

Highlands For Health

"I'D LIKE to come to Louisiana, but, oh, the malaria! I just couldn't risk my health there."

Every mail brings a wail of this kind in at least one letter. Louisiana has been adversely advertised. Its climate is described by one ex-California enthusiast as being equal to California, Southern California, too! Its healthfulness is second to no part of the country. Not even the high, dry air of the desert can claim advantage over the Highlands of Louisiana.

This is an extreme statement. But it has a firm foundation in truth. Every "oldest inhabitant" of this district is rugged and strong. All agree that the place is a healthful one in which to live. Even persons who have been troubled with lung weaknesses and bronchial weaknesses have found the climate here beneficial.

Louisiana is a state of varied conditions. It has its swampy district, and it is these districts that have been told of in song and story, in descriptive accounts, and in narrative. They lend themselves naturally to such accounts. Therefore, they have figured largely in them. Longfellow takes Evangeline through the swamps of Louisiana and in the endless inter-connected bayous (say it by-o) she passes Basil without knowing it. Every child reads the wonderful story of "Evangeline," and the description of the bayous and swamps and the lowlands of Louisiana remain firmly in mind. Hence Louisiana became a land of dismal swamps and is remembered as such. Its Highlands are unadvertised. No Evangeline has yet brought them to the notice of the world.

The Highlands of Louisiana are well drained. There is no standing water. There are no alligators. Few indeed, are the mosquitoes. Malaria is unknown, almost. Yellow fever never gets closer than several hundred miles. The Highland district of Louisiana will compare favorably for health conditions with any part of the United States. This statement can stand unqualified. It is a pleasant and a healthful place to live, a land where opportunity is just beginning to show herself, where she is now timidly knocking, and where doors are still shut to her. But the tapping is arousing a few. The day of the Highlands is just dawning.

There is the scent of the pines in the Highlands, the balm of health in the breeze that blows from them. Came to the Highlands not long ago, several persons who had been ordered by physicians to live in the high, dry atmosphere of California. They had been told that continued health depended upon it. Yet these persons are better here than there.

Hundreds of miles of the Highlands have been covered with timber, the famous long leaf pine, oak, gum, beech, and many other kinds of timber, many of them valuable. Now the timber is fast disappearing. High prices have placed a premium on it and the great mills are taking the trees as fast as labor can cut them down. This is the lumberman's harvest, and he is not blind to the opportunity. Rapidly the parishes of Western Louisiana are being denuded. The era of the real builder of wealth is just setting in. The land smiles beneath the warm Southern sun and lies waste, waiting for the coming of the plow. The eyes of the North, stimulated by the memory of one of the bitterest winters that history records, are turning to the South where land is cheap, where fuel is plentiful, where Nature rewards instead of hinders.

Few can believe what a hospitable land it is. Slightly rolling, with rich bottoms between the low, undulating hills, it offers months of good grazing to the livestock man. Instead of the one crop a season, the southern farmer plans on two. His protection against the elements are slight. His equipment is

ridiculously small. His methods are, in the eyes of the thoroughgoing northern farmer, slipshod to a degree. Yet the farmers of the South fare exceedingly well, do not work hard, and the bank reports show splendid average balances, well distributed. It is a land so rich in opportunity that failure is almost impossible.

Though there are comparatively few farms here, for this has been the lumberman's paradise instead of the farmers, yet agriculture has been carried on here for many years, and within a few miles of the colony may be found men who have lived here all their lives, who have tilled the soil for forty years or more, and who boast of the big families they have raised here. It is safe to say that a farm that will raise a family of a dozen children is a good farm, or at least that is the firm belief of the South, and it seems sound enough. There are many northern farms that fail to do this.

The Highlands are beautiful. This does not tell the story. Perhaps words will always fail to do so. The vegetation is largely the source of this beauty. Against the straight, slim pines with their dark green, are massed the lighter blended greens of the oak, beech, gum, hickory, and other trees. The ground beneath is a carpet of grass where the sun can get through the leaves of the trees above. Springs and creeks abound. Flowers are seen everywhere and the air is filled with the hum of bees. Those who appreciate natural beauty find themselves without words to express their emotions. Those of more practical turn of mind see in the flowers more than beauty, for they picture the development of the bee industry. Those who see beyond the mere greenery of the grass imagine in their minds fields of clover and alfalfa, with sleek dairy cows and sheep and hogs in the fields. Those whose minds combine the practical with the beautiful see in the trees straight logs that will make building material, or furnish the legs and arms and backs of chairs, or which may be converted into a myriad of uses.

There's something in the Highlands of Louisiana for all. There is health for the sick, there is wealth for the industrious, there is beauty for those of artistic perceptions. California's climate without irrigation, California's beauty made accessible to more people, California's hospitality enhanced—these are the inducements that the heretofore little-known Highlands of Western Louisiana hold out to those who seek homes.

The Highlands for Health, the Highlands for Wealth, the Highlands for Opportunity! Bees, trees, flowers, arable lands, long seasons, abundant fuel, diversity of crops—a mere description of the great Highlands reads like an advertisement. But the proofs are ample, are to be found everywhere, and it is only because these proofs have never been presented to land seekers that the opportunity has so long gone undiscovered. This, and the additional fact that the land has been and still is held in great tracts that would not be broken up, has kept settlers out. The wealth has either been held in timber or has remained as mere potentiality and not as a real asset. Only now is the entering wedge being driven into what will in a few years be one of the richest agricultural districts of the South, if not of the United States.

Farmers from well-tilled districts in the North and West are astonished at what they see here. Instead of broad highways they find winding roads through the woods. Pole barns, and in many cases, pole houses are living quarters and protection for livestock and implements, such protection as is given. The universal implement is an eight-inch plow drawn by one mule. This is so that it may be easily guided about the stumps. Land is tilled year after year with the stumps left in the

ground. Small horses, small mules, small wagons, small equipment, small farms, and large families—these are the accepted thing throughout much of the cotton belt. The southern farmer does not strive for wealth. He is content with a living, and it must be admitted that he gets it and it is a good and plentiful one, notwithstanding the apparent primitiveness of his equipment and methods. It is the bounteousness of Nature that does it, and no premium is set on an undue expenditure of energy.

The Llano Colony has probably the largest tilled field in Vernon Parish, notwithstanding that this is the first year, and there were many things to be done, such as clearing and fencing that required a big initial outlay in labor. The several hundred acres that will be under fence and cultivation within a few weeks, are the source of much interest. The value of the land has been much enhanced by reason of this labor. Corn, peanuts, and garden are planted. Garden stuff is now being served on the table twice a day. Cane is sprouting and the assurance of plenty of good cane syrup for the hotcakes next fall is a pleasing prospect. The South is expected to feed itself this year, and the colony is making preparations to do its part in this program. No cotton is to be planted. The original intention was to put out a good acreage to cotton, but it was decided to concentrate on food production this season.

A large acreage of corn, peanuts, and velvet beans, will give food and feed. This with the cane and garden stuff should make it possible for the colony to set a good table largely from its own products. Gardening, both private and collective, is very popular and heavy yields are promised.

Only those who come here and see for themselves can realize the wonderful prospects and the splendid opportunities. Either as a colonist or as an individual landowner, this region invites the investigator. Industrially, too, there are promises of profit, promises of development along lines that have never been attempted heretofore. It requires only a little time to make the colony the center of an activity that shall turn waste lands and waste products into wealth to be shared by those who produce it in the proportion into which they enter into this production.

Louisiana, the wonderful, rich in her opportunities, lavish in her promises, generous in her invitation, Louisiana, Queen of the South, has been misunderstood, unappreciated, overlooked in the search for homes. Just now her resources are beginning to have its effect. Louisiana, the satisfied, is beginning to awake into Louisiana, the aggressive, ready and anxious to prove her superiority as a home place, and to display her many luxurious charms.

Louisiana invites. She also provides!

Impressions of the Colony

By A Northerner

I CAME, I saw, and—I was convinced! I was convinced by what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, and otherwise learned through the undeniable testimony of my several senses.

I was already satisfied that co-operation, either in small communities or on a larger scale, is thoroughly practicable. But to believe this is one thing. To see the principle actually in successful operation is quite another. And now, having seen, heard and felt, all the sophistry in the world cannot shake the stability of my conviction.

I found in the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony at Stables, Louisiana, a well-systematized, sanely-managed community of people of all sorts, classes, ages, and conditions who are really proving that a co-operative colony is a more desirable place in which to live, than is the ordinary town or city in which John Smith and Bill Brown are both scrambling for the same dollar, and in which, if Smith gets the dollar, Brown is likely to go hungry. There was no long-haired fanaticism, no endless oratory by perpetual speech-makers, no outlandish outbursts by unbalanced theorists—nothing of the kind. There was, however, the evidence everywhere of serious, earnest purpose on the part of every man and woman in the colony. All were plainly devoted to the ideal of socialism. All were doing their share to translate that ideal into a tangible thing. All were working industriously, quietly, unostentatiously, but with a joy and an enthusiasm that are quite different from the weary resignation of the wage slave who toils for another's profit.

Kickers may kick, knockers may knock, slanderers spurred on by plutocratic pay may spill their venom, but all the kicking and knocking and lying in the world won't make the slightest impression on the man who has visited the colony and found for himself that it is a genuine success. Personal observation affords the only kind of information that is worth a tinker's whistle. That is the kind of information that I determined to get. And having gotten it, my mind is about as firmly settled on this point as it is on the spheroid shape

of the earth or any other fact which no sensible person presumes to dispute.

The colony IS a success. Six months from now it will be a still bigger success. A year from now it will be developed to a point which is difficult to imagine. But, waiving consideration of the future, **THE COLONY IS A SUCCESS RIGHT NOW AND IS RIGHT NOW AN IDEAL PLACE IN WHICH TO LOCATE.**

The climate is as near perfect as this old planet affords, if my travels have taught me anything. The air is uniformly balmy and fragrant. Gentle breezes from early spring until late autumn stir the leaves of the trees, but never chill those who live in this delightful region of eternal summer. In the mid-winter, so inhabitants tell me, occasional frost and a few snappy mornings are the nearest approach of bitter blasts of the frozen and snowy north.

The colony is located on an average altitude of 300 feet above sea level. The place seems one of the healthiest I ever stopped in. It is as free from pests, plagues and insects as the most highly recommended town in the north. Nature's endless youth seemed to have left its impress on all living there, for I did not see a sickly or feeble person in the colony. If the fountain which El Dorado vainly sought, is a material reality, it must be hidden somewhere in the verdant luxury of Llano shrubbery or shrouded by some of the clustering vines and stately trees that give beauty and majesty to the place. For the colonists are uniformly healthy, active and well preserved.

On the magnificent tract of 20,000 acres which the colony occupies in part, are already a machine shop, printshop, hotel, store, school, and public hall, cottages, and numerous other buildings either partly or wholly completed. A bakery is being constructed of brick, one of the buildings is soon to be made into a hospital, and an office building is already in use. Free medical attendance, free dances, free musical and elocutionary entertainments and free instruction in languages, economics, and other subjects are provided members of the colony. Ev-

ery member is guaranteed employment, and furnished free a cottage in which to live, unless he prefers to live at the hotel where meals are served for 12½ cents each.

The warmth of the climate, the excellent health conditions, and the remarkable productivity of the soil on which huge crops of vegetables, fruits and peanuts are being raised this season, impressed me particularly. Here one can live—not exist, but LIVE the free, joyous, normal life Nature intended—without fear of lockouts, strikes, rent bills, and all the other calamities of the capitalistic system. All a man needs to do is to join the colony and to work at his chosen or allotted work eight hours a day in a delightful climate under health-giving conditions and with the friendliest, most neighborly lot of fellow-workers I ever saw. Persons so doing, are assured a livelihood amid the most congenial surroundings that right-minded, human people can desire.

The exemplification of the principle of brotherhood, however, impressed me more than anything else. Climate conditions and physical characteristics of different places naturally vary. But human nature is about the same the world over. So if co-operation can succeed in Louisiana, it can succeed in Klondike or Siberia or anywhere else, for that matter.

THEREIN LIES THE IMPORTANT FACT CONCERNING THE LLANO COLONY. It proves that Socialism and co-operation, instead of being golden dreams of an impossible ideal, are facts of evolution that are slowly—slowly, because of human ignorance and selfishness—transforming industrial and political conditions all about us.

This transformation is already in process. It is paving the way for the Great Change, here, there and everywhere. In most places its effects, so far, are scarcely noticeable. But in the Llano colony at Stables, the transformation is a present, living fact that has changed the lives of several hundred men, women and children, is influencing thousands of others in all parts of the world, and will, if I mistake not, provide the foundation on which the Super-Civilization of Co-operation and Brotherhood will securely rest.

I visited Llano Colony. I am satisfied. And I am going there to live as soon as I can make arrangements for moving.

In going, I am actuated, naturally, by several motives, among which are the desires to live in so beautiful a land, under summer skies and near to Nature's heart; to have the comforts of life without engaging in ceaseless strife and selfish struggle for them; and to find freedom and fellowship with kindred souls who ask no more for themselves than they are willing to grant all the rest of mankind. But greater even than these incentives is the hope that in joining this band of pioneers in the cause of Universal Liberty, I am helping make the community which shall prove to be the mother colony of the millions of similar colonies that will some day cover the earth.

Not only will my family and I have food and shelter and clothing and protection and the opportunity to work for the joy of working instead of for greedy gain, but we shall be privileged to do a perhaps important part in building for that Better Day whose Glorious Dawn is even now brightening the tired, toiling millions of a work-worm world.

That is why I am going to Llano Colony. Could I have better reason?

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—The United States of America is on the verge of revolution—political social and industrial.—Linn A. E. Gale, "Gale's Magazine."

—Milk suitable for domestic purposes should not exceed 1,000,000 bacteria per c. c.—D. Houston, "Better Business," Ireland.

—The great difficulty in the ordinary family is that we have too many kinds of food for one meal, and that there is neither the time nor the skill to prepare so many things in the best manner.—Maria Parlos, "Centurion."

Are We Consistent?

Sailendra Nath Ghose, a Hindu revolutionist, has been arrested in the United States for organizing an army of Hindus to rebel against British rule in India. It is said that Ghose violated a provision of the Espionage act by representing himself as a diplomatic commissioner of the India Nationalist party.

Notwithstanding the alleged illegality of Ghose's procedure, it cannot be gainsaid that his propaganda is one that should be heartily approved by every true revolutionist. Nowhere has there been such a well-organized attempt to hold in servile subjection millions of people in order to fill the coffers of the ruling classes. The sickening stench of corrupt British rule in India is one of the foulest blots on the pages of history.

If the United States is not hypocritical in its advocacy of world democracy, it will cease punishing such men as Ghose, and even lend them moral and financial assistance in effecting their plans of emancipating the submerged workers of India.

—A. S.

How Not To Abolish Prostitution

Oklahoma City is driving out its prostitutes. Every rooming house and hotel in the city is being purged of women of the underworld. Virtue is to be preserved by additions to the police force.

This is another illustration of the absurd direct actionist methods of our pseudo-reformers. They strike savagely at the outward manifestations of the evil, but are oblivious to the basic causes. They fail to see that for every prostitute they suppress, the capitalist system of poverty and exploitation is creating another. Even if these gentlemen could kill every prostitute that now lives, a few years hence there would be the same army of unfortunates.

And have these lickens of the outside of the platter realized that when they drive the women out of their cities, they are not solving the problem to the slightest extent, but are merely passing an additional burden to neighboring cities?

Remake the social system under which we live. Make poverty impossible. Guarantee every girl a good education. With this done, the problem of the prostitute will rapidly disappear.—A. S.

Liars Do Figure

The "Kansas City Star," on its editorial page, quotes with approval the sentiment contained in Genesis ix, 6, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man."

We believe that we have heard of a well-known character going under the name of Jesus Christ, who made the remark that "if thy neighbor smite thee upon one cheek, turn to him the other." And: "if a man take thy cloak, give him thy coat also." Again, "if a man compel thee to go with him a mile, go with him twain."

It seems to us that our kept press will have to re-write the New Testament if it wishes to prove Christ to have been an exponent of war and militarism.—A. S.

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—The greatest labor crisis in our history will be upon us at the termination of the war.—"Better Business," Ireland.

—The Bolsheviks may be insane, but they are incapable of the nauseating treason to liberty and fraternity which lies at the door of the American government.—William Thurston Brown, "Modern School Magazine."