

LIVING IN ALTRURIA

Peace and Pleasure of Community Life in The Howell Mountain

THE CARES OF THE WORLD SHUT OUT

Absolute Equality Exists Among All Members of the Community and Serenity and Kindness Per-vade Everywhere

Mrs. E. Buckingham of Vacaville, who is known as the queen of California fruit growers, is at the Palace hotel, after a visit to the mountains of the north, says the San Francisco Examiner. She tells of a strange community residing on Howell mountain, a few miles back of St. Helena, so singular that she cannot get over the impression received of it.

The community, which is Altrurian in character, consists of about 100 people of all ages, but mostly adults. It was founded some time ago and has got upon a prosperous basis, but owing to the quiet ways of the community and the secluded mountain vale in which they live apart from the rest of the world little has been heard of them.

The little cluster of houses of all kinds which form the location of the queer colony are at the end of the valley on the great mountain. Two or three large mounds rise in the open valley, and all about are pine and fir trees. So undulating and picturesque is the valley, that looking from one of the buildings on the brow of the mountain upon the undulations seem like the waves of the sea. There is an abundance of the sweetest clearest water there. It gushes from springs and comes down the mountain in brooks, but none of the water is mineral.

There is one very large house, which is used as a hotel, and six or eight cottages, besides any number of tents which have been utilized by the Altrurian settlers. The buildings are heated by steam. There is an elevator in the hotel for the convenience of guests. There is also a steam laundry in the village.

"There is no ambition, no malice, no harsh words for anybody or anything, and no restlessness of spirit," said Mrs. Buckingham. "All is quiet and peace and contentment. They seem to know nothing of the great outside world nor care for it. It is such a calm, such a state of contentment, as I have never seen or heard of before."

WHERE ALL ARE ON AN EQUALITY.

"Everybody is treated with perfect equality, no matter what his position. When I went there I was conducted to my room and pleasantly made to feel at home by one of the ladies. Pretty soon a fair, fresh-faced girl came in and I was introduced to her as Miss So-and-So. 'She will take care of your room, you know,' said the former. Thereupon the girl, who was the chambermaid, came forward and reached her hand. I shook hands with her and then she, as pleasantly as possible, but exactly as one's solicitous friends might do, asked me what she could do for me."

Thereupon she made all the arrangements even down to details, as to my hour for baths, for meals, for hot water, and everything of that kind. Her manner was very pleasant, and everyone about the retreat in the mountains was as kind and considerate as possible. I found the Rev. Dr. Lathrop there, who used to be an Episcopal clergyman here; Mrs. Judge Mee, and others. They had found it, as I had, a wonderful place for a nervous person, for the atmosphere of the place precludes worry or excitement.

The girl who took charge of my room was one of the helpers, the man who ran laundry was another, and the elevator boy another, yet these and other helpers were always referred to as brother and sister, and were so introduced, and were treated on a perfect equality with everybody else. They likewise talked as freely and openly with everyone as though such a thing as caste and class had never existed or been thought of. This it was that they were all brothers and sisters in fact.

The elevator boy one moonlit night stopped his elevator to look out of the window and talk. 'O, I thought,' he said, 'as I saw this bright moon, how I would like to go out and sit and be bathed in its light.' He talked on, entertaining me thus, impressing me singularly with the great contrasts between the inside and the outside world.

"Likewise I happened to meet and be introduced to the man who ran the laundry. He was introduced as brother, and he reached his hand to shake hands. I took it; then he said, perhaps I would like to see how the laundry worked. So I went down and he showed me every little part, taking as much interest in it as could be imagined. He was so nice and gentle and he and all the others seemed so sincere that it was not in my heart to meet this sincerity in any other than in the same manner it was given.

CONCERNING RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

"The community has about 130 acres of land. About the buildings are beautiful grass plots and flowers of all kinds. These are variegated, and so beautiful that whether near or remote the place at the head of the mountain vale looks like an Eden."

"There is an orchard of fig, pear, peach and other trees, and vines producing berries. There is also a dairy connected with the place. Dairying is one of the industries. The members of the community also make hay from the wild lands of the valley."

"They require no conformity to existing religious beliefs, but let everyone settle it according to his own conscience. Most of the founders are Seventh Day Adventists, but they never engage in anything like proselyting."

"The first morning after I got there the elevator stopped on my floor and pretty soon there was a gentle tap on the door. 'Elevator for prayers.' And all over that floor I could hear that gentle tapping and that unobtrusive, kind voice saying, 'Elevator for prayers,'"

"I went down for prayers. I was strangely impressed in this new and quiet atmosphere of this place which seemed more restful than any other I had ever been. However little or much you might be inclined to be skeptical of their judgment outside, you could not feel it right to indulge in it there."

"Finally I missed the tapping and the strange voice which had in such a winning way said, 'elevator for prayers,' and do you know, I really felt disappointed, somewhat forgotten, and ventured to inquire about it. 'Oh, we didn't want to intrude in any way,' was the kindly response, 'but hoped, if you felt like it, you would come anyway, but we were afraid you might not be quite pleased and so we let it go.'"

"I told them I wanted the elevator to stop and to hear the voice and the kindly tapping every morning, and when it continued again I felt almost as though I was myself one of the community, with something of the same purposes."

"There was another voice that used to be heard in the halls at each door. It was very kind, too, but not so winning as the other. It merely said 'hot water! hot water!'"

THE BODY IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

"There is a gymnasium in the place and every evening the help, as the employees are called, would assemble with all the others. There is a skilled teacher of gymnastics there and he gave sundry instructions of interest. They do not dance, properly speaking, but on these occasions they indulge in marching and counter-marching, and they also formed the grand right and left."

"It was a queer, swinging kind of a motion, all done to the music of a piano. In many respects the men and women were like children, yet children in school are interested in parties and things of that kind. These grown children had other things to talk about, yet they were so simple and quiet as to make them remarkable as subjects for contemplation."

"What seemed to me a peculiarity of striking character was the way they treat their people they call the helpless. They were all simply like a lot of good children. They were not like actual men and women in the world."

"Among the members of the community I saw one old man, who being a native of Smyrna, in Asia, was supposed to know something especially about figs, and part of his work was to employ himself in the orchards. He was an Armenian, and had been a trader in Constantinople. It appears that some years ago some of the adventist missionaries, who have been scattered to all parts of the world, had fallen in with him and he had been converted to their faith."

"There is a board of directors that rules the affairs of the community. One Dr. Maxon is manager of the affairs of the hotel, but there are three or four other physicians about there. Every conceivable kind of a bath may be had."

Tyranny of Mind.

BY FRANK A. MYERS.

The supremacy of intellect has long been acknowledged and praised. And this supremacy and acknowledgement thereof were right as long as mind was directed towards the study of those things that bettered mankind and advanced the general welfare and interests of men. When intellect wrought for men instead of self, they were better, the circumstances of life were different, the opportunities of labor self-made, and the chances of living more equal."

But to-day the pressing commercial world has directed the powers of mind into gainful channels, and that begets trust-barons and slave-drivers and pinched poor. At this time mind is used to coerce physical powers to the end of gain and greed. The mental tyranny of the captains of trade is worse now, I believe than the condemned thralldom of slaves. Men are now slaves of necessity, bound hand and foot by the chains of soulless trade which has been absorbed by a few money kings. Labor is no longer free; it must work or perish. The avenues of existence have been largely taken by money power and brain skill, and labor is reduced to the necessity of engaging itself to accumulated wealth or starving. It is Hobson's choice."

While it is a generic fact that no one is under any obligation or economic law to employ another against his will, it ought to hold good by parity of reasoning that no one should be obliged to work for another against his inclination. That is, the circumstances governing existence should be alike to all when they are born into the world. And here the right of accumulating fortunes is seriously questioned. We would not impair the rights of individualism, but going back to the root of the evil we do condemn the tyranny of intellect."

The unholy law of competition has sharpened men's mental powers to prey upon one another, and has developed the sense of selfishness instead of altruism. Hence, when the poor man is born into the world today he discovers that competition has robbed him of his birthright and absorbed the avenues of labor. It is unnecessary to argue the plain fact that the means of labor ought to be open to all alike; but mind has, by the right of squatter sovereignty, practically taken all the avenues of labor and left nothing for the poor man. He is upon the earth the same as the rich man, and is entitled by divine right to as many privileges to live as the more favored. That he does not get them clearly exhibits a wrong somewhere. As said before, mind tyranny is at the bottom of it all. It has cornered the rights of toil, lobbied through legislative bodies laws fortifying its own unjust claims, and the poor employee is left with barely the privilege of living upon the legally fenced face of the earth. It has come to be that he is always treading on somebody's "grass." If misdirected mind goes on enslaving him he will soon be asked, "What right have you to live?" And then the pathos of the situation will be that he has no answer and perhaps even no right to answer."

To regulate this idea of mental tyranny will touch the assumed prerogative of



IRRIGATION MILLS.

There is no more important question before the farmers of Nebraska today, than that of irrigation. Irrigating from the rivers can be done only to a very limited extent, and even when this is done there are not many who like to deal with large companies owning ditches and be governed by the many conditions that are usually agreed to. Those having an irrigating plant of their own are independent, and irrigating with wind power is no longer an experiment, but a tested success."

The Goodhue Windmills have long been known for their great success in running machinery, a number of sizes being made for this class of work. They have for some time been making large mills for irrigating which have demonstrated the fact that an irrigating plant can be installed that will be perfectly permanent. One 18-foot mill will irrigate from 20 to 40 acres, according to how high the water is to be raised. They have located special irrigation agencies in this state covering the territory where this kind of irrigation can be best used, and from them anyone can obtain complete equipments and make their land very valuable and produce abundant crops. These agencies are as follows:

- E. A. Smith, Chappell,—Deuel county, and west to state line.
Hershey & Co., North Platte,—Lincoln, Logan and west to the east line of Deuel county.
Patterson, Dunn & Gunn, Lexington,—Dawson south part of Custer, western part of Buffalo and northern part of Phelps and Gosper counties.
G. W. Codner, Gibbon,—eastern part of Buffalo and northern part of Kearney county.
C. W. Hodgins, Bartley,—All of Red Willow county.
W. B. Votaw & Bro., Maywood,—Frontier and eastern part of Hayes counties.
Call on the nearest agent or write the manufacturers stating the distance to water, and height that water must be raised from level of water in well, or its natural level, and whether water is found in sand and gravel beds, or from open wells, or draws that have been dammed up. They can then give all particulars in regard to size and style of pump to be used and amount of land that can usually be irrigated with the different sized mills.
These mills and pumps for irrigating are made by THE GOODHUE WIND EN. GINE CO., St. Charles, Illinois.

men to accumulate property beyond their needs and physical comforts. Not every prescriptive right is an economic right. Therefore prescriptive rights and selfishly made laws are not of necessity economically or divinely right."

But we are not ready here to suggest a remedy, or say how accumulations should be regulated. It is but trite to say that without accumulations the avenue of labor will be firmly closed. There will be none at all. But as things are, there is something wrong somewhere in our mental and social framework that will allow one to abstract what belongs to another and retain it by reason of difference of social position and mental superiority.—American Federationist."

Would Have an Industrial Commonwealth

Very few men, I think, understand the why and wherefore of the questions which vex and agitate society. Not one in a thousand know the cause nor the remedy. To my mind the whole thing is as the weaver's shuttle—our country and the whole civilized world, is in a transition state. Everything is in the mill and is being ground over."

The philosophy of the whole thing is this: Since some of us old men were born there has been more labor-saving machinery invented than had been in thousands of years before, so that now 85 or 90 per cent of the labor of the world is performed by machinery, and every day almost some one is bringing on the stage other labor-saving devices, making the demand for wageworkers less and less, while on the other hand the army of wageworkers grows larger and larger every day, so that the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, or capital and labor, gets wider, deeper, and darker every day."

This is the whole question in a nutshell. Now the next step to take in order to understand the vexing problem is this: Our competitive system (every fellow for himself if the devil does get the balance) founded on interest or usury has created a class of men called capitalists. They own the labor-saving machinery and get all the benefits, and with 10 or 16 per cent of the army of wageworkers they can, with the machinery, produce all that can be sold in the markets of the world, and the balance of this army of wageworkers are left out in idleness to starve or steal or fight, and they are doing a little at it all now."

The foregoing explains the whole question. Society boils like a tempest-tossed sea, and under our present system it will continue to boil until an explosion takes place. We must have a change of systems. We must have a system under which every member of society will share a just proportion of the benefits of labor-saving machinery. If it can't be made to benefit the whole of society then the world would be in better condition without it. But if society can be made partakers of its benefits then no one would need to labor more than three or four hours a day, or less than that, because machinery does three-fourths or more of the labor of the world now. That system which the world needs, and must have, is a co-operative commonwealth. The capitalists control the governments of the world, and they resist any change. Society and business systems are now exactly as they want them. It is like the foolish father that tries to make his 15-year-old boy wear the same pants that he wore at 10 years of age. Uncle Sam has outgrown his boyhood clothes and is going to kick out of them. The two old parties are trying to make him wear the boyhood suit, but the People's party propose to dress him out in manhood's clothes, splinter fire new."

The coming system is sometimes called nationalism, sometimes the co-operative commonwealth, sometimes national socialism. The name doesn't amount to the ashes of a rush. It is the thing which the world needs, must and will have. The outline of the system is this: Every-

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