

THE RUSKIN BUGLE.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, APRIL, 1906.

A GREETING.

DEAR FRIENDS: At last you will receive a BUGLE that you can read. You are entitled to one guess apiece as to how it comes to be so. I wish I could take time to answer individually each letter received, but when you count up the number that I receive and remember that I am state secretary of the Socialist Party, and that we are just organizing for a stiff fight, and that I have lots of letters to write for them, and that I make speeches and edit a column in the paper, besides working every day, you can see how impossible it is.

I want to call Elsie Funk's attention to the fact that Charlie McDill and not myself, married May Smith. I am still a bachelor. We had a good laugh over the mistake, which was perfectly natural, for she left Ruskin before we went to Georgia.

I always put the full address of everyone with every letter printed. I would like to have the addresses of C. A. Brown, J. A. Bond, Isaac Broome, George Britton, John Chilcote, Ed. Chilcote, Mrs. Davis, Dodge of Kansas, A. S. Edwards, Foulk, Grow, Lizzie Hurwitz, W. H. Horton, Frank Holeton, A. Holst, L. Justement, A. W. Jackson, Henri Jacobs, Maud T. Jines, Frank Jones (Sankey), Percy Miller, M. J. McCoy, Sylvester Mathern, J. H. Morrison, Mrs. Clarkson, Dan Nevinger, Miss Powell, Mrs. Ramsdell, Philip Satra, A. E. Sanderson, Paul Schneider and C. G. Taylor. That is enough for this issue, although there are still others that I want to find.

Every letter tells about how the writer enjoys reading the BUGLE, but in order to save space and get as many letters in the paper as possible, I have cut out all that pleasant reading. I have not tried to keep account of the stamps and money that has been sent to me to help the BUGLE on its way. This is purely a labor of love with me, and I do not intend to charge anything for what I do for it.

I have received perhaps twenty dollars which I will hold as a fund to aid any Ruskinite who may get disabled and need it. At present I am saving for a Western tour in which I will see as many Ruskins as possible; but remember that there is many a slip, etc., and I may stay at home.

When Lulu, now Mrs. J. N. Garrett, went home to Tifton, Georgia, she took May with her to spend the winter. May came home March first, after having a fine visit and having gained about fourteen pounds in weight. But the weather, which was fine all the time she was away, turned about and it has been cold and disagreeable ever since she got home.

Charley (whom you may perhaps remember better as "Son") and I are still working at the electrical trade and we are in the same shop. The boss raised me to \$3.00 the other day.

Billie Broeg and Flora have moved to McEwen, where he has gone in partners with Gwyn. They will start up a marble yard there.

Will Mercer and Zella stopped over on their way to their new home at 228 West Liberty street, Savannah, Georgia. The whole Ruskin crowd met the bride and groom at the station and we kept them awake until nearly midnight talking over old times. He is working for the Plant System.

J. T. McDILL,

Better known to all Ruskinites as "Tude" McDill.

From Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jardin, Ruskin, Tennessee.

I am sitting in my room in the Ministers' hall, better known to Ruskinites as Bachelors' Building. I am on the second floor. The big chimney runs through my room. Three other flues have been built and most of the building finished outside and in. Stone piers have been built instead of the wooden pins underneath. Yesterday a number of students moved in, making twenty people now in the house. It is being used as a dormitory.

The old printery has been repainted white with gray trimmings. The dining-room is the old press room, and the kitchen is where the old stereotype room used to be. The stock room is a class room and the rest of the lower floor is divided off into bedrooms for the girl students, all except the office, which is now the music room. On the second floor the mailing and composing rooms are now class rooms. McMahon's room is now the library, for which it was originally intended. The balance of that floor is bedrooms for the girls and lady teachers. The dining room on the third floor has been ceiled and painted and papered.

The Holiness people who now own the property put in most of their time here saying prayers and using all their arts in exorcising the spirits of those who believed in cussing a little. I attended an entertainment there Thanksgiving and I could see the spirits of the departed—could hear the different ones; and when a particularly strong prayer was offered I could hear old Bill Ribley and Lawson and Snyder—their ghosts would not down. Their entertainment was a good one, there being a great deal of music.

including three pieces by a band. Two of them were pieces our band used to play, and in my mind I could see the whirling forms and twinkling feet as the dancers whirled past me. When I looked at the curtain, Sir Isaac came to mind, but only to hear his cry of vexation, for this curtain is not so gaudy, but handsomer. It is a tropical scene with drapery about it. It is neat but not so loud.

The roof is now pierced by five chimneys and the chapel is now heated by three large stoves. Stoves are everywhere in place of the old time steam pipes. The old Boiler House is gone. It is clear down to Allen Field's house.

The Photograph Gallery has been moved back of the blacksmith shop and is not in use at present. Opposite the College the Taylor house is gone. The Smith house and the postoffice still stand. Then there is a gap down to the Coffee House, except for a new office building put up for President Smith. It is hard to place the buildings, as some have been moved away and in some cases two have been moved together and made into one. McCoy's house has had another one placed in front of it and it has been fixed up so that no one would ever know it. Where Stoll's house stood is a story-and-a-half house, possibly built up of the remains of two or three houses. Your old house (McDill's) has an addition. Some of the houses are used as stables, and some as chicken houses and so on through the list. From the Hill, ghosts of Gordon's and Lawson's and Blakely's houses, windowless and doorless, look frowningly down on the scene given over to the owls and bats. All the houses have brick flues, so we do not hear the fire alarm every day. Even the old Paint Shop has been papered and ceiled and it is here that your humble servant holds forth while here, getting out the college paper, the *Search Light*, and doing job work for them.

Down the creek Dodge and McLane are "batching" it at the chicken farm, with the chicken house for a composing

room and Rhode's house for a press room. They are starting a colony, but I don't know how they are making out. The Lawsons are all living in Washington now. Mr. Lawson has a position as superintendent of a printing department in the treasury building, printing internal revenue stamps. Charlesworth is at Carlisle, Tennessee, practicing medicine. We hear from him occasionally. Rosselle was in Jacksonville, Florida, the last I heard. Malcomb Rosselle is coxswain on the U. S. Ship Cincinnati. Rogers is in Memphis, connected in some way with the axhandle business.

MR. and MRS. ROBERT JARDIN.

From Dr. H. C. McDill, Sparta, Illinois.

Dora is cutting a wisdom tooth and has her mouth propped open like a gular door and has nearly starved. And Harp has his troubles too. You remember the Walsh bank failures in Chicago! Well, Walsh owned the Illinois Southern and now the road is tied up and is threatening to move the shops from here. Guess Walsh ought to be in the pen, but that won't help the men who are working for him here.

H. C. McDILL.

We had a family reunion New Year's day. Wish you could have been here. Flo. Meyers has been taking me out for a drive two or three times a week when the weather is good. They have an old plug that won't go out of a walk and won't stay in the road, but that makes no difference when you get used to it. I feel lots better and the drives do me good.

MOTHER (Mrs. H. C. McDill).

From Hattie Schofield, White Springs, Florida.

Hiram and Amanda are living at White Springs now. They live on one side of town and we on the other, and we get to see each other about every three weeks. Everybody has gone to see the show and I am staying at home to write a few letters. Walter is working at the carpenter trade, getting \$1.25 a day.

HATTIE SCHOFIELD.

From Lila and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sickles, El Paso, Texas.

Since I received your letter lots of trouble has befallen us. January 16th, 1906, we had a fine baby boy born to us. It was injured and lived only a few minutes. A week after that my dear sister Madge died with Bright's disease. She suffered something terrible. She was expecting a child soon. She had such a good husband and they had such a nice little home of their own not far from us. Will wants a copy of the "Ruskin Fire Brigade," by Tolu Taylor. Say, Tude, we could hardly read your last letter.

LILA.

MR. and MRS. W. J. SICKLES.

[I spoiled the last BUGLE after I had it printed, like a big dunce. I have no copy of the "Ruskin Fire Brigade," but would like to have a copy to publish in the next BUGLE. TUDE.]

From Mary Rohde, Cleveland, Ohio.

A great many of the families you mention in the BUGLE are strangers to us, but having once been Ruskinites made it all interesting to us. You mentioned all the Heastons except Mr. Heaston. Where is he? Did you know the Funk family at Old Ruskin? [Yes.] Elsie, the oldest daughter, is now Mrs. Watkins of Springfield, Ohio. I visited Alice McMahon this summer, the third time since leaving Ruskin. So you may see that in spite of the adversity resulting from our Ruskin escapade (perhaps you will think

The Ruskin Bugle.

J. T. McDILL, - Editor and Publisher

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(Continued from last page.)

that a little too strong) I am glad we were there because of some very dear friends that I met there. Earl Miller asks us to give our business and prospects. Gust. and Con. Doll are working at the Eberhard Malleable Iron Works. Wages are pretty good and work pretty hard. Otto works in a bar fixture shop and Albert is teaming for a brick company. Pa is making new shoes for a company. Lottie will graduate from the high school in the spring and then she expects to take a course at the Normal. I'm a milliner, but at present am working at home. Mother and Aunt Eva (Mrs. Doll) are always busy at home. With our family we are seldom out of work. As for our prospects, what prospects do wage earners ever have? I suppose it is very much the same with all of them. At present we are all well. Fortunately, through the cooperation of the boys, we have a home of our own. So much for good luck! There is one thing which the boys are doing which I must mention and that is, working for Socialism. Gust, and Otto and Albert are members of Branch 7. Albert is recording secretary. We girls are no less interested, but so far have not linked ourselves to the party. Kindly remember us to all the Ruskinites and especially your mother and father.

MARIE RHODE,
1532 Dickerman street, Cleveland, Ohio.

[Mr. Heaston died in Kansas City at his brother's about two years ago. We see Mrs. Heaston and Zula occasionally. I expect big doings in the Socialist party this summer and wish you girls could see your way clear to take an active part. Let me whisper in your ear: Now this is not for the men. Honestly now, men, in groups, are about as helpless as a lot of little kittens. They always wait for some other fellow to take the lead in all group movements, and they follow the first blatherskite that comes along. Women have more sense than men, anyhow, but even if they didn't have, when the women folks are present the men will try to act as if they had brains. That is why I want you girls to take greater interest in the Socialist party. TUDE.]

From J. E. Chase, Barry, Big Stone Co., Minn.

So long a time had elapsed since the last BUGLE, that we all thought it had gone bump. We can breathe the easier now and will try to get as much good out of life as possible under the system. We are still paying rent for the blessed privilege of working a half section of worn-out land, but if we are blessed with prosperity we will cut it out in a short time and see if we can't find a few acres of God's green earth that we can call our own.

J. E. CHASE.

From Victor Mardfin, 995 Dawson Street, New York City.

Gee, but aint we scattered? Pop met Dan Nevinger in the subway a few days ago and he is coming to see us. At present he is working as a carpenter. The Dimmicks live in Brooklyn. We see them every once in a while. Mr. Justement we used to see quite often, but he seems to have disappeared, as we have not seen him in some time. We see Casson and Mrs. Commander quite often!

At present they have a place in the Catskills. As for ourselves, we are still going along in the same old way with a little excitement now and then. The present state of affairs in Russia seems to depress Ma and Pa. My little brother, Emile, attends public school and still remembers your Jack-the-Giant-Killer act, when you smashed a lamp chimney in your fall from the bean-stalk. Sylvia has graduated from public school and now goes to Normal. Let us know of any Ruskinites in our vicinity. Mr. Casson's address is Pine Hill, New York. To-night Sylvia received a ticket to the best play now running in the city from him, "Peter and Paul," with Maude Adams as star. Mr. Casson is connected with *Munsey's Magazine* and the last issue had an article, "The Jews in America." This is the first of a series.

Our college play came off Friday night with a band. Many of our instructors were present. It sort of makes a fellow feel good to hear the teachers, our natural enemies, praise us; but honestly, the play was the best ever given by any class in the college. Cleopatra, a negro wench, was my part. After school, that is, 2:00 P. M., I am reading room assistant in the Mott Haven branch of the New York circulating library. Quite a nice way to earn a little extra. I notice in the BUGLE that Archie McDill has joined the church. I can sympathise with him, because I was in the same boat myself. I joined the Y. M. C. A. and soon absorbed enough of their teaching to come out as a full-fledged Christian. My parents and friends joshed the life out of me, but I stuck to my new ideas. Mr. Casson told me that my religion was like the measles, "very easily caught and soon passes away." It turned out that way. After hearing Mr. Pentecost I underwent a complete change and I guess I am all the better for it. Mamma has received a very nice letter from Mrs. Boerner from Paris, Tenn. I should like to correspond with Eva Gordon and Archie McDill and Don Calkins.

VICTOR MARDFIN.

995 Dawson Street, New York City.

From Josie Chase Gallinger, Barry, Minnesota.

We have a baby girl born July 29th. She is a fine big baby with black hair and eyes and we call her Myrtle Bell. She doesn't look anything like Grace, as Grace is very fair and has blue eyes and golden hair. Grace was two years old September 7th. Florence has a girl baby born July 4th and her name is Iril Irene. Didn't she celebrate the Fourth in a queer way? Allie has a fine team. He makes four dollars a day teaming. He has 40 acres of land in the pine timber land of Minnesota. Allie is a very good boy and is saving his money. Guy works at home yet.

O, May, how I do wish you could drop in and spend the afternoon! Wouldn't we have a great old chat? Do you remember the time that you and Flora visited Dixie? What fun we had the day we girls all went to Dixie with the old mule. I often think of the good times we used to have together. Do you ever hear from Alice McMahon? Where is she now? She was such a nice girl. Ruby, Inez and Mamma were up here a few days ago and I am expecting some of them up this afternoon. May Tubbs is still single. Maude lives in Canada and has four girls and a boy. If we only had my little Earle boy now we would have a fine little family. He would be going on four years old now; but it wasn't to be that way.

JOSIE CHASE GALLINGER.

From W. A. Paulus (Pete), 369 Linus Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dr. Stockwell didn't call on me, which was a disappointment. Since last writing to you I have visited Bob Rutherford and Ralph Kirsch. My wife and I spent two weeks with Bob and a Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at the latter's home in the big fish regions of Northern Wisconsin.

Mr. Rogers is an old time Socialist and he and Bob have made Socialism pretty well known among the farmers in that region. Although we didn't catch any record-breaking fish, we caught more than we could use of the biggest ones I ever saw. We saw lots of deer, too. I spent two weeks with Kirsch and wife in camp 25 miles from Manistee. Here the fish were not so big but they made up in number what they lacked in size. On the whole, I have been feeling like a bloated "plute" over the amount of pleasure-resorting done this year.

I am still peddling mail for Uncle Sam. My father-in-law is a mail carrier, too, and my wife's younger brother has secured a berth on the weather bureau. With an uncle carrying mail and a father on the police force, it looks as if this family was doing all it could to work for the government.

W. A. PAULUS (Pete).

From H. Chilcote, Mammoth Springs, Arkansas.

Socialism is growing in this country. I have all my neighbors reading the *Appeal*, and it has converted quite a few of them. Hassman is in Milwaukee. We receive letters from him frequently. He is a well-baked Socialist. Comrade Jensen is somewhere in Kansas. We corresponded for a time but I lost him. All the rest of the Ruskins that we know about are mentioned in your BUGLE. Our family is well scattered. John is in Tennessee. Ed and Edith (or Dot as we called her) are both married and are living in Akron, Ohio. Bart is in Des Moines, Iowa, also married. You know where Dora is. Sadie is at home. She is married, too. She is an invalid and has not walked in two years. Her little boy is three years old. Clolly, or "Jerry" (her Ruskin nickname), and Russell and Dottie are at home.

H. CHILCOTE.

From Joe Ellis, Pratt City, Alabama.

I have married since I came here and have two fine boys and they are all right. We went to see Charlie Smith not long ago. We visit each other quite often. Father is staying with us. We have been on a strike for over a year and I have been working away from home; and I tell you it makes a fellow scratch to pay board and carfare and make both ends meet.

JOE ELLIS.

From Eva E. Gordon, Dolores, Colorado.

Now begins a siege of about three months' night study and review for examinations that I must take in March, for my teacher's certificate runs out in 48 months from the time I was examined last. It is hard work for me to study nights, for I go to sleep in spite of all I can do. Father was elected to the Board of Irrigation Commissioners by a vote of about 2 to 1. They are trying to make a deal to buy the ditch system, which, when completed, will supply 60,000 acres with a million cubic feet to the 80 acres, storage water. They will have to do a great deal of work in the next year, for not half that capacity is made now and it must be completed by April a year from now.

You can see that I am listening to an argument. It is about the damage the ditch will do to us by cutting our farm half in two. Fred writes that a ten-pound boy arrived at their house on the 23d. I tried to persuade Abbie to make me a short visit, but the blamed railroads just simply take your breath away when it comes to traveling this side of Denver. My, but how I would like to visit Abbie and Millers. When I told Taylor Wilkerson about Archie McDill joining the church he said, "Well, I'll be doggoned! Wonder what he did that for?"

LATER: This evnig finds me at home very tired. Grace did not come to the school after me and I walked it (six miles). The snow is quite deep and soft, and the walking is very heavy, but I

made it in about two hours. Grace did not come because father was called away to Denver on business connected with the irrigation ditch and she had all the chores to do; feed the cattle and get in the wood, and milk, and one of the cows hid out and she had to hunt it. I fed the pigs and milked, but Grace is not done yet. Before you hear from me again I will know if I passed the examination. My school lasts about three months yet.

EVA E. GORDON.

From Ernest L. Uzel, San Francisco, California.

I suppose you got that photo all right that I sent you. Did you recognize it? Paul tells me that all the girls in Nashville are stuck on me: that is, on the photo. Of course the original is not in it. I just received a letter about it from my cousin in Nashville. She says it is a dandy. Well, I did not know that I had got so good-looking all of a sudden.

Well, say, Tude: I have located Ezra Taylor and Joe Sherwin and Steve Walsh. They are about 135 miles below San Francisco—South, I mean. Steve got my address from the State Secretary and wrote to me. They want me to come down and pay them a visit but I cannot on account of my pocketbook. I hope to be able to do so before long. Joe also wrote to me, but I have to guess at a good deal of Joe's letter. Joe says Steffis married a Mrs. Smith from San Francisco. She went to Chicago to meet him and then to Ruskin, Ga. She is now anxious to get away from Georgia. Ezra and Joe have forty acres in the Clark Colony and are raising a crop of onions. Steve is working for them but is thinking of getting some land for himself if everything goes right. By the way, Steve married a Socialist lady up in Seattle.

Mr. Clark, the promotor of the colony, lectured in San Francisco the other night and I went to hear him. His system seems very good to me. I did not know that was where Taylor was until he mentioned Greenfield as the postoffice. After the lecture I asked if Taylor and Sherwin were in his colony. He answered that they were and were good members and were well pleased with the colony. I send you a prospectus. Their address is Greenfield, Monterey County, California.

Well, I am well and feeling pretty good. I did have a touch of rheumatism but it is gone now. It has been quite cold but the rainy season is about over now. My elevator has been "on the bum" for a couple of days on account of the burning of a power station, but the wires were soon connected to another station and now she goes up and down as good as ever.

ERNEST L. UZEL,
503 California St., Corner Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

From Mrs. Abbie Braam, Fairhope, Alabama.

I will write what news I have got through the Ruskins here and otherwise. Doubtless you have heard some of it already, but you can fix this up to suit yourself and leave out what you want to. Mr. Braam has started an academy here on a small scale. He is teaching all forenoon and another gentleman is teaching in the afternoon. Irene and Elzvir Bell both attend the academy. Elzvir is as tall as his father now. Irene is almost as tall as I. Mrs. Bell has not been well this winter, but she is better now. She tells me that the De-Wolfs are in Evergreen, Alabama. They went there from here and are running a bakery and are doing well. Mrs. De-Wolf was very low with typhoid fever after they went there. She came near dying.

Mrs. Baldwin says John is in Indiana, working for the Railroad signal company. Mrs. Baldwin has been sick a good deal this winter. She is some better now. Grace Page tells me that Ferd

Clarke was found dead in bed at Charlie Clarke's in Oklahoma some time ago and was taken home for burial. Allie Kennedy was married February 2d to Mr. Alan Thomas. He is a brother to Kate's husband. Clara Jackson writes to Grace from Jacksonville, Florida. She hears from Grace Nevinger. Grace Nevinger is married and has a girl baby. I don't know who she married. Grace Hickling is married, too, but I guess you know about that, and she has a girl baby, too. Edgar Wilson was in Fairhope some time ago, but I did not get to see him. He is working in Mobile.

We had a baby show and Mrs. Jarley's wax works last night. Mr. Braam was Buffalo Bill and I was to be Mrs. Jack Spratt, but Mr. Jack Spratt didn't show up, so that let me out of it slick. Dr. Page was Rip Van Winkle.

Mrs. Bell says to tell you that they expect to move out on a farm about a mile from town as soon as they can build a house. They won't be very far from us. Grace heard from Mrs. Tull last week. She was glad to get the BUGLE! I wrote to Lila and Mr. Sickles but never got any answer. I got the address out of the BUGLE. I suppose we Ruskinites here will have another Annual Dinner the First Sunday in May. All Ruskinites are invited to attend. Fairhope is going to have a waterworks system soon.

Oh yes, Ethel Calkins sent her photo to all the Ruskins here. She sent them to Sheppards to distribute. Dan Sheppard is working in Mobile now. Emmett is clerking in the drug store here. Louie was employed at the hotel. Rienzie Bell is working in a department store in Mobile. Fairhope has a cement works now and a good many are building houses out of cement blocks. Well, now I guess I am through.

MRS. ABBIE BRAAM.

From Mrs. Dora McDill, Sparta, Illinois.

Well, Tude, it is a long time since I wrote you, but with all the trouble and sorrow that we have been through I couldn't get down to writing. Max's wife died and left two little ones—one of two weeks old and one of two years; a very hard blow to Max. And with the sickness at home that they have had for so long, Clolly is breaking herself down and I am afraid she will be to wait on. Sadie has had a very hard lot, and Clolly has the most patience of anybody I ever saw. While I was at the house I found I had more patience than I ever thought I had before. I wish I lived closer, so I could help them a little. I stayed longer than I intended, but it seemed as if I just couldn't make up my mind to come away; that I was needed there.

Frank Hooper Reudy has a girl baby, but I guess you have heard of it before now. Glen is going to school and is getting along very well and he is growing like a bad weed. I have a very sore finger—ran a sewing machine needle through it and it broke off.

You ought to see what an interest Archie McDill takes in the church. He don't amount to a hill of beans now, it's nothing but church with him. They held communion services here a couple of weeks ago and I remarked to Harp that I wished "Son" was here so we could hear what he had to say about it. We had a good laugh over what we thought he would say. Ma says, "Well, I wouldn't let 'Son' make fun of Archie and the church doings."

DORA MCDILL.

From W. J. and Jennie Morgan, Ashland, Pennsylvania.

I have been working nearly every day, including Sundays. I belong to the Nicetown Socialist branch and attend the meetings whenever I get a chance. We were very sorry to hear of the deaths of Mrs. Uzel and Mrs. Stokes and Mr. Schofield, and the families have our

kindest sympathy in their bereavement. I lost my father lately and I feel pretty sad myself, sometimes. Our oldest boy George has been living with his grandmother at Ashland, Pa., ever since we left Ruskin. He is getting to be an accomplished violinist. Howard and Sidney are with us. There are no Ruskinites in Philadelphia that I know of.

W. J. and JENNIE MORGAN,
Box 473, Ashland, PA.

From Lawrence Swanson, Baracoa, Cuba.

I have just arrived in the Hills in the West from Baracoa, Cuba, via New York, and stopped off at Detroit. I have been away two months and in that time have investigated the opportunities of Cuba and find Baracoa the place where under capitalism a man can live in a congenial climate amid an abundance of good things with the least struggle for existence. Land is very low at that place and I know of no state in the Union where the soil is more fertile and would produce as that soil does, given a like chance as to climate. For miles and miles the country is one emerald plain of coconuts, royal palms, bananas, coffee and chocolate, not to mention the many kinds of fruit and all kinds of vegetation, grasses, bamboos, and so forth, that go to make up a picturesque retreat for the man of small means. It seems that everything but apples and wheat grows, and fruits to a surprising degree. Plenty of good water, ocean, plains, mountains, valleys, anything you want, at from \$2 to \$20 an acre.

I expect to see following in our wake quite a few Socialists who have been corresponding with me in regard to locating at Baracoa so we can have a colony, not on the plan of Ruskin, but a colony of people whose ideas are somewhat in the same channel. We want to get away by the first of February, so please mail the next BUGLE to me at Baracoa, Cuba, and if any of the Comrades wish to know more about it, let them write me there. I have covered Cuba quite carefully and at Baracoa I find the greatest number of advantages with the fewest drawbacks. Passed through Tennessee City on my way South, but no familiar faces did I see.

LAWRENCE SWANSON.

From James and Susie DeWolf, Evergreen, Alabama.

I know that you will forgive me for not writing sooner when I tell you how it was all the time we lived in Fairhope. I was either sick or so tired I did not feel like writing. We came here in August and have been very busy ever since. Susie was sick two months. I started to work before I was ready and it seems as if I never will get things in shape. B. F. Hunter is still in Paris. He is doing fine. He sent us a picture of his shop with Helen and him at work. Of our Fairhope friends, I suppose you are as well posted as I. The last letter said they were all well and happy. Rienzie Bell has charge of the shipping department in a big store in Mobile. Mr. Coleman is the father of a baby girl, born February 16th.

JAMES and SUSIE DEWOLF.

BIRMINGHAM, Alabama.

DEAR TUDE: I am a good girl. Liela is here. She is a good girl. May had a toothache. Your little

NETTIE SMITH.

2413 6th Ave., N. Birmingham, Ala.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 22, 1906.

Miss Josie Heaston just now telephoned to May that her sister, Mrs. Eva Heaston Booth of New York, is visiting at the Heaston home and that her baby has the measles. May will go out there some day next week. Would go myself but I will be sent to Columbia for about three weeks Monday to do some work down there.

TUDE.

From Ernest Lyons, Fridley, Montana.

I am a red-hot Socialist and shall continue to be until we have the coöperative commonwealth. I have been trying to get word to Grow, but failed. O'Neill wrote me that he was in St. Louis but my letter came back. I am staying at home on the ranch. I have made a business of hunting for the last four years. I take out hunting parties and act as guide. We killed some very fine elk and mountain sheep last spring. Two other fellows and I killed eight bear, some of them very large. I have a party engaged for next spring. I have all the latest firearms, Colt automatic pistol, Winchester automatic rifles, 22 and 33, etc.

ERNEST LYONS.

From Jesse C. Lyons, Livingstone, Montana.

We are getting along nicely and have quite a little property. Our rents are about \$1.50 per day, and we have five tenement houses. I expect we have saved seven or eight shares of stock. We got back to Livingstone just before the town started to grow and lots that we paid \$30 for are selling for \$200. I am at work carpentering at four dollars a day, work nine hours in summer, and work for myself in the winter. Eggs are worth 50 cents a dozen, board \$20 a month. This is a high-priced country. If Earl Miller were teaching out here he would get \$90 to \$100 a month, instead of \$35.

I must tell you folks what I am trying to do. I have three lots where I live, on a little spring creek, which I offered to the Socialist Local if they would take it and make a public trout pond out of it. As they would not do it I went at it myself and dug it out and made it deep and stoned the edges and after lots of work I got a nice pond and put about fifty trout in it. This fall the government sent me 5,000 more. Now you had better believe that we have trout for further orders. Of course the fish that the government sent me are not large, but they are growing, and we will soon have fish to sell.

The Socialists here are slow to coöperate, but at last we have our own paper, when we get it paid for. We celebrated Red Sunday to day to commemorate the murder of the Russians.

JESSE C. LYONS,

223 S. G. Street, Livingstone, Montana.

From Ralph Kirsch, Manistee, Michigan.

I received the Ruskin BUGLE and it brings me back to some of the happiest days of my life and some that were not so happy. It brings me back to the times I love but have not time to think about, only for a thought or so; for when I stepped out into the treadmill of the struggle for existence I took a position with the Singer Sewing machine company and until recently have been a galley slave for them. The last two years I was a slave driver, having sometimes as many as eighteen to keep in line. It kept me so busy that I only realized there was an outside world when I heard children crying when their banks were robbed to save the family sewing machine. What little time I could spare I used to spread the gospel of Socialism. The first of April I resigned my position and since then I have more time to myself. Aside from a few sick spells we have enjoyed good health. Mrs. Kirsch is enjoying the best of health and we are enjoying the comfort of a big fat girl, five years old this month, who is the very picture of health.

RALPH KIRSCH,

276 5th Avenue, Manistee, Michigan.

From Lulu Lawson, Ballston, Virginia.

I hear that Ruskin has been improved by the use of whitewash and that the printery has been repainted. I wish it was all the old people who were there instead of those wonderful sanctified ones. We are living about four miles

from Washington. It is much nicer than in town. We are on the electric road, so that papa can easily go to work in the mornings. Elziver is in Niles, Ohio, taking a course in the Harris shops, learning to make presses. He expects to be gone three years. He spent Christmas with the Lonsburys in Akron, Ohio. They have a little girl named Mildred. The last I heard from Ethel Calkins she was in Council Bluffs, Iowa, studying the violin. She wrote that Lizzie Kane was dead and that Ray Edwards had married a Miss Helen Decker. Mr. Dodson lives at 1813 Albion Street, Los Angeles, California. Myrt Rogers lives at 725 Marr, Memphis, Tennessee. He is a contractor for a lumber firm. I wish that we might have a good old Ruskin reunion at Ruskin, Tennessee, some day.

LULU LAWSON.

From C. J. Carnegie, Donora, Pennsylvania.

Mighty glad to hear from you. Why aint Tude married? Where is Harp and Dode? Do Tude and "Son" play in a band? [No.] I do. H-ll is to pay at our house from morn till night. It's hustle and sew and bake and clean house and fix up beds. Any old thing goes and I ain't had a square meal in three weeks. All because two young neices of nine are coming to spend the holidays. Well, once more I am in the merchant class. I bought the oldest established shoe store in the town, \$2,500 stock; am doing nicely. Zella is to be married to Will Mercer December 28th and they are going to live in Savannah.

C. J. CARNEGIE.

From Dolly Carnegie, Donora, Pennsylvania.

No, I didn't faint when I got your letter, but many shocks like that would end me. I suppose Zella told you all I know. Were you surprised to see her? We got a letter from her the other day. She likes Savannah. I had to stay in the store to-day, for C. J. has gone to Pittsburg. Do you know Mrs. Holt's address? Gerald is a big boy now and goes to school. I can't realize that he is mine when I look at him. He is so large that he thinks that he is the boss of the shanty. He is in the third grade. Dode owes me a letter. I wrote her a long time ago. When Will was here, C. J. would tell how good he was when he went to those street carnivals, and then Will would tell what he really did do and we nearly killed ourselves laughing. I told Will if he kept that laugh up he would either grow so fat he couldn't walk or else shake it all off.

DOLLY CARNEGIE.

From L. Hathaway, Erie, Pennsylvania.

After reading of the use the printery at Ruskin has been put to I believe more than ever that my grandmother was right and was a prophet when she said the dark ages were just beginning. I am fast losing my angelic disposition on account of the rank stupidity of the natives around here. Mostly Dutch Catholics, interbred with Irish bigots. This week the capitalists begin legal proceedings to test the legality of the Chinese exclusion act, and of course it will be knocked out and then we can all grow pigtailed and learn to eat rats. You will be surprised to learn that the puny little ghost, Henry, now weighs 52 pounds. But he has cost several dollars a pound and is still doctoring. Do you ever hear of Dimmicks? [No.]

L. HATHAWAY,

509 East 5th Street, Erie, Pa.

From C. W. Clarke, Edmund, Oklahoma.

Poor Ferd was here about four months ago and was feeling so strong and well just about a week before he was found dead in bed at Sprague, Oklahoma, about fifty miles from here. I took his remains to Arkansas for burial. All the family were at home except Thad. Alden came

home with me. So did Kenneth, who is working for me. The boys are all men now and I am proud to say without an exception they are steady and sober and industrious.

It was pretty cold here but I don't think my garden was hurt. I have two acres of strawberries and one of blackberries.

What do you think of the Moyer and Haywood and Pettibone proceedings? Is it the beginning of the end? If so let us put our shoulders to the wheel.

I see Mr. Bennett and family quite often. Just received a letter from O. H. Elliott. They are all well. You can kick any old brush pile or straw stack around here and out pops a Socialist.

C. W. CLARKE.

[The Moyer case is important because it is the first time in history that the working class has said in plain language to the master class, "Better go slow." It is the end of capitalism now. But I don't look for the final disappearance until 1908, when the danger of the Socialist party disturbing the credits of the great financial institutions of the country by adverse legislation will cause a fall in stocks and bonds that will greatly aid us in our campaign. TUDE]

From W. R. Hudson, Rhonesboro, Texas.

It rained and rained last year until I made a very sorry crop. We paid \$125 rent on the land and we did not come out with anything except out of debt. I am the loneliest man in Texas. I haven't seen a Socialist since I've been here. I can't even get a man to argue with me. Socialists are thick at Grand Saline, about 35 miles from here. I have a notion of moving out there.

W. R. HUDSON,
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 46, Rhonesboro,
Texas.

From Clara Smith, Birmingham, Alabama.

I am awful tired, as Monday is a busy day with working people. I like my job fine. Everybody is so good to me. I have made just one mistake since I have been there. I got my pay, \$2.25. The boss said I did fine. It was awful lonesome at our house after you left. Miss Ludie has weaned Elbert. He gets sweeter every day and he never wakes up at night. He sits up in his chair and plays the piano on the table when I tell him to. He calls me sister just as sweet. The peach trees are all in bloom, but the paper says frost to-night, so I guess we won't have much fruit.

CLARA SMITH.

From James S. Tull, Dalton, Georgia.

If I were younger and able to do my part I would like nothing better than to join a good colony in some locality where the outside influences could not break us up. I am glad to learn that so many of the comrades are sticking to Socialism.

JAMES S. TULL.

From James Hooper, Cleveland, Ohio.

I suppose the BUGLE is out of print, as I have not seen one for some time. Of course it can not keep up without contributors. I suppose I would make a poor correspondent for a newspaper. I felt like crying when I thought the BUGLE had gone to the wall [written just before Christmas]. I will say that in spite of the failure of the Ruskin Colony, so far as continuance was concerned, there was something in it that bound hearts together, akin to that above. I believe that we have had more Ruskins to visit us than any other family. Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Read, Max Read, Miss Powell, the Chilcotes, the Rhodes, the Dolls, Austin Connor, Ray Edwards, Ed. McMahon, Louis Justement, Alice McMahon and Charlie Lonsbury. Justement was the last. He was selling a Business Men's directory. He was trying to find us and had been to a house

or two where people named Hooper lived, and had about given up the search when he met Reudy in the public library. He looked the picture of health and was doing well at the time. They were going to Germany in August to visit their son, who is attending school over there.

The mail man has just come with the BUGLE and I will stop to read it. I don't know how it looks to you, but to me it looks as if we are drawing near the end of the present commercial and social and religious system. God hasten the day.

Frank has a girl baby about two months old. I wish you would send me C. W. Smith's address. I am thinking about making some Ruskin suspenders and I want his advice.

JAMES HOOPER,
1872 Harvard Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
[Smith lives at 2413 6th avenue, North Birmingham, Alabama. TUDE.]

From Nancy Hudson, Rhonesboro, Texas.

Papa is plowing this afternoon to plant corn. John has another boy, Elmer Claude, born November 17th. He is living at Atlanta, Cass County, Texas. Papa is talking of going West. I hope he will, for I am tired of chills and asthma, and I have both here. His health is not so good as it was in Ruskin.

NANCY HUDSON,
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 46, Rhonesboro,
Texas.

From James Simpson, El Paso, Texas.

Dear friends and brothers and sisters: I received your very kind letter a few days ago. We have lived in this city a little over two years and the longer I stay here the better I like it. My daughters are both married and are doing well, and Jud's health is so much improved. Coming out here we were driven 150 miles through the Indian territory and lived and ate and slept with the Indians, who are quite well-to-do and have lots of cattle and horses and sheep and pigs. Many of them have white men working for them. We then went to Kansas City, where the great flood held us several days. We traveled all over Kansas and the Northwest. We thought to come to Tennessee again but wife and the children wanted to see Lila and Sickles and Cephus, so we came here. We found them living in a neat four-room house, brick, with an "L" kitchen and bath room and shade trees and water works and right in the center of town; and all paid for. I bought that house and now they are living over in East El Paso.

Our Jud is taller than I. He is about the size of Charlie McDill in Ruskin. Midge's husband learned his trade in the shops in Pittsburg, Pa. He paints and letters locomotives here. W. J. Sickles has a run on the Rio Grande to Santa Fe, and is at home half of the time. He gets from \$100 to \$125 a month. This is a letter for all.

JAMES SIMPSON,
515 Virginia Avenue, El Paso, Texas.

From J. K. Calkins, Cody, Wyoming.

DEAR DOC: Two or three nights ago we had a sort of Ruskin night at our house. We got out an old file of the *Coming Nation* and read your "Colony Notes" and talked the old times over until we all had tears in our eyes. We came across the invitation that I sent you to take dinner at the Chicken Farm with us, as reported by you, and lots of other funny things. How one's call iron heart softens in going over those old times! Yes, Doc, they are worth all they cost in heartaches and disappointments, and as time rolls by, with its softening influence, I remember only the bright and happy occasions and can think of all the old comrades without any feeling of bitterness. What a crowd that was! We will never see their like again!

Miller wishes to know how we are all getting along. We came here two years ago with \$300 and went to work run-

ning a paper and in debt. We now have property worth perhaps \$5,000 and are doing a business of about \$4,000 a year. For two years Mrs. Calkins set practically all the type for the paper and I did all the rest of the work. Now we have a \$1,200 type-setting machine and all the presses and machinery necessary, including a gasoline engine. We have just moved into our new stone office, 25 by 80 feet in size, and rent our old office. Our rentals bring \$50 per month. Later we hope to erect a fine residence, as we have a lot in town, close to the irrigation ditch. We have 70 fruit trees, a lot of small fruit doing well, and a \$100 Jersey cow, a pony, a colt and sheep. Oh, yes, and 50 fine chickens that are laying 40 cent eggs right along.

Ethel is home this winter for the first time in several years, except for a few days at a time. She has become very proficient on the violin. She had two years with the best German professor in Omaha. We hope to send her to Germany to finish. The small fry are doing well in school and out. Don is helping with the presswork in the office. This is a great country and I wish some of the Ruskins were here to help share the unearned increment that is being produced by the fostering care and labor of the National Government, which is spending \$2,500,000 for irrigation works within six miles of our town.

My U. S. Commissioner business helps out nicely, as I occasionally have a \$25 to \$50 day, and seldom a day that brings in less than a dollar. Of course living expenses are high here, but opportunities more than square accounts. Jesse Lyons wrote me that he was thinking to start a colony but I begged him not to try it.

J. K. CALKINS.

From Elsie Funk, Springfield, Ohio.

MR. AND MRS. J. T. MCDILL (or rather, May and Tude, as we used to know you in Ruskin): I received a copy of the Ruskin BUGLE the other day. It seems so long ago since those happy Ruskin days that it seems more like a happy dream than stern reality. I sent the copy to my folks, who are living at Bellefontaine, Ohio. You asked about Clyde and Ray and my father. Father is still working at the carpenter trade. Clyde is a photographer and is still unmarried. And we buried Ray seven years ago at Rustburg, Tennessee. He

died with acute Bright's disease. I suppose you remember Fred. He is a man grown now and is a salesman in Lexington, Kentucky. I am the only one married in the family. My mother is well. Do you know what has become of the Knorrs? Jennie used to be quite a friend of mine. [They live at Fryatt, Arkansas. TUDE]

ELSIE FUNK.

(Address care Mrs. W. O. Watkins, corner North and Center streets, Springfield, Ohio.)

From W. S. Baldwin, Fairhope, Alabama.

All Ruskinites living around here are well. Our group is not so large as it was. At present it consists of Bell, Braam, Baldwin, Shepperd, Percy Stokes, Grace Page, Celeste Davis and Mrs. Otto. Partridges live at Highland, North Carolina. The old man was here a few weeks last fall. Physically there does not seem to be much change in him since he used to be mowing in Ruskin. Rienzie Bell and Dan Shepperd are clerking in Mobile. Mr. Braam lives about two miles out of town and at present he is the principal of the George Academy, which he is trying to establish here. He has a number of students and we all are wishing him success.

Percy Stokes is keeping bachelor's hall at the old place. His sister bought the interest of Toney Hackett, who has gone to Arkansas. John Baldwin is working for the Union Switch and Signal Company and at present he is in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He does not stay more than a few weeks in any one place and has travelled pretty much all over the East. The rest are plodding along, trying our best to make a living. We would be glad to entertain any Ruskin that will favor us with a visit. N. O. Nelson was down here a few weeks ago and was favorably impressed and is backing up the building of water works. Besides this he has secured some colony land which will be improved and placed under a high state of cultivation and then either rented out or worked by a few people cooperatively. He is surely a grand man. What a pity there are not more like him. Socialism is increasing here as well as in other sections of the country. We are distributing a good many copies of the *Appeal* and of *Wiltshire's*.

W. S. BALDWIN.

A FAREWELL WORD.

Now I have copied the news out of every letter that I have received. If I don't hear from you before June I can't get out any BUGLE for July. I want to get it out every quarter and will miss only when I have no news or when my work takes me out of town.

May is getting up a souvenir postal card album, and that will give you an excuse to write to her. She will be glad to exchange postals with every one of you. *But I want letters! Must have letters!* Of course I can't answer them all in detail, for I have so much else to do, but the news they contain is of interest to every one of us, and I want that news for coming numbers of the BUGLE.

TUDE MCDILL.

P. S. Maybe I had better give my full address:

J. T. MCDILL,
469 Humphrey Street, Nashville, Tennessee.