

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Abolish the Whole Express Business

The inquiring mind the recent express strike in New York will be found to afford an excellent epitome of the present industrial situation in these United States.

The drivers of wagons for the various express companies were in receipt of wages that averaged something like \$1.50 a day.

Their pay had not been increased for many years although the cost of living had greatly multiplied.

They asked for more pay and were curtly refused by the managers. Then they struck.

The strike was unusually effective and the express business came to a standstill.

Public sympathy was generally with the strikers. To divert it the companies and the corporation newspapers put forth statements referring to the "important functions" of the express service and the great inconvenience the public was suffering because of the unreasonable strike.

Meantime, although they refused to pay their drivers a living wage the companies were hiring strike-breakers at from four to ten dollars a day and impressing policemen to drive their wagons.

What are these "important functions" to which the companies referred?

The express business in the United States is merely a fraud. It consists of collecting freight from shippers, delivering it to the railroads, taking it from the railroads at its destination and delivering it to the consignee. Simply this and nothing more.

In every other country this work is performed by the railroad service. Here it is performed by the express companies.

The reason why it is performed here by the express companies and not by the railroad service is that here the insiders of the railroad companies organized the express business as an additional toll upon the public.

The express companies are owned by the railroad companies. They do for an additional charge the work that the railroad companies should do.

In other words the express business is merely a disguise for graft.

The extent of the graft may be surmised from the extent to which the stock of the express companies has been manipulated and watered.

Any plea to the public in behalf of this colossal bunco is merely another illustration of the unspeakable impudence of the men that manage our railroad service for purposes of loot.

Nothing more extraordinary was ever suggested than that this grafting combination cannot afford to pay its employes a living wage. The fact that the plea was tolerated by the public reveals again the depths of our ignorance as to the commonest phases of our affairs.

We may rejoice that the strikers won a part victory and returned to work with something gained although it was hardly a fraction of what they were justly entitled to.

But the affair should not end here. The whole utterly useless, wasteful and dishonest express business should be abolished. The rule of the post-office department limiting packages to four pounds was an outrageous alliance between the government and the looters. It should be ended at once for it is absolutely indefensible. Let us have a parcels post.

How sweet the peace that hovers now above this broad bright land of our!

Calm and quiet possess all corners of the earth; to millions of tortured minds there comes repose. No longer does the stricken air resound with raucous roarings. In the streets men go to and fro with smiling countenances, conscious of a strange blissful silence. Long-racked nerves return to normal health, overwrought men forget the impulse to wrath. So grateful is the unwonted silence that it almost seems like some wonderful dulcet mysterious harmony of charmed lute strings lightly touched. With full hearts men do offer up their thanks, for the Colonel has gone into his hole at Oyster Bay and pulled the hole in after him. For eight days the worn-out sculls of men have been spared so much as one word from "our greatest moral force."

Nothing can properly express the national joy upon this occasion except a glad new anthem to be sung from ocean to ocean. I can furnish the first line if somebody else can come up with the rest of it. Here it is:

"For this relief much thanks."

After weeks of prodigious effort, stimulated by the most liberal rewards and spurred on by much applause, the hunt of the bogie man that blew up the Los Angeles Times seems to have come to an inglorious end and the bogie men are still at large.

I do not know how this appeals to others but to an old newspaper man it looks like what it technically known as a "pipe."

That is to say, here are the terms of the proposition: Ostensibly, a large modern city, well policed and watched, is the scene of a terrible explosion of dynamite, designedly causing the loss of several lives. The police force of the city and the best of detective skill in the country are long employed in trying to discover the authors of this mysterious outrage. One promising clue after another is turned up and then turned down, and

the murderous criminals remain as mysterious as ever.

Some things do not happen. This is one of them. It is not in nature that a crime of that magnitude should be perpetrated and the criminals be successfully concealed despite so much skill and effort.

This is merely the opinion of an old reporter. It seems to be sufficiently supported by the results of the long, careful investigation of the case that was made by the labor unions. From the testimony brought forward in that investigation the reasonable theory of the explosion is that it was of gas and not dynamite and that it was wholly accidental.

However this may be, the action of the Manufacturers Association in declaring that the Times office was blown up by labor union agents is one of the most abominable performances I have ever known. There was not a particle of evidence to support any such conclusion and never has been. The Association merely rushed to that conclusion from sheer hatred and pig-headed prejudice. For no other reason and without warrant it blackened reputations and gave its solemn endorsement to the most heinous charge that could possibly be brought against the unions. If the unions or union men had been guilty of a similar exhibition of malice and murderous spite the fact would have been pointed out as conclusive evidence of the inferior and prejudiced minds of the working class. But I suppose that coming from the Manufacturers Association it will be hailed by the elite as a specimen of the decency, sense of justice and moderation that always distinguishes the better classes.

As we well know.

If all the detectives, known and unknown, and all the efforts of the union haters, and all the investigations of the constituted authorities have failed to show the slightest connection of the unions or of union men with this affair, I think this fact ought now to be as widely circulated as was the original story. I confess I grow exceedingly weary of this jug-handled style of justice. When the explosion occurred every effort was made to spread through the country the impression that it was a "labor union outrage." Since that charge has not been sustained rudimentary justice demands that some effort be made to retract the original slander. That is but fair—if we care anything about bringing fair. If all we want is to crush the unions so that workmen's wages and conditions shall be at the mercy of employers everywhere, why, that fact had better be acknowledged now.

NEW explanation for the increased cost of living now takes the field.

It is *those women that run after trading stamps.*

This luminous exposition, being received with loud applause by many thinkers, seems to dispose of the theory that the increase is due to the use of manicure sets; also to the theory that it arises from the *Automobile craze, from going to the opera, from so many bath-tubs in workmen's houses, and from the hellish machinations of Mr. Gompers, each of which has been in turn rapturously welcomed by the ladies and gentlemen of what Jim Ford calls the open-mouthed school of thought.*

Meantime, these philosophers chase one fantasy after another and the cost of living continues to rise and rise.

Meantime, also persons that really care to know why it rises might begin with the initial fact that the railroad capitalization of the country is increasing at the rate of close to one billion dollars a year, that upon it must be paid interest and dividends, that interest and dividends can only be paid from revenue, that increased revenue to pay the increased interest and dividends on increased capitalization can only be secured by increasing freight and passenger rates, and that every increase of freight rates is reflected in the cost of living? Inevitably and every time.

How does that look to an unprejudiced observer? Also how would it do to come out of the airy, fairy region of dreams about the increased cost of living and contemplate a few facts as they are?

THIS will be a pretty fair sort of Thanksgiving Day for all of us that have radical faith; and not the least occasion for our abounding joy is the fact that another state has been won for sanity and reason in its attitude toward women.

Let us give thanks for the state of Washington. Apparently its citizens reject the jungle idea that women are inferior creatures, for now Washington takes its place on the side of a rational civilization founded upon equal political rights for all. Good work!

I congratulate the women of Washington for the splendid campaign they made, able, dignified and effective.

We have Washington now. Why do we not have other states?

Far be it from me to criticize the earnest, true-hearted women that are fighting for this great reform, but I cannot help thinking that the reason why we do not have other states is because we fail to recognize certain fundamental facts that were quite clearly recognized in the Washington campaign.

There are no arguments against woman suffrage. There is no reply to the arguments on it. Take any mind not utterly atrophied with prejudice, show it the facts, and it will be convinced.

But what is the electorate that must decide

whether women shall or shall not have the ballot? Chiefly an electorate of wokingmen.

Now the heroines of the *Five O'clock Tea* and of the scramble for social distinction are stricken with awe over the fact that Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Clarence Mackey are for woman suffrage. To this contingent such eminent support is enough to settle the whole matter. But what do the workmen voters care about it? Not a hoot, believe me. The more they hear that Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Mackey are for woman suffrage the less it will mean to them.

If, therefore, the suffrage sisterhood will listen to a word of advice from one that wishes them nothing but complete and immediate success, it would be a mighty good thing to forget this momentous and wonderful fact about Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Mackey and go out and appeal to workmen and workmen's wives. If they will do that they can get New York state in five years and if they do not they cannot get it in fifty.

Every day something comes to my notice that upsets this old nonsense about the inferiority of women.

The Ability of Women

The other night I was at a great dinner given in honor of a great editor. About thirty men spoke. Of a sudden the toast master called upon a woman. She had not been notified, as the men had been; she arose without the least premonition. Yet she made the best address of the evening, clever, pointed, admirably phrased and eloquent. A few nights before I had been at a public meeting presided over by a woman. She was one of the best chairmen I have ever seen, resourceful, cool and wise. She handled the business of the meeting with perfect authority and excellent discretion. I have seen women's organizations in all parts of the country. As a rule they do better than men in the same conditions. The fact is we are depriving ourselves of a very valuable element in our public affairs when we exclude women. It is time we admitted this certain fact.

THE most powerful blow ever dealt against the insanity of militarism is comprised in the remarkable book just issued by George Kirkpatrick and entitled "War—What For?"

No one can escape the terrible logic of the massed up facts and logic in this book. If the namby-pamby Peace Societies and Carnegie followers really desired to abolish war they would circulate millions of copies of "War—What For?" In point of fact they will not circulate one copy, I suppose, because the author is a Socialist.

But what the Peace Societies will not do, the workmen are doing. In one factory in Schenectady 220 copies have so far been sold. That is a fact of infinitely more importance than all peace banquets ever eaten and all the Carnegie speeches ever delivered. If that work can be continued through all the mills and factories of the country the masters will find that they have an exceedingly difficult task when next they attempt to lure workmen up to the firing line.

At nine o'clock on the night of Tuesday, November the 8th the doors of the Club were swung open with a loud clang and a figure dressed in khaki and bearing a big stick was violently projected inward.

Quiet Evening With The Down and Outs

Startled from their comfortable places where they were dozing about the fire Mr. Bryan, King Manuel, the ex-shah of Persia, Mr. James Jeffries, the ex-sultan of Turkey, and Mr. Eugene Hale looked up in gentlemanly protest. They did not like to have any disturbance of the profound peace that always reigns in this proper establishment.

But the gentleman in the khaki was not to blame. He had been pushed. Or rather let us say he had been thrown. Clear through the front door. It was a good clean throw.

He landed near the fire place. As soon as he had collected his scattered thoughts he sprang to his feet and indignantly shook his fist in the air.

He also showed his large front teeth. His mouth yanked convulsively, or as one might say, from force of habit. Evidently he was trying to utter imprecations.

But not a sound came from his lips. Seeing this the older members smiled with great joy and nestled once more into their comfortable positions in the elegant upholstery for which this club is famous.

Peace resumed her reign in our most popular club.

"Who was that?" whispered Abdul Dumid to the boy orator of the Platte, as the well trained waiters deftly removed from the carpet a set of teeth and a section of hot air.

"That?" said Mr. Bryan, thoughtfully caressing his own bruised shins, "why that was Crazy Horse, the Bronco Buster. He has just been hoist with his own petard—a figure of speech that I am sure you will appreciate."

From "Evenings at the Down and Out Club," by Little Rollo Abbott.

Some persons doubt the accuracy of my prediction that the Colonel is done for politically. Where are the snows of yesteryear? You may be perfectly certain little children that when a man takes in hand a faithful jimmy, breaks into a convention, forces himself upon a reluctant party as the one issue

Fool Friends Helped to Kill Him

and then gets it where Mary the sore throat gehabt haben hat, that settles the gentleman with the jimmy. The law does not concern itself with tri-

Warren to Jail

SOCIALISTS TO ACTION

Just as we close the forms word comes that the United States Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision in the case of Fred D. Warren and that he must spend the next six months in jail. The Socialists of this country must see to it that those six months are the greatest for Socialism ever experienced in this country.

Why did he do it? That is the only question that interested the experts holding an autopsy the next day. To them it seemed a hopeless mystery unless the hero of Kettle Hill had lost his mind. No mystery at all. For the last ten years Colonel Roosevelt has been surrounded with a knot of the most persistent and reckless sycophants and wreath-bearers that ever lured any man to destruction. They poured into his willing ears the idea that the American people were mad with enthusiasm for him, that he was the greatest man that ever lived and the most popular, that the entire nation panted to make him dictator, that at a nod he could have anything he desired.

Having no shred of fundamental faith in democracy and being by nature and inclination an absolutist as well as a megalomaniac the Colonel accepted these foolish vaporings at face value and took the leap in the dark to his ruin. Without a doubt he believed when he took charge of the Saratoga convention, that it was but the first step to a political uprising in his fame across the continent. This disillusion must have been very profound when he got the election returns.

If you wish to have your son achieve any kind of success in politics or in anything else dependent upon a knowledge of the people it appears that the very worst possible training you can give him is to send him to college. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand that will ruin him.

Not So Easy to Fool the People

All of these persons that constituted the Roosevelt clique and clique were college men, who said "bowth" for both, affected eye glasses and lispng speech, and spent their evenings comparing cigarettes and knee pants. They knew the name of every fraternity in the college circuit, the location of the university club, and who kicked a goal in the great game between Snail and Graveyard but of one great subject they knew no more than a dead clam. They knew absolutely nothing about the American people. They had learned at the university a contempt for the republican form of government and an admiration for one man power. All college men felt the way they felt. They had no knowledge of any world outside of the college world. Consequently the country was ready to make Roosevelt a perpetual president.

They knew nothing about the American people because they had been all their lives educated away from any such knowledge.

This year was the first time the ideas of the American college were put to the test of a general election. We may rejoice that they got crumpled up.

Little Rollo and Alby Shaw and J. Muddle McCornick will probably learn nothing from this downfall, but that is not important. Nobody will pay any attention to them anyway. The grand thing is the re-establishment of the fact that the American people are not to be fooled even by so expert a fakir as Colonel Roosevelt. And in view of that demonstration, Little Rollo and his play party can go out in the woods and climb trees for all we care.

MADE some remarks last week about the vicious methods by which the capitalist newspapers suppress the news of the steady increase of the Socialist vote.

Here is another illustration of a process that has come to be almost universal among these lying sheets.

A year ago Thomas Van Lear was a candidate for mayor of Minneapolis on the Socialist ticket and received about a thousand votes.

This year he was again a candidate for mayor on the Socialist ticket and received 11,000 votes coming within 1,000 votes of election.

This achievement constituted a piece of news too great to be ignored by the local capitalist organs. So they printed it but always referred to Van Lear as the "public ownership" candidate or the workmen's candidate" but never once as the Socialist candidate.

I offer this as a fair sample of what we can expect from a press owned by or controlled in the interest of Mr. Morgan and his fellows.

But I don't know why Socialists should read the capitalist newspapers anyway. We have very good newspapers of our own. The capitalist press is determined to treat us unfairly. We ought to respond by ignoring the capitalist press. Whoever ceases to read these faking publications will miss some accounts of murders, suicides, divorce suits and general filth but he will not miss one thing that is of the least importance to him. The Socialist daily press in English, German and Yiddish is now in very good shape. It gives to its readers all the news that a sane person can care to read and the Socialist will fare exceedingly well if he never reads any other newspapers but his own.

Working Out a New Society

BY ODON POR

Italian agricultural workers have begun the solution of the problem of unemployment. They have undertaken contracts for reclamation and excavation totaling hundreds of millions of dollars. They have done this, not for profit, but for the benefit of society and their members.

These co-operative workers came to the rescue at the time of the Messina earthquake. They refused to enter into a combination to raise prices and broke the power of the private monopoly that saw in a great national calamity nothing but an opportunity to extort profits. They have leased great tracts of land and are working them according to modern agricultural methods.

The next installment will tell how great co-operative farms are being worked without the rulership of the capitalist.

WHILE the Italian Socialists are so directing all of their activities as to lay the foundation of a future society they are far from being utopian. We have seen how the farm laborers, by logically expanding their work, came to be the collective owners of the threshing machines with which they work. From this they moved on to still vaster functions, tending toward the complete supplanting of the capitalist class, in the widest fields of industrial activity.

The force that has urged them on has been the pressing need for more work. Before the step which is about to be described was taken the long winter months were months of idleness and suffering for the farm workers. They were driven by thousands into the great cities, and under the lash of starvation they frequently resorted to violence and bloody conflicts with the authorities. So great did this problem of seasonal unemployment become that the municipalities and the states were driven to provide emergency work to relieve the temporary tension.

These works were controlled by contractors whose first object was the exploitation of the laborers whom the work was supposed to relieve. So it was that the contractor profited more than the workers. Consequently in 1883 the land-workers decided to take a most momentous step, involving nothing less than the abolition of the contractors, and such a systematization of this winter work as would make it regular each year.

Abolishing the Contractor.

For this purpose three hundred farm laborers of Ravenna formed a co-operative of labor, thereby setting in motion something that was to be an example for Italy and the whole world. This co-operative began to bid upon contracts and secured and executed some small drainage and irrigation works for private parties in the province of Ravenna. But such work was far from being sufficient to meet the great need. Therefore the co-operative accepted a sub-contract on some reclamation work being done by a private contractor. This work was on some swamp lands near Rome and here, for several winters the co-operative sent more than six hundred workers each year.

These lands were a veritable jungle and breeding place for malarial mosquitoes. In spite of these untoward conditions the workers went back each year until the work was done. There were no profits in this enterprise; they had only obtained the additional work and wages. There was one other thing gained, however, which was to prove of great value later. This was the technical knowledge of the methods by which such work is done and the moral and physical training essential in such a fight against nature.

Many of these heroic workers died in the jungle, but the others, undaunted, remained at work. The great agricultural, moral and social possibilities of such undertakings impressed the public mind, and led to the passing of a law authorizing the government to entrust various public works directly to the co-operatives of labor. The law at first limited the expenditure for such works to a hundred thousand francs (\$20,000). Later, so successful were the co-operatives that this limit was raised to two million francs.

The Movement Spreads.

Inspired by the success of the Ravenna co-operators many similar organizations were founded, not only in Ravenna, but in nearly all the other Italian provinces. During the last fifteen years these organizations of the workers have done more than a hundred million francs worth of public work for the government, in addition to large quantities of work for municipal and provincial governments and private parties.

The oldest of these, that of Ravenna, has maintained its leading position. The better to organize the work and to make possible still larger undertakings the various co-operatives of labor in the province of Ravenna were, in 1900, merged into a federation. This federation today embraces seventy-five co-operatives of labor and production with 15,000 members. It has become one of the great industrial enterprises of the world. It has divided its work between two departments, the industrial and the agricultural.

Fifty co-operatives belong to the industrial department, twenty-two of which are composed of farm workers, who do all kinds of earth work, such as drainage, irrigation, road-building, etc. The others are composed of carpenters, masons, cement workers, mechanics and teamsters. There are twenty-five co-operatives in the agricultural department of which only eighteen have as yet actually taken up the work of collective cultivation of the soil.

The government has recognized the ability of the federation as an organizer of industry and a doer of deeds by entrusting to it works em-

ploying thousands of workers and costing millions of francs. The specialty of the federation is reclamation work, but it also builds houses, factories, railroads and highways. It erected the largest sugar factory in Italy. The wages alone for this work amounted to more than a million francs. One of the illustrations on this page shows one of the most difficult works from a technical point of view that it has accomplished—that of building a great canal under a river.

that it came to Messina, not to make profits out of a national calamity, but to give aid in time of a terrible emergency. The government has repeatedly and officially recognized these merits of the federation.

This position of the federation gave it great prestige throughout the country, until its judgment and advice are sought by the government and by private parties alike. This has enabled it not only to bid upon works already contemplated but to initiate the undertaking of new enterprises. It has sent its experts into various parts of Italy to investigate local conditions and present projects for reclaiming swamp lands. Some of those projects have been accepted by the government and "flying colonies" of Romagna workers have been sent to reclaim great stretches of land far from their homes.

International Effects.

Out of this activity came a great shifting of population and a re-arrangement of whole masses of the people. The Italian parliament has voted more than three hundred million francs (\$60,000,000) for the re-

magnols have gone, they have left behind them flourishing revolutionary organizations, which are now fighting tooth and nail for better conditions for labor.

The co-operatives are also feared because it is felt that they will not limit their work to reclaiming the land. This fear is well founded throughout all Italy, but especially in just those provinces from which the workers go for the reclamation work.

The co-operatives are already trying to lease the reclaimed land for agricultural enterprises, nor have their efforts in this direction been without results. They are able to force municipal and private land owners to lease land to the co-operatives by using their power as a union to boycott such privately owned land. Their boycott consists simply in refusing to work for those who will not lease the land.

Sooner or later victory will rest with these strong and revolutionary organizations. They have shown that they can carry out vast strikes and boycotts which shake the foundations of present social institutions

to get additional fields and this desire to secure new land for collective cultivation was so great that some tracts have been leased under contracts whose terms proved disastrous. Nevertheless their success has been, upon the whole, wonderful and inspiring. There is every reason to believe that within the next few years these agricultural co-operatives will spread rapidly. They have passed out of the experimental stage and the union movement with which they are connected is ready to enter into a fight with the private land owners and the municipalities to compel the leasing of land to the co-operatives. This phase will be treated in the next article in this series.

The Socialist significance of this movement should be apparent to the reader. I wish only to emphasize the point that the secret of its success lies in the fact that all of its activities rest upon a strong union movement. The co-operatives of labor could not get work and the agricultural co-operatives could not get fields to till if the unions were not able to bring pressure upon the authorities and private

Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WM. MAILLY

THE INCUBUS OF THE PAST

From the House of Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Shall we never, never get rid of this past? It lies upon the present like a giant's dead body! In fact, the case is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of the old giant, his grandfather, who died a long while ago, and only needs to be decently buried.

Just think a moment, and it will startle you to see what slaves we are to bygone times—to death, if we give the matter the right word. . . . For example, a dead man, if he happens to have made a will, disposes of wealth no longer his own; or, if he die intestate, it is distributed in accordance with the notions of men much longer dead than he. A dead man sits on all our judgment seats; and living judges do but search out and repeat his decisions.

We read in dead men's books! We laugh at dead men's jokes, and cry at dead men's pathos! We are sick of dead men's diseases, physical and moral, and die of the same remedies with which dead doctors killed their patients! We worship the living Deity according to dead men's forms and creeds! Whatever we seek to do, of our own free motion, a dead man's icy hand obstructs us!

Turn our eyes to what point we may, a dead man's white, immitigable face encounters them, and freezes our very heart! And we must be dead ourselves, before we can begin to have our proper influence on our own world, which will then be no longer our world, but the world of another generation, with which we shall have no shadow of a right to interfere. I ought to have said, too, that we live in dead men's houses. . . .

But we shall live to see the day, I trust, when no man shall build his house for posterity. Why should he? He might just as reasonably order a durable suit of clothes—leather, or gutta-percha, or whatever else lasts longest—so that his great-grandchildren should have the benefit of them, and cut precisely the same figure in the world that he himself does.

If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own houses, that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every reform which society is now suffering for. I doubt whether even our public edifices, our capitols, state-houses, court-houses, city halls and churches—ought to be built of such permanent materials as stone or brick. It were better that they should crumble to ruin, once in twenty years, or thereabouts, as a hint to the people to examine into and reform the institutions which they symbolize.

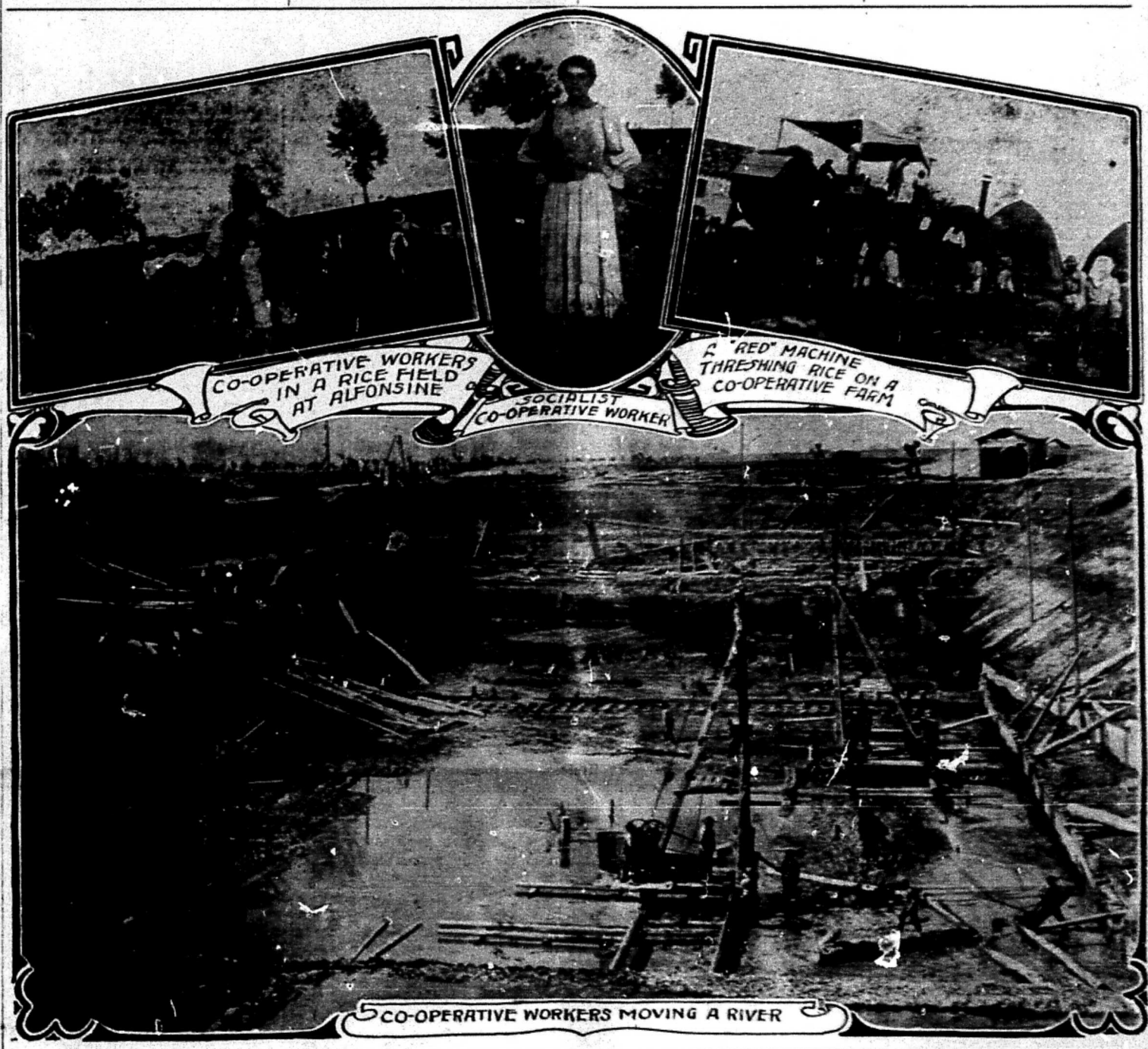
Municipal Ownership Pays Well.

The city of Pensacola, Fla., will in the future save nearly \$1,000 per month, which has heretofore been transferred each month to the water department for hydrant rental and water consumed. The income from the plant is now such that this amount will not be necessary, sufficient money being derived from regular consumers to defray all expenses and make many improvements which are contemplated and which, when completed will allow the water committee to make a further reduction in water rates.

When the plant was taken over by the city the latter was paying a monthly rental of \$840 each month as hydrant rental. Since then thirty-seven new hydrants have been installed and at this rate the city would have been compelled to pay at least \$1,000 each month. Chairman Kagleman and the water committee and Supt. Sweeney have been busy for several weeks estimating the income for this year, and came to the conclusion that it would not be necessary to make the charge of rental against the city. Many improvements have been made at the plant during the past year and the service also extended to sections of the city which did not enjoy the service. Four miles of new mains have been laid and 700 meters installed at a cost of between \$5,000 and \$6,000. Two new covered reservoirs have been constructed and the committee is now engaged in having four new wells put down and a new compressor installed. A reduction of about 30 per cent in water rates was made some time ago, but the committee contemplates a further reduction when about \$10,000 worth of new water mains are laid, which will largely increase the number of consumers. All this has been done out of the earnings of the department and without calling upon the city for funds.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

Will Establish Municipal Milk Depots

New York city stands committed to a system of municipal pasteurization of milk. Comptroller Prendergast, President Mitchel and President McAneny have approved the establishment of city pasteurization stations after a plan submitted by Health Commissioner Lederle. The plan contemplates locating throughout the city stations at which milk shall be pasteurized and dispensed systematically. In addition, it is contemplated to keep in attendance at each station doctors and nurses, who shall instruct mothers in the proper method of dressing and caring for children. This added feature in connection with the distribution of pasteurized milk will greatly reduce infant mortality, the city officials declare.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.



For this work alone the government paid the federation a half million dollars.

Seeks no Profits.

The federation takes the contract for the whole work and then distributes it among the various local co-operatives belonging to the central body. The local groups, in turn, distribute the work among their members, giving an equal amount of work to each member. The profits of the enterprise are assigned in part to the various co-operatives in proportion to the work done by them, and the remainder goes to the reserve fund of the federation, to propaganda, or is used for the purpose of mutual aid.

Although the federation has practically eliminated private contractors in the province of Ravenna it does not exploit its monopoly at the expense of the collectivity. It was formed as an integral part of the union movement as a means of meeting the problem of the unemployed, and not for the purpose of making great profits.

The fact that the federation has remained true to its original purpose has greatly strengthened its position. It is capable of underbidding the largest private contractors today just because it seeks work for its members and not profits, and because it is technically ready for the most difficult works. It can do emergency work quicker and more satisfactorily than private contractors.

It is not only technically, but morally superior to capitalist contractors because guided by a higher sense of social responsibility. When it has taken a contract it does not present any exorbitant demands for "extras" such as constitute the greatest source of profit for private contractors.

At the Messina Earthquake.

This social morality was most strikingly exemplified at the time of the great earthquake at Messina. It was called upon by the government for certain emergency work at this time. The private contractors who were doing some of the same work tried to persuade the federation to enter into a combination to raise the price. The federation indignantly repulsed these proposals and declared

clamation of such swamp lands. Now it happens that the provinces which are to be so reclaimed are just those from which there is the greatest emigration to the United States and other countries. This emigration was largely caused by the fact that these swamps made it impossible for the population to gain a decent living. Yet there was no labor immediately at hand by which the reclamation work could be carried out. Now the federation of Ravenna, in co-operation with the co-operatives from some other provinces is ready to bid upon these works, and to send great "temporary colonies" of land-laborers to these provinces. This plan, when carried out, will definitely settle the problem of unemployment, for not only would the reclamation work provide employment for thousands of workers for several years, but the work done would, in turn, open immense stretches of wonderfully fertile land to be taken up by those who have been hitherto unemployed.

Thus the scope of the work of the federation constantly grows. In the beginning it met the problem of local unemployment by forcing the authorities to undertake a succession of necessary local enterprises. Now it assumes a new and vastly greater character as an instrument with which to solve a national problem with which legislators and experts have grappled in vain for the last thirty years.

Class Interests Clash.

While the government has accepted this idea in principle and has recognized that this plan of the organized workers is the only one that will assure the carrying out of the reclamation laws, yet the ruling political parties oppose this magnificent plan. The reason for this opposition is obvious. All these federations are distinctly Socialist institutions. Their members represent the most revolutionary element in the Italian working class. The ruling parties fear that the "flying colonies" of revolutionists will not merely do the work assigned to them, but that they will also instill their revolutionary spirit into the provinces where they go. Nor is this fear ill founded. Wherever the Ro-

At this very moment they are preparing for a great simultaneous manifestation throughout all the important agricultural districts to compel the government to undertake some great reclamation works. There is every reason to believe that they will succeed in this movement.

The agricultural and industrial departments are closely connected, since the workers of the industrial department also belong to the agricultural department. They work in the fields during the spring and summer, and for the industrial department during the winter months. The same workers who founded the first co-operative of labor organized the first collective agricultural enterprise in Ravenna.



Group of the laborers that moved the river. The woman in center is Argentina Altobelli, Secretary of National Federation of Farm Laborers.

They leased from the city of Ravenna seven hundred acres which they had previously reclaimed and subdivided the tracts into small individual lots.

Later this system was changed. The land was not divided but was cultivated collectively. At the present time the eighteen agricultural co-operatives belonging to the federation have five thousand members and cultivate three thousand acres, mostly rice fields. They own about sixty machines and many of the rice drying plants, and everything else needed for a modern agricultural enterprise. They spent this year three hundred thousand dollars on the cultivation of the soil and earned a net profit of sixty thousand dollars.

This success has determined them

and upon legislative bodies to compel laws necessary to the carrying out of these various proletarian activities.

It is true that the Socialists in the Italian parliament and in the municipal government support these workers. But the government has only granted the most important and far reaching demands when menaced by great mass movements of the workers.

Out of this struggle has come a great capacity for independent judgment and management on the part of the workers. They have been strengthened both morally and technically, and this very strength leads them to attempt the solution of national and social problems of ever greater importance. By their own exertions they have risen from the lowest strata of society to the highest, and are now working day by day in the actual erection of a new society.

It is not that their activities constitute the only forces working for Socialism, but that good training arising from their work has made them capable of establishing a Socialist system whenever the opportunity shall permit. To-day they constitute a formidable nucleus whose deeds of propaganda inspire and influence the lives of not less than a half million agricultural workers.

One View Point.

Aunt Mary Flanagan was a hard working wash woman with a typical working class mind. One day she chanced to be in the butcher shop buying a dime's worth of liver and a sympathetic neighbor who knew of her industry and frugality chatting over the market baskets said "How unjust it is Aunt Mary that you who must work so hard have to eat liver while the DeSnohs across the way who never did a days work in their lives eat the finest porterhouse steaks."

"Yes" piously answered Aunt Mary, "but its submissive to the will of God I an, just think how much worse it could be. Suppose there were no rich folks to eat the porterhouse steaks, how could I ever get livr."

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

High Cost of Living

BY MAY WOOD-SIMONS

High Cost of Living. ONE of the things that most impressed me at the International Conference of Socialist women held in Copenhagen was that the Socialist women in Europe, at least, are making public opinion on all questions that affect the welfare of women and children. It is the Socialist women who are formulating and pressing legislation protecting women and children. They are planning ways and means for bettering the schools and providing recreation for the young. It is the Socialist women who are bringing the working women into economic organizations. Their great strength, I believe, lies in part in the practical methods they use in reaching the women. They put their finger on a definite, glaring wrong in the lives of women today and showing this evil to the working women at once enlist them in an effort to remove it.

forts to aid their fellow men workers as well as women workers in their efforts to maintain wages and support them in times of strike.

In Europe where the co-operative movement has gone beyond the experimental stage in more than one country the Socialist women are called on in this resolution to support the fight of the co-operators who work to lessen the effects of rising prices of provisions and urges the women to help in increasing the number of their members.

Not only the working girl at six, eight or ten dollars a week feels the effect of the high cost of living but when milk is raised in price it means so much less to feed the children and the working mothers will be quick to see the point. This is a direction in which the Socialist women of America can do an excellent piece of agitation work. In no other country has the rise in the cost of living been more noticeable than here. The local Socialist women's committees can well afford to hold a meeting with this for a subject.

The resolution adopted by the International Socialist Woman's Conference reads in full as follows:

The power and the selfishness of the ruling classes under capitalism show themselves everywhere in the daily rise in prices of provisions. Everything necessary for the families of workers becomes constantly dearer. The working population therefore cannot possibly live on its small income while wages do not rise and their struggle for existence becomes ever harder and more pronounced. Considering that it is most of all the women who are suffering from the troubles of housekeeping this International Conference of Socialist women urges all women comrades to fight always and everywhere against rising prices of provisions and to inform the women of the working class of the real cause. This Conference of Socialist Women urges that the working women should be constantly enlightened as to the prices of necessities and of the rent of houses and as to the connection of this phenomenon with the capitalist system. The Conference declares it the duty of all women members of political organizations and trade unions to point out to the women proletarian who are yet strangers to Socialism, the capitalist tendencies of taxation in our state and municipalities as well as the cause and result of increased prices of necessities. As only the Socialist party is fighting energetically and with all its strength against rising prices it is the duty of the women to join this party and to support its fight. Considering that the rise in prices must be opposed by a corresponding rise in incomes the Conference urges the women to support the hard and self-sacrificing strikes of their men comrades. The Socialist women should support the fight of the co-operators who work according to the principles of the modern proletarian movement against the rising prices of provisions and should assist by indelible propaganda to increase the number of their members.

Socialist Women in Holland

The women of Holland have all the rights of association possessed by men and can unite with any organization they desire. They are admitted as members of the Socialist party on an equality with men in all respects. Nevertheless it has been found necessary to organize propaganda clubs for special work among women.

In the early days of the Socialist movement little attention was paid to the women. An occasional propagandist urged the necessity of drawing women into the movement and now and then a local organization would extend an invitation to the women to become members. On the whole, however, women played very little part until about 1886.

In that year a Social-Democratic woman's society was founded in Amsterdam and five other towns soon followed this example. In 1889 the first woman appeared as a delegate to a party congress. In the next year a pamphlet was published entitled "A Manifesto to Women." This movement soon degenerated into bourgeois feminism and while it attracted many women from the possessing classes it had little influence among working women, and soon disappeared.

In 1894 the present Social-Democratic Labor party was formed. This party declared for complete equality of sexes, but opposed any special agitation among women, fearing that such a movement might, like the previous one, degenerate into mere feminism. As a consequence of this indifferent attitude the Socialist members of the Parliament refused to include women in the law which they presented for an extension of the suffrage.

About this time some trade unions began to be formed among the women. The daily organ of the party began the publication of a regular column of news concerning the woman's movement. In 1906, however, this column was abolished, on the ground that more "miscellaneous news" would prove of greater interest to women. By this time the proletarian women began to recognize that their place was inside the party fighting side by side with the men—that workingmen and workingwomen must fight the same battle and have the same aim—Socialism, but that since it is more difficult to convert men than women a special propaganda is necessary for that purpose.

In 1905 a few active women in the party led in a movement to establish clubs for propaganda among women. Only members of the party are admitted to these clubs. Their sole aim is to prop-

propagate Socialism among proletarian women.

In May, 1908, these clubs were united in a national federation, or "Bond" as it is called. This Bond now contains nineteen clubs. The membership of the clubs naturally remains small as they are composed only of those women who are willing to undertake the work of active propaganda. For the others the membership in the party is thought sufficient. Among the methods used to reach the women is the publication and circulation of a paper, the *Proletarische Vrouw*, personal visits, public meetings, reading clubs and the establishment of libraries.

The paper appears fortnightly, and has a circulation at present of about 3,500, but is rapidly increasing. During the last six months a children's paper has been added as a supplement.

Efforts are made to secure space in trade union papers, even in those which are the organs of unions having no women members, because it is hoped in this way to reach the wives of the members.

An active campaign has been carried on for motherhood insurance and for the suffrage for women.

Up to the present time the party has viewed the work of the women almost with indifference, but as the work extends and its value is proven this indifference is giving way to active interest and assistance.—From the report to the International Woman's Congress at Copenhagen.

Italian Women's Conference

The first national conference of Socialist women ever held in Italy took place in October the day before the opening of the congress of the Italian Socialist party at Rome. The initiative in calling this national conference came from the women members of the Socialist section of Milan. They extended a call to all Socialist women and all women trade unionists to meet and discuss the question of agitation and organization among working women.

Among the subjects discussed were: "The Economic Organization of the Workers," "The Political Agitation Among Women," "Systematic Agitation Work Among Women by Means of the party and labor press."

This conference is one of the first fruits of the decision of the Socialist party organization of Italy to take up for discussion at its national congress the subject of agitation and organization among women.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.

Children.



A Neat Work Apron

8246—A large work apron that comes well over the waist, is indispensable to the busy housewife. This one of white linen, is not only a protection to the dress, but is neat and attractive as well. The waist is in jamper effect and broadens out over the shoulders in a most becoming way. The skirt is cut circular fitted in at the waist by darts. Gingham, percale and lawn are all used for the making. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. The medium size requires 3-2 1/2 yds. of 36 in. material. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.

We know we must be civilized because of all the ways of killing the children we've invented in these days. We kill 'em off with factories to fill the owners' maws—Protecting 'infant' industries with brutal tariff laws. We kill 'em off with patent foc's before they're in their teens. We kill 'em off in schoolrooms, and in the Philippines. We kill 'em off with autos, we kill 'em off with vice, we kill 'em off with coddling when beatings don't suffice. We kill 'em off with cigarettes. We make them deaf and dumb. We vacinate, inoculate and kill 'em off with rum. Can savage nations do as much? Well, we should be surprised! We rather guess they'll have to wait until they're civilized!

Behind the Times. Sir Ernest Shackleton at the luncheon in his honor given by the Pilgrims in New York, said of a piece of geographical ignorance: "It was incredible. It reminded me of a little waiting maid. 'As she brought me my tea and toast and bloater one morning I said to her: 'What a rainy morning, Mary! It's almost like the flood.' 'The flood, sir?' said the little maid. She looked at me with a puzzled smile. 'Yes,' said I. 'The flood—Noah, you know—the ark—Mount Ararat.' 'She shook her head and murmured apologetically: 'I ain't had no time to read the papers lately, sir.'"

He Would Have Been a Promoter. Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the father of children's courts, said in an address in Denver, apropos of criminal corporations:

"Why, even the thieves in the prison can have their shot at these malefactors. A Denver man, visiting one of our jails, said to a prisoner: 'Well, my friend, what brought you to this?'"

"'Poverty, Boss,' the prisoner answered, with a sneer. 'I didn't have enough money to turn myself into a corporation and hire a corporation lawyer to learn me how to steal legally.'"

In a recent address before the manufacturers' club of Chicago, Jos. Fels, the millionaire manufacturer of soap, said: "We cannot get rich in a lifetime nowadays under the present system unless we do so by robbing the people. I have made my money that way and my firm is still doing it. Every one of you self-made millionaires has done it."

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

THE GOLDEN FISH

ONCE upon a time there was an island in the middle of the sea, upon which there was a little hut. In this hut lived an old man and his wife. They were poor, very poor, and the husband had only his net. Every day he went to fish and he and his wife ate the fish which he caught in the net. One day after he had fished for a long time, he caught a little golden fish which had a human voice and said: "Good man, throw me back into the sea. I am so little, give me my life, and I will do all that you ask of me." The fisherman felt sorry for the little fish and returned to the hut empty-handed. His wife asked, "Well husband, have you caught many fish?" "No," he said, "I have fished all day and have caught only a little golden fish." "Where is it?" asked his wife. "In the sea," answered the fisherman. "I was so sorry for it I put it back." His wife was very angry. "You fool," she said, "you had fortune in your hand and you were too stupid to profit by it." She talked so much that the old man, tired of her reproaches, ran to the edge of the sea and called: "Golden fish, golden fish! come to me, with your tail in the sea and your head turned toward me." The fish came quickly, and said: "What do you want old man?" "I want some bread for my wife who is angry." "Go home, old man; and you will find bread there in plenty." The old man arrived at the hut, "Well wife, have you plenty of bread?" "Yes," she said, "but I am very unhappy. I have broken my tub and I cannot wash my clothes. Go find the fish and tell him I want a new tub." The old man went to the edge of the sea and cried: "Golden fish, golden fish! come to me, your tail in the sea, your head turned toward me." The golden fish came, saying, "What do you want, old man?" "A new tub for my wife who is not satisfied because she cannot wash her clothes." "Go home," said the golden fish, "and you will find a new tub." This time the wife drove him back to ask for a new house, and when he reached home from this trip, his wife greeted him: "You fool, tell the golden fish that I wish to be an archduchess and live in a beautiful castle where I shall have many servants to do my bidding."

WORTH REMEMBERING

In the face of monstrous injustice the just man has no right to a life of ease and pleasure." In the November issue of the *Success Magazine*, Mr. Charles Edward Russell gives a very wonderful picture of a very wonderful man, Wendell Phillips. Phillips, one of the most noted workers for the abolition of chattel slavery during the twenty years preceding the Civil War. I wish all of the older boys and girls would read this story and then try to get a copy of Phillips' speeches from the public library read them and if possible, commit to memory a paragraph.

Lillian's Letters

Lillian Sees the Express Strike. Dear Mamma: I forgot to tell you something I saw that same day that Auntie and I saw the man fall off the high wagon. When we were going home we saw on one block such a funny procession. There was a lot of wagons with all black curtains pulled down around 'em. Up in front there was a man driving the horses very slowly and beside him sat another man holding a big thick stick between his knees. And in the back I saw a man peeping out from between the curtains. I told Auntie he looked frightened.

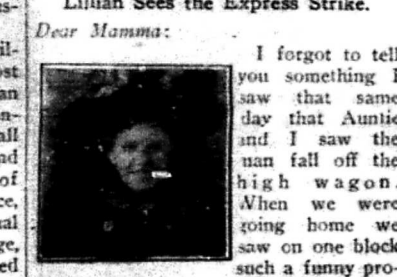
The Story of Jet

Jet—I wonder how many boys and girls know how I came to be? Of course you all know that I am something black, used for making ornaments—but that is not very much to know. Well, I will tell you first of all, what the world was like some millions of years ago, when I first saw it. The world was a beautiful place then, more beautiful even than now. There were no men or women in the world then and of course there were neither 'ille or rich or unemployed poor; no ugly factories, no poor-houses, prisons or asylums to mar the beauty. Everything was gorgeous, and the air was pure, containing so much carbon, that even the ferns and mosses grew to the height of sixty feet. The lakes and rivers swarmed with large animals like crocodiles, only bigger. Great lizards with wings, flitted about from tree to tree in the glorious sunshine. And there were great bats measuring from ten to twelve feet from tip to tip of their wings. Their bodies were not very big, but they had a very long neck, and oh, what a head! Just like a crocodile, with rows of long sharp teeth. You would not like to try to catch a bat like that at night, would you?

There was also another animal I will tell you about that would look strange to you, if you saw one, although I was quite well acquainted with them. They were like huge walrus, with two flippers at each side of their bodies and were unlike my friend the bat, because they had a short, thick dumpy tail; but they had also long necks like very large swans, with heads like crocodiles, only shorter and thicker, with large sharp teeth.

Now at the time when I saw all these strange animals, ferns, and mosses, I was a large lump of resin hanging out of a crack in the side of a gigantic decaying tree. It was a very hot day, and the heat of the sun had so much melted me that I felt quite warm and soft, when lo! I dropped from the parent tree that gave me birth, and fell splash into the river below amongst the reptiles. They gathered round me and sniffed me, but as they did not care for me in the form of resin I was allowed to float down the river till I came to the sea. I was tossed about on the waves for a time, but one day when the waves were very angry, I was thrown far up on a muddy beach, where I very soon got covered over with mud. I lay buried there for more millions of years than I care to count. But at last one day I was dug out by an animal I had never seen before. This animal was called man. But oh, horror! in digging me out I fell into the water, and from being a bright, bonnie, shirring, yellow mass, I became quite black; still, I am not altogether sorry that I am black, because I know the reason why I am so. After I returned to the daylight, part of me was made into a watch chain for a farmer; and one day this farmer, while he was wearing me on

Wendell Phillips, born Nov. 29, 1811



WENDELL PHILLIPS, BORN NOV. 29, 1811

Phillips, one of the most noted workers for the abolition of chattel slavery during the twenty years preceding the Civil War. I wish all of the older boys and girls would read this story and then try to get a copy of Phillips' speeches from the public library read them and if possible, commit to memory a paragraph. - Here is just a bit of what Mr. Russell says about Wendell Phillips: "This is the career of Wendell Phillips, the most marvelous and the most inspiring in history. Here was a man endowed with every conceivable advantage for the winning of what we call success; a brilliant and powerful mind trained in the best schools; a gift of extemporaneous and moving eloquence, an attractive presence, great personal magnetism, wealth, a famous lineage, social standing and prestige; entered upon a profession he loved and for which he had every qualification, with hosts of powerful friends, a taste for public affairs, readiness in debate; a young man with every avenue of preference and distinction open to him. He deliberately abandoned them all, and like a religious enthusiast made of his life one long, unbroken sacrifice on the altars of righteousness. His First Great Public Address. "His real entrance as orator and agitator upon the turbulent stage of his day was made in dramatic fashion. On December 8, 1837, when he had just passed his twenty-sixth birthday, a mass meeting was called at Faneuil Hall to protest against the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois. The defeat of the resolutions was imminent, as the contending factions on the floor roared and struggled. Phillips was standing among the spectators on the main floor, for in those days Faneuil Hall had no seats. As Austin ended amid tremendous cheering, Phillips unexpectedly leaped upon the platform and stood forth to answer him. The crowd saw before them a young man, tall, fair, with both face and form expressive of power and resolution, waiting to speak. Its sheer curiosity silenced it and, in a moment, out boomed, in that strange melodious voice, the first piercing sentence. Clamour redoubled at once; there were cries of "Question!" "Go on!" "Hear him!" and so on. With the next lull in the storm came the next sentence; in another moment, the young orator was launched upon one of his most famous orations. It was a faultless specimen of his style; compact, restrained, direct, without a wasted word, and in spite of the restraint, burning with feeling. It contained some immortal sentences. "Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles, which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits in the hall) would have broken into a voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead!" The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl. A little big woman and big little girl. They merrily danced all the day; The woman declared she was too small to work; And the girl said, "I'm too big to play." So they merrily danced While the sunlight stayed And practiced their steps In the evening shade. —Dodge from "When Life is Young."

The Cross Comb

"It's jolly cold," began the Comb. "My teeth are chattering; I wish the Match would light the Fire And make the Kettle Sizzle."

"It may be cold," remarked the Brush, "And yet I do not see Why you, dear Comb, should go and stick Your chattering teeth in me."

"I've been reflecting, And I'm sure, 'The Looking-glass chimed in, 'The poor, dear Comb is hungry, Or he wouldn't be so thin."

"And when you come to think of it, It really isn't fair To feed a child with all these teeth On nothing else but 'air."

"It isn't," sobbed the Comb, "and, oh My feelings are too utter, When I see little Dorothy Devouring bread and butter."

"And though I love her very much, And wouldn't like to fright her, Yet when my teeth are in her hair, I feel inclined to bite her."

Then Dorothy, who heard the talk, Said, with her baby stare, "Ah, now I know what makes me cry When mother combs my hair."

Bobbie Thought

Mamma—Well, Bobbie, were you a good boy in school today? Bobbie—Y-e-s.

Mamma—Well, that doesn't sound as if you were so very sure about it. Bobbie—Mamma, I think our teacher is trying to work a skin game on us. Mamma—How so?

Bobbie—Today she asked me a question and when I wanted to answer, she said, "Now Bobbie, think before you speak!"—and then I thought a d thought, and d thought—then she said: "Sit down."

Edith's Opportunity

She was about ten years old and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign, which being interpreted read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother led her to the operating chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in the eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now Edith, if you cry I'll never take you to a dentist again."

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter.—Cuyler



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

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CHAPTER XI.

It was not until the night of our first day on the south bank of the river that we discovered the Fire People. What must have been a band of wandering hunters went into camp not far from the tree in which Lop-Ear and I had decided to roost for the night. The voices of the Fire People at first alarmed us, but later, when darkness had come, we were attracted by the fire. We crept cautiously and silently from tree to tree till we got a good view of the scene.

In an open space among the trees, near to the river, the fire was burning. About it were a half a dozen Fire-Men. Lop-Ear clutched me suddenly, and I could feel him tremble, I looked more closely, and saw the wizened old hunter who had shot Broken-Tooth out of the tree years before. When he got up and walked about, throwing fresh wood upon the fire, I saw that he limped with his crippled leg. What ever it was, it was a permanent injury. He seemed more dried up and wizened than ever, and the hair on his face was quite gray.

The other hunters were young men. I noted their bows and arrows lying near them on the ground and I knew the weapons for what they were. The Fire-Men wore animal skins around their waists and across their shoulders. Their arms and legs, however, were bare, and they wore no footwear. As I have said before, they were not quite so hairy as we of the Folk. They did not have large heads, and between them and the Folk there was very little difference in the degree of the slant of the head back from the eyes. They were less stooped than we, less springy in their movement. Their backbones and hips and neck-joints seemed more rigid. Their arms were not so long as ours either, and I did not notice that they ever balanced themselves when they walked, by touching the ground on either side with their hands. Also, their muscles were more rounded and symmetrical than ours, and their faces were more pleasing. Their nose orifices opened downward; likewise the bridges of their noses were more developed, did not look so squat nor crushed as ours. Their lips were less flabby and pendant, and their eye-teeth did not look so much like fangs. However, they were quite as thinhipped as we, and did not weigh much more. Take it all in all, they were less different from us than were we from the Tree People. Certainly, all three kinds were related, and not so remotely related at that.

The fire around which they sat was especially attractive. Lop-Ear and I sat for hours, watching the flames and smoke. It was most fascinating when fresh fuel was thrown on and showers of sparks went flying upward. I wanted to come closer and look at the fire, but there was no way. We were crouching in the forks of a tree on the edge of the open space, and did not dare run the risk of being discovered.

The Fire-Men squatted around the fire and slept with their heads bowed forward on their knees. They did not sleep soundly. Their ears twitched in their sleep, and they were restless. Every little while one or another got up and threw more wood upon the fire. About the circle of light in the forest, in the darkness beyond, roamed hunting animals. Lop-Ear and I could tell them by their sounds. There were wild dogs and a hyena, and for a time there was a great yelping and snarling that awakened on the instant the whole circle of sleeping Fire-Men.

In the morning, after having had our sleep, we crept back to the fire. It was still smouldering, and the Fire-Men were gone. We made a circle through the forest to make sure, and then we ran to the fire. I wanted to see what it was like, and between thumb and finger picked up a glowing coal. My cry of pain and fear, as I dropped it, stampeded Lop-Ear into the trees, and his flight frightened me after him.

The next time we came back more cautiously, and we avoided the glowing coals. We fell to imitating the Fire-Men. We squatted down by the fire, and with heads bent forward on our knees, made believe to sleep. Then we mimicked their speech, talking to each other in their fashion and making a great gibberish. I remembered seeing the wizened old hunter poke the fire with a stick. I poked the fire with a stick, turning up masses of live coals and clouds of white ashes. This was great sport, and soon we were coated white with ashes.

It was inevitable that we should imitate the Fire-Men in replenishing the fire. We tried it first with small pieces of wood. It was a success. The wood flamed up and crackled, and we danced and gibbered with delight. Then we began to throw on larger pieces of wood. We put on more and more, until we had a mighty fire. We dashed excitedly back and forth, dragging dead limbs and branches from out the forest. The flames soared higher and higher, and the smoke-column out-towered the trees. There was a tremendous snapping and crackling and roaring. It was the most monumental work we had ever effected with our hands, and we were proud of it.

We, too, were Fire-Men, we thought, as we danced there like white gnomes in the conflagration.

The dried grass and underbrush caught fire, but we did not notice it. Suddenly a great tree on the edge of the open space burst into flames. We looked at it with startled eyes. The heat of it drove us back. Another tree caught, and another, and then a dozen. We were frightened. The monster had broken loose. We crouched down in fear, while the fire ate around the circle and hemmed us in. Into Lop-Ear's eyes came the plaintive look that always came when things happened that he did not understand. I know that in my eyes must have been the same look. We huddled, with our arms around each other, until the heat began to reach us and the odor of burning hair was in our nostrils. Then we made a dash of it, and fled away westward through the forest, looking back and laughing as we ran.

By the middle of the day we came to a neck of land, made, as we afterward discovered, by a great curve of the river that almost completed a circle. Right across the neck lay several low and partly wooded hills. Over these we climbed, looking backward at the forest which had become a sea of flame and swept eastward before a rising wind. We continued to the west, following the river bank, and before we knew it we were in the midst of the abiding place of the Fire-people.

This abiding-place was in a splendid location for safety. It was a peninsula, protected on three sides by the curving river. On only one side was it accessible by land. This was the narrow neck of the peninsula, and here the several low hills were a natural obstacle. The Fire-people must have here lived and prospered for a long time as they were practically isolated from the rest of the world. In fact, I think it was their prosperity that caused them to migrate

afterward and caused such a great calamity for the Folk. The Fire-people must have increased in numbers until they pressed uncomfortably against the bounds of their habitat. They were expanding, and in the course of their expanding they drove the Folk before them. They then settled down in the caves and occupied the territory that we had occupied.

Lop-Ear and I did not linger long. We saw some of the part-grown boys shooting with bow and arrow, and we sneaked back into the thicker forest and made our way to the river. And there we found a catamaran, a real catamaran, one evidently made by some Fire-Man. The two logs were small and straight, and were lashed together by means of tough roots and crosspieces of wood.

This time the idea occurred to us both at once. We were trying to escape out of the Fire-people's territory. What better way than by crossing the river on these logs? We climbed on board and shoved off. A sudden something gripped the catamaran and flung it downstream violently against the bank. The abrupt stoppage almost whipped us off into the water. The catamaran was tied to a tree by a rope of twisted roots. This we untied before shoving off again.

By the time we had paddled well out into the current, we had drifted so far down stream that we were in full view of the Fire-people's abiding-place. So occupied were we with our paddling, our eyes fixed on the other bank, that we knew nothing until aroused by a yell from the shore. We looked around. There were the Fire-people, many of them, looking at us and pointing at us, and more were crawling out of their caves. We sat up to watch, and forgot all about paddling. There was a great hullabaloo on the shore. Some of the Fire-Men discharged their bows at us, and a few of the arrows fell near us, but the range was too great.

It was a great day for Lop-Ear and me. To the east the conflagration we had started was filling half the sky with smoke. And here we were, perfectly safe in the middle of the river, encircling the Fire-people's stronghold. We sat and laughed at them as we dashed by, swinging south and southeast to east, and even to northeast, and east again, southeast and south and on around to the west, a great double curve where the river nearly tied a knot in itself.

As we swept on to the west, the Fire-people far behind, a familiar scene flashed upon our eyes. It was the great drinking-place, where we had wandered once or twice to watch the circus of the animals when they came down to drink. Beyond it, we knew, was the carrot patch, and beyond that the caves and the abiding place of the horde. We began to paddle for the bank that slid swiftly past, and before we knew it we were down upon the drinking-places used by the horde. There were the women and children, the water carriers, a number of them, filling their gourds. At sight of us they stampeded madly up the run-ways, leaving behind them a trail of gourds they had dropped.

We landed, and of course, we neglected to tie up the catamaran, which floated off down the river. Right cautiously we crept up a run-way. The Folk had all disappeared into their holes, though here and there we could see a face peering out at us. There was no sign of Red-Eye. We were home again. And that night we slept in our own little cave high up on the cliff, though first we had to evict a couple of pugacious youngsters who had taken possession.

(To be continued.)

Making The Farm a Factory

The Technical World has another picture of the rapid transformation that is taking place in agriculture. It is written by James A. King, a farmer in North Dakota. He opens with the following striking statement:

Fifty years ago the average farm consisted of about fifty acres and it took two men to tend it. The crops they raised would sell for about five hundred and fifty dollars. Every time it snowed the field a man would drop two thousand acres and bring ready for crop one thousand more, doing it with the aid of traction engines. Their crop sold for forty-eight thousand dollars. Machinery made this thing possible.

Another contrast cited by him offers still further proof of the great increase in productive power of farming. Think of two oxen yoked to a crude plow with a cast-iron key and a cast-iron or wooden moldboard. They plod along slowly and awkwardly, around the field. Every time they cross the field a strip of ground ten inches wide is turned over. They plow an acre, possibly an acre and a quarter, in a day. The crude plow the dew does a fairly decent job. If the ground is in good condition for plowing, in comparison with this look at the modern plow. One man drives the engine, one man watches the plow, the tractor moving along steadily and unconcernedly, around and around the field. Every time it crosses the field a strip twenty feet wide is turned over. Each an acre on my farm in 1908 plowed a thirty-five acre field in five hours and a half. This is better than sixty-three acres in a day. Another contrast cited by him offers still further proof of the great increase in productive power of farming.

There has been a specialization in agricultural machinery and now this specialization, like the similar specialization in all other lines of industry, is giving way to a new and higher syn-

thesis. Instead of trying to make more perfect plows, harrows, discs, etc., they are combining a number of these separate machines into a "syn'e machine that will do several things at once. Plows have been made that will cut twenty or thirty feet wide. Now there is a demand for machinery that will plow, disc and harrow or disc, seed and harrow at one time.

My engine in the field will do the work of twenty-two to twenty-six average farm horses and the original cost for it is much less than for them. When used double shifts it will do the work of forty-five to fifty horses. My fuel and oil for a ten-hour run costs less than the feed for twenty horses for a day. My engine repairs cost less than the shoes, doctor bills and harness repairs for these twenty horses. . . . The total cost an acre for lubricating oil, labor and repairs was thirty-eight and a fraction cents when I was paying one man two dollars and seventy cents and the other a dollar and fifty cents a day. One man with that same engine doubled the yield and narrowed an acre cost for the above items of twenty-four and a fraction cents an acre.

The Review of Reviews is touching on another phase of the same revolution in an article by Rosa Pendleton Chiles. She tells of the great co-operative and demonstration farms that have been established throughout the Texas cotton belt, and how they have more than doubled the yield per acre in whole counties. Thus scientific methods and mechanical progress work hand in hand to multiply the producing power of the farmer.

Meantime, prices continue to advance, tenantry to increase, the size of farms to grow greater, the number of

farmers to grow less, while the tide of immigration to the cities rises ever higher.

Racine May Own Water Works.

The subject of the city of Racine, owning its own water plant will be a live issue in the spring campaign. The claim is made that both old line parties will come out strong in favor of the city purchasing the system and have the plant entirely under municipal control on the theory that if it is a good proposition for a lot of Pittsburg people and foreign capitalists it is a good proposition also for the taxpayers in Racine. It is said that the city of Racine pays as much, if not more, than any other city in the state for its water supply and that the rates here are higher than in any other city. According to the terms of the franchise under which the water company is working, the city may in 1911 purchase the plant at a price agreed upon or set by appraisers.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

With Milwaukee as an object lesson, Wisconsin cities are learning things fast.

The power of the whole is exercised by a majority; whoever wishes it exercised in a particular way must persuade a majority to think with him, and if he can do this it is enough.

The Garment Workers' Strike

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

THE first weeks of the Chicago Garment Workers' strike, the manufacturers were declaring that there was no strike; later they modified this by declaring that there was no cause for the strike, except the "emotionalism" stirred up by labor agitators; now they admit that there may be a few grievances, which had never before been brought to their attention, and which they agree to "arbitrate," provided the workers will first return to work, and further provided that the redress of these grievances be left to a tender-hearted firm, dealing with "individual employees," with no interference from any kind of shop committee, or representative of the union. This arbitration offer is food for much merriment, in the various centres where the local unions gather.

"And what was the cause of the strike?" asks a large and interested public. "We were just sore," is the answer for a voice and a vote which should count in determining conditions and terms of labor. It is, on the face of it, an absurdity, that a sixteen year old girl, or any other "individual" worker should be asked to deal alone with the National Clothing Manufacturers' Association. She would surely suffer in the "deal" where she would be at the complete mercy of the petty bosses; and could never alter the terms offered by them. In order to have any weight, her voice must mingle with the voices of thousands, her vote for redress of grievances, must be counted with the votes of members of a strong trade union, with national affiliations. "I will not have any trade union interfering with my business," says Mr. Harry Hart. But is it his business, alone? Let us see. Business begins when the employers, the workers and the public get together. The employer can do no business without the workers. They two can do no business without a purchasing public. Modern business, then, is the concern of these three, who participate in it.



Assigning Pickets

given by Anna Shapiro, the sixteen-year-old Russian girl, who started the "walk-out" September 29th from one of the forty-nine shops of Hart, Schaffner and Marx, manufacturers of "ready made" men- and boys clothes.

The Garment Worker's Life.

"Just sore!" How much is expressed in those two words! Those who know the conditions in clothing factories, understand what a world of meaning they contain! Years of almost superhuman "speeding-up", ending in cuts in wages, direct and indirect! Want, and anxiety and unemployment in "slack season," six or seven months in the year! By day "prison discipline," insults, unjust fines and charges, and many other wrongs, under the tyranny of petty bosses; by night over-time work at home, in the miserable tenements which were the best living quarters the wages warranted. Days which began at half-past five in the morning, in preparation for the trip to the factory, to wait in line anxiously, with the hope that the "checker" would be punched in time to save a "tardy discount." Days which ending at ten or eleven o'clock at night, with hundreds of needles threaded at home to spare the scant seconds time in the shop, were one must "work like the devil," "rush out your life," to pile up piece-work or week-work for the ever nagging, and bullying foreman, whose salary was in proportion to his success in getting the most work done for the least money and in the shortest time. It is impossible to interpret all the meaning of those two little words—"Just sore"—in anything less than a book; but every one should hear, from the worker's own lips such stories as that of Clara Masalotti, with their details of plotting to make ends meet in the crowded living rooms where always lurks the terror of debts to landlord, grocer and milkman; where a cut from ten cents to seven cents, on a pair of pants, draws the family together at a week-end, to "cry like babies," with the realization that there was only five cents to carry over to next day-day; where the problem of shoes and cloaks for the school children, robbed the nights of sleep; where little girls of sixteen shouldered cans and housework, which would stagger the veterans of poverty.

40,000 Noses in the Air.

The special grievance which was the direct cause of the strike of Anna Shapiro, and twenty-seven of her fellow-workers, was a new cut in wages. "It was sixteen cents, just as good for us, as for the boss," says she. "Some of the girls kept on working same as always, with their noses down; but I was sore a long time, so I put up my nose for once, and wouldn't take the cut." All the rest had also been "sore a long time," so they followed Anna's example and when all noses were counted, there were 40,000 or 45,000 of them sniffing the free air with proud nostrils and a spirit of battle. The strike was voluntary, spontaneous and not inspired by labor agitators. In fact, the strikers had to appeal to trade union officials three times before their cause was espoused by the United Garment Workers. And although the sixteen year old girls could not formulate it in so many words, it was a strike for the American principle of "representation," a protest against "taxation without representation" a strike

Truly the terms and conditions of labor are the business of the workers, and neither of the other partners, should be allowed to "dictate" to the workers, on these points. Selling Labor Power. In a trade which has not a strong union, the employer does "dictate" absolutely, in this matter. He is "Boss." He buys labor, as he buys no other commodity, at his own terms. When purchasing cloth he does not go to a store and say "I will give you fifty cents a yard for this cloth," and walk off with it. He asks, "How much is this cloth?" Merchants who have cloth to sell, get together and fix a price for cloth each season. The workers have labor to sell and should get together and fix the terms and conditions under which it shall be sold, exactly as the merchants do with their merchandise. That is their part of modern business. They should allow no "Bosses" to "dictate" terms to them. And the only way in which they are strong enough to make fair terms, is in numbers, in a trade union.

This is the contention of the Garment Workers' strike. The recognition of the union. The recognition of the workers' right to the "industrial ballot" by which he can vote for the conditions of his work, which means the conditions of his life. A right to be dealt with on something like equal terms, through an elected representative or delegate, capable of securing a fair bargain for labor, and authorized to sign a trade agreement which will establish a just relation between employer and employed and tend to industrial peace. And less than this, the workers will not consider. No amount of little concessions on special "grievances" will satisfy them. With all the power of their forty thousand voices they are insisting on the recognition of the union as the only security against future wrongs. They may be willing to make other compromises, but they will not compromise this American principle of representation, through a vote of the people. Police Brutality. In the early part of the struggle, the police and brutal thugs, hired by employers to conduct "scabs" back and forth, constantly interfered with the strikers' right of peaceful picketing, and refused them their constitutional rights to the use of the public streets and to speech with anyone willing to listen. The police and the thugs, often with great brutality, guarded workers who had not struck, as though they were the property of their employers, and drove off all who desired to speak with them, as though they were taking liberties with the property of the firm. In the third week of the strike, the Woman's Trade Union League volunteered their services to the United Garment Workers and formed a "Strike Committee," and some of the members of the committee volunteered to help, as pickets. These ladies were carefully instructed as to the legal methods of picketing, and as carefully followed instructions. One of them, Miss Starr, of Hull-House, was walking on the block near a "struck" factory with a friend from out of town, when a half-drunk policeman ordered her off of the block. There was not a picket in sight, nor the slightest sign of trouble. Miss Starr protested that she was doing nothing illegal, whereupon the intox-

cated officer took her roughly by the arm and hustled her along in the opposite direction to that in which she wished to go. A gentleman who witnessed this proceeding exclaimed: "Is this America?" He had been waiting for a street car, on the corner. The policeman then turned upon him. "Get along out of here," he cried. "I'm waiting for the right car," replied the innocent bystander. "Well, you take the next car that comes, see!" shouted the officer.

This is the mildest case of police injustice reported by the Woman's Trade Union League. Miss Starr had another encounter with another policeman, more serious than this, and other members of the League were pushed with the policeman's club, bullied and roughly handled by police and hired thugs, time and time again. Continued appeals to the mayor and the chief of police from the League, and from other "outsiders" resulted finally in instructions from the chief of police as to the rights of pickets, and consequent improvements in this matter in certain districts.

However a great deal of bad blood had been aroused among foreign strikers, by the brutal use of clubs on the defenseless heads of women, as well as men, and the hasty show of policemen's pistols had aroused a spirit of violence in certain foreign neighborhoods, which resulted in serious riots and bloodshed.

College women and club women are serving as assistant pickets, with the hope of securing fair play. And well known lawyers are following up unjust attacks and arrests, and making legal "test cases." Several pickets roughly arrested have already been declared "not guilty" by magistrates.

The press, too, has been influenced by the stand of the League strike committee, and by the interest of a citizens' committee of which Rabbi Hirsh is chairman, working with such well known men and women as Miss Jane Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Henriotin, Mrs. Joseph Bowen, Prof. and Mrs. Edwin Mead, etc. Great headlines and flaring pictures have appeared in the daily and Sunday papers, under which the proceedings and decisions of these committees have been set forth, in a manner which has attracted widespread interest, and gained many friends to the cause of the garment workers.

Fashionable women are opening their elegant homes for gatherings where members of the Garment Workers' Union are asked to tell their side of the story. Breakfasts to the young foreign girls are becoming popular, and here, round the dainty tables, these child-strikers tell what sort of bargains they have been able to make, as "individuals." Evening conferences for discussions of the "grievances" are being arranged by University professors and their wives, women's clubs and men's clubs are arranging strike programs, substantial checks from prominent people are being sent to the Woman's Trade Union League, and altogether, the most unique situation has developed, in which it begins to seem as though the general public is to play a very important part in the just settlement of the strike. Hope Lies With the Workers. However, the students of economics know that the main hope for economic justice lies in the loyalty of the working people. This is evident in this Chicago crisis, as in every other. The enthusiasm and courage of the strikers is very high. Their meeting halls have, on the whole, the spirit rather of a holiday, than of a struggle for life and liberty. There are about 13,000 Bohemians, 10,000 to 12,000 Russian and Polish Jews, a mixture of Lithuanian, Scandinavians, Italians, Germans, etc. Yet these are all brothers and sisters in spirit and clasp hands over and over in the pledge to stand together for economic independence, through the union. The financial support from unions of other trades is pouring in generously. One Sunday, committees from various locals collected \$2,800 in a "house to house" canvass in a working people's neighborhood. One union sent a check for a thousand dollars, unsolicited, others are doing almost as well. Committees visiting the union meetings, are meeting with great success, and bring back hundreds of dollars nightly and promises of regular weekly assessments "as long as the strike shall last."

Socialist Press in the Fight.

But perhaps the greatest support of all has come from the Socialists. Their papers in every language are reporting truly and wisely the progress and the meaning of the struggle. Their men and women are untiring, night and day, in devising and carrying out clever schemes for raising money. Their speakers are here, there and everywhere, keeping up the courage of the faint-hearted and arranging entertainments to while away the long hours in the halls; their members are faithful and fearless pickets. The New York (Jewish) Verwoerts finds time and real money for a special daily Chicago edition of the paper, which is invaluable. In the matter of financial and moral support, up to the present, the Socialists have out-rivalled all others. And so it goes on well, this uprising of the plain people. And the great battle is being waged with high courage and idealism. It is one more skirmish in the everlasting war of the human race for freedom from tyranny, a war waged in one form or other since the human race was born. However much or little it gains today, it counts much for the cause of humanity. And each man and woman making this stand for liberty has joined the ranks of heroes, past, present and future who make the "ascending effort" for the happiness of the race.

Class War in The West

JOHN KENNETH TURNER

CALIFORNIA seems destined to be the theater of the next great conflict between predatory capital and aspiring labor.

That midnight bomb, which signaled the destruction of the Los Angeles Times building, marked the opening discharge of merely the heavier artillery in an engagement which had already seen numerous sharp and bitter skirmishes.

In this contest—already on—Socialists and the Socialist Party seem ordained to play an unprecedented part.

For the first time the Socialist Party has won the confidence of a considerable number of labor unions in California. California's labor war, therefore, promises to be fought out on more thoroughly Socialist lines than any previous one in American history.

That a new era has dawned for the Socialist movement on the Pacific Coast will be apparent to any one who will cast an eye over the remarkable vote polled for the Socialist Party in California November 8th.

Of course the conflict between the owners of California and the workers of California is not new. It began when Capital came stalking in to dispel the golden romances of the mining camps of the pioneers.

Those bloated Lords! They prate of law and order and anarchy. To them law and order spell government by themselves for themselves; no law is sacred if broken by themselves.

The Program of Capital. Some of the tasks the Lords of Capital have set themselves to accomplish this winter are:

- 1. To hang some union labor officials.
- 2. To send some more of them to jail.
- 3. To overturn the union labor government in San Francisco.
- 4. To establish the open shop in the building trades, the metal trades, and in every industry as far as possible from Seattle to San Diego.
- 5. To make it extremely unpleasant for any man or woman to be a member of a labor union.
- 6. To let down the bars for Japanese labor.

The Lords of Capital may not accomplish these tasks, but they have set themselves very definitely to try. If they do not accomplish them it will be only because they have been met and foiled by the righteous might of Labor.

Several important causes led up to the present crisis on the Pacific Coast. First, the Lords of Capital wish to inaugurate an epoch of cheap labor and "prosperity," in order that a comparative handful of big interests may reap the entire benefit that will accrue to the Pacific Coast from the opening of the Panama Canal.

Second, the possession by union labor of the municipal offices of San Francisco has always been a menace to the rule of the corporations. One desperate attempt to break the political power of union labor failed. A second attempt has been hatching ever since.

Third, simultaneous efforts in a number of Pacific Coast cities, on the part of Capital, to extend the open shop, and on the part of Labor, to broaden the scope of unionism, resulted in strikes and lockouts which cost lives on the point of being won by the unions.

I fear that there are a good many Socialists who have never understood the Union Labor politics of San Francisco.

Nine years ago San Francisco union labor went into politics in order to stop the breaking of union heads by the police.

They made a combination with an ex-republican boss, political representative of the "sporting" element of the city because it was the only way they could win at the time. No party for years had been able to get into power in San Francisco without entering into a partnership with the "sporting" element.

The graft of the Schmitz administration was held up to the horrified eyes of the world not because Schmitz was a grafter, but because he was a working class grafter. Exactly the same sort of graft which Schmitz reveled in had existed through every previous administration for decades.

Compromise? Yes, but it was a condition, not a theory, that confronted union labor. They had to have those police and they got them the best way they could. Even Schmitz was loyal to Labor when the issue was between Capital and Labor.

Hence we find as a part of the present conspiracy a plot to oust union labor from the political offices of San Francisco. Political power and economic power can only be broken together, and if rumor is to be credited, with the hanging of union men for blowing up the Times, will come a strenuous effort to down the McCarthy administration in the middle of McCarthy's term.

Such is a part of the conspiracy. Whether it is carried out or not, even whether it is seriously attempted or not, depends largely on that other part of the conspiracy which involves the Times disaster.

Los Angeles has its Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association, as well as San Francisco, and the Los Angeles M. & M.—so abbreviated—just now holds the center of the stage.

It is in all the world a more shameless and blatant defender of Special Privilege, a more bare-faced enemy of the people, a more unscrupulous would-be crucifier of Labor than General Harrison Gray Otis, I should like to know his name.

Otis is a multi-millionaire. Politically, he is an ally of the Southern Pacific railroad, a tariff-booster, insurgent-baiting Republican. He owns more than a million acres of rich land just across the line in Lower California and is known as Dictator Diaz's warmest journalistic friend in the United States.

that were going a-begging in California—and he fought the Japanese exclusion movement. From first to last he carried on a war of the most exaggerated misrepresentation and vilification of unionism and unionists, Socialism and Socialists, reformers, and all persons, organizations and ideas which in any way seemed to hold out hope for the common people.

When the M. & M. was born some twelve years ago, in charge of it was placed a tool of Otis, a degenerate Jew said to have a penitentiary record, a man without scruples, who opened expensive offices, hired a corps of assistants and launched an anti-union campaign which never stopped nor abated.

Employers of Union labor became marked men. Business men were hounded into joining and supporting the organization. The Los Angeles Examiner, the Hearst organ, which the unions brought here to help them down the Times, succumbed and became an anti-union sheet.

They made Los Angeles a "free" city—comparatively. It was a rich man's paradise, a poor man's despair. Real estate values went up with miraculous speed and steadiness.

But thanks to the imperishable hunger in man for better things, Labor never stopped trying to organize. By their fanatical opposition, Otis and the M. & M. were only laying up strikes and lockouts and boycotts and civil war for Los Angeles.

This happened in the Spring of this year, when nineteen local unions comprising the mechanics in the metal trades and the workers in the breweries, made demands for better conditions. The brewery workers had been accepting from \$3 to \$7 per week less than their brothers in the other coast cities were paid.

Followed a spectacle almost unique for Los Angeles—a successful strike. Despite their boasting front, the employers could not do business successfully. Inevitably they called to their aid the political powers.

First they secured a sweeping injunction restraining the strikers from explaining the cause of the strike to non-union men, from visiting them in their homes or talking to them on the streets.

Then they set the police and the M. & M. Pinkertons to abusing the strikers, in order to provoke riots, so as to furnish grounds for putting as many as possible of them in jail, and for calling them "sluggers," "union rowdies," "bullies," "union brutes," "ruffians," "rough-necks," "toughs," "union wolves," "gas-pipe ruffians," and all the other vile names applied to them by the Times in an effort to inflame the public mind against them and give excuse for more brutal aggressions on the part of the authorities in the future.

But the strikers refused to riot. They defied the anti-picketing ordinance and though they did it peaceably, as a result of their defiance more than two hundred of them were dragged to jail. All demanded jury trials; in a majority of cases the juries failed to convict, and again the employers were foiled.

But for once the old tricks and tactics were failing. Los Angeles was on the point of being unionized. October 3d the State Federation of Labor was to hold its convention in Los Angeles. That convention was to be opened with

a monster parade and mass meeting, in which Labor would rejoice over its victorious progress. Otis and the M. & M. had boasted to the world that Los Angeles was the "freest" city in America, and now the American Bankers' Association and the American Mine Owners' Association, both of them here in national convention, were to witness a demonstration that would prove them liars.

The Moment of the Explosion. It was at this point that the Times building was blown up!

It was a crisis that could be met only by extreme measures. It was a crisis strangely similar to the one which preceded the blowing up of the Independence Depot by agents of the Mine Owners of Colorado.

Instead of preaching ultimate principles from a holier-than-thou steeple, the Los Angeles Socialists placed themselves at the service of the strikers. Instead of loftily telling the unions that they were their friends, they became their friends indeed. They organized a "flying squadron," a distributing committee, and week after week they placed 75,000 copies of the Strike Bulletin in the homes of Los Angeles.

The result was that after launching a state Union Labor Party and adopting for it a Socialist platform, the union members apparently changed their minds and began stampeding into the Socialist Party. Hundreds of unions all over the state, especially in the building trades, endorsed the Socialist Party. And the members joined it.

Who or what blew up the Times? Certainly no union man, for there is no sane union man but would have known that such a disaster at such a time would play tremendously into the hands of the Lords of Capital.

For technical reasons which seem very plausible, the Labor Committee reported that gas was the cause, and probably it was a gas explosion. Socialists, knowing that such crimes have been perpetrated by employers in the past, are very ready to believe that Otis blew up his own building and murdered his own workers as a strategic move to turn the tide in favor of himself and the M. & M.

There may be doubt as to whether Otis blew up his employes in order to lay a crime upon union labor, but there is not the slightest doubt that he is proceeding exactly as if he had done so. He is using the disaster to further a conspiracy to break the back of Labor on the Pacific Coast.

The "finding" of the "infernal machines" at the Otis and Zeehandelaar homes was a palpable fake. The notorious Tom Rico, a city detective who was bribed by Diaz to persecute Mexican political refugees, "found" the harmless things, and so bungling was his job that the police and newspapermen of Los Angeles look upon it as a joke among themselves. And yet publicly authorities and press solemnly treat the fake as genuine and as proof positive that the Times was blown up by dynamite planted by union men.

Times employes who smelled gas on the night of the explosion were told to keep their mouths shut. Others lost their positions because they insisted that they smelled gas. One who "smelled gas" and said so was persuaded to recant. Every newspaper in Los Angeles knows of this wilful suppression of the truth; not one has denounced Otis for it.

Earl Rogers, attorney for the M. & M., who drafted the anti-injunction ordinance and forced it through the council, who took charge of the M. & M. "hunt" for the "criminals" with the obvious purpose of pinning the "crime" to union men, was secretly appointed special deputy district attorney in order that he might direct the work of the grand jury specially called to investigate the disaster.

The first day after the grand jury was called, the head of the Baker Iron Works, a leader of the M. & M. and an employer of strike-breakers, met the foreman of the grand jury at the door of the meeting-room, called him by his first name, took him away in his automobile, and introduced him to Harry Chandler, general manager of the Times and son-in-law of General Otis.

The committee appointed by the State Federation of Labor to investigate the causes of the disaster was not permitted by the mayor to view the Times premises. The committee the mayor

appointed for a similar purpose consisted of business men who, by reason of their position, would have suffered severely from the M. & M. had they reported that the explosion was of gas.

The coroner's jury also consisted of business men who betrayed a peculiar lack of interest in bringing out evidence of a gas explosion. Nevertheless, such evidence came out and when it became evident that they could not report against the gas theory without stultifying themselves, the jury postponed further sessions, presumably in the hope that Earl Rogers and the grand jury would devise some means to extricate them from their difficulty.

The "Good Government" mayor ordered the labor parade called off. The unions called it off. Yet on the day set for the parade seven wagon-loads of rifles and ammunition were hauled to police headquarters. The police were prepared for a massacre. When it became plain that there would be no parade and no disturbance of any kind, no excuse for a massacre, the chief of police sent squads of police to patrol the streets in the vicinity of the Labor Temple, to jostle, shove and abuse union men on their way home from the opening meeting of the state convention.

Of the five daily newspapers, the Times charged union labor with blowing up the Times; the Examiner insinuated and assumed the same thing; the Herald did likewise, calling upon the police to run all visiting union men out of town or put them in jail; the Express also did likewise, hysterically demanding that the strikes be called off to prove the innocence of local men; the Record essayed a weak defense, defending unionism vigorously as a principle, asserting its disbelief that union men committed the "crime," but leaving much to be desired in that it did not expose the obvious conspiracy of Otis, the M. & M. and the Powers generally, a thing it could not but have seen.

Speaking of skillfully applied influence upon journalism! Involved in this Times matter are a barrel full of sermons on the taint in the innocent-appearing ad.

What do these facts mean? If they do not mean that there is a conspiracy to manufacture a case upon which to hang some union men and that the conspirators are in control of the situation, they mean nothing at all. It is hardly necessary to say that for this there can be but one motive, and that is to break the power of rising Labor on the Pacific Coast.

Practically as much has been admitted. "Within a few days we expect to have a fund of \$1,000,000," said secretary Zeehandelaar of the M. & M. just after the disaster, "to hunt down the criminals and carry on the work of this organization."

"Whether guilty or not, the unions will have to be blamed for this," Gillett, the Southern Pacific Governor, was quoted as saying.

And money is being burned like paper to fix the thing on Tviemoe and Johannsen, secretary and organizer, respectively, of the State Building Trades Council. Where will the second Harry Orchard come from? It is no idle question. Otis is just now playing for high stakes. Since the Times disaster he has become a hero indeed among the Lords of Capital; the disaster has lost him not a cent. But if he fails to hang some union men; at all events, if it is proved that the Times was destroyed by a gas explosion, or in any way except by union men, the fall of General Harrison Gray Otis and his creature, the Merchants' & Manufacturers' Association, will be swift and sure, and the political rise of Labor just as swift and just as sure in California.

Note again the vote cast for J. Stitt Wilson on November 8th, then consider the prediction of a prominent California Socialist, usually none too optimistic, that the Socialist Party will be running California in four years more.

The Spy

BY RALPH KORNGOLD

(Continued from last week.)

Three days later when Peter Dubrov, who had been studying by the lamp-light, closed his books and prepared to go out, Serge, who was lounging on the sofa, said to him:

"Where are you going, Peter?" "I am going to the meeting." "Would you mind if I go with you?" Peter's eyes grew misty.

"Ah, Serge, my child, so you take an interest at last. How happy I am. Let me kiss you, Serge."

And going toward the sofa the big fellow, after the Russian fashion, imparted a kiss on his friend's forehead. Together the two descended. It was September and the air rather raw with the first breath of advancing winter, but clad in their warm military student's coats they felt no discomfort.

well and while he talked his huge arm now and then wound itself around the slender form of Serge, whom he drew lovingly toward him.

Serge was not pleased with these endearments but did not resist them. For a half hour or more they went and at last came to a very dark and narrow street, a mere cleft between two solid blocks of houses.

Peter stood still and looked carefully to either side. As no one suspicious was to be seen they entered the street and walked down till they came to a sharp bend where stood the only lantern that illumined the cleft, its gas flame fluttering in the wind, its pale light hovering like a spirit over the shadowy walls of the houses.

"Who is there?" "I, Peter Dubrov, and a friend, one we can trust." Serge heard the sound of bolts being removed and the door was opened. The door-keeper was a young man, slightly built. He had a great mop of blond hair and a blond mustache and beard.

Upstairs they entered a long, narrow room where there was a long, much-hacked board table placed on brackets and three wooden benches. There were several men and women in the room to whom Peter presented Serge.

There was one thick-necked, heavy-set man with stiff blond hair which stood up like a brush. His nose was short and stubby, the nose of a fighter, his small eyes were grey and cruel.

He had been at the head of a band of desperate young men, who would present themselves suddenly on the estate of some baron and demand money to replenish the coffers of the revolution. Refusal meant instant death. He liked to play jokes on the barons, such as sitting down at table with his followers and making the badly frightened nobleman wait on them, providing them with the best that cellar and larder contained.

Yet never a kopeck did he take for himself, and when it was found that one of his followers had been robbing on his own account he ordered him summarily tried and shot.

He had had many fearful encounters with the soldiers and the police but except for a scar here and there had always come out unscathed, while the victims of his own strength and skill were many.

There was another, a cadaverous looking man, unshaven and unkempt, with fierce fanaticism blazing from his large, dark eyes, who attracted Serge's attention.

"Who is he?" asked Serge, who did not remember all the names told him on presentation.

"That," said Peter, "is Michael Hartleben. We call him 'The Heathen' He edits and prints our paper and most of the other revolutionary literature distributed in this locality. For three long years he has lived in the room back there where our type-cases and printing presses are. He works by lamp-light. The windows of the room are boarded up and the cracks carefully sealed up with wax so that no light will shine through and the room will appear uninhabited.

The only fresh air he breathes is at nightfall now and then when he goes out for a walk. He is consumptive. He does not expect to live much longer and offers himself up as so much fuel to feed the fires of the revolution. He is a man with a tongue and a pen full of venom and a soul full of love."

"So the printing shop of the revolutionists is here?" "Yes; do you want to see it?" Without waiting for an answer Peter opened a door and disclosed to Serge's eyes a room furnished with type-cases and presses, lighted up by a few smoky oil lamps, some standing, some hanging on the wall.

When Hartleben saw them enter he followed them and proudly displayed a copy of the last edition of "The People's Voice," which he had just run off on the old rheumatic press which had to be operated by turning a big iron wheel. A girl with short Sokoloff, continued Simaeff. I can't hair and pet, nervous face who had been introduced to Serge as Nikita Popova also came in.

"She," said Peter, "is Hartleben's helper. She is only seventeen but has been in prison and has been terribly maltreated. It is almost too awful to speak about."

(To be continued.)

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.—Gregory.

THE INTERESTS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR ARE IDENTICAL



My Poor Heart Bleeds for Labor

"Yes, sir," I answered respectfully. I always prided myself on being respectful. "That's right," he rejoined. "I like to see young men work hard. It's the only way to succeed in life." Then he patted me on the back and went on. That evening I went home and told my mother how kind my employer had been, but much to my sorrow, she did not feel as elated over it as I. I loved my mother dearly, but she always had a grievous way of looking on the sordid, mercenary side of things. "What good does it do to pat you on the back?" she asked crustily. "It spurs me on to greater effort," I answered proudly. "He didn't raise your wages, did he?" she pursued, her view of the spiritual entirely obscured by crass materialism. "No," said I. "He knows his business. The job isn't worth any more than three dollars a week. I trust my employer to do the right thing." "Let's see," she mused. "How long have you been there now?" "Three years." "And you haven't been raised yet?" "Not yet." "Hump!" she grunted in disgust. I was no less disgusted at her, but, like a dutiful son, I held my peace. That my confidence in my employer was not misplaced was adequately proved when two years later he raised me to four dollars a week without my even mentioning the matter to him. By a curious coincidence, it happened that the day I found the extra dollar in my pay envelope was my twenty-first birthday. It was the happiest of my life. Oh the bliss! To think that I had reached man's estate and was going home from honest toil with a man's wages in my pocket. "I could hardly wait to tell my mother about it, but although she had grown older, she was no less mercenary than she had been two years before. "It's about time," was the laconic comment with which she dashed cold water on my exuberance. I did not care to argue the matter, but instead I went to my room and there, in solitude, I took a solemn vow never to forget my employer's generosity and never to do anything to shake the confidence he had reposed in me. Nor was I entirely selfish in this, for all the time I kept in mind what I had

read about the perils of trying to get rich quick. With this kindness of my employer still fresh in my mind, the blow that befell two months later was doubly harsh. He came to me and said that, owing to the slackness of the season, he would have to dispense with my services. I never pitied anyone else so much in all my life. Although his manner was easy enough, I could see that he was pained at heart and I admired his fortitude in trying to conceal from me his real feelings. I knew that he would not have taken such a drastic step except as a last resort, for I had worked hard and been faithful. Consequently I thanked him fervently and went my way. Except for worrying about him, my heart was light for I knew that unremitting faithfulness would be rewarded somewhere. The only question was where? Events proved that I had reckoned well. In less than three months I had succeeded in securing another position at almost as much as I had received at the last one. Of course I could not expect more, because I had not earned it. I will not tire the reader with a detailed account of the next twenty years. It is sufficient to say that, in that time, I have had but three employers. They were all good and kind, paying me in each case as much as they could possibly afford. And no matter what happened, never for an instant did I abate my earnest zeal in their behalf. What is the result? The result is that at forty-one I find myself in a position of recognized responsibility. I have charge of a double entry set of books and my pecuniary reward of nine dollars per week comes as regularly as Saturday night. I have a good willing wife and as many children as a man in my position should have. I am paying on a home and furniture and other luxuries to which many of my childhood schoolmates have long since ceased to aspire. And yet I do not write this down in arrogance. Had I displayed the slightest bit of arrogance in my career, I should not be where I am now. I write it down, not as an idle boast, but in a spirit of Christian humility. It teaches a lesson. It should be an ex-



The Next Member of the Appeal Army--Comrade Sam

How I Succeeded in Life

BY FRANKLIN GAYFORTH I was a precocious child. At an early age I had a well-developed philosophy of life. I believed in being agreeable, generous and always considerate of others. To these qualities I attribute much of my success. My father wanted to send me to college, but I had higher things in view. So, while yet quite young, I went to work as an office boy. I was fortunate in finding a good and kind employer, a

man who took an active interest in the welfare of his workmen. After I had worked for him but a short time, he used to come around and encourage me by asking how I was getting along. I remember one morning he came in high fettle. I heard him tell his secretary that he had cleaned up a large amount of money in Wall Street the day before. Presently he walked through the office and stopped where I was filing letters. "Hello, my boy," was his cheery greeting: "Hard at it, I see."

Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the fire. The meat trust ought to see such sport. For beef was never higher. Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean, And so—what's worse—the two, of course, Must live upon baked beans. Ted (not Bill) of San Juan Hill, With megaphone to shout it: Murdered a Spaniard in the back, 'Aena wrote a book about it. Little Bo-Peep has lost some sleep, 'rying to figure out why With lots of heat and food to eat, 'ee workers should freeze and die. —See thoughts are best: God created man first, then woman.

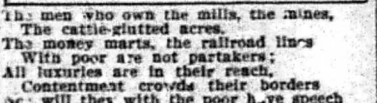
Come Have A Smile On Us



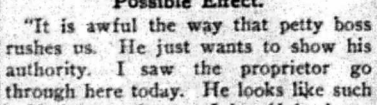
Here We Are!

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S. None to Speak Of. No classes in this classy land Declare a chestnut hoary; The rich and poor go hand in hand; A very likely story. The poor may not be rich approach. Examples have attested. Or on their precious time encroach Or they will be arrested. Suppose a chap without a cent By tales like these made bolder Goes to a rich and hungry gent And slaps him on the shoulder. What chance has he to get away From all this glare and dazzle? Detectives in the rich man's pay Would beat him to a frazzle. And of these classes, well defined, Which is the larger number? The wealthy, proud and satin lined, Or those who huts encumber? Tax men who toil for barely bread, And should they but awaken, Their muscle rest and use their head Some pillars will be shaken. Possible Effect. "It is awful the way that petty boss rushes us. He just wants to show his authority. I saw the proprietor go through here today. He looks like such a kind hearted man, I bet if he knew how that upstart treated us he would fire him. Don't you?" "Yes, either that or raise his pay."



Not So Simple. Simple Simon met a fly man Going to election: Said Simple Simon to the fly man "Foxy, who is your selection?" "Oh, I met the fly man to Simple Simon "Some yellow party pup." Said Simple Simon to the fly man "Not here, I'm waking up."



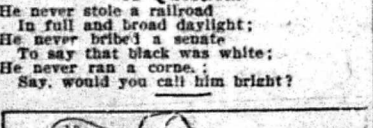
Barred Him. "I hear that you are hiring detectives," said the unfortunate out-of-work applying to the president of the agency, a sleek looking individual who was using his vest as a jewelry freight car. "Yes, we are putting on a few more, but I am afraid you wouldn't do." "Why not? I am strong and able-bodied." "Probably, but you look as though you might have some intelligence."

Coming. It's coming, yes, it's coming. For in the dark recesses, I hear on free lips humming The new and welcome note;

Let the time speed faster Till to earth's utmost ends Shall be no word as "master" But "brothers, comrades, friends."

Didn't See One. "I wish you would pay me that laundry bill," said the lank, hungry looking collector addressing one who was round as a pumpkin and more than decently arrayed. "Don't bother me with these small matters." "But you have owed it a long time and my family is starving. Have you no conscience?" "No, I am a United States judge."

A Question. He never stole a railroad In full and broad daylight; He never bribed a senate To say that black was white; He never ran a corse. Say, would you call him bright?



Second Hand. "Pa, did Pierpont Morgan take this country from the Indians?" "No, he took it from the people who took it from the Indians."

Little Flings. A dollar will not go farther than a nickel if a miser is carrying both. Do you sometimes wonder what this country would look like if people had sense? Interest, rent and profit never kick for a vacation. Saying that some statesmen are only human is a slam on the race. Aviators and the old parties are going up.

When Wifey Goes Out Shopping. When wifey goes out shopping and hubby stays at home, up the street and down the street from store to store she'll roam; up to the bargain counter she will rush with all the rest and spend an hour in searching to be sure and get the best. She'll spend the day searching for things she doesn't need, and never once remember that hubby needs his feed. She squanders hard-earned money for a cord or two of clothes, and buys a little present for every one she knows—for hubby dear, who doesn't smoke, a box of cheap cigars, and for old gray-haired grandpa a little train of cars, and for a week-old baby a tooth brush and a comb, when wifey goes out shopping and hubby stays at home. When wifey goes out shopping and hubby stays at home, he drinks about a case of beer and leaves his wife the foam. He sees the breakfast dishes that are left for him to wash and thinks that he had better take a trip to town, 'Gosh. He comes back home at dinner time, but wifey isn't here, and so he does the best he can some dinner to prepare; he makes himself some biscuits, and cuts them with the spade, and grudgingly confess that they're



Changing Mounts

A Defense and a Tribute

BY ELLIS O. JONES If it be true, as so many worthy editors stoutly assert, that Roosevelt is now chiefly historical, it is a fitting moment to render unto him the things that are his. He has performed a great service for this country. When he entered our midst we were in sore straits most of which could be covered by an empty market basket. We had just commenced to realize that, for reasons unknown, we were suffering from a cost of living excessively high. The problem was to fill the basket. He took us upon his knee and talked about the matter sympathetically. It sounded good. We said "go ahead." He went, but whether ahead or not, is another matter. He stirred up everyone and everything that ever had aught to do with market baskets. He began to fill the national basket with generalities. He did it so well that for a time we thought those generalities were substantial, or, at least, would become substantial with a little nursing. It was a temporary triumph of mind over matter of imagination over reality.

Manual's Prudential Policy



—From Colliers

This he did, but it should be put to his credit and not to his discredit. This was a stage we had to go through in our economic development. We knew so little of the real nature of our problems that it was easy to assume he knew more. We thought talk would solve them. Now we know differently. Roosevelt has taught us that most valuable and inevitable lesson. If he were unable to solve them by talk, nobody, be he the greatest figure of the past or the highest ideal of the future, could solve them. So then, the next man will have to be specific. Just as soon as he gets off on side issues or no issues, we shall call him to book. We shall say, "no sir, you are too late. We have passed that stage. It has all been done much better than you can do it. Please stick to the question."

If then, we may infer from the recent democratic victories that we have graduated from Roosevelt, it does not mean that we have solved our problems. Not at all. They are still with us, and if anything they are more burning. All we have done, therefore, is perhaps to draw a little closer to them, to come more nearly face to face with 'em.

S. P. C. A. Agent's Report. The society's officer, who arrested a man for cruelty to a miserable looking horse asked his prisoner if he ever fed the animal. "Ever feed him?" replied the human brute. "He's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got the time to eat them."

Minister—So you are going to school now, are you, Bobby? Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir. Minister—Spell kitten for me. Bobby—Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat. Thy spirit, Independence let me share! Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye, Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare, Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Independence. Thy spirit, Independence let me share! Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye, Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare, Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

From Colliers. —Smollett.

Not Willing to Economize.

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man! Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Less Work and More Money.

"If I buy a seat in the stock exchange will you agree to go to work?" "I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."

Chaperon—I am surprised that you girls should like that young man. Myrtilla—Why, auntie, what is wrong with him? Chaperon—Well, he has such a fresh air about him. Myrtilla—Oh, but we are fresh air fiend.

NO TURKEY STEALING THEN



Some Day Labor Will Enjoy His Own Holiday Turkey