THE COMING NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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A Day of Progress and Promise

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

A DAY of progress.—A day of promise. We have the confirmation of the great victory that was won for Socialism by the workers of the country last November. The future of the movement is no longer to be questioned or doubted. Here is our task shaped ready to our hands. Comrades who upheld the red banner during the long, dark years when there seemed no flicker of hope, comrades who followed and led in turn, comrades but newly pledged to the great work of humanity—look about you.

Socialism is at the threshold. It is the dawning of the era for which you dreamed and sacrificed and strove. This vast army of the mentally emancipated, marching on to industrial, social, political emancipation, has sprung into being in answer to the truths you spoke and the ideals you held.

Is it not good, my brethren?

The light is coming.

* * *

The result of the fall campaign left some timid souls hesitant. It was, perhaps, a matter of blind chance or brief opportunity, they said. They reminded us that we must not expect too much, that we must be content to make haste slowly. Predictions were not wanting that we must even look for serious setbacks.

And now observe what the spring brings forth!

Notable Socialist victories in a score of towns and cities where we had not looked for strength—some of them clean sweeps.

Astonishing Socialist gains everywhere.

Socialist defeat only in the face of opposition which called into play the combined forces of reaction.

The significance of these municipal successes, their importance in gauging the political temper of the nation, can not be denied. Be sure that the masters do not deny them, or underrate them.

At this moment Socialism is the big, black cloud on the horizon to the men accustomed to manipulate both old parties. The returns from Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnnesota, Nebraska, Montana, Colorado, Texas, California, Kansas, New York, are being tabulated and studied with exceeding care by the professional thimble riggers who carry elections for capitalism. They are fully informed of the tremendous growth of Socialist strength.

They know—and they are worried.

Worried and fearful.

* * *

A political party does not make steady and consistent gains at incidental elections unless a great drift of political thought is stirring the people.

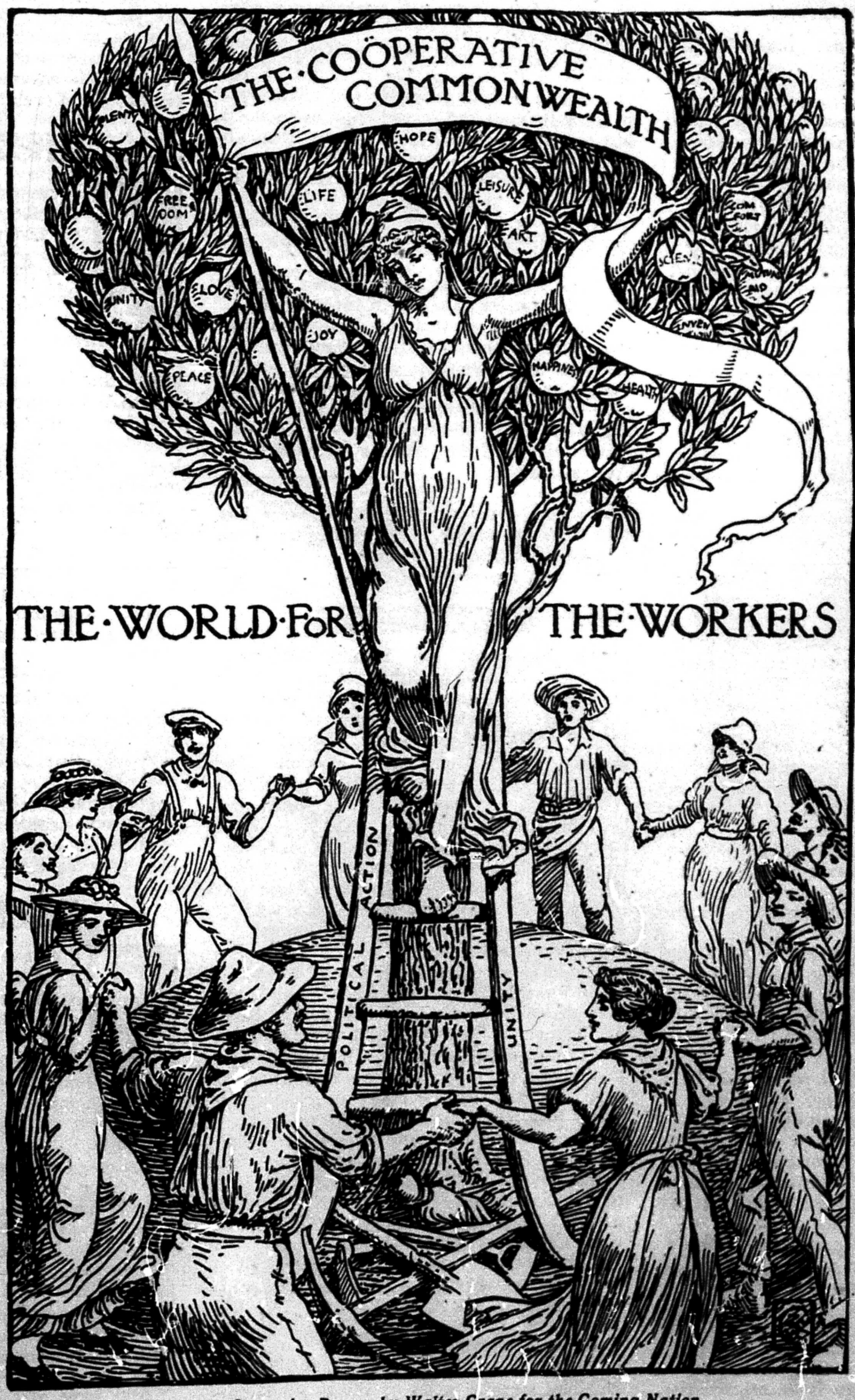
Local conditions may occasionally furnish a logical excuse for a startling change in the political complexion of a community. The reactionaries have been wont to comfort themselves with this reflection whenever confronted with isolated instances of Socialist advance.

But when twenty or thirty communities, widely separated, show proof of the increasing vitality of a new party at the same time, when existing political systems are rudely shaken in twenty or thirty towns by the same protesting force, it bodes, truly, "some strange eruption to the state."

For in these skirmishes, in these contests over mayors, aldermen, commissioners, the Socialists fought their campaigns on the identical issues. No where did they present themselves as a merely municipal and local organization. In their attacks upon corruption, inefficiency, injustice, as demonstrated by the immediate situation in their respective towns, they never lost sight of, never obscured, the great national movement or the vast world movement of which they form a part.

In winning votes the Socialists made their plea not as reformers, not as adherents of this smug politician or that, but as workers in the cause of universal democracy. They trumpeted no individual. They drew no line of good man and bad man. They stood for the entire Socialist programme, taught the Socialist philosophy and sought converts by conviction to Socialist principles.

And herein is the point that must make us all rejoice. Where gains are



May Day Souvenir—Drawn by Walter Crane for the Coming Nation

due not to brass bands, passing excitement, local prejudice, but to the opening of the minds of the men who toil and vote—those gains are solid.

Temporary recruits there may be. Our showing has been swollen before by accessions of the moment. We have learned to allow for that. But when every allowance has been made the facts remain:

The Socialists never appeal to and never care to profit by the unconvinced vote.

The municipalities in the recent elections showed a great variety of local problems and in many room was made for the "reform" element by one or other of the old parties.

The campaigns were pushed by the Socialists upon broad and general as well as upon local issues.

Striking, simultaneous advance was effected in almost untouched fields.

Surely with sober judgment and cautious outlook we may find here cause for the utmost hopefulness.

The light is coming.

The Capitalist Mind Cannot Understand.

CONTEMPLATION of the successes won by groups of comrades in so many places and of the methods used to win those successes cannot fail to be a source of inspiration to everyone. Victory does not chase the Socialist candidate up the street and lay violent hands on his coat tails. A Socialist placed in office, a big jump in the Socialist vote, means that a lot of hard work has been done by the comrades of the community.

Hard Work. Big work. Work checkered with disappointments, with difficulties, with discouragements. Work that had none of the glamour of slap stick combat about it. Work accomplished through endless details, wearisome, monotonous, drudging, petty details that demand unbounded energy and enthusiasm from the one who tackles them. Work done doggedly, persistently, without reward, without recognition, without the hope or expectation of any return except the return in satisfaction of work well done.

It is fine, it is great—the work that the comrades did, are doing now wherever as many as two of them get together. The strength, the warmth, the courage of a great purpose is on them. Unsung heroes, more truly heroic than any knights or champions of old, they struggle on cheerfully, content if they may hasten by the least the coming of the day when life shall hold of happiness and sufficiency and opportunity for all.

This is the real power of Socialism when it enters the political field to do battle, the spirit it infuses into its supporters.

Is it to be wondered that the masters do not understand, that the capitalist press murmurs astonishment and tries to close eyes and ears, that the political manipulators scowl and shake their heads?

What capitalist mind, what mind intent solely upon money grubbing and the brutal motives of a wolf civilization, what mind hardened in the grooves of sordid, selfish thinking, can appreciate the vitality of the Socialist movement?

To such a one a political party must be a means of political preferment, graft, aggrandisement. No other conception is possible. Party organizations exist to grab offices whereby money may be extorted and certain self-seekers gratified. Platforms are written, principles declared, to attract votes. It has always been so. It must always be so.

But here is a political party that seeks office only as a means by which the scientific reorganization of society may be effected; here is a party that cares not a rap for place save as the instrument and measure of the strength of the working class; here is a party whose members are not looking for money or graft or preferment; here is an organization nursed, carried on, operated by men who have no thought of self, men out of the ranks of the workers whose single ambition is for others, whose enthusiasm is for humanity, whose efforts are for the welfare of the race.

The capitalist mind cannot understand.

How should it? Such sublimity is beyond its vision. It sees the result in Socialist gains and it marvels or growls or fumes. But it cannot understand.

How The Work Is Done.

IN the news of the recent elections was a short item from Holland, Michigan, announcing that the Socialist vote in Holland had been doubled and one or two minor officials elected. One hot evening last summer a knot of idlers gathered at a street corner in Holland. A little man with a red face and a stubby beard had placed a soap box near the curb and climbed upon it. The idlers regarded him with vacant curiosity. The little man began in a hoarse voice, many sizes too large for him, a singularly forceful and direct description of factory conditions and wages.

An automobile with four comfortable citizens in it stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. The idlers promptly lost all interest in the little man and turned their backs upon him to stare at the machine. The automobilists observed this and laughed. The little man went right on talking, in his hoarse voice, to the lamp post, apparently.

"That's all the use they've got for *him*," observed one of the automobilists, as the machine started.

"Yes," said another, with sudden gravity. "But after we've gone they'll listen again."

I chanced to be in that crowd. I found that the group of comrades in Holland had recently taken a little shop, were getting out literature and were pushing things for all they were worth. Holland was settled by Dutch emigrants. Their descendants are phlegmatic, conservative, and they tolerate Diekema for a Congressman.

But—

The little man with the hoarse voice has kept right on talking. The Hollanders have listened again, and yet again.

And now comes the vote.

All the Year Round Campaign.

One feature of the Socialist movement seems to have made something of a dent in the capitalist intelligence. That is the habit Socialists have of starting their next campaign the day after election. The poor befuddled press, that corner of it which has been brought to comment upon the wierd phenomenon, can make nothing of it. Why, by all that is holy in the sacred cause of politics, should a party begin to fight again just as everybody is quieting down for a year of peace, quiet and increased cost of living?

Echo answers—why?

The newspapers that discussed the point seemed to think such a procedure highly questionable, undoubtedly suspicious and probably in violation of some constitution or other.

As time goes on the dent will sink deeper—this dent and others. The capitalist press hasn't an idea of the many delightful surprises that Socialism holds in store for it.

When we begin casting two or three million votes or more, you must bear in mind, the news value of the Socialist uprising will tend to outweigh the general prohibition which now covers all topics connected with Socialism in most newspaper offices.

The dopesters will begin to wonder why and how and what and wherefore. The political quacks will begin to diagnose. We will have them poking exploring figures into the Socialist movement, applying the stethescope of their luminous intellects and telling us with childlike surprise a lot of things about ourselves that we know perfectly well.

For instance, when the investigators discover how the members of the Socialist party run their own party, how each local is a permanent club and a center for social and mental culture, how elections are but incidents in the education of the voters to Socialism, how bosses do not and cannot exist in the Socialist party, how work for the cause is done for pure love of it, how children are brought up to Socialism as to a faith, how democracy and fraternity prevail in all the workings of the organization, how absolutely Socialists elected to office are bound to the will of their constituents—these and other matters will warrant various yells of astonishment.

When they go further and learn that Socialism cannot be kidnaped, befooled, crushed, purchased or bribed; when they perceive that it depends upon no individual and no set of individuals for its strength, that it is rooted forever in the working class of the country, that it presents a solid front against every trick in the political mountebank's basket—these and other matters will call forth much ponderous comment.

Various and deep are the dents which we are yet to make. We can never expect our enemies to understand. But we can afford them pleasant employment guessing and wondering. We can stimulate their mental processes. Good souls!

NO one who examines the facts need feel the slightest despondence over the result in Milwaukee. The only disheartening thing would be proof that our Milwaukee comrades are themselves disheartened. And we know that that is not the case.

The Milwaukee Socialists have never pretended to be a majority party in municipal affairs and a fusion of the two old parties could not be overcome at this time. Add the injection of the influences that have always been kept out of politics in this country, at least ostensibly, and the total opposition was too heavy.

The Milwaukee comrades felt their greatest weakness in the absence of an English daily newspaper. That is soon to be remedied, by all accounts, and the party expects to be in fighting trim to meet a fusion of all the robbers, sycophants, grafters, criminals, thugs, fakers and reactionaries in the next municipal election.

That the Milwaukee Socialists must be prepared to meet such a fusion is generally accepted. Which is to say that it must be prepared to become a majority party. A big job. But one that Seidel and his friends are equal to.

Meanwhile one great good is accomplished. The opponents of Socialism have to stand up together and be counted. A noble company they make, take them all together.

IT cost the lives of 1,125 men last year to mine 231,966,070 tons of coal in Pennsylvania — 206,192 tons a head, unpicked. Coal employers in Pennsylvania will not install safety devices, will not permit employer's liability, will not take as much care of the men in their mines as they do of the horses on the coal carts.

Coal employers in Pennsylvania support the only force of American cossacks, the State Constabulary; maintain nearly if not quite the most corrupt legislature in the country; subsidize strike breaking firms; crush labor troubles by wholesale murder and consistently break all laws that might tend to obstruct or check their rapacity.

Do you think you can alter these conditions by spraying them with rose water?

And have you noticed the list of "near wins"?

The BATTLE of the MULLIGAN

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

(Illustrated by John Sloan.)

IN the Yellowstone Park branch of the Oregon Short Line, some miles on the Park-ward side of Ashton, Idaho, there is a cut-off that forms a big "V" with the main line. Both tracks are raised a few feet from the level of the plateau which they intersect at this place, so the crotch of them forms a protected resting place for the sundry foot-travellers who pass that way. By building a barrier of stones from limb to limb of this "V", certain foot-travelers have constructed a triangle where, with the assistance of a small fire, one might make shift to pass the night.

The fellow who started this barrier was Harry Trench, formerly a time-keeper for the Baxter-Straw-Storrs Construction company. It was in the days, five or six years since, when the big construction company was finishing the line into Yellowstone Park, and foot travelers were plenty. If a man got fired, or quit his job, against the wishes of his boss, there was only one way for him to get back to civilization; he had to "hoof it." Neither love nor money nor arguments nor threats, availed anything with the crews of the construction trains. They had their orders.

Trench had quit his job. I don't know why he had quit his job; I never asked him. And there was such a variety of reasons why anyone should wish to quit that particular job that it would have been a hard matter to guess. I had been a "mucker" on one of the grading gangs and, for reasons too numerous to mention, I had quit my job, too. Foot-sore, tired out, and hungry as a wolf, about four o'clock one chilly May afternoon, I reached the "V" and sat down to rest. Trench showed up about half an hour later. I had already got a little fire going.

"Hello, 'bo!'" he said.

"Hello," said I.

"How's the chance to get accommodations in your hotel?" said he.

"Good," said I. "Come in."

He took his roped roll of bedding from his shoulders and sat down before the fire. He was built on the order of a pickhandle, his shoulders and head, topped off by a wide-rimmed felt hat, were considerably the widest part of him. He must have been six feet three inches tall.

"Got a little grub here," he announced, beginning to undo his bundle, "such as it is. Say we chew?"

"I've got a little, too," said I, tapping my own bedding-roll; "but if yours has come from the Park same as mine, maybe we'd better wait a while and get up a better appetite. I couldn't go anything harder'n nails and barbed wire—just yet."

He agreed that it would be a good idea to wait a little while, and we sat for some minutes silently staring into the fire. Cold white little cirrus clouds were chasing each other southward across the cold sky, and the fire was very agreeable.

Two other foot-travelers came up presently and stopped to look down at our blaze.

"Come in!" called Trench. "All accommodations free!"

They hobbled down the sides of the embankment and silently seated themselves on their bedding-rolls. One was an Irishman, lanky, wrinkled, with bushy bluish eyebrows and an expression of worn-out disgust. The other had the wide cheek-bones characteristic of the Slavic races. He seemed to be very cheerful.

"It's a murder would a-been committed in a few minutes by me gold watch and chain," grumbled the Irishman, thrusting his brogans up to the blaze, "wid that grinnin' Polack for the corpse. It's too damned happy he is; and him not understandin' scarcely a word of English—the dirrutty furriner."

"We might cook him up," suggested Trench. "He'd go well in a Mulligan."

"A foine idea!" The Irishman bared his teeth ferociously at his fellow traveler. "We're talkin' o' cookin' ye up in a Mulligan, ye scum! D'ye savvy that?"

"No savvy," replied the "furriner," showing his big teeth in a grin. He laid a hand gently on the Irishman's shoulder, and winked at Trench and me. "Wild Irishman—yes?" he suggested.

We all smiled at that, even the "Wild Irishman." "Dammim!", grunted the latter. "Sure, and I don't know how I'd a-got along at all today widout him to swear at. Ah, it's the foine cheerful lad he'd be as the cintral figger at a lynchin'!"

We didn't find anything in particular to say after that; and I think the thoughts of the other three turned, as mine turned toward the subject of grub. There is something about the thought of grub, especially when a man has a very little and wants a great deal, and expects to share with others who have even less and want even more, that makes one taciturn. I began to feel a primitive desire to get off in a corner and eat my bone by myself—as if I had been a dog. None of us said anything, but the grub-thought was certainly in the air; and the thought made us surly and sad.

"Howdy, gents!" put in a round, mellow voice just over our heads. We looked up. A wide-mouthed, oldish little negro was grinning down at us, a bit doubtfully, as if afraid of his welcome. In one hand he held a bundle, wrapped in a piece of newspaper; in the other a big round powder can, of the sort used to transport the black powder used for blasting.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Trench, pretending great irritation.

"Why—nobody in partic'lar," said the negro, losing a part of his smile. "I seen yoh-all's fire, an' I was jess thinkin'—"

"Well, come in, Nobody!" cried Trench. "I guess you're related to all of us!"

With relief that showed itself in a half-moon grin, Nobody scrambled into our midst. There was water in the powder-can he carried. He set the can down by the fire, and laid the bundle down beside it.

"Gen'lemen," he announced, "dey's a chicken in dat-ah bun'le! Wif yoh kine pe'mission an' 'sistance, I'm a-gwine to mek yoh de Mulligan of yoh life! I was jess wonderin' how I was a-gwine to git shet of all dat chicken!"

We didn't ask Nobody how he had come by that chicken; it didn't occur to us, at the time, that that made any particular difference. With one accord we congratulated Nobody, and began to open up our bundles, to add what we could to the perfection of that Mulligan. For a Mulligan, be it explained for the benefit of those so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with Mulligans, is the Course Dinner of the Road. It contains everything edible that can be scraped together at the time and place of its preparation. It is hors d'oeuvre, soup, entree, vegeables, salad, roast and dessert—all courses in one.

While Nobody set about his preparations, we watched him with the eyes of hungry wolves. It is a safe bet that not one of us there assembled had had a decent hot meal in three days of tramping. Such grub as we had managed to beg, borrow, buy or steal from the cooks that served the various camps had not been plentiful nor appetizing, and the few ranchers along the way kept guns and dogs especially for such as we. For myself, I had started with a loaf of bread and a soggy chunk of boiled beef. If you will walk three days provisioned only by a loaf of bread and a soggy chunk of boiled beef, you will have some idea of how I felt about that Mulligan. From the manner in which the others shattered the Third Commandment—which is a common way of expressing strong emotions, including joy—I judged that they were as ferociously hungry as I was myself.

Into the powder can, supported by stones over the fire went the chicken, cut into chunks; also the heel of the loaf and the remnants of the cold beef I had brought; also half a dozen raw potatoes from the Irishman's bundle, and another crust of bread; also sev-

At the same instant there was a flash and roar close at my side.

eral slices of raw bacon, half a box of crackers, a bit of cheese, and a can of sardines, contributed by Trench, also a double handful of raw onions which the Polack doubtfully offered. He did not know how to take the shouts of joy with which we greeted his onions, that humble Polack; he doubtless thought we were "kidding" him, having no idea, dear man, how we blessed him that, like Caesar's soldiers, he always carried onions when on the march.

Trench and I got together a good supply of wood; the pot began to bubble and steam; the Irishman groaned and swore and rubbed his stomach and spat frequently with his excess of feeling. Nobody and the Polack vied with each other in the width and expressiveness of their smiles. So taken up were we with eager anticipations that, when another guest dropped unannounced into our hotel, we took no particular notice of him.

The last comer was a Jap. He had no baggage, and he seemed a little out of breath.

"Smell da grub a mile!" he announced, with an anxious, placating grin around our circle. "Please—something to eat! No money! Hungry—Ah, hungry!"

"Sure!" said Trench. "Nobody, for the Lord's sake, ain't it about done? I'll shrivel up inside if I don't get something pretty *pronto!*"

"Here too," groaned the Irishman. "Faith, I'm dyin'!"

Nobody placidly stirred the Mulligan with a long stick, thus creating an increase of the maddeningly delicious odor it exhaled.

"Yeh-all be betteh employed," he remarked, "fixin' yohselves some crotch sticks to prong dis heah stuff out with."

We hadn't thought of that. Trench and the Irishman immediately got out pocket knives and began selecting crotches from the wood pile. But the Jap gave his whole attention to the food.

"Please—one bite!" he begged, holding out his hands. "Now—can't wait!"

"You sit down there, Jappo!" growled Trench, out of patience more with his own raging stomach than with the little foreigner. "You'll get your share when the time comes!"

The Jap didn't seem to like the idea of waiting, but, after a glance at Trench's face, he sat down beside the Polack. Trench and the Irishman silently prepared six crotched sticks, neatly sharpening the prongs, and laid them where they would be ready for use. Conversation languished; we were too hungry to think of anything but that Mulligan, and it would only have made us hungrier to talk about that.

In the midst of our silence, something hummed, like a big beetle, over our heads. Almost at the same time there was a slight popping sound, as if someone had exploded a firecracker over beyond the main line of the railway. We looked dully at each other, not understanding what it meant—all but Trench. He was on his feet immediately. Scrambling up the side of the embankment, he lay at full length and peered out over the rails.

It occurred to me that that humming thing had been a bullet. I crawled up to Trench's side, and peered over.

At the edge of the wood of second-growth pine that rimmed our little plateau, some two hundred yards away, three men were standing. The sun was setting, and they were partly concealed by the low trees; but by looking closely I could see that all three had rifles under their arms, and that they were looking directly toward us. They had evidently sent the bullet to attract our attention.

"Hey!" yelled Trench.

"Put up your hands—and come out o' that!" bellowed one of the gentlemen with the rifles. "We got ye!"

At Trench's call, the rest of our assorted company had started to come up to us.

"Better stay back there," said the ex-timekeeper. "There's some gents out here that seem to be kinder free with their guns!"

The Jap said a cuss-word.

"It's Nobody's chicken," Trench explained to me, looking disgusted and troubled. "The feller's seen him hook it. I suspicioned there'd be trouble about that. Chickens must be valuable up here."

"Couldn't we pay for it?" I suggested. "I've got a little money—"

"Hey!" yelled Trench. "We'll pay you whatever's right!"

The three men held a sort of consultation. A second later the one who had spoken before called back: "Don't try to give us no bunk! We seen our man go in there; and we'll just take the rest o' you along for good measure! Come out of it, you—" He added some remarks about our parentage.

"It ain't reasonable," said Trench to me. He looked down at the Mulligan, and sniffed grimly. "They'd ought to have had the politeness to wait till after dinner, anyway." Beneath his banter, I could see that he was mad. I was mad, too. As mad as a hungry dog that's being robbed of its bone. I could have growled.

We looked down at the four others. There was a smart wind blowing over the top of our hotel, and they had heard little of the conversation.

"What the divvil's the matter?" asked the Irishman.

"There's three gents with guns out here," replied Trench, "worryin' about our Mulligan."

"Lohd-a-mussy!" gasped Nobody. "Why—dat's *my* Mulligan!"

"It probably is—accordin' to your lights," admitted Trench. He looked back toward the gentlemen with rifles; his lean lower jaw stuck out, and his blue eyes had an irritated look—very irritated.

"We've got 'em bluffed," he muttered, "or they'd a-come right up and got us."

Abruptly he slid down the embankment and began rolling big stones into the open part of the "V."

"Gents," he said, working like a beaver, "it's a case o' goin' to jail before or after eatin'. Me, I vote to go after eatin'. If you feel that way, too—pitch in! We'll build a barricade, and we'll all eat Mulligan!"

We did not make reply, we did not reason why; protected from the gentlemen with rifles by the main-line embankment, we "pitched in." There were stones in plenty, and in an amazingly short time we had built a solid stone wall, some three feet high, that converted the "V" into a triangle. We stuffed our bedding into crevices between the stones of the wall.

During the last ten or fifteen minutes of our work, Trench lay on the embankment and kept our besiegers busy by parleying with them, pretending to be unable to hear anything they said. He finally exhausted their patience. While we were finishing the barricade a rifle bullet whizzed over our heads, followed immediately by the sharp "Slack!" of a rifle.

"You'd better keep your distance!" yelled Trench. "We've got a gun in here!" Then he added a few uncomplimentary remarks about their parentage, to balance those they had made about ours, and came down into our extemporized fort.

"Whizz-ping-in-ing!" remarked a bullet, coming from a new direction.

"They're circlin' around us," explained Trench with face as grim as his words were calm. "They seem real peeved. But they can't have much nerve or they'd have walked in on us."

I was curiously excited by being shot at. Something inside of me clamored to fight back. Perhaps I caught the feeling from Trench's eyes.

"I wish the devil we *did* have a gun!" I said.

"We *have* got one," said Trench quietly. He pulled a small revolver from his hip pocket and fingered it lovingly. He looked at me and I looked at him; we understood each other perfectly. The ancient desire to hit back had gripped us.

And it had gripped the others, also. "Shoot!" growled the Polack. "Sure, Slim! Give it thim back!" said the Irishman. "Lohd! Lohd!" groaned the peaceable Nobody. "Hit look lak we-all goin' to have a reg'lah battle!"

He went back to stir the Mulligan, and another bullet, from a still different angle, whined over our heads. All of us except the little Jap crouched down on our heels to be below the level of the rock wall. The Jap continued to peer out over the barrier.

"I believe I will shoot—just to scare 'em," said Trench to me. "It'll keep 'em off till after we eat that Mulligan, maybe:"

"Sure!" said I. We both knew it was a lame excuse; the real reason we wanted to shoot was because—we wanted to shoot.

"I tell you what," said Trench, crawling up one side of the embankment, "you stand over there by Jappo; and as soon as I shoot I'll toss you the gun, and you grab it and shoot it as quick as you can—high, you know, so you don't hit anything. It'll make 'em think we've got two guns—see?"

"Good!" said I.

Looking over the wall, I saw that one of the two men who were circling us had taken up his station three or four hundred yards down the track; the other was hurrying along to get on the third side of our triangle. The sun had set, and I could hardly make him out in the twilight; I would probably not have seen him at all but for the light of the half-moon that stood high in the south.

"All right!" I called to Trench.

He shot and tossed the gun to me. I caught it, turned, and sent a bullet over the head of the gentleman who was standing beside the railway track. At the same instant there was a tremendous flash and roar close at my side.

"'Mos' got 'im!" cried the Jap excitedly. "See 'im run!"

Jappo was looking at me with a childish delight all over his little brown face. In his right hand he held a smoking revolver, half as long as his arm, with which he had just taken a pot shot at the man who was circling to the third side of us.

After a second of stupefied amazement, I laughed. The little chap's face somehow reminded me of the face of a bad boy who has just knocked off a silk hat with a snow-ball. Then Trench came hurrying up, and we set to work to explain to that misguided Oriental wherein he'd made a mistake. He was very apologetic when he understood that our intentions were not murderous, and insisted on shaking hands with us both.

"Well—battle's over," said Trench, returning his gun to his pocket. "Nobody, is that Mulligan done? Because, done or not done, I'm not goin' to wait any longer!"

"She am!" said Nobody. With the assistance of a bit of newspaper, he took the powder can off the few coals that still remained of the fire. "Gen-'lemen, dinneh is suhved!"

Each with his two-pronged stick, we gathered around. In the excitement of the previous few minutes I had forgotten that I was hungry; but, once I had a piece of boiled chicken speared and steaming on my improvised fork, I realized that I had never been half so hungry in my life. How we ate! Except for occasional grunts and sniffs of pleasure, there was no sound from any of us. Down it went—good substantial grub, sauced with hunger, spiced with danger, garnished with snappy air from the mountain peaks to northward. That powder can must have held about three gallons, and it was two-thirds full when we started; but we ate it all. Nor were we unduly stuffed. Altogether it was such a meal as might justify God to man, and when it was finished there was peace and good will in our souls.

"Let 'em come on any time now," said Trench, offering cigaret papers and tobacco. "I could stand six months easy—with that stickin' to my ribs."

"I hope it's a comfortable sort o' a jail," remarked the Irishman, contentedly helping himself to Trench's tobacco. "—Not that I'm after wantin' to be too partic'lar," he added, blowing blue tobacco smoke up toward the stars. "I was thinkin' of a jail I was once entertained at in Seattle. Bad, vera bad."

"I ain't wise to all dis, boss," put in Nobody. He had fired up an old cob pipe, and was leaning back against the sandy earth of the embankment. "Wha' foh dey gwine to 'rest us? We ain't done nothin', have we?"

Trench and I and the Irishman sniggered. "The black divvil!" grunted Irish. "It's that accustomed he is to stalin' fowls that he thinks it's no sin to do it!"

"It's all right, Nobody," put in Trench. "We all ate your bird; we're as guilty as you are. And they wouldn't take pay for it, either. We'll stand by you."

Nobody removed his pipe from his mouth and sat bolt upright. Wha'dè yoh gents mean?" he asked. "I gave up a dollah an' foh bits for dat chicken! I neveh stole no chicken!"

"What?" demanded Trench. "Nobody—you're dreamin'!"

"No, sah—I beg yoh pardon!" Nobody could have looked at Nobody and doubted his innocence. "A dollah an' foh bits! I jess concluded I was bound to have a squah meal or die; an' I bought dat chicken off'n a rancheh! Yes, sah!"

We stared blankly at Nobody, and he stared back at us. Trench, on whom the burden of the mistake lay, began to declaim against his own foolishness.

"No use worryin' now," remarked the Irishman. "Suhre, we've resisted arrest, anyway. I'm hopin' the jail will be better regelated than the one in Seattle. We might try Christian Science treatment on ut."

Trench thoughtfully twisted a cigaret. Presently he looked around the enclosure. "Where's Jappo?" he asked.

Jappo was just behind him, lying prone on the embankment and looking out over the rails. He turned, at the sound of his name, and came back into the enclosure.

"Me here," he said, squatting beside Trench. He cast a calculating glance up at the sky. "Cloud coming," he announced.

I looked up. Bits of darker cumulus cloud were mixing with the twisted wisps of cirrus that the north wind was driving along the sky. A considerable mass was approaching from the northwest. The moon was already threatened with eclipse by it.

I looked back, in some perplexity, at the calm face of the little Jap. He had pushed his ragged bit of a cap back from his forehead; and I could see his beady eyes blinking rapidly as he watched the approaching cloud. The moonlight was so dim that I could not make out his features very plainly;

Continued on page 12

LYRICS OF A LABORER

By Berton Braley

I.

JUST A COMMON LABORER.

YOU KNOW me, sure at least you know my kind—
I am the sort of guy you'll always meet
Where any "common labor" you can find—
Diggin' the sewers in the city street,
Tampin' the ties where railroad lines is run,
Wheelin' the concrete-mixer's mess away,
Doin' the kind of work that "must be done"
I'm "common labor," workin' by the day.

I ain't a thing of beauty nor of grace,
I'm kind of stiff an' bent, but I kin swing
A pick or shovel here or any place
As good as any guy you want to bring;
I used to think that maybe I would be
A boss or somethin'—of a workin' crew—
But Fate—er maybe it was only me—
Ain't never let that dream of mine come true.

So I goes on a-toilin' at my job
Week after week, an' year atop of year
An' while this pump of mine kin throb a throb
I'll still be doin' what I'm doin' here.
Maybe I've had my chance an' let it go
Maybe I never had no chance to climb,
But here I am, that much fer sure I know,
Doin' my work an' puttin' in my time.

II.

HIS FAMILY.

There's Mabel an' Billy an' Jennie
An' Tommy an' Jimmie an' Sue,
I'll stack 'em all up against any—
You bet they're a husky young crew.
It keeps us both busy to feed 'em
Me diggin'—the wife at her tub,
But—we keeps 'em in clothes when they need 'em
An' none of 'em's lackin' fer grub.

We does just as well as we're able
An' no one kin do any more,
They're all in the school except Mabel
An' she has a job in a store.
There ain't many brighter than Jimmie,
You bet he is nobody's fool,
An' Billy is better than him, he
Is simply a winner in school.

The rest is as keen as they make 'em
An' worth all our trouble an' sweat
To raise 'em an' learn 'em an' break 'em,
An' keep 'em all healthy, you bet!
They're ours an' I'm thinkin' we love 'em,
An' we wish we had mony to blow
Why—we could make anything of 'em
If only they had a fair show.

III.

HIS CLUB.

Down at Muldoons is the place fer the bunch,
Where you git a big beer an' a bully free lunch,
Where you spit on the floor if ye're minded that way
An' there's talk with yer friends on the news of the day—
The death of a statesman, a prize fighter's punch,
A famine in China, a row on the docks,
A ship that is smashin' to bits on the rocks—
It's all of it grist fer the things that they say
Down at Muldoons.

You guys have your clubs where you gather fer cheer;
Our club is Muldoons—where a nickel fer beer
Is all of the fees that you really need pay
Fer the comfort you gits an' the card games you play,
There's friends, an' there's papers, an' good talk to hear
Down at Muldoons.

IV.

HIS WAGES.

One fifty ain't what you could call such a lot
When you work for ten hours to earn it,
We seemed to be long findin' somethin' was wrong
But at last we are comin' to learn it.
So it's lockin' now like we will go on a strike
We ain't hardly fixed to go through it,
But the only good way of increasin' yer pay
Is to threaten to strike—an' to do it!

Fer how can we live on the wages they give,
With prices that's higher an' higher?
Some claims that we use all our money fer booze?
Well, the guy who says that is a liar!
You can't get much drink if you haven't the chink
An' a guy must be pretty blame thrifty
Who kin hold out enough to get full on the stuff
When his wages is only one fifty!

No, take it from me that our chance fer a spree
Ain't nearly as great as they say it,
An' the guys who declare we drink more than our share
Don't LIVE on our wage—no, they PAY it!
An' they say that we shirk?—Well, just handle our work
You'll quit 'fore you even begin it.
So we're goin' to strive fer one seventy five
An' I think we'll be able to win it.

V.

THE PICK AND SHOVEL BRIGADE.

There's Tony Caponi an' Johny Morony an' Boscovitch, Slovak an' Burke,
You'll find here the faces of all of the races that's doin' this back-breakin' work.
Some people don't love us an' thinks they're above us—which may be consid'able true
For we're the foundation that gives 'em their station—this every-day laborin' crew,
They'd have lots of trouble a-ridin' in bubbles er makin' big money in trade
If WE wasn't sweatin' fer what we are gettin'—the pick an' shovel brigade.

The rouse you takes pride in the roads you are ridin'—we handle the rock an' the muck,
Whenever some one'll be plannin' a tunnel—it's us that must shovel, worse luck!
Whenever you goes in them buildin's imposin' that tries to make holes in the sky,
Why—we are the fellers that dug out the cellars that's under them buildin's so high.
With toil we are branded—stoop shouldered, hard handed, we don't make a handsome parade,
But though you would flout us you can't do without us, the pick an' shovel brigade.

There's others comes after—that puts up the rafter an' handles the rivets and steel,
But 'for they begun it, our jobs we had done it so they could git in on the deal,
They makes all the city look han'some an' pretty but WE had to make 'em the room
We pulled down the hovels an' then with our shovels we followed the dynamite's boom;
We waser't no dreamers er planners er schemers—we worked fer the cash that was paid
But where we had wallered the others guys followed the pick an' the shovel brigade!

VI.

THE STRIKE.

When the boss says nix to a fair demand
An' yells he'll give you to understand
HE'S runnin' the job an' no uppish skate
Of a blankety blankety delegate
Kin tell him the place to git off at—
What would you do in a case like that?
Would you say—"that's the kind of talk I like."
Or—strike!

We're nothin' but common place workin' men,
But we has our feelin's, an' now an' then
We gits 'em riled an' we gives a yell
An' tells the bosses to go to hell.
So the diggin' gang, when they all had heard
The boss's answer an' what occurred,
They says, "We'll fix him, we will, sure Mike!
We'll strike!"

So the strike is on fer a two-bit raise
An' we ain't been workin' fer days an' days
An' my pay is spent an' the larder's thin
(All goin' out an' nuthin' in)
But we'll stick it out like we said we would
Till we gits the pay that we fairly should
An' win the strike—why we must, we MUST!
—Er bust!

VII.

THE STRUGGLE.

SOME way it makes me sad to think how kind of hard I'm grubbin'
To set around without a job while Mary goes out scrubbin',
But since the strike I've done my best to find some work or other

But everywhere I gits the same, one turndown—then another!
An' Bill an' Jim is out of school, I hates to have 'em quit it
But SOMEONE has to git a job an' I can't seem to git it;
The kids are helpin' all they can—it makes me almost crazy
To think they must support their dad, so useless-like and lazy.

I guess we're goin' to win the strike but it is slow in winnin'
The pawn shops got the parlor lamp an' that's a bad beginnin'.
I tell you what, it ain't just right that guys like me is driven
To fight the way we has to fight fer pay to keep us livin';
I want to keep my kids in school just like my richer neighbor
I want 'em learnin' somethin' more than bein' "common labor"
It ain't myself I thinks about that makes me feel so heated
My KIDS ain't gittin' half a chance—an' THEY'RE the ones that's cheated!

VIII.
HATING THE SCAB.

THEY tried to git scab-labor in our place
But some one throwed a brick an' hit a man,
An' then the lively doin's all began
An' some one got a knife-cut on the face!
Then come the cops an' we all hit the trail
It was the scabs that landed in the jail.

I hate a scab—he's nothin' but a bum,
A thief who takes yer job an' doesn't care
How just yer strike may be, how fair an' square,
If anybody pays him—he will come!
He hasn't got no home, no fam'ly ties
He sells himself to anyone who buys.

An' though I'm peaceful in my daily life
An' never lookin' fer a fight er row
I'd jump 'most any scab 'most anyhow
(Keepin' a lookout fer his gun er knife!)
I cannot love my feller man when he
Is low enough to steal my grub from me.

IX.
THE BOSS.

TODAY the boss went ridin' by
He has a bran new motor car,
His big fur coat was turned up high
He smoked a great big black cigar.
I sees him, an' I starts to think
About the way the world is run
An' how the guy that has the chink
Gets all the luxury an' fun.

Now mind you, I don't mean to claim
That motor cars an' furs an' such
Is MINE by right, but just the same
SOME people has too bloomin' much
While me an' other "sons of toil"
Just barely lives an' pays the rent
It don't exactly make me boil
But it don't make me feel content.
In fact I guess I'm kind of sore
To see the boss an' all he's made
When I—who asks fer two bits more—
Have got to strike to git it paid;
I leave it to you—on the dead
Does that seem right or is it wrong?
I'M kind of rattled in my head
From thinkin' of the thing so long.

X.
THE DAUGHTER'S INSULT.

Last night when our Mabel came home she was cryin'
She buried her face in her good mother's lap
An' then twixt her sobs an' her tears an' her sighin'
She told how a nobby-dressed, impudent chap
Had followed her all of the way she was walkin'
An' called her his dearie an' asked fer her name
She almost ran home—but she said that his talkin'
Was such she could never repeat it fer shame.

An' all of the while she was tellin' her story
I seen Billy's face gettin' angry an' red,
An' 'twas not very long—fer I noticed—before he
Went out, with his hat crowded down on his head;
While I says to myself as my hairy fist tightened,
"I'd like to lay hands on a feller like him,
I'd pay him fer all of the girls he had frightened,
I'd teach him a lesson to keep him in trim!"

Till midnight an' after we waited fer Billy
An' when he came in he was surely a sight.
But he says, "Well, I fixed him—I knocked the guy silly
Though he called me a kid when we started to fight.
I paid him I guess, fer his talkin to Mabel
I give him full measure fer all that he done,
He may want to flirt—but he ain't hardly able—
Who was it? O'Reilley—the contractor's son!"

XI.
THE BROTHER'S FIST.

You kin talk about money an' all of its tricks
In courts an' in love an' in trade,
But when it comes down to an old fashioned mix
Where yer fists is the weapons displayed,
Yer wealth ain't what helps you—you hark to my hunch
The poor man's as good as the rich,
An' Billy won out cause the boy had the punch
Though his father digs dirt in a ditch!

I know it ain't righteous that people should fight
But I'm proud of my brave little kid
Who wasn't afraid to go out in the night
An' do just the way that he did,
The boss may be better an' richer than me,
But his son's had a lesson from mine
An' I reckon he won't be so flippant an' free
Fer the lesson was certainly fine!

It's hard that yer daughter can't come home alone
Without bein' followed an' spoke
But the feller that done it has woes of his own
For his nose an' his collar bone's broke.
An' though he's the son an' the heir of my boss
I'll guess he'll learn THIS pretty clear,
Not to bother SOME girls that he happens across
Fer maybe their brothers is near!

XII.
THE LAW AND THE COP.

THE coppers came this mornin'
An' knocked an' rang the bell,
An' when I asked 'em what they wished
They didn't want to tell
But I says "Billy can't be took
An' throwed into a cell.

"He only done his duty
An' what was just an' right,
You ain't a-goin' to take him
Fer just a little fight,
He ain't no common robber
Ner a burgler in the night."

But all the same they took him
An' locked him up in jail
Because they said he'd broke the peace
Accordin' to the tale
Of Mr. James O'Reilley's son
That Billy had to whale.

A fine old justice that is
A justice kind an' free
That puts my Billy into jail
An' leaves that masher free
To trouble other daughters of
Such workin' men as me.

But I kin only worry
An' clamor an' complain,
An' that won't be no remedy
Fer all this grief an' pain,
An' all the protests I kin make
Is bound to be in vain!

If Billy'd stole a railroad,
Er wrecked a savin's bank,
He'd git his bail instanter
From men of wealth an' rank,
But he just fought his sister's fight
An' so the jail doors clank!

THE "YELLER" PAPERS

MY Billy's free of jail again—the papers got him out
Them wicked "yeller papers" that you hear so much about.

The editors of other sheets that "holds a higher tone"
They listened to my story, but they let the case alone

Then the "yellers" heard about it an' they grabbed it like a streak
They told my Billy's story with a beller an' a shriek.

An' the jail doors opened outward an' they opened mighty soon
(There is lots of people dancin' to the yeller papers' tune.)

So my Billy was a hero when he hit the homeward track
An' I guess he wasn't welcome when we seen him comin' back!

You kin talk about the "yellers" an' their awful sins an' crimes,
But they fights the poor man's battles an' they wins 'em, too, at times,

Keep yer "quiet fam'ly papers" that adopts a high brow line
I am boostin' fer the "yellers" that will boost fer me an' mine,

Maybe they ain't really honest, maybe it is all a bluff
But they got my Billy's freedom—an' that's honesty enough!

WE WON THE STRIKE.

THERE ain't no strike—it's over now,
The gang is diggin' rock again,
Seems like we were in clover now
Our stuff is out of hock again;

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

"Aha! I See a fly-speck on the City Hall! How are you Socialists going to explain that? Aha!"

THE CAPITALIST BOGEY

By J. B. Larric

THE Socialist administration in Milwaukee has developed a mania for dying off about once a week. But it is rapidly getting used to the stunt and it likes it.

Every Sunday regularly the capitalistic press announces Milwaukee's demise in large, tear-stained boldface. "She Can't Last Long!" "Failing Rapidly!" "The End Expected Any Moment!" "Rigor Mortis Has Set In!"

And then just when the shutters are about to be solemnly latched together, the curtains decently drawn, the blinds silently pulled down. the mischievous corpse peekaboos from beneath the shroud and winks like a village prohibitionist ordering soda.

Now, what's to be done with a thoughtless corpse like that? Nothing. Even suppose it should take it into its head to cash in! Would it have the good grace, the decency and manners to remain buried? Certainly not.

In all probability, after the hearse had started on its sad journey, the remains would get up, as Aaron Burr did on a certain remarkable occasion, and ride with the driver, commenting rapturously all the way on the glorious spring scenery. Is it any wonder that the anti-Socialist literary bureau is showing such impatience? Who wouldn't?

Having very tender natures, the politicians cannot see Milwaukee suffering so. They are profoundly stirred. Their grief is like the magnate's for the beggar. The mendicant's poverty moved the rich man to his depths. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that there is so much misery in the world? Such destitution! No shoes! No hat! No coat! Man, you break my heart! Butler, ho, butler! For heaven's sake, quick, fire the pauper out! I cannot endure the sight of such wretchedness!"

The Milwaukee politicians feel just that way. Rather than look at the poor Socialists they would have them driven from their sight. But be just. be kind. Their motives spring from the trinity of faith, hope and charity. Don't think they are animated by anything save by the love of brotherhood and humanity. Don't!

If you chance across cartoons picturing doctors holding Milwaukee's pulse; if you see interviews on the city depicting her going down for the last time with a low, gurgling cry; if you read magazine articles describing her death rattle with soprano runs and modulations; if you hear speakers drawing harrowing scenes of the final agonies to soft, slow, distant music—be calm. Be calm, don't excite yourself. It is nothing more than this samaritan political philanthropy at work. For rather than see Milwaukee in travail, it would end the torture at once. They are merciful, sympathetic, lovely gentlemen, these same politicians. Don't accuse them of trying to remove the crape from their bank accounts to fasten it around the high brow of Socialism. Don't! Please don't!

The Milwaukee obituary writers crowd up into their conning towers. They are armed with field-glasses, telescopes and binoculars. When a pin drops, the next day the whole country hears that fifty tons of dynamite have exploded in the city. When they spy a speck of dust in the left-hand corner of the southwest wall, the news is immediately sent flying all over the land that Milwaukee is wading knee-deep in filth, mud and garbage.

Milwaukee commits the unpardonable crime of opening a municipal pawn-shop. Horrors! A shudder goes through the veins of the Associated Press. A few hours later the cold beads of perspiration stand out like this on the printed page:

"Milwaukee opened a municipal pawn shop today. This is but the beginning of a long series of municipally owned shops soon to be established.

"The Socialists propose to erect a limberger cheese factory, a corset plant, a tooth-wash establishment, a harem skirt industry, a tennis-racket foundry, a ping-pong mill, an automobile manufactory, a skating rink, a flying machine plant, a bon-bon atelier, a cocktail mint and a photograph studio.

"In addition to these establishments, it is rumored that the city will shortly erect chewing-gum stations for working girls. The gum can thus be checked with custodians when not in use. The metropolis will also furnish plush divans along the streets for the comfort of laborers. In fact, it will be made compulsory for the workingmen to repose on them for an hour after every five minutes of work.

"Interviewed today on the situation, Mayor Seidel said:

"'The municipal pawnshop is intended mainly for the convenience of republican and democrat politicians. They will shortly need them, as I hear their funds are getting low.

"'Next week, I shall have a bill passed in the assembly for the erection of a great municipal bologna studio. The building of this plant has been the dream of my life. I am over enjoyed now that I can realize it.

"'I have asked Signor Brostoli to come over from Italy to superintend the industry. He is a recognized bologna expert. The bologna project I have in mind will solve the problem of the high cost of living. It will also do away forever with dyspepsia, bronchitis and spinal meningitis.

"'This specially prepared bologna has an outer mackintosh skin, making it absolutely rain-proof. This skin can be peeled off the meat part, and if desired converted into an umbrella cover, a cravenette, an awning, a hand-bag, and many other useful things.

"'The cost of erecting this industry will amount to the trifle of thirty millions. It may come to a few dollars more or less but what does a mere detail like that matter?

"'But how do you expect to finance this gigantic project?' the Mayor was asked.

"'There could be nothing easier,' he replied. 'Popular subscription. We propose to send a list around to all the city departments; for instance, The Hospital for the Insane; The Home for the Deaf and Blind; the Asylums for Incurables. We shall get the inmates of these and other institutions to assign to us their debts and liabilities. This collateral we shall deposit with one of the New York banks. It will undoubtedly be put by that bank under the head of "Assets" in its annual statement. Thus we will be able to draw out ten per cent yearly interest, which will be applied to the running expenses of the bologna atelier. It is all really very simple.'"

The editors all over the country then fall to and cogitate hard and earnestly over this interview. And with his coffee and rolls the next morning this is what the American citizen gets:

"The Socialist administration in Milwaukee is a complete failure. It would have been far better for that city not to have strayed from its solid, conservative path. Whisking thoughtlessly aside the pure, spiritual, spotless Rose regime and putting the Berger and Seidel pirates and buccaneers

(Continued on page 12)

Greetings to American Socialists

By J. Keir Hardie, M. P.

With the approach of the First of May our thoughts turn instinctively to our comrades of other lands. May Day is more than Labor Day.

America has its Labor Day on September 4th and it has twice been my lot to witness the parades connected therewith. In 1895 I was in Chicago, and two years ago I was in New York, and it was good to see the thousands of big, clean-limbed, brawny and brainy men who marched past in the processions. This, however, was only Labor Day for America, and the flag carried was almost invariably the Stars and Stripes which of itself marked the occasion off as being only national.

The First of May is not merely national; it is Emancipation Day for the proletariats of all lands. On that day the sun in his journey round the earth, beams all the way round upon the pioneers of a new faith kneeling at the shrine of our common humanity. A band of comrades encircles the earth on May Day in a sympathetic bond of common aspiration. All creeds, dogmas, sects and parties blend in one common thought—the emancipation of the race.

It is in that international spirit that I send fraternal greetings to our comrades in the United States of America. To them the past year has witnessed a great triumph and much progress; may May Day this year usher in the beginning of a time better than all that has gone before.

Springtime of the Race, May 1, 1911

BY A. M. SIMONS

THIS is the springtime and seed time of the earth's history.

Measured by our puny memories and our heaped up books, history seems long. Lester F. Ward tells that were all the ages of the world represented upon a clock face marking the twelve hours, then all but a few minutes would be used to indicate the endless centuries before man set foot upon the globe, while our recorded history would be measured by but a few seconds in comparison.

Those bleak ages of preparation, of glacial cold, and boiling rocks and convulsive upheavals and the slow shrinking that built the continents, and the slow wearing down of valleys, made the earth ready for life.

There has been a geological winter for the race also. For centuries men fought against the bitter mastery of nature. Cold, floods, drouth and wild beasts slew millions that a few more fitted to survive, might be chosen to perpetuate the race.

Then, when a few of nature's secrets had been sought out, and some of her forces turned to the service of man, the stronger within the race of humans seized those treasures gained by common effort and used them to enslave their fellowmen.

Then came those long centuries of oppression and exploitation and misery, when,

"Man's inhumanity to man made countless thousands mourn."

The central fact about this long winter of race misery was, that never did those who produced the things by which the race was clothed, housed, amused and educated, receive their product.

Those who sowed and reaped and baked did not eat the bread. Those who spun and wove and fashioned the clothing were always clad most poorly. Those who built pyramids, mansions, palaces and cathedrals dwelt in huts.

Around this fact that labor was robbed of its product, all that we call history has centered. Wars were but the struggles to determine which gang of robbers should have the plunder.

This winter of discontent is drawing to a close, and that just because it is a winter of *discontent*.

Less than a century ago a few among the workers awoke to a realization that the geological winter of the race was over. They showed that invention and science had made the earth ready for a new world of free men.

They showed that, with the coming of machines, the weapons were now at hand with which poverty and ignorance could be as completely exterminated as had been the cave bear, the saber toothed tiger and the mammoth that once haunted the camp fires of our cave dwelling ancestors. Slowly the rays of this new idea melted away the accumulated snows of ignorance and illuminated the intellectual darkness of the great toiling millions.

We are today in this great springtime of the race.

The light and warmth of the sun of Socialism has penetrated into the minds of the frozen and enslaved millions and has aroused them to action.

Just as there was more life and movement in any century after sentient beings appeared upon the earth than in all the eons that came before; just as there are greater transformations in each hour of the warm, pulsating springtime than in all the long frozen months of winter, so there is more progress in a modern moment of the struggle for liberty than in all the ages of slavery.

The sowers in this springtime of mankind and womankind are millions. They are sure of the harvest now. There are many who do not yet know that the winter is passed. There are some so blinded by the snows of prejudice, so encrusted by the ice of selfishness, that they cannot see the liberty bringing sun.

But their blindness will not stay the sun in its course. It is as impossible to retain the slavery and robbery of the past as it is to keep the last winter's snow upon the hills, or the coat of ice upon the lakes now that springtime is here. And after springtime comes the harvest.

That harvest will be the first to be reaped and enjoyed by those who sowed and tended it—by them and their children and their children's children. For we are about to usher in a new age. An age in which there is neither hunger, nor cold, nor slavery nor ignorance.

Of the glories of that summer time and harvest time of the race we can have but a faint vision. We can only know that all the triumphs over nature gained in the long, long winter of toil and pain, and the greater triumphs that the swifter moving life of spring and summer bring, will be at the service of all humanity. We know from the law of accelerated motion that has prevailed since "the earth was without form and void" until the present that each day will bring greater things then than years do now.

We know that those will be the days in which mankind will reap the harvest for which there have been thousands of years of preparation and centuries of sowing. We know that man will stand master not only of the earth, but of himself. We know that the struggle against environment will be ended and the struggle of man with man will be no more.

Nature will be the servant of mankind and mankind will be brothers.

Even that primal curse of toil, that has rested upon man, first by the harsh necessity of the battle against physical forces, and then by the yoke that has been laid upon him by those of his own kind, will be removed. Labor itself will be a joy, when into it every worker can put the knowledge that the race has handed down to him modified by his mind. In that day toil will give place to play, for the production of the things that satisfy our needs will be made a source of pleasure.

This vision has hung before the race in one form and another these thousands of years. Sometimes it grew so faint and dim that it was only hoped for at the end of life. Today, we know that it is no longer a dream, but the only certain thing that the future holds in store.

There may have been doubts of the coming of life when the rocks ran molten from the mountains. There may have been doubt of liberty when all man's energies were taxed in the fight to tear from reluctant nature the food to maintain life. The coming of the harvest may have been doubted when the snow lay deep upon the earth.

Today when the ground is ready for seed, when we know that the sunshine and cultivation will not fail, we feel assured that the crop will be ours.

And we who till the soil and sow the seed today are making possible that day.

It is good to be alive in the springtime of the race.

Just Beginning to Fight

BY ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Message of encouragement! Ha! Tell our American comrades to remember the American captain who, when called upon to strike his flag, replied that he was only just beginning his part of the battle. We shall not win, but the truth will. The mills of thought grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small. I hope our American friends will be Socialists and not laborists, and that they will never stoop to the politics of the political parties. And I wish them and all Socialists of all nations good courage and good speed.

A DAY OF VICTORY

By A. M. Simons

TRULY labor has cause to rejoice. The day of the realization of our hopes is in sight. No longer need we talk of the awakening of labor as some far-off dream. The election returns of the last few months and weeks tell of the capture of the first outposts of the citadel of capitalism. It is not alone that in Milwaukee, Berkeley, Butte, Flint, and a host of smaller towns, the powers of local government have fallen into the hands of the Socialists. These victories in themselves would mean little were they not so evidently a part of a great wave.

Within six months Socialist victories have been gained in states as far apart as Pennsylvania and California, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Washington, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Kansas, Michigan and Mississippi. There is no section of the country exempt. Wherever capitalism has entered, there Socialism has followed.

Organized labor seems to be moving almost en masse. The mistakes, misunderstandings and ignorance that have so long made the American labor movement an anomaly in the international revolt of the workers are passing away. The United Mine Workers, the most powerful union in America, is moving toward Socialism so rapidly that one step treads upon another. The machinists, cigar-makers and other trades, once recognized as among the most conservative, are now permeated with the spirit of Socialism. The Civic Federation, the latest and biggest effort to mislead and obstruct the progress of labor, has been discredited and cast aside.

The press of Socialism that, a few years ago, was but a still small whisper in the roaring Babel of capitalist publications, has grown until its voice sounds clear and true above the shrieks of the profit-serving press. Scarcely a day passes that does not add several more to the long list of Socialist papers. These no longer spring up as the result of a momentary enthusiasm, to die when the enthusiasm has spent itself. They come in response to a need and backed by a demand that insures permanency. Whole groups of papers, edited from a common center, are spreading over the country.

That the number of Socialist publications has trebled since the last presidential campaign would be a modest estimate.

The press, too, is but a portion of the growing literature of Socialism. There has been a frenzy of enthusiasm for the written word as a method of propaganda. Leaflets, pamphlets, books, posters and other forms of printed matter are being circulated at this moment to a far greater degree than in the closing days of the biggest campaign the Socialists have ever waged.

The spirit of Socialism is permeating the publications of its enemies. Forced by the very hunger for profits which they are defending, the great magazines find that only by breathing the spirit of Socialism into the dead bones of capitalist muck-raking can the current of circulation be made to flow.

On the platform, too, we are accustomed to think that when the Red Special was touring the country and every nerve was being strained in the last weeks of the presidential campaign, that the high tide of Socialist speaking had been reached. Yet, today, fully as many orators are on national tours as then, while state and local organizations are maintaining an army of propagandists and organizers.

Here again Socialist influence is capturing the very weapons of the enemy. Lyceum Bureaus have discovered that the message to which the people listen gladly, and for which they pay liberally, is that of Socialism, and Socialist speakers are tempted with flattering offers from those who, but a few years ago, would have barred them from access to the platform.

Insurgency and radical democracy died before they were born. The last session of Congress was barren of results, and the present only attracts attention because it is unique in the possession of a representative of Socialism.

All this, of course, is but a reflection of the industrial life. The world market is glutted. There is no room, no hope of expansion.

The nations of the world, at the behest of the capitalist rulers, are piling up greater and greater armaments in the hope that in the final struggle each may gain some advantage. So tremendous has become this waste of militarism that no ravages of war ever pressed heavier upon a people than do the preparations for war today.

This cannot go much farther. It is a truism that modern war is fought with bonds, not bullets, and modern militarism bids fair to conquer and crush those who create it. Each nation is building its own Frankenstein.

The rulers of the world alternately hope for war as a method of relief and of attracting attention from the uprising of the toilers, and fear it as an opportunity of revolt that will end in the overthrow of militarism, plutocracy and slavery.

War is welcomed, feared, hated, expected, dreaded. It is a confession of failure, a resort of despair.

The great task of the workers of America today is to organize for freedom these mighty forces of revolt. We all know this. In every section of the country, the convinced Socialists are working with desperate energy to enroll and drill the fighters for the coming battle.

They are enrolling them. They are being drilled and prepared at a rate the most optimistic of us would have thought impossible. Three months ago there were but fifty-eight thousand members in the Socialist party. Since then twenty thousand have been added. It is significant that in this growth Pennsylvania, the most industrial of states, leads with fully ten thousand members. But a dozen other states are pressing her hard as to rate of growth.

These facts are encouraging, but only as they point the way to greater possibilities. We must enter the next presidential campaign with not less than one hundred fifty thousand organized and drilled workers. This will give our national organization over seven thousand dollars a month income.

The expenses of administration need not exceed two thousand dollars, that means more than five thousand dollars a month for literature and agitation When to that we have added the sums that can be raised in the enthusiasm of a campaign, and to that the still greater resources that come from a trained army of devoted workers, the Socialist party of America can, for the first time in its history, maintain a more powerful campaign than either of those that are financed by capitalism.

With such an organization, borne on the ever-rising wave of enthusiasm, cheered by the success of widely separated yet closely united victories, who shall set metes and bounds to the possibilities of the coming year?

The next presidential campaign, and it is only a short twelve months until that campaign will begin, will be an historic one. The Socialist party has never failed to register at least ten times as many ballots as it counted members. We are, therefore, on the safe ground of mathematical calculation when we count within the bounds of probabilities a vote of a million and a half in November, 1912.

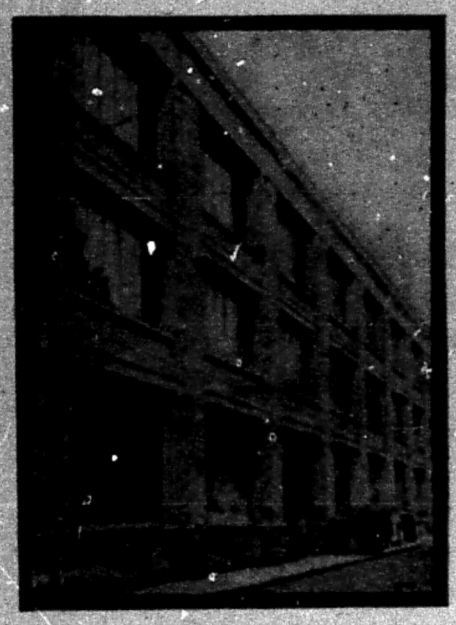
That would mean congressmen from a dozen states. It would mean from one to twenty members of the legislature in each of these states. It would put a hundred large cities, and five hundred smaller ones in the control of the working class. It would give a majority for labor in many county governments, and would produce a frenzy for "radical" legislation that would bring many alleviations of capitalist oppression.

It would send the entire nation "to school to Socialism." It would so focus attention upon the rising tide of Labor that we would no longer need to seek out readers for our literature, and listeners for our spoken message.

These things are at hand. Are we ready for them? Are we willing to make the supreme effort that the climax of a fight demands?

The Socialist world, and the non-Socialist world, will expect much of America during the next year. We must meet those expectations.

The Socialist Co-operatives in France



The "Revendication" at Puteaux

"L'Egalitaire" at Paris

A Village Co-operative

The "Union" at Lille

Jean Longuet
Foreign Correspondent Coming Nation

BELGIAN co-operatives have become famous within the international Socialist world. The vast Palace of the People at Brussels and that admirable creation of the organizing genius of Edouard Anseele, the Vooruit at Ghent have won the praise and admiration of all comrades. The co-operative movement in France is on the other hand very little known, though it has grown unceasingly for at least twenty years, and has developed in a remarkable manner during the last six or seven years.

The French co-operative movement is less extensive, less rich than the English, but it is almost equal to that of Germany. It is undoubtedly far more permeated with the Socialist spirit than either of these. Only within the last two years has the German movement separated from the bourgeois co-operatives.

There are about 2,500 co-operative societies in France, divided among eighty-three departments and representing about 690,000 members. These figures comprise not only the proletarian co-operatives thoroughly imbued with the Socialist spirit, but also many old societies of bourgeois bent, or others having no conformity with the working class movement, especially the bakery co-operatives in many of the small towns.

The truly proletarian co-operatives have about 300,000 members and of these about 200,000 are united in the Central Exchange of the French Socialist co-operatives and in the various district federations; the Ardennes, Brittany, the Center, the East, the North, the Northwest, Pas de Calais, the Paris district, the Somme, the Saone and the Loire, and the Southwest.

The co-operative movement is assuming identity with Socialist activity in the industrial districts especially, and the statistics given by one of the chief militants in the French Socialist co-operative movement, the ex-Mechanic Helies, at the National Socialist congress last July are significant with this fact in view.

Helies calculated that the North, the Seine, Pas de Calais, the Vosges, the Meurthe and the Moselle, the Doubs, the Loire, the Saone and the Loire, the Rhone, the Aisne, the Ardennes and Haute Vienne, (the twelve most proletarian districts of France) contain 600,000 of the 690,000 members of the co-operatives in all of France. These twelve departments do a yearly business of 163,000,000 francs, (about $32,000,000), out of a total of 228,000,000 francs by all the co-operatives. Then in these twelve departments there are 530,000 Socialist votes; Helies pointed out the correlation between the number of Socialist votes and the number of workers in the co-operative societies.

The great effort of the French co-operative movement in the last few years has undoubtedly been the establishment of the co-operative wholesale house, (*Magasin de Gros des Co-operatives*) which proposed an economic federation of the co-operatives in the *production* of merchandise just as the Socialist Co-operative exchange federates them morally for action and propaganda. This is the French "wholesale."

The soul of the Co-operative Wholesale house is a Socialist militant, member of the central committee, Comrade Louis Helies, whose eloquent discourse at the National Socialist congress has just been referred to. He laid the foundation of the establishment and is its director.

Established in 1906 with the small capital of 15,000 francs, the *Magasin de Gros* did business amounting to 1,800,000 francs the first year, 3,786,000 the second year, 5,606,000 in 1908 and 7,688,000 in 1909. Last year, 1910, the wholesale house passed the 10,000,000 mark. It has established important factories, among them a shoe factory at Lille in the Pas de Calais district, which already employs more than 200 workers and for which a magnificent new building is being constructed. It has bought up the rural vine-growing co-operatives of the south, notably the famous "Free Vine-dressers of Maraussan." It thus receives pure wine at low prices directly from the south and sells to the workers of Paris and the north. It has established a biscuit factory in Paris and a coffee-roasting estab-

Shoe Factory Under Construction at Lillers

lishment in Paris, together with several large warehouses.

All the workers and employes of the *Magasin de Gros* are union members, co-operators and members of the Socialist party. The proletarian co-operatives affiliated with the co-operative exchange and with the wholesale house subscribes thousands of francs yearly to the fund for the striking workers. As a rule they also furnish bread and milk free to striking co-operators, as long as the struggle continues. In the north, under the influence of Jules Guesde, the co-operatives subscribe a yearly sum of between fifty and sixty thousand francs besides to the Socialist party following the example of Belgium.

This question of subscription by the co-operative workers to the party, in particular during election campaigns, has raised much controversy and was the principle subject of debate at the National congress at Paris in July, 1910, between the majority led by Jaures and Vaillant, which claimed with Helies that the Socialist character of co-operation would not depend on that single question of subscription to the party, and the Guesdist fraction which declared that the only criterion of the Socialist spirit in a co-operative resided in such subscribing.

It must be remembered that this is only a question of form. All French Socialist co-operators agree in the statement that proletarian societies ought not be animated alone by the mercantile spirit, a reproach that can be laid at the door of English co-operatives, which are prone to consider only the advantage of a good bargain and big dividends. Neither can one find in the French co-operative movement that deplorable opposition to the political activity of the Socialist party, which exists in a certain part of the union movement and which is the great weakness of the French movement.

Educational Co-operative at Paris

Even the co-operators who belong to the larger fraction with Helies, and who oppose obligatory subscriptions to the party, are not at all opposed to its activity. Very much on the contrary, since they are members of the party; moreover the great co-operatives of the Paris region which they represent, if they do not subscribe to the party fund like the co-operatives of the north, are nevertheless strong centers of Socialist propaganda. Lectures are regularly given in the quarters belonging to the societies and they pay funds regularly in case of strikes. Educational societies are formed, that is to say the children of the co-operative workers are gathered into societies and taught Socialist songs and Socialist ideas. Finally all the co-operatives—those of the Seine district as well as the others—gave their support to the daily paper of the party, *l'Humanite*, when it was threatened with ruin. The great societies of the Paris region were the first to respond to the appeal of Jaures in 1906 when he asked the working-class to save the paper. Not less than 206 shares in the paper were subscribed for by the co-operatives.

The largest Socialist labor co-operatives in France are found in the Paris district. The most important and without doubt the one most imbued with the Socialist spirit is the *Bellevilloise*, which is located in the old revolutionary quarter, Belleville, represented in Parliament by Vaillant. It has almost eight thousand members, representing at least thirty thousand human beings. Its annual business account amounts to about six million francs. The last National Socialist congress gathered on its premises in the People's Palace. This co-operative has eight branches.

L'Egalitaire is next in importance. It has a membership of 6,723, and its business amounts to 2,322,000 francs a year. Then comes *L'Avenir de Plaisance*, with 3,336 members and an annual business of 664,000 francs.

In the suburbs of Paris, the most important Socialist co-operative is the *Revendication*, founded in 1866 by Benoit Malon, the communist and well known Socialist writer. It has 3,000 members and its annual business amounts to 1,647,000 francs. One of its members, the mechanic Voilin, is the Socialist deputy from that district.

The most important Socialist co-operative in the provinces is the *Union de Lille*, directed by the militants of the Federation of the North, who have Guesdist tendencies. It has a membership of 7,500. But although it has a membership almost equal to that of Belleville, the amount of business that it conducts is far less 1,700,000 francs a year. The worker of the north, not as well paid as the Parisian worker, is naturally constrained to consume less.

To sum up, it must be admitted that the co-operative proletarian movement in France is in many respects worthy of the interest of all Socialists. It is profoundly imbued with the spirit of labor enfranchisement and revolt against capitalism. They offer themselves everywhere as centers and strongholds of the party and at the same time prepare for it within the ranks of the working class, men having a sense of reality and a capacity for administration very necessary to the conquest of the system of production and exchange by the organized proletariat.

TOILING IN DARKNESS

By Morris Strunsky

WHENEVER a modern greyhound crosses the Atlantic with one of those magnificent bursts of speed that clips a few minutes off the record, the world at large stands awed and cheers and applauds this marvelous feat of the twentieth century. The name of the ship and its wonderful achievement is spread around the world and there is a rush to secure state rooms on this eigth wonder. Records mean financial success to the ship-owners.

But records spell death to the men in the stoke-hole. Every turn of the ship's monstrous propellors represents not only a certain amount of steam consumed but also a certain amount of human vitality, lost by men who can ill afford to lose it. But the race between speed and life will always go on, for speed means money and life is cheap.

It is estimated that 2,500 stokers are wantonly murdered every year on the passenger boats that cross the Atlantic.

This figure is conservative. No one knows how many lives the Grim Reaper extracts as his toll among the human animals who sweat and toil in darkness. No one knows how many bodies are cast over the sides of the ships into the briny deep during the dead of night while the pleasure seeking passengers sleep. No record is kept of the number of men who jump overboard, crazed by the heat. To the public it will always remain a mystery.

There are approximately 15,000 stokers in the passenger service that conveys the thousands of pleasure seekers who spend their yearly vacations abroad. The number of stokers that a ship carries varies. From the "tramp" where from twenty to forty men feed the fires, to the gigantic Mauretania, which carries five hundred and fifty, the work and the condition are much the same. It is the stokers duty to see that there is enough steam in the boilers to keep the engines moving, no matter under what conditions it has to be done. Broken ventilators, air fans that do not fan, exploding steam pipes, poor food, barbarous treatment, sickness, and even death itself must not stand in the way of their work. The propellers must turn for the ship must reach its destination. Twenty-four hours late may mean a pestilence or a shortage of food. The ship must go on.

15,000 Slowly Dying

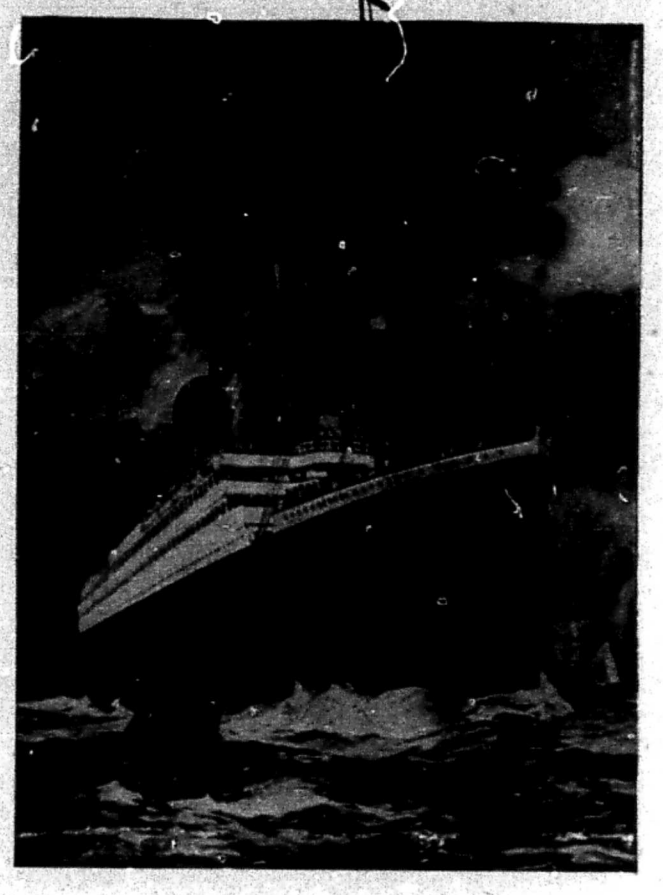
So there are 15,000 men slowly watching their lives flicker out as they stagger through the dust-laden air, shoveling the heavy coal and hauling the burning ashes to the tune of the pulsuating throb of the mighty engines. And out of these 15,000 almost twenty per cent die in the performance of a needless duty.

There are few qualifications necessary to become a stoker. One must not be too old, or fat, or strong, for heat is deadly to those having these three qualities. The men are mostly chosen from the riff-raff that inhabit the sea-port towns, and even then, only those who are on the verge of starvation can be forced into accepting the positions. Every ship is short handed and it is doubtful if a ship ever left an American port that has its full complement of stokers. In Europe the searchers for stokers are better rewarded, for in towns like Hamburg, Cherburg and especially Liverpool, the streets abound with men who are neither strong nor fat, half-starved wretches who are only too glad to leave their present abode in the hope of finding something better far off in distant lands. As the nature of the work is not explained to them, it is quite easy to entice them on board and once on board the officers see that there is no returning.

The stoke-hole is a world in itself, a world of which few know. There is no sunshine in that little planet; only night. It is there that the men toil and suffer until relieved by only death itself.

In this theater, everything is black. The place is only lighted by a few electric lights and the gleam of the fires that escape through the chinks of the furnace doors. The air is heavily laden with soot which fills the lungs and stuffs the nostrils until breathing becomes as laborious as the work itself. The noise is deafening. The ringing of bells, the clashing of gongs, the shouting of men, and the clanging of iron upon iron, gives one the impression of a chaotic underworld, and it is here, in the cess-pool of misery, that men's senses are being constantly deadened until they become less than human.

Thousands of tons of coal are used on every



trip and every shovel-full of these thousands of tons must be carried by the stokers from the bunkers where the coal is stored through long narrow passageways and deposited before each individual fire. The passageways are about two feet wide, just the width of a narrow wheelbarrow and about five feet high. The only way in which a stoker can go from one row of fires to another is in a stooping posture and only a stoker knows what it means to crawl through the little tunnels between the boilers, have one of his bare shoulders touch the sides of the heated iron, hear the zizz that comes from the broiling flesh, and cry out with agony and pain as he staggers through with his burden.

Dividing the Work

The stokers are divided into two divisions, firemen and trimmers. The work of a fireman consists in shoveling coal into the fires for four or six hours every half day, as the case may be, for each company has its own particular laws. These men are usually those who have made the trip before in one capacity or another, and they are supposed to be hardened to the work and the treatment which they receive on board.

The trimmer has the more arduous work of the two. He must haul the coal to the fires which are sometimes over two hundred feet away, he must haul ashes for three hours outside of his eight or twelve hours a day; and it is the trimmer who is continually being buffeted and kicked by every man on board who is cloaked with the least bit of authority.

About one hour before the watch begins, the stoker is awakened, the usual method is to pull him out of his bunk so that he will fall to the floor. His toilet consists in putting on his shoes. Breakfast consists of biscuits, rancid oleomargerine, and black coffee. The meal is downed in a gulp and the men stand at the head of the narrow stairway that leads to the hell below, waiting for "eight bells" which is the signal for one watch to end and the other watch to begin work. A chill draft blows down from above and they huddle together in their thin garments so that the cold wind will not penetrate their very marrows.

Suddenly bells begin to ring and the shout of eight bells goes through the ship. As the men scramble down the slippery, circular stairway, a troop of men pass them from below. They are bared to the waist and their bodies are black with soot. Perspiration steams and streams from every pore. Their tongues hang out and they pant wearily as they stagger past.

The Ship Must Go On

A hot blast of stifling air seems to give the men a weird welcome as they reach the pit. The noise is terrifying and the air is heavy and thick with dust. The shouting of orders is only interrupted by the heavy, tired panting of the men.

In front is an immense row of boilers, under which twelve fires crackle and roar. Five of the men immediately take their places before the furnaces and begin to rake out the living fires, for new fires are made every watch. Water is thrown on the red, blazing coals and as the liquid strikes the fiery mass the air is thick with steam. The water rebounds, and, heated to a boiling point by coming in contact with the burning coals, sputters back upon the naked shoulders of the men. The perspiration oozes out of their tired bodies and the temperature rises higher and higher. The thermometer registers one hundred and forty. Men drop unconscious from the terrific heat, but the work continues. The ship must go on!

There are rows and rows of these boilers, all connected by the little passageways through which the men must creep with the heavy wheelbarrows. And for four or six long weary hours they stagger from bunker to fire and from fire to bunker, always hauling coal to feed the iron gourmand which eats up all that is fed to it and is always demanding more. There is no rest for the men. The fires must be fed.

The Pace That Kills

At the end of the watch the trimmers stagger up to their bunks and drop wearily upon the little sacks of hay which form their beds. There they lie as in a trance, tired, exhausted, weary of work and life. A few minutes later they are down in the stoke-hole once more, this time to haul the ashes which are raked out from beneath the fires. These ashes are hauled in sacks the entire length of the hold and then they are brought up on deck and thrown into the sea. The sacks are made of heavy burlap and the rough cloth and the hot ashes continually rub into the raw flesh caused by the many burns and cuts which they receive every watch. The ashes are inhaled by the men and the very lungs seem dried and cracked. There is no pause, no rest. There can be no outside aid. The work has to be done, to be done by them alone. They have no time to sicken, they have no time to die. They all have to keep up with the pace, the pace that kills.

After the work is done the men once more climb the narrow stairs (there seems to be millions of them) and wash themselves in buckets of slimy sea water. They do not eat, they do not sleep, they are too tired for either. And the mighty throbbing of the engines, the engines of which they are a part, drums incessantly in their brains and they stare vacantly at the blank walls, thinking.

There is not much difference between one day's work and another. It is one long, dreary grind, shoveling coal, raking fires, hauling ashes and then the cycle is repeated until the life-long passage is over.

There is only one way out of the stoke-hole, through a little iron water-tight door which leads to the stairs above. Every watch the men are drilled in closing the door so that in case of accident the in-rushing water will be confined to the hole. But it also cuts off all means of escape for the men and in case of accident, they would be caught like rats in a trap. The men go through the performance reluctantly, and sometimes one notices a grim, cold smile gleam through the grimy, sooty face, but usually the men are too far gone to care or think of the meaning of the drill. But, then, life is cheap in the stoke-hole. The life of a stoker—but why speak of trifles?

Speed spells death to the men in the stoke-hole. It means more work for the men, for the men who can work no more. The pace becomes faster for the engines consume more steam and more steam means more work. It is said that when the Lusitania made her maiden trip to this country, twenty-one men were sent to the hospital besides the several whose corpses were cast overboard during the voyage. And that trip was no exception.

The most vivid stretch of the imagination cannot picture anything else of the stoke-hole but a living Hell where the men suffer so that they might live. When the abuses will stop, no one seems to know, and no one seems to care.

Meanwhile the slaughter goes on.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the elective franchise—all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free.

—*Robt. C. Withrop.*

The Capitalist Bogey

Continued from page 7

in its place, Milwaukee now has ample time to repent at leisure.

"Milwaukee is doomed. Wrack and ruin await it. It has none of the righteous government of New York or Pittsburg or San Francisco or Philadelphia. It certainly has none of their civic whiteness.

"Last week, for example, the seismograph at the top of Mount Blanc registered a severe earthquake in Valpariso. Professor Reginald Charlotteruse Debuh of Harvard emphatically declares that the Milwaukee administration is the cause of this volcanic disturbance. The responsibility for the cholera epidemic now sweeping through China and Manchuria is also to be laid at the door of Milwaukee. For this statement we have no less an authority than Colonel Roosevelt. When the colonel attacks Socialism, he's right. But when he attacks the sacred supreme court, Wall street, and the railroads, he's wrong. The colonel, of course, is very excitable; but when he sees through Socialistic infamy, he becomes as composed as Dr. Cook, as cold as a Boston schoolmarm and as calm as a train schedule.

"The woman that fell off the roof on Main street yesterday owes her untimely end to Milwaukee. The fatal head-on automobile collision last Wednesday would never have occurred if Milwaukee had not voted Socialistic. Why, we ask, has Mrs. Casey's infant the pip! Milwaukee. What was the cause of Mrs. Jackson's divorce? Milwaukee. What gave little Johnny Jones the cholic? Milwaukee.

"How long are the free, enlightened liberty-loving American citizens of this great land going to permit the hissing, viperous snake of Socialism, of which Milwaukee is a part, to coil its ugly body of free love, violence and blasphemy around their beloved country? Like Sweeney, we pause for a reply."

After digesting this classic, the strap-hanging, subway-jammed, tenement-housed, underpaid and overworked "free, enlightened, liberty-loving American citizen," buttons up his coat collar to the chin and shivers along to work, casting fearful glances behind him. Who knows but the goblin of Socialism may be right on his track and catch him if he doesn't look out?

That very night as he sits down on his rickety chair to a dinner of ham and beans, the eyes of the same American citizen bulges out at:

"Milwaukee is on the verge of bankruptcy. The administration of the city is characterized by the most lavish extravagance. Nothing in history can equal it. Babylon, Nineveth are outdone, outclassed and hopelessly distanced.

"The reporter of the *Sentinel* has authentic proof in his possession that the city clerk paid four cents for a three cent pen-wiper. He also knows that employes in the district attorney's office make reckless use of their blotters. They use them for upper and under layers of sandwiches and often take the blotters home to crumple them into bowls of milk for breakfast.

"The Surrogate's clerks have their corns removed and their nails manicured at the expense of the municipality. And the typewriters have their Easter bonnets charged up to the park commissioner. The hippopotomi and the elephants in the public zoo wash down their meals of chicken okra, halibut saute, roast royal squab and lamb braise with buckets of Kentucky Bourbon and jorums of Maryland rye. This reckless squandering of the public funds can only end in inextricable financial ruin."

Milwaukee, as you see, is a disease. It has violently attacked the hidebound conservatives of privilege and the purse-proud plutocrats. It shows itself in frenzied ink ravings, lycanthropic howlings, phrenitis and incoherency. Very shortly we may expect the fashionable gazettes to flare out with the following medical advertisement:

Do you feel a dull brown Socialistic taste in your mouth?

It's Milwaukee.

Do you feel a heavy Berger weight on your chest?

It's Milwaukee

Do you hear a ringing in your ears as if your finish was about to take place?

It's Milwaukee.

Do you feel intensely nervous around election time?

It's Milwaukee.

Is your breath short? Do you find it hard to breathe?

It's Milwaukee.

Do you suffer from the nightmare of a Socialist president?

It's Milwaukee.

BATTLE OF THE MULLIGAN

Continued from page 4

but suddenly it occurred to me that Jappo was in the grip of an exciting idea.

"I ain't so much interested in that cloud, Jappo," remarked Trench, "as in some other things. For instance, would you mind tellin' me whether your unexpected arrival had anything to do with the interest several gentlemen with rifles has recently showed in our hotel? Not that I'd hold it against you if such was the case; but I'm nat'rally curious."

The Jap didn't seem to understand this harangue, nor to be much interested in it. He got to his feet and held out his right hand to Trench; with his left he removed his cap from his little square head.

"Comrade," he said, "shake!"

"What the—" began Trench.

"Shake!" commanded Jappo.

Trench doubtfully surrendered his hand. The Jap turned to me.

"Comrade," he repeated, "shake!"

Wondering if he had suddenly gone crazy, I took his hand. He gave my hand a quick, fierce pressure, and turned to the staring Irishman.

"Comrade, shake!"

The Irishman shook; so did Nobody, and so did the Polack, always to the accompaniment of these two words from the Jap. The rest of us stared at him like men bewitched.

"Going now!" he said, jerking his thumb toward the embankment at his right. "Dark—can run low! Men follow; you all run—t'other way!" He jerked his hand in the direction of Ashton, and turned toward the embankment. Trench jumped for him and caught him by the arm.

"You little goat!" cried the big American. "Why, they'll plug you in a minute—shoot you full of holes! Wait here—let 'em arrest you—"

"Hang anyway!" interrupted the Jap. "Me kill man! Him kick me! Better this way; maybe get away. You get away, too! So long!"

He twisted, like an eel, from Trench's grasp, scurried over the embankment, and disappeared. Trench swore dumbfoundedly under his breath. Irish swore aloud.

Then we all fell silent, listening. Presently it came—the keen, deadly "Slack! Slack!" of a repeating rifle. A man halooed: "Oo-ee-ee! There he goes!" On the other side of our fortress, the Ashton side, a man answered; and immediately afterward his rifle spoke.

The five of us that were left rushed up to the main line of the railway. The big cumulus cloud had blanketed the moon well, but enough light filtered through to make a sort of vague twilight on the plateau. We could see the wood of little pine trees that edged the northward side. Presently a flash of light cut the gloom, considerably to the westward of where I had first seen the three men; and a second later we made out the gray form of a man, running in the direction Jappo had taken, across the westward edge of the plateau. Trench jerked out his revolver and emptied it at the pursuer of our late mess-mate. The man continued to run, without taking any notice of us. The way was left open for our escape.

Trench threw his empty revolver down on the track. "We can't do any good here!" he growled. "Come on!"

He started off, at a long, swinging lope, down the track, in the direction of Ashton, and we trailed after him. Two days later, by travelling at night and sleeping in woods in the daytime, we reached Pocatello. Before we separated, we foregathered in the back room of a dingy saloon to drink a beer to Jappo—and also, I must admit, to the hope that he had escaped.

Some two years later, having occasion to look through the files of Hearst's admirable *New York American*, I happened across the last news I have of Jappo. The heading of the typical Hearstian "story" was as follows:

BANDITS DEFY SHERIFF AND POSSE

Jap Murderer Captains Gang of Tramps in Desperate Night-Long Battle Near Ashton, Idaho

MURDERER SHOT DOWN; REST ESCAPE.

So it seems that Jappo paid a round price for killing the man who kicked him. Poor Jappo!

Readings in Literature

Selected by Wm. Mailly

A CALL TO THE THINKERS.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

THE future presses. Tomorrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a minute to lose. Quick! Quick! let us hasten. The wretched have their feet on red-hot iron; they hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! terrible emaciation of the human body. Parasitism laughs, the ivy grows green and thrives, the mistletoe flourishes, the solitary slug is happy. How frightful is the prosperity of the tapeworm! To destroy that which devours, in that is safety. Within your life death itself lives and thrives robustly. There is too much poverty, too much privation, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many convict prisons, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools; too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace—and in that is the worst misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other.

Quick, quick, O thinkers! Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. Today's dawn pledges the sun for tomorrow.

Let nothing be lost. Let not one force be isolated. Every one to work! the urgency is supreme. No more idle art. Poetry the worker of civilization—what could be more admirable? The dreamer should be a pioneer; the strophe should mean something. The beautiful should be at the service of honesty. I am the valet of my conscience; it rings for me: I come. "Go," I go. What do you require of me, O Truth! sole monarch of this world

Let each one have within him eagerness for well-doing. A book is sometimes looked forward to for succor. An idea is a balm, a word may be a dressing for wounds; poetry is a physician. Let no one delay. While you tarry, suffering man grows weaker. Let men throw off this dreamy laziness. Leave hashish to the Turks. Let men labor for the welfare of all; let them rush forward and put themselves out of breath. Do not be sparing of your strides. Let nothing remain useless. No inertia. What do you call dead nature? Everything lives. The duty of all is to live. To walk, to run, to fly, to soar—such is the universal law. What are you waiting for? Who stops you? Ah! there are times when one might wish to cry out against the sluggishness of man.

Lyrics of a Laborer

Continued from page 6

There still is debts to harry us
An' poverty to struggle with,
But those is troubles various
That most folks has to juggle with.

The yeller papers done it all
They went right to the front fer us;
We never would have won at all
Without they done the stunt fer us;
We've added on that quarter to
The wages that was paid to us,
Our workin' day is shorter, too,
Which same is quite an' aid to us.
It's true the things we're eatin' are
Much higher than they used to be,
That clothes an' light an' heatin' are
No lower than they choose to be,
But I am gittin' pay once more
An' I kin meet the rent again
An' so, of course, I'm "gay" once more
At least I'm near content again.

I'VE put the kiddoes back in school,
Their absence had me frettin' so,
For it was just my lackin' school
That's kept me allus sweatin' so!
My kids must have the start of me
I want THEM to advance in life,
And it would break the heart of me
If they should lose their chance in life.

Well, life is queer an' sad enough
A story with a sting to it,
But though it treats us bad enough
It's funny how we cling to it.
An' so, though poor I will remain
With strength that age diminishes
I reckon that I'll still remain
Until the chapter finishes.

(In this "Lyric of a Laborer," the poet has explained just how the "yellers" get that hold upon the working class which they are able to use against labor at election time.—*Editor*).

The Best Day of All is the First of May

Translated from the German of Newland, Dramatized for the Coming Nation and Adapted by
BERTHA H. MAILLY

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Easter—A beautiful maiden, with fair hair and rosy face. Dressed in delicate pink with white flowers in her hair.

Christmas.—Youth with cap of swan's down and snow white cloak decorated with pine cones and mistletoe.

New Year.—Dark maiden in warm fur coat, sprinkled with frost, and decorated with tinkling bells.

Whitsuntide.—Maiden tall and slender with long brown hair and earnest eyes. Full white robe embroidered or decorated with tender green foliage.

First of May.—Youth with strong frame, taller than the others, short, dark hair, clear brown eyes, tanned face. Dressed simply in modest dark clothes and soft blouse. Face and figure express courage, strength and self-reliance.

Thanksgiving.—Indian maiden dressed in short, colored skirt, decorated with sheaves of wheat, nuts, etc., carrying a basket.

Fourth of July.—Stout blustering lad, in Boy Scout uniform with drum, gun and horn. Hair curly, little soldier's cap, etc.

Washington's Birthday.—Another soldier dressed in the uniform of the revolution, with sword, etc.

SCENE—Interior of Easter's summer house, to which she has invited the holidays for a feast. Decorations of pussy willows, violets and other spring flowers. Garden outside.

Rather small table left of center spread with dainty white cloth; on it a little basket with beautiful, colored eggs, little plates for six, spoons, bread and milk, dish of golden honey. Dainty chairs and stools to the number of six.

Enter Easter.

Easter (calling)—Here, Bunnie, Bunnie! (*Looks around the room and under the table for the rabbits*). Where can they be? Oh, I know. The poor little things are so tired with their work the last few days that they must be sleeping in the garden. People want more eggs than they ever did, and they want them made of heavy chocolate and candy, so my little fellows have to go skipping all over the country with their heavy baskets, so as not to disappoint the children when they go hunting for the eggs on Easter morning. (*Goes out the door at the rear, stoops down and pretends to caress the rabbit. Comes back into the room, closes the door and arranges the things on the table*). What a beautiful day for my birthday! I wonder if they'll soon be here. (*Knock at the door. Easter opens it. Enter Christmas and New Year.*)

Easter—Why, here are Christmas and New Year! You are the first to come, as you should be.

Christmas—Best wishes for your birthday, Easter (*shaking her hand*). You have a warm time this year. How queer you are! Every year you have your birthday on a different day. (*Christmas takes off his cap and a mass of gold gleaming hair comes into view.*)

Easter—I love variety. That is because April is my father. (*Another knock, Easter opens door. Enter Whitsuntide. All stretch out their hands to her.*)

All—Welcome, dear Whitsuntide. (*Another knock, this time three times, quick and sharp, but not loud. The door opens and in glides Thanksgiving, as though trying to escape.*)

Thanksgiving (Runs swiftly to the front)—I thought I should never get away from those children. They hung onto my skirt and begged me to give them some dinner out of my basket. As if they could have Thanksgiving dinner more than once a year! I told them they would have to wait until next fall and they were very, very ungrateful. They actually cried, and said they were too hungry to go back to their work. I've never had anything so unpleasant. I suppose that's what comes of leaving home at the time of year when I'm not supposed to be around. (*Others look somewhat askance at Thanksgiving.*)

New Year—Well, don't let's blame Thanksgiving. It's only what she's been used to thinking. She didn't mean to be unkind to the children. Perhaps there'll be a better time coming when she can give the children something to eat *more* than once a year.

Easter—Yes, Thanksgiving, put down your basket and shake hands with us.

Christmas—Now, I suppose we're all here, or have you invited someone else?

Easter—Yes, I expect still another guest whom you do not know at all. I became acquainted with him just a little while ago. But he seems to me to be a clever lad from whom we can all learn something. (*Knock at the door*) There he is. (*The door opens and First of May enters.*)

Easter (Presenting him)—This is our new comrade, the First of May.

Christmas—I have heard your name and I am glad to meet you. (*Giving First of May his hand, which First of May shakes vigorously.*) Come, tell us where you come from and what your work is.

Easter—Not yet, you must rest a little first and refresh yourselves. There is plenty of time for telling stories. (*Leads them to the table where they all sit down and eat. Loud knocking and noise outside. All start.*)

Easter—Wait, just let me look out of the window first, before I open the door. (*She looks out window. Fourth of July opens the door with a bang, but he doesn't quite dare to enter. With him is Washington's Birthday.*)

Fourth of July (Screams)—Hello, Easter! What's the matter? You have invited all the holidays to your feast and not us. What do you mean?

Washington's Birthday—It seems to me you are not showing us proper respect. (*With offended dignity*). You seem to forget that I made America and the United States.

First of May (Smiling at him)—Oh, I don't know. It seems to me that I have heard of a few others. What about old Sam Adams and all the workingmen and farmers that died for American Independence?

Washington's Birthday—Well, I notice that Sam Adams' birthday isn't celebrated by the whole nation every year.

Easter—Dear, dear, you good people! This time I did want to get through my birthday in peace and quiet. You can do nothing but storm and fight, drill and shoot. Do go home for today. You can visit me another day.

Fourth of July (Stamping with his foot)—I say, will you let us in?

Washington's Birthday—We won't insist, Fourth of July. I see (*glancing at First of May*) that Easter has very plebian guests with whom it would be beneath our dignity to associate.

Fourth of July—Not insist! I guess I just will come in. Who dares hinder me? (*Blusters in, drumming and swaggering, down to the front. He is followed by Washington's Birthday, who with hand on sword, tries to act more dignified. He is knocked by Thanksgiving.*)

Easter—Dear me, I suppose we might as well let them stay. It will just spoil our party to have a row and to put them out. Always coming whether they are wanted or not!

New Year—Why do you want to come in, Fourth of July? You are forever telling such terrible war stories and Washington's Birthday is always sure he is right and so there is bound to be a quarrel.

Whitsuntide (To Fourth of July)—You are only interested in lead soldiers, guns and swords. It's dreadfully tiresome. Besides you only want to raise a row, drumming and whistling, howling and hurrahing—that is *all* you care for.

New Year (Little sensitive)—On my birthday, too, there is a great deal of noise made. But you know, dear friends, it is quite against my will. People everywhere scream so dreadfully.

Fourth of July—Noise, noise! Of course I make a noise. Noise is quite necessary. If you don't make a lot of noise, people think you are afraid. (*Marches around the stage drumming and stamping.*)

Easter—Be still, Fourth of July, will you? (*Turns to New Year*) Never mind, dear New Year. We know that you are not to blame for all these things Man has attached all sorts of unpleasant customs to us, and have given us all sorts of strange meanings, of which we ourselves know nothing. Whitsuntide and I could tell you a story about that.

Christmas—I can't endure either of you, either. You don't suit me at all with your shooting of guns and fireworks and war cries. I cannot understand how the same people who talk of peace on earth on my birthday, can sing The Star Spangled Banner on the Fourth of July. But men do all sorts of queer things!

Whitsuntide—But why are we wasting so much time over them? They are only passing events. (*Washington's Birthday puffs up with indignation*). Two hundred years ago nobody knew anything about them, and two hundred years from now they'll be quite forgotten. It's different with us. We'll live forever. But let's ask our new friend here where he comes from and what he wants in the world.

All—Yes, First of May, tell us, tell us.

First of May (Rises and comes to the front surrounded by all the holidays, who listen eagerly, except Fourth of July who fusses with his gun, and Washington's Birthday, who turns his back and looks indifferent)—I want to make all men on earth brothers. They shall live in harmony together and carry on no more wars.

Fourth of July (interrupting)—Wars! No more wars! Who ever heard of such a thing! How would our country protect itself without wars?

Washington's Birthday (Wheels around)—And I say, you impudent workingman, that wars will keep right on. Doesn't war give a lot of workingmen like you something to do? Don't you have work to do in building warships and even in joining the army? Doesn't war protect your homes?

First of May—What kind of work is it whose only aim is to kill? To wound and to kill, that is the only reason warships are built and soldiers are trained. And homes? What kind of homes have the workers?

Washington's Birthday—There is nothing finer than for men to die for their country. It makes a hero out of a man.

First of May—Hold on there. I say it is a thousand times better for a man to live for his country, to live and to serve his fellow men by useful work. And I say that men shall all be equal, no more master and slave, no more rich and poor shall be among them. I will change the whole world to a realm of light and joy, in which there shall be only one servant, the force of nature, and only one master, the human intellect.

Christmas (A little scornfully)—Hello there, you've undertaken a great deal, First of May! I've been trying for a long, long time, to accomplish a great deal of what you are saying there. For many ages I have been the feast of the dawning light. For almost 2,000 years I have been preaching brotherly love and peace on earth. But what's the use of it all? In spite of me, millions of people are still staggering about in spiritual darkness. The great and the rich are robbing the helpless and poor, and all the peoples of the earth are clothed in weapons, ready to fall upon one another like wild animals at any moment. How do you expect to do it, First of May?

New Year—It seems to me that your ideas are not new at all, First of May. What you're trying to do we've been trying for a long time. Every year *I* wish mankind happiness and prosperity. Easter is the feast of Spring the freeing of everything from the bonds of winter, the freeing from all that oppresses and enslaves mankind, the feast of the resurrection to a new, more beautiful life. Whitsuntide is the feast of the spirit which rules the world. Thanksgiving is the harvest home feast, the feast of the gathering in of the beautiful crops of grain and fruit, which are so plentiful in the overfull storehouse of Mother Nature that there should be enough for all men and women and children. You are bringing us nothing new, First of May.

First of May—Certainly, I wish nothing more than you have wished for thousands of years. But (*he stretches his limbs so that he seems to grow taller and lifts his arms*) I will not only preach it, I will make it a fact! That is the difference.

All (astonished)—How will you begin it?

Washington's Birthday (scornfully)—Yes, how will you begin?

First of May—In all the countries of the earth I am gathering the poor and disinherited about my banner, the hosts of those who toil hard for a low wage. They do not yet all follow me, but from year to year my army grows greater and stronger.

Christmas—And what is your banner, about which you will gather them all?

First of May—It is the banner of the eight hour day. Eight hours only shall they work in shop and factory, in the mines and in the fields.

Christmas (still a little doubtful)—That sounds very modest.

Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday (together)—It can *never* be done!

First of May—And yet this is only the first step toward the freeing of the people. When the working people no longer toil so many hours, then they can read and learn, then they will find time to think about themselves and their lot. Then they will see that they all share the same fate and carry the same burden, whether they are Germans or French, Russians or Mexicans or Americans. They will learn to understand that a common lot can only be improved by a common striving: that they must hold fast together; that there is nothing more foolish than for them to raise weapons against one another.

Washington's Birthday—Then there wouldn't be any use in being an American! Not for me! Hurrah for the United States!

First of May—No, for then the *world* would be everyone's country, and when the working people in all countries once rightly understand this, then they will no longer allow themselves to be used against one another. Then there will be truly peace on earth (*looking at Christmas*).

Fourth of July (shouts)—*I don't* want peace!

Washington's Birthday—Oh, hush up, Fourth of July. Anyone would think to hear you that you are the main holiday of this country. Where would you

Continued on page 14

The Coming Nation

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Our Next Issue

Owing to the necessity of making some further preparation in order to present it in a better form, and especially to give an opportunity to subscribers to secure the opening installments, it has been decided to postpone the publication of the first installment of Reginald Wright Kauffman's serial story for two or three weeks. The exact date will be given next week.

Next week we will have an article on the strike of the Muscatine, Iowa, pearl button workers by Gertrude Barnum. This strike presents some of the most remarkable features of any industrial struggle of recent years. The nature of the work, the magnificent fight being made by the girls who are employed and the resistance of the employers, make it a notable class conploy ers, make it a notable class conflict. Miss Barnum has been on the ground and has prepared a splendid article descriptive of the entire situation.

There will be another installment of "On the Rugged Road to Copenhagen." The story of how two Socialists worked their way to the International Socialist congress. This time they visit the great world's fair at Brussels, and tell something of the labor conditions in Belgium.

Jean Longuet writes of the great wine growers strike in Southern France that has become a national issue in that country, illustrated with photographs of scenes during the strike.

In fiction we will have the story of "A Promising Young Man" by Sinclair Lewis, illustrated by Tula Stevenson. It is a story of how a young graduate of Harvard Law school was brought into sudden contact with the realities of life in a police court, and of the change his new experience brought. There is a nice romance in it too.

There will be a bunch of pictures of the newly elected Socialist candidates, with some stories of how the work was done.

May Day is Best of All

Continued from preceding page

be if I hadn't been around to run things in the Revolution?

Fourth of July—And where would you be if the Declaration had not been signed?

First of May—And where would you both be if it had not been for the working people that gave their lives to protest against the tyranny of the King and Parliament of England?

Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday (Both begin to protest noisily and the other holidays start to hustle them out.)

First of May—Stop! Let them stay if they will agree to keep still a little while. I want them to hear *all* of what I have to say.

Washington's Birthday—You are nothing but an anarchist and a disturber but it won't hurt *my* reputation any to *listen* to anything you can say, so go on. You can't convince *me*.

Fourth of July (eyes the table slyly)—All right. I'll keep quiet.

First of May—When the workers follow my banner, they will know that it is they who produce all the goods of the world. And they will also see that it is just they who enjoy the least of these goods. Then at last will come the day, when powerful through unity, they will say:

"We are tired of spreading the table for rich idlers and being scarcely able to still our own hunger, of building palaces and ourselves living in huts, attic rooms and in cellars. We are tired of serving the idle. *From now on the earth and all its goods shall belong to those who work*, be it with head or with hand."

Thanksgiving (interrupting)—Then the little children can have all they want to eat. They can have Thanksgiving every day, can't they?

First of May (continuing)—And to the rich idlers they will say: "Work with us, or see to it who will clothe and feed you." Then all will be equal; there will be no rich and poor. All will have part in the goods of the earth and knowledge shall not be kept from anyone. And so shall in reality arise a realm of the free spirit. (*All gaze at him in admiration except Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, who look at each other uncertainly.*)

Whitsuntide—Give us your hand, First of May. We will be friends. What we have seen in our most beautiful dreams you will make come true—you see the way before you, you feel in yourself the strength. Lead the way, First of May, we will follow you; under your leadership we will make upon earth a realm of peace, of freedom and of mind.

Easter—And now let us all sit down together to eat. Come, Washington's Birthday. Come, Fourth of July. (*The six sit down. Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday look at each other.*)

Fourth of July—Come on. I guess there's something in what he says after all. (*Puts down his weapons and takes off his soldier jacket and cap. Comes to the table.*)

Washington's Birthday (follows very reluctantly)—But you can't convince ME.

First of May (coming forward)—We may not be able to convince you, but our *victory shall*.

(*Curtain falls.*)

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

California State Insectary

Breeding Bugs to Eat Bugs

A new, or, at least, a more extensive, application of an old principle of biology is being worked out by what is called the "State Insectary" of California. Here millions of predatory insects are bred ready to be turned loose wherever they can be used to fight injurious insects.

Hundreds of thousands of lady-bugs are gathered from the Sierra forests, kept in this specially prepared building until they multiply to millions, and then shipped to wherever fruits or vines are attacked by the aphides, or plant lice.

It is conservatively estimated that the minimum tribute annually levied by the insect hosts upon American farmers is not less than ten per cent of everything produced from the soil. * * * Secretary James Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, estimated the value of the farm crops of the United States for the year 1909 at $8,870,000,000. But before the farmer gathered his harvest, the insect armies exacted a toll that reduced the total by at least $900,000,000!

A very small fraction of this expense, if intelligently applied, as it would be in a society administered with any sort of social intelligence, would entirely wipe out these pests, or render them practically harmless.

Public Ownership Pays

BY CARL D. THOMPSON.

The secretary of the board of water works of the Milwaukee municipal plant has just made a report to the bureau of efficiency and economy. This bureau is made up of trained workers of the Wisconsin University and expert engineers and accountants. According to this report, Milwaukee's venture in municipal ownership has turned out to be a decidedly paying proposition.

The plant has cost $6,825,000 and is all paid for except about $55,000. The rates charged are based on meter rates, so that everyone pays only in proportion to the amount he uses. Twenty-five thousand poor persons, however, were served somewhat below cost. But even those who paid the regular cost price find that the cost of living in this respect is very low.

The average cost per family in Milwaukee for water is about twenty-five cents per month. In some cases it runs as low as eight cents per month. The rates paid vary, of course, according to the quantities used; 20,248 consumers paid less than $2 per year; 29,748 consumers paid less than $3; 40,496 paid less than $5 and 6,713 paid less than $1. The total operating expenses of the department was $243,958.50 in 1909.

The per capita of water consumed in Milwaukee has steadily increased since 1875 until it now amounts to 109 gallons per capita daily. Last year the big pumps had to force 15,518,834 gallons into the mains to supply this demand of the people upon this great and successful public utility. Seventy large consumers, headed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company, and the breweries paid into the city treasury $283,577.05 of the $566,236.32 collected for metered water.

The city now has in its distribution system 463 miles of water mains ranging from four inches to forty-two inches in diameter. The weight of the water mains, exclusive of water gates and hydrants, is 80,331 tons. In the early days the city paid as high as $75 a ton for water pipe. In recent years the average has been about $25 a ton.

By imagination a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.—**Addison.**

THE SOCIALIST SCOUTS

If your boy or girl does not utilize the spring and summer months to build up a COMING NATION delivery route he'll miss an opportunity that's being taken advantage of by an increasing number of young Socialists. The Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*, and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and earn valuable premiums in addition.

There's no expense incident to starting the Scout work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Requests should be addressed to "Scout Dept., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan.," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize sheet will be sent.

SCOUT NEWS

HARRY WERNER.

Scout Harry Werner lives in Buffalo, N. Y. This is not news to the plutes of that village. Harry is a thorn in their flesh and would rather awaken sleepy workingmen than make money. He has a nice list of customers and is always adding to them. By the time he becomes a man he'll be a formidable agitator.

Will you please send me your complete line of premiums? This is a peach of a paper.—Ralph E. Cummens, Minnesota.

I had great success at the Debs lecture, Sunday, April 2d. I sold all of my 100 papers and could have sold more had I had them. There were over 5,000 people there. —George E. White, Missouri.

I expect to increase the number of copies soon.—Hugo Haffner, New York.

I received your bundle of COMING NATIONS and sold same with the aid of Mr. Hill and my father. I am ordering five, as at present the Socialists here are boosting *Cotton's Weekly*.—Bert Cunningham, Canada.

I think I will start a news stand when school stops and then I can order forty COMING NATIONS.—Samuel Sparks, Pennsylvania.

I have no trouble in selling my papers. I received my bundle of ten yesterday noon and sold them all in less than an hour after school. I am ten years old.—Guildford Denny, Colo.

I sold the ten papers in a few hours. I will try and send for more next time. I am 11 years old and will try very much to sell the papers.—Atley Pyle, Pennsylvania.

By rapid adoption of pension systems a time is approaching when employes of large corporations must choose their life work early, and with little freedom to change employers except by entering another occupation.

Flings at Things

D. M. S.

Where He Learned

He had been taught by strictest rule
To never tamper with the truth,
At home and in the Sunday school
He was a very model youth,
How anyone could lie with ease
Was more than he could understand,
But when he found a boss to please
You bet he lied to beat the band.

He said that poisoned goods were pure,
That storage eggs were newly laid,
Told any story that would lure
The victims on to make a trade;
He gave twelve ounces for a pound,
Marked profit up and called it loss,
Red brick dust with his pepper ground
To help make money for the boss.

But when some glasses on the shelf
Were broken by his careless hand
He told a lie to shield himself
He was at once and promptly canned.
It gave a shock to all concerned
To find that he the truth had torn,
They wondered where he ever learned
Or if he were a villain born.

Part of Itself

"I cannot understand the middle class mind," said a young student who had burned up a half dollar's worth of Mr. Rockefeller's best brand of midnight oil in trying to fathom the mystery.

"What is so hard about it?" asked the pal in overalls.

"Its a puzzling makeup. It reads about the buying and selling of senatorships and sees photographs of the cash receipts and yet it believes these senators are honest men. It knows about the members of the family of men in high places getting rich on grafting government contracts and it regards

those things as not material. In fact, it doesn't think the president or senator in the case knows anything about it; it sees a judge stretch statutes or make new laws to favor the corporation heads with whom he hobnobs at a club and still it regards him as an upright judge. How do you explain it?"

"Easy enough," replied the one in overalls.

"Then put me wise."

"The reason is this. Your middle class business man hopes to get rich himself some day by the same methods and he doesn't want to have them destroyed before they get around to him."

The Type You'd Like to Lose

He was a Socialist, you bet,
He said that he was one, and yet,
He didn't vote for it, oh, no.
He had no vote away to throw.
He wanted something right away,
Just what it was he didn't say,
And so he voted here and there
And threw his ballot in the air,
Believed the principles were right
But for them wouldn't make a fight.
He was a Socialist, he cried
But when he said it, well he lied.

Practical

Those civic federation guys
Are very smooth, but we are wise,
They do not spend their time and chink
Save for results that will not shrink.

Somewhat Scattered

"You agitators are driving out capital."

"Where is it going to go?"

"To some other country."

"Well, the agitators will meet it at the wharf."

Little Flings

Usually there is no justice left in the shop by the time the poor man comes for his share.

One by one the cities fall for Socialism.

Loan sharks ought to do the dirty work under Socialism. See what practice they are having.

Yes, the farmer is coming and he is being pushed also.

Little did Mexico know the consequences when it let the head of the camel of American exploitation into the tent.

Japan wants to lick the United States all right but as this country happens to have a larger army than the Socialists that Japan hanged had back of them, it will hesitate for some time.

Our supreme court would be much

obliged if someone would show it how to drop the Gompers case.

A war scare stimulates trade in blankets and ammunition. Those of the common people who happen to be contractors in those lines know how to appreciate it.

Mr. Bryan says he didn't descend from a monkey. He better hurry up and descend then. The rest of us left that stage ages ago.

The many still must labor for the one.—*Byron.*

Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY. J. W. BABCOCK.

Mary had a little rat,
She took it everywhere,
Ah no, 'twas not tied to a string,
She wore it in her hair.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To find a place where folks wont "skin,"
And honest men are sure to win.

There was a man down in our town,
And he was so wondrous wise,
He read but little, talked a lot,
His wisdom, thus, to advertise.
But when he'd married just a week,
He seemed to go into a trance,
He read a lot but seldom spoke,
Of course, you know, he had no chance.

Dickory dickory dock,
The cradle ma does rock;
The clock struck one
And now she's done,
Pa just came into the block.

POINTS AND PUNCTURES

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

In a republic, the majority is that particular minority which is able to have its own representatives elected and its own interests cared for.

Do not glory in being a proletarian. It is bad enough to be a proletarian; it is worse to be proud of the fact.

Every workman has a kick coming. The trouble comes in their learning to kick together against the common enemy, instead of kicking each other.

Election is the annual tag day for the benefit of the politicians.

There is but one thing worse than not getting what you want and that is getting what you don't want.

The trusts keep a dear school, but there is no other to which we can go. We cannot graduate until we know enough to take charge of them.

MILKING TIME

BY HERBERT E. KINNEY.

He was a young man from the city who had inherited considerable possessions, including a high social position, so-called, and the art of coupon clipping with materials for the gratification of its demands.

His position in life, his social classification, had, as he thought necessitated his attendance during the season upon many social functions, all involving late hours and an occasional glimpse of the morning twilight before retiring to rest.

At the close of a long and arduous season, when summer was approaching, the young man had sought a summer hotel in the country to recuperate. On his occasional walks abroad he found a farmer one day with whom he fell into casual talk, discussing city life and habits and even ideas in common. He discovered that the farmer was very much like other human beings, that, like himself, he occasionally visited social affairs, going to Sunday school picnics in the summer and in the winter evenings attending church sociables at some neighbor's house.

So, when the tiller of the soil, aiming to tell of some of the hardships of agricultural life, said that the farmers often milked their cows at 4 o'clock in the morning, or even earlier, the city dweller exclaimed in a quick burst of comprehension:

"O, yes, I see—before they go to bed!"

MEDICAL AID

BY B. H. MALLORY.

A tall man stepped into the smoking car on the limited train and asked if any of the occupants had a bottle of whiskey, stating that a lady had fainted back in the chair car. Several bottles were immediately offered.

Carefully selecting one of promising appearance the tall man placed it to his lips, tilted back his head and transferred a large part of the contents to his stomach. Calmly returning the bottle to its owner, he remarked: "Thanks, it always did make me feel bad to see a lady faint."

MOVING THE LIVE COALS

BY R.PAGE LINCOLN.

Two Irishmen who came to this country had never seen a fire engine; they had never seen one in full operation. One night one of them woke up to hear an awful commotion in the street. Looking out he saw a fire engine coming full blast down the street.

In great alarm he went to his comrade and shook him by the shoulder: "Wake up Pat, for Hivins sake. They're moving Hell. Two loads hiv already gone by!"

SOLID IVORY

BY L. F. HEACOCK.

Caspar had worked at the glass factory for a good many years, and had never kept a record of his "time," according to Johnny Johnson, the Lockport glassworker.

One day, one of the boys asked him "Caspar, why don't you keep your own figures on your time?"

"Well," he drawled, "I reckon the company keeps a bookkeeper to do that sort o' thing, and I'm busy makin' ware."

"But, suppose the company would stick you for a couple of dollars sometime?"

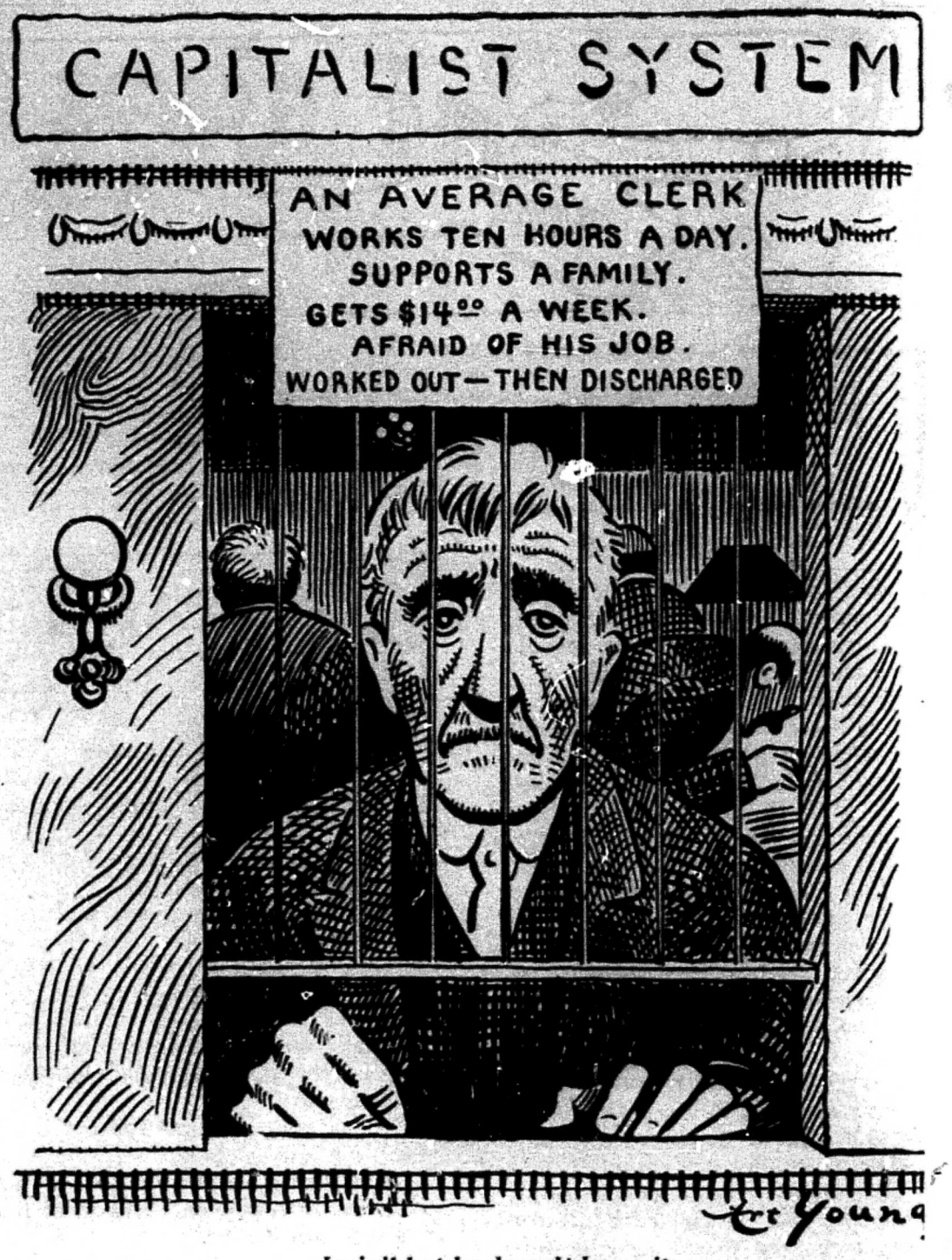
"Huh," said Caspar, gazing vacantly out of the window. "If that would ever happen, I reckon it would be the bookkeeper's fault, and they couldn't blame me for that."

Compositor—What'll I do with this sixty-point heading: "Sensational Divorce Proceedings Mark the Finale of an International Marriage?"

Editor—Just let it stand. There was one of those marriages in New York the other day.

A false friend is like the shadow on a sundial which disappears at the approach of a cloud.

In jail and he knows it



In jail but he doesn't know it

Fighting On in Japan

That hanging and imprisonment does not crush out the spirit of revolution is shown by a bunch of clippings from English papers published in Japan, recently by the COMING NATION.

These tell of constant "outbreaks" in new places and new efforts at suppression. The principal of the first high school at Tokyo recently permitted a Mr. Rokway Tokutomi, a celebrated Japanese author, to address a meeting of the students. He took advantage of the occasion to defend the parties who were hanged, and to explain something of the causes that gave rise to their punishment. As a result the principal has been dismissed and the press has once more been stirred into activity in discussing the old question.

Mr. B. W. Fleisher, the publisher of the *Japanese Advertiser*, has also been prosecuted for publishing a translation of an article on Kotoku and his associates. In the diet, the parliamentary body of Japan, a committee has been appointed to investigate the whole problem connected with the imprisonment of revolutionists.

An attempt was made to hold an anti-anarchist meeting in Tokyo college. In this meeting Dr. Yujiro Miyake declared that there were causes back of the anarchist movement and that the judicial authorities had made a great blunder in keeping the whole matter in darkness. The result was that the meeting broke up in something very closely approaching a riot.

Three officials of the forestry bureau at Nagano have been officially reprimanded because they had not sooner hunted out one of the condemned men who was employed in that department.

The department of education is very much stirred up by the fact that it is claimed that one of the histories which is being used in the schools contains matter of an incendiary nature and an investigation is being made to determine who is responsible for the introduction of this book.

The agitation is also bearing fruit in other directions. A strong movement for the reform of the prisons has set in, and exposures of the present system are being printed. This is the same prison system that was so lauded at the International prison congress at Washington last October. It is now discovered that the prisons are so terribly over-crowded that an almost inconceivable death rate prevails among the prisoners.

The government has also introduced a factory act which will abolish some of the worst abuses in the factories. This bill is being attacked, however, as ridiculously ineffective, and it is pointed out that even its very mild measures would not take effect for two years.

In short, Japan seems to have entered into the full turmoil of the class struggle.

From the factory dingy and drab, from the galleried mines with their riches,
From the tenement crowded and foul where the faces are gray,
From the sweatshops, the farm and the sea, from the tunnels, the roads and the ditches
The toilers are turning their eyes to the radiant day.

But the song that is thrilling their innermost souls is no song you have taught them
Oh singers of "calm and content" to the laboring throng,
But a chanting deep-throated music their dreamers and minstrels have brought them,
The chant of the toilers, the mighty unquenchable song.

There's a gleam and glow in the weariest hearts of the weariest workers
As they straighten their backs from the weight of the burdens they bear,
There's a vision of terror and fear in the eyes of the wasters and shirkers
At the beat and the throb and the surge of the song in the air,
For here is no chant such as drowsy-eyed priests are sonorously droning
But a music that's woven of wrath and of toil and of wrong,
Of love and of labor and sorrow, of hope and of mirth and of moaning,
The chant of the toilers, the mighty unquenchable song!

The earth is ashock with the tread of the feet of the myriad toilers,
The children, the aged, the youth in their vigorous pride,
Their banners are flaunting aloft in the sight of the rulers and spoilers
And now there is fire to their glance and a swing to their stride,
Not always in darkness and murk shall they wander and waver and stumble
They shall learn the truth of their power and be valiantly strong,
And the walls of the fortress shall shake and the castles of tyranny crumble
At the chant of the toilers, the might unquenchable song!

They are coming into their kingdom, oh ye who have marked them for plunder,
They will take the world they have built as their pay and their wage,
They will cease enduring the lash they are writhing and suffering under
They will burst from their chains that have bound them for age upon age,
They are learning their might and their strength, they are freeing themselves from the hoary,
The hollow old phantoms and forms that deceived them so long,
They are chanting the thunderous chorus of triumph and power and glory,
The chant of the toilers, the mighty unquenchable song!

Another Step Forward

ELLIS O. JONES.

Mr. George W. Perkins, in a recent speech, urged a "more broad, humane union between capital and labor in which each shall meet the other half way."

That appeals to us all as eminently fair. Half way is always an attractive rendezvous, but the next thing is to locate it on the map so that the most casual stranger can find it.

In order to do this, several other points must be considered. First, how did capital and labor get so far apart? Second, which way are they going? Third, what will happen if they do meet?

We may assume from Mr. Perkins' remarks that at least they are not going in the same direction. When they meet, therefore, will they stop or go sidewise or match pennies to see which shall take up the other's direction? What part of the distance has capital already traveled? What part has labor?

Mr. Perkins may be helping, but the problem is still complicated. The advantage of the half way idea however may be seen by restating an old problem thus: What would happen if an irresistible force should meet an immovable mass half way?