

THE COMING NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

A Rude Awakening Ahead



THE *New York Sun* has made the discovery that Socialism is worrying the politicians and has become the "problem" of the day. The admission of that sneering organ of reaction is notable not because of the information it conveys, but because as the personal property of Mr. Morgan the *Sun* has maintained a hollow silence concerning Socialism and above all ignored such matter as Socialist progress.

One of the most convincing indications of the real situation has been the steadfast refusal of the capitalist press to say a word about it.

Signs are not lacking, however, that the time comes apace when the steady and significant increase of Socialism can no longer be overlooked. At present it is the general rule of every capitalist newspaper office that events connected with Socialism are not "news." The word is not to appear unless an opportunity presents to belittle, malign or injure the movement, a policy based on a perfectly logical unwillingness to arouse interest in Socialism or to give publicity to its plans or teachings.

But Socialism with a million votes becomes news in spite of policies and Socialism with two, three, five million votes becomes the biggest kind of news.

Meanwhile it is interesting to observe the abject ignorance existing in regard to Socialism in reactionary circles. I do not mean as to its aims and purposes, for that goes without saying, but as to its coherence and fighting power. You will not find such misconception anywhere else in the world. The hostile forces of every other country understand fully what an adversary they have to face. In this country the natural result of the deliberate neglect of the press toward Socialism has been to haze even its own understanding and the understanding of the capitalist class.

There is a rude awakening ahead of the masters.

For instance, the *Sun* casually groups Socialism in the same category with greenbackism, populism and bimetalism. In that, of course, it reflects the view of the political trickster and mountebank. It cannot conceive of a minor political party that does not exist to further a whim of the moment. It cannot grasp the idea of a movement that may not be juggled. The faith of the whole juggling tribe is that Socialism is necessarily an ephemeral growth, which can be utilized some time by the sleight of hand operators, tossed into a hat and thence into oblivion.

Think of the sad jar when these gentlemen learn the facts. They are upset now over Socialism only to the extent that they were upset by greenbackism, populism and bimetalism!

What a jolt awaits them when they learn that Socialism cannot be side-tracked, befooled, misled, coaxed into alliances or bought off. What dismay will sweep upon them when they perceive vaguely that Socialism is not a patent scheme but an enduring philosophy of

industrial, social and political progress. What a spluttering they will make when they observe that the old tricks of coalition, intrigue, fusion, dissension cannot be introduced into the Socialist party. What a wail will go up when they begin to see that here, for the first time in history, is a movement that does not look for spoils or offices, that does not turn aside for place or power, that cares not a rap for the glamor of leadership, that refuses to worship any individual or to tolerate a boss.

All this is very elemental to Socialists. But it is undreamed of by most reactionaries in America. The slipshod, cynical, self-seeking, hit or miss methods of government to which the nation has always been accustomed are accepted in childlike simplicity as the only possible basis for any political party. Nothing else has ever been known. And the *Sun's* class continues blindly in the belief that nothing else is contemplated.

The good gentlemen who run the capitalist machine, if the truth be told, don't know what they are up against. They haven't an idea. The size of the vote at the last election, more than 542,000, threw the fear of God into them. True. They hate and loathe the mention of Socialism. True. They are aware of a threat that presses more closely upon them each year. True. But even now they can only blink in bewilderment and thumb back to the musty records of greenbackism, populism and bimetalism.

Sad and rude indeed will be their awakening.



It is a grand thing to have for President a man who knows his own mind and possesses strong convictions. We may pardon him many things if he takes keen interest in affairs and is forward with helpful suggestions. Observe for a moment the globular person now filling the White House with his ample presence.

He plays golf. Golf, friends, is a game that few of us have an opportunity to learn. It is an admirable occupation—for gentlemen with nothing else to do. An excellent pastime—for individuals who have grown dropsical on good food and sedentary hours. Few workmen play golf. That is to be grateful for on all accounts. It leaves the sport free from reproach, places it beyond the charge of vulgarity and lifts it to the rank of a social distinction.

As I say, the President plays golf. Plays it, according to reports, without "foozling."

Comes now a clamor in the world of golf. Ordinarily the serious business of life would appear to have no more concern with doings in the world of golf than with the dreams of the Ahkoond of Swat. But the present situation is not without interest.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the supreme tribunal of this lofty sport condemns a certain putter (whatever that may be) and bars it from the game. Some of our best little golfers have developed a fondness for this taboo implement and they raise a howl. One enthusiastic ployer puts it

up to the President, with this edifying result:

"I think the restriction imposed by St. Andrews is too narrow. I think putting with a Schenectady putter is sportsmanlike and gives no undue advantage."

Fine. What a relief that is. Even those who have never engaged in any exercise more uplifting than ditch digging can appreciate such a prompt and satisfactory decision. The Schenectady putter forever!

To be sure, our honored President was not always so ready with an answer. There is a tradition concerning an occasion when a question presented to him was not so happily met.

He was asked, in substance, what was to be done about the men and women and children of this great and gloriously prosperous land who are starving in the midst of our boasted plenty.

"God knows," he replied.

And yet, to the common and vulgar mind, the fact of poverty and its products, crime, prostitution, disease, insanity, would seem to be of slightly more importance than the use of the Schenectady putter. To the plain observer, the fact that eight-five per cent of our population is either poor or very poor would appeal as of somewhat deeper import than the sportsmanship of golfers. To the rude intelligence, a recognition of the grave responsibilities of the nation toward the victims of the capitalist system would come as a measurably greater aid than the rules of St. Andrews.

Conditions in this country, in all countries where privilege has reared its structure of oppression and exploitation, grow steadily worse. Every year the burden of unequal opportunity and unequal reward grows heavier, forcing the toilers, the producers, further into the muck. Every year the system demands a larger share of the fruits for those on top. Every year the existing industrial, social and political scheme becomes less tolerable, more palpably wrong, rotten, cruel and fatal.

Men drop dead of starvation in the streets of New York. Little children pay dividends with the sap of their deformed bodies and stunted brains. Women drift to the only occupation that will yield them bread. Popular rule is made a sham. Monstrous fortunes grow from the blood and sweat of the people. Justice becomes an evil jest in the mouths of traffickers. Crime increases. Tuberculosis increases. Insanity increases. All loathsome results of ignorance increase. The slums increase. The rich grow richer, the poor poorer. Millions of human beings, made in the divine image we are told, go from birth to death without ever having known what it is to be sufficiently clothed, nourished, or sheltered, without having known happiness, light, decency, good, cleanliness, mental or bodily health.

Some of us, violent and reckless no doubt, believe that the only thing that counts is that we should begin to consider these conditions and some possible remedy. Some of us, disturbers of public order and inciters to unrest, believe that the only matter worthy of serious attention is the means by which the race is to be rescued. Some of us, a disquieting element, believe that democracy, liberty, fraternity are the only essential objects and that government exists to further them. Some of us are tempted to think that the chief magistrate of a nation who dismisses the vast, live, palpating problems of the hour with a "God knows" and betakes himself to idle amusements and idle issues is a pitiful failure, an

empty mockery and a figure regarded of the gods between laughter and tears.

Poor fat futility. Poor foolish fooler. He looks upon these portentous questions with a vague eye and a simple, bewildered smile. History will remember him, somewhere among its dusty leaves, as a man of putters, a putterer. Such is his measure and his sole significance.

* * *

A Royal Grant

President Taft, when questioned as to his stand on a golf issue, favored the Schenectady putter.

Let the heel thrust down that is bloody, and
the hands grip fast that are red,
Let the glint of the gold be ruddy—and the
dead past bury its dead.
Let the wrongs and the black wounds mutter,
with lips that writhe at the blows;
But I'll grant the Schenectady putter, it's the
best I can do, "God knows."



One of the cheering signs of the times for believers in the future nation is the increasing radicalism of the West.

Increasing Radicalism in the West

Unionism, woman's suffrage, liberal thought, are preparing the soil for Socialism where the American spirit of democracy is most active.

It seems likely now that Oklahoma, which stands first in the Socialist column for party members in proportion to State population, is to adopt the initiative and referendum and the recall as part of its Constitution, extending these beneficent provisions to the judiciary.

Let us yield thanks for small blessings. It is true that this is only a step, that the accomplishment of one of the things which the Socialist party demands will not go a great ways toward the Co-operative Commonwealth and the end of the capitalist system, that poverty, crime and disease will not fall one notch as a result. It is true that the measures have been upheld merely as "reforms" and not through philosophic recognition of humanity's great struggle and ultimate high destiny.

But the indication is good. It shows a groping toward the light of democracy, and we who support Socialism, not because we are wedded to a mere theory, but because we identify Socialism with democracy can take heart from every such advance.

Capitalism has produced some of its most noxious fruits in the West. The oppressing class in Colorado, in California, in Idaho, in all Western States has wrought frightful and malignant abuses, still works them. The masters in this part of the country are very much alive to the sapping that is going on beneath their edifice of extortion and misrule. They are, and frequently proved themselves, aggressively conscious of their power and their growing peril. They have fought and they will fight.

Meanwhile, planted in their citadels, is the dormant force of the spirit of democracy which, when it has learned its mission and its weapons through Socialism, will yet prove triumphant.



"What do you think you can do with such contrivances?" an Oklahoman was asked by a newspaper man in New York recently.

"I'll tell you what we can do," was the answer. "We can prevent the election of any such besmirched and grovelling servant of the trusts as you are about to choose for Senator, we can throw out of office any official who betrays us as your Mayor is betraying you; we can prevent or undo an orgy of rotten, grab legislation, such as your Legislature wallows in at the close of every session."

I think he had it on the newspaper man.

He might have added that Oklahoma will be able to keep off its back the horde of corporation owned, insolent, reactionary, injunc-

tion-issuing judges under which New York and most of her sister States now groan.

A fact in which we can rejoice, even if we do not live where such happy things are possible.

Lucky Oklahoma.



It takes 1,700 policemen and soldiers to carry on the siege of two armed desperadoes in London, the Home Secretary directing operations. The Continent laughs, England is sore and it looks as if the Battle of Stepney might become as active a side issue in British politics as the Orsini bombs that brought the downfall of Palmerston in 1858. Certainly the reactionaries can be expected, as usual, to seize upon anything to divert public attention from important matters.

The entire press of the world spoke of the criminals concerned as anarchists. There was no indication that they were anarchists, unless every Pole is to be regarded as such. In fact, a later dispatch, omitted or concealed after the first accounts had been spread, specifically stated that they were not anarchists and had no connection with any political movement.

But what followed is instructive. Editorial comment was aroused around the circle and the judicious writers, with the zeal expected of them in such instances, took the word "anarchist" as a hook upon which to hang radicals of every variety. We were treated once more to that arbitrary coupling of "anarchists and Socialists" which has done yeoman service in the past and which is calculated to make a member of the Socialist party chew

Grand institution, the capitalist press.



We have learned through long and bitter experience, that the Senate of the United States is nothing more nor less than a set of henchmen maintained directly by the special Interests and legislating brazenly and openly for their employers.

Abolish the Senate.

So much, I say, we have learned. It has taken us some time. We are by nature an immensely conservative nation as concerns our governmental fabric. We are by nature an immensely optimistic and unsuspecting nation as concerns the abuses in our governmental system. We put up with the Senate year by year until its members became plethoric with power and callous with arrogance and it seemed as if that band of highbinders was never to be disturbed in their insolent game.

But we have seen a ray of light. One result has been the retirement from the upper branch of Congress of a number of gentlemen that no longer find the atmosphere there quite healthful. Another has been a decided revival of the agitation for election of Senators by direct vote.

There seems to be little doubt that the people have determined to bring about this radical change in the original method of forming the upper house. The blessed Constitution has been waved in vain. The agents of reaction have retired to their last ditches of delay and procrastination. Everything points to an important readjustment.

To this situation some curious reflections pertain.

A popularly elected Senate will exist on the same basis as the House of Representatives. But with striking inequalities as to the number of constituents represented by its various members.

For instance, Rhode Island will have two Senators. Massachusetts will have two. But owing to the difference in population the vote of a citizen in Rhode Island will be worth as much in the councils of the nation, as the votes of six of his neighbors living just across the line in Massachusetts.

Nevada will have two Senators. New York will have two. But the citizen of Nevada

will have as much influence upon legislation at the Capitol as one hundred and ten citizens of New York!

I think this is worth attention.

So long as Senatorial representation rested upon the ancient theory of State independence, it was at least consistent. Nevada being regarded as an entity it was entitled to the same number of Senators as New York, another unit in the family of States. This was the view of the founders of the Republic and their deliberate intention. Whatever its weaknesses, it was logically developed and inequalities of population could not affect it.

But now we propose to do away with the plan of indirect election of the Senators and to make them directly answerable to the people. The Senators are no longer to represent the States but the electorate. Immediately all excuse for vast discrepancies in the size of constituencies vanishes and we are left with a ludicrous preponderance of influence in favor of sparsely settled communities.

Some persons suggest as a remedy that Senators be apportioned to the several States on the basis of population, each State to have at least one Senator.

I know a scheme worth about one million of that.

Abolish the doddering old Senate.
What good does it do?



Abe Reuf is the former political boss of San Francisco, now convicted of huge grafting operations and awaiting an appeal to the Supreme Court. Patrick Calhoun is the wealthy head of the San Francisco traction interests. He was implicated by Reuf and others and is under indictment for bribing.

Partners in Vice but What a Difference

San Francisco is trying to secure a World's Fair for 1915 to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal.

A delegation of most eminent, respectable and admirable business men of the city went lately to Washington in behalf of the Fair project.

They spent much time at Washington working hard in a doubtful battle. New Orleans also wishes to have a fair.

Somebody for a joke started the story that Reuf and Calhoun were to be brought on to work for San Francisco.

Intense indignation and disgust seized the eminent business men. What! Work with Reuf, the bribe-taker? Not on your life! They wished it understood then and there that if such a thing were contemplated they would drop the whole thing and go home instantly. Then the joker circulated the story that the mention of Reuf's name was an error. Only Calhoun was to be brought on.

At this the eminent business men were not only mollified but delighted. Bring on Mr. Calhoun! Why, certainly. The sooner the better. We should be delighted to work with Mr. Calhoun.

Just look this incident over and if you find it needs any comment I have no doubt it is all ready—in your own mind.



Suggestions for Democratic issues, freely offered:

Proper length of hat pins.

Golf.

Schenectady putters.

Hobble skirts.

Vocal cords, also chords, on the free list.

Smaller greenbacks (to correspond to diminishing purchasing power thereof).

Dollar dinners.

Mules for the Speaker.

Nebular hypothesis.

If these are not sufficient in number, as they surely are in quality, more can be had upon application. No trouble to show goods.

By Two and By Two

Florence Woolston

Illustrated by John Sloan.

BY the initiated, New York apartment houses are designated as elevators and walk-ups. Aside from a difference in rent which the degree of elegance implies, there is a distinct variation in the management. For, in an elevator house the duties are divided, and while one in uniform paces the Persian carpeted hall, another polishes the brass trimmings and a third attends the furnaces. But, in a walk-up, one person conducts all the labors necessary to the welfare of the entire establishment.

Mrs. John Dolan was janitress in a walk-up that accommodated twenty-four families. She was a pathetically thin creature with a persistent cough and a face seamed by un-ending anxiety. A husband and three children were dependent upon her labors. The husband because he had lost his right arm in railroad wreck, the children, because they were hers. Without the obligation of providing for her family, Mrs. Dolan would have succumbed long ago to the treadmill existence, in which she worked to live and lived to work.

One Saturday in December, she was busily engaged in hauling the garbage. It was not at best a lovely task, and this morning it seemed particularly hard. Sometimes it furnished an interesting opportunity to measure the standards of her families. She judged them largely by the size of the cans they sent down. Today, however, even the numerous chicken bones that remained did not arouse her respect for the Cohens, and she almost forgot her contempt for the Smiths whom she suspected lived mainly on corn meal and lentils. Just as the last can was emptied and she turned wearily into her basement, a woman stepped forward briskly. Mrs. Dolan anticipated the query with a shake of her head.

"No, there ain't a flat empty except the top floor rear, \$22 a month."

"I'm not after a flat," returned the visitor emphatically. "I came to see you. Are you alone?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dolan unwillingly, "I'm

alone, but I'm life insured and we're back now on the graphophone, so I guess you can't do no business here."

The caller who seemed used to obedience was insistent.

"I'll just step in," she said, pushing her way into the little bed-room and seating herself on the bed. "You listen to me and don't try to say what you think until I'm through."

Mrs. Dolan was surprised and inclined to be suspicious, but her curiosity was aroused, and moreover the visitor was not one to be disobeyed.

"I don't see—" she began.

"You ain't expected to see yet, broke in the other brusquely, "just answer me, what do you do here?"

"I'm the janitress, of course," Mrs. Dolan replied with elaborate dignity. "I do everything, hot water, steam heat, cleaning, ashes, garbage, switch-board and renting."

The guest nodded, "How long does it take?"

"All day. We ain't expected to leave the switch at all."

There was something so sympathetic in the face of her questioner as she said this that she added in a burst of confidence:

"Of course I have to run out to buy the food, but I don't stay long, I'm that scared the agent will call or number 18 will phone. He's in business and he phones all day."

Then remembering that she was addressing a stranger she stopped.

"But this ain't your affair. What do you want, anyway?"

The caller leaned forward and answered slowly and impressively:

"I want you to join the Janitor's Union."

Mrs. Dolan turned pale, and glanced around fearfully, "You want me to join a union?" she whispered.

A janitress? I thought they was only for the men."

"They work, whether they're women or men, don't they?" snapped the delegate impatiently. "I suppose you're getting \$10 a month and your three rooms?"

Mrs. Dolan acquiesced.

"Well, if you'll join Local 24, within two weeks you'll be getting \$5 more and next year you'll get \$25 and your rent. It's cold weather now and when every janitress in Rhode's block walks out, he'll have to settle quick. He daresn't let all the fires go out—the tenants will row and if the pipes freeze it will cost him more than the wages. The plumbers are union, all right. It's a sure thing."

Mrs. Dolan shook her head. Her mind worked slowly and she was capable of but one reaction—the fear of losing her job.

"Rhode ain't in business for his health. If he gets on to this there won't be time for any strike, he'll lay them off in a minute. It's too risky."

"You ain't asked to decide today. Come to Weber's hall, Friday. And remember, if you don't help yourself you can be darn sure that nobody else will. Good day."

It was many minutes before Mrs. Dolan regained her composure, and then she found it necessary to search her house to make certain that the agent was not in hiding. The possibility of bettering her condition was the one thing that had never occurred to her. She feared that she might die and leave her family resourceless. She feared the tenants might complain of her service. She feared that the owner might give her position to a younger and a stronger woman. But that she herself might demand a higher wage and go on strike to get it, was a new and terrifying thought. John had belonged to a union before his accident and she had been through a strike in the early days of her marriage. And now they wanted her to join a union and worse than that. They wanted her to strike. If they won, it would be glorious; but if they failed what would happen to John and the children?

She went about the day's work as one in a trance. For the most part she was frightened. It seemed a



"I want you to join the Janitors' Union."

if treason were being committed and that she would suffer for it. Occasionally she thought of what an added \$5.00 a month would do for them. Used as she was to grinding economy, it scarcely occurred to her that they might have more food or warmer clothing. Instead, all the little luxuries for which she had yearned, came into her mind. She pictured herself in the five and ten cent store buying a blue jardiner that she once had admired, and the china smoking set for John. Then too, she had always wanted a good picture of the children.

"But I daresn't," she said to herself with conviction. "A woman like me can't take no chances."

She tried to forget the matter, but the subject returned continually to her mind, and she went over the possibilities again and again. If there were only herself to consider, it would be easy, but where could they all go, if she lost her place? The union delegate spoke as if victory were certain. Evidently she did not know Mr. Rhodes. Mrs. Dolan did. She knew that if the gas bill were a dollar over the sum he allowed for the halls, it was taken from her wages. She remembered how pitiless he was with tenants behind in the rent. She was certain that not only would he refuse a demand for higher wages, but he would take revenge on them all.

"They'll call me a scab if I don't join," she thought John hated scabs. Yet John could not work anymore and there were the children. What a search they had for work after John's accident and how glad they were for this job, hard as it was.

"No, this aint for me," she said conclusively, as though the matter were finished.

During the next few days she envied the other women in the block. She saw them holding hurried conferences or whispering with the union delegate who went back and forth among them. Once they had beckoned for her to come and join them but she had pretended not to see them. She had always held aloof from her neighbors and now she felt her isolation, even more keenly. However the decision was made and she would be firm. She dared not tell John for she knew instinctively that he would insist upon her joining. The worry and uncertainty caused by the suppressed excitement made her irritable. The children were half afraid of her and John sat in the park as much as he could. Sometimes she was tempted to run out and say that she was with them all but fear took possession of her. Mr. Rhode, the owner of the block was so often in her thoughts that she was hardly startled to see him at her door, one afternoon.

"Mrs. Dolan," he said sternly, "you have been in my employ five years—longer than any janitress in the block. I expect you to tell me what is happening here."

"Why—why—what do you mean?" she faltered.

"You know what I mean. What's this nonsense over a union?"

For one brief moment Mrs. Dolan felt that he was reading her innermost thoughts and that evasion was useless. Then her courage returned and she declared emphatically, "What they do down the street, I don't know. I stay here and mind the house. I don't belong to no union."

This was all he could force her to say and so stout was her denial that he went away, half persuaded that the rumor was a false one.

Mrs. Dolan sank into a chair, trembling from the effort she had made.

"Even if I don't strike I'm with them," she thought triumphantly, and it comforted her that she was loyal. She drew a card from her pocket and looked at it wistfully. It read:

"Webber's Hall—Friday—10 o'clock."

She longed to go, if only to hear what was said, but she dared not trust her courage to refuse before them all.

"If I'm not there, they'll know I ain't in it," she reflected grimly.

The evening dragged on. By ten o'clock she was so agitated that sleep was impossible. The certainty that they would all despise her was oppressive. She wished that she had confided in John from the first, she felt so lonely in her position. But he believed in unions and he would want to strike. He forgot sometimes that he could never do a man's work again.

In the morning she was conscious of an air of even greater excitement throughout the block. The neighbors looked at her askance but it remained for the delegate to voice their protest. To all her persuasions Mrs. Dolan answered:

"It's all right for the others, but I daresn't."

"The rest have just as much risk as you have," insisted the representative. "We're dead sure of winning out. It's getting hard to find janitors that ain't union. You're the only woman that stay' out. What do you ever expect to get standing alone by

yourself this way? It's your kind that keep women where they are. Come on. Don't be a scab.

Mrs. Dolan's heart beat wildly for a moment and she almost yielded, but her fear was too great.

"I daresn't go on strike," she said weakly, "I daresn't. I daresn't."

"Then you can go to ———," shouted the delegate, banging the door.

Mrs. Dolan burst into tears. Then she heard the telephone ringing and mechanically she rose and continued her work. Every now and then she looked down the block. All seemed serene. She wished she knew what they were going to do. They might tell her. She had proved that she could be trusted with the secret. The day seemed an eternity. Just at supper time she heard loud voices in the alley back of the house. She saw the union delegates gesticulating, heard the exclamations of the agent and the owner's gruff replies.

"What's this?" cried John, rushing to the window.

"It sounds like the strike," she answered trying to appear indifferent.

"A strike. Then why aint we in it? You know I'm a union man. Was you asked?"

She began to cry and wring her hands. "I couldn't join. Where'd you be and the children?"

John looked at her in cold anger and she withered before his gaze.

"We'd better be dead than here. Scabbin'! You're that kind are you?" Then he seized his hat and left the house.

She listened to his retreating steps and turned again to the window. The children helped themselves to supper but she did not heed them.

"If I had only joined," she wailed. "They're all leaving and I'm the only one left."

Slowly the women and families emerged from their basements. They went, by two and by two, to Weber's Hall around the corner. Soon the tenants were in an uproar and the union representative went about telling them that a strike was on. She assured them that the fires were banked for the night and that all would be settled in the morning. She wished if possible to enlist their good will.

In the office of the Rhode Realty company, intense excitement prevailed. The owner railed and cursed the agent. He declared that the block might freeze or burn, he would not listen to such impertinence, \$15.00 a month and a ten-hour day! What did they expect with all the advantages of three basement rooms! All night they argued and tried to devise ways of compromise. They telephoned employment agencies, but only a few experienced janitors were available and these demanded even higher wages than Local 24.

Early in the morning the tenants began with their complaints. One had a sick child and feared for its life if the apartment became cold. Another feared fire if the basements were left unguarded longer. A third demanded telephone service at once. The advice differed in kind but all insisted that some settlement be made without delay.

"Well," growled Rhode, "If they're so blamed anxious to settle, it'll be on them. If we raise the wages, the rents will go up. It's nearly time anyway for another raise in the apartments."

"Shall I tell them to go back to work?" asked the agent wearily. "They're waiting in Weber's Hall and I could say that you had planned raising wages in January, anyway."

"Planned nothing," snarled the irate owner. "They caught us in a hole. Fix it up the best way you can. But mind, I'll have no more interference in my business. I'll fire the bunch if they get fresh. Put this on the rent and the tenants be damned."

The agent whose business in life was that of conciliation, lost no time in presenting himself at Weber's Hall. He was not in sympathy with the strikers, nor yet with his employer. He knew that he must bring order and service into Rhode's Block or lose his position.

The night had been a long one to the strikers. The women were huddled in groups trying to comfort each other with talk of victory. Children were asleep on the floor and several of the men relatives were gathered around a stove, dozing or smoking. At sight of the agent, there was a moment of breathless suspense.

"We'll give the raise," he said curtly to the delegate who went forward to meet him. "Tell them to go back as quickly as they can and no noise."

"But," she demanded, "Will Rhode agree to recognize the Janitor's union?"

The agent hesitated, but he was told to fix matters as best he could.

"Of course, of course," he said nervously. "But don't waste their time talking. You come to the office and tell them to get back to work at once."

Announcement of the settlement was received with wild shouts of joy. Women hugged each other and

jumped up and down. Even the children joined the chorus of elation.

"No demonstration," urged the agent. "Get back as quick as you can, that's all."

And they hastened to obey.

Mrs. Dolan was still watching by the window when the strikers returned. John came home late the night before but he did not speak to her and she knew she was in deep disgrace. She made no further attempt to explain but silently kept her lonely vigil. She heard the sound of tramping feet in the alley, saw her neighbors return and enter their basements. In their faces she read the story of success and marveled that such a miracle had been wrought. An hour later, the telephone rang and she dragged herself to the switch-board. It was the agent and he said to her:

"Mrs. Dolan, we're going to make this a union block for the present. I hear that you don't belong to the local and on Monday I must send someone to take your place. I'm sorry—you did good work—but we have to comply with the settlement."

Poets of the Prison

BY EMANUEL JULIUS



FEW weeks ago I came across what was to me a very interesting news item. I read that a book of verse, written by the prisoners at the Kansas State Penitentiary, was on sale.

I immediately sent a dollar to Lansing, Kan., and yesterday the book was delivered to me by the letter carrier.

The small volume is limp-bound and its title is; "Verses of Hope—in which those whose bodies remain in the Kansas State Penitentiary project thoughts and aspirations beyond the walls."

This book is entirely the work of convicts incarcerated in the prison of that western state.

The reason that this book was published is more than the mere desire of the prisoners for literary fame. It was brought out and is now sold to visitors at the penitentiary for the purpose of assisting cases of destitution of wives, children and helpless parents of the prisoners.

The verses originally appeared in *Our Bulletin*, a paper edited and brought out by the prisoners.

From the first I became convinced that this volume was what editors call "a human document."

The "cultured" literary critic will snicker and sneer when he reads this booklet. The poems are crude and will not satisfy those who look for expressions of "perfect literary art." They are, however, heart talks. The prisoners say what they think and feel. And it is indeed a rare occasion when we are fortunate enough to meet such effusions.

When I read these poems I did not look for proper rhythm and rhyme. In fact, I forgot all about those things. I ask the same from my readers.

Convict "A" sings ever of the past. It weighs on his heart and his verse is imbued with a sense of sadness. For example, let us glance at "A's" "Lost Love:"

"Last night you came to me,
A vision I thought most fair;
With outstretched hands to thee
I waited—to compare
Thy eagerness with mine
My loneliness with thine.

With indifferent smile
You were seated in my cell,
My love could not beguile
My reason, nor yet rebel
Against the peace it killed;
Against the joy it stilled.

I saw you turn aside,
I spoke, then waited long
For love to conquer pride;
Then knew that fatal song,
That love had lived and died—
And I awoke and cried."

"A's" other poem entitled, "Children" is well worth reading. However, let me first place before you "A Prisoner's Prayer" by a prisoner who prefers to write anonymously:

"Just to be shown the way to go,
Down the dim dark valley alone;
Alone I am groping, amid the dark shadows;
Over which the angels have flown.

Oh, hushed be my soul, for the shock,
That cometh from the dark silence,
As down the wind swept valley I go,
The way seemeth dark and dreary."

It is noticeable that the prisoners cannot help thinking of their unhappiness and the misery and humiliation they meet while enduring their prison life "K" writes as follows on "The Passing of the Years:"

"'Twas New Year's eve; within the prison walls
In reminiscent mood, there sat a man;
Through fancy's eye he saw the festal halls
Where years before his downward course began.

'Tis sad, thought he, to see the years go by
Without a part to play, without a name;
To watch the precious moments as they fly
While hindered from accomplishment and fame."

Let us now listen to "A's" "Children."

"I wonder now that parents ever fret
At little children clinging to their feet;
Or that the racket when the day is spent
Brings angry words to them so pure and sweet;
Oh! If I could find a muddy shoe
Or cap or jacket on my prison floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;
If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There's no man in all God's world could be
More blissfully content than I."

The anonymous convict who wrote "At Close of Day" prefers to do some moralizing. The poem reads as follows:

"If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done
And counting find
One self-denying act or word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent."

But if through all the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one's face;
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost
Then count that day worse than lost."

"D" is somewhat of an optimist. His "Sweetening" is far different from the other poems in the book. He jokingly says:

"Turn failure into victory;
Don't let your courage fade.
And even if you get a lemon
Just make the lemon aid."

The prisoners at this penitentiary are permitted an occasional hour at baseball. Each industry has its own team. In "The Ball Game" we are given the news of how the Tailor shop was licked by the Twiners:

"The Tailor Shop was at the bat,
The Twiners took the field.
The game was on, this friendly spat,
To win the winner's shield."

The pitcher bent his corkscrew arm
And twirled an awful twist;
Then to the Tailors' great alarm
The batter struck and missed."

So this is how the game commenced,
And this is how it stopped;
The Tailors seemed to be outclassed
And by the Twiners topped.

So up and up the horsehide soared
To a great and dizzy height;
The tallers they were nearly floored,
For they had lost the fight.

The twiners laughed, they howled and sang,
And wished for yards of bunting;
Then up the score they proudly hung—
For it was nine to nothing."

"Backward or Forward?" by "K" goes thusly:

"I sometimes think I'd rather be forgot
Than be remembered by the things I've done;
I've often wished my name was but a blot
On Mortal's scroll of battles lost and won.

Or rather still I'd like to be a child,
As innocent as I those other days,
Ere from stern duty's path I was beguiled,
Ere I had reached the parting of the ways.

But yet as men, who in the eve of life
Seek out the scenes of childhood's happy years,
Far from the city's glamour and its strife,
And there prepare to leave this vale of tears;

So we who've aged in guilt may do the same,
For with repentant hearts we may return
To that fair state of innocence again,
With all its homely joys, no more to spurn."

A Profitable Prison Sweat Shop

By James Oneal



THAT an alliance for mutual profit exists between officials of the Indiana State Reformatory, grafting contractors, officials of various organizations, a capitalist combine operating in fourteen states, and finally, as a fitting climax a judge of the appellate court of Indiana has been brought to light as a result of a report of P. K. Reinbold, chairman of a committee of the Indiana Federation of Labor. This institution, which is located at Jeffersonville, has long been held up as a model. It was claimed that the boys sent there were given an education and trained in a trade which would enable them to enter the industrial world when their term expired.

For nearly twenty years the Indiana Federation of Labor has annually appointed a prison committee. This committee has visited the various penal and reformatory institutions and then made a purely perfunctory report to the president of the Federation and the governor of the state. If these reports ever did contain anything of importance their contents were kept from the public as they were never published. When the last committee was appointed, however, it included Reinbold, a trade unionist and Socialist of many years standing, and things took on a different color. The chairman of the committee, O. P. Smith, wished to draw up one of the old-fashioned reports with a few harmless recommendations such as the discontinuance of shirt and foundry contracts, removal of the old cell house, recommending more time for education and criticizing "speeding up."

Then Reinbold took a hand and instead of turning in a minority report to be smothered, gave out a statement to the press telling what he had seen. He charges that boys ranging from sixteen to thirty years of age, who make up the inmates of the reformatory, are illegally contracted out to corporations to perform tasks beyond their capacity.

Those who fail to perform these tasks are tortured by being thrust into the "hole," a small semi-circular cell barely affording standing room to the victim. On the barred door are iron gloves into which the prisoner's hands are locked. The door is then closed and for hours the tortured victim must stand almost motionless. A piece of corn bread every twenty-four hours, with water, is the only food.

As a result nine out of ten of those so tortured leave the "hole" for the hospital.

The law requiring that the prisoners be taught a trade receives only the farcical compliance of an educational period of an hour and a half each day. A boy once assigned to a department is never changed. He is set to sewing shirts fronts or wiring brooms and does this mechanically until his release when he naturally has no more knowledge of a trade than any street waif. Recreation is almost unknown. The cells are unclean and toilet facilities identical with those of the worst Russian prisons.

A law passed in 1901 which provides that a label shall be sewn up on all prison-made clothing design-

ating where it was manufactured is completely ignored.

No sooner did Reinbold's statement appear in the press than denials came thick and fast from those affected. Worst of all, President Hughes of the State Federation of Labor, felt his political ties to capitalist politicians drawing him closer than those that bound him to the working class and disavowed the report in the name of the Federation. A member of the committee, Chas. Murr, whose brother is chaplain of the reformatory, hastened to say that Reinbold's statements were not contained in the report of the committee. He seemed to think that this reflected credit rather than the reverse upon the report since none of the committee have dared to deny Reinbold's charges.

The National Association of Shirt and Overall Manufacturers, who saw their business injured by the publication of the convict origin of their product, issued a letter stating that they held prison contracts in fourteen states and defending the methods used in the reformatory. This corporation is controlled by two Chicago capitalists and Judge Ward H. Watson of the appellate court of Indiana.

The shirt manufacturers in their letter also call attention to the law of 1905 abolishing the contract system at the "Reformatory." The Reliance company had a contract which expired the following year, yet the Jeffersonville officials made another contract with the corporation. The gentlemen who are capable of this transaction are those who now deny that there is anything wrong in the treatment of the prisoners under a contract prohibited by law and which makes of the prison officials sweaters for a capitalist firm, while the latter receives finished products from the state without any investment in plant, machinery, or materials.

In passing it will not be amiss to ask, if the law

is being violated in favor of a huge corporation, do the Jefferson officials risk conviction as law-breakers without sharing in the profits of the transaction? Or do they risk their official positions and reputations out of more Platonic friendship for a private sweatshop?

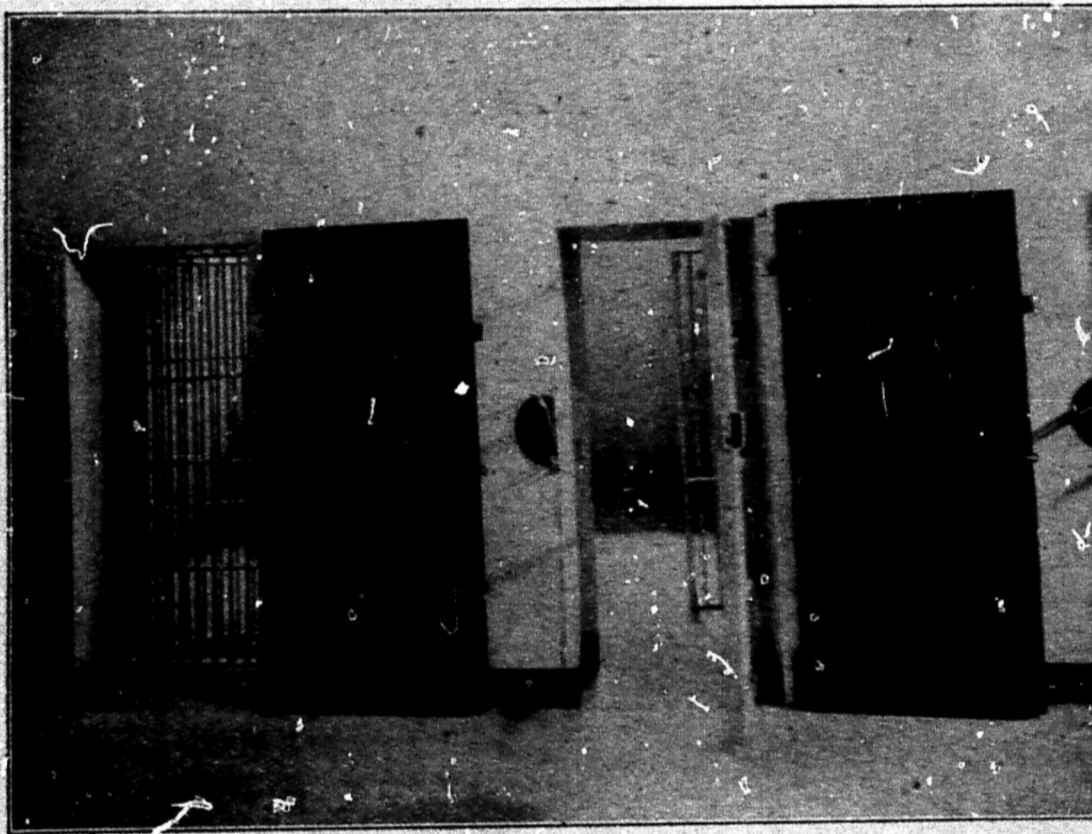
Superintendent D. C. Peyton is quoted as saying that "the charges made by Reinbold are maliciously false." He only admits that one cell is in bad condition and quotes a member of the International Prison congress as approving the "Reformatory" as "the best institution in America." Most of these delegates are now in Europe. It would be interesting to have their impressions of the institution first hand. Here is an impression of one of the delegates who also gives us some idea of what his colleagues thought of "the best institution in America." I take it from a letter written by a Washington delegate who accompanied the foreign visitors.

"The effrontery," he writes, "with which the contract shops were exhibited as trade schools, the manifest juggling of the financial figures, the down right lying, both verbal and printed, in which the prison officials indulged, was simply amazing. Fortunately, very few of the foreign delegates were deceived by it and the comments of some on the special train, on the way east, was most instructive."

Another interesting impression is conveyed when on opening the pages of a book entitled "The Development of Public Charities and Correction in the state of Indiana," issued by the Board of State Charities of Indiana in May 1910, we find a photograph which appears on this page, of the "hole," of which the superintendent denies the existence.

The disclosures of the last few weeks have also involved the state prison at Michigan City. The "National Free Labor Association," through its secretary, reveals the fact that the statute of 1901, which provides that not more than 100 inmates of the prison shall be employed in any one industry, has been violated since its enactment. Over 300 prisoners have been employed at Michigan City in the shirt and overall industry during this period. The Reliance company formed another corporation entitled the "Sterling Manufacturing company," one of whose members is Milton F. Goodman, secretary of the Jewish Charities of Chicago. This company gets the additional 100 prisoners, who are employed in the same industry, for the Reliance company. The secretary of the "National Free Labor association" also declares that the "Reformatory" absolutely reeks with rotteness and exploitation of the inmates by private interests. Public production keeping time to the lock-step for the benefit of capitalist firms seems to be the limit of capitalist "statesmanship" in reclaiming the young who are attracted or tempted by the delusive lure of a criminal career.

The poor man caught with stolen goods on his person is made to disgorge by the strong arm of the law; the rich man caught with the plunder is protected by law, shielded by so-called justice and defended by soldiers of the commonwealth dressed in uniform.



Dark Cell in Indiana Reformatory

he choked down a sob and returned to his post at the window.

"You've come to tell me something about Paul," said Mrs. Weyand, closing the hall door to shut off the children from our conversation.

"Yes," I answered. "I'm a reporter on one of the papers. I've found Mr. Weyand."

"Where? In God's name tell me quick," said the woman. "If he's sick or in trouble I want to go to him."

"Mr. Weyand is past any help," I replied. "He— is —"

"He's dead!" she screamed.

And then she wilted. She didn't faint; she didn't fall; she didn't sit down—she wilted. The boy ran into the hall in answer to his mother's scream. I sent him for some of the neighbors. Before they came, and afterward, she repeated over and over. "Then he didn't desert me and the children. He didn't. He didn't! I knew he wouldn't do that. He loved us—every one."

The neighbors came and I left.

As I turned to close the gate there at the window this time on the lap of a neighbor woman were the two babies, faces pressed against the glass, looking out into the darkness—wondering what it was all about.

Socialist Paper Publishes the Story.

I'll never forget that. I don't want to forget it. Every paper in Chicago had the story. No capitalist paper published it. They were trying to rob those two children of the memory of their father as a big-hearted, loving, faithful papa. Every capitalist paper in Chicago tried to suppress that story and keep it from the public. And every capitalist paper in Chicago was thoroughly and gloriously licked!

But now, having gathered my facts, having correlated them, I wrote this story. It was published in the *Chicago Daily Socialist*. As soon as the paper was on the streets I called up the Union Traction company and got Superintendent Beach on the phone. I talked to him as though I were a reporter on one of the capitalist papers. I said:

"Mr. Beach, the *Chicago Daily Socialist* is on the streets with a story about an alleged killing of one of your men at the O'Neil street barns. They say you sent him to the hospital as an unidentified man. What are the facts?"

"I can't talk over the telephone," said Beach.

"I'll come right out and talk to you at the office," I fired back at him.

He said: "I'm just getting ready to leave."

"I can be out in five minutes," I answered.

"I'll be gone in two minutes," he replied.

I knew Beach well enough not to believe him. At least I was willing to risk carfare against his word. So I jumped on a car and started for the Union Traction company's general offices. On the way out I realized that to get to him I'd have to pass his stenographer and private secretary who occupied an outer office. Admittance to his office was through this room only. So I decided to crush my hat under my coat, carry some letters in my hand and take chances on getting through by personating a clerk from another part of the building. I did this and it worked like a charm! When I got to Beach he was at his desk in his shirt sleeves. He'd no more intention of leaving than I had. And I was prepared to stick there till sun-up next morning.

Capitalist Turns Patriotic Colors.

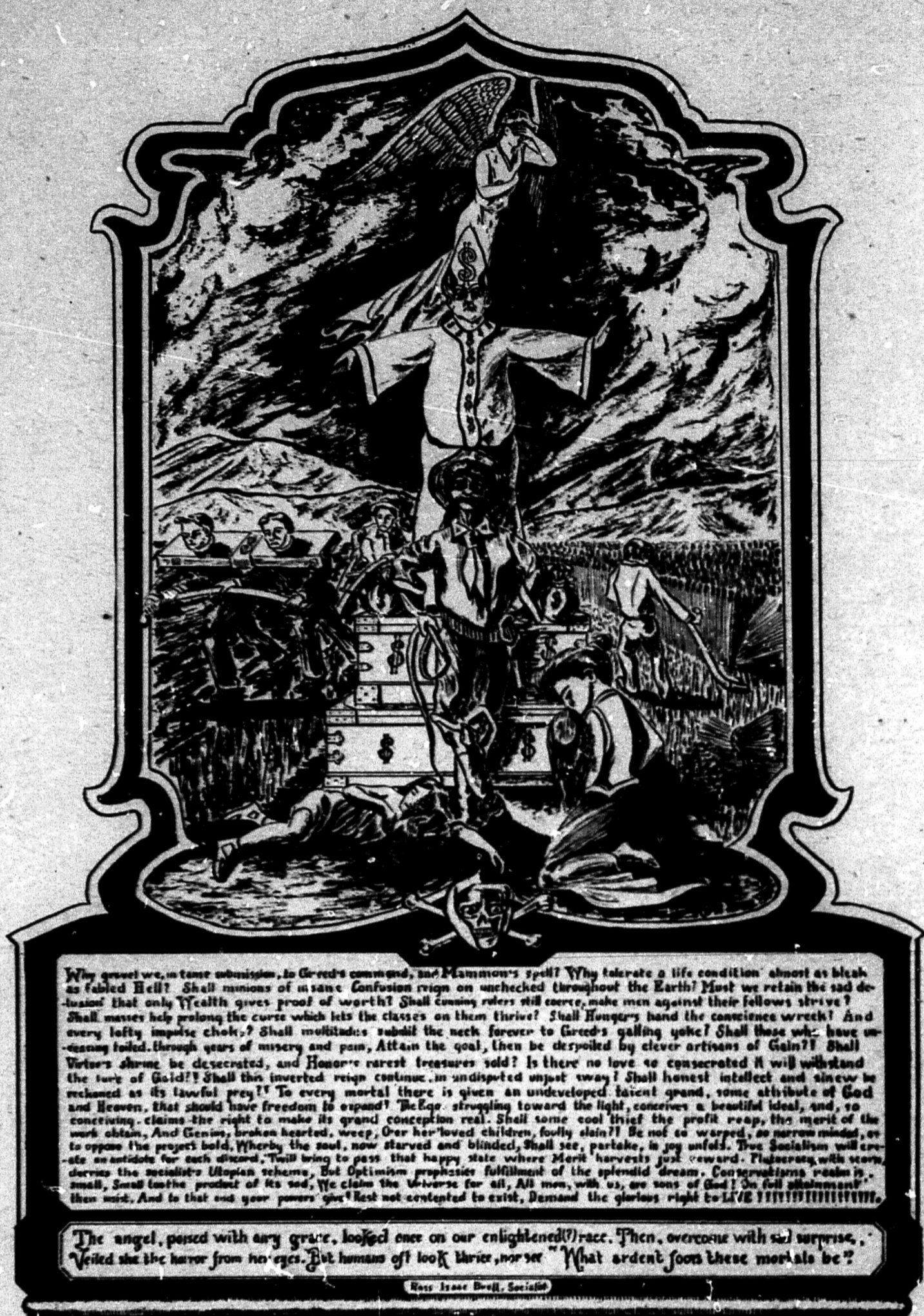
When I told him I was on the *Daily Socialist*, showed him the paper with the story and called his attention to the fact that I was the fellow he'd just lied to over the telephone he turned red, white and blue. Yes he did! He was patriotic. But he shut up like a clam. And he wouldn't talk until he'd consulted the corporation counsel, Mr. Lynch. You know the corporation counsel's office is in the same building. Right close. After spending a quarter of an hour with the company's lawyer Beach and Lynch returned to where I was waiting.

And this was the company's excuse; these were the extenuating circumstances in the murder of Paul Weyand; this was the denial to my charge of body-snatching:

Pointing his finger at me, Mr. Lynch said: "Young fellow, the Union Traction company is in the hands of a receiver, that receiver is the United States court; by the publication of this story you have attacked the United States government and I'm going to land you in Leavenworth prison."

END

(These articles with much additional material have been published in pamphlet form and are for sale at 25 cents a copy by the author at Girard, Kansas.)



Why grieve we, in tame submission, to Greed's command, and Mammon's spell? Why tolerate a life condition almost as bleak as fabled Hell? Shall nations of insane Confusion reign on unchecked throughout the Earth? Must we retain the sad delusion that only Wealth gives proof of worth? Shall cunning rulers still coerce, make men against their fellows strive? Shall masses help prolong the curse which lets the classes on them thrive? Shall Hungers hand the conscience wreath? And every lofty impulse choke? Shall multitudes submit the neck forever to Greed's galling yoke? Shall those who have unceasing toiled, through years of misery and pain, Attain the goal, then be derided by clever artisans of Gain? Shall Virtues shrines be desecrated, and Honors rarest treasures sold? Is there no love so consecrated it will withstand the lure of Gold? Shall this inverted reign continue, in undisputed unjust way? Shall honest intellect and sincere be reckoned as its lawful prey? To every mortal there is given an undeveloped latent grand, some attribute of God and Heaven, that should have freedom to expand? The ego, struggling toward the light, conceives a beautiful ideal, and, so conceiving, claims the right to make its grand conception real. Shall some cool thief the profit reap, the merit of the work obtain, And Genius, broken hearted, weep, O'er her loved children, foully slain? Be not so warped, so narrow minded, or to oppose the project bold, Whereby the soul, now starved and blinded, shall see, partake, in joy unfeigned. True Socialism will create an antidote for each discord. 'Twill bring to pass that happy state where Merit harvests just reward. Placidity, with scorn, derides the socialist's Utopian scheme, But Optimism prophesies fulfillment of the splendid dream. Conservatism's realm is small, Small loathe the product of its seed, We claim the Universe for all, All men, with us, are sons of God! On full attainment then wait, And to that end your powers give! Rest not contented to exist, Demand the glorious right to LIVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The angel, poised with airy grace, looked once on our enlightened(?) race. Then, overcome with sad surprise, veiled the the horror from her eyes. But humans oft look thither, nor see "What ardent foes these mortals be?"

Ross Isaac Buell, Socialist

Crushed, But Not Conquered

BY MARTIN SINGER.

Laborer, poet, artist, composer. A genius suppressed, loaded down and bruised by capitalism, and yet unconquered.

The above poem of protest by Ross Isaac Buell is the outburst of an unquenchable spirit of an untutored workingman. Too independent to be a burden on his widowed mother who had a large family to support by hard labor, he left school at the age of twelve and went to work in a California mill. After two years of child labor he rebelled and went to sea, sailing to the far north with a band of seal pirates. For the next twelve years he roamed the seas.

Then love came and marriage followed, and he settled down to the sober pursuit of day labor. As the family increased Ross had to work every day to keep the wolf from the door, and employment was not always steady.

One day he found it necessary to look for employment away from his home town in California. There was a mine forty miles distant. Being without money for carfare, Ross walked the distance in two days and secured employment. The labor was heavier than he was accustomed to. His feet were blistered, his whole body was jaded. At a critical moment his foot and fingers slipped, and he dropped in a pit twenty feet deep, breaking most of the large bones in his body. Then there were months of suffering and idleness with hospital bills, doctor bills, grocery bills, house rent bills, no end of bills and no income. When at last he was able to leave a bed he was crippled for life and in

pain whenever he was on his feet. But his spirit was unbroken.

Today Ross Isaac Buell is filling a position as bookkeeper in the master mechanic's office of a local electric railway. The position, he says, is a godsend to him, as he does his work from a cushioned chair, among congenial companions and in pleasant surroundings. His pay is small, but he says, so is his ability in that line, and his employers are both patient with his mistakes and solicitous for his advancement.

He is as cheerful and buoyant in spirit as he was in the days of his young manhood when he braved the dangers of the sea. He is a tireless and fearless worker for Socialism.

Even in his boyhood days Ross was possessed with a desire to compose music. He took a few music lessons and then was discarded by his teacher because of the clumsiness of his hands, being the son of toil. But the longing to express the music in his soul grew as the years rolled by. The day came when no circumstances could restrain the power of a genius. He was then on a night shift, working from twelve to fourteen hours at a stretch. The days were supposed to be given to sleep, but Ross took up the pen and though he had scarcely a knowledge of the barest rudiments of music, he began to compose the tunes that welled up in his soul. Owing to the many handicaps, the effort in expression was great, but the power behind the effort was much

(Continued on Page 10)

On the Firing Line

A year's subscription is given for each item used in this department. The right is reserved to edit or condense all matter.

The Awakening in Kentucky

BY WALTER LANFERSIEK

The old adage that "straws show which way the wind is blowing" is true, provided it is light enough to see the straws in their flight, and as it is also proverbial that Socialists are living in the light, I submit the following straws, believing that the story they tell is very plain.



Walter Lanfersiek

The official vote in Kentucky gives us 4,195 votes in six congressional districts against 4,185 in the whole state for Debs in 1908. Our estimated increase is twenty per cent, and on this basis we should have cast 5,022 votes in the state, had we candidates in all districts. It will require about ten thousand votes before we go on the ballot without petition.

The banner district is now the First, which cast 1,389 votes for C. L. Horney of Boaz, who has been one of the advance guard of the *Appeal* so long, that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Next comes the Sixth district in which Walter Lanfersiek received 1,337 votes, and next comes Jefferson county in which Louisville is located, in which Herman F. Young received 1,085 votes.

The most significant "straw" is this: That since the first of the year a local has been organized at Campbellsville, Taylor county, in the very heart of the state. This was organized spontaneously and shows that the fires of the revolution are spreading into parts that have been cold and dead. With the exception of one local on the Tennessee border, there has never been a local within seventy-five miles of Campbellsville. In other words, a solid territory of about two hundred and fifty square miles has now within its center for the first time a Socialist local. The omen is a good one.

This new local is composed exclusively of farmers, and our banner district, the First, is mainly a farming district. It is with keen pleasure that we note the awakening of the farmers. We greet them with Kentucky hospitality and set before them the corn pone and hominy of the Socialist table, namely, agitation, education and the distribution of literature, sweetened with the love and confidence of true comradeship in the movement we all love, sweeter than any sorghum or maple syrup ever served a guest.

Misdirected Ministerial Energy

BY MAY WOOD-SIMONS

A few weeks ago the business men, led by the ministers of Columbus, Kansas, began a movement to stop the Sunday evening Socialist meetings. The Socialists of Columbus have been so active that they have built up a large and enthusiastic meeting that fills the theatre every Sunday evening, and for the ministers is a startling contrast to their own empty pews.

Speakers have been brought from all over the west to speak at these Socialist meetings and the miners and

farmers for miles around Columbus come in to them regularly.

The Socialists' open their meeting with a reel of moving pictures. This was seized on by the ministers as an excuse for forcing the council to pass an ordinance that would stop the pictures in the hope that thus the Socialist meetings would be so crippled that they would be stopped.

To get this ordinance through a special meeting of the council was called. The entire council, as also the mayor, are business men of Columbus.

The Socialists heard of this plan to stop their meetings and within twenty-four hours after the word was sent around the miners of the nearby camps and the workers of the city, had begun a boycott on the business men of Columbus.

The life of these towns depends largely on the patronage of the miners as well as of the workers and farmers. The towns are near together and so connected by electric roads that the miners can easily turn their patronage from one town to another. As a result before the evening of the special meeting, the council and the mayor of Columbus had felt the *big stick* of united labor. The workers had ceased to "trade" with them.

When the Socialists, with the knowledge that an organized body of labor was behind them, appeared at the special meeting of the council to argue their own case the council was sufficiently startled over the prospect of their ruined business to refuse to pass the ordinance desired by the ministers.

At this the ministers drew up a protest against the Socialists and had it published in the papers of Columbus calling upon their members and all others to have nothing to do with the Sunday evening Socialist meetings.

The effect has been to yet further fill the Socialist meetings. A week ago when I spoke there the theater was filled to standing room. The isles were packed with men and women to the very entrance of the building.

Small children were wrapped in blankets and occupied all the space between the first seats and the platform sleeping comfortably on the floor with their heads in long rows against the stage while their fathers and mothers listened.

The interest has grown greatly. The miners now come in, ten and twelve miles to hear the Socialist lectures.

And so again the workers have decided to seek bread instead of a stone and those who would be leaders of the people find their pews empty.

Economy and Efficiency

BY CARL D. THOMPSON

Milwaukee officials, determined to establish economy and efficiency in all government departments, are preparing a system of inventories. Each department is to take a careful inventory each year of everything in its possession. And then naturally, a careful account is to be kept of everything purchased or sold or otherwise disposed of during the year.

No one knows, and no one had any means of knowing hereof, how much property had been used up or had disappeared in the various departments. This was strikingly illustrated by the disappearance of a typewriter not long ago, that had been purchased by the city. It disappeared and no one knew where it was or who was responsible. What hap-

pened in this case might happen in any other department, and keep happening all the time.

The next step by the new department of efficiency and economy will be to make a very careful analysis of the duties of all the officials in the different departments.

Thus by collecting under one head,



BY AM LEWIS

CHAP. X. Democritus—Final Causes

Everywhere in nature we see means adapted to ends. Everything seems to serve, or have served, some purpose. In things made by men the intention is plainly incorporated in the thing itself. In all things of human manufacture we are safe in believing that the end or purpose of the thing was consciously and deliberately pursued in its making.

The watch, to take Paley's famous example, is plainly made to measure time. The fact that it does measure time is not in any way an accidental development, coming after the watch is made.

From man making a watch to measure time, to some outside power making the universe and its contents, to fulfill the purposes they obviously do fulfill, was an easy step and it was taken early in the history of thought. This naive interpretation of nature, so apparently true, stood in the way of science for many centuries, and as an actual matter of fact, the majority of people are still under its sway.

This is only so, however, because to the mass of the people modern science is a closed book. Scientific men are just about as unanimous in holding that there is no conscious purpose in the organic world as the unscientific men are in believing that there is. The presumption is clearly in favor of the view of the scientific investigator.

That which misleads the ordinary man, is that everywhere in nature we find something which the biologist calls "adaptation." Adaptation is one of the great and important words of modern science. It expresses a very important part of the evolutionary process. It is one of the master words of Darwinism and it contains one of the greatest of the secrets of organic life.

Adaptation to environment is the first condition of life. The creature which is not adapted to its environment, and cannot adapt itself, is utterly destroyed in the struggle for existence—and it leaves no progeny to renew the impossible struggle; it is usually exterminated before reaching the breeding age.

Democritus was one of the first to observe adaptation in nature. This makes him a contributor to biology.

The important thing about his biological theorizing, however, is not his observation of adaptations; they were rather obvious; but rather his important conclusions concerning them.

Democritus proved himself a master thinker by completely rejecting the doctrine of "final causes." The doctrine of final causes is that doctrine which explains the origin of things by referring us to the purposes which they serve. The inference is that they were brought into existence to serve that purpose as a watch is brought into existence to keep time.

To the average man the two propositions that: the eye was made for seeing and the watch for keeping time, seem to be about identical. Artificial and natural processes seem to be the same. Biology, however, tells

and classifying all duties of the officials as prescribed by the city charter the supplement and the various ordinances, scattered through the council proceedings, this department has rendered a great service in making clear and simple the duties of the officials.

another story, and once more we learn that things are seldom what they seem. One has only to know the history of the eye to see how utterly the analogy breaks down.

But the man who cannot see the difference between the time-keeping function of a watch and the seeing function of the eye, in relation to the causes of their existence, can yet see the difference between a river and a canal.

A canal exists to facilitate transportation between one town and another, or others. But for the need of transportation the canal would not be there. That is to say we explain the existence of the canal by the doctrine of final causes—the definite purposes for which the canal was dug.

The river Mississippi serves the same purpose of transportation between Memphis, Baton Rouge and New Orleans. But only a very shallow thinker would try to explain the existence of the Mississippi by referring us to its navigation. The river being there before the towns were built or navigation was invented seems to block the argument, and the difficulty which here lies so close to the surface, exists in the case of the eye, but a training in biology is necessary to its perception.

A century after Democritus, Aristotle expressed Democritus' view and his own by saying: "Jupiter rains not that corn may be increased, but from necessity."

This repudiation of teleology—the explanation of things by their ends, or the doctrine of final causes, marks Democritus as one of the intellectual giants of his day, and a true anticipator of the discoveries and the thinking of the future. The position he took is now the universally accepted position among scientific men.

Romanes, the great English biologist, says: "In so far as science ventures to trespass beyond her only legitimate domain, and seeks to interpret natural phenomena by the agency of supernatural or ultimate causes, in that degree has she ceased to be physical science, and become ontological speculation. The truth of this statement has now been practically recognized by all scientific workers; and terms describing final causes have been banished from their vocabulary in astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, and even in psychology."

The position of Democritus, in refusing to see the designs of any designer in the universe has been vindicated by modern science and we will close this chapter with the following striking tribute to Democritus from Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning":

And therefore the natural philosophes of Democritus and others who allow no god or mind in the frame of things, but attribute the structure of the universe to infinite essays and trials of nature, or what they call fate or fortune, and assigned the causes of particular things to the necessity of matter without any intermixture of final causes, seem, so far as we can judge by the remains of their philosophy, much more solid, and to have gone deeper into nature, with regard to physical causes, than the philosophy of Aristotle or Plato: and this only because they never meddled with final causes which the others were perpetually incubating.

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS. J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.

EDITORS. A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

For Next Week

With the next issue the COMING NATION will begin the publication of a serial story by George Allan England. He calls it "In the Great North Woods," and it is a powerfully written story of adventure. It is interesting, intensely interesting, and it has a purpose. Ryan Walker has illustrated it and his pictures tell the story with a gripping power equal to the words.

Reginald Wright Kauffman, one of the foremost American novelists and short story writers will have a story in this next number. Every reader of the popular magazines knows his work. This story, "The Man that Casey Killed" is one of the best things he has ever done. It is a story of wage-slavery in a newspaper office, with a background of human interest that touches the heart. Tula Stevenson has made some splendid illustrations for it. This story alone will make this number one of the greatest Socialist papers ever issued.

There will be a lot of other good things in this issue, and in all succeeding ones. Tell your neighbor about them. Tell him that in the COMING NATION he can get the best fiction and feature articles and the best illustrations and editorials published in this country, as well as the news of the fight of the workers for freedom—which is the biggest and best story in the world today.

Scout News

"Last week I tried twenty papers. I had such good luck that you can send me twenty again."—Eddy R. Justice, Ark.

"I sold my bundle of ten in about fifteen minutes. Sold seven at the Socialist hall and three at the machinists' hall."—H. L. Lodge, Conn.

"When I get home from school and get my chores done I only have about an hour to sell but I got rid of them and will increase my order."—Harry C. Graham, Pa.

"I sold my first bundle in an hour and I think that's pretty good in this republican town. I can do better later on."—Griffith O. Williams, Vt.

"My two boys are Socialist Scouts and they are doing fine. They started with ten, increased to forty, sold eighty last week and have two hundred this week for an Alexander Irvine meeting."—William Parker, Pa.

"I want to inform you of my success. A few weeks ago I started out with one customer. The first week I secured six customers and now have fourteen. But that is not enough. I want to increase my sales and get more customers. I am working for a prize."—James Gantz, Pa.



Charles R. Drenk

Scout Charles Russell Drenk, Elkhart, Ind., with his red Scout badge has become a familiar figure on the streets of his city. He's a hustling young comrade and has a growing number of regular customers. If he continues his present gait he'll be heard from in the organized movement.

(Continued in Column 4.)

The Despotic Supreme Court

BY A. M. SIMONS

I. How it Obtained its Power.

The Supreme Court of the United States is more powerful than any monarch. The origin of that power, like imperial genealogies, is veiled in mystery.

Yet this court was created by a written constitution that defines its functions. It is upon the right to interpret this constitution that the Supreme Court bases its great power. Somewhere in the Constitution that base should be clearly set forth.

A court is supposed to rest upon law, to interpret law, to know law, to be a creature of law. An all powerful court should have a firm legal foundation.

If it has illegally usurped power, the very rules of its own existence and procedure bar it from defense. It cannot come with clean hands before the great equity court of the American people.

For almost fourteen years after its creation no one claimed for the Supreme Court the right to override the will of Congress, and to pass upon the constitutionality of laws.

Then that power was usurped, and the story of that usurpation is the story of a sneaking revolution.

In 1801 the Federalists had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls because they had sought to play the tyrant.

They then set about defeating the will of the voters in order to retain the power of which they had been deprived. To this end they created a great number of judicial positions and filled them with Federalist politicians.

As Secretary of State John Marshall had been largely responsible for the policies that had resulted in the repudiation of his party by the voters. After the people had decided against him and his policies he was given the most powerful position in the government—that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

That he might the better carry out the sneaking revolution to defeat the verdict of the ballots he retained his position as Secretary of State for two months after his appointment as Chief Justice. As Secretary of State he kept at work until midnight, March 3, 1801, signing the commissions of the newly created, unnecessary, usurping Federal judges.

Because of the slimy burglarious methods of their creation these appointees were known as the "midnight judges."

Later one of these "midnight judges," Marbury by name, applied to his fellow conspirator, Marshall, for a writ of mandamus to compel President Jefferson to seat Marbury.

Marshall admitted that he had no jurisdiction. But he seized this opportunity to complete the theft of power for himself. He delivered an opinion which was practically a lecture on the powers of the Supreme Court.

In this opinion he announced for the first time the right of the Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. Because he was then Chief Justice, and because no one challenged his opinion, this opinion became law.

On this slender foundation rests the tremendous power of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I shall next show how the court has retained this power, then how it can easily, peaceably, legally and constitutionally be taken away. If the facts that are to be told in these two forthcoming articles were generally known there would be a revolution.

Diaz Rules American Schools

School boys must not discuss Diaz is the dictum of the United States government. That sounds impossible. The facts sound far worse.

The high school students of Los Angeles had arranged for a debate on the question, "Resolved, That the United States Should Annex Mexico."

One of Diaz' spies overheard a rehearsal and learned that some unpleasant truths were to be told about the Mexican despot. The wires, telegraph and otherwise, were set in motion, and, lest it be thought we are exaggerating we will let the Sacramento Star tell what happened:

"The U. S. State Department, through its acting secretary of state, sent a request to Superintendent of Public Schools, Francis, in Los Angeles that the debate be cancelled or the subject changed."

Superintendent Francis, having the lack bone of a jelly-fish, not only stopped the debate, but substituted a "program prepared by the Diaz press bureau."

American capitalists are crying for a larger navy to protect this country against humiliation by Japan, or Germany or England.

When, before did a nation that claimed to be free submit to the humiliation of having the discussions of its children in the public schools censored by a murderous foreign despot?



J. N. Francis

The man who let Diaz run an American School

streets of his city. He's a hustling young comrade and has a growing number of regular customers. If he continues his present gait he'll be heard from in the organized movement.

The Socialist Scouts

Motto: "The Appeal is Mightier Than the Sword."

Any boy or girl who wants to earn good premiums, skates, sleds, watches wagons, electric engines, picture machines, etc., in addition to pocket money each week can do so by taking up the work of the Socialist Scouts. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and the Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers.

It costs nothing to begin this work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Ninety per cent of those who start the work find it pleasant and profitable and they continue it. A letter addressed to Scout Department Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan., will bring first bundle of NATIONS, a letter of instructions and premium list.

CRUSHED, BUT NOT CONQUERED

(Continued from page 8.)

greater, and he produced original powerful music.

Then came the desire to decorate and illustrate his music sheets. Half a dozen lessons in drawing was all the training his finances would allow. But even with that he attracted the attention of no mean artists by his work in art. Driven on by the spirit within, one day he launched into writing poetry, even



ROSS ISAAC BUELL

though he had but half a grammar school education. The poem published is one selected from several of his production.

But his poetry and his art are only the by products of the spirit that is in the man. Music is his desire, his ambition and his life. Within his soul ring the tunes that never have been heard by mortal ears. He hears them and longs for time and education to express them, and for a public to interpret and enjoy them as he does.

So strong is this music producing spirit within him that he feels it comes from worlds unknown, from ages past, from progressions of re-incarnated spirits. However that may be, the music is there and has already found expression in strains that stir the hearts of his Petaluma audience. His song, "Our Bonnie Red Flag," is well worth becoming our national Socialist song. His marches, "Utopian Echoes," "Heralds of Peace," "New Era," "Justice Shall Rule," and "Our Bonnie Crimson Flag" are all gems that need but the finishing touch to lead our nation on to the revolution that will bring the Kingdom of God on earth. They need the accompaniment for the instruments, but the composer has not the musical education to write them.

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

What the Little Girl Heard

BY SIDNEY GREENBERG



KNOW a little girl who is fond of collecting things, especially of saving pennies—a thing most little people like to do. So she lost no time in cautiously notifying visitors of the presence of a pretty little bank which, but for its lack of elasticity would now be bulging out on all sides.

It did not matter much to her what date was engraved on the penny, but she was especially fond of hearing grandpa say, "Dearie, I have two new Lincoln pennies for you." Lincoln pennies, he had said, and our little girl had learned to love the name of Lincoln. For that moment, she forgot all about her bank. In her mind, not the mere figure of a man appeared, but a good and loving man.

One day, her mamma thought that the time for a change had come, and so she opened the bank, took out one hundred pennies and put in a brand new silver dollar, still leaving about seventy pennies in the bank.

No sooner had the dollar fallen on to the pile, than our little girl heard the most unusual sound, such as in all her life she had not heard before. Putting her ear close to the bank, half in fright and half in curiosity, she listened to a voice. She knew it was not the voice of a penny, and concluded that it must be that of the new dollar.

"Throughout the world," spoke the dollar, "there is good and bad, and I would have you distinctly understand that even here there shall be such distinctions. The Lion is king of all lower animals, and the genius rules over man. To these, all the others bow and submit, and the world goes on smoothly. Let me tell you right here that if you want peace and quiet you had better do as I tell you. If not, it shall not go well with you."

Just then someone gave the little girl another penny. She dropped it into the bank and it fell right on top of the silver dollar.

"Villain," thundered the dollar, and so frightened the newcomer that he jumped instantly to one side, "How dare you brush your dark, dull self against me? If you don't know your position here, I shall soon teach you. This place shall be run as I want it, and as all things in this world are run. I have been out in the world and know what I'm talking about."

By this time the stranger had examined the situation and ventured to remark: "I, too, have been out in the world, and have taken part in the world's affairs, and have met such as you before. Let me tell you, the world is realizing your true worth and it won't be long before you'll know it. You are only metal, like the rest of us."

"But what about my birth?" interrupted the dollar. "I was born better than you and you can't change it."

"Birth, to be sure," sneered the penny; "but of what use are you after you are born."

"And my polish," continued the dollar, now almost melting with rage, "What about my polish? Do I not outshine a dozen like you? Is not man attracted to me because of my polish and does he not worship me for it?"

"Yes, poor, ignorant man," answered the penny, saddened at this fact; "he does worship you. But let me tell you, the time is not very far distant when man will realize the use-

lessness of polish. I have noticed even today your waning influence over him. He is awakening to the fact that he has been worshipping you too long. Look about you and you will see. Does not plain, dull iron, zinc and lead serve man more? Why should he waste so much valuable labor in trying to crystalize one such as you, when a piece of lead put into the necessary shape by an iron machine, and smeared with black ink and then impressed on a piece of paper serves him just as well, and what is more, is not foolish enough to keep rolling when it falls to the ground. Use, use, that is what counts. Hereafter, man will make use of you and not idolize you. He will put you to work making things that will benefit him and help to make him more beautiful."

The pennies which had stood in utter dread of the consequences, were by this speech raised to such a realization of their own worth that they jumped all over the dollar and forced him to the bottom.

Our little girl had listened very attentively. After that she had many serious moments. Then the thought of this conversation would come back to her, the lines of joy at her lips would jump to her forehead, her eyes would look perplexed. But it was only in after years that she grasped the full meaning of what the penny meant. Have you?

Little Talks with Coming Nation Children

Order.

You know when a house is built, it must have a good foundation. If it has not a good strong basis, then some day the house will fall.

And just as the house must have a strong basis, so you must have a strong basis.

That seems funny, doesn't it? But before you can build up your life strong and firm, it must have a good basis. Now what do you think the first basis of your life should be?

In the broad sky there is order, and this order gives us our seed-time and harvest, and the corn harvest gives us life. Order gives us life.

* * *

It was a pitch-dark night. A great ship with 995 people on board was pitching in a storm and all at once ran on some hidden rocks. The big ship trembled and began to take in water.

"All hands fall in on deck," was the order and soon the soldiers were standing in companies and the seamen were making preparations to land the people. Strong rope ladders were let down from the ship. Some men went down to receive the women and children on the beach. Then as the vessel was seen to be in great danger, the men stayed on board and the women and children were passed down. The strong men stood aside and in perfect order all but two of the 995 people were saved. If there had been any disorder, probably all would have been lost. Order gave them safety.

Order gives us safety, life, health, comfort and beauty.

Suppose I could show you pictures of people keeping order, I would show you—

People waiting their turn to get tickets at a railway station.

People quietly taking their seats at a theatre.

Children putting their books on shelves and hanging their hats and coats in proper places.

Carpenters putting their tools away after making a door.

Girls putting the dishes away in their proper places on the pantry shelves after wiping them for mother.

People passing in crowds up and down stairs, each one keeping to the right.

Professors of science arranging their specimens in properly arranged and labeled rows.

Artists putting paint on canvas in the orderly way to make a picture.

Order is the basis of all things that are done right. Do you do all that you do in order? Order is the rule of nature and the rule of life and the rule of the child.

But the world is not in the order it should be. There is disorder where the people are sad, and poor, and ready to steal. **We must all of us help to put the world in order.**—Adapted from Gould's Moral Lessons for children.

The Ant-Eater

There is a very strange animal called the ant-eater which lives in South America and lives upon ants. Now there are many strange animals and if we study them we shall find that what makes them seem strange to us has been caused by some need of their lives. In order to continue living they have to have some peculiar form, or some special covering to protect them, or some very marked claws or other natural weapon. This is very plain in the case of the ant-eater. Its fore feet have great claws. What do you suppose these are for? Not to catch the ants, for in order to catch these the ant-eater is provided with a long tongue like a whip, which it thrusts out and pulls back very rapidly, all covered with little ants which have stuck to the sticky tongue. You see it doesn't need teeth for this getting



"Oh, Look, Mamma! There Goes a Young Auto with its Mother."

—From Harper's Weekly.

A Painless Death.

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb."

United We Stand.

At a public school not long ago the children were training for the annual Flag Day celebration. One boy in order to show good reason why he should take a prominent part in the ceremonies, said that he had a real gun; another had a pistol; a small girl had a flag, and so on.

Finally one tow-headed lad of six came up to the teacher and stood waiting for her to see him.

"Well, what is it?" she asked. "I has a union suit," he said.—*Youth's Companion.*

Another Letter Comes.

How did we all spend Christmas? and what about the New Year? Your editor is looking forward to receiving some fine little letters all about the holidays. They'll be printed, too. Here is a dear little word of greeting from a little girl who wants to join our circle of COMING NATION correspondents:

Dear Editor—As I saw in the COMING NATION the boys and girls are writing. I thought I would write, too, as my Papa takes the paper. My Papa and Manma and sister saw Brother Warren in Kokomo, but me and my sister stayed at home and took care of the things while they went. Well, I live a mile and a quarter from school and when it is bad I don't go, but when it is nice I go all of the time.—Your truly, Martha Zimpelman, Fulton, Indiana.

of its food and so it hasn't them.

But now about the claws. In South America the ants build their homes in great mud-piles twice the height of a man. Now you see that the ant-eater finds his claws very useful in boring into the ant hill and forcing the ants to come out in great crowds which he can catch with his sticky tongue. Between you and me, I think that probably the children of each ant-eater with these convenient claws had claws just a little stronger and better for the work than its parents.

And so because the ant-eaters needed such claws in getting their food, they gradually grew just the kind they needed.

I wonder if you can think of any other animals which have natural weapons or instruments for getting their food.

Five and Fifty

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

If fifty men did all the work
And gave the price to five;
And let those five make all the rules—
You'd say the fifty men were fools,
Unfit to be alive.

And if you heard complaining cries
From fifty brawny men,
Blaming the five for graft and greed,
Injustice, cruelty indeed—
What would you call them then?

Not by their own superior force
Do five on fifty live,
But by election and assent—
And privilege of government—
Powers that the fifty give.

If fifty men are really fools—
And five have all the brains—
The five must rule as now we find,
But if the fifty have the mind—
Why don't they take the reins?

They are slaves who dare not be in
The right with two or three.—*Lowell.*

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

What She Could

BY MARTHA EDGERTON PLASSMANN

HER face was like a cameo, the features were so delicate and clear cut. But there the likeness ended. There was nothing impassive about its expression as it responded to every mood of the Socialist speaker of the evening. There were but two women in that small audience, she and I, and—quite naturally—I found myself wondering who she was, and what was her history. Later I came to know her both as a neighbor, and as a comrade.

Born in a frontier lumber camp, of Irish parentage, there was little in her environment which might serve to differentiate her from other girls of her class and age, and yet—when but sixteen years old, she was taking an active, and intelligent part in the woman suffrage movement, to the great horror of her friends and relatives. From that day to this, through all the intervening years with their varied experiences, and changing fortunes, she has always kept abreast of the times, and fully informed on all the political and labor movements of this generation.

She was not converted to Socialism; she grew into it; yet it was some time before she discovered the name of her belief. For her, to know, was to act; so she joined the Socialist local, and began to spread the joyful tiding of "Peace on earth good will to men," which Socialism teaches. There is little surplus money in a workingman's home to be expended in literature, but that little was used with discretion. The best Socialist papers and magazines were subscribed for, read, and then passed on to others who needed their teachings.

But it was chiefly because she was a working-woman that she could influence working people. She belonged to them, and fully understood their needs, and limitations, as those who have always lived in a different environment, never can know them. She rarely showed impatience when a laboring man was slow of apprehension; it was the result, she realized, of the same deprivations, and hardships, she had experienced, though they might have differed in kind. But she had no tolerance for the apathy, or stupidity of the educated.

"Don't tell me those men are warped by their environment! Aren't they educated? How did I learn? It is perfectly clear to me; and they see that Socialism is coming but are afraid to admit it. Think of what all those professional men have learned, and could teach the working class! But they are cowards! They look down on us, and we—well, we understand them." This, or something similar, was her ultimatum whenever the bourgeoisie was the theme.

In the conservative union, of which she was a member, she was a fire-brand; scattering radical opinions broadcast. A staunch catholic like her distinguished connection, Daniel O'Connell, she reserved the right to formulate her own political belief.

Gradually, her home grew to be a kind of information bureau, sought by those who would learn the true inwardness of a political move, or the labor situation; and the seekers always received full measure, heaped up and running over. Thus this frail, hard working woman by her love of truth; her fearlessness; and her quick Celtic wit, has won an influence over the entire community, which is manifest in every labor dispute, and at all elections. She is a living example of what a working woman can do for Socialism.

Matrasia

(The following letter to Eugene V. Debs from Stephen Marion Reynolds, at present in the Indiana coal fields, tells a characteristic incident in the struggle between the coal miners and the operators.)

The Red House, Dec. 20, 1910.

Dear Gene—

When the operators were busy in their now successful scheme of permanently advancing the prices of coal to the consumer in May, 1910, you remember I told you of the remarkable stand taken by the Italians of Clinton. They, without a dissenting voice, voted to stand together for a permanent agreement and rejected the temporary agreement made in the district convention, May 6, 1910, between the operators and the miners' delegates in convention.

Whether they were technically right in refusing to go to work under a temporary agreement, does not have any place in the outrages perpetrated upon them by the little mayor of Clinton, an operator and loyal to those who made him. He promptly sent the official thugs to the place of meeting, the man I told you has been under indictment for breaking into the home of a workingman and assaulting his wife. Some twenty-five or more men were arrested, taken before the mayor and fined from \$25 to \$300 each.

Matrasia, nineteen years old, who could not speak a word of English, was given ninety days' sentence in addition to a fine of \$310.80. The \$10.80 was for the mayor and the thug, costs presumably. The boy was accused of barratry; any old thing will do to punish the workers with. Not one American in 10,000 could tell you or me what that is, but *it is*, and the workers better "watch out," for barratry is a punishable offense, and almost anything a working man can say or do in defense of his rights as a workingman, will precisely fit this mediaeval statute.

The mayor ignorantly told the boy through an interpreter that he could appeal in thirty days. This would be true if he had been sued for thirty cents but for a misdemeanor only ten days is given for appeal. The young man sent for a countryman who is one of the ablest organizers and speakers in the United Mine Workers' organization. He came but not before the ten days had expired. Then the tragedy and the comedy of our laws began to show up.

The governor cannot pardon. The board of pardons can. The board had no meeting until September. His ninety-day sentence expired August 5th. The law requires a prisoner to stay in prison *one day for each dollar of fine*. That meant 311 days more but another statute, in the interest of the tax payers evidently, provides that the governor may commute the fine on the recommendation of a majority of the county officials where the prisoner was convicted.

The governor was ready any time. It seemed to me that any man would help release the boy, at least after ninety days. As you know, I went to each one, democrats and republicans alike, and in the world's terms, they are exceptionally good men, and, without exception, they said he *should* be free, and when I handed them the recommendation to sign, they said: "I would like to, but I am a candidate for election," and so *not a man was found* in that county who would sign and take chances of offending the operators, and perhaps be defeated at the polls.

Well, dear comrade, after the election, they were different—those de-

feated felt a sense of relieved manhood and they were willing. The operators were getting big prices for coal and they made no objections. The other workers were busy and they made no objections. The elected ones were secure and then it would be a fine thing to do a noble act after the election. So a minister and some politicians took hold, ignoring the petition drawn up by the Socialists and presented by myself; and Matrasia is free—free with his beautiful body to go to work again—free to breathe the sweet air of heaven—free to go in and out among his countrymen who toil and dig for the complacent ones.

Free!

Sound apparently in his body; but confined, alone in that little country prison, no one to speak to or with, visions of sunny Italy in his dreams, but in the morning, all day and into the night, walls, stones, brick, iron bars—alone.

God, 'Gene, I would rather stand one second for such as he than sit at the right hand of the throne forever. I can see him even as he is and love him, but what do those who have so cruelly wronged him think when they see him sound in body, his face sweet and patient, but his mind gone.

Yours for the cause,

STEPHEN MARION REYNOLDS.



New and Desirable Model for the Boy
8859. Boy's Russian Blouse Suit with Knickerbockers. The Panel on this model may be omitted. Flannel, serge, corduroy, velvet, or cheviot may be used and a simple braid or decoration of stitching will make a neat finish. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2-4-6 years. It requires 3 3-8 yds of 36-inch material for the 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

The Servant Girl Union in Vienna.

The second assembly of organized servant girls held recently in Vienna was attended by the girls in large numbers. The membership shows an increase of two hundred since the last meeting. The well-known Socialist, Adelheid Popp, enlightened the servant girls as to the difference between the Social-Democratic party and other organizations. When she said that the Socialists were accustomed to call the women workers comrades, and that she thought the servant girls would be proud of being considered comrades, the girls answered her with a storm of applause.

Comrade Popp explained to the girls the duties of self-sacrifice and solidarity that would finally bring them the rights they were striving for. Enlightenment, higher knowledge and the understanding of Socialism she declared to be prime necessities in the struggle toward their aims.

The servants expressed their pleasure that they had been taken into the ranks of organized workers.—*Workers*.

Women in the Middle Ages

The woman question is often referred to as a phenomenon of modern times, as is also the problem of women workers. Many believe that to destroy this "evil," means a battle with a handful of "emancipated" women. In the "highest circles" it is even believed that an admonition to look back upon the past and the quiet happiness of the household in the "good old times" will serve to set aside the "evil."

However, Prof. Bucher in a volume on the "Woman Question in the Middle Ages" throws some light on the subject and gives a peep into the "good old times."

Through all the years of the middle ages, according to Bucher, the women have been occupied in great numbers in the trades where circumstances had forced them to enter in order to support themselves. Statistics show that the female population was greatly in excess of the male.

In the period from 1320 to 1500 statistics give over two hundred trades in which women were employed. The women worked then as now, not only as wage workers, but as employers, carrying on the occupation or business of their deceased husbands, whose lives were very uncertain in those unsettled years.

The cloisters and nunneries received a great number of the unsupported women who were left without means of support. But it was evident that such retreats did not offer an acceptable solution of the difficulty, by the large numbers of women, that supported themselves by begging in the streets and public roads. Prostitution was also in those days, one of the solutions of life for the woman.

Police Persecution of Women in Stockholm, Sweden.

During the discussion of the budget for the present year in the Swedish house of representatives the Socialist, Linquist, proposed a measure to abolish the appropriation for the police control of prostitutes. As a reason for this he declared that the government could no longer uphold the abominable system of persecution by further appropriations. The persecution had been driven to such an extent that the officials had asked for bloodhounds to aid them in their duties of suppression.

The measure was defeated, however, by a vote of 56 to 23. The Socialists and six liberals voting for the measure.

What makes matters worse is that matrons have been put on the police force apparently to take care of the women prisoners, but strangely enough their time of service ends just at that hour when the captured prostitutes are brought to jail.

Effect of High Prices.

That the high cost of living forces thousands of poor families in New York and other cities literally to starve themselves and that these families thus become prey to tuberculosis and other ravaging diseases is the announcement made public in a formal way by the annual report of the New York charity organization society. It says that the standard of food in the homes of many is drifting fast toward "the incredible minimum of bread and tea or coffee." Strange to say, while the cost of food has increased, rents also have advanced and at the same time the wages, especially of women have been cut down.

Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart and to the day of his death he will hate the hand that sowed the seed.

Many receive advice, few profit by it.

The Writing on the Wall

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation



AFTER all, the supreme art of the journalist—if it be an art and not an instinct—is the capacity of reading the writing on the wall which foretells the event. Only prophecy is such a dangerous pastime. Yet it is not sufficient to give news fresh and hot from the womb of time—above and beyond all one must be able to forecast the birth itself.

A Fateful Conference.

Well, I venture to predict that the annual conference of the national labor party at Leicester on the first of next month will prove to be one of the most interesting, and fraught with the most vital issues, in the short history of the party. And this because the Osborne decision, which it will be recalled prevents the trades unions from making levies to support members in parliament, will have to be thrashed out and a future policy decided upon, and, to a lesser degree, this conference will be of supreme interest because of the strong criticism which will certainly be leveled at the party upon the faint-heartedness of their parliamentary policy.

This latter has been crystallized by the Bradford trades and labor council which will move—

"That in order to establish the authority of the elected representatives of the people in parliament, as against the overpower political influence now exercised by ministers, who treat nearly every important decision of the house of commons as a vote of confidence, on the refusal of which a dissolution may follow as a penalty, the labor group in the house of commons be requested to ignore all such possible consequences and declare their intention to force their own issues and to vote steadfastly on the merits of the questions brought before them."

As will be seen, the above simply means that whenever the labor men wish to vote against some reactionary measure, the government hold up their Pecksniffian hands and say "But, my dear friends, you must not do that; it amounts to a vote of confidence, and if you vote against our measure we may be defeated and then where will you be?"

Additional interest is given to this resolution by the fact that in the independent labor party itself (the Socialist party which has allied itself with the trade unions to form the national labor party), there are strong differences upon this question of policy.

The Rift in the Lute.

F. W. Jowett, M. P., for a Bradford division, ex-chairman of the I. L. P., and a staunch laborist, takes up the view of the Bradford trades council resolution, and consequently finds himself in antagonism to J. R. Macdonald, M. P., secretary of the labor party, and his old friend and colleague, who at the moment is also engaged in a bitter controversy in the columns of the *Socialist Review*, of which he is editor, with J. Kottgen, the London correspondent of *Vorwaerts*, who endorses the "aloof" policy of the Social Democratic party, as opposed to his predecessor, Beer, who became a strong laborist.

In fact, at the moment, some of us have lost our heads a bit. But the ice is coming along all right, and we shall get our political neuritis under, I hope.

The washing of this dirty linen in public is somewhat painful, but its washing is necessary to an understanding of the British movement.

The "object" of the party as defined in the constitution will have to

be altered from "To secure the election of candidates to parliament, and organize and maintain a parliamentary labor party with its own whips and policy," to a simple statement that the object of the party is "To organize and maintain in parliament and the country a political labor party." This change is necessitated by that ubiquitous Osborne decision.

Then the insertion of the new clause three is aimed at the many influences, subversive to the independence of the party, which as may be supposed have occasionally made themselves shown. Men do not slough their liberal skins in a moment, and certainly not at the mere carrying of a resolution, and, since the miners joined the party, some of whose representatives have until recently been staunch liberals, the fear of a watering-down of the party's independence has not been lessened.

Considerable prominence has been given in the capitalist papers to the approaching conference, and upon its adoption or rejection of a strong policy, the immediate future of the party hangs.

Being constantly brought into contact with political leaders of every country and of all shades of opinion. I occasionally in these talks make excursions outside Britain into other countries, when I have anything of more than usual interest to communicate.

The Smoke and the Fire.

Although it has been officially denied that there is any internal friction in the new Portuguese republic, there seems to have been some fire underneath the smoke-rumor that the working classes of Portugal were already demanding—and demanding pretty insistently—that the rights of labor should be at once considered, which probably accounts for the law recognizing the right to strike, being enacted.

In interviews which I have recently had with representative people like Pablo Iglesias, the Socialist Spanish deputy, and Josephine de los Ros, the prominent "direct action" leader, both of whom are conversant with Portugal and the movement there, I have been informed that although Portugal has set her house in order so far as the monarchy is concerned, she is only at the beginning of a long struggle between the Socialists and laborists on the one hand and the moderates on the other.

Some confirmation of this was seen the other day in the admission of Senor dos Santos Banderira, *charge d'affaires* of the Portuguese legation in Paris, that the government finds itself in a critical position owing to a division in the republican party—"the advanced radicals on the one hand and the moderates on the other forming separate factions."

I am happy to relate that British officialdom has become the laughing stock of both hemispheres over its methods against the two "anarchists" in Stepney, when a section of the British army armed with a battery of field artillery and Maxims were called out backed by a trifle of 1,000 policemen, to vindicate law and order. All this you will have seen—but it is an interesting comment on the intelligence of the man-in-the-street when the British illustrated paper with the largest circulation devotes ten out of fourteen pages to the fight, the *Daily Mail* itself giving four out of ten pages. That, of course, is all very funny, but what is not quite so conducive of mirth is the fact that "the right of asylum" is being threatened, and frantic efforts are being made by the reactionary press and by the interested parties to have the political out-

casts of Russia and other countries deprived of this right.

For you know, my friends, here again there is "the writing on the wall" for the statesmen to read if they will.

But will they?

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

XV. Denmark.

The Danish labor movement was brought into active organized existence in 1871, with the founding of a section of the "international" in Copenhagen. Starting from a central organization, professional sections were formed, thus making the labor union movement socialistic from the very outset.

In 1873, the Danish section of the International was dissolved by the police, and the leaders imprisoned. In spite of this the movement continued, the professional sections of the International changing into independent, national unions. These unions centralized in a general federation, acting in accordance with the principles of the Socialist party. This connection between the unions and the party has always existed. The progress of the party and the press rests in a great measure on this united basis of union and party.

Under the constitution the country is governed by a two chamber system, a Folkething (chamber of deputies) and a Landsting (senate). In the Folkething are representatives of the 114 constituencies of the country, one for each, elected by direct suffrage. In 1910 the Socialists held twenty-four seats in the Folkething, elected by 98,721 votes.

The party has co-operated several times with another party in order sometimes to defeat the most reactionary candidate and to obtain a majority for beneficial measures. At the last general election the Socialists united with the radicals in order to obtain a majority in favor of the abolition of the privileges of the senate and the amendment of the new military law, so as to diminish the army and navy expenses by one-half. The militarists won, but were considerably weakened and will soon be defeated.

The Social-Democrats have introduced the following measures: Eight-hour working day; free meals to school children to be partially a charge to the state; abolition of nobility, titles, orders, ranks, etc.; public and free attendance of the sick; suffrage from the age of twenty-one; suffrage to women and servants; public care of orphans; abolition of fiefs and family estates.

The party has succeeded in bettering the wages of post, telegraph and railroad employes, and has introduced accident insurance for farm and forest laborers; protection for foreign laborers; lower interest on loans to farmers, in order to secure land, etc., etc.

Though the Socialist bills have seldom been passed, its parliamentary activity has left a strong impression on legislation. To the Socialists is especially due the old age pension act which provides that all men and women over sixty years of age partially or wholly unable to work, are to receive, without being disfranchised, subsidies to be paid by the state and the local boards. This has entailed a yearly expense of eight million crowns, or \$1,600,000. Also state sick benefit subsidies; entailing an expense of 2,000,000 crowns a year; state unemployment subsidies, 600,000 crowns a year; extraordinary subsidies in the year 1908-09. An employers' liability law has also been passed.

Consequently Socialist activity has brought about many ameliorations in

working class conditions, but its principal effect has been, of course, through its criticism of the capitalist system, and its pointing out the way to follow in order to obtain real and lasting reforms. The people are receiving a political education, the Socialists are gaining votes and the revolutionary spirit that is to contribute to the abolition of capitalism is developed among the working classes.

The Socialists were instrumental in bringing the question of militarism to the front during the last sessions of the diet and at the elections in 1909. The Socialists proposed to disarm and abolish the army and navy, to demolish all fortifications; military establishments were to be changed to civil drill grounds and barracks sold, etc. Denmark was to declare itself neutral; disputed questions were to be settled by diplomatic agents, or judged by the international court of arbitration. On the other hand, bills were introduced providing for wider instruction in gymnastics and the use of arms in all the schools.

At the elections the Socialists polled 93,000 votes and in spite of the unjust distribution of constituencies lost no seats. Such an answer to the Socialist activity for disarmament, one of the greatest claims presented to the voters, points distinctly to the final abolition of militarism for the benefit of human rights and civilization.

Since 1890 the Socialists have held two seats in the senate and in 1906 added two more, making a total of four seats. Since 1909, both men and women over twenty-five have the right to vote in local affairs, provided they have an income not less than 800 crowns a year.

Copenhagen is governed by the representation of the citizens and the magistracy. The first is made up of forty-eight representatives elected according to the proportionate system. The magistracy numbers nine members, a president, appointed by the government, four mayors, elected for life, and four aldermen, elected for six years. At the last election the Socialists elected twenty representatives, of whom three were women. In the magistracy the Socialists elected two mayors and one alderman. The party influence in all city and town governments is continually increasing, and its activity for the good of the proletariat is appreciated.

The Social-Democratic press is jointly owned by the unions and the Social-Democratic federation. It comprises thirty-three dailies. In Copenhagen the daily issue of the *Social-Democrater* is 56,000.

The co-operative movement in Denmark is extensive, but is not wholly due to the Socialists. Long ago the farmers laid the basis for co-operative enterprises.

In 1908 arbitration laws were enacted, occasioned by a strike in the printing trades. An arbitration board was provided for. In case of non-agreement, a second law provided for a mediator to be chosen by the government at the proposition of the court of arbitration; but the parties in conflict are under no obligation to accept the proposals of the mediator.

In Denmark, therefore, there is only one labor movement; the socialistic. The aim of the working class is everywhere the same, unity is the watchword, and the sublime idea of Socialism is the base of all efforts.

We see the ties of love and friendship as strong among the lower classes of society as among the more elevated ones of earth. The separation of death comes with a smuch keenness to the abodes of poverty as to the palace of kings; the hope of immortality gives as bright visions to the eye of faith from the couch of straw, as from the bed of down.

Clippings and Comment

Edison's Vision of the Future

Measuring the accuracy of Thomas A. Edison's prophetic powers by the wonderful achievements of his inventive genius, we may look hopefully forward, not very far, to a future of complete industrial, political and social revolution due primarily to discovery and invention and thereafter to the establishment of a new and perfect social order.

Of the immediate causes of this world transformation, Edison names the discovery of how to make gold, and the upheaval that it will cause in the financial and industrial world.

"The discovery may be made tomorrow," says Edison in an interview with Allan L. Benson appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*, "because the making of gold is a question only of the proper combination and treatment of matter." Gold as a medium of exchange does not strike him right. "What a snap it would be for the railroads if they could pay their bonds with gold that they had made at a cost of not more than twenty-five dollars a ton!"

Edison foresees a radical change in the substitution of nickel for paper in the manufacture of books. According to Edison, nickel, one twenty-thousandth of an inch thick is cheaper, tougher and more flexible than an ordinary sheet of book paper.

A nickel book two inches thick would contain 40,000 pages and would weigh only a pound. A pound of nickel sheets can be made for a dollar and a quarter. Here are prospects of real culture for the masses. Two hundred books of two hundred pages each; an entire library in a single volume, all for the price of one present day volume.

Steel is destined for the manufacture of furniture, and will reduce the cost one-fifth. One New York firm is already making steel office furniture. The babies of the next generation will sit in steel high chairs and eat from steel tables.

The disappearance of steel as the material for skyscraper skeletons will give place to re-enforced concrete. Within thirty years, says Edison, all construction will be of re-enforced concrete, from the finest mansion to the tallest skyscraper. Earthquakes could not overturn them.

Still invention is only in its infancy and the next generation will see such marvels as will leave nothing further for the imagination. Books will fall from the press, suits of clothing packed in boxes will come from machines which have been fed cloth, buttons, tissue paper and pasteboard. Finished furniture will come from machines which have been fed rough lumber.

A snake up is destined to take place among the farmers. In place of the present type will come the shrewd business man, who will be at once a soil chemist and a botanist and an economist. The farming machines of the future will be marvels of ingenuity. A push button and some levers will be all that is necessary for him to operate.

Implements of war will be so formidable that they will abolish each other. Edison foresees serious industrial troubles that will threaten thrones and dynasties.

"I believe," he said to Mr. Benson, "that all England will stop some day at the sound of one command and that the command of a workingman. Man will at last come into his own. There will be no poverty. A world flooded with food, clothing, shelter and luxury, so cheap that it will be in profusion for every one. Inventors make the world rich, but the peo-

ple must provide the governmental means to keep these riches and Edison believes that governments will fall that will not serve the workingmen and that within the next fifty years.

Child Slaves in Cranberry Marshes

In a recent number of the *Survey*, Owen R. Lovejoy uncovers another field of child slavery, in his discussion of "The Cost of the Cranberry Sauce." The cranberry marshes of New Jersey, from which the principal supply comes, depend for their pickers almost entirely upon the Italians of the tenement district of Philadelphia.

A few in the army are men and women, but many of the rank and file bend in a deadening monotony of toil under the omnipotent scepter of the *padrone* are little boys and girls from fourteen years down to seven, or six or five, whose hard labor must serve the mutual advantage of the employed parent and the hiring boss, and for whose protection no law exists.

When the Jersey harvest time approaches, the crowded tenement districts of Philadelphia literally disgorge their denizens to the cranberry bogs. Last autumn on six bogs 864 children, ranging in age from four to fourteen years, were found at work. Of this number 603 were ten years of age or under.

The cranberry vine stands but a few inches high. The pickers must double on their knees, causing extreme weariness and pain. The testimony of school superintendents and principals confirms the judgment of reason, that when these children return two months later for the school year, it is with deadened faculties and faded nerves.

There is the same old story of trickery in measurement of berries for the pickers—the boxes being as much too large as those in which the product is finally measured to the consumer are usually too small.

Disarming the Militia

The conservative section of the British public has been distinctly shocked by the report that the government had decided to disarm the "territorials," as the volunteer militia has been called in the Aberdare Valley coal mining region of South Wales where the miners' strike has been in progress for months. Already some of the volunteer troops have had their arms taken from them, the government having reason to fear that they might side with the strikers in the event of an open conflict.

Federal Control of Alcohol

In 1887 the Swiss people by referendum voluntarily handed over the monopoly of alcohol to the federal authorities, who have controlled the importation, manufacture and wholesale distribution of spirits in quantities of not less than forty litres since that date. The latest statistics, from 1887 to 1909, show that the loans and expenses required to establish the monopoly, and amounting to £267,840, were paid off by the government within ten years, and the profits from the sale of good alcohol, supervised by federal experts, amounted during the twenty-two years to £5,175,000.

The profits were divided annually among the Swiss Cantons according to their population, and one-tenth of the revenue was applied according to the law to counteract alcoholism. The government, by abolishing communal and cantonal duties on wines and beer, by suppressing the evil of the many small stills that existed in the country before the monopoly, by increasing the taxes on spirits to three times as much as before 1887, has carried out its original policy of supplanting the use of spirits by that of fermented beverages, and above all has succeeded in reducing drunkenness and increasing the health of the Swiss people.

In 1904 the per capita consumption of alcohol of 50 per cent in Switzerland was four litres, thirty centilitres,

and in 1909 in had fallen to three litres, seventy-two centilitres, and is said to be gradually decreasing.—*New York Sun*.

Municipal Progress

A Municipal Amusement Park.

A municipal amusement park is to be the achievement of Topeka, Kansas. The park will open next summer and everything necessary for an up-to-date park is being installed. Garfield park has been chosen as the site. It is figured that the revenue obtained by the city will reach an appreciable figure.

Municipal Control of Aviation.

A clause in the new city charter of Modesto, California, gives the city power to construct and operate aviation landings as a municipal enterprise. Under the provision the city may also build aviation parks and conduct aerial contests. The city fathers are preparing for the future.

A Co-operative Town.

One hundred citizens of Muskogee, Oklahoma, have prepared plans for the establishment of a co-operative town in the vicinity of Muskogee. The homes will radiate from a business center, which will be run entirely on a co-operative basis. Sites have been provided for a central convention hall, a school house, a theater, a park, nursery and green house. Altruria has been suggested as a name for the new town.

Mayor Advises Municipal Laundry.

In order to increase the popularity of Petoskey, Michigan, and to alleviate the trouble of housewives, the mayor of that city advised the council to consider the project of building a municipal laundry. New machinery has been recently installed in the city light plant and more power is being generated than is needed. Mayor Reycroft suggested that it be used to run the laundry.

Some Incongruities

ALICE SPENCER GEDDES

"Consistency—Thou Art a Jewell."

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, in his "Literary History of America" says, among other snobbish things, that Benjamin Franklin was not "technically a gentleman" nor was his style of writing "exactly literary."

Poor old Benjamin! Too bad, isn't it?

And Abraham Lincoln, also. He was one of those self-made men who, this same professor asserts, never succeed in lifting themselves above the level of their plebian origin. They may acquire admirable qualities—but they will always be "common."

Common—dreadful word.

Those of us who have never thought it worth our while to cultivate the attributes of the veneer; the tinted nails, he massaged complexions, the marcel-waved coiffures—we are common, no doubt. We would be quite at a loss were we idiotic enough to allow ourselves to be tolerated at an "un-common" dinner, where they would be a dozen or two implements of feeding arrayed beside our plate. We would be just as likely to pick up the frozen pudding fork for our oysters, and then when the pudding came along we would have to eat it with a nut-pick or our fingers. For, how should we know? We're common. Our stock is insufferably plebian, don'tcherknow?

But we plain, ordinary persons have this consolation: It only takes a lot of veneer to make white-wood look like solid oak; it only takes a bit of tin-foil, pasted on the back, to make

a piece of glass look like a diamond. And that is considerable of a consolation for such a humiliation as plebian origin. Because, by and by, when the veneer cracks and the tin-foil rucks up—there'll be quite a lot of shams to find their level, somewhere.

But we don't want them—we common folks. We are what we are, and we are glad of it. We do not care for any foreign matter among us. We try to be as moral as the great outdoors—as moral as the trees—which, when you come to think of it, are actually quite common. There are such a lot of trees. Such an overwhelming amount of them. Nothing especially distinctive about most of them. All alike; just ordinary trees.

Nature is, as a rule, shockingly democratic. She seems never to have heard of the caste system. The rainbow of misty promise, circles about the washed and unwashed, alike; the sun rises and sets for the workers and the idlers; judgment day will come, for the vampires as well as the victims. And when it does come, we'd rather be the victims—thank you.

So, on the whole, we'll throw in our lot with Ben and Abe and take the consequences.

The Massacre

BY BERTON BRALEY.

TEN LITTLE ITEMS, newsy—every line,

But one of them was a little unfavorable to the brother of the dramatic editor's second cousin, and it was blue penciled—

Then there were nine.

Nine little items, each one up to date,

But one concerned a fire in the "fire-proof" apartments built by a real-estate firm which took half-page ads. in the paper daily, and the advertising manager killed it—

Then there were eight.

Eight little items—packed in "form eleven,"

One, however, described the fatal injury of a little girl who fell through a rotten stairway in a tenement owned by the brother-in-law of the proprietor. Of course it was suppressed.

Then there were seven.

Seven little items, fresh from printers' sticks,

One was a humorous story about a goat. The business manager happened to see it, and he was certain it would anger the brewers who were just getting out their bock beer. So it also failed to "get by."

Then there were six.

Six little items—very much alive,

But one of them showed that the leader of the local political organization had been padding a payroll, and as this leader had swung the public printing to the paper it was, of course, impossible to use it.

Then there were five.

Five little items, full of truthful lore,

One exposed short weights and involved several big advertisers, so of course

Then there were four.

Four little items—gathered cleverly,

But it happened that one was secured by a reporter whom the city editor wanted to fire, so he called it "rotten" and had it killed.

Then there were three.

Three little items—each of them was true,

But the fact that the wife of the managing editor was trying to break into society made it impossible to use the story about Mrs. De Puyster's obtaining a divorce by perjury, because Mrs. De Puyster was a social leader who was helping the managing editor's wife to "get in."

Then there were two.

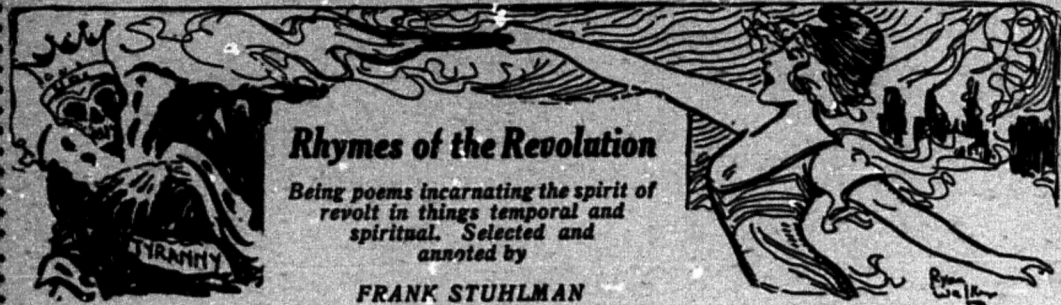
Two little items—very neatly done, But it was possible that one would displease the church people,—

Then there was one.

One little item—lonesome little one.

And to conclude this sweet, sad tale, it appears that this bit of news might have offended the race-track owners, who had some stock in the paper, so

Then there was none.—Puck.



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the spirit of revolt in things temporal and spiritual. Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

The Shop Girl

BY ERNEST McGAFFERY

Ernest McGaffery is a lawyer of Chicago, who finds time to put forth considerable meritorious verse. The writer's versatility is indicated by the variety of his poems. They include dainty ballads, nature songs, verses of sport and best of all some ringing poems of revolt against the injustice of the present system.

The wolf of poverty follows me on Through the dingy streets of the town; So close besides that his shaggy hide Might almost brush my gown; And after him thrust the wolves of lust, Come, eager to drag me down.

And the Christ that the Bible teaches of For only men did die; Or he else would heed in this dreadful need My bitter despairing cry; And the Creeds alway for the heathen pray And the Christians pass me by.

The Law of the Larger Self

BY J. HOWARD MOORE

Many attempts have been made in times gone by to lure men away from their natures by holding up to them ideals of conduct based on mutual concession and disarmament. A worldful of beings acting each as if the world were made for him is like billions of beings trying to occupy the same place at the same time.

The most of the moralists who have arisen among men in times gone by have been too provincial to extend the white wings of their message beyond the bounds of their own species. Emanuel Kant was the greatest metaphysician the earth has ever produced.

All of these teachings are opposed diametrically to the doctrine that "might makes right," which may be called the Law of the Primitive. The ideal rule of conduct must be impartial. It must be universal. It must be plain and convincing.

Act toward others as you would act toward a part of your own self is, it seems to me, the plainest and truest and the most comprehensive and useful rule of conduct ever formulated on this earth. It is the expression of balanced egoism and altruism.

We are all One. There are no "others." There is only One. That One is The Sentient World. The Self includes all that feels. "Others," so-called, have come from the same great womb as we have, have grown up in the same world conditions, and been freighted with like susceptibilities.

the gigantic Organism of Life. The parts come and go, but the Great Being is immortal.

The Law of the Larger Self means Universal Mutualism. It means a widening and promotion of the ambitions. It means a transfer of emphasis from a Part to the Whole.

The world longs for gods. Here is a god that we can love and bow down to and worship—a god who will not pass away nor turn to incense when put into the crucible of Science.

The world will never be redeemed on a basis of egoism. Egoistic pleasures are too expensive. It has been said that "Joy is only our side of others' sorrow."

The Law of the Larger Self is the social philosophy which has been preached in one form or another by all those who have in the past times been mistaken for gods.

The Law of the Larger Self has a biological basis and justification of the most substantial character.

The original inhabitants of the earth were the Protozoa—beings of microscopic size, and with single-celled bodies, and solitary in their ways of life.

the cell to the colony. The many-celled animals, or Metazoa, are merely colonies of one-celled animals in which the cells are so specialized and sympathetic, so dependent and unined, that the individuality of the cell has disappeared entirely in the individuality of the colony.

The bodies of the Metazoa are the oldest and most highly perfected forms of association on the planet. They are models of mutualism. They embody the wisdom and experience of a hundred million years.

The Law of the Larger Self is nothing but the law of Primary Mutualism—the law of component cells of our own bodies—applied to those products of Secondary Mutualism which we call societies and states.

The Law of the Larger Self is the ethical code compacted to the conveniences of a tablet. It should be proclaimed wherever there are ears to hear and hearts and minds to be moved.

The Day of the People

BY EDWIN ANDERSON FIELD

The day of the people is dawning; The day they've awaited so long; The day that the martyrs have bled for; The day poets told of in song.

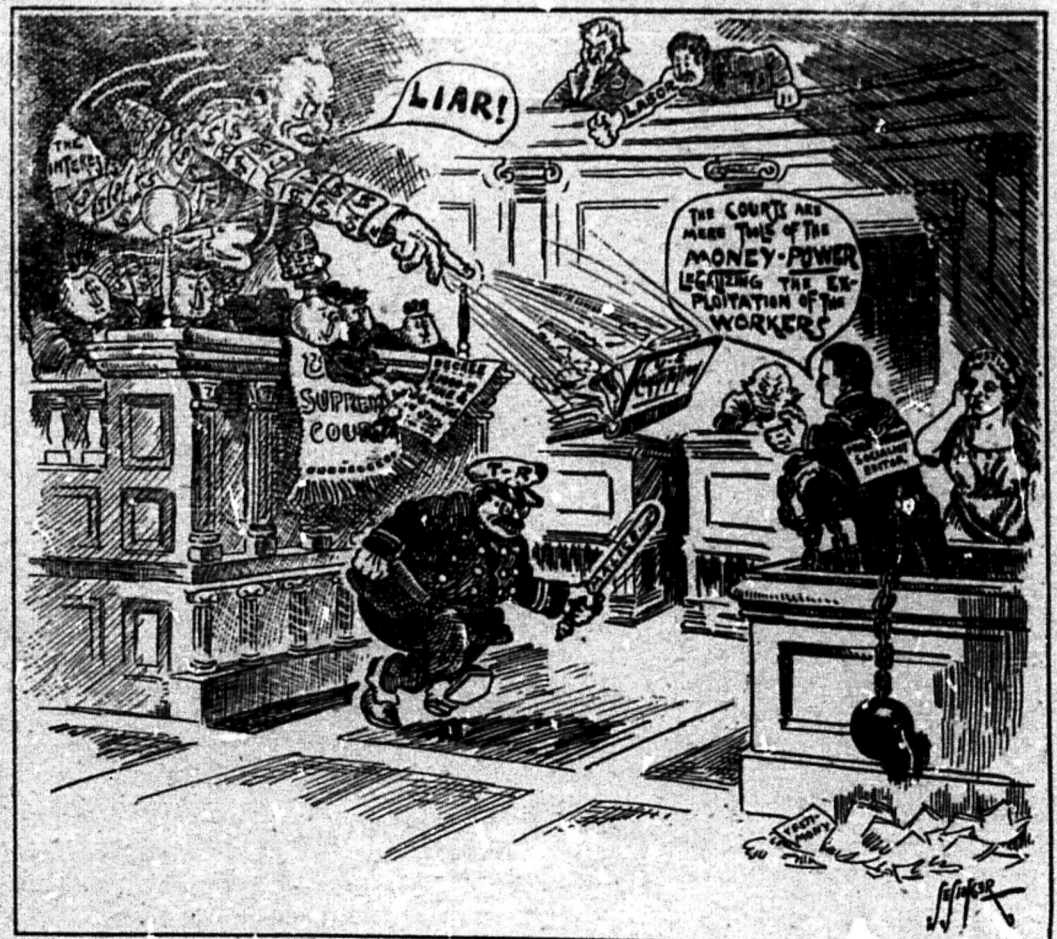
Awake! lift your eyes to the sunrise! 'Tis no time to linger in sleep; But hie to the ripened fields early; And you the rich harvest shall reap.

We have not to subsist on gleanings; The garnered first fruits shall be ours; We'll toll with the pride of possession And richly improve the bright hours.

Arise; and rejoice to be living; Our dreams can at last be attained. The cry of the people triumphant Proclaims that our birthright's regained!

Instead of a society resting on coercion, exploitation and inequality, Jesus desired to found a society resting on love, service and equality.—Prof. Rauschenbusch, in Christianity and Social Crisis.

In Christianity, faith in the future life has to some extent subdued the demand for social justice.



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE COURTS