

# THE COMING NATION

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## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### The Putterer's Pardon



FURTHER reflections occur in regard to the outbreak with which The Putterer accompanied his gracious "pardon" of Fred Warren. Merely as a human and personal proposition, one can understand perfectly why he should have made that display of cheap venom and childish spitefulness.

He was forced into an act that he detested. He squirmed at it. It was the last thing in the world that the man himself, left to his own dull processes, would have imagined doing. When pressure was brought to bear by the advisers who bolster up his wabby administration—those advisers who saw clearly what a dangerous affair for the capitalist supremacy Warren's imprisonment would have been—he extracted what comfort he could from voicing his resentment and his rancor.

And how obvious his utterances. How naturally they occurred to a mind dissatisfied, irritated, conscious of a false position and constrained to find a salve for its vanity. How strongly they suggest the spectacle of a small boy sticking out his tongue.

"I would question the wisdom," he said, "of making the defendant conspicuous and feeding his vanity by treating him seriously when his violence, his exaggerations, his wild accusations and his mock heroics ought to be treated with ridicule. To deal with him with such severity is to manifest a concern as to the evil influence he exerts out of all proportion to the facts."

Such remarks were the inevitable recourse of one fuming under an ungrateful task, the task of "pardoning" a man who did not ask to be "pardoned" and whom the "pardon" had no wish to "pardon." He had to find some excuse, both with himself and with the folks of inquiring minds who would wonder at such unprecedented action.

Meanwhile, observe what vivid light is cast upon the personality of The Putterer himself.

You will remember that he has been held up to us as an individual of pre-eminently balanced and judicial instincts. When all else failed his supporters could always fall back upon that. He was no blusterer. He was no recruiter for the Ananias Club. He was no devotee of the shorter and uglier word. He was a judge, you know, trained to restraint, control and the impartial attitude. He was a welcome relief after the noise and leather-lunged rage of his predecessor. He was calm. He was temperate. He was dignified.

Yes?

Then who is this that descends to vituperation in the performance of the very judicial functions he was hailed as so highly qualified to fulfill and makes a legal decision the vehicle for the calling of names?

Who is this that from the loftiest seat in the nation characterizes the object of his "clemency" in terms of affected scorn and real bitterness?

Who is this that stoops from the chief magistracy to malign the third political party of the land, endorsed by more than 542,000 American citizens, as follows: "Doubtless his writ-

ings are read with pleasure by a number whose views are as wild and perverted as his own."

Who is this occupying the greatest of offices and sitting at the right hand of wisdom who refers to the principles of a great party, dedicated to the noblest and purest of human aspirations, as "the poison he seeks to instill?"

Who is this that sets aside a tremendous world movement for justice, light and universal welfare with a sneer that would show convinced denial of all progress and all hope if it did not show instead a perfect ignorance of the subject he approaches?

Who is he?

We know him.

He is the man who responds instantly and decisively when the question concerns the use of the "Schenectady putter" in golf. He is the man who blinked at the most vital question of the hour with "God knows."

He is the man who can smile fatuously, rusticate for extended vacations and play an old lady's game. He is the man who has never indicated the slightest interest in the vast, palpitating problems of industrial oppression.

He is the man who can drive a golf ball without "foozling." He is the man who confronts the greatest crisis in the history of the race and who "foozles" every move.

The Putterer.

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I suppose no Socialist needs to have it pointed out to him again at this interval that the "pardon" of Fred Warren was a magnificent triumph for the cause and the greatest direct tribute yet wrung by the American working class from the masters.

It will remain a landmark in our history as the first open recognition by the capitalist machine in national affairs of the dangerous power of the masses, the first concession to the awakening consciousness of those who toil, the first instance where the dominant class drew back its hand in fear from the opponent it had marked down.

It was the "breakers ahead!" cry aboard the pirate ship that sent plunderers and exploiters scurrying to quarters.

The future will owe a great debt to Fred Warren.



Since we began our imperial career by the acquisition of subject races we have become increasingly fond of interference with weaker peoples and increasingly accomplished in the methods. It was essential to capital that our diplomatic and military traditions

### Our Dear Old Friend Diaz

should condone, nay, urge aggressive participation in the affairs of smaller countries.

We are developing those traditions.

There was Panama. To be sure, we used little finesse in that deal. We made but a bungling job of it. The false whiskers slipped just as we were getting away with it as the mysterious stranger and we were left in the middle of the stage unmasked and shamed before the world.

Inclined somewhat to caution after this little mishap we made a miserable hash of the attempt to grab Cuba. We had lost our nerve for the time being and the commands of the

interests were not wholly obeyed, though that mistake may yet be rectified.

We did better with Zelaya. American capital in Nicaragua wanted that particular troublesome dictator out of the way. So out he went as per order.

We are getting our hand in now. Having taken forcible possession of the Honduran revolutionary gunboat and dominated the situation with our own warships we are in position to say whether Davilla shall remain or Bonilla shall oust him. It will be arranged as the interests desire.

Meanwhile, here is Mexico.

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The gentlemen who run us have a very tender regard for their old friend Diaz. Their old friend Diaz is a necessary overseer. Their old friend Diaz has been so accommodating in protecting and favoring their enormous Mexican investments. And now their old friend Diaz is in dire trouble.

Every possible aid has already been extended him in a quiet way. Mexican revolutionists seeking us for political refuge have been handed back, or have narrowly escaped that fate. Other revolutionists guilty of the heinous crime of criticising Diaz from the supposed safety of American soil have been punished. The press has been helpful.

For months it was kept in hand, and not until revolutionary successes become too startling to be suppressed or rolled too near the border to be hidden was the extent of the uprising known. A magazine that was printing illuminating exposures of the true state of affairs in Mexico was called off so sharply as to get itself into trouble with its readers and to necessitate a change of ownership.

But now what?

The revolution has gone on. Our old friend Diaz is up against the wall. The interests are imperiled. Washington is beginning to murmur about diplomatic and military traditions.

Are we to help Diaz by force of arms?



IT LOOKS bad for Lorimer. Root has spoken against the old Chicago boss and what Root says the masters think and the administration does. Lorimer was cursed with bungling friends and he pays the penalty because they were found out. The interests have to draw

the line somewhere. Meanwhile, what an edifying spectacle—Root waxing wroth and eloquent over corruption, Root, the man who made his start as lawyer for Tweed, the man who was legal guide for the traction enormities in New York, the man of whom Whitney said: "Other lawyers tell me what I can't do; he tells me what I can do."

\* \* \*

Row is now on whether we shall fortify the canal or not. Since it is to be a failure anyhow the noes seem to have it. Perhaps someone will be good enough to take it away from us if we leave our guns at home.

\* \* \*

It is clear that the administration slipped a lovely one over on the "insurgents" with the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty. The Putterer could never have thought that all out by himself. But if it came to inventing a new golf stick, now perhaps—

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The National Civic Federation got a hard bump from the United Mine Workers. And right after Carnegie had advocated its workmen's compensation measure, too. Ingrates!



### Tahiti Needs Civilizing



SUPPOSE that all things considered the island of Tahiti affords the best example of physical happiness so far attained by man. The products of the soil are so varied that they supply all human wants and so overabundant that privation is practically unknown. There are the ragged inequalities that are inevitable under the present organization of society, but no one ever goes hungry.

Until the white man came along with our superior brand of civilization, disease and dishonesty were alike unknown. There were then about 200,000 people on Tahiti and the adjacent islands. Civilization has reduced them to about 9,000, which, of course, is another proof of our social superiority.

About a century ago the peculiarly mild, happy and honest state of savage society on Tahiti was a favorite theme of some European philosophers who pointed out that whenever man was assured of his daily bread and not obliged to scramble, fight, gouge, murder, lie, cheat and steal to get it, the fine part of his nature had a chance to develop and he lived without guile and without offense. The lesson, of course, was lost upon Europe, which except for a knot of Red Republicans in France, held the scrambling, gouging, murdering, cheating, lying and stealing to be divinely ordained and not to be disturbed upon earth.

About 1869 France took possession of Tahiti and has managed it ever since in a way that fills Anglo-Saxon visitors with disgust. It has not exploited the natives nor taken away their lands nor interfered with them in every way. Every Tahitian is a citizen of the republic and not a mere "nigger" and he has all the rights of every white man. Incidentally the natives get the same wages as white men and cannot be worked longer hours. This, of course, is very bad, and shows a pitiable weakness on the part of the French government, it being well known that the function of "niggers" everywhere is to labor for the white man and take what the white man is pleased to give him, including the lash and bullets.

About nine in ten Englishmen and four in five Americans that visit Tahiti make an identical comment on these conditions:

"If English or Americans were running this island they would make something out of it, but of course, what can you expect of the French?"

What would they make of it? I asked one of these philosophers—having visions of things I had witnessed in India and Ireland, also of certain records in the Philippines.

"Why they would build mills and factories and put all this native labor at work at reasonable prices. They would grow cotton and build cotton mills and make cotton cloth. They would grow sugar cane and build sugar refineries. They would bring in Chinese coolies and grow things and make business hum. There's millions to be made out of this island and the French are letting it go to waste."

Sure thing. What Tahiti needs is some cotton mills, such as I have seen in South Carolina and Alabama, with gangs of little children working day and night in twelve-hour shifts for \$1.80 a week. That's the idea. It wants a few sugar refineries like those in Brooklyn where men can go crazy from the heat and the long hours and the hard work. It needs to be exploited in good shape and to the limit.

It needs a few kind-hearted gentlemen that can own these mills and factories and draw profits from them and give money to slum settlements or build libraries or endow place funds with a fraction of the wealth thus created. It needs a big working population underfed and badly housed to fill the island with an anaemic and tubercular progeny. It needs crime, poverty, insanity and epidemics. That is what it needs and if a gang of our

experts can be turned loose upon it for a little while that is what it will get. We are the boys for that.

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The inhabitants of Porto Rico are said to shed tears whenever they are reminded of the good days when they were governed by Spain. In Hawaii we have about completed the extinction of the natives and have turned Honolulu into a bustling New England village, full of large traders. To Manila we have given the reputation of being the wickedest city in the Orient and the Filipinos think so much of our rule that the very first action of the national assembly was to pass unanimously a demand for independence.

From all this it appears that when it comes to ruling "subject peoples" we are pretty hot stuff. We know how the thing is done and it is no wonder that we view with scorn the miserable failure of the inferior French in Tahiti.

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The basis on which we work in these matters is that we know what is good for all these people. In this respect as in all other phases of our national policy we are merely parroting England. The English have always understood that God has endowed them with peculiar wisdom. They know exactly what is good for India.

If the people of India don't happen to like it, why, fill them full of lead and go on.

After one hundred and fifty years of English rule in India the people like "What is good for them" so little that nothing but the total lack of weapons keeps them from driving the English into the sea. That is the model that we have chosen for our very own. It is what greasy-souled hypocrites call "the white man's burden."

The very summit of its glory may be thought to have been reached when after annually pumping \$100,000,000 out of India by the English method of exploitation, 10,000,000 Indian people died in one year of starvation.

They didn't know that starvation was good for them, but the English exploiters did.



UT why object to this sort of thing if you do not object to the system that produces it? The exploitation of Hindus by the English government is not different in any particular from the universal exploitation of labor by the employing class and has no different result. The English government grabs off every year \$100,000,000 of the wealth created by the labor of the Indian people and fewer than one hundred men grab off still more of the wealth created by the labor of Americans. In India 10,000,000 starve to death in a year. In America we have seen an equal number of men out of work for the same reason. There may be some kind of casuistry that can pick out an essential difference between the two conditions, but I don't know what it is.

If any good American citizen, believing in democracy and free institutions, desires a glimpse at things as they really are in his country, he can find it if he will compare the length of time required for us to recognize the Republic of Portugal with the length of time required for us to recognize the Republic of Panama. That ought to give him some profitable reflections if anything can.

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Have you noticed that the Socialist party membership is climbing?

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It is a good time to be alive.

\* \* \*

Things are going to happen.

The grandest exponent of national thought now published in our broad, bright land is the *Ladies Home Journal*; a proposition I am prepared to defend against all comers. Recently somebody in much, and as you will readily see, natural perturbation of mind, wrote to the *Journal* asking what was the proper thing in stationery.

### Hurry Up With a Coat of Arms

Mr. Bok, the gifted editor of the *Journal*, was on the job in a minute. He replied that a perfect lady might have engraved upon her stationery either her monogram or her address, but the only correct stationery for a gentleman must bear his coat of arms.

The whole country will breathe easier now that the vexed question is settled and settled right. Everyone can see that until we know what is the correct dope in stationery there can be no peace of mind, no national progress.

You take an average American citizen whose father was a farm laborer, perhaps, or a carpenter and until he knows what is good form in stationery he can't do a thing. I don't suppose he would know how to put one foot before the other. But now our pathway is perfectly clear. What we want is coats of arms and we're going to have them.

No free-born American citizen is *en regle* without one.

Thank God that we have the *Ladies Home Journal* in our midst to tell us about these things! Without it some of us might have written on stationery without our coats of arms and then where should we be? Disgraced forever as you can readily see.

Yes, let us give thanks for such a friend in time of need. The great paramount issue in this country is not whether the majority of us are to have work and enough to eat but the correct thing in stationery and at this imminent crisis in our nation's history, there stands the faithful Mr. Bok pointing the way. Use coats of arms on your stationery and all will be well.

Some persons have argued that because the *Ladies Home Journal* has an enormous circulation and is composed principally of vital information like this the fact argues some mental defect in the American public. Far be such a thought from us. There is much more in the *Ladies Home Journal* than information about correct stationery. There is, for instance, a crushing and final argument against Woman's Suffrage, for Mr. Bok has learned and printed the fact that the "real ladies" and society leaders of New York are all against votes for women and of course that settles the matter. Also on the opposite page I come with joy upon this gem of thought:

"Prune souffle makes a tasty desert and nice for a change."

We'll, I should say so. And Mr. Bok ought to know. Prunes are his specialty. But might I suggest that by some transposition this precious information has been made to appear upon the wrong page?



SIXTEEN miners in Colorado get a year apiece for contempt of court. They were in contempt because they continued on strike when the court said that they should not strike. Is it to be wondered at, that every measure directed toward making the judiciary immediately answerable to the people meets the rabid hostility of every capitalistic organ?

The courts perform every necessary function of a huge standing army, a secret service and a Spanish inquisition. They control not only the persons and acts of the workers but the operations of the workers' minds. They impose not only physical but mental restraint upon the citizen.

But there is a day coming.





# BROTHERLY LOVE

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF



HERE was a sort of subdued excitement about the night detail when it assembled for assignment—a sort of excitement that one could feel plainly enough in spite of the fact that it was without visible signs.

To the ordinary man-in-the-street, perhaps, the assemblage would have seemed casual to the point of boredom. Chatting and chaffing, putting various last touches to their uniforms, the fifty odd policemen strolled into the squad room and gathered into little groups of three and four. Clean, healthy, vigorous fellows they were, for the most part, with several friendly, almost fatherly faces among them. But in nearly all the hundred odd eyes and fifty odd mouths there assembled, a close observer might have made out a certain animal cunning, a certain brute-like ferocity characteristic of men who are often forced to bully and beat their fellow men.

The first lieutenant usually attended to calling the roll and assigning the men; but this afternoon Captain McMahon himself appeared. He was a dignified, pompous man, with an unhealthy fatness of stomach and face, and a bulbous nose. His eyes were small and inclined to be bloodshot; but there was about him, nevertheless, the directness and power of a man born to command, and the squad room grew silent at his entrance.

"Line up!" he commanded shortly.

The policemen, with great rapidity and directness, formed themselves along a painted line that ran along two sides of the room.

"James Love!" growled the Captain.

"Eh? Here!" James Love's place was near the middle of the line, and roll was usually called alphabetically.

"Two paces forward!" ordered McMahon.

Policeman Love obeyed. He was younger than most of his comrades; his blue eyes and unlined face showed the softness of youth. But it was an intelligent face, nevertheless, and the six feet two inches of perfectly built manhood behind and beneath it suggested that its owner had not been forced to use "pull" to get on a police force whose crying need was big men.

"Love," said Captain McMahon; "I charge you with neglect of duty! What have you to say for yourself?"

"Goodbye, Brotherly!" murmured an officer on the other side of the room. Policeman Love, because his nature was as gentle as his face and eyes, had earned the nickname of "Brotherly" from his more tempered comrades.

"I—I thought I was keeping inside the law," mumbled Brotherly, scared and humiliated. "You know Justice Gring's decision—"

"Damn decisions!" The Captain looked as if he were the man to do it. "You had your orders, hadn't you, eh?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Brotherly, very miserable and penitent.

"Well, that's all you need to think about—orders! If Detectives Grigg and Scott hadn't happened along, you'd have had a riot on your hands, like enough. Damn me, I've a good mind to bring you before the Board!"

There wasn't the slightest danger of this, but Policeman Love didn't know it. He hung his head and waited for his supreme disgrace to fall.

"But I'm going to give you another chance," concluded the Captain, oozing magnanimity at every greasy pore; "you're assigned to the same place this evening. Mind ye, now; not one o' those workin' girls gets spoken to by any strike-picket! You're there to protect 'em in their right to work, understand? You're there to keep 'em from bein' molested by those hussies that's too lazy to keep a job—or to do anything else except make trouble! You hear me, I guess, Love?"

"Yes, sir," said Brotherly, with thankfulness in his heart.

"Tention! Step back into line!"

Brotherly stepped back, with an audible sigh of relief. The Captain called the roll and read the list of crimes committed, children lost, and men wanted that the day had brought. When the policemen had filed out into the darkening street, the detectives, or "flatties" in the vernacular, were called up and given their assignments. Grigg and Scott were directed to keep in the district to which Brotherly had been assigned; they were seasoned men, with especially brute-like eyes and mouths, and their presence would help to keep Brotherly from making mistakes.

"You needn't let him see you," the Captain cautioned them. "Just hang around and keep an eye on him. If he don't buck up, I'll give him a lesson or two. There's the makin' of a good cop in him; but he's got to be trained."

Brotherly, marching down Fifth Avenue in a group of comrades going his way, doubted whether there really was the making of a good cop in him. While he was in the presence of the mighty Captain he dared hardly call his soul his own; but, once out by himself, he had an uncomfortable habit of thinking about things; about himself and about the part he had to play in the world, in particular. This is not good for a cop, and should be forbidden by the most stringent regulations.

"He couldn't bring you before the board for what you done, Brotherly," remarked the policeman beside him. "He was throwin' a great big bluff into you."

"I was just thinking maybe he couldn't," said Brotherly.

"But don't git it into your noodle that you can break orders an' git away with it," cautioned the



He held His Stick clutched upward

other. "I've seen it tried too often. If you're goin' to git anywheres in the force—shut your eyes and do what you're told."

"That's the answer," admitted Brotherly.

But when he found himself alone on the corner beside the building of the Crescent Waist company, Brotherly Love began to be troubled by doubts. His case had serious complications of which his brother officers knew nothing. If he had merely wished to get along in the force, his decision would have been easier; but besides that ambition, there was another fully as strong—perhaps, shame to him, he thought, even stronger; he wanted to marry Miss Nettie Holden, and Miss Nettie Holden was one of the striking

workers of that same Crescent Waist company, and Miss Nettie Holden despised him, Brotherly Love, because he was a cop. He didn't understand exactly why Miss Holden despised him because he was a cop; other girls didn't, and, for himself, he was proud of his uniform. He wished that his fancy had fallen on one of these other girls, and not on Miss Holden; Miss Holden had queer ideas about things. Not that she wasn't all there with the brain works, he concluded; in fact, one of the main reasons he liked her was because her brain-works seemed unusually good. They sort of shone out through her eyes, at times, and made a fellow feel like he ought to be good and noble to be worthy of her.

It was nearing six o'clock; already the street was a-crawl with homeward bound workers, and soon the Crescent factory would disgorge its bellyfull to add to the crowd. Brotherly made his way among the hurrying throng with the feeling that he was not a part of it, that he was above it. In fact, what with his six feet two of stature, he was above it; but his feeling included a sort of spiritual aloofness, a sort of spiritual betterness, as it were, that made him puff out his chest a little.

As he puffed it out, he caught sight of two other men doing the same thing; they were coming toward him, and their natty clothing, no less than their attitude, showed that they were no part of the crowd about them.

They came directly up to him.

"Ah, officer," said one of them, the older, judging by his greyish mustache; "you are on duty here this evening?"

"Yes," said Brotherly shortly. Their superior attitude, even though it was a replica of his own, did not please him.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Baumenstein," continued the elder man, "our secretary and treasurer. I may add that I am the—ah!—the proprietor of this concern, Mr. Officer. We had some little difficulty when our working girls were dismissed last evening; I thought I had better be—ah!—at hand, you know."

"I see," said Brotherly. The elderly man puffed out his chest so far and looked so superior that Brotherly drew his own chest in. He felt outclassed.

"The officer stationed here last evening," resumed the proprietor, "was so lax in his duty that I was obliged to complain of him; and I was promised a better man this evening. You look able to do your duty, Mr. Officer; the other fellow must have been something of a dough-head."

"That so?" commented Brotherly, very polite.

"Yes. It seems he rather fraternized with the strikers, you know; joined the law-breakers against law and order. You see I know what happens. I trust he has been properly disciplined for his laxness?"

"He has," said Brotherly.

"I shall be present this evening," concluded the proprietor, moving away. "And I shall expect no interference from our discharged employees. Our girls forfeited our consideration when they—ah!—were discharged."

Brotherly walked on. Possibly the thing that struck him most unfavorably in the proprietor's talk was that reference to "our girls." Had Miss Nettie Holden been "his" girl? Brotherly decided that she hadn't; she was her own girl—until she decided to give herself to somebody else. Slow to anger was Brotherly; but this thought, in connection with the proprietor's reference to the "dough-head" who had "fraternized with the strikers" stirred him up considerably. And the proprietor's superior attitude made him sick. Why was the proprietor of the Crescent Waist factory so much above his workers—so much above all the homeward-bound toilers who filled the street?

"He's a snob—a puffed-up snob," growled Brotherly, in a most unbrotherly manner. "Miss Holden's



a lot better than he is; for that matter, I wouldn't wonder if a good many of these people he looks down on so, are too."

By a natural sequence—for hadn't the haughty gentleman scorned him, too? he began to class himself with the workers. Miss Nettie was a worker—one of "our girls," who had forfeited Mr. Proprietor's consideration by leaving his fatherly care.

"I'd a darned sight rather fraternize with the strikers," growled Brotherly, "than with that stuck-up—"

He broke off abruptly; as he turned a corner he came suddenly on Detectives Grigg and Scott. They turned their faces away and hurried past. But he had seen them clearly enough.

So they were spying on him, eh? And their lucky appearance last night—they were spying on him even then, eh? He was suspected of sympathy with the strikers, and Messers. Grigg and Scott were going to see that he did his duty, eh? The power of suggestion, that very subtle power whose uses are just beginning to be understood, took sudden hold on him. Well, he was in sympathy with the strikers! Miss Nettie was a striker; and the others—well they were in the same boat with Miss Nettie!

Somewhere out over the city a big bell struck six o'clock. Brotherly roused himself; the sound was as the call back to his almost forgotten duty. Girls began to come from the underground exit of the Crescent Waist company. Brotherly cast his eye around for pickets. So did the strike-breakers; they walked hurriedly past him, and made for Fifth avenue. Nobody approached them. Brotherly heaved a sigh of relief.

Another and larger group of strike-breakers, came from the malodorous exit. And as this bunch slipped away it was fastened upon by half a dozen other girls who came out of the ordinary crush of the street. The newcomers kept step with the strike-breakers and talked to them—talked rapidly, earnestly, with many gesticulations. Brotherly gripped his club; it was exactly what he was ordered to forbid. But, for a second he did not move. Foremost among the pickets was Miss Nettie Holden! she had forced herself into the midst of the group of strike-breakers, and was talking excitedly to the girls on either side of her.

"Officer, Officer!" cried a shrill voice from the entrance of the establishment. "Look at dot! Git after dem! Stobbit! Stobbit immediate, I say!"

Brotherly glanced at the speaker; he was the smug proprietor of the Crescent Waist company, so excited that he had dropped into poor English. "I rebord you!" he screeched. "I rebord you to mein alterman!"

With a smothered "damn" of mixed disgust and desperation, Brotherly Love rushed forward and broke his way into the middle of the group.

"Get out—all you pickets!" he roared. "It's against the law! You can't speak to these girls!"

Brotherly's precipitate appearance, no less than his loud remarks, converted the moving stream of workers into a stationary jam. The knowledge that he had acted in a rash, impetuous manner, that he was himself guilty of collecting a mob, did not soothe his ruffled temper.

"Get out!" he bellowed, seizing the nearest girl by the shoulders and trying to jam her through the crowd by main force. "Get out," you law-breakers!"

"You know it isn't against the law!" cried somebody at his side, catching his arm. "Justice Gring's decision—"

"To hell with Justice Gring's—!" began Brotherly quite beside himself by this time. And then he stopped, with his mouth open. He was looking straight into the angry eyes of Miss Nettie Holden. For a moment they stared at each other as if they were the only two persons in the street. Brotherly noticed suddenly that his big night-stick, which he still clutched upright in his right hand, was suspended as if threatening her. He hurriedly changed it to a more peaceable position. The din around them increased.

"And after all you said last night!" cried Miss Nettie, in a voice that pierced through the noise. "You know we've done nothing wrong!"

To Brotherly's great relief, his dilemma was solved for him; in the quick succession of events that followed, although he took a leading part in them, he was really much more the helpless victim of circumstances than a willful actor.

The crowd suddenly bent and broke on one side; two men, two stocky, powerful men, with their shoulders humped like attacking foot-ball players and their teeth showing at the sides like an enraged animal's, dived through it and reached the centre of the group. One of them fastened his left hand on the shoulder of a girl; his right hand held a black, wicked-looking, leather billy.

"You're under arrest!" he roared, jerking her in front of him and forcing her toward the edge of the crowd.

The other man fastened his left hand, in an ex-



Reflecting that Miss Nettie had kissed him

actly similar manner, upon Miss Holden. "You're under arrest!" he roared in turn. Brotherly watched him in a sort of dream-like daze. His blue eyes filled with wonder and horror that anyone could treat Miss Nettie Holden like that. He held his night-stick clutched upward, and stood in an attitude as stiff and helpless as that of the King of Diamonds in a deck of cards.

The man who had seized Miss Nettie—Brotherly dimly recognized him as Detective Scott—jerked her in front of him and gave her a kick with his knee to accelerate her progress. Suddenly, and almost without assistance from his will, Brotherly became utterly unlike the King of Diamonds. The electric light flashed on his polished night-stick as it leaped upward; its descent was a blur, its landing was a thud, a heavy, sickening thud. Detective Scott went sprawling into the crowd and down onto the pavement; his stiff derby hat was crushed into a V-shape at the top, and smashed down to the bridge of his nose.

Brotherly didn't wait to see whether he'd killed Mr. Scott; it didn't occur to him that that mattered at all. With a bull-like roar, he rushed at the other detective, and unfortunate Detective Grigg had absolutely no chance to defend himself. The night-stick flashed again; and Mr. Grigg sprawled to the pavement, with his derby hat crushed in a V-shape at the top and smashed down to the bridge of his nose.

"Get out o' here!" bellowed Brotherly Love, scarcely knowing what he was saying, but feeling much like a victorious general. "Get out o' here, or you'll all be arrested!" His handiness with his club, no less than his words, had an immediate effect; the crowd stampeded. Brotherly continued to roar, "Get out! Get out o' this! Or you'll all be arrested!" Doubtless the crowd thought he meant that he would arrest everybody; but no such thought was in the mind of Brotherly Love. He had made himself, and he had been made, one of them; he was standing between them and the wrath to come.

Throughout the latter part of his admonitions he was aware that somebody was following him about, trying to attract his attention; but his attention was elsewhere. Not until the distant clang

of a patrol wagon's gong announced the approach of the wrath to come, did he pay any attention to this importunate somebody; and then the somebody attracted his attention by catching him by the shoulder.

He suddenly awoke to the fact that Miss Holden was almost embracing him.

"You made a mistake—you didn't know they were detectives!" she cried, putting her lips close to his ear. "Understand? Say that you made a mistake—the crowd was so thick, you know!"

"Why—what—Miss Nettie!" gasped Brotherly, as if awakening from sleep. "You'd better get out of this—quick!"

"Tell them you made a mistake—didn't know they were detectives!" she repeated eagerly. Her arm stole a little further around his neck. "It's jail if you don't! You understand?"

"Yes, yes!" Brotherly assured her. He was entirely himself now, quick, active, self-reliant. "I'll take care o' myself! But you—"

He felt the sudden pressure of her two lips on his cheek, and then she was gone.

It was a kiss such as befitted a victor, a conqueror of might; even while he thrilled with it, Brotherly realized how little he had deserved such a benison. He had betrayed his trust; and he had struck down two men from behind. But, somehow, he hardly felt responsible for what he had done.

As the patrol wagon came clanging around a nearby corner, he turned his attention to the two detectives. Grigg was already sitting up, endeavoring to force his crushed hat up from his eyes. Brotherly went over to Scott, and took the injured man's head in his arms. A sergeant and a baker's dozen of policemen alighted from the patrol wagon and surrounded him. The crowd, or such remnants of it as hadn't been badly frightened, came struggling back.

Brotherly succeeded in getting Scott's hat off, and, under the stimulation of a little brandy, he came around. A dozen hands helped the groggy Mr. Grigg regain his feet.

"I was soaked with a brick in a sock," growled the detective weakly. "I know the feel; nothin' but a brick in a sock takes it out of you like that."

The sergeant shook his fist in Brotherly's face. "What were you doin' while these men were laid out, eh?" he demanded. "Why, you big bonehead! You must have been crazy!"

"I guess I was," admitted Brotherly. "I seemed to sort o' get wild like. I must have lost my head."

"That's the way with you fool young bucks! You're under arrest! You'll lose your job for this, you young bull! If you don't get a couple o' months on the Island! Get in the wagon!"

Brotherly obediently got in; the others, seeing that there was nothing further demanding their attention in that place, followed him.

"You won't git the Island," muttered an old policeman in Brotherly's ear, as the wagon rolled back to the station. "Prob'ly you won't even lose your job. Lots o' the best cops has lost their heads in a free-for-all, just like you lost yours. Just keep meek an' humble, an' they prob'ly won't more'n fine you a few months' pay; maybe not that, if ye jolly the Cap'n."

Brotherly Love shook his head. "I'm afraid I ain't got the makings of a good cop in me," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to get off the force for good."

And the rest of the way to the station, and most of that night—which he spent in a cell—he passed very pleasantly in reflecting that Miss Nettie Holden had kissed him.

## IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

A TALE OF PERIL AND ADVENTURE OF HUMAN PASSIONS  
AND GREAT ATONEMENT IN THE WILDERNESS  
BY  
GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapter:

Jim Titus, an employee of the paper trust, has been sent to blow out the dam of a rival company, and thereby ruin their spring "drive" of pulp wood. He is proceeding up the river for this purpose in a launch loaded with dynamite. He has been forbidden to light a fire or even to smoke and faithfully obeys all orders. His wife, when a girl, had been deceived and deserted by a wealthy hunter, and against her betrayer Titus has sworn vengeance. While in camp for the night he is surrounded by a forest fire. He starts in the launch up the river through the blazing forest, and hears a cry for help from some one who is fleeing from the fire.

### Chapter III—"Out of the Jaws of Death."

ALMOST as light as day the river now shone with the reverberating glare of the on-sweeping conflagration. Jim used this terrible illumination to good advantage, for by it he was able to cut corners, to make short ways for himself, avoiding rocks and shoals, and thus materially diminish the distance he calculated lay between him and the point where he could come closest to this unknown suppliant.

Ever and again the cry for help resounded, near, r,

louder as the minutes passed, and Jim each time roared out an answer. He fired no shots from his rifle for ammunition is no thing to be wasted in the Great North Woods; but his loud-throated hails sufficed. For it was evident that the stranger was making his way toward the water, drawn on by Jim's shouts as well as driven by the terrible menace of flame.

This menace was now imminent.

Already the on-sweeping fire storm had surged down from the heights, leaving the mountains a mass of incandescent ruin, and was fast surging onward toward the stream. Far brighter glowed the unnatural dawn of this cataclysm than but a few minutes before. The air grew full of terrifying hum and tremor, mingled still with the cries of birds and beasts, even with the buzz of insects which, mistaking the now perceptibly great heat for summer's noon, crept forth for their last brief flight.

So dense had the smoke become, in places, that breathing was difficult and vision obscured. The air flew thick with brands, live coals, bits of bark



and chaff, all blazing as they whirled aloft on the breath of the fire-giant. Here and there some of these meteors fell hissing into the glittering water. Muffled explosions sounded as some tree, green and full of sap, burst open with the ardent incandescence.

Already, behind the shelter of the river bank, Jim could see the actual approach of the swift flames, not half a mile away, could note the hungry upward rush clear to the tops of forest kings, whose plummy crowns of needles now burst for a moment into a sheaf of purest golden flame, then were flung abroad by the resistless wind in a shower of burning jewels.

"Ain't that grand, though?" he commented in quite a matter of fact voice, much as though he had been viewing the Fourth of July celebration back home. "I swow, 't beats creation 't think what this here'd scale up, ef 'twas all cut an' yarded. . . . But I don't much like th' way these here hot coals is droppin' round my rend-rock, now, that's a fact! Ef I don't find that feller putty quick, I cal'late thar won't be nothin' to find—no, ner nothin' 't do no findin', nuther!"

He bawled again his message of encouragement; and this time the answer sounded close at hand, surely not more than a quarter of a mile further up the stream.

"Gittin' warm, all right, more ways 'n one," he commented, grinning at his own witticism. Then with his grub-pail (from which he dumped everything into the bottom of the launch) he scooped up a gallon or two of water, and flung it over the tarpaulin cover of the dynamite boxes.

Another turn in the river, a turn which almost took his breath away—so near the fire raged—and there he saw the figure of a man, half in the water, waving his arms, shouting incoherently, howling as though insane with panic.

"Hey you!" Jim blared, his voice re-echoing above the flaming tumult. "Hey! Wade out! I'll ketch ye."

The fire was soughing and sucking down almost to the very banks of the stream, driven by the scorching wind. Brands were dropping all about and onto the launch. Some had even driven across the river. Falling among the pine spills and the tinder-like detritus of the forest, they had set up fresh fires which spread as by some sinister magic.

Both banks now aflame, the very waters seemed a liquid conflagration, a very mouth of hell into which Jim drove the throbbing launch with its freight of potential sudden death.

He did not hesitate.

"Wade out! Wade out, you!" he roared as he came on at top speed, hair flying in the ardent gale. "Out with yuh!"

The man heard. Although afraid of the swift, deep stream, he felt greater fear of the urging terror behind him. Hesitantly, step by step, he made his way out.

As the rushing current rose above his waist, around his shoulders, Jim heard him cry out despairingly.

"Huh! He don't seem 't have much grit," commented Titus, with a touch of scorn even in his eager attention.

He cut the launch to half speed. As he bent over the engine, he noted that the tarpauling was steaming and caught a whiff as of scorching varnish from the boat's woodwork. No wonder. The radiation from the now dazzlingly brilliant fire, close at hand, was like that from an open furnace door. The heat waves beat in with almost unendurable ferocity.

"Phew!" ejaculated Titus, shielding his face with one huge hand, while with the other he controlled the wheel.

He looked up again, to judge the distance, yet remaining between himself and the man.

"Gawd-amighty," cried Jim.

The man was no longer there.

\* \* \*

Jim snapped the power off and exposing himself full of the terrific heat-blasts, stood up in the launch again. Another than he might have felt that his whole duty had been done, that now no more demand was made upon him, other than to safeguard himself if such a thing were possible. Another might have flung the powder cans overboard, tossed the anchor after them, and, crouching under the tarpaulin or clinging over the side, submerged in water, have sought to weather the fire storm. But Jim was not as any other.

In his slow mind he himself stood last; the thing that lay at hand to do took precedence of any other thing whatever, were it simply his daily task, or a tedious and distasteful job like this present expedition to Upper Magnetic Dam, or (on the way) the facing of a huge tourbillon of flame, the rescuing of a brother man in deadly peril. Jim's determination once taken, like the set of a bull-dog's jaw, could never be shattered while life was in him.

So he stood up in the now drifting launch, and, shouting at full cry, the while he covered his head with his great arms, eagerly scanned the shore. The bushes and even the green succulent fringe of vege-



The figure of man, half in the water, waving his hands

tation along the water was already smoldering into flame. So dense the vapor was that Jim's blood-shot eyes could determine nothing.

"Ef he's still thar, 'tain't no use nohow!" he exclaimed, "but somehow I don't cal'late as how he is."

He swept the ruby-red surface of the river with swift glances. All about him blazing comets of incandescence were whirling down, hissing into the water, covering its surface with a mist of steam which mingled thickly with the on-driving smoke. Some even fell into the launch; they singed the crouching Newfoundland, and threatened to set the boat on fire, with its cargo of gasoline and dynamite. But Jim heeded them not. No time, now, even to dash water on the tarpaulin.

"Let 'er sizzle, a minute," thought he. "I'll fix them sparks afore they kin do much hurt."

"Hey, you! Hulloo!" he bellowed, till the echoes flung his voice wildly all up and down that Stygian stream. But there came no answer above the roaring of the hellish simoon. Where the man had stood, upon a shelving point, the waters now ran strong and smooth, breaking into froth across a jutting bar unvexed by any human obstacle.

"Gee! He must ha' slipped an' fell!" Jim cried aloud. "Lord knows whar he is now!"

All its momentum overcome by the urging current, the launch began to drift down stream.

Ah! What was that?

Something down stream that fought to the steaming surface—something that bubbled, that screamed and then plumped down with a churning of foam!

"Godfrey mighty!" shouted Titus, flinging on the power. As the craft beat into motion again, he swerved her in a wide circle toward the place where he calculated the man might rise again.

Snatching up the boathook he leaned far out over the side, unminding the oven-glow that beat on his unprotected head and neck.

"Thar he goes!"

Near the launch, not twenty feet ahead, the figure wallowed to the surface, no longer struggling, but limp and flaccid and rolling like a log in the current.

Jim wrenched the wheel hard-a-port.

No time, now, too slow. As she foamed past the man, now once more sinking, Jim stretched over the side.

He made a powerful swoop with the boat-hook; caught the man's clothing with its sharp prong; and, bracing himself, pulled with the whole force of his sinewy arm.

At the sudden, dragging impact, the boat swung quarter-way round. Her speed lessened. Her surge mingled with the bubbling rush of the limp object which Jim with a tremendous effort hauled close up under the rail.

A sudden dive and grasp Jim made with his gigantic paw. The launch staggered drunkenly. Then the woodsman, in the midst of those crimsoned waters

and that tremendous uproar, hauled by main strength a dripping, inert mass aboard the boat.

He let it fall, sloshing, in a sodden heap upon the grating. The Newfoundland, barking loudly, worried at it. Jim beat him back, while water ran in streams from the unconscious form.

"Thar he be, by gary!" panted Jim. "Now, nex' thing, how the devil we goin' 't git outa here? A hard looking chanst, or I'm a parson, what? . . ."

(To be continued.)

## Leaders of the People

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Once upon a time there were two men who manifested a great interest in the public welfare. One was a preacher and the other was a politician.

"What we need," said the Preacher with a longing look at the north star and other portions of the empyrean, "is a square deal and justice for every man and I intend to devote my lif to that proposition."

"I agree with you to the letter," replied the politician, "but the trouble with you is that you are too mild and easy-going." Whereupon the politician shouted to the populace at the top of his lungs, jumped up and down frantically and waved his arms about his head.

The populace gathered around and the two men went on with their exhortations, each in his own peculiar way, and finally the populace was called upon to make a choice as to which of the two men they would follow.

The populace with one accord chose the politician and, while the preacher set out alone along the beaten path the politician left the highway and led his flock across the lots.

For many, many days the populace followed him faithfully, through underbrush, copse and clearing, over hill and dale, through rugged mountain pass and over level plain. Whenever the populace showed signs of faltering the politician would pause to deliver an inspiring harrangue plentifully interspersed with emphatic gestures.

At length as they were going along at breakneck speed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, they came upon the preacher sitting placidly upon a rock by the roadside.

When the politician saw that the preacher had arrived first, he was vexed beyond control and without giving the meeker one a chance to defend himself, fell upon him with harsh phrases and coarse epithets.

While the one-sided argument was at its height, one of the populace, an iron worker, low of brow and big of brawn, made so bold as to advance in the interest of peace.

"Wot in 'ell you scrappin' about?" demanded the uncouth one.

"It's this way," explained the preacher with plaintive tone. "I told this strenuous one that I favored a square deal and justice for every man. He said my methods were wrong, but see, we put our methods to test and I arrived first. Now he is mad."

"Nonsense," replied the politician. "That is not the issue at all. To be sure, we agreed on the destination, but what good has the preacher done? He has come alone, while I have brought a multitude who will thank me even unto the third and fourth generation."

"Tommyrot," exclaimed the iron worker contemptuously. "The trouble with both of you fellers is that you don't know what you're talking about. If you knew more about geography and less about ethics, you'd get along better. Now stop talking a minute while you look around and see if you recognize this place."

"Why bless my soul," said the preacher, after he had carefully examined his surroundings; "it looks very much like the place we started from days and days ago."

"That," responded the iron worker, "is the most sensible thing either of you has said today, for as a matter of fact, it is exactly the place we started from. Now be off with you both. We can do no worse by shifting for ourselves."

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasure. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—Geo. Eliot.

There is no true liberty whenever a caste, a family or a man, assumes to rule over others in virtue of a perturbed right divine, or from any privilege of birth or riches. Liberty must be for all men, and in relation to all other men.—Joseph Mazzini.



# A Man's Work

By Sonia Ureless



IN the quiet of the street a voice was raised in song, and startled many of the inhabitants on the fashionable avenue. A maid came to the window of one of the mansions and looked out the snow had ceased, and left in its wake a world stark in its whiteness and cold. Across the way a man passed hurriedly, his breath showing hot in the crisp, piercing air, his heels crunching in the snow.

The maid pressed her face closer to the window to get a better view of the singer who was intruding at such an early hour. Cautiously she opened the window and waved her hand energetically to the beggar. He detached his numb fingers from the crutch and hised his hand pleadingly to her.

"Go 'way!" she said sharply. "The mistress is sleeping. What do you mean by coming around here so early in the morning?"

"It's 12 o'clock," said the beggar, raising his shoulders to ease them from the crutch. "Give me a few pennies."

She stared at his pinched face and pallid lips, then as his swollen, haggard eyes met hers, she hesitated a moment.

"Wait," she said abruptly, and disappeared behind the shelter of the heavy curtains.

He stood balancing himself heavily on his one foot, his voice continuing, almost mechanically its plaintive wail.

"Nobody knows—nobody—cares!"

Since seven o'clock in the morning he had been struggling along in the snow. His voice had grown hoarse and cracked from the cold, his throat ached, but he was forced to go on with his direful efforts; else he must have died by the roadside. As he thought of the maid's words, a bitter smile curved about his stiff lips, and he stoned his song.

"How funny," he muttered, and stared stupidly at his numb hands: how funny it seems that people should sleep until twelve o'clock, and after getting up, not have to go out in the snow and cold and earn their breakfast, while—others—." He twisted his body into a more comfortable position on his crutch and stared with brooding eyes down the broad, quiet avenue. He was not a thinker, nor a philosopher, and he racked his brain in a hazy sort of way the reason for luxury on one hand, and the misery and poverty on the other.

The maid knocked softly on the window to attract his attention.

"Here," she said; "and go away before you wake the mistress."

He caught the coin she tossed him, and bowed his head, then continued slowly on his way, singing as before.

The butler came to the window.

"What did you give him, Jane?" he asked.

"Five cents," she answered, and stood watching the cripple dragging himself painfully through the snow.

"James," she said suddenly, "did you ever work in a shop—a factory—and see people get crippled up like that?"

"No," he answered, "why do you ask?"

"Just so—I thought not. I have worked in a factory, and I've seen people being twisted and broken like that man—crippled so that their own mothers couldn't have known them. That's why I came here as a servant. It got on my nerves—the shop. My brother was brought home from the tin factory where he worked, minus his arms and a smashed-up face. And he died of those injuries," she added softly.

James stood awkwardly staring at her.

"I never knew that, Jane," he said.

"No, you didn't," she said dreamily, her gaze following the tortuous path of the singer.

"You were always a butler, weren't you, James?" she asked.

"Why—why not always," he answered hesitatingly. He was at times afraid of Jane, albeit he loved her and had asked her to be his wife. "I was kitchen boy—and porter—and footman—before—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But did you ever do a real



*I am going back to real work*

man's work? Did you ever go into a shop and see men—healthy, robust beings—with the flash of a healthy spirit in their eyes turned into hollow-chested, dull-eyed creatures? Did you ever see them cut up—smashed—twisted—tortured into shapes that turns the soul sick within you at sight of them? You haven't? I know that. There are times that I think you are much better off where you are, eating and drinking and sleeping the easy sleep of a parasite; then rising and fawning and bending the knee to your master. For that is the only way you can be assured of your cozy home. And you don't have to take any chances of having your body ground out of shape by machines, or having your hands sliced off by knives that are meant for the tin you are working at.

"And yet, James, though I have left it—that horrible life—the factory where there isn't enough air to breathe—the roar and thunder of the machines—the danger of having to come home one day armless, as my brother did—there are moments for all that, that I despise myself for having come here. This life of living easy while the mistress sleeps—makes me feel—I don't know just how to express it—degraded—"

"There are times that I am tempted to grasp the mistress by the hair when I am dressing her, and pull her all the way to those factories that I have run away from, and show her what life and its real struggles mean. Out there, James, one works—without smiling—one works there with set teeth when the noise of the machine gets too much into one's head—and one grows pale, weary—but one has a chance. And sometimes one dashes out—and gets ahead—way up—and leads the road to better things—and helps the others he left in the perilous shops—and fights a man's fight.

"But here, James, you eat—sleep—wake—don your pretty suit and cringe at the feet of your master. You are no more than that statue over there—a

necessary adornment for your master's pleasure—to be used at his beck and call."

James listened to her in astonishment. The rapid changes of feeling that flashed across her face held him spellbound. She seemed a different creature from the quiet obedient Jane whom he had been used to seeing for the past few months. A creature more adorable than the passive soft-voiced Jane he had known.

"I don't know much about factories," he began slowly, "but I've heard that they have foremen and bosses there that are much harder to please than the master here. There they work harder, and must bow and smile, too—I've seen them at the master's office—of course, he hasn't a factory—but—"

"Yes," she interrupted irritably, "but it isn't the same. Some day those men that are bowing their heads when he speaks to them, will get ahead of him—they are in the field. They are many—bound by joint responsibilities—in their struggle to improve conditions for themselves and others. They have chances—they take chances. Sometimes they lose, sometimes they win—but at least they are in the whirl of progression. But here—!" she swept the magnificent room with a flash of her eyes. "Here one takes no chances—one lives easy—but one stays. One stays, James," she repeated. "One is stationary here. You neither go forward nor backward here. You are out of the field of work—man's work."

"But is working in a shop—a foundry—a man's work?" demanded the disconcerted James.

"No," she admitted. "Not only working in a shop. It's the last place for a man to work in—but it's more of a man's work than this—the work you and I are doing now. Out there is the working world, where men put in ten hours a day and sometimes more. There the work is bitter hard, and fraught with danger, but there is a chance—a chance for a man to achieve—because they, the workers, are many, held by common interest—ready to rise and come to one another's aid—but here—!"

"Maybe, I'm a chip off the old block," she added reflectively. "My father worked in a foundry—then when he'd get home, he'd study and read and strive to better himself—he was always in the struggle to get ahead—until he couldn't any more, then he gave it up—and died. My brother worked until he was knocked out—and he died—but he died in the struggle to get ahead. I—I—lost my nerve, James, and ran away, and came here to smirk and bend the knee—and kiss the hand that holds the rod. But I'm going back. I belong there—there where they struggle and suffer and take chances and sometimes win.

"When I looked into the haggard eyes of that cripple, I felt as though I wanted to crawl into a shell and hide. His gaze seemed to pierce into my very soul. I knew myself for a coward then, James. A coward who tried to stifle all these months—the call of the blood—and so, I'm going back—to the workers. They are the bees in the hive, James, and such people as you and I are—the drones. They are struggling and being tortured out of recognition, but some day they will win out. Surely there must come an end to their struggle and suffering some day! And when that day comes—I want to feel that I have not been a parasite—a thing out of the field of the world's real work."

"You mean that you are going to leave the mistress, Jane?" asked James, eyeing her in dismay. "That you are going back to work in a factory?"

"Yes," she nodded. "And I'm going to study and strive and fight as my father did—as my brother did—to the last; until I win or lose. And maybe I'll win, James, maybe the struggle will not be so bitter now—maybe—"

"Nonsense, Jane," he cut in roughly. "You are not going back to the shop—you mustn't. We'll marry and that will end the matter right."

"But what will you do for a living?" she queried, and her glance swept his immaculate figure, his handsome, clear-shaven face.

"Why stay here, of course," he answered.



"Then you'll never see me again," she said, and there was finality in her voice.

"What do you mean—you won't give up the shop for me?"

"I would if you left this life of lapping at the feet of your master, and went out into the world to take up your share of man's work. Not only by working in a shop, but by helping the others win their struggle. There is so much in the world to do for a strong able man like you—"

"But I can't do anything else—I've always been a servant. I have no trade—"

"You can learn—and I'll help. Why, James!" she exclaimed. "If all the butlers and footmen were suddenly taken from the world—who would miss them? Why the thought just struck me! Think of it! If all the maids and flunkies on this avenue were to disappear—who would mourn their loss? No one, but their individual masters and mistresses. They only would give you a thought. But the rest of the world—the world that goes on—and on—they would not stop long enough to draw a deep breath over your loss. And look, James, should all the workers, the business world, the scientists, thinkers, the people who are in the struggle to get ahead, suddenly be taken away—what would the world do without them? Don't you see, James—and will you come away?" She faced him with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "Will you come and do a real man's work in the world?"

"Nonsense," he persisted crossly. "Stay here a little longer, you'll grow used to this peaceful, easy life. Why should you go back to a filthy shop where people are crippled? Here it is quiet, healthful. You are not used to the change, that's all. Come, Jane, do be—"

"You're right, James," she said, and stared unseeingly out of the window. "One gets used to all sorts of degradation—and by and by one forgets that it is a degradation. After all, everything is a matter of getting used to it—and so I'm going back to do real work—and get used to it."

"Jane!" he cried, forgetting his surroundings, and swept away by the moment's emotion. "You are not going away from me?"

"I am," she answered gravely, and as he started towards her with outstretched arms. "There—go—that's the mistress' bell." She unpinned her maid's cap and apron and dropped them to the floor. "Go tell her I've gone where people get up at six o'clock in the morning and have done a hard day's work, before she opens her eyes and gets out of bed for another useless day on earth. And James," she added, "tell her—that I despise her for the life she leads."

### Polish Socialists in the United States

BY WACLAW S. JESIEN.  
Editor *Dziennik Ludowy*.

The Poles are an important factor in the great tide of immigration that is unceasingly pouring into the United States. Every big trans-Atlantic liner brings crowds of Poles that pour out on Ellis Island—sturdy looking peasants and factory workers, driven from their homes by lack of employment and by hunger. The huge field of industry in the United States swallows them, its ever craving, insatiable hunger for new supplies of cheap labor consumes them, and they are lost in the great ocean of laborers that fill the coffers of the money kings of the United States.

The Poles come from three European countries, entirely different as to economic conditions. When Poland lost her political independence in 1772, the country was divided between Russia, Austria and Germany, and since then the Poles have been bound to their respective sovereign powers and have been forced to follow the peculiar economical and social development of each.

Austrian Poland furnishes the largest part of the immigrants. They are agricultural workers and ruined small farmers. They are un-enlightened and constitute the most helpless element, subject to the most cruel exploitation, and employed in occupations requiring neither professional skill nor much intelligence. The immigrants from German Poland add large numbers to this group. Mining fields throughout the country swallow up thousands of them.

The most revolutionary and progressive element, however, is to be found among the Russian Poles. Many are political refugees—participants in the bloody revolution that swept over czarism in 1905 and 1906. Industry is well developed in Russian Poland and the Socialist organizations there are fighting every inch of the ground against unparalleled oppression.

It is difficult to ascertain accurately the number of Poles in the United States. The nearest figure is held to be three million. Official figures are con-

siderably lower, since they are based, it is said, on a wrong conception of nationality. Census enumerators, it is claimed, do not properly differentiate nationalities, counting the Poles under the heads of Russians, Germans and Austrians. Austria, on the contrary, cannot be considered as a nationality, since it is composed of various national groups.

Chicago claims the largest number of Poles; 250,000. Buffalo is next, with 80,000, and Detroit, Milwaukee, New York and Philadelphia number the Poles at approximately 50,000 each. The remainder is scattered in all the industrial cities of the eastern and middle states.

The group in the United States is almost exclusively working class and should be the best ground for Socialist propaganda. The Catholic priest, however, is the great obstacle to the enlightenment of the Poles. They are all Catholics. Their priests deny them absolution for the sin of reading Socialist literature or attending Socialist meetings.

At the present time there are two Socialist organizations among the Poles, both associated with the Socialist party of America—the Polish section of the Socialist party and the Polish Socialist Alliance. The affiliation of the latter with the party is of recent date, and the two organizations are still often clashing, since they carry on their propaganda on different lines. The leader of the alliance and one of the oldest members in the movement, is Alexander Dembsky.

This spirit in the Polish movement has its origin in Poland, where one of the groups claims that Socialism is conceivable only with the independence of the country. They would restrain political action until independence is won, and turn all their efforts toward winning freedom from the bonds of annexation. This group does not interest itself in American politics. They claim that 60 per cent of the Poles return to their native country and that this makes it advisable to keep in touch with the politics of Poland.

The other group is wholly bound up in the emancipation of the worker, whether it be in the United States or in Poland, whether they remain in America or return to their native country. The Polish section of the party was organized in 1908, and now has a membership of 2,000, divided into ninety branches. It has three newspapers, the daily, *Dziennik Ludowy*, the weekly, *Bies Bosy*, and the monthly, *Pochodnia*, which exert great influence among the Poles. Sympathizers exceed the membership several times in number.

The editors of the daily are Wacław S. Jesien and Roman Mazurkiewicz. John Kochanowicz, a devoted propagandist and lecturer was formerly editor of the daily. In Milwaukee the Polish Socialist local publishes a weekly, the *Napęd*, and in New York the Polish Socialist Alliance publishes its single weekly, *Robotnik*.

The Socialists are working toward the naturalization of the Poles that are entitled to it. The voting strength of the party has been inconsiderable hitherto because of the failure of the majority to secure naturalization papers.

One of the most important problems of the Polish Socialist movement is the consolidation of the movement. The fact that the two Socialist organizations, numerically so poor, lead their membership in a feud against each other instead of joining their forces against a common enemy, is demoralizing. A good start toward consolidation was given by the affiliation of the alliance with the party, and it is to be hoped that it will develop into complete unity of organization.



### Socialist Vote of the World

COMPILED BY W. J. GHENT.

The following table gives the latest official figures of the Socialist vote in the various nations and the number of Socialist members of the popular branches of the national parliaments. The countries are ranked according to the proportion of Socialist deputies to the total deputies:

Countries	Deputies	Per Cent	Vote
1. Finland, 1911.....	87	(200)	43.50 321,000
2. Sweden, 1908.....	38	(165)	21.81 75,000
3. Belgium, 1910.....	35	(166)	21.08 483,241
4. Denmark, 1910.....	24	(114)	21.06 98,721
5. Luxembourg, 1909.....	10	(48)	20.83
6. Austria, 1907.....	88	(516)	17.06 1,041,948
7. Germany, 1907-10.....	52	(397)	13.10 3,258,968
8. France, 1910.....	76	(584)	13.01 1,136,047
9. Norway, 1907.....	11	(123)	8.94 90,000
10. Italy, 1909.....	42	(508)	8.26 338,885
11. Holland, 1909.....	7	(100)	7.00 82,494
12. Great Britain, Dec. 10.....	42	(670)	6.27 370,802
13. Switzerland, 1908.....	7	(170)	4.11 100,000
14. Russia.....	17	(442)	3.82
15. Turkey, 1908.....	6	(196)	3.06
16. Greece, 1910.....	4	(207)	1.93
17. Serbia, 1908.....	1	(160)	.62 3,056
18. United States, 1910.....	1	(391)	.25 620,000
19. Spain, 1910.....	1	(404)	.25 40,000
20. Bulgaria, 1908.....	—	(189)	— 13,360
21. Argentina, 1908.....	—	(120)	— 5,000

In addition: Senators—Belgium, 7; Denmark, 4; State Legislators—Austria, 31; Germany, 185; United States, 16. In the French Chamber of Deputies are also 21 "independent" Socialists. The vote for the United States is estimated and includes that of the Socialist Labor party. The Canadian vote is not available, and the Australian labor vote is omitted. The vote in Great Britain is that of the Independent Labor party. To this should be added the vote of the S. D. F., 2,843.

### Socialist Vote of the United States

(The figures up to and including 1898 are those of Lucien Sanial; the subsequent figures are those of W. J. Ghent.)

	Socialist Party	Soc. L. Party	Total
1888.....	—	2,068	2,068
1890.....	—	13,704	13,704
1892.....	—	21,512	21,512
1894.....	—	30,020	30,020
1896.....	—	36,275	36,275
1898.....	—	82,204	82,204
1900.....	96,931	33,405	130,336
1902.....	223,494	53,763	277,257
1904.....	408,230	33,546	441,776
1906.....	331,043	20,265	351,308
1908.....	424,488	14,021	438,509
1910*.....	605,000	15,000	620,000

\*Estimated. The Socialist party figures for 1906 and 1910, represent the total of the highest votes in each state for those years. The so-called straight vote would be 281,056 for the former year and about 565,000 for the latter year. Last year's final figures cannot be given until June, when Georgia publishes its vote. The vote in New Mexico and Arizona for convention delegates may never be fully compiled. In all the totals, the territorial vote, if any, is given. The presidential vote for the Socialist party has been: 1900, 96,116; 1904, 402,321; 1908, 420,973.

### The Coming Nation

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

I.

Not from the black and blistered throat of hell  
Has come this light triumphant o'er the land;  
It streams from radiant heights upon the strand  
Where breakers age-long roared a sounding knell.  
Through all the chaos of contempt, and like a mellow bell  
Now rings the message clear on every hand.  
I hear the battle call from this staunch band,  
Unfearing gathered for the cause, who stand to sell  
Their soul at mercy's call. And clearer still  
The tides of purity sweep on unstayed.  
And there I see the blood-red flag of peace  
Pause flaunting high where unafraid  
The countless thousands lend their voices to the breeze  
While to the sublime heights the silver echoes thrill.

II.

Not born of anarchy this shining ray  
But from the hearts of men who see the light  
Eternal spring from murky clouds of night,  
A beacon fire to attend the dawning day.  
They who have felt the master's whip—ah, they,  
Yes, they it is who voice their right  
Before the ruler's throne—the plundered might  
They will attain who faced the bitter fray.  
It is their own who toll the daylight through,  
Who for the paltry penny give a life  
Who offer up their children to this ghoul,  
To panders who flourish in the strife.  
Of such as these shall rise the weary soul  
Refreshed with fair Elysium's reign anew.

III.

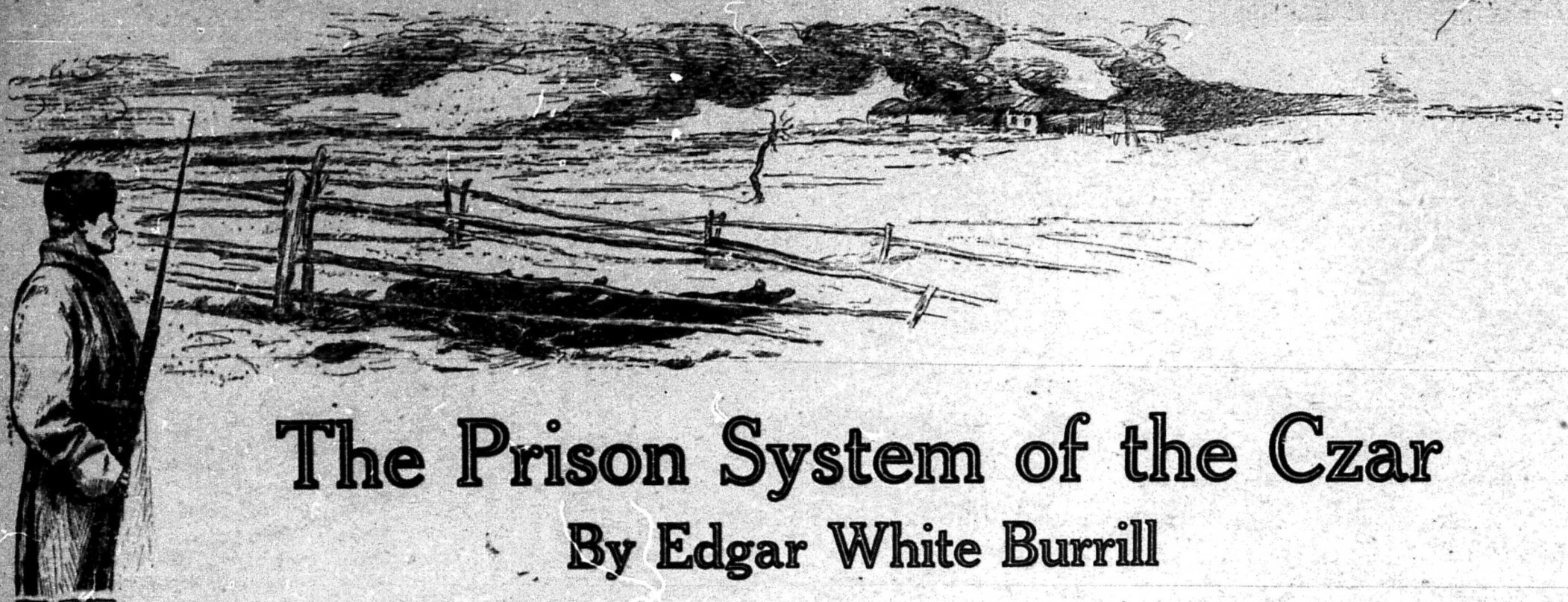
Not for an idle dream we slave again. Ah no!  
We are who feel the change about to come,  
Unwearied work while ever constant from  
All sides the echo yields its fervent glow.  
Slow—ah, but sure—as they who patient know  
The warmth of blood spring new to bodies numb;  
They shall arise who now seem meekly dumb  
And gladly lend a hand that it may brighter grow.  
Not revolution's carnal breath shall blindly wage  
Destruction 'mid the ranks of mortal men;  
No blood shall run the gutters darkly through.  
That heart blood shall be spared till when  
In paths of glory it may rise to you  
And set your name upon the Regime's golden page.

### The Earth for All

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Earth for the people—their laws their  
own—  
An equal race for all:  
Though shattered and few, who to this are  
true  
Shall flourish, the more they fall





# The Prison System of the Czar

## By Edgar White Burrill



ANY people are inclined to doubt the truth of the terrible and alarming reports that reach us from time to time concerning conditions in Russia. Let such persons be assured that the writer also was in a measure sceptical until evidence gathered at first hand had proved them all too true. My traveling bag contained a package of carefully selected clippings from American and English papers regarding instances of barbaric treatment in the czar's domains. Though many of them were Reuter's telegrams and Associated Press dispatches, they were unbelievable of a supposedly civilized country.

In order to verify these reports of the terrible "repression regime," I went to Russia in 1909, concealing the mass of clippings by distributing them through a package of blank envelopes which formed, ostensibly, part of a supply of unused stationery. In addition to these, many of the alleged facts published by the Russian parliamentary committee of England were memorized and personally verified in Russia by eye witnesses by inmates of the prisons, and by data authenticated by other travelers.

One of the most persistent rumors was concerned with the shooting without trial of political prisoners at the Schlüsselburg fortress, forty miles from St. Petersburg. It was proved that in this bastille, a man named Krasnobroski was scattering crumbs from his bread ration on the window sill for the tame pigeons which came to feed there. A warder ordered him to desist, but the man did not turn quickly enough; whereupon, raising his rifle without a word, the warder shot him dead. This is but one instance of twenty-six cases of political offenders who were shot dead in their cells in this one prison for trivial offenses of a similarly imaginary character, all within a month. This was done to reduce the overcrowding, the accommodations being inadequate.

In the Kostruma prison a man by the name of Phillipof threw some crumbs out of the window. He was put in a strait-waistcoat and beaten to death. Twenty peasants in the Kozloff prison of Tambof testified before M. Kisileff, of the Duma, how they had been beaten with nagaikas and iron rods until they lost consciousness; then cold water was thrown over them, and when they regained consciousness the beating was recommenced.

The chief officer of the police at Ekaterinoslav, Tronsevitch by name, burned the fingers of prisoners and whipped the soles of their feet to force confession. At Tobolsk, one prisoner had kerosene poured over his back, which was then set on fire. These burns were shown at a subsequent court martial; but the perpetrator was acquitted. Another victim had finely cut-up horsehair forced into his internal organs. At Kazan, rewards were offered to the men prisoners by the chief inspector for every female prisoner whom they should insult or violate. Let it be recorded, however, to the honor of these men and to the shame of the official, that they protested and, demanding to see the public prosecutor, reported the order to him.

At Riga, a youth of twenty-three had all the hair pulled out of his head and beard, and several of his ribs broken with the butt of a revolver. His head was also frightfully bruised, and his face so disfigured that he was unrecognizable. After the torture he was unable to move, two warders being obliged to drag him to his cell, where they flung him down by the door. His comrades raised him, brought him back to consciousness and washed his wounds;

but his sufferings were so terrible that he could neither sit nor lie down. A man named Kenin, during the examination at a field court martial, had his toe-nails torn out one by one, and certain of his organs squeezed so that right up to his execution he had dreadful internal hemorrhages.

The "examiners" stop at nothing, many times beating and torturing those who have become insane. One instance of this happened during my stay in Moscow, at the Boutyrki prison where a prisoner who was known to be insane was terribly beaten and flogged. The new cases of prisoners becoming mentally deranged here from the sights they see and the screams they hear, average one a day. At Lodz, where the same thing is true, the beatings of these unfortunates were so prolonged for several days that in some places their flesh literally tore off in pieces; but when they lay helpless on the floor, their tormentors jumped from chairs on to their prostrate bodies.

By several witnesses I verified similar reports of Gruen's methods at Warsaw. M. Kowalik, the succeeding chief of police, himself admitting to me, in the course of a pleasant half hour's chat, that his predecessor was most ingenious in inventing variations of this device. During the reign of this monster at Warsaw, the famous Indian fire torture of sticking pine splinters into the victim's flesh and then setting fire to them, was in frequent use. One man, a school teacher of Bielostok, was killed by having three gendarmes pound nails into his head. Twisting prisoner's heads around, pulling out their hair in handfuls, breaking their teeth with iron spikes, thrusting needles into their bodies, pressing the skull with screws till the bone was broken—these are among the simpler methods used. That of preventing a person for a long period from going to sleep is a favorite, this mode being punctuated by external irritants, such as bayonet thrusts and pins; while that of half-burying the unfortunate, manacled as he is, in a dungeon overrun with hungry rats, is still practiced in the Peter and Paul fortress at St. Petersburg itself. Often, as at Riga, the wounds of those flogged are filled with salt. I have several names of victims treated in all these different ways, with the dates and places.

Many of the victims, I repeat, are mere boys and girls. This was notoriously true at Lodz. Sex is no protection in Russia; in fact women suffer worse than men, for obvious reasons. At Warsaw it was told me that prisoners often went mad during their examinations, before being actually committed to the prisons; and whatever is true of Poland in this respect is doubly true of the Russian interior. One boy of fifteen accused, under Gruen's administration, of stealing twenty-five roubles (\$12.50) from his uncle, died during the "examination." M. Kowalik admitted this also.

Now the only protection that prisoners have against all this brutality is open mutiny, which is of course fatal; or the silent protest of the famine strike, which consists of refusing to eat. Such a strike took place in April, 1909, at the St. Petersburg house of correction, where 600 inmates refused all food for a number of days; this happened simultaneously also in the Kresty prison in the same city. More often, however, the sufferers commit suicide. Desperate men by the score, and often women, when human nerves can stand no more, resort to this last means of release. If they are fortunate, they will kill themselves by means of weapons or bits of sharp metal or glass secretly conveyed to them by friends from outside. More often they must depend upon the more terrible agency

of the small lamp with which they are supplied, saturating their clothes or bedding with the kerosene, and setting themselves afire. Occasionally they may avail themselves of poison.

In April, 1909, thirteen prisoners who had been condemned to death at the Alexandrovsk prison at Irkutsk shared equal parts of a quantity of poison which they had obtained, in order to swallow it the moment the death sentence should be pronounced by the governor-general. They did this to avoid the terrible orgy of torture which generally precedes the actual execution; but their intentions were frustrated by the discovery of the poison.

Reports of a like nature come from other Siberian prisons, one of the inmates of which writes to her friend, saying, "Every moment we expect some terrible scene of wholesale beating to break out, and we continually have poison in readiness." But worst of all is the plight of those self-destroyers who, deprived of metal or tiny cell lamp or poison, have recourse only to the method of beating their heads against the cruel walls until their skulls are crushed. Two men at St. Petersburg did this recently; their names were Pybin and Reichstin.

Brutality of the worst kind has become quite habitual in all the great lock-ups. Especially is this true the night before a condemned man is executed; for then the wardens invent such varied and fiendish methods that the victim is almost always unconscious on the following morning when taken out to be killed. One man was thus treated while suffering from typhus fever; it was recorded by the officials that he had a temperature of 104 degrees when he was hanged. Even the fearful beatings administered before the unfortunates actually reach the scaffold sometimes fails to arouse them. It has happened more than once that a mistake has been made in this way, and a man is beaten to death. Even then, however, the formality of hanging must be gone through with to make sure that life is extinct.

As a natural result of this system there is a steadily increasing number of suicides of victims who would have faced death calmly, but who could not face the torments that preceded it.

Is it any wonder that all this leads to acts of rebellion among the prisoners? These, in turn, lead to repression of the most abominable sort, and to wholesale shootings. Two days after my visit there was such a mutiny in the Moscow boutyrki and at the time of the investigation of the Mokotow prison at Warsaw, I wondered then why the forty convicts at work in a room of the button factory did not make a concerted move to overcome the governor, the single warden, my guide, and myself. But a glance at their hopeless faces reassured me, even if I had not been grimly aware of the unslung sabres of my escort and the visible butts of their revolvers. About the same time also there was a mutiny in the Schlüsselburg fortress, the report of which gave only two casualties. It did not mention, however, the grewsome tortures and beatings with iron rods which invariably follow such outbreaks.

The number of death sentences pronounced by the military courts, and the executions, are not on the decrease, in spite of the information given by M. Stolypin to Mr. W. T. Stead. Such information, though coming from a Russian Prime Minister, is no more to be believed than his manipulated figures regarding the number of exiles transported to different parts of the empire. In last summer's discussion in the *London Times* it was seen how cleverly he could juggle with facts; it was then proved that, contrary to his affirmation that the



number of eviles did not exceed 12,000 there were no less than 78,000 prisoners at that moment in process of removal to Siberia. A little later the Duma called on the department of police to supply exact figures, and the number then given by the reluctant department was as high as 74,000, six times the Premier's estimate. According to accurate testimony, taken before the Duma and embodied in the official report of that body. General Kouzmin-Karavaeff, a military procureur and a deputy, said:

There were over 600 men during the last four months, hanged shot or otherwise deprived of life by most horrible methods without trials or after mock trials. This figure shows us once more that the chief motive of capital punishment here in Russia is sanguinary vengeance.

But in spite of the indiscriminate hangings and shootings of innocent men; the steady stream of exiles, the deadly torturings, and the wanton massacres, the government's general repressive policy is so severe that the prisons all over Russia remain terribly overcrowded. According to the unreliable official figures themselves, these torture-chambers contain at the present moment 181,000 prisoners, although the utmost capacity for which they were designed is only 107,000. And this figure does not include the exiles in transit, nor the 100,000 offenders detailed at the local police lock-ups. In some of these lock-ups and transfer prisons the number of those detained is three to four times as great as their holding capacity; and it is here often that ill-treatment is the most awful. Deputy Gherasimoff at the sitting of the Duma on March 22, 1909 said, "The prison population has increased during the last year alone by 100,000 persons." The director of the prison department corroborates this statement.

Another official report of the Duma contains some interesting testimony of a priest, Father Krasoun, bearing upon one cause for this excessive crowding:

I was kept in a prison packed with 400 people who were receiving a daily allowance of 6 kopecks (three cents) barely enough to escape starvation—not enough to escape perpetual hunger. I asked them, "Why were you beaten with *nagaitkas*? Why were you thrown into prison?" And the reply was always, "The police arrested us because we refused to bribe them."

This same record contains also evidence from many quarters as to atrocities perpetrated by vicious officials. One citation will illustrate "At Riga, eleven persons were condemned to death, the accusations being exclusively based upon their own dep-

ositions, extorted from them by terrible tortures." A description follows; but, knowing as we do the practices of this "third degree" system, we are not surprised that these men, and countless others, though innocent, "confess" to crimes that send them to the gallows.

As a result of this over-crowding everywhere, typhus fever has spread in alarming proportions, so that now it is flagrant in sixty-five out of a hundred provinces. Nothing is done to check the epidemic. At the great Boulyrki, the dress and the linen delivered to the captives is falling to pieces; even in the pillows, which are filled with straw, the straw is changed only once a year. I saw quantities of the winter clothing of prisoners, so foul and moth-eaten and full of vermin that I would not dare even to burn it in my furnace, much less to touch it.

In this fortress, rightly called the second Russian Bastille, the rooms, each twelve paces long by five wide, contain twenty-five prisoners, and the time allowed them for taking fresh air is only fifteen minutes. There are 1,300 (hard labor) convicts here, one-half of whom are "politicals." Out of inmates placed on the sick list, sixty-five per cent are attacked by scurvy; they remain in the common rooms, all in chains, and are continually whipped and thrashed by the warders. A long talk with a former inmate disclosed other facts which it would be inadvisable to publish. There was one man, named Chietetsoff, who, after being beaten and tortured in other unnamable ways for several days in succession, went mad, and "died" three days later. After thus beating a man, the custom is to put him into the Black Hole, where he may either recover or "die."

This prison has now become such a nest of infection that at a special meeting of the committee of the sanitary inspectors of Moscow on the 2d of March, 1909, it was stated that during one week, from the 15th to the 20th of February, no less than "seventy men were taken ill with recurrent typhus. The illness has been spread to the barracks of the sappers by the men who kept guard in the prison, and ten deaths have already resulted there." The committee concluded that it was absolutely necessary to improve the food of the prisoners, but the prison authorities would not admit this, and no improvement has been made.

In many of the most crowded prisons the inmates

have absolutely no beds or bedding. I saw several cells which were mere dungeons of stone, containing not a scrap of material of any sort, and with the most inadequate sanitary accommodations, concerning which there is a specific law. Here the poor convicts must sleep on the bare floor without covering, except for the filthy clothing previously described. The sufferers from typhus and scurvy lie side by side with the other prisoners, and it is only when a prisoner is in a dying condition that he is removed to some hospital. I was told of several cases of typhoid patients being brought on stretchers before the court for trial, dying as they were, and being re-committed by the judge because they were too ill to answer questions.

There are scores of other examples that could be given blacker than these, in support of an arraignment of the Czar's policy; but the sensibilities of the reader are to be considered. None of these quoted are isolated instances; they are typical of the whole regime. A single such case would not be tolerated in America; public opinion would compel an immediate reform. But since all this happens in far-away Russia, we take little notice. We prefer to ignore our Christian duty to this stricken land; we refuse to acknowledge the fact that we are our brother's keepers.

When these censored horrors appeared in our papers, we allowed ourselves to be only mildly stimulated by them. Now that this brave people's struggle for freedom has been for a time entirely crushed, we have sunk back into our former apathy of inaction, while the Russian government, in the name of Christianity and civilization, continues its frightful injustices and its merciless methods of extermination.

The peasants call it the White Terror, and it is far more terrible than the Red Revolts which preceded; for this is silent, secret, and official. Thousands of our fellowmen are being daily put to unspeakable tortures; hundreds more are being shot or exiled for merely technical offenses; and countless women and children are being driven on to the streets because their innocent husbands and fathers and brothers are held as political suspects. Are we to remain silent and impassive while all this is going on? Is it not time that Christian America, the land to which the oppressed have always turned with hope, the land which stands for international peace and liberty—is it not time that we should offer some official protest to Russia's national crime?

## Socialism and Collegians

BY MORRIS HILLQUIT.

It seems to me there are two extremes to be avoided. You must remember first of all that the Socialist movement is a proletarian movement. When I say this I do not mean that the Socialist movement should consist only of the horny-handed sons of labor. What I mean is that Socialism makes its appeal most directly to those who are in the first instance interested in its promises; and that for that reason it must be borne primarily by the masses. Such has been the case in every country where Socialism has made progress. The spirit of Socialism can accomplish no fundamental change unless the masses are consciously and to a considerable extent intelligently behind it. The Socialist movement and all of its branches can acquire and retain strength only by contact with the masses. In order, therefore, to be useful to the movement, in order to take more than a shallow interest in it, it is necessary always to keep in touch with the people. A phrase has been coined recently—and perhaps with some justification; it is "parlor Socialists," a term applied to those who consider Socialism as a sort of aesthetic treat, a peculiar sentiment which makes them superior to the general run of men. This tendency is fatal to the usefulness of any one in the Socialist movement in this country.

Then there is the apologetic attitude. Sometimes we find that college men and women come into the Socialist movement with an apology for their greater opportunities, their better education, or their better mode of life. Some years ago, before the present Socialist movement was developed in Russia, this sentiment found expression in the lives and attitude of certain repentant noble-men. It seems to me that college men

and women should take their place in the movement, consciously and sincerely, feeling that they have a legitimate place in it.

The Socialist movement in America is at last beginning to be a mental part of the country. Its general ideas and its philosophy can be widely expounded and discussed. But that alone does not make Socialism. The Socialist movement consists also of a practical work—the working out of its ideas, organization, practical social reform, contact with the real struggle. The movement requires not only the masses, but the best and bravest intellects in the country. It has directed against it not only the brutal force of the powers that be, but also the great purchaseable intellect of the country.

There is a tremendous field for you college men and women. You bring to the movement that which is at least as essential as mere enthusiasm. You bring to it intellectual training and education. Therefore you should take your legitimate place in the movement—a place that is yours as much as any man's—and which offers an opportunity for you to give for the benefit of society all that it has been your good fortune to acquire. You cannot do better than to place these achievements on the altar of the Socialist movement.

From address before the International Collegiate Society, N. Y.

The distribution of food products is on a wrong basis. Everybody has paid 5 cents for an apple and everybody has seen apples rotting on the ground.

Our wrangling lawyers are so litigious and busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter—some of them in hell.—Burton.



A Meeting That Really Makes for International Peace

Here is a gathering of Socialist representatives from the Parliaments of three nations. The man on the left is Keir Hardie, a member of the English Parliament. He is grasping the hand of Molkenbuhr, a member of the German Reichstag. Between these two stands Jean Jaures, member of the French Chamber of Deputies. At the right is Anderson, of the Executive Committee of the English Independent Labor Party. The occasion of the meeting was a reception to some Continental Socialists in London, held a few weeks ago, for the purpose of discussing international problems affecting labor.

When the capitalistic impulse tries to accumulate a cash balance in heaven and credit basis commercialism poisons religion.

It is altogether a sad reflection that nine-tenths of the world is poor and the remaining tenth weighed down with sorrows.



## THE COMING NATION

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## Next Week's Coming Nation

The next number will contain Charles Edward Russell's great article on the labor war on the Pacific Coast. This article is one of those strongly written statements of facts, buttressed by argument and experience, and closing with an appeal to action that produces results.

The union movement of this country is facing the hardest fight in its history. The mask has been torn off the Civic Federation and war to the knife has been declared. Just at this moment the fiercest battle in this war is being fought on the Pacific coast. If that battle is won, the fight will extend across the nation.

"We will crush the labor unions in Los Angeles first; then we will wipe them out in San Francisco," was the remark which Russell says was repeated to him many times by the union haters in California.

If they "wipe them out in San Francisco" they will try to "wipe them out" throughout the United States.

The most important thing now is to rouse the workers to a knowledge of the war that is on. Labor cannot be defeated except by its own ignorance and indifference. The Socialists, as the most militant and intelligent portion of the working class, owe it to themselves to see that organized laborers everywhere know what is going on in California.

Thousands of copies of this issue should be distributed among union men. They can be sold in every union hall in America. Every one interested in the cause of labor will want a copy. It is for our readers to see that this demand is satisfied. We will send them in bundles of ten or more to any one for two and a half cents apiece. This is not an article that will be out of date, until the battle is won or lost, so no one need be afraid to order a large bundle.

## Who Are the Dreamers?

BY C. E. RUTHENBERG.

The charge that Socialists are dreamers is one frequently repeated. Capitalist editors are very fond of writing editorials headed with "Another Socialist Dream Shattered," "A Hopeless Dream" and like captions, all of which insinuate that the Socialists' analysis of the laws of economic development—"Are but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,

"They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned."

An appeal to the facts warrants the Socialists returning a Roland for an Oliver and charging the capitalists with being dreamers, who, satisfied with the present because like buzzards they are able to supply their wants by preying on the great mass of mankind, who are condemned to lives of misery and privation, desire no change in existing conditions.

"Nothing is permanent but change," science declares to be the universal law of nature. Suns, stars, planets, life in all its forms from amoeba to man, the institutions of man, governments, religions, ethics, the marriage relation, all are subject to the general law of mutation and have each presented many phases of development during the ages they have existed. Our solar system, having its beginning in a nebula floating somewhere in space, which condensed under the action of the law of gravitation; the earth, thrown off from

## Our Despotic Supreme Court

BY A. M. SIMONS.

What Can Be Done at Once



HE supreme court crawled into power by stealthy midnight methods. It has retained power by toadyism to the strong. Its power exists by a tacit agreement that so long as it is a faithful valet, the constitutional provisions will not be enforced upon it.

Congress can take away that power to declare laws unconstitutional, which is the main support of this fawning despot. Congress did this once, and the supreme court admitted the right of congress so to act.

Yet this supposed power of the court is constantly offered as an excuse for refusing to enact legislation not demanded by the ruling class.

The income tax is a striking illustration of this. The democratic party demanded such a tax in its national platform. President Taft cautiously recommended it in one of his messages. A majority in congress has declared in favor of such a tax.

Yet all of these offer the excuse that an income tax has been declared unconstitutional.

President Taft has suggested that the only way out is an amendment to the constitution. In obedience to this suggestion thirteen states have already approved of an amendment to the constitution granting congress the power to enact such a law. Yet everyone knows that sufficient endorsements cannot be obtained within a decade to insure such an amendment. Meantime, the argument of unconstitutionality is offered as irrefutable.

Here is an opportunity to test the sincerity of those who do protest so much their desire for an income tax law.

Let them pass such a law with the added clause, "This legislation is not subject to the jurisdiction of the supreme court." That is all that is necessary. The supreme court has itself admitted the constitutionality of such an act.

Will LaFollette, or Bristow, or Bourne, or any of the long list of insurgents and radical democrats, many of whom have bewailed the tyranny of the supreme court, dare take this simple, logical and constitutional way of obtaining what they claim so much to want?

We suggest that the readers of the COMING NATION write these radical congressmen, asking what they think about this matter.

the sun, or original nebula, passing through various stages of hardening and cooling, have been changing and evolving during eons of time. Life itself, beginning with the unicellular animalculae and gradually ascending through myriads of species to man, has presented protean aspects. And man? Has he remained untouched since half human, half ape, he descended from the arboreal home of his ancestors?

Glancing back over the panorama which scientific research passes before our eyes we see a creature we would hardly call human, without tools, except the chance stone or club, without habitation, except such as nature provided, without government, except the rule of the strongest, without religion, except the fear of the various phenomena of nature. We see this creature making his first feeble attempts to conquer nature. We see him beginning to fish and to use fire in preparing his food. We see his first simple bow and arrow. We see one invention, each conquest of nature, leading progressively to another. Simultaneous with his more complicated life came the development of the brain. His more complex environment forces him to reason, and brain development, together with his first achievements lead him faster and faster, from savagery to barbarism, through the various stages of barbarism to civilization. His government, if it may be so-called, beginning with the simplest form of leadership, develops into the complicated system of rule through the gens, which were based on blood relationship. With increased control over the productive forces of nature came a greater amount of property which led to the breaking up of the rule of the gens and the beginning of government based on territory and property. His family relation, beginning with the consanguine marriage, passes through numerous stages—the punuluan, the pairing family, the polygamous and finally the monogamous family. His religion, having its beginning in the worship of every mysterious force of nature, becomes the

workshop of many gods, each ruling in a separate sphere, and then the worship of one Supreme Being, to whom is attributed universal power.

Coming to the period of recorded history we trace the economic development of man from slave production to feudalism, from feudalism to capitalism, and we find each system of production with a superstructure of government, ethics and religion of its own. We find slave production giving birth to a slave religion, feudalism to a feudalistic church, and the capitalist system synonymous with the beginning of the reformation and the death of absolute government. We find capitalism itself going through various stages of development, from the simple employment of craftsmen to factory work, from the factory system to great industries. And in our own time we see these great industries combining. We see the control of the industrial life of the nation concentrated into the hands of a few men. We find the many dependent upon an oligarchy of wealth for the necessities of life. We see a small percentage of the race reaping the rewards of the centuries of achievement. We find the many struggling and striving for a mere existence in an age when man's conquest of nature makes it possible to supply the wants of all.

And here the capitalist and the capitalist minded say we shall stop!

Through all the ages the institutions of man have been changing, developing, evolving. Through constant mutation we have reached a stage in our economic life which heaps all the rewards into the laps of a small proportion of the whole of the people. And these few rise up and like modern Joshuas command the forces which have been working through all the past: "Stand Still!"

Who are the dreamers: The Socialists who say that society will continue to evolve and that social production existing today must lead to social distribution; or the capitalists who say: "We are reaping the rewards. Sun, stand still?"

## Socialist Councilman Arrested

Sumner W. Rose, lately elected to the city council of Biloxi, Miss., on the Socialist ticket, is a candidate for jail honors as a result of a long fight, headed by the Socialists, against a very obnoxious street tax. The following letter from Comrade Rose to the sheriff of his county (Harrison) will to some extent explain matters.

Sheriff of Harrison County, Gulfport, Miss.

Dear Sir: Through the press (but so far not officially), I am informed that I must go to jail on account of the street tax.

If this true, will you kindly so inform me? Also, will you kindly state how many days of freedom I have still before me?

I am a member of the city council of Biloxi, and am on some important committees that are to report at the coming Tuesday evening meeting of the said city council, and if I can have my liberty till that time, will thereafter be at your service.

Some one must suffer in order to arouse public interest to a point where the repeal of unjust legislation will be demanded, and I suppose it had as well be myself as another.

The Declaration of Independence says that "when laws become oppressive to the people, they have the right to alter or abolish them."

The state constitution of Mississippi says there shall be no imprisonment for debt, but the supreme court of this state says there shall be such imprisonment. In fact, that the undersigned shall be imprisoned for being in debt to the city of Biloxi for street tax, and for failing to pay that debt.

This street tax is not only a debt when not paid, but a debt that I did not make. It was legislated against me and others by the state of Mississippi and the city of Biloxi.

The United States constitution says there shall be no imprisonment for debt, but the supreme court of the state of Mississippi says there shall be. It pronounces no argument and renders no opinion showing the justice of its decision, nor wherein it is in harmony with constitutional principles. It merely says: "The decision of the lower court is affirmed."

I know that some lawyers say that this is not imprisonment for debt, but that it is punishment for not obeying the law. But what is the law? That one must pay the street tax debt is it not? Only this, and nothing more.

The matter of imprisonment for debt was recently decided in the federal court in a case from Alabama, involving contract labor. The federal court in that case said: "You cannot imprison for debt." The decision of the Alabama court had been that you could imprison for debt, but that decision of the Alabama court is now "down and out."

All civilized nations have long since relegated their laws imprisoning for debt to the lumber rooms of the dark ages.

When the jail doors close on me for the offense of fighting for the poor of Mississippi—who are required to do nine dollars worth of work because they are not possessed of three dollars with which to purchase their freedom—this state advertises herself as one hundred years behind the times. She thereafter may advertise her many industrial and agricultural advantages, but it will be very largely in vain, for clear-headed, up-to-date, state builders will refuse to come within the clutches of rampant injustice.

She may get the sodden and uneducated from other shores, who have been born in tyranny and know nothing else, but she will fail to attract those who will speedily assist in making a greater Mississippi.

SUMNER W. ROSE.

## Scout News



When Anderson, Ind., elects a Socialist mayor you'll know that Scout Fred Torrence helped place him in the chair. Fred isn't old enough to vote, but he has a string of customers who cast ballots regularly. Some of them voted capitalist tickets last election. Fred's work has made them see a new light.

FRED TORRENCE.

I am selling NATIONS to make more Socialists in our town and to get a watch.—R. R. Young, Pa.

My grandfather was put in jail in Germany because he was a Socialist. I like the Scout work.—Hugo Hafner, 12 years old, N. Y.

Am selling 30 a week, easily, and expect to soon increase to 40 or 50.—Walter A. Mitchell, Ohio.

I have increased to 20. I hope to increase more. I sell most to mail men.—Harry Werner, N. Y.

I got a couple of preachers this time, but they are hard to get. I met the secretary of the Boy Scout movement here and he said if I could get a paper telling what good the Boy Scout movement was, he'd give any price for it. If you can get anything telling of a good reason for it send it to me.—Miss June Eynon, 14 years old, Mich.

I sold my papers in about an hour. They seem to like the COMING NATION. I'll double my order this time.—Lucile Zink, Indiana.





EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

### St. Valentine Day

Three cheers for the 14th of February—St. Valentine's Day! Gracious, how time flies! It seems only yesterday that we tacked up that brand new calendar, with the roses and insurance company's "ad." at the top, and celebrated New Year's Day. And here we are half through February—the month of slush and snow and toothache and 'grip, which makes folks wish they had never been born.

Of course when I talk like this I mean poor folks—the people who work. The weather don't bother rich people, for they have their automobiles and furs to keep warm in; or else they order their trunks packed and off they go to Florida or Bermuda, where the climate is just right and rheumatism and 'grip can't catch them. So you see when we workers are shivering and wearing our rubbers (if we are lucky enough to own a pair) they calmly gather fruits and flowers and dividends from our labor and never give us a thought. Heigho, it's a funny world, isn't it, children—where idle folks get all the treats and the workers get—well, if you don't mind the slang, let's say a lemon.

But I guess I'm wandering. I started to talk about St. Valentine's day, and here I am in Bermuda. There's one good thing about the month of February anyway; it has two nice red letters on the calendar, thanks to good old Abe and George, besides the 14th which isn't red, but which is a sort of holiday even if the schools and shops don't close.

That's the day that the little boy who pulls the little girl's pigtails and makes faces at her when she goes to the store suddenly remembers that it's St. Valentine's Day and it's up to him to get sentimental. If you don't believe it, ask this same little pigtailed tormented girl, and she'll show you the most beautiful valentine with hearts and cupids on it for five cents that you ever saw, and it informs her that

"Roses are red,  
Violets blue,  
Sugar is sweet  
And so are you."  
or—  
"If you love me  
As I love you,  
No knife can cut  
Our love in two."

Of course next week he'll be pulling her hair again and calling her names to make her mad, but just for a day they both bury the hatchet. Boys are NOT made of "snips and snails and puppydog tails," and girls are "sugar and spice and everything nice," though they are aggravating sometimes.

Other people are aggravating, too, and here I go back to Bermuda again, for I just can't get it out of my head. It must be so nice to have grass and flowers and sunshine around you instead of ugly tall buildings and slush and wind and snow. But really and truly, children, I think the workers are just as much to blame (and a little more so) for voting for such a system, don't you? Of course I don't mean Socialist workers, but the other kind.

I'd like to send a valentine message to all the people in the world, workers and idlers, wouldn't you, kiddies? It might show some hearts on it, too—tired and sad hearts, pierced by the arrow of capitalism.

I'd like to send them the picture of a weary little boy and girl working in some southern cotton mill or in a glass factory of New Jersey, making dividends for some other little boy and girl to spend in good times.

Or the picture of an old man, begging the chance to work. Or a white-haired woman down on her knees scrubbing the floors of some office building.

And then I'd contrast these with the picture of the life of ease and luxury enjoyed by those who never worked, who

never expect to work and who don't want to work. And over all I'd have the motto—to make it more like a valentine we might have an angel trumpeting it—in words so plain that they'd never miss them, but would always remember, "Labor Creates all Wealth."

The COMING NATION is sending out this message. North, south, east and west, rich and poor—sooner or later they will have to hear it. After all there is no better way to help spread the message than in this way. Let the COMING NATION be our valentine not for a day but for the whole year through. Its cartoons, its editorials, its news, its children's page, all will spread the message. Hurrah for our valentine! What say you, children? Will you help us send it?

### Six Little Glow-Worms

(Continued.)

"No, Mrs. Professor," replied the bat, "it shone far more brightly in the meadow outside. These glow-worms are queer creatures. Alone they are not good for much, there must be several of them together. Then the rascals want to outshine one another, each tries to do his best, and the result is something very acceptable."

"The get several," ordered the owl.

"Then get several," ordered the owl. to the meadow together and brought away the other five glow-worms. When all six sat side by side on the beam in the tower, they were so glad that no harm had happened to them, and that they were together again, that they quickly forgot their fright, and let their lanterns shine with full brilliancy.

The walls of the tower chamber glittered and sparkled as if they were hung with silver cloth. It was a very beautiful sight, which pleased even the bat, though usually she cared little for wealth and magnificence.

"Wonderfully pretty," she said, "but too dazzling. I could not bear it long."

"Nor I either," answered the owl, sighing, "but what can we do? The young folks will have it so."

When the first flush of dawn was appearing in the sky, the young owl returned, laid a hare at his mother's feet and wished her a pleasant sleep.

"Very well, you idler," she muttered before she went to bed, "you shall have a surprise tonight."

In fact, when the darkness came, the owl went to the lie-a-bed and shouted in his ear: "Get up, you sluggard. Up with you quick, and go to work!"

The young owl opened his eyes, but instantly shut them again to escape the glare which met him. The six little glow-worms had lighted their lanterns, and were shining as brightly as they could.

"Now, you can no longer tell me that you cannot see plainly enough," the owl went on, "I have given you a light which will make your eyes water. Now bring your books and study steadily."

The young owl was obliged to get up whether he liked it or not. He made his toilet, ate something, and sat down with his books. But he had no love for study, and only waited until his mother, accompanied by two young bats, flew away to attend to some business. Then he went quickly to the little glow-worms, and said in a subdued voice, but very impressively: "You vagabond lantern-bearers, what do you want here? Who sent for you? If you don't put out your worthless eye-spoilers, I'll break your bones for you."

The little glow-worms were terribly frightened, and lowered their light almost entirely, so that it only glimmered very faintly. But the bat, who, in her

corner, had seen and heard all this, shot out, hissing: "Just wait, sir, until I tell your mother about this. And you glow-worms will turn up your light again at once, or you'll have to deal with me."

The little glow-worms did not know what to do. But they understood that the young owl had more authority here than the bat, and the bravest of them summoned courage to say to him, as he stood before them with angry eyes and ruffled feathers:

"My young lord, we should be very glad to obey you if we could. We did not come here voluntarily. Your servants dragged us by force from our home and our family. We would like nothing better than to return to our own people. But how are we to get out of this terrible high tower, and reach the earth? We can never do it alone. Help us, my young lord, and we shall be grateful to you all our lives."

The young owl was a rough fellow, but he had a kind heart. He pitied the frightened glow-worms, and did not want to throw them out of the tower window. Besides, he was afraid of his mother, who would certainly ask where they were.

He drove the old bat back into her corner and said softly to the trembling little glow worms:

"Now pay attention to me. When my mother comes home, summon up your courage and declare a strike. My mamma is a little severe in her language, but she will do you no harm. She doesn't eat things like you. I hope she will drive you away, and then I will carry you home."

Things happened just as the sly fellow had planned. When the owl came back, she found the room perfectly dark, and the six little glow-worms were visible only as faint, bluish sparks.

"What does this mean?" shrieked the owl, angrily. The bat was rushing out of her corner, but the young owl flew to her side and whispered fiercely, "hold your tongue, or it will cost you your life!"

The glow-worm which had spoken before again began "pardon us, Baroness, we cannot shine."

"Why not, you lazy rabble?" cried the owl fiercely.

"Because we get nothing to eat and drink," replied the glow-worm, boldly.

"H'm," said the owl perplexedly. She had not thought of that before, and could not deny that the glow-worm was right. "What do you want?"

"Four meals a day, at each meal twelve fat plant-lice and a pint of fresh dew. That is what we are used to. Then a soft moss bed with thyme in the pillows, and permisison to go out twice a week—or we can do nothing."

"You shall be choked first, you glut-tions," cried the owl, in the greatest rage. "Here, Bat, break these blockheads' necks! Eat them all!"

"Out with your lights!" whispered the

young owl to them quickly, while the bat was flying as fast as possible to obey her mistress' orders.

(To Be Continued.)

—The Dwarf's Spectacles, by Max Nordau. Published by The Macmillan Company.

### Died for the Cause

I suppose that all of you know that just this last week the Emperor of Japan caused to be put to death a man named Kotoku, his wife and ten other men, on the charge that they were conspiring against the Emperor of Japan and the nation.

Think what that means, children—to be put to death. Because they believed in freedom and in the right of the workers of the world to be free, and worked for it, this thing has happened to the brave group of men across the ocean. Mr. Kotoku lived in the western part of the United States for some time and learned about Socialism here. Then he went back to Japan to spread abroad his ideas about the necessary change in society—and he and his brave companions have had to meet death for it.

They heard their sentence with a smile and doubtless they met death with a smile, just as Ferrer met his death in Spain bravely and just as Fred D. Warren was ready to go bravely to jail for trying to uphold the principle of the right of rich and poor alike to equality before the law.

This is another date for you to remember, children.

### A Letter from Canada

I am a young reader of the COMING NATION and thought I would write a letter for the Children's Page.

As a little lad we lived in Oklahoma on a farm, until four years ago when we came to the city of Portland, Ore., a beautiful place, to go boat riding and see the ships enter the harbor.

I was there during the rose carnival in June, and saw "our U. S. battle ship Charleston and many other beautiful sights in that city. And saw many horrible sights, such as hungry children.

The struggle for existence among the working people was something terrible. They have a plaza or park for children with sand boxes and swings and a fountain on Fourth and Salmon street in the heart of the city, but the poor children live so far in the outskirts, and are not able to pay car fare. The rich alone enjoy it.

Many of my school mates bought their books and clothing of the Salvation Army home, a place on Seventh and Davis street, where they collected clothing and things from the rich, and sold them to the poor at a very low price. I went once with a little chum. It was a very large hall, crowded with women and children and men, very poorly dressed, waiting for one o'clock to come, when the sale opened.

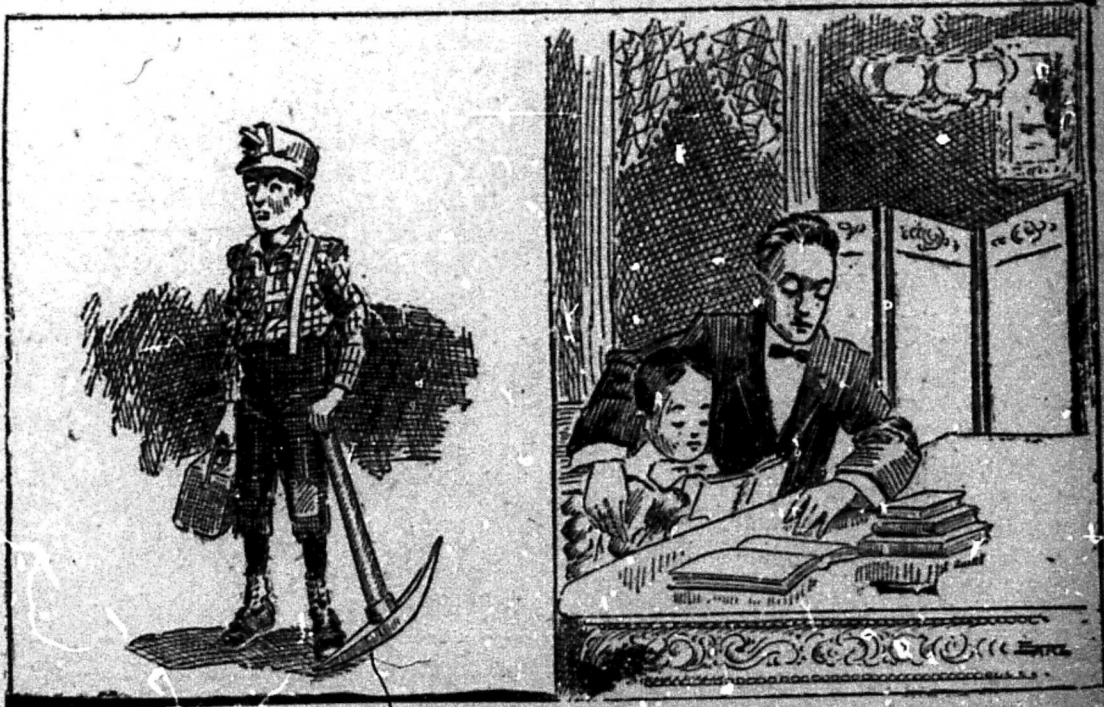
I was truly glad when I found my father had decided to bring us to Alberta, Canada, and take a homestead, and here we are.

I like this country fine, although it is very cold here. It has been fifty degrees below zero the past week. There is a heavy snow and good sleighing now; also skating.

I wish every boy and girl could visit the Northwest.

Hoping this escapes the waste basket, I am as ever your reader, LEO ORR.

Bogus counts sometimes win American girls, and bogus counts quite frequently win elections.



Why should not every boy have an equal chance?



# ESPECIALLY WOMEN

## The Vote a Tool



RS. Teresa Ballington-Greig concludes her discussion of the militant suffrage tactics in the latest number received of the *New Age*. She insists that, "the condemnation of a particular kind of militant action is not a condemnation of militancy; other lines of revolt could have been initiated and followed." The militant suffrage movement in England, however, became too much of a theatrical advertisement rather than a definite revolt. Along with this, as with every violent movement, went a tendency to exaggerate leaders and to discredit or discard the work of the rank and file.

The vote cannot secure of itself any single woman's emancipation. It is a tool; and the kind of work that can be done with it depends first upon the nature of the tool and, second, upon the capacity of the person who uses it. Both these conditions seem to have been forgotten by the militant apologists. They fail to see that large areas in which emancipation is needed lie entirely outside the scope of the vote. They forget that a slave woman with a vote will still be essentially a slave. . . . The consistent believers in the complete emancipation of women do not form a large proportion of the suffragist rank and file.

The lack of any definite program as to the use to be made of the vote when it shall be obtained, has again tended to weaken the movement.

Upon every question of grave importance there is either disunion or silence among suffragists; and it is generally silence, the silence of immaturity, or the silence of caution. The forces which would prepare the future elector to destroy and to construct with knowledge and insight, are dammed up at their source; they are sacrificed for a mere temporary advantage.

Those women for whose sake the chains of silence are imposed, are merely out for the parliamentary vote, preferably on the present or a narrower basis. They want the vote because they rightly object to the sense of personal degradation which is involved in its denial. They will use the vote, when it is won, for their party or their class, or for some special measure in which they are interested; but that is all. The matter is a purely personal one to them; their clamour for change will cease as soon as the personal indignity is removed.

There is no revolutionary zeal in this large class; in politics and industry and social and sexual affairs it would stand for things as they are. It would oppose the admission of women into parliament, and seriously resent the widening of the franchise to include an economically inferior class of women. The payment of equal wages to men and women for the same work would be condemned as impracticable, even if desirable, and the emancipation of the domestic servant would be strenuously opposed. These women would prefer that home conditions and the family tyranny should remain unchanged, and that sex matters should continue undiscussed. They would run away from the burdens which accompany the establishment of the economic independence of woman. They would use all their power and influence for the continuance of the conditions under which women are kept by men for sex uses, and would be the bitterest opponents of a sex relation that is superior to legal or economic compulsion.

Even the value of the vote as the tool of legislative emancipation is being steadily sacrificed to the getting of the vote.

## Club News

BY CHARLOTTE K. FLAVELLE

The Social Science Club of Newark, N. J., was organized March 1, 1910 for the purpose of reading and reviewing all forms of progressive, radical, scientific and reform literature.

Meeting at the homes of the various members twice a month, the evening's work is preceded by a short reading from Thomas Mills' "Struggle for Existence." Sometimes an original paper is read, and sometimes a book is reviewed, thus giving each the benefit of the reading and study of all.

Following are some of the books that have been reviewed: "Darwinism in Politics," Ritchie; "The Conquest of Bread," Kropotkin; "Not Guilty," Blatchford; "Rismersholm," Ibsen; "Descent of Man," Darwin; "Woman Under Socialism," Bebel; "The Money Question," Kitchens; "War—What For?" Kirkpatrick. "New Ethics," Moore; "Passing of Capitalism," Laddoff; "Lady from the Sea," Ibsen "Why I am a Socialist," Russell; and a discussion of Ward and Dealey's Sociology, "Economic Determinism," "How

I Would Reconstruct Society," and "The Dawn of Christianity," being the titles of papers read by the authors.

The club has been instrumental in placing upon the shelves of the public library the latest Socialist books, and has sent to the Japanese ambassador at Washington, its protest against the murdering of Japanese Socialists by the Japanese government.

To all those having Socialist convictions and the courage of their convictions the Social Science Club extends a hearty invitation to join its ranks.

## Seattle Mayor Recalled

Mayor Hiram C. Gill, the undesirable and incompetent mayor of Seattle, Washington, has been ousted from his office by recall election and George W. Dilling, member of the Public Welfare League and a prominent business man, elected in his place.

The newly enfranchised women of the city had their first opportunity to exercise their prerogative, and appeared in large numbers at the polls. Out of a total of 71,000 voters registered, 23,000 were women.

The charges brought against Mayor Gill, as in the case of the recall of the Los Angeles mayor, Harper, were: incompetence and unfitness in office; abuse of appointive power, by making per-



Dr. E. J. Brown

sonal and political selections; failure to enforce laws, and in general, conducting the government in league with the vice syndicate in the city.

Mayor Gill sought injunctions on technicalities of the law, but was unsuccessful in his attempts to prevent the recall election. Although Gill won his office last March by a plurality of 3,300, he was able to carry only the four downtown wards at the recall election.

The Socialists nominated Dr. E. J. Brown, and carried on a vigorous campaign. Dr. Brown, although defeated, declares that within a few years the Socialists will make Seattle a sister city of Milwaukee.

## Suffrage for Swiss Women

The women of Zurich Canton, Switzerland have been granted the privilege of equal suffrage with the men. The measure was voted into force by an election of the people without opposition.

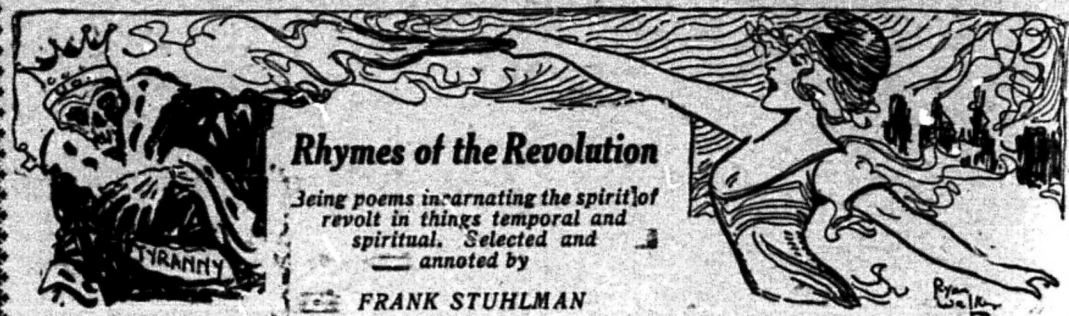
## All for the Cause

BY WILLIAM MORRIS

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,  
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live, and some to die.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,  
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them,  
Lies their labor and their pain,  
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.



## Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

## A Song in a Time of Order

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Note.—Of the bright galaxy of writers that adorned the Victorian era there is none greater than Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of the great poets of that time Morris and Swinburne were poets of the Revolution. Morris represented the constructive Socialist movement and Swinburne the destructive Nihilistic program. In gorgeous exuberance of metaphor, in the surge and sweep of passion he has no peer; while the limit of the power of bitter, white-hot invective is reached in those poems denouncing the Czar, Napoleon the Little and tyranny of all kinds. The "Songs Before Sunrise" are "a cry in the night" from those who will carry the banner of the New Time when the dawn breaks. In his later years he sometimes took positions that grieved the friends of progress; but as a whole his works stand a blazing symbol against oppression of custom, state and time-worn creed.

The "Song for a Time of Order" was written in 1852, when the reaction had swept Europe and order meant subjection. German liberty lay under Prussia's iron heel, Italy's hope was crushed, Hungary crouched beneath Austria's whips, Louis Napoleon was throttling the Republic of France and America had passed the fugitive slave law. Then Swinburne wrote this noble song of the unconquered, as Sienkiewicz said of his trilogy of novels, "for the strengthening of hearts."

Push hard across the sand,  
For the salt-wind gathers breath,  
Shoulder and wrist and hand,  
Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,  
The foam-heads loosen and flee;  
It swells and welters and swings,  
The pulse of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff  
The long corn flickers and shakes;  
Push, for the wind holds stiff,  
And the gunwale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh, fierce weather,  
The quiver and beat of the sea!  
While three men hold together  
The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there,  
Out with her over the sand;  
Let the kings keep the earth for their share!

We have done with the sharers of land.

They have tied the world in a tether,  
They have bought over God with a fee;  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,  
The thief's mouth red from the feast,  
The blood on the hands of the king,  
And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,  
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!  
The old red shall be floated again  
When the ranks that are thin shall be thinned,  
When the names that were twenty are ten.

When the shepherd sets wolves on his sheep  
And the emperor halts his kine,  
While shame is a watchman asleep  
And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,  
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to bear,  
From Cayenne to Austrian whips;  
Forth, with the rain in our hair  
And the salt, sweet foam in our lips.

In the teeth of the hard, glad weather,  
In the blown, wet face of the sea;  
While three men hold together,  
The kingdoms are less by three.



Hunger and Cold



# A Man and Some Women

BY DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation



AM absolutely down on my luck. Lost a cool thou. over the sticks at Kempton, up to my eyes in debt with the tradesmen Johnnies, the Guv'nor won't stump up another brass farthing—what in h— am I to do?"

"Do, my dear boy—why marry one of those American heiresses, of course, before there is a glut of Dukes on the Yankee market. The price is dropping each day, you know."

The speakers were two English "gentlemen," at a fashionable London club, whom I overheard.

Oh, you Americans!

## The Woman

The wires between New York and London have been red-hot with the news of Mrs. M. Louise Ewen von Koenitz's application for a divorce in New York from a gay and giddy German, the "Baron von Koenitz," who turned out to be rather too well known to the police, whom she bought for the ridiculously low figure of \$300,000, dirt cheap at the price, when you remember he was only 27 and she was a blushing young thing of 50.

Then hard on its heels comes the news of the "jig-out" betrothal ball given by Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, at their hut in the Fifth Avenue in honor of the bartering of their younger daughter, Miss Vivian Gould, to Lord Decies. The contract of necessity and inclination.

We shall, I suppose, read of thousands of roses strewn lavishly at the wedding for the guests to walk upon, of diamond-encrusted *nouveaux riches*, and all the rest of the vulgar ostentation in which the American millionaire delights.

Poor devils.

## The Man

I went last Sunday to have afternoon tea with the *doyen* of British journalists, W. T. Stead—the man who interviewed the Czar of Russia, who is one of the greatest living spiritualists, and who woke up the conscience of America with his "If Christ came to Chicago."

Some day I may give you an interview *in extenso* with this extraordinary man, but I will content myself at the moment with relating a short and pithy conversation we had upon the right of free speech and fair comment in the press.

After he had, characteristically, marched up and down the room once or twice, he turned sharply, and said with vehemence—

"Do you know, Shaw, that there is a deliberate and carefully calculated attempt being made to muzzle the press in Britain? Look at that libel action the other day where a paper was mulcted with heavy damages for what would scarcely have provoked the attention of the public a few short years ago. Soon no English editor will dare to open his mouth for fear of a costly action, 'free speech' will cease to have any significance in Britain, and unbridled license will be given to the dangerous elements in our midst."

I pointed out to him that I had been saying exactly the same thing in the pages of the *COMING NATION* about the conspiracy in the United States to destroy the power of the press for free comment.

"It is not confined to any one country," he said, "but the trend is absolutely unmistakable, and if not at once checked, will fling Britain back into the chasm of reaction."

## International Action Imperative

I have always said, and repeat now, that International action is necessary in all these matters. It is not enough

to check the abuses in the country concerned. We sometimes forget that there is not only the Socialist International but also the Capitalist International, and from the great International Shipping Combines downwards it is obvious that through the resistless striking of the economic hammer upon the anvil of time the capitalist class is being welded into these International understandings. Wait and see.

Within the last few hours I ran across Stanton, the heroic leader of the Welsh mining strike in the Rhondda Valley. He looked fit for half a dozen more tussles with the minions of law and order, and told me he never felt better in his life. He was particularly delighted to know with what interest the fight had been followed by our people on your side, and it was not difficult to see that he regards the struggle as a moral victory for the miners. This Rhondda Valley is being named the Valley of Despair—there seems to be cold tragedy in the blasts which come down the sides of the Welsh hills. Yesterday afternoon an express train crashed into a line of loaded ore-trucks, with the result that eleven were killed outright and many others seriously injured. The three well-known miners' agents, Tom George, W. H. Morgan and Tom Harris, all Councillors, were sent to their last account. We can ill spare them.

The police and soldiers are still "keeping order" in the Welsh valleys, but both sides are pretty sick of the whole business, and the dead men were in fact on their way to a conference with a view to settlement.

The three principal bills before the session of Parliament which is about to open are Home Rule, the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and the Reform Bill to abolish plural voting. There will be a tremendous outcry from the Tories over this last-named bill, for it is only by plural voting that they manage to get returned. Cases are not uncommon in this country where men have as many as half a dozen property votes.

## Warning to Our Workingmen

In India, in China and in Japan we have been the guests who have enjoyed their hospitality, only to rise in the morning and say to our hosts, "You must not sit at table with us." Believe me, this condition cannot endure.

Politically we are in grave danger. Commercially, with their industry and their frugality, they are fast outstripping us. They have ceased buying flour from the Minneapolis mills, because they are grinding Indian and Manchurian wheat with Chinese labor at W'oo-sung.

A line of ships is running from the Yellow river to Seattle, bringing 72,000 tons a year of pig iron manufactured at Hankow and delivered, freight and duty added, cheaper than we can produce it. In Cawnpore, India, with American machinery, they are making shoes so cheaply that the manufacturers of Lynn can no longer compete with them. The cottons and silks which we one time sent from here to Asia are now made in Japan and China.

(Hon. Melville B. Stone, General Manager Associated Press, in *Leslie's*.)

Banking is the only business the managers of which are allowed to have possession of and to speculate with, the funds—not only of individuals, but—of all branches of the government. This privilege is conceded to them only.—Albert Griffin.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicated, for they have no souls.—Sir Edward Coke.



# A WORKERS' HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

Aristotle was born at Stagora, a colony of Thrace, B. C. 384. His father, Nicomachus, was a physician and author of several books on medicine and natural history.

Aristotle lost his parents at an early age and became the ward of Proxenus who gave him the best education the times afforded, especially in physical knowledge. Then Proxenus died and Aristotle was able to realize his long nourished dream of going to Athens.

His intention was to become a disciple of the famous Plato, but Plato had left Athens and did not return for three years. During Plato's absence Aristotle studied hard in preparation for Plato's school when he should return. He bought many expensive books—there were no others in those days.

He mingled with the friends and followers of Plato and Socrates whom he found in the city, and eagerly questioned them about the lessons of his future teacher.

Plato returned and opened his school. Aristotle joined the crowd of his disciples and the master's eye soon picked out the immortal pupil. He saw in Aristotle an impetuous youth who needed to be checked, but also a youth of great promise. Plato often said: "Aristotle is the *Mind* of my school."

Aristotle was Plato's pupil for seventeen years—until Plato's death. The notion exists that there was a quarrel between Plato and Aristotle, just as the notion exists that there was a quarrel earlier between Socrates and Plato. But it is highly probable that these stories are only the vulgar interpretations of the philosophical differences in their ideas and teachings. Aristotle in his writings, combats the ideas of his teacher, but always with respect. He often speaks of him with affection.

That famous general, Philip, of Macedon, engaged Aristotle as tutor for his still more famous son, the mighty Alexander. It used to be believed that Aristotle accompanied Alexander on those memorable world-conquering campaigns. Now we know that he stayed at home and sent his disciple, Calisthenes, in his place.

Both Alexander and his father gave Aristotle great financial assistance in carrying out his scientific projects. Also they had the captured provinces ransacked to furnish the master with the materials for his "History of Animals."

Blakesley says: "The conqueror is said, in Athenaeus, to have presented his master with the sum of eight hundred talents (about \$10,000) to meet the expenses of his history of animals, and, enormous as the sum is, it is only in proportion to the accounts we have of the vast wealth acquired by the plun-

der of the Persian treasures. Pliny also relates that some thousands of men were placed at his disposal for the purpose of procuring zoological specimens, which served as material for this celebrated treatise.

After a long absence Aristotle returned to Athens where he opened a school in the Lyceum. His school at once surpassed all others in numbers and importance. His restless temperament made it impossible to lecture standing still and so he lectured, walking up and down the shady paths of the Lyceum accompanied by his pupils, who thus came to be known as the Walking Philosophers.

He divided his lectures into two series—elementary and advanced, scientific and popular. His advanced science series were given in the morning to a small group of especially brilliant pupils. In the afternoons his popular lectures were given before much larger assemblies.

We may sum up this brief biography, before we approach his work and ideas, by quoting the estimate of Lewes and Blakesley. Lewes says: "He spent a long, laborious life in the pursuit of knowledge, and wrote an incredible number of works, about a fourth of which, it is now calculated, are extant; the division, arrangement, and authenticity of which has long been a pet subject of contention among scholars. . . .

"The influence which these works, spurious as well as genuine, have exercised on European culture, is incalculable, and we shall hereafter have to speak of the tyranny of this influence. Nor was it alone over European culture they exercised a despotic sway."

And now Blakesley: "Translated in the fifth century of the Christian era into the Syriac language by the Nestorians who fled into Persia, and from Syriac into Arabic four hundred years later, his writings furnished the Mohammedan conquerors of the East with a germ of science which, but for the effect of their religious and political institutions, might have shot up into as tall a tree as it did produce in the West; while his logical works, the Latin translation which Boethius 'the last of the Romans,' bequeathed as a legacy to posterity, formed the basis of that extraordinary phenomenon, the philosophy of the schoolmen. An empire like this, extending over nearly twenty centuries of time, sometimes more, sometimes less despotically, but always with great force, recognized in Bagdad and in Cordova, in Egypt and in Britain, and leaving abundant traces of itself in the language and modes of thought of every European nation is assuredly without a parallel."

## Prussian Court Justice

The discovery that five men who were prominently connected with a Socialist organization and who have been sixteen years in a penitentiary serving out a hard labor sentence, are innocent of the offense for which they were condemned has badly stirred public opinion in Germany. The men were sentenced in 1895 on the charge of perjury. They were condemned largely on the evidence of two police officials, who swore that the men had testified falsely regarding the conduct of the police at a meeting of workingmen near Essen.

It now develops that the evidence of the police officials was perjury. The case presents a difficult question to the judicial authorities. Under the German law the men are entitled to heavy damages and the courts must fix the

amount due. The decision comes in opportunely for the Socialists, who are citing the fate of the accused men as an example of the kind of justice administered by the Prussian courts.

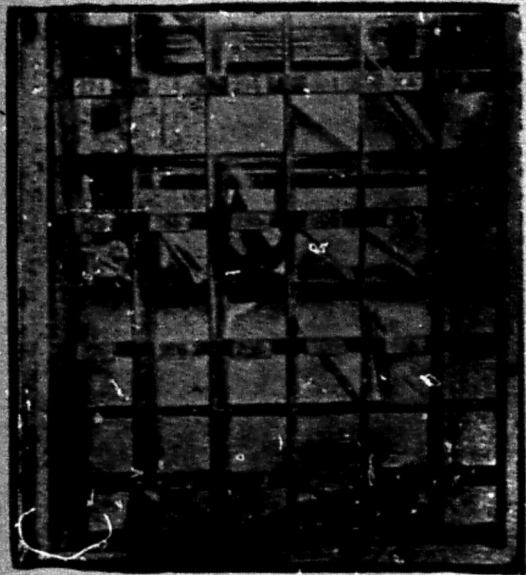
The unfortunate woman in the slums; the cretworked creature in the sweat shops; the youth ruined in the gambling houses; and the misery of the tenements. These are all in a measure, your creation—because you will not study questions of good government; because you let prejudice and ignorance guide you at the polls; because you prefer a life of comfortable pharisaism to getting out amongst your fellow men and laboring to perfect that magnificent ideal of a republic under which you have had the great good fortune to be born.—John Brisbane Walker.



## Clippings and Comment

### The Wasteful Postoffice

The attack of the postoffice upon the magazines is being met with a counter attack in the form of a demand for a parcels-post, backed up with exposures of the wasteful methods by which the present postoffice system is conducted. Don C. Seitz, in the *World's Work*, shows that the tremendous machine of the postoffice is using but a small fraction of its resources. The whole aim of the department seemed to be to drive business away.



Empty Mail Boxes—the Normal Condition in Most Postoffices

The Postoffice Department need not economize on expenses. They are low in their units. It needs more business properly to employ its fine facilities, and should radically change its policy and hunt for trade instead of driving it out with a club. \* \* \* The "deal" with the express companies should end. The Department should demand a parcels-post. It would get it. Other nations are eager to join in an international improvement along the line of package-carrying. They find the United States standing in the way of convenience and progress. \* \* \* Postal rates of all sorts are not too low. They are far too high. The Canadian Postoffice—with a one-cent "drop-letter" rate in cities where carriers are employed, against our two cents, and with a quarter-cent-a-pound rate for periodicals, and as wide a free zone as prevails here, with a much more scanty patronage and difficult delivery districts, earned \$743,210.25 net in its last fiscal year. The Canadian Department's total revenue was \$11,068,753.95, and its percentage of net earnings was 6.71. This, applied to the United States' gross revenue of \$224,128,657.62, would give a profit of \$15,012,877.45. The British 1910 figures, just published, show a postal profit of \$24,543,725.

The Japanese Department of Communications, under a wise and able administrator, Baron Goto—who governs the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and Postoffice—manages to clear about \$9,850,000 a year, on the above postal branch, in a country of slender resources, with one-cent letter postage and a most liberal and inexpensive parcels-post system.

### Good and Bad Unions

In a recent number of the *Outlook*, Roosevelt gives another excellent example of his masterly ability to say nothing with tremendous emphasis. "We wish to reshape social and industrial conditions," he tells us, "so that it shall no longer be possible for masses of men—still less, masses of women and children—to be worked for excessive hours, or under conditions disastrous to their health, or at their own personal risk to life and limb, or for a wage too small to permit the living of a self-respecting life." This sounds all right, and he then proceeds to say of the working man that, "He ought to join with his fellows in a union, or in some similar association, for mutual help and betterment, and in that association he should strive to raise higher his less competent brothers; but he should positively decline to allow himself to be dragged down to their level, and if he does thus permit himself to be dragged down, the penalty is the loss of individual, of class, and finally national efficiency."

He insists upon the necessity of child labor legislation and even declares that "the eight-hour day is an ideal toward which we should strive to attain. We

should apply it wherever the government has power, and should consistently endeavor to help in its achievement in private life." Here the reader is apt to remember that it was Roosevelt, who, when Governor of New York, sent troops to awe the strikers on the Croton Aqueduct, who were demanding the ten-hour day which the law of New York had already guaranteed to them.

Having said this much of radicalism, he now begins to qualify it and informs us that labor organizations "Sometimes act very well and sometimes they act very badly. We should consistently favor them when they act well and as fearlessly oppose them when they act badly." There is no suggestion of what he means by "well" and "badly," and so stated, there is probably no one on earth would disagree with him.

"Little by little—and much more rapidly than most people suppose—the leaven of Socialism is spreading through all classes. More and more people are coming to realize that the only way to insure justice for themselves is to secure it for every one; that by ending wrongs from which others are the chief sufferers, they erect barriers for their own protection. In short, that no man lives to himself alone; and that wise self-interest commands each and all of us to live in accordance with the Golden Rule."

### Inroads of Death

Death has been busy in the Socialist ranks during the past week. In Germany Paul Singer, one of the last of that group of strong men, who have been with the Socialist party of Germany almost from the beginning, died. While Singer's name was not quite so familiar in the American press as Bebel's or Liebknecht's, this was due to the fact that his services, though equally as great, were in a somewhat different field.

While he was a powerful Parliamentarian and writer, yet it was as the organizer of the business interests of the party that his services were almost invaluable. Himself a man of wealth, who had shown his ability in the capitalist world, he placed the talents which had gained him that wealth, together with a large proportion of the wealth itself, at the disposal of Socialism.

No small share of the remarkable success of the German press is due to his ability. The *Vorwärts*, the most powerful Socialist paper in the world, was always published under the name of Paul Singer & Company. His recommendation as to the financial possibilities of establishing a paper in a new locality was always accepted as final.

For years he had been a member of the Reichstag and was always known as one of the most fearless fighters. On more than one dramatic occasion it was Singer who took upon himself the dangerous task of making some daring and striking attack upon the government. His death will leave a vacancy hard to fill, for men of his peculiar talents are few in the Socialist movement. However, his work was so thoroughly done that he leaves behind him an organization of the Socialist industries that can withstand any efforts that may be brought against it in the future.

American Socialists mourn the death in Cleveland this week of a veteran of the Socialist movement, Robert Bandlow. It is hard to think of the Cleveland movement without Bob Bandlow. For so many years he has been the center of the fight in this great industrial city. As candidate for Governor and various other offices, as delegate to national conventions, and member of local, state and national committees almost without number, his work will be

long remembered by the Socialists of America.

Another death, coming almost at the same time, has attracted less attention because few Socialists of today remember the name of Simeon Wing, who was the first candidate for president on a Socialist ticket. He made his campaign in 1886 when Socialism in America was little more than the name of a group of European exiles.

### Feeding the Jackals

A strange ceremony is carried on at certain temples in a district of India lying in a belt of swamp and jungle at the foot of the Himalayas. Persons who have visited these temples at sundown state that they found the priests engaged in cooking large cakes before the temples in perfect silence.

As the last rays of sunlight disappear, the chief priest issues from the shrine. Moving slowly forward, he takes up a hammer and begins to strike a bell.

At the sound all the priests rise and move solemnly and in dead silence around the quadrangle, bearing with them their huge cakes, which they break up as they walk, and deposit on the stones and tree-trunks and on the steps of the temple. A rustling sound then caused one of the visitors to turn. A jackal, big and plump, brushed past him, and he in turn was followed by other jackals, singly and in pairs, emerging from every lane and passage in the darkening thicket. They filled the space before the temple. The high priest ceased to toll the bell, and, at a shout and a wave of the hand, every jackal trotted to what was evidently his accustomed place in the feast, seized the cake in his jaws, turned and disappeared through the thicket.

No traveler has been able to elicit from the priests an explanation of this strange bounty. "It has always been so," is their only answer to any question.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Are we not doing about the same thing for the same reason in this country?

### Russian Pacifications

The five years of "constitutional government, beginning in 1905, with the "liberal" manifesto of the Russian czar have piled up a record of suppression and tyranny far exceeding that of any other period.

During these five years 1,270 newspapers have been suppressed, 124 by process of law, and 1,046 simply by order of the government.

Pogroms organized by the authorities have ruined about 214,000 Jewish proletarian families; 1250 Jews have been killed and more than a million Jews forced into exile.

Military repressive expeditions have killed about 26,000 persons in the space of a few months.

The military tribunals condemned and sentenced 37,620 for political "crimes" and imprisoned 120,000 simply by order of the administration.

The number of prisoners in Russian bastilles before 1905 was about 85,000. The number grew rapidly from that time on; 111,403 in 1906; 138,500 in 1907; 166,064 in 1908; 181,241 in 1909, and 210,000 in 1910.

In the eighty years from the revolt of the "Decembrists" in 1825 until the constitutional manifesto of Nicholas II. the number of persons condemned to death was 525, of whom 192 were executed. During the last five years the tribunals condemned 5,735 persons for political "crimes," and 3,015 were executed.

Comment is superfluous.

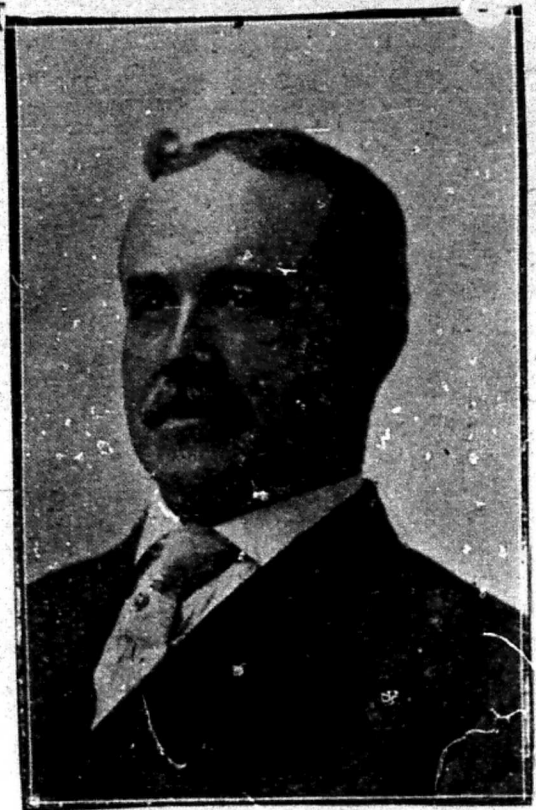
—L' Humanite.

For every effect there is a discoverable cause, and for every evil a preventive or a cure.

Prejudice bars out truth, and it must be removed or overcome before truth can enter.

### A Socialist Legislator

Nelson S. Hillman was for twenty-four years a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He left the locomotive throttle, at the command of the workers, to place a hand upon the throttle that guides the legislative machinery of Minnesota. He is



Nelson S. Hillman

forty-eight years of age, was working on the Duluth and Iron Range Railway (a United States Steel Corporation road) when elected. He is one of the old Knights of Labor fighters and has been a member of the Socialist party for seven years. He represents the 51st District in the House of Representatives.

### Not Easy

"What is the hardest work you do?" "My hardest work" replied Senator Sorghum, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—*Washington Star*.

### The Labor Problem

A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the boots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, chop short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the house supplied with vegetables, and do any old job that is required, and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week." "Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man. "What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman. "I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.

### The Valley of High Prices

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

And at length Christian drew near to the Valley of High Prices.

As he was struggling along, he met a man whom he recognized at once as Tariff Reviser.

"This is a terrible place," remarked Christian as pleasantly as possible.

"Yes, my good man. It is a terrible place, sure enough."

"How did it get here?" inquired Christian.

"I have the honor," responded Tariff Reviser.

"How strange," mused Christian, "It is nothing to be proud of. Furthermore, methinks you just admitted it was a terrible place."

"So I did," replied the other. "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little Tariff."

"Your words mystify me completely," said Christian. "Why did you perform such a spot of work?"

"So that I might have the credit, as its true friend, of taking it away."

"Oh, then," said Christian, "that's different. Blessed are they that repent. So you are going to take it away?"

"Perhaps, but not until I have found something just as bad to put in its place."





### The Blind Leaders.

The times are full of meaning  
As nuts are full of meat;  
Old customs die and on the fly  
Come new ones, born complete;  
Yet some who pose as statesmen  
And owl-like look, and wise  
Refuse to view the prospect new  
And backward turn their eyes.

By them the passing problems  
Unsolved do not appear;  
The final word on them was heard  
When Jefferson was here;  
They call for competition  
With so-called silver tongue  
To turn them back along the track  
Made when the earth was young.

Their case is really hopeless  
Do let them go in peace;  
Don't make a fight to set them right  
Nor call for the police;  
Some day they'll take a tumble  
As they wake up and find  
The world has sped some miles ahead  
And left them far behind.



### Hopeless.

"Fine dog you got there, Uncle Zeb."  
"I don't set much store by him."  
"Hunting dog?"  
"No."  
"Rats?"  
"He is skeered to death of them."  
"What is the purp good for?"  
"I dunno. Hit appears he aint got no  
more sense than a man."

### Works by Proxy.

J. Pierpont Morgan packs his grip  
And climbs upon the fastest ship;  
Of course I do not mean to say  
In help that he is lacking  
Or that when he would go away  
He does the heavy packing;  
A hired man is right on hand  
To see to that, you understand.

J. Pierpont wears a smile or frown  
And prices boosts or shoves them down;  
I do not mean for you to guess  
When prices thus are shifting  
Occasioning so much distress  
He does the heavy lifting.  
No. Hired men once more for him  
Will execute his lightest whim.



### Choice of Evils.

Though it may be anyone  
No credit, I am sure  
I'd rather be the idle rich  
Than be the idle poor.

### Never Touched Them.

First Politician—How are we to win  
if they stop vote selling?  
Second Politician—Don't worry. They  
haven't interfered with vote buying.



### Question of Cash.

"Are you guilty or not?" demanded  
the stern judge of the trembling pris-  
oner.

"I don't know, your honor, but I can  
find out in a couple of days if you will  
give me time."

"What has time to do with your  
guilt or innocence?"

"A whole lot. If I can raise \$100 for  
my lawyer I am innocent and if I can't  
I'm guilty."

### Little Flings.

Justice is not only blind, but it some-  
times has blind staggers.

Seeing is believing, but the wise man  
doesn't always have to see.

Don't imagine that the capitalists are  
so foolish as to run two reactionaries  
for president. They will have a friend  
of the people on one ticket for the  
suckers.

### The Renaissance of Poppcock

The Blue Room was splendidly deco-  
rated. It was also splendidly crowded  
by dignitaries—diplomatic, army, navy,  
civic.

Coruscant uniforms scintillated amidst  
the sleek black of the full dress, and  
medals upon manly breasts flashed  
lightnings from costly gems. It would  
have done Emperor Napoleon Bona-  
parte's heart good.

The assemblage waited, somewhat ex-  
pectantly, somewhat impatiently. But  
it is the royal pleasure and prerogative  
to make assemblages wait. Royalty al-  
ways likes to have the herd wait while  
it chews the cud of superiority a bit.

Suddenly came four flourishes of a  
bugle. Toot! Tee! Toot! Toot! And  
the ruler and his lady descended the  
staircase from above. The assemblage  
hastily brushes stray particles of lint  
off its coat. The assemblage puts on  
its very best mien.

First came, to be presented just as if  
they were strangers, the foreign am-  
bassadors and ministers and their suites.  
Howdy-do? Then members of the per-  
sonal official family. Howdy-do? Then  
generals, distinguished statesmen. How-  
dy-do? Etiquette sublime! Order un-  
surpassed? Courtliness beyond prece-  
dent! It would have gladdened the soul  
of elegant old Louis XVI, to the limit.

A gathering around the throne of  
Spain? The devil! You block-head,  
no! Just Bill Taft receiving on New  
Year's Day.—*Seattle Star*.

### Too Valuable.

"Say," yelled the skipper of the  
airship to the engineer, "we're half a  
second late. What's the matter?"

"We're sailing through the milky  
way and the propeller is full of but-  
ter."

Pretty fair for the engineer, eh?—  
Knoxville World.



### A Prediction

### See the Democrats

ELLIS O. JONEE.

"See the democrats!"

"Yes, how they seem to fill the  
sidewalk as they proudly saunter  
along the thoroughfare, chest inflated,  
chin in the air and colors flying."

"Is it not a beautiful sight?"

"Yes, it is ennobling. But tell me



### Needed Another Cut

BY BERT WILLARD.

The through freight stopped at the  
water tank and the head brakeman came  
out for a few minutes gossip with the  
pumper.

"I wish business would pick up," re-  
marked the pumper.

"Cause why?" asked the brakeman.

"Well, we have just had a cut in  
wages," answered the pumper. "We  
were getting fifty dollars a month, and  
we can't make more than thirty-five  
now."

"What's your politics?" asked the  
brakeman.

"Oh, I take no interest in politics."

"Then you need another cut in  
wages," declared the brakeman as he  
high-balled out.

### A Matter of Faith

BY HENRY JONES.

The man who has traveled a little  
and has a well developed passion for  
explaining things was telling the in-  
dured fibre-workers, all about Indiana,  
as they sat about the shop after dinner,  
waiting for the one o'clock whistle.

"There are a good many Mennonites  
out in Indiana," he explained, patron-  
izingly. "Queer lot, those Mennonites.  
They follow all kinds of odd customs,  
copied after the early Christians.  
Among the funny stunts they believe in,  
is the washing of feet."

Frank Wilson, the gaunt polisher  
who has worked in 32 states, showed his  
first sign of interest in the "traveler's"  
dreary recital.

"Don't you?" he queried innocently.

The reminiscences, which had bade  
fair to continue through many noon-  
hours thereupon reached an abrupt and  
hilarious conclusion.

O Sage, what is the matter? I have  
never seen democrats act that way  
before."

"Of course not, my son. You are  
too young. It has been a long, long  
time since they have had the oppor-  
tunity."

"Do you mean to tell me that  
something has happened?"

"Most assuredly. But a little while  
ago did the people hold elections and  
decide to put these democrats into  
office."

"That is interesting news. Can it  
be, then, that these are the same  
humble personages whom but lately  
I saw in the furthestmost limits of  
despair, without opinions, without  
harmony, sans everything?"

"The very same."

"You surprise me. Why did the  
people elect them to office? Is it  
because of a newly-awakened confi-  
dence in their ability to attack the  
problems of the country and solve  
them in a safe and sane manner?"

"By no means."

"Why, then, O Sage?"

"It is merely because the people  
had lost confidence in the ability or  
the willingness of the republicans to  
solve the problems."

"Which is the same thing?"

"With an important difference."

### Realized His Foolishness

BY D. W. TOZIER.

A few days after a Socialist lecture  
in our school house, I went over to one  
of my neighbors and found him shear-  
ing sheep. I watched him for a while  
and noticed that he always began at  
the tail instead of at the head, as usual.

"Neighbor," I said, "I don't want to  
appear inquisitive, but I'd like to know  
why you have reversed the general or-  
der of things, and begin at the tail in-  
stead of the head?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. I've  
been voting the old party ticket for the  
last twenty-five years. Last night I  
went up to the school house and heard  
that Socialist speech and now when I  
realize what a poor, miserable, blind  
ass I've been all these years, it makes  
me so ashamed that I can't even look  
a sheep in the face."

### Where Was She?

BY CHARLES RAYNER.

The "spiritualist bug," has struck the  
glass factory all of a heap, and in the  
evenings, little groups of pressers and  
gatherers are congregating at the home  
of the medium where nightly scances are  
being held.

Among the bunch is a widower at  
whose request the medium had "pro-  
duced" the spirit of the departed wife,  
when the following conversation took  
place.

"Well, are you happy, Mary?"

"Oh, very happy indeed, George."

"Are you happier than you were when  
you were on earth with me, Mary?"

"Oh, much happier, George. I couldn't  
have believed such happiness to be pos-  
sible when I was on earth with you."

"Well, tell me, what kind of a place  
is heaven, Mary?"

"Heaven? Why, George—I'm not in  
heaven!"





Afraid he would be a Martyr



"I understand you are a Socialist," observed the Dentist to the Station Agent to whom he had just been introduced.

The Dentist was a new comer to the town and had just opened an office across the street from Finnegan's place.

"Yes, I'm one of 'em," replied the S. A. as he smilingly tossed a dime on the show case and motioned Finnegan to set out the cigars.

"Well," resumed the Dentist as he took the proffered cigar, "I don't know whether I am a Socialist or no, I've never had it clearly explained to me—I've read a few Socialist papers and have talked to a few Socialists, but there are a few statements that you Socialists make that I don't quite understand."

"Well, I'm not an educated man," said the S. A. "but I think I understand Socialism fairly well, let's sit down over here and we'll get acquainted, anyhow. You can ask questions and perhaps I can make the thing clear to you."

"One of the things I believe Socialists demand," began the Dentist as he put one foot on the coal box and tipped back his chair, "is that the man who works shall have the full product of his labor. That's right isn't it?"

"Yes," nodded the S. A.

"Do you mean," continued the Dentist, "if I produce a hundred bushels of corn I am to have it all?"

"No, not exactly," replied the S. A. "I know that some Socialists say that we demand that the worker have the full product of his toil but what is meant is that he shall receive the full social benefit of what his labor produces. For instance, if I produce by my labor one hundred bushels of corn, I could not reasonably expect to receive the full value directly—the workers who haul it to the market, those who build and operate the roads over which it is hauled, all who have a hand in the production and distribution, those who have done their share of the world's work and are now too old to work, the children who are to be the workers of the future, all these come in for their share, so you see that directly and in-

directly I would receive the full social value of the hundred bushels of corn, is that plain?"

The Dentist nodded.

"Under Socialism," continued the S. A., "instead of scrimping and only half living in order to save something for my old age, I provide for the time when my work days are over by taking care of the young, the old, the weak and the sick during the days of my service. When I am old enough to retire from the industrial field, I will receive a pension large enough to supply me, not only with the necessities of life, but with the best the world can give me. I will get this pension not as a charity, but because I have earned it; you might say it was a sort of deferred payment on the wealth I produced during the days I was able to work. Now, there isn't anything wrong about that, is there?"

The dentist admitted that there was not.

"The trouble is," said the S. A., "most people don't understand Socialism and they don't make any intelligent effort to find out what it is; they hear some man who doesn't know anything about it, say it stands for this, that and the other thing, or they read an article in some paper written by some one who never read a book on Socialism in his life, and they get the impression that Socialism is some insane theory of a lot of impractical dreamers. I've noticed when the average intelligent man wants to know what Jesus taught he gets a bible, or if he wants to study mathematics, he buys some good text-book on mathematics, but when it comes to Socialism he shies like a young colt at a railroad locomotive, and instead of going to some well informed Socialist or getting a few good books on the subject, he goes to the *Outlook Magazine*, the *Kansas City Journal* or some republican editor, and with information from such sources he builds up a straw man, labels it Socialism and begins to throw rocks at it. The facts are that the average man is a Socialist when he once gets a grasp of what it really is and what it really stands for."

"Well, what is Socialism and what does it really stand for?" asked the Dentist as he produced a couple of fresh cigars and handed one to the S. A.

The S. A. laughed as he fumbled for a match.

"If you didn't know anything about



## The Everyday Hero

BY BERTON BRALEY

There's a Dago wife in Italy  
Who's dreary an' lone an' sad,  
There's a couple of kids in Italy  
Keep askin' about their dad;  
An' the money that Joe Pinazza sent  
It never will come again  
While Joe's insurance is fought in court  
By Yankee insurance men.

It was down in the West Colusa mine  
That the old fire bust out new,  
And John Lubik had gone to his stope  
As the shift boss told him to;  
But the gas got thick an' his light went out  
An' he fell in the darkness there,  
An' Joe Pinazza brought him down  
To the drift an' the good clean air.

"I get him," he said, as he laid him down,  
An' that was all he said,  
Fer without a gasp he swayed a bit  
An' fell in a huddle—dead!  
So we took him up in the rattlin' cage  
An' we buried him down on the flat,  
An' I reckon his soul is up above  
Where the souls of the brave is at.

Now Joe he didn't know Lubik's name  
An' he never had seen his face,  
But he saved his life as a matter of course  
An' gave his own in its place,  
So Lubik lives an' Joe is dead  
—They said that his heart was weak—  
But he went the route fer his fellow man  
An' he hadn't no yellow streak.

Well, Joe was insured, but it come to light  
That the company wouldn't pay,  
An' Joe's friends sued fer the sake of the kids  
An' the wife that was far away;  
But the company said in a legal form  
When the doin's in court began,  
That Joe he took a "needless risk"  
In savin' his feller man.

Now I don't know much about law an' such  
An' I don't want to know no more,  
But I reckon when them insurance men  
Cets up on the judgment floor  
The last great Judgment floor, I mean,  
That plea of theirs won't stand  
When met by the sobs of some Dago kids  
An' a widow in Dago land.



mathematics," said the S. A., "and you met a professor of mathematics, you would hardly expect him to teach you the science of figures in just a few minutes. Well, Socialism is a science and you'll have to study it to understand it just as you had to study to become a dentist. Putting it into as few words as possible, Socialism is a system of society in which those things upon which we all depend for existence will be collectively owned and collectively managed. Contrary to the opinion of those people who get their information about Socialism from the *Outlook Magazine* and similar sources, we do not advocate the equal distribution of wealth, but we do demand an equal distribution of opportunity to create wealth with the opportunity of retaining the full social value of the wealth we do create. Rockefeller and his class are welcome to their millions, but we propose to make it impossible for them to get more millions which they don't need and can't use."

"How are you going to do it?" asked "Easy enough," replied the S. A., simply by making it impossible for any person to make a profit from the labor of another person. We will abolish the present private ownership of the jobs by abolishing the private ownership of the machinery of production and distribution. You see it is all as simple as A, B, C."

The Dentist smiled as he took out his watch, "I am glad I met you," he said. "I am very much interested in this question of Socialism and appreciate the information you have given me and I want to ask you some more questions about it some other time, but I must go now, as I promised my wife that I'd be home early."

### The Modern Experiment

ELLIS O. JONES

"Ah," remarked the Modern Machiavelli, "you don't understand the proposition at all. Former problems were in the main physical. It was a struggle of man with nature. If nature won, we had famines. But now it is different. The great experiment which we euphemistically term Twentieth Century Civilization is purely psychological. Having solved the problem of production we are trying to see just how long the people will submit to starvation in the midst of plenty."

Money is a tool of exchange, and nothing more. It is not a measure of value, nor a standard of value, nor a representative of property. It transfers property conveniently from one party to another, as a wagon hauls goods from one place to another.—Prof. Price.

He who is near the church is often far from God