

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Good Time to Be Alive



HERE never has been another time in the history of the world when it was so good to be alive.

Often before the wave of progress has run high as in 1789 and 1830 and 1848. It has never approached its present proportions or force.

In the last five years we have seen the beginning of something like a streak of light in Russia, the darkest corner of the earth. We have seen parliamentary government displace absolutism in Turkey and Persia, the ballot box introduced in Constantinople and Teheran, the growing unrest of subject peoples in Egypt and India, the broad beginning of democracy in China, the steady advance of democracy in Australia and New Zealand.

All these triumphs of progress are now crowned by the extinction of a monarchy in Portugal and the birth of a new republic.

"The kingdoms are fewer by one." It recalls all the prophetic singing of Swinburne in his "Songs Before Sunrise" and his melodious predictions of the downfall of all the feudal relics. These are good days. Let us give thanks that we have lived to see them. It is good to be alive.

If, now, this splendid uprising in Portugal should be the long-awaited and long-delayed signal for the collapse of the remaining mouldy thrones in Europe, how glorious that would be!

How absurd is the anomaly that in the twentieth century there should be any kings, any hereditary legislators, any state churches, any government any where except government by and for the people! What a curious commentary upon the human race that in the same age should exist together monarchies, telegraphs, railroads, education and public schools. We can give thanks that this ridiculous and degrading exhibition seems coming to its end. "No more of kings; this is the age of man."

Monarchies and Telegraphs a Contradiction.

THE first act of the new republic is to open the schools, expel the religious orders and proclaim universal education in a country where the priesthood has kept 60 per cent of the people in illiteracy. Grand day for mankind. We may recall also the pregnant remark of Clemenceau when he was premier of France a few years ago that it was almost impossible to keep up any effective militarism under the republican form of government. They glory be! Here is another nation moved from the column of murderers towards the column of sanity. Is it not well to see such a day?

And if here in our own country we seem now to lag behind and not to feel the democratic impulse that is sweeping so many nations ahead of us, let us not be depressed about that. Reaction cannot much longer be dominant in America. In an age of instantaneous and facile communications no nation can escape the impetus of a world wave. I believe any man that looks about him can see today abundant evidence that reaction has about run its course in America. There never has been a time in my observation when so many men were inspired with the purpose to make this a real instead of a pretended democracy. Before long you will see that purpose taking definite shape. Insurgency, the revolt in our cities, the beginning of a demand for something remotely approaching popular government are only faint premonitory symptoms of the great unrest. Within the next three years you will see other developments far more important than all of these together, for as surely as we live today better things are at hand.

Amén! Let us give fervent thanks!

In view of what has happened in Portugal the princelets and kinglets and courtierlets look both sick and foolish. When Norway chose to be a kingdom instead of a republic that was really the last flutter of the reactionary wave in Europe. The Norwegians made their decision on the ground that surrounded by monarchies a republic would not be allowed to live. The Portuguese seem to have been afflicted by no such fear. They took the leap and braved the consequences, and it now appears that there was nothing to fear. I think we should revise our current and wholly superficial estimate of the Latin peoples. Where did this forward wave of democracy start? In France, 1905, with the

abolition of the concordat. France! Who else put parliamentary government into every country in Europe and the ballot into the peasant's hand.

Two little stanzas from Swinburne ring in my ears this day. The first is this:

Who is this that rises, red with wounds and splendid
All her breast and brow made beautiful with scars,
Burning pure as naked sunlight undefended
In her hands for spoils her splintered prison bars.
In her eyes the fire and light of long pain ended,
In her lips a song as of the morning stars.

And the other is this:
O, nations, undivided!
O, single, people, and free!
We dreamers, we derided,
We mad, blind men that see.
We bear you witness ere ye come that ye shall be!

KING MANUEL, deposed by his indignant subjects fled on a yacht to Gibraltar, there he was no more than any other private citizen. But a gunboat came along and fired in his honor a royal salute. Do you know what was the nationality of this gunboat?

It was American.
At that moment the government of Portugal was the republic. The firing of that salute was to that government a gratuitous and wanton insult. But a British war vessel had saluted the fallen and exiled king and the American navy, which it appears can do nothing now but parrot the British, must follow suit. The boss of the British navy is King George. The boss of the American navy is supposed to be the American people. This might be assumed to make some difference to anybody except an American naval commander.

Mr. W. T. Stead related in his magazine in last March an interview with an American that seemed to impress Mr. Stead deeply. The American had asked him how much longer the British people would endure a monarchical form of government. Mr. Stead retorted by asking how much longer the American people would endure life without a king. He then turned to and gave the American so splendid a picture of life under a monarchy that the American acknowledged his error and joined Mr. Stead in wondering at the obtuseness of people that preferred the republican form of government. All of which led Mr. Stead to the point for which he had aimed from the beginning of his article, which was that the British monarchy would endure as long as the human race endured.

Mr. Stead was equally sure that there would soon be no republics on the continent. The revolutionary and republican movements be regarded as composed of foolish chattering against an institution not merely beneficent, but eternal as the sun.

If Mr. Stead has read the news of the last week it would be interesting to get a review of his views on these points.

Careful observers must have noted with some astonishment the attitude of the American press towards the Portuguese upheaval. In the main it was utterly indifferent where it was not covertly hostile. I cannot help thinking this a fact worth more than passing attention. Here at last was a European nation breaking through the solid phalanx of musty feudalism and establishing the form of government for which we are supposed to stand, a tremendous event surely! But no one would think so from the attitude of the American press. One of the leading newspapers of New York openly lamented the passing of King Manuel because he was such a charming king and maintained such a charming court. Others expressed the belief, not to say the hope, that the republic would be short-lived and the Portuguese would soon return to their allegiance to royalty. Only the extremely radical press hailed the event as the sure indication of progress. Not the least sinister fact was that manufactured dispatches were printed accrediting the whole disturbance to anarchists and depicting the intense loyalty of the masses to their deposed king. It will be remembered by some newspaper men that the same deft device was practiced a year ago when Ferrer was murdered by Spain. Manufactured dispatches covered the name of that martyr with lies and calumnies nor did the majority of the news-

papers ever admit any correction of their slanders even upon the appearance of the most positive proof. And now as in the Ferrer case the work of the Associated Press is most reactionary and unfair.

There is one question I should like to ask of every fair-minded American.

These are the facts about your newspapers and your news service. What do you think they mean?

Former Governor Hughes has now taken his place upon the supreme court of the United States. Those of us that are not wholly obsessed with flub-dub and hero worship can enjoy a moment of quiet amusement at this spectacle.

Mr. Taft desires us to believe that he favors an income tax.

The income tax, if it ever be enacted by either of the corporation-fed parties, will have to come before the supreme court.

Mr. Hughes is absolutely opposed to the income tax.

He will now be in an excellent position to give it the ax. Which is exactly what he will do.

Mr. Taft has therefore carefully provided for the assassination of his pet project.

This, of course, does not disturb the hero-worshippers.

Nothing on earth would disturb them in their ministrations of idolatry. But all other men would like to know if Mr. Taft really thought he could pull off a piece of double-play so palpable as this.

THE elevation of Hughes causes a loud cackle of delight from the reactionary press and the whole circle of half-baked reformers of whom Albert Shaw is the perfect type. These refer ecstatically to Hughes "great services" while he was governor.

Well he was the consistent, adroit and uniformly successful servant of Tom Ryan, who made him governor. Whom else he ever served even the adulators have never specified.

Mr. Ryan's satisfaction with the situation must be supreme, but why anybody else should rejoice is a puzzle without an answer.

Mr Hughes was warmly endorsed by Col. Crazy Horse as "able, intelligent and honest."

This reminds me of a story of Alfred Henry Lewis.

The Dog Belonged to the Thief. Old B. Hen Baker, who used to live on the Wapsie River in Iowa, thought he would go into the raising of fancy poultry.

He got his Plymouth Rocks and Cochin Chinas and things, but found that as fast as he raised somebody stole them.

He was advised to get an able, intelligent and honest watch dog. So he hired one.

The first night the able, intelligent and honest watch dog went on the job. The next morning he sat there as able and intelligent and honest as ever, but every chicken had been stolen from the chicken house.

This aroused Mr. Baker. He made an investigation and found that the gentleman that had stolen his chickens was also the gentleman that owned the watch dog.

It was the same way with Mr. Hughes. No doubt he was the soul of honesty, but what's the use of having an honest man if he is owned by Tom Ryan?

Mr. John Astor Chanler of Virginia is a young gentleman with some sense of humor. He is heir to a considerable fortune. Therefore, a few years ago his loving relatives considerably had him locked up as a lunatic. He escaped and got outside of the jurisdiction of the New York courts and was safe.

Who Really Is Looney Now? Recently his brother has figured in a sensational and highly ludicrous affair with Lina Cavaleri, whom he married and endowed with all his wealth only to have her flaunt him and drive him out of their happy home. Among Cavaleri's favorites is a Russian named Prince Dolgourouki. Mr. John Astor Chanler has just added a certain flavor of sarcasm to the narrative by exhibiting at the Virginia state fair a very fat prize hog that he has named Prince Dolgourouki. The pen inhabited by the hog at the fair was liberally decorated with this name and underneath was the inscription: "Who's looney now?"

But if Mr. Chanler desires really to be famous as a humorist he should extend his operations. Let him exhibit anywhere at any time a prize hog of the world a figure of an American capitalist his forefeet in one trough, representing the East, his hind feet in another trough representing the West, and his snout in the capital at Washington. That would indeed be a prize winner and Mr.

Chanler would not need to change the inscription on the pen. It could still read, "Who's looney now?" and one may well believe that the American people would not fail to perceive the application.

I have not deemed it necessary to be more specific about the features of the American capitalist, but I may observe in passing that the J. Pierpont Morgan combination, owners of banks, railroads, factories, milk trusts, wholesale and retail stores and a few other garnered trifles from the Atlantic to the Pacific now controls one-fifth of the total wealth of the United States.

When we contemplate next the colossal possessions of the Standard Oil group and then reflect that the Morgan group and the Standard Oil group commonly work together and both are steadily extending their possessions we can gain some idea of what is ahead for us.

If we doubt it ask any retail cigar dealer forced out of business by the extending cigar store chain or any small merchant ruined by the department store "chain."

Mr. Rockefeller makes this year \$70,000,000. Does anybody suppose that he digs holes in his cellar and buries the money. Not exactly. He re-invests it in the business enterprises of the country and these being now his he will next year have the \$70,000,000 to invest again plus the profits on this year's new investments.

It should not require much effort to see what will be the result of this process for even if we were unwilling to come to the conclusion by reasoning process the rapid extension of the "chain" store would knock it into our heads.

THIS is the transformation that Doctor Woodrow Wilson would stop by shooting somebody or putting somebody into jail. Mr. Roosevelt by "cinching" the corporations, presumably for more campaign subscriptions, Mr. Taft by smiling fatuously and telling us that all is well, the Democratic party by changing the name of the administration and the doddering reformer by supplanting us with direct nominations.

Isn't it lovely? Why don't you laugh, small business man now being crushed by some "chain"?

At the sign of the double-cross: Mr. Roosevelt threw down the California reformers who had adopted his name and believed they had adopted his principles.

The Gentle Art of Throwing Down Friends. He threw down Senator Lorimer, once his trusted friend, as soon as Lorimer got into trouble.

He was a Cummins insurgent while he was in the west and threw down insurgency by the tariff plank in his New York platform.

He professed the warmest admiration for Pinchot and then threw him down in the conservation plank.

He dictated the New York platform to suit eastern conservatism and as soon as he discovers that the tariff plank is repudiated in the west he says in his Brooklyn institute speech that if he had been in "complete control" of the convention the tariff plank would have been very different.

These achievements surprise many persons, but not those that know the real Roosevelt.

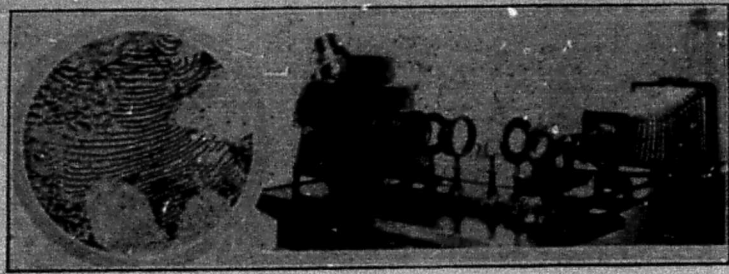
In the face of repeated demonstrations of this kind the fatuity with which the Roosevelt obsession persists is pathetic.

At the sign of the double-cross.

WHAT is a "wasted vote"? Some of my young friends have confided to me the fear that if they vote this year the way they wish to vote they will be wasting something and they seem inclined to vote the way some one else votes in order to avoid such waste.

But the only way a man can possibly waste his vote or throw it away is by voting otherwise than in accordance with his conscience and deliberate judgment.

Your ballot expresses your opinion concerning conditions in your country. If you are quite satisfied with these, satisfied with the increased cost of living and satisfied with policies and tendencies it will not make the least difference whether you vote the democratic or republican tickets. Choose either, for both represent conditions as they are. But if you are not satisfied with existing conditions and do not really care to have the cost of living further increased do not hesitate to record your protest through your ballot and do not let anybody frighten or wheedle you into thinking that you are throwing your vote away. The fact is you will be throwing your vote away if you cast anything but a ballot of protest.



MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS—COMMON WHITE IRON MAGNIFIED 2,500 TIMES AT LEFT.

Magnifies Many Times

One of the most recent scientific marvels is a combination of a camera and microscope which produces a photograph of any object or substance magnified up to 2,500 times.

Previous to the invention of this new mechanism the only method of testing the strength and temper of metals and alloys was by breaking them, a process which was very unsatisfactory as thousands of serious accidents have occurred as a result of some internal flaw or strain in the metal, uneven temper, or burnt spots.

The Call of the Past

One of the most scathing rebukes ever administered to the modern practice of following antiquated methods of thought and belief is contained in the first of the series of lectures, which are to be delivered during the coming winter by Professor J. Howard Moore, instructor of zoology in the Crane Technical High School, in Chicago, and author of the book, "The New Ethics", an arraignment of many of the unreasonable phases of our veneered civilization.

those boys and girls. Is there any doubt which subjects would be the most useful? A human being may be jammed full of algebra, geometry or biology and yet be a barbarian. The fact is that a being without a moral character is worse off educated than if he were ignorant.

"Let the intellect sleep, or civilize it."

"Why should we have kings and queens and poets laureate, and wars and etiquette, and beliefs in creation, and quail on vast, and millionaires and poverty, and the study of Latin and Greek, and the dread of '13', and 'styles' and gods, and cries calling from court windows, 'Oyez, oyez, oyez?'"

"We need a new Savior—one who will deliver us from the chains put on us in our cradle. We need to form the habit of taking a new inventory of ourselves every little while, and see how much of what we are doing and believing is really worth while and how much is pure mimicry."

"It took us a thousand years to realize the wrongs of human slavery. Will it take a thousand years more for civilized people to see other errors just as great which are hanging on today with such tick-like tenacity?"

"Human institutions are inventions. They should be judged by the same standards of utility as agricultural implements and everything else. Whenever they can be made over to advantage they should be made over. Nothing is too sacred to be improved."

"Society is a laboratory. If we would devote half the time and attention to the improvement of our institutions, social, political, juristic, religious and educational, that we do to the improvement of radishes and mowing machines, human progress would present a more uniform and dignified appearance than it does now."

"Our juristic institutions are the worst. It is their specialty to never change in any particular whatever. When judges and lawyers want to decide what to do in any particular case, they never sit down and think over what would be reasonable and just and useful and then go ahead and do it. They go back to the time of James I. or Jehonnet the Bald and find out what they did in those times, and then do the same thing."

"Judges and lawyers are worse ancestor-worshippers than the Chinese. The great judges of England can't render a decision that amounts to anything unless they sit on wool sacks and wear long, lousy-looking wigs."

"Hail to venerated of mildew! We have fairly thundered along the ages in many ways. But judges and lawyers are unmoved. They continue to go through their old antediluvian snake dances with as much solemnity as if they were useful, and to walk in the legal footsteps of men who were contemporaries of the cave-bear."

is more than double the percentage of increase in all other expenditures, including past wars.

"During the fiscal year 1909 we expended in preparation for war, that is, for our army, navy, fortifications, and other objects made necessary by our present policy, 39.4 per cent of our entire revenue for that year, exclusive of postal receipts; and on account of past wars we expended 32 per cent of our total revenues, or for both purposes 71.4 per cent, leaving only 28.6 per cent for all other governmental purposes outside of the postal service."

Taking Nitrogen from the Air. At Great Falls, S. C., there is about to be built a plant for the extraction of commercial fertilizer from the atmosphere, the first of its kind to be erected in this country. The plant will have four thousand horse power and will be operated by water.

This process of taking nitrogen from the air has been in use for many years in Norway and Austria, and has proven very successful and commercially feasible. The gas is utilized in chemical combination with a substantial base, and is inexpensive and easily handled. A second plant for its production on a larger scale is planned for the same place.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY

A Danish inventor, Poulson, has invented a wireless apparatus by means of which he is enabled to manipulate several kinds of machinery at a distance, starting and stopping it at will, and increasing or diminishing its speed.

Cleveland, Ohio, has a plant equipped for the electrical curing of meats. It is said that this process is not only cheaper, but more wholesome than other methods, as it destroys all dangerous bacteria.

An electrically driven machine for scrubbing floors has been invented. The device weighs less than fifty pounds and settles the question of who will do that part of the dirty work.

Plans have been perfected by coal operators in certain parts of Texas to use the screenings at the mines to generate electricity, which will be distributed instead of the coal, saving the labor of distribution. Needless to say, the operators and not the people will reap the benefit of the saving.

The most recent exploit of the wireless telegraph is the receiving of signals over a distance of nearly six thousand miles, an operator in Argentine republic having caught messages sent from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and Clifden, Ireland.

Owing to more scientific agricultural methods than were in use forty years ago the average wheat yield per acre in the United States has increased in that time from 12.35 bushels to 14.1 bushels, which, on a basis of the present average, would indicate an increase of \$1,689,000 bushels over the crop of 1870. In spite of the increase no one except the capitalist seems to be better off.

At a recent meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, Mr. Jos. Hope, of Rouen, France, exhibited a sample of a substitute for cotton made from spruce wood pulp. Cloth woven from the fiber is said to stand bleaching, dyeing and finishing as well as cotton, and to have a more brilliant luster. It is stated that it can be produced at a smaller cost than the market price of cotton, and that arrangements are made abroad for its manufacture on a large scale.—Machinery.

Based upon the fact that certain metallic alloys possess the property of giving off, when struck with an iron instrument, intense sparks of fire, a self-igniting gas lighter has been recently brought out which automatically lights the gas when it is turned on, doing away with all danger of asphyxiation.

Another device to do away with pneumatic tires on automobiles has been patented by an Indiana man. The device is a pneumatic spindle resting between the axle and the interior of the hub and resting on a cushion of compressed air in the axle. The air in the axle is kept under compression by means of an automatic pump.

More Shovelers Displaced

A revolution in excavating methods was caused a few years ago by the introduction of the clam-shell grab bucket, which displaced thousands of hand shovelers and relegated them to the human scrap-heap because their trade was taken from them. Now the industry is about to be revolutionized again by a bucket which seems destined to take the place of the clam-shell. Some of the special features of the new bucket, which we illustrate, are that it has greater capacity, more powerful and positive action and lighter weight than any similar mechanism. Besides these advantages it is simple in construction and not liable to break or get out of order, an advantage which is not shared by all other buckets. Its light weight and enormous strength permit it to be made in very large sizes, the one illustrated having a spread



NEW GRAB BUCKET HOLDING SEVEN AND A HALF CUBIC YARDS AND SPREADING TWENTY FEET. NOTICE RAILROAD RUNNING UNDERNEATH.

between cutting edges of twenty feet and a capacity of seven and one-half cubic yards.

The efficiency of this bucket is proved by the fact that it is now in use at four of the plants of the United States Steel company as well as at many of the larger coal-handling plants, where it has entirely supplanted the hand labor of the shovelers, doing the work much more rapidly and at much less expense than before, while the steel trust reaps the benefit. To those who profit by its private ownership the idea of its being publicly owned is, of course absurd. But perhaps those of us who do not reap the benefit of it will sometime come to see the matter differently, and make its use a blessing instead of a calamity to the working class.

Monopolists who can buy and store food products, boost the prices and levy taxes on the necessities of life, are making the people pay more day by day. Yet there are learned, austere, benevolent, office-holding people who marvel at the growth of Socialism.—Woman's National Daily.

The Census And The Farmer

The most sensational reading that is being sent out now a days are the bulletins of the United States Census Bureau. They may not sound that way at first, but they show plainly that a tremendous revolution has taken place in the greatest of all industries, agriculture. It is a little early to fix conclusions, but if the remaining states continue to tell the story of those whose peoples have already been counted, then there has been a mighty change in agricultural conditions in the last few years.

Here is the great big fact that the bulletins so far issued have told. The population of agricultural districts is decreasing and the size of farms increasing.

This sounds like a simple fact, but if it proves to be a general rule for the whole country, then the movement that agricultural development has followed for more than as many years as there have been censuses taken has been reversed.

There has never been a year in which the agricultural population has not steadily increased. It has not increased as fast as that of the cities but nevertheless it has been growing. Now Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, and possibly several other agricultural states, show that the number of farmers, and even the number of people living outside the great cities, has not simply relatively, but has also actually and absolutely grown less.

The more the figures are examined the more startling they become. In Missouri, in spite of the fact that the drainage of swamps added forty-six thousand to the agricultural population, the state, if we exclude the two cities of Kansas City and St. Louis, showed an absolute decrease of more than twenty thousand population, and this includes many smaller cities with a fairly high rate of increase.

Wherever farming is the main industry, there the people are fewer than they were ten years ago. When the localities are examined more closely the reason for the decrease appears and is even more significant than the bare facts. The Kansas City Star has investigated several typical townships and discovers that the number of tracts of farm land is growing less, while the individual tract

is growing larger. Moreover, the number of persons who own two or more farms is almost the only item showing a regular increase.

Part of this is accounted for by the influx to the city. While the literary lacks who voice the wishes of the ruling class have been singing the song of prosperity on the farm, the farmer himself has decided by the hundreds of thousands that the life of the city worker, with its tenement confinement, its starvation wages, its strikes, lock outs, black-list and deadly diseased uncertainty is still to be preferred to the struggling, straggling isolation of the farm. His children have been even more unanimous in this verdict. Every investigation brings new proof of this statement. Questions addressed to city workers, brings the response that a large percentage of them fled the farm for the city. Rural communities, when analyzed, repeat and endorse the obverse of the same fact. Every family tells of some member that has decided that the farm is less profitable than the city.

Again, the farm population is drawing the same terrible indictment against society the most terrible that can be drawn, and that was long ago voted by the city population that it is not worth while to be born.

Race suicide, once unknown, then coming to be characteristic of old nations, and then of city life, has now come to dwell also in the country. The census reports tell the story of deserted schools because there are no children, of whole neighborhoods with no families in the full sense of the word. Capitalism, that long ago disrupted and destroyed the home in its most characteristic features in the great city, has now laid its deadening blight upon the rural neighborhoods.

These facts come at a time and in a country when and where more energy has been spent to make the farmer's life tolerable, to improve his methods of production and to persuade him that "all is for the best in the best possible of worlds" than at any other period or place since farming began.

These are the facts gathered by an authority that no one can accuse of a desire to distort them in the direction here noted. These facts need no moralizing, they preach their own lesson.



AN AEROPLANE GARAGE IN FRANCE

Growth of Aeroplane Industry

The aeroplane industry has developed in France with as much rapidity as the manufacture of automobiles in the beginning of that industry. A little over a year ago there were less than 100 aeroplanes in all Europe, principally in France. Statistics show that since the first cross-channel flight, Bleriot has built 250 machines, duplicates of the machine in which he crossed from Calais to Dover, and Far-

man has built at his works over 100 biplanes. The machines built by other makers bring the French production to over 800 which have sold for something over \$2,500,000. The small Bleriot monoplane sold at first for \$2,000, but after its success in crossing the English channel, the price was raised and the latest type now costs from \$3,100 to \$5,100; the price of the Farman machine is \$5,600; Voisin, \$4,600; Antoinette, \$500; Wright, \$5,000; and Sommer, \$5,000.—Machinery.

In the Beginning

By R. G. Creel

The Origin of Numbers. The use of visible signs to denote numbers can be traced to remote times, but our present decimal system in its complete form with the zero is of Indian or Hindu origin. From the Hindus it passed to the Arabians, about 750 A. D. In Europe the complete system was derived from the Arabs in the twelfth century. The use of numerals in India can be traced back to the Mana Ghat inscriptions, supposed to date from the early part of the third century, B. C. The earliest known example of a date written on the modern system is of 798 A. D.

Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o", the latter placed under the former. They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio", so, too, with the sign of exclamation or interrogation (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "I" and "o" the later underneath as in the question mark. The two stood for "Io", the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "p", the initial of the word "paragraph". The early printers employed a dagger to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.

The logical way to prevent political despotism is to distribute the political control—let the people vote politically. The logical way to prevent industrial despotism is to distribute the industrial control—let the workers vote industrially—let the workers control the work.—Plain Talk.

THE COMING NATION

J. A. Wayland, Editor.

A. M. Simons, Editor.

Application made for entry as second-class matter at Girard, Kansas.

By mail in the United States, \$1.00 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, including equal number of copies of Appeal to Reason, 2 1/2 cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The Next Coming Nation.

The next number of the COMING NATION will be by far the best yet issued. It will have that splendid propaganda article by Eugene Wood as a leading feature. Nearly every Socialist has at some time listened to a street corner speech that has been splendidly effective and has wished that he might have it in permanent form. Well here you have one of the best that was never delivered, for this one was never spoken in quite this form. But it is a combination of the best points in many. It is put in that simple homely language that has made Eugene Wood famous. It talks right to you. It holds your attention from start to finish. It makes you see the crowd and hear the speaker, and all the while it is landing hammer blows it keeps you in a broad grin.

If this speech could be read upon a street corner in every town in America it would make Socialism boom. Suppose you try getting up and reading it in your town. Then do not forget the pictures, by Horace Taylor. They will make you laugh—some of them—and others will make you want to fight. The whole thing will make any non-Socialist think and think and laugh and then think some more until he will find himself a Socialist. If you want to be sure of this number you had better order in advance. The COMING NATION is growing fast and estimates of numbers wanted are apt to be too small. A bundle of ten, with ten copies of the Appeal to Reason will be sent for a quarter. Larger quantities at the same rate.

This will not be the only thing that will be good in this number. There will be Shaw's letter, the story of the Los Angeles situation, a splendid cartoon by Ryan Walker, some first class fiction, humor and illustrations in plenty, and all the other features that are making the COMING NATION something of which the Socialist movement of this country may well be proud.

Tell your neighbor about these things.

The Socialist Scouts

Every week sees new and unlooked for features added to the Socialist Scout movement. The latest is for people to write to the Scout Department giving their addresses and saying to send Socialist Scouts to them; they want the papers delivered regularly to their homes. Each time a Scout sells a paper he makes two and a half cents.

Any bright boy or girl can get two bundles, ten each, of the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason by agreeing to remit two and one-half cents each for what NATIONS he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Formerly I sent these bundles to new Scouts absolutely free. But the postoffice department put a stop to that. After the first bundle, Scouts pay two and a half cents each for COMING NATIONS and each NATION includes a free copy of the Appeal. It costs nothing to try and the Scouts are making money.

Write "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas," for bundles on above plan. A letter of explanation comes with first papers. There are prizes for hustlers.

Building the Nation

The COMING NATION's subscription list continues to grow at a rate which surprises all of us. Comrades out in the field report that people who've refused to read any other sort of Socialist literature are captivated by the NATION. That's just the field for a new propaganda paper.

Go see that man right around the corner. No doubt he's told you a dozen times that he doesn't want to read a Socialist paper—he must have something "high class." Show him this issue of the NATION. Call his attention to the list of writers and the live up-to-the-minute subjects upon which they write. The chances are about even that he'll do the same as others have done and hand over his \$10. Then write his name on this blank and send it in:

COMING NATION, Girard, Kansas. Dear Comrades: For the enclosed \$1 enter the following name for one year: Name _____ Street or Box No. _____ Town _____ State _____

The Wild Beast of Greed.

All the anthracite region is ravaged by a monster that has never been skinned, whose skeleton has never been mounted, whose name never appears in the Smithsonian catalogue. This monster eats hundreds of men at a meal. It preys upon the childhood of young boys, the lives of young girls, the toil of wives. It destroys manhood. It smothers human hope. It keeps in slavery those whom it does not consume. It has no special lair. It goes, roaring and devouring, up and down the hills and dales and it rears its head in the very legislative halls to demand prey, more bonds for its victims.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.



Congressmen Tawney, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, in an article in The American Review of Reviews, gives the following startling figures of the increased national expenditures in the war and navy establishments.

"But by far the most serious single cause of our greatly increased expenditures is the cost of maintaining and enlarging our military establishments. The total appropriations for the army, navy, fortifications and military academy for 1910 were \$488,271,472, while the appropriations for the same purpose for 1897 were only \$61,683,477.29. The appropriations for 1910 exceeded those for 1897 by over 400 per cent. The total appropriations for all other purposes, exclusive of postal expenditures, for 1897 were \$315,253,968.90, while for 1910 they were \$560,876,772.40, or an increase of 178 per cent. In other words the percentage of increase in expenditures for preparation for war

The Soul of Alabama

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

The author was looking for the "Soul of Alabama." He found it incarnated in her mill-owner governor, Braxton Bragg Comer, who during his campaign produced affidavits from his employes testifying that all was excellent in the town of Avondale, where his mills were located. This article tells what Mr. Irvine found in Avondale.

The mill village is laid out like a checkerboard on a surface of slag, cinders, and ashes. There are divisions, but no streets; there are ditches, but no drains. The houses are numbered from one to one hundred and thirty. The numbers run up one row and down the next. About one hundred of the huts are in a square—the others are in four straggling rows outside. There are some young trees, but grass could not grow on clinkers. The backs of each double row of huts form an alley, and each alley has two ditches for slops, refuse, etc. At each back door, there are at least four piles—wood, ashes, coal



THE KELLEY FAMILY DRESSED FOR A SALVATION ARMY CHRISTMAS DINNER

and closet. Where the ditches are deep, the closets are reached by temporary bridges. After a heavy rain, the village is a miniature Venice—at least in canals and bridges.

There have been times when the bridges failed, however, and the people had to escape in half-submerged wagons, or swim.

Around the checkerboard part of the community, there still stands the tall posts of a fence which used to enclose it as a stockade. Over this fence, the Soul's employes climbed several times a day, and if a vehicle was to enter, the superintendent unlocked and relocked the gate.

"Why did they abolish the fence?" I asked.

"Waal," a man said, "Fence up it was private; fence down public, an' I guess the boss man gained on the taxes somewhat by hev'in' it down."

The village washing is done in a big, black shed, open on all sides, with a big pot in the center. Beside the washing shed stands the bath house, which is always kept locked, and the key in the keeping of the policeman. Across the way from the bath house is the district school, maintained by the taxes of the country for the use of the mill children and other whites, who may come. A water-tank and hog pound completes the list of institutions within the boundary lines of the village. The policeman has charge of the stray pigs and releases them for the price of their board, but the record is that it's cheaper to forfeit them.

The mill village has a slum—a little slum—it is a row of big boxes near the hog-pound, called, "Shot-gun Row." Industrial cripples who have lost their grip—women who totter, and widows whose sole support is some baby girl, may reside here for about a dollar a month.

Nothing in the industrial lay-out better demonstrates the benevolent forthrightness of the Soul than "Shot-gun Row" and the most amazing thing about the affidavit is that no mention is made of it.

Lovers of nature and outdoor life would in some ways prefer "The Row" to the square. The back doors, ditches and closets face the main road, but in front I counted nine tufts of grass—nine of them—that proudly defied the clinkers. That's something—in Avondale.

I spent ten days under the shadow of the big, grey terror. I asked for a job, but the little hunchback boss man smiled as he shook his head.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Miner, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Ye'd never stand the hours."

I plead for a chance but the little man smiled again and told me I was too strong.

As I passed out of the door, I saw a framed set of the "Rules" by which I suppose the Soul manages to hold the community together. One rule was that employes were employed for one year. Another was that leaving without due notice would be punished by forfeiture of whatever money was due them. They were to keep themselves clean, too. The last rule was the most important—it was the Soul's mandate on religion. It called upon the employes to attend divine services on Sunday and otherwise appropriately observe the day. It warned them that those who disobeyed this rule need expect neither encouragement nor promotion.

The first whistle blew at half past three. It was a long, wild scream and must have been heard miles away. I learned later that what I heard was mildness itself compared to the "wild cat whistle" it superseded a few years ago.

The community didn't object—they never object—but the city of Birmingham, miles away, had scruples about being disturbed at that hour and in deference to such scruples, a milder form of alarm was substituted.

Then, is a difference of half an hour between mill time and any other time.

It is one of the gentle illusions intended to benefit the simple-minded folks of the mill. Half past three at the mill doesn't mean that—it means four and when they enter the grey bastille at half-past-five, they call it six.

I groped my way carefully along past the huts. There was a light in Sammy's window—I stopped for a moment—his brother was shaking him into consciousness. The little, towlsy head hung limp—it wobbled from side to side like a feather duster as his brother shook him. A minute later, his sister Mary tackled him. She set him upright in the bed. That didn't seem to work, so she pulled him out of bed and he slid to the floor in a heap. The father came to Mary's aid—a few firm, strong shakes, and Sammy rubbed his eyes and looked around.

Sammy's mother is dead. His father and three brothers work with him in the mill. Bessie is twelve and "keeps house" and cares for a smaller sister.

Three beds accommodated the seven of them—the bedding was the color of the floor.

Nobody washed. Mary cooked—fried some meat, and the family sat down—not a word was spoken.

still burned and the child mind was engrossed with the whirling spindles. Trotting, watching, walking, up and down—in and out—the same sight, the same sounds, the trembling floor, the dancing bobbins, the little cart darting in and out the sharp pulsating chug, chug, chug, of loom and shuttle. The sun came out, the sky was blue and covered with white fleecy clouds, the little black boys and girls stopped for a moment to look at the white faces at the mill windows as they playfully went to school.

I was back again when the machinery slowed down for a breathing spell at noon time. I had a camera and as Sammy heard it click, he clutched Willie by the arm, but it was too late! The lens caught him full.

I saw the great creature disgorge itself in the darkness again at night and I followed the worker's home.

There were few curtains and no blinds. The village is not utterly bereft of light by night, for the moon shines there and from the slag heaps a mile away, as they empty the big cauldron of boiling metal, the heavens are lit up for miles around. The light lasts for thirty seconds. While it lasts it illumines every nook and corner around the mill, but when it goes the darkness seems intensified a thousandfold.

On the very edge of the checkerboard stands what looks like a big dry-goods box—it is a barber's shop, and in front of the door there is an electric bulb that is a light unto the path and lamp unto the feet of the mill folk as they drag themselves homeward. I thanked the barber on

strangers. Next day he pranced upon me as I was photographing the mill children and it took considerable diplomacy to extricate myself.

I had hoped to see Mr. Moon at the Prayer-meeting also, but they laughed at me. I was anxious to find out how he made his "between five and six thousand dollars between 1898 and 1906." It was the Baptist minister who told me about Moon. He said that there was quite a number of smaller Moons and that before he had been there very long, he, being a widower, met a widow, who was also richly endowed in the same way, so they amalgamated, their forces and formed a constellation. Then all the Moons, big and little, worked in the mill. Mr. Moon opened a grocery store and by shrewd management, made a success of it.

Mr. Moon is a believer in the simple life. They were everlastingly taking up collections in the churches and he believed that religion and filthy lucre could not be mixed—with his lucre, at least—so he cut that out. Then he noticed that "eddyicated people had more notions than others," and he cut "eddyication." And he kept on cutting expenses and adding to his income until, according to his oath, he had "between five and six thousand dollars."

The proudest moment of his life was when he was asked to make an affidavit and cleanse the mud-spattered Soul!

"How did you escape the affidavit parade?" I asked the Baptist minister.

"I used to teach that school down by the mill," he said, "an' I know what is going on."

"hands" ever enter a church door. Two reasons they give for this. Church is associated with clothes and they have only rags. Twelve hours a day in a maddening roar of machinery leaves no energy to sit still—much less to stiffen in starched clothes. So they lie around and pant.

I visited Sammy in his home. I was in a rough blue shirt and my hair uncombed. If I had gone in any other way they would have been scared speechless.

The floor was unswept—it was worse than that—it was like a dung-hill. The beds were unmade and the dishes were piled in a heap where Mary left them after breakfast. The walls were bare and black with the smoke of the oil lamp and the soft coal. None of them had washed—the girls' hair hung in black, unkempt masses over their brows and their white bosoms were fully exposed. They were in short dresses and bare-footed. It was a scene of sober destitution that could scarcely be duplicated in Whitechapel or the East Side of New York.

I sat down beside Mary on the floor in the ashes near the fire and read a few pages of a children's picture book that a neighbor had drawn from the library. None of the Kellys could read. The Soul's affidavit spoke of a free library. The patrons of it sat around me in the ashes—a library in Hebrew or Sanscrit would have been just as serviceable—illustrated. It was like a man without feet having a whole shoe shop at his disposal!

All of them had an idea that clocks and watches were used to record the

"How long have you worked in the mill?"

"Two years, gon' on."

"How much work do you do?"

"Ah do two sides—224 spindles."

"How much money do you get for that?"

"Ah aster get ten cents a side, then Ah got fifteen cents an' now Ah get twenty cents a side an' Ah make forty cents a day."

Will's story is pathetic though not at all unique. She has been in the mill since she was a thought in the mind of her parent. Amid the roar and thunder of ten thousand spindles, she developed in her mother's womb, and her mother-nimble-fingered and fleet of foot, worked there until within twenty-four hours of her birth. It was as natural, therefore, for Will-alee to clutch for the whirling threads with baby fingers, as it is for a duckling to take to the water as soon as the shell is cracked. At four five and six she played where her mother worked and at eight she made her debut as a full-fledged pay envelope "hand." Of the hundreds who wear out their lives for the elevation of the Soul I saw none so delicately moulded, so sensitively refined.

Leila Clarke was of the same age and had been in the mill as long, but she was of harder stock and would stand the strain longer. They were comrades of the loom and could be found any Sunday afternoon over at Lancaster's store.

Of the scores of under-sized, under-aged toilers the most diminutive was Franklin Battles. He was almost eight and had run away from his job several times. Franklin talked as if he had been raised on the steps of the corner grocery. His vocabulary was wonderfully rich in expletives. He had a cigarette butt in his hand when I asked him how he liked being a "doffer." He extracted the tobacco from the paper without looking up. When he had rolled it into a little round ball, as if to chew it, he said: "Ah think it's very damned bad."

These children in common with older workers, pay 2 per cent of their earnings for the services of a physician, but in order to get such service, they must arrange to be ill in the day time, for the doctor comes not at night, save for obstetrical cases—for which he makes, an extra charge of five dollars.

"It's a wonder the people stand it," I ventured to the Baptist minister, as we talked of the matter.

"They don't," he said, "there are two other physicians in the village and they get the work that the other fellow gets paid for."

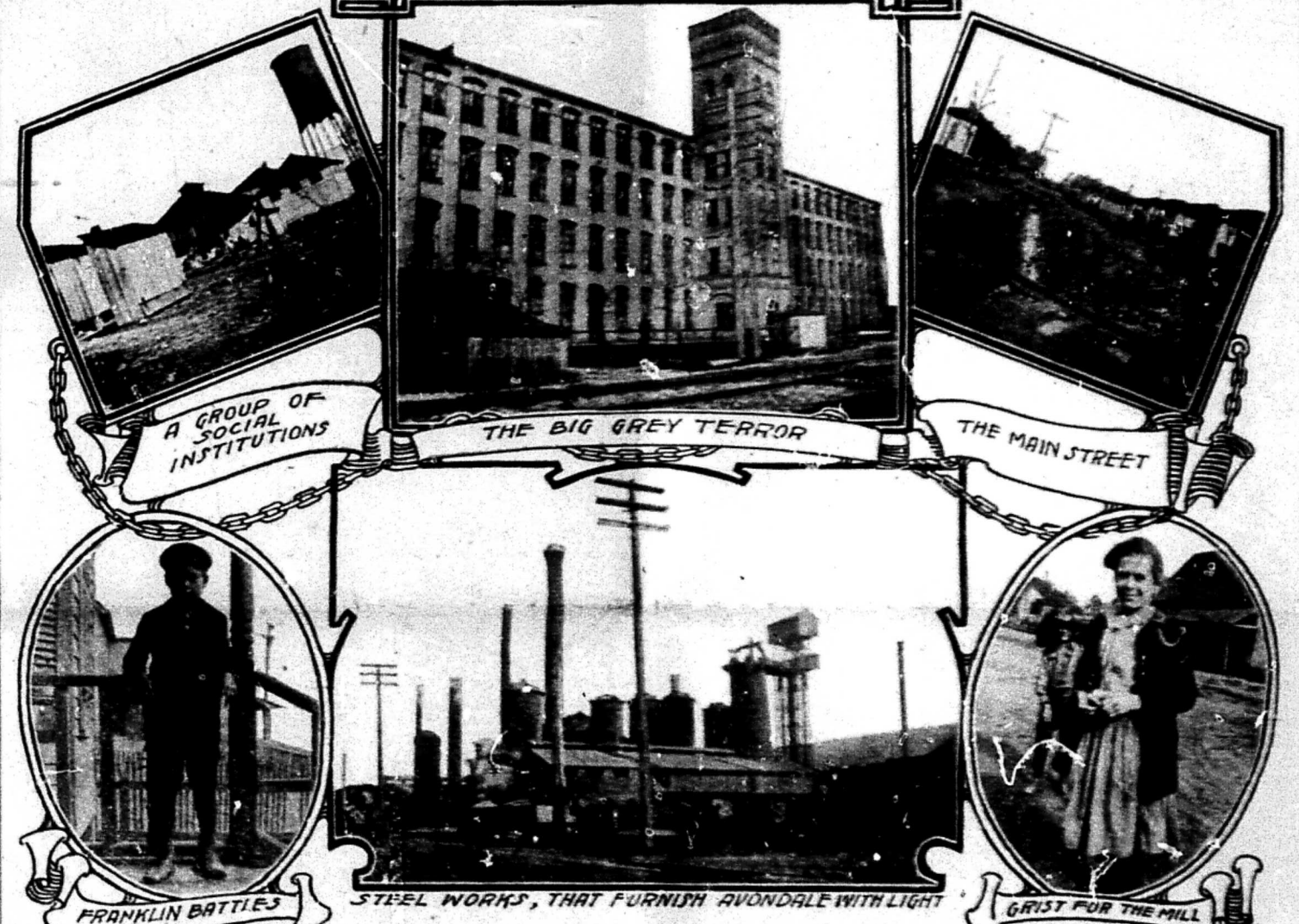
"But isn't that double pay for medical care?"

"They don't count the 2 per cent—that's a matter of course, but when they pay cash they expect service and get it." Considering the condition of the Soul's territory, there is little disease. Smallpox broke out in 1903 and nine died in the pest house, but little was said of it at the time, for a board of health can make a lot of unpleasantness for a Soul when it is once aroused. One of the fatal cases (Mrs. Aaron) was diagnosed by the mill doctor as measles, but the death certificate perhaps recorded the fact. Her husband didn't think of examining it—when his wife was buried, he just took what was left, and moved away.

The physician in his affidavit spoke of the Soul's benevolence in giving "luxuries" to the sick. A mill "hand" told me that after the mill paid for the doctor's service for a year out of the 2 per cent collected, that there was at least \$1,000 left over, and that of that sum the Soul probably didn't spend \$10 for either the sick or destitute. This, of course, is a matter of administration for which the Soul could not be held responsible.

It was within a few days of Christmas and in order to study the Soul in its holiday enlargement, I spent the festival of the Christ-child among the mill children. Christmas and the preceding day were holidays—without pay, of course.

There came into my hands on Christmas morning a copy of a religious publication called "The Alabama Baptist." It was the Christmas number and on the front page, in pictures and poetry was a stirring appeal to the Baptists of Alabama to



"Get out, Sammy!" I heard the father say. I drew away from the door.

Sammy stood on the threshold, rubbing his eyes and scratching himself. He peered in the darkness as if loath to venture out alone.

"Come on, Will!" he whined. His brother hurriedly tied his shoes and joined him. They jumped the ditch and went off together, hand in hand. I followed.

The big grey mill looked like a blinking beast watching for its prey. Tiny threads of light shot from a hundred blazing eyes and out of the tall, narrow neck there vomited volumes of hot, black breath that blotted out the stars. The building, empty cars, water tanks, sheds and wash-houses in silhouette looked like fairy castles.

The stars were shining but no one looked up. Over the little plank bridges, over the ash pile, and across lots, winding in and out of the little alleys, moved the miniature men and women toward the light. They seemed but half awake and scarcely a sound was heard, save the occasional crunching of cinders beneath a booted foot. The children were barefooted and moved softly—stealthily. There was a hole in the barbed wire fence and some of the little toilers crept through it on hands and knees. It saved a few steps and there was to them perhaps a touch of romance in it.

There were more children than adults, thrice as many women as men and twice as many girls as boys. I watched Sammy until he saw the little feather-duster head dart past a window on the second floor. Toward the end they straggled, and when the last whistle blew at half-past five, they were all in—in the clutch of the big maw. There was a dull, muffled roar of machinery and while the Soul shimmered peacefully on in the South Highlands, the battle of endurance began.

The Kelly boys, Sammy and Will, managed between them 224 to 433 spindles—that meant from forty to eighty cents a day. At seven, daylight came, but Sammy didn't notice it, for a fierce white electric light

behalf of the children and he grunted: "That's navthin! There's a nule stable dewer the road lit by electricity!"

The village settled down about half past seven. After that, there were very few lights to be seen anywhere. Some of the young men assembled on the door steps of the village grocery store and kept things moving on that corner for a few hours. They wrestled, boxed, sang, and told smutty stories. I moved along the road to the Methodist church where one of the meetings mentioned in the affidavits was in session. A new minister had just arrived and was exhorting. The audience consisted of two old men and Robinett, the "whipper-in." Pat Pinkston, the finest man in the village, went with me, so we made the crowd up to six. Pat goes there very seldom, but he wanted to introduce me to Robinett.

There abideth for the children of Avondale three manifestations of law—parents, mill whistles and Robinett, and the greatest of these is Robinett. He bears the same relation to the children that Javert did to Jean Valjean.

The policeman is the only full-sized, able-bodied man in the Soul's employ. He is "whipper-in" for the children, carries a gun in his hip pocket and is in an ardent disciple of John Wesley. His reputation for marksmanship is well earned. The last victim of his accuracy was a boy—a boy who had had a fight at another mill and once a mill hand always a mill hand—so the boy came to Avondale. The mill he left sent word around that he was bad and Robinett was on the look-out.

When he arrived, he saw the policeman at a distance and his courage failed. He turned and fled, but before he had gone a yard, Robinett shot him in his tracks.

Robinett Junior is just as fine a shot as his father. He killed a negro with the first shot one night and after that, he was a sort of hero at the grocery corner and the lads liked to handle his gun. I had a talk with Robinett, but he talks with reserve

"You mean that you refused to sign your name to a lie?"

"That's the size of it."

It may be said on behalf of the Methodist man that the temptation in his case was greater to withstand for it was to the Methodist and not to the Baptist church that the Soul subscribed.

For six days and six nights I moved with the life of the mill "hands." I heard every whistle, from half past three in the morning until six in the evening; I walked with them in the darkness before the dawn and again long after the sunset. I did this until I was brutalized by contact with the dull grey and black buildings—the monotony of line and color—the sense of slavery—the slavery of the innocent souls of the children to the domination of the industrial Over-Soul.

Sunday brought a measure of relief. The monster was silent and the village, until a late hour in the morning, was as quiet as the grave. It was a glorious morning in December. The Decembers in Alabama are Junes of the north—warm, balmy, clear. I was about before the children and waited anxiously to see how they would spend the day.

The bells of the two little churches called the children to Sunday school. But few responded, and those that did were not the tired little laborers of the mill. Of the hundreds of children about fifteen were at the Baptist and twenty-five at the Methodist church. Later came the church service and the Methodist had an audience of thirty to greet their new minister and the Baptists had no service at all. A deacon explained to me the reason.

"We can only pay the parson \$25 a month," he said, "and he takes another parish twenty miles away to make up his stipend. He's there today, so we shut up shop."

The Baptist minister had something more interesting to say about church services when I saw him a few days later.

"They go to sleep in their seats when they do come," he said, "and I haven't the heart to urge them." Less than 10 per cent of the mill

passing hours, but only the father could interpret the hands on a dial.

Sammy left us and as I moved away from the hut, I found him as I had first seen him—squirting water at the hydrant.

In the afternoon I went over to hut Number 122. Henry Lancaster lives there. Henry is the Soul's most intelligent employe. He is a mill hand, but human with some extra human interests. He gathers the mill children—the "kiddies," he calls them—on Sunday afternoon and plays games with them. I met there a score or more of the little laborers, who are usually hustled out of the mill when the manager gets word that the inspector is coming.



WILLALEE AND A FELLOW LABORER

Henry is very loyal to the interests of the Soul, and information of this kind came to me in the impression that I was a laboring man myself. A girl of ten interested me and I asked her name.

"Willalee," she answered, "but they call me 'Will'—Will Brawley."

"How old are you, Will?"

"Ten."

send the gospel to the children of all lands.

There was a touch of irony in the situation as I unfolded the paper in the midst of the Kelly children that Christmas morning and if the editor of the paper could have heard them comment on the pictures, he would have gotten material for several edi-

(Continued on page five, Col. 6.)

Especially for Women

Women Want Votes in Oklahoma

The question of Woman suffrage is to be voted upon in Oklahoma this fall. The Woman Suffrage association of that state has prepared the following argument which will be distributed by the state to all voters:

To the voters of Oklahoma: The women of Oklahoma ask the men of our State to support with their votes their petition for an amendment to the Constitution, striking out the word "male" in the clause defining the requisites to vote.

We ask that women be allowed to vote on equal terms with men, because women need the ballot equally with men for the protection of their interests, and because it is a conceded fact that the interest of any class of people can be better protected when possessing power to protect itself. This is the true application of that fundamental principle of our government that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We women of Oklahoma ask our fathers, brothers, husbands and sons to consider by what right they vote and where they secured the power to determine whether a woman shall be clothed with the dignity and responsibility of citizenship which they enjoy, or whether her opinions shall remain to the dishonor of the State, classed baneful with those of criminals, useless with those of idiots and the insane, and irresponsible with those of minors.

A woman's title to vote is identical with a man's title to vote. Men in the United States vote for the simple reason that they live under a form of government which declares taxation without representation to be tyrannous, and that power is derived by consent of the people. In such a government, the ballot becomes the symbol through which these principles are expressed. Ask yourselves two questions—Are women taxed? and are women governed? and it becomes apparent that the woman's title to vote in our boasted self-government is identical with that of men. Then, logically, how can any man cast an honest vote to the contrary and proclaim faith and

allegiance to the American principles of government? We ask your vote in favor of conferring citizenship on the women of our State because we believe the nation is imperiled because of the trend of all legislation towards commercialism, which necessarily results from the opinions of men alone crystallizing into law. Many evils of vital interest to the life of the nation are demanding that women be granted power to co-operate with men for the best protection of the home and child, not the least of which interests are those of child slavery and white slavery.

We beg to call your attention to the great changes brought about through inventions. Under a condition termed "modern industrialism," and which has invaded the woman's sphere, "the home," the work of women in the mills, factories, stores and offices. So, in turn, the home commodities formerly made under the watchful supervision of the women in the home, are returned from the marts of the world, and the only safeguard from disease and death rests upon the conscientious responsibility of the official whose duty it is to care for the public's interest. It would seem, therefore, self-evident, that, if women are to be able to protect themselves and conserve the best interests of the home, they must be accorded the ballot to help choose these officials.

Recognizing the ballot as the only effective weapon of our day and generation for the protection of the women of all classes, we submit a classified list of the women in Oklahoma who need the ballot, and a few reasons why they need it.

Oklahoma women want to vote because—

1. **Women are citizens,** and they need the ballot to accomplish their civic duties.

2. **Working women** need the ballot to enforce through a constituency their demands for shorter working hours, equal pay for equal work, better sanitary conditions to work under, safeguarded machinery, etc.

3. **Homemakers** need the ballot in order to influence the outside conditions which today control the home, such as Boards of Health, Boards of Education, the food supply, the water rates; in short, to influence municipal politics, whose activities deal almost exclusively with the "women's sphere."

Mothers need the ballot in order to control moral conditions and wage effective war upon the powers of evil which revel in the debauching of youth.

Teachers need the ballot to fit them to teach the ideals of citizenship. The State needs their trained intelligence, because they represent the most valuable public officials in the employ of the State—"State Mothers," as they have been justly termed.

Professional and business women need the ballot to secure for themselves fair opportunities in their respective callings.

The woman on the farm needs the vote because she is interested in good roads, good schools, tax levies, and the best conditions for the rural district. She would double the farmer vote. Two good votes where but one vote now exists.

Tax-paying women need the ballot to protect their property interests.

Women of leisure need the ballot for their own self-development.

Bad women need to vote to protect them from the graft of corrupt police officials, as well as to free them from conditions which make them share their ill-gotten gains with the "panderers."

All women need to vote for the sake of their own self-respect, and in order to command the respect of others. Disfranchisement means degradation, and no juggling with words nor the uttering of the usual platitudes can alter this interpretation.

All men need to confer the ballot on women today to justify their advocacy of a "square deal." Therefore, men of Oklahoma, in the interest of according to the women of our State a "square deal" we ask you to arm them, equally with yourselves, with the weapon of civilization, the ballot, and together let us wage war for human betterment. Let us follow suit with our neighboring states of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, and vindicate our national principles by giving to the State of Oklahoma a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." For women are people.

We close this earnest appeal for your vote by calling to your attention the conclusion of that earnest student, philosopher and writer, Charles Kingsley, who said: "One principal cause of the failure of so many magnificent schemes, social, political, religious which have followed each other, age after age, has been this: that in almost every case they have ignored the rights and powers of one-half the human race, viz: women."

May Oklahoma men heed this advice, is the prayer of the Oklahoma Woman Suffrage Association.

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How to Keep Young

A woman once told Jane Addams that the best way to stay young was to champion some unpopular cause.

The Socialist party is a veritable Fountain of Youth, as any one can prove who will try it. Reading Socialist literature, and hearing Socialist lectures is beneficial, but the real rejuvenation takes place when one works to bring nearer the day of Revolution.

How can a woman with no vote aid a political party? In innumerable ways if she is in earnest, and quick to seize the opportunity. By writing; by speaking; by intervening the "Butcher, the baker and Caud'stick Maker," by keeping her own household in the right way; and, above all, having the courage of her convictions.

Oh, there is plenty to do, and every convert gained means one less wrinkle. Your life may not be lengthened, but it will be better worth the living. Then, too, there is the satisfaction to be derived from belonging to the advance guard of civilization.

Although the leaders of thought in all ages have often suffered martyrdom, who can say the divine prescience that was theirs was not ample compensation for what they were called upon to endure?

Socialist Temperance Movement

The International Socialist anti-alcoholic congress met at Copenhagen on the fourth of September. Delegates were present from Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Belgium. Switzerland and Austria sent greetings and excuses for their delegates and the Finnish delegates met with a total abstinence meeting that was held at the same time. It was decided to establish an international society for the Socialist temperance secretary with its headquarters at Brussels and with Delegate Hannauer as secretary. His address is Rue des 6 Jeunes Hommes No. 1. His work will be the transmission of reports concerning the movements in various lands and especially of information concerning temperance stopping places for travelers. The necessity of educating the youth as to the dangers of alcohol was especially emphasized. Besides the countries reported at the congress, France, Italy, Poland and Finland have societies which have al-

ready united with the secretary. Socialists in sympathy with the campaign against alcoholism in all countries are requested to communicate with the secretary.

Up to the present time there have been just thirty-six women admitted to practice law in the United States. Mrs. Irene C. Buell, of St. Paul, Minn., graduated from the St. Paul College of Law in 1907, and has since been employed in the office of the attorney general of the state. Not very many years ago a woman lawyer was a curiosity and a monstrosity, but now they are becoming quite common. Yet, while she may argue law, quote law and even interpret law, she can have no voice in making law.

The women of Oklahoma in their campaign for the franchise, are translating their best arguments into the languages of the different Indian races in that state, and will circulate literature among the red men in the endeavor to secure their support. The question will be submitted to the voters of the state at the election in November.

Now

VICTOR GAGE KIMBRET.

In spite of all the follies of the day, In spite of wrongs that cause the soul to fear, The truth is ever gaining wider ground, And love for all, grows stronger year by year.

We view the wrong with deep regret, and yet We know that evil shall not always reign. More live the Christ life now, than e'er before, More heed the sound of suffering children's pained.

Then trust my soul, nor be dismayed by wrong, For rest assured that good shall conquer ill. Yet see that thou with patience day by day, Work for the right with all thy strength and skill.

To Preserve Eggs.

For every three gallons of water, put in one pint of fresh slacked lime and one-half pint of common salt and let the crock be about one-half full of this fluid, then with a dish lid down your eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with water so they roll out without cracking the shells. If the shell is cracked the eggs will spoil. Lay a piece of board across the top of the eggs and keep a little salt upon it. They must be kept covered with the brine. If fresh eggs are put in, fresh eggs will come out. This is the method sailors often use as they will keep fresh for two and three years.

Cookies.

One cup of sour cream, one and one-half cup of sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in water, put in the flour in the mixing bowl, stir the ingredients well, roll out thin, bake in hot oven.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an emptied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Edmund Burk.

3664



An Attractive Girl's Dress. This model is one of the prettiest of the season's styles for girls. In reseda cottons, with pipings of green velvet and the chemise covered with a new fancy mesh green net, this design will make a becoming Sunday dress; or in brown cloth serge trimmed with black tulle it will make a nice school dress. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years, and requires four yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.

Children Who Toil

Of all the children who work when they should be playing, who toil when they should be at school, none pull our heart strings more than the little burden bearers of the great cities.

Their work is out of doors, but there are no roses in their cheeks. They meet and pass their little neighbors, but they do not stop to play.

In all the foreign quarters of cities, where the making of coats, pants, skirts, flowers, etc., is almost entirely done at home in the tenements, the little Russian, Italian and Polish children must put great piles of goods upon their heads and shoulders and carry them from the shops to the home, for their fathers and mothers to work upon and back again when finished.

Furs to be made into cheap muffs and collars, overcoats for men, silk skirts for women, great boxes of artificial flowers, these the children, in age all the way from eight to sixteen years, bear to and fro. Even great piles of wood which they pick up around new buildings, strain the little backs and weigh upon the little heads.

The little faces are white and set and serious. They haven't time to smile. It's pretty hard to get enough to eat with Father and Mother and David and Rose and even twelve year old Joe working just as hard as they can all day long.

They look so tired. If they only had a chance to throw off these great ugly burdens and run out into the woods with some of the happy children who live in the country, there to run about amid bright leaves and shout and play to their heart's content! Wouldn't it be beautiful to see?

Worth Remembering

Just fifty-one years ago, October 16, 1859, a simple, great-hearted, courageous, undaunted man accomplished a deed that brought men to their feet and showed what seemed the only thing to straighten out the question of negro slavery in this country just before the Civil war began.

John Brown with a group of men helping him, whose battle cry was, "We want to free the slaves," quietly without firing a shot, or hurting a man, seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, thinking that all the slaves of Virginia would rise to help him to free themselves.

But before anything of that sort had time to happen, the armed militia of Virginia and Maryland, rushed in and arrested him. He was tried and after a couple of months was hung for treason.

Many have said that he was a fanatical murderer, but now all clear-minded people know that he was only trying to do the most effective thing—to arouse all of the people of the country to the need of doing something to free the colored slaves.

He was loving and conscientious and hated injustice. And I am sure that if he were alive today, he would be fighting the battles of the workers as fearlessly as he fought for the colored slaves. Anyway we know that even if "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the dust, his soul goes marching on."

Wondering.

HELENA SHARPEYER. (Written especially for The Children's Own Place.) All the little dandelions Swaying in the sun, Wonder why the boys and girls Love to jump and run.

All the little boys and girls Underneath the trees, Wonder why the little leaves Flutter in the breeze.

All the world lives wondering, Till I think at night Stars are wondering in the sky While they're sending light.

Can You Draw?

Dear Children—Your editor lives many miles from Girard, so has not yet seen the many letters that have surely come from the girl and boy readers of THE COMING NATION through the "Children's Own Place."

Perhaps some did not write because they did not know quite how to express themselves, so for this week let us give the boys and girls a chance who like to talk through picture, instead of words.

Where do you live, children? On a farm, or in a crowded city? On a river bank, along a trolley car line, or up on a high, high hill, with outlook from the top attic windows over a sweet peaceful valley? Would you like to show us with your pen where

your home is?

Do you know that with just a few strokes you can make as vivid a picture as you can with words? Show us in clear, simple lines so we cannot make any mistake, something about your home; and we shall know, too, whether you love it or not.

The best one of these home pictures will be reproduced in "The Children's Own Place." Draw with pen and black ink, on stiff paper. Give a title to the picture and add your own name, address and age. Address: The Children's Editor, THE COMING NATION, Girard, Kan.

With best wishes to each one of you, Your affectionate, EDITOR.

PUZZLES.

Now, while we are waiting for the letters to come in and the pictures to be drawn, let's try our wits at a couple of puzzles once more. The first one is a

I.
Diamond.

Place words shown by the following definitions on the diamond drawn above, so that the letters of the words will correspond to the dots. The words required, are: a letter, a part of the body, the opposite of this one, a boy's name, a sea, a state, a color, a number, a letter. The middle letters of the words when so placed will spell the name of a famous abolitionist.

II.

A Literary Acrostic.

The first letters of the last names of the following literary people when placed in order will spell something we all wish to abolish. What is it?

1. An American poet of freedom.
2. A writer of fairy tales.
3. One of the greatest German writers. Lived in Eighteenth century.
4. An English woman writer of novels.
5. A famous writer of plays.
6. A living American writer, very popular.
7. American author, a woman, and much liked by girls. Now dead.
8. A French writer of exaggerated tales of adventure.
9. A noted American writer of essays.
10. An English writer on modern art.
11. An English woman writer of tales of romance and history.

Sympathy.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird Were out in the meadow together. "How cold that poor little bird must be, Without any clothes like mine," said she, "Although it's sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he; "But oh, how cold she must be!" She isn't a single feather like me," So each shivered to think of the other poor thing.

Although it was sunshiny weather, —M. Johnston.

Children's Own Place

Edited by Bertha H. Maily

Grandma's Luncheon

ELLEN DALRYMPLE NEGOW

"Oh, grandma, tell us another story about the old farm house where you had so many nuts," begged Arthur, when supper was over and the children's story hour had come.

"One day," grandma began, "I was in a passage way that led from the kitchen to the wood shed, when Aunt Susan came out there and I suddenly put my hands behind me and tried to look innocent."

"My face became very hot and I suppose it must have been red as well, for Aunt Susan saw that I looked as if I had been in mischief."

"What were you doing?" she asked looking at me in a puzzled way.

"Nothing," I answered quickly.

"What have you in your hands?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said again my black eyes snapping.

"Just then she took a step toward me but I ran for the woodshed held my hands firmly behind me and backed up to the side of the house.

"Judith, tell me what you have behind you," Aunt Susan demanded sternly.

"Nothing," I told you, I said again defiantly.

"She now came to me and holding me fast took out of my tightly clasped hand a cold boiled potato.

"Where did you get this?" she said in an injured tone.

"Nowhere," I said, now trying to bite back the tears.

"Come with me and show me where you got it," she said sternly.

"A lot of fuss to make over nothing but a cold potato," said Arthur rather indignantly.

"After a little my little great grandmother said:

"Elizabeth only meant that the child should be fed at regular intervals. Now, it is too long for that child to go from five o'clock in the morning when we have breakfast till twelve without something to eat. We send lunch to the field for the men at nine and four and you can give her a light lunch at the same time."

"I would have done that all the time if I had not promised her mother not to," said Aunt Susan, "but for all that I will not stand for her eating out of the hog's kettle."

"It all came of applying the same rule to a different case," said grandmother. While Aunt Susan got out some food for my luncheon, little great grandmother went to her room and brought a white mug with bands of blue. This she gave to me for my "ony don'ty" as I called it. Aunt Susan filled the mug with milk and gave me some brown bread and butter; and a doughnut.

"As I came in Aunt Susan took me in her arms and kissed me then set me down in my high chair at the table. I did not know what to make of it for I had never been treated that way before.

"I was too stubborn to say anything then but when Aunt Susan put me to bed that night and it was dark so she could not see me, I put my arms about her neck and whispered in her ear, 'I never going to steal potatoes or tell you lies again.'

"Aunt Susan did not reply but I heard a funny little sound in her throat and a tear fell on my face as she kissed me good night."

"Did you get your lunch after that," asked Fred.

"Always, when the men got theirs," said grandma.

"And were you always good?" asked Arthur.

"To tell a real good story I ought to be able to say yes," said grandma, laughing, "but the truth is I do remember or day I was angry because Aunt Susan did not give me my milk as soon as I thought she ought, and I threw my mug across the floor. I was sorry the minute it left my hand and was so glad it was not broken that I did not cry that trick again."

"Well," said father, "I think your story would make a good home rule argument for Ireland."

"I was just thinking it would make a good 'women's suffrage' argument," said mother laughing.

But the children didn't understand and grandma said she only told the story for the little folks.

Human Destiny.

EDWIN MARKHAM. There is a destiny that makes us brothers: None goes his way alone; All that we send into the lives of others Comes back into our own.

BIG TOOTH AND CAVE PEOPLE

ADAPTED FROM JACK LONDON'S BEFORE ADAM BY CHARLES F. LOWRIE

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CHAPTER VI.

(To be Continued)

WELL do I remember that first winter after I left home. I have long dreams of sitting shivering in the cold. Lop-Ear and I sat close together, with our arms and legs about each other, blue-faced and with chattering teeth. It got fairly crisp along toward morning. In those chill early hours we slept little, huddling together in numb misery and waiting for the sunrise in order to get warm.

When we went outside there was a crackle of frost under foot. One morning we discovered ice on the surface of the quiet water in the eddy where was the drinking place, (and there was a great How-do-you-do about it. Old Marrow-Bone was the oldest member of the horde, and he had never seen anything like it before. I remember the worried plaintive look that came into his eyes as he examined the ice. (This plaintive look always came into our eyes when we did not understand a thing, or when we felt the prod of some vague and inexpressible desire.) Red-Eye, too, when he investigated the ice, looked bleak and plaintive, and stared across the country into the northeast, as though in some way he connected the Fire-People with this latest happening.

But we found ice only on that one morning, and that was the coldest winter we experienced. I have no memory of other winters when it was so cold. I have often thought that that cold winter was a fore-runner of the countless cold winters to come, as the ice-sheet from farther north crept down over the face of the land. But we never saw that ice-sheet. Many generations must have passed away before the descendants of the horde migrated south, or remained and adapted themselves to the changed conditions.

Life was hit or miss and happy-go-lucky with us. Little was ever planned and less was executed. We ate when we were hungry, drank when we were thirsty, avoided our carnivorous enemies, took shelter in our caves at night, and for the rest just sort of played along through life. We were very curious, easily amused, and full of tricks and pranks. There was no seriousness about us, except when we were in danger or were angry, in which cases the danger was quickly forgotten and the anger as quickly got over.

We had no steadfastness of purpose and it was here that the Fire-People were ahead of us. Occasionally, however, we were capable of long-cherished purpose. The faithfulness of the monogamic couples I have referred to may be explained as a matter of habit; but my long desire for the Swift One cannot be so explained, any more than can be explained the undying enmity between me and Red-Eye.

But it was our inconsequentiality and stupidity that distresses me when I look back upon that life in the long ago. Once I found a broken gourd which happened to lie right side up and which had been filled with the rain. The water was sweet, and I drank it. I even took the gourd down to the stream and filled it with more water, some of which I drank and some of which I poured over Lop-Ear. And then I threw the gourd away. It never entered my head to fill the gourd with water and carry it into my cave. Yet often I was thirsty at night, especially after eating wild onions and watercress, and no one dared leave the cave at night for a drink.

Another time I found a dry gourd inside of which the seeds rattled. I had great fun with it for awhile. But it was a plaything, nothing more. And yet, it was not long after this that the using of gourds for storing water became the general practice of the horde. But I was not the inventor. The honor was due to old Marrow-Bone, and it is quite likely that it was the necessity of his great age that brought about the innovation.

At any rate, the first member of the horde to use gourds was old Marrow-Bone. He kept a supply of drinking water in his cave, which cave belonged to his son, the Hairless One, who permitted him to occupy a corner of it. We used to see Marrow-Bone filling his gourd at the drinking-place and carrying it carefully up to his cave. Imitation was strong in the Folk, and first one, and then another and another, procured a gourd and used it in a similar fashion, until it was a general practice with all of us to store water.

Sometimes old Marrow-Bone had sick spells and was unable to leave the cave. Then it was that the Hairless One filled the gourd for him. A little later, the Hairless One deputed the task to Long-Lip, his son. And after that, even when Marrow-Bone was well again, Long-Lip continued carrying water for him. By and by, except on unusual occasions, the men never carried any water at all, leaving the task to the women and the larger children. Lop-Ear and I were independent. We carried water only for ourselves, and we often mocked the young

water-carriers when they were called away from their play to fill the gourds. Progress was slow with us. We played through life, even the adults, much in the same way that children play, and we played as none of the other animals played. What little we learned, was usually in the course of play, and was due to our curiosity and keenness of appreciation. For that matter, the one big invention of the horde, during the time I lived with it, was the use of gourds—in imitation of old Marrow-Bone.

But one day some of the women—I do not know which one—filled a gourd with blackberries and carried it into the cave. In no time all the women were carrying berries and nuts and roots in the gourds. The idea once started, had to go on. Another improvement of the carrying receptacle was due to the women. Without doubt, some woman's gourd was too small, or else she had forgotten her gourd; but be that as it may, she bent two great leaves together, pinning the seams with twigs, and carried home a bigger quantity of berries than could have been contained in the largest gourd.

So far we got, and no farther, in the transportation of supplies during the years I lived with the Folk. It never entered anybody's head to weave a basket out of willow-witches. Some-



WE RAN TO THE WOODS

times the men and women tied rough vines about the bundles of ferns and branches that they carried to the caves to sleep upon. Possibly in ten or twenty generations we might have worked up to the weaving of baskets. And of this, one thing is sure; if once we wove withes into baskets, the next and inevitable step would have been the weaving of cloth. Clothes would have followed, and with covering of our nakedness, would have come modesty.

Thus was momentum gained in the Younger World. But we were without this momentum. We were just getting started, and we could not go far in a single generation. We were without weapons, without fire, and in the raw beginnings of speech. The device of writing lay so far in the future that I am appalled when I think of it.

Even I was once on the verge of a great discovery. To show you how development happened by chance in those days let me state that had it not been for the gluttony of Lop-Ear I might have brought about the domestication of the dog. And this was something that the Fire People who lived to the northeast had not yet achieved. They were without dogs; this I knew from observation. But let me tell you how Lop-Ear's gluttony possibly set back our social development many generations.

Well to the west of our cave was a great swamp, but to the south lay a stretch of low, rocky hills. These were little frequented for two reasons. First of all, there was no food there of the kind we ate; and next, those rocky hills were filled with the lairs of the carnivorous beasts.

But Lop-Ear and I strayed over to the hills one day. We would not have strayed had we not been teasing a tiger. Please do not laugh. It was old Saber-Tooth himself. We were perfectly safe. We chanced upon him in the forest, early in the morning, and from the safety of the branches overhead we chattered down at him our dislike and hatred. And from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, we followed overhead, making an infernal row and warning all the forest-dwellers that old Saber-Tooth was coming.

We spoiled his hunting for him anyway. And we made him good and angry. He snarled at us and lashed his tail, and sometimes he paused and stared up at us quietly for a long time, as if debating in his mind some plan by which he could get hold of us. But we only laughed and pelted him with twigs and the ends of branches.

This tiger-baiting was common sport among the Folk. Sometimes half the horde would follow from overhead ations, the fauna, the flora—wonder-

ful! wonderful! Well, he got out and was killed by a freight train." The doctor shook his head sadly. "Perhaps," I said, "he was not insane."

The doctor put his head to one side and looked at me with his strange little eyes which he screwed up to such an extent that he almost closed them and their little sparks went out. "Of course he was insane," he said positively. "Of course he was insane."

While talking we had strolled down the long, broad, dimly lighted corridor on both sides of which were the small cell-like rooms of the inmates. Each room was provided with a grated window and contained an iron cot, a dresser and a chair. The October sun poured in upon their calcimined walls, bare of all ornament, and looking unutterably cheerless, cold and unsympathetic.

A few women lay upon their cots, moaning softly and tossing from side to side. Life was a pain to them, an obsession for which death alone held the cure. Most of the inmates had sought the shadows of the corridor and sat in rocking chairs or on couches along the walls, with faces blank or bewildered, according to the state of their minds.

The doctor stood still, looked up and down the corridor and rubbed his hands with the satisfied look of a collector fondly reviewing his collection. "Well," he said, "what do you think of my specimens? We have the most complete collection of mental diseases in the country. We have some cases of mental disorder which are extremely rare. But I suppose you can't appreciate that," he added, seeing my lack of enthusiasm.

"Then, again, some of these people have an interesting history. I have the history of each case filed in a cabinet in my office. It makes interesting reading. Do you see that woman over there? The old one, thin and shrunken, sitting on the couch and constantly moving her lips. She became insane because she could not understand English."

"Because she could not understand English?" I echoed in surprise. "Yes; she is a German. She came to this country when she was young and just married. They settled in a community where there were few Germans. Four children were born to her; they went to school and learned English. Her husband learned English at the factory; but she being timid and constantly at home did not learn the new language. When the children became older they wanted to be 'Americans' and did their best to forget what little German they had learned at their mother's knee. The conversation at home was carried on in English and the mother found herself isolated, a stranger in her own house."

"Later one of her daughters married, and her grand-child, too, was a stranger to her. This began to prey on her mind. When her children laughed she thought they were laughing at her, when they talked she imagined that they were talking about her. Pretty soon she imagined they were plotting to get rid of her. It developed into a mania and now she is here."

I looked at the old woman and listened closely. I could hear her mumbling little broken sentences in German. "I haven't done anything. I've worked hard all my life, all my life. I can't talk English so they want to get rid of me. They say I must die. It isn't right, it isn't right," she was saying.

"Look at this other woman," said the doctor; "the little one with the dark hair. She is Irish. Must have been pretty once. Do you notice her eyes are wild. She became insane because they took away her children."

"Why should they have taken away her children?"

"She is an immoral character," the doctor said mysteriously. "An immoral character! And yet she became insane when they took away her children. That's strange! Those kind of women care, as a rule, little about their children."

"Yes, but she became immoral because she loved her children."

"I do not quite understand."

"It's a common enough story. Her husband was a working man of some kind and was killed at his work. She was left with five little children—these people breed fast—and some furniture they had bought on the installment plan. She took in washing and such like, but the winter came and her brood was starving; the landlord threatened to put them out; the installment man threatened to take away the furniture; there was no fire in the stove and the oldest girl took sick. Then in order to keep a roof over their heads, to start the fire burning and to feed her brood she became immoral. Some one reported her to the magistrate and they took away her children. She walked the streets of the city for a while asking everywhere about her children and it was found that she had become insane."

"And you call this woman immoral?"

"Certainly, I do; the end does not justify the means."

"And now," I said, "society takes care of her and takes care of her children. It might have done so in the first place and have saved this woman from becoming immoral and afterward insane, and preserved a mother for the children. Strange are the ways of society!"

The doctor let out a soft whistle, then again he put his head to one side and looked at me from the little caverns of his eyes with unusual interest.

"What funny ideas you have," he said when we get back to the office we'll have a consultation. I begin to believe you might make a good specimen. Now don't get insulted, but really from a professional view-point—"

I managed to give the conversation a different turn.

When we came to the end of the corridor we were confronted by another closed door. The doctor listened for a moment before he put his key into the lock.

"She is playing," he said.

I, too, could hear the faint notes of a piano penetrating through the heavy oak.

When the door opened and we had entered a corridor similar to the one we had just traversed. The music which came to meet me stirred me with great wonderment.

It came rippling down the atmosphere and the sound and the melody were like a vision of spring, like a remembrance of youth to the aged. Now the notes became passionate, they throbbed with suppressed desire, they sobbed in supplication, they chattered with superb rage—then suddenly the whole fairy castle of music came tumbling down in a jarring jumble of discords and a harsh laugh rang out.

"What is that? Who played?" I asked the doctor.

"One of my specimens. The finest in the lot since the other one is gone. Isn't she splendidly mad? Some say she is a genius. She was a poor music teacher once. Strived to gain recognition, but was hardly able to make a living. Overwork and disappointment made her lose her mind. Many wealthy people who visited here have heard her play and have said, 'Oh, if I had only known!' Lucky for this institution they did not know. Here, we are at the men's ward."

As the doctor unlocked the door and we entered, a resonant voice called out:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

An old man stood in the corridor. He was of giant stature, tall, broad-shouldered and straight. He wore a flowing white beard and his face was as pink as a baby's.

"That's the prophet," said the doctor. "You notice he is not original."

"Is he insane?"

"Indeed he is. If we let him go he will stand in front of the homes of the wealthy and insult them by quoting Bible at them. Some of these old Biblical fellows were awfully insulting, most of them might have made good specimens for this institution. There is that fellow, John, for example, the man who wrote the Apocalypse, would have made a fine substitute for the specimen I lost."

"How about the chief one of them, the Carpenter of Nazareth?"

"A colleague of mine has already classified him as an epileptic. Epilepsy is a form of insanity. But look at the pale-faced young man over there, sitting close to the window. He was a railroad telegraph operator, worked sixty hours without stopping and fell asleep at his table. As a result a train got wrecked near his depot and many people were killed. He brooded over it and became insane. He can still hear the shrieks of the wounded and the groaning of the dying. You notice he shudders now and then. He has a wife and baby. They come to see him once in a while but he does not know them. This other man with the trim grey side-burns was a railroad financier. He lost his mind together with his fortune during a panic on the stock-exchange. All that remains to him of his former state are his neat little side-burns, which he cherishes very much. You notice how lovingly he strokes them—This is the end of the men's ward. Down stairs we keep the violently insane. We allow no visitors there. Here we are in the vestibule. Won't you come to my office and let me examine you? I think there is a little something in your eye—and then your ideas—the shape of the skull, too, is very promising."

I thanked him and went away.

When I made ready to descend the monumental steps of the asylum I noticed the prophet standing before one of the grated windows. He, too, saw me and his clear voice rang out over the gibberish and cursing emanating from the violent ward:

"Behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

An Imminent Revolution.

If the stroke of a comet should whirl the earth along an altered orb, with axis changed and continents where now are seas, the resulting change in the physical geography of the globe would scarcely be greater than that which now seems imminent in social affairs throughout the world. I use the words "seems imminent" advisedly; for no greater mistake could be made than to look upon the Socialist movement as a mere local or temporary craze, or upon its leaders as hair-brained visionaries. On the contrary the movement is world-wide in extent, and its leaders are men of the profoundest intellect and clearest insight. It has already assumed formidable proportions. Its ranks are rapidly swelling and its marchers are everywhere inspired with the zeal which comes of an absolute conviction that their cause is just, and that the arm of destiny upholds and bears their banners along. Nothing is gained by ignoring facts. All indications seem to justify the claim of the Socialist captains that they are "Sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."—L. W. Keplinger.

"Behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

An Imminent Revolution.

If the stroke of a comet should whirl the earth along an altered orb, with axis changed and continents where now are seas, the resulting change in the physical geography of the globe would scarcely be greater than that which now seems imminent in social affairs throughout the world. I use the words "seems imminent" advisedly; for no greater mistake could be made than to look upon the Socialist movement as a mere local or temporary craze, or upon its leaders as hair-brained visionaries. On the contrary the movement is world-wide in extent, and its leaders are men of the profoundest intellect and clearest insight. It has already assumed formidable proportions. Its ranks are rapidly swelling and its marchers are everywhere inspired with the zeal which comes of an absolute conviction that their cause is just, and that the arm of destiny upholds and bears their banners along. Nothing is gained by ignoring facts. All indications seem to justify the claim of the Socialist captains that they are "Sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."—L. W. Keplinger.

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THE SOUL OF ALABAMA

(Continued from page three.)

torials on the preaching of the gospel, not in foreign lands but at his own door and under his own nose.

"This is a picture of the child Jesus," I said to Bessie. Sammy, who was looking over my shoulder, said: "Ah'll bet 'e cudn't do two sides!" Sammy had one idea of child-life and it was associated with spindles. His own pay was forty cents a day for the care of two sides, or 224 spindles. It was a spindle world he lived in and the first thought that came to him that morning was the picture of the child Jesus attending with nimble fingers "two sides," or 224 spindles. Sammy's elder brother, who looked as if he might be sixteen or eighteen years of age, redeemed the situation for the Kellys, by saying:

"Ah'll bet he cud, fur he cud do it be a miracle!"

"What's a miracle?" Bessie asked. Instantly there came to me a vision of a miracle. I could only explain it in part for these children but it shaped itself in my mind something like this:

If these children got what belonged to them of the product of their labor; if someone would teach them how to wash themselves, how to make house home-like and clean! if they could be taught to read—perhaps to sing—and if just one Baptist missionary could be commissioned to stay in these huts at Avondale to teach these utterly benighted children something about God—then that would be a miracle.

The father entered. He had been to town and brought Sammy a new shirt in which he was to have his picture taken. I persuaded them all to wash and "dress" for a group picture. Sammy's attempt at this operation was most pathetic. He combed for twenty minutes at his hair and finally gave it up with a giggle, saying:

"Ah can't get it ter stay." I took a group of the four youngest, arranged in their holiday toggery, and then one of Sammy, alone. When I returned from the neighbor's stoop, the father announced the glad tidings that he had procured six tickets to the Salvation Army Christmas dinner.

Sammy's joy was exuberant. "We kin eat till we bust!" he said, as he thumped his belly with his flat palm.

I made inquiries about the Soul and discovered that he was sitting up nights arranging the appointments of the men who had carried his banne, and driven his van. This, of course, meant honor for the Kelly family and others, who, by blood and sweat, had contributed to the Soul's success. At such a busy stage of the Soul's career, it was fitting that experts in Soul culture should come in and take his place, feeble as the substitution might be.

Over two hundred of the mill folks of Avondale, the hungry employes of the Soul sat down at the Salvation Army free dinner that day and for once in the course of a year could feel fully satisfied and duly thankful for earthly blessings both to God and the Soul. There were not wanting those who in ignorance, criticized the Soul for what looked like criminal negligence and wanton disregard of the little lives entrusted to his care—in the mill.

When the appointments were made known, however, many of the critics saw their error. The Soul, during the Christmas period, had been wrestling with himself on behalf of the mill children, not only of his own mill, but of all Alabama! In the great heart of the Soul, while Henry Lancaster and the Salvation Army were feeding his hungry ones, was born a reform which was destined, when enacted into law, to be nothing less than revolutionary. The method of this was simplicity itself, so simple, indeed, that it came as cometh the Kingdom of God, i. e., without observation. In order to make a place for his son-in-law, the Soul ousted Dr. Shirley Bragg from the presidency of the state convict board and appointed him convict inspector. Again the critics criticized and again found themselves in error, for in addition to the inspection of convicts, Dr. Bragg had added to his arduous duty the pleasure of inspecting cotton mills.

For the mill children between seven and twelve, the appointment of Dr. Bragg was freighted with meaning. Its one thing to pass a law to pacify misguided though well-meaning people who demand the exclusion from the meads of earning a livelihood of all children under twelve—it's quite another thing to put such a law into execution. This appointment partook of the heroic. It was a mandate to the messieurs. Its meaning could not be misunderstood. The Soul owned a mill and believed in the right of "horny-handed" babies to earn their own living, and in order that they might have that right undisturbed, he appointed a man who would interpret the law in the interests, not alone of the under-aged, but of the man to whose benevolence he owed his appointment—the Soul of Alabama.

Undiscovered Socialists.

It is inevitable that the workers will grow in political intelligence and solidarity and assume political supremacy and control, until finally class antagonisms, based upon ownership, will be sprung into the air by the stiffening vertebrae of the bent and toiling millions. Nine-tenths of the people are Socialists—out! they haven't found it out yet—Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) Times.

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Sketches from Ellis Island

BY MAUD MOSHER
For Several Years Matron at Ellis Island
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These stories are the record of the actual experiences of the author as matron at Ellis Island. The facts and even the very words of the characters, as near as they can be remembered, have been given. They present a series of pictures of this gateway to the new world filled with pathos, humor and intense human interest.—EDITOR.

THE ANGORA CATS

They were beautiful cats, so soft and silky—and so spoiled! They took as much waiting on and caring for as did Mrs. Foster herself and Mrs. Foster did not seem to feel satisfied unless she had two or three persons doing something for her all the time.

Miss Neffries had been in charge of the Second Cabin Quarters for several days and incidentally in charge of Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Foster's maid, Mary Brown, and the cats. Probably anyone else would have felt as uneasy and dissatisfied as did Mrs. Foster under the same circumstances.

She had come from Italy on one of the North German Lloyd steamers as a first cabin passenger. Of course she never dreamed that she could or would be detained by the Immigration authorities. Much to her surprise however, when the steamer reached New York City she was questioned, detained and taken to Ellis Island and held for Special Inquiry. She was very indignant at first and all the more so when she was ordered and excluded and returned to Italy.

Italy was the one place from all others from which she was trying to get away. She immediately wrote a letter to the English Consul at New York City but he did not trouble to come over to the Island.

English people detained at the Island nearly always say: "Hi'll take the matter up with the English Consul, English people can't be treated so, don't you know." Poor English Consul, he would have to live at the Island, if he "halways took the matter up" every time we were told that the "English Government" would interefere.

So Mrs. Foster wrote to the English Consul, then she wrote to the Commissioner of Immigration (who was an Englishman by birth) and in a few hours, as she had not received a reply to the first letter, wrote again to the Commissioner and the next day wrote again.

Miss Neffries had told me something about the case, how ill Mrs. Foster seemed to be, about the beautiful cats and what a nice, tender hearted girl Mary Brown was but otherwise I did not know why Mrs. Foster was detained.

After she had been at the Island for two or three days I received a note from the Matron-in-charge saying: "Get an early lunch, then relieve Miss Neffries in the Second Cabin Quarters and remain there until time to go off duty. Tomorrow report at the Second Cabin Quarters at nine o'clock and take charge there until further orders."

We received detail orders from the Matron-in-Charge but after being assigned to the division worked under the direction of the Chief of the Division. I went to lunch and on the way to the Second Cabin Quarters, which were situated on the top floor of the great building, stopped at the office of the Chief of the Deportation Division and spoke to him about my detail. "Mr. Macree, I am detailed to the Second Cabin Quarters and I want to know what position I am supposed to occupy there, am I simply the Matron on duty, or is Mrs. Foster in need of special care or what?" Turning sharply to me he said slowly and emphatically, "You are there as Warden to see that Mrs. Foster does not escape. Give her any reasonable care that she may need and provide her with any comfort that you can within reason but your duty is to guard her every minute and see that she does not get away."

The Second Cabin Quarters consists of a large general sitting room from which open nine bed rooms and two bath rooms. These are kept for the use of such first and second cabin passengers as may be detained at the Island for any reason, either temporarily or because they are excluded and must return to the country from which they came.

People generally misunderstand the meaning of the word "immigrant." Usually it is believed to mean only the poor people who come to this country in the steerage but it really means any person who comes to this country and expects to remain here, who is not an American, either by birth or naturalization. People who travel in the first or second cabin of the steamers coming over are immigrants just as much as are the poor steerage people.

They are just as likely to be deported as are the steerage people if there is any reason for it. They are apt to have more money and not so likely to be debarred on that account as are the poorer people but that is supposed to be practically all the difference.

Mrs. Foster stayed in her room almost all the time. Wishing to know that my charge was all right when I relieved Miss Neffries I went to her door and rapped gently. I did not like to say, "I just wanted to see that you were here and had not escaped," which was the actual truth, so I said, "Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Foster?"

She was a slender woman of medium height with soft brown hair, skirt and shirt waist not quite right in the back, a little untidy, not very well dressed. She might have been a pretty woman had she been neater and had a brighter

expression. She looked like almost all the many, many, English women I had seen, so very lifeless and subdued. How surprised Englishmen must be at the suffragettes!

I had been in the room but a short time when a messenger from the Chief Clerk appeared, saying in a most impressive manner, "The Commissioner will send for Mrs. Foster at about two o'clock. You are to go with her to the Commissioner's office and you two are to wait in the ante-room, when the messenger announces, 'The Commissioner will see Mrs. Foster,' you are to go with her into the Commissioner's office and stay there. No matter whether your name is mentioned or not, you are to stay with Mrs. Foster all the time from the minute you leave this room until you return here again. Do you understand your orders?"

I had received all kinds of orders since I had been at the Island to do all sorts of strange things but this order was given so carefully and so emphatically that I could not help but wonder. I understood clearly and determined that to my charge I would "cling closer than a brother."

About two o'clock we were sent for and went down to the Commissioner's office and sat in the ante-room waiting until the messenger announced, "The Commissioner will see Mrs. Foster." I meekly tagged along behind although when I rose Mrs. Foster gave me a look which should have crushed me completely only that I was so used to being crushed in so many different

ways that I had become somewhat like Truth, that "crushed to earth will rise again."

The Commissioner indicated a chair for Mrs. Foster near his desk and said "Good afternoon, Miss Brown," to me. I took a seat near the door. Turning to Mrs. Foster he said pleasantly, "You wrote me that you wished to see me Mrs. Foster, what can I do for you?"

Mrs. Foster started to speak then turned to me as she said, "Can I not see you alone, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Why, Mrs. Foster, is it impossible for you to state your business before the Matron?"

"Yes—but it is so uncomfortable to discuss one's private affairs before a stranger."

We, Matrons, always wore a long black apron while on duty, it had become almost a uniform from years of custom. We wore them more to protect our skirts from being torn on the immigrant's baggage than for any other purpose and the aprons were generally being mended or were needing mending all the time. I had on my long black apron and I felt so uncomfortable that I wanted to throw it up over my head and hide like an ostrich in the sand—I should not like to discuss my private affairs before a stranger and I felt sorry for her, and the Commissioner looked as though he felt uncomfortable too.

Evidently he had some good reason for wishing a witness to the interview; he hesitated, then said, "Miss Brown will you please step out into the waiting room and remain there until I call you?"

I was glad enough to go. In just a few minutes the Chief Clerk entered the ante-room, he was startled to see me after his careful direction that I was not to leave my charge. "Miss Brown, did you not understand my instructions that you were to remain with Mrs. Foster every minute?"

It was certainly very mysterious! Smiling at his anxiety I replied, "Yes, I was tagging her around faithfully but the Commissioner asked me to step out here and wait until he called me."

"That is all right then, I was afraid that you had not understood."

After twenty minutes or so a messenger announced, "The Commissioner wishes you to enter his office again, Miss Brown."

I sat down near the door again waiting. The commissioner was just saying, "Mrs. Foster, if you have any friends who can help you in any way I advise you to communicate with them at once. Do not delay an hour,

get your letters off at once. I will delay deportation until you have the opportunity to write your friends and to receive a cablegram from them. Under the law I have no right to do this but I will stretch a point and do that much for you. If you are returned to Italy it means that you will be thrown into an Italian prison."

Mrs. Foster leaned forward saying, "But if I did not mean to do it, if I had no intention—"

"Your intention has nothing to do with it, striking the table with his hand," said the Commissioner emphatically, "can't I make you understand that you have defrauded this company and that all they care about is getting their money back? Can't I make you understand, Mrs. Foster, that if you are deported to Italy that you will be thrown into prison immediately upon the arrival of the steamer, in a foreign land, where you have no friends? Cannot you understand that if you can get help that you must get it at once?"

Mrs. Foster did not seem to have any feeling of fear; the real thought did not seem to penetrate her consciousness at all, only a kind of mild wonder that anyone should speak to her so emphatically.

"The Bishop of London is my personal friend, as you suggest I will write to him and also to my brother, Lord The last I knew the money was in the bank, there must be money there unless my brother has drawn it out."

"I regret that I cannot do more for you Mrs. Foster, but I will delay deportation for one week. An English steamer sails tomorrow, write your letters at once, Miss Brown will see that they go in the first mail for you. Do everything you can, for if your friends cannot help you now and do not get to work immediately and make restitution of the money I am sorry for you. You have defrauded this company whether intentionally or not and you will be tried according to Italian law. Miss Brown, you will escort Mrs. Foster back to her quarters."

What Mrs. Foster told the Commis-

sioner I never knew, what she pleaded for remained a secret between them. When we reached the Second Cabin Quarters I gave her writing materials and urged her to get the letters finished before I went away so that I could post them for her myself. As the last mail had gone from the Island when they were finished I took them to New York City and posted them there that night. They were large and thick, one was addressed to the Bishop of London and the other to Lord

I afterward learned that Mrs. Foster had been in a hotel in Switzerland when the hotel caught fire and burned down. The maid Mary Brown was then with her. They both escaped but in trying to save the Angora cats Mrs. Foster was badly burned round the waist and left side.

She then went to a hotel in Italy. After being there some time recovering from her wounds she was out of money and drew a check on a bank in England which was cashed for her by the hotel company. She obtained in this way several thousand dollars after paying her hotel bill. She then bought a first class ticket for New York City for herself and a second class ticket for her maid.

When the hotel company discovered the check to be worthless, as she had no funds in the bank and had not had for a long time if ever, she was out on the ocean sailing for the new world. The hotel company cabled over to the Immigration Bureau to detain Mrs. Foster and maid on a criminal charge. They also procured the necessary paper and sent them by mail overland through Europe and by fast ocean rail so that the Immigration authorities were in full possession of all the charges before Mrs. Foster's steamer arrived.

While she was detained at the Island six little baby kittens arrived. They were the cutest little things! Mary Brown had a dreadful time taking care of them and of the papa and mama Angoras and dress-g Mrs. Foster's still unhealed wounds.

Mrs. Foster had not paid Mary Brown any money since she had been with her, so she said, and Mary also said that she was entirely out of money. She seemed to be such a very nice young English girl that we were very sorry for her indeed because she was clearly entirely innocent of the worthless check matter yet if she were sent back to Italy she would probably be held on the same charge as a co-conspirator.

She was brought before the Board

of Special Inquiry and was given her choice of being landed in the United States and of going to one of the mission homes until she could procure work or of being deported. (She chose to be deported and arrangements were made so that she was sent back to England instead of to Italy.)

The day for deportation came and Mrs. Foster had received no word from her friends although they had had ample time to cable her. She was taken down to the steamer, Mary and the cats and the little kitten accompanying her. When she was on board and Mary had done all she could for her for the last time she then told Mrs. Foster that she was to go back to Italy alone and that she, Mary, was to return to England.

The next day Mary Brown was deported to England. We never heard from them again. Whether Mrs. Foster was innocent of the charge, whether her crime was really an unintentional one as she told the Commissioner, whether her friends intervened for her, whether she had any friends in England, whether she was an adventuress and a swindler, whether she was insane and imagined that she was a "lady" and had money in the bank in England we never knew.

She was just one of the "ships that pass in the night" at Ellis Island.

A Day's Work

AN ADAPTION

BY OSCAR LEONARD

The house painters had had a terrible year. The season had given very little chance for earning anything. Winter had come and as usual they had no work at all. Those who had saved a little in better days spent the last penny. Others indebted themselves and some had pawned everything that could be pawned. The wives of the painters were careworn, the children haggard and listless from lack of sufficient nourishment. All waited for the winter to pass. Spring meant the beginning of the season when work would be plentiful.

Spring came. But the work was not forthcoming. Summer arrived. A job here and there was in sight. But there was not enough work to keep even most of the men a-going. Summer was about to take leave and still the poor painters had waited in vain for work. They hoped and suffered. Some became despondent. They could not bear to see their wives and children in want. There were fears that the summer would pass without giving all painters a chance to earn anything. The heads of families looked forward to a terrible winter.

Suddenly the delayed season arrived. The painters' trade was thrown into a veritable fever of activity. This abnormal activity resembled the ever boiling, ever rushing life of New York. Painters were wanted everywhere. There was not an employer in the entire city who could get enough "hands" to do the work. There were a score of employers for each worker. Employers offered special inducements. The work had to be done and, as usual, the employers could not do it themselves. The workers' hand had to be applied to see the work done. The "wanted" columns of the papers were fat and long with the cry "painters wanted". It was to be a short but extremely intense season.

The workmen knew from experience what such a season meant. They knew it spelled killing labor for a few weeks and unemployment for long and weary months. It can be easily understood how they tried their very best to "make hay while the sun shines" or rather to paint houses while the weather permitted. They worked day and night, week day and Sunday and holiday. They had not time to eat even. They worked and worked and rushed from job to job, panting and painting.

Dick McGovern, a painter by trade, was among those who had gone through the terrible year of unemployment. He was trying his best now to "catch up with himself". He wanted to earn all he possibly could, that he might pay his debts and have a little money with which to face the forthcoming winter with its lack of work.

One early morning when Dick got up to go to work he felt a slight headache. When he got out of bed to dress he became dizzy and almost fainted. He dropped back into bed again. He thought he would rest that day and be in shape the next. But the moment he was in bed he seemed to rest on thorns. A mysterious voice urged him on "to work, man, to work". He reminded himself that after all a day's wages meant a great deal and there would not be many days in which to earn wages during the short season. He jumped feverishly from his bed and began to pull on his clothes. He washed his face quickly, swallowed a cup of coffee and snatched his tools. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in the head. He leaned against the door groaning.

Mrs. McGovern, who was still in bed opened her eyes frightened by his groans.

"What has happened to you Dick?" she asked uneasily.

"I have got a devil of a headache this morning," he managed to answer between groans.

"That's what I call bad luck. To have to lose a day just at this time. A misfortune I call it. There aren't going to be many days to lose. The summer is almost gone and winter is knocking at the door."

"And I have got to work on a scaffold way up in the air at that," he said in a trembling voice. "I am afraid I'll get dizzy. I feel dizzy right now. Things dance before my eyes."

"It's the rash you've been having for

the last week or so, it's killing you, Dick. Please don't go to work today." She was out of bed now imploring her husband to lie down for at least half a day. "I am afraid to see you go to work today."

"But we are in debt and winter is coming and you have nothing warm to wear and I have nothing—"

"I know we need the money, Dick. But I won't have you kill yourself. I ain't dead yet am I? There is lots of washing to be got."

"Washing while I can still handle a brush, not on my tin type. Lose a day because of a measly headache! Nothing doing. You know what a day's wages means to us—"

He spoke so seriously about the day's wages as it were the most important thing in the world. Yet who could blame him for it? A day's wages did not mean champagne nor good cigars as do dividends to his employers. It meant bread and coal and clothes to cover his wife's and his own body during the winter. Still Mrs. McGovern implored:

"But be careful Dick. I can't afford to lose you. If you feel dizzy before you get to work better come right home."

"Guess the walk in the cool air 'll make me feel good," he consoled his wife as he ran out of the house.

It was very early and Mrs. McGovern went back to bed. She closed her eyes trying to fall asleep. But her imagination would not allow her to rest. Terrible scenes she saw before her mind's eye. She saw Dick standing on the scaffold "way up in the air" painting the wall of a tall tenement. He looked very pale. She saw him rub his forehead with his hand and then he falls, falls, down, down, down to the hard pavement—a heap of flesh and broken bones, disfigured, in a pool of blood.

With a suppressed cry of terror she sprang from her bed, ran to the door swiftly and opening it began to call:

"Dick, my poor, poor man, Dick." He was too far from her to hear her calling now.

She opened a window and with her searching gaze looked up and down the street in the hope of seeing him. But she could not see him anywhere.

She began to dress quickly, determined to go after him. But she reminded herself that she did not even know where he was to work that day. She remained at the window, her head bowed, wringing her hands. The horrible picture her imagination had painted for her in bed was before her eyes again.

As the morning wore on the children began to wake. The house became lively with their prattle and noise. Mrs. McGovern busied herself dressing them and giving them their breakfast. While attending to the little ones she had no time to think of her husband. But as soon as the children ran out to play and the house was quiet again, her thoughts ran back to her husband.

Again the horrible picture was before her eyes. Whatever she tried to do that day to forget the horrible picture, was of no avail. She saw the same picture everywhere—her husband dead, bathed in his own blood.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. The poor woman was almost paralyzed with fear. Her blood seemed frozen in her veins. She could not move. When she recovered she walked to the door. She listened carefully as she walked. She wanted to ascertain whether they were bringing home her dead husband. When she opened the door Mrs. McGovern was greeted by the milkman. Her hands trembled as she paid the bill.

Later in the day a neighbor came to see her. The two women talked about one thing and another and Mrs. McGovern forgot for the time being her horrible fears. But when in the course of the conversation the neighbor mentioned her own husband something clutched at Mrs. McGovern's heart.

"My poor man dragged himself to work today an invalid," she said with a sigh. She wanted to tell of his work on the scaffold "way up in the air," but the words died on her lips. She feared to speak of her terrible forebodings.

After talking for a while Mrs. McGovern went with her neighbor to the butcher shop and to the grocery. In this way a goodly part of the day slipped away. Then came the children's lunch hour. The little ones with their noise and laughter and many stories kept her from thinking of her husband.

In this way the day passed. The sun began to hide behind the tall tenements. It became dark and darker. Mrs. McGovern gave the children their supper and put them to bed. A lonely silence filled the rooms. The woman again thought of her husband. The horrible thoughts tortured her once more. She could almost see the door opening. She could hear people coming up the stairs carrying the mutilated body of her husband. She could see his head and face blood stained and disfigured. No, no, he would not be dead. He would still be alive. The children will run to him. They will cry frightened:

"Papa, papa, speak to us."

Surrounded by his children he would die in her arms and she will remain a poor helpless widow—all alone in the world, alone with four little orphans. The thought came to her that she had no relatives in that vast jungle called New York. She had no one who could help her, absolutely no one. Her heart became oppressed and tears choked her.

Suddenly the wild clanging of an ambulance was heard. The painter's wife trembled in every limb. Cold perspiration covered her body. She rushed to

the window. The ambulance stopped in front of the saloon, on the corner.

"Kathleen," she heard her husband's voice unexpectedly.

"Dick, oh Dick, I had a day of it. You're home. Bless the Lord. How are you?"

"I am a little better. But what is the matter with you, old girl? Why are you weeping?" he asked as he pressed her to his heart.

"A days work, was it. Ten years of my life, that's what it was, Dick. A day's work and a day's wages," she whispered in a strange voice as she began to weep hysterically.

Scotch Socialist Sunday Schools

BY FORBES KINGHORN



Archie McArthur, "Uncle Archie," Teacher of Glasgow's First Socialist Sunday School.

One of the best possible antidotes for the pernicious and demoralizing influence and activity of the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America is found in what is one of our most formidable weapons, if we but choose to use it, and this weapon is the Socialist Sunday school.

The particular power of this institution lies in the fact that it takes the child at the time when the plastic mind is readily moulded and plants there the seed of certain Socialist fundamentals which can never thereafter be disestablished.

In trying to convert others to Socialism, the propagandist is almost invariably confronted with three points raised by his opponent—points which he must tear asunder before making headway. These points are:

1. Belief in the divine right of property and capital.
2. Belief that it is God's will that there should be oppressed and oppressing classes.
3. An utter lack of knowledge regarding the evolution of man as a social being.

The public schools and churches perpetuate the first two, and they do not attempt to mitigate the evil of the third factor. So it is not surprising to find people in every day life repeating the fallacies that because something has never happened it never can happen, or because an institution has always existed (as far as their limited knowledge goes) it always will exist.

Thirteen years ago, the comrades in Glasgow, Scotland, began to see the futility and mockery of waiting until the child reached maturity and then assailing his or her false ideas and conceptions of life, which had been gained during a long period of deliberate misinformation, in order to establish the true and proper understanding of things. It was resolved to begin the training of the boy and girl at the time when the character is forming, when the mind is gathering impressions from its environment, from what was seen and heard and felt all around.

In this way the Socialist Sunday school movement was inaugurated—a movement which has spread greatly during the last decade, and which is destined ultimately to reach the children of all civilized nations, and be a potent factor in bringing about the time when "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that."

The movement has spread to the greatest extent in Great Britain, and during the early part of the present year there were 14 schools in Glasgow, 25 in London and one or more in each city of importance in the country. A monthly magazine known as "The Young Socialist" is also published, giving reports from the various schools, together with lessons, articles and papers dealing with Socialism.

A significant fact about the movement is that, in a few years, the ranks of the regular organizations of adult Socialists were being greatly strengthened by recruits from the juvenile branch; who were well versed in the principles of Socialism, had some knowledge of social evolution, and were strengthened for the fight by a course of lessons on "ethics" which was included in the curriculum of the schools.

A few of the subjects which are most frequently used as lessons in the Socialist Sunday schools are: Poverty and Charity, Brotherhood, Child Labor, History, showing the constant relation between economics and ethics, Nature Study, Good Citizenship, Equality, Love, The City Beautiful and Environment.

With these teachings and capable instructors it is plain that children must become imbued with high ideals and enter the ranks even in their school-days as fighters for a better, nobler and higher life than can be known under existing conditions.

Human Nature

GEORGE PLECHANOFF

The action of man upon nature outside himself, presupposes certain instruments, certain means of production; according to the character of their means of production men enter into certain relations within the process of production (since this process is a social one), and according to their relation in this social process of production, their habits, their sentiments, their desires, their methods of thought and of action, in a word their nature, vary. Thus it is not human nature which explains the historical movement; it is the historical movement which fashions diversely human nature.

The Shadow Over Britain

BY CHARLES N. L. SHAW

THERE is a great shadow looming large over Britain today. For the past seven years it has been materializing out of the smoke and fury of politics. As is usual with most nations, the British cannot see the woods for the trees and even now the people are just beginning to sense what is maturing in the womb of time. Well I believe the time of travail is at hand, and unless all the signs are baseless, the conscription child will be born before two more Parliaments have gone into the shades of the past.

This question of universal military service I am convinced will one day prove the great political issue. For years past the leaders of the Conservative Party—aye of the Liberals too—have been feeling their way. First it was the inefficiency of the volunteers, and how inefficient those poor men were had to be seen to be believed—then came the Imperial Yeomanry idea in charge of which was placed Napoleon Haldane, Secretary of State for War, who of course being a lawyer would be likely to know all about it!

Well, Lawyer Haldane cannot get the men and he cannot get the money and the scheme is already being spoken of here in military circles as a failure. Failure! Good Heavens! It was always intended by the authorities to be a failure and to act merely as a stalking horse for conscription.

I have had a conversation with one of the senior generals (retired) who put it pithily—"Listen to me, sir, soldiering is no fool's work, soldiering means hard work, hard thinking, and hard hitting. It is no question of playing the giddy gazelle under canvass once or twice a year when you feel inclined, but means constant training. Yeomanry!"

Robert Blatchford.

My friend, Robert Blatchford, who has just returned from the French maneuvers for the ubiquitous *Daily Mail* is representing that paper at the British maneuvers. He echoes the opinion of the old war horse above, regards the Yeomanry today as more or less farcical and is advocating conscription. His articles undoubtedly are having a tremendous effect on public opinion, though they are, I fear, causing a good deal of heart-burning amongst his Socialist friend, who all love him even when they hate his views on military matters.

By the way, you will be glad to know that the British Empire is safe and the Army O. K. for the one and only John Burns is at the maneuvers giving a few wrinkles to those poor devils of generals.

It is sometimes excellent for a country to see itself through other glasses. In my articles I shall sometime show

Who Will Profit

On the night of the 30th of September the office of the Los Angeles Times was wrecked by an explosion and a fire which followed that explosion. While that fire was yet blazing, extras were sold to the crowd containing signed statements from the staff of the Times alleging that the building had been blown up by dynamite placed there by trade union men.

This charge was based simply upon the fact that the Los Angeles Times had



RUINS OF TIMES BUILDING, LOS ANGELES.

been, from the time of its establishment, the most bitter foe of organized labor on the Pacific Coast. Its efforts had blacklisted scores of workers and its principal reason for existence had long been to make the conditions of labor harder for those who produced the wealth of California.

Thus this charge sprang from the one fact of a guilty conscience on the part of the Times management. Against this evidence is placed a few facts that indicate the probability of another source for the explosion. The building was an old one about to be torn down, so no financial loss fell upon the owners, Harrison Gray Otis, the owner, was far away in Mexico. An auxiliary plant was found to have been placed in another part of the city ready for such an emergency.

By a remarkable coincidence the plans for the new building were announced as ready within forty-eight hours showing as a matter of fact they had been prepared long in advance.

Following this came the discovery of

the United States through British spectacles.

The Land of the Free.

At the present moment the land of the free is being regarded as the country which, par excellence, can give points and a beating to all other countries in the way to bludgeon and to club the working classes into submission.

For instance the methods adopted by the authorities against the 75,000 cloak makers on strike in New York, and against striking tramway workers in Columbus, and a hundred and one other places, are having their effect on British public opinion, and may have quite possibly far reaching effects in the political arena. Those are methods which would not be tolerated here and it is thought that it would be no harm for Cousin Sam to set his own house in order before troubling himself about the Philippines and the other locations.

It is always a good thing you know to get the beam out of your own eye, the mote out of the other fellow's, and then sail in for glory.

The Divine Sarah has been making her first music hall appearance here in London. Here is a woman who is a grandmother and yet speaks like a girl and looks like a girl. They tell me it took a small crane to lift one of the floral tributes to Bernhardt across the footlights. I should have thought it would have taken the daring ideas of a country like America to bring the Bernhardt star to within the orbit of the music hall. But one never knows. Does one?

The Snake and the Lawyer.

Last week it was the man to beat Johnson, this week the papers teek with descriptions, meticulous and mendacious, of an encounter between that cunning little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and the serpent in Wales. Curious, by the way, how whenever you find a lawyer, you are sure to find a snake within him!

After a desperate encounter, lasting by stop watch some three minutes, and assisted by a prominent Liberal politician who knows something about serpents, the monster measuring eighteen inches long was dispatched.

Of such stern stuff are Welsh lawyers made!

As I thought would be the case, those 12,000 Welsh miners have decided that discretion is, in the present instance, the better part of valor and have gone back to work.

But mark my word, I believe that from my conversations with various leaders that this winter there will be in Britain, one of the most tremendous industrial upheavals she has yet experienced.

numorous bombs and infernal machines all in the vicinity of the residences of people connected with the Times. This proves too much. Such bombs are always found by the police immediately after any outrage which it is desired to fix upon organized labor. And this, in spite of the fact, which would occur to almost any reasonable person that anyone who had accomplished such a deed would not, within the next few minutes, attempt similar outrages in a dozen other localities.

It is claimed that the explosion was caused by gas aggravated by the

that it proposed to crush the unions on the Pacific coast. In pursuit of that policy it has used the black list, lock outs and injunctions and has manipulated the courts, police and legislative powers as it pleased. In spite of this merciless fight, the unions have not been crushed. Instead, they have been turning to the ballot, and the Socialist movement has been growing from Puget Sound to San Diego as in but few places on earth!

Confronted with these facts the Merchants and Manufacturers' association grew desperate. The one thing that would serve them was some outrage that would turn public sentiment against the unions. If this could be done, the powers of government would remain safely in the hands of the exploiting class and the war against organized labor could be continued. This was the situation when the Los Angeles Times building went into the air burying fifty workmen beneath its ruins.

Every action following the explosion bears the mark of an effort to exploit the event to the utmost. Los Angeles was at once flooded with armed Pinkerton detectives and the militia, although there was no sign of disturbance. The sessions of the State Federation of Labor were disturbed by a small army of policemen who sought in every possible way to irritate the delegates of this body into some hostile action. Socialist meetings were broken up by violence, and United States marines were placed on guard around an armory in Los Angeles in the hope of convincing the public that some sort of a general outbreak was expected.

Even more striking was the barefaced attempt to exploit the event directly by the statement issued by the Merchants and Manufacturers' association saying that "For the welfare of the community the Union Metal Workers and the Union Brewery Workers should call off their strikes at once." This was rather overdoing it and the Los Angeles Record, retorts by suggesting that the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association accept the offer of the unions to arbitrate the issues of the strike.

THE FINAL CLASH IN GERMANY

While the discussion over the budget vote attracted great attention in the German Socialist Congress at Magdeburg, yet the real purpose of the Congress was not to settle this question but to prepare for the general election that will take place next year. There was a general feeling throughout the Congress that these elections marked the beginning of the end of the class struggle in Germany. That the government could pass through these elections with the tremendous Socialist increase which they are certain to bring seems impossible. That the Emperor will peacefully bend to the result of that election if it promised the destruction of his imperial power is equally unthinkable.

The Socialists are preparing to move steadily ahead. In fact the recognition of the impending crisis led them but to take more determined measures. For the first time a National Congress of the German party directly declared for the general strike as one of the methods of fighting for a specific immediate purpose. This was done by the adoption of a resolution offered by Rosa Luxemburg. This resolution read as follows: "The convention in complete accord with the recent Prussian convention, whose position was justified by the results of the battle for suffrage this spring, declares that the battle for the suffrage in Prussia can be victorious only through a great solidified mass movement of the working people in which all means, including the political general strike must necessarily be brought into application."

In the discussion of this motion it was discovered that the present ruling class is preparing for violent action. Secret military instructions were read by delegate Limbert that without any exaggeration has stirred German thought and life and politics to their foundation. These instructions had they provided, almost in the opening been issued by a division commander and were very plainly intended as the first step toward the use of the army against the Socialists. The fact that sentences, for illegal action, in that the soldiers were instructed to disregard the constitutional immunity from arrest enjoyed by members of the Reichstag, is pointed to by the Socialists as showing the lawlessness of the ruling class when its interests are threatened.

Since similar instructions have undoubtedly been issued by the military authorities of every country, including the United States, the significant portions of this circular are given herewith:

The first measures that may be taken simultaneously with the declaration of military law are the suppression of all papers of seditious character and the arrest of the editors together with all leaders and agitators without regard to the immunity of representatives of members of the Reichstag. The apprehension of these persons may perhaps be left to be carried out by the police, but in all probability these would have to be guarded by the military. In any case those arrested must be turned over to the military authorities and be placed in the latter in security.

Assemblies are to be forbidden and at the very beginning of any seditious movement all attempts at resistance must be crushed in the most effective manner. It is more dangerous than dilatory measures. Delay will destroy the spirit of the best troops, while attack and battle strengthen their attitude.

Preparations have already been made to meet a strike on the railroads. In the use of troops in street fights the following rules are to be followed: Infantry are to work together with the captains. A frontal charge against barricades without energetic preparations by artillery is to be avoided because it very often is repulsed and preferably through the houses by destroying the walls, through yards, gardens or over roofs. In marching through the streets it is judicious to have the street divided into columns on each side of the street. Skilled sharpshooters are to be preferred in order to effectually reply to shots from windows.

His Spirit Marches On

Seldom has the martyr's robes been so quickly replaced by the heroes monument as in the case of Francisco Ferrer. All over the world great celebrations are being held on the 13th of this month, the anniversary of his death. But the anniversary that is most striking in its testimony to the effectiveness of his life is the one that is taking place in Lisbon and Madrid. The new Portuguese nation which has been born in the past few days is a tribute to his teaching. The driving



SPANISH SOLDIERS GUARDING THE STREETS AT BILBAO.

out of the clerical rulers from Portugal is the legitimate harvest reaped by those who sought and obtained his blood.

Now, the word comes that the uprising in Portugal has carried new inspiration and encouragement to the revolutionists of Spain, and that King Alfonso may soon be following exiling Manuel into exile.

Spain has been torn with the stress of the class conflict during the last year. Strike has followed strike through the industrial districts and everywhere the forces of the revolution have gained in strength. Whether these forces will be successful at this moment or not, no one can tell. But the power that slew Ferrer has already lost its grip upon the governmental machinery.

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

III.—Social Democratic Party of Great Britain.

The reports presented by the various parties at the International Socialist Congress constitute a mine of information on the working class work as has never been gathered together at any one time before. The *Coming Nation* will publish each week a summary of one of these reports. The result will be a reference work of the International Socialist Movement of great value. If these are cut out and placed in a scrap book, the result will be a reference work of value to any library. For a limited time each number can be supplied at five cents each, or subscriptions may be made to begin with the first number. The series began in number four.

The Social-Democratic party of Great Britain, formerly the Social-Democratic Federation, was organized in London in 1881 as the Democratic Federation, and took the name of the Social-Democratic Federation in 1884, when it became an avowed Socialist body. By a ballot of the members in 1907 the name was changed to the Social-Democratic party. In 1906 it polled 29,810 votes and elected one candidate to parliament, Will Thorne from London.

According to the report rendered to the International Congress at Copenhagen, covering the years 1907, 1908 and 1909 there was the following number of new branches and affiliated bodies: 1907, 57; 1908, 46; 1909, 24. Paying membership: 1907, 14,500; 1908, 16,000; 1909 17,000; nominal membership, several thousands more. Income and expenditure of the Social-Democratic party and branches, and its printing and publishing establishment, the Twentieth Century Press, and its boot factory, the Pioneer Boot Works: 1907, \$142,500; 1908, \$155,000; 1909, \$145,000. Reduction in income in 1909 is due entirely to the period of bad trade which has affected most adversely the industrial districts.

As regards municipal and other elections, the contests in 1907 gave us 66,493 votes, with a gain of 24 seats and a loss of nine, those in 1908, 25,785 votes, with a gain of 14 and a loss of 16 seats; and those in 1909, 114,191 votes, with a gain of 18 and a loss of four seats.

The sale of Socialist pamphlets and brochures at the central office of the S. D. P. and the Twentieth Century Press has been 520,000. In addition 1,504,000 Socialist manifestos and leaflets of very important public questions have been distributed. Seventy new Socialist pamphlets and brochures and reprints have been issued during the same period. The size of our weekly organ, *Justice*, has been increased, and its circulation doubled.

In regard to international matters, the Social-Democratic party gave a cordial reception to the delegates to the congress of the Russian Social-Democratic party on May 24, 1907. In accordance with the recommendation of the International Bureau, a number of meetings were held on July 14, 1907, in sympathy with our Russian comrades after the dissolution of the second Duma. On July 25, 1909, the S. D. P. gave up Trafalgar Square to the labor party for the purpose of holding a united Socialist and labor demonstration, in which we participated, to protest against the visit of Nicholas II. On October 17th, the S. D. P. held in Trafalgar Square a great demonstration of indignation against the execution of Ferrer by the Spanish government. On May 29th of this year a series of meetings of protest against the suppression of the constitution of

Finland by Russia were held in London and many cities and towns in England, Scotland and Wales.

The result at the polls during the years 1906-9, inclusive, were, on the whole, rather disappointing. With the exception of H. M. Hyndman, who increased his poll of 1906 by 16 votes, and Will Thorne, who was returned with an increase of 1,581 votes, all the seats contested in 1906 showed a diminution in the number of votes cast for the S. D. P. candidates. In 1906 eight members of the S. D. P. polled 29,810 votes, or an average of 3,726

votes each; in 1910, thirteen members polled 32,540 or an average of 2,503 each.

For the past twelve or thirteen years the unification of the Socialist forces of this country has been a settled portion of the policy of the Social-Democratic party. Since the Amsterdam congress of 1904, the S. D. P. has on several occasions approached the Independent Labor party on the question of Socialist unity in this country. Invariably the reply received from the national administrative council of the Independent Labor party has been that the means for securing united action on the part of Socialists here lies in the labor party. The view of the S. D. P. is quite a contrary one. We regard the question of affiliation to the labor party as one entirely apart from that of Socialist unity, and recent developments in the labor party in parliament, which seems to tend more and more in the direction of an understanding with the liberal government, convince us that our view is the right one. We believe that there is a strong and growing feeling in favor of the joining together of the Socialist forces, and certainly such a union is exceedingly necessary here in view of the difficulties which the Socialist movement has to encounter. We have always regarded the Independent Labor party as being the most important Socialist organization to be considered in connection with Socialist unity, and we have therefore endeavored to work harmoniously with them before trying to get together the number of local and scattered groups that exist in various parts of the country. We are glad to say that our relations with all Socialist bodies is of a perfectly friendly character, and that on several important occasions, notably on Russia, the execution of Ferrer, and Finland, we have all been able to act cordially together. We shall do everything in our power to secure the continuance and increase of this co-operation, feeling sure that such co-operation must, in the near future, bring about the unification of the Socialist forces in Great Britain and Ireland, which is absolutely necessary for the consolidation in an organized form of the progress which Socialist ideas and principles have undoubtedly made among the people of these islands.

California Campaign Booming

CLARA A. BLOCHER

(Perhaps the following, written a few days before the explosion in the building of the Los Angeles Times, may offer some slight explanation of that event. Taken in connection with the desperate effort of the combined employers of the Pacific coast to crush organized labor and all resistance to exploitation, and the plainly forecasted defeat of that effort, it is not hard to tell who would be interested in some act of violence that might be used to throw discredit on the working class.)

A wave of reform is passing over all California with Los Angeles as the active storm center. The labor organizations and the Socialist party have been tending towards a union of forces for the past three months. The good government council having instituted the anti-picketing ordinance in favor of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association had the immediate effect of arousing the Socialists to unprecedented action in an effort to awaken trades unionists to the realization that Socialism was working for the interest and good of the working class.

A vigorous campaign in the form of the distribution of literature was at once begun. This literature was published in Los Angeles and related to local matters. The injunction was in favor of "big business" and made the struggle for higher wages and a shorter working hours a crime. This was a critical moment and unionists saw it.

A call from the Flying Squadron of Los Angeles was responded to with great enthusiasm, and as a result 100,000 pieces of literature were distributed per month. Ninety-five propaganda meetings and sixty business meetings were held. The membership increased over 400 per cent during the months of July, August and September. Branch Los Angeles alone took in over 300 members in July. And it has taken in an average of 150 per month since then. These are all dues-paying members.

Los Angeles county was organized into a local July 1, 1910. Since then twelve new branches have been es-

tablished. Calls are coming in from all over the county for new locals, and new ones are organized nearly every week. Collections and donations received have amounted to over \$3,000.

Meetings are being held in all parts of the city nearly every night in the week. One of the most quiet and beautiful streets in Los Angeles, the Mercantile Place, has been hired by the Socialists at a rental of \$50 a month for public speaking. Every night in the week a comrade conducts a meeting at this place. This is a little street one block in length and not used for general traffic. Such men as Rev. Cantrell, Socialist nominee for secretary of state and T. W. Williams, candidate for congress are the principal speakers.

After the good government council passed the anti-picketing ordinance the trade unions organized themselves into what they called the labor party. But this move proved to be a step leading to the final union of organized labor and the Socialist party. The transition was easy. Organized labor at last saw that if they would join their industrial forces with politics they would become a power that would make capital look with some concern. This union was officially effected on Saturday night, September the 24th. All the trades unions endorsed the entire Socialist ticket of the state and county.

There are two papers in Los Angeles published in the interest of the workers' side of the class struggle. The Citizen is the union organ and The People's Paper is an advocate of the principles of Socialism. The latter recently moved from Santa Barbara here, where a wider field of usefulness exists!

J. Stitt Wilson is touring the state in the "Red Special," donated by Comrade J. E. Collier, of Pasadena. Comrade Collier contributing his own services as chauffeur and suspending his business in order to do so. Los Angeles showered \$100 in silver on top of Wilson's head to paint the automobile red. The enthusiasm over the Red Special has been tremendous. It is the greatest campaign of education on Socialism the state has ever undertaken. At San Francisco the people gathered by the thousands to hear J. Stitt Wilson. The rank and file of the trades unions, fifteen thousand strong, pledged their support to the Socialist party. On Labor Day,



J. STITT WILSON

a picnic was held at Suell Mound park and a tremendous ovation was rendered Wilson. At San Jose September 11th, the Socialist party platform was adopted by the state convention. Everywhere there is the greatest awakening. The cry is to unite. Unite! Politics and industry must join hands to win in the industrial revolution.

There is every indication of a large vote in the state and county for Socialist candidates. There is a rumor, too, that there will be some Socialists elected to office at the November election.

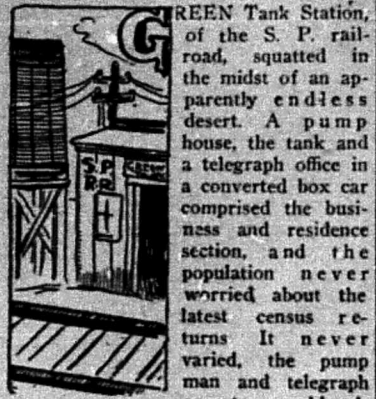
The opportunity in the state has never been greater to make an appeal to the workers and expect an intelligent and active response than now. The workers are awake and only by their own diligence can they hope to keep out of the political slaughterhouse this time. Wilson in an open letter to the comrades has this to say: "Now, comrades, our work will be no easier, but the grind of it will not be so severe. Things are coming our way. We shall roll up a tremendous vote. We shall give the old betters a bad scare. Let us pat them on the rim." The comrades have responded grandly to this appeal.

Two articles written "To the Farmers of California," by J. Stitt Wilson appeared in the Peoples' Paper of July 9th and September 24th. In these articles Mr. Wilson makes one of the grandest of appeals to the tillers of the soil to get an understanding of Socialism. He says, "We Socialists want every person to have an inalienable opportunity to make a good living by putting forth his labor." Socialists believe that every man should have what he earns and should be secure in his labor.

The Woman's Label League and the Woman's Socialist Union are assisting nobly in the campaign work. Hopes are entertained that we may have equal suffrage soon. Wilson says "Votes for Women," says: "Whether the woman's suffrage movement supports my candidacy or not, I will make 'votes for women', one of my main points in the campaign, and if I am elected governor of the state, I shall stump the state with the hope that when the constitutional amendment is placed before the electors, it will sweep the state with the required majority."

The Love That Failed

LEWIS G. DE HART



GREEN Tank Station, of the S. P. railroad, squatted in the midst of an apparently endless desert. A pump house, the tank and a telegraph office in a converted box car comprised the business and residence section, and the population never worried about the latest census returns. It never varied, the pump man and telegraph operator could always tell you how many lived at Green Pump station five years before and how many would live there in five years more.

No one ever got off at Green Pump by choice, the three minute stop for water was more than enough for anyone, and when once by chance the Limited was held twenty minutes on the switch for another train, Green Tank's permanent population picked up more new cuss words than they had heard for a year.

Today, with an August sun beating slantways across the arid waste, Barney Talbot, the telegraph agent, felt that Green Tank was miles nearer hell than any place he had ever been. Even the rapidly approaching smoke of the California Flyer, showing in the distance, failed to cheer him, for the sight of passengers lolling inside, who did not have to get off at Green Tank, was wormwood to his college bred soul.

He reported the train on the wire and scribbled off the dispatcher's orders for the train crew, and, as the Flyer drew to a shrieking stop at the tank, passed a yellow slip each to the engineer and conductor.

"only I don't get mine so regular, when's the next train?"

Talbot pointed toward the east, where twenty miles away a cloud of smoke rose lazily.

"Bout thirty minutes but you'll stay with me tonight won't you?"

No Barney, I'd like to but I've got to hit the pike for Denver. I've got a wife and kid there, old fellow, and they're all I've got in the world. I'll tell you my story and when I come back you can spin yours. We graduated the same year, you know, and the wisest and most foolish thing I ever did was what I did next. I married the finest girl in the world and then I started after a job. I had my noodle full of Greek and philosophy but I couldn't sell it. I went to Denver and, to cut a long tale short; I finally landed a job as shoe clerk—yes by God—as shoe clerk, at nine dollars a week and for three years I hugged that job for dear life. Wife and I and the kid lived in heaven and hell, heaven in our love and hell in our living standard. Don't tell me I ought to have done better, I didn't have time. I can't begin to tell you of the dollars and time I wasted chasing fancies. You know what it is or you wouldn't be here. Four months ago I was fired, fired for telling a customer she couldn't wear a number four shoe. It was dull times, I had to work and so I beat it for the wheat fields of Kansas. I'm blistered from head to foot, I've worked for fourteen hours a day when I could, and I've got twenty dollars sewed up in this ragged shirt of mine. Four days ago I got a letter from Bernice, that's my wife. The kid, our little girl, was sick, Bernice was out of money and the doctor wouldn't trust her. If I'd rode on the cushions I'd have been there now, without money, so I decided to beat it and keep the money for the doctor. That's my story. I don't know how she is and here's the freight."

The long train pulled in and drank thirstily, while the college tramp coiled himself on a car truck. "Let me know old chap," called Talbot, "send it collect." "Sure," was the answer as the train drew away. Four days later came the message. "Too late," it read, and Talbot swore violently and rubbed his eyes secretly.

"I guess it's just as well, maybe, that we're not rich." "Why?" "My wife would want to live in Paris, and I'd want to live in a pennant-winning town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Well Barney," said Bernice as he returned the handshake, "for the matter of that what's a man with a B. A. after his handle doing in a God forsaken spot like this?" "Bread and butter," returned the agent laconically. "Same here," said the college tramp,

"I guess it's just as well, maybe, that we're not rich."

"Why?"

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SOCIALISM WILL END THIS INFAMY



:-: Come Have A Smile On Us :-:

LETTERS

SELF-MADE OUTLAW

BY ELLIS O. JONES

No. 1

My Dear Son—You understand, of course, that I talk to you more freely about business matters than to anyone else in the world. Your mother never takes any interest in business, confining herself entirely to the social game. All she needs for that is money, and so long as the money is forthcoming regularly, there is no questioning about the



THE SOCIAL GAME

source. But a man has to have somewhere to blow off steam once in a while. You should destroy my letters just as soon as you read them and not leave them lying around. Burnt letters tell no tales.

There was a time when people could be trusted, but one cannot even trust his closest business associates nowadays. One day, men will be friends and next day they will be fighting and trying to get the best of one another.

By the way, my boy, why couldn't you interest some of your classmates in a little Outlaw, preferred? Tell them in a great secret that it is going up. You know we raised the dividend last year. The fact is that there will be a great slump in Outlaw, preferred, after the next directors' meeting for we are going to pass the dividend. Of course, I don't think you ought to speculate, but if you should happen to run a little short on your allowance, go short on some Outlaw, preferred, but don't give it away. Everybody thinks I'm the biggest bull in the market.

I gave the duke a tip to buy some of that stock and my brokers tell me he went in heavy. Well, I guess I sold all he bought. About all he'll have one of these days is a wife, a title and an indulgent father-in-law who holds the purse strings. You see he didn't go at it right. If he hadn't wanted to make a bargain beforehand, I would have been a great deal more generous with him.

You will notice that the fine is still unpaid. We've got it tied up in the courts more tightly than Gulliver in Lilliput Land. Of course, it's too bad things like this have to happen, but they are just as inevitable as presidential elections and congressional sessions. Sometimes I dream of a Utopia where there are no politicians to buy and no public to reckon with. Although we

have congress about where we want it, you never can tell when some fellow might get up and imitate Patrick Henry. Congress is in session now and the presidential election is next year. I am putting my house in order and have more ready cash gathered together than ever before. I'd have more yet if a whole lot of other people weren't doing the same thing. That makes securities a little hard to sell just now. But, then, if worst comes to worst, there is the government to fall back on. The government may rail at us outlaws a little once in a while, but whenever we need money real badly, we always get it. It is but fair to give the devil his due.

It is but right of course, that the outlaw business should be protected as it has become an important adjunct to the country's prosperity. I am going to write you at greater length on the money question one of these days. In the meantime, I am

Yours lovingly, FATHER.

Get Rich and Live Long.

According to the *Catholic Sentinel* "among the richer classes, 343 persons in 1,000 live to be 60 years of age; in the middle classes 175, and of the laboring classes 156." It seems, in view of the showing, that the only way to promote long life is to make all rich in the sense that there will be no danger of want for all. The answer, as usual in all social problems, is Socialism.—Voice of Labor.

Clerk—I shall need more salary now, sir. I am married.
Employer—Eh. What! Nonsense! If your pay was sufficient to carry you through the expense of an engagement, you should now be able to save money, sir.

Mixing Up the Brakemen

We imagine that some railroad employees are in a confused state of mind nowadays. No doubt they have heard more or less about Socialism, which would persuade them that as wage-earners they constitute a particular class, having a special class interest; that as voters they should recognize this class interest, voting for whoever or whatever will promote it. On the other hand they have heard from Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft and many other



THE EMPLOYER

eminent publicists that this appeal to a class interest is a wicked and noxious thing; that it is their duty to vote simply as American citizens, and that whoever seeks to project class division into politics strikes at the base of our free institutions. Having got the latter point firmly in mind, what must be their surprise at hearing eloquent appeals to class interest from their own employers! The president of a large system recently urged its wage-earners to "cast their votes solidly against those who stand for anti-railroad legislation." The obvious meaning is that as their wages depend upon railroad earnings, and those earnings depend upon an absence of anti-railroad legislation, they ought to forget the nonsense about voting simply as American citizens and come out solidly for whoever promises most to their own particular class. Up to which point of course, the

railroad president and the Socialists are in hearty accord—although they differ as to how the employe should vote in order to promote his class interest. Meanwhile the employe may be trying to figure out why it is wicked for a Socialist to appeal to class interest, but not wicked for a railroad president—Saturday Evening Post.

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.



ROBERT CASE SLAYS CAPITALISM

His soul is still marching to glory Though moulders his body away, Recounting with reverence his story Men speak of it boldly today; And every trustful politician With crocodile tears in his eyes Gives John Brown an honored position Along with the noble and wise. They tell how he died on the scaffold, That men might be freed from the thrall, Outnumbered, defeated and baffled He sounded a world's bugle call, His life and his struggles reviewing, They praise him with lip and with pen But what are these hypocrites doing That those he made free may be men? They see in the states that succeeded The ballot, blood-purchased, denied.

The sacred amendment unheeded For which thousands suffered and died, They talk of his work that surpasses The deeds of the heroes of song, Then with the oppressors clink glasses And wink at the terrible wrong.

The Unexcusable Crime.

"Dock that man fifty cents," said the kind hearted boss as he strolled through the workroom. "What for?" asked the trembling foreman. "What for? I caught him looking at the clock." "But it was after work hours." "Suppose it was. He would never have known it if he hadn't been rubbering."

You Know the Brand. Reform seems very urgent; Down-trodden truth must win; But watch the great insurgent Forget when he gets in. A chance to be himself a grafter; That's the reform that he is after.

Blowed Their Savings.

"I suppose you killed the fatted calf when the prodigal returned?" "Not that exactly. We bought a slice of bacon and invited in all of the neighbors."

Appreciate the Favor.

Contentment old New England finds; Peace on its slumbering attills; The babies in the cotton mills Are piling high the dividends.



TOO CLASS CONSCIOUS

Your money or your life," demanded the voice behind the revolver. "How dare you," said the tipsy old guy who had to lean backward to balance his diamond stud, "thus address a Wall street broker?" "Pardon me, pard," humbly replied the holdup man, lowering his gun. "I didn't know you was one of us."

Knaw His Crowd. "Don't worry," the reformer said. "Or at the prospects chafe, I've counted every pumpkin head And know that we are safe."

Not His Line. "I called—" said the social investigator who had knocked at the door of a one-story brick house that had neither trees nor grass plot in front. "I am glad to see you," said the woman. "My husband is out of work and we haven't had anything to eat for three days. Could you get one of them charity organizations to slip us a basket of groceries without sending a moral lecture along?"

"Very interesting, indeed," said the social investigator, feeling to make sure that his downy mustache was still there, "but that isn't the line I'm working on. I am looking up the servant girl problem. Do you have any trouble with your maid these days?"

Double Smile. Keep smiling, though without the price To square the rest when it is due, While those who offer that advice Are smiling in their sleeves at you.



HAD HIS REASON

"Do you believe in woman suffrage, Bill?" "No," replied the slum proletariat, reaching for another forkful of free lunch, "the women is underbidding us now in all lines. We get two dollars for our vote, don't we? Well, you would see them cutting the price to fifty cents."

Profitable Patriotism

A story comes from Seattle, Wash., which exemplifies once more the well-known hollow and criminally shameful arguments, or pretenses of or-gument, which are are often resorted to by the big-navy promoters, in order to get more battle-ships, naval stations, etc. Professor Cady of the Government School at Kyoto, Japan, was stopping in Seattle and fell in with a somewhat prominent citizen of the place. The conversation naturally turned to Japan, from which Professor Cady had just come. The man from Seattle began at once to berate Japan as bitterly hostile to the United States. She was, while making big pretenses of friendship, preparing with all possible speed to make war on this country. She could land a great army on our western coast, bombard the pacific cities and ports, and do a lot of other dreadful things, while we were perfectly helpless to resist her, because unprepared; in other words he was relishing to Professor Cady exactly what is heard in congress every winter when the navy bill comes on, but of which one hears not a whisper after the navy-increasers have got what they want. The Kyoto professor, who knows Japan well, finally held up his eloquent interlocutor and asked him what he was driving at. "You know perfectly well," he said, "as I know perfectly well, that what you are saying about Japan has not a word of truth in it. Why are you talking in this way?" The reply was, "Well, we've got to have a naval station at Seattle." Professor Cady does not tell us whether his Seattle acquaintance has the reputation of being a good neighbor, a conscientious business man, and a high-minded patriot or not!—Advocate of Peace.

My Lady's Gown

By KATE BAKER METZEL

'Tis a priceless gown that milady has, Of filmy fabrics rare, There are priceless gems on her dainty hands And in the ripples of her hair, She is fair and good from the rose-lip face To the silken covered feet; And the smile that rests on the rounded lips Is womanly and sweet. But the gown is priceless still I say With its sheen of shimmering light; For the delicate threads of the lace were wrought And a sister lost her sight. And the rattle of silk seems the weary sigh Of the children of the mills, Who are crushed and maimed in the flying wheels Where the grinding labor kills. 'Tis a priceless gown that milady wears, And I see as she moves 't stands, In the shimmer of silk or floating lace, The motion of little hands. And I seem to see in the ruby red The blood of the men of the mines; And the lanterns shine on the face of the dead. Follow the earth's confines, And the pearls that gleam on the rounded throat, Twin pearls to the ones 'tween her lips Are the tears of the widows and orphans of those who go down to the sea in ships, And I see in the beauty and grace of her form Freedom from toil and care, They blacken their hands in the grime and filth. That hers may be waxen and fair, 'Tis a priceless gown that milady wears From the hem to the jeweled stole, For the making of garments like to this Was the cost of a sister's soul.