Socialism is the next Stage in Human Progress.

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# Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Attacking the Rights of Snobocracy



society to do?

HE Baltimore Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals must be composed of very strange and unreasonable persons. It seems that the best circles in Baltimore have a hunt club called the Green Spring Valley and of course it has been the practice of the club to have a meet every week. This is exactly in accordance with the usage of English society, which it is our duty to ape in every particular. All the world knows that English society rides to hounds once a week through the season, so what would any right minded person expect Baltimore

But the devil of it was that in Baltimore there was nothing to hunt. In England there are foxes. bred, kept and trained for the reasonable purpose of being hunted and killed by the leaders of society and dictators of social form. But in this country, hang the luck! we are so rotten provincial and barbarous that we don't have any foxes. So our very best society is reduced to the beggarly level of chasing an anise seed bag dragged over the ground before the bounds. Such is the lamentable. fact, fellow American, an anise seed bag.

But lately a member of the Green Spring Valley hunt got a brilliant idea. We haven't any foxes to speak of but we have coyotes out west. So this gentleman got a coyote and arranged to have him cabstituted for the humiliating anise seed bag, and of course when the good news was made known the other members of the club rejoiced and he hunt had a full attendance. Here was something that could be killed.

But when the coyote was turned loose he didn't start to run and allow himself to be chased like a well-trained English fox. On the contrary he got into a corner and fought the dogs. And there in the presence of the gentlemen and ladies of the hunt the hounds tore the coyote to pieces

This is what the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now making a fuss about So strange! It says that it will hereafter watch the hunt meet and that if this sort of thing is repeated it will make trouble for somebody. Of course it does not propose to make any trouble for what has already happened. But if the law is violated again it will do something about it.

I hope this infringement of the rights of our best circles will meet with the condemnation it deserves. If our society cannot parrot and ape in all particulars the society of England, what's the use? I notice that one ribald western-newspaper commenting upon the incident says that our best society might be better employed. Such unfeeling comments cannot be too severely reproved. The next thing we know some vile Socialist sheet will be suggesting that our best society ought to go to

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HERE is somewhere in the rowdy west a rude, rough person named Ernest Mcey, a poet or something of the kind, and once when a similar emergency confronted the swell hunt club of Chicago, McGaffey broke into print with a shameful composition of sarcasm sug-

gesting that the true solution of the difficulty was to have a wooden fox, painted like the real thing and hung on wives so that it would move around in circles, while the hunt, mounted upon the wooden horses of a merry-go-round could chase it all day if they desired. I recall this now as a further illustration of the reckless spirit of disrespect that seems to have possessed our lower classes in their attitude toward their betters. I protest against it and call upon Mr. Bacr and Bishop Doane to suppress it at once.

### 

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whom some persons call the king of America, is a faithful son of the Episcopal church. H's ministrations at St George's,

Starving Babies Pay for Special Train

where every Sunday morning he passes the plate, are well known. Mr. Morgan has still other activities within the fold. The Episcopalian convention

was recently held in Cincinnati and Mr. Morgan attended it. As a devout churchman the manner of his attendance may be worth noting. He took a train of special cars and invited to be his guests Bishop Green of New York, Bishop Doane of Albany, and the Bishop of Massachusetts. He took from Sherry's in New York a chef, a staff of special cooks and an outfit of waiters and valets. He stocked the train with the rest in the market.

At Cincinnati he hired a palatial residence, furnished it throughout, installed his chef and the rest and entertained the bishop and others throughout the convention. As an example of the luxurious manner in which the house was furnished it is noted that the furnishings of Mr. Morgan's own appartments cost \$100,000.

In Bishop Green's diocese exist square miles of some of the vilest slums on earth. There is more overcrowding there than in any other region in the world. The misery is very great and very real. As a minister of Christ it is presumably his duty to protest against these conditions. One has a curiosity to know just how much his protest will be strengthened by his participation in Mr. Morgan's lavish hospitality. One would be pleased for instance to have Bishop Green step from Mr. Morgan's palatial train and give his opinion about the milk trust, which has lately raised the price of milk another cent a quart. One would also like to hear Bishop Green's judgment on the general opinion that the milk trust is one of the Morgan enterprises. He probably knows what an additional cert a quart means for the poor people of the tenement regions, and how much diamond-back terrapin that enhanced tribute will buy. One would like to hear the Bishop preach on some of these topics, first reading to his congregation the Sermon on the Mount, and the fifth chapter of the Epistle of St.

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FTER a day of gladness spent in rolling along in Mr. Morgan's palatial train, feasting on the good things done to a turn by the deft hand of Sherry's chef, the good bishop opens ais bible and turning the attention of Mr. Morgan to pious things reads to him this:

4. Behold the fire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered with the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

5. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter.

And so on. And Mr. Morgan listened and decided to abolish the milk trust.

Does he? Not so that you could notice it. But the Episcopalian convention at Cinch nati was a great success.

So was Sherry's chef.

### 

Did you notice how assiduously after the revolution in Portugal, the press dispatches spread the stories of riot and disorder and sought to create the

Who Makes the News to Suit Reaction

impression that Lisbon was in the hands of a howling mob bent upon universal anarchy? At one time they even had the city

in flames and the streets-running with blood. Subsequently it appeared that all these were fantastic imaginations, that there was no disorder, and that the casualities on the night of the uprising were very few. But the lies have the emphasis and the right of way; the truth comes tardily and ob-

Let me then ask the American newspaper reader:

Who is it that doctors your news always on the side of reaction and whose interests are served by that kind of doctoring?

I see that preparations are under way for the gracious coronation of his Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth and that the event will eclipse in splendor anything of the kind

Suggestions for a Coronation Durbar

This is indeed good news. If there is anything the poor old world particularly needs at this time it is a few more kings and a few more coronations.

ever seen upon earth.

Just fancy how a coronation improves the condition of the people in the east end of London!

But I fail to find anything in the news to indicate whother the gracious event is to be graciously celebrated by another Durbar at Delhi, and that is what I particularly want to know.

The Durbar that marked the coronation of Edward the Seventh cost about seven million dollars and took place in a country where ten million people had just died of famine and where the plague was carrying off victims by the thousands. It is of course necessary for us to have kings, although no one can tell why; but what I am trying to learn in my humble way is wheter it is also necessary

to have Durbars in a land cursed and afflicted as

If a Durbar is held next year it ought to be enhanced by a special exhibition showing the great work the British government is doing in suppressing free speech, exiling editors and condemning for "sedition" native citizens that protest against the monstrous misgovernment of the country. Then if they had a booth filled with famine photographs and another with plague exhibits I should think the whole affair would be a grand success and reconcile any doubter to the beauties of imperialism and the joyous fact of the accession of another king.

### 



ENATOR BEVERIDGE'S triumphal re-election in Indiana is assured. He has kissed more than 800 babies in one county alone. He has praised the cooking of 350 housewives, addressed sixteen farmers' fairs, told 16,000 people of the old days on the farm and at-

tended no end of church sociables. All Inchana cries aloud "Here is the man for us!" Now and then somebody arises and says that the function of a senator from Indiana is to try to devise something that will meet the economic crisis in this country, but the Indiana people know better. What they want is the glad hand and plenty of it and Reverlige is the boy that can give it to them and throw in the hot air gratis.



There is in New York a theater owned by members of the fashionable set and conducted for their somewhat languid ampsement. Ordinarily the prices of admir sion are so arranged as

to exclude all except our very

Snobs Discover Poor Are

best people. Lately occurred to somebody the grand thought of allowing the hos pollos to enter the place just once. So a performance was kindly provided for the East Side; prices of admission being reduced to faity cents and the like. By dint of much persuasion the East Side was induced to respond in large numbers. A few of our best people dropped in to view the strange scene. They are reported to have been astonished to find the East Siders "so well dressed" and "so well behaved." Obviously they had looked for some strange and shocking exhibitions from the poor that they exploit, and were agreeably disappointed to find none. In fact, "people of that sort" seemed really to be more or less

I observe with joy that enthusiastic praise is showered upon the directors of the theater whose kindness thus enabled the poor of the "East Side" to glimpse for once the luxurious amusements of their betters. It is, however, pathetically remarked that the experiment in condescension was very expensive to the management, "seats that ordinarily bring 82.50 were sold for half a dollar.

Thus the newspapers.

What snobs we are!

like human beings.

I made some observations a few weeks ago in these columns concerning an institution called "The Short Ballot Organization," deeming it to be an Serving the later- institution worth suspecting. I

ests While Praising Democracy

learn now that it is conducting an active propaganda, distributing its literature and seeking widely for the support of public men. It has also an office, a secretary and apparently other accourrements for campaigning. Knowing something of the difficulties of getting financial support for an altruistic purpose I am led to inquire who is financing this remarkable association. Nothing is said about that, but I should very much like to know.

Its purpose is to reduce the number of elective and increase the number of appointive offices. This most sinister design it cloaks under the pretense of advancing the cause of democracy. What appointive offices mean to the people any one may easily understand from the present condition of the federal judiciary-also what they mean to the Interests. If there is one federal judge that was not appointed by the railroad companies Le has escaped general attention. Occasionally we get from some state judge a decision that is not wholly unjust and inimical to labor. Is it the scheme of the Short Ballot Organization to have these judges appointed instead of elected so that they also may be controlled by and for the Interests?

The fact that this campaign is made under some pretense of democracy redoubles the suspicion that thinking men will entertain about it. At least it will if they remember the wonderfully adroit and able campaign by which the public service corporations killed the municipal ownership movement in this country.



ITAT story has never been printed and yet it is well worth recording. By 1906 there had grown up in this country a strong and general demand that the exactions and pilferings of the traction and lighting corporations should be ended here as they have been ended

abroad by the public ownership of public utilities. To combat this movement the Gas Trust, Electric Light Trust and Street Railroad Trust, which have practically the same owners, made a concerted campaign. They published a magazine, the name and ostensible design of which would lead the casual observers to suppose that it championed municipal ownership. This magazine was scattered broadcast over the country. It contains articles purporting to show the results of municipal ownership abroad, in each case depicting its failure. This work was supplemented by a very active Bureau of Misinformation which prepared a series of elaborate pamphlets containing similar statements of the failure of public ownership experiments. The gas companies supplied the names and addresses of their customers and thousands of citizens in all parts of the country were surprised and flattered to receive there elegant and wholly misleading publications

At the same time the country newspapers were supplied with editorials falsifying facts and supporting conclusions like those fernished by the

The result was that a majority of the people of the country were quietly convinced that municipal ownership was a complete failure abroad and the American franchise grabbers were left in secure possession of their privileges.

I wonder now if the Short Ballot Organization is financed in the came way and for similar bene-

Sadness dwells at the republican headquarters in New York. Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Srimson. the republican candidate for governor, cannot make

Give Us Private Cars or Give Us

their campaign tour of the state in private cars. They must to vel in ordinary Pullmans. Think of the humiliation!

I 'anst, however, that Col. Roosevelt will not allow his misfortune to impair the quality of his choice and recondite oratory. That would be a public calamity even greater than the spectacle of the nation's hero traveling like any ordinary person.

And what is the reason for this alsominable dearth of private cors in a land teeming with prosperity?

Why the 'ankers are holding a national convention in Los Angeles and they have taken all the private cars that we have.

Fellow citizens, shall this outrage continue? Shall there not be private cars for national heroes as well as for bankers? This is the question of the hour and I venture to hope that your patriotism will provide a ready response. Let us Lai'd a million private cars if necessary, so that Co. Roosevelt shall always have one.

The cheering news comes from Germany that the German mounted troops are to be armed with a new style of lance. Its advantages are that it is

It Kills 'Em Neater and Quicker

raade of steel tubing, thus securing increased strength and lightness, and also that it is provided with a bell four inches from the point. The purpose

of the ball may not be quite clear at first, but I assure you that it is very useful, for it prevents the lance from sinking more than f ir inches int the body of the person that gets lanced. You might possibly be led to think that this is a mollycoddle device intended to prevent the lance from killing people and therefor to view the innovation with dislike as one showing a decline from murderous standards. Nothing of the kind. Science and observation demonstrated that four inches of lance steel is enough to kill anybody; therefor be not alarmed on this score. The advantage of the ball is very different. It was found that the old style lance being able to penetrate to any distance had an awkward habit of getting tangled up in the body of the lanced person. The ball operates to prevent this, so that the trooper, having lanced one gentleman may proceed without delay to lance another.

I trust this precious fact will not escape the attention of the good souls that assure us that the horrors of war are being ameliorated by invention and improvement.

By the way, how would it do to arm our Boy Scouts with these improved style lances? I fancy it would be full of information to the peace makers of the half-witted type to see the bright young lads

taught early the noble art of sticking one another.

By Special Correspondent to Coming Cial aid



York city. Next day they were joined by more than 10,000 other workers of the same trade.

of whom none were organized. It intolerable conditions.

They demand a shorter work day, substitution of electric power for foot power on their sewing machines, abolition of cellar shops, sanitary factories out. This made it impossible for work and minimum wage of \$10. They also to be distributed to these cellar shops, want offensive treatment stopped on and, not only that, these ragged, suf-

These organizers are now engaged in Strike of Neck-Tie Girls the actual work of directing the strike Other labor organizations lent finan-

The Woman's Trade Union League Monday morning. Oc-ober 10, 7,000 members factor in the success of the Shirtwaist of the Neck-wear Mak-strike, is, as always, in the thick of the ers' Union struck in New fight and is giving valuable and juspirfight and is giving valuable and juspir-ing aid to the Neckwear Makers Union. When the strike was first called much fear was expressed that the employers

might get their work done by the lar workers"-those wretched families was a general protest against unjust, that work in their hovels in the heart of the East Side.

But these fears were soon dispelled when the news reached them that the cutters would also ioin in the walk-out. This made it in possible for work



GROUP OF NECKTIE STRIKERS

habit of giving orders in the vilest lan- could do-they joined the union! guage imaginable.

The significance of the neckwear workers' strike lies in the fact that 95 per cont of the strikers are women and girls, ranging from fourteen to twenty- strike prolonged much longer. To do five years of age. For years they have worked under vile conditions. This is the third strike of neckwear workers in five years. The first involved only 1,000, the second, last year was against the costractors only and involved 5,000 won ters. This year the manufacturers are sing directly contended with and 1,000 cutters who are men have joined the strike.

The time of the strike was oppor-The busy season was just commencing. Christmas orders were piling

It was on Wednesday morning that a peculiar thing happened. A score or more contractors called at the Settle-



MOLLIE HAMER, THE 19-YEAR-OLD SECRE-

Third Avenue, and offered to settle. They were thund struck when informed that such a thon was impossible. The strikers had learned a lesson from their experience in past strikes. They realized that to settle with the contractors would send their face for these contractors have always done the work of the big manufacturers during strikes thus breaking the back of the union

This time they were informed that na settlements would be made with contractors until after the manufacturers had given in to their demands. This want to stop that. was a move the employers least expected. By making it impossible for the manufacturers to supply the fiest for which they had contracted the strikers were in a position to dictate the affected and the struggle is well organterms of settlement.

As a result no has than 2,000 workers were back at their machines Thursday morning happy in the thought that they had won all their demands, including that of recognition of the union.

The strikers have been greatly enstrike was declared it was endorsed by The United Hebrew Trades and The knew. American Federation of Labor. After the walk-out of the workers the Bakers Union local 100 and the Mineral Water Makers Union sent all their organizers to assist in the struggle.

The of tals of the union declare that the assistance thus rendered has been invaluable in organizing those strikers who were not, as yet, members of the union. The volunteer organizers attended to the applications, collected the dues and enrolled the new comers as quickly as they appeared. In this manner the Neck Wear Makers Union has more than tripled in ....

the part of foremen who make it a fering creatures did the best thing they

A. Miller, general organizer of the Neckwear Makers Union, told the representative of the Coming Nation that the bosses cannot afford to have the so would mean business suicide

This is how Mollie Harrier, the nin teen-year-old secretary of the Neckwear Workers Union, one of the pretty and intelligent girls, so abundant on the East Side, and a factory worker for eight years, explains the situation:

"We are tired of being tyranized over by petty bosses in the shops until we can hardly call our souls our own We have been afraid to whisper or look around. We must keep our eyes on our machines without a moment's rest or be abused and insulted. If a girl laughs, she is liable to be dismissed. If a forewoman abuses her she dare not talk back. We are determined to have this remedied. If we can't resist abuse we

might as well be in jail. "Then there's the question of power. You would be surprised if you knew how many cripples there are among us because of having to use foot power on the machines. Constant pedaling with the right foot for ten hours a day and longer, often causes a partial paralysis of that member and incapacitates the worker for further duties. This makes our demand for electric

power very important. Some of the larger factories are sanitary but most of the smaller factories are stuffy and unsanitary. And we must have thirty-five per cent advance to enable us to have living wages and we ought to have as much as the men when we do the same work. Don't you think so?

There has been a great change in the manufacturing since I started to work in the shop eight years ago. Then one worker used to make a whole necktie; now it takes at least six kinds and the boxer are needed. These have to work very hard to turn out the work required and the wages are often only a few dollars a week.

"In spite of the factory laws there are many children working at the trade and there are factories, or what are called factories, in the tenements. These are really sweat shops and the conditions in them are positively disgrace ful, the workers toiling from early morning until far into the night in the basements, kitchens or bed rooms under poor lights and in bad air. We

"So you see we have good reasons

for striking and we mean to win." Nearly two bundred picket commit tees have been picketing the factories

The custom tailors went out on strike two days later. The demands are for a closed shop, increase of wages and a nine hour workday.

The activity of the women workers is causing the employers of New York couraged by the support they are get- to wonder where the next outbreak of ting from othe, unions. Before the revolt will occur. The shirtwaist strikers indeed builded better than they

> Money is a great God. In his hands are all the corners of the earth and the strength of the hills in his also. Talk to me about art! Hear the chink of the box office. Money will buy anyth ng-office, votes, brains, popularity, engagements, success, fame, senatorships, presidencies, anything, everything except the Almighty Himself .- Rev. W. E. Bentley.

Land does not represent capital, but the improvements upon it do. A man does not purchase land. He buys the right of possession.-Joseph Fisher.

## Breeding Gods From Men

BY J. HOWARD MORRE. Reported by Henry E. Allen



Howard Moore Education was crowded with new thought and surprising statedience was largely made up of teachers and press writers

and all listened with close attention. "Civilization is a shame," said the "It is a mere name. It scarcely pays. Look at our jails and public courts, our armies and navies, our poverty, corruption and inhumanity. Look at the crime among "It is a common place that it is

the young in these latter generations. It is increasing at an appalling rate. This shows that we are not doing for comer recently said:

"The most staggering fact that confronts the student of criminology to 70 per cent of the criminals going through the courts are mere boys from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. This is evidence that we are not developing morally as rapidly as we are physically and mentally."

### Moulding Character.

"It is time we were devoting a lit- them. tle of our inventive genius to the improvement of human character. We must begin at the beginning must iron out the savage and the animal in the plastic years of infancy and childhood, when alone it is possible to do so. We can produce fine men just as easily as we can cattle and carnations. Give me the power the production of new generations of enough, use ingenuity and keep at it."

In the Beginning

By H. G. Creel

The First Universities

Among the earliest of these centers

of learning were Salerno, Naples and Bologna, Salerno university was fairly established by the year 1060, the Uni-

versity of Bologna by 1160 and the

University of Naples by the year 1200

The University of Paris, which owes

its existence to the genius of Abelard.

First Indian Yale Graduate.

tribe of Indians is the first American

Indian ever to graduate from Yale. He

graduated in 1910. He was born on the

Winnebago reservation in Nebraska, December 28, 1884, his mother and

father being full blooded Indians of

The Oldest Reliable Date.

ancient civilization of which real rec-

from the rising of the star Sirus. This

is by far the oldest reliable date in

Animated Journalism

T, what lengths is the camera go-

and his victim. The psychology of

the trained photographer, whose in-

the button of his camera, would be

an interesting study, but the fact that

the amnipresence of the machine is

rapidly eventing a complete pictorial

So well are the camera men "cover-

ing" the events of the day that they

threaten (or shall we say promise?)

to drive the reporter out of business

They have in London three daily pa-

pers, each of enormous circulation,

hich contain practically nothing but

news-pictures with descriptive cap-

tions. They have more:
Pathe Pieres, the cinematograph manufacturers, have established a daily service of moving-pictures of the news. The enterprise, which goes

by the name of The Animated Gazette

is a complete news organization, with

an editor, Mr. Sieer, who has aban-

doned the old niethods of Fleet street

for the new journalism and a staff of 5,000 "photo-correspondents" scat-

product of this or anization is a cine-

possibilites of this kind of a newspa-

mirror of life is more important.

the history of the human race.

has been made

tribal importance.

Henry Roe Cloud, of the Winnebago

was founded about the same time.

The third lec- | men and in a few hundred years |

ture by Proc. J. will produce a race of gods. Howard Moore "It would require no more ingenuin Chicago on ity to make divine men than to make

green roses.

The Most Necessary Thing. "If I had the privilege of select-ing some one single innovation in the arrangements of men, and were assured that what I choose would be carried out, I would put into practical operation the science of human cugenics. The control of the power of producing new beings is the thing which in times to come is going to

actually bring about the long-prayed-

for conversion and salvation of the

human race. Instead of correcting

"It is a common place that it is not possible to teach morals-that if we get them at all it must be in some such sub-conscious way as we get the young in a moral way even as the measles. Another common place much as we used to do. Judge New is that morals are already taught in is that morals are already taught in the schools all the time. And not infrequently the same individual is found promoting both of these com-Chicago is the fact that from 65 mon places at the same time. As a rule anything can be taught the young mind. A child is a tin-pail setting out under the drip. It catches every-

thing that comes along. "We have never tried to teach morals and humanity. We have been content to preach them-which is a very different thing from teaching

"The child is clay. The adult is rock, or nearly so, the degree of solidifica-We tion increasing with the passing years. Few beings are free after twenty-five or thirty.

"Kindness, humanity, truthfulness and moral courage can be taught to young minds just as easily and efand carnations. Give me the power fectively as Latin and arithmetic to determine who shall take part in All that is necessary is to begin early

> Cazette would sit in his office in New York, scan telegraphed "flashes' of the news of the day, and send out his orders. Where the old-fashioned managing editor would send for a "thousand words Roosevelt," he will wire his photo-correspondent: "Send 500 yards Roosevelt; feature insurgent smile;" or he will order: "Rush 150 yards Aviation Meet; 200 if Post turns handspring in air." Instead of dispatching his brilliant member of the "sympathy squad" to watch the girl-murderess on the witness stand and, with glowing adjective and picturesque fancy, dilate upon the moral lesson of her career, he will dispatch his moving-picture man, and the machine will do the work of poignant sympathy.

> Journalism has never been an altogether restful enterprise; some of us had fondly hoped that it could not grow more "animated." But Mr. Edison has made the world over in many ways .- World's Work.

### Talking Through the Earth

It used to be supposed that the most Half the terror of mining accidents will probably be done away with says the scientific correspondent of the Lonords had been found dated from B. C. 3500. This had relation to Peru and don Daily Mail by the use of the wire its earliest known inhabitants, but Dr. less telephone of Mr. A. J. Sharman Edward Mayer, professor of ancient An entombed miner buried some hunhistory at the University of Bertin, dreds of feet in the bowels of the earth studying the Egyptian calenders on the can carry on a conversation with a monuments in the state museum of rescue party above with perfect ease with Mr. Sharman's instruments. The the German capital, discovered that the date B. C. 4241 is frequently cited as apparatus is so simple that no skill that in which the early Egyptian astronwhatever is required to work it, and omers first calculated their solar year it is light and portable.

Subterranean caves at Chiselhurst. which form to thous passages deep under the earth, were an ideal spot for testing the new instrument. After climbing up the slippery sides of the hill over the caves to a convenient spot one ing a, a factor in modern life? A of the instruments was erected by fix-TARY OF THE NECK WEAR Mankers of workers and sometimes more to Japanese proce is assassinated, and make a tie, the cutter, the operator, it is foun. has a complete movingment Committee's headquarter, 25 into the earth. York is shot, and the evening papers !

Leaving Mr. Sharman to speak above publish a photograph of the act, taken the ground with the instrument fixed within a few feet of the assailant there, we entered the caves. After following some 200 yards along subterranean passages with the aid of oil lanstinctive impulse, when a shot is fired terms a similar instrument was fixed or a magazine explode, is to press up in the darkness.

A signal was given and Mr. Sharman at once began to carry on a conversation with us 'rom above the earth with the wireless instruments. The spoken words were clearer and crisper than with an ordinary telephone, and a conversation was carried on without th slightest hitch for some minutes. By the use of a key attached to the instrument Morse messages were also exchanged by wireless telegraphy.

"Hello! Are you there?" said Mr. Sharman, hardly raising his voice. "Hello! I can hear you quite plainly,

was the answer sent through the earth "Wait a minute," said the inventor "and I will send you some Morse signals with my tuned buzzer." tone and inflection of the voice was faithfully transmitted.

A few seconds lalar a Morse mes sage sounded in the telephone, transmitted with this new instrument, which greatly exceeded in clearness the ordinary wireless signals.

tered pretty well over the world. The The principle of Mr. Sharman's inmatograph film which is sent out to strument is to utilize the earth for a circuit of moving-picture theaters. transmitting electric waves just as sound and is already being seen daily and waves are transmitted through the air. nightly by more than two millions of The telephone is usade to actuate an people. An idea of the circulation "impulse coil," which sends electric imper may be gathered from the fact that New York today has 250 movingpulses through the earth, which reach the iron pegs of the receiving instru-ment. A similar telephone there picks picture shows, that London has 500, that every city and town in Europe op the electric waves and convert; them into sounds.

and America has from one to a dozen. There is little doubt that the new March with the torch of reason in idea wifi soon be at work in America. March with the editor of The American Animated search of truth.

### Recruits to the Socialist Press

Capitalists who are watching the progress of the Socialist movement America, as many of them are, have good cause for the ala-m which they feel over the spread of the spirit of emancipation. Signs heaped on stgris point to the near victory of the revolutionary forces of this country, and one of the signs which is most certainly indicative of the proximity of the change is the number of Socialist papers which have been established during the last few months. The following list by no means includes all of the papers which have been started, but only those which have been brought to our at tention:

El Centinela is the name of the only Socialist paper printed in the Spanish language in America. It is published in Porto Rico. Missouri has two new Socialist papers, the Kansas City Socialist and the Ozark Socialist, the first named of which has already taken a place up near the head of the list both editorially and typegraphically. South is coming to the front in Socialist propaganda, and has recently established no less than four new Socialist papers, while one long established local paper, the Bowie County Record, has become actively Socialistic. The new Socialist papers in Texas are the Oak Valley Socialist, Gainesville,; The Toiler, Tyler; Pozor, Hallettsville, a Bohemian paper, and the Hasse Socialist, Hasse. Pennsylvania has three new Socialist papers, the Social Democrat, of Rochester: Justice, of Bradford, and the Pittsburg Socialist News, of Pitts-Wisconsin also has three new burg. Socialist papers, the Advance Guard, published at Abbottsford, the Daily Tribune, Appleton, and Political Action, Milwaukee.

Minnesota, not to be left behind in the good work, has had three new Socialist papers started lately. The Border Call, of International Falls, Minn., is rapidly coming to the front, while the Weekly Times at Hibbing, and the Northern Socialist at Duluth are holding their own. New York City has two new Socialist magazines just coming from the press, The Seurchlight, the organ of the Inter High School Socialist Society, and The Masses, a journal of Socialist cooperatives. Two new papers also hail from West Virginia, the West Virginia Socialist, Tunnelton, and Nineteen-Nineeetn, original as unique, from St. Al

bans. Several states have one new paper each all spreading the message: The Social Revolutionist, Canton, O., The So. cialist View, Clanton, Alabama; Dakota Socialist, Dunseith, N. Dak.; The Scimiter, Shawnee, Oklahoma.; The Herald, Huntington, Ark.; Flint Flashes, Flint Mich.; Plain Talk, Salt Lake City, Utah; The Axe, East Spencer, N. C.; The Alarm Clock, Chicago Ky.; each in its own way fighting for he oppressed.

Kansas has one, too,-almost forgot it. It is the Coming Nation, published in Girard.

Thirty-two - count 'em - thirty-two and not one of them is five month

### Fighting Typhoid in Milwaukee

When the health commissioner of the city of Milwaukee made the claim that the epidemic of typhoid fever which was raging in that city last June was caused by the impure condition of the city water, which is drawn from Lake Michigan, a hurried consultation between the mayor, the health commis sioner and the city engineer was called, with a view to doing something to stop the cause of infection. It was decided o sterilize the water by means of a solution of hypochlorite of lime, and, within a few hours, the erection of a suitable plant for this purpose was un-

sired result. As shown in the illustration, the plant consists of vo solution tanks, eight fect in diameter and seven feet high and a mixing tank of smaller proportions mounted above them, the whole sur mounted by an awning to screen it from



TEMPORARY PLANT FOR TREATING THE WATER SUPPLY OF MILWAUKEE, WIS. the sun. The tanks are constructed of

cypress lumber and are situated over the supply tunnel outside the pumping station and connected with the supply by galvanized iron pipes. The flow of solution is regulated by valves according to the amount of water to be treated, six pounds of calcium hypochlorite being used for each million gallons of water, a quantity which has proven to be sufficient for all needs, as tests made by the health department show only two to six bacteria per cubic centing ter in the treated water where there are two hundred in the raw water. The plant cost about \$225 to construct and costs twenty cents per million gallovs to operate.

### THE COMING NATION

J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren

A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell Application made for entry as second-class matter at Girard, Kansas.

By mail in the United States, \$1.00 a r. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bun-s of ten or more, including equal num-of copies of Appeal to Reason, 2½ its a copy.

### PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

### The Socialist Scouts

Practically any boy or girl can dispose of ten Coming Nations and ten Appeals every week. That's the minimum. It means a profit of 25 cents each week to youngsters who try. Some Socialist Scouts are selling 100 a week and making \$2.50 every Saturday. In addition to a fifty per cent profit on each sale there will be eight cash prizes distributed to hustlers in November. They are so arranged that Scouts in small towns have the same chance as those in cities.

If there's a boy or girl in your home who wants to build up a route and supply regular customers tell him to write the Scout Department and two bundles, ten each, Nations and Appeals, will be sent without charge. He agrees to remit two and a half cents for what Nations he sells from the first bundle and return heads of unsold copies.

It costs nothing to try and ninety per cent of those, who try make good with the plan. Have your boy or girl address "Sco.,t Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas." An explanatory letter is sent to all new Scouts.

### Scout News.

"I am getting on fine seiling the papers," writes Scout Charles Russell Drenk, Elkhart, Ind. "Please send me my Scout Badge." The official badge of he Socialist Scouts is much in demand.

Fred D. Warren, managing editor of the Appeal, was on the road speaking when the Coming Nation was first isssued from the press. Because he was moving about so rapidly copies sent him from Girard failed to reach him. The first copy he saw was one he bought from a Socialist Scout on the streets of East Pittsburg, Pa. How's that?



lRIS FERN BROWN A Scout From Dixie Land

In Atlanta, Ga., lives the little comrade whose photo is published above. In a and famous or infamous, for its child slavery she is carrying on the Socialist agitation which will free all children from the mill, the cotton patch and the mine. She is a new Scout but already she has a record that some older

ones might envy. Scout Genoa Miller, Princeton, Ind., writes: "You'll find enclosed fifty cents for twenty papers, this week's issue, and twenty-five cents for the first bundle of ten received last week. I sold all of them in an hour."

"Papers are coming O. K." writes Scott Clyde Hatton, Nappanee, Ind. Business is picking up. that I'm doubling my order."

Remember Scouts your orders can be attended to just twenty-four hours earlier if properly addressed to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.



There are in England 237,185 income tax payers or the lowest grade, that is whose salaries are between \$800 and \$1,000 annually. With every additional \$500 the number tapers down till it is found that there are F.312 who earn from \$4,000 to \$5,000. Then there is a sudden jump to 21,172 persons who have from \$5,000 to \$10,000 ( year. Then the figures drop again to 1,519 who draw between \$20,000 to \$25,000. At the top of the ladder are twenty of fortune's favorites whose salaries exceed \$250,000 a year.

The total income of 585,000 em-

ployes last year was \$680,000,000, an average of \$1,165 a head. The previous year there were 517,000 employes drawing an average of \$1,195. Thus in a year the average salary of he employe has fallen by \$30.

The net value of estates on which succession duties were paid was \$1,-425,000,000 in 1909-10, an increase of \$60,000,000 over the previous fiscal year. There were five estates in 1909-1910, the value of which exceeded \$5,000,000, and all were English.— New York Sun.

It is not our object to argue the question with you. These items are wedges to expand your skull so you will have room for an original idea. Were you ever badly affiliated with ideas? It is getting contagious.

# The Cop on the Corner

BY EUGENE WOOD, Author of "Back Home," "The Wicked City," Etc. Illustrated by Horace Taylor



and speeches.

HEAD. HOWARDS but the real box that once held soap is also a little out of date for a rostrum, now that we have these folding platforms that can be carried about. I once spoke standing on a barrel-head but I cannot recommend the practice; it's 'most too wabbly a platform, and while it didn't actually cave in with me it might as well, al-most, as scare me every minute thinking it would.

I'll make you a political speech it you'll draw a little nearer so that I theme one of the most constant attendants at our meetings, one who comes early and stays all through, the Cop on the Corner. I said "the issue of the day," for there's only one, and it never varies. They may try to fool you with a whole bunch of fake issues, brought out to draw off your atises to revise the tariff downward which you know will result in performances of revising the tariff upward. They're all schemes to confuse you and keep you off the real iron overalls, and they'd fight the issue of the day, which is: A Good-Job.

for? The people. He wears a necessary for such frolies as that uniform like a soldier's, and, in fact, The Morgans and Rockefellers of the is a soldier, a Soldier of the Common Good His job is to save life, to preserve life, to preserve from de-struction the things which workingmen's hands have made to enable life to go on, he is the guardian of your rights and mine, so that we all may have the fullest measure of life, liberty and the pursuit of happness. He loves he own life the same as we do; me has an Uncle John and an Aunt Mary, and like enough, he has children that run to meet him, and call out: "Hello, Pop." He has every reason that we have to want to live son that we have to want to live out his days, but if he has the chance to carry down some bed-ridden woman from the top floor of a burning tencment house or to snatch a child out from under a street car, he jumps at the chance, never thinking twice about it. It isn't for the medal; it isn't to he struck for more pay or better newspapers; it isn't even because it is his duty. He risks his life just because well, what else could be do get his name and his picture in the when he saw a human life in danger? That's what I call heroism.

You'll find plenty of heroism among the policemen. And suppose he does lose his life, there is this to comfort him in the hour of death: He knows his wife and family will be provided for; he isn't tormented in those iast hours with the thought: "What will become of my poor wife and chil-dren?" There's where he has all the best of you and me. And if he's sick -I don't mean those little cramps that can only be relieved by a hooker of the oh-be-joyful handed out at the side door-if he's real sick-abed sick, he knows he won't be thrown out in the street. And when he gets too old to pound the pavement or is disabled in the discharge of his duties he gets a pension. He's a soldier, and and entitled to a pension, a soldier of the common good. He's like a United States soldier, the Cop on the Corner is. He has a steady job, and a pension when he's too old or too disabled to work, and when he die, his family is taken care of. But the Cop on the Corner is different from a States soldier, tectotally different in the nature of his work. When the Cop is on the job, he saves life; when the soldier is on the job, he destroys life.

The Cop on the Corner is different from the soldier, too, in that he never thinks of deserting. You never see hung up in the postoffice, the picture of a policeman, front face and side face, and a reward offered to any one who will catch him and bring him back to walking his beat. First place, the policeman has too good a job, and second place, if he has a chance to better himself he gives up his shield as you might say, invented the modand resigns. He quits, the same as ern policeman in 1829, not quite a any other human being. He's a freer hundred years ago. The soldier rep man than the soldier. The soldier in resents the feudal age, and the police the army is a kind of convict, committed for so long a term; if he gets Soldiers no longer war white, which away he breaks jail, in a manner of is the color of feudalism, but policespeaking. A deserter is a runaway men wear blue, which is the color of slave.

Now all that isn't just happen-so. There's more in it than meets the eye The soldier is an out of date institraion, a hold-over from a dead an ! gone past. I. you don't believe it, talists, and of the working class, just vatch soldiers drilling some time. They stand close together in a straight

TELL you what is, they're silly with a rifle. What I'll do with you; you need to know how to do with a I'll make you a— rifle is how to aim and how to snoot I was going to it so that you can murder the man say "a stump you are hired to murder. To get to-speech," but I gether in big bunches, to walk in just happened to step with your elbow touching the think that stumps next man's elbow, in the face of an are scarcer enemy armed with modern rifles is around these just suicide. But if one of the soldiers parts than they who fought with a pike before gunwere in the airly powder was invented were to rise up days when folks from his grave, and go to the armory got up on them and fall in with the other soldiers. made he'd go through the drill as well as

. Hump!" He'd know how darr

### Soldiers Once a Necessity.

In those days a soldier was an upto-date institution. High finance couldn't get along without him. (By "high finance" I mean getting a good shan't have to tear the lining out of living without working.) The farmers my larynx. I'll discuss the issue of would sweat and toil plowing, and day, and take for my special planting and cultivating and gathering in his crops; he would feed and take care of the stock; he'd butcher, and salt down the meat and hang it butter; she'd brew the beer and bake tention, they may put up many plat-forms as wobbly and insecure as the barrel-head I once spoke from, prom-winter, anyhow." And then along would come the rough element that had been loafing all summer, and go ing to pienies, the hoodiums and strong-arm men, the knights in their farmer, and plunder his place. What A Good Job. Now who in this assemblage has the best job? The Cop hours or so. It had been toil for him on the Corner. Who's he working it was fun for them. The soldier was necessary for such frolies as that had taken him all the season to make those days had to have loyal and brave soldiers. But if anybody were to attempt to revive that ancient sport, they'd swear out a warrant for him, and our friend, the Cop on the Corner, would run 'em in. soldier of the common good, not a soldier of the private gain.

The soldier of old times got some and was fighting against his own kind. But he was a working class man, and like any other of his class in these days if he didn't like the hours treatment, that was mutin; he could



He'n Go THROUGH THE DRILL AS WELL AS ANY OF THEM.

shanghaied, the same as workingmen and soldiers used to be. If they quit a hell-ship, that's desertion and they can be brought back by force; if they strike that's mutiny, and they can be strung up at yard-arm for it. At the very time that our soldiers and sail ors were fighting to free the negroes they could legally be whipped the same as a negro slave.

But the policeman is a more modern institution. We call him a cop but he is sometimes called a "bobby," a "peeler," after Sir Robert Peel, who man represents the capitalistic age class is red. When you see the red white and blue in the flag, you should understand that it is the emblem of a mixture of the landlords, of the capi-

### Uniforms on Cheap Skates.

There are good things about a uni line, and they all keep step, and form, such as our friend, the Cor, on they hold their guns this way and that the Corner, has on good things and melted white-hot steel? I think our 

ways wear his uniform just as the egro wears his black skin. That's a good thing from one point of view, because, however nice appearing a man may be in civilian clothes, how-ever well behaved and all that, the uniform shows right away that he is a cheap skate, and belongs up in the top gallery, if, indeed, he is to be let in at all. Lots of places they won't serve a common soldier any more than they would a negro. A uniform that you daren't take off serves the same purpose as a black skin that you

e airly powder was invented were to rise up an idling class man, as because it and says out of the corner of his ing at a trade for which we should nouth: "Hay, bo! Would you like to separate one set of working class men from all the others. It has a he'd go through the drill as well as tendency to make the wearer feel and I'll pass it on to the right, party, a government of the people. The and we'll fix it for you." That's a government of the people. The soldier of the private gain helped to hold his pike this way and that he's somehow different from to hold his pike this way and that other working class people and that his interests are not the same as theirs. It don't like that. I don't like any shamed if he thought we really be a policeman? Well, give me \$300 of mouth: "Hay, bo! Would you like to now get out a warrant on the ebarge of mouth: "Hay, bo! Would you like to now get out a warrant on the ebarge we apoliceman? Well, give me \$300 of mouth: "That's and we'll fix it for you." That's a soldier of the private gain helped to hold the working people in subjection. If don't like that. I don't like any shamed if he thought we really be soldiers started in to kill them, and specified the working as soldiers started in to kill them, and thing that divides the working class; ashamed if he thought we really be- soldiers started in to kill them, and to march in close order because that to hear one worker say of another; was mixed up in a scaly transaction their women folks, thus re-establishwas the way to do when they fought with spikes and spears. It wasn't silly then; it is now.

Soldiers Once a Necessity. flannel-mouthed Mick,' or "sour-krout something that ought to be put a big-bugs; I don't even mean the tax-Dutch," or "Hunkie," or "Polack," stop to, isn' it? Ought to be a law payers. I mean the people, all of 'em, or any name that offends and stirs up against it. Well, our friend knows, if every last one of 'em. To make sure strife and hatred between them. We're you don't, that a law can't make a that I mean every last one of 'em. I'll all men together, all trying hard to man stop doing this or that; it can say that the term "the people" inextra hard for us by idling class men were set with victuals, and the chil- ment we have now is distinctly

ductive labor. Mighty good sense. We know that die. under his uniform but, just for the sake of the argument, iet us supthat the capitalistic ...ue of his uniform soaked soul. Let us supoose that the way iness,

On your way, then. Dollar or That's the rules" That's business. Have you ever thought that business is so mean and contemptible and cruel that there isn't anything meaner or more contemptible or more cruel? You know, we say: "War is hell," and that gives us a kind of fort?" general idea of what war must be like. Hos Because though few of us have ever been to war we've all been in hell, the "because there in't anything

can't take off.

But, from my view point a uniform is a bad thing, not so much because it sets off a working class man from The Right Party, comes up to hint, an idling class man, as because it and says out of the corner of his ing at a trade for which we should be regular army soldier was an up-to-date institution and went about work-and says out of the corner of his ing at a trade for which we should I want to see it all united. I hate lieved that of him, if we thought he burn down their houses and assault something that ought to be put a big-bugs; I don't even mean the tax-stop to, isn' it? Ought to be a law payers. I mean the people, all of 'em, make a living for ourselves and fam- only threaten him with punishment, cludes the lousiest burn on the Bowilies, trying hard because it is made if he doesn't stop. It's as if the table lery. It is because the kind of govern-

the Corner, if he thinks a skillful thief-- I don't mean the Wall street variety but the kind he comes in contact with-if he thinks a skillful thief will average, year in, year out, the food that a common soldier gets, the clothing, the shelter, the general com-

How many women would walk the streets of share if every one of them were entitled to food and clothing and through into his hell of poverty, and that's worse than shelter as she is entitled to be pulled soul. Let us sup- war. But we say: "Business is bus- out of the river in which she tries to out of the river in which she tries to end her misery?

How many drunkards would there How many insane? How many riots? How many strikes? Why, bless your soul! the strikes would all be won before they were begun. What breaks a strike is the lack of food and clothing and shelter.

Our friend, the Cop on the Corner, would have little or nothing to do. He might even lose his job. Someimes it makes a man so mad to lose his job that he goes out and shoots a mayor, which is usually a sure way to get a job that lasts a life-time. But when you make a man lose his job and give him instead one that pays bigger wages, and the hours are shorter, and the work is more con-genial, he doesn't usually let out much of a roar. Our friend worked at some trade before he became a policeman. If he could have drawn the wages he gets now, and looked forward to a pension, he'd probably have stayed where he was. He'd go back to some seful occupation this minute if it held out the same inducement that being a policeman does in the way of pay and pension and steadiness of the job. Because, don't I tell you he's a workingman by instinct and training; he likes to see a thing grow nueer his hands; he likes to accomplish something. It's tedions standing around doing nothing. The first few months on the force just about killed him. It took a long time to get him used to just loafing around. much rather work at productive labor if that hadn't been made practically a crime punishable by pains and penalties.

Baby Killing: Ancient and Modern.

I said that the policeman is a modern institution. He's more modern than the soldier but he's pretty nearly a hundred years old at that. A lot of water has run by the mill since 1829. There isn't a thing in the way of food, and cothing and shelter that is made today exactly as it was in 1629, so slowly, so expensively, with so ruuch labor. Gladstone said that the ability to produce dorbles every seven years. You can figure out how much more we are able to produce than we did in 1829 with the same labor. But while the world has gone on thus rapidly, the policeman has stuck at just about the same place that he was then. He knows what to do with old-fashioned, petty, retail crime; he doesn' know what to do with up-to-date, grand, wholesale crime. For example, I see a woman yonder holding her baby in her arms while she listens to a few words of my talk. Supposing some one in the audience were to say: "I'll-give you a dollar to go kill that baby." I wouldn't do it-not for a dollar, nor ten Aollars, nor a hundred, nor a thousand, nor a million. A million dollars is a lot of money. I could use that in my l-usiness. N-N-N-o, I think I'd rather not. "Two million," says you. Certified check? Well-er-we've all got to die sometime, you know, and all I'd have to do would be to get down off this platform and go over and hit the child-pretty little thing isn't it?— one good hard knock on the top of the head. If I were to do that, and you thought I was in earnest, I'd never get there. Not alive. And you'd see our friend, the Cop on the Corner, come hu'sting through the crowd. He'd know how to stop me from killing that baby, And I shouldn't Le as pretty as I am now when he got through with me.

very nice gentlemen that own pews in church meet together and decide that on, and after a certain date milk will be nine cents a quart instead of eight cents a quart. Only a penny. But you can kill people with a ponny just as dead as you can with a pistol. Only a penny more a quart, and you know just as surely as you know any thing that thousands upon thousands of babies will die who would have lived if milk had been eight cents a quart Don't you know that? And they will be killed deliberately and for the sake of money, won't they They say the milk trust will make \$5,-Suppose we extend the principle ooo,ooo a year out of the Metropolitan of free and cheerful service for district of New Yor. Lest by that well," and walks off. "Help! Help!
Oh, for the love of God!" But the
policeman says: "I wish you wouldn't
make such a fuss. I'm sorry for
you, my poor fellow, but that's the
rule. Produce the dollar or drown."
Why, the Cop on the Corner is a
soldier of the common good, and whosoldier of the common good, and whosoldier of the common good, and whowater when he's drowning. That calls
water when he's drowning. That calls
on Suppose that every husay go. Suppose that every husay go.
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Supp putting up the price of milk one cent water when he's drowning, for a big stretch of the imagination governor do? What can the presiming man, poor man, beggar man, in New York, I'll admit. But if you'd dent do? Not a thing. Not one thing ever been away up in the Adirondacks. The government in some of its cent babies for money. Why not? Because the government we have now

It was a back-number before the policeman was invented. It was a backnumber in 1789, a hundred and thirty-one years ago, as you know if you have ever opened the satchel that the green goods operator worked off to say to any one perishing for the as he is entited to be pulled out of on you. You thought you were getting the Declaration of Independence and you celebrate July 4th on that

is a back number institution.



and idleness as well as keep ourselves were hanging ont, and you were to drunken, disreputable dog he is and families, and give the children say: "Now don't you touch a crumb human being could ever sink as an education, and a little bit of pleas- If you do I'll lam the gizzard out of ure while they're young before they you. That is, if I can catch you at are thrown into the den of lions to it, and happen to feel like it at the fight for their lives. We ought to be time," No. The way to stop selling strife among ourselves. It suits the it as easy to get on the force withidling class folks clear down to the out money as with ground to see us scrap. Just as an old sea captain said to me once: "You can always get more work out of a checker-board crew."

### A Checker-Board Crew.

'What's a 'checker-board crew'?" asked him.

"One watch white, the other watch They hate each other so hard they haven't got time to hace the mate, and they just about kill them-selves to outdo the other watch. It's great scheme."

So long as by uniforms or any they can rob us, not by violence-not by anything so open and above-board ways that we can hardly notice but which bring in millions where high-way robbery brings in nickels. It is these sneaking, underhand ways that make poverty so cruel. To be hungry is not so much: to die is not so much. for we've all got to o'c. and one way isn't much of an improvement on another. But to work hard, and work hard, and never make any progress. never see daylight ahead-that's tough! It adds a new terror to death to have worked and saved and scrimped and toiled all your life, and at the last to know that your family will come to want. I'll never forget the husky whisper of a friend of mine: Doctor, don't let me die. My family, what'll they do if I die?"

The Cop on the Corner is a working class man by every instinct. He was born of working class people, he was reared among working class peo- ever it is that's drowning, ple. He was a workingman aimself until he found out that if he ever expected to have any kind of a living at all he'd have to stop that foolishness. No convict in state's prison gets the raw deal that the workingman does, especially those in the un-organized industries. Do you suppose that convicted murderers, and burg-lars, and thieves would be compelled to work as long hours as honest laboringmen are in the Carnegie steel rescues the drowning man without a works, twelve hours a day, seven days week, and every two weeks a twen ty-four-hour day, all the time running the risk of being burned up alive by

But here's what I'm trying to get at: Do you consider it a scandalous thing for the grafter to sell the chance to get on the police force? I want your candid opinion. You do that? You'd vote that it was scandaions and ought to be stopped? You would? Well, now, you tell me the difference between that grafter and the grafter that sells a farm. What does e farmer do but buy a chance to earn a living? A poorer living, and

### bought at a higher price.

A Dollar for a Life. as that-but by sneaking, underhand Help! Guggle-uggle, help!" He rushes to the end of the pier, and there's a man struggling in the water. Quick action, then, my friends. I don't need to tell you that the policeman will rescue that drowning man if it is a possible thing to do. If necessary be'll jump in after him, and ruin an expensive uniform. We can't pos-sibly imagine his saying to the drowning man: "My charge for rescuing you will be one dollar, payable in advance," The fellow says: "I haven't got a dellar. Help!" well," and walks off.

all men with hearts in us, esanxious to help each other. So our leave your money lying around loose: Greatest Confidence Game in History working class friend, disguised in blue the y won't steal it.

The state of the decompling man without a lin New York crime is on the inhought of haggling over the price or collecting the money in advance. crease. That's they. But suppose ev-That's not business. It is business to get coatrol of the means of life and titled to fold, and clothing and shelter

whom we have to support in luxury dren were so hungry their tongues against him that the is the dirty human being could ever sink as low as that unless some strong power pushed him down and held him down, The wildest savage is a prince alongside of a Bowery bum. A human be the last ones to make division and places on the police force is to make ing couldn't sink so low unless he was pushed down and held down. And when you hold a man down in the gutter you have to get down into the gutter yourself

### Better Things Coming. Some take the gloomy view, and

say it's always going to be that way But let's look on the bright side. Let's hope for better things to come. Let's try to bring about better things to We can't rise until the Bowery bum also is lifted up. Why not have a government for the people, the very pearest of them? Why not quit merely mumbling those words of Abraham Lincoln, and start in to make good our bluff that this is a sands upon thousands of them. Some the working class divided, so long Cop on the Corner, is detailed down sovernment of the people, and by the near the water-front. One dark night he hears a splash, and a cry of "Help! Guerle number hears" He man drowning and never thirt of the ing a fee first; let us also rescue men from death by hunger and cold, and tuberculosis, and all preventable causes, and not collect a fee in ad-What a crazy way it would be vance. if our friend, the Cop on the Corner, were to charge so much for helping an old lady across the street, and so much for stopping a runaway team, and so much for preventing a murder, a fee for every act he did that was for the common good!

sands

upon

Suppose we extend the principle and the policeman says: "Oh, very of free and cheerful service for well," and walks off. "Help! Help! the common good as far as it beings and water will drown us all served, you'd find just that very condition. You insult the good people up an equality before that law And there if you offee the condition of the control of the cont an equality before that law. And there if you offer them money for what they do for you just out of pure neighborliness. Up there you can

crease. Why? Poverty is on the in-

\* (Continued on Pag. 6.)

# Especially for Women



much variety in their labors as could be found in the crazy patch-work of their grandmoth-

A few of the things the Washington women have done in their unpaign have been to compile and publish a cook-book, every recipe of which is vouched for, and to sell unassisted 2,000 copies at one dollar each: To give six performances of a play by George Bernard Shaw, and make it pay: To keep two dozen daily and weekly papers supplied with suffrage material comprising campaign news, arguments in favor of suffrage, interviews with noted people favoring equal suffrage, and historical sketches of famous who advocated it: To run Kitchen Contest in one of dailies (through the courtery of its editor) which proved most conclusively that a suffragist is not necessarily undomestic: To get nominated for superintendent of schools one of the ablest women in the association: plant on the top of Glacier peak, Mt. Rainler, and Mt. Baker, whose lofty beights know no sex disqualification, a Vote; for Women flag: To copy out the voters lists for all precincts in the state, and pay a visit to each voter to ascertain his views on woman suffrage, and send a personal letter to all recalcitrant ones: To fly a "Votes for Women" balloon at the A. Y. P. exposition. These are some of the things the women of Washington have been doing in their campaign. Incidentally they have held hundreds of meetings in all parts of the state, and written hundreds of letters.

Another feature of the work has been to raise the funds for, and have printed 5,000 posters which have been pasted up on every available wall, board, stump, or post large enough to hold it.

At the state and county fairs women's days have been held and most enthusiastic gatherings took place, large quantties of literature being distributed.

as regards the prospect of success; the Grange, and the Farmer's unions all over the state, and the state federation of labor have all pledged their votes for the amendment, and if each member does vote for it success is cer-

Suffrage in Washington in the ranks of the indifferent. Of active opposition there is but little. A fluous and carries no weight. HE women who undertake to run an equal suffrage campaign must be prepared to their culture that they hastily defor as much variety in parted for the east after a few days of They have been carefully reaching those

unsuccessful missionary work.

The wording of the amendment on the ballot is so blind that 100,000 copies of "instructions to voters" have been printed and sent out to all parts of the state. The wording is as follows: "For the amendment of Article 6 of the Constitution relating to the quali-

fications of voters within this state."

It has been argued that this will assist in winning on the ground that all amendments carry, and votes may be cast that would be omitted did the voter know he was voting for equal suffrage. To be doubly certain 150,000 hand bills with the words "Vote for the Amendments" have also been printed and will be distributed at every polling booth on election day.

Truly the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove is to be found in the suffragist!

FRANCES E. CHRISTIEN.

### Puzzling Questions in Oregon

In the state of Oregon the question of Woman Suffrage is also submitted to referendum this fall. There is something rather strange about the wording ly and only in recent years at all, of the amendment in this state. At first glance it appears to carry a property qualification and the fact that the heading "Women Tax Payers' Suffrage Amendment" runs above it on the petition which was circulated for the initiative lends further color to this idea. The wording is as follows:

The wording is as follows:

"Section 2. In all elections not otherwise provided for by this constitution, every citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, who shall have resided in the state during the six months immediately preceding such election and every person of foreign birth of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, who shall have resided in this state during the six months immediately preceding such election and shall have declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States one year preceding such election. conformably to the lews of the United States on the solvet of naturalization, shall be entitled to vote at all elections authorized by law; it is expressly provided hereby that no citizen who is a taxpayer shall be denied the right to vote on account of rex.

fust on the eve of the election some attorneys have declared that if this

whom they thought would be possible friends, and saying little in the localities where agitation might possibly stir up enemies. As to the outcome Mrs. Abigial Scott Duniway writes the Com-INC NATION as follows:

ING NATION as follows:

We believe we are in the line to win. We contend that we have never been defeated at all; that we never can be defeated by men who vote against us while our own bands are tied.

The numbers who are voting for us are increasing every year. And our hope is in them. Women cannot enfranchise women. This boon must come to us from the men And when men realize, as they yet will, that the greatest enemies to the interest of labor in their own ranks lies in the competitive labor of a disfranchised class, the ballot will soon be accorded to somen every where. But men must open the closed door of Constitutional inhibilitation and invite their co-laborers, the women wage earners to enter the ranks of free labor. This will be the first step in the march of progress toward abolishing the competitive system, in which women are now the worst competitors.

### Women's Movement in Switzerland

According to a report made to the Second International Conference of Socialist Women, held in Copenhagen in August, 1910, the woman's movement in Switzerland has progressed but slow-

Previous to 190; there could not be said to be any clear-cut propaganda among the working women of Switzerland. Only occasionally did some farsighted comrade attempt to acquaint the women of this or that craft with the idea of organization. But in that year the male members of the trade unions became alarmed at the lack of organization among the women, and started an active propaganda among them, looking toward organization.

The zenith of organization among the women came in 1907, there being in that year 6,216 women members of the different trade unions, a little less than three per cent of the organizable women in the republic. The working women's federation, which was organized in 1890, and which has approximately a thousand members, co-operates with the Trade Federations in the maintenance of a woman secretary who carries on the work .. agitation among the amendment is carried it will give the women, mainly by means of the women's

started in 1906 and is published monthly. method is political and whose aim is Socialism. Their first fight is necessarily for political recognition, but this is only an expedient to make possible participation in the real struggle. Once this is attained industrial liberty for the Swiss proletariat is finally assuged.



8742-A Smart Shirt Waist.

8742—A Smart course.
White dotted madras was used to make a desirable model. It's distinctive features which this desirable model. It's distinctive fea-ture is the arrangement of the piaits which are turned to face toward the center of front and back. The closing is at the side, and is finished in round scaliops. The pat-tern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 28, yds. of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. A pattern of this fliustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

### A Weak Cure for a Great Evil

General Theodore A. Bingham, as the former Commissioner of police in Greater New York, is certainly in position to know whereof he speaks when he talks of the white slave traffic. In Hampton's Magazine for November. under the title "The Girl that Dfsappears," he places the stamp of his experienced authority upon statements, conclusion which at that time was deas strong as any ever made by the So-

He begins by telling how when an unidentified girl was carried to the morgue, there came a flock of fathers and mothers and relatives of girls who had disappeared. This showe: him something of the size of the problem and he became convinced that 'until we overcome our timidity-and hypocrisy-and girl was sent back to Ireland after it suffrage to all women, and that the punc-The opponents are to be found chiefly tuation and arrangement of the section she is the editor. This paper was ously and openly the social evil will This paper was ously and openly the social evil will

In spite of its being handicapped by and hypocrisy." He continues "there is lack of numbers and means, the Swiss absolutely no question of the exis-Working Women's Federation is an tence, to an appalling extent, of women avowed, revolutionary body whose who are veritable white slaves. At into the country every year; brought in supply of women." like cattle, used far worse than cattle, and disposed of for money like cattle!" While he declares that his "observations and police records convince me that fully 95 per cent of all the so-called white slaves are foreigners," nevertheless, "this does not mean that girls from our own country-especially girls from small towns-are not drawn into the under world by processes of deception practically identical with those used in Europe." He notes that the governments of Europe have been moving against this trail since 1902, but that the United States "was the last to bring itself to take any action." He gives an interesting explanation

of the way in which the capitalist press sought to suppress and distort the facts concerning the white slave traffic in New York in connection with the famous Rockefeller Grand Jury. It seems that a "release" summary of the presentment was given to the afternoon papers by some one who had access to grand jury secrets. This summary "furnished the basis of the reports distributed throughout the country by the news agencies." As a consequence the press all declared that the jury had found no white slavery and that the charges made by previous investigators had been disproven. When the presentment itself

lows:

It appears from indictments found by us and from the testimony of witnesses, that trafficking in the bodies of women does exist and is carried on by individuals acting for their own individual benefit, and that these persons are known to each other and are more or less informatly associated. We have also found that associations and clubs, composed mainly or wholly of those profiting from vice, have existed, and that one such association still exists. These associations and clubs are analogous to commercial bodies in other fields, which, while not directly engaged in commerce as a body, are all as individuals so engaged.

Mr. Ringham alves associal details of

Mr. Bingham gives several details of the traffic such as have been frequently exposed before and in mentioning the famous "Gingles" case he admits the nied by every publication with the exof the Socialist papers. He ply hushed up, and the only thing that that no politicians were involved. The was all over.

continue to grow. It thrives on secrecy thousand women engaged in the social and hypocrisy." He continues "there is evil in New York City, and that "there absolutely no question of the exismust be three hundred thousand in the United States. These women cannot who are veritable white slaves. At live their life more than ten years at least two thousand of them are brought the outside. This compels the artificial

> So far as the facts are concerned, ex-commissioner Bingham is very fair and frank. When it comes to the remedy there is a distinct fall down. All he has to suggest is segregation and he has the nerve to declare that under segregation there would be no white slavery. "No such thing as a country girl, lured to a house of ill repute under pretensions of obtaining honest employment and afterwards kept in bondage could occur there. No such thing as a young immigrant girl. ignorant of the language, held in slavery by a

Unfortunately for his conclusion he does not explain where the "artificial supply of women" for 'his segregated region would come from without the white slave traffic and all hideous ac-

### The Power of Names.

There is to be a referendum in the state of Washington this fall on the question of suffrage for women. Some of the "antis" in Boston are very much alarmed lest the proposed amendment should carry and women be given the right to vote. The strongest argument that occured to them against women suffrage was was actually given out it was not printed that they were opposed to it. If the but its first two paragraphs read as folcould only be made to realize that the "very best people" in Boston-classic Boston-are opposed to suffrage that would end the whole matter. So they sent a list of their names to a Seattle paper with a request for publication. The paper refused to publish the names but did publish the story. Then the people of Washington began to laugh.

They have not stopped yet. One persons was so much amused

by the novel "argument" that his exuberance overflowed in this limerick:

The census report of 1900 gave thirteen states in which the proportion of says of the trial in this case; "the trial illiteracy was below two per cent. In resulted in a mass of contradictions of twelve of these states women were alevery kind. Everybody was found, not lowed to vote on school elections. In guil'y, including the girl. It was sim- twelve states, in none of which women were allowed to vote on educational anybody seemed to want to prove was matters, the proportion of illiteracy was above ten per cent. These figures speak cloquently and are being used

# Children's Own Place

## Edited by Bertha H. Mailly

### A STICK HORSE

BY C. L. PHIFER



OU would scarcely believe that once I was one ent tree he slept. of the finest horses that never knew I should be so traveled. with flowing mane and me; but it didn't seem so.

Specific a bridle with silver bangles After a long time the little

tiful horse, and now a dry stick that spoke to me with fragrant breath. you might choose to use as a cane.

I remember when I stood by the may be sure I suffered agonies of body and mind. Oh, if I only had had hands with which to defend myself! I was compelled, however, to submit to be cut down, though this deprived me of all my hopes in life.

The boy made a whistle from a The boy made a whistle from a

rest of me in the road to die. I was Good-by. I am gone. That which thoroughly miserable and supposed you hold in your hand is only a stick. it was all over with me. Soon, however, a very little boy passed by, and, straddling over me, went prancing down the road. He called me his horsey, and sure enough, as I looked, I was transformed into a horse. "Let boy said the leaves that dragged in the dust made a great, beautiful tail, and I could see that it was so. "Geddup?" he said, and we galloped down the road, making the dust fly high into the air. "We are almost to New York," he said, and in the distance I saw a haze, and countless chimneys and spires, and sky-scrapers, towering "Now," said the boy, "we are almost to the sea," and I could behold a came to a nice smooth road along the stretch of green with birds careening shiny river and Uncle Jim said we

tance. Then we raced with a train the rich people live. and actually beat it; and, wearied with our travels, he hitched me to the fence, to feed, and under my par-This vas life.

ever pranced along the Every day the little boy cantered road-way. I am only a and faced on my back; and sometimes stick now, and yet I was I could hear the squeak of a hickory once a beautiful horse whistle, and knew it was a part of

After a long time the little boy lost that gistened in the sun. No doubt me in the grass, and I have lain here t seems strange to you that a plain ever since. My, but it is tiresome and he said could be thus transformed, lonesome to be lost and useless! What at there can be no question of the is the use of being in the world if you can't be of it? But I confess that And before I was a horse I was a I have slept a good deal of the time. nickory twig growing by the road. Once there was a white coverlet side, and before I was a sprout I was spread over me, and I lay so snug a hickory nut that had fallen from a and warm, and snoozed for ever so a large tree with overhanging long. When I awakened, grass was going branches. This is the order of it: growing partly over me, and a violet ships. A hickory nut, a little twig, a beau-nestled at my side and sometimes could have a very good time there.

I must tell you what I saw one day. There came first a wagon driving of people were all up and down Riv-ters, etc., carried out the plans. Yet very slowly, and inside was a little erside Driv: watching the river. Uncle he who did nothing will own it all. roadside spreading out my leaves and very slowly, and inside was a little branches and watching the wagons white box; and behind it followed anthat rattled by in the road near me other wagon in which there was a How I longed to travel! But I woman in black weeping softly, and couldn't, because I was rooted fast a man, and the big boy who had cut in the earth. The school boys used me from my stump and made a whisto pass and break off my leaves, peel- tle out of me; and behind them there ing the twigs and selling them as was a string of wagons moving slowly, candy in exchange for the leaves, all in a row. There was something which they called money. One day about it that made me feel very sad, one of them came with a Barlow But something passed that seemed knife, and, bending over me, began to me like a breeze and a shadow, cutting me down. The knife was dull and it seemed to me that I could see an' he hacked me terribly, and you the little boy with whom I had had

The boy made a whistle from a lonesome without me, part of my trunk, and dropped the Good-by. I am gote. That which

### Lillian's Letters

New York Cny, Oct. 7, 1910.

Dear Mamma: Just think of it, Mamma dear, I've the warships. I suppose you'll think that's a funny way to begin a letter just after I'm here in New York, but I'm all excited about it.

Uncle Jim said I'd better see the war Ships first thing if I wanted to see them at all, for they are going away in a day or two. So he got me out of other men. bed pretty early this mo:ning, and after

over the waves and sails in the dis- were on Riverside Drive, where all

The river looked so pretty with all the boats and hills over the other

the river. We went as far as the bus did and then we climbed down and went over to the stone fence on the edge of the drive and looked at the four war ships out in the river.

side, stretching up almost straight from

I didn't think they looked very pretty but I didn't say so to Uncle Jim, because he thought they were great. They just looked like long, agly gray boxes, as though something unpleasant was locked up in them. liked the little sail boats with white birds' wings on the edge of the river

I just thought if Brother George had been one of them, how I'd feel. I almost cried.

Then a man Uncle Jim knows came along and spoke to us and Uncle Jim said:

"Pretty tough on these chaps that drowned yesterday, wasn't it?" and his friend answered:

"Yes, pretty hard on them, but for all the use they were, they might as well be 'ead."

Uncle Jim got pretty angry, I could see and he said: "How dare you say that of men who were serving their country?"

He was a funny man, 'cause he said: "No man who does not do any really usef I work serves his country. Look at those fellows down below on the edge of the river, building the toad. They are making something for the people to walk upon, to use. They the real soldiers of the country and those fellows a few hundred feet across the water opposite making nothing, perform no useful service. They are only busy keeping ready to kill

I guess Uncle Jim didn't know what to say. Now, was that other man right, Mamma dear? I'd like to know. I'm having a lovely time.

Your loving daughter, LILLIAN.

Who Should Have It? BY M. E. O.

I am looking over the way at a building-big, tall and beautiful. There are men working on it, and they have been doing so all summer. I have watched them as they worked. Some days they must have been very tired, for the sun beat down on them and it was very hot. They are dressed in overalls, which are covered with grease and paint from their work.

can find.

At night they go home-not to a beautiful building like the one they are creating-but to a crowded tenement. Their food there is of the same quality as that which they carry in their dinner pails-of the coarsest and cherpest kind. Though they have worked so hard they cannot afford anything difterent, for they are not paid in wages all that their labor is worth.

When this beautiful building is fin-I could see the soldiers and sailors belong to the men who created it. But going up and down the decks of the ships. It didn't look as though they could have a very good time they nor worked on it. He has been traveling in Europe. The architect planned More like a prison.

It wasn't Sunday but a whole lot it and the masons, plumbers, carpen-Jim said they were there because just They toiled for him while he idled; a day or so before about twenty-five they are coarse food while he dined in soldiers and sailors from one of the luxury; they lived in tenements while big war ships were drowned in the he had palaces to choose from. And river through the capsizing of a boat, after all they will present him with Wasn't that terrible, Mamma? and this beautiful work of their brains and hands and start to build another for some other idler.

Children do you see the point—the injustice of it? Some day you will vote for Socialism and the time when the workers will own what they create.

### Worth Remembering October, 1910. I was going to tell you about a

great uprising of the people of Russia in the form of a general strike in October, 1905, but here we have an uprising of another people just this past week which is worth remember

How many of you have ocen in the papers or heard from your parents that the King of Portugal, Manuel by name, has been forced to flee from the capital of that country, Lisbon, and that the people there have set ap a republic?

I suppose you all have talked about the news in school and your teachers have told you that it is a step forward in progress, because it means that all the people are determined that they will have a voice in the governing of themselves instead of being ruled over by a king and a few others. But le: me tell you a very impor

tant secret, children. The gaining of political rights beauty.
won't help the working people of Por-

tugal one bit unless they understand out even as he was doing, but few had that they must use their vote in the right way to vote for people to make laws who are of their own class and will make these laws to give them higher wages, shorter workday hours give all their children a splendid, free education and insure justice to all.

### Letters are Coming

Dear Children:

Hurrah! The letters from the When noon comes they eat a cold ginning to come in. May Durand a dinner out of a tin pail. They have the first little comrade to tell us what she thinks "The Coming Nation what she thinks "The Coming Nation is her dear little letter:

lovely things we ever wanted to be

Henry Hayes, age twelve, of Min-neapolis, hasn't a very distinct dream of the Coming Nation-boys don't dream so much as girls anyway, do they? But he has a very practical idea and says:

Why can't we have a club? What's the use of talking about ideas in our column? We could have a bully club of boys and girls in every city that read the COMING NATION. Then we could have badges ind do things and write to the paper about what we do? I vote for a club.

Are there any more of Henry's opinion? Write me all about Write plainly, spell correctly and address, Children's Editor, the Cox-ING NATION, Girard, Kan.

Here's to the girls and boys who both have ideas and want to do things.

Lovingly, Your Editor.

### A Parable BY F. G. FOSTER

A certain man set out on the jour-

ncy of life. He was ambitious. shall do great things," he said. Before he went he betook himself to the wise men of the land. "Tell me the greatest thing in the world," said

"The greatest thing in the world is the big White Flower," said they, "when you find it."

"It shall be mine," he said, and he

made this his ideal. Henceforward nothing had any ex-

he, "and I will do it!"

istence for him but the one desire He must find and pluck the cherished flower. He thought of it by day, and at night dreamed of its wonderful

brutal master could exist there.' companiments.

The suffragists' talk in Seattle Roused the Antis in Boston to battle. Said those logical dames. "Let us publish our names! That will strike them all dumb in Seattle."

ras all over."

He estimates that there are thirty Kentucky are making for the franchise. succeeded.

"But I will succeed," he said. Many days he persevered, over-rocks and boulders, and through dreary wastes of desert the search tock him; sometimes the hot sun shone down upon his head; at others-

the wind shook and buffeted him, and the cold bit him, and he struggled on. Many little flowers smiled up at him as he passed. Their beauty spoke to him and their fragrant breath tempted him to rest awhile by their side-but these, in his haste, he trod upon and

crushed. "I have no time for you," he told them; "I'm looking for the great

them; "I'm looking for the greating of the gre no beauty in it, nor, indeed, in any-As we say in playing games, little thing about him. So wearied out

> his heart grew sad wthin him, as he thought of the little flowers by the wayside.

> "They are fairer than you are," he said to the big flower, "and I crushed them.' The little flowers were called kind-

> nesses; the big one, Fame.—The Young Socialist. Puzzles

Here are the answers to the last puzzles. Did you guess them? No. 1.

toe other Bernard Caribbean Florida Drown wo 112

Famous Abolitionist-John Brown. No. 2. Whittier, Anderson, Goethe, Eliot, Shakespeare, London, Alcott, Verne,

Emerson, Ruskin, Yonge. We all wish to abolish-Wage Slav-

In the Gymnasium. She-"And they call those things dumb bells."

He-"It is preporterous, isn't it. A girl who was dumb wouldn't be a belle, would she?"

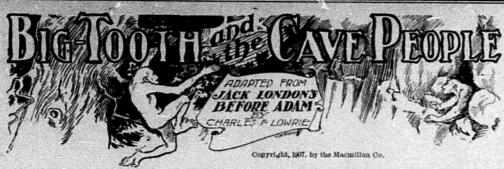
My Tooth. Selected.

Of course, without a doubt, I ought to have it out,

Then I'll never have the toothache any more; I've hit the very thing-

The doorknob and a string; But I somehow sort of hate to shut

the door!



CHAPTER VI. (Continued from last week)

And then began one of the hardest tasks I ever attempted, we started to carry the puppies to our cave. Instead using our hands for climbing, most of the time they were occupied with holding our squirming captives. Once we tried to walk on the ground, but were treed by a miserable hyena, who followed along underneath. He was a wise hyena

Lop-Ear got an idea. He remembered how we tied up bundles of leaves to carry home for beds. Breaking off some tough vines, he tied his puppy's legs together, and then, with another piece of vine passed around his neck, slung the puppy on his back. This left him with hands and feet free to climb. He was jubilant, and did not wait for me to finish tying my puppy's legs, but started on. There was one difficulty, however. The puppy wouldn't stay slung on Lop-Ear's back. It swung aroung to the side and then in front. thing it did was to sink its teeth into Lop-Ear's soft and unprotected stomach. He let out a scream, nearly fell, and clutched a branch violently with both hands to save himself. The vine aroung his neck broke, and the puppy, its four legs still tied, dropped to the ground. The hyena proceeded to dine.

Lop-Ear was disgusted and angry. He abused the hyena, and then went off alone through the trees. I had no reason that I knew for wanting to carry the puppy to the cave, except that I wanted to; and I stayed by my I made the work a great deal easier by elaborating on Lop-Ear's idea. Not only did I tie the puppy's legs, but I thrust a stick through his jaws and tied them together securely.

At last I got the puppy home. I imagine I had more pertinacity than the average Folk, or else I should not have succeeded. They laughed at me when they saw me lugging the puppy up to my high little cave, but I did not mind. Success crowned my efforts, and there was the puppy. He was a plaything such as none of the Folk possessed. He learned rapidly. When I played with him and he bit me, I boxed his ears, and then he did not try again to bite me for a long time.

I was quite taken up with him He was something new, and it was a characteristic of the Folk to like new things. When I saw that he refused fruits and vegetables, I caught birds for him and squirrels and young rab-(We Folk were meat-eaters, as well as vegetarians, and we were adepts at catching small game.) The puppy ate the meat and thrived. As well as I can estimate, I must have had him over a week. And then, coming back to the cave one day with a nestful of young-hatched pheasants, I found Lop-Ear had killed the puppy and was just beginning to cat him. I sprang for Lop-Ear-the cave was small-and we went at it tooth and nail.

And thus in a fight, ended one of the earliest altempts to domesticate the dog. We pulled hair out in handfuls, and scratched and bit and gouged. Then we sulled and made up. After that we were really growing up. From the we are the puppy. Raw? Yes. We first it had been a squeeze to get in had not yet discovered fire. It was through the entrance-crevice. This had long in the future before we evolved into cooking animals.

the great discordant element in our and warmest. e. He was more primitive than any of us. He did not belong with us, for some of them to have driven us yet we were still so primitive ourselves that we did not know enough to join together 19 kill him or cast him out. We were ride enough but he was too rude to Eve with us in peace. He tended always to destroy the horde by his unsocial acts. His place was with the Tree People rather than with us. We were in the process of be ming men and he was becoming more

He was a monster of cruelty, which is saying a great deal in that day. He beat his wives-not that he ever had more than one wife at a time, but that he was married many times. It was impossible for any woman to live with him, and yet they did live with him, out of compulsion. There was no denying him. No man was strong enough to stand against him.

Often do I have visions of the hour before twilight. From drinking-place nd carrot patch and berry swamp the Folk are trooping into the open space before the caves. They dare linger no longer than this, for the dreadful darkness is approaching. Then the world is given over to the carnage of the hunting animals, while the fore-runners of man hid; tremblingly in

There yet remain to us a few minutes before we climb to our caves. We are should have remained and had out his tired from the play of the day, and the rage. I crept to the entrance and sounds we make are subdued. the cubs, still greedy for fun and antics, play with restraint. The wind from the sea has died down, and the shadows are lengthening as the last of the sun is descending in the west. And then, suddenly, from Red-Eye's cave, breaks a wild screaming and the sound of blows.

He is beating his wife.

continue we break out into an insane gibbering of helpless rage. It is plain that the men resent Red-Eye's actions, but they are too afraid of him. The blows cease, and a low groaning dies away, while we chatter among ourselves and the sad twilight creeps upon

We, to whom most happenings were jokes, never laughed during Red-Eye's nered rat. I caught hold of the stick wife-beatings. We knew too well the tragedy of them. On more than one morning, at the base of the cliff did we find the body of his latest wife. He had tossed her there, after she had died, from the clutch and gained the comfrom his cave-mouth. He never buried his dead. He left to the horde, the task of carrying away the bodies, that clse would have polluted our abidingplace. We usually flung them into the river below the last drinking-place. .

Not alone did Red-Eye murder his wives, but he also murdered to get his wives. When he wanted to get a new wife and selected the wife of another Its teeth were not tied, and the next man, he promptly killed that man. Two of these murders I saw myself. The whole horde knew, but could do noth-We had not yet developed any government, to speak of, inside the horde. We had certain customs and we punished severely the unlucky ones who violated these customs. Thus, for example, the individual who defiled drinking-place would be atttacked by every onlooker, while one who deliberately gave a false alarm received much rough usage at our hands. But Red-Eye walked rough-shod over all our customs. We could easily have punished him if we had acted together but fear made us helpless

It was during the sixth winter in our cave that Lop-Ear and I discovered that



HE RETURNED TO THE WALL AND BEGAN TO CLIMB UP.

its advantages, however. It had prevented the larger Folk from taking our CHAPTER VII.
Red-Eye was an atavism. He was cave away from us. And it was a most desirable cave, the highest on the bluff,

out and enlarged the crevice opening but the Folk were not yet wise enough for that-they never even thought of stick Lop-Ear and I did not think of it either until our increasing size compelled us to make an enlargement. This occurred when summer was well along and we were fat with better forage. We worked at the crevice in spells, when the fancy struck us.

At first we dug the crumbling rock away with our fingers, until our nails got sore, when I accidentally stumbled upon the idea of using a piece of wood on the rock. This worked well. Also it worked woe. One morning early, we had scratched out of the wall quite a heap of fragments. I gave the heap a shove over the lip of the entrance. The next more at there came up from beic w a howl of rage. There was no need to look. We knew the voice only too well. The rubbish had descended

upon Red-Eye. We crouched down in the cave in his inflamed eyes and raging like a demon. But he was too large. could not get in to us. Suddenly he went away. This was suspicious. By all we knew of the Folk nature he Even | peeped down. I could see him just beginning to mount the bluff again. In one hand he carried a long stick. Before I could divine his plan he was back at the entrance and savagely jabbing the stick in at us.

His thrusts were prodigious. They could have disemboweled us. shrank back against the side walls, joy, out of discord and misery At first an awed silence come upon where we were almost out of range, peace and happiness.-R. C. Cave.

But as the blows and screams But by industrious poking he got us now and again-cruel, scraping jabs with the end of the stick that raked off the hide and hair. When we screamed with the hurt, he roared his satisfaction and jabbed the harder.

I began to grow angry. I had temper of my own in those days, and pretty considerable courage, too, albeit it was largely the courage of the corwith my hands, but such was his strength that he jerked me into the crevice. He reached for me with his long arm, and his nails tore my flesh as I leaped back parative safety of the side wall. ,

He began poking again, and caught me a painful blow on the shoulder. Beyond shivering with fright and yelling when he was hit, Lop-Ear did noth-I looked for a stick with which to jab back, but found only the end of a branch, an inch through and a foot I threw this at Red-Eye. did no damage, though he howled with sudden increase of rage at my daring to strike back. He began jabbing furiously. I found a fragment of rock and threw it at him, striking him in the chest.

This emboldened me, and, besides, I was now as angry as he, and had lost all fear. I ripped a fragment of rock from the wall. The piece must have weighed two or three pounds. With all my strength I slammed it full into Red-Eye's face. It nearly finished him He staggered backward dropping his stick, and almost fell off the cliff.

He was a ferocious sight. His face was covered with blood, and he was snarling and gnashing his fangs like a wild boar. He wiped the blood from his eyes, caught sight of me, and roared with fury. His stick was gone, so he began ripping out chunks of crumbling rock and throwing them in at me. This supplied me with ammunition. I gave him as good as he sent, and better; for he presented a good target, while he caught only glimpses of me as I snuggled against the side wall.

Suddenly he disappeared again. From the lip of the cave I saw him descend-All the horde had gathered outside and in awed silence was looking As he descended, the more timid ones scurried to the caves. I could old Marrow-Bone tottering along as fast as he could. Red-Five sprang out from the wall and finished the last twenty feet throught the air. He landed alongside a mother who was just be-ginning the ascent. She screamed with fear, and the two-year old child that was clinging to her released its grip and rolled at Red-Eye's, feet. Both he and the mother reached for it, and he got it. The next moment the frail little body had whirled through the air and shattered against the wall.

The mother ran to it, caught it in her arms, and crouched over it :rying. Red-Eye started over to pick up the stick. Old Marrow-Bone had tottered into his way. Red-Eye's great hand shot out and clutched the old man by the back of the neck. I looked to see his neck broken. His body went limp as he surrendered himself to his fate. Red-Eye hesitated a moment, and Marrow-Bone, shivering terribly, bowed his head and covered his face with his crossed arms. Then Red-Eye slammed him face downward to the ground. Old Marrow-Bone did not struggle. He lay there crying with fear of death. I saw the Hairless One, out in the open space, to come forward. And then, I do not know why, Red-Eye let the old man alone and passed on and recovered the

He returned to the wall and began to climb up. Lop-Ear, who was shivering and peeping alongside of me, scrambled back into the cave. It was plain that Red-Eye was bent upon murder. I was desperate and angry and fairly cool. Running back and forth along the neighboring ledges. I gathered a heap of rocks at the cave-entrance, Red-Eye was now several yards beneath me, concealed for the moment by an out-jut of the cliff. As he climbed his head came into view, and I banged a rock down. It missed, striking the wall and shattering; but the flying dust and grit filled his eyes and he drew back out of view.

### To be Continued. Struggling Upward.

The history of civilization is the story of a perpetual struggle for someconsternation. A mounte later he was thing higher and better. Urged on at the entrance, peering in at us with by the longings for deliverance from existing evils, the human race, often groping in darkness and battling blindly, many tirles mistaking the evil for the good and the good for the evil, many times killing its prophets and crucify ing its saviors, has, through toil and sweat, and tears and blood, slowly risen out of savagery in the conditions of civilized life. And its full salvation is not yet attained. It has not yet found satisfaction. The longing for some thing better is still urging it onward and it is still struggling to rise out of darkness into light, out of ignorance We into knowledge, out of sorrow

## Her Wedding Ring

GFO. ALLAN ENGLAND

Old Martha, very cold, very tired, save begging on the street (when no sat all alone in her room on the sixth policeman was in sight) or charity. floor of the tenement. She was cry-ing. The Meagre tears of age trickled down her cheeks, along her nose, and knew what charity was, did Marthal no warmth in her. The January chill struck through and through her bony

Around her shoulder she had rapped her tattered bedquilt, for one of her window-panes was broken, and the newspaper she had neatly pasted ver the sash could not keep out the earching frost. She was sitting on a ap-box, because she had neither chair or bedstead. Her room contained thing but a mattress of shavings, en a stranger to fire, and a few tin dishes. One dish held some odds and Time had been nds of hard bread. when she had had fuel, when she had eer able to heat water and stew the read in it; but for days and days she had not even had hot water. She missed it terribly.

She missed her oil lamp, too. That ad gone to the pawn-shop, also, along sat, in the gloom of winter nightfall. She could see snow sifting down, out-side her window-her window, on the sill of which stood a tomato can filled with earth, wherein drooped a dead slip of a rose-bush.

Old Martha was crying, with a himpering sound. Crying because everything was at an end, for her. Besuse there was no more warmth in life, nor food, nor shelter, nor work, nor anything. Because she had come to The End-and yet, for some strange reason, was not yet dead.

For years and years the fight had waged between her and the wolf, out yonder at the door. He had never got in yet, that wolf. Sometime, he had thrust a paw in, or a sharp, keen nose; but Old Martha had always managed to repulse him. She had been old, often enough, that she ought to give up her room. The luxury of a whole foom, even cupboard-sized, for one person, one old woman like her, vas absurd to think of. She had been told to go and live with the Polish family downstairs, or the Lithuanians at the front of the tenement on her same floor. There she could have had part of a room, and it would have been cheaper, of course; but some way or other Old Martha had always held in to her room, all her own, all to herself. One by one she had let go of other things, articles of diet, bits of furniture, this, that-but the room, no! As long as she lived, said Martha, she wanted a place where she could get away, quite away from everybody and everything and be as quiet as it's possible to be in a double-decker at all.

But now, even the room was going to be taken away from her. That was the last straw, the last burden and the last humiliation. Old Martha felt she never could stand that,

"Th' meat-I didn't mind giva...' up th' meat, and that was last October. I didn't mind goin' onto bread an' hot water," she mourned, the tears dripping moment by moment from her tremulous and down-bent face. "No nor I didn't mind givin' up th' hot water, so much, either—I could ha' had it for the askin', any time, from Mrs. Barthkas. Bu: this here, now, this room-oh dear, oh dearie me!..."

She rocked herself in anguish. Well she knew there was no way out, for her. Up to a week before she had had work, piece-work on paper boxes, in her room. Sometimes in a good week, by keeping at it from first dawn till late ing there in the show-case along with at night, she had made as much as many many others, ticketed and labelled three dollars. One week she had even like the rest. gone beyond that by twenty-five cents! At that thought she wept afresh, and That had been a banner week with an even as she wept she drew the bandextra bag of coal, a bit of "pluck" from the butcher's shop on the corner, time in fifty years, and pressed it passome oatmeal. The "pluck" and the oatmeal, boiled with bread, had made good soup. Martha remembered it, even now.

But there was no more meat for her, not even beef-lungs such as f had boiled. Rheumatism had force! had cut down her labor. The foreman at the box-shop had got angry.

"Ah, now, vot you t'ink? I goin' to bodder mit so little vork from you, Dozen odder vimmen take it, do it Setter as you and quicker! You You speil more boxes make me vait! as you finish! Look, now, dis one, und dis-all dirty, und de corners not stuck, und de paper, here, all crooked! Nixy, no more for you-you're t'rough!"

She had pleaded a little, but he hadn't listened at all; had just paid her, turned his back and walked off, indignant. In her hand she had found what she well knew to be bir last earnings, her very last-earnings cruelly cut, too, for the spoiled work. Old Martha had crept away home wounded was death. So the beast of the field creeps, when his time is nigh.

Three weeks ago that had been, and since that day, Old Martha had gone often to the pawn-shop. The more often because the news had traveled, and the grocer from whom she had bought her bread and coal had shut off credit altogether; because the rent-collector for the big church that owned the tenement had dogged her for his pay. He had got it, too. The bedbedquire found to the floor.

She is quite bevildered. Surely, there where the door is—that door at which the rent-man knocks, at which he greasy coat.

He knelt beside the body.

A minute, and Old Martha's wedding there where the door is—that door at which the rent-man knocks, at which he

dropped upon her twisted hands which long ago in those Other Days, long lay folded in her lap. Her spent heart before Jim had died, she had given, labored to force her scant and thin herself. She had "visited." She had blood through her veins. There was investigated for the Amalgamated charities. She knew right well what it all meant!

She shrank, now, from the pauper crust as though it were rank poison. She had only to shut her eyes in order to see the long hard benches, smooth by miserable, cringing folk, to see the patronizing almoners, the cardcatalogues, the files, the records of "worthy" cases. Worthy? Yes, she was worthy, now. Her thin old body treinbled. At the thought of extending n old sheet-iron stove that had long her own guarled hand for the dole of pence, the loaf or the order for coal, tears started afresh, trickling down through her fingers which she pressed to her face as though to shut that sight away. In each tear was mirrored her long-descending spiral of life, her fate which (inexorably robbing her of her husband, children, friends, everything) had made her outlast all; and had tossed her like an old, abandoned, with everything else. Now she had broken puppet, into that fireless attic, no light at all, not even a candle. She with no food, no work, no money, on with no food, no work, no money, on that bitter January night. Her fate, which had wrenched away everything from her! No, not quite everything. She still had her wedding-ring.

II.

Her wedding-ring! Her tears were bathing that ring now, as they had done fifty years ago when Jim had first slipped it upon her finger; when the clergyman had placed that long-dead hand in hers; when lips that had been dust a score of years had promised to be true to her, here and hereafter.

At the thought that all a man's tenderness and all his love were fixed on her she had wept there in the church, looking first up to heaven in all the purity an ! passion of her young soul, then hiding her face in her two hands that her abundant tears had warmed the bright new gold even as now her scanty tears were warming once again the dull, thin band.

Her tears now were quite other than they had been, fifty years ago, but they were tears, and the ring, was the same, the very same, and that was some-

The very same ring!

She held her hand, shrunken and blue-veined, patched here and there with brownish spots, close before her dim eyes, and looked intently at the circlet. The dusk was heavy, but she could still see the dull yellow of the gold.

It was worn almost through with fifty years of cherishing, yet there it that ring-her ring and Jim'sthe ring which had bound them close together, the ring she had so warmly promised never to take off.

Her ring. Her wedding ring of gold!

Gold!

The thought struck her like a knotted The pawn-broker's sign was gold, too! Gold would buy food. Gold would buy firing for the rusty stove. Gold! She trembled again, even more violently, clenching her old useless hands, and sat there staring, staring, into the gloom.

"How much?" she gasped

Ah, that pawn-broker's shop! Nothing of hers that went in there ever came out again, she knew well. That was the end, that shop was. It had devoured everything of ners. Now she foresaw, with fear and horror and a wild revulsion that it would devour the ring, too. She could almost see her ring-Jim's ring-all thin and frail, ly-

from her knotty finger for the first sionately to her shriveled lips.

III. How warm it felt! Warm, and full of wonderful life! It seemed almost to be kissing her mouth with golden 'cisses; her lips grew warm and soft again, her body became round and fair the purchase of a little medicine and and white once more like that of a young girl and all around her she heard the rustling of green boughs.

What? How is this? Why, she is young again, a maiden fresh as any rose on the hillside, with sweet eyes bluer than the bluest corn-flower, with glowing cheeks and masses of fine yellow

Her lover's arm is close around her. She leans against him, rests her head confidingly upon his shoulder. He is to big, so strong, yet so full of tender protection!

As she stands there, all her thoughts sweet and pure and ary happy, gazing out across the wide marshes toward the fading west, her lover picks a rose from close at hand and gives it to her. She puts it in her bosom. He leans down to her, pressing kisses in her mouth, kisses, golden kisses.

Her lips car feel the very gold in them. There is gold! It is the gold of the thin-worn wedding ring, and she is kissing it, Old Martha is, alone in her dark, fireless, forsaken attic room.

Forsaken, fireless, but no longer cold. Martha (cels quiet warm. She no longer seems to need the tattered old bedquilt round her shoulders, but lets have this, that I can see!" he grumbled.

told her she must either pay at once or go—she had seen the old salt marshes or go—she had seen the old salt marshes of Flushing where she and Jim had stood and talked and looked into the west and dreamed dreams! Surely the dim window has been a boxwood hedge and that little dead sprig in the tomato-can had been a rose-tree in full bloom! But her laddie, her lover? Where could he have gone so suddenly? It was all terribly confusing.

She got to her lame feet, unsteadily, fumbled on her shelf and found a last, lone end of candle. She lighted it, half thinking to find her Jini. round the room she pecred with dim, uncertain eyes. What? Not there? But she still felt his kisses! Felt them so very plainly!

At the thought of them she gathered her left hand with the wedding ring to her old heart and held it fast, fast! So . . . the window and the door were not real, after all. She knew they weren't! See-even as she looks at them they fade, and she is underneath the sky again, out in the fresh warm air,

seated in a woodland place. She sees lofty blue mountains, too, their summits covered with snow-like flocks of great swans lying on them. What a wonderful light! It seems to her beautifully warm-her heart is full of warmth and joy. No wonder, a child is lying on her breast, beautiful, gold-en-haired.

Her bosom is full of flowers, each leaf like a pearl, and on that flowery bed her little boy, her first-born, is asleep, lovely and golden haired. Her husband is there, too, coming toward her through a glorious green wood, where sunlight streams among the thick foliage.

In his hand he holds a rose, fullhlown, passionate. She feels, somehow that she knows the flower. She has seen it often, and often must she see it again. As she thinks of this, holding the child in her arm, she bends to kiss it's golden hair; but a chill strikes her, she finds her arms suddenly empty, and everything blends, fades, disappears. The child has vanished and the is alone again in her attic, which still is not the attic at all but which has become a strange, new place, so wonderful, so warm, so full of things both beautiful and hard to understand. Beautiful things, strange things! As

she looks about she sees a great many faces, some kind, some ugly. Among them she recognies the foreman at the shop, the rent-man, the pawn-broker. There is her husband, too, and her old mother--even her father, too, whom she but very ill remembers. And there are many, many more. She hears the buzz of many voices.

"The ring!" says some one. "We must have that, too!"
"No! No!" she cries. "My ring! Oh,

let me keep that, just that, and I will give you everything!"

In her old hand she clutches the ring and stares about her fiercely. Something hums marvelously in her

ears. She wonders at hearing so plainly for she has long been deaf. Something shines brighter than noonday in her old eyes. The flame of the candle is rising higher and higher. It is a star, it is

the moon, it is the sun, the golden, glorious sun! The dead and dried-up little sprig in the tomato-can is reviving It grows, it fills the room with powerful fragrance on that winter night. Sec, the bush is putting forth fresh green leaves. A bud is opening. It becomes a full-blown rose, which suddenly fades and withers.

The rose, she sees, a lying on a coffin-lid. In the coffin she sees the face of her dead husband. An overpowering light streams in upon her, mounting up, up, ever up, clear to the zeniti, where it takes the form of a vast and marvelous rose with petals of fire.

Joy pervades her. She feels no sorrow any more, nor any tears. Not even the dead face in the coffin seems terrible

"Oh Laddie! Luddie!" she cries in hig'i, strange voice. "Our ring! They'll never get it! Never, never!" Then, all at once, a clod of black

earth falis upon the coffin-lid. lights fade, nicker, die. All grows black. Old Martha feels that it is night, that she is falling through it, down, down, down. "Never!....Never!...." echoes in her

ears till that, too, that last sound, fades into a great stillness....

"Huh" gru ted the janitor the next morning, as he turned the body of Martha over. The rent-man had com-plained of getting no answer from her, so the janitor had gone up to see about it. He had had to burst the door in, and he was panting from the exertion, for he was rether old, himself, and bad with ru.n.

"Huh! Damn me if the old party ain't froze stiff!"

He stood there marveling. He took the strong pipe out from between his gums, and spat in a corner. "It was a cold night, it certainly

was," he reflected. A dull glint on the woman's rigid

hand caught Lis eye. He bent over. "Strike me if it ain't a ring-gold, too !" he exclaimed, . ith a furtive glance around to see that nobody was prying. "She must ha' been a fool, eh? to freeze -when they's ciarity, an' pawn-shops!

Any down-an'-out mission-stiff world ha' had more sense. Women is nut.y. all right all right!"

"Well, I got t' notify th' police, I s'pose." He moved toward the cor.

Then he crept back.

## Sketches from Ellis Island

BY MAUD MOSHER For Several Years Matron at Ellis Island Copyright, 1910, by Mand Mosher

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 SCOTCH FAMILY



HE roar and crash and din of Ellis Island were all quite unheard by her, she sat there way after day en-tirely unmoved, deep in her till the Marine Surgeons should give their verdict

Not that she cared so much for little Anna, she really did not care anything about her, she seldom went over to the hospital to see the little sick mite of a girl. She was Anna's step-mother; they had just come over from Scotland to join the husband and father who had been in the United States over a year.

One Sunday the father, a stone mason, called to see his family and coming to me said, "Matron, will you advise me what to do? It seems as though the doctors will never make up their minds about Anna. It is so hard for my wife to stay here with the little children. It is no place for children, shut up as though in a prison. Is there any thing you know of that I can do to matters along?"

"What do the doctors say about little

They say that she has tuberculosis, but that she is too weak to travel." "Pave they said that she must go

that she would remain at the Island so as to be near Anna.

Every day she would come to the "late-day" matron and say, "Is anyone going to the hospital today?" If the matron answered, "I do not know yet", she would begin to beg, "Anna will be so own thoughts, waiting un-feel so badly and the day will be so till the Marine Surgeons long for her if I do not go to see her, even if it is only for a few minutes. If you can find time you will take me over, won't you matron?"

> Almost every day some matron would find time to take Maggie to the hospital for a little while and when saw poor little Anna there seemed to be ways to make time.

The long sea voyage had taken al-most every bit of remaining strength from the little wasted frame. So white her face scarcely showed on the pillow, so fruil that she was a shadow, so weak that she could not speak except in a faint whisper. She had only one little hand, the other had always been missing When Maggie came this one little white snow-drop of a hand would faintly stretch toward her, the only welcome she could give.

It was plain why the doctors rereserved their decision. She was so weak that to send her back to Scotland would mean death immediately per haps before reaching the steamer. they withheld the verdict she could "No," he returned, "they have not last only a few weeks at the most



THE CHOMB OF PRIMING RELATIVES AND HUMAN VERTURES WATERS FOR THE IMMIGRANTS TO GET OUT.

given a decision yet. I talked with the and could lie in peace in the Island

take their own time about it as probably there were circumstances in the from New York City. As the doctors. And Ive got it figgered out child's favor as they had not given an decided that although Anna was dying that the grab question is at the botominion and if they was opinion and if they were arged to give an opinion at once they could do nothing but decide against the case.

The husband went over to the other side of the room where his vife was and dumb. She was very much disturbed and they talked until the worthband had to return to the city.

It seemed so strange to me that anyone should take a child in the consistion the said "she dearly loved her cup of fore of little Anna out on the ocean and the said "she dearly loved her cup of fore expect to inter her into America that the next time he came over to the Island asked him some other operious should the child and also asked, "Did you not know that consumptives and persons afflicted with toberculosis were not alto west to famil in the United States?

Well," he replied, "I went to the agent of the steamship line and told him all about my family before I hought my tickets to send to them to come over, told him that I had a second wife who was deaf and dumb, that I had a haby boy and a little girl, my wife's little girl and my own two girls of thirteen and four-I told him that Anna was sick, had been sick for several years, that the doctors over in Scotland said that she had consumption, he sold me the tickers and said that I would have no difficulty in landing them all. I was afraid on account of Anna and if he had told me the truth I would have left her and Maggie, her own sister, with their grandmoreer in Scotland.

"Their grandmother had taken care of LAND OF THE FREE.

Anna and Maggie ever since their own tea in the afternoon", and we sat and mother died and she felt very badly to have them leave her. Of course I wanted all of my family with me where I could look after them and support ther, but if it is against the law for Anna to land it would have been bet ter to have left her and Maggie with their grandmother in Scotland. Why do you suppose the agent of the steamship line told me there would be no trouble in landing Anna, he must know the law? Maggie is like a little mother

to Anna, she : just one year older." Maggie was the dearest, quaintest, little, old fashioned girl! In a few days the board of special inquiry decided that the family might be landed provided that one would stay at Ellis Island until Anna's case was decided, as a sort of hostage. Maggie at once said only.

use surgeon over at the hospital and hospital. But the weeks lingered into that a decision had not be a months and still she lay just this sade dered. Is there anything I can do of the Great Shadow. Still little Maggie to get them to make up their minds " made her daily visit. Finally after a I advised him to let the surgeons long time Maggie was allowed to leave the Island and go home and visit Anna from tuberculosis that it was not in a contagious form, they afterwards aflowed the father to take the sick shill the great white plague and most of home.

> One day a rap came at my apartment was at Ell's Island so long and got so you are all getting along.

I made a cup of tea for Maggie as



PASSED ALL TESTS AND ENTERING TH

visited in real old country style as I old her all the news of the Island and of the people she had known there both among the officers and the immi-grants who had been detained there at the same time she 'rad been detained.

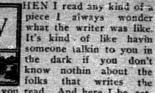
Lotle Anna had died the month before saying, "If I could only see grandmother again and the green

Poor Anna and poor grandmother over in Scotland! The steamship company sold two extra half fare tickets by bringing Anna over, one for Anna and one for Maggie- and the steamship wear is winter; and this means rasin company needed the money!

Faith without works is dead. Be ye doers of the word and not hearers

## Fighting Disease With Stamps

BY AUNT NANCY



folks that writes the pieces you read. And here I be, settin down to write a piece to be read by a lot of folks I never see and that I never will see. I'm pretty well ac-quainted out here in the Klamath Basin but I reckon none of the rest of you folks ever heard tell of me before; so I'm goin to let you know who I am right on the start. My own folks was Yankees, and

I've got some of their habits yet when it comes to talkin and writir, old as I My man's name is Simon Kenton Andrew Jackson Woods. (He was borned in Kentucky but his folks moved to Missonri when he was a little feller.) Nearly everybody in the Basin calls him "Uncle Si," and me 'Aunt Nancy."

It's been over forty years since me and Si come over from Rogue river, so yor may know I ain't no spring chicken. We took up a homestead and a pre-emption and a desert claim and a tim'er claim, and I reckon we'll have enough to keep us comfortable as long as we need it; but we ain't always been so well-fixed. But don't you ever think I've forgot the ups and dawns I've went through, nor Si bope not.

Pa has did a lot of hard work in his day but he ain't the man he used to be; and late years I've been nothered considerable with the rheumatiz: so the children was bound we should build a house and move to town winters; and neither of us made much of a kick for the old place is mighty lonesome in the winter since the children all growed up and went away.

I reckon from what I've heard that some folks thought I had my nerve to try to write for the papers; but it's been several years since I stopped sheddin bitter tears over what folks thought about me. When I've get somethin to say; I don't stand back for nobcely if I aim't no college gradjate. I don't claim to be no grammarian but I reckoù I can make most folks understand what I'm a-drivin at. Like that old feller says that used to A sharp but her singin is mighty hard to beat."

I got a postal from a stranger the and somehow he had got hold of one of my pieces. The card had a queerog stamp onto it and when I tempted to take chances on spinin out come to investigate, I found it was one of these here Red Cross stamps that they're sellin to get money to stamp out consumption. That started me to thinkin again about somethin I've studied about a lot before and wrote some about; but it's a big subject and it would take a heap of writin to do it justice.

it's this whole subject of disease and tom of the whole business, and you've got to settle it before you get ric of the other plagues, too.

That long-haire, old Dutchman was sitting and ther held a long conversa-door and there stood Maggie. She was way you get your aread and butter thou on their fingers for she was deaf delighted to see me and said in he. has a heap to do with your manners mighty right when he said that the quaint old-fashioned way. You see I and morals and religion, and he meant man came and called "all out, for the well acquainted with the ladies" that I That there grab therry is just like a beat for New York." And the hus- felt as though I would like to know how pair of specks to a near sighted peryear health, too if he didn't say so. son. It makes you see t ings plain that you couldn't pever make out be-

> Old Deacon Crooks and his wife comes to town winters now same as me and Si. They was neighbors to us out to the ranche. They come over to our house the other night and just for devilment I trotted out my card with the Red Cross stamp onto it. Of course that set the ball a-rollin. The deacon is just plum crazy on this Red

Cross crusade business. "You can't erver make it stick, deacon," says I. "It's all right as far as it goes but it don't go far enough!" Them Red Cross folks is goin to find out that they've bit off more than they can chaw. In the first place, they've got to see that folks has plenty of fresh air, and that means they've you to have plenty of house-room and some way to versilate their houses so they won't be catchin their deaths of colds from drafts. That's a big job. I've been told by folks that knows, that there's one place in Chicage where there's 50,000 people living on 310 acres of land! Fifty thousand people living on three hundred and twe-try acres of land! That's a good place for the Red Cross folks to begin operations. Most of the tenement houses in the country would have to go, and a couple of million homes would have to be built. Folks can't be healthy packed in like sardines in a can without fresh air and sunlight. Then they would have to see that everybody got plenty of good nourishin grub. There's ril-lions of folk: in The Good Old U. S. A.' that never knows what a square meal is from one year's end to another.) They'll have to see that ev eryone has enough coal or frewood to burn and comfortable clothes to most falls wages. Then they've got to see that nobody gets run down from everwork because then's the

time that the little microbees gets in

their fine work; and that means short-

HEN I read any kind of a enin hours of the hardest kind of It's kind of like havin Then they've got to look out for the

families of victims that is took away from their folks to be treated. Seems to me, deacon, it's a mighty big job they've tackled.

"But the truth of the matter is Deacon, before they can stamp cut consumption they've got to get rid of poverty, and it can't be did by secon postage stamps."

The Deacon snorted out something about chronic kickers but I never let He wanted to make me mad, but I've knowed him too long for that.

"The Red Cross folks is all right, Deacon," says I, "only they've got the cart before the horse. Reminds me of that story our old friend Harry Mangold used to tell. A woman was givin her kid a lickin one day; pad-dlin him the way I've did my kids many a time. Long come the priest. And what are you doin, Sister Flanagan? he asks her.

"Sure, an I'm tryin to bate some since into this spalpeeu's head! was the answer.

But, Sister Flanagar, says the nice soft-spoken old feller, don't you think you're beginnin at the wrong end? And that's the way with the Red Cross folks. They're beginnin at the wrong end.

"How do they intend to go about neither. If I had a million dollars I it. Deacon?" says I. "Do they intend wouldn't be a bit more stuck-up than to spend the money as they get it, or I am right now, or at least I should are they countin on puttin it out on interest with some of them trust companies and just usin the interest like they was countin on doin with the money they collected for the families of them poor coal miners that was slaughtered back there in Cherry, Il-Smeris?"

By this time the Deacon was immpin stiff-legged and fonehin and snortin; so Aunt Phoebe, bless her heart, tried to change the subject.

"Seend funny there should be so much disease and sufferin in the world when the doctors has got so smart," says she.

"Well," says I, "as long as a man gets his livin by other folks' sickness to cut off the source of his income, struck a match. They never had on up against the GRUB THEERY again

Doctors is humans and sufferin, you couldn't expect him Doctors is humans, same as other live down to New Jersey: The folks. Just as long as making sick meadow lark dont know B flat from folks well as quick as the doctors knows how means cuttin their incomes in two in the middle, doctors will be tempted to draw out spells other day. He lives way back east of sickness that ain't dangerous. I could even imagine some of them gettin so case-hardened they'd be

> cases that wasn't so harm'ess." The Deacon got fightin mad.

"You don't mean to tell me. Aunt Nancy," says he, "that you believe there is doctors so low that they would just deliberately risk a pa life for the sake of a few tient's dirty dollars!"

So I just up and read him this little elippin from the San Francisco call of December 29, 1909. (I've got a habit of savin clippins and they come in mighty handy sometimes.)

PHYSICIANS ACCUSED OF PROLONGING ILLNESS Philaselphia fler'th Officer Scores Graft Methods
PNILADELIPHIA. Dec. 22.—Charges that dome physicians is this city deliberawly profong the period of illness of patients in order to increase their ifscome are made by the Joseph & Nett director of the described of health and charilles who offers this reason for the larrense in dishtheria for the present voir whise all other preventable uteranse show a decrease. LI

The Deacon was plum bumfizzled "I'll tell you my i'dee Deacon." says I. "Looks to me like the sensi-ble thing would be for Uncle Sam to pay doctors for keepin folks well and dock them when anyone got sick or died. Pay them good, big wages so they could keep up with the times and make them treat everybody alike. Millions of people needs doctors and don't send for them because they don't know where the money's to come from to pay them.

"Ain't it horrible!" says Phoebe, shiverin. "To think that the more some folks suffers, the better off some other folks is! I'd hate to be an undertaker's wife and thinkin that my gettin a new dress depended

on someone else a-dyin." Just then Si spoke up. He'd been keepin mighty still (for him), all the evenin. "Nancy," says he, "all this puts me in mind of the story that big blacksmith told when he was down to the ranche last summer. An Irishman was puttin down a new sidewall for a doctor. He didn't do an extry good job, so he took a lot of dirt and throwed on the cracks to cover them up, thinkin mayb: the doctor wouldn't notice them till after he had got his money and hit the hike. But the doctor was onto his job-that time and he give Par a blowin up about the cracks. Well, back, says Pat. 'I don't see why yo should make so much fuss about it. Sure it's manny a bad job of vours that's been covered over with dirt!"

Time I was hittin the hav. good-night, everybody.

> Yours truly, AUNT NANCY.

### An Immigration that is not Barred

The Chinese laborers may be excluded, but their products pour into the world market in increasing quanpiece I always wonder work. And they're liable to have all titles. China is rushing into capital-what the writer was like. the employers' associations to fight ism at a rate that will force the remainder of the world into industrial bankruptcy or into Socialism. Says the San Francisco Chronicle on recent developments along these lines:

the San Francisco Chronicle on recent developments along these lines;

The Chinese, whose stores of iron ore
and excellent coal are reputed to be enormous, have commeaced to exploit them.
Cargose of coal and plg iron have recentlybeen received from China, and those who
have imported them oredict thet in a very
abort time great quantities will be shipped
to Californa and the other Facific coast
states. It is not probable, however, that
the Chinese will content themselves with
shipping to its their raw products. They
are a very apt people, as we know from
observation and experience; and now that
they have got rid of their conservatism,
we may expect them to make the best possible use of their varied advantages. Foremost among these must be reckoned an
immense body of cheap labor which can
easily be converted into that of the skilled
sort. It is lide to suppose that capital will
fail to avail itself of this possibility. It
has aiready done so to some extent in cotton manufacturing lines, and it is inevittable that it will enter the iron industry.
For some time to come, as in out.
For some time to come, as in out.
The course products will be turned out.
but sooner or later the Chinese will en-sage
in every branch of manufacturing in which
iron is used, and they will succeed as
topy did in this city when they made the
shoe industry their own and practically
beld the market until the operation of the
exclusion act hampered them in their ability to secure cheap labor. It is an interestfung situation that will be created by the
new development. Hitherto the white people of the Pacific cast have been sufferers
from Chinese immigration, and when the
demand for exclusion was made it met
with little sympathy at the East and the
relief we asked was grudgingly extended.
The masufacturing industries of the Pacific
coast have been backward in development,
and we are still largely dependent on the
East for our supplies of manufactureThis is particularly true of manufacture-

articles.
This is particularly true of manufactur

ers of iron and textiles, in which our ad vances have been slow. If the expectations of those who are now observing the new development of thins are realized; if that country masses half the progress predicted, in a very short time Chinese manufactured articles of iron and cotton goods will be 2-tering our markets and shutting our those from the East; and perhaps the invasion will make hopeless the attempt to build up a Pacific coast industry.

### What Makes Men.

The spirit that hates wrong and loves right, and seeing the right, grandly dares to do it at whatever cost, the spirit that led John the Baptist boldly to rebuke wrong in high places even when the keen blade of the executioner's ax was glittering over his head; the spirit that made Stephen dauntlessly loyal to the truth as he saw it, even while the stones hurled by the angry mob were beating him senseless; the spirit that, glowing in the heart of Paul, led him to suffer the loss of all things, endure all manner of hardships, and yielded up his life on the scaffold in fidelity to the cause of righteousness; the spirit that buried in the heart of Jesus, raising him to the sublimest heights of self denial and self sacrifice, and making him obedient, even unto death on the cross, to the divine ideal that rose before him. Until man is inspired by this spirit he can never be fully freed from wrong and its consequent evils .- R. C. Cave.

The earlier races seem to me, either by reasoning or by instinct, to have arrived at the conclusion that every man, was, in right of his being, entitled to food; that food was a product of the land, and therefore every man was en-titled to the possession of land, otherwise his life depended upon the will of another.—Joseph Fisher.—"Landholding in England."

## THE COP ON THE CORNER

(Continued From Page 3.)

on you, and what you've got is the man being shall be as much entitled constitution, and nobody yet has ever to food und clothing and shelter as had the impudence to suggest that he is entitled to be fulled out of the we celebrate September 17th, the anticater when he is drowning. niversary of the greatest confidence game ever worked in history. The fathe's fixed it so that the con-

situation is practically unchargeable, it's pickled. The men that made this, the oldest, and the old foggiest of all governments on earth, were men that never saw an electric ligt :- pshaw! They never saw any kind of a lamp hat. You'd have to teach them how to lace up a pair of shoes such as you are wearing. They never saw a schooner, let alone a steamship, or any machine whatsoever that went by steam. And speaking of schooners, they never drank a glass of lager or a glass of sodawater. Never atea chocolate carmel, or a canteloupe or a tomato or Concord grapes; never saw a field of cotton, not even the slave owners; never saw a daily newspaper, let alone a telegram; they heard a brass hand or a reed organ; they never saw a washboard or a clothes-line, they never-but what's the use? We couldn't live the way they did. We shouldn't know how. They couldn't have understood how we live. But the government that they saddled onto us we haven't got rid of. Talk about a revolution-the revolution is past; ic's all accomplished except one thing; it's all over but the shouting. The only thing icft is to bring our government downy-date so that it won't be against the law to live in accordance with mod-ern ideas. They hadn't the remotest notion of a government for the benefit of all the people; no, they made a government expressly and intention ally in the interest of those who would Who can, then?

been just as guilty of murder as I. And I declare to you that if you dor't want to stop the murder of the thousands upon thousands of babies, you're murderers, too. Look! There's blood on yeu. It's dripping on the street where you stand, dripping from you, and calling to God for vengeance on you!

I thank my God there's none of it

on me. Not guilty, I'm not consent-ing to the s'aughter of these innocents. Every chance I get to say my say about the kind of government we should have, I say "No" to this robbing, murdering way of doing; I say

"Yes" to a new and better way of do ing. I call for a government for the account but he changed the satchel common good; under which every huto food und clothing and shelter as

### Is It Practicable?

"Well, but," you say, "is that prac-ticable? It's all very well to talk about how nice it would be, and the like of that. We all know that. If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride. But wishes aren't horses. That's the sad part of it. We've got to consider the practical side of this matter. Now look here. You know that you couldn't any more guarantee every man, woman and child sufficient food, and cloth, and shelter than you could—" Yo. pause.

Let me help you out. "Than you could fly." Isn't that what you started out to say?
"Weh-le "," you reply, kind of embarrassed, "I did start to say that

but-" But what?

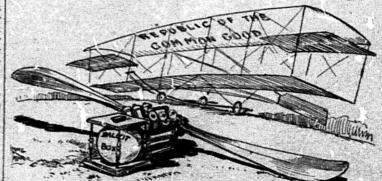
"Well, you can fly, nowadays."

How comes it that they can fly nowadays? They've been trying it since I don't know when; how comes paper, let alone a telegram; they never saw a visiting card; they never saw a visiting card; they never heard a brass hand or a reed organ; they never saw a washboard or a clothes-wringer or clothes-pins or a very ardentily desired it. And they let the never heard a brass hand or a reed organ; they never saw a washboard or a clothes-wringer or clothes-pins or a very ardentily desired it. And they let the never heart of the section of the studied up about the action of the air on plane and curving surfaces. Yes, and so did Lilienthal, and Chraute and a lot mort of them. But there others didn't fly. Neither the distre nor the scientific knowledge was worth a cent until—until what? Until a gasoline engine was invented that was light and yet power-ful. In other words, until the machinery was there.

And that's just it. There have been other attempts to set up this republic of the common good before; and they have failed. The Christian religion is the most notable fizzle of the lot. There wasn', the machinery; there wasu't the organization so that we charge a fee for pulling a drowning man out of the water. The United States government is the only one left on earth among civilized nations and child in these United States, so that is purely in the interest of the propertied classes. So, naturally, that or her claim to life and liberty and government cannot interfere to pre- happiness cashed. And now we have vent the murder of babies for money, that machinery and organization, so that we know that if every able-bod-You. You, the new class just wak- ied man-not children, not girls, nor ing up to a realization of your old people, not the sick or the crip-power. You are the only ones that pied but every able-bodi d-man were can stop it. And you can stop it just to go to work at productive labor for like that! the minute you want to. If two hours and seventeen minutes, evhad been in earnest about killing ery day for 300 days a year, there that baby yonder and you hadn't would be a luxurious living for every wanted to stop me, you would have one. All we've got to do is to reach been just as guilty of murder as I. out and take hold of this old-fogy government that prevents us from giving as free and cheerful service for the common good as does our friend, the Cop on the Corner, and bring it down to date.

All those in favor of a government under which every human being would be as much entitled to rescue from death by hunger and cold as to rescue from death by drowning, hold up your right hands!

With the same right hands, at every election hereafter, declare the same intention by putting your X. mark under the Socialist emblem.



IT IS POSSIBLE TO FLY NOW- AND HERE IS YOUR ENGINE.

## Bishops and Battleships

BY CHAS. N. L. SHAW



Germans. Here is Charlie Berestord, admiral, breaking out in a fresh place. Some time back he set England by the ears with his declaration that if her navy went on in its crab-like method of progression it would not be able to hit a dint in a pound of German butter-this time. the enfant terrible of British politics has addressed an open letter to the Honourable Herbert-Asquith, to wit asking him for the love of heaven if not for the love of the party of old themselves so seriously. Here they England, to start right now and get busy on half a hundred or so more Dreadnaughts, as in 1913, the date which is regarded as the time for the old lines in the same old way. At opening round with Germany, the the congress bishop after bishop have vessels of the Fatherland will be able regretted deeply and with tears in to pump in one ton and a bit per gun their steps as they strode to the ros to the English one ton. Our own frum that the working classes in this prime minister, who, like a true head country are steadily and "cussedly of the state, does not care two straws refusing to bring into the world p about "the party of old England," so tential wage slaves who will take long as his own little Liberal party the bread out of the mouths of their quithian smile, congratulated the galing manner these gentlemen have lent admiral upon his zeal for the urged the British workers to have country and told him-to go to the the minimum number of olive bran

A Sweet Effort.

As I write they are bringing in the cases of sunstroke from the "Daily Mail' posters. Here is the effort of the day:

Shrinking Margin of Sea Power. Lord C. Beresford's Warning. Britain's Dangerous Position. Preparation Must Begin Now.

But it is beautiful to follow the methods used by the powers which are to bring the British people up to the national church is steadily weakthe ignition point for universal military service. And everything is help-some of them fantastic enough—to ing them. Only a day or two ago at shore it up. Many of the churches the final battle of the maneuvres, when are empty, and those which still posevery effort was to be made to im press the foreign representatives, it men and children only. All the bench seems that the cavalry got into a lovely mess. Some fool officer-a type of which they keep a varied as-sortment in the British army-made the men charge up the side of a steep hill, with a couple of batteries, giving it to them "in the neck," as they have it here—or some little trifle of that kind. The umpires decided that they were cold meat, but these brave tlevoted fellows refused to go back, said they never jelt more vital in their lives, charged for home and glory, and took the guns without the loss of a man! Some of the papers say it was the fault of the generals some the fault of the directing staff orders, whilst some think it was due to one or two Irishmen of the right sort getting hold of the bhoys and driving them at it.

Great efforts are being made at the moment to bring about an en-tente of the British empire. The almighty press has gushed over the Canadians who took part in the manocuvres, the king has blessed them, and every day there is some reference to "preferential reciprocity" ol, blessed word-upon the question of tariffs with the other parts of the empire. But the curious thing about the Pritish empire appears to be that it hangs together like a skeleton-by a miracle. That is to say, there is a good real of bone about it, but not much of the flesh and blood

As a matter of fact, all efforts to bring about the entente cordiate have more or less lailed, for the funny thing about the Britisher is that although a staunch imperialist, he does not care much about the empire. You can work that out for vourseives. For instance, the Australians are not exactly "dead nuts" on the old country, the Canadians appear to have mixed a time not so many years ago, when, feelings, and as for South Africa-well, England has got there a nice little hell all to herself.

John Redmond-Big Chief.

The mission to the United States, for example, of those stalwarts of the British empire, John Redmond and T. P. O'Conrot, and the other Irish parliamentary representatives, is not exactly a mission of peace and good-will to the British empire. (Though it would do their hearts good if they could only hear what is being said about them by some of their own countrymen.) The Dublia people have invited me to give a series of lectures in the capital at Christmas, but I am hesitating a bit, because I fear by that time the remnant of the Sinn Fein movement, which is almost dead in Ireland, may be engaged in a death struggle with the last of the Nationalist party, and that the Dublin people will have no time to attend to the stranger within the gates, save in a sweet Irish way

I see that Mr. Redmond has been telling the tale to the American people that "the Lords are as dead as a red herring," and that "if they do not vote themselves out of existence, Cromwellian measures for the sup-pression will be enforced." Oh, John, how could you?

I know the British people and the British temperament pretty well, and you can take it from me that the house of lords is as firmly enshrined in the hearts of the British public as their king, their thirty-nine articles, and their household gods. The British love a lord, and if one is to judge the Socialists have championed wom an suffrage and have take a firm stant an suffrage and have take a firm stant are professor George A. Dorsey, of the an suffrage and have take a firm stant are professor George A. Dorsey, of the field Columbian Museum in Chicago, against negro disfrarchisement, both of

HIS blamed country is by the marriage trade between the proving too much for me United States and Britain, they are My nerves won't stand it not alone in that.

any longer and I want to any longer and I want to get away to some quiet flog into life the dead cry for the abolittle spot like New York lition of the lords when the next It seems that if I don't that is all in the game of politics, get out quietly I shall be where you can hit under the belt, or given the third degree by those blith- bite or scratch at your own sweet will. But when the people take a

You know we have got things here enough to make the individual hairs upon your American scalps stand on end. The church congress for instance, which has been holding its sittings at Cambridge, to some of whose members I have been talking.

### Cotton and the Church.

These dear old gentlemen will take have been discussing the eternal quessafe, has smiled his latent As-progenitors. In the best patroniz es, in order, as one of them said, "the British empire may be respected throughout the world through her soldiers." And he beat the big dram The birth rate in Britain has been

persistently desceasing for many years, and I know from my personal observations amongst the masses of workers in the north, for instance, that the tendency today is either to have no children at all, or only one or two. But it is not only the birth rate which is declining-the power of ening also in spite of every effortsome of them fantastic enough-to sess congregations are filled with woof bishops are unable to arrest this decay, which is due primarily to the fact that the British people have lost faith, in their religious pastors and masters, and further have to keep busy in order to keep alive.

Whilst the Bishops are fiddling Rome is burning. A message has just come over the wires that the negotiations between the employers and the cotton operatives have broken down, that 150,000 men are locked out, with a probable additional 350,000 to follow. But these trifles do not disturb the serenity of the bench of bishops.

### The Socialist Campaign



HAT the Socialist vote will be greatly increased this fall is a foregone conclusion. Nearly every state in in the union reports increased activity.

Wisconsin is sti'l leading the procession.
strong probability of put-

ing wo Socialists into congress. two whose election seem most probable are Victor L. Berger and Winfield R. Gaylord, both of whom are running in districts including a portion of Milwankee. Both of these are well known Socialists. Both have had long experience in official positions, and, if elected, will give labor a powerful voice in a body where it has hitherto been dumb. The Wisconsin c. upaign, as always, is being conducted mainly through literature. Every Sunday seventy-five thousand pieces of campaign literature are being distributed in the city of Milwaukee. Today, so many are the volunan hour or two to cover the entire city. The Socialists contrast this with almost an entire day for the fewer, faithful workers of that time. The Rucker incident has proven a boomerang, as was predicted in the Coming NATION two weeks ago. The adminis-tration of Milwaukee by the Socialists has given almost universal satisfaction among the working class, and the attempt of the enemies of Socialism to make headway by a startling act of character assassination has served to arouse many who were hitherto indifferent into becoming active champions of Socialism.

In New York, Charles Edward Russell, the candidate for governor, is conducting a campaign such as the Empire state has never seen. The New York correspondent of the Washington Times estimates the Socialist vote in New York at lifty thousand. At a great parade held in New York City, twenty thousand men were in line.

There are several legislative districts in Illinois where the Socialists have a fighting chance for election. These are principally in the mining districts where such men as Frank Hays, vice president of the United Mine Workers and Adolph Germer and Duncan McDonald, also officers of the United Mine Workers are candidates. It so happens that each of the districts where these Socialists are running is now represented by one of the notorious "Jack-pot" legislators, whose corruption has been proven.

Oklahoma and Texas are certain to show large gains. In the first of thes: the Socialists have championed wom-an suffrage and have taken a firm stand

which have brought to them a large body of voters

In California, as was told in these columns last week, the very air is electric with the intensity of the class struggle. In spite of the frantic efforts which are being made to fix the blame for the Los Angeles Times disaster upon the working class, it is certain that a reccrd vote will be polled for J. Stitt Wilson, the Socialist candidate for gover-

In Washington and Oregon a campaign for woman suffrage is also being waged and the Socialists are taking an active part in this fight. In both of these states the dissensions that at one time disrupted the party have passed away and an enthusiastic, united organization is working for Socialism.

In South Dakota a fight is being made upon an infamous militia bill. This bill is a s'ate measure and is even worse than the not rious "Dick law." It gives the governor power at any time to call upon the mayor of any city or the president of any township board to "proceed to draft by law as many of the reserve militia of his city or township as are re-



ISNACE DASZYNSKI

quired by the governor." The bill provides that every able bodied male citizen between eighteen and forty-five constitutes the "reserve militia.", Any one who fails to appear when so ordered out "shall be taken to be a deserter and dealt with as prescribed in the articles of war of the United States." The bill gives the governor the power to declare any locality in a state of insurrection and to suspend all civil law for an indefinite period. This is the bill to secure a referendum on which Freeman Knowles literally laid down his life. He traveled up and down the state with desperate energy to secure the neeessary number of signatures and there is no doubt but what the exertion so made hastened his death. The Socialists of South Dakota are determined that be shall not have died in vain.

Other states that promise a large increase in Socialist votes are Connecticut, where Robert Hunter is a candidate for governor; Tennessee, where Seth McAllen, "Dick Maple", the editor of the Rip Saw, is making the campaign for governor; and Pennsylvania, whose entire length and breadth seems to be awakened to the necessity of revolt on the part of its much exploited

The national organization of the So cialist party is sending out great quantities of literature. It is aiming to concentrate in those districts where there is the best opportunity of electing So-cialists to congress. To this end also national executive committee has al ready voted one thousand dollars for the use of the two Wisconsin districts aiready ment-oned.

The campaign is receiving an International aspect by the presence in this country of Karl Liebknecht and Ignace Daszinski of Austria, who are lecturing especially among the immigrants from their respective countries.

### to occomplish the same task, required Hungary Leads the U. S.

The average American; when he thinks of Pungary, if he ever thinks at all of that part of the world, does not picture it as a country full of exploiting capitalists and exploited workers, but as a sort of backward place, whose people are almost exclusively occupied with agricultural pursuits, ignorant, ill-looking and queerly-clad, and only desirable as American citizens because of their

As a matter of fact, Hungary is one of the mos progressive of European nations. The railway sys.em there is a state monopoly, as also are many other industries, and in all these the laborers enjoy a degree of protection from accidents which is unknown in this country. Protective devices for use in all kinds of industry have been improved to the point of approximate perfection, none of which have ever even found their way into America.

Perhans the chief reason for the progress which Hungary has made along this line is that from the very begin ning of its industrial history, the workers have taken a large part in the management of industrial affairs, and the example of whe public monopoly compelled the privately owned branches of industry to install protective devices and establish insurance funds, and sick and death and accident benefits, at the expense of the employers, which have made indestry in Hungary infinitely safer and more sanitary in that country than in the United States.

in a recent news letter from Budapest, the capital of Hungary, wrote: growth of the labor movement greatly affected Hungarian public opinion. The idea began to prevail that the government should interest itself in behalf of the workmen. In the following year the government took up the question of workmen's insurance, using as a model the German system of obligatory insurance. It regulated sick aid for factory and industrial employes. Certain laborers, including those in mines, forges, or other concerns working up mine products, quarries, sand, gravel and coal producing beds, workmen in larger buildings, railway works, post and telegraph offices, navigation and ship-building, carting and transport, warehouses and commercial establishments, came within the industrial law and were obliged to belong to some sick aid organization, if their pay did not exceed \$1.20 per day, or if they were engaged for more than eight days

Under the provision of a law passed in 1907 the sick aid was centralized and nationalized in the Workman's National Sick Aid and Accident Insurance asson, and this society was entrusted the sole direction of sick aid matthroughout the state. "As the law stands." to quote again from Dorsey, "the employer is bound provide and keep in order every a equard necessary for the presern of the bealth, srundness of and life of his employesin matters relating to the safety mises, working machinery, etc. sic this, a law passed in 1884 conspecific provisions concerning the of employment, intervals of leis wages and ages of workmen. That claces the national minimum age of employment it twelve years provides that working children work not more than a prescribed her of hours each day, a certain her of which shall be devoted to of attendance. Another important provision of this law is that it prohibits children from being employed at tasis so hard or dangerous as to cause physical injury.

There can be no doubt but that the reform measures which have been put into effect in Hungary are due, in an indirect manner, to the revolutionary procuvities of the working classes. The government, in trying to cucumvent Socialism is granting many social reforms as palliatives, in order to keep the people satisfied. That this plan has not ven successful is amply proven by fact that the labor movement in that country has experienced an unprecedented growth within the last few years, almost quadrupling its memberip during the nine months ending

Seeing its failure to stop the wave cform measures, the government underof the labor forces, to the extent that one magistrate alone dealt out sentences submit to the conditions which the em- & sted to them by the appearance or ployers tried to force upon them. The the quality of the shells. So for excluding the bits of mean are decaying result of this persecution is a flood of ample there are the "wash-boards." From year to year the yield of revolutionary sentiment which is sweep, the "monkey faces," the "pocket look shells becomes smaller as the banks invincible, for the star of Hope guides the twenty million people of that land kinds are sold to manufacturers of toward the certain victory.

### THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

Il. The Fobian Society of England.

The reports presented by the carrow parties at the Internat and Sucialist Congrees e excitate a some of information on the not king class such as has never been suthered together at any one time letter. The Converg Nevican radii publish cach not a summary of one of these reports the result will be a reference seek on the International Socialist Maximum of the international Socialist Maximum of the seek of the carried in the carried to Socialist these are the court to any to applied at five cents each, or substrug-ions was be made to begin with the fire number. The service begon to wember four

The Fall in Society of England is the nallest of the three principal Social ist groups in that country. It was founded in 1884 and has taken its constituency largely from the educated middle class and professional men, doctors, writers and politicians. Its mem bership includes members of all except the most conservative political parties and it does not pretend to be scientific or Marxian. Its methods are wholly opportunistic, and it urges its members to affiliate with other bodies, and fill them with Fabian ideas.

The membership of the Fabian So ciety has enjoyed a steady increase from 730 in 1904 to 2,627 with 46 local socities at the present time, and an an anal income of about \$15,000. By far the larger part of the membership is in London, the organization there having nearly 2,000 members. Oxford and Cambridge universities have the largest organizations outside of the city of London, with about 100 members in each. The rest of the membership is scattered over the country, in small but

active local societies. In his r port to the congress at Co-penhagen, the secretary of the society

For the past year much of the energy of the society has been devoted to pountarizing the minority report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law.

The minority report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law.

The minority report of the Royal a small reidentally provides a practicable method, solving the provides a practicable method of solving the presents itself in England. Its principler have been approved by the lad or large the reinforcement of Social Social

## The Shell Diggers

BY RALPH KORNGOLD



EFORF the morning mists have lifted from the waters of the Illinois river one may see at any of gasoline launches busily nosing up-stream. They are the launches

of the shell diggers.

Each launch is provided with each line furnished with three hooks pearl. placed one above the other.

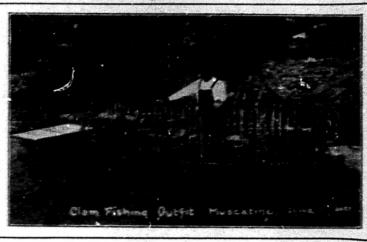
Two or three miles above the

sizes and are used in the manufac-ture of cuff buttons and scarf pins. Their market value is \$4.00 an ounce.

Perfect pearls are found but seldom. Last year one was found in the Illinois river of wonderful size and lustre for which the finder was offered \$3,200. One shell digger in a small town on the Illinois river, having bought the outfit of a man who was leaving that part of the country, found upon cleaning the vat a pearl which he subsequently sold for \$400.

double rack of "marlin," a "marlin" Such prizes, however, are extremely being a long steel bar extending the rare, but they serve one purpose; full length of the boat and resting on they attract a great many men to wooden supporters, about three feet in the business and make the shell digheight from which bar are suspended ger content with digging shells for many lines about two feet in length. a low price in the hope of finding a

The shell diggers receive an aver age of \$12.00 a con for their shells. town the launches turn and the en- Two strong men working in partnergines are stopped. The shell digger ship, and thus being of help to each throws out his "mule" which is a other, can dig from two to three canvass covered frame attached by tons of shells a week. Many men strong lines to the bow of the ves- working single handed do not average The river current rushing into a ton a week. The manufacturers are



the capvass will now carry the hunch organized and will not ted against down stream. The shell digger ex- each other. All attempts to organize arcines his "markin," sees to it that the shell diggers have thus far been all the books are properly bent and futile. that none of the lines are tangled. and hiting the bars from their wooden supporters throws them overhound tons. Then he lights he pape and waits.

guiding his box, down stream.

knaded with shells, and replacing the

has carried the boats to their starting point, the shell diggers land. he bank of the most every shell dig- and retailer. ger has a long mon war and a work cled revolutionary propaganda witch was and the shells are mosked. Then they they are able to earn from eight to reading over the country by granting; are thrown upon the work table where they are appeared and cleaned) of the meat

shells and whatever their priemic of the shells being cooked in aggregating 36,000 days punishment to names may be, the shell diggers have vats is nanscaring to the highest deagricultural laborers who refused to names of their own which are sug gree. While thousands of flies swarm and are thrown away. pearl buttons, pocket knives, revolver Indiana used to give an enorm

> The meats are not thrown away amined, for in them the unlumble year.

each other. All attempts to orga

Enormans profits are made on the mampiacture and sale of pearl but-

From our ten of shells an average of 130 prose of pearl buttons is made After a tittle while he pulls in the which retail in the market for about markin, the broks of which are now \$500.00. Of this the shell digger receaves \$12.00, alse conter, who cots the steel bas wrenches the shells off the buttons by hand, \$16.90, being paid books. Then he is ready for another the a gross, while the polishers, grinders, etc., who work with modern main the afternoon when the correct chinery probably receive as much be ween firm. Figure for yourself the On proins of the manufacturer, jobber

The season for digging shells is The var is half filled with wa- from April to October. In the winter ter and into this the shells are show- many of the shell digrees work as A fire is built under the wat cetters in the button factories where ten dollars a week

there are many different kinds of pleasant or even healthy. The smell over the heaps of shells on which

ing the country rapidly toward Socialthe "elephant's ears," the "lady fin are not restocked and eiter at ism. No measures now can possibly gers" and the "floaters," The last a long "drag" the shell Jagger will stop it, nor retard its progress. It is two named kinds are thin or d brittle find the hooks of the "markin" prac-The other tically devoid of shells.

At one time the Wabash river in yield, now that river is practically worked out. The Illinois river still before they have been carefully extyields hundreds of car loads every

"sings" and pearls are found.

"Sings" may be called imperfect a coursest and is too deep to permit pearls, they are of all shares and the shells to breed in large number The Missis spipe river has too strong



idi into the House of Commons in April, last was cordinj's welcomed by the leader of the Conservatives, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and scarcely less cordinily by the Liberal Premier.

and scarcely less cardially by the Liberal Premier.

The Society devotes most of its energy to the education of itself, its own members, the Socialist period, and the general public in the principus of Socialism and good government.

It holds is curves twice a month, at which some vew spect of Socialism, or the application of Socialism to some particular noint of out entronment, is considered. The best of these lectures, and pagers otherwise pepared are published as "Fabian Tracts," a syries which has now reached No. 150

The Society passe os a library of 5,000 or 6,000 books dealing with history, economics, social conditions, and Socialism, which is available for its members and is also used as a circulating library. Every year hearly 200 boxes of books are lent for a small sum to Socialist Societies, Trede Unions Co-operative Societies, and to any other body, Socialist, Labor, Liberal, educational or pollanthropic, which applies for the The Fabian Society believes that ignorance is the chief enemy to the progress.

The Fabian Society believes that ignorance is the chief enemy to the progress of Socialism and that ful and correct knowledge of social history and industrial conditions must, sooner or later, lead to the triumph of Socialism.

There are lazy minds as well as lazy

Where Telegraph Trusts Toll Not. The telegraph service in Italy has been overhauled, improved and extended. And rates, already less than those in the United States, were

The rates to be charged hereafter are as follows for messages

Sout anywhere within the kingdom; Ordinary leiegram, minimum ten words, 111/2 cents, with 1-10 cent for each additional word.

An a fair profit upon actual money invested is being made. The Italian government owns and controls every telegraph wire in the

country.-Knoxville Evening World.

New Victory in Germany.

The second election has now been held at Frankfort and as was expected the Socialist candidate Faber has been elected. His vote of 15,777 gave an in-crease of 3,403 over the Socialist vote for 1907. Thus the Socialist party of Germany marches steadily on

### Winter is Coming Early This Year



## I Heard To-Day

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN

Softly. O so softly the shadows fell tonight down over the mellow landscape;

A long wand of gold suddenly stole thru. The study window and left its fair pres-ence upon the carpet—

sat in my chair and dreamily looked out over the autumn fields reveiling at the wonder of it all;

Far off I heard the low of a herdcow and the tinkle of a bell—the voice of a care-free youth and then a peal of laughter—

Softer and drousier fell the calm as the shadows melted into night— sweeter and fainter grew the echoes! Visions stole unto my far-seeing eyes, vis-ions of my brothers and sisters drudging home from a day of slavery in the far

saw the weary look on their faces and felt the bitterness that raged within them;

In endless procession they streamed before my dimming ey-

saw the homes of poverty and distress— the scanty clad children—the gaunt wor.an who wordlessly greets her hus-band.

The fragal mockery of a supper—the cries of an ill-fed little one—the terror haunted look in the mother's eyes.

The dejected manner in which the husband and father clasps his little one to him, staring with pain stricken eyes down on the bare floor;

saw the little hand pat the sunken check —I saw the sudden loy that seemed to pass through him like an exhibitating tar—

And looking thus I felt as I had seen, and heard as I felt and saw! Further my vision traveled into the glar-ing scenes of reality;

On the main arenue it stood—the palace of the moneyed lord, he who were able to live thus from the tolling of his

The golden hoard that the modern serfs amassed for him; Within I beheld the gallant costumed ser-units passing lightly about as though treading on clouds.

he matchless beauty that showt on every side dazzled my eyes—the jewciled lights and the ample splendor—

I saw the dinner table set and the lord and his family seated to repast— The baughty, seemingly frozen mistress silently abbling at the dainties.

he moneyed lord in every respect like a well-fed hog, purple of countenance and squarted upon his seat like a toad. The painfully rigid and beautiful daughter, the artificially compounded product of mighty wealth, arrayed in the marry of

saw her cast calculating glances at the young man across the table—the idle inheritor of vast riches, soon.

Ah soon to unite the wealth of two great institutions! All this I saw and more and long I sat gazing into the gloom:

Somehow my heart seemed drowned in sad-ness and then there rang All sweetly it rang upon the evening breeze the bell in the beliry of the country-

Clang—clang—clang until the tides of night resounded in melody—and I saw t seems I saw an army of workers march-ing; I could hear the tread of many feet upon the road—and I heard too distant rumble of voices sounding omi-nous and foreboding, and then to my keen listening ear

orth broke a thousand voices lent to the inspiring notes of the "Marsailles."

Mr. Schwab ascribes the depres sion felt in steel to the agitation of politicians. Conversely, it might be ticians is due to public agitation of steal.—Wall Street Journal.

Working (Father) for Money.
"I cannot understand," wrote the college boy, "why you call yourself a kind father. For three weeks I've had no check from you. Pray, what sort of kindness do you call that?" And the father wrote back: "Unremitting kindness."-Lippincott's.

One Advantage of a Machine.



# Come Have A Smile

### FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. U. S.

### The Master Mechanic.

- J. Pierponn Mornan music the land, The cities and the ocean. The lattings tall expensive grand. The ships in graceful motion; And last's be a kind old gent, With philanthropic pearmin's. To let as live by paying rem Though it does leaset his carnings?
- off course he had a little ald:

  John D. thar grane old acror
  bug several oil wells with a spade
  And thus was quite a factor,
  And Carnegie, the prince of Scots,
  Put on a small sized plaster,
  And little old New York in spots
  Was made by Waldorf, Astor.
- Bur it was Pferpont in the main
  Who worked with faith unshaken;
  We ride upon his railway train
  And ear his breakfast bacon;
  Without him we world starve to death
  And as his heart enlarges.
  He freety lets us draw our breath
  But for the rest he charges.

### One Thing Lacking.

A member of congress was show ing an unsophisticated constituent all about the capital at Washington, leading him through the different departments and prusing for the hypnotized taxpayer to admire the ingenuity with



which the people who didn't earn it had spent money on useless gugaws

one end of the building is the senate chamber. Here Daniel Webster said 'Give me liberty or give me death' and here is where Guggenheim thunders against the trusts."

"There seems to be one thing lacking," observed the constituent who had been stretching his neck until it was almost worn out.

gress had overlooked a place to spend money, "this is one of the most perectly appointed rooms in the building. What improvement would you make?

wouldn't have to ask so many questions if they had a large tag on the back of each seat showing which sen-



### Drops Them Carelessly,

When he is feeling in the mood And has the time to spare The Colonel sheds a pistitude Much as a colt sheds hair.

Colonel says the earth is round. His followers take notes Then had it as a truth prefound and shout to split their throats

He thunders "Two and two make four And round is never square." Of course these truths make Wall street But what does Teddy care?

With all his attitudes uncouth

earth was made for man.

### He Caught On.

"Do you believe in thought transmission?" asked the amiable old party whose whiskers had been maintaining "This," he said, "opening a room at a boycott against the barber shops of long standing. "I sure do," replied the intelligent

li. tener.

"Have you ever experienced a con crete example?" asked the whiskered one.

"You bet. Anyway it was hard as ad been stretching his neck until it concrete. A fellow hit me over the head with a brick once and I sort of "No," said the congressman, won-gathered his meaning."



"DIVIDING UP" UNDER CAPITALISM

"It seems to me that strangers

ater occupied it and how much he paid for it."



All Arranged For. "Who is going to do the dirty work under Socialism?" triumphantly asked the man with an addled cocoanut full

of stock objections.
"The dirty work?"

Back to the land! It listens grand. Of nature's feast to be partaker. You hear the cry from some old gry Who gets a rake off on each acre

Stick to the Farm. "Stick to the farm," say the president To the wide-eyed farmer b.y. Then he hies him back to his white house

home.
With its air of rustic joy.
Stick to the farm," says the railroad king.
To the lad who looks afar.
Then filtes him back on thedouble-quick

Then hikes him back on thedouble-quick
To his rustic private cur.

Stick to the farm." says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch.
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm." says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut.
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.

—New York Sun.

### See the Campaign

ELLIS O. JONES "See the campaign!"

"Yes, I admit it seems strange and very exciting and very hotly contested campaign"

"Can you tell me why the Campaign is?" "No, O Sage, but I suppose it is

because some great issue is at stake." "Not at all." "What you say astounds me. It is

inconceivable that men should disat stake."

"Yes, I admit is seems strange and yet you must remember that men will fallots at each other. And no matter yell and quarrel and call hard names which side loses, Special Privilege—the about a baseball game or a prize

"That is true. I find not thought king's or lets—it's goodby king. of it in that light."

When a free people, armed w

"In that respect you are just like most people." "I do not understand you." "I mean to say that most people do not think of it in that light."

"Why should they so think of it?"
"I will tell you. So long as people think their duty is done when they act toward public affairs as toward a basebal, game or a prize fight; so long as they think it is necessary only to quarrel a little and hurl a few epithets and refer to public matters cas- cash register."

"That they stop quarreling about nothing and begin calmly to confer about something.

### How to Get Rid of Rulers

It's all off with a king when the people want to get rid of him and the army and navy join hands with the people.

"The dirty work?"

"Yes, cleaning sewers and handling garbage."

"Oh, we will let the fellows who are bribing the legislatures now do that. Their trade will be gone and tacy won't feel natural without some dirty work."

Economic Motive.

Back to the land: It listens grand. Of nature's feast to the land: It listens grand. Of nature's feast to the partaker.

"The power of the people are united.

The power of the people is great enough to overcome the aristocracy any time—when the people are united.

But they are not united. That's why

But they are not united. That's why

king's officer says "Fire, and the sons of the people obey.

When the sons of the people don't fire

en the people-why, then it is different. It's time for the king and his court to skeedaddle

Quite a number of kings in the old countries now keep their skedaddling clothes handy. They never can tell when it will happen. Looks funny to us over here in Amer

ica, where we don't have kings and czars and things like that doesn't it? But it isn't funny when you come to

think of it. We have aristocratic rulers but they are too smart to call themselves kings, czars and emperors. And they couldn't get away with any such thing, nor could make the sons of the people shoot down their own flesh and blood-except once in a while.

No-they have a better system than pute and quarrel and rant and orate that. They get part of the people to and yell and march and call hard and themselves with one kind of ballots, names if there wer, not something and another part to arm themselves with another kind of ballots. Then they say "Fire" and the people begin shooting ruling class-wins.

When the army refuses to ober the

When a free people, armed with the ballot, take off their party uniforms and vote together instead of shooting one another down with their ballots-then it's all of with Special Privilege in this land of the free and hon; of deluded partisans.-Knoxville World.

Maybe He Needed the Money. "How did the street car company ome to fire that old conductor?

thought he had a pull."
"He did; but he didn't use it on the

### The Nation which Work Built

Till torture hears thy battle song

Immortal on the lips of death.

"Yes."

And so long as people are casely satisfied, it is easy for politicians to satisfy them."

"It seems to me you are overemphasizing the obvious"

"And so long as people are willing many that would you suggest?"

"By L.F. FULLER

This is the nation which Work built.

These are the states, some large and some small. Which, when united, nearly fifty in all, lake up the bation which Work built.

These are the states, some large and some lished customs.

To be agreeable, agree with everyone. To be popular, have a original ideas. To be popular, have a original ideas.

To be queer, say little.

To be generous, advertise your giving. To be generous, advertise your giving.

To be generous, advertise your giving.

To be right, be with the others.

These are the people who snickered and These are the people who snickered and and grinned while skinning the workers who vote to be skined.

While they do all the work for wretched poor pay.

And think they'd be happy in no other way. While they live in the states, some large and some small.

Which when united, some fifty in all.

Make up the nation which Work built.

But the time's near at hand, if prespects They put uniforms on the bodies of The burdens he bears. He'll insist, when the burdens he bears. He'll insist, when case."

They put uniforms on the bodies of the young men, and guns in their hands. They teach discipline and obedience.

Then if the people, from whom the young men with guns in their hands sprung, get too strenuous in their pro
The burdens he bears. He'll insist, when the works. That the wealth shall be his, not the fellow's who shirks. He will vote with the Socialists, who all clearly see How stupid and foolish a worker can be connaing and steatth, when he votes with the plutes, who by connaing and steatth, when he works who have the count."—Washingtonian.

"We must go to some quiet, inexpensive place next summer," said the man who worries. By getting his vote also gobble his wealth. While he humps his poor back through all the long day.

And thinks he'd be happy in no other way. While he lives it the states, some large and some small.

Which, when united, nearly fifty in all, Make up the nation which Work built.

### Lost and Found

Johnson lost his poodle dog. He'd rather'd had a lickin'... He never saw his pet again, But ate him as canned chicken.

### How to Be Popular

999,999 hairpins are made in the Uni-

hair in the butter. Prosperity is coming at last. Even

ted States every year but we still find

the rag man's business is picking up. The statement that the panic is all

over can now be verified; it is all over, all over the country.

### Like Some Anti-Socialists.

Senator William Alden Smith tells of an Irish justice of the peace out In a trial the evidence in Michigan. was all in and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long and very eloquent argument, when the lawyer acting for the defense arose.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the

"Great heavens!" exclaimed his wife, "don't talk so gruesomely. You know that there are no longer any quiet or inexpensive places except cemeteries."-Washington Star.

Editor-But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me? Impecunious One—Well, sir, bycause I hadn't a stamp, sir.



### THE NEW BAIT.

Maud-Tom had me talk into a



