

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Arizona's Constitution and Judges



ARIZONA, as it was predicted she would, has ratified her radical constitution by an overwhelming popular vote. And the result will be worth watching. To all observers who understand the true situation in this country the most valuable provision of the Arizona constitution is that extending the recall to the judiciary.

Socialists have been proclaiming for years that the judiciary has become a superior, almost entirely irresponsible body, above the legislative and executive, above the people, above the whole theoretical structure of the Republic, and the most formidable because most respected instrument of reaction. The time has passed when this claim could be regarded as the cry of faction or the complaint of undesirables. It has slowly been forced upon the general understanding. Arizona has supplied most significant proof of the trend of opinion.

Suspicion and distrust of the judiciary as now constituted has been steadily and desperately combated by the forces of reaction. Conditions favorable to the exploiters are subtly, perhaps in unformulated terms, but always fully, recognized by the capitalist mind long before the exploited become aware of the truth. In this respect capitalism is much more sensitive, much more conscious and alert, than labor. The plunderers, and all interests allied with the plunderers, notably the press, are always keenly awake to situations that may be converted to their use. The feeling is instinctive. There is no need for a capitalistic battle cry to arouse the masters to protect themselves, no need of educational campaigns or formulas to spread a knowledge of the weapons available for the dominant classes.

And so it is that without flurry or excitement every pressure has been brought to bear to strengthen and maintain the judiciary.

In insidious ways it has been preached as a doctrine peculiarly American, peculiarly admirable and just, that the judiciary must be kept out of politics. Who has not had that suggestion fed to him as a cardinal precept of good government? "Keep the judiciary out of politics!"

The cry has been spread into the reform camp, has been used insistently as something for which all virtuous citizens must strive. We have been taught from school days that the bench is a matter sacred, high, inviolable and above reproach. We have been told that one of our redeeming traits as a nation is our respect for the courts.

"Keep the judiciary out of politics!"

But why?

The judiciary was never intended to be an extra-governmental force, to be removed beyond all control and irresponsible to the popular will. It was clearly and definitely planned to be one of three branches which were all to take their root and their power directly from the people, one of three functions which were to be performed by servants of the people.

Why should the courts be further removed from the people than city councils, or mayors, than Congress or the President?

No answer consistent with principles of democracy has ever been forthcoming. The answer advanced is that the courts should not respond to "popular prejudice" or to "popular passion." How nice. But why stop with the courts? If it is desirable that judges should not be affected by "popular prejudice" it is equally desirable that legislators and executives should not be so affected. There can be no distinction. If one branch of the government is too sacred to endure the touch of the people, all branches must be and the only logical conclusion is a completely reactionary and monarchistic attitude.

On the other hand, if the nation is to proceed on democratic lines, anything that seeks to place obstacles between the public will and the expression of that will is obviously wrong. We who are pledged to democracy, which we call Socialism, believe that such obstacles are treasonable crimes, and that the Republic has ceased to exist when it is disemboweled of the vital organ of the judiciary.

The capitalistic contrivings have had their regrettable results. Judicial nominations have been faultlessly dominated by bosses and political machines in the interests of the masters. Bar Associations have been permitted to settle the qualifications of judicial candidates while the electorate dutifully cast the needful votes. Any show of strife or opposition in judicial elections has been universally deprecated. The press, by common consent, has refrained from building any issue regarding judicial offices.

Frequently we have seen both major parties nominating the same man for a judgeship returning him by practically unanimous vote and thus throwing off with startling frankness the ancient bluff of party rivalry. This maneuver was carried out in many States last fall and was made its own defence through the use of that specious and dangerous cry, "Keep the judiciary out of politics!"

Finally—the Supreme Court. Not even here can we fall back upon the original plan of the Republican forefathers and find any intent to erect an arbitrary and irresponsible tribunal. The Supreme Court was deliberately made subservient to Congress, to the people. Only by a monstrous perversion and usurpation have members of the Supreme Court come to occupy their present position as absolute and insolent rulers, an oligarchy of nine that cannot be called to account. Only by bold assumption and the underground assistance of capitalist influence have they come to be tyrants and dictators, baffling the public will and holding themselves above the Republic.

Mark how all this has wrought to the vast advantage of privilege and oppression. Judiciary armed with absolute power, fortified with the injunction, backed by federal troops and resolutely held beyond the reach of popular control constitutes a complete machinery of domination, inexpensive, inconspicuous, efficient and practical. The legislative and executive branches, to be sure, have also been secured. But both of these sometimes render imperfect service and are apt to be trouble-

some. The judiciary alone, dealing directly with Holy Property, is worth the other two combined.

"Let me make the judges and I care not who makes the aldermen," would clearly express the capitalistic thought.

There is only one flaw in this delightful arrangement.

People are not always blind, not always humble, not always thoughtless, not always submissive.

For proof whereof, there is Arizona and her constitution.

"Keep the judiciary out of politics!"

Arizona wants to know why.

Other States, where liberal impulse is awake, will shortly want to know why. Oklahoma, Oregon and Washington are very likely to ask "why" with rude insistence. A good many folks in all parts of the country would like to hear some convincing response to the same question.

Meanwhile, the *New York Evening Sun*, that sinister and contemptible mouthpiece of Mr. Morgan, has this to say:

"The denial of Statehood to Arizona under such a constitution we trust is certain. But a further question will remain even after this un-American, anarchistic attack upon the judiciary has been properly rebuked. Are the citizens of Arizona, in view of their overwhelming vote of such a law fitted for Statehood? . . . In all conscience can it be said that Arizona has shown herself fitted for these sober and responsible duties?"

There speaks the bitter hostility of the master class aroused by the first alarm that the judiciary is in danger of being brought to account. At the threat that judges are to be made answerable for their acts the passionate resistance of every pirate in the land is instantly aroused. What, you wish to apply the popularizing recall to the judiciary, which we have so patiently severed from democratic control? Anarchists! You are not worthy of having your community erected into a State. Back to the subject condition of a Territory!

It is already evident that Arizona is not to have her constitution if our masters can keep her from it. And it seems likely, as the *Evening Sun* intimates, that they can. Between Arizona and her constitution stands The Putterer. His consent must be obtained before the demand of the citizens of Arizona becomes operative.

Will he yield that consent?

Considering Mr. Taft on form, he is not likely to, and we will have one more striking illustration of the way we are run in this free and glorious country of ours.

Arizona ought to be fertile ground for Socialism.

Socialism means the end of judicial absolutism.

Socialism means the emancipation of the people.

And Socialism comes apace.



As a necessary support to false reverence for the courts the dominant interests have not failed to inculcate false reverence for the Constitution. That instrument, being open to distortion and misconstruction, has proved of inestimable service. Its interpretation has been wholly in the hands of the enemy. And its interpretation has thus made against de-

### Reverence for the Constitution

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mocracy, against progress, against enlightenment.

As is the case with the judiciary, the value of the Constitution to the masters lies in the halo of respect with which they have been able to surround it. Not all their manipulation, not all their treachery, not all their thimble rigging, has wholly overcome the popular regard for the document which they have so carefully fostered.

But again their confidence in the strength of their position as protected by such creations is misplaced.

When the mighty body of the people, bound by this paper fetter, perceives clearly that it is but paper, that it is not essentially the embodiment of all wisdom, that the plunderers themselves flout it and mock it, it will cease to confine the gigantic limbs of a nation yearning for liberty.

What happened to the Constitution when the people rose embattled and said that the crime of human slavery should end? What happened to the Supreme Court when the people cried with one voice that men should no longer be bought and sold?

Away went the Constitution. Away went the dignity of the Supreme Court. The people reasserted themselves, brushing such artificial restraints aside, and the prohibitions of oligarchical judges were drowned in the triumphant cry of awakened humanity.

Does anyone suppose that Constitution or Supreme Court can offer an effective barrier when the people decree that industrial slavery and political oppression shall go no further?



There was a bit of coarse work done for the throttlers of discontent the other day at Washington. Ordinarily the gentlemen who manage these things cover their operations with some degree of care. Finesse in exploitation, skill and address in manipulation are generally practiced. I grieve to see how clumsily this particular detail was handled.

Someone was careless. Immediately after it had become widely known that the acquisition and suppression of radical magazines by the few huge aggregations of capital were under way a bill was introduced raising the postal rate on advertising matter in periodicals.

The proposed amendment to the postoffice appropriation if passed, will seriously affect independent concerns. The others, which are run primarily for returns in controlling opinion rather than in balance sheet profits, can stand it.

Nothing is clearer than that the masters mean to absorb the monthlies and weeklies of liberal tendency. Three of them have already fallen easy prey. Another is yielding. Such publications are rarely on a sound financial footing. Carrying heavy obligations for paper and printing, wholly dependent upon the distributing forces for very existence, they offer many opportunities for the trained capitalistic sapper and miner. A little charge of blasting powder like an increased rate, or even the threat of an increased rate, will do wonders. Having been captured their guns may be spiked and they will become lady-like soothers of the public mind.

No doubt the amendment will effect the purpose for which it is intended and hasten the completion of the Magazine Trust.

But—isn't it pretty coarse work just at this time?



We were all waiting for this. It was bound to come. Somebody had to be found who would supply a statement discrediting the Socialist administration in Milwaukee. And an alderman has done the business, Bogk. Never since the days of the lamented John Y. McCarre has any alderman received a tithe of the free advertising accorded to Bogk, the

### Bogk Boosts by Kocking

Milwaukee city father. Happy Bogk, that he should have been chosen to supply a delighted press with the first word of Socialist damnation.

It is to be hoped that Bogk has subscribed to a clipping bureau. Possibly his friends have attended to that. Bogk undoubtedly has friends who would cheerfully undertake the job for him. The result must have been tremendous. With some small knowledge of newspapers I feel quite safe in saying that there is not a single sheet in the country pretending to follow affairs which has not given Bogk and his vaporings room in its columns.

What a deal of comfort Bogk can get from those clippings. He can see his name in print some thousands of times. He can observe the universal eagerness with which pearls of wisdom falling from his lips are snatched up. He can appreciate what a really great man he must be to draw such a tribute from a grateful land. If any rude persons have been pointing out to him that he is a miserable fraud and a pitiful liar, he can soothe his injured spirit with the multiplied testimonials of regard and esteem from so many sources. Happy Bogk.

You will notice, brethren, that Bogk's charges of extravagance against the Milwaukee Socialists were embodied in one of those compact, concise articles which are recognized by all news agencies and organs of publicity as instantly available for unlimited circulation. The statement was of a form and a nature which, by the conventions of every ordinary publication, made it "news." The stupidest, telegraph editor on receiving that dispatch knew it immediately for "good stuff." The dullest scissors snipper hailed it instantly as "filler" of the best. It was not cumbersome. It was not verbose. And it kicked Socialism in the ribs. Consequently it went.

Of course these things do not merely happen. Bogk did not prepare his statement, a clever press agent did not edit it and get it into proper channels, simply by chance. It was used deliberately at the behest of men who know how public opinion is made and the best way of securing the largest audience.

Mark now what occurred.

The Socialist administration answered Bogk's charges, when they had brought themselves to regard the statement seriously.

They disproved the lot in mass and detail. They showed that apparent increases in expenditure were due to public work undertaken at great saving by the city which would otherwise have had to let it out at fat, ultimate profit to contractors; that city bonds far from being depreciated had brought a surprisingly high price; that debts for parks which will have to be met by the present administration were contracted twenty years ago; that other debts and bad bargains had been shoved along by the previous administration and that not a single charge made by Bogk would stand two minutes in any investigation.

They went further. They showed that Bogk knew the facts; that when he obtained the figures they were carefully explained to him and that he suppressed the explanations, which could not have failed to satisfy him if he had had any honest wish to seek out the truth. They showed, beyond all else, that the citizens of Milwaukee would have laughed at such charges, being in possession of the correct information themselves, and that the statement was, therefore, clearly prepared for outside use where it would be received at face value.

But did any of this get to the newspapers? Was any press agent at hand to prepare the refutation in tabloid form and send it out as "news." Did any telegraph editor seize upon the denial as available "good stuff" and shove it into his columns? Did any sheet, not socialistic, pay the slightest heed to the fact that it had misinformed its readers and given space to a wanton, dastardly and lying attack upon able men and a great cause?

Not on your life.

The story is familiar enough. Socialists have had many such demonstrations. Socialists have cried out in wrath against repeated

injustices of the kind. From this, as from other instances, they may learn what they have to face and the absolute necessity of supporting a vigorous Socialist press. In Socialist papers alone is the truth to be found and unless you are fond of being fooled, which is not likely, you will drop your capitalist sheet today.

Meanwhile, let us not forget Bogk.

Bogk, at a single bound, has attained the heights. Bogk has girded up his loins as the champion of down-trodden privilege against unleashed radicalism. Bogk is the logical successor of the Only Honest Man, now in lamented eclipse at Oyster Bay. Bogk has the proper method. Also, apparently, the proper friends.

Bogk forever. He should go far.



ARK, from Pittsburg, a doleful wail for help! A capitalist, with his back against the wall, prays that he may be saved from the clamor of the mob aroused against him by detested Socialists. No, this is not the introduction to a bit of fiction.

Mr. Frank N. Hoffstot, president of the Pressed Steel Car Company, is the gentleman. Some little time ago Mr. Hoffstot's company, which was the model of a brutal, inhuman, life destroying corporation, had a bitter strike on its hands. The particularly criminal ruthlessness of the company and the desperately cruel methods it employed brought forth a storm of protest. Socialist speakers and writers threw themselves into the struggle and were able to build up considerable sentiment against the corporation.

Now Mr. Hoffstot is in trouble. He is under indictment in connection with the aldermanic graft cases. And he is going to be tried.

So Mr. Hoffstot begs that he be taken away from Pittsburg for trial. He says that public opinion is against him. He declares that the mob wishes to see him convicted. He states that wicked persons, incited by the Socialists, regard him as a man who would look well behind the bars. He wants a change of scene.

Mr. Hoffstot and his plea afford a pleasant relief. We can regard him and his grievance with complacency. Let him have his trial removed, by all means. Thus we may be able to convince ourselves that one of the favored exploiters, one of the class that has murdered and kidnaped and bullied at its own sweet will, has had occasion to fear the resentment of the lowly and the eloquence of Socialism.



One of the curious signs of the times is the chilly reception of poor Mr. Taft's "vigorous warfare" against the Trusts.

When Mr. Taft came into office he was firmly of the opinion that everything was just lovely in the United States and that

God had ordained that certain men should be rich and ride upon the backs of the rest. He thought that the ridden people were perfectly content with this arrangement and rather enjoyed it and anyhow it was the way Providence had fixed things and it was not to be disturbed. If there were here and there an agitator that didn't believe everything was lovely, why, he was a low person and need not be heeded.

For more than a year Mr. Taft waddled on clinging to this conception. Friends labored in vain to show him things. He was resolute in his performance of his duty to divine will, to existing conditions and to the corporation Interests that had given him his job.

Finally the election hit him in the cerviculated to recognize that hoary old fake for what it is worth, glory be. And I guess that at all times the mass of the people can see better and farther than the fumbling persons that rattle around in the public offices at Washington.





ADVISE all men and women that believe in organized labor and all that do not believe in a Cossack autocracy maintained by Big Business to take good heed of what is going on in California. They will learn some things that will be quite new to them, I think. Most of us have been accustomed to view with derision the idea of a commercial tyranny that would openly interfere with elemental rights. To any one that will impartially examine the situation in California the idea will not seem in the least improbable, but actual and impending.

*"We will crush the labor unions in Los Angeles first; then we will wipe them out in San Francisco."*

Many times since I came upon the coast that remark has been repeated to me as coming from some leaders in the business contingent. At first I thought it was mere verbal extravagance; I can see now that it has a sinister meaning and indicates an actual determination.

First take a look at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles is a very handsome, prosperous and rapidly growing city. It is believed to be blessed with a municipal government unusually good and progressive. Residents and visitors alike take pleasure in pointing to its excellences as samples of American achievement and all that sort of thing. "A typical American city" they like to call it.

Yet in this typical American community men do not dare to say what they think. Newspapers do not dare to print the news, detectives through the hotels listening at the visitor's elbow. Men and women are thrust into jail and suffer the third degree to extort from them false confessions, the machinery of local government is used to further a conclusion, and the organs of public opinion help to spread it over the country, and all at the dictation of business determined to crush the labor unions.

All in "a typical American city." How do you suppose these things come about?

There is in Los Angeles an institution called the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association. It is composed of certain business men that hate the labor unions and are determined to destroy them. It is the real government of the city, absolute, supreme and unquestionable. Whatever it desires, that the administration must do.

For years this association has planned and hoped to destroy organized labor in Los Angeles because organized labor increased the expenses and reduced the profits of business.

Its opportunity came with the explosion in the office of the *Los Angeles Times*, October 1.

The *Times* had long been the open, determined and vicious enemy of the unions. As soon as the explosion occurred the *Times* and the association created the belief, practically universal in the country now, that the explosion was "a labor union outrage."

For this belief there was not one particle of justification or basis or excuse, except the one fact that the *Times* had attacked the unions.

Opposed to it were the following facts:

1. The preponderance of testimony was that the explosion was of illuminating gas and entirely accidental.
2. The proprietor of the *Times* was out of the city at the time, but in the building were many union members at work whose lives were endangered by the explosion.
3. Labor unions are not in the habit of blowing up the buildings of persons that do not like them.
4. Even if they were in this habit conditions were such in Los Angeles that any act of violence by the unions or by union men would have been mere insanity.
5. The best detective skill in the country, backed by unlimited means, spurred on by every inducement, failed to show the slightest connection between the unions and the explosion.

6. All of these facts constituted good news. They were consistently suppressed by all but one of the newspapers of Los Angeles, at the command of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association.

7. The coroner's jury got to work and all of the testimony it took showed that the explosion was of illuminating gas and accidental.

Suddenly its labors ceased and three months after the explosion it had rendered no verdict.

A grand jury, specially chosen, was sworn in to investigate the explosion. Before it appeared as a special prosecuting officer the attorney of the owner of the *Times*. Labor men were dragged before it and examined in the manner of the inquisition. Some were brought from San Francisco and kept for days under arrest. A San Francisco woman, keeper of a lodging house, was first threatened and then cajoled in an attempt to extract from her something damaging to somebody connected with some union.

For days before the explosion the *Times* office was filled with escaping gas to such an extent that men were made ill by it. Workmen that came to repair the telephone tem reported that it was impossible to work in the place because of the gas. Eighteen of the persons that were in the building at the time of the disaster and escaped alive were of the opinion that the explosion was of gas. Experts in the use of explosives were of the same opinion. All of the physical aspects of the explosion were against the dynamite theory.

None of these facts received the slightest weight from the Los Angeles press, muzzled and led around by the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association. A telegraph operator in the building that testified about the escaping gas was discharged and is now said to be black listed. It is generally understood in Los Angeles that to talk much about gas as the cause of the explosion is not wholesome. At the beginning of the affair the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association notified the newspapers to say as little as possible about the explosion and a judge from the bench ordered them not to print anything about the special grand jury.

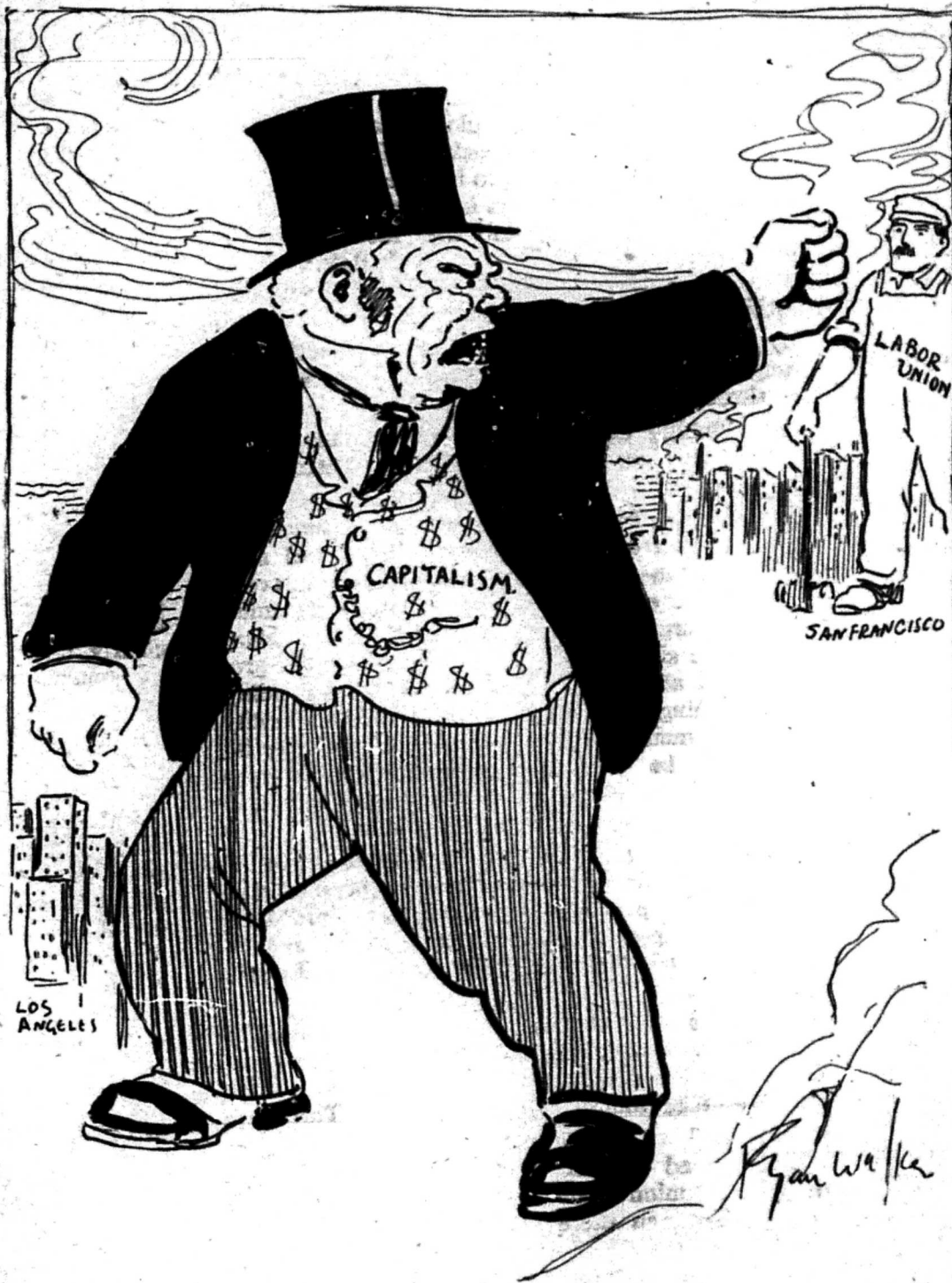
Government on the Cossack theory in a "typical American community."

It may be suggested here that I am overlooking the dynamite found at the houses of General Otis and of the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and that these discoveries proved the guilt of the unions.

I do not overlook anything of the kind. But please note:

1. The explosion in the *Times* office occurred at 1 o'clock in the morning. The dynamite was "discovered" at General Otis' at 10.30 in the morning. Nine hours and a half had elapsed.
2. The dynamite was "discovered" by a discredited city detective, a Mexican, against whom grave charges were pending, and whose specialties seem to have been the "finding" of dynamite and the persecution of Mexican refugees.
3. The dynamite "found" at Otis' was in a place where if it had exploded it would have done no harm.
4. The stuff that was "found" by the discredited detective at Otis' and the secretary's was dynamite and the same kind of dynamite that the detective had previously "found" in convenient places. But the explosion at the *Times* office was not an explosion of dynamite. That fact can be demonstrated in five minutes to the complete satisfaction of any man not insane with hatred of labor, and may be accepted without hesitation as absolutely certain. What possible connection, then, could the stuff "found" at Otis' have with the explosion at the *Times* office?

But the most adroit and skillful use was made of the detective's "discovery." It was sent all about the country by the Associated Press and other agencies. Even periodicals and writers usually friendly to



*We Will Crush the Labor Unions*



labor were imposed upon by it. Every union-hater in the country used it as conclusive evidence of the depravity of the union cause and the final reason why labor everywhere should be at the mercy of the employing class.

Week after week passed, and the desperate union men that committed all these horrible things still eluded the army of detectives, the special grand jury, the special prosecutor and all the amateur sleuths that were spurred on by the offer of the most extraordinary rewards. Three months after the explosion the deadly, depraved desperadoes remained unrevealed. But on the trail of every labor leader in Los Angeles and San Francisco there were always detectives. Wherever these men went they were dogged and spied upon; every moment there was a shadow at their elbows, listening. Their mail was tampered with, and their offices were visited. Whenever there came to Los Angeles a writer or newspaper man that it was thought might intend to investigate the situation the sleuths never left him.

One of the visitors, an extremely unimportant man, was honored with the attentions of five of these sleuthing gentlemen. From the time of his arrival in the town until he went away they were most faithful and assiduous in their observations. More faithful, indeed, than skilful; since the fact that this man was being followed was apparent to others, and commented upon, whereas I suppose the true art of shadowing to demand that the work be above suspicion. But the visitor made no move in Los Angeles that escaped the scrutiny of the cohort; one of them followed him to the railroad station when he took his departure, and loyally telephoned (doubtless to his employer) when the unoffending stranger was safely on the train.

I can testify to these facts with some authority since I was the person thus honored.

But who pays for all of this organized espionage? Scores of other men have been in the last three months similarly watched, dogged and followed about Los Angeles. These luxuries cost money. Who supplies all the money, and why?

"We will crush the labor unions in Los Angeles first, and then we will wipe them out in San Francisco."

And this is the way the thing is being done.

But how do the union haters manage to exert such a tremendous power upon a community that they can muzzle the press, terrify witnesses, coerce the courts, and control the administration? That will seem to the average citizen the strangest and most improbable part of the story. Is not this a free country? Shall not a man say what he thinks?

Observe, then, exactly how much of a free country it is under the present abnormal power of Big Business, exerted in the true Cossack manner of Los Angeles.

The men and interests that are determined to crush union labor own or control the banks. The banks control the money supply. At their caprice or will or whim the money that merchants must have to do business is given or withheld. Any merchant that displeases his bank can be crushed by the stopping of his money supply.

Over every merchant, therefore, is held this threat:

"Do as we wish you to do or you will be ruined."

Through this same channel the same centralized power controls the press. To pay their current expenses and to live the newspapers must have advertising. If they offend the interests their advertising is cut off. Merchants are not allowed, on pain of losing their money supply, to advertise in an offending newspaper.

A Los Angeles journal that printed part of the truth about the *Times* explosion lost 60 per cent of its advertising.

The others did not need to have that object lesson enforced upon them twice. They fell into line and have carefully stayed there.

Endowed with this colossal and abnormal power the gentlemen that are determined to crush union labor have every possible advantage. They have already deceived nine-tenths of the country as to the situation in Los Angeles. In the city they have all things in their hands. From such a condition if there does not appear a scape goat of union labor upon whom the whole thing can be loaded it will be very strange.

Therefore, I advise the friends of labor everywhere to keep good watch of the developments. No labor union nor union man ever had the slightest connection, near or remote, with the explosion in the *Times* office. If there appears in the case another Harry Orchard all fair minded men should know what to think of him.

In San Francisco I think the situation will soon be as bad or perhaps worse.

One banker there came lately to another and invited him to join a new coalition of banks that should agree to help crush the labor unions.

How crush them? Why all the banks in San

Francisco were to pledge themselves to lend no money to any business house or enterprise that would not agree to maintain the "open shop."

Observe here exactly the same tactics employed in Los Angeles and consider then how effective they must be. Enforce the "open shop" or all business comes to an end.

The combination in San Francisco is not quite complete because the second banker, to whom I have referred above declined to go into it. He said:

"I will not enter into any such arrangement as that, but I will gladly join a movement to free business from all this sort of thing. What I want to see is an agreement by all the banks and bankers to lend money to any firm, company or individual that is entitled to it without the slightest regard to opinion, politics or anything else."

I suppose this banker stands alone and the combination will be carried out without him.

I have yet to find one citizen of San Francisco that hearing of these matters does not regard them as most ominous. For years the employing class has been grumbling and muttering at the changes wrought in business by the labor unions. Take such an instance as the sailors or the iron workers. The unions in these trades have reduced the hours and increased the pay of the workers to the impairment of the employer's profits. Looking back at the good old days when they could make their "hands" accept any terms they choose to impose the employers have been growing more and more incensed at these things and at what they call the "increasing insolence" of union men. They have doubtless determined to put an end to the whole menacing situation and this is the way that they purpose to do it.

By coercing the merchants and business men through the banks and then coercing the newspapers through the merchants.

Remembering the tremendous power thus placed in their hands no man can predict the outcome of such a struggle.

Suppose San Francisco sees the establishment of such a system of intimidation, coercion and suppression as Los Angeles now knows. Suppose every accident that occurs or every "planted" dynamite bomb is charged by the press to organized labor. Suppose the side of labor to be regularly misrepresented, lied about and distorted. With the ability to "find" things and then spread all about the city and the country false stories of the "finds" there might be inflicted upon union labor a very deadly injury or we might see both sides locked in a contest containing alarming possibilities.

So I suggest again that all friends of union labor, all men of radical conviction and all persons that believe in the primary human rights should keep good watch upon the California situation and be able to understand clearly the news that is likely to come thence.

If you read that in Los Angeles the responsibility for the *Times* explosion had been placed upon three union men but these men have made their escape and cannot be found, be not deceived. There are no such men.

If you read of further alleged outrages in Los Angeles by union labor men, be not deceived. The union labor men there are orderly, sane and law abiding persons. They have not committed any outrages and will commit none. If you read of violence provoked and committed by union men in San Francisco, be not deceived. War has been declared against the San Francisco unions by the employing class which also controls all the source of news. The interests of organized labor in San Francisco are in good and capable hands. Whatever you may read you may be sure that labor will make no mistake. But you should be ready to discount and disbelieve any false stories of labor violence that may be sent out.

Above all, insist upon a suspension of judgment whenever one of these fakes appears. It is impossible to think of a more plausible story than was fed to the country about the *Times* explosion. As it was prepared and sent abroad you can hardly blame the average inexperienced reader for believing it.

Yet, remember, that except for the bare facts that there has been an explosion in the *Times* building and that Otis had made war upon the unions the impression created and fostered by that story was absolutely wrong and absolutely unfounded.

For a long time careful observers have been of the opinion that the exploiting class in America was preparing for one great final struggle to obliterate organized labor or reduce it to the efficiency and power of a debating society. To any one that understands what labor would be in this country under present conditions if it were deprived of the shield and protection of the union the prospect is most disquieting. All men of radical faith everywhere ought to be prepared to exert their influence on the side of the union if we are to have any such struggle as is now indicated in California.

## A Contemptible Campaign

BY A. M. SIMONS.



HERE is no need for the COMING NATION to explain where it stands on woman suffrage. So long as one-half of the population is denied the ballot, there is no such thing as self-government in America. Now, and at all times, the Socialist party and its press, has stood, and will stand, for the extension of the ballot to women. Socialists do this with a full recognition of the fact that the ballot is an instrument of defense against tyranny of all kinds. Because Socialists recognize this fact, they must stand in opposition to any movement that would tend to make the ballot a weapon in defense of class tyranny.

There has arisen in Pennsylvania a movement called "The Pennsylvania Limited Suffrage League." If this league should be successful in its efforts, it would only be to fasten upon the great class of working women of Pennsylvania the tyranny of exploitation and class rule.

In a recent number of the *Woman's Journal*, Mary Winsor, the president of this league, sets forth their program. She points with pride to the fact that the ruling class in America is steadily seeking to disfranchise all those who dare to dispute its position upon the backs of the people. "Since the enfranchisement of the negro," she says, "there has been a strong and growing sentiment against wholesale extensions of the suffrage. The trend is toward limitation. One by one restrictions are creeping into the constitutions of the states, northern, western and southern."

This statement is true, and its truth is the most shameful thing in our government today. To quote this in defense of woman's suffrage is the most tremendous indictment that could be brought against such a suffrage movement. This same argument by Mrs. Winsor contains other statements that show whom it is intended to disfranchise. The fact that immigrants are not permitted to vote is quoted with pride, and the bill which is presented, instead of being an extension of suffrage, is one which is very clearly intended to restrict the suffrage, not only of women, but of men as well. Here is a section from the law as these pretended defenders of woman suffrage would have it read:

"First. He or she shall have been a citizen of the United States at least five years, and be of good moral character, and able to read and write the English language; and the legislature shall define what class or classes of citizens shall be deemed not to be of good moral character within the meaning of this section, and shall also define what constitutes ability to read and write the English language within the meaning of this section."

There is a further provision in the proposed law which would disfranchise all non-taxpayers, men or women.

I am not surprised that this movement is able to boast of having made great progress. A movement which would succeed in stealthily disfranchising the working class of the great industrial state of Pennsylvania, and would insure the domination of the steel and coal trusts, with their armed Cossacks for another generation, would certainly be very acceptable to the forces that have plundered Pennsylvania these many years.



Labor's Crown of Thorns



# Welfare Work and Why

By Hyman Strunsky

Gaining Recognition

Though the National Civic Federation has not initiated Welfare Work in this country, some New

**O**N June 23, 1892, the striking steel workers of Homestead had a conference with H. C. Frick and all but succeeded in removing the difference in the disputed wage. Peace loomed in sight and cheered the tired strikers with the promise of an immediate settlement. The next day was expected to bring an end to hostilities and establish friendly relations between the company and the union. The day came, but instead of peace it brought war. The strikers discovered that while Frick had been negotiating with them he had also been negotiating with Robert A. Pinkerton and had been preparing for war. Early in the morning the workers were surprised by the presence of 300 armed Pinkertons, ready to shoot at the order of a boss. It was a bitter surprise and struck home with staggering force. The strikers realized that the fight was not against them individually but against the union; that the fight was no longer for a few cents but for a principle; that they were not robbed of a little wages, but of a great freedom, the freedom to unite. The injustice fanned the disappointment into consuming flames and the armed hirelings were met with revolvers. At the end of the battle it was found that each side suffered a half dozen dead and a score of wounded.

Such were the methods employed a few years ago by an illustrious captain of industry in his effort to break a union. Methods which laid bare the true relations between capital and labor, showed the disregard for human life, painted in true colors the cupidity of the masters and, what is of greater importance, defeated their own end by antagonizing the workers and filling them with a stronger sense of solidarity. Bullets did not break the spirit of the men, nor did blood dissolve the ties of organization. The men were conquered but not deceived, the union was weakened but not destroyed.

Years have passed and the United States Steel corporation has learned a lesson and has changed its tactics. It has learned that a pretended kindness will do more to break an independent spirit than an outspoken antagonism; that honeyed promises will have a stronger hold on the workmen than a band of armed Pinkertons. Some employes have been given the privilege of buying a few shares, others have been promised a pension after a long and almost impossible service and—the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers union is now a mere shadow as far as the steel industries are concerned!

### Welfare Work

This new method of getting at the laboring class is called "welfare work." It has been borrowed from the European countries where a deep-rooted benevolent attitude of the workers, probably a survival of feudalism—coupled with the threatened growth of Social-Democracy—caused the employers to take an interest in the well-being of the employes. The name, too, has been taken from German, where it is called *Wohlfahrtseinrichtungen*, though France, Holland and Belgium, in choosing a name for this movement exercised greater care in adhering to the rhetorical rule which requires a spade to be called a "spade." In France it is called "Patronal Institutions" and in Holland and Belgium it is called "Patronage to Workmen."

One of the reasons why Germany has adopted this system is given by Nicholas Paine Gilman (not a Socialist) in his book, "A Dividend to Labor." He says: "Herr F. Brandts, in his weaving establishment at Munchen-Gladbach is a fine example of the Catholic patriarchal employer of Germany who would combat Social-Democracy with welfare institutions. Believing that working people are a reasonable body, on the whole, he thinks them likely to be much influenced by an employer who plainly has their welfare at heart."

In this country "Welfare Work" is being vigorously pushed by the National Civic Federation, a body of educated, shrewd and class-conscious capitalists, formed for the purpose of inducing their short-sighted, ignorant and bigoted brother capitalists of the National Manufacturers' association to adopt the Herr F. Brandt method of dealing with workers. The Welfare Department is the most active wing of the National Civic Federation and has at the head Miss Gertrude Becks, one of the ablest social workers in this country, who has given fifteen years of her life to the study of industrial conditions and the means by which to improve them.

### Official Standard

The National Civic Federation knows that dollars are cheap when measured by the value of fight-

ing Socialism and indirectly threatening the chief aims of organized labor, and it has therefore adopted a high standard for its conception of Welfare-Work. The following are the official requirements as advocated by that organization:

"Welfare Work is the improving of working and living conditions of employes by employers; and is applicable to stores, factories, mines and railroads as well as public institutions.

"In promoting the work, it is recognized that the first essentials to the welfare of employes are steady work, an equitable wage and reasonable hours of labor; but that the employer has a further obligation.

"It is advocated that the beginning of all welfare work should be directed toward meeting the pressing necessities for the physical well-being of employes in their work places.

"Some of the subjects involved in Welfare Work are:

**"Sanitary Work Places:** Systems for providing pure drinking water; for ventilation, including the cooling of superheated places, and devices for exhausting dust and removing gases; for lighting work places; and for safeguards against industrial accidents; wash rooms with hot and cold water, towels and soap; shower baths for moulders and stationary firemen; emergency hospitals; locker rooms; seats for women; laundries for men's overalls or women's uniforms; the use of elevators for women, and luncheon rooms.

**"Recreations** The social hall for dancing parties, concerts, theatricals, billiards, pool or bowling; the gymnasium, athletic field, roof garden, vacations and summer excursions for employes, and rest rooms for trainmen's rest houses.

**Educational:** Classes for apprentices; in cooking, dressmaking, millinery; first aid to the injured; night classes for technical training; kindergartens and libraries.

**"Housing:** Homes rented or sold to employes, and boarding houses.

**"Provident Funds:** (A) For wage earners' insurance, affecting governmental, as well as employes in private enterprises, including: 1. Compensation for victims of industrial accidents; 2. Employers' voluntary sick, accident and death funds; 3. Retirement funds or old age pensions, and (B) Employers' plans for savings or lending money in times of stress."



England states having had it for years before that body was organized, it is, however, the greatest influence in the growth of the movement. It has established Welfare Departments in many states of the union and keeps Miss Becks in the field interviewing employers, writing in trade journals and lecturing before manufacturers' associations, boards of trades and chambers of commerce, with the result that the idea is getting popular and Welfare Work is gaining recognition. There are at present hundreds of corporations who have united their men in some employers' association, have placed their own officials to serve the workers in an advisory capacity, have built better shops, have promised pensions, have organized social, literary and athletic clubs, have made contributions to mortuary funds and have effected similar other improvements in the social and industrial life of their men. It is impossible to name the many corporations that have taken up the work and to give in detail the extent of the work done. Nor is it necessary. One of the exemplary corporations, whose Welfare Work has been endorsed by the National Civic Federation, will give sufficient data on the practical value of the system.

### What Is Being Done

We will let a representative tell what is being done. Miss Mary Lathrop Goss, the manager of



the Welfare Department of the International Harvester Company, Chicago, the corporation of which George W. Perkins is chairman of the finance committee, describes their activities as follows:

"What we might term as organized welfare work in connection with our industry was introduced by the McCormick Harvesting Machine company about 1900 through Miss Beeks, and it commenced with the lunch room for the girls in the twine mill, and a careful consideration of methods which might contribute to the comfort, health and happiness of the girls there employed, extending later to the men in the adjacent works. Matrons are now installed at all twine mills where the work is largely done by women and at the one foundry core room where a large number of girls are employed, and the matron does very efficient service, not only in overseeing physical conditions, locker and wash room, rest and lunch rooms, but gives a personal touch, which we think prompts a finer spirit and is of great value in a progressive way. We maintain that the environment of our women workers shall be absolutely safe morally and that all women who come into our organization shall not only be protected but helped in their efforts to gain a livelihood and maintain their right to honorable womanhood.

"Our McCormick works clubhouse has a good many social values and as a neighborhood center I think it represents something quite worth while repeating where such a rendezvous is needed. Our little cottage school is accessible for children's classes in sewing, cooking, etc., in a section where these things are not features of the public schools. The shop technical evening school has had some very interesting classes of young men who were either apprentices or were looking forward to skilled mechanical work.

"The hospital rooms and the constant service of physicians at plants where there are enough employes to make this necessary are important, and we have them equipped as completely as the needs of our industry seem to warrant. We try to give careful and continuous attention to the big subjects of ventilation, sanitation, pure drinking water, safeguarding dangerous machinery, prevention of the spread of contagious diseases, light, etc.

**Brass Band, Too!**

"I think you would enjoy hearing the brass band at our Milwaukee works play at the noon hour, or on a Saturday afternoon in one of the parks. The music loving people of that city enjoy the harvester band, and the members of the band are good employes and good citizens, interested in doing something to make their neighbors happier. Sometimes it is a men's chorus and at other times a baseball team, or a group interested in photography who form a camera club, or a company of young women interested in physical culture and free gymnastics, or the entire body of foremen coming together for a dinner, or a lecture that speaks for the social spirit which must vary in expression as the environments of our plants differ. Our magazine club at the head office affords an opportunity to all employes, including our works and general agencies, to get current literature at a reduced rate, and it is simply handled in my office as a convenience and saving of money to those who are interested. It is really very much appreciated by a large number.

"Our latest luncheon department is the one on the fifteenth floor of our general office building. Here we have the space and equipment for serving about four hundred at one sitting, arranged with the usual features of a luncheon counter accommodating about forty, a cafe which will seat from eighty to one hundred, and which we intend to conduct as well as any of the best cafes in the city, with lower prices, but intended to well cover the costs of food and good service. The cafeteria is the largest room and is well furnished, and the food for all three departments is prepared in a central kitchen, which is located between the rooms, so that service can be given from it in either direction.

"On the same floor a smoking room is accessible to the men, and a comfortable rest room is at the service of the woman employes, while a hospital room is equipped for service in emergency."

The International Harvester Company has also a profit sharing system, insurance covering accident and death and an old age pension. In many corporations Welfare Work extends to housing, introduction of safety devices, advancement of money in cases of sickness and similar benevolent activities.

**Philanthropy**

To the uninitiated Welfare Work is a philanthropic movement. Ever since its inception magazine articles have appeared with great frequency eulogizing the benevolence of the employers and praising their interest in the well-being of their employes. The very names of the articles tell the reverence of the writers for the work done. "Uplifting the Workers," "Square Deal to R. R. Employes," "Liberality to Workmen," "Mutual Aid," and similar

other creditable titles have been given to descriptions of the movement.

Well known women of high social prominence have also been enlisted in the work. Among the officers of the Welfare Committee of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation are, Mrs. J. Border Harriman, Mrs. Joseph Medill M'Cormick, Mrs. Mary Hatch Willard, Mrs. Marcus M. Marks, Mrs. Francis Higginson Cabot, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. W. Murray Crane, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Clement Acton Griscom, Jr., Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, Mrs. V. Everit Macy, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, Mrs. Talcott Williams, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife of the president.

It is not my intention to poison with the venom of cynicism the milk of human kindness. This is not an attack on Welfare Work, but a description; and it aims to give the underlying principles on which this movement is built. No doubt that real philanthropy has its share and that the desire to improve the lives of the toilers has prompted many soft-hearted individuals to enlist in the campaign. To accuse all of self-interest would be committing an injustice. Miss Gertrude Reeks tells of women—principally wives and daughters of manufacturers—who were instrumental in changing old workshops for new and in effecting reforms which proved a betterment for the employes. No doubt there are many individual cases in which Welfare Work was the result of a humane sense of duty. Heaven knows, there is enough horror in the lives of the workers, there is enough misery, pain and suffering to soften the most hardened and to force sympathy from the most cruel.

But the individual does not form the rule; it forms the exception by which the rule is proved. Socialists are students of industrial and sociological questions and as such are in the habit of considering the underlying causes of any given movement. We must study its objects and its aims. What has prompted the capitalist to take an interest in the workers? What has caused the grim, stern, dollar-marked face of mammon to relax into a smile? What has caused the hand which once held the Pinkerton rifle to be extended with the courtesy of truce? Is it peace or is it war? Is it true, genuine regard for the interest of labor or is it

a scheme to strengthen the master's hold on the slave?

It will take two more articles to answer these questions, to answer them fairly, dispassionately and conclusively. It is not the intention here to answer these by mere allegations. Great care will be taken to bring the bulk of the evidence from the side of the employers, to quote well known captains of industry on the subject.

The National Civic Federation has from time to time replied to the Socialist opposition to Welfare Work and attributed the opposition to the fact that Welfare Work improves the condition of labor, thereby postponing the Social Revolution. The next articles will show that the accusation is as untrue as it is unjust; it will give the real reasons for the Socialist opposition; it will show that Welfare Work is a scheme to gain the confidence of the employes and to establish "friendly relations," relations invariably exploited in favor of capital; it will show that while at the surface Welfare Work is a pretense to care for the interests of the workers, it is in fact, an attempt to keep them from caring for themselves; it will show that trade-unionism is the weakest where Welfare Work is the strongest; it will show the direct results of Welfare Work on unionism, wages and the conditions in various trades and will explain why the employers are so anxious to take care of the workingmen instead of letting the workingmen take care of themselves.

The second article will tell the cost of Welfare Work to the employes and the third article will tell its advantages to the employers. It will show that Welfare Work pays; that money spent in Welfare Work is not a charitable dispensation, but a profitable investment; that it increases the earnings of the employes by increasing the working efficiency of the employes. It will discuss friendly relations and show that they are excellent means of getting at the workingmen and that they provide opportunities for entering the private lives of employes, to learn their attitude toward the firm, their standing on union matters and their activities in times of strikes. The third article will also discuss corporation profit sharing systems and old age pension schemes and will show that they are but promises made for the purpose of extracting from the workingmen more work and greater faithfulness and that they bring about greater security from possible revolt. Now for the proof.

**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 employe 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 rescues a man who is fleeing from the fire.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**Man and Man.**

HE grasped the wheel again, jammed it over, and headed back toward the center of the river.

"Gosh, that fella sure does look kind o' piadlin', and that's no lie," thought he; but there was now no time to try and resuscitate him. "He won't burn much for a spell, that's sartain. Can't say as much fer the rest o' my cargo!"

He crouched again in the bottom of the launch, found his pail and again dashed water over the tarpaulin.

"We'll be all right fer a spell naow, I reckon," he judged, "that is, ef nothin' don't fall on us, no tree ner nothin'." Over his head and shoulders he sluiced a pailful of water. Dripping and blowing, he looked as rough and shaggy as Bill himself. Then he scrutinized the half-drowned man.

"No," he decided, "that fella ain't drowned yit, jedgin' by the way he puffs. He'll do, I guess!"

The object on the floor stirred convulsively, cried out with incoherent sounds and then relapsed to silence.

"Git out o' thar, you Bill!" roared Titus at the dog. "Ain't you got no manners 't all? Leave him be, I tell ye!"

Then, as the dog slunk away toward the stern, Jim grinned expansively. His smoky, blistered face wrinkled in huge folds; his pipe-worn teeth disclosing themselves beneath his water-soaked moustaches.

"Jest let him dreen a bit, an' I'll resk him!" he passed judgment.

Steadily on up-stream he held the boat, between the fiery banks, for both now glowed with equal ardor. Speeding the engine to capacity, he crouched low in the bottom for protection. The launch, her varnish bubbling with the heat, pur-red away with steady cadences and drove magnificently through the tortured waters. At the bows a tepid spray broke out, glittering diamond-like in the savage glare of land and sky.

Jim, his wet hair steaming, his eyes blinking through the smoke, gave her full head, following the mid-stream channel where lay the greatest chance for safety—if indeed any such there were in that cosmic furnace. He lost no time either on regrets or speculations. His plain duty kept him busy; to bring the boat, the Paper company's property, safely to her destination, to carry out his full instructions, to earn his pay.

Incidentally, that he was risking his life, and intending to destroy some thousands of dollars' worth of another company's property, contrary to law, for the sake of less than two dollars a day, never occurred to his mind.

"They tole me t' blow out that dam, an' by Judas priest, aout she goes, or I go up! What th' boss says, settles it!" A faithful servant, Jim—one of millions. No business of his to think, or analyze, or question orders.

Now it seemed to him the fire had begun to abate. On the right bank it was undoubtedly burning itself out; only the left still blazed at the full height of its furious ignition. The smudge was growing thicker—a good sign. Jim reckoned all chances.

"Couple miles more," thought he, "an' we'll be out o' the worst o' this. Aw—this ain't nothin' at all, when you come to size it up!"

The rescued man on the floor-boards moaned, gurgled and flung out his arms. Jim noted how



puny they seemed as the wet cloth clung and bound them.

"Keep still, down thar," he warned. "Y'r all right, safe an' sound. I can't 'ten' to ye jest this minute, but nothin's goin' to hurt ye. Lay down!"

Then, as the man, opening wild panicky eyes, stared vacantly at his rescuer, tried to struggle up.

"Down with ye!" Jim reiterated from his shelter at the bow. "Ef ye don't, it'll burn th' hide an' ha'r plumb off ye!"

The stranger coughed and spat. Memory seemed to have quite left him, and reason too.

"Wh—what's—the matter?" he gurgled in sudden fear at sight of the burning forest. "Where am I? My God! What's —?"

"Nuthin' much," Jim cried in answer, trying to soothe his fears. "You jest lay still now an' shet yer yap. I'll run things. You keep still!"

The man, however, would not obey.

"I—I was hunting," he croaked. "And Reggy—he said I musn't, but I did—and then—it got away from us, and I ran! And Reggy—where's Reggy? My God, why don't you tell me? Did he fall in, too?"

Jim calmly considered the drenched, incoherent new-comer, evidently a greenhorn in the woods, a "city-feller." Then he reached for the boat-hook, and with a sharp jab poked the man back down into the bottom of the launch again.

"You shet up!" bellowed Jim. "Hain't I got

enough fer to do, 'thought answerin' fool questions? What ye think this is—Sunday school?"

The man subsided, with inarticulate gulps and execrations. And now the launch had passed the hot test of the fire. It throbbed on and on through the diminishing conflagration. Brands were still dropping; here and there with a hissing bubble limbs of brush plunged to extinction along the banks. But the smoke was growing sensibly less thick, the heat had considerably lessened, and the zone of greatest peril seemed past.

"I reckon we'll make it yit, won't we, Bill?" said Jim cheerfully, addressing the Newfoundland. "Oh yes, we'll have quite a story fer t' tell the missus when we git back home, hey?"

All at once the stranger raised himself again, on one elbow, and, staring round, began to moan.

"Say, can't you cut that aout?" demanded Jim. "What's chawin' you?"

"Just tell me where I am, please, and where we're going, won't you?" the man pleaded. His voice held an almost womanish entreaty. Jim noted it with secret scorn.

"Wall," he made answer, "ef you's so dummed pow'ful anxious fer to know, this here's one o' the Consolidated Paper company's la'nches, and'—"

"What?"

"An' we's bound fer—fer somewhar, on biz. That's all, mister. That's enough. Drop it!"

"The—you said the—?"

"Oh fer cheese sake, dry up, won't ye?" roared

Jim, now thoroughly aroused. "Of all th' pesky catechisms, you're the wusst ever I see! Hain't it enough that you're livin' now, 'stid o' plumb drowned? Say!"

"Oh, pardon me, I didn't mean to offend," replied the stranger. Then he relapsed into a sullen quietude.

The launch surged on and on, its exhaust sputtering out myriad echoes like a miniature rapid-fire gun. Now the river banks seemed to have burned almost to extinction. Only here and there some tall tree was still blazing, sagging to its fall.

Jim cut down speed for the light had greatly diminished and the river grown difficult of navigation. He dared not risk anything among the sunken rocks and shoals. As for the new-comer he sat dripping-wet, groaning and miserable, rocking himself as in a half-stupor of despairing misery. Jim vaguely saw his thin, pale, dissipated-looking face draw and twitch with anxious exhaustion. He took pity on the weakling.

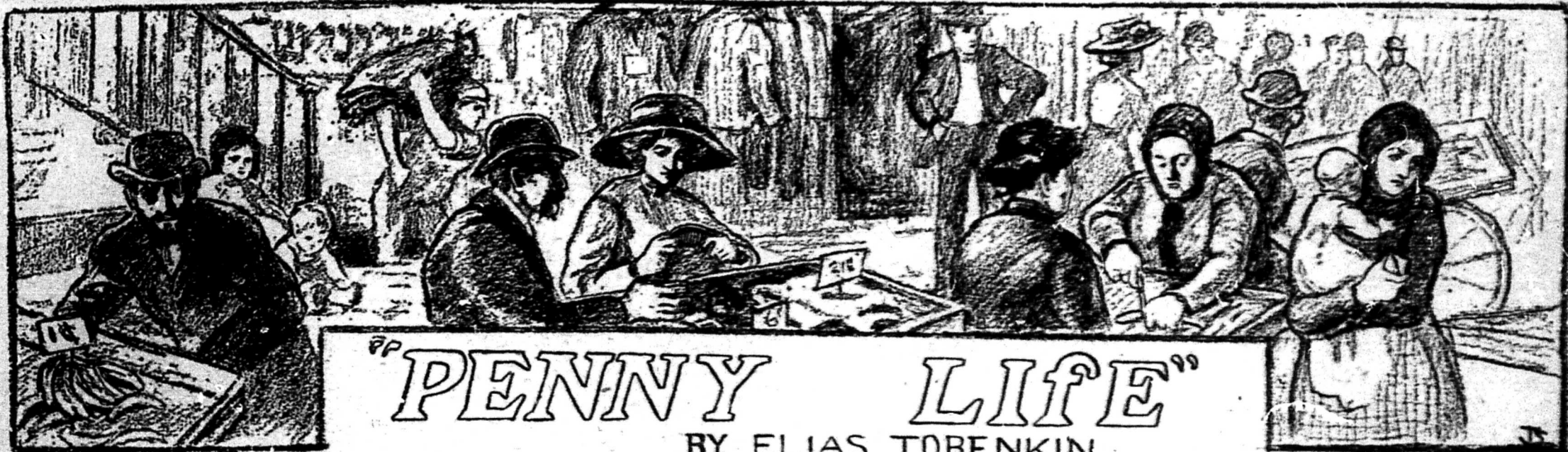
"Wall," said he, "now we're past the real danger, ef thar's anythin' you want fer t' know, that I kin tell ye, let 'er go!"

The man raised his head.

"I—I can't understand it, yet," he answered. "It's all strange, unreal. We got caught by the fire. Where's Reggy? How did I get here?"

"Why, I fished ye out with a boat-hook, that's all. Don't recollect nothin' about makin' fer the

(Continued on Page 14)



# PENNY LIFE

BY ELIAS TOBENKIN

It is the proud boast of New Yorkers that their city sets the pace for the rest of the country. If this be true then the United States will soon adopt a standard of living that is lower, more degrading and dehumanizing than the standard which prevails in many of the least civilized countries of Europe.

At least half of New York's population, half of the "four million"—not the "four hundred"—are leading not only a hand to mouth existence, to which we have become more or less accustomed but a "Penny Life."

With at least half of New York's population, with half the working people in the richest city of the richest country on earth, the cent has become the standard currency and the universal medium. Hundreds of thousands of families figure their expenses in pennies, buy their necessities and luxuries in pennies.

Enter a grocery in any of New York's congested districts, which are the districts where the "four million" live and you will see women making purchases like these: one cent worth of onions, a cent worth of beans, a cent worth of pepper, a cent worth of raisins, a cent worth of tea and so on. Up until very recently butter was bought in two-cent lumps. Now because of the high prices of milk and butter three-cents is the lowest figure for which a lump of butter is sold in most stores, while here and there a store will not sell less than five cents worth of butter, which is considered highly revolutionary and unjust by a great many housewives.

The working girl, the girl from the sweatshop, the cigar factory, and her sister from the small and large mercantile establishments, the department stores, the neighborhood stores, who receive all the way from \$2.50 to \$6.00 a week, figure all their expenses in pennies. Her breakfast costs her about three cents. Supper she eats at her landlady's and pays sixteen or eighteen cents a meal. As for lunch, this she gets in the grocery or delicatessen store in the morning while on her way to work.

With slight variation the following is the average bill of fare of the lunch of a working girl living on the lower East Side of New York, a district packed with more than a million working men and women:

A slice of herring, one cent; bread, two cents; bologna or corned beef, two cents. And for desert, one cent is spent for cake and one cent for an

apple. With seven cents the working girl of the East Side procures a luncheon which "keeps her going" until supper, when she has her "big meal" of the day.

A girl that cannot afford to lunch on more than seven cents must be economical with her dress. Here is how ninety-nine per cent of working girls on the East Side manage to dress on a penny basis:

Going from work the girl takes in Rivington or Hester street and with the cent as the standard currency she visits the dry goods and notion stands which line both sides of the sidewalk and extend way into the street. On these stands or on the pushcarts almost any trinket, dear to the heart of a young girl, can be gotten for one, two or three pennies. The more important toilet articles are likewise procured here at correspondingly cheap rates. Thus seven or nine cents will procure a back comb which sparkles "just like diamonds." Thirteen cents will buy a corset cover, and twenty-one cents an every-day waist.

More sad even than the lot of the working girl is the fate of thousands upon thousands of men immigrants as well as Americanized foreigners who can find no work and who work only part time. The earnings of these is uncertain. Some weeks it may be five dollars and some weeks less. Generally these men get out of New York after a year or two. But the year that they stay in New York they suffer in the extreme. In order to be able to save a few dollars from their meager earnings, so as to be able to leave for some western city, these men narrow down their daily expenses to about ten or twelve cents a day. How can this be done? Take a stroll through Hester street and you will see.

Here you will find a man standing with a box full of stale bread. For a cent you get half a loaf of bread. Next to this man a woman is selling herring, not a whole herring for three cents, but a third of a herring for one cent. For two cents you have herring and bread. Across the street is a little basement where for two cents you get "a glass of sweet tea or coffee." This makes a meal for thousands upon thousands of people on the East Side daily.

But let us turn to the "happy side of life," to amusements and enjoyments that the thousands of young men and young women in the tenement dis-

tricts of New York are fond of. Here, too, the penny is the all embracing currency.

The young man who lives and works in what is generally characterized as the "slum" buys most of his enjoyment and amusement in pennies. When he goes out for a "good time" a quarter is to him the father of twenty-five pennies. At the nearest stand he gets two cigarettes for a penny and gets three matches to it. He lights one of the cigarettes and puts the other one away in his vest pocket with much greater care than his cousin, the Broadway sport, puts away a twenty-five cent cigar.

If he experiences a sudden craving for candy he can get it in one-cent amounts. If ice cream delights his fancy he can get a penny's worth of ice cream, and need not feel cheap about it, for it is the universally accepted standard. Soda wafer he gets at once cent a glass. If he wants it "with a flavor" the size of the glass is somewhat smaller. For two cents he gets a glass of soda with flavor enough to sicken anyone with its sweetness.

Even when the young man is out with his best girl the penny remains the standard of currency. Only this time the pennies go in twos and threes. Thus for three cents he can get a "chocolate milkshake" which is considered a high-class drink. For two cents he gets a maraschino candy. For three cents you get a "delightful" bar of chocolate with almonds in it. And you need not feel shy about taking back a penny in change. A penny is money and in the shop a girl has to work from six to fifteen or twenty minutes before she earns a penny.

If the young man and his sweetheart decide upon the vaudeville as a fit place to spend the evening in, he finds that here, too, the penny is the all-important, all-embracing currency. For two cents a waiter brings him a bottle of ice-cold lemonade, which, of course, is no more nor less than some sweetened water painted red. For another two pennies he gets a brick of ice cream which sticks to his teeth like glue.

For a penny a tailor in the nearby cleaning, dyeing and repairing shop will sew on a button for you. For two cents you get "a foist class shine" almost anywhere within the confines of the ghetto. Three cents will buy a pair of cuff buttons on any pushcart; two cents buys a handkerchief, and hair nets, "the very best" are offered to the shop girl two for



five; last season's "rats" are sold at three cents apiece.

Originally the penny life was introduced in New York by immigrants, those of them who came to New York with one object in view—to save money and return to the old world. These immigrants did not consider America their home. They looked upon themselves as camping out here for a few years to make money and they were willing to put up with all the inconveniences of camp life. They slept in the shops where they worked in return for doing janitor work after their regular working hours. Their meals they bought from the pushcart for pennies. Whenever this life began to tire one of these men they consoled themselves with the thought that the penny saved from their meals would be doubled and even quadrupled in the old world.

Over on the East Side one can still hear stories about men who have saved fortunes by leading the penny life. There are incidents, too, where the owner of many a tenement house is still leading this

sort of an existence, saving the pennies from his meals and clothing and hoarding them into dollars.

But whatever the origin, the millions of people in New York who are today leading the penny life are doing it not in order to save and get rich, but because their earnings are so low, their work so unsteady, the out of work seasons so long that they have to live as cheaply as possible.

When a woman earns fifty cents a day for twelve and fourteen hours of toil in the house, when men earn \$7.00 or \$9.00 or even \$12.00 a week during six or at most eight months in the year, they have to live as cheaply as they can.

The irony of the penny existence, however, is that it is not even cheap; in fact it is dear; dear in more ways than one.

Ask the grocer who does this sort of trade and he will tell you that there is more profit in selling a pound of candy to forty customers buying a penny's worth each than to one customer. In penny sales

the pound of candy which sells for twenty-five cents a pound brings in forty cents. The same is true with every other article. The girl who buys a waist for twenty-one cents finds that she wears, or rather tears, four twenty-one-cent waists in the time she would tear only one sixty-nine-cent waist.

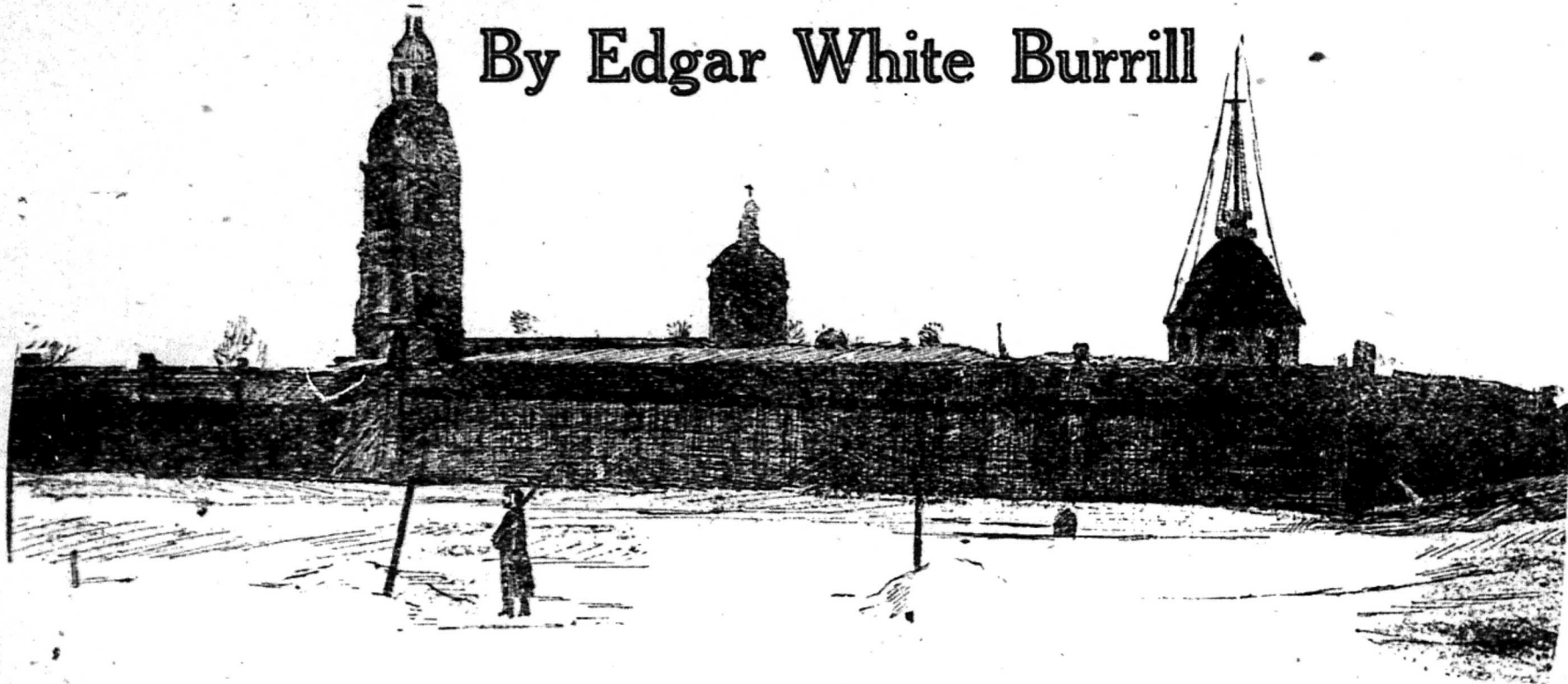
The woman who runs her kitchen on the penny basis invariably finds that her food is never good and never sufficient. Besides not being sufficient the bread, vegetables, meat and other provisions sold at bargain prices are generally a never-failing means of sending their victims to the dispensaries. What the poor save from food they pay out for drugs.

But dispensaries or no dispensaries, with the cost of living mounting day by day, as it is, and with wages shrinking, shrinking so that dividends might swell, the penny life bids fair to remain a settled institution in American life until—

Well, until how long?

## A Visit to Russian Prisons

By Edgar White Burrill



Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul



THE American who tries to investigate conditions in Russia will find his task extremely difficult. The government official becomes suspicious and obstructive at the simplest question. But a profuse supply of roubles, the czar's omnipotent half-dollars, will work wonders.

After six days of plotting and counter-plotting with police and spies, the writer of this article at last held in his hands the desired permit, signed by the chief of the secret police, to visit the great political fortresses.

The Boutyrki prison of Moscow is the second largest in all the Russian Empire, lying some twenty minutes drive in a fast droszky from the Red Square where gleams the historic citadel of the Kremlin. The first sign of the prison is a high stockade forming the left wall of a long, hot street. Here sentries with bayoneted guns pace thickly to and fro. They eye the visitor at once with suspicion, and one of them demands to see his papers. When these have been insolently examined, entrance is clear within the picketed gate of the stockade, and then there rises the massive stone masonry of the outer prison wall.

A huge gate, studded with iron bolts, bars further progress. Here two more sentries examine the papers. There is a small door set within the great gate itself, and in this, again, a square, closed peep-hole. A violent knocking upon this panel causes it to swing outward, revealing the end of a bayonet and rifle barrel. A sharp question comes from the stern guard within; but the papers are evidently sufficient, for in another moment the small door swings open, and the secretly exultant investigator finds himself at last inside the frowning walls. There is still the thrill of imminent danger; more soldiers are patrolling this inner yard, but now

that the outer barriers are past, they pay no special attention.

Thus it was that there began last year an investigation which proved beyond a doubt the truth of the many meagre reports which have been reaching the American papers as to the over-crowding and cruelty of the Russian prisons. Sometimes it was possible, through an interpreter, to talk with the prisoners; sometimes, because of the quickened pace of the guard, it was allowed only to note general evidences of the evil conditions; sometimes full information was forthcoming only after interviewing former inmates of the prisons and eye witnesses of unspeakable brutalities.

By special request, the famous "Black Hole" of the prison was thrown open for inspection. It is duplicated in many prisons throughout Russia. There were significant patches of dried blood upon the dungeon floor, where the victim had lain for some time after his last severe beating. The warden who unlocked the cell door so that we might enter, roughly roused the inmate from his torpor by kicking him.

It was a square room of cold, damp stone. Not a scrap of clothing, furniture or sanitary contrivance was there; only a little barred window high up, to indicate the enclosure as a supposedly human habitation, and this was tightly sealed always, except for the few minutes of my visit, to exclude all light. A little air, but no light, found its way under the heavy door.

We know how terrified most children are when shut up in the dark. In our own prisons, one day in the dark cell is sufficient to tame an unruly convict; and three days breaks down the most hardened criminal. This pitiful creature before me was to serve ten days, terribly alone, in the dark, on a hard stone floor, with nothing to keep him alive but a chunk of sour black bread and a pitcher of stale water. He was a young fellow, apparently of fine physique and appearance formerly; but now the demon of fear had done its work. He stood crouching like an animal, his eye-balls bulging like a wild beast's at bay, a look of hopeless terror in his face; and when I questioned him through the interpreter as to how long he had been there, we could not hear his frightened whisperings at first. We asked again. "I do not know," came the low, ag-

tonized syllables. "I think seven months." And he had served only five days of his eternity of ten!

Afterwards would come twelve years of confinement in the prison proper—twelve years of body-wrecking, soul-breaking work; twelve years of regular beatings with iron rods, five strokes of which draw blood in streams, two hundred being the frequent penalty, often for no cause at all but "discipline."

And what was this prisoner's awful crime? He had hit a man during the course of a political dispute. His opponent, though uninjured by the blow, had relatives in the local government.

Another man, in solitary confinement for seven years, had committed the frightful indiscretion of being caught in a crowd of strike sympathizers in St. Petersburg, and had been sent to this prison as a "suspect." He had not even been properly tried, but was forced to leave behind a wife and three little children unprotected. His condition when I saw him was most abject; he cannot possibly endure his confinement another year.

But in some ways these men in the isolated dungeon cells are better off than those in the crowded common cells. At Ekaterinoslav, for instance, the prison built to accommodate two hundred prisoners, has been holding twelve hundred, one-sixth of whom suffer continually from typhoid fever and many more from scurvy. In the summer months these cells are stifling. Only one window ventilates each; yet here men and women are chained together, sometimes as many as twenty-five in one small room. The death rate was so high in 1909 that often a living person remained chained to a dead or dying comrade for hours, while the air was so foul and suffocating in the back part of the cell that the inmates were forced repeatedly to the window for sufficient oxygen to breathe. And yet the orders to the guards outside read, "Shoot without any warning at the slightest uproar, and as soon as a prisoner approaches the window, aim at the head so that there may be no wounded."

Such brutality is unbelievable until one has witnessed similar sights all over Russia.

In Moscow one afternoon, a young Englishman and the writer got lost in the slums. Coming from the Red Square, we had sauntered



on through little gates and low-browed passages, until we became disagreeably aware of our surroundings. Horrible-faced workmen in rags slouched past; women, disease-marked, in sack dresses, nursed their pitiful offspring in the street; doorways past description reeked with awful, unfamiliar smells. Beyond, a thicker throng of people drank up their meagre wages from the government's thick vodka bottles, striving to soothe the misery in their hearts. And then, right on the street corner, some poor devil of a peasant lay writhing in silent agony, his knotted limbs indecently exposed by his struggles, his reddish-brown beard, tangled and befouled with froth and dust, pointing straight upwards, his hands clutching the hot cobblestones. No one ventured to approach him, though several women cast half-covert smiles toward him as he lay sprawled, and one drunken wretch muttered half-fearfully the word, "Cholera." A uniformed policeman now came up, and, kicking him into semi-consciousness, pointed vehemently to a sheltered place under some scrawny trees near by, where piles of rough lumber were stacked. As the prostrate peasant still lay helpless, the police officer, losing his temper, began to rain blows upon his defenseless head and arms. We heard the groans but no one else seemed to care. We could do nothing and so hurried on.

The mode of transfer of typhus patients to an infirmary is equally instructive as to Russian methods. Only a few of the worst of the stricken prisoners can find room in these hospitals, and these are often dead before reaching such comparative havens. But here are the words of an eye-witness, translated from the Review, *Russky Bogatsvo* for April, 1909:

I saw two carts entering the yard of the infirmary. Approaching these carts, which were accompanied by soldiers, I saw that they contained typhoid patients from the prison. The men, all unconscious, lay like logs in the carts, knocking their heads against its wooden frame at each jolt of the heavy wheels. They had not even had handfuls of straw put beneath their heads. They were lying almost one upon the other. Some were in the last agony; two of them died an hour later. All of them were in chains. I saw how the two dead men were carried to the chapel, both still fettered. If they had been dogs, the chains would have been taken off. In one infirmary, these patients were kept in the very same rooms with those suffering from non-contagious diseases; in another, special rooms were prepared, for which wardens were brought from the prison. Accustomed continually to beat the prisoners, these wardens began at once to do the same here. . . .

At the Boutyrki prison at Moscow, I was told as if it were a great joke that one of the hospital patients had struck a warder during a fit. To avenge the fancied insult, this warder had caused the sufferer to be strapped to his cot with tight, leather thongs for seven days. These straps were neither removed nor loosened for one single moment for any need during the seven days and seven nights. "His right arm is now paralyzed," concluded my informant, "but (calling the prisoners a vile name) we have to teach them their place."

I learned afterwards that patients who are delirious or at all violent through suffering are kept strapped to their cots for whole days in this way, where they lie in a state of untold filth.

Sixty-five per cent of the whole 1300 occupants of this prison are suffering from scurvy, and their fetters cut into their swollen legs. The death rate is enormous. The consumptives die in fetters in the crowded cells, with other prisoners looking on. Because of the frightful sufferings thus witnessed and endured, insanity is almost an epidemic among them.

While waiting in an ante-room here for the return of my permit from the prison master, Col. \_\_\_\_\_, who had been detailed to answer my questions, was called away. My interpreter and I, hearing a slight commotion in the outer corridor and a woman's voice raised in protest, went quickly to learn the cause. A group of wardens were brutally "searching" a newly admitted peasant woman. There were no women attendants in the prison.

We came upon the "examiners" unexpectedly and they had no time to hide the traces of their pitiless work. The woman, held by two stalwart men, was half-stripped, and another warder was in the act of pushing his filthy hand into her mouth when we appeared. Ten or a dozen more stood closely about. They all fell back, staring, half angry and half fearful, until, as if by chance, my coat fell away, disclosing the row of medals on my waistcoat. Then they came to a salute with quick precision, a recognition which we returned grimly. A moment more, the outer gate had clanged behind us, and the investigation was completed.

Petty officials and inquisitive guards, unable to read the harmless English inscriptions, were more than over-awed by this modest array of medals. It was one of several devices to outwit the imperial bloodhounds.

The cases of beating till the victims sink down unconscious are numberless. One gets hardened also to the endless accounts of punishments in the Black Hole. This torture chamber has already been described. Even my soldier guard spoke with terror of what was done within those walls.

Not only men, but women, not excluding invalids, and in some cases boys and girls in their teens, are beaten with iron rods in the prisons. Sometimes the nagaika is used, an instrument of whip-like chords, with knotted ends. Occasionally testimony is secured at "investigations" by means of wooden or rubber canes, as in the case of the notorious Gruen of Warsaw, in his torture of the Rottkopf girl. For four nights she was beaten simultaneously by eleven men under the direction of Gruen himself, all holding these weapons.

The girl managed to survive the almost unbearable torture, but though only nineteen years old, her sufferings have stamped her today as a woman past fifty. Her still swollen face and disfigured body are but the symbol of a young and beautiful soul maimed and sadly broken by undeserved physical agony. Her brother, likewise innocent, against whom it was desired by means of his torture to obtain incriminating evidence, was shot after a similar "investigation," without even any form of trial.

One humanitarian deputy, M. Gherasimov, revolted by such crimes as these, exclaimed: "Our prisons are places where humanity is outraged, and where crime is born and bred."

Even the secret police at Moscow acknowledged to me with smiles that the civil criminal prisons are schools of expert crime, each inmate instructing his fellows, during their enforced idleness, how to commit thefts or forgeries or murders more expertly, so that when they are released they are tenfold more dangerous than before.

These men, however, are far better treated than the "politicals," in whose prisons most of the brutalities take place. The really criminal offenders against law have a fairly pleasant time. They spend hour after hour playing cards, telling obscene stories to the wardens and to each other, drinking vodka, and, in general, holding a continuous club social.

They procure the vodka in many ingenious ways. Sometimes they buy it by means of hidden paper money cleverly sewn in the lining of their clothes; sometimes by means of stolen gold coins swallowed secretly, just before arrest, and conveniently vomited after their incarceration; and sometimes they bring the vodka with them into their cells in false boot-soles in which a flat, air-tight, corked tin has been inserted, or occasionally in hollow sticks or canes. Several of these vodka sticks and shoes were shown me at the Moscow police headquarters.

It is only fair to say, however, that these specific conditions do not exist in the Polish prisons. At Warsaw particularly, where all courtesies attended my efforts of inspection, many of the political offenders are set to work, and almost all of the civil transgressors.

The Mokotow prison, containing eleven hundred convicts, who are obliged to toil from six to twelve and from two to six each week day, includes a complete and gigantic paper mill, the products from which are used all over southern Russia; it has a button factory, forty different samples being given to me as we passed through; it runs its own bake shop and shoe shop; it possesses a well-equipped watch and clock manufactory; and it operates an extensive wood-furniture and carpentry shop. Besides this, there are six hospital wards, supplied with American and German medicines and presided over by a good doctor, who told me jocosely that many times convicts came to him with self-inflicted injuries, in order to obtain the better food and bedding that his department allowed. Most of his cases, in fact, seemed to be of those who had been purposely careless with machinery or tools.

In the well-conducted foundry here also, it struck me as a sinister irony that the convicts had to manufacture their own cell gratings. In addition to these workshops, there are three fine chapels—one Jewish, one Catholic and one Greek Protestant. The general appearance of the cells and corridors throughout was clean, and they were very well ventilated. This was by far the best Russian prison I saw; but it was also very new, and hence not crowded; and it was close to the border of real European civilization. It would be impossible to find such conditions in Russia proper, even at St. Petersburg.

Quiet and orderly though this prison was, the governor himself admitted to me that there were beatings and "sweatings" of a violent sort to get self-convictions from "obstinate" (often really

innocent) prisoners. There was more than one man here in solitary confinement whose haggard face and agonized, hunted eyes bespoke of severe physical sufferings. With many of these I talked and in spite of the fact that this was about the best conducted prison in the whole Russian empire, heartrending tales of undeserved punishment were frequent.

One poor fellow, half mad from torturings, sobbed out to us in the hospital ward, "Christ Almighty, has promised to help us! Why does He not come to our aid? Why does not Christ the Almighty help me here, innocent, though imprisoned for eight long years!" Over and over again he thus cried out, and my throat was choking as we turned away.

When we entered the consumptive ward, the pneumonia room, and the eye-disease section, it was a pitiful thing to see each patient, here as in the workshops, upon the command of the accompanying warden, forced to rise from his cot, uncover his head if he wore a cap, and stand at attention all the time until we passed out again. Whenever the prison master called, this was part of the regular discipline, even for those seriously ill.

The food here was abundant; coarse, black bread, which tasted like horse feed, two pounds a day being allotted, with unlimited, self-made tea, and frequent pailfuls of swilly soup. Nutritious to be sure; but a monotonous diet day after day for years, especially for one who had committed no crime, and with the hopeless prospect staring him in the face of shipment to Siberia by and by, to wash gold at Udinsk or to labor in the mines!

These comparatively bearable conditions that exist in this one prison at Warsaw and, to a less extent, elsewhere in Poland, are by no means typical of Russia proper. There, not only the prisons, but the treatment of the inmates is much worse. Because of the terrible beatings in the Black Holes and in "secret cells," victims are frequently sent to the hospital wards in a dying condition. One man, Surkoff, refused to enter such a cell recently. The warders immediately beat him with the butts of their rifles on the head, in the stomach—everywhere. Finally he went quite mad. Another prisoner, officially reported perfectly healthy previous to this, died three days after ill treatment in the Black Hole. Still another instance is that of a woman who was being questioned about a robbery case. Part of her testimony was not believed. Lyudin, the examiner, began to beat her with his fists upon the breast, so that blood flowed from her mouth, and she finally fell in a swoon; a few hours later she had a terrible internal hemorrhage. This woman was subsequently found to be absolutely innocent. There are scores of similar cases.

A prisoner named Gutmacher was beaten with sticks, thrown on the floor and kicked insensible by the warders. This was repeated for several days. When the morning came on which he was to be hanged, many of his ribs and other bones were found to be broken. These and other abominations often take place, as at Sevastopol, under the very windows of the infirmary, rendering still worse the condition of the sufferers there.

These instances of misuse, brutality and official injustice might be multiplied indefinitely, but a few cases are typical and serve to illustrate the situation. The face of that fear-tormented inmate of the Black Hole, with its look of hopeless agony, is only the symbol of a whole nation that is wronged—a nation of our brothers, who lie helpless, bleeding, gasping out their lives, and calling on us in vain for help.

### Our Flag

By JAMES W. BABCOCK.

News Item.—A striking miner was assaulted and arrested in Pittsburgh, Pa., recently, for unfurling an American flag.

Our country's flag  
Must never wave,  
Where Cossacks rule  
And miners slave.

No, nevermore,  
The flag unfold,  
Where Barons heap  
Their cankered gold.

There are no rights,  
Where workers dwell,  
Nor hope of peace,  
In Mammon's hell.

For despots own  
Our country wide,  
And over rights  
Triumphant, ride.

But soon will rise,  
In Manhood's might,  
The reign of peace  
And rule of right.

No master there—  
No serf, no slave;  
One flag o'er all  
Will proudly wave.



## THE COMING NATION

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

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

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## Friendly Criticism

Many responses have come to the request for suggestions of improvements in the COMING NATION. From these we have gained many ideas for which we are truly thankful.

Along with letters of criticism came many like that of John Hendricks, of Aberdeen, Idaho, who said regarding the COMING NATION "There is nothing in it that I don't like."

Many of the things that were suggested were already planned, but we are glad to get the letters, as they showed that our plans were running along the desired lines by our readers. For instance, many spoke in high praise of the articles by Odon Por on European co-operatives, and asked for more along the same line. We are glad to be able to answer that Odon Por is now working upon another series that we believe will be equally good and striking and that we expect to publish within a short time. Others asked for more articles on co-operation in general, and here again we can reply that arrangements have been made in this direction.

Perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the fact that several minds at least, whether they be great or small, were running in the same direction, was seen in the suggestion offered by a Socialist who is connected with the Associated Press and with long experience in newspaper work, that we have some articles on the Panama Canal. Here again we have anticipated our friend and a representative of the COMING NATION is now there gathering matter for us. This same friend also suggested a series of articles on the governmental and administrative institutions that are preparing the road for Socialism, and once more we are glad to say that this assignment has already been accepted by one of our best known Socialist writers, and he has been working on it for some time. Again, at least, a half dozen correspondents suggested a series of sketches concerning prominent Socialists, and once more we are glad to say that these sketches are already under way and a number of them on hand and that they will begin to appear shortly.

From Mrs. Dunniway, of the Oregon equal suffrage association, comes a word of praise for the paper and also a request for more matter on the woman's question. This suggestion again meets with our approval, but we find it somewhat difficult to obtain the sort of constructive facts that are needed on this subject. That we have not been wholly unsuccessful is seen from the fact that matter published in the COMING NATION is quoted widely in the suffrage press, and we can only promise that greater efforts will be made in the future in this matter.

J. T. Coker, of St. Louis, Mo., along with many other suggestions, asks for more educational articles on political economy and the evolution of Socialism. While we expect to use some matter of this kind, the field of the COMING NATION is not to be distinctly educational. We are trying to produce a paper which the hundreds of thousands of Socialists will want to read because they will enjoy it. We want to put before them the best work of artists and fiction and feature writers because we believe that these belong to Socialists. We also believe that through this medium a great educational work can be done indirectly. This correspondent also asks for more feature articles on political events in the

## Crushing a Free Press

BY A. M. SIMONS.

Will the beginning of a free press in America be ground to destruction between the upper and nether millstones of governmental repression and trust domination?

Will postoffice regulations destroy all publications that Morgan gold cannot purchase?

A cunningly devised bill, recommended by President Taft, prepared by Postmaster General Hitchcock and endorsed by the Senate postal committee, headed by that notorious tool of trustified wealth, Boies Penrose, is apparently about to be passed by a Congress whose membership has been condemned at the polls and, therefore has no political hopes to further, no punishment to fear.

This cunningly worded bill exempts from its strangling provisions the trust controlled dailies of the great cities and the reactionary and easily corrupted rural press.

It is designed to destroy all publications that have dared to tell even a measure of the truth concerning the methods by which the present plutocracy retains power and extracts the product of labor to its own profit.

Because the people have eagerly grasped at even this measure of truth and have thereby built up great circulations for these publications, the rulers of America have determined that such papers must be crushed.

The attack of the postoffice is to destroy the value of these periodicals. J. P. Morgan and his allies are waiting to purchase (at reduced valuation if possible) those that may be forced into the market.

This move is proving successful. One after another of the magazines that dared to brave the wrath of trustified wealth are passing under the control of the inner circle of capitalism. *McClure's*, the first to enter the campaign of exposure, was the first to be muzzled. Radical writers, driven from its pages, sought refuge in the *American*, only to see that magazine in turn pass under the control of the Morgan interests. *Everybody's*, once a leader in the attack upon some of the evils of capitalism, has fallen into the grip of trustified wealth. And only in the last few weeks *Standard Oil* has pressed the gag into the mouth of *Hampton's*.

In this crisis there is but one group of publications that this attack cannot reach and smother. Socialist papers may be hampered and crippled by postoffice regulations, but the history of that press from Japan round to St. Petersburg has shown that it cannot be killed.

Socialists have enlisted for a battle and not for a holiday. Their press is run for principle and not for profit.

They do not depend upon advertising for life. Although they may be struck a heavy blow by tyrannical regulations they cannot be killed. They are not for sale. All the millions and billions of heaped up wealth in the hands of the kings of American industry cannot buy their pages.

Because the Socialist press is the last refuge of liberty of opinion on the printed page, every lover of truth must now rally to its support.

Beneath is the list of the members of the postal committees of the House and Senate. When you have finished reading this do not delay a moment in writing a letter to these men telling them that their proposed action will raise about their heads the storm that has more than once swept tyrants from power.

## THE SENATE POSTOFFICE COMMITTEE.

Boies Penrose, Pa.  
Nathan B. Scott, W. Va.  
Thos. H. Carter, Mont.  
Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Ore.  
Alexander S. Clay, Ga.  
Robert L. Owen, Okla.  
Robert L. Taylor, Tenn.  
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W. Murray Crane, Mass.  
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Simon Guggenheim, Colo.  
James P. Tallaferra, Fla.  
John H. Bankhead, Ala.

## THE HOUSE POSTOFFICE COMMITTEE.

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Nehemiah D. Sperry, Conn.

Geo. F. Huff, Pa.  
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Cyrus Durey, N. Y.  
Francis H. Dodds, Mich.  
Ralpa H. Cameron, Ariz.  
David E. Finley, S. C.  
James T. Lloyd, Mo.  
William E. Cox, Ind.  
John J. Garner, N. J.  
Wm. H. Stafford, Wis.  
J. Sloat Bassett, N. Y.  
Frank O. Lowden, Ill.  
Thomas R. Hamer, Ida.  
Victor Murdock, Kan.  
John A. Moon, Tenn.  
John H. Small, N. C.  
Thomas M. Bell, Ga.

United States. These we are trying to get. He also makes a suggestion, which is voiced by many others, and that is that the paper used should be of a higher quality. To these correspondents we can only promise that a change will shortly be made to a higher grade of paper stock. In the meantime, we ask them to remember that the cost of producing such a paper as the COMING NATION is far in excess of that of any other Socialist paper ever attempted in this country, and that until we reach the point where we can successfully enter the advertising field, we must necessarily economize. However, this time of struggle seems to be approaching its close, and with a little lift from our friends in the way of increasing our subscription list, the day of a better,

larger paper, with a cover and all the rest that is wanted in the mechanical line, will be at hand.

Bert Willard, with several suggestions of value, urges that more space be given to book reviews. Again, this suggestion had been anticipated, and preparations have been made for a good book review department. However, the motto of the COMING NATION has always been to make haste slowly and to introduce no new features until its excellence could be assured.

William E. Dixon suggests that the government documents that are being issued, of especial interest to the workers, should be popularized and made known to the army of workers. An attempt is being made to do this. Arrangements have been made to secure all such

documents, and as far as possible, our readers will be kept informed of their contents.

With this, and with many other suggestions, physical limits of space and staff render perfection yet unattainable.

There are several suggestions for circulation by those who find no fault with the paper. Among others, Reginald Wright Kauffman and his wife, Ruth Kauffman, write as follows:

Each week, after we have read our copy, we wrap it and, for one cent's postage, send it to a friend or acquaintance. We choose a different name every time, running through the list in our address-book. This means that for fifty-two cents spent in a year, we get one sample-copy of the magazine to each of fifty-two homes.

This suggestion is voiced by several others and is certainly an excellent one.

The COMING NATION feels particularly gratified at the friendship and assistance that has been shown by its readers. In return for their suggestions we can offer them the assurance that before the first year of the paper has passed, the COMING NATION will stand along side any paper published in the English language in the literary and artistic quality of its contents, while, at the same time, it will be fighting the battle of the working class.

We know you are all going to help us and we are going to do our best.

## Scout News

SCOUTS: Pay no attention to letters sent you by capitalist concerns who see your names in the *NATION* or *Appeal*. Most of these are fakes. All of them will bear careful investigation. Any letters which read, "Your name has been given us by *Appeal* to *Reason* (or by the COMING NATION) you can put down as anything but genuine.

I'm doing well. The local has agreed to buy all unsold papers at cost price.—Dremond Minium, Ohio.

They sure go swell.—Elmer Osburn, Missour.

Had no trouble selling my first ten and will double my order this time.—Tom Boyd, Maryland.

I was sick last week, but my brothers attended to the papers for me. They cleaned them up in about four hours.—R. F. Medley, West Virginia.

I think I have done well to sell papers in this Republican town. The people who have read the *Appeal* to *Reason* and the COMING NATION say they are good papers.—Stephen E. Conner, Arkansas.

I have had success in selling my papers. Last week I got my papers on Saturday about 11 o'clock and sold all of them in about half an hour.—Iva Palmer, Iowa.

You will find \$2.50 enclosed, for which please send me 100 *NATIONS*. I have but 32 regular customers, but sell the others. I had one man say that this was one of the best papers he ever read.—Allen C. Wilson, New York.

I like the work and expect to attend the Socialist ward meetings in our city.—Herbert M. Reeves, Ohio.

Send me more papers. The last ones I sold with all ease.—Aaron Smith, Oklahoma.

My little step-son received his trial bundle of ten and sold them all in a little while. One man bought one and threw it away. Another said: "No, I don't want that Socialist paper." However, it will take 20 to supply the demand this time.—H. C. Vaughn, Arkansas.

Scout Norman Burroughs, who lives in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, looks more than 10 years old in this picture, but that's his age. I've never met this clean-cut, manly looking little chap, but I intend to if ever I'm in his vicinity. Scout Burroughs has a nice delivery route in Cuyahoga Falls and is doing much to advance the social revolution.

NORMAN H. BURROUGHS

## J. Kenneth Turner on Mexico

In number twenty-six of the COMING NATION J. Kenneth Turner will, for the first time in any American publication, tell the full story of the Mexican revolution. He has been on the field, has been gathering facts, knows the inside as no other American writer and is the one man best able to present it. The article will be illustrated with photographs obtained directly in the field.

Be sure that your news dealer is supplied with copies of this number. Any Socialist organization can sell a large number of them. Orders must come in at once if they are to be filled. In lots of ten or more two and a half cents each.



# CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

## The Story Buzz Told Bess

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE.



**L**ITTLE Mildred Manning was very sick. The doctor had gone away looking very grave. Mildred had typhoid fever and she had never been strong. She was one of five children, and though her father was a hard-working man and had always worked when work was to be had, there had been many times when the children had not had the nourishing food they needed, especially Mildred, who had been born with what the doctors called "a weak stomach."

They lived in a small, shabby house belonging to a rich man. This rich man whose name was Poindexter, had a little girl about Mildred's age. The two little girls were in the same class at school and liked each other very much. If Mildred's father had also been a rich man, they would no doubt have been great friends.

There were no screens to the doors and windows of the house where Mildred Manning lay sick and flies annoyed the little sick girl greatly. Once before her father had asked Mr. Poindexter to screen the doors and windows but he had refused. It made poor Mrs. Manning's heart ache to see the flies adding their annoyance to the suffering of her poor little girl. Her husband could not afford to pay for screens at any time, still less now when there would be doctor bills and drug bills to pay.

"I will go and see Poindexter again," he said. So he went to the house of the rich man, only a few blocks away. He went up the wide cement stairs with their beautiful balustrade, across the well-kept lawn and up the stairs to the porch. There were shrubs and beds of flowers, and vines shaded the broad verandahs, all screened, like the doors and windows, with wire netting.

"I have been an honest man all my life," he thought bitterly, "I have worked a great deal harder than the owner of this place. He has only one child and this great house and beautiful grounds, while I have to give him a third of my wages for the rent on a shabby little house not so good as his woodshed, and my poor children have little place to play in except the street."

Mr. Poindexter was sitting in the shade of the veranda. "No," he said, when Mr. Manning had asked him about the screens, "I am going to tear that old shack down next year and don't want to go to any extra expense on it."

"But I am not able to get the screens myself. My little girl is sick and the flies are very bad," Mr. Manning said.

"I am very sorry, Manning," the rich man answered politely, "but 'business is business.'"

Mr. Manning turned away and went home.

Bess Poindexter had been lying on a lounge in a room that opened on the porch where the two men had been talking. She had been feverish and restless all night and her mother had laid her on the lounge under the north window in the sitting room and had told her to be quiet.

It was very warm outdoors that day, but in the sitting-room it was cool and pleasant. Pansies and cucumbers grew over the window and Bess liked to look at the green leaves through the white lace curtain. "Some day, when I grow up," she thought, "I shall buy me a white lace dress and wear it over a green silk one."

"How cool and quiet it is in here! And how glad I am to have such a nice home and such a kind, good papa and mamma! Only think if I had to live in a house like Mildred Manning! I'm

sure her house is never cool in summer. I wish Mildred had a nice house like ours. I'd go and see her every day, if mamma would let me; but I don't like to go over to that old, hot house of theirs.

"Why! There is Mr. Manning talking to papa on the porch right now. He's saying something about screens. Wish I could hear what it is, but I'm too lazy to get up; and mamma told me to stay right here, anyhow." "Buzz! Buzz! went a fly right at her ear. Bess put up her hand gently.

"Shoo! Shoo! Go 'way, little fly! I want to go to sleep," said Bess drowsily. "You might have little bugs on you that would make me sick! Go 'way!" (Bess' mother had been very careful to teach her little girl how disease is often carried by flies.)

The fly flew away, but in a moment he was back on the little pink ear.

"Go 'way, now! That's a good fly!" said Bess, too sleepy to even raise her hand to frighten him away.

"I want to tell you a story," buzzed the little creature.

"A story? All right! Go on," said the little girl, "I do love stories."

And this is the story the fly told Bess:

My name is Buzz. I am two years old. I lived last winter in the loft close by the kitchen flue. Last summer I lived in a poor man's house, but when the nights grew cold I moved over here. I knew I would freeze to death there. At that house there was a little girl that looked a good deal like you, only her eyes were blue instead of brown, and her cheeks were not red. One night she talked and moaned in her sleep, and her mother kept lighting the candle and waking us flies.

"The next day little Elsie did not know anyone, not even her mother. The doctor said she was very sick and he sent her some nasty medicine. I know what it was like for I took a taste from a drop that was spilled on the stand. I thought it was syrup.

"I flew down to Elsie's ear many times that day. Once her mother came near killing me. She didn't know I was trying to tell Elsie how sorry I was. She was a dear little girl who never thought it was fun to kill flies as some children do. She was always sorry when she saw a lot of our poor brother flies struggling and being tortured to death on a lot of sticky fly paper. When we bothered her she always brushed us away gently.

"The doctor said that Elsie's papa would have to get some screens for the doors and windows. The younger flies would bother Elsie, though some of us older ones tried to keep them away.

"Elsie's papa went to the man that owned the house and asked him to get the screens. 'Screen doors for that house?' the man said scornfully. 'It would take a month's rent to pay for them!' So Elsie's papa went home sadly.

"But Elsie did not need the screens long. Next day she died. The doctor said she had scarlet fever."

Buzz was still for a moment. Then he went on: "The next day most of us flies were outdoors, flying around in the sunshine.

"Let's all go down-town!" said one of the younger flies.

"So down we all flew.

"In a fine baby carriage on the sidewalk a beautiful child lay asleep. She had been eating candy. You know all flies like candy. We swarmed over the candy, and on her sticky hands and on her lips, and stayed there till the nurse came to drive us away. She had been talking to another girl and had forgotten about the baby.

"It was not many days till Elsie's father came in and said to his wife in a very strange tone; 'Morgan's baby is

dead. Scarlet fever. They don't know how she got it.'

"But I know, for I have heard people tell since how flies can carry little seeds of sickness from one person to another. They were on us when we went from Elsie's house to the baby asleep in its buggy. But we flies did not understand. It was the only child the Morgan's had and their hearts were nearly broken."

Just then Bessie's mamma tiptoed into the room and seeing a fly on her little girl's ear, brushed him away.

Bess sat up quickly, almost crying.

"Oh mamma! Why did you do that?" she asked. "I'll never find him again!"

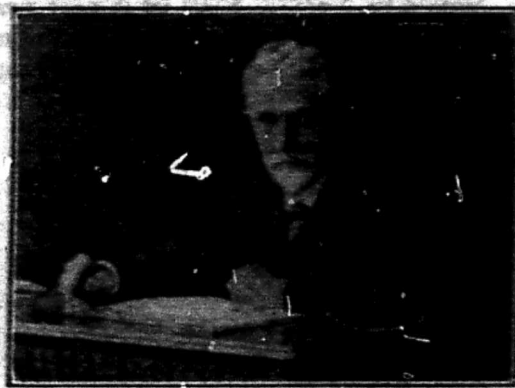
"Why, dear," said her mamma, "I just saw a fly on your ear and brushed him away as gently as I could! I'm so sorry I awakened you."

Then Bess told her mamma about the story that Buzz had told her. She told her father, too, and wondered why he looked so queer when she told him.

That evening a delivery man left a lot of screens at the door of the house where little Mildred lay sick with typhoid fever. When he had gone, Mr. Manning turned to his wife and said: "Poindexter isn't such a hard man after all. I asked him about the screens today and he said he wouldn't get them; but I guess he was sorry when he came to think the matter over."

But Mr. Manning did not know about the story Buzz told Bess.

But you know about the story, children, dear; and never forget what I tell you; that as long as there are poor people in the world there will be disease; and as long as there is disease, rich people and their children will be in danger from it, also. We can never get rid of disease till we get rid of poverty; and we can never get rid of poverty till we get Socialism.



### Worth Remembering

AUGUST BEBEL  
Born February 22, 1840

In all of your schools you will be celebrating the 22nd of February as the date of the anniversary of the birth of the first president of the United States, but I will tell you another reason and, I think, a better one, for holding a little celebration all your own on that day.

The 22nd of February is the birthday of a man whose name every one of the children of the workers ought to know and love, that of August Bebel, a German Socialist.

See his picture above and notice his fine brow and his piercing eyes and sensitive features. You would know that he would be truthful and fearless in whatever cause he believes in and this cause is—Socialism.

Away back, almost fifty years ago, he helped to form the Social Democratic party in Germany, which is the same as the Socialist party in America. He has been elected to the German Reichstag (Parliament) continuously since 1893, from many districts of Germany, and he constantly makes brilliant speeches in that body against the government and for the working class.

He has written some fine books. One of the best known of these in America is "Woman and Socialism" translated into English.

I hope that he may some day visit the United States and that all of you children may have a chance to see one of the greatest Socialists now living

## The Six Little Glow-Worms

(Concluded.)

The little glow-worms instantly put out their lanterns, and were now perfectly invisible in the dark room, so that even a sharper-sighted creature than the half-blind bat could not have found them.

"Quick! Sit on my claws, each on one toe," said the young owl, very softly. They crawled and crept, as fast as they could, upon the owl's feet, which he had placed on the beam, and when he felt that they were all clinging fast with their little thin, weak legs, he sailed noiselessly out of the tower window.

Outside in the open air, when they knew that they were out of danger, all the glow-worms lighted their lanterns and shone with all their power, so that the young owl, in his flight, looked like a wonderful shining constellation. On reaching the meadow at the edge of the forest, the rough fellow shook his traveling companions from his claws with a sudden movement, because it was disagreeable to him to feel their little thin legs on his toes, and went off without any word of farewell.

The glow-worms fell to the ground from a considerable distance, and were somewhat bruised. But the pleasure of being again at home with their relatives was greater than the pain. They were greeted with universal rejoicing, for it had been very dull on the meadow since the bats had carried away their living lanterns.

The night festival had been interrupted, all the revellers wanted to hurry home and in doing so, some had fallen into pools and been drowned, others had stumbled over roots and stones, and broken their legs or even their necks, and cries of pain and groans had followed the merry songs.

When revellers now had their usual light once more, the fiddles and the lutes sounded gaily, old and young. May and June beetles, crickets and grasshoppers, and even the sober ladybug, danced around the six little glow-worms, singing joyously:

How we have missed your shining spark,  
When wand'ring through the nights so dark,  
We've broken limbs on paths astray,  
And drowned in pools beside the way—  
But now we have you here once more—  
"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" we roar!

After this trial the owl gave up her efforts to make her son a learned man. She let him become a hunter, and in this career, for which he had inclination and talent, he advanced so far that his mother, after all, was satisfied with him.

(From the *Dwarf's Spectacles*, by Max Nordau, published by The Macmillan Company.)

### Concerning Abraham Lincoln

"His beautiful dream was not to be. Shrewd, logical realist though he was, nevertheless he was essentially an idealist, and his ideal was too high, too far. Mutual forgiveness, immediate reconciliation, brotherly love, were not for his contemporaries, and their hatred bore its inevitable fruit in the bitter days of reconstruction that followed.

Because they could not understand him, the men of his time reviled and ridiculed him, measured him by the standards with which they measured themselves, and in judging him, judged only themselves. Themselves impracticable, they thought him impractical who was the most practical of men; thought him ignorant who was the wisest of men; sneered at him as uneducated, him on whom degrees and doctors' hoods would have appeared pitchback and ridiculous!

"And his fate, in life, in death, was the lonely fate—and the immortal glory of all the prophets and saviours of the world."—Brand Whitlock.

### Under the Snow.

It is pleasant to think, just under the snow  
That stretches so bleak and blank and cold,  
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot  
Green fields and leaves and blossoms of gold.

—Fay Hempstead.



# ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

## Why Socialists are Suffragists

BY MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

The Suffrage a Means to An End.

**S**OCIALISTS as such, keep ever in mind industrial freedom and opportunity. Whatever other good they seek, they realize that the bread and butter problem underlies everything else and must be solved before other forms of freedom and attainment can be achieved in large measure.

The ballot for either men or women is not an end in itself. Political rights are weapons by which the will of the majority may be carried out if that will is definite, positive and intelligent. To have the power to act is an immense gain. The education to make action effective may then go on with courage and through political agencies.

### Women are Factors in Industry

Political rights have been won as the result of economic power already gained. Women are in the labor field. Industrial development has made them active factors in the world of labor. As workers they must win political power.

Such wives and mothers of workers as are dependent upon wage workers for support in their domestic life are doubly interested in having power to control the conditions of labor. The law of self-preservation which has brought the past progress of mankind, growing more intelligent and social in its action, must bring political power for all adults.

### Rights Must be Conquered

There is no shadow of reason why women should not vote, but society does not move according to what is reasonable. Rights have to be conquered, however just and rational they may be. The voting of women is an essential part of political democracy. Without full political power, other forms of freedom can not be won or protected when gained. No one who desires industrial justice or social progress can fail to demand and strive for political expression not only for himself or herself, but for all adults, educated or ignorant, propertied or propertyless.

### Working Class Solidarity

"We are many; they are few" is the supreme hope of industrial reorganization. Buttressed in the machinery of class government, time-honored institutions and laws rooted deep in old conditions and protected by old ideas, the abominable industrial autocracy of today seems invulnerably entrenched. These bulwarks, however, depend on enslaving the minds of the workers.

When the dependent class, wageworkers of either head or hand, or their dependents awake to their power and their rights, new laws and new industrial institutions will come promptly. "Might makes right" in the end because the "might" is the might of enormous majorities which must act for the good of all when aroused from the hypnotism of old injustices.

There can never be true class solidarity until women are awakened.

Only as wives and mothers, daughters and sweethearts are passionately devoted to the cause of the workers will the new thinking, the new pulsing, the new action of labor bring the waiting social salvation. Political rights will develop responsibility, new educational agencies, and hasten the growth of that class-consciousness which is the divine dynamics of this generation.

### Educational Value

The great task of the Socialist is now psychological; awakening the mind from the hypnotic control of the old order of things. Industrial development has gone on far enough. Socialism is here now when we give the word. Only the stupid content, the blurred outlook, the dulled ambition, the paralyzed will of

the workers holds the curse of exploitation and wage-slavery upon the people.

The voting of either men or women has thus far accomplished little in results attained, but it has been a great education and will yield results the moment that education has gone far enough to make them know that they want working class control.

The difference in women's attitude in suffrage states is easily apparent to the observing. They gain rapidly the sense of responsibility, interest in public questions and will learn at last to face the real questions.

Women, as well as men, will as a rule, be governed by their class interests but this has in it the utmost of hope for the working class to which the great majority of women belong.

### The Larger Woman

The Socialists differ from other dreamers of dreams which must come true, in that they know how to make the dreams come true. They never forget that it is the economic fulcrum which must move the world. Hence they never let the beauty of the goal cause them to forget the prosaic path of that goal. Women's freedom, full development and highest functioning is a glory of the race, which can only be widely realized when economic freedom, justice and opportunity form the ground work of society. Nevertheless we value the suffrage for women not only as a means to industrial emancipation but as an evidence that the age-old shackles are already loosening and that a free womanhood is already in view. The world waits the day when the instincts of maturity shall be transmitted into the free devotion of motherhood, when the sentiments which have been too often but pretty ribbons to cover the chains of slavery, shall be honest reverence for the greater human function, a function which is only great in as much as it means intelligent consecration to racial and social progress.



The only woman wireless operator, Miss Gaynella Packer, of Jacksonville, Florida, aboard the "Mohawk," of whose wireless system she has full charge.—*Harpers Weekly*.

### The Workers' Children

These poor little souls are born, amidst tears and suffering they gain such love as they may, they learn to feel and suffer, they struggle and cry for food, for air, for the right to develop, and our civilization at present has neither the courage to kill them outright quickly, cleanly and painlessly, nor the heart and courage and ability to give them what they need. They are overlooked and misused. They go short of food and air, they fight their pitiful little battle for life against the cruellest odds, and they are beaten. Battered, emaciated, pitiful, they are thrust out

of life, borne out of our regardless world, stiff little, life-soiled sacrifices to the spirit of disorder, against which it is man's pre-eminent duty to battle. There has been all the pain in their lives—there has been the radiated pain of their misery, there has been the waste of their grudging and insufficient food, and all the pain and labor of their mothers, and all the world is the sadder for them because they have lived in vain.—*H. G. Wells*.



### Mrs. Georgia Kotch

BY CLARA BLOCHER.



WHAT led up to my activity as a Socialist?"

"The common tragedy—the want of opportunity in the working class life. In a sense, and work I may do as a Socialist is a monument to my dead who have fallen in the hand-capped battle of need with greed. Bloody capitalism has exacted a heavy toll of life among those nearest to me, and the circumstances which have largely dammed up the expression of family feeling have released class feeling."

"What do you think of race consciousness, Mrs. Kotch? We hear a great deal of talk about the "Yellow Peril" these days."

"O, I have the race consciousness, too," was her reply, "but I don't believe in confusing issues in the thick of the fray. There is a lot of fighting yet to be done, and the class war must be won before this race consciousness talk can have any meaning."

"My whole life has led toward Socialism, just as the whole life of every working class man and woman leads toward it if they only had the gumption to recognize it. An egotistical assumption on my part, perhaps."

Mrs. Georgia Kotch grew up in a deadly-dull little Indiana hamlet where she starved for educational opportunities. She saw her more fortunate sisters depart with their trunks for college and felt, naturally too, that she was as capable of absorbing an education as some them.

She passed through her church experience while overworking on a newspaper where the pay did not guarantee her feet against the icy slush of winter. Not being able to save her body, she made several years effort to save her soul. She very earnestly but as ineffectively tried to reconcile the ethics of Jesus and her own sense of the rights of humanity with the church teaching and living.

Then she said, "The Socialist philosophy came to me, and I was ready for it."

As to her activities Mrs. Kotch said that "in Los Angeles I have had the privilege and pleasure of working with a very bright and devoted group of Socialist women. I am anxious to see the women come into the movement. They will come as the evolution of in-

dustry pushes them in. We cannot force the growth. We can only guide it."

"The freedom of woman is bound up in the labor movement. Not because the Socialist party declares for it but because woman is being forced into competition with man in industry, and for his own self-protection the workingman will have to make common cause with her. As comrades and co-workers alone will they be able to win freedom for man or woman."

Mrs. Georgia Kotch is corresponding secretary of the Woman's Socialist Union of California, an organization outside the party, which has for several years been doing special work to interest women in Socialism. This organization has brought women into the party, assisted the party financially at times and at all times has aided in party activities.

Mrs. Kotch is also correspondent of the woman's committee of the party. Its aim is to organize state woman's committees in all of the locals in the state; to carry on propaganda work particularly among women; to strive for legislation to protect working women and children; to combat military training schools and Boy Scout idea; to work for universal suffrage.

### Compulsory Domestic Service

The solution of the much vexed domestic problem has now been discovered, according to Mrs. Pauline Woerner, a leading German advocate of woman's rights. In an article published in *Die Deutsche*, she proposes compulsory domestic service for the young women of the country. She argues that German womanhood would be enormously benefited by such a system, raising the sex mentally, morally and physically, as she contends military service has accomplished for German manhood.

She holds out the hope to the men of Germany that by aiding in the establishment of such a system they would be furnished with trained housewives in the future.

She claims that compulsory military service has proved a blessing to the country, and that her proposed system for compulsory training of women as house servants would prove equally welcome, and that the women would in time thank the government for bestowing such a boon upon them.



### A Modish and Pretty Waist

8644. This dainty though simple blouse waist is especially adapted to slender figures, in that the vest effect gives breadth to the figure. The waist is designed for development in silk, satin, herringbone, or broad cloth, as the vest may be made of contrasting material or may be embroidered or braided. A neat shaped turnover finishes the collar and sleeve prettily, and the deep tucks also help to give width across the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches bust measure and requires 2 7-8 yds. of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.



# Demos in Travail

BY DESMOND SHAW  
British Correspondent Coming Nation

**D**EMOS, the giant, is turning over and rubbing the sleep of the ages out of his eyes. Perched up on the platform, high above the heads of the delegates at the Leicester conference of the British Labour party, one sees the shadows cast by coming events.

Out of the mass of resolutions, and from the hurly burly of debate, one or two things stand out, like finger posts on the path of the workers toward social freedom.

First and foremost stands the debate on war—red war.

## The Beastliness of Battle

The voice of this one and a half millions of organized workers, thunders out its determination to end once and for all the beastliness of battle and with it the licensed slaughterer, who hides his trade of blood under the brilliant trappings of war. It declares that war today is war for the markets, not for the protection of honour, that it is initiated by the soulless wire pullers of capitalism—that it is a thing, a nameless horror.

But—but Demos is a strange creature. He declares all this, but he refuses by the loose talk about its potentialities in quire into the value of the general strike to prevent war, a resolution for which was moved most eloquently by the veteran, Keir Hardie, in much the same terms as he used at the Copenhagen International congress. This refusal is especially to be regretted because the Trade Union congress had endorsed the idea, and the resolution to be sent forward to the Socialist congress at Vienna in 1913 will be accordingly weakened unless the decision is reversed at the next two annual conferences. This is probable.

It was only rejected, however, because the average British trade unionist is mortally afraid of the principle of the general strike, partly because of the loose talk about its potentialities in which so many labour leaders and direct actionists all over the world have been indulging.

## The Magic Word

Just think it out. One word, "stop," is flashed throughout the European labour movement. In a moment the rivetter, on the side of the gaint battleship, drops bolt and hammer; the man in the powder mill throws down his tools, the baker lets his oven cool, the weaver gets off his bench, the engine driver leaves his engine—one moment the turmoil and terror of modern production, the next, paralysis of trade and the silence of death.

But can it be done? That's the rub. I think it can. Time, the wizard, will solve the question.

These notes leave before the conclusion of the conference, so I shall have to leave the discussion of the Osborne judgment, which is the other finger-post resolution until next week.

One notices the subtle changes in the psychology of the British labor movement as revealed in these congresses.

Each year sees an advance in the outlook of labour—each congress shows the steady, even permeation of the trade unionist regiments with the virus of Socialism.

## The Friction of Mind

From the compact Socialist phalanx of the Independent Labour party to the heterogeneous *melange* of Liberals and Socialists, who represent the miners—some of the hide-bound Liberals who at the moment, seem among their Socialist bench-mates, rather like a trout in a lime basket—the friction of mind against mind goes on unceasingly in

the debates, and it is not difficult to see how the Socialist element gradually and with deadly certainty enwraps and permeates the other elements in magical fashion.

Thus the explosion at the Pretoria coal pit of which I wrote some weeks ago, whips the delegates, in spite of all old time political prejudices, into a passion of fury against the capitalist government which can permit mine-owners thus to slaughter defenseless men because they are too mean to make their pits safe, and brings J. H. Seddons, ex-Labour M. P. to his feet to demand that these gilded assassins should be placed in the dock upon a criminal charge.

Thus, also, the tale of the massacre of our comrade, Kotoku, and his companions causes the unanimous passing of a sweeping resolution condemning the murder committed by the Japanese government.

## The Truth About Kotoku

J. Keir Hardie told simply how when in Tokio, he had spoken at a great meeting under the chairmanship of Kotoku, who incidentally was a devout Christian, had afterwards gone to his house where he received the fraternal hospitality of his friend. He said it would be impossible for a single moment to associate such a man with the crime of assassination.

All the impulses are carrying the army of trade unionists irresistibly into the Socialist haven.

Every now and then there would be a flash of humor or passion to illumine the monotony of debate as for instance, when a delegate from Scotland informed an amazed audience, in speaking of Robert Burns historically: "I remember a hundred years ago"—or when Jimmy Sexton, the secretary of the Liverpool dockers, and an Irishman, described Harry Quelch of the S. D. P., as the new Machiavelli.

If Jimmy went to heaven, as I do not doubt he firmly believes he will, the conference would go into mourning, for he has all the whimsical eluciveness of the Irish Celt, whilst the scars he has received in his trade add a touch of pathos to an already striking face.

Then it is good to see the faces of the women delegates, which lighten the gloom of the conference hall like flowers lighten a sick room. And such women, too!

The women comrades of Germany and France will have to look to their laurels, for at the reception given by the Women's Labour league to the delegates there were three singers of the highest class, and half a dozen prominent orators who would make the best of our men speakers "go all the way."

The British Socialist and labour movement has developed in an extraordinary fashion during the past few years and not the least striking feature of that development has been the way in which women have entered the political arena into which they have come to stay.

Now, in regard to this influx of women, there is also a remarkable and interesting fact to be chronicled.

## The Magnet

The women who today are taking the leading parts in the women's movements are professional women—and the labour feminist movement today is acting as a magnet to attract women of the upper and upper middle class (the most inaccessible of all classes in this country) to this magnificent outlet for their energies, and few women are entirely deficient in altruism, which one associates irresistibly with the women's spirit.

Then what is still more important,

the wives, sisters and sweethearts of the trades unionists are today pouring into the feminist movement and are dealing with those problems which lie more particularly within the domain of womanhood—if womanhood of today can be said to have a special domain seeing that it has ignored and, rightly ignored, all those "trespassers will be

prosecuted" notices erected by archaic hands in the preserves of the sacred male.

The spirit of the time, I say, for their incursion marks the spirit of the time, that spirit which, throughout the world, is increasingly prompting men and women to take counsel together in all—not some—departments of life—domestic, industrial and political.

# The Commons Club

A DEMOCRATIC INFLUENCE IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

BY EDWIN A. FIELD.



**S**INCE the COMING NATION has so scathingly indicted the typical American college as "the hotbed of snobbery, the bulwark of reaction and pharisaical smug-faced reform," I have thought that the comrades might be interested in the story of an organized influence in at least four colleges of the east which is working to counteract the tendencies to snobbery in college life and cultivate a vigorous growth of real democracy. I speak for the commons club, the parent chapter of which, established at Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., in 1900, celebrated its tenth anniversary last June. This February, 1911 the National Federation of Commons clubs will enter upon its fifth year of a thus far increasingly successful career when the annual convention is held at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

The federation comprises the Commons club of Wesleyan university,



## Birthplace of Commons Club

Middletown, Conn., the Commons club of Middlebury college, Middlebury, Vt., the Pyramid club of Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., and the Commons club of Tufts college, Medford, Mass. A committee appointed by the federation has been engaged during the past year in correspondence with non-fraternity student groups in various other American colleges, and it is hoped that several new Commons club chapters will be organized and affiliated with the National federation during the coming year.

From personal experience in a small New England college, I know that, even in an institution which is not subsidized by the bigger moneyed interests, the college body displays a tendency to value a man in accordance with his father's financial rating or lack of such a rating. These old-fashioned standards of nobility, however, are preserved rather in the homes of the exclusive Greek letter fraternities, with their "soft, sumptuous garniture of aristocracy," than by the professors in the class rooms. It is in the direct antithesis of its influence to this undemocratic spirit of the Greek letter societies that the Commons club stands unique.

The purposes of the Commons club are to provide for college men a brotherhood founded upon democracy rather than upon the careful selection of a picked few, aristocracy; to provide a home for every decently moral fellow who enters college and chooses to give his support to such a non-exclusive society rather than to an exclusive fraternity; to provide, at the smallest possible cost, the pleasures and culture of social functions of both a formal and an informal nature without attempting to ape the fraternities in

their extravagances; to encourage and aid its members to enter with a vim into college life and win the fullest possible representation for the non-fraternity students upon all its various rolls of honor.

The progress of the Commons club toward the attainment of these ends



## Interior Tufts Commons Club

has been slow but steady, and, like the proverbial tortoise which first set the precedent of such a pace, it is in to win. By no means all the problems involved in maintaining at the same time both democracy and firm brotherhood are as yet satisfactorily solved. Nevertheless, they have been sufficiently worked out, with not a little painful labor, to give promise of an eventual glorious proof of a preliminary to the proposition

That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

As an illustration of what the Commons club has accomplished, I quote the following from the latest annual report of the Tufts Commons club, the youngest member of the federation:

We feel that the Tufts non-fraternity organization took a wise step when it joined the National Commons Club movement. With its broad democratic principles and the purpose for which it was founded—to help every man and make him feel that he is a factor and not a nonentity in college life—it is bound to succeed and be of lasting influence. That this organization has already benefited Tufts as a whole and strengthened college feeling here generally is certain.

The club has won recognition far beyond what was anticipated by those who were active in its establishment. Today we have representatives in every student activity, where before little or no recognition was given the so-called "outsider."

While the Commons club is non-political, and, therefore, in that sense, non-socialistic, it is, nevertheless, largely indebted for the acceleration which advanced it to a place of prestige at home and enabled it to expand and establish chapters in other colleges to the earnest services of a young Socialist who graduated from Wesleyan university in 1907, who was admitted to the bar in New York city last June, and who last fall ran very creditably as a candidate for the New York assembly on the Socialist ticket. I refer to Harry W. Laidler, an organizer and member of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist society. I think I can no more fittingly bring this paper to a conclusion, therefore, than by quoting his words from the 1910 issue of the Commons Club Chronicle, the annual publication of the National Commons club, as eloquently epitomizing the spiritual significance of this democratic influence in American colleges:

A brilliant future can be safely predicted for that organization whose fundamental principles are in accord with the developing spirit of the age. Democracy, equality of opportunity, social service, these tenets are coming more and more to be recognized as distinguishing the spirit of the twentieth century from that of any other age. The National Commons Club bears a proud mark of originality, being the one social organization in the colleges of the

(Continued on Page 14.)



# A WORKERS' HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

## Aristotle—Method

**B**EFORE we proceed to analyze Aristotle's method in science we shall note a point of exceeding great importance to the student, about his general procedure. If the reader of this history will carefully observe and follow the great Stagirite's example, he will remember this chapter as marking an epoch in his own intellectual life.

By Aristotle's time—the third century B. C.—a good deal had been thought and wrought in the building of the structure of human knowledge. Science and philosophy—especially philosophy had quite a history. Quite an army of Greeks had labored, and many of them were very prolific writers. Democritus, alone, for example, wrote seventy-two books of which we know, and probably others which Diogenes Laertius did not catalogue.

Upon any question that might come under discussion, there was, therefore, quite a literature already in existence. It is a matter to be carefully noted, as a guide to one's own conduct, that Aristotle never formed his own conclusions, much less expressed any, about anything until he had closely read all

that could be found on that subject in the writings of his predecessors.

The necessity for this course has increased with the accumulation of knowledge until, today, it is absolutely imperative. It is now the very first condition of a sound education. It is now called the "historical" method and it is, and should be, the dominant note in all studies of all subjects.

To the modern student all this seems quite obvious. But many things that seem obvious now required a genius of the first magnitude to perceive two thousand years ago. This method will never again be abandoned. While today it is practiced by all the best thinkers, in the near future it will be universally adopted.

The method reached its present high status as an intellectual necessity, as a result of the discovery of evolution. Evolution when finally established by Darwin, revolutionized every field of human thought. Some things it confirmed and made secure, others it threw to the scrap heap. When applied to human research it demonstrated the value, and for all time, fixed the necessity of Aristotle's method of study.

And yet, even in a metropolitan city, and even among men who set up as instructors of their fellows, how seldom do we meet men who are really evolutionary in their habits of thought or

their point of view.

How calmly will a man announce his belief in the freedom of the will. Of course, he has not taken the trouble to master the history of thought on this subject, and he is all unconscious that the physical and biological sciences have rendered the free-will theory as obsolete and ridiculous as the doctrine of a flat earth.

Another will talk about "natural rights" as though we were still in the eighteenth century. Had he followed Aristotle's method of study, he would have learned from the natural science of the nineteenth century, that natural rights never existed except in thought, and that, now even, there—in well-informed thought—they are as extinct as *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the pterodactyl, or the political prospects of William Jennings Bryan.

In a hotel lobby in an urban town the other day I heard a man, who proclaimed himself a public speaker, holding forth on the origin of things in general and he spoke with serene confidence of "the first bird." As the discussion was general, I joined in at this point and asked for further information about this primitive progenitor of the fowles of the air. It turned out that the speaker had the preacher type of mind. He knew nothing of modern thought or science. He jeered loudly when I stated that as a matter of ascertained fact all birds came from reptiles and that their evolution covered so vast a period, and the gradations were such that it was impossible to say where the reptile ended and the bird began. In vain did I tell him, though the other listeners were clearly impressed, that we had in Professor Marsh's collection transition forms that no one knew whether to call feathered reptiles or reptilian birds.

He had a plain and, to him, sufficient reply. He pointed dramatically to a cigar box in the cigar case and said: "One of those cigars was made first and when they were packed in that box one was put in first." And nothing could convince him that the universe had not been made by cigar factory methods.

His display of stupidity was the result of his willingness to pronounce authoritative opinions on subjects about which he was not "posted." To him, modern science was a sealed book.

Aristotle's example might have saved the world much sorrow and millions of men from making fools of themselves. Let us at least learn this great lesson from the great Greek: Never form your conclusions, at least, not more than tentatively, on any subject until you have mastered the history of thought on that subject, and if the evidence to date is not decisive, even then reserve an "open verdict."

## The Commons Club

(Continued from Page 13)

Fast which stands as the very embodiment of this twentieth century ideal.

Democracy, equality of opportunity, social service, are the rocks of the foundation upon which this club is built. The Commons Club has ever raised vigorous protest against that "better than thou" feeling which seeks to exclude from the advantages of association those collegians who are most in need of genuine comradeship. It has ever deemed it both a duty and a pleasure to extend the right hand of fellowship to every earnest college man. Unselfish service as against Pharisaical exclusiveness has been the ideal which has made our brotherhood the splendid institution which it is today.

Remaining true to this purpose, who can doubt that the National Commons Club is destined to play a leading role in inspiring the colleges of the land with the spirit of broad democracy, and in cultivating that type of men who, when college days are over, will be ready and able to do their full share in the great world movement toward the realization of the brotherhood of man. Under the guiding star of such an ambition may the club ever grow and prosper and fulfill the mission which it has undertaken.

## In' the North Woods

(Continued from Page 7)

river, hey? Panic-struck, I reckon. Reggy? Who's him?"

"Why—Reggy! Reginald Van Alstine, y'know. He owns all this land here." The stranger swept a trembling hand outward. "We were hunting on his preserves and—"

"His what?" interrupted Jim. To him, "preserves" meant only something that came in glass jars.

"On his land," the stranger continued, shivering as the now no-longer torrid wind searched his wet and draggled khaki-clad form, whence all style and jauntness had vanished. "The guide went down to—to Andover Surplus for a case of sec—"

"Huh?"

"Champagne, you know, that we had come up on the railroad. Well, while he was gone—"

"You-all let yer camp-fire git away with ye?" Jim concluded. "Yes. Might ha' knowed it! Hain't you never read them warnin's printed on cloth an' tacked up all over, everywhere? But what good's a warnin' to a city man? An' now look!" He gestured bitterly at the miles on miles of ravaged woodland.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," the hunter resumed presently, between clacking teeth. "That's only a little loss, compared to what Reggy—"

Jim interrupted with a savage grunt, but spoke no word.

"—Compared to what Reggy's got you know," continued the other. "But where is he? My God! You don't think he's lost, do you?" And, half-hysterically, evidently still light in his head, the stranger began to moan and shiver.

"Dunno," answered Jim, none so sympathetically. He had vaguely heard the name Van Alstine, by evil repute among the men at Seboois. They said a certain man of that family owned part of the C. P. company's securities; that through his direct intervention the last big strike in 1905 had been lost and the men forced back with a 10 per cent reduction of pay. "Dunno, fer sure," said Jim. "Why? Didn't you two stick together?"

"Oh yes, yes, at first!" the hunter answered quickly, as though defending himself against some charge. "When it—got away from us, and we saw we couldn't beat it out, we ran. Ran away from it. Had just one rifle. No provisions. No time to take anything. Then—somehow we got lost.

Turned around. The fire seemed on every side of us. Reggy—fell over a ledge. He—oh—"

The man again became incoherent. Jim grunted again and inwardly cursed such lack of continuity.

"Wall, can't ye git it aout?" he snapped angrily. "Mebbe ef ye'll gimme the facts, we kin find this here precious Reggy you're talkin' about. Go on!"

Silence, for a moment, save for the ripple at the bow, the crackling of the scattered fire along-shore and the souging of the wind in the ravaged branches of some still-flaring pine or spruce.

"His leg was broken," presently resumed the stranger. "I tried to carry him, but couldn't. So I had—had—"

"Ye mean ye left him?" shouted Jim, mad in a minute. "Left yer pard with a busted leg right plumb front o' the fire? An' never even put a bullet through his head?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious, no! What? Murder him? But I—I had to leave, of course. So I ran, and ran—and it got worse, all the time. And then—"

"All right, cut it out!" commanded Titus. "I ain't interested none t' speak of in how you reached the river. An' the rest of it I know. Best thing you kin do is shet up, now, an' lay down. When we git to a campin' place, I'll tell ye. Only one thing. Don't kick them 'ar boxes under that seat, in yer sleep. They're full o' dynamite an'—"

"What?"

The hunter, suddenly energized, sat bolt-upright and by the uncertain light stared wide-eyed at the freight.

"Lay down!" Jim commanded. "Are you plumb crazed?"

With a sigh, a gesture as of a man too utterly spent to question further or to care, the stranger sank back. Bill sniffed at him suspiciously, then began licking one of his long thin hands. Jim grunted contemptuously and without further comment devoted himself wholly to the management of the launch.

Wierdly now shone the waning fires all about them. One tall fir, ahead on the left bank, cast from its blazing top uncertain flickers across the waters, which gleamed as though blent with liquid rubies.

Steadily the craft plowed on and on. She drew near the sagging fir-tree. All of a sudden came a torrid gust that smote the branches and fanned them into vivid, blue-licking flames—a gust that swayed the tree in a great arc, urging it to its inevitable fall.

A groaning crackling, rending sound, loud above the other noises of the ravished forest, warned

Jim that peril lay close ahead. No time to turn! He switched off the power and reversed; but the engine failed to "catch." With a dull thump it stopped. On drifted the launch, close in under the tottering menace of the fir.

Quick as a cat Jim was up, was wrenching the oars from their hooks along the bow. But quicker still the giant tree, groaning like a dying animal, wheeled its vast quarter-segment downward.

Back from it roared the flames. The air coruscated with a million sparks and points of flame. There came a sudden heat-surge. Then the blazing monster crashed down, half in the river, half on shore. Out flung a vast constellation of fire, radiant yet terrible.

Thick as swarming bees fell the sparks and fire-brands athwart the launch, smiting the men with ardent stings.

Jim snatched his ever-ready bucket. But even before he could scoop water, the stranger with a cry of horror had scrambled up. He seized one of the dynamite boxes.

Overboard he flung it. He reached for another. With an oath Jim swung the heavy pail. Down it crashed on the stranger's skull.

He gasped, cried out and then, doubling limply, fell to the grating, where he sprawled ungainly in his reeking khaki.

Never so much as heeding him, Titus dipped up a pailful of water and sloshed it liberally on the fire brands, extinguishing every spark. Only when the engine had been started and the launch was once more under motion did he pay any heed to the unconscious man.

"Lay that, blast ye!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Rough times fer you, by gary, ef you go to buttin' in on my job! Let folks keep their place, say I. Jeems Rice! One hull box o' my rend-rock gone. Say, what d'you think o' that, huh?"

Then he reloaded, went astern and propped up the man's limp head on a blanket-roll.

"I reckon you'll pull through, all right," he soliloquized. "Who the devil be you, anyhow, I wonder? Mighty pindfin', whoever ye be. Wall, I'll find out soon enough, I reckon."

Then he steadied the launch into her northward course, and presently had left the last outposts of the fire way astern.

Off to the east of him, behind the rim of mountain tops, far over the smoking ruins of the forest, a clear pale strip of lemon-colored sky bespoke the coming dawn.

(To Be Continued.)



## Strictly Fresh Eggs

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

When Jenkins, the unobtrusive post-office clerk entered the government domicile that eventful morning his countenance was lit up by a smile that threatened to eclipse his nose and encompass his unspeakable ears. Had this not been a rare occurrence the clerks would have nodded their usual meaningless greeting and turned their attention to the day's work. As it was they were very much interested and were bent on knowing the reason.

"Well, it's happened," said Jenkins, with the air of confidence employed by one who has either captured a north pole or invented a new self-raising biscuit.

"What's happened," was the query as the force drew a cordon around him to prevent his escape. "Elucidate."

Jenkins thrust out his chest as far as nature would allow him and the pose he struck one could be certain that amongst his descendants would arise a ward politician.

"To condense a serial story into a storiette, facts are that I have possessed myself of the Diamond Star Chicken ranch which has been the apple of my eye for innumerable moons. Henceforward there shall be fresh eggs galore; no more storage eggs; no more groans at the breakfast table. Hurrah."

Brown, the man that sold stamps at the second window blinked behind his glasses and seemed to be thinking of something that had just occurred to him. Then he let his hand fall in a friendly way upon the broad part of the ranch owner's back.

"And that means you will furnish us with eggs, don't it," he suggested, in fear that the other had not thought of this. He had a vision in his mind's eye of strictly fresh eggs on his plate each and every morning; even now he thought he was relieving an egg of its shell.

Jenkins sized up the crowd that was now gathering with a shrewd eye.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said, and seemed to be thinking the proposition over. But seeing that the eggs will come to you fresh as the breezes of morning wafted over the billowy meadow, ah ha, ha ah," with a graceful gesture, "I must demand at least—well say ten cents more per dozen than you pay for the worthless storage eggs and it's worth it every bit. I have to charge this to keep the mill going. And then you know I paid a pretty stiff price for the business and it is up to you fellows as my co-workers to lend hands in help."

Brown caressed his lean jaw whilst he pondered, but Wiggins, the newly-married swept over all barriers and voiced his approval.

"My wife spoke the other morning about the eggs and the horrible condition they are in. I am head over heels at this stroke of luck. I'll take at least three dozen a week from now on." At hearing this Brown grew reckless and enlisted without much a-do into the fresh egg crusade. The news spread among the clerks and Jenkins was kept busy in his spare moments jotting down the orders.

The next morning the new regime began and none can say but that it was a successful business venture viewed from all points. Jenkins dealt the orders out and pocketed the coin as though he had sold eggs the whole of his narrow life—at the same time enlarging upon the superiority of fresh laid eggs over those kept in storage for perhaps five years. Groans from the other clerks!

Each night Jenkins took the car out to the suburbs and each morning he brought the eggs and that was all there was to it. Strangely enough no one visited Jenkins; they all were in the habit of staying within the confines of the city proper and to venture out was well nigh unknown among them. One day Brown was the possessor of an invitation from a grocer friend of his out on the edge of the city, which demanded his presence at dinner the following Sunday. More for friendship's

sake than for any other reason he threw up his day of rest and arrived in time to grace the board. In the course of events the topic turned to eggs.

"This is a bum year for eggs," said the grocer, whose experience could not be doubted. "Fresh eggs seem to be scarce as diamonds. I never seen the likes of it."

Brown smiled loftily and sat back in his chair.

"There is where you are very much mistaken, Mr. Kirk. It has been my luck to have fresh eggs on my table for a long year. It pays to have a friend with a chicken ranch."

Mr. Kirk was interested. "By the way who is your friend, would you mind telling me?"

"A fellow at the postoffice who lives out here in the suburbs," said Brown, thinking that Mr. Kirk would like to make his acquaintance too. "He was heir to a small fortune and invested the money in this ranch."

Mr. Kirk was more interested than ever now.

"There's a fellow living out here, that's been buying a lot of eggs from me for a long time," said the grocer; "its always puzzled me to know what he does with them. His name is Jenkins."

And then he wondered why the cigar fell from the nerveless fingers of his friend, John Emerson Brown.



Shutting them out

## Bab's Limericks

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK

A young man in Poverty Row,  
Had no job to which he could go;  
He'd vote for a boss,  
Each time, to his loss,  
Just because his father did so.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,  
Some milk, for her poor cat, to try,  
It took her an hour and the milk was sour,  
So kitty had to eat pie.

The barber shaved the miser,  
The miser shaved his notes,  
You and I must pay the price,  
Who, think you, are goats?

Thirty cents had young September,  
Gave seven away, now please remember  
That left but twenty-three, skidoo,  
He's lost his sense, my story's through.

A frog who would exploring go,  
Whether his mother would let him or no,  
Found a place he did not know well,  
And lost his legs—'twas a big hotel.

## Nursery Rhymes, Revised

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.

By James W. Babcock.  
Old Dame Widdle Waddle jumped out of bed,  
And into the butter crock struck her head,  
Crying: "Seems as-though there's something dead,  
But 'twas only the odor of oleo.

One little pig sold in market,  
The farmer received a few cents,  
And the profit hogs gave a grunt, grunt,  
Their dividends were immense.

As I was going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with forty legs,  
He stole my eggs, away he ran,  
I hope they'll hatch—my story's done.

The willingness of people generally to produce, never diminishes; and individual power to produce constantly increases. The only things needed to insure constantly increasing production is opportunity for all to work as much as they wish to; enough of the best tools for them to work with, and a sufficient medium of exchange to transfer their surplus to each other.—Albert Griffin.



## Told by Mickey

BY J. HOOGERHYDE.

"As Oi was coming to wurk this morning," said Mickey, as he brushed the crumbs from his lap, "a frind who is unbeknownst to me, addresssed me, sez he "'Top o' the morning too yez, Casey!'"

"'The same to you. O'Brien!' sez Oi. Sez he, 'Me name is not O'Brien.'"

"'Nayther is moine Casey,' sez Oi; and wid that we looked at each other and shure enough it was nayther of us.

"'What do yez think of the dimmy-critic victory?' sez he.

"'Sez Oi, 'And what d'yez think of the raypublican defeat?'"

"'Bejabers,' sez he, 'as Oi look at thim Oi think it is nayther of thim.' Wid that we had a good laugh.

"'But do yez know, Heinie, the more Oi think on it, the more the trooth of that statement apeals to me?'"

## For the Sporting Edition

BY HENRY JONES

It was about a dozen years ago that the Canton, Ohio *News-Democrat* engaged a very green "country correspondent" at the suburban village of —. His ideas of news were extremely hazy, and his colorings of local items was anything but a delight to the editor, who edited his "copy."

On one occasion there had been a big festival at one of the few churches at the place. The "story" he wrote on the subject covered page after page of closely-written copy. The decorations were described in rapturous detail; the appreciations of Mrs. Brown's cake, the pulchritude of the young woman who recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus," the soulful delight with which "ye scribe" listened to the rendition of a piano duet by the little twins, were all minutely discussed in elaborate and flowery style. At the end of the long manuscript, sneaked in with an aparent apology, as a fact of small consequence, was this startling sentence: "The affair was not so great a success as it would have been, had not Rev. Blink and Deacon Blank become mixed up in a very unfortunate fist-fight over the deacon's wife!" That was all.

"Great Scott!" the editor exploded. "Throw away that mush and wire the blikety-blanked rum-dum to rush a thousands words on the fight."

## Simple Life

BY BERT WILLARD.

A city worker who had decided to try the simple life, of which he had been reading so much, went out in the country and got a job on a farm. He worked in the field until after dark, then finished up the chores and got to supper at near mid-night.

On finishing his supper the "hired hand" shoved back his chair and asked: "Now, mister, shall I chop wood until breakfast is ready?"

## How Mike Ran

BY C. W. MAXEY.

Fighting the trust—by voting for the democrats, is like the Irishman, running away from the locomotive.

This Irishman got a job as a section hand on a railroad. He was rather green and the boss thought it advisable to give him a little warning.

"Mike," he said, "if you see a train coming, you must get out of the way. Throw your pick and run."

Presently Mike saw a train coming down the track. Remembering what the boss had told him, he threw his

pick and started running down the middle of the track.

The train soon overtook Mike and bumped him off into the ditch.

Mike's boss visited him in the hospital and asked him why he did not get out of the way of the train and run up the hill.

"Faith," says Mike, "Oi couldn't even outrun the bloomin' thing on a level."

## How He Did It

BY BERT WILLARD.

A few years ago, the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, whose enginemen were out on strike, advertised for locomotive engineers. Bill Jones, who was running the traction engine of a threshing machine outfit, saw the ad and decided this was his opportunity. He went to St. Joe and applied for a job.

"Are you an engineer?" asked the master mechanic.

"Yes sir," replied Bill.

"Get on that engine and show us what you can do," ordered the M. M.

Bill climbed up in the cab and reached for the nearest lever, which happened to be the reverse lever, pulled it back, but the engine never moved. He took hold of another lever, pulled it back—the engine made a leap and went tearing down through the yards!

Bill looked out of the cab window—there on the track just ahead of him was a long string of cars! He grabbed a lever, pulled it back! The drive wheels ground fiercely on the rails for an instant, then the engine gave a leap and went tearing back toward the round house.

He noticed the men running from the round house and reached frantically for a lever, pulled it around, and the brakes went on with a crash! He grabbed another lever, shoved it up and the engine ceased its coughing!

He was wildly wrestling with another lever when the engine came to a sudden stop. Bill slowly climbed-down out of the cab.

"What the devil did you want to be knocking that engine around that way for?" roared the M. M.

"Oh," said Bill, with a sickly smile, while he wiped the cold sweat off his forehead. "I just wanted to show you what I could do."

He got the job.

## Rushing His Job

BY JAMES M'ANUS.

"It was back in the old 'hand-set' days before the invention of the linotype," narrated Jack Thrasher as a few of the boys sat around in the Printers' club, "when a gawky young lad from the country was given a job in the composing room of the *Grand Rapids Press*.

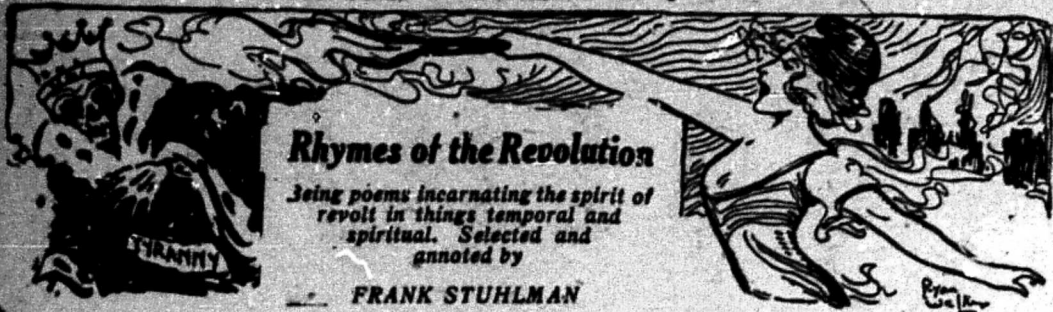
"The boy was eager to please, being fully imbued with the necessity of hustle in getting out a daily. In fact, that's the very reason why he later became a motorman or something of the sort equally far removed from the printing business.

"Every time the foreman spoke to him, he couldn't get there fast enough, and he never moved except on the double quick.

"About three o'clock of his first day, when we were just going in with the first page form, he was hot-footing up to the boss, who was carrying one end of the form, evidently bent on informing him that he had finished his task, when his foot slipped, and slay he went into the first page. I shouldn't wonder if there are still chunks of the 'pi' in that composing room.

"It didn't phase him for a minute. Scrambling to his feet, he reported: 'Done, sir. What'll I rush at next?'"





**Rhymes of the Revolution**

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Note—There is today no brighter wit or keener pen in the Socialist movement than Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Mrs. Gilman's grandmother was a sister of Henry Ward Beecher and of the zeal and ability of the famous Beecher family she has her full share. From the beginning of the Socialist movement in this country she has aided it both as a speaker and writer. Mrs. Gilman has lectured on Socialism and kindred topics in Great Britain as well as in America; and is a member of the famous Fabian Society which numbers among its fellows such Socialists as Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

Her published works include "Women and Economics," "Concerning Children," "Human Work," "The Yellow Wallpaper," a creepy little tale worthy of Poe, and "In This, Our World," a volume of poems.

As I turn the pages of the last named book for a selection, such is the wealth of splendid vital verse that I am at a loss to decide.

However, this time will be given that grim and haunting "Wolf at the Door," that parable of the hovering fear ever close to the millions of wage-workers who are never far from destitution.

**The Wolf at the Door**

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

There's a haunting horror near us  
That nothing drives away;  
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,  
A crouching shade by day;  
There's a whining at the threshold,  
There's a scratching at the floor,  
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!  
The wolf is at the door!

To die like a man by lead or steel  
Is nothing that we should fear;  
No human death would be worse to feel  
Than the life that holds us here.  
But this is a fear no heart can face—  
A fate no man can dare—  
To be run to earth and die by the teeth  
Of the gnawing monster there!

The day was long, the night was short,  
The bed was hard and cold;  
Still weary are the little ones,  
Still weary are the old.  
We are weary in our cradles  
From our mother's toll untold;  
We are born to hoarder weariness  
As some to hoarded gold.

The slow, relentless, padding step  
That never goes astray—  
The rustle in the underbrush—  
The shadow in the way—  
The straining flight—the long pursuit—  
The steady gain behind—  
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,  
And the struggle wild and blind!

We will not rise! We will not work!  
Nothing the day can give  
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;  
Better to sleep than live!  
What power can stir these heavy limbs?  
What hope these dull hearts swell?  
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp  
Than the life we know so well?

There's a hot breath at the keyhole  
And a tearing as of teeth!  
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes  
And the dripping jaws beneath!  
There's a whining at the threshold—  
There's a scratching at the floor—  
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!  
The wolf is at the door!

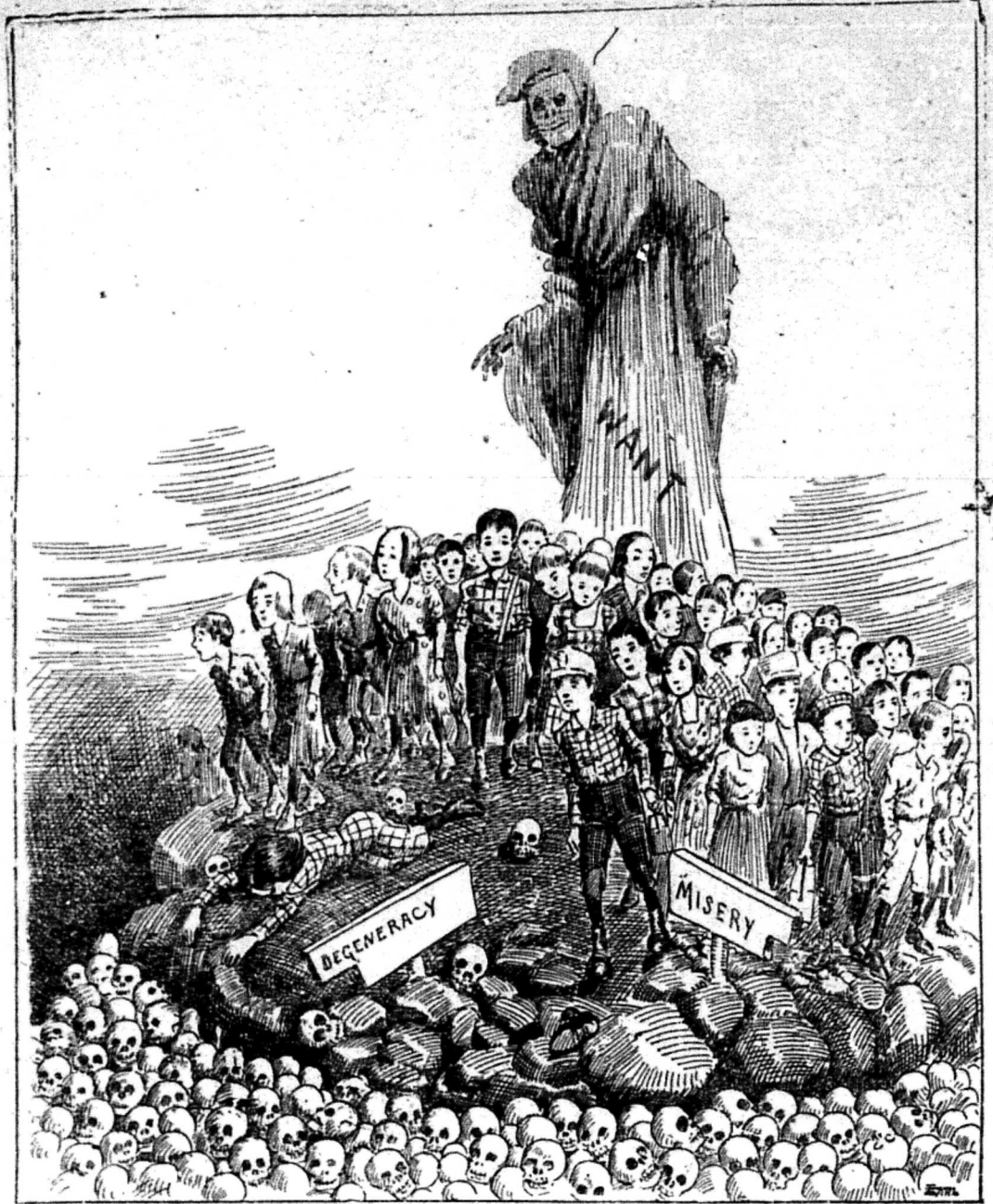
**Readings in Literature**

Selected by William Malby

*The Communism of the Western Inuits (Esquimos). From "Primitive Folk" by Elie Reclus.*

The theory of rent which dominates our western civilization; capital reproducing itself and multiplying by the work of others—what monstrous ideas

would they be to these good-natured people, who gladly lend every tool and instrument of which they have no immediate need, and to whom the idea of idemnity has never occurred in the case of the borrower's having lost or damaged the object lent him. Furthermore the hunter may not take away the snares he has once spread, and whoever goes to visit them shall have the game. In the taking of fish, even the stranger may profit by the dam which he has neither



constructed nor fitted up. What would Newfoundland, Saint Pierre and Miquelon say of these customs? All exceptional game, large, like the whale, or of a rare species, belong to the community; matters are so arranged that all can have a share of it. It is seldom that the head of a family possesses anything beside a boat and a sledge, his clothing, his weapons and a few tools.

Communists without knowing it, the Incits have only the rudiments of that private property which they, however, know well how to respect. Living amid these snow plains, associating together for the greater part of their occupations at sea—the great, vast, changeful sea, which cannot be cut up into lots and small holdings, nor parcelled out into domains—the equal division which is made of all they produce constitutes a mutual assurance without which they would perish one after the other. Every seal that is captured is divided, at least in times of scarcity, between all the heads of families. If they do not divide the portions with exact equality, it is because the largest are devoted to the children; the adults go without anything for a long while, that the youngsters may receive something.

So deeply communistic is the character of the Esquimaux, that when he happens to become possessed of anything, he takes a pride in giving or sharing it all, for he, too, says that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The following scene took place on the banks of the Yukon:

"All the neighbors had been invited. Games, songs, dances and banquets lasted several days. On the last day, all the provisions being exhausted, the host and hostess, clad in new raiment, began to make presents, giving each friend what they thought would be acceptable to him. In this manner they distributed ten guns, ten complete suits of clothes, 200 armfuls of strung beads, and a quantity of skins; ten of the wolf, fifty of the doe, 100 of the seal, 200 of the beaver, 500 sables, and a number of blankets. After which the host and hostess took off their garments, which they also gave away, and having re-clothed themselves in rags, wound up by making a little speech: 'We have testified to you our affection. Now we are poorer than any of you, and we do not regret it. We have nothing left. Your friendship suffices us.'"

Each one made a sign of thanks and retired in silence. The festivity had cost fifteen years of toil, economy and privation. The family had not lost everything, since they had gained the esteem and gratitude of their fellow-citizens; what they had expended in material wealth was given back to them in honour and consideration. Whoever has displayed so much munificence and generosity becomes a kind of consular personage, is consulted in all cases of difficulty, and when he speaks no one thinks of contradicting him.

I think that nowadays if—I do not say some prominent villain such as Nero, but—some most ordinary man of business wished to make a pond of human blood for diseased rich people to bathe in when ordered to do so by their learned medical advisers, he would not be prevented from arranging it, if only he observed the accepted and respectable forms: that is, did not use violence to make people shed their blood, but got them into such a position that they could not live without shedding it; and if, also, he engaged priests and scientists: the former to consecrate the new pond as they consecrate cannons, iron clads, prisons and gallows; and the latter to find proofs of the necessity and justifiability of such an institution, as they have found profits of the necessity of wars and brothels.—Count Leo Tolstoy.

The transformation of scattered private property arising from individual labor, into capitalist private property, is, naturally, a process incomparably more protracted, violent and difficult than the transformation of the capitalistic private property, already practically resting on a socialized production, into socialized property. In the former case we had the expropriation of the masses of the people by a few usurpers; in the latter, we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people.—Karl Marx

**Wished He Was a Girl.**

"I wish I was a girl," sighed Archie.  
"Why?" asked his father.  
"Cause then I wouldn't have to bother thinking what I'll be when I'm a man."



Our willing little office boy, Sammy