

# THE COMING NATION

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## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### What is a Democrat



**D**R. ——— also Gov. ——— Woodrow Wilson, who keeps alight the blazing beacon of reform in New Jersey, has made a great discovery. He knows at last what a Democrat is. We were all naturally a little doubtful before, but the Doctor has settled that moot point once and for all. His explanation is perfectly clear—clear as mud.

The Doctor's last notable discovery was the sure cure for the trust evil. His method is to get hold of some of these wicked persons who have formed trusts and to punish them, severely. It will readily be seen that the Doctor is an eminently wise man and has the proper dope on all our troubles. If the wind disturbs your rest by howling around the house get out your trusty shotgun and fill the wind full of holes. That is the essence of the Doctor's anti-trust method, and you must certainly hand it to him for the brilliant suggestion.

But about the Democrat.

The good Doctor sees in the Republican theory of government a pyramid standing on its apex. Its foundation, he says, is the prosperity of a very small class, upon which the prosperity of the mass of the community is supposed to lie. This being the Republican theory it follows as the night the day that the Democratic theory is illustrated by a pyramid resting on its base, in orderly and logical manner. The foundation of this structure, says the Doctor, is the prosperity and welfare of the poorer majority, with the welfare of the moneyed few a subordinate proposition.

Simple—and convincing.

A Democrat, then, is a man who has the interests of the mass of the people at heart, condemning the spoilers who possess the country's wealth.

Everyone will recognize at a glance how true this must be. The Democrats with whom we have had to deal have afforded such forcible demonstration of the truth of the definition. Democratic Senators are, and have been, so notably interested in the mass of the people. Democratic Representatives make, and have made, such a fuss in behalf of the poor majority. Democratic governors, including the Doctor, back, and have backed, so efficiently the cause of the disinherited against entrenched privilege. Democratic legislatures, city councils, mayors, officials of all kinds, offer, and have offered, so many proofs of their earnest love for the lower layers of the pyramid.

What a revelation it is when a man gets up on his two feet and solemnly attempts to formulate the principles of Democracy. Surely there is boisterous laughter on high Olympus at such a time. Of course, no human mind could possibly present a statement of Democratic principles in the total absence of any or define a Democrat on the basis of principles that do not exist. Any more than it could perform the like service for Republican principles or a Republican.

In the most primitive test of the right of a

political party to assume the administration of affairs neither Republican nor Democratic party ever comes through with any tangible result beyond empty generalities and foolish phrases.

The Doctor, striving to succeed where all others have failed, makes a wild grab into the empyrean; and brings out what? Why a meaningless figure of speech, a hollow metaphor, the one proposition of which is obviously and utterly untrue. And this is the sole result of one more earnest and deliberate effort to justify the claim of a great party to govern the destinies of a hundred millions of people.

Who was ever able to state any social or political philosophy represented by the Democratic party?

Who was ever able to state any social or political philosophy represented by the Republican party?

Casting aside to facts, what has either party ever done to justify any coherent philosophy or conception of human progress which might lie hidden somewhere behind its organization? What has either party ever done in regard to any vital problem of government except palter and tinker and mismanage without a shred of consistent purpose?

To Socialists these questions appear superfluous. The Socialist knows as a matter of course that no party except his own is open to exact definition; that no party except his own has ever advanced with a complete, scientific system always clearly in view and capable of perfectly simple and succinct formulation. Further, the Socialist alone is able to explain either old line party in terms that supply them with even partial significance. He knows that the Republican party is the party of modern capitalism, pledged to the general support of exploitation; and that the Democratic party, so far as it is anything, is the party of the middle class, seeking blindly to place artificial fetters upon the mechanical concentration of capital perhaps, but constituting no threat to the existing order.

To everyone, however, Socialists and non-Socialists, such statements as that made by the Doctor must come as a sharp illumination of the absolute hopelessness and futility of both Republican and Democratic doctrines, to call them such. His futile effort must make it clear to any mind that we are simply doddering and fumbling along with our Republican party or our Democratic party; that neither of them has the slightest notion what it is about; that the time draws near when the lives and happiness of a great nation can no longer be left to the mercy of inept and unscientific administration and that no party can have any real interest in the "welfare and prosperity of the poorer majority" except the party of and for the working class.

The pyramid is standing on its apex, truly. The figure aptly applies to the whole capitalistic system which we now endure. But no pyramid standing on its apex can long maintain that unnatural position. Someone gives it a push and over it goes. Socialism has a mighty shoulder to the task.

There is an operation not rare in surgery by which fresh blood from the veins of a healthy individual is transfused into those of a weakened patient. Some times the sacrifice is offered by a relative of the invalid, willing to contribute the current of life if it may impart new vitality to the loved one. Again, it becomes necessary to find a subject whose blood can be bought.

### Selling Blood for Bread

An occasion of this kind arose recently in Philadelphia and those in charge of the case had recourse to public advertisements. Suitable reward was offered to any young man in perfect health, able to pass a rigorous test as to his physical condition, who would give a pint of his blood in transfusion.

Thirty men responded. Nearly all of them were unemployed. All were in dire want.

And yet the horn blowers of the present order assure us that everything is lovely, that every man able and willing to work can obtain employment, that wretchedness is self-inflicted and that plenty and happiness may be had by all.

These men were able to work, since they presented themselves as perfect physical specimens. It is surely no violent supposition that they were willing to work, since they volunteered for a painful and dangerous service more exhausting than any labor.

None of these men knew or had the slightest interest in the patient. None of them was moved by any lofty, impersonal impulse to aid a victim of disease. It was a plain commercial offer. They were willing, eager, to sacrifice the vital fluid of their bodies for the means to support life. They came to sell their blood for bread, in the most literal significance of the phrase.

This was the extremity to which our beautiful industrial system had brought these thirty young men. This was the only opportunity open to them in our beautiful land of opportunity. This was the only use that our beautifully organized society could find for them—to open their veins and drain their strength at so much a drop.

We are told that Mr. John Hays Hammond is to be the special representative of the United States at the coronation of that noble creature,

his majesty, George V., King of England and Emperor of India. Well, well, isn't that nice. And so appropriate. Mr. Hammond

is just the man for the job. It is true that he bears no official tag on this side of the water. But the Britons can rest assured that he is no common, ordinary, vulgar citizen. No, indeed. As the manager of the mining interests, as the handy man of the Guggenheims, as one of the select few who constitute the inner White House regime, he approximates royalty himself. No one is better fitted than Mr. Hammond to be the representative of the real masters of America at such a magnificent function.

Perhaps, if Mr. Hammond exercises his undoubted great abilities wisely, he may achieve honors that will make us all glad and proud. Of course, the fact that he comes from a country which is still a Republic in form will be against him. Any other would undoubtedly succumb to this handicap and be thrust aside among the common herd. But Mr. Hammond—dear me, I hope it won't injure his chances to whisper this prematurely—



might cop off a royal assignment in the parade. Noble Bearer of the Toothbrush, I understand, is an appointment still open. Clipper of the Royal Toenails is a post within the reach of a vaulting ambition, I learn. Possibly other prizes are available.

For months past the Duke of Norfolk and his aides, who have charge of the coronation, have been considering hereditary claims to places in the procession. Many important privileges have had to be accorded and the noble duke has had to exercise great care that no ringers were slipped in on him. Thus, the Lord whose forefather was given the right to wear a cocked hat and lead a puppy dog by a purple string must not be confused with the Marquis whose ancestor was graciously allowed to ride a white palfrey with a red saddle and display his coat of arms on a shield.

In such palpitating glories as these, it must be admitted, Mr. Hammond cannot look to participate. No one unable to show in his family tree a long line of useless and pin-headed progenitors, or a few millions in beer barrels, or at least a scullery maid who found favor in royal eyes, can obtain one of the coveted positions somewhere near the head of the line.

Still, it is to be hoped that Mr. Hammond may obtain some distinctive employment that will allow him a humble place. His wealthy countrymen, who are already flocking to London for the happy event, will be watching for him. While they throw up their hats and cheer themselves hoarse over the crowning of another king in the twentieth century they will have an eye to their representative. And as he comes along, modestly carrying the royal shoe polish on a velvet cushion or performing some other similar function, they will murmur discreetly, "Hurroar for 'Ammond, the Baron of Colorado. You'd 'ardly know 'im for an American at all—at this distance."



The efforts of those who surround the person of The Putterer to make him appear an august and terrible figure, ruling by exercise of his mighty brain and making nations to tremble when he blows his nose, induce to limitless mirth. Colonel Crazy Horse used to get away with this masterful pose in pretty fair shape. The Colonel had the voice, the teeth, and, whatever his lack, the self-sufficiency. When the sycophants crowded around him in fear and trembling, waiting for the pronouncements that should be conveyed to an affrighted world, the Colonel could, always roar and bellow and bounce against the ceiling—out Heroding Herod.

But alack, those good days are over. The sycophants still gather around, still cringe, still go through the motions of trembling backward in stricken awe at the dread utterances of the divinity. No one is deceived. No one fails to catch the false note. Their prostrations and their fearful reports of majestic wrath, admonition, intention and wisdom are in vain.

The strings on the puppet are poorly hidden. The machinery creaks with doleful insistence. No amount of byplay can convince any observer that the mannikin has a distinct will and personality of its own.

Meanwhile, observe the evil case of those denatured Americans who attempt to surround the office of the President with monarchical attributes. They have made remarkable progress from time to time. They have led Washington to the height of society madness. They have instituted a vast and complicated system of precedence by which all officialdom is divided neatly into grades, so you can always tell just what persons can go through a door ahead of you and what other persons must follow meekly at your heels. They have imported the ranks, the forms, the lackeys, the uniforms, the ribbons and the moral atmosphere of monarchical Europe.

But all this is set aback when they have for presiding deity a globular and peevish person

who lacks every quality of kingship. The tin halo wabbles distressfully about a bewildered, fatuous countenance that can assume neither true dignity nor solid power, neither grave thoughtfulness nor profound displeasure.

For The Putterer is not even a good faker. There is no more majesty to him than there is to a cow. When he flies into rages the lackeys smile. When he lets it be known that he has such and such plans in view, means to put them through and everybody had better clear the track, his hearers wink at one another in derision. Your monarchist requires, at the least, an impressive figurehead of a ruler. Lacking it his exaggerated show of awe and respect becomes pathetic.

Why must we be made to feel that we are ruled, dominated, by the man we hire as a servant to perform certain work? Why must we seek to endow him with majesty by virtue of his office?

We are a nation of workingmen. Some day we shall have a workingman for President.

You raise your hands at that, good conservatives. You shrink from the thought of doing homage to a man who has performed some more vulgar labor than drawing up corporation briefs.

And yet it will come. There will be no homage done, for at some step in slow evolution the race will rid itself of the last taint of subservience and monarchism.

But some time we shall choose the first public servant among men who toil and think and know; men with understanding of the real purpose of government; men with a fundamental conviction of democracy; men who do the work not as divinely appointed rulers but as simple citizens called to it by the suffrages of the people and intent solely upon the common good.



I find cheering matter in the recent news. For instance, the ground and lofty tumbling in which the Supreme Court of California has engaged.

Boss Ruef, the San Francisco corruptionist, who, with enormous influence and unlimited funds behind him, was enabled to put up a desperate battle before he was finally convicted, was suddenly granted an order for a rehearing. The Supreme Court made its decision at the eleventh hour, just before Ruef's term in the penitentiary was to begin.

The people of California naturally let out an exasperated howl and action toward an investigation was promptly taken in the Legislature. Whereupon the Supreme Court took a long breath, closed its eyes, jumped into the air and did the flip flap, reversing itself.

Things like this are not nicely calculated to increase that "respect for the judiciary" which has been made one of the strongest supports of the established system. Many such incidents will not be necessary to upset the false reverence for the courts which operates as a deadly paralysis upon the exercise of popular government. "Keep the judiciary out of politics" is very well as a catch phrase. Meanwhile they are beginning to think seriously of the recall in California.



John Mitchell has chosen to remain with the United Mine Workers since that organization expressed its disapproval of his connection with the Civic Federation.

The moment when that choice had to be made was inevitable. The Civic Federation is regarded by a great number of workers with keen suspicion. More than platitudes and banquets is necessary to convince these men that any association, however benign and benevolent, can further the interests of capital and labor at the same time. The lion and the lamb do not lie down together.

John Mitchell's opportunity and his duty lie with his class. He might, if he would, be a powerful factor in advancing industrial emancipation. But not through the N. C. F., which is utterly discredited and blown upon as a reactionary instrument.



THE Lorimer matter is another object lesson in the recent news that will have its educational value. The Senate has been losing steadily in prestige. The people are tired of it. After years of betrayal at the hands of that body they have come very near to the point where its election by popular vote is inevitable. And the next step is its total abolition.

And now comes the Lorimer vote and hits the reputation of that doddering old special committee a beautiful sideswipe in the ribs.

The old Chicago boss was saved by six votes.

And who were some of those who piled up this remarkable vindication for him?

Carter of Montana, Depew of New York, Dick of Ohio, Hale of Maine, Kean of New Jersey and Scott of West Virginia.

All of these men are about to retire from the public eye, which is by all odds the best thing they ever did by the nation.

A few more California Supreme Court flip flaps and we will have the people awake to the condition of a judiciary not instantly responsible to the popular will. A few more Lorimer vindications and we will have the people awake to the significance of a Senate not instantly responsive to the popular will.



There was a lovely bit of byplay following the six vote vindication of friend Lorimer that has not had the attention it deserves. During that last melee in which

**Behold the Most Pure Lorimer** Congress went to an un-honored end a general appropriation bill was presented in the Senate.

Among the items was one granting Senator Lorimer \$25,000 for the expenses incurred by him in his defense.

Before anyone could stir a hand Lorimer was on his feet. He wished to state, this high hearted Lorimer, that, although he had been forced to spend a large sum in clearing his election of suspicion, he must refuse to draw comfort and profit therefrom. Never should it be said that the spotless hand of Lorimer had reached into the public till and drawn comfort and profit therefrom. Never should it be said that the people of the United States had to pay to keep the lofty name of Lorimer without reproach. He must refuse this generous offer and ask the government to keep its \$25,000 for itself. Tableau.

Whereupon Senator Hale took occasion to rise and tender Senator Lorimer his distinguished thanks for the patriotic renunciation.

So far it was all according to program, but the universal shout of approval and admiration failed to develop. A stupid member of the Committee on Appropriations let it be known that the \$25,000 item had never been authorized, that it was not a part of the bill and that, in short, the Senator from Illinois had simply planned a hippodrome stunt with somebody's connivance.



What a grand spectacle was presented at Washington during the closing hours of the Sixty-first Congress. The whole outfit, Republicans, Insurgents, Democrats in one joyful Donnybrook Fair. Public business neglected. Hours wasted in futile and flippant debate. Both houses in a state of chaos. Incompetence and disorder rampant.

We are the wise people in choosing our representatives.

\* \* \*

And now come rumors of a Guatemalan revolution before long. Still another chance for us to intermeddle. "American interests endangered in Guatemala." Right on the job.

\* \* \*

"Young Men," says the University, "get rich, so that when you have many millions you can build artificial mountains as children make mud pies."



# Workingmen as Captains of Industry

By Odon Por



Houses Built by Federation



THE Italian workers are assuming one by one the functions which in other countries are exercised exclusively by the capitalist class. The vast industrial and agricultural co-operatives managed by the Italian workers have raised agriculture to a higher technical standard in every way. They have introduced new business methods, handled great farms productively, retaining the profits for their members, and introduced new business methods in advance of those practiced by private industry.

Today the many small co-operatives among the artisans are being merged into great modern industrial enterprises whose technical and financial equipment enables them to carry out the largest industrial undertakings. There are many proletarian, productive co-operatives in Italy which are not only able to compete with the largest capitalist enterprises, but are in advance of these enterprises. In many cases they have anticipated the progress of private capital and thereby occupied the ground in advance of capitalist undertakings, thus insuring their own position against any future movement.

### No Capitalist Principles Admitted

With all this these co-operatives have maintained their original principles. These principles are such as to make it impossible for the spirit of capitalism to ever dominate within the organization. The co-operatives were created through great sacrifice, and this spirit of sacrifice grows rather than diminishes with success. Their definite aim, from which they never waver, is the expropriation of the private capitalists and not the enriching of the individual workers. They propose to become collective owners of the essentials of industry and not to become corporations for the benefit of the privileged members. They necessarily enter into business relations with the capitalist world through banks, merchants and the state. In so doing, while they submit to the laws controlling the commercial and industrial world, they refuse to become speculative enterprises.

One of their basic laws is that net profits must never be divided among the share-holders. Although these profits might momentarily enrich the individual workers, these recognize that if their aim is ever to be realized they must be added to the collective profits of the group. When the profits are not added to the reserve fund, they are either used for purposes of mutual aid

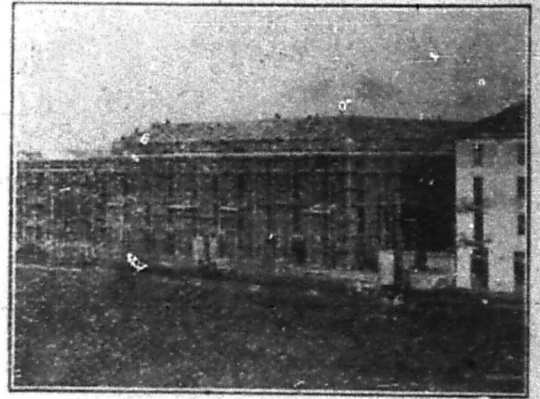


Reading from top to bottom: Sewer built for the city of Milan by the Milanese Federation. 2. Warehouses and teams belonging to the Milanese Co-operative Federation. 3. Houses built in the People's quarters of Milan by the Federation. 4. Dormitory of the Federation of Milanese Co-operatives of Production and Labor established for its workers, who live in the provinces.

within the organization or spent on propaganda, or in aiding other organizations in time of strikes or in the early formative struggles. As a consequence the shares of these proletarian co-operatives do not rise automatically as profits increase. A new member joining a co-operative with a great re-

serve fund pays no more for his share than was paid by the founders of the organization.

New social features are being constantly added. The co-operative workers are imbued with a deep sense of social responsibility toward the more backward elements of their class.



People's Quarters Built by Federation

### Social Aim Always in View

In assuming the functions of the capitalist class and in organizing industry on a rational basis they do these things only as a means by which to attain a wider and higher object. They add to the standard of production fixed by the profit system, higher standards embracing broad social aims and having in view a social reconstruction. They create new relations in the field of production, which in turn must bring about a readjustment throughout society.

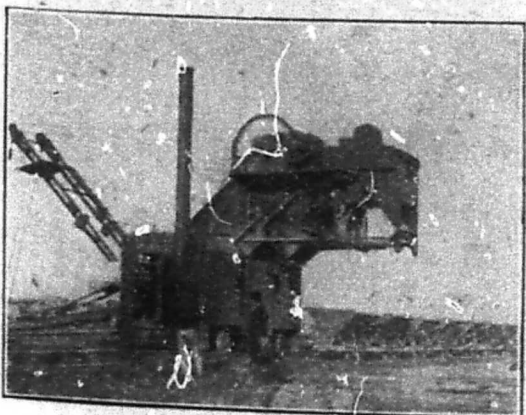
The Milanese Federation of Production and Labor illustrates these also. This federation embraces thirty-five co-operatives in Milan, each representing a different trade, with a total of about 6,500 members. It also includes twenty-eight co-operatives in the provinces outside the city, with a membership of 4,800, or a total of 63 co-operatives with a membership of 11,300 members.

As a matter of course none but workers are admitted to membership in these co-operatives. In turn, only such co-operatives may belong to the Federation as meet the standard of proletarian co-operation previously described. No mere capitalist enterprise aiming at profits for its share-holders is admitted. The first immediate object, as described in the constitution of the Federation is the integration of the whole movement.

### How the Work Is Handled

The printers, book binders, tailors and mirror makers are the most successful of the Milanese co-operatives. But it is in the building department of the Federation that the greatest activity is now becoming evident. This department embraces fifteen different co-operatives. The largest of these are those of the unskilled laborers, then the masons, the marble workers and stone cutters, painters, carpenters, plumbers, cement and stucco workers. This building department undertakes only the largest contracts. Its principal work is for municipal, provincial and state authorities, and occasionally some large private business.

When the contract has been made for any work it is carried out in one of four ways. It may be turned over to one of the co-operatives, which in turn distributes the work among the other federated societies, or the work is divided by the federation itself among the various co-operatives, or the Federation directs the work in its own behalf, using the co-operative and un-



Excavator Owned and Operated by the Federation



Railway Construction by the Federation



ion labor, or, finally, a portion of the work may be done directly by the Federation and the other by the federated co-operatives.

Each co-operative is wholly autonomous, technically, administratively and legally. It is responsible to the federation for any work it may undertake. The Federation does not of itself undertake the carrying out of any contract unless the federated societies are already engaged and are unable to assume the work. When the Federation distributes the work among the various co-operatives, it retains control of the whole undertaking and supplies the raw material.

The smaller individual co-operatives in the building industry have not lost their individuality. Separate organizations are necessary for special reasons. By uniting in the Federation they have created an organic, industrial organization along the lines of industrial solidarity. Through the Federation, negotiations can be carried on and individual co-operatives in each trade have no relation with external affairs. By thus merging their separate individualities they have shifted their activity to a higher plane. It is no longer necessary for each trade to carry on an isolated fight for existence against the capitalist in these trades. They are now enabled to enter into competition with the great industrial enterprises upon which these smaller capitalists are dependent. They now meet the capitalist upon equal terms and upon their own ground.

#### The Growth of Three Years

By this method of organization the building department of the Federation in the province of Milan, the most important and greatest industrial district in Italy, has become the largest and technically best equipped enterprise in the building department. Although it was established but three years ago, it has already completed work amounting to \$1,200,000 and it has under way more than eight hundred thousand dollars worth of work. It began operation with but \$760 subscribed by its members. Last year it contributed seven thousand dollars to other labor organizations.

Of the more important work it has carried through, is the building of roads, sewers and houses for the city of Milan, the construction of a section of railroad for the state and the building of cottages for a society, and for private parties.

It is now negotiating for a large share of the construction work on the new central railway station in Milan. This station will be one of the largest in the world when completed.

An idea of the size of the Federation is gained when we learn that it gives constant employment to more than fifteen hundred workers. Yet with all this force it has only fifteen clerks in its office. But three engineers and eight foremen are included in its technical staff. That such a small administrative and technical body is required proves that with a deep sense of professional and social responsibility in the individual worker very little directing is necessary.

#### Reaching Wider Fields

A great future is opening up before the rural department of the federation. This department is developing and organizing co-operatives in the various districts of the provinces. It began its work only last year and already has control of twenty-eight building co-operatives. It co-ordinates their work and assists them in conducting their business by keeping their books and giving them the benefit of its superior technical and business resources in taking contracts. In this first year of their existence these provincial co-operatives completed work amounting to two million francs.

In this division, known as the credit and assistance department, the Federation regulates and controls the financial, legal and administrative work of the separate co-operatives and assists them, when necessary, by securing credit. In 1910 the credit so obtained amounted to sixty thousand dollars. This department also keeps the books of the individual co-operatives, thus relieving them of this important detail. It gives them assistance in drawing up legal and business documents, and furnishes legal advice free of charge. This department also organizes and watches over the various services for the purpose of mutual aid. This includes pensions, funds for the aged, widows and orphans among the members of the Federation. It also conducts study courses in bookkeeping and administration for the instruction of the officers and members of the co-operative.

#### Educational Work

This department also has charge of the relations between the Federation and other labor organizations. Last year it contributed ten thousand dollars to the fund of the striking masons in Milan. In January 1911, it established a monthly magazine for propaganda and discussion and the better to

carry the idea of co-operation and solidarity into the families of its members.

Such work as this proves the possibility of organizing labor co-operatives for the purpose of directly undertaking enterprises which if left in private hands would perpetuate capitalist exploitation. It shows how the tremendous profits of the private contractors may be directed into the hands of the public and the workers.

There is a direct benefit to the public in the fact that in spite of the great profits that are made the co-operatives build cheaper and better. This feature has been officially recognized by the authorities and is of increasing importance when we consider that the state and municipal authorities of Italy are constantly extending their functions in the direction of ownership and operation of the most diversified branches of industry.

#### Crowding Out Landlords

An example of this is seen in the fact that all the larger Italian cities are now building up whole sections of the city for the use of workingmen. These cottages furnish better conditions of living more cheaply than private landlords. The municipalities are thus lined up in opposition to the landlord class. Such cities receive great help in this effort by the co-operatives, who are influenced in their work not by the greed for profits, but by the desire to secure better conditions of labor for themselves and better conditions of living for the workers in general.

The moral and material benefits which accrue to the workers by this movement are very great. The profits, while less than those of private contractors, are sufficient to enable the co-operatives to extend assistance to their fellow workers in need and to provide funds for the care of the dependents. Their old age pension scheme is already sufficient to abolish the shameful condition where old people must become paupers after a life of toil.

The very consciousness on the part of the workers of their ability to create by their own efforts institutions of such great social value gives them a personal dignity and moral courage which can scarcely be realized by those who have not come in contact with the members of the Italian co-operatives.

This industrial co-operation could never have

reached its present size had it not been based upon a strong and well-developed industrial unionism. In fact it arises directly out of the industrial organization, which organization, however, it is destined to absorb. Wherever in Italy the industrial organization of the wage-earners has obtained control over the labor in any industry it logically proceeds to organize this labor force for the purpose of carrying on the production of commodities and absorbing the instruments of production. Co-operatives having such an origin are certain of success for behind them is the organized power of the great majority of the workers in the industry. They are ready to fight with strikes, boycotts and financial sacrifices to maintain and enlarge their co-operatives which they have come justly to regard as enterprises belonging to the whole working class. Co-operatives which are not supported by industrially organized workers are more or less artificial. Their existence is in constant jeopardy since they must depend upon the capitalist both financially and morally. They can have no significance in relation to the great productive processes, nor to the general movement of the working class against capitalism.

All argument based upon the necessity of the capitalists as Captains of Industry is refuted by these enterprises of the organized workers. There is no reason whatsoever why well-organized industrial unions in any part of the world should not establish such modern enterprises as those of the workers of Milan. Their success also refutes that other argument against co-operation, that capitalism is too strong for the workers to compete with. There are few contractors as large as the Federation of the Co-operatives of Production and Labor of Milan. How many, even of the largest contractors of America, employ fifteen hundred workers throughout the year?

Sooner or later the workers everywhere will follow the example of their Italian comrades. At first there will be disappointments and even temporary failure, but out of the struggle they will gain experience and will gradually develop the organization and the proper technical, administrative and social capacities wherewith to maintain their rights as producers to the full product of their labor.



#### 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 rescues a man fleeing from the fire and takes him along to the dam.

"That's sure right, pard," he ejaculated. "I'd ha' put you wise before, only they told me not to let on to anybody—said I'd git the hook if I did. But now—wall, I dunno how they'd think I could dodge it. Here ye be, an' I can't keep ye from seein' or hearin', I reckon. An' then, too, you gotta help me."

"Do what?"

"Why blow the dam, o' course!" Jim answered as in a burst of long-repressed energy. "Hell! That's out, now! Yes, mister, this here dam's as good as done for. By tonight them Independents won't have water enough dreenin' down the Upper Megantic to 'drive' a toothpick! Oh, the ole Consolidated is sure a-goin' to fix—w-w-what's the matter, hey? Got a fit?"

The stranger, at mention of the names that Jim had spoken, grew suddenly energized. Up he sprang. At the woodsman he stared.

"What the devil are you talking about?" cried he in a strange, high voice.

Jim looked at him, wide-eyed.

"Be you plumb nutty?" he in turn demanded. "Set down!"

But the stranger did not obey.

"What place is this, anyhow?" he exclaimed with visible agitation. "What's its name?"

"Why, Tulame Lake, o' course," Jim informed him wonderingly. "What did y' think it was? Atlantic Ocean?"

The stranger's eyes narrowed to needle-points. He grew a queer mottled color.

"You—I—" he began, then seemed to choke. No word issued from his gaping mouth. Before his mind rose, clear as a moving picture on a screen,

the memory of a private session, late at night, in a small but handsomely furnished board-room on Broad street near the corner of Wall.

He saw again, as in a vision, the marvelously beautiful electric chandelier, shaded with Venetian glass; the polished rosewood table; the half-dozen big leather chairs. He saw the keen, hawk-like face of Gashford; the heavy-eyed countenance of Van Alstyne, his dead hunting-companion; the boarish muzzle of Morgenheim. Through the thin haze of the Havanas he seemed to perceive the cold and snaky eyes, yellow-green, of the silent yet controlling Masterson. He remembered the sharp voice of Goldwin, the chairman: "Well, now, gentlemen, the vote!"

It all came back to him—that night. He recalled how, wine-flushed and dazed, he had bowled down from the Imperialist club in his 60 h p car to Broad street, knowing little of what business was on foot among the directorate of the Consolidated, caring less. He recalled his vote of affirmation, and the trilling of the electric bell that had summoned the messenger to take the cipher-dispatch that was to be flashed to Seboois that very night.

He remembered Morgenheim's grunt of satisfaction as, lighting a fresh cigar, he had exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, that little detail is settled—at last! I move we adjourn." In his ears sounded the sliding of the chairs upon the parquet floor as the directors rose. Then he had gone back to the club, there to wait the ending of the "Merry Monarch" operetta at the Delphian theater and the assignation he had had with Minette de Laval, *premiere danseuse* of the ballet.

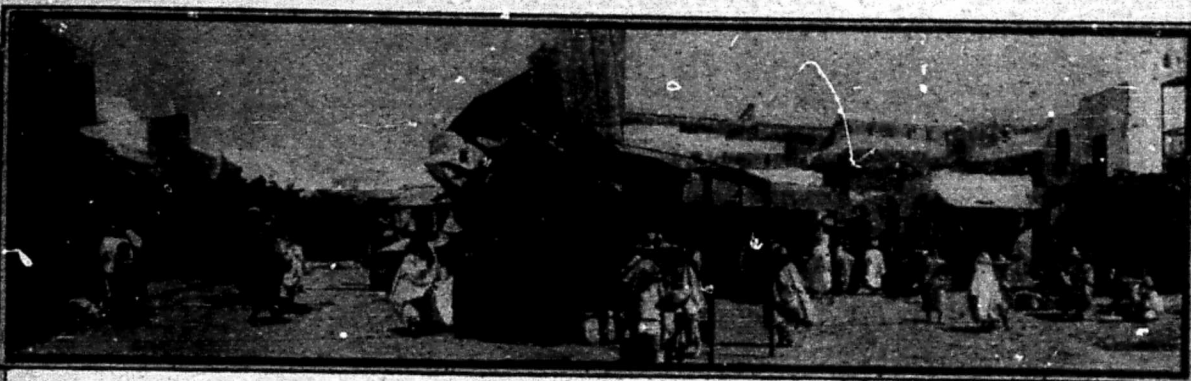
Hardly had he even realized, at the time, the meaning of that decision, of that cipher-message, which, translated, had read: "Remove Upper Megantic dam, Tulame lake, on property of Independent, before Sept. 1."

But now—!

Not in one moment could the ragged, nerve-shaken, miserable plutocrat gather up in his mind all the threads of the situation, knot them into a skein and seize their entirety. Not at once could he comprehend. But even before complete realiza-



# Asmassian---Apostle of Christendom



## By Albert Edwards

**I**T is strange that the one man I have found in Morocco who is willing to defend the doings of the European powers is not a European.

The life of Tangier centers about the cafes of the Soko Chico. If you sit long enough before any of them, you will see all Morocco pass by. It is an ideal spot for the easy-chair explorer. Why visit the dangerous mountains of the El-Riff district? Sit still and you will see Riffian brigands come to the Soko Chico to buy contraband cartridges. Why struggle over the hard nine-day trail to Fez? The Soko Chico is crowded with Fasi. Without the least discomfort you can see Sudanese water carriers, Hillsmen from the Great Atlas, Berbers from the



A Town Baby--Tangier

Sous. Before the Moorish cafes you will see snake charmers, jugglers and players on strange instruments. In the European cafes you will see diplomats, French and Spanish officers fresh from their campaigns about Casa Blanca and Melilla, and deserters from the Foreign Legion. And there, if you stay long enough, you will meet (as I did) Asmassian.

There are three European cafes in the Soko Chico. I fell into the habit of the Cafe de la Patrie, because of the French waiters. I do not speak Spanish, so the Cafe de Madrid was out of the question. And the Cafe de Commerce, where one of the waiters speaks English, looks dingy. So it happened that my patronage fell to the Cafe de la Patrie. At first one has little peace being besieged by sellers of postal cards and imitation Sous daggers at fantastic prices, and by the man—he is a persevering chap—who for half a Spanish dollar will take you to his house and let you peek from his window into the garden of the Pasha's harem. But in due course of time you acquire an assortment of strenuous negatives in Arabic and Spanish and are let alone.

I was beginning to consider myself an old resident of Tangier, when one day my attention was called from the five-day-old *Matin* I was reading by a question in French.

"Is this chair occupied?"

Looking up, I saw before me a short, thick-set fat-faced, neckless man. He had black hair, and heavy eyebrows shading shifty, unpleasant eyes. His clothes were French, but his complexion showed him to be from the Levant. He nodded to me in a friendly way and said in English:

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"With your permission I will sit here and drink my coffee."

"As you will," I said, making a mental note that many other chairs were vacant, and, if he had cared to, he could have had a table to himself. I turned back to my paper, but when his coffee had been brought he interrupted again:

"You have come to Morocco for a long stay?"

"I may leave on the next boat—I may stay all winter," I replied.

"Business or pleasure?"

"Business—which I find pleasant."

"You are fortunate. But you will not find business a pleasure here—for long. You will lose patience—as every one does. Morocco is a pleasant place only for collectors. Do you happen to know Mr. Merton—Charles Merton, of New York? No? He is a great collector of Moorish embroideries, especially old Fez embroidery. There are many

things here to interest collectors—rugs, leather-work, tiles. Tiles are the best. These stupid Moors have no idea of art nowadays; nothing which they make is interesting. But three hundred years ago they did the best tile-work the world has ever seen—wonderful! glorious! All this enamel work from the Sous, which some people prize, is meretricious—cheap, vulgar. So are all their modern rugs, and lace, and pottery. A real connoisseur cares only for tiles."

I would remark, parenthetically, that I do not at all agree with Asmassian's estimate of current Moorish art. Much of their craftsmanship is exquisite.

Asmassian went on to tell me that collecting tiles was his profession. Whenever an old country house was falling into decay, he would scent it out and travel weeks to see if it contained any tiles worth having.

"Who buys your tiles?" I asked.

"Governments, municipalities, for their museums. Whenever you see a Moorish tile, you look on the edge; if it is marked with a red A in a black circle, it is mine. A stands for Asmassian—my name. Then there are many private collectors who buy from me. And sometimes a rich man builds a villa upon the Marshan here, or over in Spain. If they want old Moorish tiles—genuine ones—they must come to me. Would you like to see my tiles? I have a shop here on the edge of the Soko. Come, I will show them to you."

I excused myself on the ground that I was neither a government museum nor a private collector.

"It would not be worth your while," I said. "I cannot conceive of any combination of circumstances which would persuade me to buy a tile."

"It is not that I want to sell you any," he said. "I am not a peddler. I thought you would appreciate a fine collection—there is not another such collection in the world. I was mistaken. I wish you good-day."

And he stalked off, apparently in a great rage. I felt badly about giving him offense and determined to ask pardon when I saw him again. But he did not give me the chance. When I saw him next—two days later—he was effusively friendly, and seemed to have forgotten his indignation. He renewed his invitation that I visit his shop. It was not convenient that day, but I promised to come later. And finally, one day, as I walked down town, I heard him calling me.

His shop is a little hole in the wall, not ten feet square, opening on to the main street, where it broadens out into the Soko Chico. It is an even better place from which to observe the passing show than the *terrasse* of the Cafe de la Patrie. He pulled out for me a little stool, and set it down close to the imaginary line which divides his shop from the street. There is no sidewalk, and every once in a while the saddle trappings of a camel would brush my back. A negro apprentice displayed the tiles one at a time to a running comment from



Annual Religious Dance of the Asmara Sect

Asmassian like this:

"That is a very fine tile. I have eight hundred of them. They come from an old place at Ai K'zar, about five centuries old. Very valuable.

"I have only seventy-eight of these—from a public fountain in Mogador. Later period—say, three hundred and fifty years old.

"Look! such a fine glaze! wonderful green! From the Mosque of Akmet at Marrakesh."

To tell the truth, the tiles bored me. I do not know the A B C of ceramics, on which intelligent interest in such things must be based. And the tales he told me of his adventures collecting them seemed highly fantastic. When I had seen the last of them, I rose with a sigh of relief. But he detained me—he had sent the apprentice out for coffee; would be here in a few minutes.

"Is your business here in regard to mines?" he asked. "There are rumors of very rich mines in the interior. But I have been all over the country, and know it is not so." (This was a lie. The existence of very rich mineral deposits is well known.)

"No," I said, "I am not interested in mines. I am a journalist."

Asmassian seemed to be pleased to know my business, but presently the smile wilted from his fat face and he shook his head mournfully.

"It must be hard to be a journalist. Some paper sends you here to write about Morocco in three weeks. Many journalists come here, and all write foolishness. But it is not their fault—how could they learn the truth? They don't stay long enough."

"And what mistake do they make most often?" I asked. "I'll try to be original and avoid that error."

"Well"—Asmassian pondered a moment. "Generally they attack the French, who are the hope of the country. And they praise the Moors, who are worthless. Good for nothing but to lie, and cheat, and make trouble. But how can a person find that out in a few weeks? No European can begin to understand what trouble-makers the Moors are."

"I should not think the French would have trouble understanding," I said. "They are very good trouble-makers themselves."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"How about El-Rogi, the pretender? He made no end of trouble. The French were back of him."

"Oh, nonsense! A fantastic rumor. Some good-for-nothing in the Soko Chico—some guide—told you that foolish story. Nobody believes the French capable of such duplicity."

(This was lie number two. The fact of French complicity in the insurrection of El-Rogi is admitted by everybody. The French denied it at first. But it was proved that two officers of the French army were with the rebel forces. One of them escaped, the other died of fever on the eve of the pretender's defeat. His body was absolutely identified. Germany had won a move on France by financing Mulai El-Hafid in his successful attempt to dethrone "the French Sultan," Abdul-Aziz. The French tried the same tactics—tried and failed to oust El-Hafid by their friend El-Rogi. Most of the internal trouble in Morocco for the last ten years has been made either in Berlin or Paris.)

"What makes you think that El-Fogi worked in the French interests?" Asmassian asked.

I told him as concisely as possible the manifold



Peasant Woman from Interior



and overwhelming evidence. He did not dispute it, but shrugged his shoulders and turned to another subject.

"The Moors are barbarians. You can't imagine their cruelty. They flog people to death, burn out their eyes—why, I've seen a man dragged through this very street, tied to a horse's tail, till his brains were beaten out on the stones. They have no idea of the value of human life. They are cowards, too. They won't fight you hand to hand—no! They will shoot you from behind a tree, at a safe distance, or kill you while you sleep."

"Not unlike the bombardment of Casa Blanca by the French," I interjected.

"No! no!" he protested. "Another story of the Soko Chico. Did the waiter at the hotel tell you that, or a mule-boy?"

"No. It was told me by a very estimable English gentleman, a medical missionary, who was there during the bombardment. He told me how at three in the morning he was awakened by a legation guard and told to take his family to the European quarter of the town, and how before they could reach the place of safety the war-ships in the harbor began the bombardment, long before any of the sleeping natives could be warned. And he told me how the next day, as he went from house to house trying to give what medical aid he could, he found many people dead in their beds, killed while they slept—from a safe distance, too, just as you say these cruel, cowardly Moors do."

"Oh! Grossly exaggerated."

"No. Because there is the evidence of other estimable eye-witnesses."

Again Asmassian shrugged his shoulders and turned the subject.

"If the Moors were left to themselves, they would never make any progress. The French will come and build railways and factories, open mines, make it a rich and prosperous country."

"But if the Moors don't want to be rich and prosperous? You know it really is their country. What right have the French—"

"They don't want progress because they are stupid," Asmassian interrupted. "France must open the country for the good of the Moors themselves. Otherwise they will just rot to pieces. France must be their older brother and educate them—civilize them. Just what has been done in Algeria. Think how much better off the Algerians are since the French came there? Now the country is orderly. There is justice in the land, and there are schools. They are teaching them to read and write."

"Yes," I interrupted again, "and teaching them to drink absinthe and all manner of other vicious by-products of civilization. And now they are planning to force the natives to enter the army. I have been in Algeria long enough to know. You would have hard work to find a dozen natives who think the French rule has been good for them. They are dying off. It means extinction."

"Just what happened to your Indians in America," Asmassian said, as though he had scored a point.

"Yes; but we don't pretend that it was good for the Indians. You were trying to say that French rule would be good for the Moors."

Once more Asmassian shrugged his shoulders and changed his ground.

"After all, it is just the struggle for existence. If the Moors cannot progress, they will have to get out of the way of those who can. It is not humanitarianism, it is evolution. The French are the most civilized nation in the neighborhood, the Moors the most barbarian. They will be forced to make way."

"I am afraid so," I said.

"You do not like the French?"

"Oh, yes, I do—in France. I agree with you; they are the most civilized nation, not only in the neighborhood, but in the world. I would rather live in Paris, I think, than anywhere. But the Frenchmen I find in their colonies, and here in Morocco, do not seem to me very good samples of civilization."

Then the apprentice came with the coffee. Asmassian sent him off again on another mission; as he spoke in Arabic, I could not understand it.

"Your way of looking at it," he went on as he drank his coffee—is was so hot I could not even sip it—"may be the best way for a journalist. It makes a better story, I suppose, to find fault, to tell about outrages and so forth. But it is not the right way, the philosophical way. Your view of the matter is too small. It is not a question of one nation against another, but of the human race. You cannot judge it in relation to our time, our generation. It is a matter of all time, of generations to come. Here is a wonderful country, richer even than your America; a wonderful climate, wonderfully fertile soil. These Moors scratch it with a stick and it supports millions of them. With irrigation and scientific agriculture it would give food to billions on billions. The hill country is full

of water power sites. Electricity will be cheap as air here some day. Morocco will be a great manufacturing country: It is probably the richest mineral country in the world." (Ten minutes before Asmassian had denied this.) "The mountains are loaded with ore, copper, lead, mercury, gold. I have seen streams in the interior iridescent with petroleum. In future generations, when the soil of France is exhausted, when the coal gives out in England, when your American oil wells have run dry, Morocco will be the center of a new and greater civilization. That is the vision before the eyes of the French statesmen. The only thing in the way of its realization is the jealousy between the Powers. Each Power wants its share in the credit of this great work of civilization. But this jealousy will be overcome. The dream will be realized. What do the means matter? Human nature is Jesuitical. It always has been, it always will be. Much destructive evil has preceded every constructive good. The steam loom was hard on the hand spinners. But do you want to go back to home-spun? The civilization of Morocco will be hard on the Moors. It may mean their extinction. What does the trickery of the European diplomats matter? What does the bombardment of half a dozen Casa Blancas matter?"

"You admit these things you denied a minute ago?"

"No. I know nothing about them. They may be true or not. But I say they are fly-specks—infinitesimal compared to the dream of a regenerated, civilized Morocco."

"Do you want your readers to have a true understanding of the Moroccan question? Show them, on one side, immense natural resources going to waste because the Moors are utterly incapable of developing them, fanatically unwilling that others should develop them. On the other side, show them France—standing for progressive civilization—saying that Morocco does not belong to the Moors, but to the world, to generations, yet unborn. It is their duty to spread civilization. The end is humanitarian in the largest sense. There may be ugly necessities in the accomplishment of this great work for the race. But the end is the important thing."

"The French people have a duty to humanity. They will perform it as humanely as possible, but they will perform it. It is costing them much sacrifice in blood and gold. They should be honored for the great part they are playing. Their Moroccan policy is a noble act of disinterested patriotism to the race idea of civilization."

"That is very eloquent," I said. "But is it true?"

"Why, what do you mean? Of course it is true!"

"No. It does not look true to me: In the first place, the French people as a whole do not give a snap of the finger for Morocco. Take the bulk of the nation—the peasants. If they think about Morocco at all, it is to hope that the war charges will not fall so heavily on them as they did in the acquisition of Algeria and Indo-China; to hope that relatively few of their children will be killed in the campaign. The industrial class is violently opposed to 'the Moroccan Policy' of the government. The elements of French society which are pushing the government into this adventure are very few and small—and anything but disinterested. There is not one in a hundred thousand who dreams this oratorical dream of yours. Ambitious army officers see in a Moroccan campaign a chance for decorations and promotions. The underpaid bureaucratic officials foresee in a future colony of Morocco many fat administrative positions—like those they now enjoy in Algeria. The diplomats dream of a North African Empire—Napoleon's old dream of turning the Mediterranean into a French lake. But the really powerful element, the predominating element, are the capitalists who look hungrily at all the neglected wealth. They dream dreams but not your dream of racial progress. They dream of a rich mine in a country where there are no unions, and where labor costs less than a franc a day. No. The motives which push France into such atrocities as the massacre at Casa Blanca are not visions of a glorious advance of civilization, but vulgar, selfish greed—greed for decorations, greed for money, but greed."

Once more Asmassian shrugged his shoulders and admitted my contention.

"But that does not affect the result. I am as little interested in motives as I am in means. The result will benefit the race. The men who invented the steam loom, of which I spoke a minute ago, did not do it that you or I might dress cheaply in fine clothes, but to make themselves rich. We enjoy the benefit—wear better clothes than our fathers—and what does it matter to us that this invention means suffering, starvation, to the hand-spinners? What does it matter that the motive back of it was greed for wealth? And our great-grandchildren who live in or off of a progressive Morocco will worry no

more over the fact that the men of our day who civilized the country were selfish and brutal. Call the French diplomats who tricked 'Abd ul-Aziz treacherous Judases, if you will. But remember that without Judas there would have been no Christianity. Call them Roman butchers; but without the Romans and their Cross, where would our scheme of salvation be?"

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. I am an Armenian."

I could not think of anything more to say for a moment, and was just preparing to leave, when Asmassian suddenly pulled my coat sleeve and pointed up the street.

"Look!" he said. "Here comes Madame du Place!"

The narrow street was crowded with overladen asses, half-nude negroes from the Sudan, white-robed usemas, Jews in their greasy black skull-caps and gorgeous kaftans, peasant women with great osier baskets of garden products, appallingly distorted beggars. And coming down through this Oriental phantasmagoria, dominating it all, was a Frenchwoman—a Parisienne. She might have passed unnoticed on one of the Grand Boulevards, but here she stood out by contrast, compelling attention. I do not think she was very pretty, but she was so well gowned, so utterly European, that she certainly looked attractive. To one who had lived long in so out-of-the-way a place as Tangier she would be wonderfully seductive. The rakish angle of her hat, the cosmetics on her face, indicated that such was her profession. She held her skirts high as she tripped down the muddy street. Women bare-legged to the knee were passing on all sides, but the fine silk hosiery over her dainty ankles was quite another thing. She nodded to Asmassian in a way of easy-going good-fellowship.

"Who is she?" I asked.

Somehow the oiliness on Asmassian's face became more evident, his little pig eyes drew into his face, and the leer on his lips became accentuated.

"Madame du Place. Ah, she is the queen of them all! Witty, intelligent, *charmante!* Why is she here? Who knows? Perhaps some trouble at home. She has a villa up on the Marshan. I'll take you up to see her some night. I know her well. When shall it be? How about tomorrow night?"

Quite suddenly I remembered that I had disliked this man at first sight. So, parrying his invitation to meet Madame du Place, and thanking him hurriedly for his hospitality, I left.

That night I dined with an English family on the Marshan. When I arrived, my host, a man to whom I was already indebted for many courtesies took me aside into his study.

"You have been indiscreet," he said. "Look at this. It came half an hour ago. Some hundred people are discussing it by now."

It was a note from a prominent Moor to whom my host had introduced me. It was laconic. "Has your American friend sold out? He spent the afternoon in Asmassian's shop?"

"Who in thunder is Asmassian?" I asked in bewilderment.

"He is known to be chief of the French Secret Service here."

"And Madame du Place?" I asked.

My host, who seemed to have considered the matter as a joke so far, suddenly became serious.

"My word! You haven't mixed up with her, have you?"

"No," I said, "but Asmassian trotted her out for my inspection and offered to introduce me."

My host gave a sketch of the lady. She had first come into prominence by ruining the career of a young English attache at St. Petersburg. After a year or two of seclusion she had given a serious fall to a distinguished old Austrian diplomat at Constantinople. This exploit put every chancellery in Europe on its guard. She lived some time in Paris, but was too well known to be of much use to the Foreign Office. So they had sent her down to Tangier, where she had served France and the Cause of Civilization as the mistress of the unfortunate El-Rogi.

"But," I gasped, "even if all this fantastic story is true, why should the French Government set these people on my trail? Why, oh why, should a lady who has stalked such big game waste her time on a mere journalist?"

"Madame du Place, if you make friends with her," my host said, "will doubtless help you to write your articles. She is clever enough. And if she recommended it, the government would certainly give you the Legion of Honor. Public opinion in a time like this is very valuable."

The only way in which I could rid myself of Asmassian's solicitations was by changing my cafe. They used more chicory in the dingy little Cafe du Commerce, but there I found more of the people to whom my English friend had introduced me.



The great Siberian Trakt over which one million political exiles trudged to Siberia.



# Responsibility for Russia's Crime

By Edgar White Burrill

**T**HAT the Russian government admits its responsibility for the crimes of the present administration can be abundantly proved. Again and again when pressure has been brought to bear upon particularly brutal officials, their cases have been either dismissed "for lack of evidence," or else they have been nominally reprimanded and suspended for a week

or two. In one of the prisons a mere boy of fourteen was beaten on the head till he became senseless, and then dragged about the cell, the warders playing football with his defenseless body. There was absolutely no cause for this treatment, the boy and his companion having just been brought from another prison. When one of the other young captives, who were compelled to witness this from an adjacent cell, attempted to remonstrate, fearing the lad would be killed, the chief warder replied, "We have been given a free hand, do you understand? We will go scott-free. If I choose I can shoot you like a dog...." The name of the man who said this is Levitsky, and his statement is important in corroborating the affirmation that the government itself backs up this sort of thing.

It was Colonel Tichanowsky who issued, at the slaughter of suspected revolutionaries at Siedlice, the order that certain hostages held in the prison should be shot by a guard who was to feign insanity, or else they were to be killed by having arsenic put into their food; and then he remarked, in justification of this order, "we must set against the terrorism of the revolution a still more frightful terrorism." An article from the Moscow *Viedomosti*, the organ of the reactionary party, fairly represents the attitude of the whole misgoverning class:

The population of Russia amounts to some 150,000,000 souls. But in the revolution not more than 1,000,000 are inclined to take any active part. Were these 1,000,000 men and women shot down or massacred, there would still remain 149,000,000 inhabitants of Russia, and this would be quite sufficient to insure the greatness and prosperity of the fatherland.

### Policy of Extermination.

It is upon this principle that the repression methods proceed. But most conclusive of all proof as to official complicity and government connivance in such brutalities was Prince Urusoff's world-famous speech to the Duma, which it is not necessary to reproduce here. And, finally, when M. Kurloff, the governor of Minsk, was told of the imprisonment of many innocent people in his town, he answered, "perhaps there are innocent people in prison. But when once they are in prison they must not be let out." Think of an American mayor giving such a reason for keeping men in jail! It was this same celebrity who, after the granting of the manifesto, surrounded a meeting of citizens with troops, and ordered the latter to shoot down the people as they left the hall. Hundreds were shot down and Kurloff was afterwards promoted to the chief directorship of all the prisons in Russia, and in 1909 became assistant Minister of the Interior, under Stolypin.

Is it not terrific irony that all this persecution should follow the specific promise of the government for better days? It had been solemnly and officially declared in October, 1905, that the nation would henceforth have the right to express its wishes and to exercise legislative power through representatives, and that the policy of the government would be a liberal policy. To use the very

words of the Czar's manifesto, "The population is to be given the inviolable foundation of civil rights, based on the actual inviolability of the person, and freedom of belief, of speech, of organization, and meeting."

This was clearly and unequivocally guaranteeing the people freedom; yet every one who, filled with new hopes and new aspirations, and above all, with a new faith in the government, tried to realize this principle of freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of association, or freedom of public assembly, has been treated as a rebel, guilty of high treason. Not only has this persecution included the representatives of the several advanced parties, but even the most moderate party, the Octobrists, who take their stand on the letter of the manifesto itself, even these men are called preachers of treasonable doctrines.

No one is immune from the unheard-of "right" of execution without trial; official mob-rule has usurped even the martial law which almost universally prevails throughout the empire. Publishers of books, which were issued in those years by the hundreds and which at that time were held to have satisfied the rules of censorship, are now being arrested by the score. Organizers of meetings, and speakers who were expressing ideas absolutely in accordance with the new constitution and who were merely stimulating interest in public life are now prosecuted as "revolutionists"

### The Manifesto a Trap.

So far, indeed, has the government pushed its terrorizing campaign that all liberal-minded men in Russia, however moderate their opinions and however peaceful their lives, will in time be arraigned before the military and "exceptional" courts. No one, in fact, who took the words of the Imperial manifesto in their proper sense, and acted at all in conformity with these words, believing the nation to have been really granted some political rights at last, is safe today. If a "revolutionist" is one who opposes his own government, then it is estimated that probably ninety per cent of the people of Russia have now become revolutionists.

So far, according to the figures of Deputy Tcheidze, given before the Duma on March 7, 1909: 237 ex-deputies of the Duma itself, or about half of the chosen representatives of the Russian people have been condemned to various terms of imprisonment. Eighteen have been sent to the Siberian mines; ten others are in hiding, one priest excommunicated, and one member, most prominent, Prof. Hertenstein, foully and officially murdered. In addition to this, 406 editors of periodicals have been condemned to prison fortress and penal servitude; 418 fines have been imposed upon publishers of newspapers for printing facts; and 1,085 periodicals have been wholly suppressed. Truly, as the deputy himself concludes, "Civic freedom in Russia is now confined to the hangman alone, and executions have become an everyday incident." Furthermore, anyone who expresses such views as this or who in any way speaks in favor of an accused person does so at the risk of being dragged some day to prison himself, and thence before a pitiless court martial. There are scores of thousands of such people, not yet arrested who are living in perpetual fear.

In short, the avowed policy of this imperial misrule, under the leadership of the pitiless and crafty M. Stolypin, has been for the last three years simply to wreak vengeance upon all those who, acting according to the Czar's specific permission in the 1905 manifesto, took any part in the people's campaign

for liberty. This abrogation of the Czar's decree of liberty and his own despotic nullification of this permission is quite in accord with his empty speech from the throne, when he told the first Duma that it was "the right given him by the divine authority which prompted him to call upon the representatives of the people to aid him in legislative work," when all the time he knew, and they knew, that it was the national revolution which forced the Duma upon him, the same revolution which had forced the manifesto from his reluctant lips. At the very moment of this throne speech, given before an earnest audience of real men, St. Petersburg was filled with special troops to whom secret orders had been issued to shoot indiscriminately, without warning, upon the slightest provocation. The Semenovskiy regiment, which had so cruelly put down the Moscow insurrection, was quartered in barracks adjoining the Duma building.

### The Mockery of a Duma.

This is a typical example of Nicholas II's double-faced attempts to prove his good faith with the people. Shortly afterwards, only a day or two in fact, he absolutely refused to receive the ringing appeal of the deputies for justice and straight-forward dealing. The government's attitude toward the Duma from that time on has been one of contempt and scorn, insulting to the members and obstructive to every measure presented. Such is the record of the degenerate despot who is often represented to be so keenly sympathetic with his tortured people.

But strongest of all arguments in fixing responsibility for Russia's national crime upon the inaugurators of the "repressive" policy are the official statistics themselves. In 1906 alone, estimates the government, more than 36,000 people were killed and wounded; for part of that year the political arrests aggregated 25,000 per month.

And now, again, upon the heels of this bitter persecution, comes the annual famine, affecting approximately 30,000,000 souls. This could easily be averted by an economic administration; but the officials are too busily engaged in perpetuating their political power to bother with the conditions of the poor peasants. Russia's cup of bitterness is indeed full to overflowing.

### A Dream of Tomorrow

BY LEE F. HEACOCK

(A Greeting to the Socialist Party of the United States.)

I see a land with plenty blest,  
Where human hosts in love abide,  
Where class-begotten wounds are drest,  
Where none is rid, where all may ride,  
Where Labor stands erect and free—  
Where Thou art Thee and I am Me!  
I see a land where murderous Mars  
Yields, captive, to the toddling tot.  
I see a land where bolts and bars  
Are curious things, and Force forgot;  
Where school-rod Hatred claims no fee  
Where Thou art Thee and I am Me!  
I see a land where human kind  
Have ceased to feed upon their young,  
Where from the sick, the halt, the blind,  
No blood-cursed profit may be wrung;  
Where none, to live, must bow the knee—  
Where Thou art Thee and I am Me!  
Twice twenty thousand men have sworn  
That from the monster, bloody Gain,  
The hoary scepter shall be torn,  
And all its progeny be slain,  
America! 'Tis Thou shalt be,  
The Land which in my dreams I see.



## In the North Woods.

(Continued from page 4.)

tion dawned, he knew that fate had cast him to the periphery of that evil web at the center of which he had, three weeks before, sat dully acquiescing in a vinous stupor while his compeers plotted.

And realizing, he groaned in very real and rack-ing anguish. Mentally he cursed the woods, the hills, the whole state, most of all this implacable huge woodsman who, unknowingly his tool and puppet, had now become his master. Who now was going to force him to take active part in what, before, had been no more a thing of actuality than the memory of a dream.

"Damn Maine!" he thought. "Twice I've been in it, and both times got mired! Ten years ago, that miserable affair with What's-her-name, that country wench! And now—this. If I ever get out of here, may I be blasted to eternity if I cross the boundary of this state again as long as I live!"

Sharply he was recalled to himself by Jim's big hand upon his shoulder.

"What's struck ye, hey?" the woodsman queried. "Come out of it! We got work t' do, this mornin', an' no time to stand here loafin' like this. Buck up, now, man! Git busy an' unpack them catridges, savvy? I'll git the fuses an' percussion-caps all ready. Come! Go at it!"

### CHAPTER VII.—Jim's Renunciation.

HE capitalist answered not, a moment. Then, still as in a dream, he drew from his inside coat pocket a bill-fold of sodden alligator-skin and opened it.

While Jim watched him with slow wonder, he took out his check-book. Warily he sat down on the edge of the platform.

"Say—" Jim began, but the other only raised a silencing hand.

"See here, my good man," he spoke at last, in a strange and shaking voice. "I see I've got to have a talk with you. Got to explain things. I know you'll be reasonable and not push me too hard."

"Huh?"

"How it's all happened I don't know. But fate has played a scurvy trick on me. I've got to get out of it, some way. Here, look at this."

He opened the check-book. The woodsman, squinted by reason of the sun, saw there a figure entered which surpassed his comprehension.

"Wheoooo!" he whistled.

Even at that critical moment vaguely proud of his possessions, the other nodded.

"Now look here," said he in a wheedling tone. "Suppose on the one hand, I ask you to drop this business for a while and to take me out to civilization, and I sign a blank check for you, so that you can fill in any amount you want to—"

"Hold on thar!" Jim interrupted angrily.

"—And suppose, on the other hand," continued the capitalist, "That is you *don't* take me out I take your job away from you, and have you blacklisted, and—"

"What?"

"And all that sort of thing, you understand, why—"

"T! Hell you say!" Jim cried. "Why, who the devil be you, anyhow? How kin you—?"

"Look!" answered the other.

He extracted a discolored, water-soaked card from the bill-fold and presented it. Jim read: Hollis Vanderpoel Saltonstall, 2d vice-president and director, Consolidated Paper company.

One moment the woodsman stood there, blinking, failing to understand, groping like a man in a dream who seeks to find some vague elusive clew to his impressions.

Then, like a cloud-burst, comprehension overwhelmed him.

As a lightning-flash pierces black clouds, so the memory of this man's hated name—the name of him who years before had wanted under lying promises with the virtue of the young girl who had since become Jim's wife—burned through his understanding.

And, with a beast-like cry, crouching, his face livid, he made as though to leap upon the startled wretch.

He seemed to hear the voice of Superintendent Preble, back at Seboois: "Dead men tell no tales!" If ever in his eight-and-thirty years black and stinging temptation had assailed him, that was the moment.

Saltonstall, fascinated with a sudden, crawling horror, understanding nothing save fear, shrank before that blasting face. He retreated backward from this terrible man, who was now advancing on him with gripping claws.

Jim, past the ability even to curse him, roared like a bull. Across his eyes a red mist seemed to

veil itself. Froth appeared on his lips, which, drawn back, showed the strong and yellow teeth.

Before he grappled, Saltonstall turned. With a sobbing cry he leaped into the bush. Unmindful of the rending thorns he flung madly through the tangle, toward the wharf.

But Jim was now upon him.

As a hawk snatches its prey, so the woodsman caught him, wrenched him back and whirled him, crashing, to earth. Over the fallen man he stood, face demoniacal with frenzy, fists knotted, eyes blazing.

Saltonstall, even in that supreme crisis clutching his crumpled check-book, grovelled among the thickets. Covering his head with both frail arms he waited the rain of blows which should dash from his trembling body the last poor remnants of breath that terror had left there.

But Jim did not strike.

"No, by Gawd!" he gasped, sinking his nails into his palms with the agony of renunciation. No! . . . No! . . . I kain't! Tarnation fool that I be, I kain't do it, so help me! He's down—I ain't never struck a—man what's down—no use—!

"Git up, you!" he bellowed at the shrinking form. "Git up, I tell ye!"

And, as Saltonstall obeyed him not, but only raised an outcry all compounded of promises and supplications, Jim with a grimace of disgust reached down. He seized the man by the thin shoulder and hauled him to his feet.

Saltonstall promptly collapsed again, and fell.

"Damn you, stand up, I tell ye!" Jim roared. The second time, his face blazing with inhuman rage, he twitched Saltonstall to a standing posture and flung him against a tree-trunk, while the dog yelped with excitement.

"Now, you stay thar!" cried Jim, holding him in position as you might hold a puppet. "I've got ye at last—the man that got 'round my Luella!"

The millionaire only crouched against the tree, seeking to shield himself with shaking hands. He understood. He sickened with terror.

Jim seized those hands and dashed them down.

"Don't—don't!" whimpered Saltonstall. "Please don't! I'll give—!"

"Shet up!" Jim shouted. The other made as though to slide imploringly to his knees; but Jim still held him with his left hand. The right fist, bony and massive, he shoved almost into Saltonstall's face.

"See that?" he cried savagely. "That's what I been a-savin' fer you—ef I ever found ye—Lord knows how long! An' now I *have* found ye—ain't a-goin' fer to use it—no! So you kin rest easy on that score you skunk. An' may Gawd fergive me fer bein' a perfect 'tarnal idjit!"

"You—you aren't going to k-k-kill me?" sniffled the millionaire, suddenly relieved yet horribly fear-shaken yet. "You wouldn't murder an unarmed, defenseless man?"

"Man? Since when was you a man, I'd like fer t' know?" cried Jim. He wrenched the draggled check-book from Saltonstall's feeble grasp and in huge fingers tore it clean in two. The pieces he flung to earth. "That's whar all your manhood is!" he spat. "Right in that damned book o' yourn—no place else, savvy? Arrrh! Your carrion!"

## The Death of Karl Marx

BY EMANUEL JULIUS.



HE capitalist press reveals the point of view of the ruling class at any given time. If we look through it at any event it has chronicled in the past we get an idea, not only of the event itself, but of the attitude of the social rul-

at the time.

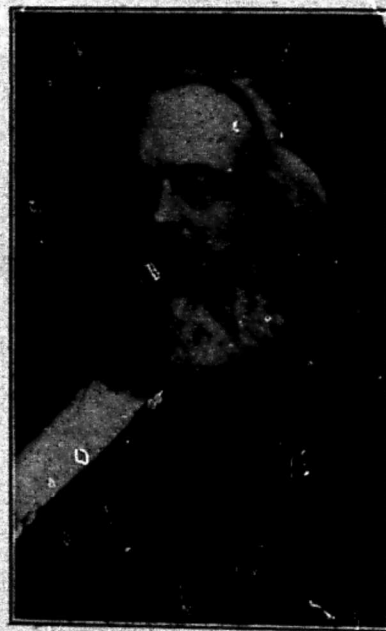
The way in which the New York papers reported the death of Karl Marx, which took place on March 14, 1883, brings out sharply the attitude held at that time toward the Socialist movement.

It also shows how much more imperfect were the news gathering facilities in those days since it was not until the sixteenth that the *New York Tribune* printed this brief sentence in its editorial column:

It is rumored that Karl Marx is dead.

And the next day this was confirmed by a short dispatch reading as follows:

London, March 16.—A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram company, dated Paris, 5:50 o'clock this morning, says Karl Marx, the founder of the International Workingman's association, died yesterday at Argenteuil. Dr. Frederick Engel, an intimate friend of Karl Marx, says that Herr Marx died in London near Regent's park. Dr. Engel was present at the time of his death, which was caused by bronchitis, abscess of the lungs and internal



bleeding. He died without pain. In respect to the wishes of Herr Marx, who always avoided demonstration, his family has decided that the funeral shall be private. About eighteen persons will be present, including a few friends who are coming from the continent. The place of interment has not been announced. Dr. Engel will probably speak at the grave. There will be no religious ceremony.

This was followed by a biographical sketch giving the principal events of Marx's life. On this same day the *New York Herald* gives the first description of the effects which the news of his death produced upon the American Socialists:

The announcement of the death of Karl Marx was received yesterday with general grief by the Socialists of this city. His labors in the past to further the movement had not been forgotten and his revolutionary career in Germany and France; the founding of the International Workingman's association, whose object was the overthrow of monarchial and imperial rule and the establishment of republics, as well as his published works were of sufficient importance to call for speedy action. A call was issued by the delegates of various trade organizations, inviting sympathizers to assemble next Monday morning in Cooper Institute to listen to speeches in honor of the memory of the dead leader.

The *Sun* in its issue of March 20th, gives a complete report of the mass meeting with a display headline, "Thousands turned away from the doors of the Cooper Union."

This report says:

If the great hall of Cooper Union had been twice as

"Now, now, just—"

"Cut that out! I'm talkin'! Fer years an' years I ben hopin' and prayin' to find ye, an' have it out. I don't believe in shootin', ner knives. Fists is good enough fer me. I hoped, when I *did* run onto you, ye'd be some sort o' feller as 'd be able to stand up again me an' settle it proper. Ef you could only gimme half a fight, by Gawd, you'd git it! But—!" Jim's pause spoke more eloquently than a thousand words.

His fingers twitched eagerly, and the blood-lust mounted in his eyes again. Saltonstall shrank.

"Remember your promise!" he whimpered. "You—you said you'd get me out of this. I'll pay—"

"Damn you, ye *won't!*" burst out Jim. "Ain't a spot in you as big's a pin-head but what's rotten plumb through an' through. Think I'd take yer dirty dollars? What you've sweat an' squeezed outa the like of me? What you've heaped up by havin' men like me lose their hands an' arms an' lives in yer damned mills—havin' 'em rot their lungs out in yer Hell-hole sulphide-rooms! Take sech money, an' from you? Not much!"

"Nary soul on earth w'd know it ef I strangled ye with my two han's an' left ye in some bog-hole, same's you left yer pardner, thar, when danger come. No, ner Gawd A'mighty wouldn't do a thing but thank me fer squarin' my wife's wrong, fer rididin' the world of a varmint like you. But never ye fear. You're safe, with me. I got good use fer you, still, ef it costs me the last job o' work ever I git in this mortal world. I won't dirty my hans with you. Thank heaven I ain't down t' your level yit, no, ner never will be!"

Jim paused, catching his breath.

Probably in his whole life he never had made so long a speech. He stood there in front of the cringing millionaire, burning with passion, yet restrained. Saltonstall could not meet his eyes, but hung a timorous head. He felt no other sentiment than fear; not any shame or regret or gratitude—nothing but anxiety at the woodsman's mysterious threat, tempered with relief at the assurance that no bodily harm should befall him.

Confused thoughts flashed through his brain. Even a picture came to him of his luxurious club, on Thirty-fourth street. He could almost glimpse the wonder and admiration which this strange adventure, properly colored and with certain features well eliterated, would provoke among his boon companions of the *beau monde*, to the accompaniment of costly smoke and rare liqueurs. Then, with swelling exultation, came the thought of vengeance. Some day, soon, he could chastise this rebellious slave of his powerful corporation. Ah! But that vengeance would be complete. Sweeter than the honey of Mymettus it would be!

Jim's voice dispelled his visions.

"Come along now, you!" the woodsman commanded. "I kain't waste all day on a pole-cat like you. I've got work to do—work, damned dirty work, too, that I ben set to by your gang. I'd carry it through, now, if Hell cracked tryin' to stop me. You're goin' to take a hand in it, yourself. To 'larn somethin', this day, you've never knowed before. You're goin' to see the workin's o' your own game—the real thing, savvy? For once, I'm boss. Mush along, now, 'fore I show ye how!"

(To be Continued.)



large as it is, it could not have held the vast throng of workmen who gathered last evening to do honor to the memory of Dr. Karl Marx. Long before the hour set for the meeting every seat was taken, and hundreds stood at the door. They went away only when they saw there was no hope of getting within earshot of the speakers. The audience was composed of people of all trades, from all lands—Americans, Germans, Russians, Italians, Bohemians and French. There were many ladies present. On the platform were many men prominent in such meetings. At the back of the platform was a large crayon portrait of Karl Marx, framed in evergreens, with black and white bands, and a wreath of immortelles above it. Above all were the words in large black letters, "Vive L' Internationale." On each side were red flags and flags bearing mottoes. Two of these read: "Our object, re-organization of society, independent of priest, king, capitalist, or loafer." "Abolish war by organizing labor."

The meeting was called to order by Thomas Maguire, who said:

We have met here for no purposes of hero worship. It is not Karl Marx so much as the work he has done, the virtues he has displayed, that we honor.

After songs by the Socialistische Liedertafel and an English singing society, Victor Drury spoke and various communications were received from other cities and individuals unable to be present. The most significant of these is one from Henry George, which, so far as I know, is here printed for the first time in any Socialist publication and is especially interesting as showing the attitude of the great single taxer toward the founder of international Socialism. Henry George's letter reads as follows:

I am unable to accept the invitation of your committee to address the meeting at Cooper Institute, but I desire to express my deep respect for a man whose life was devoted to efforts for the improvement of social conditions.

I never had the good fortune to meet Karl Marx, nor have I been able to read his works, which are untranslated into English. I am consequently, incompetent to speak with precision of his views. As I understand them, there are several important points on which I differ from them. But no difference of opinion can lessen the esteem which I feel for the man who so steadfastly, so patiently, and so self-sacrificingly labored for the freedom of the oppressed and the elevation of the down-trodden.

He was the founder of the International—the first attempt to unite in a "holy alliance of the people" the workmen of all countries; he taught the solidarity of labor, the brotherhood of man, and wherever his influence has reached it has tended to destroy those prejudices of nation and race which have been in all ages the most efficient means by which tyranny has been established and maintained. For this I honor Karl Marx.

And I honor Karl Marx because he saw and taught

that the road to social regeneration lies not through destruction and anarchy, but through the promulgation of ideas and the education of the people. He realized that the enslavement of the masses is everywhere due to their ignorance, and realizing this, he set himself to work to master and to point out the social and economic laws without the recognition of which all effort for social improvement is but a blind and fruitless struggle.

The following message to Dr. Frederick Engels, London, the bosom friend and companion of Karl Marx, was read and adopted:

The proletarians of New York, assembled in Cooper Institute, honor the memory of their immortal Karl Marx. Proletarians of all countries, unite!

Mr. S. S. Schevitch, editor of the *Volks-Zeitung*, speaking in English, said:

This is the greatest international memorial festival which I ever saw in my life, and it is to honor a man like Karl Marx who belongs, not to one nation or one hemisphere, but truly to all men who live upon this earth. This meeting is a proof that the laboring population of New York city feel what a man Karl Marx was. Though perhaps thousands of them have not read his works, thousands of them embody his ideas and are ready to live, struggle and die for them. I was born in Russia, and am to speak in that tongue to those of my fellow countrymen who do not speak English. I will say to American students that the Russian people, students, youths, have been among the first to acknowledge the noble ideas of Karl Marx. His ideas are in all Russian universities, in all Russian villages, in all those dark dungeons in which the Russian government buries those who strive to struggle for freedom in Russia.

Having concluded his speech in English Mr. Schevitch then spoke in Russian, followed by Joseph Bunata in Bohemian, Chairman Maguire in English, Mr. Millot in French, and John Millio in German, after which the following resolutions were adopted:

The world of labor is plunged in sorrow. Its most powerful thinker, its noblest hero, Karl Marx, is no more. His life and the entire power of his great intellect have for thirty years been devoted to the cause of the laboring people. In the field of social-economic science he was the first to prove by statistical facts and by reasoning based upon universally recognized principles of political economy that capitalistic production must necessarily lead to the monopolizing and concentrating of all industry into the hands of a few, and thus, by robbing the working class of the fruits of their toil, to reduce them to absolute slavery and degradation. In the field of the practical struggle against the despotic rule of capitalism Marx was also the first to disseminate among the masses in all countries the idea of the *solidarity of interests of all workmen*, and by founding the international Workingmen's association gave to this idea its first and most complete embodiment. He it was who by formulating the constitution and declaration of principles of the International Workingmen's association,

laid the foundation for the modern progressive labor movement that is overpowering both hemispheres. He it was who first conceived and proclaimed the practical aim and object of this movement—the solution of the social problem of our time; *public ownership of the land and the means of labor*.

What the man of thought and action, Karl Marx, accomplished will remain imperishable in history. Equally great as the man of ideas and the man of action, true and firm, his name will remain immortal while a single human heart beats for justice and liberty. Upon these considerations, and in view of the fact that at this moment millions of people are overwhelmed by the same sentiments, we, men and women of all nationalities, citizens and toilers, in mass meeting assembled, declare:

First. In common with the workers and the disinherited, with the true friends of liberty of all countries, we deplore the death of our great thinker and champion, Karl Marx, as a grievous and irreparable loss to the cause of labor and freedom.

Second. We pledge ourselves to keep his name and his works ever in remembrance, and to do our utmost for the dissemination of the ideas given by him to the world.

Third. We promise, in honor of the memory of our great departed, to dedicate our lives to the cause of which he was the pioneer, the struggle in which he left so noble a record, and never at any moment to forget his grand appeal: *Workmen of the world; unite!*

Music on the organ and a chorus by the Liedertafel ended the meeting.

The *New York Tribune*, however, reports the following:

Mr. Swinton related the experience of an afternoon spent with Herr Marx in August, 1880, drew some lessons from his life, and closed his address with the following words:

"In losing him from among us how great is the loss. Comrades everywhere join with us in lamentation. In many of the workshops of our country eyes are moistened by the news of his death. In the workshops of all the many-tongued nations of Europe there is grief that a light-bearer has fallen. Hundreds of young students in many lands are touched with regret for the loss of a master. His moral offspring, now prisoners for truth in Germany, Austria, Russia, Spain and Italy, are bewailing his loss. Tears are shed for it in the wastes of Siberia. But, though dead, he yet liveth—liveth in the heart of mankind, in the spirit that broods over the earth and in the everlasting principles proclaimed by him, under which we wait for the world's renovation. Stay with us, mighty shade! And yet farewell, dear friend, farewell."

# The Prune Pickers of California

BY H. A. CRAFTS



**S**TARTING at the southern extremity of San Francisco Bay, and stretching away to the south for fifty miles between two ranges of mountains is the beautiful Santa Clara valley. In the one hundred and twenty-five square miles of that valley are growing more than seven million fruit trees, embracing almost every variety known to commerce.

Beginning in February, when the almond trees are the first to put out their rich, yet delicate pink blossoms, this valley is for months a changing picture painted in most brilliant colors upon a gigantic canvass. Since the prune tree predominates, the season in which it is decked with blossoms causes the Valley to appear suffused in great stretches of gently tinted masses of delicate white. For between these two mountain ranges more than half of the 200,000,000 pounds of prunes that go each year to make up the "poor man's dessert," are raised.

To pick, cure and pack these countless millions of prunes requires a great army of workers. We speak of picking, but the prunes are not gathered from the trees as are other fruits. They are allowed to hang until they have drawn the last possible atom of sugar from earth and air and drop to the ground.

This stage is reached in August and it is then that the pickers come. A process of competitive selection has decided that this shall be done by Japs, Chinese and white women and children. The mothers take their whole broods of children into the orchards, and by exploiting the strength of all are able at times to obtain wages that seem very large to them, when the costs in blighted childhood are not considered.

The pressure of competition upon the prune grower from above and the pressure of poverty and unemployment upon the workers from below are the upper and nether millstones that are grinding out an ever greater grist of child workers in this industry.

The prunes are gathered up from the ground into sixteen quart pails, which must be carried and dumped into boxes holding about fifty pounds each. Wagons then carry the filled boxes to the drying grounds, where the fruit is poured out into shallow trays about three by six feet in area. Here they are left for the sun to do the drying.

Since prune picking comes during the rainless



PRUNE ORCHARD IN BLOOM

season, such work appears at first sight like a pleasant general picnic. But the hard toil through long hours soon drives out all the element of pleasure and leaves the little bodies aching and injured from overexertion.

Each year the pressure from both directions increases and tends more and more to shift all the work to the shoulders of women and children. The Japs have shown signs of resistance to the exactions of the employers, and the "cheap Oriental labor" is being driven out by the mothers and young children of the working class of California.

That the competition may be still fiercer, and the lash of necessity be more effective in driving these weakest members of society to greater exertions, the demand is being made that the school sessions be shortened and adjusted so that there may be more children "free" to compete for the work of

prune picking. At the present time the school sessions begin about the tenth of August. The prune growers are now making a concerted demand that the vacation be extended until the end of the prune harvest. The capitalist newspapers are supporting the movement to this end and circulars are being sent out in such liberal quantities as to indicate that however short may be the funds for wages there is no lack of money for this purpose. With a grim irony the advocates of this measure are asking the assistance of the Asiatic Exclusion League, as a means to combat Asiatic labor. If the children of the whites can be made to work cheaper than the grown men of the Orient, then the latter will not come to the "land of opportunity."

Before the sacred name of profits even the "babes and sucklings" must bow down.



## THE COMING NATION

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J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.EDITORS.  
A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

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## What's Coming Next Week

The next issue of the COMING NATION will contain a one-act play by Peyton Boswell, entitled "Steel." This is the play that was stopped at Gary, Ind., by the steel trust and was afterwards presented in several theaters in Chicago. It is based upon the statement of many of the employes of the steel company that persons injured by accidents, who are sent to a steel trust hospital, die mysteriously whenever such a death would protect the company from damage suits. With tremendous power this hideous phase of capitalism is made the center of a tremendously dramatic incident. Arrangements have been made with the author by which permission is given to Socialist organizations to reproduce this play. It will not, however, be published anywhere else and if you want to see it, you must order extra copies of this number. Incidentally, it is a tremendous propaganda document and it would be a good idea to have a few copies sent to some of your friends.

There will also be a splendid fiction story, entitled "The Second Death of Her First Husband," by Albert Edwards. The author is one of the best known magazine writers and his work is constantly appearing in the *Outlook* and other well-known capitalist magazines.

There have been all manner of stories—most of them false—carefully circulated about the attitude of San Francisco labor in the years since the earthquake. H. A. Crafts will tell the true story of the rebuilding of San Francisco by union labor. It is accompanied with splendid photographs.

Switzerland has become known as the country in which reform democracy has carried out its program in full. Unfortunately, this is almost the only country in the world in which this democratization of government has not been accompanied by a strong working class movement. The consequence of this separation is told by Grace Potter in "Impressions of Italian-Switzerland." She illustrates her story with a large number of photographs taken on the spot, and tells many facts that are never mentioned in the accounts of orthodox travelers.

## Durand Liberated

An attempt to swear away the life of a labor leader, innocent of crime, has been frustrated in France by vigorous Socialist and labor agitation. Witnesses hired by the Trans-Atlantic company gave testimony that Durand, secretary of a trade union at Havre, was guilty of the assassination of a blackleg. He was condemned to death on this evidence.

Socialists and Trade Unionists, when it was discovered that Durand had been condemned on false evidence began a campaign of strenuous agitation for his release. Public indignation was high and *L'Humanite* appeared week after week with vigorous denunciation of the verdict, and strenuous appeals for justice.

These efforts were finally rewarded by the release of Durand after five months of imprisonment. Parallels have been drawn between this case and the Dreyfus affair.

## Why the Troops Were Sent

BY A. M. SIMONS

The entire regular army of the United States has been rushed to the Mexican frontier.

At first a fairy story was given to the press that this was purely a practice movement. Then the real explanation came out in a statement issued by the representative of the Associated Press from the special train on which President Taft is traveling. This statement says:

All doubt as to the purpose of the government in sending twenty thousand troops to the Mexican border has at last been swept away. The United States has determined that the revolution in the republic to the south must end. The American troops have been sent to form a solid military wall along the Rio Grande to stop filibustering, and to see that there is no further smuggling of arms and men across the international boundary.

The Washington government unexpectedly found itself confronted by the necessity of throwing an army along the border line of Mexico to stop the source of supply to the revolutionists, and to be in a position to invade Mexico at a moment's notice in the event of the death of President Diaz or any other untoward circumstance which might precipitate general fighting or rioting.

The situation in Lower California is said to have caused more concern to the United States than at any other point. It was reported that the revolutionists were exceptionally strong there and threatened to set up a government independent of either that of Diaz or of the revolutionists to the east. A revolutionary government there would be a source of constant worry.

The day before the order for the army was issued the insurrectos were about to take Chihuahua and Jaurez and set up a provincial government. In Lower California the two hundred men, of which J. Kenneth Turner spoke in his article in last week's COMING NATION, were permitted to go through the United States to purchase arms and supplies at Yuma as was feared, but when they reached the insurrectos they were promptly captured and disarmed.

In other words, the American Army is sent to the front to keep Diaz upon a crumbling throne, to maintain peonage throughout Mexico and the brutal slavery of Yucatan that profits may flow to American owners of Mexican bonds and industrial stocks.

## The May Day Number

Don't forget that big May Day number that is coming. The cartoon by Walter Crane is on hand and it is a most striking and beautiful drawing.

Berton Braley has written a poem that will be clipped and quoted by Socialists for years to come.

Reports from European correspondents tell of other splendid matter that is coming.

We just give you this warning so that you may get in your order early. In bundles of ten or more it will cost you two and a half cents each, and any live Scout and literary agent can sell a couple of hundred.

## Roosevelt on the Supreme Court

Now that the Socialists have exposed the origin of the power of the Supreme Court, the Insurgents are beginning to follow along.

Roosevelt, in commenting upon "Nationalism and the Judiciary" in the *Outlook* for March the 4th, grants a good portion of what has been said in the COMING NATION. Speaking of an article by Judge Alfred Spring, an appellate justice of the Supreme Court of the state of New York, he says:

Dealing with the supreme court, Judge Spring points out that for the first fourteen years of its existence it occupied a position of no importance in the national government. Jay had resigned the chief-justiceship, and declined re-appointment, because he felt that the judiciary was not clothed with any real authority. It was not the adoption of the constitution nor its administration by some of its founders during the first dozen years of its life which put the supreme court in its present position under the constitution. The supreme court itself, for the great benefit of the nation, read its own place into the constitution, after the lapse of years during which no one, none even of the founders of the constitution, had dreamed of giving it such a place.

When Marshall was appointed, as Judge Spring has shown, it was usually assumed when the subject was discussed at all, that congress, like the English house of commons could pass on the validity of its own acts. When the adherents of Jefferson and Madison opposed this proposition, as they did in Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, the position they took was that the legislature of each state was a judge of constitutional matters at issue between the states and the nation, and that the states could declare void an act of congress. No one at the time thought of turning to the supreme court as the arbiter in such a matter, and this although the men who had made the constitution were administering it.

While Roosevelt thus follows the example of all would-be radicals in try-

ing to steal the thunder of the Socialists, he keeps carefully away from the lightning of the remedy and fears to tell what he, as a writer of American History, ought to know, that Congress can take away this power at any time and has taken it away whenever it was used or threatened to be used against the interests of the ruling class.

## Value of Wage vs. Chattel Slaves

Just how our rulers look upon the working class is most brazenly brought to the front by the publication in the *Congressional Record* of January 14, 1911, of a letter from Andrew Carnegie. This letter was addressed to the President of the National Liberal Immigration League, and is intended as an argument against any restriction of immigration.

Nothing that the Socialists have ever said equals it for cold blooded valuation of human flesh as a possible source of profit.

Here is how he values human flesh: A first-class healthy man slave is worth \$1,500 when men were bought and sold. Every German man that arrives here is worth a great deal more. So it is with the Scotch, the Irish, and the English, and not less so with the Scandinavians and the healthy, able-bodied men of good character of other nationalities.

The importations of human beings are the most valuable of all imports. With a population in our territory which does not greatly exceed thirty per square mile, while Belgium has nearly 600 per square mile and England about the same, it would pay us to give a premium for every able-bodied man or woman of good character that could be induced to come here.

## The Man From Mars

BY C. W. MAXEY

"I thought I was beginning to understand your doctrine of 'Free competition,'" said the man from Mars. "But now I am confused again. It seems that your local merchants all claim that competition is the life of trade, and they continually clamor that the trusts be dissolved by law, so that competition may have free play. Yet these same merchants oppose the 'parcels post' on the ground that they would then have to compete with the mail order houses. How do you explain this?"

"The doctrine of 'Free competition,'" said the town patriot, "is necessarily very flexible. Those who have proven themselves successful in the field of competition ought to be eliminated. Besides, we want the farmers to spend

their money at home so as to build up their home town."

"Oh! I see," said the man from Mars. "These magnificent buildings belong to the people collectively."

"Not on your life," replied the town patriot, "we merely call it their town in order to inspire patriotism and devotion to home institutions."

Said the man from Mars, "Then why don't the farmers claim the cities and mail order houses too?"

"Go on," said the town patriot, "I have no time for knockers."

## Scout News



JUNE EYNON.

Please send me ten more NATIONS. Hurry these along. I will make the order more next time. I am only six years old.—Joe Babcock, South Dakota.

Please send me some blanks for to get subscriptions for the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*. I am doing fine. Expect to get more customers.—James Gantz, Pennsylvania.

Please send more blanks and envelopes. I am doing good. I have eight customers right close home. Rush this bundle as I am a little late sending in. Yours for the cause.—Edgar Lee, Pennsylvania.

I am putting an *Appeal* in every COMING NATION and I expect to increase my order as soon as the weather gets warmer. I received my watch and canvas bag. Thank you very much as I think they are very nice.—Glen M. Coover, Pennsylvania.

Here comes a ten-year-old revolutionist who wants a few *Appeals* and NATIONS to break the ice with here in the metropolis of eastern Oklahoma. If I do well with this small bunch will order more next time. Hurrah for Debs, Warren and the *Appeal*!—Albert J. Gibson, Oklahoma.

Here is your money for the bundle sent me. Had no trouble to sell them. I am eleven years old. Send me ten more next week.—Hubert Felgletner, Ohio.

I have increased ten this week. Got six new customers last week: didn't have enough to go around. Some of my customers can't wait until I deliver them. They call at my house for them. Please send me some order blanks and envelopes. Here is me for fifty soon.—Walter A. Mitchell, Ohio.

I sold all my papers in about half an hour. I sold one to a deaf and dumb man. I will try to increase my route by next time.—Harris Smith, Ohio.

Kindly send me immediately some rush order blanks and envelopes. I need them. I received your Plasteline which is simply wonderful. My little sister enjoys it very much, so that when I gave it to her she said she was a Socialist now.—Saul C. Lerner, New York.

Enclosed find my order for fifteen COMING NATIONS. Although my papers were three days late last week I sold the ten in less than two hours and could have sold more if I had had them. I received my badge today and think it very pretty.—Nathaniel J. Starks, New York.

I sold my ten papers after school and I want twenty of the five-cent papers and ten of the penny papers. I am holding a little money and doing well.—T. H. Everingham, New Jersey.

The papers go fine. I lacked about five of having enough. Please send me thirty more.—James R. Bluffin, Missouri.

My NATIONS in each thirty minutes. I am doubling my order. One lady took two.—Leslie Snyder, Iowa.

I have been sick since I got the ten COMING NATIONS. Please send the badge. I like the coat mark and will do all I can for the Socialist party. I think I can do a good work in this part of the country. My paper has always been a hot republic but is a Socialist now. Won't vote anything else.—Alva Parker, Indiana.

Received the customers card & k. Here are over twenty regular customers and half as many subscribers.—Kenneth Snodgrass, Michigan.

In our own country all are equal before the law—in theory. In practice there is the most serious inequality. The judge is frequently a successful politician before he sits on the bench. Is the sanctifying power of official responsibility so great that it will purge out the habits of mind acquired by a successful political career, as politics now goes?—Prof. Rauschenbush, *Christianity and Social Crisis*.



# ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN



## Who Oppose Woman Suffrage

The nature of the interests that are opposed to woman's suffrage was shown clearly in the arguments of Mrs. Caswell, the representative of the anti-suffragists before the legislative committee of California. Her whole argument was one for a restriction of the suffrage, declaring that very few "intelligent men" voted at all, and in general denouncing the whole democratic system of government.

Says Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who represented the suffragists before this same committee:

So in Sacramento, as upon a great screen were thrown in vivid contrast the opposing ideas, the anti-suffragists, reactionary, un-American, advocating class legislation and special privilege, scoffing at democracy, the suffragists pleading for the divine right of the individual to self-government, standing for the ideas which have brought about insurgency, in line with the progressive and the patriotic.

## Anti-Suffrage Duellist

According to the press dispatches, the peaceful old University of Heidelberg has suddenly become agitated over the woman question, and two of its professors are about to fight a duel.

Herr Arnold Ruge, in a lecture on political economy, said that the new woman movement was promoted by old maids or unsuccessful wives. He was not aware that in his audience was Frau Weber, wife of the professor of that name, and a prominent member of the Woman's Emancipation League.

She requested Prof. Ruge to withdraw his statement. He said that he had not the women of Heidelberg in mind, that he referred to the movement in general. Frau Weber called this an unworthy subterfuge.

Prof. Ruge then went to Prof. Weber and asked him whether he agreed with his wife, and if so, whether he would kindly name his second. Prof. Weber accepted the challenge.

Prof. Ruge's action throws a singular light upon the calm and unemotional character of the anti-suffrage "male mind." As an example of doctored news, this was sent out under the headline: "Suffragette Forces Husband to Fight," whereas the anti-suffragist was the challenger.—*The Woman's Journal*.

## Police and Suffragists

Following the brutal conduct of the police toward the English suffragists during the three days of their last demonstration before the House of Parliament, the *Parliamentary Conciliation Committee for Woman Suffrage* has decided to ask the Home Secretary for an inquiry into the conduct of the Metropolitan Police.

The evidence of 135 participants and on-lookers will be presented. The evidence holds that the police used excessive violence, at once deliberate and aggressive, in many instances handling the women with gross indecency.

One policeman is said to have struck a woman in the face with a club, others used their heavy helmets as weapons. Women were kicked as they lay on the ground. Old women of 60 or 70 were not spared. One was struck in the eye with the closed fist of a policeman. A cripple, propelling herself in an invalid's chair, was roughly used. She was thrown on the ground and her machine wrecked. Women arrested were in-

jured and insulted after their arrest.

It was apparently the aim of the police not only to frustrate the women in their attempts to reach the House, but also to terrorize them in the process.

## Their Opportunity

BY KATE B. HELTZEL.

Sometimes it seems strange that the Suffragists as an organization do not see their chance with the Socialists.

Women have been knocking at the closed doors of the old parties for years. The Socialists without being asked have invited us to join their ranks.

Women are welcomed and treated as reasoning beings equally responsible with man for the outcome of our nation's history.

The Socialist men have made no uncertain sound on the subject.

We surely appreciate the action of our comrades in offering women the chance to be co-workers in the struggle for justice.

We hope to see the suffragists join with us and not pass by their best chance to assist in bringing about their own freedom.

## Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WILLIAM MAILLY

## The Tramp and Strike Questions

From the *Prose Writings of Walt Williams*

Two grim and spectral dangers—dangerous to peace, to health, to social security, to progress—long known in concrete to the governments of the Old World, and there eventuating, more than once or twice, in dynastic overturns, bloodshed, days, months, of terror—seem of late years to be nearing the New World, nay, to be gradually establishing themselves among us. What mean these phantoms here? (I personify them in fictitious shapes, but they are very real.) Is the fresh and broad demesne of America destined also to give them foothold and lodgment, permanent domicile?

Beneath the whole political world, what most presses and perplexes today, sending vastest results affecting the future, is not the abstract question of democracy, but of social and economic organization, the treatment of working people by employers, and all that goes along with it—not only the wages-payment part, but a certain spirit and principle, to vivify anew these relations; all the questions of progress, strength, tariffs, finance, etc., really evolving themselves more or less directly out of the Poverty Question (the "Science of Wealth," and a dozen other names are given it, but I prefer the severe one just used). I will begin by calling the reader's attention to a thought upon the matter which may not have struck you before—the wealth of the civilized world, as contrasted with its poverty—what does it derivatively stand for, and represent? A rich person ought to have a strong stomach. As in Europe the wealth of today mainly results from, and represents, the rapine, murder, outrages, treachery, hoggishness, of hundreds of years ago, and onward, later, so in America, after the same token—

(not yet so bad, perhaps, or at any rate, not so palpable—we have not existed long enough—but we seem to be doing our best to make it up).

Curious as it may seem, it is in what are called the poorest, lowest characters, you will sometimes, nay, generally, find, glints of the most sublime virtues, eligibilities, heroisms. Then it is doubtful whether the state is to be saved, either in the monotonous long run, or in tremendous special crises, by its good people only. When the storm is deadliest, and the disease most imminent, help often comes from strange quarters—(the homeopathic motto, you remember, cure the bite with a hair of the same dog).

The American Revolution of 1776 was simply a great strike, successful for its immediate object—but whether a real success judged by the scale of the centuries, and the long-striking balance of time, yet remains to be settled. The French Revolution was absolutely a strike, and a very terrible and relentless one, against ages of bad pay, unjust division of wealth-products, and the hoggish monopoly of a few, rolling in superfluity, against the vast bulk of the work-people, living in squalor.

If the United States, like the countries of the Old World, are also to grow vast crops of poor, desperate, dissatisfied, nomadic, miserably-waged populations, such as we see looming upon us

of late years—steadily, even if slowly, eating into them like a cancer of lungs or stomach—then our republican exper-



Walt Whitman

iment, notwithstanding all our surface-successes, is at heart an unhealthy failure.

February, '79—I saw today a sight I had never seen before and it amazed, and made me serious; three quite good-looking American men, of respectable personal presence, two of them young, carrying chiffonier-bags on their shoulders, and the usual long iron hooks in their hands, plodding along, their eyes cast down, spying for scraps, rags, bones, etc.



State Elephants in Pageant before German Crown Prince at Allahabad

—The Sphere

Elephants loaded with ropes of pearl and cloth of gold, with ivory carved miniature palaces upon their backs, are one of the fruits of British rule in India. Another is the death of a million persons each year by starvation.

## Prevention of Disease in Stockholm

A short time ago, after a careful and scientific investigation, it was discovered by the authorities in Stockholm that the schools in that city were the breeding ground for the tuberculosis germs. Measures were immediately taken to protect the children.

They first established an adequate system of lunches for the school children. Then a scheme of taking the children into the country was inaugurated by virtue of which, one half of the twenty-six thousand children in the schools of Stockholm today, go out every year into the country at the State's expense, into open air schools and places prepared for their holidays; and Stockholm finds it a paying investment.

## A Baby Song

For the Babies of the Baby Year.  
BY HELENA SHARPSTEEN.

The storks fly low, the storks fly high,  
All through the lonely world they fly.  
They bring the little babies here  
To give us joy, to give us cheer.

The sweet new year, the little year,  
The baby year is here and dear.  
Is it the strong storks flying by  
Who bring the good, fresh, glad year nigh?

I ask you to think with me that the worst that can happen to us is to endure tamely the evils that we see; that no trouble or turmoil is so bad as that; that the necessary destruction which reconstruction bears with it must be taken calmly; that everything—in state, in church, in the household—we must be resolute to endure no tyranny, accept no lie, quail before no fear, although

they may come before us disguised as piety, duty or affection, as useful opportunity and good nature, as prudence or kindness.—*William Morris*.



8893 A Smart Shirt Waist Model

Ladies' Shirt Waist with Gibson Plaits. A type of shirt waist that is easily made and becoming to most women is here shown. The pocket is a smart feature that may be omitted. The sleeve is the regulation shirt sleeve with straight cuff and lap. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.



# CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

## Mental Brownies on a Strike

It is not often that I have any trouble with my mental brownies.

They are a well trained disciplined band of workers, and it was a great surprise to me when I learned that they had organized themselves into a union and had a number of demands to make of me.

Their leader was the biggest brownie of them all. His name was Love and he ruled the brownies as naturally as the sun shines.

"You have set us a great task," said Love to me. "You ask us to build a mental structure of idealism that will serve as a model for a machine that will abolish poverty in the world of reality."

"We feel," continued Love, "that this is to be the crowning work of our existence and in order that we may not be hindered in our work and to the end that we may do good work we have organized ourselves into a union and I have been honored by being selected as its permanent president."

I replied that I saw no objections to this, as I was a great believer in unionism.



"We had no fear about your recognizing our union," said Love, "but we have certain demands to make of you and they must be granted before we take up your work."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Just this," said Love, coming right to the point. "You must not ask us to work with scabs—we will only work in a 'closed' shop."

I was greatly mystified. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"We mean," replied Love, "that heretofore you have put bad brownies to work with us, they have always spoiled our work, and then you blamed us."

Still I could not understand.

"I refer," said Love, "to those bad brownies, Anger, Hate, Envy, Selfishness, Malice and Worry. They are all poor workmen and the worst of them all is Worry. They do not belong to our union and if you want us to return to work you must discharge them. This is our ultimatum."

The union's demands were complied with and the offending scabs were driven out.

## A Lesson in Patience

EDDIE GREENBERG.

While sitting at the creek with a friend of mine, we were expressing our opinions as to the capabilities of a man we were watching, in the water.

"He has been sitting there for some time in his bathing suit, but seems to be afraid to venture in," remarked my companion.

"Yes," I agreed, "it taxes one's patience to see him there. He undoubt-

edly cannot swim." One remark followed another. The man seemed determined to enter, but stayed himself. Soon he made his way over the rocks, to a path and commenced to wade knee deep. Then he wet his hair.

"If he could swim," I remarked, "he would be too anxious to get in head first, but he seems to be afraid."

Suddenly, he threw himself on the water and with powerful strokes bore himself along. He turned somersaults in the water, dived in head first, feet first, backwards, forwards, swam on his back, and sides—in short, made the most remarkable moves I had ever seen.

A beautiful, long haired, white and brown dog was his companion. Again I remarked that the poor dog seemed too submissive. He did not make one bold, open move. I adjudged his master to be a tyrant or the dog would not act so. He ordered the dog to come into the water and the dog obeyed. It pained me to see the poor creature so used. I would have delighted me to see the dog leave his seemingly unworthy master.

But that the man did not abuse or beat his pet I soon learned. The swimmer had had enough and had dressed. When he entered the water he left his straw hat on a rock below. He now ordered the dog to get it for him. Unwillingly, the dog made his way, for he did not understand. He tried to pick up the hat with his lips, but instead, pushed it into the water. Here he returned to his master, but received, not a beating, but a caress and a further order to go in after it.

For at least ten minutes, the dog went up and down the rocks, crouched, received a gentle pat and an order to obey. Seeing that his pet could not find a good way of entering the water, he led him a little distance and pointed the way. Finally the dog reached the water, began to swim, but could not see the object of his commission. Patiently, and kindly the man directed until the dog noticed the hat and brought it ashore.

The man caressed him, and patted him, then slowly turned around and threw his straw hat back into the water. His next was an order to the dog to fetch it and the dog, this time fully understanding, brought it without losing a second.

He had taught his dear pet a lesson and—though unconscious of it—had taught us more. How many a parent and teacher might grasp the deep meaning of this and act as this man did when a child does not respond as quickly as he perhaps should. And the children, can't they learn a lesson, too, not of submission, but of intelligent patience and perseverance?

## Abie's Dream

BY E. M. G.  
(Concluded.)

"Oh, yes, lots of them, but they're in big shops," said Big Boy, and they're run by electricity. I'll take you to see some of our work places.

Off they went, and Big Boy showed Abie the places where all the coats and hats and shoes and dresses and books and toys, and all other kinds of things were made. The buildings were bigger than the houses where the people lived, but they were just as pretty and clean, and the sidewalks and streets were wide and smooth.

"An' don't no people take coats home to sew?" asked Abie.

"No, indeed," said Big Boy, "not in Comradeville."

"Is this Comradeville?" asked Abie. "I learned about Comradeville once in the Sunday school right across the way from where I used to live."

"That so? My grandfather used to go to that school," said Big Boy. "But

you ought to see the schools we've got now."

Suddenly Abie looked around and said: "I don't see no stores."

"No," said Big Boy, "we won't have a lot of little stores in the streets. Our stores are all big stores—storehouses of the workers—we call them. Come on and I'll show you one of them."

Abie's eyes opened wider than ever when he saw all the things that were in the People's storehouse Big Boy took him to—food, clothing and all sorts of pretty things to wear and good things to eat, toys and books, furniture and pianos, and even automobiles. Big Boy told Abie that there was one of these buildings for about every five blocks of the city, and that the work people, who made all the things, sent them to the storehouses, and then every one who worked could get what they wanted, and that everyone had to work and help to put things in the storehouses, or else they couldn't take any things out of them.

After they were out in the street again, Abie said: "It's nicer that there ain't no push carts no more, ain't it, but where's the push cart men and the people what used to keep the stores?"

Big Boy told him that they all worked in the Peoples' workhouses and that they were a great deal happier now, just as everyone else was happier than in the old time.

They had walked quite a distance from where Big Boy first saw Abie, and Abie wanted to get back. He thought perhaps his father and mother would be there. Big Boy told him they would take a car and ride back.

Abie looked around and said: "Where are the cars?"

Big Boy told Abie that all the cars were down in a street beneath the one they were walking on. He said:

"Look, don't you see that this pavement is made of glass—thick glass—that's to give light to the other street where the cars and wagons and automobiles are. We can go down on the next corner and take a car.

"Yes, I know," said Abie, "once I was in the subway."

"But this isn't a nasty, dark subway under the ground," said Big Boy. "When the work people built the city beautiful—"

"I thought you said it was Comradeville," interrupted Abie.

"It's all the same thing, for Comradeville is bound to be a city beautiful, no matter where it is," said Big Boy. "But when they built this city up again, after they tore down the old houses and widened the sidewalks and streets, they built it with two streets, an upper and a lower street, both on top of the ground. That's why all the streets we walk on are so clean, and besides there's never an accident on the streets in Comradeville."

They walked around for a while longer through the city beautiful, and everywhere Abie saw happy children, smiling women and strong and gentle men. He saw parks that were just like the country—oh, so many of them, and theaters, some for children and others for grown people, and schools and colleges and big, handsome buildings where the people made the things—"Peoples' workhouses" they were called—and a fine large building where the people met to talk over how to keep Comradeville a city beautiful and then they went down to the lower street to take a car back to where Big Boy and Abie first met.

On the way back Big Boy told Abie how it was that the old, ugly city was changed, the nasty old houses torn down and the streets and sidewalks widened. He said that the work people learned that they made everything, and they made up their minds to take everything; that they had tried for a long while but didn't succeed, and that then they decided to try *all together* and then they did succeed. They said that the people who made all the houses ought to have the best houses, so they tore down the ugly tenements and built new houses

and that it was just the same with everything else, that they kept on changing everything until at last the new city came out of the old city.

"Oh, I saw it, I saw it," cried Abie, "but I thought all the time that it was movin' pictures."

"Yes," said Big Boy—but his voice sounded like "t-z-t-z-i-z-t-z-z-z-z-z-z-z" and there was the humming of a machine wheel in Abie's ears. He sat up and shouted: "Father, mother, come to the new city where you don't have to work at night no more."

"Mein Gott, he is sick," said Abie's mother, rushing into the little dark room.

"Nein, he only has dreams," said the father.

"You dream, Abie," said the mother, "turn over and go to sleep again."

"Such a lovely dream," said Abie, "about the beautiful city, where everybody has a nice house and nobody works at night. I wish it was true. Will it come true, father?"

"For you, mein son, for you it will come true. But for us we must make the coats yet," said the father.

And the machine wheel hummed and the needle sang "t-z-t-z-t-z-z-z-z-z" until far into the night."

## Another Winter Industry

A LUMBER CAMP.

Commencing his work with the earliest gleams of daylight, the sturdy, strong-armed chopper plies his ax, stopping only for a hasty dinner at twelve, until the ghostly shadows of twilight fall upon him from between the dusky tree trunks, and the evening star, far above in the blue wintry sky, seems resting like a glowing gem upon the topmost spire of the giant pine above his head. The tallest trees are usually sawed at the landing into logs of a convenient length for the drive, which begins as soon as the winter sun has acquired power to melt the immense masses of snow and ice that cover the hillsides.

From lakes and tributary streams the logs are soon driven into the main river, where they become indistinguishable in the mass called the main drive. The different crews now vie with each other in deeds of agility and daring and it is wonderful to note the skill with which these men manage to keep millions of rolling logs in the main channel of the river.

Without a dry thread of clothing for many days and nights in succession the river driver knows neither rest by day nor ease by night. Sometimes the boat containing the supplies fails to reach the stopping place for the night in advance of the crew, and then the poor fellows, cold and wet as they are, must lie down hungry and shelterless upon the bare ground, to snatch such rest as they may find in their uncomfortable quarter.

Think of all these adventures and dangers of the workers when you use each day all the things that are made from wood, children.

## To Avoid a Fight.

Upon moving into a new neighborhood, the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day Willie come home with a black eye, and very much spattered with dirt.

"Why, Willie," said his mother, "I thought I told you to count a hundred before you fought!"

"I did, mother," said Willie, "and look what Tommy Smith did while I was counting!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Many strikes are in essence lock-outs because the employer, instead of suspending work, makes a condition so hard that it virtually forces a strike.

Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.—*DeTocqueville*.

Every wind is against a leaky ship.—*Danish Proverb*.



# The "Half-Time" Slave

BY DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation

When a man's pocket comes into conflict with his conscience, conscience generally goes to the wall. The "half-time" system is an apt illustration of this.

In my recent journey through the cotton districts of the north of England I was again and again struck by the dexterity the otherwise honest, decent cotton hand develops when he spars with his conscience over the question of sending his little ones to work in the mills—i. e., the "half-timers."

## The Man Verses Conscience

The betting is on the money-god all the time. Conscience coming up for the opening round says to John Smith, a typical Yorkshire factory worker, "Look here, John, why do you send your little Mary and Billy to the mill? they are only children—it doesn't give them a chance."

John promptly counters with, "But you know their wages add to the family income and keep the home together."

Conscience pleads: "But it is killing the boys and girls."

Smith sends over his right with "Well, I did it, and my father before me, and they can do it too."

Conscience, feeling a bit sick, makes a final appeal to the man's pocket. "Anyhow, just as woman labor has driven out you men by cutting wages, so the kiddies are driving out their mothers."

But John, who has been training good and hard for the encounter, puts his opponent down for the count with, "But if I don't send my children to the bench, other people will."

That practically sums up some dozens of conversations I have had with the workers in the north.

The introduction of the "half-timers" dates so far back as the end of the 18th century, when this country largely ceased to take any interest in agriculture and headed the world as a great manufacturing country. The manufacturers, the same breed as today, determined to cut down the cost of production to a minimum, and in order to do so introduced child-slavery in the form of the "half-time" system. As an example of the rush from the country to the great cities in those days of the industrial boom, it may be stated that in the ten years from 1780-1790 Manchester, the center of the cotton industry, doubled its population.

Our own Robert Owen was the first man to undertake reforms in child labor, so long ago as 1784, and started co-educational schools. We are now in 1911 and have not yet reached the stage of co-education in our National schools!

## Baby Slaves of Seven

After 1802, steam power having replaced water power, the factories were nearly all built in the towns, the hours of work for the children averaging 12 a day, the babies starting to work at the age of seven; and in some cases as low as five years! It is no exaggeration to say that the mills of those days were run over the flesh and blood of the children they murdered. Gradually, however, the crude barbarism of that period gave way to the "half-time" system of today, under which a child having obtained a labor certificate is only permitted to work 27½ hours per week after the age of twelve.

I tell you, our American cousins, that the sight of the boys and girls on the first shift, making their way on a cold, raw morning at 5 a. m. to the mill, where they start work at 6, is enough to give one the creeps. Their pale, drawn faces, with the look of old men and women in the eyes, children who have never known childhood, might give even the English manufacturer pause.

But it does not. The Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Foster, late Secretary of State for War, in opposing Socialist reform in this matter, said: "The great cotton industry of Lancashire, the wool and worsted industry of Yorkshire, and many other industries in a less degree, are at the present time dependent on Child Labor."

And the magnificent remuneration for this 27 hours of work is exactly half a dollar a week. And one other point—it is not the poorest parents who exploit the children to the greatest extent—it is the fairly comfortable mill-hand

## Where Father Nurses Baby

They are interesting examples of pre-historic thinking powers, some of these "hard-headed" parents. In many parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, when you visit a house, you find the man stopping at home to nurse the babies, whilst the mother is at work in the factory. The children are helping to knock out their mothers. And the Yorkshireman looks on and grins! Funny, isn't it?

But the asinine law is much concerned about the children's education. It says: "You can work from 6 a. m. to midday in the mill, but at 2 p. m. you must be in school." With the double shift of mill-work and school, it is no wonder, as I saw in some of the schools, that the children can hardly keep their eyes open. And the merciful teacher, who has more sense than the law, lets them sleep.

There are today about eighty thousand of these "half-timers," but outside these child-slaves, who, under the Factory and Shops Act of 1901, are subject to supervision by the Government Inspectors, there is another army of 200,000 little ones employed in shops, street trading, etc. I will return to these at a later date.

W. Marsland, J. P., Secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners, and one of the authorities upon the cotton industry, gave me an interview upon the question of the "half-timers." He said: "The half-time system takes a lot of killing. The leaders in the Unions are all opposed to it, but the men, by ballot, have decided in its favor, and indeed in certain districts it would go hard with the M. P. who opposed it. However, the feeling against it is gradually spreading, and today it is not unusual to find fathers and mothers who themselves having worked as half-timers in the mills have no intention of letting their little ones go the same way."

Speaking about the cotton trade, I have been told by the Secretary of the International Textile Federation Congress, that, at its conference next year at Amsterdam, matters of vital importance to the future of the cotton industry will be decided, not the least important being the question of working hours. In fact, it is not improbable that the demands of the men will be resisted by the employers, and a great industrial struggle precipitated. In this country the workers in the cotton trade put in 53½ hours the first five days in the week and 5½ hours on Saturday. There is a strong feeling that there should be a further reduction of hours, and the demand for a 48 hours' week is growing.

All this is very healthy, and with the leaders of the cotton workers professing Socialism, as is indeed true of the leaders in nearly all the British Trade Unions, and the steady trend towards international action throughout Europe, we may see stirring events in the world of cotton before two years have run their course.



BY A M LEWIS

## Aristotle—Evolution.

Modern evolutionary thought gathers mainly around two great central positions. First the theory of evolution itself—which is now established beyond all dispute. Second, Darwin's explanation of the method or process of evolution as to the merits of which there is some controversy.

Evolution as applied to the organic world is called: "The theory of descent," and means that the existing millions of species are descended from a few original types. Darwin's special contribution is the idea of the selection, by nature, of the fittest to survive in the struggle for existence.

In regard to the theory of descent, Aristotle rises superior to his predecessors; in the idea of the survival of the fittest Empedocles was his superior.

The philosophers paved the way for the scientists by overthrowing the belief in supernatural causation. Empedocles repudiated the notion of the origin of living things by any supernatural agent or agencies. But he missed completely the chief concept in the modern theory of descent. He did not know, as we do, that all living creatures have passed through many stages of development before reaching their present structure and position.

He thought that all kinds of animals,

even man himself, sprang fully-formed out of the earth. In this he was Aristotle's inferior for the great Stagirite saw that this was improbable and he expressed this very clearly as follows:

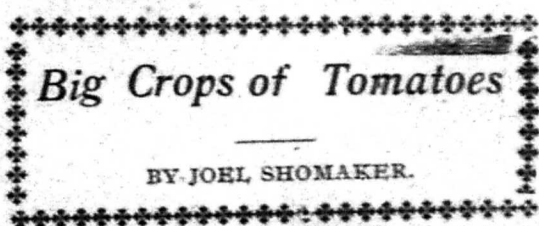
Further, still, it is necessary that germs should have been first produced, and not immediately animals; and that soft mass which first subsisted was the germ.

Considering the state of biological knowledge in his day—practically non-existent—this was a startling statement, a statement, moreover, which modern research has amply confirmed.

The struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest Aristotle utterly repudiates. But for this blunder Aristotle would have been the true forerunner of the immortal Darwin.

In place of this, however, Aristotle had his famous "perfecting principle" planted in all living creatures by divine intelligence. It was this doctrine which made Aristotle a source of comfort for the early Christian fathers. This doctrine is essentially metaphysical and unscientific and reminds us of the similar unhappy speculation of Nageli in our own day.

This "perfecting principle" was regarded by the church as the very hand of God, and it was one of the factors in the thousand years of stagnation in science which followed the close of the Greek period.



BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

One of the most interesting and profitable intensive farming plats I ever cultivated was set to tomatoes. The location was in a high and dry mountain valley, having an altitude of about 7,000 feet. Wise men of the community said nothing would grow there. The site had been a corral for cattle, and in its native condition, was covered with sagebrush. It rose, from the canyon stream, to a high bluff, and the garden spot was on the hillside.

In January, long before any of the neighbors thought of gardening, I plowed the tract, run a leveler over it and prepared for planting. The tomato seed, came from a northern grower, and were of the stone variety. I planted them, during January, in small shallow boxes, using soil dug from around an old stump, where the frost had not converted it into ice. The boxes were left out of doors, through rain and snow, and, although the earth was frozen the seed germinated and the plants grew.

When spring had really come, as the birds and flowers announced, I set my tomato plants. They were put in rows, two feet apart and stood two feet in the rows. I turned a little water into each furrow and wet the roots of the plants, as they were set, and then firmed the soil. The furrows were made with a little hand plow, of the single wheel class, that cost \$3.00. As soon as the plants were set, and the water turned off, I went along with the plow and filled the furrow, throwing the soil to the plants.

That work of cultivating was kept up every week until the tomato vines were too large to walk between. At least two days after each period of irrigating, I cultivated between the rows, using nothing but the plow. If the

vines grew dark green I knew they needed water, and turned on the irrigating stream. When the leaves began to get yellow I knew they had too much water and I used the plow to turn over the soil and let it get more air, to assist in drying out.

When the vines were about two feet high, I went along and cut out the tops, using sharp sheep shears, for the purpose. Of course they were filled with blossoms, and young tomatoes had set in many places, but I did not want the vines to go into tops, nor bear too many flowers. After a sufficient number of fruits had formed, I cut away some of the more thickly set blossom clusters, to give all the strength to the fruiting. Those vines bore continuous crops until frost, and had to be staked up, by tying to short poles and trellisses.

I sold tomatoes at one dollar a bushel, the buyers coming to the house after them. And, they were taken so fast that I could not begin to supply the demand. None of the fruits were left to ripen on the vines. When they were full grown, which could be told by noticing that the fruits were plump and turning white on the under side, I picked them and put them in a dark room, to ripen. That differed from the method of my forefathers, as they ripened tomatoes in the sun, when I was a boy. But, the dark place is the spot for ripening tomatoes.

In October, when the frosts cut down most vegetation, I pulled the tomato vines, then filled with fruits in various stages, and stacked them in an old building. There they kept ripening until Christmas. That little tomato patch did not contain an acre of land. Had it amounted to that sized tract, my income would have been in the neighborhood of \$1,000, for the square feet occupied, gave a yield equal to 1,000 bushels to the acre of measured land. And, I had something to do at odd spells, and learned many valuable lessons about the soil, water and vegetation of this old world.



## On the Firing Line

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J. T. Connor, Photo

The Coal Miners' Relief Committee of the 19th Ward Branch Philadelphia Socialist Party

### Socialists in Relief Work

BY ALPHONS OLBRICH.

The Socialists of Philadelphia have appointed the Irvin-Westmoreland Striking Coal Miners' Relief Committee to work in conjunction with the Central Labor Union of Philadelphia toward relieving the suffering of the miners of the Irvin-Westmoreland coal fields, who have been on strike since last March. The mine owners are attempting to starve and freeze the strikers into submission. Five thousand men, three thousand women and eleven thousand children are suffering from lack of food and clothes. Many of the strikers have been evicted from their homes and are living in tents, in the cold of mid-winter.

The work of the Socialist canvassers, in addition to the good results in the collection of the relief fund, has brought out a spirit that augurs well for the Socialist party. The fact that the Socialists are the friends of labor has been brought home to the union men of the city.

The Socialists prepared a pamphlet, which was distributed with the sanction of the Central Labor Union, calling upon the working class to organize in order to secure common emancipation from tyranny and to destroy all possibility of such suffering as the miners of Pennsylvania are now undergoing.

The total amount collected by the Socialist canvassers on four successive Saturdays in February amounted to \$173.29. Seven big wagon loads of clothing and about 400 cans of food were collected. Infants' underwear and clothing will be bought for the money, as well as shoes for the school children. Authorities have been arresting the parents of children who have not attended school because they had no shoes.

Thus far the canvassing has been done by but three ward branches of the Socialist party. When the remaining twenty-seven get into action big results may be looked for.

To illustrate the spirit of the workers of Philadelphia toward the work of the Relief Committee and the Socialists, one of the canvassers brought in the story of how a Hungarian, after the object of the canvassers had been explained to him, took off his coat on the street and insisted that the comrade take it together with a small money donation. The police showed some signs of attempting interference, but failed to carry out the bluff.

### Another Socialist Mayor

Minot, North Dakota, is another one of the cities in which the adoption of the commission form of government failed in its object of preventing the election of Socialists. After several years of more than ordinarily corrupt city government, which had finally almost bankrupted the city, the commission form of government was adopted.

This plan forbids any political designations on the ballot, but in the resulting election Arthur Lesueur was elected mayor and Fred Spath, another Socialist, as a member of the commission. Up to the present time these two officials have succeeded in greatly improving the financial standing of the town, cleaning out the graft on the police force and installing a system of accounting which will make future thefts much more difficult.



Arthur Lesueur

The largest industry in the town is railroad shops and under the previous system with every encouragement to debauchery, the workers were constantly subject to garnishment for debt. The Socialist administration, by closing up some of the saloons and abolishing gambling and other forms of vice, has reduced the number of such garnishments not less than 95 per cent.

The Socialist local has grown rapidly since the victory at the election, increasing from about fifty to more than two

hundred in membership. There are good prospects for the election of another commissioner at the coming April election.

### An Episode in Dixie

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

A fine audience was gathered in the new and magnificent courthouse at Meridian, Miss. It was Socialist night. The people were eager and expectant.

On the judge's bench a bouquet of beautiful flowers had been placed. "Do you know," I was asked as I entered, "who placed those beautiful flowers there?" "No?" "Well, it is the offering of Major Lemuel Shipman, United States Marshall, and he placed it there with his own hands."

The meeting was in every respect a success and at the close the crowd lingered to express their approval and exchange felicitations. On the following morning Major Shipman came to the hotel to pay his respects and it is simple justice to him to say that he is one of the most genial and interesting personages we have ever met. He was originally from Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, where all of his relatives still reside. "They are all your friends," chuckled the Major as he added, "for they are all readers of the *Appeal to Reason*."

Major Shipman fought through the four years of the war in the Union Army and won distinction and promotion for his coolness, bravery and his reputation among the men for being just and generous and sympathetic with all his fellow men.

It was Major Shipman, who was then Lieutenant of Battery D., Third Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, who was with President Lincoln and officer of the day at the evacuation of Richmond. He was also commander of the guard which received Jefferson Davis, the fallen confederate chieftain, as a prisoner of war, at Point Comfort on May 22, 1865, on arrival of the transport Clyde, and escorted him and Clement C. Clay and John Mitchell, "the Irish Patriot," who were also prisoners, to Fortress Monroe, where they were committed by order of the federal government and placed under heavy guard.

Jefferson Davis was placed upon rations of bread and coffee and Major Shipman personally served him his first meal. Notwithstanding the harsh orders issued by the government, which Major Shipman was required to obey in reference to Jefferson Davis, there was between the two men the kindest feeling and the most sincere personal regard.

General Miles, who later achieved unenviable distinction as a military strike-breaker, took advantage of his official power at this time, and, to pander to the north, where passion was in a frenzy over the assassination of Lincoln, brutally placed the president of the dead confederacy in irons. There was not the slightest provocation or excuse for such an exhibition of brutality. Miles had simply pandered to sectional passion to win popular favor, and he is the only union soldier the people in the south have never forgiven.

It is quite in keeping with this characteristic incident that Miles afterward boasted of his prowess in having crushed a strike at the command of corporate power, and putting the bayonet to starving men, women and children.

Major Shipman had no hand and no heart in this brutal treatment of Jefferson Davis. He did not care to curry favor or win promotion at that price.

After terminating a delightful hour with the Major at the hotel he invited us to his office at the federal building and Comrade Brewer and I went there and spent another hour long to be remembered. On the way there an unmistakable "rebel" hailed the Major and said, "I want to shake that honest paw of yours." Introducing us to his rebel friend the latter turned to us and said, "The Major was a 'Yank' and fought on the other side, but his heart was true

and we all love him just the same." Thus are the fires of sectional hatred which burst forth into the horrors of a national massacre dying down and turning into the ashes of memory.

There is much more that could be said to indicate the hospitality of the Southern people for the Socialist movement and its representatives, but that will make another story. We are now due to take a carriage ride with Major Shipman who insists that before we leave we must be shown the objects of interest in this vicinity under his personal chaperonage.

### Municipal Items

Escanaba, Mich., having discovered that its municipal light plant has earned seventy thousand dollars above all operating expenses in the last five years, is now urging that the water works also be municipally owned and operated.

The city of Walla Walla, Wash., casting longing eyes in the direction of its neighboring city, Ellensburg, because of the fact that the latter municipality owns its electric light plant and is furnishing light and power at nearly half the rate charged in the former city.

In Des Moines, Iowa, a bill has been introduced following the example of the Socialists in Milwaukee abolishing the contract system in all city work. The law provides that an estimated cost shall be made of any improvement and that, if the bids do not fall below this estimated cost, the work shall be done by direct employment.

The city of Lockport, N. Y., is discussing the policy of giving free and unlimited water to every user of that commodity within its corporate limits. Although the policy is advocated largely as a measure to induce factories to come there, it is but part of a general movement, based upon a recognition that there are certain necessities, the use of which by each individual, tends to the public welfare. It is recognized that since the benefit is not confined to individuals there is no logical reason why the cost should be so apportioned.

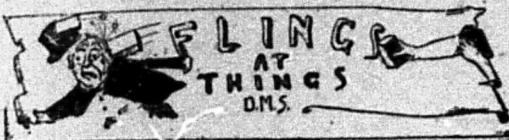
Two years ago the University of Wisconsin established, as a part of its extensive work, a Municipal Reference Bureau. This Bureau collects all possible data concerning municipal affairs in any part of the world and places this information at the services of any municipality in Wisconsin. The Legislature is now considering the question of appropriating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to enable this bureau to extend its work still further. The aim of the institution, as stated by those in control of it, is

To collect and furnish information on all subjects of municipal organization and administration, public works, public utilities and public service rates, municipal employment, paving sewage disposal, water supplies and water purification, garbage disposal, parks and playgrounds, housing, street cleaning, street sprinkling, dust prevention, smoke abatement, city planning, civic centers, art commissions, care of city trees, schools, charities and corrections, health and sanitation, accounting methods, comparative statistics, commission government, civic organizations, and all other objects of municipal interest; and so far as possible to collect and maintain a file of charters and ordinances of the principal cities of the United States, and the available municipal material of the principal cities of England and the continent. In short, it aims to be a clearing-house for municipal experiments and experience.

Similar Municipal Bureaus have been established in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and some other large cities, but in each case these are confined only to the cities in which they operate and the information which they have is not readily accessible to smaller cities.

By making this Bureau a state institution all cities within the state are enabled to have the full benefit of a much more effective organization than would be possible even in the larger cities.





**So Pathetic.**

It grieveth me immensely  
It makes me sore of heart  
To think George Gould, the wizard,  
Must from his railroads part,  
With but \$100,000,000  
He's such a little toad  
That Rockefeller kindly  
Relieves him of the load.

Of course he didn't build them  
By hard and honest toil;  
You wouldn't ask a person,  
High-bred, his hands to soil;  
His father stole them for him  
By legal hook and crook;  
That's how they came to fatten  
His bulky pocket book.



He didn't swing a shovel,  
He didn't lay a rail,  
And in the depot platforms  
He didn't drive a nail;  
He never wiped an engine.  
No; backed it to a car  
But when of that you're speaking  
No more did John D. R.

They had that method beaten  
By more than half a block;  
They sat down in their office  
And juggled with the stock;  
So when I think about it  
My tears are not so free;  
I do not care who owns them,  
It's all the same to me.

**They Make a Hit**

"Labor unions," said the man with  
the fancy vest that would have but-  
toned around a hippotamus without  
choking the animal, "are all right, and  
I believe in them if they are the right  
kind."

"Kind?" said the scoffer.  
"Sure."  
"Oh, yes, kind to the boss."



**Modern Heroes**

It is not where the bullets fly  
Or where the muskets point,  
The toughest place for man to die  
Is in the eating joint.  
He enters there so innocent  
So patient and subdued  
And spends his last and lonely cent  
To purchase poisoned food.

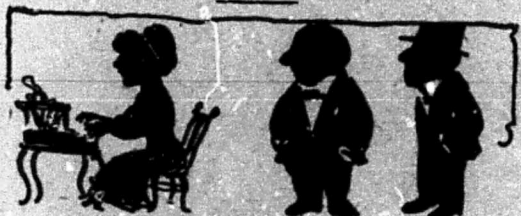
Oh there are heroes known to fame  
Whose statutes pierce the sky  
Who made a great and glorious name,  
But not by eating pie.  
The hero of the present day  
Is he who stakes his cash  
And sends his system to the fray  
Against our modern hash.

**Strong for the Present Order**

"Every thing he touched last year  
made money."  
"Didn't lose once?"  
"Only once. He lost his head when  
he was talking to a Socialist."

**Too Good**

Two Japs who came to see the sights  
Met toughs who tried their hair to muss  
"This place," they said "is strong on rights  
But far too civilized for us."



**Liberal**

"That girl of yours seems like a good  
stenographer."  
"Say, she is a treasure. Never makes  
a mistake, her spelling is perfect and

she knows more about the business than  
I do. I wouldn't hesitate to go away  
any time for a week and leave her in  
charge."

"You must pay her at least seven dol-  
lars a week."

"I am seriously thinking of raising  
her to that."

**Little Flings**

Some day there will be a real contest  
in this country when it is decided  
whether Morgan or Rockefeller shall  
eat the other up. They ought to sell  
tickets to the event.

An expert cannot tell a republican  
from a democrat in the United States  
senate.

Speaking of white lies the Fourteenth  
amendment is a black one.

A tramp is the compliment to the mil-  
lionaire, only he doesn't get so much  
complimentary eating.

That Mexican revolution has some  
chance if it can show the written consent  
of American investors.

Old Grouchy: And you say there is  
no hope for me doctor?

Dr. Blunt: None whatever. You'll  
be dead in two weeks.

Old Grouchy: Can't you make it  
one week instead of two, doctor?

Dr. Blunt: Why?

Old Grouchy: Because the premium  
on my life insurance will be due in  
ten days.

"Darn those automobiles!" said the  
Kansas farmer.

"Bother you much?" asked the tour-  
ist.

"I sh'd say so. W'en a feller sees a  
funnel-shaped cloud comin' down the  
pike he don't know whether to run fer  
a gun or a cyclone cellar."—*Toledo  
Blade.*

"What party does that member of  
the legislature belong to?" "I don't  
know," replied the lobbyist. "I'm one  
of several parties who are bidding for  
him."—*Washington Star.*

**The Upright Tack.**  
The useful, straight and upright tack,  
Much hath been said and writ on  
I rise to shield its record, black—  
It was not made to sit on.



"Wot's wrong wiv Old England? Why,  
I'll tell yer wot's wrong, Mate! It's these  
ere Soshalistic ideas, that's wot it is! If  
folks 'ud only keep their eyes open, they'd  
see the bloomin' Constitution a-crumblin'  
under their very feet! But they don't; they  
goes abaht blind!"—*Punch.*



**Irish Wit**

BY BERT WILLARD.

A farmer once took an Irishman out  
to work on his farm. Pat was called  
bright and early the next morning. They  
ate breakfast and finished feeding the  
cattle.

"Now," said the farmer, "we will go  
in and get our dinners." They went in  
and ate dinner then went out and milked  
the cows. "Now we will go eat supper,"  
remarked the farmer. On finishing sup-  
per it was still early in the forenoon.  
The farmer turned to Pat and said:  
"Now you have had your breakfast;  
you have had your dinner, and you have  
had your supper. You can now go out  
in the field and work all day without  
any interruption.

"Faith," said Pat, "and oi always goes  
to bed right after supper. Yez kin call  
me when breakfast is ready."

**Busy Painters**

BY JOHN MAYO.

A farmer was driving down the cen-  
ter of the main street in a small city,  
with a cow (which he had brought in  
to sell) tied to the back of his wagon.  
While he was peacefully pursuing his  
way, the fire-bell rang and all of the  
vehicles on the street pulled over to the  
right. Not being used to the ways of  
the city he failed to do so, until ordered  
by a policeman to pull over so that the  
fire engine might pass.

After the engine had passed he pulled  
out into the center of the street again,  
just in time to have his cow killed and  
wagon made into kindling-wood by the  
hook and ladde company that was fol-  
lowing the engine. The policeman ran  
out, extracted him from the wreckage  
and said:

"You old bonehead, didn't I tell you  
to keep to the right and let the fire en-  
gine pass?"

"Well I did," said the farmer with  
some wrath. "Don't try to call me  
down; I won't stand for it and what's  
more, as a citizen of this great and  
glorious United States, I den and to  
know where those painters were going  
so all-fired fast.

**Too Little Sleep**

BY BERT WILLARD.

During the Colorado labor war many  
of the Western Federation men who  
were on strike found employment on  
the ranches. Bob Green was one of  
the miners who thought he could help  
to make both ends meet by working on  
a ranch during haying. He went out  
with a rancher one day, but came walk-  
ing into town the next afternoon.

"What's wrong, Bob? Did you git  
canned?" asked one of his fellow strik-  
ers.

"No," replied Bob, "I quit."  
"Why so?"  
"Well," said Bob, "when the old  
farmer roused me out this morning I  
met myself just coming up to bed, and  
I got 'cold feet' and quit."

**He Moved the Pump**

BY WILL HOPKINS.

Old Kelley, as he was familiarly  
known, was a powder monkey in a C.,  
M. & P. S. construction camp.

One day the shallow well where the  
water was secured for the donkey en-  
gine having gone dry the foreman or-  
dered Kelley to put a shot in the bot-  
tom to break some rock.

The pump had been removed and  
was lying near the well and Kelley was  
told to move it.

"I'll move the blooming thing," he re-  
plied.

He put a fifty-pound box of dyna-  
mite in the hole set it off and the pump  
came down two or three hundred feet  
from the well.

"I thought I told you to move that  
pump," said the foreman to Kelley.  
"Didn't I," he replied.

**Due to the System**

BY NAT L. HARDY.

A militant Texas Socialist that had  
had the misfortune to lose his front  
teeth was discussing "the issue of the  
day" at the supper table of his boarding  
house when the genial landlady inter-  
posed her objection to Socialism. "What  
I don't like about Socialists," she said

"is that they haven't any front teeth."  
"Oh that is due to the system," re-  
plied the M. S. "You see chewing this  
tough democratic steak is the cause of  
that."

**The Qualification**

BY NELLIE DEVON.

In an Irish court, an old man was  
called into the witness-box, and, being  
a little blind, instead of going up the  
stairs that led to the box he mounted  
those that led to the bench. The judge  
took the mistake good-humoredly.

"Is it a judge you want to be, my  
good man?" he asked.

"Ah, sure, yer honour," was the re-  
ply. "I'm an ould man now, and a  
trifle deaf and blind, and mebbe it's all  
I'm fit for."

The man who never does any wrong  
never does much of anything.



**His Credentials**

He—Now, my good lady, what are the  
chances for a nice, little hand-out this  
morning; say, a roast chick and a mince  
pie?

She—Go right away from here. I  
suppose you're one o' those Socialist  
fellows I've heard about?

He—Not so, dear madam. I'm a  
black republican, a follower of Taft and  
a strong advocate of the full dinner can.  
How about the chicken and pie?





Why Some People Dread Socialism

What's in the New Books

BY GRACE POTTER.

Socialism and Superior Brains, A Reply to Mr. Mallock. By Bernard Shaw, New York: John Lane Co.

To Americans this book affords more than the usual satisfaction which anything from the pen of the great Irishman gives. For we remember, Oh, we remember very well, when Mr. Mallock came over here to "extinguish" Socialism a few years ago.

"In January, 1909," says Shaw in a prefatory note which has all the charm of a Shaw preface and only differs from it in that it is not quite as long as the rest of the book. "Mr. Kier Hardie delivered an address in which he pointed out that the remarkable increase in our national income, of which so much was being said in the controversy then raging between Free Traders and Tariff Reformers, had not been shared by the working classes, who were no better off than before. Immediately Mr. W. H. Mallock wrote to The Times, accusing Mr. Keir Hardie of ignorance of political economy on the ground that an educated man would have known that as the increase had been produced by the exceptional ability of the employers and inventors, there was no reason to claim any of it for the employe class. Thereupon I lost patience with Mr. Mallock and wrote the following letter to The Times.

In this letter Mr. Shaw says that the notion that the people who spend the remarkable increase in unearned incomes have ever invented anything or ever done any kind of work unaided, betrays such a "rustic ignorance" of economics and society as makes it hard for Shaw to persuade fellow Socialists that Mallock believes what he says.

"They regard me as a cynic," wails Shaw, "when I tell them that even the cleverest man will believe anything he wishes to believe in spite of all the facts and text-books in the world."

But this "rustic ignorance" is not what Shaw aims at. He says Mallock is trying to preach a new ideal and he calls upon every man in England to repudiate that ideal.

The ideal is, not that the greatest among you shall be servants of all the rest, but that whenever one of us discovers a means of increasing wealth and happiness, steps should be taken to restrict the increase to the discoverer alone, leaving the rest of the community as poor as if the discovery had never been made. If Mr. Mallock does not mean this, he means nothing. This is not a question of the difference between the Socialist and the anti-Socialist; it is a question of the difference between the gentleman and the cad.

Then the plain-speaking Mr. Shaw goes on to point out that all the big men of today and all time have given great service to the world without the least expectation of a full return of that service value.

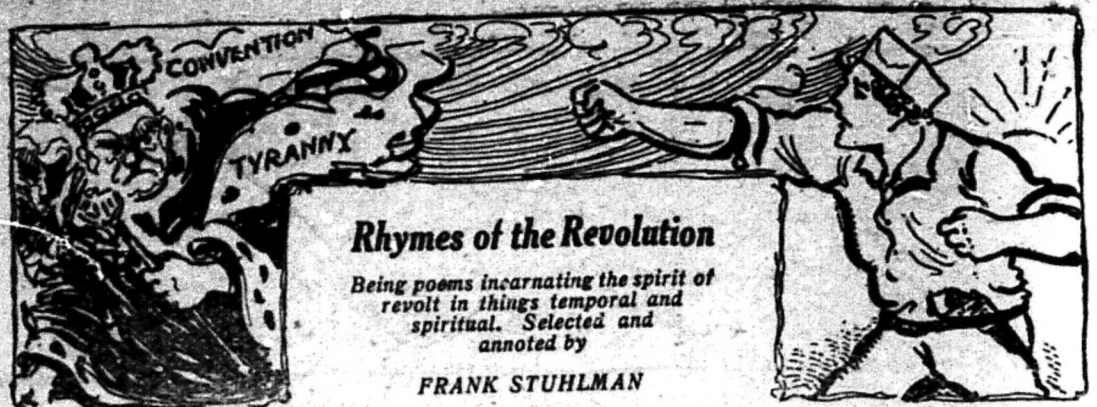
"Lord Charles Beresford is not a Socialist, says Shaw naively, "but Lord Charles Beresford, if the German fleet attacked ours, would not refuse to conduct our naval defense unless the country were to be given him as prize money when he had saved it."

There is a terrible temptation in a Shaw book review to just keep on quoting Shaw and I shall do so at least a little further:

The man who pretends that the distribution of income in this country reflects the distribution of ability or character is an ignoramus. The man who says that it could be done by any possible political device is an impractical visionary. But the man who says that it ought to do so is something worse than an ignoramus and more disastrous than a visionary; he is in the profoundest scriptural sense of the word, a fool.

Now, now, Mr. W. H. Mallock! Well, Mr. Mallock wrote right away to The Times to say that he had emphatically repudiated this very same ideal after stating it with minute precision and that Mr. Shaw could so read in Mallock's "Critical Examination of Socialism," if he minded to do so.

Which, of course, only made a bad matter worse as Shaw was answering something written later than this. Mr. Mallock seems blandly ignorant of the fact that most people will be inclined to think worse of him than anything Shaw suggests we should think, after



Note—William Young the well-known dramatist, is also the author of a volume of verse called "Wish-makers Town," a series of poems of rare beauty, both in form and sentiment. One of which, "The Flower Seller," is one of the sweetest and purest lyrics in American literature. "The Pawns," which is here reproduced is a ballad of the people, who are, but counters in the great game of statecraft and money-getting that we call civilization.

The Pawns

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

Prince, and Bishop, and Knight, and Dame, Give us to kill and ravish and rend,  
 Plot, and plunder, and disagree! Yea, since this is the end of man.  
 O but the game is a royal game!  
 O but your tourneys are fair to see! States shall perish, and states be born;  
 Leaders, out of the throng, shall press—  
 None too hopeful we found our lives; Some to honor, and some to scorn;  
 Sore was labor from day to day; We, that are little, shall yet be less.  
 Still we strove for our babes and wives—  
 Now, to the triumph, we march away! Over our lines shall the vulture soar;  
 Hard on our flanks shall the jackals cry;  
 "Why?" For some one has willed it so! And the dead shall be as the sands of the  
 Nothing we know of the why or the shore;  
 where— And daily the living shall pray to die.  
 To swamp, or jungle, or wastes of snow—  
 Nothing we know, and little we care. Nay, what matter! When all is said  
 Prince and Bishop will plunder still;  
 Give us to kill! Since this is the end Lord and Lady must dance and wed;  
 Of love and labor in Nature's plan; Pity us, pray for us, you that will!

an admission that he went entirely back on a truth he had not only formerly seen with clearness, but enunciated in written words. (By the way, Mr. Shaw begs that anyone who believes Mallock ever did enunciate such truth buy his book and try to find it.)

The Irishman kindly emphasizes the date so, that we may judge whether the Englishman has had time to do so or not. It was after Mr. Mallock had very elaborately "ventilated his theory that the distribution of wealth in this country into big fortunes for the few and pittances for the many, corresponds to the natural division of the British race into a handful of geniuses and many millions of mediocrities."

Frank Harris, then editing the Fortnightly Review, gave Shaw a chance to answer this. Mr. Shaw agreed to do so, saying jubilantly that "any Socialist over the age of six could knock Mr. Mallock into a cocked hat."

Thus the prefatory note.

The book which follows is a reprint

from the April, 1904, Review where Mr. Shaw "knocked" most effectively.

The incentive of the writer, the inventor and other public workers is shown to be not at all the hope of a portion of wealth commensurate with their ability.

While ability comes very far from being paid what it is worth in some cases, in others it is shown to be not worth what it is paid. This latter Shaw classes as imaginary ability. The public is not discriminating and will have someone to bow down to everywhere, so if the occasion does not bring him, the public invents him. "The art of humbug," says the author, "is the art of getting invented this way."

People are so poor today that any kind of an education or knowledge of social usage, "down even to personal cleanliness and a reasonable reticence in the matter of expectation," has a value due to its scarcity. When social opportunities are universal there will be no such artificial superiority.



Tottering