

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A. M. SIMONS
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, Editors

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By Charles Edward Russell

WITHDRAW THE TROOPS



SINCE internal disturbances began to shake Mexico and United States troops were ordered into the field it has been no part for any Socialist, for any lover of human liberty, for any American, to hesitate over the exact significance of the revolt. Any hidden purpose of a sinister character that might lie behind the uprising has been no concern of ours so long as the possibility of armed intervention remained. The important thing,

the instant thing, the only imperative thing, has been constant and vigorous protest against the presence of the troops and the obvious determination of The Putterer to mix in somehow for the benefit of international capitalism.

This truth still holds and must hold as long as American bayonets hover on the edge of the fray. Nothing counts a moment against the damnable fact that our troops are under arms and ready to become embroiled.

They must be withdrawn.

Whatever the intention of the big money trio in regard to readjustment in Mexico, whatever skulduggery and trickery they are up to, whatever designs they have against government or faction in that unhappy country, our participation can have but one aspect. It is indefensible, criminal and by the very nature of the case inimical to the cause of democracy. As long as the "manœuvres" continue we have no room for lesser suspicions and anxieties.

The troops must be withdrawn.

Madero may be a mere tool of big financial interests. He may have betrayed a popular movement for the abolition of czarism and tyranny. We will be in position to judge of him and his motives—when the troops are withdrawn.

There may be a plot on hand to seize half of Mexico for Morgan, the Rothschilds and the Deutscher Bank to which either Diaz or Madero or some other power is privy. We can form our own conclusions—when the troops are withdrawn.

We know The Putterer hurled the army into the field at the command of the money powers. We know that because he takes his orders from his masters in all things, because the existing administration in this country is always and in everything the very humble servant of the big interests. No capitalistic administration would have undertaken such a move without direct pressure from the forces that control capitalistic world politics.

We need wait to know no more.

Whether, as some suspect, the directing powers hesitate in the hope that shots over the border or some other alleged outrage may overcome popular antipathy and distrust in this country toward intervention, or whether there has been an entire reconstruction of the scheme because of developments menacing to Morgan and Rothschild capital in Machuria, is of secondary moment.

What the American people want and what they must keep on demanding is the withdrawal of the troops.

We are not a nation of lackeys. We are not wholly dead to primitive justice and to national dignity. We are not a collection of abject slaves. We are not organized on the basis of a monarchical standing army, to march here and fight there as we are told.

Capitalistic domination has never crushed, can never crush, the virile spirit of Americanism. Befooled, betrayed, bamboozled—yes. Often and often. But the heart of the people is true. Americanism, in its essence, means democracy and independence. Befooling, betraying, bambooz-

ling, can go to a certain point because political tolerance and conservatism of judgment are national traits. But beyond that—

Let them look to it well.

The monster petition presented by Congressman Berger has thrown a new bright light on the situation. With no extraordinary effort, with no marshalling of agents, with no expense, nearly 90,000 signatures of American citizens were obtained within a few days, is the demand for the recall of the troops.

The demonstration of popular feeling was spontaneous, startling, illuminating. Some observers were inclined to be pessimistic before. They can doubt no longer of the tone of public sentiment. Ninety thousand protests.

Where does that leave cheap patriotism and the jingo? Where does that leave our flabby foozler, The Putterer? Where does that leave the Morgans and the Rothschilds?

Americanism is awake. Americanism is to be reckoned with. Americanism means something.

Let them look to it well.

The troops must be withdrawn.

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THE OPPORTUNITY CALLS FOR HARMONY



WE want a dozen Congressmen in the next House. This is the time to begin to work for them, the time to get the party organization to running efficiently, the time to start every branch and local to booming. If the Socialist party in America is ever to be anything but a collection of debating societies, anything but a chain of clubs for academic discussion of dry formulas, we Socialists must bestir ourselves now.

There never was a bigger opportunity. For service. For real, vital, achievement. For a wide leap toward industrial democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Differences, cliques, personalities, are nothing less than crimes against human destiny at such a moment. The member who would make himself a burden and a hindrance upon the political effectiveness of the party now is a traitor to all his professions of fraternal interest and sympathy, a traitor to the working class in whose behalf he has pledged himself.

For years the party has stood forward as the single champion of industrial and social emancipation. For years it has solicited votes and support from the workers. For years it has offered itself as the political mechanism by which something can be accomplished to make life tolerable to the great oppressed population, to abolish the horrors of capitalism.

And now those who toil are beginning to give heed. Who can doubt it? The recent vote should strike home with sobering effect to every comrade. The Socialist party has passed the era of preparation and entered upon that of responsibility.

Office? No Socialist cares anything for office. No man who has heard the immense cry of the disinherited, who has lifted his eyes to the splendid vision of democracy, who has looked upon the pure figure of liberty and worshipped there, retains sordid self-seeking in his soul. Petty ambitions cannot live in the strong, white light of that conception.

It makes no whit of difference who goes into office, so be that he is the instrument and the mouthpiece of the men and women who are fighting for the redemption of the race.

But offices must be had. Many offices. They must be striven for in harmony and united effort.

Comrades! The time is ripe. Bestir!

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Power Compels Respect

WOULD fain offer belated recognition of a recent article on Socialism in the *Outlook* by one Abbott—not the Very Reverend nor of the Little Rollo tribe. So used have we become to wanton misrepresentation and ignorant attack that any attempt to deal with Socialism in even-handed manner excites wonder.

The *Outlook* allowed friend Abbott to get by without accusing Socialism of breaking up the home, defying morality or teaching anarchy. Nor did the author fall foul of utopianism. Nor did he construct a straw man out of his imagination, label it Socialism and proceed to kick holes in it. He succeeded in getting a fair and moderate definition of the Socialist philosophy before the readers of the magazine, confining himself to points with which Socialists are really concerned.

Being schooled to regard vicious lies of all kinds with equanimity we are not apt to sinner in gratitude over reluctant truths. But the incident is significant. The fact that friend Abbott—who is no Socialist—could write such an article and get it printed illustrates a change in tactics to which the enemy is slowly being forced.

You will observe, brethren, that what constitutes a misty madness with 50,000 votes, and mania with 500,000, rises to the importance of aberration with a million at hand and to the dignity of eccentricity with more millions in prospect.

It is slowly dawning upon the capitalistic mind that the methods hitherto pursued in combating Socialism have been without result. All very well to set the movement aside as this or that or the other thing it never was or pretended to be. All very well to ignore it. All very well to sneer and shrug. But with the portentous total of the vote mounting swiftly, with an unmistakable remoulding in public thought on social questions, the futility of such weapons becomes apparent.

The press has hitherto contented itself with closing its columns to news favorable to Socialism and with occasional asinine rebukes conceived in complete ignorance of the subject. It cannot continue on these lines. It must inevitably adopt a more intelligent policy of opposition. For its life, capitalism must summon keener blades to its protection, must discover more convincing means of contradiction.

Such articles as this in the *Outlook* are the sincerest tributes to the growth of Socialism. Not through what they say, but through what they imply. The author has no sympathy with Socialism. The publication certainly has none. But, subtly influenced by the abstract logic and unvoiced command of the situation, they are moved to indicate the necessary campaign for capitalistic defense.

It is as if one said: "Take notice—Socialism must be combated as it is, not as something it never was. To deny it its right to define itself is merely stupid. To attack what is not Socialism leaves Socialism free to spread unmolested. Here is the Socialist doctrine. Face it, learn it, that you may fight it."

Lies? We are not done with lies. We shall never be done with lies while capitalism has a bulwark left. But the lying must shortly take other form. Ancient round shot and vast clouds of smoke are no longer effective. Ammunition changes with the development of warfare. Far sighted defenders of the existing order are looking to a more effective scheme of attack.

* * *

Officer, he's out again!

They just couldn't let him rest quietly in hallowed obscurity. They just had to dig him up and start him talking—probably he had never quit, but at that depth we were happily unaware—with all his rampant vigor. They just couldn't believe that the magic of predaceous teeth and raucous platitude had passed like the Salem witchcraft madness.

Wants to be Shot in the Back?

A weekly of some millions circulation, more or less, lent itself to this untimely resurrection. With rude and violent insistence it broke upon the calm repose of contributing editorship.

"Where Roosevelt Stands Today."

If the article bore any relation to the title it might have been endurable. The resume of any utter obliteration, the final record of a spectacular decline and extinction, might have had a certain interest. But this irreverent author was not concerned with requiems, dirges and cold *hic jacets*. One would think that he meant to recite the cheerful regrets of a bereaved public over the vanished hero. Not so. He descended into the vault and lo! that buried voice arose in brazen admonition and precept as of yore.

One discovery the author brought back with him from the catacombs:

"Colonel Roosevelt's greatest ambition is to be shot on the field of battle."

Where—in the back?

* * *

However, let us take comfort.

Such profanation is not likely to be repeated very often. For one thing, it is calculated to have a most depressing effect upon millions of circulation.

"I am not a candidate for the Presidency and my real friends will do me a cruel injustice if they seek to make me such."

Hark from the tombs!

* * *

Bits of comfort for you this week when you try to make your pay envelope cover the bills; little gems of thought to keep you satisfied and contented whatever betide:

The army "manœuvres."

The Democrats.

"Gum Shoe Bill" Stone.

Reciprocity. (God save the mark!)

Free wool. (Yes?)

Champ.

Golf.

The Schenectady putter.

Prosperity!!!!

The Supreme Court.

Los Angeles.

And the Pinkertons.

Child labor.

Compensation.

After repeating these words your soul will be attuned to meek submission and you can offer heart-felt thanks for the great privilege you enjoy under our great and glorious system.

* * *

Eureka!

We have the solution at last.

Various able gentlemen from Dollar Bill Bryan to old Doc Wilson have pointed out to us the extreme wickedness of monopoly. We knew that trusts were the great curse

This Will Fix The Trusts

of the age and must be suppressed. We were familiar with the need of returning to competition as the basis of trade. But we were rather hazy on the way to start.

Comes now that sterling statesman, Senator Williams of Mississippi and from his dome of thought, bedewed with the sweats of mental parturition, evolves the answer.

We are to prohibit corporations from engaging in interstate commerce that are capitalized for more than \$5,000,000.

Well, well. Think of the trouble we might have been spared if the Senator had only produced that gem before. Still, let us waste no time in bootless regret, but rather speed to profit by the dazzling discovery.

Observe the beautiful simplicity of it. All trusts, monopolies, corporations, can now be torn bodily apart, disintegrated and resolved into their constituent elements. Combination, efficiency and economy of production and management, which we regarded as steps in inevitable evolution, can be abolished off hand. Zing! And industry turns back a hundred years.

Where under the sun do the masters find the men and the minds that represent them at Washington? Where do you suppose they dug up Mr. Williams? It is conceivable, of

course, that they should seek among wearers of a size six hat. But Williams—!

* * *

My, my, such doings these days! Used to be if we had a Socialist official anywhere in the country we grouped him with Cleopatra's Needle and Niagara Falls. Now we need a classified directory to keep track of the bunch.

* * *

And have you heard the capitalist press sputter?

Also the radical demand for initiative and referendum?

Also the promise for many reforms?

Also the prediction of advanced labor legislation?

Also the resolve for popular Senatorial election?

Socialism threw this scare.

AND WE CAN PROVE IT!

* * *

When you get to squabbling with some Comrade over a lifeless formula or a dusty phrase stop and think of the Comrades who are trying to solve the daily problems of living men and women. That's the only thing that counts. The exact meaning of a string of words may be a highly important matter, but it is puerile as against real accomplishment of good.

* * *

And Democracy—where, oh where was it?

Busily abolishing the plum tree by lopping off a few minor sinecures, discharging a handful of superfluous attendants about the Capitol. Attacking the bulwarked rule of capitalism by passing a resolution for a new method of perpetuating that useless relic, the Senate.

Curing our multiple social and industrial ills by doddering around with reciprocity and monkeying with the tariff.

What a grand spectacle our first Democratic House in sixteen years presents to the inquiring gaze.

How competent it shows itself to deal with the tremendous problems incident to the vicious system we now endure.

A silent panic is upon us and hundreds of thousands are out of work.

An army is gathered on the southern border threatening a neighboring people with brand new capitalistic shackles to be forged and locked by the American nation.

The figures as to prostitution shown by the recent census reveal such a frightful state of affairs that they have to be suppressed.

Tuberculosis and other preventable diseases of ignorance and vice are so far from yielding their hold that charity despairs.

Efforts to protect children from the crushing greed of the employers not only fail, but actually make conditions worse.

Toilers are slaughtered in batches as the inevitable result of profit hunger, which means blood hunger.

Millions of their brothers and sisters, scarcely more fortunate, drudge on in sordid, helpless misery.

The greater part of the population never know what it means to have enough to eat, enough to wear, never know happiness or health or light or hope.

All chance of relief for injured workmen or compensation for their starving families is deliberately removed by the courts.

The judicial oligarchy strengthens itself and perfects the domination of exploiters over exploited.

Concentration of power in a few individuals responsible to no power on earth proceeds unchecked.

Labor is flouted, tricked and spat upon.

The rich grow richer, the poor poorer.

Slums spread.

Insanity spreads.

Men die of starvation.

And what is the Democracy doing?

Playing the same old game of bluff and guff, making the same old hollow pretense, letting things drift in the same old way—and getting off the same old platitudes.

We Are Brothers



"I saw a group of riders all clothed in red"

By A. M. Simons and Fred D. Warren



ELL.—yes, things may be a little better some ways today, but I can never forget that along with the poverty and misery of those years there was always the fun of fighting and the enthusiasm of propaganda, and then there was the glory of victory in that greatest of all

fights." The old man straightened up and it seemed as if the toil of those other days had slipped off his shoulders for a moment as his eye gleamed with the joy and the enthusiasm he described.

"And were you really right there when that final battle took place? The battle that was all victory and no fighting?" I asked. "And did it really look like that great painting in the national gallery?"

"If you will sit down here for a moment I would like to tell you the whole story from the time when the great end came in sight. I saw as much of it as any one man well could and was a part of much that I did not see."

"Just as the United States troops were sent to Mexico the whole thing began to draw to a close. We all saw that the big change that had been evident ever since the beginning of the twentieth century was close at hand. Ever since the war between Russia and Japan, the Japanese war scare had been used as a means of increasing appropriations for the army and navy, and to help in gaining recruits for the militia.

"Some of us said at the very beginning that there was a desperate and more sinister purpose behind this military madness than even the bloody one that was avowed. We tried to tell the workers that militarism was fostered because it brought profits to contractors, and opened new markets for the things that were taken from the workers, and most

of all, for the purpose of keeping the working class in submission.

"These things look very plain to you now, but you must remember that all the widely circulated newspapers were controlled by those who wanted militarism. These talked about patriotism and used a lot of fine phrases that once had a meaning, but at that time were used only to conceal dirty deeds. But we were not all blind. There were thousands who worked night and day to undeceive the workers, and their work was not wholly in vain.

"It was just the same all over the world. Germany, England, United States, Japan, Russia and France were all ruled by a class eager to spring at one another's throats, or rather, to sic the workers at one another's throats. Each group of capitalists dreamed of ruling the world, and all of them thought that a powerful army would help them to keep the workers in subjection. There were some who remembered that war had often been used to attract attention from domestic questions, and who hoped that a general war would stop the propaganda of Socialism. At the same time there was also the fear that such a war might possibly be seized upon by the workers as an opportunity of capturing the government.

"So the rulers of the great nations were moved by all these various motives. At the time the American troops moved toward Mexico the Japanese war scare had another revival and there were rumors of Japanese soldiers being in Mexico.

"All your histories tell you how the Mexican revolutionists, after a year of desultory fighting, were on the verge of success, when that American owned mine was blown up and the Superintendent shot. I see that a government commission has just discovered that it was a Diaz spy that did this in order to force intervention. That may be important to you young fellows who want to be sure that the commas and semi-colons are all properly placed in

your histories, but it makes little difference in results.

"At any rate, the regulars were rushed over the border toward the city of Mexico. A general mobilization of the national guards under the Dick Military Law was called for, and that other portion of the law that was practically conscription was at once put into action.

"Then came one swift, terrible happening after another.

"You know I was one of those who had undertaken the work of permeating the regular army with Socialism. A chance Socialist paper, dropped in my hands during a previous enlistment, had opened my eyes and led me to re-enlist, but with a very different purpose than the first time.

"I was a blacklisted telegraph operator, and this fact brought me an assignment with the wireless corps. I was not acting as an operator regularly, but was only carrying the messages the few steps that separated our tent from the commanding general's.

"I had been sitting at the door of the tent watching a great eagle that circled about the mountain peak on which we were encamped, when I saw sweeping by him, one of the swift scouting aeroplanes that accompanied the army. This coasted down as upon some great mountain of air and alighted in the open space before the general's camp. I noted the hurrying steps and anxious looks of the aerial scout, and was idly wondering what news he brought, when an exclamation from the wireless operator turned my attention to him. His face was ashen white, and he was listening with a fierce intensity to the receiver strapped to his ear. He turned suddenly toward me, reaching out the message he had been writing. The commander quick," was all he said.

"A half dozen swift steps and I was in the general's tent. He was just returning the salute of

the departing aerial scout, and I saw that he was seeking to control some strong emotion.

"He glanced at my message, and the effort at control failed, and he almost shouted its contents at his staff, who had evidently been called in hasty counsel over the previous message. Japan has landed an army in the Philippines. Her navy is on the way to the Pacific Coast."

"That verifies your report," he nodded to the aerial scout. Then to the staff. "Those trenches and fortifications that we expected to rush in a few days are defended by fifty thousand Japanese veterans of Mukden and Port Arthur, with the most modern equipment."

"A few hours later came hurried orders to fall back toward the American boundary. Just before we reached the Rio Grande we learned that the American fleet had been hurried through the Panama Canal, even before it was open to general traffic. This had enabled them to surprise and defeat the Japanese Navy off the Coast of California. No sooner had the wireless waves brought this news than preparations were made once more to advance to the city of Mexico. Under cover of the frenzy aroused by the short struggle with Japan, the capitalist class had seized its opportunity to force practically the whole adult male population into the army. It should have been evident to any one that preparations had been made for some great world embracing movement.

"The documents which were found in Morganheimer's vaults when he committed suicide showed that he had planned to send the victorious fleet to Asia, there to enter upon some strange scheme of conquest intended to place that vast continent, with its toiling millions, under the tribute of his power; while the conquest of Mexico was but to open up a pathway and establish a connecting link with a proposed South American empire. In short, his towering passion had climaxed in the dream of a dominion, bounded only by the poles and banded by the equator.

"It was expected that the military frenzy would permit the enslavement of labor at home.

"Of course, things didn't turn out that way," and a reminiscent smile played once more around the lips of the old man. "Morganheimer and his crowd were not the only ones dreaming of a world empire of profit—creating slaves under capitalism. There were others to whom kings, emperors, presidents and governments were pawns and puppets, who aimed at the same prize.

"The capitalists were not the only ones who were having visions of a world-wide empire. Millions of us had come to see the possibility of a great international solidarity of brotherhood and freedom. All the fury of war had not succeeded in stamping out the sentiment of Socialism. Under the excitement of militarism many Socialist papers had been suppressed as treasonable and a few of the best workers had been shot or imprisoned by the military authorities.

"This had only driven us to underground methods. In secret and by indirection we worked with multiplied energy. Our literature was everywhere, and most of all among the soldiers. General conscription had swept hundreds of thousands of Socialists into the army, each of whom became a center of the relentless war upon war.

"The war itself made possible one method of propaganda which was destined to lead to that strange, dramatic climax pictured in the rational gallery. Each soldier leaves behind him a woman who is closer to him than any other human being, whether this be mother, wife, sister or sweetheart. The life of the camp, the absence of women he respects, the lure of home and of sex, and the love of companionship—all those things that hold men and women together—turn his mind constantly to her he left behind.

"The great flood of letters that rushes to and from an army is across the sex line. The Socialist women saw this and used their knowledge for the cause they loved. A great secret campaign was organized to arouse the women to the horrors of war, both military and industrial. This new appeal, based upon woman's love, roused those whom industrial development had not yet drawn out of the home into the factory.

"The central figure in this movement was, of course, the woman who occupies the foreground in that painting. Long a devoted worker and effective organizer in the Socialist movement, she now threw herself with tremendous energy into this new work.

"Her beauty of face and character, to which the artist has not been able to do justice, for no paint could reproduce the glowing energy and gentle devotion that made her at once leader, teacher and friend, had led more than one of the comrades to seek a closer relation in marriage. But she seemed almost indifferent to that romantic love that draws men and women together. Of course, there was no little talk about this, especially among the girls

of our young people's organizations, to whom love and lovers were so much of life. It was one of these who finally found out the secret and told it to me in 'strictest confidence.'

"What do you think," she whispered to me once when I was home on a furlough. "I was visiting down in her own home town and one of her school-mates told me all about it. She had just left High School when she fell in love with a man about ten years older than herself. He had been raised in the same town, had gone away to college, then to West Point, and come back with his Lieutenant's commission. He loved her ever so much; my young friend went on with all the enthusiasm of young maidenhood. But he wanted her to go with him to the army post and she hated war even then and begged her lover to give up that awful trade. Then they quarreled, and they have never seen each other since."

"I laughed at her then because I thought her wish to believe had been the father of the romance. I never dreamed that the time would come when that romance would change the history of the world.

"To such a woman the extremity of war was but an opportunity for greater effort and greater sacrifice. Everywhere she urged the women to write their soldier friends and relatives and impress upon them the duty they owed to their fellow-workers, and the treason they were committing to their families and their class by fighting the battles of the great capitalists. Millions of leaflets, especially printed to fit in letters, were sent into the army. You could not stop such a propaganda. It was impossible to inspect the loads of letters sent to the front, and to have attempted it would have so enraged the soldiers as to completely alienate them from the ruling class.

"We were doing our best in the army itself. In spite of punishments the propaganda spread like some contagion of health among the soldiers.

"You must always remember that during all that time we knew nothing of what is now so familiar to you; of how the German Emperor, as the agent of the capitalists of continental Europe had been dreaming the same world empire dream that was drawing Morganheimer on."

The old man's eyes seemed looking back over long lines of years at some thrilling picture, as he sat for a few minutes in silence. We did not question him. We only waited.

"I was sitting at the telegraph instrument that united us to Washington that day. The Japanese army surrounded and cut off from its supplies had surrendered. We had encamped along the railway which brought our supplies. Every day new battalions were pouring in until more than a million men were gathered in one vast army. We were all wondering why such a body had been assembled when one-tenth of the number would have been sufficient to accomplish the avowed purpose. But none of us knew of the scheme of South American conquest and the preparations that were being made to embark the American troops at Vera Cruz.

"Then came this message from Washington: 'Report from Key West says fifty German war vessels conveying more than two hundred transports are moving due east.'

"You have read how the agents of German capitalism had played upon the fear and hatred of the ruling class of Argentina and Brazil until an alliance had been formed, and of how the armies of these countries had been added to the German forces, together with two hundred thousand German veterans who had immigrated to South America and were now impressed into the joint army.

"Then came such a race as the world had never seen. A race for a great valley that formed the gateway through which either army must pass to get to the other. Who first occupied this position controlled the situation. I was sent ahead with a small detachment of scouts to occupy the hills on the north of the valley and maintain wireless connection with the main army.

"Never shall I forget the beauty of that valley. On either side the mountain rose full five thousand feet, and half way up (marking an old geological valley), was a broad bench varying in width from one-half a mile to a mile and a half. If either army could locate on these great camping grounds, the other could not hope to pass between.

"We climbed swiftly to the highest point on the

side from which our army would approach, and set up our wireless plant. I quickly got into connection with our aeroplanes and began relaying their messages to the army.

"My, the race that was! Men dropped by the hundreds, and the army engineers toiled like maddened gnomes to dig away the forests and make ready the roads for the artillery. The trail can still be marked by the bones of the horses and the wrecks of the motor cars with which they sought to drag the machinery of war along.

"Now one army would gain a slight advantage. Then some natural obstacle or accident or misfortune would lose a few precious hours. The strain was terrific. For ten days and ten nights I knew no rest save for the intervals I could snatch between the ever rushing messages. Then, one morning, as I trained my glass upon the upper end of the valley, I caught a glimpse of the first lines of the solidly marching ranks of men that indicated the advance guard of our main army. They wheeled to the left and started to clamber upon the northern slope. At that instant an exclamation at my side attracted my attention to an aid who was pointing away to the east. A glance through my glass in that direction showed that the terrible race had ended in a tie. The glittering helmets of the German soldiers marked where they were already clambering to the top of the southern side of the valley.

"For four days each side waited, hoping to gain something from the recuperation of its troops and new battalions that were always arriving with ammunition, machine guns, artillery and all of the terrible paraphernalia with which men once murdered their fellow men.

"We, the Socialists I mean, were not idle during those days. We opened communications with the German soldiers. We learned that they also were permeated with Socialism. It soon became evident that each commander feared his own army too much to take the offensive. Yet when a week had passed away this very spread of discontent made it certain that the only hope of either side, or of the forces that were behind both, lay in action before the armies should fraternize.

"Then one morning came the sudden orders that set our whole army in motion. A glance through my glass showed similar activity on the opposite side of the valley. It was evident that the end was to come in one terrible clash on the broad stretch of level ground at the bottom. Swiftly the two armies swung into motion. In another instant the machine guns and the quick firers would begin to mow lanes in these human walls and blood would be poured out in rivers in the last great struggle for human greed. But the orders to fire did not come. The general was walking up and down by his tent, and I noticed that his hair, whose raven black had gained him the name of 'Black Eagle,' had become streaked with gray since I had last seen him but a few weeks before.

"He was evidently struggling with some emotion that dominated his mind even more than the prospect of battle. Then just as he had turned to an orderly to give the word that meant the beginning of the carnival of death, a great rolling volume of cheers swept down the valley from the upper end and rolled and rolled onward in a mighty billow of sound, which seemed to fill the height and depth of the valley from mountain top to mountain top.

"What can it be? What is happening? Went from mouth to mouth.

"Then, through my powerful glass, I saw a group of riders, clothed all in red. Another look.—They are women. Their leader bears high in the air a great red banner, the staff of which rests upon her saddle. She is riding like some goddess of horsemanship and seems borne along on the billowing wave of cheers.

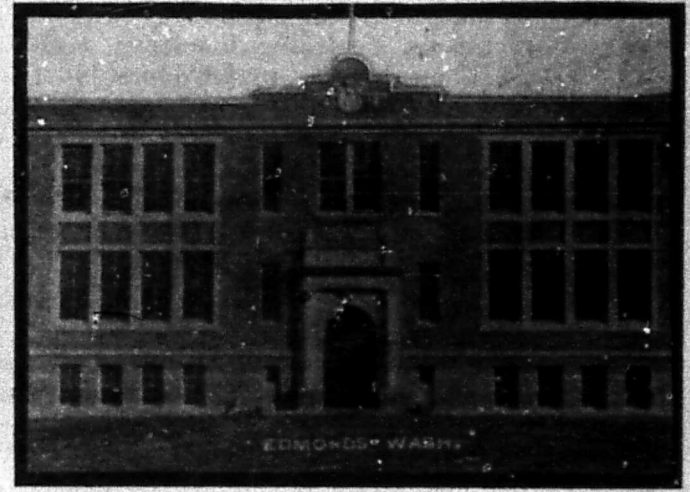
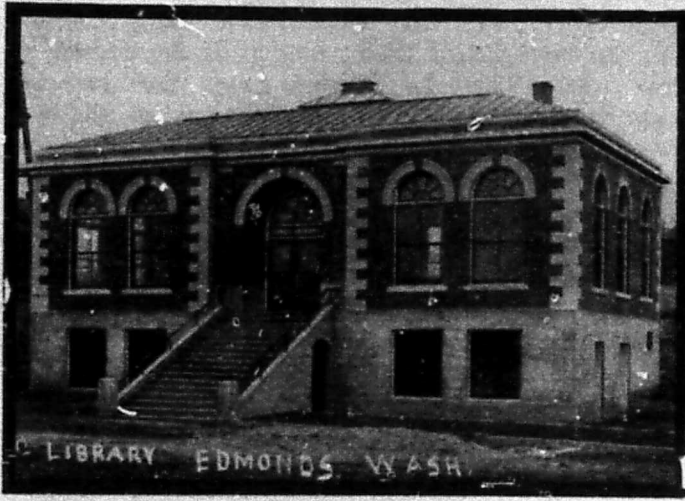
"She is closer now. The wind turns the banner. I catch a glimpse of the inscription in letters of white reaching the length and breadth of the red folds until they can be read by a keen eye a half mile away. And this was the message, *WE ARE BROTHERS.*

"Behind her and her comrades the two armies were coming together. But their arms lay behind them and they were clasping one another's hands and weeping, laughing and dancing with joy.

"I turned to look at the general. But his sight had been keener than mine. He had seen with the eyes of a lover. I heard him say under his breath, 'My God, it is she! Well, it is better so.' As the two armies merged in one and the cheering died away, she came riding directly up to his tent. It was the general himself who lifted her from her horse, and welcomed her with words that few of us understood. 'You were right in those other years. You have conquered, but the victory is really mine, for now I have what I asked for years ago.'



Edmonds and Its Socialist Mayor



By Alexander Irvine



TOOK the Great Northern from Seattle one day in February and went out along the edge of Puget Sound for seventeen miles to Edmonds. There were only two Socialist cities in the country then and Edmonds was one of them. Walking up the main street I met a little girl with a shawl around her head—Dutch fashion.

"Where does Mr. Cook live, little girl?" I asked. "Do you mean the mayor?" she inquired sweetly. "Yes."

"I will take you." And she did.

"His Honor" is a man of about fifty years of age. Looks, language and habitat denote the proletarian. He even lacks the most characteristic endowment of his party—the gift of tongue!

He looked me over with an eye of suspicion until I told him I was a sub getter for the *Appeal to Reason*—then he invited me indoors.

The house and its furnishings were as plain as his clothes—he wore a blue woolen shirt and his mud-bespattered trousers were tucked inside the tops of his big heavy boots.

"It's a bit chilly," he said and forthwith the Mayor proceeded to split some wood and make a fire.

I wanted to know where and how he was inoculated with the virus of our propaganda.

"It was in Chicago," he said as he dumped an armful of wood into the stove. "I stopped to listen to a 'Jimmy Higgins' on a soap box one night and I was so interested that I forgot my supper!"

He gathered a handful of waste paper, stuffed it in beneath the wood and as he lit a match on his boot he said: "Then I took the old 'COMING NATION' and that settled me!"

Twelve years ago W. H. Cook came from Chicago. He had just lost his wife and he brought his two children to Edmonds which was then a mere handful of houses on the shore of the Sound. As a union carpenter he has not only built with his own hands his own house, but he has had a hand in building most of the other houses in the town. A few years ago he organized a Socialist local and as there were scarcely enough Socialists to make a ticket he was forced to be a candidate for something most of the time. Office holding was least of

his ambitions, but the force of the propaganda in Edmonds gave him one day the helm, and now with quiet demeanor and clear-eyed vision he guides the little civic ship along the rock-bound coast of capitalism. City fathering is an avocation with Comrade Cook—his vocation is carpentering, contracting and wood-cutting. One gives him a living for himself and two children; the other gives him a career.

As I sat there conversing with him I could easily understand why the codfish aristocracy felt hurt about his election. He is not of their kind. As a



Mayor Cook and Children.

municipal show piece, either the city hall janitor or the librarian of the Carnegie book house has him skinned by a mile!

It occurred to Mayor Cook that the *Appeal* man might be utilized while in Edmonds, so he proposed a visit to the High School. In an incredibly short space of time the tang and color of the soil had disappeared and the man who introduced me to the principal of the High School looked another man. He wore a linen shirt and collar and in place of the mud-stained clothing of the laborer he had arranged himself in the outfit of an ordinary business man. There was neither explanation nor apology. The psychology was taken for granted. Mr. Cook

was about to appear before the youth of his town, youth that contained his own son and daughter, and he wanted their attention to be centered on what he had to say rather than on what he wore!

The principal received us courteously and the students received the address with applause.

After the visit to the school we went visiting. Louis Engel is Socialist city treasurer and a prominent business man of the town. We called on Louis at his store. Then we climbed a hill and called on Comrade Sweet, whose cottage commands a beautiful view of the Sound.

Sweet is an old trapper whose cottage floor is covered with bear skins—relics of the hunt—Colonel Rush-of-words-to-the-face would give half his life for Sweet's record.

We compared notes on the progress of the party—how the eyes of the trapper gleamed with fire! He was a rare type. He reminded me of what someone said of Paracelsus—"born in a pine forest and inherited the knots." As we left he took the skin of a grizzly and held it up for inspection. Out there beyond his tall form there was a sunset effect on the Sound, the kind of thing Turner tried to put on canvas. Between the sunset and the Sound lay the strait of Juan de Fuca and as the trapper held aloft the skin of the white bear, one fore paw covered Victoria and the other Port Angeles. As he held it there he told of the encounter in the woods, but I could not follow him. I was entranced by the heavens beyond. It was a mount of transfiguration to me.

"Aye," Sweet said when I quickly changed the subject, "some day our class will have a chance to enjoy what I enjoy here on the hill every day—I think of them every time I see those colors in the western sky!"

* * *

A small group accompanied me to the municipal dock where I boarded the boat for Seattle. The dock commissioner was a comrade, too. He was a tall man with a Lincoln face.

I shall never forget that little group on the dock—the boat was a sort of Pullman car on a keel and it shot out on the quiet waters of the Sound and left them there—the officials—working class governors of the second Socialist city in the United States.

THE OREGON CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

BY W. R. SHIER

The people of Oregon in 1902 adopted a constitutional amendment embodying the principle of direct legislation, the vote being 62,024 for, 5,668 against.

This amendment is worth careful study on the part of Socialists, firstly, because it is a measure of political democracy in harmony with the Socialist party platform, and, secondly, because we should bring detailed knowledge as well as general principles to bear upon our attitude toward the many attempts being made throughout the United States to amend state constitutions and modify city charters.

"Section 1 of Article IV of the Constitution of the State of Oregon, shall be, and hereby is, amended to read as follows:

"The legislative authority of the State shall be vested in a legislative assembly consisting of Senate and House of Representatives, but the people reserve to themselves the power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or to

reject same at the polls, independent of the legislative assembly, and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject any act of the legislative assembly.

"The first power reserved by the people is the initiative, and not more than eight per cent of the legal voters shall be required to propose any measure by such petition, and every such petition shall include the full text of the measure proposed.

"Initiative petitions shall be filed with the secretary of state not less than four months before the election at which they are to be voted upon.

"The second power is the referendum, and it



may be ordered except as to laws necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health or safety, either by petition signed by five per cent of the legal voters, or by the legislative assembly, as other bills are enacted.

"Referendum petitions shall be filed with the Secretary of State not more than ninety days after the final adjournment of the legislative assembly that passed the bill on which the referendum is demanded.

"The veto power of the government shall not extend to measures referred to the people.

"Any measure referred to the people shall take effect and become the law when it is approved by the majority of the votes cast thereon, and not otherwise.

"The whole number of votes cast for Justice of the Supreme Court at the regular election last preceding the filing of any petition for the initiative or the referendum shall be the basis on which the number of legal voters necessary to sign such petition shall be counted."

I have italicised the parts worth special attention.

The Man Who Had Never Been Civilized

SENATOR HARDECK JONES began it. He had been talking fully five minutes on the advantages of education, before Professor Landberg could get an opportunity to introduce his friend Harrington. The latter was successfully engaged in Journalism. He had declined the professor's invitation to dinner on account of a public engagement, but had found time to drop in later in the evening "just for a little chat," he explained.

Professor Landberg taught modern languages in a select Academy on High Street. He had recently published a book on the subject of pedagogy and experience had taught him how useful public men could be to a scholar in a commercial age.

"Education," the statesman was saying, "is the glory of our civilization."

"Ah," interrupted the professor, "the universal study of languages would unite the people of the earth in bonds of eternal peace and love."

"I approve it with all my heart," said the journalist, who had made himself comfortable in the professor's chair.

"I recall an occasion," he continued musingly, "on which I used it with a telling effect. I was doing general work on a paper in a small town. It was one of the few towns in which a newspaper man is given just due for his greatness, where a knight of the pen is held in that reverence which enables him to deport himself in correct relation to the lower forms of humanity. I had just retired for the night or rather for the morning, when I heard the town constable drumming loudly on the telegraph pole at the corner. With a stick he was beating a previously arranged signal which I understood he had important news to tell.

"A prisoner in the pen," said Pete laconically, when I had come down and joined him.

"Well, what's he in for?" I inquired.

"Dunno," said Peter, "an' nobody knows. Nobody can talk to him. He haint never been civilized. Guess he must be a Swede," he added.

Swede was Pete's designation for foreigner.

"You see," he continued uneasily, "he haint never been civilized. He might be anything. An' besides, he can't talk to nobody. So I came fer you. Mebe you come and look him over."

I felt a proper pride in Pete's judgment with regard to my linguistic attainments, so I consented to accompany him to the town jail.

The morning was raw and misty, with enough frost in the air to vaporize the constable's breath, which he emitted in short puffs.

"Have you been running?" I asked as we walked together through the deserted streets.

"Well, ye can't never tell," he explained. "Ye see he might do anything. He haint never been civilized, and he can't talk to nobody," he repeated in an undertone as if talking to himself.

When we arrived at the town lockup, Pete cautiously unbolted the street door and slid into the outer room. The jail occupied one large room, partitioned by a row of iron bars, behind which alleged lawbreakers were detained.

I peered through the bars at the prisoner, who was seated in a mournful attitude on a bench, his head bowed between his knees.

"What are you in for?" I asked with the easy cheerfulness of one who knows he is doing his duty by the public.

The man only shook his head.

"You see," said Pete gleefully, "what I told ye was right. He haint never been properly civilized."

"Oh, he hasn't, eh?"

"Parlez vous Francais?" I asked with an assuring smile.

Springing joyfully to his feet he advanced to the bars and delivered a speech in French that would have graced a banquet of the Societe des Immortels.

I bowed my recognition with all the suavity I could command.

"What's he saying?" asked the constable, thoroughly alarmed at the man's gesticulations.

"Will you please leave this matter to me?" I answered patronizingly. Then I looked blandly at the prisoner and inquired:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

The man surely looked a bit sheepish, but after a moment's reflection he became voluble in German to an extent that surpassed his eloquent efforts in French. I puckered up my eyes and looked sharply at the gas jet.

When he finally subsided the constable became concerned for the safety of the public and inquired if I thought there was any danger of his breaking out.

I gave him assurance that I myself would attend

BY

Edmond McKenna

to that matter. Meanwhile the prisoner was beginning to look as though he were extremely grateful that stout iron bars separated us. While I was persuading Pete that the public was altogether safe in my hands, the gentleman in the cell was growing more and more dejected. After making a few rounds of his den, he sat down heavily on his bench. His head fell forward on his chest.

In the dim gas light we could see him swaying back and forth on his seat. As he swayed he intoned what sounded like a prayer set to some weird music.

"Hark at him," said Peter in a startled half whisper, "I jest know that there man haint never been civilized."

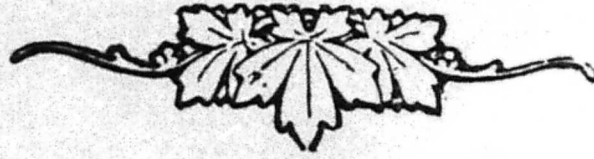
I pitied the poor fellow. In fact I pitied them both, the constable for his ignorance and the prisoner that he should be enmeshed in evil circumstances. I bent closer to the bars of the cage, the constable following me protectingly and clinging to my coat, lest I ventured too near. Outwardly I was calm enough, but I confess my mind seemed to lose its power of rapid decision.

"Friend," I murmured feelingly extending my arm between the rods, "Parlate Italiano?"

He gave me a quick, threatening look and remained silent.

"Parlate Italiano?" I repeated sharply.

"This time I struck fire. The detained linguist stood up and waved his arms in circular motions,



BALLAD OF POOR BLOKES

BY FRED F. ROCKWELL.



LL ye who sit at the top of things

And hold the places in Fame's white glare,

Preachers and presidents, officers, kings,

Vested Authority everywhere:

Have you looked at the steps as you climbed the stair?

Have you thought of the "weaklings" shoved close to the wall?

The hands at the game who drew deuce—and despair:

Poor blokes cry you mercy Sirs, one and all.

Sleek-jowled senators, pulling the strings

For that or the other small "private affair,"

Captains of Industry, winding the springs,

Relieving the Public of all it can spare,

Returning a sop through some Charity chair.

Obedient Judges who pompously crawl

Where their Interests lead them, nor vary a hair—

Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs, one and all.

Priests who cover with skirts your wings,

And draw fat wage for your prosy ware,

With a bland, blank smile where gaunt Want stings,

Worn editors, hunting a two-cent scare,

Pickled "props of Society," debonaire—

Throw a coin to the curb on your way to the ball!

Have you thought of the guys who got pinched in the Fair?

Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs, one and all.

ENVOY.

Potentates, pause—see! that crimson flare!

Pride hath made possible many a fall.

Hark!—the thunder is rumbling low when'er

Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs—one, and all!

"The last word has seldom been spoken. Progress is the order of the day and 'push' the watch-word all along the line. The heretic has his place and is listened to by all but the hidebound, self-satisfied or the down-and-outs-practically the same thing and both bad to useless."

as if cleaving some invisible enemy. He went up and down the whole oratorical gamut of Italian. He reached notes that would have made Caruso, could he have heard them, feel as if he wished he never was. Then he emitted tones that growled along the floor and died moaning out on the wet street. The torrent of words that rolled from lips that night has made me hypocritical and coldly unappreciative of all subsequent attempts at oratory that I have heard. At last his breath gave out and he stood gasping in the center of his stuffy cell.

By this time Pete was holding me tightly by the hand, one arm around my neck. He was gazing into my face with the agonized look of a deceived parent.

For a silent moment he held his old face close to mine. His eyes were open wide, like a young lover's in the twilight. Through the open door I surveyed the twinkling town lights with an air of profound and serious meditation, which public men from time immemorial have learned to substitute in hours of uncertainty for mere, vulgar knowledge. With a few tense, though not too stern, sentences I allayed his fears, and assuaged his anguish, commended him upon his unimpeachable probity and bade him have good faith. He seemed satisfied.

While he was still under the spell of my eloquence I turned to the lord of language. He was pacing his den in paroxysms of rage which at my approach seemed to change into a convulsion of despair. Slinking into the shadowed corners he beat his breast and moaned pitifully. Bent almost double he hugged and cradled his sorrow and rocked it back and forth. Some untellably old prayer song struggled from his lips. The sound of it was indescribably mournful and trailed off into a variety of tunes that expressed every shade of woe.

His plight was exceeding sorrowful. I was in much pain for him and would have obtained his release there and then even at the risk of my reputation had not the constable broke out again. He put his old twitching mouth close to my ear and gurgled diabolically:

"I knowed it all along, he haint never been civilized, and what's more," he added, with fiendish glee, "he's agettin' worse."

"Oh, bother civilization," I snapped. "What's civilization ever done for you?"

The situation was becoming desperate. Something had to be done. To have Pete lose faith in my learning again would have meant my undoing, and he was not yet sufficiently impressed. I resolved on another trial.

"Habla V. Espanol?" I called dramatically through the grating, thinking that would fluster the loquacious one and at the same time re-establish my failing reputation in the constable's mind.

But not so, the prisoner was ready for a conversation in any tongue from Sanscrit to Gaelic. He had evidently become satisfied that resentful speeches, however well delivered, were of no avail. He had evidently decided that he had to do with mad men and would try another mood.

"Habla V. Espanol?" I repeated slowly, astonished at the transformation in the man. He was now as gentle as a cooing dove and more suave than an oil magnate on the witness stand.

In his looks was Castilian majesty. In his bearing the most courtly grace. Lute lipped lover never spoke sweeter sounds. His dulcet words caressed the cage. I could laugh at his fiery speeches, but oh, that plaintive pleading.

"Release the prisoner," I roared.

"What?" stammered the constable.

"This man has given an honest account of himself," said I. "He has answered every question fearlessly. In him there is no guilt. To imprison this man is an offense against education, a blot upon our civilization, a crime against intellect.

"But he haint never!"

"As a public man I will be responsible," I interrupted, taking the key from his trembling hands, unlocking the door and throwing it wide open.

"Come forth, brother!" I exclaimed, "and enjoy your freedom in this land of liberty.

"Never shall I forget that look on his face as we parted that night. I have grown callous since then and little care in what light the world regards me, but I should like to know just now what that fellow thought of my actions."

"Well," said the professor, speaking in an undertone, as if addressing no one in particular, "I thought you were, both of you, damned fools."

"Professor Landberg," said Senator Jones, arising to depart, "it seems to me one should not condemn a man for lack of opportunities. You must remember my father, Peter Jones, had little chance to acquire education in his youth."

BALLAD OF THE PASSAGE

By Allan Updegraff

With the city's one week's human offal,
Some hundred, the most without name,
A boat bore away through the ice-posh
On East River's dawn path of flame,
Each passenger bound Potter's Field-ward,
Each nailed in his pine box the same.

The wind was due south, warm, delicious.
Face-lifting, a blown Polonaise;
Stilettoed with morning, the drift-ice
Quivered on in its devious ways
Before, at each side, and far backward;
The boat made a blot in the blaze.

Grey, white, golden-winged, rosy-breasted
Gulls hovered above and around;
They poised on the backward-blown smoke-drift,
Floated windward, all grace, with no sound:
Till one dropped, like a cloth, in the boat's wake,
And the rest screamed for carrion he'd found.

*Blue crystal, wide panel on panel,
A-glitter, a-crawl, and a-swing,
Closed calmly as space on our banal
Grey bit of a man-guided thing.
We were one with the wind-shaken channel,
And one with the gold-bearing spring.*

The tale of the souls: there was Big Riggs,
The master; a deck-hand called Mole;
Another called Billy; a fireman
And engineer, colored with coal:
And, sent by a paper, myself with
"Red" Lewis, a wise poet soul.

Of the soulless, each cased like his neighbor,
No man might declare name or life.
A fierce one, they said, had been strangled;
A grey one had filled his old fist
With morphine, and piped himself sleepy—
More wise than that boy with his knife.

So now there was quiet among them,
Except for the engine's soft beat;
Each patiently lay where they'd put him,
Nor stirred in his stamped winding sheet.
The sunlight and waters were round them,
The March air was earthy and sweet.

*As a stream to the sea that begot her,
As a cloud that has heaven to friend,
As the light to the night like a daughter
Caught night-ward wherever she tend,
We were one with sun, air, earth and water,
And one with beginning and end.*

Came the Mole with some words of the weather,
And some of the currents and floes,
And some of our unpleasant travelers—
Their past and their ultimate woes.
He added a pun to his comment
That several had tracts at their toes.

No pennant was dipped to our cargo.
As to Thebes' barges bound over Nile
To the populous, rock-hewn Death City,
And Styx has run dry this long while;
Yet his talk had a strangely old savor,
And old seemed his jest and his smile.

"The scarab is under his tongue there:
But the two-headed judge has four eyes!"
Or, "Two obols clutched tight for Charon:
One more than the fare—he is wise!"
So, "An old lady dropped some tracts on 'em:
Good stuff for the soles of the guys!"

I mentioned to "Red" these reflections,
Who found them both witty and sad.
He was moved to a sounding quotation
From a Yale course in Greek he had had;
He added, from Manhattan's poet,
Some stanzas that sounded not bad.

Aristophanes' frogs left a silence
For Whitman to yawp a few lines:
Old huckster, new hackman, were speeded
By song-makers after their kinds;
And the ages' back doors trembled outward
To the press of strange laughter and whines.

*Dim shapes and dim faces made forays
On the deck where the March sun was shed:
The unstoried waste of old stories,
Bent back, and dropped jaw, and bowed head.
We were one with great heroes and glories,
And one with the shame that is dead.*

Mr. Riggs, with big hands on the wheel's rim,
What cheer? Is not cheerful at all;
"T seems the engine is leaky, needs tubing;
Neither cylinder packed since last fall.
Used to be a fair steamer and traveler;
Now the best she can do is a crawl.

So we crawled on past billowing tugboats
With eagles a-gleam in the sun;
On slowly past drowsy black liners,
Past freight-schooners, stained dirty dun;
On slowly before the street-canyons
That swung toward us, one by one.

The Island crept up, trim and lonely,
Iced white on its black granite side;
A steel spring of a current bent toward us
Round a rock ledge worn smooth by the tide,
And met us with leaps as of torture,
With gasps as of something that died.

A skein of knit steel high above us
Complained with its burden of lives,
And its heavy voice was as the humming
From a hundred enraged iron hives.
The smoke from our stack eddied upward
Like smudge that a bee-keeper drives.

Two ferries, packed black to the guard-rails
With city-bound workers, passed close;
Our little grey boat, coming after,
Crossed the V of their tracks with her nose,
And a huge A, that broke at the transept,
Drifted down, roughly scrawled in the floes.

*As a current that crosses another
Outbound from the land-sheltered bay:
As a by-wind that calls to its brother
Ere both take the great wind's way,
We were one with the struggle and smother,
And one with the quick of that day.*

Hell Gate spewed an ice-floe out at us,
But we broke it to jewels and flame;
The waters burned with it a moment,
Erased it, and drifted the same.
On the boat's grey side, their reflection
Moved shapes through a swift golden game.

Yellow radiance poured over the bulwark
As our low prow swung nearer the East;
It cast on the unpainted coffins
A cloth-of-gold pall, shadow-creased;
But the goldenness parted in places,
And stains and pine knots were released.

The gulls and the shipping dropped backward
Like Everyman's friends; all alone
We entered a stretch of free water
Where the forefoot ceased mumbling its bone,
And the Mole's shadow, falling to larboard,
With a seraphic aureole shone.

Some strangeness grew out of the silence.
The cloud that behind us unrolled
Seemed, in its grotesque convolutions,
Less smoke than a spirit, black-stoled,
Who drove on the ship, wave and wind-less,
Like the Mariner's ghost-ship of old.

Yet the Mystery's presence among us
Showed nothing repulsive or proud;
Perhaps it stood there by the funnel
With its head, if it have one, thought-bowed,
And a light in its eyes like still water's
When the sun makes a flame of a cloud.

*It was kindly, it beckoned us under
The peace of its hands and head;
Its face left fears in sunder,
It touched all questions dead.
We were one with the ultimate wonder,
And one with the ultimate dread.*

A black cluster of piles put a period
To our voyage: some drays waited there,
And a knowing old smoking head-drayman,
To take our dead outcasts in care.
He rapped with his whip-stock on boxes,
Listened wisely, blew smoke in the air.

"They're remarkable reticent, really.
The tourists that stop here," he said;
"As long as I've been in the business,
Never knew one to open his head.
But they seems most uncommon contented,
And pays me two dollars a bed."

So we took them and piled them up seemly
In the wagon-beds, nine in a tier.
Like wasp-larvæ in their clay cellules,
We roped fast each multiple bier
And drew over each a thick canvas,
Lest anyone see them, and fear.

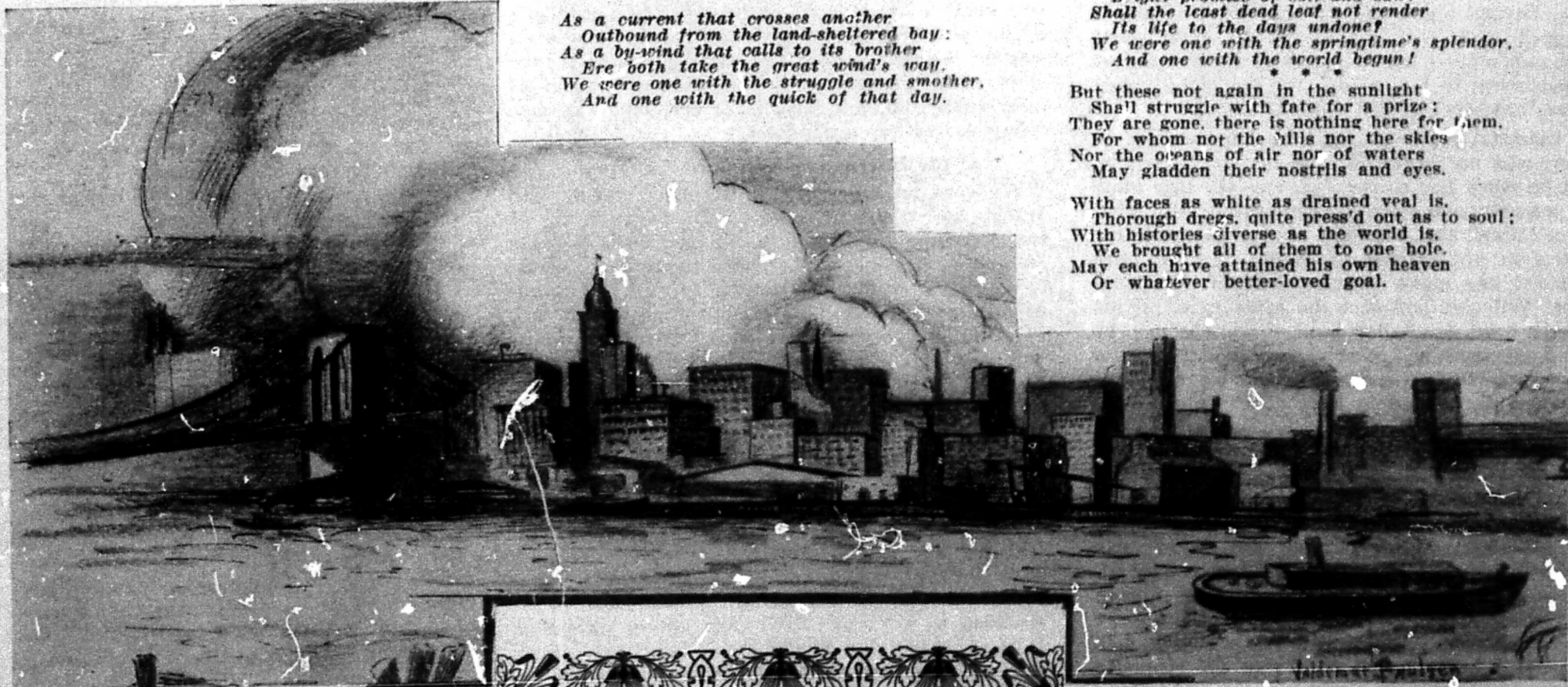
As Hell Gate its floe, us the city
Spewed out in what's path, shall we say
Be sure it will break our poor burden
At least into innocent clay;
And perhaps happy things will come of it
When its man-semblance passes away.

So their souls, left behind in the tumult:
The ghosts of their hopes and their fears,
The seeds of their many endavors,
Their hearts' blood and wormwood and tears:
These, also, perhaps are not wasted
On the long upward slope of the years.

*O soft south wind and the tender
Ereight promise of soil and sun!
Shall the least dead leaf not render
Its life to the days undone?
We were one with the springtime's splendor,
And one with the world begun!*

But these not again in the sunlight
Shall struggle with fate for a prize:
They are gone, there is nothing here for them,
For whom not the hills nor the skies
Nor the oceans of air nor of waters
May gladden their nostrils and eyes.

With faces as white as drained veal is,
Thorough dregs, quite press'd out as to soul;
With histories diverse as the world is,
We brought all of them to one hole,
May each have attained his own heaven
Or whatever better-loved goal.



On the Rugged Road to Copenhagen

By Sydney Greenbie

(Concluded)

FROM Paris to Basel in Switzerland is about eleven hours' ride. The government owned railroads make riding somewhat cheaper by putting on third-class and even fourth-class cars, as in Germany. But who wants it. It only lowers the standard of living. The third-class coaches are box cars, the fourth-class, freight cars. We rode all the way to Switzerland without a seat and there were many more standing.

From Basel we walked to Zurich, from Zurich to Luzerne, from Luzerne across the Alps by way of the St. Gotthard pass down to Como and then across the border line into Italy and to Milan.

All through Switzerland our experiences were most delightful. The people are kind, frank, yet stern and in every way bespeak a nation that knew political freedom before ours was born. But commercialism has eaten into the very hearts of the awe-inspiring mountains. Where, even here, can you go without suffering the permission of some land owner. There is hardly a spot that has been left for him who wishes to tread the dreaming earth in solitude. "Verbot" seems to be the national motto. The glittering lakes that once were loved and admired by a people from their unassuming huts, are now the objects of vain and meaningless ejaculations. Where once they reflected their water-giving, snow-clad sentinels, now these mountains are imaged in the water but are marred by ugly, gaudy hotels. No more the paths lead like the knowledge of a wise man, to scenes of unimagined grandeur, but like the words of a sophist, myriads of electric bulbs glare to the world that vanity has gained the top without an effort.

It is not enough that people admit that they care more about being on the top than for the pleasure of mounting and enjoying as they mount, but the spirit of advertisement prevails, the company must make profit. Of course, the elevator is an achievement and a worthy one at that, but man's mechanical genius should not flaunt its powers to the destruction of the beautiful. It should merely relieve man of the routine, of the tedious, so he may the more understand and enjoy harmonious perfections of form.

The Spirit of the Night.

Oh! that the spirit of night were everywhere! I hate the day, for it leaves us nothing to imagine, nothing to want in understanding, nothing to search for. It brings out in sharp detail the ugly so that it detracts from the beautiful. How the mountain of black peered out from the dark, star-lit sky! I see it now as I saw it then. I hear the water gushing and breaking and plunging and it makes me think that the mountains are wailing for the world's wrong. Several nights did we plod our way across the rugged roads with the shadowless night about us, and sometimes I thank capitalism for denying us the opportunity to buy a bed, for the nights when we were "outcasts" we felt more at home.

The beautiful night—ah, but have I not written of one that was not beautiful, one that was horrible. I must be more fair to the day, and say that some nights are ugly, and some days beautiful. And what is more, I think that the light of day has made me lose all fear of darkness of night. It must have been during the night, perhaps towards the morning, that Wilhelm Tell shot the apple from off his little son's head, for had it been during the day, he would have used his other arrow also. Now a spirit of broader day is dawning and we will have to complete what he might have done while he was at it.

To see the wretchedness of people even here, and to descend, as we did, upon those in Northern Italy and on the outskirts of Milan, is enough to convince one that something is wrong. Their crude manners in haying and farming are unjustifiable when the improved farm implements are thought of. Here the women, not the helpless, dainty women about us, but stocky, muscular women carry more hay upon their backs than two or three city men could carry. I do not blame a man for rising to give some of our women a seat in a car and leaving an Italian woman stand. One needs the seat, the other does not. In Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and



Passing through Switzerland.

Germany we saw the women do most of the heavy work, just as we read of the peasants of a century ago.

Over the Alps.

The heat at that time of the year, July, was entirely too intense for walking and our money being too limited to allow us to ride to Rome, the language also heightening the barrier between us and more money, we turned back after one day in Milan, to the Alps. We took the midnight train to Chiasso, expecting to remain in the station until dawn and then start out on the road. At Chiasso, however, the station was closed, ours being the last train. We were in a fix. It was too late to get a room, and a little too hazardous to remain out all night in a town where you can't speak the language. They cannot conceive of an American but what he must have piles of money. An Italian porter who could speak German suggested that we wait till 2 o'clock when two Italians would leave for Logano with two small wagons loaded with goods, a miniature express company. They would take us on their wagons for one franc apiece. This we did. At the said time we got into the wagons and the rattling commenced. Slowly we dragged along, hardly feeling safe in this dark, lonely place with two men who stopped at every village inn for a drink. But day dawned and nothing of ill occurred.

I shall close our recrossing of the Alps, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, which we covered in five days, with a page from my diary, dated August 14. We were at the time of the writing nearing a little village called Weggis on the Vierwaldstatter See, a few miles before Luzerne.

Sunday, 6 p. m.—Will I ever regret having lived after such a day as this? Will I ever question myself whether life is worth while, when living permits of the possibilities of such days? How wonderful was the beginning—how inexpressibly wonderful the close. Sunlight from the sky, nature dressed in its most costly raiment, my heart and mind as free from fear as the day is light.

At the International Socialist Congress.

We were but a few days in Germany, staying with friends and trying to make up for the suffering of the preceding three months. Copenhagen and the International Congress has been treated so exhaustively that it would be imposing as well as impertinent to treat it here. My disappointment in its lack of actual constructive work was overbalanced by its enthusiasm. I was grieved by the uncomradely spirit of some of our comrades, but was more than compensated by the lovable attitude of many of them. It was an experience that satisfied a longing of three years, since the Stuttgart Congress, and I am satisfied with it.

Liverpool, the last place we stopped at in Europe, would be the last place on earth or even in Mars that I should like to find myself stranded in. You see more tattered, emaciated, loveless, homeless, hopeless men, women and children who seem to be stranded in a foreign land than almost anywhere. It is no doubt due to the heavy influx of seamen from all over the world. With such a living example as Liverpool, hell isn't worth writing about.

As to how we made our way is of little interest to the workers. I had never thought myself capa-

ble of enduring as much as I did last summer. But surely the worker in the sordid clutch of Capitalism lives every day of his life that which we had to contend with on this journey. Would it interest him to read of a simple adventure? This I do not believe. That which is done voluntarily, entered into for its sensation and left when the excitement is lessened, cannot enlist his attention. I have avoided all sensation. I am in earnest. My experiences have taught me the lesson of a foreigner.

A People Without a Country.

The majority of us are chained to one country just as Prometheus was chained to a rock, and we groan under the infinite number of scourges heaped upon us. We are unable to move to another place, for fear of meeting with worse circumstances. And this clinging to a country we call patriotism. This cowardly cringing is idealized. It is used to humiliate others with. It is not co-operation, for it dares to exclude. It vulgarizes love by associating it with a principle that is essentially based upon hatred. It is demoralizing.

One of the accusations against Socialism is that it is an importation. I do not think that these people would make such statements if they stopped to consider a few little matters. First, the foreigner, even though he be a Socialist at home, leaves his home for America thinking it a land where he can vastly improve his life conditions. He dreams of its glorious opportunities and longs to share them. If it were true, then, that these foreigners are the backbone of our movement, it would be a double condemnation of American capitalism for their turning to Socialism after getting here would lead any reasoning person to conclude that the cause is local.

We had booked for America from Copenhagen, third-class, and had the pleasure of mingling with the immigrants. I regret that we had our passports and could flaunt the fact of our birth in the eyes of the officials. But it is difficult for a person to encourage abuse when he can so easily avoid it. But I say, regret, because I should like to have been handled like a genuine immigrant and feel the sting of humiliation as these people feel it.

The Immigrant Welcome.

But this is what we saw. Every time the officials felt like it, it seems, they would drive the eight hundred people down into the lower part of the ship and an examination took place. It was not the examinations that were out of place, but the attitude towards these people. They examine for disease and then allow only public towels for all the people to use in common.

It was while down below during vaccination, and the air was stifling, that we led a promising American into a discussion on Socialism. There were at least two hundred Englishmen, Irishmen, and Welsh around us. The discussion was waxing well. These people were open-mouthed; they were almost ready to return to their own country; they had not dreamed of Pittsburg, Colorado, Gary, and the vast host of life-destroying centers. They were yet to learn that it was as hard to land as for a "camel to pass through the eye of a needle." They did not know that there is a lubricant that will make this passage very easy, or perhaps they could not furnish it.

I know several people who might have had to go to Ellis Island, but paid the two pound ten extra, went into the second class and out as soon as the boat landed. Even those of us who had our citizen papers were compelled to wait for over an hour after the second and first class passengers had gone to go through a process of red-tape. I heard several people exclaim that this treatment had made them see that citizens were not all treated alike before the law. Why should we have to wait, and wait and wait, anxious to see our people, just because we did not or could not pay the extra twelve dollars? Were not our papers good enough? Is this equality before the law?

We came back with less luggage than we had taken with us. I had two portfolios with Socialist literature and the words INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST CONGRESS printed in big gilt letters across the front. The inspector looked at our grip and then wanted to look into the portfolios. I opened them for him and said, "It is only Socialist literature." He smiled, but went no further.

Shall the Crucifixion of Russia Go On?

By Edgar White Burrill



GR^{EAT} Russia is falling into ruin, and the hearts of the people are shattered. Evil is rampant in our country and horror prevails. People are oppressed by want. The patient and gentle Russian is perishing, and a heartless tribe ferocious with greed is being born, a race of wolves, cruel animals of prey. Faith is dissolved; persons of depraved minds aim at the defenseless, and take them captive with satanic shrewdness."

Such are the words of Maxim Gorky in his recent book, "The Spy." His lament is not an exaggeration. There are many inland cities where all noble aspiration is officially ridiculed. There are numerous villages throughout the interior where men may not speak the truth for fear of death or exile. There are officials who send detachments of Cossacks to break up meetings and outrage the women, as was the case with a convention of school-teachers in the Caucasus; there are others who permit soldiers to stand before a hospital firing volley after volley into it simply to frighten the patients, who, as in one town at the massacre of Jews in Grodno, are forced to flee under their beds or up the chimneys. Not even reprimands from those higher up follow such barbarous manifestations.

It is useless to try to excuse the government. The government is criminally responsible. The annual food famines, destroying forever a large number of families, is caused by the maladministration of the country's revenue; the suicide of hundreds of more people is the result of inhuman conditions of imprisonment and of exile; general repressive measures which rob the peasant of all hope and of all further initiative are part of the avowed policy of the rulers. There is no excuse under heaven for this, except that of a corrupt and devilish self-interest which cuts throats in order to perpetuate its own misrule.

When you have been through the Russian prisons, and have heard the cry of a people fighting for freedom as no people has ever fought before; when you have seen a noble manhood crushed to earth simply because it was noble and self-respecting; when you have witnessed the piteous struggling of these men even in death to keep hold of the life that was not worth living, for the sake of the silver gleam of hope that had thus far been forlorn; and when, unable to offer help or comfort, you have listened with tears in your eyes to the screaming delirium of poor prisoners in hospital wards, who, mad through suffering, called vainly over and over and over again upon a Christ who could not save; and, finally, when you have looked into the frightened eyes of victims in the Black Hole, whose whispering voices told of nameless agonies in the dark and of tortures that no public press would print—with the memory of all these hideous nightmares in your brain, you cannot and you will not seek to find much vindication for the Czar or for his pitiless administrators.

A Plea for Humanity

Nor can we rely upon the figures issued by the authorities as to the extent of the "repression." When that arch-fabricator, M. Stolypin, Prime Minister of all the Russias, said that the number of exiles sent to Siberia in a given time did not exceed 12,000, it was proved soon afterward, in the columns of the *London Times* that the figures should have been at least 78,000; and when he admits that the total prison capacity of the Russian Empire, exclusive of exile stations, is 107,000 persons, and that the present holdings are 181,000, we may well conclude that the actual figures would be fully twice that.

And this ruthless over-crowding does not take into account the thousands that are dying of typhus and of scurvy because of unsanitary conditions; of the wholesale murder going on almost daily under merely technical charges, partly in an effort to reduce forcibly this overcrowding; and of the countless innocent men and women chained together and held for torture as "suspects," without the benefit even of a trial. In Warsaw in 1906, ninety per cent of the able-bodied men were thus imprisoned for months, and the proportion is still enormous.

This merciless, silent warfare in the prisons and

elsewhere has at last done its work. The party that stands for progress, decency, and justice is broken. The people's piteous gaze and frightened whisperings show that they have lost faith in a better future. Betrayed within their own circles by such false saviors as Azeff, they wait hopelessly for another leader among themselves. Only from without can help now come.

The ruthless methods of the "suppressive policy" show that the officials count the peoples' lives as of no more worth than noxious flies; no, not so much; for flies it would kill painlessly by one swift stroke. The Russian government, intent upon stamping out all possibilities of another outbreak like the great revolution of 1905-7, has had no regard for the hideous cruelty by which it was to be done. In its blind, pagan fear, this presumably civilized and "Christian" empire has not cared if it also crushed the heart and soul out of the people; for certainly the result of its iron repression has been a more complete moral degeneration of Russia than existed even before.

Yet the failure of the Russian people in that premature fight for freedom was not due so much to the weakness of their movement as to the terrible strength of the government. Even the silence that has enveloped Russia from 1907 to the present time has indicated not so much a lack of activity upon the part of the revolutionists as a keener activity on the part of the government. But the people can do no more. Help of some sort from without is their only hope.

International Protest Only Remedy

Is it not time that something were done to check this awful waste? Why should we raise millions for a few hundred earthquake sufferers in Italy and offer not a single effective protest when Russian rulers slay their tens of thousands? The French Revolution was slight and momentary compared with this silent, mysterious, official slaughter. The Spanish War did not begin to have so good a cause. Our protest to King Leopold against the Congo outrage, through the voice of a united, international public opinion, was not half so justifiable or important; and yet that protest was effective. With such an example fresh before us, let no weak patriot say that we can do nothing. Our voice, backed up by England's, can work wonders. And France and Italy stand ready to assist.

The announcement at Rome in May, 1909, of the Czar's possible visit to Italy's monarch aroused tremendous excitement, not only among the rank and file of the Italian people, but also among the members of the Parliament. The protest went so far, even, as to be taken up in the Chamber of Deputies. The same thing was true in France; but the French press, subordinated to the interests of the moneyed class, who supply Russia with loans, necessarily restricted their agitation against the Czar to public meetings and pamphlets.

Already the Czar's government has been compelled to pay the reluctant tribute of respect to the immeasurable force of the world's opinion. Tolstoi was allowed a freedom of speech denied every other citizen of the Empire, because the brutal Russian bureaucrats were forced to recognize the universal respect in which he was held. And again in the trial of Tschaikovsky, the Father of the Russian Revolution, unlike other cases where a secret session is held to take testimony for the defense after sentence has been passed and executed, the court assembled with open doors and the witnesses for the defense were heard on equal terms with those for the prosecution. Even though the government's main witness was a condemned revolutionist named Pateuk, who was compelled to bring testimony against Tschaikovsky under penalty of being executed at once himself if he did not do so, yet this method marks a slight advance and at any rate a new way for Russia. It was due to the weight of public opinion.

England, however, has made a bold stand for Russian reform. Not only was there a great demonstration of disapproval on the part of the English people when King Edward proposed to entertain the Czar, his marital relative; not only did a strong body of members of Parliament, as well as many of the most brilliant journalists and the most influential educators of the country, rise in stern protest against this reception of the Russian despot; but

a Russian Parliamentary Committee, made up of twenty-four strong members of Parliament, of bishops, professors, and other representative men, has been in existence for some time; and these men are publishing the facts about conditions in the Terror Empire as fast as they can be obtained. These Europeans, being nearer the center of the trouble than we are, know more about the real conditions.

But shall America do nothing? So far we have made no protest. Notwithstanding the fact of the many refugees among us; notwithstanding Russia's flagrant violation of the rights of our naturalized Russian Jews, and her wanton insult to such Americans returning to their native land; we have made no widespread objection. Even Tolstoi's clarion pamphlet, "I Cannot Be Silent!" aroused but momentary interest and horror. The newspapers devoted but little space to the awful facts he published.

Are we to let this wholesale degradation of human life go on? Shall we stand by idly and watch the stoning of these martyrs? Enlightened America has stood for higher things than that. Our training, through the Monroe Doctrine, as policeman of the Western Hemisphere, gives us if necessary a right to be one of the policemen of the world. And we shall have plenty of help if we are brave enough to take the first step. It is well for us to remember that this same despotic Czar is he who first urged us to throw away our weapons and to war no more upon humanity; let us remember also Kipling's warning against this Bear that walks like a man. Remember, finally, that this same weak-minded "sympathizer with the people" is the head of the party responsible for this monstrous state of affairs, and that, because, forsooth, his own capital city, provided with sewage for drinking-water, was reeking with a cholera epidemic in 1909, he took a vacation abroad, being dined by King Edward, in the face of popular protest, feasted by the bankers of France, and invited to share royalty's best in Rome—and then let us ask ourselves if this cry of a people, this agonized appeal of a nation nearly twice as large as ours, but helplessly bowed down by suffering, shall go unanswered.

The Facts Misrepresented

But it is not enough to pity the persecuted peasant. And by simply laying the blame at the feet of the Czar and his associates, we ourselves become tacit accomplices in his awful crime. Unless we array ourselves actively on the other side unless we definitely declare for the peasant, we shall be against him. Russia must hear the unmistakable, organized indignation of the other empires. As we assumed responsibility in stopping the Congo abuse, so now we must feel our obligation towards wronged humanity in Russia.

Every moment that we delay, we are assisting in this devilish profanation of human beings, and must take our share of shame for it before God's great judgment seat.

We need not intervene by battle; we cannot threaten by treaty. But a solid protest by the nations could effectually boycott this barbarous power, which has again, in the coercion of brave little Finland, defied the very conception of international good faith. A group of distinguished European jurists, representing the chairs of international law at the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, Paris, Leyden, Brussels, and Göttingen, and including such men as Professor Westlake, Sir Edward Fry and Sir Frederick Pollock among their British compeers, with Professors Anschutz von Bar, Lapradelle and Nys among their continental colleagues, have issued a voluntary manifesto on behalf of Finland, in which it is shown that Finland has a solemn treaty right to the autonomy which she had been enjoying, and that the *coup d'état* which the Russian government is consummating is a violation of her Constitution.

They show that Finland was taken a hundred years ago by Alexander I, not as a conquered province to be precariously endowed with temporary privileges, but as an autonomous organism "from henceforth placed in the rank of nations and free as regards internal affairs." They show that Russia is today morally and legally bound to respect that status, and that she has no right, even indirectly, to impair the constitutional prerogatives and powers of Finland, save with the latter's consent.

This deliberate judgment of distinguished and dis-

interested jurists must have much weight with the public opinion of the world. In fact, the case of this wanton destruction of the liberties of Finland by Russia offers a most appropriate occasion for us to speak forcibly. For if, in this case as in so many of those that have concerned his own people alone—notably, the continued violation of the "October Manifesto (1905)," and the open disregard of the edict abolishing political exile (1900) and of the much earlier one abolishing corporal punishment for unconvicted prisoners—if the Czar has no respect for his plighted word, we ought no longer to continue an *entente cordiale* with such an uncivilized and untrustworthy Power.

The Tragedy of Finland

The fate of Finland certainly concerns us intimately. More than the Poles, the Finns are our essential relatives. Theirs is a race that is typically Western, more so than any other race in the vast Russian Empire. Its civilization has never been Oriental. Its religion is Lutheran. The language that it speaks is akin to old English and almost identical with Swedish. It has believed in Constitutional and in representative government from remote ages. In intellect, in its steady faith in order and in democratic ideals, in respect for womanhood, this race has been a leader among Western peoples.

Russia seeks now to crush Finland as she crushed Poland and her own native people. She will undoubtedly try to wipe from memory the ancient usages and traditions of this superior Grand-Duchy, even as she is doing in Poland. But even the Polish school-children were filled with the spirit of revolt when required to learn their lessons in the Russian language, all the pupils in Warsaw one day going on a strike, with the result that the schools were deserted, the parents could not compel their children to attend, and the authorities, not daring to turn Cossacks loose upon mere boys and girls, finally arranged that Polish might be used in private schools. The public school system of Poland ever since has been demoralized, while the private schools are filled to overflowing.

Is the same thing now to occur in Finland? Is there to be a similar repression of knowledge and culture, as in Russia proper, where the school-houses are turned into prisons whenever deemed necessary, seventy-two buildings being thus converted in three months of 1905, despite the crying need of more educational facilities? Is private instruction, even, to be looked upon with suspicion, when given by the father of a family to his son? This was the case when an educated Russian, overheard translating Plato's "Republic," was denounced as an anarchist, separated from his child, and fined 2,000 roubles for the "illegal exercise of scholastic functions," in addition to the expense of paying for the boy's subsequent instruction at a state school. Is this tyranny to be extended now to enlightened Finland, whose universities have long contributed to the intellectual life of their time? Is the iron hand which has been applied to Poland, Esthonia, and other regions, now to fall upon the unique civilization of this land, so that its constitution shall become waste paper and its long conspicuous and splendid intellectual and spiritual vitality a thing of naught? Truly, this Land of a Thousand Lakes deserves a better fate.

It is another instance of the reactionary, autocratic despotism of the East in bitter warfare with the clarion civilization of the West. Again there is a conflict as appealing to our sympathies and to our sense of fraternity as the conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism in the miserable epoch of Turkish misrule. Of course, it would be foolish today to organize crusades, or even to declare war; but the world could use to good effect the keen and powerful weapon of political ostracism. No nation with self-respect would then enter into alliance with Russia, or receive its sovereign with public honors—much less visit him—or continue to respond to its appeals for financial loans. While nations may still condone or ignore its base oppressions, while they may fear to intervene in its flagrant breeches of public faith, respect for the barbarous Russian government, which is responsible for these crimes, must in future be lacking and official relations no longer cordial.

Insult to American Citizenship

Nor do we need to find a pretext for wholesale indignation so far afield as Finland. There is specific cause for complaint in Russia's flagrant and gratuitous insult to American citizenship in refusing to recognize the passports of naturalized Jews. American citizens are entitled to civil treatment in foreign countries, irrespective of race or creed, and when Russia discriminates against American Jews holding valid passports who desire to visit her for legitimate purposes, she is adopting a policy which we ought not for a moment to countenance. It is no excuse to say that Russia does not extend the passport privilege to the Jews who claim citizenship

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steps of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its Dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb
lighter.
Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
We have heard its voice of distant thun-
der.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!
'Tis coming now, that glorious time,
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds
gory.
They passed. But lo! the work they have
wrought
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blos-
som!
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

in other countries, and that to grant to American Jews a privilege not extended to people of the same race who bring passports from other nations would obviously result in incalculable difficulties to the Russian government. No doubt it would; but that simply shows that reform of her methods should be extended to them also.

The United States Department of State has been very patient in the years of discussion about the matter, and has cheerfully waited when all sorts of difficulties have been raised by Russia, together with talk about the revision of her own laws relating to the Jews in and out of the districts in which she compels them to reside, these laws and their revision being supposed to bear vitally upon the passport question. But now it seems as though more active and vigorous measures should be taken to compel her to accord equal treatment to all American citizens lawfully traveling abroad. Those who point out that we cannot undertake to influence her domestic legislation surely cannot deny that we have a clear moral and legal right to insist on such a full recognition of the American passport and of the equality of treatment which it bestows upon all American citizens.

If we do not do so, we may expect a repetition of cases like that of the United States army soldier, Strombach, who was executed by Russian officials in 1909. This man, visiting his aged mother in the province of Kursland, Russia, and taking her his accumulated savings of fifteen years, with a formal furlough in his pocket, was arrested on a trumped-up charge of having deserted from one of the Czar's regiments long before, court-martialed, and almost immediately shot to death on his mother's farm. This, of course, was exceptional. But until Russians get the impression that American passports have vital meaning, that American ideals of justice and fair play will no longer tolerate discrimination against her passports according to arbitrary conditions of creed and race, and that Americans as a people will not be indifferent to wanton insult and contumely heaped upon any of those who bear such certificates of equality—until then, Russia will not accord the necessary respect to our representatives who travel in her domains nor pay attention to any remonstrance that we may make against other inhumanities or high-handed procedures.

Many Precedents for Action

But there are people who will still contend, in spite of these various chances for definite protest, that there is no precedent for any such international interference with the affairs of another country. To show that such a statement is a miserable subterfuge, it is only necessary to point out that the merciful and peace-loving nations of the world have, for the sake of justice to others and for the common welfare of all mankind, again and again gone into the arena of international affairs, not least of whom has been the United States.

The nations of the world gave liberty to Switzerland, taking it from the talons of the eagles of empire; they gave liberty to Greece, taking it with its cross from under the flag and crescent of the Turk; they separated Belgium and Holland in 1830, making the former neutral territory; and they emancipated Bulgaria. They told the Austrians to take care of Bosnia and Herzegovina; and although Austria practically defied Russia when she took the Serb provinces in 1908, she did so because of the understanding between the St. Petersburg officials and her own bankers, who have repeatedly loaned large sums of money to the Russian government. Though by that move Russian diplomacy was sadly discredited and her authority flouted with impunity, the fact that her resentment was unavailing and of a merely nominal character seems to show that the whole thing was tacitly allowed by Russia in view

or her heavy financial indebtedness to the Austrians.

However that may be, the nations acted jointly again at Paris in 1856 when they told Russia how far it might or might not go in its march towards Constantinople. They did this again in Berlin in 1878. They stepped between China and Japan in 1894. And lastly, in the person of the United States of America, they stepped between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth in 1905. They made Russia more than once keep its imperial eagles from swooping down upon China and tearing it to pieces. All these cases certainly do establish precedents for action by the Powers in checking Russia's barbarous regime today; and it is peculiarly fitting that America, which has been so prominent in peace considerations with Russia heretofore, should now be the one to take the initial step.

Revolution Justifiable

Certain easy-going, provincial-minded people, however, will continue to turn aside with the remark that the chief sufferers of Russia's "repressive policy," the Revolutionists and anarchists, deserve the harsh treatment they receive. The reply, as already pointed out, is that the anarchists by no means represent any considerable percentage of this stricken people, and that the sane reformers, called broadly the Revolutionists, have far more righteous cause for their unsuccessful protest to the government than did our own forefathers for their successful revolt in 1776. In this connection, it is well also to remember that while a state of civil war exists in any country, as the martial law still in force in Russia proclaims such to be the case there, terrorism can be justified in the same way as warfare of the usual sort. Certainly if the destruction of human life by official pogroms and massacres is admissible at all, then the Terrorist method of assassination, though doubtless more novel, is equally legitimate, less destructive numerically, less harmful to the country, more painless, more discriminating, and more justifiable. But at present the activity of the infinitesimal Terrorist minority has ceased and so may rightfully be disregarded in the discussion.

The government's activity, on the other hand, has only increased. The agitation against the Jews in particular continues unabated. They are still being expelled by hundreds of families from cities like Kieff. Two hundred thousand Russian refugees, mostly Jews, are already scattered over the earth, 20,000 of these having come to this country. Today they are part of our cosmopolitan citizenship. Surely this fact should give us the prerogative of speaking, for we are more vitally affected by Russia's punitive policy than any other nation; it has become necessary for us to shelter, educate and save those whom Russia drives by persecution from her doors. Much as we may glory in our opportunity, it ought not to be necessary for us to do this. Untrammelled by any foreign entanglements with "balances of power," we are in a position most free to insist that the conditions which make this a necessity shall cease.

Stop Foreign Loans

Now there is one very practical way, as pointed out previously, by which the power of the regime could be crippled. They must have money, much money, in addition to the internal levies, to pay their soldiers and carry on the work of repression. Russia's own financial resources were exhausted long ago, even before the war with Japan. But she is still able to borrow all the money she wants, in Austria, in England, and especially in France. If these foreign loans were stopped, the government would have to suspend operations for lack of funds. The suffering peasants, already taxed to destruction, cannot understand why it is that these countries, although professing friendship and sympathy for them, continue their oppression by lending money to their tyrants; again and again they ask the helpless traveler how these things can be. Now a genuine protest on our part, while not amounting to an industrial boycott—a method practiced elsewhere most effectively by China—would tend to influence these other countries. It is practicable; it can prevent further loans. But first, there must be a resolute concerted public opinion expressed by the American people.

That sort of public opinion by itself is enough; it can do anything, even to checking the power of the Russian autocrats. For "public opinion" binds one tighter than any chains that may be forged. It is more powerful than all the material forces of this universe.

When this public opinion rises sure and firm and strong, no material force on earth can stop it. For it is "God Himself moving among men." Let but the united opinion of the American people be once spoken, sternly, inexorably, and this voice of the people will indeed be the voice of God, causing corrupt Russia to cower. Her fires of hell can be quenched by her own people if we will only sound such an alarm.

A Silence That Spoke

By Elias Tobenkin

HALF a million people marched in mourning. The skies above them wept and the cold rain drops of the clouds intermingled with the warm tears of the marchers. The banners, black banners with white letters, thickly interspersed among the marchers, told the sad legend of the silent procession. On March 25th, their sisters and brothers, shirt waist makers, to the number of 146 met death in the flames of the Triangle shop fire nine and ten stories above the earth. And on April 5th, the day when the last seven bodies, charred beyond all recognition, were buried by the city half a million of New York's toilers marched in mourning for their dead and in silent protest against the system that murdered them.

For class intensity and class solidarity the silent procession of April 5th stands unparalleled in the history of the Western Hemisphere. It was by all odds the most sustained and most impressive working class demonstration the New World has yet seen.

In a large measure the class intensity and class bitterness which the silence of the parade has shown, was caused by the authorities, by the government of New York City. As in life so in death the working men and women were betrayed by the master class and their servants, the authorities, the police.

Three days after the Triangle shop fire the coroner granted the Ladies Waist Makers' Union permission to take charge of all unidentified fire victims and bury them at the expense of the union and with union honors. The city authorities were at that time the target of attacks from nearly all quarters. They were charged with having caused the death of the 146 girls and men by official negligence, by failing to enforce the law with regard to fire escapes and fire safety. The city authorities wanted to placate the workers and consequently promised to turn over the bodies of the unidentified victims to them for burial.

A few days later, however, the authorities collected themselves. They seemed to realize that the burial of the unidentified fire victims by their fellow workers would evoke a demonstration of labor that would be far from reassuring to the system that was responsible for the fire and the ghastly toll it exacted. And a scheme was found to break the promise to organized labor.

It was announced that the coroner had nothing to do with disposal of the unidentified bodies. The man who had charge of the charred fire victims was the commissioner of charities, and the commissioner of charities refused to surrender the bodies to the union. The city, he said, would bury the

unidentified in one of the plots it owned in Evergreen cemetery. The city hall approved the decision of the commissioner of charities.

There was nothing the workers could do but grit their teeth at the betrayal by the authorities of New York. It was decided, however, to hold a demonstration all the same. The demonstration was to be held on the day of the funeral of the unidentified victims. The authorities then got busy and tried to block the demonstration. They would hold the bodies of the unidentified victims for ten days, they announced. This, of course, was a skillful move to give the masses time to "cool off."

But the working masses announced sullenly: "We will hold a demonstration on the day of the funeral whenever that funeral will be held." It was a case of Greek meet Greek. The authorities then took the matter of granting a permit for the demonstration "under advisement."

"Permit or no permit, we will hold a procession," the workers announced. That had its effect. The city authorities feared to meddle with public sentiment any longer. A permit was granted. Only the workers were to "behave." They were not to have any "violent" banners in the procession.

Wednesday, April 5th, the twelfth day after the Triangle fire, was announced by the authorities as the day when the funeral of the unidentified victims would be held. The Ladies Waist Makers' Union announced that Wednesday would be the day of the Silent Procession.

Through the Socialist press and circulars the announcement was spread from tenement to tenement, from sweatshop to sweatshop. "Lay down your tools on Wednesday. Desert your shops. Let not a wheel turn. Let not a machine buzz," the message ran from mouth to mouth.

Wednesday, April 5th, came and New York, cold, cynical New York, lost its self-satisfied grin of complacency and took on an expression of seriousness, of apprehension, of vague fear.

The weather was such as to preclude all possibility of a march or demonstration on that day. A drizzling rain lashed against the gray tenements and swept through the streets. But the rain did not matter. The day's wages which thousands upon thousands of workers could ill afford to lose did not matter. The fear of being "fired" for staying away from work lost its sting.

Individual interests and discomforts were forgotten and the great wrong, the wrong done to their class was alone remembered.

A million men and women, fathers having families to support, children having aged parents to support, all stayed away from their shops.

By eight o'clock Wednesday morning every train, street car, subway, elevated that leads to the East Side emptied thousands of people who came to participate in the procession. Rutgers Square, a little breathing place in the heart of the ghetto, was designated as the starting point of the demonstration.

By 10 o'clock there were 50,000 people on the square and in the neighboring streets. Three hundred mounted police arrived on the scene. Traffic was suspended for blocks and blocks.

Noon found a quarter of a million people standing in the rain waiting patiently for the parade to start.

It started at a quarter after 1 and ended at 7 o'clock in the evening. At first the people marched five abreast. Then when the police saw that there was no end to the procession they ordered them to march eight and finally ten abreast. Even marching ten abreast it took nearly three hours for the entire line of march to pass a given point.

The rest was silence. The black banners with the inscriptions "we mourn our loss" and "we mourn the death of our sisters and brothers, Triangle fire, March 25th, 1911," alone spoke.

The line of march led through the streets where many of the fire victims lived. Every time a tenement was passed where one or more of the victims had lived sounds of weeping would come from a score of windows; on the sidewalk, a woman, perhaps a mother or sister of the victim, would faint. There would be a commotion for a moment or two and then there was again silence and suppressed sobbing among the marchers.

Girls predominated in the procession. Their thin clothes afforded but little protection against the cold rain. They were drenched and chilled to the bone. The hours of waiting before the march and the hours of marching weakened many of them. But the patience they displayed was wonderful. Not one yielded to weakness and exhaustion. Not one of them dropped out of the line.

And when the march was over New York stood aghast. The silence of a million workers, who on a week day laid down their work and emptied thousands of factories to honor their murdered dead, was a spectacle of class sensitiveness and class loyalty which industrial America had never yet seen. It was a silence that spoke; a silence that brought home the indignation of the masses. It was a silence that spelled revolution.

GARDEN NOTES--Home and Market Cucumbers

CUCUMBERS are wanted in every family, and they are good for slicing, pickling and mixing with other vegetables, in making chow-chow and such combinations as delight the appetite. They have been used, by civilized people for more than four thousand years. Now, every up-to-date garden contains a few hills of cucumbers. Many specialists make good money, in planting cucumbers, in green houses, or open ground, to cater to the market demands for something green at a time when most plants are asleep.

Any soil that produces good garden crops will grow nice cucumbers. The chief requirements of the vines are rich, deep worked land, thorough cultivation, shade for the cucumbers and early picking of the fruits. One ounce of seed will sow one hundred hills and three pounds will seed an acre. The seed can be bought of any seedsman, for one dollar per pound, but a packet, costing five cents, is enough for the ordinary family. May is the best time for planting as the frost is then over.

There are several varieties of cucumbers, some introduced for forcing in greenhouses, others having marks for pickling and others being of special beauty forms to sell on the public markets. For the home gardener, and the one who wants to dispose of surplus cucumbers, either on a private or open market, the Long Green and White Spine are probably the best sorts to plant. They bear heavy crops, keep fruiting until frost and do not require extra care in handling.

Cucumbers may stand three feet apart in the

BY JOEL SHOMAKER

rows and do well. Some plant six feet either way, and put rows of bunch beans between the cucumbers. The beans do not injure the cucumbers, in fact, they are assistants in supplying shady spots for the fruits to set and grow to perfection. Early beans, such as Valentine or Wax sorts, come off before the cucumbers are in bearing. Both may be planted in most latitudes, after the first of May, without danger from late freezing.

My experience, in growing cucumbers, tells me to top the vines after they get about four feet long. They set more fruits that will mature and branch out and cover the earth. The fruits must be picked just as soon as they are large enough, before they begin to ripen, and the best way is to cut the stems, from the vines, with a sharp knife. The more frequently the vines are watered, and the full-grown fruits picked, the more cucumbers you may expect from the acre.

Many green houses contain nothing but cucumber plants, as the owners have discovered they can make more money in that way than from growing roses or other flowers. I have often paid thirty cents each for hot-house cucumbers, and once I remember paying fifty cents for a nice specimen, from a neighboring green house. Some growers plant the new Japanese Climbing sort and train the vines on trellises, the same as morning glory or ornamental gourds.

Cucumbers should be picked when they are from

five to eight inches long. If wanted for slicing the largest fruits are generally in demand, that is, if they do not show any yellow. For pickling the small ones are the best. They should be gathered and handled the same day. Farmers, who make a business of growing cucumbers for market, find it difficult to get help just at the right time, and keep the vines well picked of marketable-sized fruits. They generally have seven to twelve tons of cucumbers to the acre and get fair prices, if the fruits are green and fresh.

For early cucumbers seed many be planted in the house and set out later in the season. Some growers use old strawberry cups for starting the plants, others sow the seed in tomato cans and many make paper cups, by folding newspapers or wrapping paper and filling with earth. Of course the roots of the cucumber must not be disturbed during the transplanting period, and if paper is used for forcing cups, it should be lifted and put into a hole in the ground, without breaking. Moisture will soon cause it to decay and allow the roots to collect soil-food.

Cucumbers are generally sent to market in paper-lined boxes and displayed as other vegetables. Of course the general market crop is not handled so carefully, as it does not pay the grower to pack so carefully. But, cucumbers, like everything else, put on the competitive markets, must have an attractive appearance. For many fruits and vegetables are sold on their appearance in the market stand, and not on merit or special qualities. The gardener will soon find this to be a fact.

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS
J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN

EDITORS
A. M. SIMONS. CHAS. EDW. RUSSELL

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Soon to be Published

Next week the COMING NATION will publish the first installment of one of the most valuable series of articles that has ever appeared in any Socialist publication.

They are written by W. J. Ghent, author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism," and now acting as private secretary for Congressman Victor L. Berger.

They treat of "Workingmen's Compensation," and will be the first articles appearing in any Socialist publication that adequately cover this subject, now of such burning interest to workers all over the world.

The first article will deal with the extent and consequences of industrial accidents in America. The figures which Comrade Ghent has gathered are almost beyond belief, but they are buttressed with unimpeachable authorities.

There will be numerous illustrations, and this whole series will prove a storehouse of knowledge for the Socialist workers.

This issue will also contain the opening installment of "What Is the Army?" by Leonard O. Cowdrey. The author served six years in the regular army, and was honorably discharged. He, therefore, speaks not only from knowledge, but cannot be accused of trying to "get even" because he did not give satisfactory service.

He takes up the story of the methods by which men are enticed into the army, tells the whole story of the breaking in of new recruits, the brutality and the humiliation which they are compelled to endure, and describes the toadyism and bullying that is characteristic of army discipline. All the degradation of the soldier's life is depicted, and the picture as a whole, is one that, if it could be circulated as widely as the alluring lies with which workers are drawn into the army, would go far to stop this trade of butchery.

Keir Hardie has given an interview to Desmond Shaw, the British correspondent of the COMING NATION, which will appear next week. In this we get the views of the foremost British Socialist, not only on conditions in England, but also some very suggestive remarks on the American movement as seen from the other side.

There will be some splendid fiction. Alexander Irvine gives us in "Mike's Story" something which is as thrilling as any fiction, and yet which is only the simple truth. It is a story of peonage in southern lumber camps. Comrade Irvine spent some time as a laborer in these camps himself in order to gather material, and this story is one that, when investigated by the United States authorities, had much to do with the conviction of the slave drivers in the south.

The story is illustrated with a number of photographs taken by Comrade Irvine.

Goods and Rights

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

There are two kinds of things that may be stolen; goods and rights.

Respectable people do not steal goods, not because they are any more honest, but because the authorities can come along and recover the goods. This shows the wisdom of respectable peo-

THE SAME OLD PLOT

BY A. M. SIMONS



OT even in the details of its devilment is there any originality in the plot to hang the officials of the International Bridge Builders and Structural Iron Workers. The whole scheme is so manifestly copied after the one which failed to hang the officials of the Western Federation of Miners that a large portion of the capitalist press are refusing to be a party to the conspiracy and are pointing out the weakness in the story.

In both cases the unions struck at are those which are closest to the great United States steel trust. The Western Federation of Miners was encroaching upon the production of the raw material of that trust. The iron workers were the first to use the finished product.

All organization of labor between these two extremes had already been crushed.

These unions were logically the next to be attacked.

In each case the murderous conspiracy was the climax of a long war. The Mine Owners' Association in the mountain states, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association on the Pacific Coast had fought by every means in its power, including all forms of legal and illegal violence, to crush organization among its workers.

In each case the climax came with a great explosion. In the miners' case this was the Independence Depot. With the iron workers it was the *Los Angeles Times*.

In the first case the work was done so clumsily that evidence was at once in hand that the mine owners had done the work. Consequently there was no investigation, no prosecution and the workers who were blown to atoms remain unavenged.

With the *Los Angeles Times* all evidence points to the explosion being due to gas, and it was, therefore, impossible to fix criminal blame upon the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

It made a starting point, however, from which a widely advertised detective could start in his efforts to fix the crime upon union labor.

Here the parallel goes even closer.

McPartland had gained much notoriety from his work against the Mollie McGuires. William J. Burns had been touted for his prosecution of the grafters in San Francisco. *McClure's Magazine*, the same periodical that published the disgusting mess of lies poured forth by Orchard, has been touting Burns for months.

So the stage was set.

But the parallel would never have been complete without the same illegal kidnaping. So, on a Saturday night, in Indianapolis, just as six years ago on a Saturday night in Denver, a union office was broken into, its head official seized, given no opportunity to appeal to the law, and hurried in secret across the continent.

Such action is a confession of guilt on the part of those responsible for the kidnaping. Burns and those behind him knew that every advantage lay with them in an appeal to the courts. These courts are controlled by the class that Burns represents.

Yet they did not dare to appeal to their own courts. They feared to grant the benefit of even this class-made law to the workers, lest thereby the conspiracy be exposed.

Then came the same weird tales of wholesale dynamiting such as would disgust the reader of a nickel novel.

We are asked to believe that two men, whom Burns himself states knew they were shadowed and had been shadowed for months, were, in spite of that shadowing, carrying suit cases filled with infernal machines about with them waiting for the moment when Burns should wish to arrest them.

We are asked to believe that the President of a great International Union engaged in wholesale murder, and kept the instruments of destruction in his office where they could be seized at any time.

In short, we are asked to believe that these men were at once the most cunning, shrewd and farseeing criminals of the age and, at the same time, the most hopeless fools.

Every force at the command of the capitalist class and at the command of the most powerful forces in modern society, have been marshalled to accomplish the murder of these men.

There is but one force powerful enough to prevent that murder. That force is an aroused working class.

With the memory of what was done in the cases of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the working class is entering upon that fight with a solidarity and a determination that promises victory.

ple. Respectable people steal only rights, otherwise called franchises. A franchise is something that enables one not only to take what belongs to another, but also to keep it, which is really the important thing.

We may expose and jail the councilman who grants the franchise; we may

expose and jail the man who hands him the bribe; we may feel right sure that the whole thing is iniquitous,

But

(And here we place the great But.)

We cannot touch the franchise. To do so would be to violate the inviolability of contract.

The Socialist Scouts

Boys and girls who have not entered the Socialist Scout organization ought to read "Scout News" and see how other young Socialists are getting along with the work. What they are doing others can do. There's room for more Scouts if applications are filed before warm weather. 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 besides. It costs nothing to begin the work. A bundle of ten NATIONS will be sent to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Dep't.," Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans., and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.



JAMES DALE RICE.

Morgantown, W. Va., boasts a number of staunch Socialist agitators. Among them is the young Scout whose photo appears above. He is increasing his route in the face of much opposition and planting Socialism under the very noses of the plutocrats.

I sold them quick. There is one man that gets the COMING NATION all the time and one that gets the Appeal all the time.—Harry Henchey, Pa.

I have sold every one each week except two of the third bundle. Times are very hard. The Consolidated Coal company is only working one day each week. I expect to do better when work is better. I received my badge and I like it very much.—Bennie Holdsworth, W. Va.

We are doing fine with our COMING NATIONS. We have eighteen regular customers. We hope to get more when the weather gets better. We want to do all we can towards the movement.—Myrtle and Lillian Jones, Pa.

I find it quite easy to sell papers. My brother belongs to the local at Hamilton St. at Allentown, and my sisters are interested in Socialism, but are not old enough to join the party yet. I like the children's page in the COMING NATION best but the whole paper is good. It's a "dandy" through and through.—Eleanor M. Herriger, Pa.

I can hardly give my NATIONS away quicker than I sell them. I am only ten years old and belong to a family of Socialists. I attend every meeting of the branch of which my father is recording secretary and go to the Socialist Sunday School. I expect to increase my order to thirty soon and then hustle for more. Yours for the Co-operative Commonwealth, Eva M. P. Barr, Pa.

Please send five of each kind. I sold my bundle of ten in two hours Sunday evening. This is a small place too. I am the proudest boy you ever saw because I am helping the Cause. Your little Comrade Decader, Bruce, Mo.

We have just received the lanterns. They're fine. Also the badges. Robert and Leon Woolby, N. J.

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CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Adventures of Red Feather and Poppy

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

How Red Feather Got a Name

(Copyright, 1911, by Kittie Spargur Hulse)

(Concluded)

POPPY wore a buckskin dress that was really more like a sleeveless shirt reaching to her knees and a pair of beaded moccasins. Around her neck was a queer necklace of beads, shells, and bear-claws. Her hair was braided in two braids and tied with fine buckskin strings.

When Poppy's mother went to gather fruit or seeds she wore a great basket shaped like a cornucopia, called a "jo-ki" hanging down her back, the point almost touching the ground. The buckstring strap that held it passed around her head, across her forehead. This left both hands free to gather fruit or seeds which were tossed over her shoulders into the basket. Down Poppy's back hung the little jo-ki that her grandmother had made her, exactly like her mother's.

Red Feather was dressed much like his sister. In his hair he wore a red feather. His necklace was made entirely of bear's claws and elk teeth. His arms were bare and he wore several armlets of beads and a brass bracelet that had come from the white man's land. He also wore a bead belt and quiver for his arrows that his dear mother Sunflower had made him. In his hand was a bow that his grandfather had made.

It would have surprised you had you seen how far and how straight Red Feather could shoot. He had shot a rabbit, two or three ground squirrels and a magpie before they reached the plum patch, more than a mile from home. He stuck some of the prettiest feathers in his sister's hair. Do not think that the little Indian boy killed out of mere cruelty. The lives of the Indians depended on their skill with bow and arrow and it was necessary for them to have living, moving marks to practice on.

They had taken no dinner with them, but they found plenty of service-berries, wild currants, and sunflower seeds and seeds of other kinds. They drank from the spring at the foot of the cliff. They painted their faces red with the red powder they found near the roots of the wild rose-bushes. They played hide-and-seek, also, but not as you do. They would hide and then find each other by tracking or trailing, which was not easy to do in the plum brush where the moccasin feet left little trace.

The shadows grew very long. The two children were so interested in their play that they failed to notice the gathering thunderstorm. A peal of thunder frightened them. They started for home at once, but they had gone only a short distance when great rain-drops commenced to fall.

"Let us run to the cave!" shouted Red Feather. Away they went as fast as they could go, Poppy's little jo-ki bobbing up and down and around like a ship in distress, spilling seeds and berries all the way. They ran laughing through the low entrance to the cave. They had often played there. The cave was some fifty feet long, but narrow and low. Never since the Indians had made their camp on the river bank had wild animals made their homes in it, probably because it was so often visited by the Indians.

"Look!" said Red Feather, pointing to a great foot-print in the soft sand

near the entrance and which in the dim light could not be plainly seen when they first entered the cave. At the same time he heard a dreadful sound and saw two round, shining objects in the darkness at the farther end of the cave.

"Run, Brother!" screamed Poppy.



Poppy and her mother

"No! You run! I stay!" said Red Feather, fitting an arrow to the string as quick as thought and dropping to one knee as he did so. Poppy realized the danger, young as she was, but she would not desert her brave little brother. She caught up a large stone, nearly all she could lift, and waited.

Red Feather aimed at one of the shining spots and let go the bowstring. There was a terrible roar and the lunge of a great body toward him. But he had sprung to one side and in front of his sister. A great panther, mad with rage and pain, rolled on the ground at his feet, striking out in every direction with his powerful paws. The arrow had entered the panther's eye. Rushing in as near as she dared, although Red Feather tried to stop her, Poppy hurled the stone, striking the great cat on the nose. One arrow followed another till the arrows were all gone from the boy's quiver and the panther stopped struggling and lay still. Red Feather had drawn his flint hunting knife, but it was some time before he dared approach the dead animal. After awhile he went up very cautiously and touched it with his foot. The beast was really dead. Then the two children danced a war-dance around their fallen foe, as well as they knew how.

"Father will surely let you go hunting now!" said Poppy.

There was a lull in the storm and the children were thinking of venturing out. It was now dark. Suddenly two men glided like shadows through the entrance.

"Father! Uncle!" shouted the two children.

Great was the surprise of the two men when they saw the panther and heard the children's story. The panther, while not a very large one, measuring only some six feet from end of his nose to tip of tail, would have been a dangerous foe if Red Feather's first arrow had not gone straight to the mark.

The men had returned from the hunt to find the children gone and their mother very uneasy. She had seen them in the plum patch and feared that they had met with some accident in crossing the river, on their return. The rain had washed out their footprints, but they had been tracked by the berries and seeds that had spilled from Poppy's bobbing jo-ki.

Uncle Swim-Like-a-Fish carried the big cat home on his back and Poppy

rode home on her father's back, while Red Feather ran along behind. Everyone in the camp had to see the panther that night and hear Red Feather's story. He was very modest and bragged more about Poppy's bravery than his own. The old men patted him on the head and said, "Brave boy!"

"After this we will call him the Panther-Killer!" said the hunters, and that was what he was called oftenest when he was a man; while Poppy herself was often mentioned as the Girl-not-Afraid-of-a-Panther!

Their mother did not say much, but she shuddered and said "O-h! O-h!" in her sweet, plaintive voice, every time she looked at the panther. She put her arm around her little girl and held her close to her, and her soft black eyes looked very proudly and lovingly at her brave son; and she gave each of the children a great piece of apaw bread with wild honey!

The panther's skin made a fine rug for the campoodie that winter; but many a time when they lay sleeping on it they lived over the fight in their dreams.

The Story of the First Butterflies

ALL children and all grown-ups, too, are very anxious to know what makes things go. You know children often smash things just to try to find out what is inside of them. And they like to believe that fairies have a great deal to do with happiness and good-luck or bad-luck. Very wise grown-ups who are trying to find out about things and what makes them go, we call "scientists." Some races of people are just like children, and since they are not as wise as the scientists, they make up stories of how all things came to be. Here is one such primitive story about the butterflies and it was told first among the Indians.

The Great Spirit thought, "By and by I will make men, but first I will make a home for them. It shall be very bright and beautiful. There shall be mountains and prairies and forests, and about it all shall be the blue waters of the sea."

As the Great Spirit had thought, so he did. He gave the earth a soft cloak of green. He made the prairie beautiful with flowers. The forests were bright with birds of many colors, and the sea was the home of wonderful sea-creatures. "My children will love the prairies, the forests, and the seas, he thought," but the mountains look dark and cold. They are very dear to me, but how shall I make my children go to them and so learn to love them?"

Long the Great Spirit thought about the mountains. At last, he made many little shining stones. Some were red, some blue, some green, some yellow and some were shining with all the lovely colors of the beautiful rainbow. "All my children will love what is beautiful," he thought, "and if I hide the bright stones in the seams of the rocks of the mountains, men will come to find them, and they will learn to love my mountains."

When the stones were made and the Great Spirit looked upon their beauty, he said, "I will not hide you all away in the seams of the rocks. Some of you shall be out in the sunshine, so that the little children who cannot go to the mountains shall see your colors."

Then the southwind came by, and as he went, he sang softly of forests flecked with light and shadow, of birds and their nests in the leafy trees. He sang of long summer days and the music of waters beating upon the shore. He sang of the moonlight and the starlight. All the wonders of the night, all the beauty of the morning, were in his song.

"Dear Southwind," said the Great Spirit, "here are some beautiful things for you to bear away with you to your summer home. You will love them

and all the little children will love them."

At these words of the Great Spirit, all the stones before him stirred with life and lifted themselves on many-colored wings. They fluttered away in the sunshine, and the south wind sang to them as they went.

So it was that the first butterflies came from a beautiful thought of the Great Spirit, and in their wings were all the colors of the shining stones that he did not wish to hide away—*Florence Holbrook in the Book of Nature Myths.*

(In this same book you will find out "Why the Woodpecker's Head Is Red," "Why the Bear has a Short Tail" and ever so many other "Whys" that we have all wanted to know about since we were born. Get the little book from your public library and read it.—Ed.)

About Our Rooster

I am a boy of eight. I live on a farm and I have several pets. One of them is a big rooster and I have named him Rozyvelt. The old fellow is very noisy and very busy. He is always telling the hens a lot of things that they know very well before. He often calls them around him to get a nice grain of corn or a worm and when they come there is nothing there. Then he will crow loudly and say: "Oh, you hens, why don't you lay more eggs?"

And if one of them *does* lay one he cackles twice as loud and twice as long as the hen does.

It seems to me that he is always either cackling or crowing or coaxing the hens to make nests, and yet the hens and chickens think they could get along very well without him. Oh, he is a funny old rooster.

Don't you think Rozyvelt is a pretty good name for him?

Yours fraternally,

Covina, Cal. JIMMY SANDERS.

A Little Story Writer

Dear Editor—My father and mother are both Socialists. Father takes the *Appeal*, *Chicago Daily* and some other Socialist papers.

I might go down to hear Debs this afternoon.

My brother is a Scout and sells the *COMING NATION*. I enjoy the stories in it. I like to write stories myself. I have made a little book and have written four stories for it. I call it "Short Stories for Little People." I am going to write a Socialist story if I can.

We have some friends that are coming from England. They will sail the fifth of this month and will get here about the sixteenth.

Goodbye. Hoping this will be welcome, I remain,

Yours,

MARGARET H. WHITE.

St. Louis, Mo.



"Come on, Bull, no use hanging around here!"
—Harper's Weekly.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Business Block for Women

Two schemes have been suggested for the use of Madison Square Garden. This building, one of the largest assembly halls in the United States, has never been a financial success, and the owners now are threatening to tear it down.

One suggestion is, that it be made into a great people's palace, similar to that in London, with permanent amusement features of all kinds, assembly halls, club rooms, etc.

Another scheme is to make it a great business block for women exclusively. It is pointed out that enough women are now in business, and have offices in New York, to fill a large office building, and that there will be certain advantages if these were all brought together.

The Everlasting Servant Problem

In Germany and the Scandinavian countries the servants are beginning to have something to say on the servant problem. In both countries they are organizing and have succeeded in raising wages, and also in securing a large number of social privileges, including the abolition of late hours, or else extra pay for overtime, and with nearly a full holiday on Sunday.

In the Scandinavian countries the servant's organization, which has headquarters at Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm, the following demands have been made and enforced wherever possible:

1. The suppression of all night work; servants to knock off at 9 o'clock in the evening and to rest until 7 o'clock next morning.

2. Extra pay for servants should they be requested to work after 9 o'clock, as, for instance, when company is being entertained.

3. A night out from 5 o'clock every week, Sunday off from 10 o'clock in the morning every fortnight, and a fortnight's summer holiday, the regular wages and in addition board wages to be paid.

4. Increase of wages when the work of the house is satisfactorily performed.

5. The servant's room to be light and warm and to be so situated as to catch the sun.

City Scientists

Miss Jessie V. Berry is city chemist for Oakland, Cal., and Dr. Pauline Nusbaumer is the city bacteriologist.

Woman Policeman

Milwaukee has its first female policeman, the new Socialist plan for protecting the woman workers of the city. Miss Edna Finch, a trained nurse, stood the highest in competitive examination, and is expected to be appointed. She will be on duty about factories to make certain that sanitary conditions are correct.

Woman to Erect Statue

Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, a native of Oshkosh, Wis., and a favorite pupil of the late Augustus St. Gaudens, has been awarded the commission for a colossal figure to surmount the new state capitol dome at Madison, Wis.

"Well, I will now let my claims for decent life stand as I have made them. First, a healthy body; second, an active mind in sympathy with the past, present and future; thirdly, occupation fit for a healthy body and an active mind; and fourthly, a beautiful world to live in.—William Morris.

"There is but one issue from the standpoint of labor; and that is—labor versus capital.—Eugene V. Debs.

"Better conditions in society are born from somebody's travail."



FRANK L. EVANS

Socialists Who Won in Colfax

The farms and the small towns are usually the last to be captured for Socialism. That they are falling into the Socialist ranks in the United States this early in the fight is a prophecy that when the industrial centers are won, the whole of society will be ruled by Labor.

Colfax, Iowa, is a city of 3,000 people, twenty-three miles from Des Moines, surrounded by coal mines, and boasting the finest Chautauqua grounds in the state.

The Socialists have recently elected a councilman at large and a member of the school board.

Thomas Hynds, school board member, is a miner, who was born in Scotland 48 years ago. His education began in the mines at 13 years of age. He took lessons as a member of the Fabian society at 21 and came to America the next year, where he has worked in the mines until the present time. For five years he has been Financial Secretary of his local union of the United Mine

Workers. He has always realized that in education is to be laid the foundation of the future, and in his present position his energies will find a scope in bringing the schools closer to Labor and making them more effective in the fight for a better society.

Frank L. Evans, councilman at large, is a native of Iowa, 39 years of age. At eleven he left the country schools to take up work on the farm. At eighteen he went to the city and became a carpenter. At twenty-nine he became the manager of a corporation.

He has continued his education by the well-established working-class method of wide reading and correspondence schools. He is already gaining a name as a defender of the interests of Labor in the city government.

Arthur T. Woodside was one of the striking machinists at Fort Scott last winter. He was arrested for picketing, but he will never be sentenced, nor will any of the other machinists whose cases are still pending, for the Socialists have just elected him prosecuting attorney of Fort Scott, Kan.



ARTHUR WOODSIDE



THOMAS HYNDS

Mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves. To impose, therefore, as has hitherto been done, the curse of misery and degradation upon vast divisions of mankind, in order to secure well-being for the few, is needed no more; well-being can be secured for all without overwork for any.—Prince Kropotkin.

Every proud man who hates his brother is our enemy, every idle man too lazy to think is our enemy, every loafer who seeks a living without working for it is our enemy.—Wendell Phillips.

You may build your capitol of granite and pile it high as the Rocky mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down.—Wendell Phillips.

"The recipe for perpetual ignorance: Be satisfied with your knowledge."

"Man can never advance and leave woman behind."

FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK

Thus is it down on Beelzebub's books;
"August the seventeenth—Isabel Brooks;
Blonde; splendid figure; big, violet eyes;
Dimples; fair coloring; feet of small size;
Home in the country; her parents quite poor;
Character excellent; morals still pure;
Came to the city today and found work;
Wages five dollars; department-store clerk."

Wages five dollars! To last seven days;
Three for a miserable hall room she pays;
Two nickles daily the street car receives;
One dollar-forty for eating, that leaves.
One-forty has such a long ways to reach—
Twenty-one banquets at seven cents each.
There! Every penny of wage has been spent—
Squandered for feasting and riding and rent.
Spendthrift! She doesn't remember life's ills!
How in the world will she pay doctor's bills?
What if she's furloughed (there's always a chance);
Isabel ought to save up in advance.

Hold! We've not mentioned her clothes; she must wear
Dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, ribbons for hair—
How did she get them? Suppose that we stop;
Perhaps it's as well if we let the thing drop.
You good math'maticians may figure it out;
It's a matter of figures or figure, no doubt.
Carry this picture, it's better, I'm sure:
"Character excellent, morals still pure?"
What else is written, we won't try to see;
Beelzebub thinks much the same way as we.
Why, as I live! There's a tear in his eye!
What in Hell can make Reelzebub cry?
Surely the devil is feeling his age;
Look what he's writing on Isabel's page;
"Virtue's a luxury hard to afford
When a girl hasn't money enough for her board."

—Herbert Kaufman, in *Woman's World*.



DR. ETHEL BENTHAM
Woman Suffragette, speaking on divorce at
Leicester, England

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Joel Shomaker

NELLITA

WASHINGTON



Flings at Things

D. M. S.

Drawing Nearer

From here and there and everywhere
We get the welcome note,
For victory is in the air
And swelling is the vote.
As rises steadily the swell
Well may the doubter say
If this keeps on a little spell
We'll see it in our day.

To keep our courage trimmed and bright
Our faith renewed and sweet
We took defeat election night
As though it were a treat.
Declaring as returns were read
In sad and solemn tone
That some day we would be ahead
And running all alone.

And now that day is in the east.
Its dawning fills the sky.
Soon we will gather at the feast
And there our wants supply.
The cities tumble one by one
In most engaging style
And comrades, there will be some fun
In just a little while.



Time-Tried Decoy Duck

"But do the interests know that the Socialist party is on earth?"
"Yes, I observe that they do."
"By what sign?"
"Hadn't you noticed the revival of the Bryan boom?"

The Real Culprit

The haughty owner of the trust
Who boosts the thing along
Cannot be made of common dust
For he can do no wrong.
But oh, some trembling under clerk
Who must the vouchers sign
Does all the law defying work
And he must pay the fine.

The government is onto that.
It doesn't seek the head
And make his nibs disgorge the fat
As public wrath is fed;
No, it is after bigger game,
The root it must destroy,
So, in the law's terrific name
It fines the office boy.



Strange Coincident

Taft's brother owns a packing plant
In Texas, where the troops were sent.
It's nice to be a cousin, aunt
Or brother to a president.

Poor Middle Man

"He proposes to run his own business in just the way he wants to without any outside interference."
"The trusts don't care if he does."
"I was speaking of the tyrannical labor unions."
"Neither do they."



Little Flings

Without Japan as a bugaboo the army contractors might have to earn an honest living.
If a bank employe's expenses are larger than his income the president throws a fit when he hears about it and



An Opportunity Lost

BY HENRY JAMES.

A farmer in a small western town went to the theater with his wife and took a seat in the front row where they could see all that was going on. The play in question was "Henry The Eighth" introducing some barn-stormer billed as the leading actor in the country. In the second act the rotund trespian made a rush out onto the stage and with a wave of his sword, uttered the immortal words: "A horse—a horse, my kingdom for a horse."
Silas Hawkins turned to his wife with a look of pain and disgust written upon his face. "Jest our luck that we walked into town. We might hev hed that kingdom as well as the next fellow!"

Followed Instructions

BY L. J. LEWIS.

The editor of a capitalistic sheet acquired the services of a new reporter; to him fell all the odd jobs and beats of no consequence. On one occasion the editor thought he would try the cub out, so he sent him to cover a speech made by a well-known senator.
The reporter returned pretty late and would have just about time to rattle it off on the typewriter. But he needed space to think and the afternoon edition was about to go to press. The editor called for copy and the new reporter had but two-thirds of the speech down.
"End where you are," shouted the editor, put "thunderous applause" after the dash and let it go at that." The reporter did so and when the editor looked over the afternoon edition he read as follows at the end of the senator's speech: "Friends, I will detain you no longer." (Thunderous applause.)
That is why the new reporter lost his job.

Knew What to Expect

BY J. MANUEL.

The whisky handed over the bars in some of the western towns is of the kind known far and wide as "rot-gut"

hires a detective. Such a condition with a public employe is considered normal and only a slanderer will make a fuss about it.

The courts know the hand that feeds them.

If there is honor among thieves it is only among little thieves.

It is only people without brains who think that brain workers will not be duly rewarded under Socialism.

Under capitalist control The Hague tribunal will be about as useful to the workers as an automobile boulevard or a set of dining-room chairs in a golf club.

Mexico's curiosity to know who we are—if it had any—is being gratified.

There is a reason for La Follette's radicalism and the reason is Milwaukee.

Quite a number of cities are determined to be satisfied with only the best there is to be had in government.

It would be more to the point to remove the cause of Lorimerism.

and "red-eye" and is of the most deadly kind when imbibed of to excess.

A tenderfoot went into a western saloon with the idea of noting the effect of the liquor upon certain individuals. He did not have long to wait before a tall, tanned fellow came in and sauntering up to the bar called for a drink. The bartender slid over the bottle and the glass and then laid a whisk-broom beside it.

The curiosity of the tenderfoot was at once aroused; what was the object of the broom? The man tossed off the liquor and then picking up the broom, went over to a corner, brushed a place free from dust, lay down and had a fit. The tenderfoot turned a square corner and left the place with a shiver.

Needed a Big Start

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

A group of men were discussing the bravery of soldiers in war and at the same time enlarging upon the heroism of the commanders. An old soldier who was present did not look upon things in the same way that the others did and for example related a story of an engagement he had been in.

As the soldiers were nearing the scene of an encounter with the shells screeching above their heads and mingling with the groans of the wounded, the Captain turned to his men.

"Now go after them, boys, and give them Hell. When you are out of am-

munition run."
Then he added with a look of pain upon his face. "I am rather lame, so I will start now!"

Wrong Cue

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

The young woman was receiving a caller, a bashful young man who loved her very much. She was not particularly anxious that he should go and so they sat in the dimly lit parlor hour after hour. At last the curtains parted and her father appeared, his aggressive jaw thrust out and looking as menacing as ever. The young man sat up very straight.

"Young man," said the parent, "do you know what time it is?"

The lover took out his watch and voiced the fact that it was fifteen minutes to twelve.

"Are you morally certain that is the time?" asked the father.

This seemed to be a cue for the young man's exit and without a word he went into the hall, took down his coat and hat, opened the door and disappeared into the murky night. The father turned to his daughter.

"Why did your visitor leave in such a hurry? My watch has stopped and I wanted the right time so I won't miss the eight-thirty in the morning."

Going South

Returns have shown that in our town we surely did the thing up brown; and that is but a sample fair of how we did it everywhere. The folks who av life's burdens tote are just now learning how to vote and Plutes are feeling on the bum; they know the time has almost come, when they'll be forced to hit the road or bear their share of Mankind's load. The day is not far distant when the workers, standing up like men, will cast a shadow over those who greet them now with upturned nose. We've truly got them going South, and, though they prate and loudly mouth and vow that they no sleep will lose, they're really shaking in their shoes. They see the hand upon the wall; next time they'll have no chance at all. They'll simply have to pack their grip and take a never ending trip.—Rolla V. Houghton, son of Socialist Mayor of Girard.

No Risk

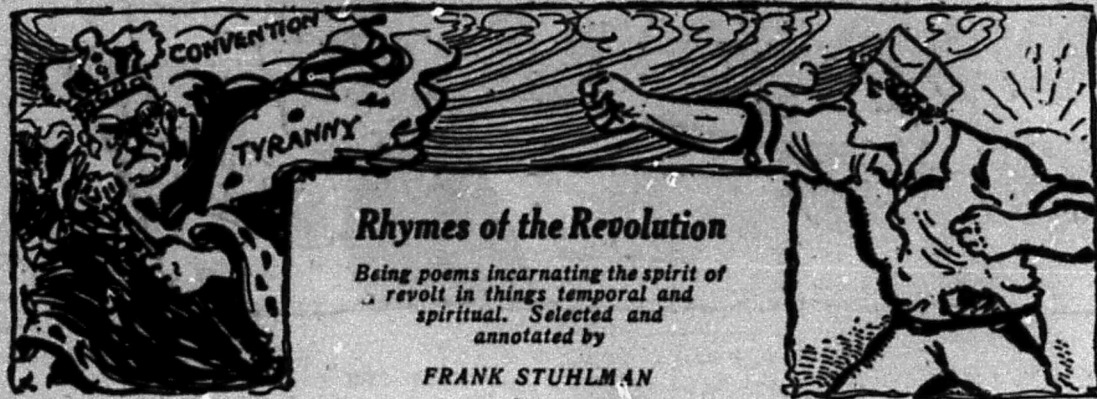
BY W. JONES.

A man with a severe attack of appendicitis went to a doctor, throwing himself at his mercy. The doctor told him he must be operated upon at once. Whereupon the man made known the fact that he had no money. "Are you insured?" asked the doctor, with his profession entirely at heart. Assuring the doctor that he was, the doctor tapped him smilingly on the shoulder. "Then we will operate on you this afternoon."

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Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

NOTE—There is no event in modern history more falsified or misunderstood than the Paris Commune of '71. It was not a communistic program at all, but an attempt to administer a democratic government, in the interests of the producing classes, in the commune (meaning corporation) of Paris, with complete home rule. Says the Encyclopedia Britannica, surely a conservative authority, "It is sufficient to state that its doings were not even tinged with communism in the economic sense of the word."

It was a people's government with its officials receiving ordinary wages and doing the work efficiently. At its overthrow ensued one of the most infamous massacres of history, exceeding that of St. Bartholomew's awful night. Men and women were shot to death by the thousands, without trial, for no other crime than wearing the badge of the Commune.

The following verses are from a poem called "Seventy-one," by the Scottish Socialist poet, John Leslie, and were reprinted in The Comrade:

Seventy-One

BY JOHN LESLIE.

Now memory through the lapse of years recalls the cannon's rattle—Brings back again the time so grandly dread;

When Paris rose in Labor's name and gave the foeman battle, And sealed her faith with hecatombs of dead.

Yes, memory lives upon the great defeat victorious, Made holy by the life-blood of the brave The sacrifice triumphant, for the peerless cause, the glorious, And the radiant resurrection from the grave.

The two proud months! Now many times the enemy's lines were routed 'Midst thunder from the cannon came the May, Yet Paris held the Red Flag high and still defiance shouted, With the life-blood ebbing from her in the fray.

The line of battle broke at last; in every street and alley Unflinchingly are crossed the bayonet blades,

And inch of ground is fought where Freedom still can rally A single man behind the barricades.

Not yet the time! The curtain falls, and 'midst the lurid darkness, Death looks on Freedom's soldiers face to face;

And now, the time to try men's souls in all his ghastly starkness, They meet him with the daring of their race.

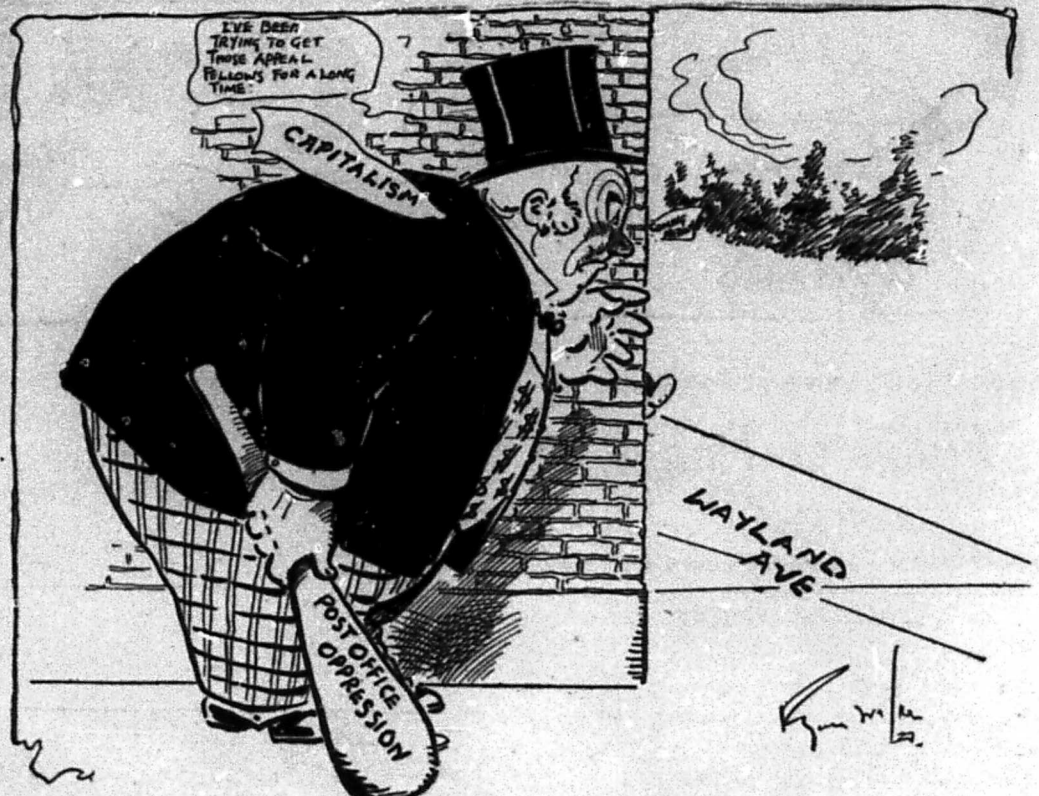
Who can tell the glory of the strife, so great, titanic? Or who depict the glory of the fall That shook the globe and scattered wide the dragon's teeth volcanic, To grow the armed crop to break the thrall?

We treasure in remembrance, too, the awful week of slaughter When the butchers in their fury killed amain;

The murder of the thousands of the people's sons and daughters, And the mitrallades upon Satory's plain.

The glorious dead! They left their flag and willed us to preserve it, As red as when from their dead hands it fell, To keep it free from spot and stain, and loyally to serve it, As they did against the powers of earth and hell.

The Blood-Red Flag of Liberty! We'll guard it from pretenders, From those who its red meaning would impugn, And when it floats in battle breeze prove we as true defenders As those who fought and died in the commune.



Back at the old stand again

Shaw Would Pay Them All Alike

BERNARD SHAW, in an interview in the *London Labor Leader*, says that, by Socialism he means just what the man in the street thinks it means—absolute equality of income to each person. He defends his position, which some people think is only another one of his jokes, as follows:

"When you first suggest equality to a man, he says it is Utopian. 'It never can come!' The thing to do with that man is to put yourself squarely opposite him and say, 'Not only is equality possible, it has been and is the only thing that is possible.' When he talks his nineteenth century jargon about giving to a man according to his service, he is talking utter nonsense. Men have never been paid that way. When you hear a man saying we want equality of opportunity and not equality of nature, ask him how he is going to establish equality of opportunity between the stupid man and the clever man. It simply means that the stupid man goes to the wall.

Archbishop and Boxer!

"But let us admit for the sake of argument that the man of gorgeous talents should have more money than his less-gifted brother. Let us test the principle with two big men. Take the Archbishop of Canterbury on the one hand and Jeffries on the other. How will you proceed to judge their respective merits? That is a puzzle: to begin with, but let us commence by testing their ability in theological controversy. In the first round the Archbishop will probably have the best of it; in that final stage to which theological controversy always comes my own belief is that the Archbishop would be nowhere—I won't say nowhere, because I know where he would be. He would be on the floor.

"Could any man possibly decide as to the proportional value of the Archbishop and Jeffries? Or take two further examples. There is Sir Thomas Lipton. He is not half such a clever man as I am—except at money-making. Who is to apportion our incomes?

"Don't argue with the man who says equality of income is Utopian. Ask him to begin his practical scheme. Take Asquith, Balfour, Jeffries, and Dr. Crippen—put down their respective incomes. The very moment he attempts it he will see that wilder nonsense he never talked than the theory of income according to ability.

"I said equality was the only thing which has ever been possible. And so it is. The ability theory came into fashion at the beginning of the nineteenth century to excuse the fact that some were richer than others. But I defy anyone to show a single instance where difference between income is accounted

for by talents. As a matter of fact equal payment has been the real rule. Take the army. In the rank and file you have every description of human character. You have good characters, bad characters, smart men, slovenly men. Yet you give them all the same pay. With the judicial bench it is the same. Judges are very different types of men. Fillemore is not like Grantham—thank God!—but they both receive £5,000 a year. Similarly General Roberts and General Kitchener both get the same pay. Supposing Kitchener came forward and said, 'I want 15 shillings a week more than Roberts because I was in the firing line more often than he.' What feeling would you have about Kitchener? I don't think you would laugh at the absurdity and unreasonableness of the man. You would say, 'this man, who ought to know better, is a cad.'

"Exactly. My complaint of existing society is not that it violates economic laws, but that we are a society of cads."

A Noble Ideal.

Then came this fine peroration, delivered with fervor and glorious self-reliance.

"The ideal you have got to get into man's mind is that by the labor of his prime he must pay back the cost of the education of his childhood, and must provide for his retirement. That he is bound to do. If every man does not do that, the world must be in a bad way. But every man or woman who has dignity and character and pride must do more. He must be ready to leave his country in his debt. He must be prepared to give more than he receives. He must so live that when he dies he can say 'My country is the better for my having lived in it.' But there must be no counting on reward for the benefit he has been to his country. He must give his best, asking nothing, not claiming more than his fellow because he gave more. Then he will be able to pass into the unknown, not only with his country in his debt, but with his God in his debt also."



American Farmer: "I thought you said that Socialism would never take root on the American farm!"



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