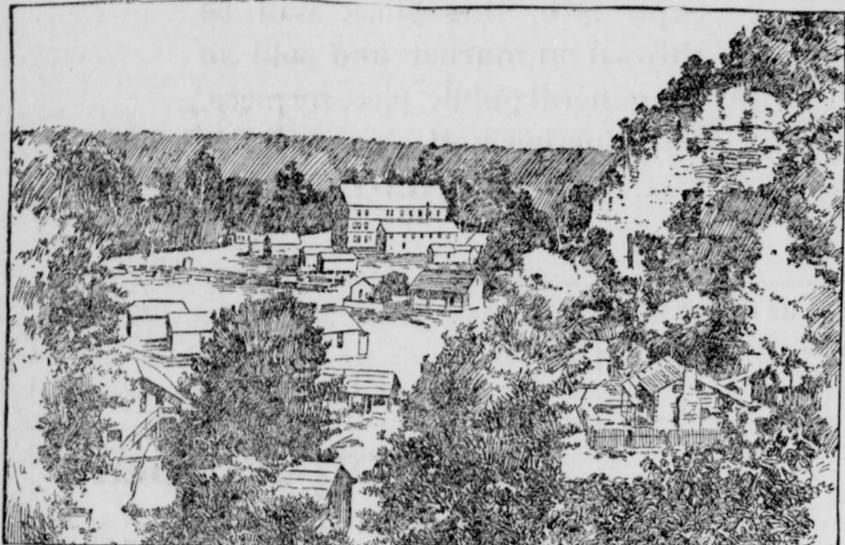
NEW FUNERAL CAR.

affairs has led to the introduction in New York of a combination vehicle for funerals, in which the coffin is placed at the top, with seats underneath for friends who wish to go to the graveyard. There is a special partitioned apartment for the relatives of the dead.

### Density of Deep Water.

So dense is the water in the deepest parts of the ocean that an ironclad, if it were to sink, would never reach the bottom.

Cupid steals a base every time lovers look at the moon.



GENERAL VIEW OF RUSKIN.

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



PRESIDENT J. H. DUDSON.

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 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

manufactories 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.

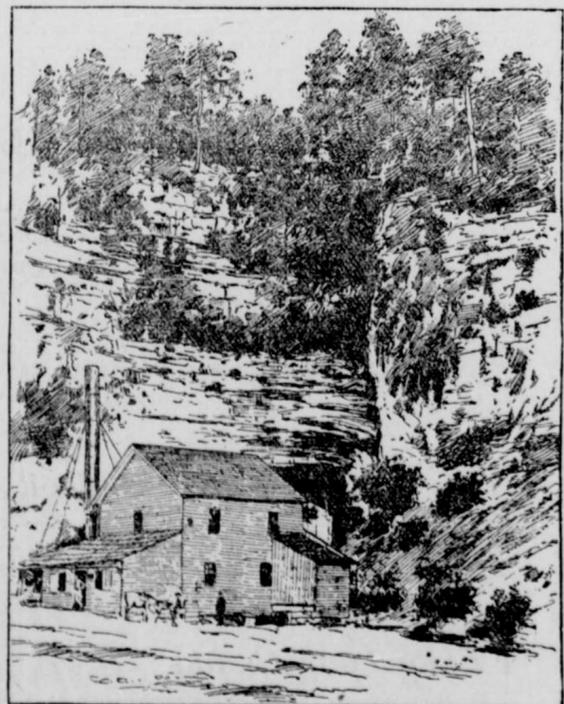
One thousand acres of beautiful forest land represents the stock farm. A three-story building contains the co-operative dining room and the theater, and in the library there are more than 1,000 books, chiefly on socialism and economics. The whole place radiates cheerfulness and energy. It would be hard to find in the working classes of

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,



ONE OF THE HOUSES.

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,



SAWMILL AND CLIFF.

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 in so small a town. There is a mortgage of \$9,000 on the farm, but 500 acres of fertile land can easily take

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.