

THE COMING OF THE NATION

J. A. WAYLAND,
FRED D. WARREN, Publishers

A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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No. 40, New Series. Established Apr. 30, 1893

Girard, Kansas, June 17, 1911

Price 5 Cents

\$1.00 a Year

Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

SUPREME COURT VAUDEVILLE



THE Supreme Court decision in the Tobacco Trust case is of a piece with the other star vaudeville act of the Standard Oil finding. Both are bum illusion turns, very badly pulled off. The *New York Times* says that no one but a fool will imagine that the tobacco decision will have any effect upon actual conditions or methods in the trade. Then there be many fools or many liars. I notice that the whole outfit of bonehead reformers is going about cheering madly over the decision as "a triumph of the people," a "vindication of the Sherman Law" and a wonderful achievement. Attorney General Wickersham, whose previous employment as a corporation lawyer demonstrates his warm popular sympathies, shakes hands with himself, and the cackling chorus of reform tells him he has done nobly.

But the substances of the court's decision, which is all anybody more than nine years old will care anything about, is that the Tobacco Trust, "this miserable combination," as Justice Harlan calls it, can continue upon its predatory way if it will make some technical changes in its organization.

And to this conclusion come twenty-one years of the Anti-Trust law and sixteen years of agitation against "this miserable combination."

In other words, we have expended millions upon millions of dollars and many years of good time to learn that we are exactly where we were when we started in.

And yet you will hear the professional reformers abating no whit of their demand for more of the regulation that does not regulate and of the laws that can never be enforced.

I don't know why anybody pays money to go to a vaudeville. This is far funnier than anything ever put upon the stage.

The Supreme Court orders these two trusts to disband and reorganize. They immediately comply and every condition that the idiotic law was framed to abolish remains exactly as before.

Except that the court has now passed an amendment to the statute that will protect such combinations from the annoying necessity of contesting such suits hereafter.

Fire the guns, wave the flag, bring out the bunting, let us sing *Te Deum Laudemus* and the national anthem!

The people have won a glorious victory!

The real celebrators of this auspicious occasion were the fortunate owners of American Tobacco Stock which rose thirty points on receipt of the news of the great popular triumph.

Also those fortunate gentlemen that sit about the table whereon Mr. James J. Hill cuts melons:

As soon as the court decision had showed that the operation was safe, that famous horticulturist brought out one that he had long been nurturing with fondest care.

It was for \$600,000,000 and was certainly peachy fruit.

This brings the total of Mr. Hill's melon produce to something like a billion dollars, if I remember rightly.

From a property for which he paid not a cent.

Some authorities say that agriculture is an important industry in America.

It isn't a patch on horticulture, which is indeed our national specialty.

With toil and sacrifice, some lives and the underpaid or unpaid labor of millions of men we produce these melons. They are dear bought fruit.

But let no man think that in the operation Mr. Hill bears no part.

He cuts them up.



I see that some profound thinkers in the country are now demanding that we vary the illusion act—which really threatens to become monotonous—by introducing a little fresh knock-about.

They want proceedings to put the trust gentlemen into jail and have introduced in Congress some motion to that effect.

Bless our happy home, but we are having the fun of our young lives this year, aren't we?

Put the trust managers in at one door of the jail, let them walk out at the other, and see how all the combinations will dissolve and competition will once more make her dwelling place in our midst.

Don't miss this sensational turn in our national vaudeville show.

It will be a grand affair.



STOPPING COMETS WITH EDICTS



THE same quantity of oil that in the great days of competition cost to produce \$100 is now produced for \$35. The troglodytes and Cave Dwellers want to restore the cost to \$100. They are the wondrous geniuses of the age, but you can bet that it will take more genius to carry out what they want than it takes to bray in Congress about it.

There was once an eminent gentleman of the Church that undertook to stop a comet by issuing an edict against it. Eleven generations of writers have since been unutterably grateful to that gentleman for he furnished them with a jest perennial and an illustration always apt and amusing.

So in time to come writers will look back with profound

thankfulness to Senator Cummins and the other Cave Dwellers of the present Congress for having backed the pope and the comet off the map. He tried with a piece of paper to stop a star wandering through illimitable space and they tried by putting somebody into jail to turn back inevitable and world-wide evolution.

Put men into jail for being driven along by a vast, irresistible wave of economic development inconceivably greater than all the laws ever made by man! Put them into jail for doing the thing they can by no possibility avoid doing! Put them into jail for a universal transformation never the work nor the design nor invention of any man nor any set of men! Put them into jail because the

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steam engine was invented and machinery built! Put them into jail because the railroad train has displaced the stage coach and the steam ship has driven the sailing vessel from the ocean! Put them into jail because we can travel 1000 miles a day instead of fifty! Put them into jail because we communicate with written signs! Put them into jail because we no longer use stone hatchets nor eat raw meats!

That's the idea. Put everybody into jail that does not live in a Cave.

If these intellectual Pre-Adamites would for once stick their heads out of their ancient dwelling places and take note of what is going on in the world they might have some notion of the ridiculous spectacle they cut.

Exactly what is taking place in the United States in the way of trustification, combination, consolidation, unification, exactly that same process is going on everywhere else in the world and in exactly the same way.

It goes on in every corner of the globe, not because of the horrible machinations of bad men, but because the thing is the inevitable product of universal conditions.

The Cave Dwellers cannot see this and the Old Doc Swindles will not. But the intelligent part of the community ought to arise to prevent these persons from making the country the world's laughing stock and wasting any more of our good money in these lunatic proceedings. We have had enough.



PREDICTING REVOLUTION



NOBODY can tell what will happen. When this American people come to the conclusion that the judiciary of this land is usurping to itself the functions of the legislative department of the government, and by judicial construction only is declaring what is the public policy of the United States, we will find trouble."

These are the momentous words of Justice Harlan, taken from the address in which he dissented from the majority of the court and tore to fragments the flimsy grounds on which the decision was based.

Strange spectacle that in the Supreme Court of the United States there should be but one man to point out facts so obvious and certain!

"There will be trouble," says the upright judge. There certainly will be unless these people have lost every trait and every tradition for which they have ever been noted.

But it is getting to be something of a fashion to predict revolution. Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagle told the national convention of electric light companies that a revolution was inevitable unless the present accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few were checked.

Whereupon Samuel Insull, of that popular and favorite institution, the Commonwealth Edison, of Chicago, hit out a bright idea as to the way to head off the terrible event.

He told his hearers (all employers) that what they wanted was schemes for the benefit of their workingmen.

Service pensions, benefit associations, social entertainments, picnics and holidays, would, in his judgment, keep the workingmen in good humor and make them contented with their lot and faithful to their kind, indulgent employers.

With these accessories, it seemed to be agreed that the dread spectre of revolution may be banished and profits continued to be garnered in the good old way.

Loud applause, with shouts of "Hear! Hear!" from the boxes.

Noble scheme. Mr. Insull. Fool 'em, eh! That's the idea. Keep them from thinking about the wealth they are creating for their employers, but not for themselves. That's the stuff. Keep their minds on the picnics and ball games and that sort of thing and

they will not notice what fingers are busy with their pocket-books. Good boy, Samuel. You've got the correct dope there. Spread it around.

Only—a word in your ear. You seem to have forgotten something. Come this way. Now—strike breakers, eh? You know. Oh yes—housed around the corner? Yes, yes. And the proper arrangements for kidnaping? To be sure. And detectives to prepare cases against objectionable men? Of course—of course. And an injunction judge on the job if any of these vile agitators should disturb the heavenly quiet in our shop? Why, of course. Samuel, you are right on the job. Bring on your picnics.

Immediately after Justice Harlan's outburst on the tobacco decision, the wires and press associations got busy and the country was edified by a roast on Harlan given out from the White House by our old friend, "a gentleman close to the administration."

From this oracle we are accustomed to hear weekly—or oftener if there be an insurgent to smash, or a tariff reformer to refute or a Socialist to annihilate.

"A gentleman close to the administration"—well, well, who can that be? Let me think! The disguise is so ingenious, the alias so puzzling, I can hardly imagine. "Close to the administration"—can it be? No, that's impossible. Let me look again. It is, it is! How strange! Why, there he is, as sure as you live—behind the mask the face of the genius that settled the problem of the ages about golf sticks! And how sweet now to have his guidance about other matters, even if he does disguise his well-loved name! "A gentleman close to the administration"—how apt the phrase! Close indeed. Oh, of a philosopher, putterer and guide about golf links. About as close as you can get.



BITTERNESS OF SOCIALISM



IN certain highly refined circles much is made of what is called "the bitterness of Socialists." I suppose that at times we do seem to lack sweetness and light. Perhaps we are to blame for this lack. Perhaps we should always be gentle and calm and courteous and full of lady-like resentment and prunes.

But what would you really expect men and women to be when they realize that the world is filled with unnecessary suffering, that every day of the present system slaughters more human beings than were ever killed on any battle field, that because of the present system the world is dark with cruelty and wrong, that because of it millions upon millions of lives are led in misery and pain that might be joyous and happy, that because of it four in every five children in the world are doomed to lives of drudgery and insufficiency, light is quenched and ignorance triumphs?

What would you expect us to be, knowing all this, and knowing that it is all unnecessary and knowing that it is maintained upon mankind by force and fraud?

Bitter? Why, yes, I am bitter. God send me more bitterness. I do most deliberately believe that if there were among us one that could sit down and for one moment acquiesce in all this infinite wrong he should be worse than one of the spoilers. I would have none of that blood on my soul.

Therefore, with what voice we have we utter bitter protest and utter it without ceasing. Not against any individual, knowing that those that profit by this dreadful thing are also its products, but against the system that chains the limbs and poisons the heart of men.

Those that fifty or sixty years ago in this country protested against chattel slavery were in their own time called bitter. But looking back now we see that in no other way could they make fitting objection to the intolerable evil they combatted. What compromise can

men make with a system of hell? And we that protest against the greater slavery and the world-wide evil, we can do it in no holiday terms if we would be true to the faith that is in us.

And, anyway, what do we care what men say of us? We are not fighting for popularity nor for good report nor applause nor to be of the winning party, nor for any other thing in the world except to abolish this vile thing. We shall not abolish it by speaking well of it nor being on good terms with it, but only by hating it and showing to the world its hideousness.

It is nothing to be called bitter or fanatical or narrow or bigoted; it is much that a man should feel he has lost no chance to protest.



TURN ON THE FLOOD

I recall now the prophecy of Mr. Justice Hughes made last fall that immeasurable disaster would descend upon this country if ever it should lose its reverence for the Supreme Court.

Bring on your distaster, Mr. Hughes. All the other terms of your prediction are here; let's have the cataclysm. We want to see what it is like. Get to work on the thunder machine and let the tempest roar. Let the church yards yawn and graves give out their sheeted dead. That's the idea. Bring on the earthquake effects; let the mountains topple and the seas rise in tumult. The nation has committed the deadly sin and now, rash, headlong criminal that it is, stands defying its fate. Turn it on, old man, and let us see what it is.

And when in the throes of its destruction we look with agonized eyes upon prairies rolling up to the mountains and mountains rushing down to the sea, when the vale of the national temple is rent and darkness broods over the abyss where once was America, would you object if we should remind you of your own part in these awful scenes?

Because, you know, dear Mr. Hughes, you assisted in the decision that made it forever impossible for any normal man to retain his reverence for your grand old court.

You were afraid that bad men and designing Socialists and wicked, depraved radicals would undermine the foundations of respect upon which the majesty of your court is supposed to rest.

You never thought of yourself with pick and shovel industriously digging away to that same end, did you, my prophet?

Well, there you are. You yourself have done more in one day to destroy popular confidence in the Supreme Court than all the agitators could do in a hundred years. You had a general idea that any man that attacked the sanctity of the court ought to be pilloried and abhorred.

Shall we begin with you?

Senator Cummins is a fine specimen of the troglodyte and believes in the return to competition, has been up the watch tower and views the prospect with alarm. He sees great combinations of capital gathering the wealth of the nation, absorbing or dominating every line of business and impoverishing the masses, and he thinks that a probable outcome of this will be a revolution. Coming down he relates all this to a gathering of young lawyers in Washington, and urges them to apply the remedy.

And what is that? Why, they must stand resolutely by the laws and the constitution.

"Come on, my brave men!" cries the gallant Senator, waving his cane, "let us defend the laws and constitution with our lives!"

Splendid, Senator, splendid! Usher! Take this bouquet around to the stage door for the Senator!

Only, Senator, if one may ask—what laws? And what constitution?

If an ordinary man discovered the phenomena that the Senator so graphically describes you would naturally expect him to inquire as to their cause.

The Young Socialist Guard



THAT percentage of the reading public who wish to learn why Socialism has attained its present great undoubted strength in Europe can do worse than listen to the voluble speech of Humbert Ferrary, scarcely turned twenty-one and remarkably dapper, as we sat together at one of the hundred tables in the *Maison du Peuple* cafe. It was the last night of my stay in Brussels, and soon after the conclusion of the great demonstration in the *Flamande Brasserie* to protest against the visit next day of the German Emperor.

We had become acquainted in the most chance way two nights before in that same *Maison du Peuple*. Then the social instinct being strong within me and yearning, also, for information as to things socialistic, I had strolled into the cafe, taken my seat and, after two sips of coffee and a decent interval, casually "*Parlez-vous Anglais?*" my left hand neighbor. He had scarcely shaken his head negatively, when the young fellow to the other side touched my elbow and said, "Pardon *m'sieur*—I speak English a little. Perhaps I can help you?"

It was Humbert, and he spoke English—not a little, but very fluently, and in return for his kindness he would only take a cup of chocolate; for he, like the other members of *La Jeune Garde Socialiste* (the Young Socialist Guard) has no fondness for alcoholic liquors. And as will be seen, the Young Guard's efforts in part are directed against the evil of intemperance in the working class.

Going to the Workers

So listen now to Humbert Ferrary, enthusiastic Young Guarder, master of four languages and at present acquiring Flemish. "I go—all members of Young Guard go—here, there, everywhere *les ouvriers*—pardon, the workers—find themselves—outside military barracks, in halls of meeting, in the homes, near churches sometimes. But in the homes is best, if that is possible; for then we can talk together without fear of somebody watching, and there, as in the other places, we leave our literature. What kind of literature? Pamphlets and brochures and journals of the Young Guard, to make them to understand how they are exploited, to make them—how you say it in English?—class-conscious, yes. It is our duty, the solemn duty of all members of the Young Guard."

A scene-painter by profession was Humbert, only recently returned from America. Two years he had spent in the United States—in New York, Springfield in Massachusetts, in "New Hahven." Did I know "New Hahven"—in Connecticut, yes? Humbert had brother there, making the Socialist propaganda when he had time. Would I see his brother when I went back? Yes? Good. Did I know Monseieur Poli of Poli Theaters? No? A good man, Monseieur Poli, and friend to Humbert, who had worked for him.

Humbert had been born a Catholic, in the northern part of Italy; but now, like many another of his race, he was openly an agnostic. Humbert, however, had no prejudice toward the ancient faith, and his lack of ill-feeling was typical of the other Young Guard members whom I met.

The Joy of Working

Came to our table then four other hard workers in the movement: Antonio Santiseban, Alfred Samijn, Maurice Le Roy and Joseph Tordeur, who on being introduced to an American Socialist fairly radiated their joy, a friendliness that was shown in the New Year greeting which they sent to him in Boston two months later. And this friendliness was not personal particularly, for among these Young Guarders is a *camaraderie* and good feeling that is admirable, whatever one may think of their economic principles. If anything in their make-up is in fault, be sure it is the head, not the heart.

Joseph Tordeur, who is secretary of the Brussels Federation of Young Guards, signaled, and over came a boy hardly sixteen, a new member, who for three solid hours sat by listening, never missing a word apparently and yet never having the boldness to ask a question. It was his business to absorb, and he was absorbing the aims and philosophy of the Socialist movement. A man at a near-by table, who had been bending his ear for sometime, also joined the group. He became a Socialist, he said, twenty-six years before, in the days when Socialists were constantly under police surveillance, and were put under suspicion whenever any mysterious violent crime was committed. And thinking how things were back home even at this late date, I could not but smile a little.

For three evenings then I discussed Socialism

BY

Thomas G. Connolly



The poor man who has stolen a crust of bread



The rich thief declared innocent

—From *La Jeunesse, C'est l'Avenir*,
a magazine edited by the Young Socialist Guards

with these and other Young Guarders. The earnestness in their faces was good to see, an earnestness that at times caused three or four of them to jump into the conversation together. Such debate was pool and bowling to them. Sports and games were not for them. In fact, they indulged in a serious quarter-hour discussion one time as to whether sports and games (these English words have been adopted in Belgium) should ever be participated in by the workers. A stout minority were of opinion that the proletariat, outside working hours, should put in all their spare moments in studying economics, the economics of insurgency, or rather of revolution, and not the economics of the colleges.

If I showed special interest in any particular piece of literature that was mentioned, one immediately detached himself, ran up a flight of stairs and soon returned with it, begging me to take it home with me. Nobody, least of all those who profit by the economic system to whose overthrow these thousands of Young Guarders have pledged themselves, can afford to ignore such enthusiasm. With no political positions in sight, with nothing but toil and criticism for their reward, it will hardly do to meet their argument and efforts with abuse.

Probably not all the members of the Young Guard are as enthusiastic as those whom I met in Brussels; although they told me there that when a member grew apathetic, he was invited to resign. The movement had its first international conference at Stuttgart in August, 1907, when the European membership was put at 61,025. Sweden had 17,000 members, Belgium 13,000, Germany 6,800 and England 3,200. It is hardly surprising that Russia was not represented in that membership.

The avowed purposes of the movement, roughly

speaking, are three (1) To instruct the laboring people of Europe in the economic principles of Karl Marx, with the result that they may come to believe that under the present capitalistic regime the poverty of the masses is inevitable; (2) To wise them to the fact that in the final analysis modern armies and navies, with their tremendous money cost, are the instruments of capitalism for acquiring foreign markets, in which the capitalists may dispose of the surplus products which labor creates, but cannot buy back under the present wage system; and (3) To convince the great laboring population, men and women, boys and girls, that their only salvation from this "latest, and most terrible form, of slavery," is to overthrow the entire capitalistic system and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Economic revolution, then, is the slogan of the Young Guards; and it is indeed a mighty slogan, fraught with interest not alone to Europe, but to the United States, whose election of Victor Berger to Congress is regarded among Socialists over on the Continent as the finest thing that has happened here since the Civil War.

The program is stated boldly—not simply repeated from one to the other by word of mouth, not uttered behind closed doors, but printed in black and white, offered to the workers for their study and flaunted in the face of the capitalists. No attempt is made to win over the capitalists, who are regarded as much the victims of "the system" as are the workers themselves. The program, it will be seen, is purely economic, whatever may be the private religious views of the different members. In the four days of my mingling with the Young Guarders in Belgium, the only time when religion was discussed was when I brought it up myself, simply for the sake of gathering information.

Form of Organization

The Young Guard is governed by printed regulations. The *reglement*, or regulations, of the Brussels Confederation, whose headquarters are at the *Maison du Peuple* on Rue Joseph Stephens, contains the following: "The objects of the Young Guard are (1) Energetically to combat militarism, and (2) to spread socialistic principles by all the means in its power, especially by conferences, meetings, manifestations, the publications of brochures, manifestos, etc."

Dues are fifteen centimes a week. The minimum age for membership is sixteen, and at twenty-five a member automatically loses membership, for at twenty-five he has reached the legal voting age, and he joins the Socialist party of his country. Applicants for membership must be of "irreproachable character."

The effect of that first Stuttgart conference was to supply the Young Guard of all Europe with a definite, uniform propaganda program. As Henri de Man, secretary of that conference, said, the plan in brief is: Organize, educate, struggle. Those are favorite words among the European Socialists. All the Young Guard's energy, therefore, must be aimed at the working men and women, converting them to the Socialist party and to the syndicals. This education fails which does not awaken the workers to a clear consciousness of the industrial class to which they belong, to which they are doomed under the present system.

It must be shown that if one extraordinary person advances from the exploited class to the exploiting class, he simply displaces one of those up above, who falls back to fill his place among the workers. The struggle, then, must be always against those things which tend to keep the exploited where they are: particularly against apprenticeship and piece-work, and against alcoholism, which while caused mainly by the present system with its discouraging results, yet at the same time deprives the workers of the mental and physical strength, every ounce of which is needed in the struggle. But first, last and always, the special duty of the Young Guard is to take in hand the socialistic training of the young working men and women, for it is only while the mirror is plastic that it may be reformed.

Study to Struggle

And that the members of the Young Guard may be fitted to this task, they themselves must study, ever study, the socialistic philosophy, whose cheaply-printed literature is supplied them in abundance. Almost \$15,000 of the profits of the *Maison du Peuple* for the year 1910 were set aside for "Propaganda, publicity and aid to allied groups and to needy members." Also within a week has come to me from Brussels a joyful note, to the main

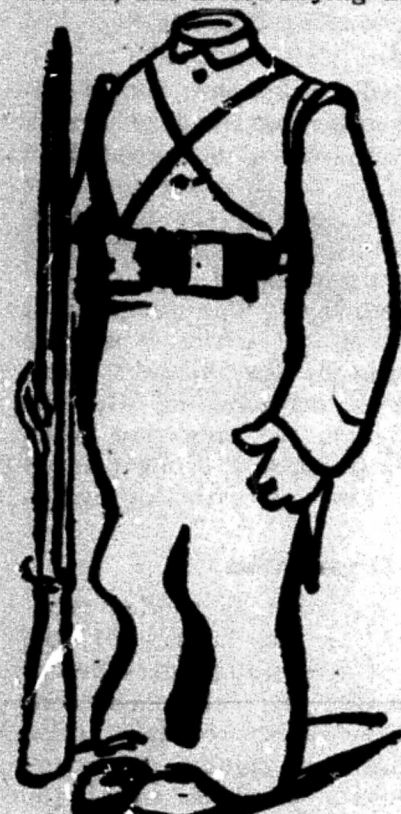
effect that a hundred thousand francs has been donated by a Socialist, strangely affluent, for propaganda work.

And what is the nature of these pamphlets which the Young Guards study, while American youths of the same age are reading up on Frank Gotch, "Little Arthur," Ty Cobb and our other famous compatriots?—pamphlets which are supplemented by courses of lectures at the *Maison du Peuple* in Brussels, and at its five branches scattered throughout the city.

Before me is one on education largely. "First, the young workers must be shown the fundamental difference between socialistic and bourgeois education. The object of all instruction superintended by the bourgeoisie (and this applies generally to university settlements, Toynbee Hall, the great colleges, etc.), is to secure to each individual as much general knowledge as possible, to the end that he may be better qualified in the individual struggle for existence. This is deemed necessary, because among the bourgeoisie the struggle for existence is a struggle of one individual against another, and those least qualified will be the ones to go under."

How They Are Educated

"The education of the young workers, on the other hand, must not aim at strengthening the individual, but in solidifying the entire working class.



The Capitalist Dream

From *Le Soldat*

They must be shown that in the struggle for existence the isolated proletarian cannot aid himself—it is only a solid working class movement which can aid him and lead to his final emancipation. The working class movement must be not merely syndical (i. e., trade union), but above all things, political in its nature."

When Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, toured Europe a year or so ago, his repeated statement that the laboring class in America would achieve its independence by trade unionism alone, greatly astonished the labor leaders of the continent, who are almost invariably socialistic. This was referred to many times while I was in Belgium.

The Young Guard pamphlet continues: "The Socialist education of the working class, consequently, must always have for its object: to prepare the way for the impending inevitable struggle of the classes (note the italics), to make the conscience of the working class more tender, to strengthen its moral and intellectual fibre. And herein it is to be determined whether the young working man or woman, becoming the victim of intellectual sophistry shall be converted to reform on the one hand or to anarchy on the other, or whether they shall take the shortest cut to their emancipation, which means scientific Socialism."

Puzzled by America

"This scientific Socialism will everywhere have the effect of strengthening the revolutionary conscience and of increasing the worker's power in the struggle of the classes, which the proletariat will be enabled thereby to gain the more easily and rapidly."

It must not be forgotten that all this has more than a merely academic interest for us here in the United States, regardless of the political party which owns our allegiance and regardless of our financial status. Whether we work for a day's pay (when we can get the work) or whether we whizz about in automobiles that are paid for out of railroad or sugar or steel dividends, this propaganda will reach us all finally. The Socialists over yonder, particularly these Young Guards (corresponding in a way to those "carless-earnest" café students of "Les Misérables"), ever wonder why it is that in the United States, with its universal male suffrage, the cause has made such slow progress, with the consequence that European capitalists are beginning to prefer this country to Europe for their investments. They can hardly realize the immense natural wealth, hardly touched some of it, of this lusty young country, where the standard of living is still a bit higher than across the water, despite the fact that machinery, which Socialism teaches only causes misery when privately owned, is more widely employed here.

Do they try to interest the young workers in the

abstract theory of Marxian philosophy? I put the question to Alphonse Octors, executive head of the *Maison du Peuple*, who issued much of the literature for the guidance of the Young Guard.

Use Popular Methods

"Such a course," said Citizen Octors, thoughtfully, "would be condemned in advance to failure in the case of the average worker hereabouts, because of the lack of a proper educational basis. Considering the shortness of the time when we can get the ear of the average worker, we have learned that the most suitable subjects for their study are the most characteristic episodes of the different bourgeois revolutions and of the modern working movement, such as the revolution of 1848, the Paris Commune, the recent Russian revolution. In this way the workers may be enabled to see for themselves the two complementary forms of the movement in history; the evolutionary phase and the revolutionary phase. Generally speaking, then, in the teaching of history to the workers, as in the instruction in political economy, it has been found advisable to employ abstract ideas as little as possible. Much better, in most cases, are concrete examples, taken as largely as possible from the personal experience of the workers themselves."

"So that strikes and lockouts are not entirely without value," I suggested.

Citizen Octors smiled sunnily. "You have a proverb in English about an ill wind that applies there." Then we both smiled.

"But take the case of a worker who shows an inclination to delve more deeply than his brothers, what do you do with him?" I asked.

For answer Citizen Octors pressed a button. The door connecting with the main office opened and a clerk entered. Before he shut the door behind him I saw another clerk in the main office raise a cup of tea or coffee to his lips; for in the *Maison du Peuple* they do their work without the mad rush that we see so often on this side. Citizen Octors said something rapidly in French (too rapid for my Boston Latin school training), the clerk left, and in a minute returned with a red-covered pamphlet. Octors opened it out, marked a certain passage and handed it across the flat desk. "This little brochure of mine written for the instruction of the Young Guards, will indicate how such workers should be trained."

Work for the Student

I give a close translation of the part marked: "At this point the natural sciences should be taught. The members of the Young Guard should be made to understand the general tendencies of evolution in nature. In botany, for example, it will not be difficult to show them that evolution is quite like that in human history, both evolutionary and revolutionary. Also they should be taught the most important facts of social hygiene, above all in regard to alcoholism and the sexual question. We should also unite the more gifted of the Young Guard and of the more gifted workers in little clubs for the study of foreign languages. Germans by preference should acquire French; the Hollanders and Finlanders, German; but above all French, Italian, Spaniard, etc., ought to acquire German, which is the key to nearly all the literature of modern Socialism. The knowledge of many languages enlarges the thinker's horizon and facilitates the study of international socialistic literature."

In Brussels, at least, many of the proletariat, particularly among the Young Guard, are working along this line, receiving instruction in languages from capable teachers at the *Maison du Peuple*. On the occasion of my visit, a large notice on the wall of the café in the *Maison* told about a new class which was to start very soon, inviting all who cared to join it.

"The working class," said Citizen Octors, "have as much need of certain moral qualities as of science. It is of the greatest importance that organizations of the young, like the Young Guard, should consider as their *raison d'être* the awakening, the increasing and the continued cultivation of these qualities. Already the collaborating with the Young Guard organizations has proven to work for discipline, democratic sentiment, camaraderie and solidarity."

"Does not membership in the Young Guard movement cause trouble and unfair criticism in the homes?"

All Things for Freedom

"Oh, yes. But it is the duty of Young Guardsmen, believing in the justice of their cause, not to fear opposition within their own families, whether from father, mother or whomsoever. Great economic conflicts, as the war for the freedom of the black slave in your own country, often arrays brother against brother, and parents against children. Was it not so? And here, besides courage, they should cultivate the tact which will enable them

to avoid all useless discussions and every unnecessary rashness.

"Also, this collaboration of the young people of both sexes is the best means of elevating their moral level. In this way, the harshness of the one sex may be softened and the natural frivolity of the other lessened. This collaboration is the best, in fact the only means, of promoting harmonious and worthy relations between young working men and women. This collaboration will create between the sexes a better camaraderie, more noble and beautiful than now exists under the present economic system, a camaraderie which is the basis of the sexual morality of the socialistic future."

I asked Citizen Octors if he thought international solidarity in Europe was increasing.

"Very perceptibly," he answered. "Excellent evidence of that was seen in the way in which the workers of various countries in Europe sent money to Sweden to help along the great strike there last year. I learn on excellent authority, also, that in the recent railroad strike in France, the railroad syndicals were in correspondence with the similar trade unions in England. And your own Samuel Gompers, though not a Socialist, is reported to have congratulated the socialistic Keir Hardie on his election a year ago to Parliament. The heaven is working certainly."

Making for Solidarity

"In this connection the Young Guard, being an international organization, will do much good. The national prejudices, which unfortunately still exist among very many workers, can be more easily removed in the case of young people. It is the duty of the Young Guard to show the workers of the various countries that their interests are the same, and that way will benefit only their capitalistic employers. The organizations of the Young Guards, therefore, should try to get in touch with their brothers in other countries. That should not be so difficult in Europe, where the various countries are not far removed from each other. And for this reason I hope to see the members acquire a working knowledge of foreign languages, as I have already indicated in the marked paragraph in the pamphlet which I have given you."

"The establishment of the International Federation three years ago at Stuttgart is especially opportune here. The young people of each country should study the characteristics, circumstances and peculiar phases of the struggle, and of the organizations of their comrades, in other countries. To this end, I hope to see some of our class-conscious workers live for a while in some other country than the one in which they happen to be born. It should be comparatively easy for unmarried men to make a living anywhere. Thus, a Hollander might live for a while in Belgium, a Frenchman in Germany or Spain, and so on, and so learn something of the language, customs and organizations of the other country, which in Europe here may be only a few hours' or a day's ride away."

So spoke Citizen Octors, visionary perhaps, and yet practical enough to be the head of the greatest co-operative in the world. If he be a visionary, you should know now that he speaks with all the calmness of the man behind the counter asking if you will take your purchases with you or will you have them sent.

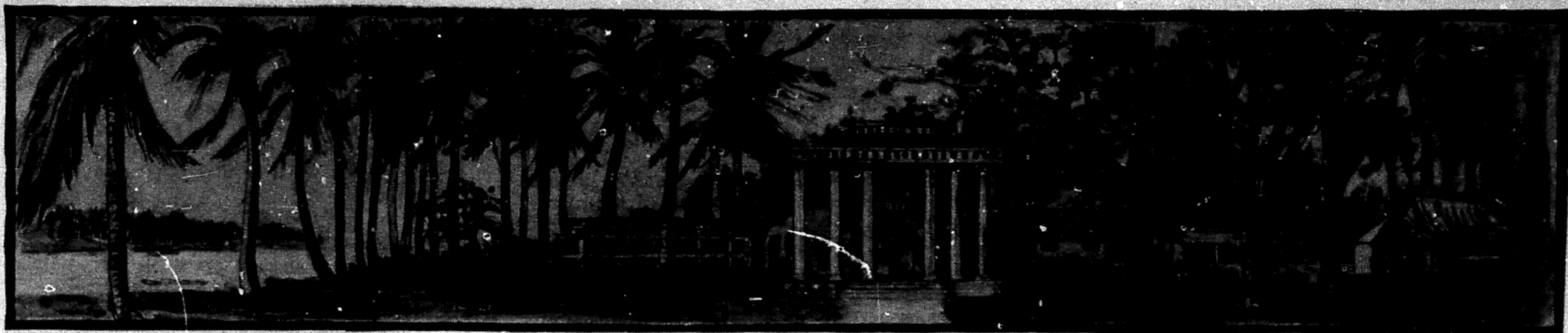
War Upon War

In pursuance of the program laid down at Stuttgart, the Young Guard has done much to discourage enlistments in the European armies, an agitation that has been carried to the United States by young Karl Liebknecht, son of the great dead German agitator, who lectured against the army here in Boston early this winter. Young Liebknecht was one of the principal figures in that first Stuttgart gathering.

The Young Guard of Belgium have distributed many thousands of anti-military pamphlets and monthly papers among enlisted soldiers. Partly as the result of this program, the governments both of Belgium and Holland decided it best not long ago to make military service less easy of escape for the wealthy.

Did any soldiers ever come into the *Maison du Peuple*? I asked the Young Guard group on this my last night in Brussels. They smiled at that, and the dapper, quick-speaking Humbert Ferrary answered: "They are not permitted to enter the House of the People. But some enter, nevertheless. One has come here not long ago and has listened to the discussion of economics in our seance upstairs. Another one, not long ago also, has entered the café here and is drinking his Munich when a policeman, being told by somebody, comes in for him. We see how it is and talk to the policeman at the entrance, while the soldier—socialistic soldier, O yes—is let out by door in rear." And Humbert smiled largely, his perfect small white

(Continued on Page Ten.)



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

II.

The man may have intended his speech for a rude jest, but his tone was heavy and sullen; it was the tone of a man unaccustomed to trifles.

Without answer Florida moved to the nearest scone and lighted the candle that it held. When the silence was broken, it was Witherspoon that spoke.

"Hello, Cal," he said, and there was the faint hint of a defiance in his tone. "Yo' needn't have worried. I'm jes' tellin' Miss Flor'da good-by."

He bowed easily to her as he finished speaking. The two men must have passed in the square hall, for Witherspoon had scarcely left the room before Ridgeley entered it.

Calhoun Ridgeley was a handsome man, but his handsomeness was of the sort that, though friends find it attractive, strangers are apt to consider sinister. Almost a giant in strength and stature, his movements were those of an overdeveloped physique—the ponderous awkwardness of the muscle-bound. His large felt hat was gripped in a hand with fingers fascinatingly long and thick, hairy and strong. His plentiful black hair was drawn straight away from a forehead high and narrow; his nose was like the beak of an eagle, and over a pair of lips as red as a woman's there fell a black moustache of that silky quality which has never been disturbed by the coarsening razor. He walked erect, and his air was one of mastery, but, under thick eyebrows, his eyes of glowing jet, were like those of a man trying to see light in dark places.

"Are yo' comin' along, Flor'da?" he demanded.

The girl regarded him with her chin high. A dull anger stole, like the afterglow of the sunset outside, across the satin whiteness of her cheek.

"I don't know as I am," she answered.

"Come on," said Calhoun. Whether he had meant his words to be imperative or wheedling, the monotony of his tone failed to disclose.

"I don't like your way o' talkin' at that window," the girl continued. "I don't like your way o' talkin' at all lately, Cal. A person would think maybe you had some right over me. You talk just like you owned me."

His hot eyes looked at her slowly.

"I wish I did, Flor'da," he said.

He said it so simply that she softened.

"You don't own me," she smiled, "an' since you seem to know it, I'll walk down with you."

She put her lips together in a long, low whistle. There was a crackling of stems from the garden, the sound of light bounds, and a wagging brindled bull-terrier leaped into the room. He ran, with little yelps of joy, from one of them to the other, the patent friend of both.

Calhoun stooped to pat him, heavily, but fondly.

"I think Ted likes me mos' as well as he likes yo', Flor'da," he said.

"He likes you some better," she answered, "an' yet he doesn't seem to like Mr. Sanborn at all. Teddy actually snapped at him when he came up the walk today. Mr. Sanborn wanted to know for why I didn't muzzle my dog."

Cal's eyebrows came together.

"Sanborn did? What did yo' tell him?"

"I told him that a woman who will muzzle her dog will gag her husband."

They had already passed, the dog following and leading, into the scented twilight of the garden. It was March, the azaleas were in bloom, and the roses rose heavy with fragrance. All about them were live oaks of a splendid age.

"I don't like Sanborn," said Cal.

"No. Well, I'm afraid he reciprocates your feelin's."

"So he's been talkin' to yo' about me? No good,

I'll wager."

"Why do you reckon that, Cal? Don't you get along right smooth with your boss?"

He watched her moving beside him with grace, which is music made visible.

"Yo' don't walk, Flor'da," he said, "yo' jes' move like a ship on a level sea."

She was pleased but not to be diverted.

"Why don't you an' Mr. Sanborn get along well?" she persisted.

It brought him to a point.

"I told you once," said Cal, "I don't like him. What for's he been tellin' yo' lies about me?"

"Mr. Sanborn dor' lie. He jes' told me you've been lettin' your temper get the better of you again, Cal—and that sounds to me kind o' natural."

"I hit a impudent nigger, if that's what yo' mean."



His eyes were burning ominously

"You broke his jaw an' then fell on top of him an' fought him like he was a white man."

"I didn't!"

"Oh, yes, you did! The only creditable thing about it is that you seem to be enough sorry for it to want to lie out of it."

"He'd 'a' killed me if I hadn't jumped him," the man protested.

In the gloaming Florida's brown eyes flashed.

"Then," she said, "rather than roll in the dirt with him like white-trash, you had ought to let yourself be killed like a gentleman."

Cal felt the rebuke. He knew that, according to his own twisted code, it was merited. He had been false, even to his own standard. He gnawed his moustache, for awhile in silence. Then he spoke with his nearest possible approach to submission in his monotonous voice.

"Well," he said, "I didn' really get no fair swing at that nigger. I won't roll in the dirt with one no mo'; next time I'll crack the coon's skull 'stead of his jaw."

She turned her face away from him, pretending to call the far-scampering Ted, but when she once more faced forward she had conquered sobriety.

"Cal," she said, "you're a brute."

He hung his great head.

"I know it," he grumbled. "But I'm no coward, anyhow."

"No," she granted—and her eyes swept in half-grudging admiration his big body of hard flesh and bone—"you aren't a coward, an' that's—yes, I reckon that's what I like you for, Cal."

"It's the only thing I like myself for. I'm no dancin' man, may be, but I'm not afraid of anythin' on two legs, Flor'da."

Again she looked at him. There was no denying it—she was a woman too honest to commit the weakness of self-deception—this man, whom she had known from boyhood—had always attracted her by his sheer strength and his exuberant use of it. She had seen him tear a pack of bezique-cards between his hairy fingers, and she had seen him once, when an angry bull pursued her through a field, leap to her rescue, seize the on-coming animal by his lowered horns, stop him short in his charge and hold him there, butting, bellowing but impotent, until she had climbed the distant fence to safety.

The man's strength was often shamefully misdirected, but that was because his strength intoxicated and conquered him. He squandered it, like a lad with youth and millions of dollars. He was still young—he was not thirty—and as most young spendthrifts come to their senses before they have seriously impaired their fortunes, so, she tried to hope, this man would become a genuine man before his strength had carried him to its end and his own.

The doubts that she had shown in her talk with Sanborn, the misgivings that she had of late begun to feel when she examined her own heart—all these misgivings were dissipated by the mere presence of the force that, when absent, inspired them. Precisely because she had not been bred in a precise delicacy, the mere propinquity of muscular power had for her the irresistible magnetism of some deadly perfume. It was the cry for contrast that is certain to be heard in every breast too specially trained—the cry that, once heard, must be answered and will not be denied.

And yet, in spite of this—perhaps rather because of an epicurean delight in augmenting the hunger by delaying the feast—she played with him. She liked—gentlewoman though she was—to know that the might she at once desired and feared she could, at least for a while, tremendously torment.

"Afraid o' nobody?" she asked. "I reckon you are afraid o' me, Cal."

He looked at her—looked at her with a deep gasp of realization—and his black eyes glowed to a hotter flame.

"No," he grumbled.

"Never?"

He shook his head as a great child shakes its head against an accusation the truth of which it will acknowledge to none save itself.

"Not a lil' bit, Cal?" she taunted.

Suddenly he put out his big, hairy hand and seized her own.

"Not much," he said "because I know I could right soon make yo' afraid o' me."

His eyes, from the shadow of his wide-brimmed hat—from the shadow of their own bushy brows—were burning ominously. His grip upon her fingers—perhaps only from an unconsciously severe employment of his strength—shot a sudden pain far up her arm to her shoulder, to her suddenly whirling brain. His skin parched her. And yet she liked to see his eyes like that. She felt a wild exaltation in the realization that the pain was not all pain. His hot palm thrilled her, even while it parched.

She looked at him and then quickly away. Far ahead Teddy was pretending to have flushed a

non-existent animal.

"Let go," she said, faintly.

He did not at once release her, but the sound of her own voice broke the power of his spell. She smiled—this time from the physical hurt of his fingers and the un-analyzed shame that had begun to work in her blood—the same crooked smile that she had smiled once before that day.

"An' aren't you ever afraid o' yourself?" she asked.

He dropped her arm. There was something rough in the way he dropped it.

"Why do yo' ask that?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I want to know the answer, Cal."

He pushed his hands deep into the pockets of his corduroy jacket and trudged on beside her, with his awkward roll, looking doggedly ahead.

"Yes, I am," he said at length—but even then his voice was a monotone—"I am afraid o' myself—an' yo' know why."

She did know. At any other time she would have pretended ignorance, would have goaded him, with the spurs of light words, to his twentieth proposal and her twentieth refusal of him. But just now she was still, though she tried to hide it, breathing hard at her escape from she knew not what furnace of emotion. At its mouth she had tingled with the delight of peril braved before its scorching heat, but once away, it was she that was afraid. She was blinded by the glimpse of its molten metal, and she trembled at the thought of another descent. They were already among the streets of the old suburb that lay between "Palmetta," her father's home, and the city. She looked, in an unnaturally naive endeavor to find a change of subject, at the clustering white-pillared porticos, peeping over the garden walls, about them.

"These porches," she said, "look like tombs by twilight. They are tombs of a sort, aren't they?—The dead homes of a dead race."

Cal seemed to be trying to conform with her desires.

"A better race than ours," he said. "I wish it was alive today—an' we with it."

She laughed a little.

"The good old times!" she mocked. "Noah probably sighed out that same regret on Ararat. Come; here we are at your sister's."

They had approached a house that was so different from its neighbors as, in that part of the country, to seem even radical. All the houses surrounding it were of a pattern—their high roofs sagged as if under the weight of years; their frame walls bulging incongruously, here and there, across the building line, seemed to shed all applications of paint as they should have shed, but appeared to fail to shed, the frequent rains; and it was their sides that ran along the street, their faces fronting the gardens.

This one, however, was of a later type; it was even new. Standing well back from the suburban thoroughfare, which had once been the chief residence street of an independent town, it was reached through a broad lawn of which the grass and flowers showed the virtues of careful attention. The building itself had none of that discomfort of dignity, that starched, Sundaylike atmosphere of architectural propriety, which characterized its fellows. It was low, rambling, an easy matter of two and a half stories, with deep gables, weather-boarded and shingled. It had the liberalism of grace and the effrontery of paint that was not twenty years old.

"Anyhow," continued Florida, as she looked at it, almost seriously, "there is nothin' of the good old times about Jane Legare."

"I know it," Cal admitted—and he spoke as one speaks of the family skeleton. "Lil' Jane, she's not a bit like the rest of us, an' I jes' can't figure

out why."

Florida laughed.

"I can," she said. "Jane married one of her neighbors, like the rest of us; but he had some money, an' when he died, she used a little of it for travel."

"What's that? Travel?"—Cal's red mouth tightened under its silky covering. "Well, yo' pa's got money. I reckon when he dies yo'll be traipsin' off to Paris, too."

"I'm in no hurry to get it at that price."

"No, o' coorse not—but there's still some o' yo' neighbors with money; there's Mo'gan Wither-spoon."

She looked up at him. He was crunching the shells of the garden-walk angrily beneath his booted feet. His face was lowering.

"I reckon you know I wouldn't marry a man jes' for his money, Cal," she said; "an' I reckon you know I didn't mean Jane did such a thing."

The had come to the broad porch that rambled all the way around the house. The door boasted a transplanted knocker as old as the knockers that were native to all the other front doors in that district, but the knocker to the house of little Jane Legare was purely ornamental. Cal raised a big forefinger and stuffed it savagely against an electric button, which only long experience discovered to him, in the panel. That gesture was his sole reply to Florida's protest.

A maid answered his ring—a maid with a white cap that stood out from the gloom and from a black face that faded into it.

"Howdy, Miss Flor'da," she said. "Howdy, Mars' Cal. Was yous lookin' fo' Miss' Jane? She jes' gone up to yo' own house, Miss Flor'da. I reckon yous didn' come by the fields er yo'd sure met her."

"How long ago did she start, Sally?" asked Ridgeley.

(To be Continued.)

Model Bake Shop Hits Bakers

By Hyman Strunsky

THE fourteen thousand New York bakers are watching with unusual interest the erection of two buildings. The structures are gigantic affairs, seven stories high, concrete floors, made of enameled stone and brick, and decorated with enameled terra-cotta on the outside and enameled tiles on the inside. Both buildings—one in Brooklyn and the other in New York—are situated near open squares where there is good air and plenty of light and sunshine. The architecture and general appearance suggest some institutions, one can easily take them for libraries, museums or hospitals.

But they are not destined to hold books, neither to treasure works of art, nor to administer to the health and comfort of the sick and feeble. In spite of their resemblance to the Carnegie Fifth Avenue mansions they are not palatial residences. They are, in fact, nothing but bakeries. Large, comfortable, spacious, light, well equipped modern bake-shops, built by the Ward Bread Company.

The word "bakery" carries with itself an uncanny sound to the ear of the average New Yorker. During their recent strikes, the bakers have divulged some of the inner workings of the trade and have laid bare the conditions that prevail in the places where the most important food is made. Through bulletins published at that time he learned that "much of the bread sold in New York is made

in cellars"; that "these cellars often have no windows and the only air in the place comes through the street door"; that "the walls and ceilings may be covered with cobwebs and grime and the floors full of holes, from which rats scurry out when the exhausted workmen fling themselves for a half hour's sleep on the benches where your bread will presently be kneaded"; that "cockroaches and other vermin swarm over the walls and shelves"; that "cats fresh from adventures in the garbage cans, prowl about the bread trays in search of mice"; that "in some bake-shops whole families work and cook and eat their meals"; that "in others beds have been found"; that "in still another a man was sleeping wrapped in the sacks used for covering the dough"; that "it is not uncommon for men to work 16 to 20 hours at a stretch"; that "in some shops there is no toilet accommodations whatever"; that "in large factories as well as in small ones, the men work half-naked and dripping with sweat, in a temperature of 80 to 100 degrees."

Such is the picture of the bake-shop the average bread eater carries in his mind and all of a sudden, lo and behold! Magnificent buildings spring up to take the place of the filthy and horrible bakeries. Buildings that have light, air, space, cleanliness, modern improved machinery and sani-

tary conditions.

And yet the bakers watch these buildings with sullen faces and heavy hearts. Why? Because in these buildings one thousand boys will do the work of five thousand men.

There are 14,000 bakers in greater New York, which means that one out of every three is doomed to lose his position. Charles Iffland, organizer of The International Bakers' and Confectionary Workers' Union, when approached, had the following to say:

"We have had several conferences with Mr. Ward, but it is evident that he will not employ union labor. He does not want a union shop, and all indications point to the probability that he will employ young boys to do the work of the men. The machinery of the place makes this possible.

Mr. Iffland did not want to discuss the effect that the displacement of so many men will have on the union. Perhaps it was not advisable to touch upon it; also, it was not necessary. Have an army of 5,000 ready and anxious to take the places of the 9,000 at work and you will be able to dictate your own conditions and terms.

Five thousand bakers, the majority of them being married, with large families to support, means that the model bake-shop will hit 20,000 souls. Twenty thousand men, women and children will go hungry because bread will be baked under sanitary conditions, with greater ease and facility, at a smaller cost and with one-fifth the effort that is used today!

SIR PUTTERER By Charles Edward Russell

*Some say the problems of the state
Are solved with thought and skill;
Of books and study some may prate,
But not your Uncle Bill.
When of the tariff I would know
That vexes still the land,
Out to the golf course straight I go
My putterer in my hand.*

*Do things go wrong with work and trade?
Are courts and lands askew?
I'm on the job and not afraid
I know just what to do.
I raise my stick, I shut my eye,
I strike with all my might;
Far, far away the golf ball flies
And shows me what is right.*

*One hundred yards? Why that means Yes.
And No is ninety-eight.
How poor are those that fuss and guess
About affairs of State!
No guessing goes with me I say;
I'm sure of what is what.
Whenever doubtful of my way,
I hit the ball a swat.*

*If to my desk there comes a man
For a place he wants to fill,
My stock of clubs I closely scan
And choose the proper pill.
The lofter quickly does the rest
For if I fizzle at the tee
The truth is then and there confessed—
He's not the man for me.*

*I think the tariff should be high
And think it shou'd be low.
The trusts are splendid things, Say I,
And all to jail should go.
Why bother when the putter stick
Stands faithful at my side?
Is there discussion? Well, be quick
And let the drive decide.*

*Some say the people do not care
For a putterer like me.
Like me? I scorn the phrase, for where
Could such another be?
To putter is a rare, choice art,
Though seldom understood;
Therein I nobly bear my part
To do the people good.*

ELIZA AND "IM"

By Gertrude Barnum



ELIZA, aged nine, leaned against a low wall, which skirted the river at the edge of a New England mill town. Her threadbare elbows rested on the stone flags, supporting a dirty chin in the palms of dirty hands. Her flat, putty-colored face was pugnacious. Her small greenish eyes peered through the dusk into the many fiery eyes of a huge cotton mill. As she stood glowering there, she made out a full case against the mill: the mill which whistled her mother away in the dark morning, to keep her till dark night; the mill whither she carried the hated dinner-pail, to eat with all the "hands," on the floor of the hot, foul-smelling weave-room; the mill where she must sweep and clean on Saturdays, in mortal terror of the shrieking, clanking, roaring machines which gnashed at her with giant teeth. Eliza's whole ardent nature was rising in rebellion, when her brooding was interrupted by the hoarse hoot of an automobile, followed by the screams of a child.

With an answering scream, she dashed to the rescue of a four-year-old boy, who was frantically trying to clamber onto the high street curb, out of the track of the snorting terror; and rolling back helplessly, again and again. As she reached him, the lumbering wheels stopped just short of the cowering heap of old clothes and baby body, and the chauffeur jumped to pick it up. At sight of his goggled eyes, the wriggling bundle emitted fresh howls, whereupon a middle-aged lady stepped from the car and appealed to the gathering crowd.

"Whose child is he?" she asked.

Eliza leaped with fury upon the goggle-eyed chauffeur and snatched his struggling victim passionately to her breast.

"Ees mine! 'ees mine!! Mine, I tell you!! I mind 'im. That's wot. Wy dontcher look w'ere yer agoin' ta? Ye liked ta kilt 'im."

The lady laid a soothing hand on the shoulder of the little caretaker. "Where's your mother," she asked.

"Over there," Eliza stiffened a thin arm and finger in the direction of the mill.

"Where do you live?"

"Over there," Eliza pointed across the street to a shadowy tenement.

"Shall I carry him home, Miss Winship?" the chauffeur volunteered.

But Eliza shook him off furiously. Taking a fresh hold on "Im" she staggeringly led the way, with Miss Winship following close behind. They crossed to the ramshackle tenement, picked their steps through a court, littered with refuse and children, and groped up two flights of creaking steps to a pitch-dark room. Here Eliza deposited her burden on the floor, and fumbling for a match, lighted a smoky lamp. Then, shutting the door on the hordes of small boys and girls who filled the hall and stairway, she assumed the role of hostess.

Clearing a chair of rubbish, she offered it to her guest with a running accompaniment of apologies. "It's a bit 'ard to keep toidy, with 'im allus draggin' on." She wiped the baby's tear-stained face with a dish-towel and handed him a bag of buttons. "Of a Sunday, now, w'en ma's 'ome, I 'ave a good go at it." With lightning swift motions she flicked roaches and crumbs off the kitchen table, swept miscellaneous garments, greasy pots and pans, and broken toys into a closet, and arranged the furniture stiffly against the walls. Meanwhile the visitor was studying the chill, grimy room, and its occupants, Eliza and "Im."

The baby looked a superannuated monkey as he lay on his stomach, stretching wrinkled claws for a crust under the sink. His legs bowed in an almost complete circle. His narrow shoulders hunched up sharply behind a flat-backed head. Eliza, at first, appeared to be mostly tangled hair, tatters and bones; but as her monologue developed, the rapidly changing expression of the searching eyes and alert body held the visitor spellbound.

Suddenly the door was burst open by the spectre of a woman, shabby, livid, hollow-eyed.

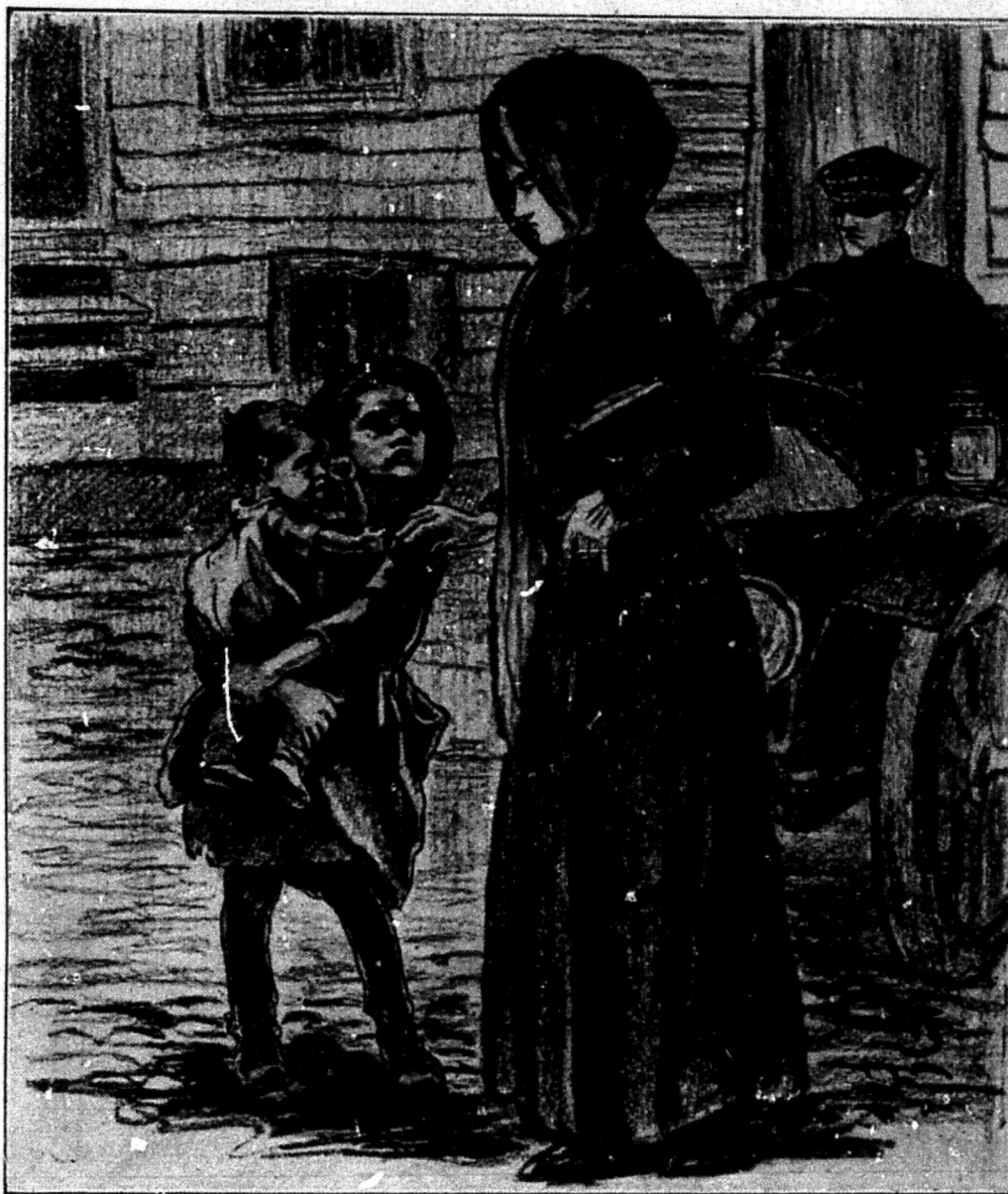
"Ere's Ma, now!" cried Eliza.

"Mum, mum, mum," gurgled the baby, scattering

the buttons in every direction, as he hunched himself gleefully across the floor.

The woman hurled her dinner-pail onto the table and swooped down upon her son. "Babby, my babby!" she shrieked, catching him to her breast, while a wave of relief swept over her sunken cheeks and strained features. "Babby, Babby boy." She rocked him back and forth, locked close in a hungry embrace. "I 'eered they'd kilt ye!" She felt him carefully over for breaks or bruises. "Yes, yes, Ma knows. They tried to run ye down wi' their 'orrid choo-choo, so they did. But they shawn't never 'urt my Babby, no they shawn't. 'Ee's 'is mother's Babby an' they shawn't 'urt 'im. No, no, no, no."

Mother and child forgot the threatening world



"Where's your mother," she asked

in the comfort of loving embraces until Miss Winship arose from her seat. And then, for the first time, the spectre raised her woeful face.

"Ye might stay up on yer bullevards wi' yer automobiles; and not 'ave us scairt the livelong day, fer fear't ye'll run down the babbies of us that's got ta work fer ye in yer mills."

"She didn't go fer ta 'urt 'im, Ma," said Eliza, stroking the fur coat of the fine lady who was evidently sorry for her misdeed. "She likely won't do it again."

Miss Winship essayed to speak, but was prevented by a prolonged coughing fit, with which the ashen-faced mother was seized. In a paroxysm of pain, she yielded the filthy baby to the stranger, and clutching at her heart, sank into the nearest chair.

Eliza, with perfect composure, lighted the oil stove and put a kettle of water on to boil. "Get 'er onto the bed," she commanded, meanwhile. "Wot she needs is 'er tea. She's allus like that till she gets 'er tea."

The woman gasped? "Were wuz ye w'en babby—" Another coughing fit interrupted. "Didn't I allus tell ye 'e'd be kilt wi' automobiles? Were wuz ye?"

"I wur wytin' and watchin' fer the mill lights ta go down, ta come 'ome an' steep the tea."

Miss Winship resolutely interrupted the brewing quarrel. "I must go," she said gently. "How can I tel' you how sorry I am for all the fright. Try to forgive me, please. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart, and yet I'm glad I came. I'm coming again, and next time I'll try to make you glad, too, instead of sorry." She patted Eliza's yellow head and was gone.

Long afterward, after the supper dishes were washed and put away, and Babby had reluctantly yielded to sleep beside his mother on the bed, Eliza

sat turning over in her mind the lady's parting speech. "Glad instead of sorry." That sounded like a promise; and imagination gradually heaped a huge automobile with the entire contents of the show window of Epstein's department store.

Presently, the child came out of her dream for companionship. "Ma," she begged, "Pl'y 'ow I wuz ridin' in an automobile, an' I run right over ye, an' kilt ye dead!"

The mother lay quite still and said never a word.

This was the way Eliza's games usually went. Babby was always perverse and would play nothing but "pig-a back" and Ma was always still like this, evenings, taking silent parts in her daughter's little dramas. So, with a sigh, Eliza went on with the game, alone, tooting an imaginary horn, furiously, and lumbering an improvised chair-and-coal-scuttle-automobile bang! into the bed. The coal scuttle rolled off with a great resounding noise; but still the ghastly playmate did not speak, and her eyes remained set, in the strangest way.

"Ma," implored the little wench, "W'y dontcher never pl'y with me?"

Still silence and the stare.

"Ma! Ma!"

"Mum, mum, mum!" The baby woke to add his wail. But not even mother-love can bridge the great chasm of death. Eliza's drama had ended in grim reality. The child's game had its finish with inexorable Fate as playfellow.

* * *

They accepted the children at the "Home," at Miss Winship's request, but Eliza was not happy in the Orphan's Ward. Babby was in the hospital, having his bow legs straightened, and her heart yearned for him. The charity old women were always prowling around the halls and it frightened her to meet them in the dark. One of them shook her head all the time, until it looked as though it would shake off. One carried a big stick, which was suspicious. Another was bent almost double, and stared just as Elizabeth's mother had stared that night. The blind one clutched at you and fumbled you all over the face and head. Ugh!

However, Saturdays were better, for Miss Winship always sent something nice or came to visit, and take orphans out in her automobile. Once she took Eliza to her home.

It was a great house on the hill, with huge doors and high lights and marble images, as you went in—like a church. But inside it was different. There was a bonfire burning in the side of the wall and a bear skin stretched out on the floor in front. A little girl could sit on the soft fur and popcorn at the fire with a long popper, like a pop-corn man. Miss Winship had no mother and no children. One day she confessed that she was often very lonely, just like little orphan girls. That put a great idea into Eliza's head.

Eliza had the regular task of sweeping the brick walk, between the Home and the back gate; and she knew that when the postman rang the bell, they always unlocked the gate and left it unlocked while he took the mail to all the houses, the Hospital, the almshouse and the Consumption shacks. And it was this knowledge which led to a great surprise for Babby, the mornin': after his transfer to his sister's ward. Without a word of warning, she plumped upon him, bundled him into his wraps, hustled him down the back stairs, jerked him along the brick walk, and landed him in a heap, just outside the big gate. Here she paused for a moment, glancing stealthily, this way and that, while adjusting his clothes and tying the strings of her Sunday bonnet. Then, summoning all her strength, she seized him again, casts and all, and went puffing down the street to the corner, where she waved frantically to an approaching street car.

The motorman paid not the slightest attention to her beckoning, but whizzed past, down the shining tracks and around the corner. Eliza's heart sank. This was a contingency upon which she had not calculated; and to make matters worse, she discovered the postman approaching, with rapid strides. For a moment she was in despair, but in a flash she decided upon a bold move.

"Elp me get 'im aboard," she commanded the postman, motioning up the track to a second car,

(Continued on Page Ten.)

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," "The Cop on the Corner," etc.

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

IV.

One of the ideas that Uncle Billy Hardhead hangs onto like a snapping-turtle and won't be pried loose from for any sake is that anybody can get a job nowadays that wants one.

"But they don't want to," scolds Uncle Billy. "That's what's the matter with them fellers. They don't want work. They're just on'ry and do-less. Too rotten lazy to live if it means work."

"But may be there isn't work for them," you say, just to draw him on. "There are so many people looking for jobs nowadays that there aren't enough of 'em to go 'round."

"Aw now," says Uncle Billy, "don't try to come that on me, young feller. If they's so many more people'n what they used to be, they's jist that many more to do for, ain't they? Jist that many more mouths to poke victuals into three times a day; jist that many more wear-in' out clothes, and shoes; jist that many more that needs houses and street-cars, and all like that. They's always plenty of work to do if they'd only do it. But they're too plegged lazy. That's what ails them fellers."

Give in to him meekly and uncomplainingly, and let's see what he'll say.

"Course, I know, sometimes it's hard times, and the factories shut down all over the country, and everybody gets laid off, and they ain't no use lookin' for a job, becuz they hain't no job. And that's pretty tough on a feller I reckon. Yes, sir, I should think that would go kind o' tough on a man that maybe had a sick wife needin' the best of care and him not able to provide it, or maybe little children that don't git enough to eat. I wouln't like that very well. And the grocery-man says he'll have to have something on his bill or he can't serve 'em no more, and the butcher and the milkman shuts down on them, and the landlord puts 'em out in the street—but that's exceptional. As a general rule, a good man can always get work if he tries right hard, and ain't too high-and-mighty about how much wages he gets."

"Wages not so much an object as steady employment," you quote.

"That's it," says Uncle Billy, "that's it exactly. 'Steady employment.' That's what the right kind of people want."

Now, just here lurks part of The Big Change. You may not have noticed it as The Big Change. But the kingdom of heaven, we are told, cometh not with observation. That is, it doesn't come so you can notice it. But I think, when I call your attention to it, that you can notice that The Big Change has really come in this particular, and that I am really recalling your attention to it.

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy, people weren't out of work—My land! they had too much of it! That was the complaint, not unemployment. The days weren't long enough, and they kind o' begrudged the Sundays, there was so much to do and so little time to do it in. I do not now refer to cooking the victuals, and washing the dishes, and washing and ironing, and mending and milking, and churning; not feeding and currying the horses and the stock, or repairing the harness and the tools and implements, or keeping up the wood-pile or even cultivating and reaping and harvesting, hog-killing and a few other little things like that. They all came in the day's work. There was that upper eighty that had to be logged off, and fenced and the stumps taken out, and broken up with the ox-team—Uncle Billy declares he has bumps on his shins yet where the root flew back and hit him a crack that made him holler like an Injun. There was this and there was that, ditching and draining and fifty-seven things that Uncle

Billy's daddy declared he didn't see for the life of him how he ever could manage to do and yet ought to be done. No unemployment then. Not much, Mary Ann.

In those days, before the Big Change had come, the ideal was to get the job done, and then rest and take it easy. DONE! By golly! And be all through with it. And just as the family worked hard so that, come winter-time, they could sit



It Takes More Than His Own Charity for the Multi-Millionaire to Square Himself

around the fire and eat apples and crack hickory nuts, and do a few little chores, and go to school and singing-school and "p'tracted meetin'" and generally have a good time, physically, and mentally, and spiritually, so a man expected to work hard while he was young so that when the boys grew up he could kind o' lay back, and take it easy. Oh, maybe if he felt like it, he could take a hand but he wouldn't have to do one tap.

The ideal of the age which is now in its last dying kicks was like it. A man was "successful" who let other folks do the hard work while all he had to do was to spend his money like a gentleman. Down South, when Uncle Billy was a boy, they had that down to perfection. They had niggers in the field, and an overseer to look after them and take all the responsibility; in the house they had niggers to wait on them hand and foot. But that got put a stop to. Then, later in the North, the big-bugs had white folks to accomplish the same desired end for them. They had money which they loaned out or put into houses or stocks or bonds. As it was a good deal of bother to investigate the financial ability of borrowers, and to rent the houses, and to attend to the details of an industry, they got them overseers, such as banks and trust companies, and agents to collect the rents, and superintendents to look after the works, so that a man needn't know the first thing about anything except how to spend his money like a gentleman.

Before the Big Change set in, it was taught and believed that labor was "the primal curse" pronounced upon the human race because our earliest progenitors had meddled with an apple-tree that they had been distinctly told to let alone. It was a curse to crawl out from under, if you were smart enough. "Get money," said the wise old Quaker to his son, "honestly, if thee can." And those who got money—honestly, if they could—were successful men, smart men, leading citizens, to be looked up to, respected, honored and imitated.

Hasn't the Big Change come? Hasn't it come suddenly? Why, it isn't but a little while since the magazines were telling all about them, what fine fellows they were, and go thou and do likewise. And now! why, they're all a scaly lot. Name one multi-millionaire that is respected. One. I dare you.

If Uncle Billy Hardhead's daddy had said to Uncle Billy and his brothers about the time when snow began to fly: "Boys, I'm sorry, but there won't be anything much to do now before spring opens up," I suppose you think they would all have been the picture of despair, faces on 'em as long as your arm. I reckon not. They'd have been pretty cheerful.

But suppose the boss of the factory says to the hands: "Boys, the shop will have to shut down from November till March," how about that? Jump for joy, eh? I reckon not.

Now there's the difference. And it's a mighty big difference. The great majority of us are folks that get paid by the week or by the month. We've got it all figured out before the pay-envelope gets to us, so much for the grocer, so much for the butcher, so much for a pair of shoes for Eddie, because he just walks through 'em, so much against the first of the month when the agent comes 'round for the rent, so much put by for a new suit of clothes, because your wife doesn't want you to go looking shabby—it's all laid out. If we keep well, and nothing happens, we'll be all right. Provided—Oh, of course, provided the pay-envelope keeps coming in regularly. If that should stop—good Lord! What's going to become of us?

We have all been educated up to look upon work as, not "the primal curse," but the primal blessing. We want it. We want it to be steady. A short vacation once in a while, but if it lasts too long, why, "we don't know what to do with ourselves."

Suppose we had our choice of two things: (1) To have a fortune, made as fortunes are made, as we all know they are made, by skulduggery, and meanness and even murder, a fortune as transitory as they try to make us think fortunes are; and (2) a steady job doing work we like to do, work that really accomplishes something, the hours to be so that we sha'n't get too tired, and the pay so that we can be sure of reasonable comfort for ourselves and our families, and how many would choose the fortune? Would you?

Anarchists

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

An anarchist is a man who is suspected of wanting to commit murder for reasons that do not appeal to the imagination of the people.

So, therefore, a soldier is not an anarchist because he does it for patriotism; nor a chauffeur, because he is in a hurry; nor an employer, because safety appliances cost too much money; nor a doctor, because he is experimenting; nor a common man, because he merely loses his temper.

Accordingly the anarchist is the worst of all.

Socialist Progress in France



THE FRENCH NATIONAL SOCIALIST CONGRESS AT ST. QUENTIN

1, Jaures, M. P. 2, P. Landrieu, *Humanite's* manager. 3, Jean Longuet. 4, Edgar Milhaud. 5, Vaillant, M. P. 6, Sembat, M. P. 7, Jules Guesde. 8, Camelinat, M. P. 9, Ringuier, M. P. 10, Bedouce, M. P. 11, Rouger, M. P. 12, Lamendin, M. P. 13, Groussier, M. P. 14, Compere Morel, M. P.

ORGANIC unity among the Socialists of France was finally realized in 1905, on the day of the National Congress at Amsterdam, after a quarter of a century of internal schism. From that day, the Socialists began a hard fight to reach the position held by their German comrades, i. e., advanced political organization, a daily and periodical press, and regular resources. They set themselves resolutely to the task however, and now at the close of six years of existence, the annual national congress, which has just been held at St. Quentin, permits an appreciation of the splendid results.

When unity was finally realized in 1905 by the fusion of the two great fractions which comprised from 1899 to 1905, the five former organizations, scarcely 20,000 organized Socialists could be counted in France, and the annual budget hardly passed 15,000 francs. This year the reports presented to the Congress at St. Quentin shows that the party actually has 70,000 members and disposes of an annual budget of 170,000 francs. For France, land of individualism, and scantily inclined to organization, these figures are remarkable.

The Congress of St. Quentin convened in the Fervacques Palace, a very beautiful building, which the Socialist municipality of St. Quentin, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, had placed at its disposition. The building was profusely decorated with bunting and red flags. On all the streets and thoroughfares leading from the railway station to the Fervacques Palace, the Socialist mayor of St. Quentin had caused immense red banners to be placed bearing Socialist devices: "The emancipation of the workers shall be accomplished by the workers;" "Proletarians of the world, unite!" "Welcome to the delegates of Socialist France!"

The two principal questions occupying the deliberations of the Congress were, the municipal question—the municipal elections in all of France will take place in May, 1912—and the question of *Humanite*, the central daily organ of the party. The order of the day also included the agrarian question, laid over by the Congress at Nimes in 1910, which was unable to find a satisfactory solution, and the Keir Hardie-Vaillant motion against war, which had been referred to the different national parties by the congress at Copenhagen.

Proceedings, however, turned out so that the congress could not even take up the first two questions before the third day. The first two days were taken up entirely by a very animated discussion, arising over the report of the Parliamentary group on the general political situation and also the actions of certain elected candidates. Two great problems arose out of this discussion. On the one hand the "Jaureso-Vaillantist" majority of the party reproached certain comrades of the Guesdist minority for compromising with the clericals. The reproach was directed chiefly against Deputy Myrens of Boulogne, who, under the pretext that the International has always proclaimed that "religion is a private affair," did not hesitate to use arguments at times that were rather surprising coming from a

By Jean Longuet

European Correspondent COMING NATION.

conscientious Socialist. Thus Myrens was accused of having given an anti-semitic bias to his words, under the pretext of denouncing the "Jewish capitalism" of Rothschild.

On the other hand, the Guesdist adherents reproached Jaures with having shown a blamable tendency to return to his former opportunist and "ministerialist" method, at the time of Monis' elevation to the ministry.

It is well known how after having endured the whip lash of the ministries of the "advanced democrat" Clemenceau for five years, and of the Socialist renegade Briand, the French proletarians have finally gained a little respite after the fall of the latter. The new Monis ministry, formed less than three months ago, is certainly not a Socialist ministry, as no bourgeois government can be. But it comprises some sincere democrats. Furiously attacked by the reactionaries and the great capitalist powers, it could not live unless with the aid of the Socialists.

It has formally promised that it will do everything in its power to reinstate the three thousand railroad employes that are existing with their families in the deepest misery for having simply committed the crime of defending their rights. The minister of public works has already addressed a vigorous ultimatum to the great railway companies and a few days ago one of the victims of Clemenceau, the teacher Negre, dismissed four years ago for his union and Socialist activity, was reinstated in a school at Paris by the Minister of Public Instruction Steeg.

These are facts which must be taken into account by Socialists whether they be "intransigents" or "moderates," in a country where the party has become a great political force and where everything can depend on the vote of the seventy-six Socialist representatives in Parliament. After the declaration by Monis that he would reinstate the railroad employes, all the Socialists without a single exception from Jaures to Guesde, not excepting Vaillant voted in favor of the resolution favorable to the ministry.

The friends of Guesde declared, however, that a vote ought to be given to the government only to express approval of this or that act and that it ought not be sustained in a systematic fashion.

Jaures, in a very clever speech, which was much applauded, proclaimed that he had never thought of practicing a blind ministerial policy. He gave as proof a certain number of instances when he, together with all the Socialist deputies, had abstained from voting and also some instances, notably in reference to the aggressive and militarist policy in Morocco, when he had voted against the government.

On his side Vaillant spoke some very vigorous words proclaiming loudly that there could be

no question of the party's return to a ministerialist policy like that which had been practiced before the unity by a fraction of the party, and which the congress at Amsterdam had definitely repudiated. The debate on parliamentary tactics was finally closed by a unanimous vote for a resolution, drawn up by Vaillant for the majority in collaboration with Compere-Morel for the Guesdist minority. The resolution follows:

After reading and discussion of the report on the parliamentary tactics of the Socialist group, The Congress approves its attitude as a whole and trusts in it to continue the struggle against capitalist oppression of the proletariat and to struggle for its enfranchisement and the enfranchisement of the human race;

And remembers that even when they utilize the secondary conflicts for the interests of the workers and combine their action with that of a political party for the defense of the rights and interests of the proletariat, the Socialists elect are the representatives of a party in fundamental opposition to and irreducible to the ensemble of the bourgeois class and to the state which is its instrument.

On the other hand to close the debate raised by Myrens' actions in compromising with the clericals the following resolution was voted:

The Congress, overwhelmed by numerous motions on the questions of laical policy, on the struggle against antisemitism, and on free masonry,

Decides that these questions shall be placed first on the list for consideration by the next congress, resting assured that no doubt will be raised in any mind as to the laical attitude of the Socialist party and as to its repudiation of all race struggle.

The debate on the municipal question could not be opened before the third day. There we found again two strong tendencies. The majority gave high value to the immediate results that the Socialists can accomplish in the municipalities. Its attitude was expressed at length by a savant who is at the same time a devoted member of the party.

Edgar Milhaud, who occupies the chair of political economy at the University of Geneva and has made it an absorbing laboratory for many years, and at the same time has remained as strong a militant of the French Socialist party in Switzerland, as he has been since early youth, developed the doctrine of "municipalism," an effective weapon in the struggle against the trusts and cartels which tend everywhere to exert the most ferocious exploitation on the consumer, in gas, electric and the transportation companies. He showed what had been done in Germany, England, Switzerland and Hungary.

It must be admitted that from the point of view of municipalism, France is very far behind; the stupid distrust of the petty bourgeois causing him to look upon the reforms brought about in other purely bourgeois municipalities in Europe, as dangerous, revolutionary innovations.

Milhaud showed that in advocating municipalism he was inspired by the Mexican method. But when

Marx was writing, he only took into consideration a system of capitalism based on free competition. Since then the monopolies and trusts have invaded everything and the Marxian method must be adapted to this new state of affairs, to protect the consumers as well as the producers. Deputy Adrien Veber spoke in much the same strain in the course of a very documentary report.

On the Guesdist side, certain of the comrades expressed the fear that the theories of which Milhaud had made himself the expounder would lead to a sort of heresy, a "municipal Socialism," in the manner of the English—a deviation from or a counterfeit of real Socialism. It was declared that "municipalization," although not opposed, was not Socialism.

Vaillant at the close of the debate demanded that less be sacrificed to the French mania for abstract formulas. "Let us busy ourselves more with facts, and, without trying to either exaggerate or diminish the Socialist value of municipal action, let us realize our municipal program."

The last great debate was on the subject of *l'Humanite*, which is now the official central organ of the party. The newspaper with a regular circulation of 100,000, is a great force in the struggle and for that reason the question of its management was a mooted one. The Guesdist side proposed to substitute in place of Jaures as director, a managing committee, composed of Jaures, Guesde and Vaillant. Friends of Jaures, on the other hand for reasons of principle and also for technical reasons, demanded that the *status quo* be maintained, and thus it was decided. It was also agreed that the council of administration of the paper, which comprises a dozen influential militants of the party, should take the title of council of administration and management, and that Jaures should direct with its collaboration.

Thus the congress of St. Quentin, less rich and less extensive than the congress at Nimes in 1910 or in Toulouse in 1908, was, nevertheless, an historic congress, one of the most living, most vital that French Socialism has gathered since its unity. Translation by Valdemar Paulsen.

The Young Socialist Guards

(Continued from Page Four.)

teeth showing below his dainty black moustache.

Among the literature distributed by the Young Guard is *La Jeunesse Socialiste* (*The Young Socialist*), a monthly that sells for twelve cents the year. It appeared first in January, 1903, and has printed articles from the pens of Karl Kautsky, perhaps the most brilliant Socialist writer in Germany today, Marcel Hebert, Louis Bertrand, Desiree de Paeppe, Jean Jaures and other powerful figures in the great European movement. Optimism and absolute certainty of the future are spread all over its pages, from one red cover to the other.

There is *La Caserne* (*The Barracks*), printed in French and Flemish, the usual languages of Belgium. The editor of *La Caserne* was tried and acquitted as far back as 1894, but two years later the government tried and convicted Citizen Luken and Prof. de Brouckere for statements in *Le Conscrit* (*The Conscript*). In 1904 the editor of *Le Conscrit* was again tried for certain illustrated articles against the army, but acquittal followed.

For reasons of policy, to avoid harsh laws, they change the names of their sheets fairly rapidly across the water—not alone in Russia, but in little Belgium. One paper has been called successively: *L'Avant Garde* (*The Vanguard*), *Anti-Militariste*, *La Jeunesse Socialiste*, and finally *La Jeunesse C'Est L'Avenir* (*The Future Belongs to the Young*).

There is *La Bonne Graine* (*The Good Seed*), which costs as much as one-fifth of a cent the copy. A fairly frank periodical is *The Good Seed*, termed by its sub-title "A little illustrated educational paper for all those who are not rich."

All is written in the simplest of language, intended for the untutored minds of laboring Belgium, where the adults are but poorly educated and of which de Brouckere has said: "Belgium has had to submit to the despotism of every power from Philip II down to Napoleon, a cruel and long tyranny which ended by forcing us into servitude. During the time of our misery we learned habits of submission, from which these twenty-five years of Socialist organization have not been able entirely to free us."

Ere long, throughout the United States will be distributed similar literature. The national organization of this country has said it, being induced thereto by the glowing results in Milwaukee, both city and county, where for twelve years, under the main guidance of Victor Berger, the voters have been slowly educated in Socialist philosophy, until in that city the Socialist party is stronger than the Democratic and Republican parties put together.

It would never do to close without a word of

that pert little paper, the pet of the Young Guard in Brussels, *Le Soldat* (*The Soldier*). Up in the left-hand corner, right alongside the title where American dailies sometimes say nice things about their own circulation, one will see a large cut of a stolid soldier, the right-hand clasp the bayonet-tipped gun. A wooden figure it is, and oddly enough lacks a head—the figure ends at the collar. You look for the meaning of it, and after a while you translate the words (printed always in both French and Flemish) into the following: Soldiers without heads or brains are the joy of the capitalists!

La Caserne is printed on paper that is almost tissue-thin. The September, 1910, number lay before me, and I remarked on that particular feature. One of the little crowd smiled and, reaching for it, he folded it this way and that way, and then rolled it under his fingers as you might roll a cigarette, until it was hardly fatter or longer than a blue-lead pencil. That done, Humbert Ferrary, scene-painter and idealist, friend of Monsieur Poli, said: "Voilà! It is *petit*—small, pardon—small enough now to put in the—how you say it in your language?—yes, in the barrel of the gun." And Humbert smiled again with his dainty white teeth and dainty black moustache, to think how a soldier, inclined to study Socialism, might do so in peace, knowing that the little sheet could be tucked away in a place where any anti-Socialist officer would never think to look for it. Very practical folk, these Young Guards.

Take that same number—September, 1910—of *La Caserne*, and see what mental food finds its way into the heart of the Belgian army. Printed in battered, but bold type across the face of the paper, the single column reaching from the left edge to the right, from the title to the foot of the page, is a drive at the army that is almost brutal in its directness. Here is part of it; lacking, of course, the suggestion and force of the heavy black type:

They tell us that an army is necessary to safeguard our country. But first, what is one's country? That ought to be a place, not alone wherein one is born, but wherein one is happy, also. There one should be able to live decently. But thou knowest [the friendly second person singular of camaraderie persists throughout] thou knowest that our fatherland is not a place where we can live in happiness. Everywhere the proletariat is exploited, everywhere he is under the yoke of capitalism, and nowhere can he find real liberty. *Such a fatherland is a lie!*

Educate thyself. Profit by the numerous hours that are left thee in thy hateful barracks existence to study economics. Never forget that thou comest from the exploited working class. Thou canst never deny that. Remember that when thy enlistment is ended thou wilt return to the shop, the farm, there to continue to be exploited by the capitalists for whom alone armies are necessities. *Read much and ponder.*

Do the Young Guards have any trouble in distributing their literature? which, by the way, they attend to in the evening, when the day's work is done, or on Sundays or holidays. Trouble? Hear the story of Alfred Samijn, a bookkeeper for twenty-five francs the week and in spare moments perfecting his English, delving into Marxian philosophy and doing propaganda work. A sad story, but young Samijn only laughed in telling it. It happened on Sunday, a great day in Europe and the United States for passing the word. This Sunday morning Samijn arose early, boarded a train and jumped off at a little place eight or nine miles outside Brussels. He saw a crowd coming out of a church, and without asking, or caring, what was its denomination, he took up his stand in the path of the passing throng and handed out his literature. Everybody took a copy, and some were even reading it as they walked along, when a priest, he who had just celebrated mass in the church, bustled up. A parishioner had handed the priest his copy.

Samijn paused about there, and I asked the proper question: "And you, what did you do?"

"I?"—Samijn sipped the last of his cup of chocolate. "Why I handed the priest a copy, too. He tear it up—so—asked for *une allumette*, a match, and burn it up—so—and call on the others to do the same. And some who had matches did. Then the priest said I was a thief, that all Socialists were thieves, that if we ever got—what is it?—control of the government, yes, his poor people would be deprived of any little farm they might own. And the people listened to that and suddenly yelled, a great many, and ran at me."

And what did the heroic Samijn do? Stood right up and fought them off, you'll say. But no—these Socialists refuse to accept the ancient standards. Samijn might have said he fought them off—there was nobody here to contradict him. But he didn't say it.

"Then I ran as rapidly as I could," said Samijn, "until I came to a policeman. He listened to me and when they say I tell the truth, he take one of the brochures and read it, and then he say I was under his protection, that I had right under the law to give out such brochures."

The waiters by then were going from one table to another in quest of empty glasses and cups and steins. The guests, heeding the hint that it was time to close up, were leaving. We followed, the

dapper Humbert Ferrary leading the way to that section of this "Little Paris" to which he had been promising to take me. Just around the corner it was from the *Maison du Peuple*, almost in the shadow of the most colossal Palace of Justice in the world. There Humbert and the rest of these Young Guards gave me the figures, figures that are making for Socialism, not alone in Brussels and Europe, but in the United States. But why trust to Humbert Ferrary's memory, when the exact figures are at hand, taken from the official municipal report of the investigation that revealed the terrible conditions:

(10th) Finally, in 234 households, 904 (25 per cent) boys and girls, growing and mature men and women, are lodged in the same room and nearly always in the same bed, causing—

The exact language is before me, as I say; but while I may save the courage to quote it further, I am satisfied that the editor would deem the rest of it unfit for publication in his paper. But as a result of these conditions, brother and sister, father and daughter, and even mother and son— But even the hint of it is too brutal.

Conditions like those in cities everywhere are making for Socialism and *La Jeune Garde Socialiste* over in Europe. You would not doubt it if you could have stood there in that beautiful moonlight of Brussels, something after midnight, in *la rue de la Plume* or *la rue Hautesay*, and heard the slight quaver in the voices of these members of *La Jeune Garde Socialiste*, as they discussed the subject. The victims of it all were their own proletarian brothers and sisters, and it required little of one's imagination to sense the volcano beneath their quiet words.

Eliza and "Im"

(Continued from Page Seven.)

now approaching.

"Where on earth are you going?" asked the postman.

"I go to sewing school, Saturdays," replied Eliza, stretching the truth back to fit her pre-orphan days.

Without consciously making up his mind, the man found himself submitting to a will stronger than his own, and lifting Babby into the arms of the conductor.

Now, another danger threatened, for the children's radiant faces attracted the attention of the only other occupant of the car, an old gentleman, who began to ask questions.

"What's the matter with the baby?"

"He wuz crooked, but he's been mended," explained the little girl.

"Say, she's pretty smart," said the old gentleman to the conductor. "But doesn't it seem odd, their traveling alone like this?"

"Mill children have got to be smart," answered the conductor. "Most likely, she's about raised that kid."

"Ee's mine," cried Eliza with a thrill of joy. "I've allus minded 'im and allus will. We want off at 'Ighland Avenue."

They helped her alight, with pitying gentleness, and she gave a sigh of relief as the car moved on. But her fellow-fugitive did not share her feeling. He obstinately stiffened himself and refused to budge from the tracks. In a paroxysm of rage, he clutched the air and clamored for the retreating "Choo-choo," making a windmill of his arms and legs.

Little by little, as his agony of disappointment yielded to more hopeless grief, Eliza "pig-a-backed" him toward the mecca of her dreams, and set him down in front of 26 Highland Avenue, where an automobile stood in front of the house, and Miss Winship was descending the steps.

The amazed chauffeur recognized Eliza at once, but Babby, he would never have known. As his sister hitched and bumped him along he resembled a mechanical toy, clattering and rattling in the last feeble motions of running down.

"Tyke 'im," gasped Eliza, collapsing at Miss Winship's feet on the lowest step.

"Why, however in the world—"

"Ye said yer lonesome," wheezed the spent little runaway. "We don't like up at the 'Ome. We'll st'y 'ere with you, alwuz."

The chauffeur picked up Babby, while Miss Winship united his "caretaker's" bonnet, and wiped her moist forehead.

"I guess they belong to us, Thomas," she said, as a tear gathered and fell on the yellow head at her knee. They haven't anyone else."

"That's right, Miss; and we run 'em down," replied the man, tenderly.

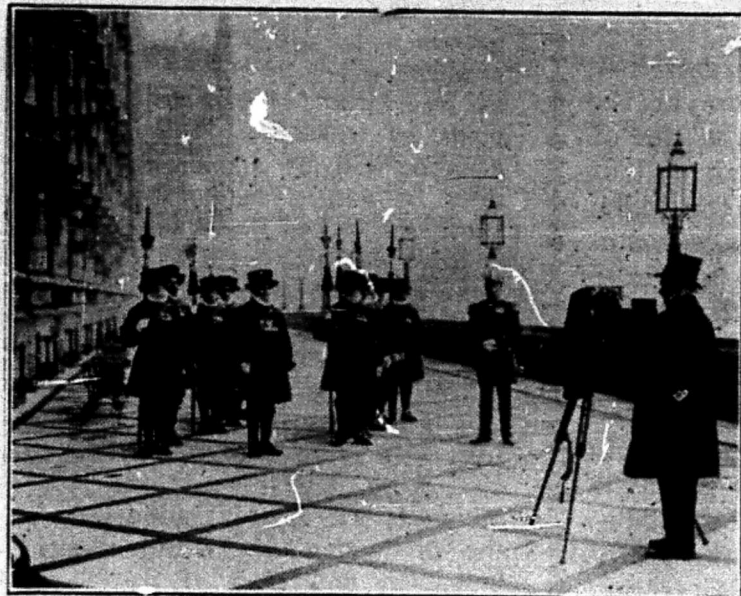
* * *

The many-eyed mills still stare with cold greed upon the children in the crowded streets of that New England village; but they search in vain for two, who had seemed their legitimate prey—Eliza and "Im."

The Pageantry of Death

By Desmond Shaw

British Correspondent COMING NATION.

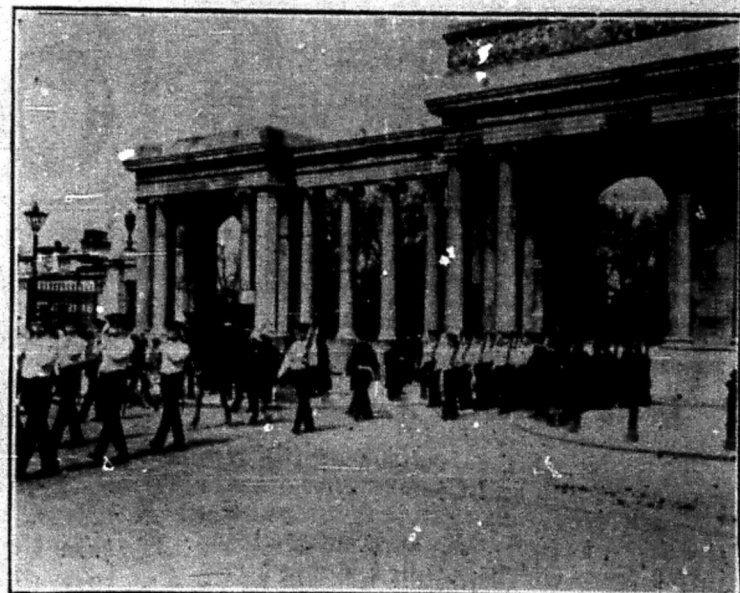


Yeomen of the Guard



Photos Copyright World's Graphic Press Ltd. London

Unveiling the Queen Victoria Memorial



Grenadiers, after dress rehearsal

THE people of London are mad—raving mad. That is certain. If you doubt it, I would ask you why, in the name of sweet reason they turn out at all hours of the day and night, their eyes staring crab-like from their heads, their mouths open and salivating, and their very ears twitching for the sight of a little man, whose diminutive legs and arms waggle like drumsticks inside his brocaded uniform, and for a glimpse of his partner.

For the Coronation of a Kinglet is in the air, and the Church and the State have vomited forth their legion of devils—official devils, clerical devils, with all the pageantry of their twin-crafts.

"The Pageantry of Death."

The people want bread—give them circuses, and let them die.

Bread and circuses! Babylon heard that cry—and fell. Rome heard that cry—and fell. Britain hears it—and is falling.

Each day sees ceremony piled upon ceremony—function upon function—lie upon lie. Each day sees the streets of London crowded with the gaping masses—and, if truth be told, with the gaping classes.

Yesterday it was the re-opening of the Crystal Palace, today it is the unveiling of a statue to a "dead" woman, tomorrow the Coronation itself.

Eighty thousand souls, a steaming, sweating, smelling mass of humanity, thronged to see a memento of Death unveiled—how many would come together to see the building-up of Life?

How many?

And all the pageantry of death had come to hear and to see.

A pageantry of brocade, gold lace and buttons of brass—of glittering helmets, shining boots, and crimson liveries—of plush and silk and ermine. Licensed slaughterers in their coats of red, dipped to their waists in blood, pompous nonentities, scented rouses, pimps, parsons and politicians. A mass of splendid corruption.

A Synthesis of Death.

It was as though hell had spewed her red vomit about and around the marble column, the reek of which ascended to high heaven.

There is the booming of cannon, the blaring of trumpets, the beat of drums. A flaunting of colors, a shimmering of silk, the clash of arms. Around and around the column tramp the Guardsmen, the Lancers, the Naval Brigade. For, ladies and gentlemen, when Death is at the feast, the fun must be kept going at all costs. The lie must be carried off with a brave grace. If they stopped to think.

If they stopped to think.

But to hell with thought. If they stopped to think they might hear the cry in the night. If they stopped to think they might sense the terror about them. If they stopped to think. . . .

So around and around the brave regiments tramp in a Carmagnole of death. Around and about the white altar where stands the mass of death and disease—paralysis in the ceremonies of civilization—ready for the sacrifice.

There is a jangle of accoutrements. A glancing of the mid-day sun upon helmets that shine like molten glass under their plumes. The hard beat of iron hoofs upon the roadway, and a squadron of the 1st Lifeguards swing into view.

A fine body of men—at first blush, flaunting their brilliance in the broad noon-day.

And you look closer. And you see the wadded chests, the stick-like arms, the flattened thighs. Weeds of royalty. On the outside fine and brave in their trappings—underneath hollow and broken. Sham buttresses of a sham splendor.

And under the jangle of the swords you hear the jangle of Death himself. Death on a horse.

For everywhere you can see his color. Everywhere the color of the butcher. Everywhere the scarlet.

You can see it in the scarlet of the lifeguards, in the scarlet of the flunkies, in the scarlet that covers the shoulders of royalty. Everywhere the bloody scarlet.

Blood on the brave trappings—blood splashed on the face of the king—blood on the lawn sleeves of the mumbler who calls himself a Bishop of the Prince of Peace.

Blood on the white uniforms of the German Uhlans—blood in the eye of the Emperor himself.

Blood in the necks of those monstrous creatures that surround the dais whose corruption is held together with straps and buttons.

Blood upon the hats of the women, tricked out with breasts torn from the living bird.

The scarlet uniforms stand out against the virgin marble itself, flecking it with blood.

There is blood everywhere.

You can smell it in the sweating bodies of the people, who are starved and befouled in order that this pageantry of death may be.

Look at the billows of faces—blind, blind, blind. All turned with horrid eagerness towards those blind leaders on and about the plinth. Hating them, despising them, yet bowing the knee to them.

Meaningless devotion—meaningless oppression—meaningless show.

The mumbled prayer—meaningless. The crash of the massed bands—meaningless. The chanting of the hymn—meaningless.

What are they singing?

"Oh God, our help in ages past, Our hope in years to come. . . ."

Their help. Their hope.

The God whose name and whose attributes they blaspheme with every lying word—with every ceremonial. The God whose mercy they sell, whose justice they despise, whose love they abhor.

And then the dropping of the cloth that shrouds the lie from the people.

Something crepitates down there in the mass. Something moves. Something is living.

It is the Soul of the People.

There is a muttered roar—perhaps of applause—perhaps holding in the deep note underneath, the roar of the wild beast that senses its prey—unconsciously—but senses it.

God help the people up there when the people begin to sense. And they have begun. You can see the working of the spirit under the physical envelopes.

You can see it in that fierce, black-faced man, who mouths something to himself. You can see it in the prostitute who, broken, powdered and painted as she is, flings a little scornful laugh at the mummery.

And you can see it in the curse of the sweet-

seller who has been told by Authority in gold-braid that he fouls the atmosphere of loyalty by crying his wares. "God blast you," he snarls. "I must live if fifty Queens are dead."

And through it all the booming of the guns—the machine-like cheers—and all the foul panoply of loyalty.

We are having a feast of loyalty at this Coronation, my masters. A love-feast.

The word has gone out to the uttermost parts of the earth that there is carrion—sweet-toothed carrion for the picking.

And the vultures are hurrying from all the eeries of this old world. You can hear the beating of their wings. You can see the lustful eyes, the dreadful eagerness.

The steel rails are ringing with their loads of flesh-white, flesh-scented flesh. Flesh that is being flung in stained masses into the bosom of the Panther of the World. All the capitals of vice are paying tribute. Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg—even the far East.

The pavements of the City of Dreadful Night have sprung into lustful life—life that is black, and white and yellow. The air is rotten with the pestilence.

There is a glut of flesh.

Each night sees a harvest of poison sown in the highways and byways of the city. Each night sees innocence besmirched, virtue destroyed—white purity dragged in the mud.

But what does it matter? Where there is a Crowning of Kings there must be feasting and joy.

It is the pageantry of death.

In next week's issue will appear Desmond Shaw's second article on the English Old Age Insurance Scheme, showing its weakness and why the Socialists are criticizing it.

Sixes and Half Dozens

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

If indeed the average Roman Catholic one meets casually were a paragon of virtuous morality, the occasional outbursts of Roman Catholic prelates against Protestant and secular educational institutions would be something besides amusing.

One of the latest of these is Bishop McFaul who objects to our universities because, among other things, they "teach no definite, sound philosophy." Can it really be that Bishop McFaul is in possession of a definite, sound philosophy? If so, there are many of us who would like to meet him at once. Definite, sound philosophies are very scarce and many an ounce of gray matter has been worn out in their seeking.

As for the majority of us, including no doubt a fair sprinkling of Roman Catholics, we wouldn't recognize definite, sound philosophy even if guaranteed under the pure food act.

But, if there is any such thing as a definite, sound philosophy and the worthy Bishop has one concealed about his person, there is many a poor, benighted soul who would pawn his necktie to buy a few shares of it. He could make Rockefeller, in comparison, look like a small can of burnt gasoline if he would form the Definite, Sound Philosophies Company, Limited.

We are living in the "stone age" of the art of government.—*Ward-Dynamic Sociology.*

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice of Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

By mail in the United States, \$1 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, 2½ cents a copy.

Stamps must be inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The COMING NATION assumes no responsibility for manuscripts or drawings sent to it for examination.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Death of Mrs. J. A. Wayland

The wife of the founder of the *Appeal to Reason* and *COMING NATION* was thrown from an automobile on the evening of June 8th, and suffered injuries from which she died a few hours later. She was within a few hundred feet of her home when, owing to a defect in the steering gear, the machine became unmanageable, and ran into an electric light pole, throwing Mrs. Wayland several feet from the automobile and fracturing her skull. She was carried to her home and every possible effort made to save her life but without avail.

The accident took place just as the *COMING NATION* was going to press, and the little town of Girard and the workers on the Socialist press that goes out from that city are crushed with sorrow. Our hearts go out in sympathy to Comrade Wayland in this hour of affliction and we know that that sympathy and sorrow will be shared by his millions of friends throughout the country.

New Soldiers of the Common Good

One of the most remarkable series of magazine articles ever published in this country was that entitled "Soldiers of the Common Good," by Charles Edward Russell. These appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* five years ago, and were the result of a visit and investigation throughout England, Australia and New Zealand. At that time Russell was not an avowed Socialist, but the remarkable descriptions of conditions in those countries attracted the attention of Socialists everywhere.

During these five years the labor governments of Australia and New Zealand have had an opportunity to make good upon the promises that they had offered at the time Russell made his first trip. The world was looking to these countries to lead the march of governmental and industrial development.

Today Russell is just back from another trip to the Antipodes. He went this time equipped with the five years' progress in his own development that had landed him in the Socialist movement. He went to see if the governments from which so much had been expected had come up to these expectations.

The articles now appearing in the *COMING NATION* are, therefore, from the standpoint both of the writer and subject, five years ahead of the "Soldiers of the Common Good." The one which has already appeared has created a sensation among radicals and Socialists alike. The second installment, which will appear next week, tells how the "low, common workingman" of Australia conducts the national machine.

Here Russell tells how a stationary engineer, an engine fitter, bank clerk, carpenter, cook and miner formed a cabinet that for pure efficiency is the equal, if not the superior, of any in the world.

This cabinet has answered the question beyond all doubt of whether workingmen are capable of controlling the destinies of a great country.

At the same time, as has already been seen, Russell is no worshiper of the

"Pieces of Paper"

BY A. M. SIMONS

OUT of the fraud and violence and rapacity of capitalism has been born the spirit of anarchy that sneers at the workers who would emancipate themselves by the use of their political power. These preachers of despair tell us that votes are but pieces of paper dropped in the ballot box, and that with such flimsy weapons the beast of capitalism cannot be overthrown.

To the ignorant a ballot is but a piece of paper. To the person who sees no deeper into events than the thickness of a printed sheet, pieces of paper are but flimsy things indeed.

Yet, how much of capitalism rests upon pieces of paper, and how much of the world's history is measured by marks upon pieces of paper?—What is an injunction but a piece of paper, or a Magna Carta, or a declaration of war or of Independence, an Emancipation Proclamation, or a Communist Manifesto? What is the literature that has moved the minds of men and women against tyranny but pieces of paper?

To the donkey a thousand-dollar bill is but a piece of paper beside which he would stand and starve to death, but to the human being it is food, clothing, shelter, power, and when enough of them are heaped together, rulership over the earth.

Pieces of paper that record the will and the progress and intellect of masses of mankind can change the writing on other pieces of paper that maintain slavery and exploitation.

Capitalism rests upon paper title deeds, backed by the ignorance of those it enslaves.

Progress is measured by pieces of paper that mark the spread of revolt and the growing consciousness of the workers.

The savage and the brute, who has not learned to think beyond the surface, may well sneer at pieces of paper.

Unless a piece of paper symbolizes power and progress it is indeed but an empty thing. A supreme court decision cannot stop the process of industrial concentration, no matter on how many pieces of paper it is printed, for the force of evolution is more powerful than such a piece of paper. A supreme court decision can momentarily enslave labor and lengthen the hours that women and children must toil, because such a decision is still backed by the power of capitalist rulership.

When millions of pieces of paper are backed by the irresistible power of an intelligent working class and the cosmic power of social evolution they can free that working class from industrial slavery.

Australian Labor party, and he shows how, in the straining after efficiency, the interests of the working class have been, to a large extent, lost sight of.

Another remarkable article will be a further description of the "British National Insurance Law," by Desmond Shaw. In this he shows why the Socialists are watching this legislation, that seems so advanced in comparison to anything in America, with extremely critical eyes. He points out how the capitalist interests and influences have permeated the law.

These two articles carry a tremendous lesson for American Socialists, and their circulation cannot but bring great benefit to the working class cause in this country.

Another feature of this issue will be a cartoon by Walter Crane, drawn especially for the *COMING NATION*. Walter Crane is a member of the society of Royal Artists of England, and is generally recognized as the greatest living cartoonist.

Either this cartoon or Russell's article would render this number a remarkable achievement in Socialist journalism. When it is remembered that along with this will go another installment of Eugene Wood's "The Big Change"—and each installment is better than the preceding one—as well as an installment of Kauffman's "The Curse," and a mass of miscellaneous matter, it will be seen that the *COMING NATION* is indeed presenting a feast to its readers.

It is useless for the people to look to the courts for relief and protection—under existing conditions. They will have to work out their own salvation—or be lost. They must emancipate themselves from economic bondage or remain enthralled.—*Albert Griffin.*

Our Barbarians From Above

From "Wealth Against Commonwealth," by Henry D. Lloyd.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM MAILLY

Poor thinking means poor doing. In casting about for the cause of our industrial evils, public opinion has successively found it in "competition," "combination," the "corporations," "conspiracies," "trusts." But competition has ended in combination, and our new wealth takes as it chooses the form of corporation or trust, or corporation again, and with every change grows greater and worse. Under these kaleidoscopic masks we begin at last to see progressing to its terminus a steady consolidation, the end of which is one-man power. The conspiracy ends in one and one cannot conspire with himself. When this solidification of many into one has been reached, we shall be at last face to face with naked truth that it is not only the form, but the fact of arbitrary power, of control without consent, of rule without representation that concerns us.

Business motioned by the self-interest of the individual runs into monopoly at every point it touches the social life—land monopoly, transportation monopoly, trade monopoly, political monopoly in all its forms, from contraction of the currency to corruption in office. The society in which in half a lifetime a man without a penny can become many times a millionaire is as overripe, industrially, as was politically the Rome in which the most popular bully could lift himself from the ranks of the legion to the throne of the Caesars. Our rising is with business. Monopoly is business at the end of its journey. It has got there. The irre-

pressible conflict is now as distinctly with business as the issue so lately met was with slavery. Slavery went first only because it was the cruder form of business.

Against the principles, and the men embodying them and pushing them to extremes—by which the powers of government, given by all for all, are used as franchises for personal aggrandizement, by which, in the same line, the common toil of all and the common gifts of nature, lands, forests, mines, sites, are turned from service to selfishness, and are made by one and the same stroke to give gluts to a few and impoverishment to the many—we must plan our campaign.

The yacht of the millionaire incorporates a million days' labor that might have been given to abolishing the slums, and every day it runs, the labor of hundreds of men is withdrawn from the production of helpful things for humanity, and each of us is equally guilty who directs to his own pleasure the labor he should turn to the wants of others. Our fanatic of wealth reverses the rule that serving mankind is the end and wealth an incident, and has made wealth the end and service the incident, until he can finally justify crime itself if it is a means to justify the end—wealth—which has come to be the supreme good; and we follow him.

"Crosses, relics, crucifixes, beads, pictures, rosaries and pixes."

The tools of working our salvation By mere mechanical operation.

—Butler.

A faithful man shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.

—Proverbs 28:20.

It is time for the postoffice department to discover that we have put the middle ages behind us.

The Socialist Scouts

The first week of vacation showed a big increase in Scout orders. Now that your boy or girl is out of school for the summer months let him improve the time by building up a carrier route, making pocket money, earning premiums and advancing Socialism. The Scouts are the most enthusiastic Socialists in America. They sell the *COMING NATION* and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. On all sales they make 100 per cent in addition to premiums. No outlay of money is needed for a start. I'll send a bundle of ten *NATIONS* to your boy or girl if he'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kans." and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

Scout News

This is my last order for papers at my present address. I will try to build up a route in my new home.—Harold E. Wiggle, Indiana.

I received the Lodge and wish to thank you for it. Next week I will have to send for about thirty. Comrade Wiggle is going to move away from here and I got his subscribers.—Charles Helvig, Indiana.

Customers are falling off. Summer is here; that is the reason. Many people who live in the city go to the country or seashore during the hot weather. I would suggest that if any of the Scouts go to a different residence for the summer that they should try and work up a route there.—Saul C. Lerner, New York.

Thanks for the watch. It is a peach. School is out now and I think I will order more papers next time.—Joe Babcock, South Dakota.

I received my primer o. k., and it is just fine.—Harold Miller, Ohio.

I sold every one in about an hour so will you kindly send me fifteen of the next issue. I am eleven years old and am going to do all I can to win California for Socialism.—Judson Feldwiler, California.

You are selling a better paper every time, the people all say.—Willie Greenaway, Michigan.

I received the ten *NATIONS* and sold them very quick. I got fifteen persons to sign my customers' card; that is why I am asking for twenty this time. I expect to build up a route of at least fifty in my neighborhood.—J. E. Duplain, Louisiana.

School closes June 9th. Our local wanted to elect me treasurer, but I declined, because I don't know anything about the office. I think I was rather foolish to decline. If I have another chance for such an office, I'll accept it.—Laura Gonick, Nebraska.

Received the trial order bundle of *COMING NATIONS*, and sold them all in two hours. Enclosed please find the amount due with twenty-five cents additional to pay for ten more.—Edward L. Baumann, Oregon.

The *NATIONS* went like hot cakes this week, so I am ordering four more. A friend of mine is helping me in the movement.—Edward Backstrom, Michigan.



EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

When All the Trees Are in Bud

HOW beautiful all the woods are now, in their spring-time garments. For many days I have been wandering amidst all their beauty and watching the trees and shrubs bloom out in young green. Sometimes I even caress them. They seem to me like living beings made out of the same stuff that you and I are made out of. And each has its own peculiarity. This beech tree, this strawberry plant, this choke-cherry will live only once upon the earth. Every leaf on its branch will live only once.

So all the peculiarities which make one kind of plant, different from all others, are, as it were, its personality. That's what we call it in human beings. And in human beings a man's personality is his most precious possession, and it is quite right that we insist that this personality be cared for and encouraged, because it is the hidden crown that makes us kings in the kingdom of the intellect. And don't you think it is something the same with other living beings, that is, plants and animals? Of course it is, and so it is our duty to protect and encourage their personality also.

Now, tell me, who will show us this hidden crown? Well, it is your own eyes and—your heart. Your heart must surely be there, for he who doesn't seek and study with his heart, with love, will find—nothing.

Just look at two or three butterflies of the same kind; simple white ones, or blue ones, or great peacock-eyed ones. If you look at them carefully and compare the different things about them, you'll soon learn to recognize their peculiarities. You will find it is just the same with birds and fishes and plants.

But I suppose someone will ask, "Won't that wonderful thing that makes each so different from the others be destroyed when the plant or bird or fish dies?" That is very true, but before that happens, almost every bird or plant or fish has had a chance to perpetuate its kind, that is to say, to leave others like itself when it dies, which will inherit its peculiarities.

Now that is a pretty hard word, "perpetuate," and I want to explain it to you a little more carefully.

These flowers, these trees, these butterflies and birds, why haven't they died out long ago? Why do there appear every year new beings of their kind? Because they have seeds or lay eggs, through which this kind continues or is "perpetuated." Now, how does this happen?

Well, there is a kind of shrub which bears the hazel-nut which you all know and on this in the spring-time you will see two kinds of blossoms, one of which is the catkin and the other a blossom with petals. If you touch one of the catkins on a sunny day in March, it will scatter a little cloud of yellow dust. That is a very precious yellow dust, for without it, the little tiny ovules will wait in vain for their ripening and never a nut will appear.

But if even a tiny little kernel of this fine flower dust reaches the faint purple pistil and from there through a little tube of the pistil to the ovules, at once begins the growth of the fruit in the flower. It is like the mother of the little nut, and the catkin is the father. Only through the working together of the two is a fruit produced.

But the whole process is still a deep secret. Imagine that some wise man, a scientist, should say exactly what stuff the nut is made from. This he could easily do. Then suppose that he should take the right amount of the right ma-

terial and should make something so like a nut that no one could tell the difference. This he could do if he were an artist. Now plant both the imitation nut and a real one in the earth. Will new plants grow up from both the made nut and the real one? From the real nut, yes. From the imitation nut, never.

Why is this? Because life is lacking. But what is life? We do not know. Nobody knows. Life is the great puzzle that no one can solve.

—J. Brand, in *Ulenbrook*.

Another School Letter

Williamsbridge, Modern School.

Dear Comrades:

A very appropriate name for our little school is "A small light in the darkness." In the summer of 1908 a few hard-working Italian Socialists organized a Socialist club. They worked patiently and steadily, especially with the Italian immigrants, and their numbers gradually but surely increased. When their membership reached the number of about 56 men, they wisely began the distribution of literature. Then they spread propaganda further by open air and indoor meetings and the next step was when the men started a language class for Italian and English. These classes proved to be rather a failure than a success.

By no means discouraged by these disappointments the men kept on. Their ideal was at last realized when our Modern School was started. We have had a great deal of trouble with the priests, but *truth will to the front*. Hope, love and justice are the spirit with which we are imbuing the scholars. It is we, the children, who warn the capitalists, "Beware, for we shall grow up."

We see how our parents suffer for the want of decent food and clothing and shelter, and our dear teachers are striving to show us the causes for this injustice. We are indeed very grateful to them. Our small light will grow bigger and brighter and will co-operate with all the other small lights all over the whole world, and then there will be no more darkness, but sunshine and gladness.—Yours for the cause, Lillian Damiano, age 14 years.

Stories for the Children

One of the great needs in the Socialist movement is the proper reading matter for children. We must develop writers for the children within our own ranks. There is material in abundance, but the ability or the inclination to put it into interesting, childlike and literary form has hitherto been lacking. May this field not be promoted even through this little department for the children? Those who have so far contributed have been few in number. Any who care to submit stories, poems, songs, or other suitable material, can send to Mrs. Bertha Mailly, 112 East 19th street, New York City. If not used the manuscript will be returned, provided a stamp for this purpose is enclosed.

A Thousand Children Farmers

A thousand children farmers, with a thousand little farms! You needn't feel very superior, after all, you real country children, for right in the great city of New York, boys and girls can plant and water and weed and gather, provided the farms bear crops according to order, corn, beans, onions, radishes, carrots, beets and lettuce.

This collection of little farms is the second one to be started in New York and the child farmers were from twelve different schools. On the day the farms were to be started a few weeks ago,

the children came marching, each with a little tag, or deed, around his neck. Then they ranged themselves around the little plots while the farming teachers told them about the secrets of planting and tending the wonderful little seeds before they started in with the work themselves.

All children have played the game.

*"Where oats, peas, beans and barley grow,
You nor I nor nobody knows,
Nobody but the farmer knows
Where oats, peas, beans and barley grows."*

Well, it isn't any such wonderful secret any more, for hundreds of little children even in the big cities are learning with their own eyes and hands all about where and how and when the good things we all eat grow and what's more—they are learning how to make them grow.

Bird Thoughts

*I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well,
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.*

*I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other,
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.*

*One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find
I said: "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."*

*At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors,
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.*

Wood Block Printing

We shall soon have a very interesting series of articles on a subject that will interest every boy and girl who likes to make useful and pretty things by hand. This subject is "WOOD BLOCK PRINTING" and the articles will be written by Mr. David Greenberg, who will show by illustrations just what you can do yourself in this work. Watch for them and try to carry out the ideas he gives you.

Another Letter from the Mountains

Ray Brook, New York.

My Dear Children:

No season is so wonderful and so charming as Springtime! And Springtime in the Adirondacks! Children, it is glorious!

Just put yourselves in my place for a little while, if you can. First, pretend you are sick (that's what I am doing); then lie back in a nice big easy chair and look up into a lovely blue sky. It is so lovely that one never gets tired of looking at it.

Mountains are all around and some of them are so very high that I think they must bump their heads on the sky. I know the one right opposite me must have done so, because they call him Scar Face. He has a big scar right on his forehead and he is over 3,000 feet high. All about me the trees and bushes are blossoming. It surely keeps old Mother Nature pretty busy picking out new spring dresses for all her children. Green is her favorite color. You should see the many different shades, at least a dozen.

Here and there I see beautiful white and pink blossoms. I wonder if they are on the girl trees.

And who do you suppose live in these trees? The Birds! What a merry time they do have! Did you ever feel so happy that you felt like flying? That's the way the birds feel all the time. And how sweetly they sing! One song right after another. There is one bird in

particular that I love to hear and this is what he sings, "Whip-Poor-Will," "Whip-Poor-Will."

I think, tho', he's only teasing Will, don't you?

So much dressing up and so much merry-making! What does it all mean? Can you guess? With loving greetings to you all,
ALVIE.

Who will answer Alvie?—Editor.

The Old and the New

Suppose you were to wish yourself back visiting your great-great-grandfather and grandmother, and your wish were to be granted, I wonder if it would seem strange both to you and to them to find how differently you live and think and act from their manner of living and thinking and acting. I rather think it would.

Then suppose you wished yourself back hundreds and even thousands of years back, visiting some far-off ancestor, I think it would seem stranger still if your wish were granted. I know you would not even understand one another and I think you would imagine that you were suddenly dropped among some savages and you would certainly not believe you were related.

Well, if you were to go down into Mexico where the recent revolution has been going on, you might say perhaps, that here are living right along with people who have all the benefits of the very last century of life, the far, far-off relatives of someone, at any rate, if not of yourself.

In many a town in Mexico you would see a daily newspaper run on modern presses, a telegraph and a telephone, and at the same time you would find it necessary to send messages to far-away towns by means of a native runner, who can out-travel a horse by means of his jog-trot.

One housewife broils and stews over a modern range, while her neighbor next door cooks with charcoal and brazier.

Bread can be bought at a baker's or made by a native Indian woman who grinds her corn by hand on a slanting stone called a metate, with another stone called a miller, and bakes the cake from this ground corn in a little clay, chimneyless firehole, which smokes and smokes, but gives one quite a good tortilla or cake at last.

So the new mingles with the old in many, many other ways and I think you would be greatly interested in going to these old towns of Mexico.

The Spring Beauty

BY EMILY DICKINSON.

*So bashful when I spied her;
So pretty, so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets
Lest anybody find;*

*So breathless till I passed her,
So helpless when I turned
And bore her struggling, blushing,
Her simple haunts beyond!*

A Riddle

*There is one that has a head without
an eye,
And there's one that has an eye with-
out a head
You may find the answer if you try,
And when all is said,
Half the answer hangs upon a thread.
—Christina G. Rosetti.*

Sun and Rain

*If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.
—Christina G. Rosetti.*

An Omission

The editor neglected to credit the story of *The Automobile and Vehicles* to G. Scharrelman and wishes to do so now.

A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

Andalusia

THE History of science has no more entrancing pages than those which relate the passing of the torch of knowledge from Greek to Arabian hands there to be held until passed to modern Europeans at the close of the dark ages.

Human curiosity seems to have always been the starting point of scientific progress and always in the history of the race there seems to have been someone somewhere with the questioning impulse breaking forth even where it was met with almost universal disapproval and not seldom when it was considered heretical and punished with death.

From the days of Emperor Constantine, Europe seemed to lose all natural curiosity and to fall into a deep sleep. Fortunately for mankind the dark-skinned Arabian kept the fires of curiosity alight and the flame of knowledge burning.

The operation of the Darwinian law of "Natural Selection" is by no means limited to zoology and botany. Animals and plants are not the only witnesses to the truth discerning genius of the greatest of all scientists.

The pages of history are filled with Darwinian evidence. Always those peoples and races and nations having most curiosity and allowing it free scope, triumph ultimately over their duller and less curious neighbors. Had this not been so it is hard to see how progress could have been possible.

The hope of humanity in the future lies in the truth that science will always reward the nations that pursue her by making them the masters of the world.

If the European nations could by any possibility be enlisted in a war against "Modernism" in any of its chief forms and the Mongolian races should follow the modernizing policy of Japan, the only possible result would be a world governed by Asiatics.

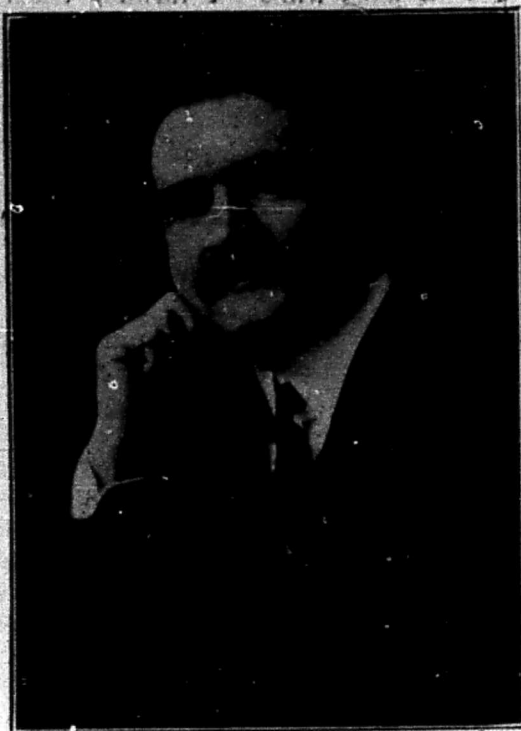
This almost did happen in the middle ages. The Saracens with their love of science were more than a match for the armies of Christendom. Christendom had five great cities: Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage, Constantinople and Rome. The first four fell, one after the other at varying intervals, before the steady advance of the Orientals.

The part played by science in this long history of European defeat and disaster is well illustrated in the fall of Constantinople. The curious Turks had pushed chemistry to the point of discovering gunpowder and it was used for the first time in battering down the walls of the great Christian city. Had the gunpowder been on the other side history would probably have told another story.

When Charles Martel stemmed the tide of Mohammed invasion at the Loire and drove the Saracens back over the Pyrenees they established themselves firmly on the Spanish Peninsula. They overthrew the Visigoth kingdom defeating Roderick, "the last of the Goths," on the field of Xeres. In its place they reared an empire that lasted seven hundred years. This empire played a part in the History of science which cannot be justly ignored. As we shall see, Andalusia, as a center of learning, became the rival of Bagdad.

A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.—John C. Calhoun, Speech May 27, 1836.

Socialists at Spokane



DAVID C. COATES.

David C. Coates, head of the department of public works of the city of Spokane, is a Socialist of long years' standing.

His career is bound up with that of the COMING NATION, with which he was associated when it was published in its first form at Greensburg, Ind., in 1893. Later he was elected Lieutenant Governor of California, and while he was the acting governor of that state in July, 1902, he joined the Socialist party.

He was elected to his present position under the commission form of government with a non-partisan system of election. Since no official designation was allowed on the ballot, he does not claim to have been elected purely as a Socialist candidate, although his long record as a Socialist, and his open avowal of Socialist principles during the campaign makes his election a Socialist victory.

The Man and the Acre

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

HERE is the story of a man and his acre of land. I am telling it in the hope that the reader may find some points of value in this simple narrative. It shows what can be done on a little fertile soil. There is nothing mysterious about the location, for the same thing may be done in any community, especially if there are enough people to buy the home products. Of course, it is useless to grow something that is not saleable, and the acre, situated on a desert, or in the mountains, away from people, would not return the annual income secured by this man.

Father Rowley was for many years a familiar character in the town of Puyallup, Wash. He lived near the center of the residence section and had a nice little five-room cottage. That would have rented for at least \$15 a month, being an income of \$180 a year. The place contained one acre, and fronted on a street. In front of the house was a nice lawn ornamented with grasses, shade trees and flowers. Just at the rear was a small kitchen garden. The balance of the acre was set to an orchard, made up of apples, pears and cherries, with blackberries and raspberries.

In one corner of the acre stood a combined chicken house and cow stable. The chickens were fed in the house and left to run at large in the orchard, and under the berry vines. The cow was kept in the stable and sometimes staked out on the streets to get fresh grass. That acre supplied Father Rowley, and his wife, with living expenses and placed a cash balance in the bank every year. He told me that the cash income from the place amounted to almost \$1,000 a year, and this is how he made the money to pay taxes, furnish food and clothing and keep a balance in the

bank, in addition to saving the rent, equal to \$180 a year.

Father Rowley was known as the founder of the blackberry industry which made Puyallup famous. He planted three Evergreen vines, about a quarter of a century ago. They are standing today and producing several dollars' worth of fruits and plants every year. The vines stand between the trees and along the rows of mixed orchard. They are trellised on wires and poles and pruned every spring. His raspberries are the Antwerp and Cuthbert and the blackberries are Snyder and Evergreen. The fruits are picked by women and children, who get one cent a cup for the work, and then taken in a wheelbarrow to the shipping office of the Fruit Growers' Association.

More than five hundred families are members of that association. They are organized for community purposes, the association not paying any dividends to members, but dividing the profits, on all shipments. The berry crates are made to weigh about 21 pounds each, and are shipped by the carload, the shipments for one day having been as much as ten refrigerator cars of red raspberries. They are sent as far as 1,000 miles and reach the consumers in good condition. After paying for the crates, picking, handling at 3 cents a crate, and expressage, the growers get from 75 cents to double that amount for each crate of berries.

The orchard fruits are handled in the same manner as the vine products. When the market is not good, or the fruits are wet from rain, the association takes them at the cannery, paying from one cent to four cents a pound, according to the class of fruits, and condition. In this way Father Rowley had an income of about \$500 a year from his fruits. Then he sold berry vines for transplanting at the rate of about 3,000 a year, receiving 3 cents apiece for the roots. The cow brought from \$75 to \$50 a year in the sale of milk, butter and calf.

Poultry fatted in the orchard and kept down weeds and grass and destroyed pests. They did not waste the young berries, but opened up the vines and branches, giving more light and sunshine, which they must have to grow and ripen to perfection. The kitchen garden returned good profits from the sale of onions, cabbage, tomatoes and similar vegetables. The surplus was fed to the poultry and cow and nothing wasted. Instead of spending money in making a summer kitchen a frame was set up and the blackberry vines trained to cover it.

Father Rowley died about two years ago. He insisted on saying that any man with good judgment and ambition could make \$1,000 a year from an acre of land, if he planted it to berries and kept poultry and a cow. Such a plan could be operated by an active family, where the head of the home is an em-

ploye at daily wages. The work of caring for the acre could be put in at times when the wage master did not call for duty. And it would insure better health and happier families. Those inclined toward soil cultivation should try the experiment of living on the land and developing something, by intensive cultivation, even though it did not produce large cash incomes.

Doing Things at Butte



THOMAS J. BOOKER.

Socialist Police Judge at Butte.

The Socialist administration at Butte, Mont., has begun to do things.

An investigation of the election shows that it was no fault of the capitalists that the Socialists were victorious. It was found that in the effort to beat the Socialists, election frauds, on a large scale, were perpetrated. One of the men largely responsible for these frauds was Edward Morrissey, Chief Detective.

He was given a full and careful trial, in which it was brought out that in his presence and with his knowledge repeaters were allowed to vote.

The Socialists are determined to accomplish all that is possible in the cleaning up of the Red Light District. Their first step in this direction was to forbid the sending of young boys as telegraph messengers into the district. The capitalist defenders of law, order and the home at once applied for an injunction. Although a complacent judge issued a temporary writ, yet, on a final hearing, the injunction was dissolved, and the telegraph companies will no longer be permitted to debauch boys.

Investigation of the sources of public funds revealed the interesting fact that, at the present time, the dogs of Butte are paying more taxes than the bankers, and steps are being made to more equitably adjust such burdens.

Reputation of the French in Morocco



Teacher—What is a Frenchman?
Pupil Ali—A man who steals everything, burns the villages, kills the women and the little children.

Drawn by Auglay in La Guerre Sociale, Paris

FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

A Common Instance

Old Dugan's up against it,
I met him yesterday,
He borrowed half a dollar
Lord knows when he will pay,
He's got a wife and kidlets
And not a job in sight;
And not a bit of credit,
I tell you it's a fright.

Old Dugan's up against it,
Though he is well and strong
And anxious to be working
Yet things are going wrong
So thoroughly dejected
He drifts from place to place,
He hates to meet the kiddies
And look them in the face.



The want ad page he studies
With quite as anxious care
As though he were a sinner
And it a book of prayer,
Then he takes up his burden
And once more hits the trail,
And proves through weary walking
There's such a word as fail.

Sometimes a pal he touches
As though it were a crime
For maybe half a dollar,
More likely it's a dime,
That lasts about a minute
At home, you may suppose.
Old Dugan's up against it
And what he'll do God knows.

The Modern Joke

"Old Garragan has wonderful control
of his faculties."
"He has that."
"He looked at the king's coronation
and kept his face straight."

Some Noise

Is the revolution coming?
Can't you hear its little feet
As they patter on the street?
Isn't it a dandy noise?
Can it be that it annoys,
Teddy, Bryan, Morgan, Taft
And the naughty sons of graft
As it marches everywhere?
If it does we do not care.

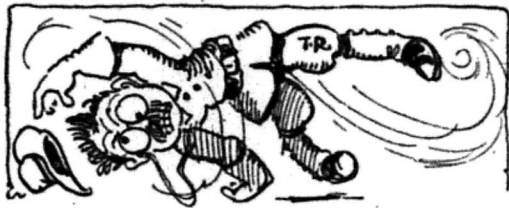


Is the revolution coming?
Listen as the votes reply,
Right today, not by and bye,
Village, hamlet, city, state
Signal that they cannot wait,
In the air revolt is brewing,
And there will be something doing
Nineteen twelve will tell a tale
That will make the plutes turn pale.

Little Flings

Capitalism is on trial and will be
found guilty.
Plutocracy should not have a dull moment
in California from this on.
Savage races kill off their old workers
instead of starving them in the poor-house.
A penitentiary sentence is a fine vocation
for a banker.
Wall street would laugh at a railroad man
who knew how to run a railroad.

Roosevelt isn't a candidate as much
as Bryan isn't.
Private property in the means of life
is the means of death.



Roosevelt is throwing fits without
charging admission. Poor business.
Court proceedings make fine reading
since the supreme court added a joke
department.
Indiana has a class-conscious gov-
ernor who doesn't belong to the major-
ity class.

Funnyisms

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

A book agent was recently found
overcome with gas in a Chicago hotel.
Most people believed that a book agent
was impervious to gas.
No, Marie, a swelled head is not
caused by a bursting brain.
Tights, on the stage, should not shock
us. It is generally understood that
they are merely a matter of form.
Of all sad words that pen e'er writ,
The saddest are these "Please Remit."
Hypocrisy has about the same rela-
tion to Christianity that a whiskey still
has to a Prohibition convention.
No, Mary, a small cowslip is not
known as a calfslip.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Quit for Good

BY S. G. MOGAN.

A bookkeeper in the office and a fore-
man by the name of Johnson were be-
side the Swede, the only persons around
the mill at the time of a shut-down.
One day the Swede came hurriedly
into the office and said: "I thank
Yohnson has quit."
"Johnson quit? Impossible. John-
son has been with us for over twenty
years. Why should he quit?" said the
bookkeeper.
"I thank Yohnson has quit," the
Swede said again. The Swede motioned
the doubting bookkeeper to follow.
Leading the way, he went across the
yard to the edge of the mill pond, and
by the aid of a pole he shoved some
logs to one side. As they both peered
down into the clear water, they could
distinctly see Johnson lying on the
sandy bottom.
The Swede then turned to the book-
keeper and with an expression of half
scorn and half triumph, said:
"You thank Yohnson has quit now?"

The Wise Dromedary

BY HENRY AYE.

A Dromedary who was traveling with
a circus chanced to meet a workingman
who was footsore and ragged.
"My good man," said the Dromedary,
"why do you look so discouraged?"
"Alas," he replied, "I have traveled
from the Atlantic to the Pacific hunting
a job and am completely worn out and
famished. For the love of Mike, kind
Dromedary, wilt thou not give me thy
hump that I may extract nourishment
from its stored up fat?"
"Hold," said the Dromedary, "what
ticket did you vote last presidential elec-
tion?"
"The G. O. P. and Biltaft."
"Then you do not need my hump for
nourishment," quoth the Dromedary.
"You have enough fat in your head to
run you till 1912."

A Two Quart Sponge

BY NAT L. HARDY.

There are many amusing tales of the
schemes thirsty disciples of John Bar-
leycorn have worked to get a drink
when in dry territory, or in wet with-
out the price of a drink. The follow-
ing ruse of a thirsty individual who
was short of cash is one of the clev-
erest that has come to my notice:
Not having the price of a jug of
liquor and knowing that the local saloon
did not sell on the credit, this rural

Southerner prepared his jug by stuffing
a large dry sponge into it and carried
into the saloon and asked that it be
filled; the barkeeper at once did so.
"You may charge that to me," said
the farmer.
"We don't sell on credit," replied the
saloon man.
"Well, you may empty the jug then;
I haven't any money, and I'm not going
to give you the jug."
The barkeeper proceeded to pour the
liquor back into the barrel, and the
farmer took the jug home. Here he
carefully broke it, and squeezed two
quarts of whiskey out of the sponge.

Good But Noisy

"Harold," said a tired mother,
sharply, "what in the world are you
making such a noise for?"
"Just to let you know that I am
good," said Harold. "You always say
that when I'm quiet you know I'm in
mischief, so I thought I'd make you
feel sure that I'm all right."

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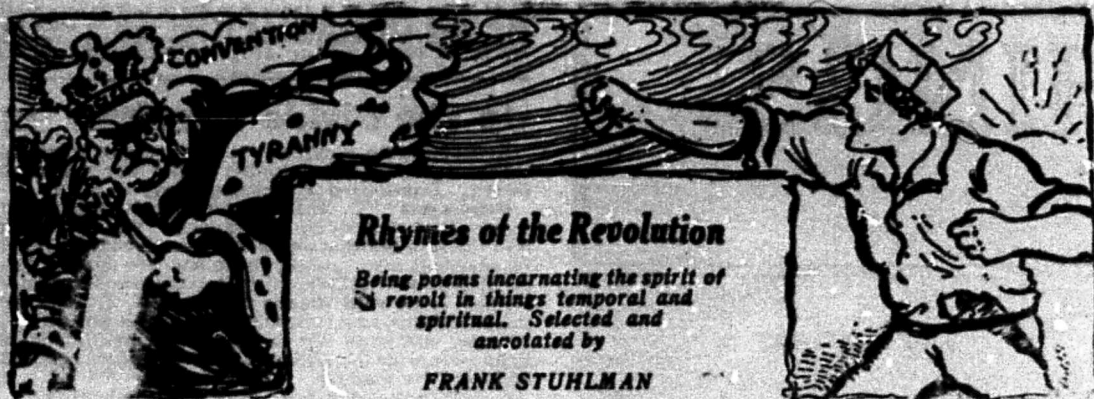
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Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

John Boyle O'Reilly (see poem in this series, Jan. 21) the knightly poet, was selected to read a poem at the dedication of a monument in Boston to Crispus Attucks, the slave who led the attack upon the British soldiers, March 5, 1770, which resulted in the Boston massacre. His blood, that of a slave, was the first to be shed for American freedom. This gave O'Reilly an opportunity to voice his splendid faith in the blood of the people as the hope of the world.

Crispus Attucks

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arrogance stalks apart;

Where low and song, and loathing of wrong are words of the common heart;

Where the masses honor straightforward strength and know when veins are bled,

That the bluest blood is putrid blood that the people's blood is red!

And honor to Crispus Attucks, who was leader and voice that day;

The first to defy, and the first to die with Mayerick, Carr and Gray.

Call it riot or revolution, his hand first clenched at the crown;

His feet were the first in perilous place to pull the king's crown down.

His breast was the first one rent apart that liberty's stream might flow;

For our freedom now and forever his head was the first laid low.

Call it riot or revolution, or mob or crowd, as you may,

Such deaths have been seeds of nations, such lives shall be honored for aye.

They were lawless hinds to the lackeys—but martyrs to Paul Revere;

And Otis and Hancock and Warren read spirit and meaning clear.

Ye teachers, answer; what shall be done when just men stand in the dock;

When the caitiff is robed in ermine, and his sworders keep the lock;

When torture is robbed of clemency, and guilt is without remorse;

When the tiger and panther are gentler than the Christian slaver's curse;

When law is a satrap's menace, and

order the drill of a horde— Shall the people kneel to be trampled, and bare their neck to the sword?

Not so! By this stone of Resistance that Boston raises here!

By the old North Churches lanterns, and the riding of Paul Revere!

Not so! by Paris of ninety-three and Ulster of ninety-eight!

By Toussaint in San Domingo! by the horror of Delhi's gate!

By Adam's word to Hutchingson! by the tea that is brewing still!

By the farmers that met the soldiers at Concord and Bunker Hill!

Not so, not so! Till the world is done, the shadow of wrong is dread;

The crowd that bends to a lord today, tomorrow shall strike him dead.

There is only one thing changeless; the earth steals from under our feet,

The times and manners are passing moods, and the laws are incomplete;

There is only one thing changes not, one word that still survives—

The slave is the wretch who wields the lash, and not the man in the gyles!

There is only one test of contract—is it willing, is it good?

There is only one guard of equal right—the unity of blood;

There is never a mind unchained and true, that class or race allows;

There is never a law to be obeyed that reason disavows;

There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster,

The master shall drop his whip, and the slave shall enslave the master.



From the May Day Issue of L'Humanite, Paris

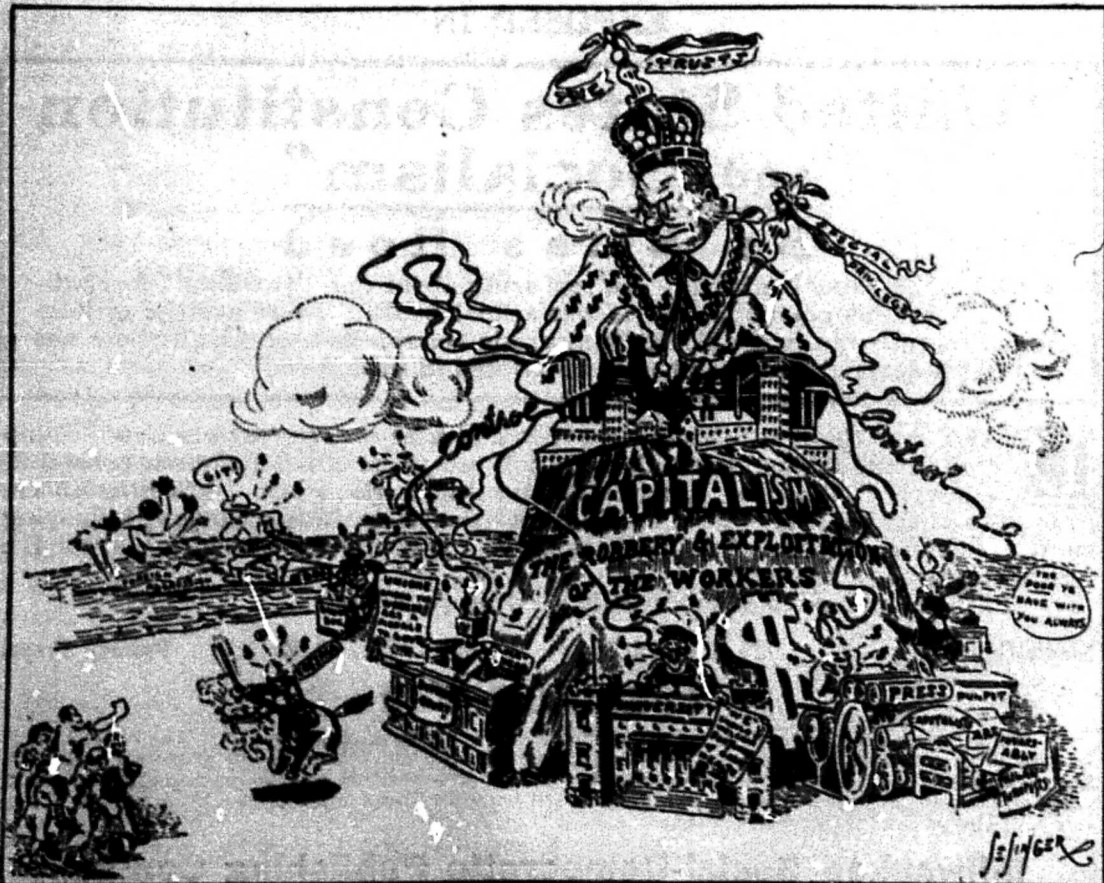
Dreaming an instant of the future

A Dream

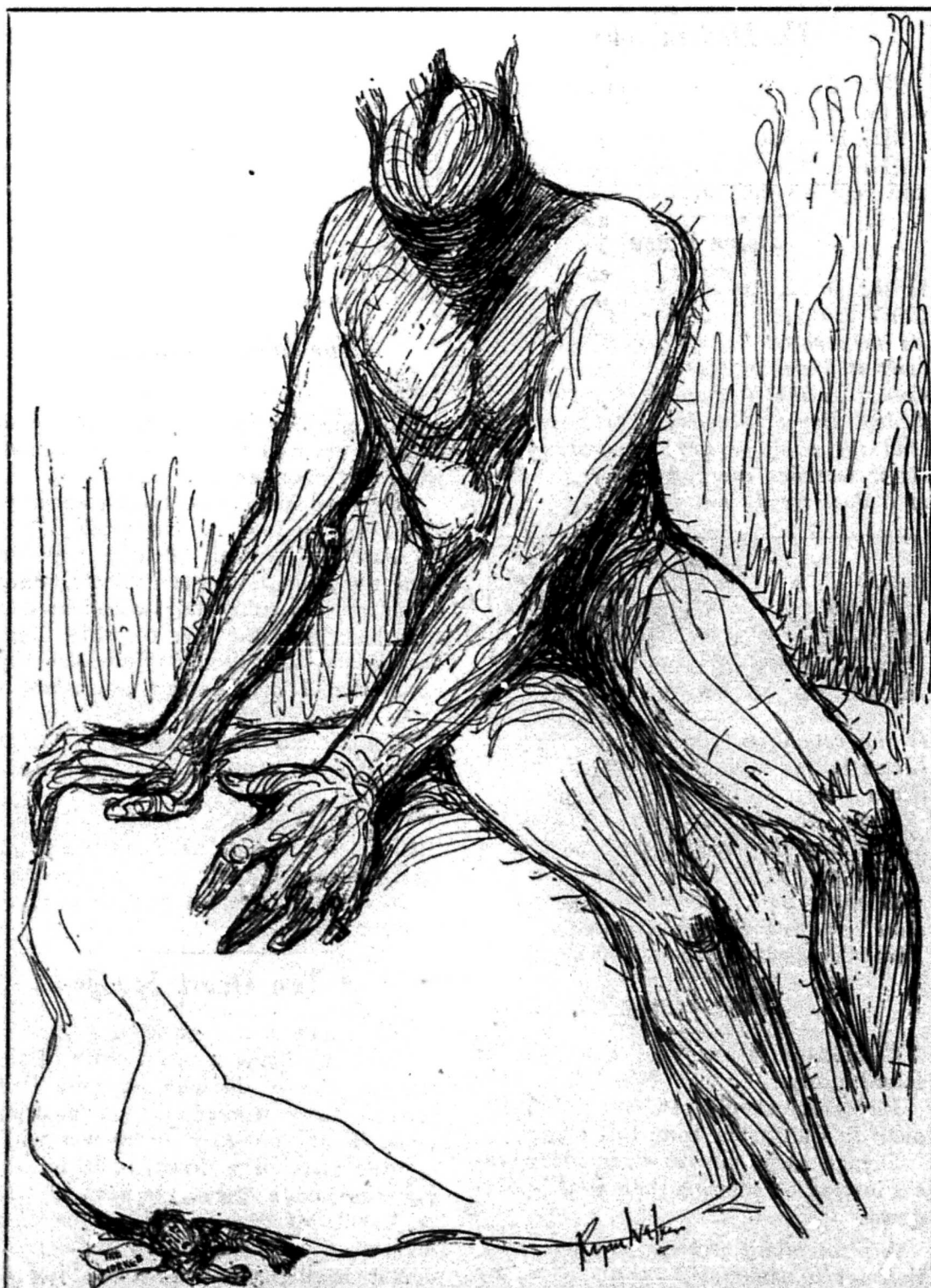
These things shall be! A loftier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise With flames of freedom in their souls, And light of science in their eyes. They shall be gentle, brave and strong, To spill no drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's lordship firm On earth and fire and sea and air.

When Labor Calls

When Labor calls her children forth A waiting world to win, Earth's noblest breed, true men of worth, Her ranks shall enter in. Then, comrades all, prepare that we May hear that call anon, And drive the hosts of tyranny Like clouds before the dawn. —James Connolly.



King of America



The Present System