

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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CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL Editors

No. 46, New Series. Established April 30, 1893.

Girard, Kansas, July 29, 1911

Price 5 Cents. \$1.00 a Year

Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER

WHEN with solemn fervor the news was sent broadcast about a month ago that the Cunningham claims in Alaska had finally been disallowed, joy suffused the brows of all the Regulative Experts of the land. It was upon the Cunningham claims that the "wicked" Guggenheims and Morgans had depended in their attempts to grab off our fair domain. But look! There is our noble president (salutation) on the job. By his wisdom all these nefarious schemes are brought to naught. He knows what's what. With one stroke of his mighty pen or Schenectady golf stick he knocks out the Cunningham claims and the country is saved. Hallelujah! Ah, noble man! (salutation). No wicked Guggenheims can get away with the goods while he is around. Go to bed and sleep, all ye good citizens. Taft is on guard; all is well. You don't even have to lock the kitchen door. God bless our happy home.

And now comes reluctantly from our proud capital this disturbing information about Controller Bay. The Cunningham claims have been disallowed; they are supposed to involve the great coal deposits that are the heart of Alaska's wealth and the object of all the scheming of the wicked Guggenheims. But how about this? There is but one way to get that coal to the seaboard and that is via Controller Bay. But now it is reported that Controller Bay has been withdrawn from the public domain and opened for entry and the wicked Guggenheims have grabbed the whole thing. So they might just as well have been allowed the Cunningham claims. Nobody else can get a pound of coal out of the country so long as they have Controller Bay. They have the whole thing bottled up because they have the outlet and they have the outlet because someone in high authority at Washington has been good enough to withdraw the land from the public domain and give them a chance at it.

And who did that? Well, the awkward fact is that withdrawals are made at the order of our noble president (salutation) who is always on the job and to whom be the adoration of the faithful.

Unpleasant situation, isn't it? The news bureau at Washington that for some reason is industriously at work trying to boom Taft stock immediately gets busy and says the thing is insignificant because the Guggenheims haven't got all the land at Controller Bay; they have only got every alternate section.

So across every alternate section somebody else can run a railroad if so desired—in pieces.

Splendid! You would get a heap of coal to the seaboard on such a road.

No doubt the president (salutation) acted from motives so pure they make the driven snow look black as night. But there remains the fact. The Guggenheims have got what they want, purity or no purity. They always do.

Some persons suppose that the only way by which governments are controlled for the benefit of the Rothschild-Deutscher Bank-Morgan triumvirate is through corrupt or what are called "improper" means.

Go to the cat, thou sluggard, consider her hide and be wise.

One way of skinning her is by pulling her tail out through her mouth.

But there are others.

How strange that every time the Regulators and Reformers get comfortably settled in the idea that all is well with us and all we need is to trust everything to our noble president, something comes along and knocks all their complacency over the ropes. After years and years of experience with this sort of thing most persons would begin to suspect that there is something fundamentally wrong with our affairs. But a Regulator and Reformer wouldn't suspect that. Or at least not without a surgical operation.



THE CAREER OF OUR SPECIAL AMBASSADOR

THE discovery that the Guggenheims and Morgan still manage to get what they want out of our government seems to have almost upset some intellects not quite of the Regulative and Reform group. How poor are they that cannot observe what goes on around them! Any man that knows anything about Washington needed no other indication of the real power behind the present throne than the stories of Ballinger and John Hays Hammond.

To that add Mr. Charles P. Taft.

The extraordinary influence and prominence in this administration of Mr. Hammond was crowned by his appointment as special ambassador and American representative at the puppet coronation in England.

Who is the person thus selected for what is accounted a most extraordinary honor?

The hired man of the Guggenheims, their political manager and agent, right hand and chief advisor.

Has he any other claims to recognition or fame?

Yes; he was engaged in a cowardly, disreputable, sneaking and filthy attempt to destroy the Transvaal Republic and turn it over to Great Britain.

For this wretched performance, undertaken in the interest of his mine-owning employers, Hammond was convicted and under the laws of nations properly sentenced to be hanged. The request of the American government and his American citizenship, of which he bethought himself for the first time when he got into trouble, saved his neck, but have never saved him from the contempt and disgust of all decent men. The power upon the American government that could compel the selection of such a person for any honor whatsoever must be simply colossal. Nothing could stand before it.

* * *

One trouble (of many) with the Regulators and Reformers as a practical proposition is that they always proceed upon the basis of what they think ought to be instead of what is.

After the election of last fall some persons ventured to think that Crazy Horse was a dead duck in the affairs of this nation.

At this all the Regulators and Reformers indignantly protested. What! That good man lose his influence? Impossible! One defeat could never impair the power of a man to whom the American people had listened with such reverence. He was as strong as ever he was.

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Six months have sufficed to shake the starch out of that vain imagining. Who cares about Crazy Horse now? Who quotes his platitudes or listens to his dreary harangues?

Yet anybody with any experience in reading the American people could have foretold this even before the New York election. There were indications enough.

For instance, at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, last September. Here was a strange and memorable sight. Crazy Horse had been advertised as one of the great attractions of the show. So he came and for more than an hour he yelled and bellowed. And the vast crowd just sat here and laughed. With red face and roaring voice he uttered all his favorite platitudes; men should be good and not bad; a good man, is better than a bad man and a bad man is not so good as a good man, and the rest; all in vain. In vain he offered himself as the perfect and unique example of the good man; in vain he recounted his triumphs in goodness when he was president. The crowd just sat and laughed.

Finally from the rear seats there started an ominous sound. Thump, thump, thump-thump-thump. A thousand feet pounding upon the floor in a concert of weary protest. Thump, thump, thump-thump-thump. It spread through the audience. The voice of the speaker roaring and bellowing became inaudible. The grand old platitudes were drowned in a sea of unruly noise. Thump, thump, thump-thump-thump; thump, thump, thump-thump-thump.

Anybody might have known then that the end was in sight. From that moment it was easy to predict the defeat of the Republican ticket and the overthrow of Crazy Horse. The American people had had enough.

And you see that, although the Regulators and Reformers never suspect the fact, elections and things are not carried in this country by the "better classes" and nice young gentlemen from the universities, but by just the plain common persons that work with their hands. What one of these thinks is really four hundred times more important than the views of all the fellows at our club. But you can never make the sissy boys of Reform understand that simple fact.

Up to the present time very shrewd persons that stand in the background and manipulate things for their own profit have been able on most occasions to fool the plain persons that work with their hands. Whether they are going to be able to continue to fool them is a question infinitely more important to the nation than any issue of tin-horn reform. But of course you can't make the Reformers see that, either.



WEARY OF THE GALLOWS

THE extraordinary protest from all parts of the continent against the proposed hanging of Angelina Naplatana is one of many signs of the good new day at hand and of the new conscience already awakened. I remember twelve years ago when Governor Roosevelt insisted upon hanging a poor woman in New York, those that made protest were regarded as cranks and lunatics or pestiferous persons trying to interfere with the operation of the law. I believe Jake Riis and Old Doc Rollo tried to work up some additional enthusiasm for Roosevelt on the ground that he insisted upon doing his duty and having the woman killed.

Today it is easier to get the attention of a million to such a barbarity than it was then to get the attention of ten.

The old idea was that the law must take its course; the woman has been convicted—to the gallows with her. Now men begin to stop and hesitate and ponder. How much has been gained here, my brethren! Only to have aroused this question, What shall society profit from this woman's death? only to have done that is an enormous gain. All that is needed to abolish this hideous and indefensi-

ble institution of the gallows is that men should perceive how illogical it is and how disastrous to society it must be. In this case it is the unborn child that immediately focused public attention. Yet it suggested powerfully the situation of the other children about to be similarly afflicted and the thought drew in its train the whole great question of the utility of hanging and its significance. Slowly but surely men revolt against the monstrous thing.

Even in darkest England. I told in these columns some months ago the story of a case that came under my own observation—the East End woman that was sentenced to be hanged for a crime that she never committed and was rescued at the very edge of the gallows. It seems they have another case of the same kind there now, and the public is not leaving it to the rescue work of one obscure newspaper man, but is taking it in hand with excellent prospects of success.

The story is quite characteristic. A woman took her young son into the country. Some weeks later she returned without him. A boy's body was found in a well. It was never identified, but the wise English court, being convinced that a murder had been committed, was of course certain that somebody must be hanged. That is the English rule and practice that some of us would like to have introduced here. So the woman was promptly convicted and sentenced to death. The public has now taken up the matter and is deluging the government with so many demands for commutation of sentence or pardon that the execution has been arrested.

The public has more sense than the courts. The public begins to perceive, what the courts are still blind to, that nothing can really justify the state in doing the thing for which it condemns the prisoner. It is not as yet a very clear perception, but it is a beginning. Let us give thanks. It has been a long time on the way.

* * *

"The injury of one of us is the concern of all of us."

About forty years ago when the despised Knights of Labor made a declaration like this it was to the generality of mankind but a form of words, without meaning, without lesson of duty.

This generation is beginning to see that it is an eternal truth and one of the greatest that ever was entertained by man.

What a wonderful time in which to live! Who would exchange it for any of the great times that are past?

"The injury of one of us is the concern of all of us"—of any one of us; the poorer, the less fortunate, the less powerful, then the greater the concern. Tremendous truth. Powerful enough all alone to abolish this monstrous industrial system and make the world a decent place in which to live. We ought to be grateful that we are permitted to live in a day that sees even the beginning of the recognition of a faith so great and so good.

* * *

If it does not pay to practice injustice it does not pay any better to acquiesce in it.

If a man can go through life admitting the existence of these things and yet making himself believe that they are no concern of his, then he must so harden his heart and indurate his soul that nothing else will appeal to him—including beauty, love and the joy of living. I am very much of the opinion, as the result of some observation, that such induration does not pay, either. The man that cares has all the best of it.

It is the same way about idealism. The only true and profitable thing is the ideal. I guess a man that follows that as much as he can will never go bankrupt. Not inside, anyway, which is the only important thing.



WASTE AND ECONOMY

Of course, there are divergent views about this great subject. The reactionary and troglodyte has one.

The city of New York owns and operates

a line of ferry boats from the lower end of Manhattan to Staten Island.

In the recent heated term in New York the municipal government reduced the fare on these ferry boats to five cents that the poor people in the sweltering tenement regions might have a chance to get coolness and fresh air. That, of course, was mad extravagance. The boats do not return dividends anyway. How wasteful to reduce their earnings! Instead of reducing the fare the obviously wise thing was to work some kind of a rig on the public that would increase it.

The street railroad system of New York is not owned by the city, but by a little group of business experts that know exactly how a public utility can be managed economically and without waste. When these, a few years ago, had stolen the inside out of the system it went into the hands of a receiver. He found that to pay the interest charges on the vast load of needless bonds with which the expert gentlemen had loaded the road it was necessary to abolish transfers. To do this was to violate both the law and one of those sacred court orders that in labor affairs have so much validity; nevertheless, he went ahead and did it.

The loss of those transfers meant an increased expenditure to the working class of New York of \$25,000 a day.

That, of course, was not waste. It was economy and good management.

Thousands of shop girls found that the fare to their work was now doubled. At night they walked home, dragging their tired bodies often for miles; in winter through snow and sleet, in summer along the baking streets.

That again was good management. From those that were able to pay, the company got ten cents instead of five. Good business.

The extra five cents went to pay the interest on bonds that had been issued for no other purpose but to increase the fortunes of those already enormously rich. I suppose the thought cheered the poor shop girl as she trudged along the street. Anyway, what difference did it make? It was good management and economy.

* * *

So, too, when the Ice Trust put up the price of ice in the midst of one of the hottest summers we ever had—that was good business and economy. And when the Milk Trust recently advanced the price of milk, and according to some authorities caused thereby the deaths of two hundred babies a week—that was good business and economy. It made the dividends look good.

But when a municipally owned enterprise gives something remotely approximating a living wage and provides something like decent conditions for its employes, or when it serves the public instead of serving Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, that is waste and extravagance and clearly shows how much better is private than public ownership.



WHY HE RESIGNED

I hope the "business interests and investments" for the sake of which former Secretary of War Dickinson resigned from the cabinet are now receiving the attention that they so urgently needed.

I also hope that no one will think the worthy gentleman had any other reason for retiring.

Suppose some should get the notion that he retired because the New York *Call* published a bit of inside information about the government's secret designs on Mexico?

Suppose some one should say that Mr. Taft held Mr. Dickinson responsible for this leakage and the resignation followed?

It is to be hoped in that case no one would believe the disturbing rumors because they would tend to discredit and very likely disrupt the News Trust of Washington, the beneficent purpose of which is to keep the people of the United States from knowing about their own affairs—a thing most desirable in our form of government.

JEWELRY AND NOTIONS

By Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by John Sloan

NOT feelin' well today, honey?" asked Mrs. Prentiss, slipping a sale's receipt into the pocket on the back of her sale's book. Her last customer had bought liberally, and a good sale warmed Mrs. Prentiss' heart. The girl addressed looked up with surprise, and a sort of shrinking, in her eyes. One of her hands made a slight motion toward the front of her black shirt-waist.

"Why, yes. I feel all right, thank you. Why?"

"Thought you looked a bit under the weather. Been noticin' it for several days. But—" She smiled wisely and touched the girl's cheek. "But they do say bein' in love is apt to cause such symptoms! Eh?"

"I—Oh, you're mistaken! Please don't—"

"There, honey!" interrupted Mrs. Prentiss, with motherly condescension; "don't get ruffled! I just see Mr. Williams standin' over there by Post

Twenty-three this mornin', and rubberin' at you for a solid fifteen minutes—lookin' like he had a pain, the way the young fellers always look when they got a bad case o' girl. You don't expect the old lady to go 'round with blinders on, do you?"

"But you're mistaken—probably. And, anyway, I wish you wouldn't—"

"There, now!" interrupted Mrs. Prentiss again. "I don't think I'm mistaken; and I hope I'm not. This is no graft for an educated girl like yourself, not used to elbowin' her way. But 'scuse me for buttin' in, reference to you and Mr. W. Never again!"

She bustled away to wait on two customers who had materialized, out of the wide blur of electric lights and white columns and piled merchandise and drifting shoppers, before her part of the jewelry-and-notions counter.

Left for a moment without outside demands on her attention, the girl stared vacantly across the turmoil that bounded her day-light life six-sevenths of every week. One catching a glimpse of her white, joyless face, as it showed between two racks of neck-chains, might have thought her pretty enough, but dull, dispirited, uninteresting. Her brown hair, parted in the middle and clustering loosely at the temples, was in pleasing contrast with the pathological hirsute creations of most of the other girls; her eyes were wide and dark, with an indefinable suggestion of good-breeding; and she had brightened up her black uniform with a piece of white lace at the throat. But there was no brightness about her face; it showed rather a sort of stunned vacancy that might easily have been taken for stupidity.

"What a numb-skull!" grumbled a shopper, after a vain attempt to find whether one of the chains would "wear shiny." "I never saw such an empty-head as that girl!"

It was a verdict on insufficient evidence; Miss Rickman's head was not so much troubled by emptiness as by repletion. Her brain was less a vacuum than a civil war. For days the conflict had raged, and the time was approaching when victory must be awarded to one side or the other.

Of education, in Mrs. Prentiss' sense, Miss Rickman had a good share. She had graduated from a high school, she had taken special courses in New York University, and she had read along a number of scattering lines. But of education, in the sense of basic brain regulation, her opportunities had afforded her little. Therefore, her ideas, being without commanders and advisers, were ready to be pro-

voked into flying at one another's throats; and provocation, a fierce provocation, had not been long in coming.

The resulting strife would not have been so important, perhaps, if the ideas had not demanded action.

"I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do!" repeated the girl, pressing her hands on the glass counter before her. Her hands were cold, and the counter was pleasantly warmed by the electric lights used to light up the jewelry displayed beneath.

"I'll take this," said a woman, handing over a



"Oh, that was only Tommy," she began

jeweled hat-pin and a five-dollar bill. "You're sure it's a real topaz in the end, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Miss Rickman.

Before bending to make out the sale's check, she glanced hurriedly over her customer's shoulder. A young man, dressed in the clean-cut, serviceable manner which clothing manufacturers' advertisements have made popular, was loitering down the aisle toward her. His lack of hat and haste marked him as one of the store's employees. To all appearances, his competent grey eyes were absorbed in making a survey of the department.

When the lady of the hat-pin had departed, he came up to Miss Rickman's counter.

"No great rush in our line today, Miss Rickman," he remarked crisply. "But we've got some novelties coming in next week that ought to start things moving."

"Have you?" she returned. Her face had taken on a little more color and animation at the young man's approach. He was the assistant buyer for her department; besides, he was Mr. Williams.

"Yes; a first-rate line." He seemed to be trying to make conversation. "In fact, a very good line." His crispness had departed; he fingered a mass of chatelaines.

"I say—you look tired, Miss Rickman," he resumed abruptly. "Haven't they put that stool in yet—so you can sit down?"

"Yes, there's a stool. But I'm not at all tired."

"It must be an awful grind, I know; but I suppose one gets—" He broke off, and examined one of the chains critically. "I say—you haven't forgotten that we're going to the show tonight, have you?"

"Oh, no! You don't think I'd forget that—surely!"

"I didn't know—after the way that dark, handsome young gentleman has been hanging around the department the last few days! But maybe it was only our fine assortment of notions and jewelry that brought him!"

In his effort to make a joke of the matter, Mr. Williams was highly unsuccessful. His expression, in spite of an attempt at a smile, was as grim as a duelist's. Miss Rickman's face slowly became the color of an egg shell.

"O—that was only Tommy; you mustn't think—" she began, rather wildly. "I don't know what you mean," she concluded.

"Why, I was only joking with you, of course," said the assistant buyer. He stared at her with eyes that had suddenly grown doubtful. "Of course, I haven't the slightest right—I mean, of course, it's nothing to me—O thunder! Excuse me! I can't explain what I mean! See you this evening!"

He strode off; and the sales-girl stood, for several long seconds, staring straight down the aisle along which he had disappeared. Her eyes misted, and she drew a handkerchief from the front of her waist. A small white object followed the handkerchief out, rolled onto the top of the glass case of jewelry, and lay for a moment unnoticed.

It was in the shape of a box, perhaps an inch in each dimension, and made of the fine white paper in which the store's smaller, and more valuable, parcels were wrapped. On five sides were pasted bits of the pink string used to tie up such parcels; a competent knot protruded from one edge. The sixth side of the box was open. The whole was a paper shell, made in excellent imitation of the parcel in which a ring would be made up

to be delivered to a customer.

When, a moment later, Miss Rickman noticed the curious thing, the sight seemed temporarily to paralyze her. Then, with trembling eagerness, her right hand slipped forward and clutched it. Holding it covered, she faced round to see if Mrs. Prentiss, or anyone else, had noticed. Her face, her whole attitude, was a confession of crime; and a confession of previous innocence.

But no one had seen, no one was ready, whether for good or ill, to receive her double confession. The department floor-walker was not in sight. The red-haired girl on her left was droning the praises of a belt buckle. Mrs. Prentiss was convincing a customer that a certain ring was real gold, its setting a real ruby, and the whole a marvellous bargain at seventeen-fifty-nine. Miss Rickman slipped the packet back into her breast and, for the first time that day, sat down on the stool Mr. Williams' partiality had provided.

Aroused by the incident, her mental conflict became more acute.

"All property is theft!" she murmured, parroting the words of a book she had read. "The workers are right to take back, by any and all means, that which has been stolen from them!"

But the ideas, as usual, were checked by older, longer-established ones: "Notions! Fool notions!" retorted the belief of her childhood, and of her

father and mother, and of their fathers and mothers before them.

A certain phrase that had come to her at her first temptation repeated itself in her consciousness: "It's a dangerous thing to mix jewelry and notions!" She even ventured a ghost of a smile at the thought.

Dangerous—yes! But wrong? The greater of two evils? At least, not advisable! Why not, then? Nothing ventured, nothing gained! Besides, the plans were well laid—and she would never do it again. Finally, there was the most venerable of deciding reasons: Things had gone so far that they could not be turned back!

Throughout the tumult in her brain, one important desire was always in the background, like the hidden commander-in-chief of all her rebel ideas. She desired new clothes! She desired them fiercely—on account of Mr. Williams!

"So it's all settled—it's all decided!" she told herself, time after time. "Just forget about it, and behave as if nothing were bothering you!"

But her will had no power over the rioting of her ideas and emotions. As the afternoon wore along, her face took on the look of a person confused by the din around her. Sometimes she answered the questions of shoppers; sometimes she merely stared, absently, querulously, as if shocked that anyone could interrupt, with petty matters of bargain and sale, the life-and-death conflict in which she was concerned. Once Mr. Williams stopped a dozen feet from her, and stared at her; but she looked right through him. As he turned back down the aisle, his face had taken on some of the joylessness that characterized the girl's.

Toward four o'clock, a scared-looking young man came up to her counter.

"I saw your advertisement—for real pearl rings—at eighteen dollars each," he said, disjointedly, as if he were repeating a lesson. "Please let me see them."

Scarcely seeming to breathe, with the lifeless movements of a sleep-walker, Miss Rickman rose and went over to one end of the jewelry case. She drew back the slide, took out a tray of pearl rings in boxes, and carried them over to her customer. The young man—he was hardly more than a boy—looked at them with as much aversion as if they had been adders.

"Take one!" whispered the girl tremulously. "And talk—you know. Hurry, Tommy!"

He picked up one of the boxes, with hands that trembled pitifully, and pretended to examine the gem.

"They're pretty good—pretty good," he commented. "But not very good stones, maybe. But pretty good."

While he babbled, Miss Rickman took the paper shell from her waist and awkwardly forced it over one of the other boxes. She looked neither to the right nor to the left. The store's manager, and a dozen of the store's detectives, might have been standing in the next aisle. She would never have seen them. With childish directness, she gave her whole attention to putting its false wrapping on the ring she had decided to steal.

"Pretty good, maybe," repeated the young man. "Not very, though. I guess I won't take it."

He handed back the ring. Miss Rickman laid the one she had just disguised on the glass counter, with the competent pink knot uppermost. She picked up the tray and started to return it to its place.

"Hurry, Tommy!" she whispered.

The young man awkwardly seized the little parcel, thrust it into one of his coat pockets, and hurried away. His frightened side glances would have aroused the suspicions of the most amateur detective.

"Did you sell him one, honey?" asked Mrs. Prentiss, as the girl slid the tray back into its case.

"No," said Miss Rickman, looking after the young man. "He thought the set wasn't—"

Her breath went with a gasp, and she clutched the edge of the case for support. The assistant buyer had slipped out of a side aisle, with the alertness of a cat, and was plainly in pursuit of the unfortunate Tommy.

"Why, honey!" Mrs. Prentiss caught the girl's hands and smoothed back the hair from her forehead. "A little faintness? Come over and sit down. Shall I get you a little water, eh?"

"No, thanks; I'll be all right," said Miss Rickman. Her teeth were chattering and her whole body trembled as with a sudden chill. She sat down and Mrs. Prentiss continued to smooth her forehead, uttering motherly clucks and endearments.

"I'm better now—thanks," she declared, with unconscious sharpness. "Please let me be."

"Well—" demurred Mrs. Prentiss, taken aback. "Please let me be," repeated the girl.

"Certainly," said the saleswoman; and went back, surprised and a bit nettled, to her own part of the counter.

Miss Rickman closed her hands tightly in her lap, and waited for—she knew not what, except that

it was something too terrible to be put into words, even to be clearly thought of. It required all her strength to keep from screaming, to keep from rising and rushing for the freedom of out-of-doors. But, even in her madness, she realized that the door-keepers would stop her if she tried to leave the store. The only thing left her was to wait—to wait—to wait—until something happened, or her desire to scream became uncontrollable.

"Miss, where are the clothes racks?" demanded an elderly shopper, pausing before her.

"In the basement," replied Miss Rickman mechanically.

"But I don't mean that kind! I was just sent there by a floor-walker—who ought to be discharged! I mean the kind to hang dresses on! Now, if you don't know—tell me, and let me ask someone who does! But if you do, don't sit there—"

"They're on the third floor, inadam," said Miss Rickman.

The customer swept wrathfully toward the elevators, and Miss Rickman stood up behind her counter. The incident made her a bit more mistress of herself. She determined to meet her fate standing; and she found she felt less like screaming standing than sitting down. The familiar maze of lights and columns and piled merchandise quieted her, also. Everything looked so usual, so everyday. She waited—waited—waited. Her white, joyless face, as it showed between the racks of neck-chains on either side, appeared even more dull, vacant, and uninteresting than usual. Still she waited. She began to be afraid that something in her head would snap, leaving her without thought or feeling; and she struggled to prevent it.

Mr. Williams suddenly materialized out of the thickening haze that seemed to be gathering before her eyes. She could not make out his face very well; but his voice pierced to her perfectly.

"Miss Rickman," he was saying, in a voice of judgment, it seemed to her, "kindly return this ring to stock."

He held out a ring box; she reached out her hand to take it. And then something in her head snapped with a sound like thunder. She crumpled up limply behind the glittering show-case of jewelry.

Mrs. Prentiss was smoothing her forehead and applying a bottle of smelling salts to her nose, when she opened her eyes. She was lying on the floor, well-concealed by show-cases, with her head pillowed in Mrs. Prentiss' lap.

"Just a little fainting spell," said the saleswoman, patting her cheek. "Mr. Williams has gone to get a cab to take you home—he near went crazy when you toppled over! That ought to be some satisfaction to you, anyway, honey! I guess we won't be seeing you around here any more. He makes a lot o' money. Well, that's the way it goes!" She emitted a soft chuckle, that was half a sigh, and stroked the girl's hands.

The woman attendant in the store's "Rest Room" came with Mr. Williams. She decided that Miss Rickman was perfectly able to be taken home; and that rather too much fuss had been made over a simple fainting spell. A janitor brought the girl's hat and coat—poor, cheap, much-worn little hat and coat—and Mr. Williams escorted her out to the waiting cab.

"Drive slowly," he cautioned the cabman, after giving the address. "And keep to quiet side-streets as much as possible."

For several blocks they trundled along in a silence like that of mourners in a funeral procession. Mr. Williams stared straight ahead; his face expressed absolutely nothing.

"There'll be no trouble for you about this, Miss Rickman," he announced presently. "I think—in fact, I feel sure, that it's the first time you've—that it's the first time. And I think it's certainly the last. Isn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Rickman. The dull hopelessness in her voice, the despair of it, made him writhe.

"I say." He cleared his throat, and glanced at her for the first time since he had helped her into the cab. "It isn't so bad—what you've done, you know. I often wonder it doesn't happen oftener. No one knows about this—except me. Things can go on just as before." He cleared his throat again. "You'll be all right after a few days' rest," he assured her.

The girl dabbed at her eyes desperately with her handkerchief; and then began to cry.

"Don't—don't do that!" His voice had lost its quality of aloofness; he caught one of her hands. "It isn't such an awful thing—no one knows but me!"

"I'd rather," choked the girl desperately, "I'd rather anyone else in the world knew—but you!"

He bent suddenly toward her; but compromised by catching her free hand in both of his.

"I don't know just how to take that!" he said unsteadily. "I'd know better if that Tommy—"

"Oh, what have you done with Tommy?" she cried,

straightening up and looking him in the face. "I was forgetting Tommy—it wasn't his fault! I persuaded him it wasn't wrong!"

"I let Tommy go," said Mr. Williams. He released her hand and leaned back in his own corner. "I didn't see any way of jugging Tommy without dragging you into the mess."

"You're—you're awfully kind!" She turned her face toward the window, and her tears started again. "You see, I just filled him full of—of notions that I'd got out of books; about property, you know."

"I see," said Mr. Williams, with divided attention. "Well, I guess you've decided we can't change the present system by attacking it one at a time. We've got to get together—I'm a Socialist myself." He paused for a moment, watching her with regretful eyes. "Anyway, it ought to cheer you up to have Tommy restored to you," he announced abruptly.

Jealousy, plain green jealousy, colored his words and tone; but the girl was too much broken to notice it.

"It does!" she sobbed, burying her face in her hands. "Tommy's a good boy; and he's my own, only brother; and if it hadn't been for you, I'd have made a—a convict out of him!"

Mr. Williams growled something that sounded like a malediction on himself. "You poor—little girl!" he murmured, with a jerky hiatus between the "poor" and the "little." His arms were around her and he was smoothing her hair much as Mrs. Prentiss might have done.

So that cab speedily became, even as a sinner whose sins have been forgiven, full of peace and joy.

When Panama Workers Return

A dirt train conductor on the Canal gets \$100 a month. He gets a good house rent free, edibles virtually at cost, flowers for his piazza and lawn free. Six weeks' vacation and thirty days' sick leave with pay are allowed each year. He must spend a convalescence period of at least one week, if he has been in hospital, with pay, on Taboga Island, the watering resort of the Zone, as soon as he is discharged from the hospital, where medical attendance is free. Right now there are more than twelve thousand Americans, men, women and children, who are being educated to accept these conditions as their due. Can any sane citizen consider it a wise course to let this army lay down its tools when the Canal is dug and return to existing labor conditions in the United States?—*The Outlook.*

Far From the Crowd

A certain country town has 2,500 population, is not the county seat, is more than forty miles from the nearest city, and depends almost entirely upon the neighboring farms for its prosperity. In appearance this town differs little from a thousand others of its class, except that the three garages are a surprise, and the lawns and houses might be remembered as neater and more trim than ordinary. Ask a question and it leads you far. You notice, perhaps, that the press of the country newspaper is run by an electric motor. The power and light plant is the property of the town and pays a revenue of \$500 a month into the public treasury. The heating plant for downtown stores also is owned by the people. It utilizes the waste steam from the power plant and cuts the merchants' fuel bills in half. A country physician's son, who in this little town now is completing a \$50,000 hospital for general practice, has credit for the suggestion that the steam be connected with the water system, so that if the water-pipes ever become infected they may be sterilized with live steam. To this municipal light, water and heating plant is attached a private ice factory which sells pure ice made from sterilized water at forty-five cents a hundred pounds. A wholesale ice-cream factory—buying real country cream to sell again for eighty cents a gallon—uses the cold salt water from the ice plant. . . . At one end of town is a public playground, which in winter is flooded for a skating rink. For a city man who remembers the country town as it used to be, a visit to such a community as this is stimulating education. The place, by the way, is Sabetha, Kan.—*Collier's Weekly.*

Our modern political parties were organized to advocate certain political principles and realize them in public life. Gradually they have come to regard their perpetuation as an end in itself and public welfare is subordinated to party victory.—*Prof. Rauschenbusch—Christianity and the Social Crises.*

Money is that which passes freely from hand to hand throughout the community in final discharge of debts and full payment for commodities.—*Francis A. Walker.*

THE BIG CHANGE

CHAPTER X.

By Eugene Wood

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

THE case of the painter, the pianist, the violinist, and the virtuoso generally, while it comes under the heading of Play, is mixed up a good deal with Art, concerning which I'd like to say a few words. Let us imagine the greatest painter in the world the first time he ever had a pencil and a pad of paper in his hands. He's just a child, you understand, and he makes zig-zag marks as any other child does. Somebody, no better a draughtsman than you or I, makes him a picture of an engine. You know what it looks like. Here's the smokestack and smoke coming out of it, a spiral like a drunken bed-spring. And here are the wheels, whose spokes, according to our clumsy pencil, stick out through the tires. And here's the engineer looking out of the cab, and pulling the rope—here's the rope—to the bell—here's the... here's the bell. And this is the tender with the coal in it. And these are the cars, the baggage-car, and the passenger cars. And the engine goes, "Choo! Choo! Choo!" and pretty soon the whistle blows, "Too-oot! Toot!" and the bell goes, "Ding-dong! Ding-dong!"

And the little fellow is much pleased thereat, and commands, "Do it adin," and you've got to draw him another engine and train of cars, and say it all over again, word for word, just as you did the first time.

After awhile, this greatest artist in the world tries it for himself like any other child, and makes out about the same as any other child. Maybe it is a man, he tries to draw, a much easier thing to do. He draws like any other child a head shaped like a potato, showing both eyes in a profile face, with conventional hair kind of scrazzled on one side of the head, which wears what seems to be a transparent hat. The body is about a third as big as the head and is also the shape of a potato, the buttons of the coat being abnormally distinct. The body has two wavering lines drawn to one side, each ending in a five-pointed explosion. Those are the arms and hands. Downward from the body extend two other wavering lines, each ending in an irregular contour, it might be Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. These are legs and feet.

If enough attention is paid to these infantile efforts, and enough fuss is made over them, and the child's head can be swelled sufficiently in that direction, he will take more and more pains to make good his conviction that in drawing and coloring, at least, he is just about as smart as they make 'em. And there you are. Every child wants to draw pictures, and every adult that cannot draw acceptably, so as to illustrate what he is getting at is a neglected child to that extent. Being a great artist is a matter of the acquisition of technique, not only of the hand so that it will do what the mind wants it to do, but also of the mind, which learns to suppress what it thinks it sees and leave in what it really does see. The memory and the intellect are aware of the fact that a man has two ears, but the eye sees only one ear in a profile view.

You've got to catch the painter very young, and he's got to study, and practice both mind and hand all his life long, and then that isn't nearly long enough because while it is theoretically a very simple thing to do to get the right shapes of things and then to get the right colors of things, it is practically an impossible thing to do. The best artist just makes a stab at it.

When all books were copied out by hand, the boy who expected to become a professional copyist had to study with the best teachers of the set book-hand and had to practice diligently to make his letters legible and even and beautiful, to make the lines come out as in the original, not to leave out any words, not to put in any words. Theoretically it was a simple thing to do to make one book exactly like another; practically it was impossible.

But, now that we have discovered printing, there is no trouble at all about that. And, now that the typewriting machine is so common, going over, "Rome was not built in a day, Rome was not built in a day, Rome was not built in a day," isn't what it used to be cracked up to be, and a signature doesn't look as if the fellow amounted to very much if he writes it so that you can read it. When books were all hand-copied, there wouldn't have been any books if boys did not painstakingly acquire a set book-hand. Up to a few years ago, unless boys learned how to draw and color, there wouldn't have been any illustrations to tell us what George Washington looked like or the Roman Forum. Up to just a few years ago, unless the difficult art of steel-engraving and wood engraving had been learned,

there wouldn't have been any way of reproducing drawings.

But nowadays I can make a picture of a place with every detail just so, and you will know exactly what the place looks like. It will be a more accurate picture and it will be done better and cheaper than the best artist on earth can do it. And I cannot draw a little bit. Sometimes I cannot even draw a check. For my picture-making I do not need to know the first thing about perspective, and foreshortening, the incidence of light and shadow, and all that. I press the button, and the fellow down by the candy-store does the rest and he cannot draw any better than I can.

"Pfff! That ain't Art; that's a photograph," sneers the by-hand artist. I suppose the old-time by-hand copyists said "Pfff!" too when they looked at the first printed books.

The piano is an ungrateful brute of an instrument to learn. There is the multiform insanity of musical notation to contend with in the first place, so that, instead of a certain signal on the page indicating that a certain key must be struck and held for so long, it may be one of four near-by keys, and the length of time the key is held down is only relative. There is the incontrovertible fact that, no matter how long and how diligently you practice, the five digits on each hand are not, and cannot be made to be of equal length, strength and agility, however much the music may require them to be.

After that you must learn all the major scales in sharps and flats, the three scales in the minor mode, and these scales you must practice up and down, in octaves, in thirds, in sixths; in contrary motion, in arpeggio, till you're so tired you don't know which

end's up. And what for? So as to be able to play the notes written on the paper, no more, no fewer, to vary the force with which they are struck, and the rate of speed, and also to produce certain effects with the sustaining pedala and the damper-pedal.

Theoretically this is practicable, and perhaps with a Paderewski it is for a few pieces; practically hand-playing of all the pieces you want to play is impossible. But cut holes in a sheet of paper just so and I will undertake to play a piano piece without a mistake, and if I know which are the buttons to press for loud and soft, for quicker or slower, which governs the sustaining pedal and which the damper-pedal, and I watch the lines on the paper, I can play everything, not only as Paderewski plays it, but as Rosenthal plays it or Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler or any of them.

Little boys stay indoors and torture their own and others' nerves with the suffering cats' agony of "Cuckoo, cuckoo, welcome thy song"; they squander hours of growth in mind and body that will never come again, so that when they have wrecked their bodily and physical health they may be able to produce a beautiful violin-tone. And what is that? It is the tone of the pitch, plus softer harmonics, the octave, the twelfth, the sixteenth, and so on upward in fainter and fainter "partials." The more brilliant the quality, the stronger these somewhat discordant "upper partials." To get just the tone-quality at will while at the same time doing double-stopping and all sorts of agilities is prac-

(Continued on Page Six.)



The boy had to study with the best teachers of the set book-hand

The Shop Slave in Britain

THE PROFITS OF IMMORALITY

(Continued from last week.)

RIVERS of ink have been shed, orators have declaimed in tongues of thunder, Royal Commissions have sat, blue books have been compiled, and, as one man said to me, there has been "drink, divilment and divarsion," upon the horrors of the "living-in" system in the shops. Yet the hoary fraud goes on. I will try in this essay to speak as temperately as possible about the system. I will confine myself rigidly to facts, but it is difficult to speak dispassionately about a system which has been responsible for more prostitution of young girls, more destruction of human happiness, and more breaking of human hearts than almost any other single capitalistic method that can be instanced.

"Living-in" means the herding together of men and women in the great shop-combines under conditions of moral and physical degradation which beggar description, and under the pretense that the assistants are compelled to live in, instead of being allowed to have their own homes, so that their spiritual welfare may be safeguarded.

In reality, the system is employed so that the employe may be conveniently sucked dry of his hard-earned wages, may be browbeaten, starved and sweated, may be compelled to accept lower wages and have the spirit whipped out of him, to the end that the employer's profits may be forced up. That is the "living-in" system.

The Ban Upon Marriage

But before I come to the more tangible horrors of that system, I wish to speak of the ban upon marriage which is now in full swing in Britain amongst the great shop firms, a ban which is supposed to arise out of the necessity of "living-in," that necessity itself being supposed in its turn to come from the fact that the poor shopkeeper, in order to live at all, is compelled to force his assistants to live in so as to economize.

It is all a chain which drags its damnable length around and about the feet of the shop slave.

I will show that not only is "living-in" unnecessary in view of the bloated profits of the shops, but that the forbidding of marriage by the employers has for its object the pressing down of wages all around, for, if the employes were permitted to marry, they would not be content to accept the same wages that they do as single men. A terrific volume of discontent would arise if staffs were allowed to marry, through the insufficiency of the wages paid in the modern shop to keep together a home, and the employers would find themselves unable to withstand it and would be compelled to do what every other type of employer is compelled to do, and that is pay a living wage which would enable a man to marry and live in some comfort.

Then there is the point that it is much easier to transfer single men from branch to branch, shackling them with the radius agreement at each move, than it would be to move married men, who could not possibly undergo the expense of moving and forming fresh homes upon their present wages.

I have in front of me a letter, dated February 28, from Sunderland, which states that men applying for employment to great multiple firms like the Maypole Dairy Co. and the Home and Colonial Stores, whose branches literally cover the whole of the British Isles, although perfectly efficient, are refused an engagement upon the plea that they are married, and under no circumstances are married men now engaged.

The Brutal Truth

But if you imagine that all the employers are too delicate to tell the brutal truth, you are mistaken. "It is all a question of wages," a leading London draper recently admitted, "freedom to marry would mean higher wages," whilst for sheer cold-blooded insolence the following verbatim extract from a speech delivered at a meeting of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade, will take some beating:

"It must be considered that if a draper has a position for a young man, say at £30 to £35 a year, plus commission and board and lodging, he cannot engage a married man for a position like that. I will give an illustration. A draper has a young man in his employ at from £40 to £50 a year. If commission and board and lodging is added, it amounts to £100 per annum. The assistant takes (over the counter) £2,000 a year. Reckoning 50 weeks, that amounts to £40 a

By Desmond Shaw

week. That young man's individual expenses amount to 5 per cent. The outgoings are £100, the takings £2,000. Adding to these outgoings a quota of the buyers' and shopwalkers' expenses, rent, rates, taxes, insurance, etc., the working expenses come to 15 per cent, and as the gross profit in the trade does not average much more than 17½ per cent, the draper gets a net result of 2½ per cent profit. Is not that getting very near the bone? Where is the margin to let philanthropy display itself in engaging married people?"

There you have John Bull, like his animal prototype, in all his blatant vulgarity and density. These great shop proprietors who are notorious for their piety and profits, who are ostentatious workers in their churches and chapels, who parade their sanctity on Sundays and sweep it to Hades during the "business" days of the week, these are the men who, in order to swell their profits, doom their employes to an unnatural and vicious existence, deliberately connive at nothing more or less than immorality, and threaten the sacred things of life.

An Accomplished Liar

The accomplished liar who spoke as reported above, did not tell his audience that drapers like D. H. Evans, Oxford St., London, declared a dividend on their ordinary shares of 22½ per cent, that the Home and Colonial Stores showed a net profit on the year's working of £133,419, that the Maypole Dairy Co. showed a trading profit for the year of £143,514, and that the largest of the stores supplying the "services," declared a dividend of 145 per cent for the past twelve months. A net result of 2½ per cent net profit on the turnover quoted by the gentleman in question may work out at anything up to 100 per cent on the capital.

Put the two things together. One hundred per cent dividends and permission to marry refused on the plea that the employer cannot afford to pay the higher wages necessary to the married man!

The fruits of such a system are, as may be expected, unspeakable and unthinkable.

In the first place, throughout the distributive trade in Britain, the tendency is to keep the age of employment down to 25 years, mainly because the conditions of family life are not allowed for in any way. As a rule, "too old at forty" is nearly universally enforced in shop life, and men who have given the best years of their lives to their employers' interests, are "fired" at a moment's notice to make room for raw juniors at lower wages.

We have recently taken out the figures of the married shop assistants of this country, and, incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that *not five per cent of those assistants who have reached a marriageable age are married.*

Is there any other business in the world to which this would apply?

And many of this five per cent are forced to conceal the fact from their employers. If the man who is married is found out, he is almost invariably dismissed.

The Crime of Marriage

A draper's assistant stated the other day that he worked in the same shop and shared the same bedroom with another young man for twelve months before he knew he was married. His wife lived in a neighboring district and he spent most of his evenings and Sundays with her.

Not long ago a case leaked out of a man who had been secretly married for six years. His wife lived under an assumed name in obscurity, and he was only able to see her clandestinely once a week, both knowing that if the fact of his being married were discovered he would be discharged. At last his employers did find it out, and he was promptly dismissed.

But even when an assistant is by special license permitted to live out, if he marries without the consent of his firm, he does so at his peril. Not only are shopmen forbidden to marry, but any sign of courtship between a man and a woman in the same house is sternly resented, and often is followed by dismissal.

To marry in the modern British shop is to risk ostracism. As will be seen from the above, assistants are inclined to regard marriage as partaking of the nature of a crime, since, as effectively as a

criminal act, it closes the means of livelihood to them.

I spoke above of the prostitution of young girls in connection with the shop business. As a matter of fact, outside every one of the great London stores are to be found gilded blackguards, who wait for the purpose of enticing the girl assistants from the paths of virtue. Little wonder that they are so often successful when the girls have none of the ordinary restraints of unions of affection to keep them straight, when they know that marriage is absolutely forbidden to them, and when in addition they have all the petty horrors of the system under which they live and move and have their being. The ranks of the lost women of Britain are largely recruited from the ranks of the shop-girls. In some recent investigations amongst these "women of civilization" it was discovered that out of 4,000 examined no fewer than one-fourth came from the ranks of the shop assistants.

Effects of Compulsory Celibacy

The effects of this compulsory celibacy amongst the male assistants has attached to the class an unenviable reputation for fast living. After the most careful inquiries among shopmen who are well-informed, it would seem beyond question that in the West End of London at any rate it is a common practice for the male assistants to introduce the women of the streets into their dormitories. To do this it is, of course, necessary to bribe the door-keeper in each case. One can imagine the effects of such an environment upon the young boys who come up in thousands to our great cities from their country homes. The records of the consulting rooms of the metropolis teem with the results of such a pestilential environment. Boys and young men are ruined body and mind in order that the employer may increase his profits. The whole system is absolutely rotten.

Britain has won for herself amongst the European nations the reputation of being "The Nation of Hypocrites." I have heard that charge leveled at her on the boulevards of Paris, on the pavements of the German cities, in the cities of Scandinavian countries. An International reputation of that sort is not built up in a day or a year. It is the national and virtuous practice of the British people to ignore all the inconvenient facts of life that they cannot explain, to sweep all the dust of unpleasant reality behind the national door in the manner of the unfaithful housemaid, to boast of the fact that they are a God-fearing country, that any offenses against the national virtue are visited with the direst penalties, and that the offenders are socially ostracised and relegated to the ultimate limbo to which they consign their thinkers, their artists, and their politicians, when they have hurt the very nice British sense of what constitutes morality—but, and it is a big "but," when it is a case of morality clashing with business, or principles with profits—why the morality and the principles go to the wall all the time.

The British nation plumes itself upon a certain familiarity with the Deity and His purposes, of being a "bible-loving" country—but the God of the British people is Mammon, and their bible—the bank-book.

That is all there is to it.

In my next article I will deal with the more concrete side of "living-in," illuminated with examples taken from life, and constituting one of the most hideous records in capitalist society.

(To be concluded.)

THE BIG CHANGE

(Continued from Page Five.)

tically impossible yet the boy must strive for it. But tone-quality can be made scientifically, a thing unknown in the Middle Ages when the fiddle was made. To the pure pitch-tone, the harmonics of any tone-quality can be added at will, those for the violin, the clarinet, the oboe, the flute—anything you like. To set to work to make a violinist out of a boy in these days looks to me to be not much different from making a zany for some kinglet to laugh at or a singer of God's praises in the Papal choir.

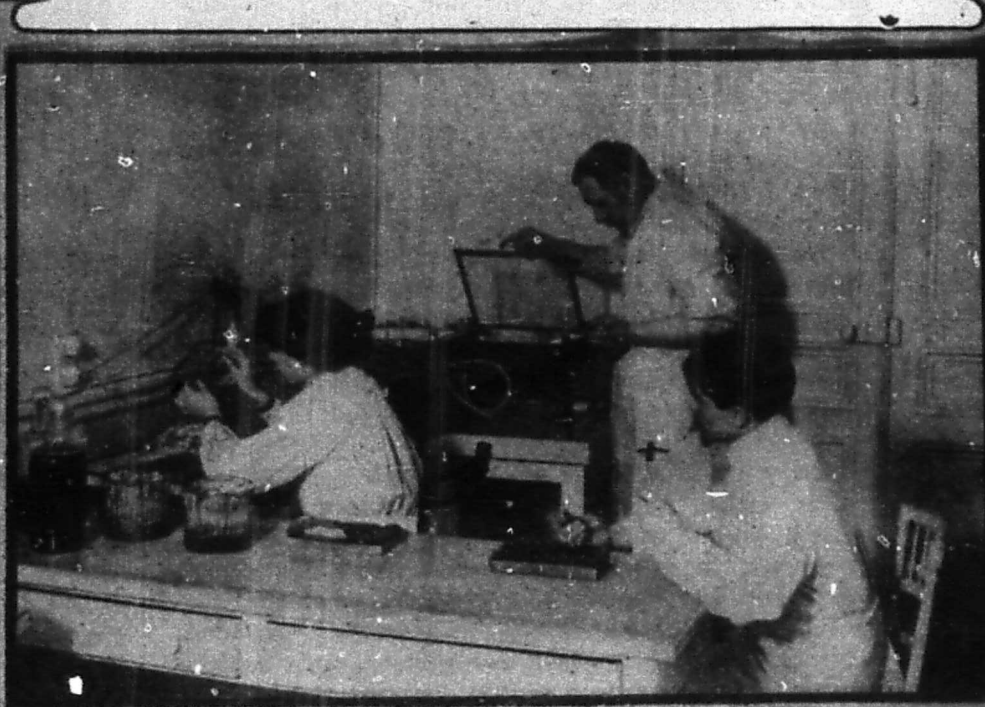
Art is always the clumsy, old-fashioned, hand-powered way of doing things, prized only because it is expensive. It's just another way to wear diamonds and light cigars with dollar-bills.

(To be continued.)

Helping Phagocytes Fight



Dr Doyen and His Son



Trying it on the Tuberculous Dog

By Andre Tridon

Ten years from now no physician worthy of that name will ever dream of using a knife; the hypodermic needle will be the surgeon's only instrument." No, this is not an excerpt from the circular of a dealer in hypodermic needles; nor has the man who made such a startling statement any drug to sell.

The man is a millionaire; in the course of the last thirty years he has performed thousands of operations for which he sometimes claimed fees of \$50,000 and now he modestly turns around and confesses that in the case of cancers, the only positive result of the operation was to transform a local disease into a general disease.

Encouraging, isn't it? This may move some of his patients to demand that their check be returned to them. No wonder our genial friend, George Bernard Shaw went for the doctors with hammer and tongs in his latest book, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

The medical revolutionist who invites surgeons to throw away their knives and advises them to become bacteriologists is Dr. E. Doyen of Paris. He has always been a revolutionist, discarding at the very beginning of his career surgical instruments which conservative surgeons were using for only one reason: they had been taught that there were no others.

Former Revolutionary Ideas

He many times called upon himself the curses of the profession by explaining that a large number of disinfectants had never disinfected anything. The mere fact that they emitted a disgusting smell was their only claim, Doyen said, to antiseptic properties. Finally he struck the idea a few years ago that in small Universities where the medical students cannot receive a very extensive clinical training it would be a good plan to possess, in the form of moving pictures, a durable and visible record of certain rare and dangerous operations. And then he was called a mountebank.

At present he is opening in the various sections of the French capital free clinics at which his medical theories are applied to those willing to submit themselves to the treatment. Before explaining what the new treatment consists of we must remind the reader of a few physiological facts he may have forgotten since school days, or which he may never have learned, for many of them have only been known a few years.

The human blood contains, as everybody knows or should know, two kinds of corpuscles, the red ones and the white ones. Twenty-five years ago nobody knew exactly what purpose the white corpuscles served. They were even suspected of carrying the microbes of various diseases from one end of the body to the other. Metchnikoff's experiments have proved on the contrary that the white cor-

puscles are the stock clerks, scavengers and policemen of the body. During digestion they gather all the particles of assimilated food and carry them to their final destination; particles of fat go to the muscles or are kept in reserve in those storage houses from which the masseuse's hands are frequently obliged to expel them; lecithin and nuclein are led to the nervous centers, etc. In this case the white corpuscles act as stock clerks. Should

puscles or phagocytes absorb it, digest it and transform it into some innocuous product and then carry it to the kidneys or liver, the body's dumping ground and garbage-burning plants. Here our stock clerks become scavengers and street cleaners.

It is when a live intruder, however, ventures into the blood, that the faithful phagocytes are more than ever "on the job." The live intruder is the microbe of some disease. And we must remember that we are constantly carrying within our own body the microbes of I don't know how many diseases. Those microbes do their best to shoot up the place in "Wild West" fashion with their ammunition called medically toxin. The phagocytes meet them with a running fire of antitoxin, which generally silences them; or if possible they swallow the hold-up men and digest them.

The similitude between the police of the body and the police of our cities is not perfect. However large a cop may be he never was known to eat up even the most microscopic hoodlum.

Thus our dear phagocytes lead a rather strenuous life. Delivering food three times a day, getting the body rid of the acids produced by fatigue, arresting undesirable tramps, etc., is not a sinecure. We may say that in every emergency the reserves are called into action. In a normal healthy individual, there may be 8,000 phagocytes per cubic millimeter of blood; these constitute the regular police; but after a meal, all hands are called on deck and the reserves come out of their lounging places, the bones or the lymph vessels, and wait upon the table. In case of danger the phagocytes simply swarm towards the threatened spot and we may find at the time of a microbial infection as many as 40,000 phagocytes per cubic millimeter.

Helping the Phagocytes

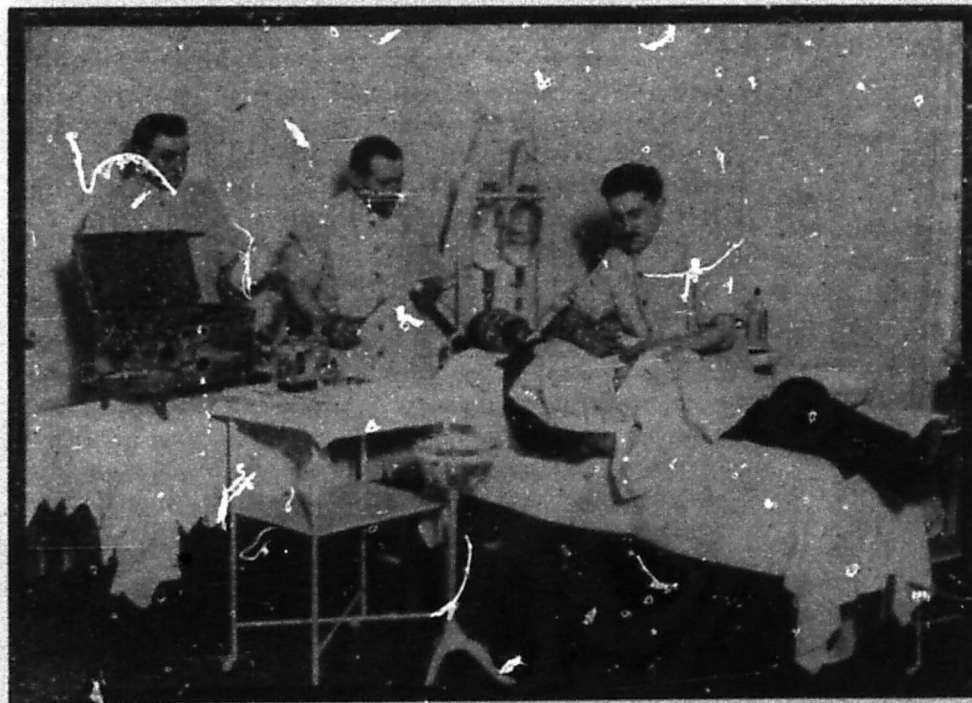
In case of a very serious infection, the poor phagocytes spending all their energies on swallowing poisons and microbes become terribly tired and neglect their other duties. And then we are sick. The fight between the attacking army of microbes and the forts manned by phagocytes may be a very heated one: the temperature rises, we have fever. And then either the odds remain almost even and we have a chronic disease; or the microbes are beaten and we recover; or they carry the day and we die.

Several methods have been employed in order to help the phagocytes in their fight. One method consisted in collecting microbes, killing them or

weakening them to the point at which they could offer no resistance and then injecting them into the blood. The phagocytes were thus trained to eat, first dead, then weaker, then stronger, then healthy microbes and afterward kept on doing it all the time. This works beautifully before a sickness. They call the process vaccine. In cases when the



The old way of treating cancer—cutting up the patient



The new way; nothing more than a hypodermic injection

we be deprived of food several days the white corpuscles would take out of these storage houses which spoil our waist line enough fat to feed the muscles and nerves and stave off starvation.

Whenever some poisonous substance, or some substance which the body cannot use in any way, is introduced into the organism, the white cor-

microbe of a certain disease is unknown this system could not be applied. And then unless we were vaccinated for every possible disease we were always apt to catch "something" sooner or later.

Feeding the Fighters

Then doctors thought of supplying the phagocytes with their own ammunition, antitoxin, taken from the blood of animals having recovered from the disease, but whose blood was still full of serum deadly to microbes. This was impracticable when no surplus antitoxin was left at the end of the sickness. Doyen then bethought himself of a very simple process. Phagocytes will always rid us of a disease if they remain strong. Instead of training them to eat microbes, instead of supplying them with anti-microbial secretions, let us feed them, let us make them strong.

After all, Doyen was applying to sick phagocytes the therapeutic methods which every one is applying to sick people nowadays. We no longer drug consumptives, we feed them. We know that in modern wars, battles are not won by the bravest army, but by the army that ate the most substantial breakfast, or by that of the two armies that had any breakfast at all.

Now the reader may ask. What do the phagocytes eat? Almost anything, and they digest anything from steak to arsenic. But they have their preferences and while an ostrich may playfully swallow a set of soup spoons, even an ostrich would thrive poorly on an exclusive diet of soup spoons.

The idea of letting the phagocytes do it is not absolutely new, for several physicians before Doyen had concluded that in case of a disease as in the case of a common street riot, the thing to do was to "call the reserves." The thing to do was to call into the blood from their reserve stations 20 or 30 extra thousands of phagocytes per cubic millimeter. And this is easily done. Inject almost any slightly poisonous or unassimilable substance into the blood and hordes of phagocytes make their appearance and remove it.

Use Brewer's Yeast

This phenomenon is easily observed by injecting some coloring matter and watching its gradual disappearance in the tissue of the phagocytes. The trouble is that the phagocytes become tired, if not exhausted, while destroying the foreign matter introduced into the system and are at a disadvantage when the real fight with the microbes begins.

Where Doyen showed his originality was when he selected as injectable material destined to call the reserves a substance which not only attracts the phagocytes into the blood, but nourishes them and gives them strength. Doyen made his discovery as Pasteur made his by experimenting with beer ferments or brewers' yeast. This had been for many years an old woman's cure for boils. As early as 1852 the properties of alcoholic ferments had been discussed in the famous English medical review, the *Lancet*. Some physicians used it as an adjuvant in various ailments. It was recommended especially against diabetes. In those days when the function of the blood was absolutely unknown and when no one suspected the role played by phagocytes, the treatment by beer ferments was purely empirical.

Furthermore, as no two brewing processes are alike, brewers' yeast was an extremely variable quantity. The word meant the most dissimilar products just as the designation of man applies as well to a Hottentot or a Mongolian as to George Cohan.

A Bracer for Phagocytes

By trying a great many varieties of ferments on the phagocytes Dr. Doyen finally alighted upon one brand which affected them as beer affects a German, spaghetti an Italian and "straight" an Irishman. It not only attracted them, but fed them and gave them a pugnacious attitude toward microbial invaders. It is not a vaccine, nor a serum, nor a drug. It is an appetizer, a food and a bracer for phagocytes.

This is the logical way to let Nature do it. For in the majority of cases we are most unfair to nature. While Nature, through her scavenger-policemen, the phagocytes, is helping us against microbes what do we do? We usually side with the microbes; we absorb dust full of new kinds of bacteria; we drink filthy water, we take alcohol or opium which puts the phagocytes asleep; we over-exert ourselves and produce toxins which phagocytes are at pains to digest; and we do many other foolish things. We sometimes cannot help doing them.

For many factory workers the performance of all those foolish things is the first condition of earning a livelihood. But those foolish things, unavoidable as they may be, are all the time helping the microbes against Nature. Therefore, if we supply ammunition to one side we should logically, if we want to be fair, confer the same favor on the other side. This is why Doyen decided to inject into the blood appropriate colloidal substances ex-

tracted from brewers' yeast and to make patients drink them.

The Problem of Cancer

And thus the greatest advance made by medicine leads us back to the thought which obsessed the mediæval alchemist: to treat not diseases, but disease. People are prejudiced against cure-alls and not without good reason. But Nature herself uses one cure-all, the phagocytes, which rids us of colds as well as of appendicitis, of headaches as well as of suppuration.

For a few years to come surgeons will have to use knives. As long as people insist on letting their ailments reach an acute stage, there will be cases when a pus pocket will form somewhere and in-trench itself successfully between perhaps calcareous walls; then it may be necessary to open it up. But even then, Doyen thinks that it will be better to burn an opening with a thermocauter than to slash one with a knife.

According to Doyen it is the ablation of the cancer with a knife which transforms cancer from a local into a constitutional disease. The microbe of cancer, the *micrococcus neoformans* discovered by Doyen, has the curious property of conferring strength and health upon the tissues it invades. This is why so many physicians insist on considering cancer as merely a natural process run amuck. A cancerous growth is not a form of decay; on the contrary, it is superabundance of life . . . in the wrong place. Superabundance of life in the wrong place is unfortunately apt to cause death; if the center of your brain should start growing at the rate of one cubic inch a month it would very soon crush out of place every nervous center and make you insane, paralyze you and finally split your skull open.

Knife Spreads Infection

That is why, while our body eliminates easily cells deadened by disease it does not eliminate cells enlivened by cancer. On the other hand, if you cut off a cancerous growth you spread cancer cells through blood and lymph vessels which carry it to every possible point of the body where secondary cancers are likely to start. Doyen came to the conclusion that the only way of proceeding was to kill the cancer in its early stage by means of electric sparks, and then to provoke the activity of the phagocytes who will eat up the electrocuted cells. Operations performed at a later stage may bring temporary relief, but they merely hasten the process of cancerous invasion of the body.

As far as appendicitis is concerned, no operation for that disease ever revealed the presence of grape seeds, peach stones or baby's rattles in the appendix; furthermore, as that useless organ closes generally at the age of 35, septuagenarians should not worry when the number of prune stones left on their plate doesn't tally exactly with the number of prunes they ate. The only matter found in the appendix is pus and if our phagocytes are sent in larger number to storm that little fastness of disease, are well fed and rendered pugnacious, the inflammation is not likely to spread and cause peritonitis.

Dr. Doyen, whose "phagogen" is, like Dr. Ehrlich's preparation and Dr. Roux's serum, distributed freely to physicians, does not discourage the use of serums or vaccines in cases where their use has proved beneficial. In grave cases he is in favor of supplementing the action of the phagogen by the injection of the specific serum.

The bracer for phagocytes is administered in two ways. As the colloidal substance it consists of is not modified by gastric juices, it can be absorbed in liquid form. In grave cases, however, where a speedy intervention is absolutely necessary it is injected under the skin or directly into the veins.

Dr. Doyen, we repeat, does not discourage any medication which has been recognized as efficacious. The only enemy which this surgeon of 30 years' standing is fighting is the surgeon's knife.

Dr. Doyen is one of the hardest working men in the medical profession. While he by no means spurns worldly diversions and entertains profusely every winter in his palatial home, he has, besides the laboratories connected with his clinics, a little laboratory near his bed room and not infrequently keeps his light burning until dawn. For his fertile brain is working in many directions and he has patented some 100 different mechanical devices, among which (just for the sake of being up to date) is a motor for flying machines weighing less than 100 pounds and developing 300 horse power.

The whole French army and navy are being supplied free of charge with the new "cure-all" by the generous doctor and inventor who recently made the same offer to the War Department in Washington. Several free clinics have been established in Canada.

Every great moral teacher in history has been a heretic.—*Ackerman*

HOW TO CREATE ELECTION ISSUES

BY WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER.



N Germany the Social-Democrats always conduct their parliamentary and municipal campaigns upon special issues. The Socialists in America must learn to do the same. Sometimes it is

very easy to create the issue. Sometimes it is very hard. It all depends upon current events, the influence of the press and the character of the organizations which enter the political arena.

Of course, there are always a number of issues which crop up in every election, but there is usually one issue that stands head and shoulders above the rest, one issue that arouses the maximum of interest, one issue that gets itself talked about more than all the rest put together.

It should be the aim of the Socialists to create this issue.

How can it be done? It can be done by acting upon the following suggestions.

I.

Get in the field bright and early. The time to start the campaign is at least six months before the elections.

II.

Concentrate upon one feature of the party platform.

It is necessary to draw up a full municipal program, and to print it for general distribution, but to make that program an issue it is essential to base the campaign, not upon the program as a whole, but upon one particular thing in that program.

It is impossible to set a town on fire with general principles. It is also impossible to get everybody talking about many things at the same time. Hence the importance of making one measure the central feature of the program, focussing public attention upon it, and making it the issue in the campaign.

These tactics are not meant for ordinary propaganda. They are meant only for political campaigns. The time to propagate general principles is between elections. The time to concentrate those principles upon one special issue is when an election is about to take place.

To those who insist that the whole platform should be kept constantly before the public I will say that the best way to get people studying the whole platform is to get them talking about one feature of it.

Here is how the thing works out. If we succeed in arousing public interest in one of our ideas, it becomes ever so much easier to interest citizens in our other ideas. People begin to inquire what the Socialists propose doing in regard to other things, and the newspapers come out with an "exposure" of the whole Socialist program.

As a basis for this article I shall assume that the measure selected for special agitation is municipal insurance against unemployment.

Now for the enumeration of the methods by which the Socialist party can be made a real, live, burning issue through the espousal of this or any other measure.

III.

The first thing to do is to frame a resolution that briefly sets forth the reasons why this measure should be adopted immediately.

Copies of this resolution should be sent to all the local papers for publication.

Then about two weeks after its appearance in the press, a copy of the resolution should be sent to the secretary of every organization in town, with the request that it be read at the next regular meeting, some action taken thereon and a reply made thereto.

In this way a large number of public-spirited citizens can be reached at small cost. Some organizations will devote considerable time to the discussion of the subject; others will simply order the communication to be filed.

As the aim is to get everybody talking about the measure, and incidentally about the Socialist party, the resolution should be sent to all organizations whose addresses can be secured, no matter how reactionary they may be. I would even send a copy to the Board of Trade and the Manufacturers' Association. It is just as necessary to get our opponents discussing our ideas as it is to inform our friends about them.

The list of bodies thus circularized should include, of course, the labor unions, the school teachers' association, the ministerial association, the medical association, the temperance leagues, the municipal council, various literary and debating clubs, church societies, etc., etc.

There is absolutely no compromise in this. We do not ask them to co-operate with us. We make no overtures to them whatever. We do not even

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The Wife in the Case

By Mila T. Maynard

ORCHARD had no wife. That simplified the situation. Detectives, when they arrange thrilling cases, should always select unmarried men for the crucial "confession." If that is not convenient the wife should be looked to at the same time the confessor is selected. It would prove the better way, all things considered.

We just offer the suggestion for art's sake. There is a satisfaction in seeing a piece of work put through artistically, and unless the entire family is taken into account "the best laid plans of mice and men may gang aft a-glee."

Mrs. Ortie McManigal of the McNamara case is a woman to make the heart of the workers beat strong in exultation and gratitude. She is true blue.

She is a woman one would trust on sight. A fine face with high brow and clear eye tells a story of firm courage and unconquerable truth.

It is not an easy position in which to place a woman. She loves her husband. He has been a kindly man in his home, devoted to the two beautiful children. She cannot understand by what magic he has been bewitched. The alleged confession of complicity in alleged dynamite abominations is to her an ugly nightmare. His confession is to her as absurd as it is incredible.

Few women could, however, have endured what she has borne and without a breath of wavering. For weeks she has been tormented by those who sought to gain the same sinister influence over her that had been secured over her husband.

She came to Los Angeles with a friend and her children, a girl of seven and a boy of five. The defense she regarded as her natural friends and protectors. But what a struggle to get to them and remain with them!

Detectives pursued her at every turn and she has not been free from a surveillance wearing in the extreme.

The climax of the persecution came, when having been placed three times on the witness stand before the grand jury, she left the ordeal exhausted and unstrung only to find herself, not with her friends in the corridor as she had supposed, but in an ante-room surrounded by detectives, members of the police force and her husband.

For an hour and forty-five minutes this woman met the fire of questions and abuse. "Sweating" is a brutal business at best. That even strong, crime-hardened men should not be tortured by such methods all thoughtful persons are agreed. Yet here

was a gentle-spirited woman, worn by weeks of anxiety, a long journey and the painful paradox of her position, forced to face her husband together with a crowd of men determined to make her say that black was white, to deny the truth as she knew it to be, to betray her class with a Judas lie.

No one, who does not know something of what such methods have succeeded in securing, will appreciate the strength required to resist the cruel methods of such mental torture. But nothing moved her or confused her into false concessions. At last one of the creatures roared into her ear: "You will never leave this state unless you do as we wish. We will put you in San Quentin for life!"

It was a last brutality in the fiendish nightmare and the poor woman fainted. So heavy was the faint that they could not bring her back to consciousness, and at last, the door had to be opened and a physician summoned. It was fully half an hour before she became conscious and then there was another struggle to save her from being sent to a hospital, where the coaching and torment could have gone on at pleasure.

"You really are in a Christian community," said the doctor who cared for her during the days which followed. "You certainly have had reason to doubt it, however."

Christian sentiment does not seem able to inform itself, however, across the bitter class lines which prevail in this state.

The Socialist lawyers in the McNamara case have taken even the treatment of Mrs. McManigal calmly. Nothing surprises them. They have watched detective machines grind out their villainy before. But the other lawyers—it is truly interesting to see their indignation and horror. They would not have believed such outrages possible.

It would be amusing if it were not so tragic.

Perhaps sometime just persons will understand why the workers and their friends ceased to be "judicially minded" and no longer calmly weigh the scales of pro and con after the approved fashion.

We will see both sides, Mr. Dispassionate Observer, when our own side does not require every drop of red blood we have in our veins to feel the abominations to which our class is subjected. There is no one we fear more either, my good Sir, than such as you, who in the name of fairness, hide the facts, ignore the true issue and make possible out-

rages which if seen in their naked truth could never exist among human kind.

* * *

I went to see our heroic, clear-eyed comrade. I had to pass detectives to the right and sleuths to the left out of doors, and a watchman of our own kind in the house, but I reached her bedside.

What would you have wanted me to say to this dear woman, you thousands of comrades, men and women, young and old, throughout this great world of ours? I knew what you wanted. I knew and felt it as I looked into those tired eyes and returned that brave, strong smile. In your name, comrades—I thanked her and rejoiced with her. "You are standing for all of us. It is a world struggle you are helping and yours is an all important part in the great work."—I told her.

"I know," she answered. "I will not betray my class—I will be strong. I hope I should not be under any conditions, but to tell what is not true to injure the working people, could anything be more dreadful?"

The sweet-faced little girl came to the bedside and snuggled her head caressingly against the mother's face—stroking the rosy cheek, the mother said, "I cannot think what could have tempted my husband. Does he not realize that it is his own children he is striking? They will always be of the workers—surely he should think of them!"

I found she had read the Socialist papers for some years, and this accounted for the large outlook she had and explained her splendid courage.

"They tell me," she said, "that Burns is a man of his word and will do just what he agrees, but his promises or threats will not weaken me. My working class friends at home are looking to me. 'Think of us if the strain is hard' they said. O, I shall stand firm—even for my husband's sake if nothing else, I would not be false. He will come to his senses sometime and be glad that I stood by the truth."

There are some things the capitalists will never take into account because they can never understand them. One of these is that unseen bond that unites the workers in a loyalty and devout ardor as real as it is subtle. It is a force with which all must reckon now, a force on which the future may depend for the victories almost in sight.

This frail comrade is not alone, but in her there pulses that most beautiful, as well as the mightiest power of this generation—the class consciousness of the workers—a consciousness that has in it the promise and potency of social justice.

We Have Not Failed By Robert Blatchford

The confusion of Labor party policies, the apparent weakening of militant organized Socialism due to dilution with Liberal politics, and the strident acclamation of royalty during the coronation, have brought a note of despair, or at least of discouragement into the voice of that valiant Socialist fighter, Robert Blatchford. His own strange military madness has estranged him from many of his former fellow fighters, and he has, for the moment, seemingly withdrawn from active fighting. One of the striking sailors wrote him, voicing this same discouragement, and concluding, "Stay with the flowers, Robert; you have tried to get us in the garden and failed." The following is an extract from Blatchford's reply.—Editor.

"One of my daughters told me—for I have hardly dared look at the papers during the Coronation frenzy—of a saying by Miss Marie Corelli in an article on the great Coronation spectacle: 'In the face of this magnificent display of loyal enthusiasm,' said Miss Corelli, 'Socialism is no more than a ripple on a stagnant pool.' Not a very happy figure, that. If Socialism be the ripple, the nation, we must presume, is the stagnant pool.

"No matter. Miss Corelli's assertion seems to be correct, in fact. It is identical with the opinion expressed by our sailor correspondent; it is echoed in my own mind; it is one of the reasons why I am in the garden. As I said just now, God's in His heaven, the King's on his throne, the Labor members are in Parliament, Jack is on strike, and I am trying to keep the green-fly off my plum trees.

"In face of the rising tide of what Miss Corelli

calls loyalty, Socialism certainly seems a hopeless cause. But things are not always what they seem.

"It is only a couple of years since I was in Parliament Street when King Edward VII went to open Parliament. It was a bitter cold day, and a very weak-looking woman, with a child in her arms and a lean, dispirited man by her side, stood at the curb selling, or rather offering matches. Nobody noticed her. The whole crowd rushed to see the royal carriage. Well-dressed women brushed their hungry sister's dress as they passed, and I heard one say, 'Oh! do let us get a look at the dear Queen.' As nobody seemed to care about the poor match-seller I attended to that inatter myself.

"Now the 'dear Queen' was Queen Alexandra. Where is the 'dear Queen' now? She was not at the Coronation. Did anybody miss her? Not a soul. There was another dear queen to stare at. Jack, my friend, do you think those queen-lovers matter, or that their loyalty is more than skin deep?

"Let us think. The toadyish Press has been months booming this show. There never was such a King; there never was such a Queen; there never was a nation so bursting with loyalty. There never was a royal function so blatantly and slavishly and impudently advertised. Very well. Let King George ask this ultra-loyal people to prove their loyalty and patriotism by adopting universal military service, and see how loyal they will be. Let him ask for the money needed for the Navy, and see how much their loyalty is worth.

"No, Jack, we have *not* failed. True, we have failed to get the workers 'into the garden,' for we cannot work miracles; but we have *not* wholly

failed. I do not believe, for my part, that my own work has failed. I believe it has succeeded better than I had any right to hope. 'Merrie England,' 'God and My Neighbor,' and 'Not Guilty' have not failed; they have had an influence; they are still alive. No one who looks below the surface of things can fail to perceive the change in public opinion during the last twenty years.

"Socialism as an organized movement has had a set-back. That is the inevitable result of a political sagacity which hauled down the flag and compromised with the enemy. What my readers may think I do not know, but I am convinced that the leaders of the Labor party have thrown away a magnificent opportunity and have seriously injured and retarded a great cause. I am in the garden because the bulk of the army I helped to enlist has been marched into the enemy's camp by the leaders. If this state of things is satisfactory to the workers and to the movement, there is nothing for me to do, and I must remain in the garden until someone comes along and persuades the people that they cannot get Socialism by means of an alliance with Mr. Asquith."

—Be men, not doormats. Light the red hell of revolution if need be! For what is life if it is but the accursed privilege of wearing yourselves out in the service of cannibals, of man-eating millionaires, of monsters that eat you up alive, you and your wives and children.—*Professor J. Howard Moore.*

Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind.



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Luke Sanborn, engineering a railroad through the south, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town. His protracted stay brings him into close contact with a typical old southern family, with a member of which, a young widow, Jane Lezare, he falls in love.

Calhoun Ridgeley, a brother of Jane, betrays violent characteristics inherited from his slave-owning forefathers. His ungovernable temper and inherited cowardice (his father ran away at Manassas) lead him to moral ruin. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Pickens, who is physically attracted. Calhoun compares unfavorably with another suitor of Florida's, Morgan Witherspoon, an earnest, sincere young southerner.

In her infatuation for Calhoun, Florida agrees to give an answer to his suit at a specified time. Meanwhile Calhoun wantonly kills a negro for a supposed attack on his sister's honor. This act meets the disapproval of Calhoun's relatives. He becomes morose and spends most of his time in the tavern waiting for Florida's answer.

Luke proposes to the widow and is accepted on condition, as a matter of form, that he secure the consent of her relatives. Calhoun included. Luke finds Calhoun deep in drink and attempts to remonstrate with him. Calhoun is hostile and refuses to consent to Luke's suit. He appears to relent, borrows money.

He then sends a note to Florida, asking her to meet him at the foot of Beaufain's pond to give him her answer. At their meeting, when Florida refuses him, Calhoun's passion leads him to an act of moral cowardice.

SANBORN, when Cal had left him, had to wait but a few minutes for the return of the spauld-eyed Billy Turner, and not many minutes more until Billy, having secured the money from the station-master, started off with it toward Beaufain's Pond.

"Take care that cash doesn't run away with you," said Luke in a parting caution. The mulatto grinned and shook his head.

"Takes mo'n this here fo' to run away wif me, Marse Sanbo'n," he said.

Luke watched him trot up the road, then turn into the fields and disappear. He himself ordered his horse and, at a brisk canter, rode over to Palmettos.

The colonel and Mrs. Pickens were again upon their porch when, having hitched his mare at the gate, Sanborn came up the shell path between the blooming rose-bushes.

"I'm back again," smiled Luke.

The colonel rose and motioned Sanborn to a chair beside him. Mrs. Pickens looked up from some delicate embroidery upon which she was bending, and smiled.

"We're glad to see yo' jes' as often as yo' care to honor us," said the master of the house.

Sanborn sat down opposite him at the head of the porch steps.

"Miss Pickens about?" he asked.

"I 'spect she soon will be," said the colonel. "She jes' this minute stepped out fo' a li'l walk, but she said she'd be back befo' half an hour."

Luke thanked his stars, and inwardly wondered how, in order to have the colonel's private ear and ask for the hand of Jane, he was ever to get rid of the colonel's wife.

"I'm sorry," he lied politely.

"Jes' wait 'round a li'l while, Mr. Sanborn," said Mrs. Pickens. "Flor'da will be back right soon, I'm sure. Won' yo' have a julep?"

Luke thanked her for the offer and accepted it. While she gave directions to the wide-faced maid,



Sanborn sat down opposite him

he began, with the colonel, as far away as was possible from the subject that lay nearest his heart.

"I shan't now have many more chances to come here," he said, "and, of course, I want to make the most of the few remaining opportunities."

The colonel's rubicund countenance expressed a casual interest.

"Yo'r work is nearly completed?" he asked.

"Yes, the job's almost done—my part of it, at least. This curve through the General's property will be only a short matter, so far as I'm concerned, and then I'm to be moved on farther south."

The cameo-like face of Mrs. Pickens regarded him.

"An' then," she asked, "somebody else will be put here in charge?"

"I suppose so."

"Well," she submitted, "I'm certain that the northern capitalists that are buildin' this railroad will be sure to send us someone less agreeable."

It was intended, Luke knew, for a compliment. He inclined his head to the lady, but he replied with modest deprecation.

"We're not such a bad lot, Mrs. Pickens; indeed we're not. Perfection as I am, I assure you that, among us all, I am not solitary. I'm certain that whoever comes in my place can't help but love this countryside." He looked out over the flowering garden. "Why," he declared, "it's like a pressed flower between the pages of an old romance."

She smiled at him.

"Mr. Sanborn," she said, "yo' are worthy of a better cause. Yo' should have gone into politics."

"Politics? Oh, I've too much brains for that!"

"Not fo' Southern politics," corrected Mrs. Pickens.

Luke felt in her calm words the lurking prejudice that he was there to overcome.

"Mrs. Pickens," he declared, "I think the great trouble with this country is that we all keep on talking as if it were not one country, but several. We all speak of the West, the South, the North, just as we speak of France, England, of Germany. We create differences by assuming them." The negro maid had returned with the juleps on a tray. She was standing before Luke, but he scarcely noticed her. "There is no North," he concluded in fatuous denial, "and there is no South."

The black maid was gaping wide at this treasonable sentiment.

"Eliza," cautioned Mrs. Pickens, "how often must I speak to yo'? Yo'r mouth is open."

"Yassam," stammered the servant. "I opened it."

Mrs. Pickens did not smile.

"Give Mr. Sanborn his julep," she commanded, and, when he had taken it, went on: "I leave yo' gentlemen to decide this question between yo'. Henry, I put the case in yo'r hands. Come, Eliza."

She left them with her old-world dignity, Luke fearing that he had somehow succeeded only in widening the chasm, the colonel wearing, on his ruddy face, a curious mixture of amusement and vexation.

"Car'line is ve'y tender upon some subjects," he apologized, shaking his silver mane—"an'" he added, as if unqualified apology would seem like a denial of his wife's sentiments, "she is quite right to be, Mr. Sanborn—quite right to be."

"I'm afraid that you both misunderstand me," said Luke, who was one of those compromisers that like to call themselves New Nationalists; "I don't mean that I have any patience with the North as represented by a Fifth Avenue reception—a jostling of great names and great shames. What our rich n en most enjoy about their wealth is the envy that it brings them from their neighbors, and just because of that I've no patience with them. But yet—"

"How about the way they made their money?" the colonel interjected. "Yo'r rich northerns are all stock-gamblers, an' gamblin' is gamblin', whatever kind o' cards yo' use fo' it."

"Well, we all gamble, if you come to that. Our stock-speculators bet on the market and your farmers bet on the weather."

The colonel finished his julep.

"There's an essential difference, sub. between all sections o' this country. America is not homogenous an' consequently not stagnant."

"But it ought to be united."

"It is united."

Luke's blue eyes twinkled.

"Couldn't we make it more so?" he asked.

Colonel Pickens' white eyebrows betrayed his bewilderment.

"How?" he inquired.

"Well," said Luke, "to begin in a small way: by a Northerner like myself marrying a Southerner like Mrs. Legan."

The colonel's face assumed amazement.

"Do yo' mean that yo're askin' permission to pay yo' addresses to—"

"I am afraid that I'm a trifle late about asking permission, Colonel. I have a good position with the road and the certainty of advancement, and as for the young lady—"

But the young lady, not having left the garden since she parted from Sanborn, and having remained in hiding only because she guessed the motive for his return, and wished to give it time for accomplishment, was now coming lightly up the path. Before Luke could finish his sentence, or the colonel interrupt, Jane ascended the steps to speak for herself.

"Have you told him?" she asked, her violet eyes on Sanborn.

Luke nodded assent.

"He has told me, Jane," said the colonel, with tremendous gravity, "that seem' as he's got yo', he don't mind my knowin' about it."

But the little widow flung her young arms about his neck, and, as the blue-black hair mixed with the silver, kissed the colonel under his fierce moustache.

"Isn't he a dear?" she demanded.

The colonel drew away. He had tried to frown, but a smile intercepted the attempt.

"Meanin' which?" he inquired.

"Both of you, of course, Cousin Henry." She gave Luke one hand, but kept the other upon the colonel's shoulder. "Both of you—but just now especially *you*, because, you see, you've given your consent."

"Oh, have I?"

"Of course you have! Hasn't he, Luke?"

Sanborn, this directly appealed to, said that he ventured to hope so.

Colonel Pickens really wanted to protest, and really tried to do so. But Jane was stopping his mouth, and Jane's kisses were of the sort that stop a mouth effectively. The colonel surrendered.

"Ve'y well," he sighed—"but who is to speak to yo'r Cousin Car'line?"

"You will, Cousin Henry, of course."

It took some persuasion to convince the colonel of this, but he was won at last—just in time, indeed, to conclude the matter before the lithe figure of Morgan Witherspoon came up the garden-path.

"Where's Miss Flor'da?" the newcomer inquired, his fine boyish face alert with expectation.

"She's gone fo' a li'l walk," said the colonel.

"Did she take Teddy with her?"

"I don' know, Mo'gan. Why do you ask?"

"As I came near here I thought I heard a dog yellin'." His eyes grew darker. "I hope she didn't intend to go far."

The colonel smiled at an anxiety prompted by an emotion that he was now in fit mood to detect.

"Not ve'y far, I reckon," he answered soothingly. "She said she had a li'l headache an' would be back befo' half an hour."

Luke looked at his watch.

"But she left before I came, Colonel," he said, "and I've been here for forty minutes."

"Oh"—the colonel wagged his silver head—"she'll be 'long presently."

They sat for a time at the head of the porch stairs, Witherspoon opposite the colonel in the chair that Sanborn had resigned, Luke and Jane on the top step at their feet. In the hush of the balmy evening their voices were instinctively lowered, but they talked of trivial things.

Before them stretched the garden, red and fragrant with roses, green and quiet with its motionless, torrid palmettos. Overhead, darkness, creeping slowly upward from the east, was drawing its cloak across the sky and hanging, here and there, the pale first lanterns of the night. Far away, toward Jane's home, a church-bell rang, briefly, the last call to the Easter Even service—rang and dropped, of a sudden, into the echoless silence. Ahead of them, beyond the garden-wall, and across the line of meadows, the dull crimson afterglow hung, like a streak of blood, above the silhouettes of

dense woodland about the foot of Beaufain's Pond.

"At least," said Luke, speaking gently—"at least, Colonel, though I say that ours is one country, I have learned to love this part of it."

Jane shrugged.

"What do you like best about it?" she asked.

"Next to its peop'e," Luke answered, "I like this."

He pushed out his free arm—for his other hand was covertly clasping Jane's—and, sweeping the peaceful picture before them, paused as if pointing directly to the bloody afterglow.

Witherspoon leaped to his feet.

"What was that?" he asked hoarsely.

They looked at him in amazement. He stood erect now, his lithe body tense, his young face gravely eager, his whole attitude that of a man striving to catch a distant sound.

"What's that?" he repeated.

Luke and the colonel were both at once beside him.

"What's what?" demanded the former.

"Something I—I am certain I heard a cry."

"Mo'gan," said the colonel, "what's the matter with yo'? Yo're nervous this evenin'. Better leave these two an' come in with me an' have a li'l—"

"No—" He was still tense.

"But *we* heard nothing," said Sanborn.

"I did."

"How could you when we—"

"Hush!" He raised his hand imperatively. "There it is again!"

They leaned forward, their eyes reaching across the quiet rolling meadows, their senses a-tiptoe.

Then, very faintly—from nowhere, from somewhere—there rose the dim murmur of what, in the distance, must have been a cry—a wild, heart-breaking, blood-curdling cry—a woman's cry—the cry of a woman in mortal agony and more than mortal fear.

"My Gawd!" whispered the colonel, and went suddenly white.

They stood like persons in a tableau.

"Flor'da!" cried Witherspoon.

"Colonel," said Sanborn, "where did Miss Pickens say she was going?"

"I don' know. I—"

"Did you see which way she turned?"

The old man trembled.

"I—I think I noticed she was walkin' toward Beaufain's Pond."

Out of the woods a dog howled.

"That's it!" Witherspoon shouted, and ran down the steps.

"I'm coming!" said Luke. "Colonel!"—he turned to his host, and spoke rapidly, but with a calm authority—"it may be nothing. Get Jane inside; she's fainting. Say nothing to Mrs. Pickens. We'll be back directly."

He turned and ran, pell-mell, after Witherspoon. In the growing twilight he tripped on his mad way to the gate, but he picked himself up and hurried forward, his hands bleeding. Once outside, he heard the clatter of hoofs, paused an instant and then dashed ahead.

Morgan had been before him. The younger man had remembered Luke's mare, had wrenched free her hitching strap, vaulted into the saddle and, digging his heels into her flanks, had headed her, at a break-neck gallop, straight across the meadows.

He did not look for anything on the way. He did not see a man's shadow that sank into the high, salt grasses as he approached it and lay there until he thundered by, the horse leaping and pitching over the broken, unfamiliar ground, each instant a separate threat to limb or life. Florida was not, he was sure, in the meadows; the cry had come from beyond them. Besides, the meadows were safe, but in the woods, on the other side, lay the silent, greedy waters of Beaufain's Pond.

At the entrance of the woods the mare tripped, lurched and pitched forward on her knees. She struggled.

Witherspoon jumped from the saddle. Without another glance at his disabled mount, he plunged into the undergrowth.

"Flor'da!" he called, beating his way toward where he knew the pond to be.

His voice seemed to burst from his dry throat with the report of a rifle. The trees took it up and echoed it until the noise was deafening. He had, in spite of himself, to stop and wait for the echoes to die away. But there was no answer.

"Flor'da!" he shrieked and fought forward.

He was mad now. He went direct, but by instinct only.

"Flor'da! Flor'da! Flor'da!"

He slipped upon the surface of a slowly sloping rock. His knee touched something. He struck a match. His hand shook so that the feeble light was at once extinguished.

He had found her whom he sought.

(Continued next week.)

How to Create Election Issues

(Continued from Page Eight.)

ask them to support our candidates at the polls. We simply tell them that this is something we as a party stand for. It is PUBLICITY pure and simple.

IV.

About a month after this the local should put out its first campaign leaflet for house-to-house distribution. This leaflet should be followed regularly by other leaflets, all of them touching upon municipal insurance against unemployment, and some of them dealing with it exclusively. The town should also be plastered with Socialist stickers, and all the comrades should wear a Socialist button.

V.

Then everybody in the party, and everybody outside the party who is sympathetic, should be urged to write postcards galore to the newspapers asking them to discuss the subject.

This newspaper game should be played to the limit. Editors are more than eager to supply their readers with the kind of articles they want.

The amount of space devoted to a certain class of articles is proportioned to the demand for them. There is no reason why the same comrade should not write to all the papers a number of times.

The same plan may be adopted in getting the papers to report Socialist meetings. The secretary of the local should always notify the press of meetings to be held with the request that reporters be present.

It is important that all printed matter issued by the local should be submitted to the press with information as to the number of leaflets purchased and the districts in which they are being distributed.

I have found that newspapers will often mention the distribution of the leaflet in their news columns, comment upon it editorially and print extracts from it.

VI.

At all regular propaganda meetings the *special issue* should be touched upon.

In addition to this a great mass meeting should be held for the purpose of explaining to citizens, the proposed measure in detail, working up enthusiasm over it and getting it endorsed by a standing vote.

The recognized opponents of the measure should be invited to speak from the platform against the measure.

Of course, before any of these suggestions are acted on, a committee should be appointed to gather all available data upon the subject. The Socialists can win the confidence of the people and convert them into staunch supporters of their party only by proving that they have mastered every phase of the problems they are trying to solve.

Men and Machines

I have lately been thinking of the relative importance of a man and a machine in the factories and industries of today, and it has occurred to me that society is yet looking cross-eyed at this subject. Whenever a crank-shaft, a gear, a rack, a pinion, or any part of a machine is broken, it must be replaced. When a machine is worn out and a new one must take its place, the expense of these repairs and replacements, of course, is charged to the business.

To a very great extent a man has been looked upon as of less importance than a machine. Men by the thousand are annually maimed, crippled, disfigured and killed in the service of the factories, shops, mills and railroads of the United States with scarcely a thought being given to the subject of making good the injury, and the rule is that the poor man who has lost a finger, a hand, an eye, an arm or leg, when by reason of these defects he is no longer useful, is turned out to shift for himself, and very often he and his family are made dependent upon the public charities for a livelihood; or if their self-respect does not admit of their accepting public charity under the degrading conditions with which we surround it, they eke out a miserable existence in a way that makes decent citizenship practically impossible.

Now here is a simple question: If a business must provide margin enough to repair broken machines, and renew worn-out ones, why should it not provide for a broken leg, a crushed foot or hand, by paying to such an injured person his regular wages during the time of his enforced suffering and idleness? And when the bread winner of a family is killed, why should not the business that killed him take the place of the bread winner as far as possible by, at least, providing for the material wants of the family that was dependent upon him? I believe that business should provide for such emergencies; and furthermore, that as we become humanized, it will be considered a legitimate part of the necessary expense of carrying on any business.—T. L. Johnson.

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

Milwaukee Health Department

ONE phase of the work in Milwaukee, and this one of the most important, has not yet been described in any Socialist publication.

Through the health department, which literally holds the lives of its citizens in its hands, the Milwaukee Socialists have been able to accomplish some very important things. They have been hampered and hindered at every point by the interests of private property. Their efforts have been blocked by injunctions, and restrictions, enacted by previous reactionary administrations and state legislatures.

Carl D. Thompson, city treasurer of Milwaukee, will tell about this work in forthcoming issues of the COMING NATION. These articles will be richly illustrated by photographs, and will be splendid for propaganda, as well as intensely interesting to every one interested in municipal affairs.

The cry of "Back to the land" has pervaded every organ of publicity in recent years. Next week a blacklisted telegraph operator will tell of his struggle in trying to get "back to the land." It is one of the most instructive and intensely interesting human documents that we have been able to get hold of.

"When the Over-Land Kid Came Home," by Stacy E. Baker, is a cracking good story that will appear next week. Don't miss it.

Flashlights From History

SELECTED BY A. M. SIMONS.

Why the Senate Was Established

"The government we mean to erect is intended to last for ages. The landed interest, at present, is prevalent, but in process of time when we approximate to the states and kingdoms of Europe; when the number of land holders shall be comparatively small, through the various means of trade and manufacturers, will not the landed interest be overbalanced in future elections, and unless wisely provided against, what will become of your government? In England, at this day, if elections were open to all classes of people, the property of the landed proprietors would be insecure. An agrarian law would soon take place. If these observations be just, our government ought to secure the permanent interest of the country against innovation. Landholders ought to have a share in the government to support these invaluable interests, and to balance and check the other. They ought to be so constituted as to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority. The Senate, therefore, ought to be this body; and to answer these purposes, they ought to have permanence and stability. Various have been the propositions; but my opinion is, the longer they continue in office, the better will these views be answered."—John Madison in Constitutional Convention, from Secret Debates of the Convention, by Robert Yates (1838).

Labor of Women and Children in 1818

"In making up the estimate of the people in this district out of employment, a most interesting fact appears.

Women are Going to Vote

BY A. M. SIMONS



HERE have never been any arguments worth considering in opposition to woman suffrage. Women's disfranchisement has been but the political expression of her economic helplessness. She is no longer economically impotent. Therefore, she will soon cease to be politically impotent. The enfranchisement of woman is inevitable. So is the conquest of political and economic power by the workers. Neither will come without a struggle. The inevitability presupposes a struggle in both cases.

The method by which the vote is obtained has much to do with the direction in which it will be cast.

The working men of Germany, Austria, Belgium, and most European countries obtained the ballot as the result of a class struggle led by those who saw the vision of Socialism beyond that ballot. Consequently the workers of those countries used their ballots in their own defense. The ballot was not a plaything, but a weapon.

In America the vote came into the hands of laborers partly as a result of struggles between ruling classes and partly because the political institutions of many states were created in the intensely democratic atmosphere of the frontier. In neither case did the workers strike the blow that gave them the instruments of freedom. Therefore, they did not use those instruments to free themselves.

Not having fought for the ballot they prized it so little that they have thrown it away in settling futile quarrels between the masters.

Rulers long ago learned that whenever they could apparently grant some favor to the subject, they always tightened his fetters. Favors are never granted except to forestall revolt. The art of ruling consists in making it appear that what was given through fear of revolt was graciously granted through love for the subject.

Here is the explanation of workingmen's insurance in Germany and England, and of the present agitation for reforms in America. Here is the reason for "Welfare plans" in economics and "Insurgency" in politics.

Practically every reform that is now proposed by non-Socialists has been advocated for years by Socialists. Only when the threat of Socialism became imminent did its opponents seek to forestall its progress by distorting and adopting these measures.

These tactics are now about to be applied to the question of votes for women. If the Socialists stand indifferent in the midst of this fight, working women will be deceived into believing that the vote has been conferred upon them as a favor. If they are so deceived the vote will be but an empty bauble or, worse yet, an instrument of reaction in their hands.

At the present time there is no doubt of the fact that the great mass of women are more reactionary in their views than men. The capitalists of today realize this, and, as all ruling classes proceed upon the principle of "after us the deluge," woman is about to have the vote handed to her with the expectation that she will use it to fasten more firmly her own fetters.

There is one thing that is certainly writ into the events of the next few years. It is that the ballot will be given to women in nearly every state. If it is given as the apparent result of the sex fight, and as the actual pay for expected political fawning, the Socialists have only themselves to blame.

Socialists have long demanded that women be given the ballot. Now, when the fight is on for that ballot, and when action would mean much for the future, there is altogether too much of indifference.

The young women, between the ages of 12 and 22, amount to about 12,000. Few spots on earth can produce a finer assemblage of interesting young females. Yet, distressing to relate, above one-half of these are either out of employment, or engaged in unproductive labor. It would give me more pleasure to be instrumental in providing employment for this valuable class of society than to be in possession of all the mines of Mexico; and when I reflect upon the subject, I think surely the Constitution of the United States will not let the present opportunity slip without coming forward to the relief of this fair portion of the community. In revolving the subject in my mind, I often think of the city of Glasgow and contrast it with Philadelphia. In a cotton manufactory in which I was concerned, we had 1,900 hands in our employment, of which about 1,000 were females. They were most valuable hands, and though in consequence of the general press of taxation, the wages were very low, yet they were in comfortable circumstances.

Without the manufactory they would have been in a starving condition."

From a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Protection and Encouraging the Manufacturers of the United States*, by John Melish, 1818.

Our Mission

BY LEWIS J. DUNCAN.

*Men who labor, Justice calls you;
Let not ancient wrongs appall you;
Onward press, whatever befalls you,
On to victory.
Freedom be your aim, oh toilers,
Freedom from the chains of spoilers;
Rise, Humanity's assailers,
Set the people free.
See your brothers bleeding,
Hear your sisters pleading;
Be ye strong now; right the wrong now;
Justice calls and Truth your host is leading.
Brotherhood your hearts be thrilling;
Shackles burst by your brave willing;
Human hearts with hope be filling—
All the world's for thee.*

*From the mills, where wheels are flying,
From the mines, where they are dying,
List the children's voices crying,
Crying to be free.
From the sweat-shops, foul and reeking,
From the dens of vice are shrieking
Women's voices. They are seeking
Life and Liberty.
These your help are needing,
Will ye pass, unheeding,
Leave them moaning, leave them groaning,
Minds debased and tender bodies bleeding?
"Never! by our truth, no; never!
Slaves they shall not be forever!
Chains of Capital we'll sever!
On to victory!"*

*Hark! A sound sweeps through the nation:
Men of low degree and station
Shouting for emancipation;
"Toilers shall be free!"
See, the mighty host advances;
Heroism in their glances.
Every onward step enhances
Labor's victory.
Hear the pean sounding,
Capital confounding,
"Perish wages! For the ages,
'Tis the glorious commonwealth we're founding!"
On to victory, men who labor,
On as comrade, friend and neighbor;
Justice triumphs o'er the sabre,
Brothers, now, are we!*

The Socialist Scouts

If your boy has no watch of his own the Scout Department will furnish him one for a very little work. Illustration here is exact size of stem wind and set American



made watch given free when Scout's orders total \$4. It has genuine gun metal case, jeweled movement, lever escapement and gold finished sun burst dial. Thin model. Scout sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable premiums in addition. No capital is required for a start. Just send request to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas," and a bundle of ten NATIONS will be sent with the understanding that Scout is to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Full instructions for carrying on the work and complete prize list accompany first bundle.

Scout News

I received my watch in good order and think it is a fine one. Many thanks for same. I am not quite ten years old yet I am selling twenty NATIONS a week. I also wish to thank you for the free copies you sent me. I wrote my name and address on them before I gave them away so that the people would know where to buy them. I hope it will increase my sales.—Newton Simon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sold my fourteen papers in just a little while. Please send fourteen this week. I tell you the COMING NATION sure hits 'em hard.—Fred Hefton, Kansas.

I am increasing my order this time. I sold my papers easily and think I can do so again.—Leroy Shuman, Oklahoma.

I have twenty-six customers now. Twenty of my customers have gone to the seashore for the summer. I am selling the COMING NATIONS to people that never heard of Socialism before. My brother calls me young Debs Jr.—Frankie Evans, Pennsylvania.

We do not find youngsters that will stick to the job of selling the papers, so the old cripple soldier comrade goes the selling. Yesterday he sold the forty NATIONS in two hours' time and said if he had had forty more he could have sold them in a short time.—John M. Trew, Colorado.

We had a Socialist picnic here the Fourth of July at Job Harriman spoke. It was a complete success and my father who is a literature agent sold in one-half hour \$16 worth of booklets, Appeals and COMING NATIONS. For the campaign fund we collected in ten minutes \$79. Hurrah.—Thelma Sinclair, California.



EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Wood Block Printing

BY DAVID S. GREENBERG.

THERE will come a time when the people in the world who do nothing—who make nothing—will be looked down upon with more disgust, than are the beggars of today looked down upon by the majority of people. To those who do not know what joy there is in making anything, we might say, "What has nature given you your hands for? If you can't use them as intelligent human animals do, then get on all four and use them at least for running purposes as do the other animals; but do something with them. If you must walk on your two legs only and make no use of your hands, then cut them off and save yourself the trouble of wondering what you're to do with them, when in society."

When you come into most people's houses, they show you what they have bought. Don't you often wonder that they are not ashamed to show that everything they have was made by some one else, and that nothing is the product of their own hands and love of the beautiful?

Of all the things that hands can be used for, one of the most fascinating and instructive is wood block printing. I left one quality out and that is usefulness. It can be useful to men, women and children.

What Wood Block Printing Is

Have you ever seen a rubber stamp? When you want to write your name many times, you have a rubber stamp made. Your teachers want to give you stars, but can't take the trouble of drawing every star in each pupil's book, so she has the star transferred to rubber and with a little ink, quickly prints as many of them as she wants. Suppose you have made a little table runner and want to ornament it. You couldn't draw the designs out on it, for aside from taking too much time, no two of the uni's would be alike, and on a table runner you want the border to be made of units that are all alike. The thing to do, would be to draw your design, transfer it on to wood, cut it out on the wood, then with paint or dyes stamp it on the cloth as many times as you like.

This can be done with curtains, doilies, napkins, and other things made of cloth.

The most beautiful kinds of book plates have been printed by hand with wood blocks.

The Japanese have made wonderful masterpieces of design and color in just that way. You ought to go to some studio and ask to see the Japanese prints that they may have.

There are a thousand and one other uses that wood blocks can be put to, and we'll let you think those out for yourselves.

These articles, in a way, are to be a set of correspondence lessons—as you read them, I wish you would make use of them. In making designs, for instance, you might send me your designs and I will gladly criticize them for you, telling you just what you ought to do to make them better or ready for use.

Table Runner

Suppose that I was about to beautify a table runner for a little center table. Let us say the runner made is to be longer than it is wide, and the design on it is to consist of a sort of border running all the way round.

The most important thing about a wood block is the design. If you are going to make a border, you will want it to consist of a unit, repeated all the way round. This unit may be floral, that is, you might take a flower and con-

ventionalize it. You wouldn't want a natural flower, I mean by that, that you wouldn't want to make real roses or lillies, because that would tend to make it monotonous and commonplace. You would change it rather, so that the eye would see a great number of pleasing spaces and colors, rather than a hundred roses. You might make that unit purely geometrical. That is made of straight lines and curves, that mean nothing in particular. You might also use a symbol, as the Indians and Hindus and others have done in making their wonderful tapestry, rugs, etc. For instance, a lot of V shaped lines, turned upside down, would stand for, be the symbols for, mountains.

Make up your mind as to what kind of design you would like on your runner. Make a symbol of the things you like best, or draw a nice design of any kind, trying to think as you make it, that it is to be repeated many times, and must not be something that will prove monotonous. If your unit is to be square, draw a square of the size you want. On a runner 18x48 you would want a unit about an inch and a half square—vary this to your own liking.

Make your designs as simple as possible. The more simple they are, the more easily will they be cut, and the more beautiful, generally—will they be.

I shall be glad to look your designs over if you will enclose return stamps, and send them back to you corrected.

Next time we will be ready to learn the best ways of transferring the design you draw on to the wood, what kind of wood to use, and how to cut it.

(Send your designs to David S. Greenberg, Lyme, Conn. Be sure your own name and address is written plainly in your letter. Ed.)

Another Letter from the Mountains

Dear Children:

Today I'm going to write you about a Moving Picture Show. Next time you go to Bronx Park or to the country, I would like you to lie down in a nice, comfortable, shady spot and just watch the clouds for a while. You will be surprised at the many different things you can see.

I lie in my big chair every day and watch the clouds for hours at a time. The sky is my Moving Picture Show and I don't have to pay a nickel to see it, either. Each picture is accompanied by wonderfully sweet music, for all the trees are full of songsters. It makes me feel like shouting, "Oh, it's good to be alive!"

I look up and the sky is all blue and right above Scar Face Mountain there are a few clouds that look just like icebergs and I can see a big white polar bear prowling along the edge. Slowly the picture changes. Clouds are gathering here and there. I look over in another direction and see a cloud that looks exactly like a map of North America; then a little further over I see a string of soft fluffy clouds that wave like ladies' white plumes, those big ones that they wear on their hats.

Then I see a great white marble bust of the musician, Beethoven, and alongside of it a statue of Venus and the end of this cloud looks like the head of Santa Claus with a long, long beard. In another spot I see a cloud like a big white fish and so I could keep on telling you of the many things I see in the sky.

You know, children, that most of the people work so hard all day long and get so tired out, that they always look down. They walk stooped and let their heads hang and so they never see the beautiful sky above. Too tired and too weak to look up! but some day it will all be different.

We must work hard in order to bring

the change about, but I am sure if we all put our shoulder to the wheel, we can do it and the future will be radiant, as radiant as the beautiful sunset I saw last night.

The sun was setting, all the colors of the rainbow were scattered over the sky. The mountains were of a wonderful violet blue. Slowly the colors changed from all the soft shadings into gorgeous bright colors and the whole sky was lit up, even the mountains turned red as if they were burning.

I just looked and looked, drank the beauty of it all in—I couldn't talk, but when I could, I once more shouted, "Oh, it is good to be alive!"

Many hearty greetings to you all. From your comrade ALVIE.

A Bird Book

Every child should make a study of birds, living, working, singing birds. At the bottom of most conclusions, some folks say, is the question of "Does it pay?" and you would be surprised at the great value in dollars and cents of most of our birds. Then a study of birds, their loving habits, their nests, their care for their young, cannot but have a good influence. The cuckoo eats tent caterpillars; the grosbeak, potato bugs; the goldfinch, thistle seeds; and a pair of turtle doves make away with a ton of weed seeds in a single season. If I had my way, I would have a bounty on cats. It might surprise you to learn that there are ten or a dozen kinds of hawks and these mostly live on mice, moles, gophers, snakes, lizards and grasshoppers. The kinds that show much dull-blue include all the poultry thieves. But no short article could tell you much, so I advise you to get "Birds of the West," by Holes, published by Hammond and Stephens Co., Fremont, Neb., at 80 cents. This is the best reference work I have found for the region north and west of Kansas City and east of the Rockies and contains much interesting reading. If you want a story that is absorbing in its interest, yet contains, unclassified, much information as to birds and animals, a book that makes for right living, better education and home life, get Smith's "Summer of Saturdays," published by S. Y. Gillan and Co., Milwaukee. Price, 65 cents. This book teaches how to tame wild things and how to keep the children on the farm, at least, as far as love of the farm and country life may be taught. It treats of the St. Croix region.—E. Francis Atwood.

At Sea

BY IVAN TURGIENEFF.

I traveled on a little vessel from Hamburg to London. We were two passengers on board, I and a little ape, which a Hamburg merchant was sending to a friend as a present.

The ape was fastened to a seat on deck by a thin little chain and it continually turned and twisted and peeped so pitifully, just like a little bird.

Everytime I went past him, he stretched out his little, black, cold paw to me and gazed at me sadly, with an almost human look in his eyes. I took his little paw and he stopped whimpering and twisting.

Once the wind was quite still. The sea lay like an immoveable lead-covered plain. We could see only a short distance in any direction; a thick fog lay over the sea; it wrapped even the tops of the masts and it wearied one's eyes and cut ones view short with its soft mist. The sun hung like a dull red spot in this mist; but toward evening it took on a mysterious, reddish glow.

Long straight streaks, like the folds of a heavy, silk dress, ran one after the other from the prow of the vessel, spread out, wrinkled up and then straightened out, then crumpled together and disappeared. The foam whirled under the monotonous strokes of the wheels; it was white as milk and divided hissing into snake-like streaks, and then

floated away and disappeared too, as though swallowed up in the mist.

Without stopping and with as pitiful a sound as the whimpering of the ape, the little ship's bell in the stern kept ringing.

From time to time a dolphin appeared and disappeared, turning over abruptly and diving beneath the surface of the water, which was scarcely disturbed by it.

The captain, a silent man, with dark, sun-browned face, smoked his short pipe and angrily spit into the calm sea.

To all my question he answered with a growl; for good or bad I had to turn to my only companion, the ape.

I sat down near him. He stopped whining, and held out his paw to me.

The quiet mist lay about us with its soothing dampness, and lost in almost unconscious thought, we sat beside one another as though we were related.

I often smile when I think of it now; but at that time I felt quite different about it.

We are all children of one mother—and I was glad that the poor animal became quiet with me and turned to me as though to one it loved.

A Contradiction

Speaking of summer outings, I saw two electric cars filled with young lads the other day. They seemed to be bound for an outing, but how do you think they were clothed? All in soldier suits, in imitation of the national soldiers of this country. And on the front seat of the front car sat a row of the boys, with very real guns leaning against their knees. June and blue skies and flowers and birds and fresh breezes and innocent games—these and boys going out to enjoy them in the dress of men whose only reason for their profession is the fact that property and wealth must be protected even at the cost of killing. It doesn't seem to join, does it, children? It does not fit, my dears, and it never, never will, the life of nature and the killing of man.

Hard to Draw

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. All went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

Not Good to Keep

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day. At night the dog had disappeared, and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, it ain't lost," the little girl answered. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I et it."

A Letter

Texasoma, Okla., June 6, 1911.

Dear Comrades—I saw some other boys and girls writing to the COMING NATION and I thought I would write too.

I am a Socialist, and I hope when I grow up I can vote.

My papa and all the rest are Socialists. We have a local here. I spoke "The Fence and the Ambulance," and several others.

Papa and the other members planted a crop for the local. The men are going to work the crop Saturday and the women will go and take their dinner to them.

I will be twelve years old the twenty-fourth of June. I am one day younger than Ruth Sawyer, the girl that wrote last week. Yours for Socialism.

YVRA NEWSOM.

Christ lived among the sinners and was crucified by the saints.

What's in the New Books

BY MAY WOOD SIMONS

Woman and Labor, by Olive Schreiner, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Cloth, 299 pages, \$1.25.

Those to whom *The Story of an African Farm* and *The Dreams of Olive*



OLIVE SCHREINER

Schreiner have become familiar will take up this latest of her works with a keen sense of interest.

It is only a fragment of a larger work, she explains, that was destroyed in the Boer War, but in its condensed form it focuses the attention so clearly on one phase of the woman question that what may have been lost in quantity is certainly not lacking in intensity.

Even among men there is a certain section that find that their ancient fields of labor are slipping from them and that there is no place for them in modern life; but in the life of women industrial development has wrought an even wider change that affects greater numbers.

The older occupations carried on in the household, spinning, weaving, sewing, baking have gone to the shops and factories with the result that women have little left in the home to do. Some follow these industries to the factories, others, and these Olive Schreiner is especially considering, become mere parasites supported by the men of the family. They take no part in productive labor, often not even performing the social function of mother.

"Looking round with the utmost impartiality we can command on the entire field of woman's ancient and traditional labors, we find that fully three-fourths of it have shrunk away forever and that the remaining fourth still tends to shrink."

The only choice left for woman is between finding new fields of labor or sinking into a condition of more or less complete and passive sex-parasitism.

Such parasitism is to be found among the women of the dominant and middle class and is possible only when a point is reached, when, owing to the extensive employment of the labor of subject classes, the dominant class is so liberally supplied with goods that mere physical toil on the part of the female members has become unnecessary.

Mrs. Schreiner considers that the parasitism of the women of the dominant class indicates the appearance of the most deadly social microbe that can appear on any social organism and that it heralds the decay of the dominant class. Such parasitism, however, cannot be looked on as a cause of social decay. It is merely a result produced by the growth of economic classes and

the increasing functionless character of the dominant class as a whole.

That the women of the dominant class are parasitic one can fully admit but the 9,000,000 working women engaged in industry are not parasitic and after all they belong to the class that is of vital interest to society.

Neither is it possible to agree with the statement that the solution of the labor problem will not help in solving the woman problem or that the labor movement among women has taken its rise almost exclusively among the wealthy cultured classes where alone at the present day the danger of enervation through non-employment exists.

The great labor movement among the working women of Germany and Austria does not bear out this statement.

Neither does one agree with Mrs. Schreiner that in the effort of women for better conditions, it is the men who are working for new conditions for the laboring class, who oppose such efforts. On the contrary the great mass of the Socialist men are actively aiding the working women.

The problem Mrs. Schreiner has raised is a vital one, however, to the working woman. Industry has moved her sphere of work out of the home and the process of readjustment to the new conditions is slow and painful. "Give us labor and the training which fits for labor," is the keynote of the book.

The purpose of this struggle Mrs. Schreiner describes, "I should like to say to the men and women of the generations that will come after us, "You will look back at us with astonishment! You will wonder at the passionate struggle that accomplished so little; at the, to you, obvious paths to attain ends which we did not take; at the intolerable evils before which it will seem to you we sat down passive; at the great truths staring us in the face, which we failed to see; at the truths we grasped at but could never get our fingers quite around. You will marvel at the labor that ended in so little—but what you will never know is how it was thinking of you and for you, that we struggled as we did and accomplished the little which we have done; that it was in the thought of your larger realization and fuller life that we found consolation for the futilities of our own."

And so Olive Schreiner places the struggle of women not on the low plane of sex rivalry or petty personal advancement of woman but on the high social plane of foresight for the coming generation.

No labor is to be closed to women from the judge's seat to the legislator's chair, from the statesman's closet to the merchants' office, from the chemists' laboratory to the astronomer's tower, no fruit of knowledge exists that she will not eat, and through these means prove her capacities.

The book displays keen observation and analysis of facts, it is full of suggestions and arouses thought. Moreover it is pervaded by that subtle charm of diction that characterizes all of Olive Schreiner's works.

Philistine and Genius, by Boris Sidis, published by Moffat, Yard and Company, New York. Cloth, 105 pages, 75 cents.

"Originality is suppressed. Individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium. That is why our country has such clever business men, such cunning artisans, such resourceful politicians, such adroit leaders of new cults, but no scientists, no artists, no philosophers, no statesmen, no genuine talent and no true genius."

Such is Boris Sidis' indictment of

present day education. Boris Sidis is interesting, not because he is a professor at Harvard or an eminent physician, but because he is the father and has been the teacher of his son, young William James Sidis now at twelve a student in Harvard college.

The little volume that has just appeared is a most stinging arraignment of educational methods. By their product the schools must be judged; and what is it they produce? According to Sidis, "A whole brood of flint-hearted men who blindly jostle and fight and mercilessly tear each other to obtain for some greedy Jason, some witch of Medea their coveted golden fleece."

Our daughters yearn after the barbaric shimmer and glitter of the bejeweled and bespangled empty-minded parasitic females of the smart set.

"Meanwhile the human genius, the genius which all of us possess languishes, famishes and perishes while the brute alone emerges in triumph."

All this Professor Sidis holds is due to the fact that our schools and colleges are controlled by business men, that the school board's only merit is routine, discipline and the hiring of cheap teachers. We entrust our children, thus, to the carelessness of young girls or the ire of old maids and to pettifogging officials with their educational red tape, to petty bureaucrats who fail to understand talent or genius. Then when the public school is passed and the youth enters college he meets the "Poor old college owls, academic barn-yard fowls and worn out sickly school bats" who are panic stricken by the power of the sunlight, agonizing in mortal terror of the critical reflective thought and who dread and suppress the genius of the young.

As a result of all this "we desiccate, sterilize, petrify and embalm our youth in keeping with the rules of our Egyptian code and in accordance with the Confucian regulations of our school clerks and college mandarins."

What is to be put in the place of our present brain-starving, mind-crippling system? First, the most responsible place in the educational system should be given to the medical man who alone is able to cope with the serious threatening danger of national mental degeneration. Free from superstitions and prejudices, possessed of the knowledge of mind and body, he will supervise the education of the future.

Of the evils of present methods of discipline Dr. Sidis holds that we not only break the child's will and originality but prepare the ground for nervous and mental maladies characterized by fears, indecisions, irritability, lack of individuality and self control. Autocratic authority cultivates in the child predisposition to abnormal suggestibility.

The most central part of the education of man's genius, according to Professor Sidis, is the knowledge, the recognition of evil in all its protean forms and innumerable disguises, intellectual, æsthetic and moral, such as fallacies, ugliness, deformity, prejudice, superstition, vice and depravity. These matters one should not fear to discuss with the child and thus enable him to "understand and face courageously the evils of life."

Avoid routine and keep the pupil from falling into habits and customs. The important thing in education is not so much the formation of habits as the power to re-form them. It is this power that opens up the reserve energy that plays so large a part in Dr. Sidis' theory of educational development. In each person he holds there exists reserve power that can be drawn on to

a greater extent than the average individual draws on it.

Even after fatigue is apparently reached this reserve energy may be brought into action and the individual go on to yet greater exertions without injury. How to use this energy and bring it into play is the problem of the educator and student.

Dr. Sidis makes reference to his own remarkable son, "At the age of twelve when other children of his age are hardly able to read and spell and drag a miserable mental existence at the apron strings of some antiquated school dame the boy is intensely enjoying courses in the highest branches of mathematics and astronomy at one of our foremost universities." Moreover, "his physical condition is splendid, his cheeks glow with health. Being above five feet four he towers above the average boy of his age. He is healthy, strong and sturdy."

One agrees with Dr. Sidis fully when he deprecates the tendency of the schools to train the youth only in the art of money making and to produce workmen for the benefit of manufacturers. It would have been interesting if Prof. Sidis had given something of his view of the relation of hand and brain work and the importance of manual and motor training as well as knowledge of the classics and mathematics. This is a gap that some may feel exists in the book.

A powerful little volume, it is bound when placed in the hands of thinking parents and the educator not yet hopelessly fossilized, to produce results.

The Splendor of the Simple

BY ARTHUR J. PARKER.

We are accustomed to regard the plains as the low levels, but Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his happiest vein of paradox and allegory, insists that the plains are the true heights.

"We talk of climbing a mountain peak and looking down at a plain; but the phrase is an illusion of our arrogance," he affirms, in the *London Daily News*. "The plain rises as we rise, and however high a peak you climb, the plain is still as high as the peak."

"The mountain tops are only noble because from them we are privileged to behold the plains—for when actually in the flats one cannot see their sublime and satisfying flatness."

Mr. Chesterton then proceeds to declare his parable.

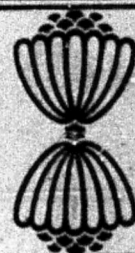
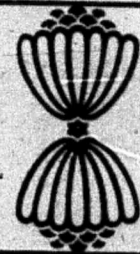
"So the only value in any man being superior is that he may learn to admire the level of the common. If there is any value in being educated or eminent (which is doubtful) it is only because the best instructed man may feel more swiftly and certainly the splendor of the ignorant and the simple; the magnificence of that mighty army in the plain."

"However far aloft a man may go, he is looking up not only to God, but in a manner to men also . . . seeing more and more all that is towering and mysterious in the dignity and destiny of the strange children of Eve."

"So, it is to be hoped, until we die you and I will always look up rather than down at the labors and the habitations of our race."

"For from every special eminence and beyond every sublime landmark, it is good for our souls to see only vaster and vaster visions of that dizzy and divine level; and to behold from our crumbling turrets the tall plains of equality."

Come Have a Smile



Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Helping It Along

While evolution with the aid
Of science, its most cherished son
Is grandly working at its grade
And doing things that should be done,
As on it marches, scorning rest,
Grand as the ocean and as strong,
In little ways we do our best
To help it as it moves along.

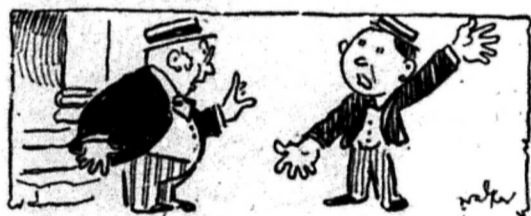
These forces, strong and undefied
That wipe the nations from the map
And make the haughty tame their pride
Or on the wrist receive a slap,
When worn out systems they may plan
To supersede or overthrow,
Do not require the aid of man,
Still, every little helps, you know.

For man is but the instrument,
Dame Progress takes the tools at
hand,
And oft his forces may be spent
On things he does not understand,
But if the plan he comprehends
And gets it clearly through his brain,
The effort then that he expends
Will not so much of it be vain.

For it's the education route
That evolution prizes more,
So if man hands a pamphlet out
He may in wayside places score,
For one he reckons as a mutt,
With little depth or breadth or scope
Who seems in such a hopeless rut
May just be waiting for the dope.

Had the Marks

"We must have honesty, efficiency and
a higher grade of intelligence in our
municipal governments."



"What's getting into you, Bill?"
"Nothing."
"There is too, you talk like a blame
Socialist."

Some Change

My goodness, ain't it funny?
Here's half a dozen more,
So many papers starting
A fellow loses score.
A comrade can remember
And not so aged feel.
When we had only two besides
The Little Old APPEAL.

Oh, What a Difference

The Judge was settling up the affairs
of an estate, deciding what claims he
should allow against it before turning
what was left over to the lawful heirs.
He came on the bill of a lawyer who
had drawn up a paper that must have
taken fifteen minutes of time and an
expenditure of 1,000th part of a horse
power of physical energy.
"\$100," he said adjusting his glasses
to see that he had made no mistake.
"\$100. That is reasonable, reasonable
enough."
About the second one from that was
the bill of a man who had moved the
family furniture. It took him until 10
o'clock at night and he wanted \$5 for
the work. You can bet the Judge

frowned and it was all he could do to
restrain himself from throwing a fit.
"\$5 for that," he exclaimed, "outrage-
ous. The working people are getting
so they think they own this country."

Somewhat Frayed

The poor man goes against the law
To get some justice ready made,



But without cash he doesn't draw
A very fine or fancy grade.

Little Flings

The first speech for Socialism in con-
gress will not be the last.
Irrigation from the bar room makes
old party politics thrive.
College professors of political econ-
omy get their jobs on account of what
they don't know about the subject.
If you see what you want under capi-

talism don't ask for it unless you have
power to take it.

Madero is but the toy of economic
determinism.

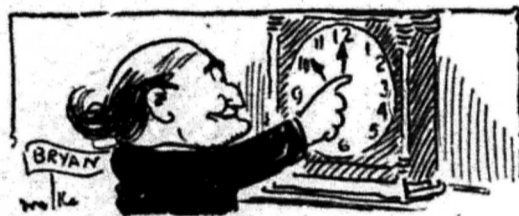
Insurgency was strong for reciprocity
until word was brought that Iowa and
Minnesota farmers were thinking with
their stomachs.

In looking over the candidates the
trusts are not overlooking any of their
points.

Well, the world steel trust hasn't any-
thing on international Socialism. It
saw the law of evolution first.

There promises to be so much con-
fusion in the next presidential cam-
paign that the careless man will not be
able to keep from stepping on it.

If the Democrats have no more use
for him as a candidate Mr. Bryan can



amuse himself by turning back the
wheels of the clock for awhile every
day.

Told at the Dinner Hour

[Stories of actual life in the shops are
wanted for this department. A subscription
card is given for every one used. So many
are being received that it is not possible to
answer those that are not used. If you re-
ceive a card you may know that yours has
been accepted.]

What Was in His Pocket

BY JOS. SCHINDLER.

Freddy, five years of age, was wear-
ing his first pair of pants. They had
pockets in them—even a hip-pocket.

Two weeks after the attainment of
this badge of man's estate, he con-
fronted his father with the question,
"Say, papa, you can't guess what I have
in my pocket?"

His father glanced at the receptacle
in question and noted that it was badly
torn, and apparently empty, and replied,
"No, I can't guess. What is in it?"
"A ho-ole," said Freddy.

The Coolest Place

BY WILL HOPKINS.

A homesteader in Western Washing-
ton, whom we will call Brown, lived in
a small house raised up two or three
feet from the ground. The floor, like the
rest of the house, was made of split
lumber, which, though planed and
jointed, still allowed the cold winter air
to enter freely. One winter evening
Mr. Brown and a trapper who was stay-
ing with him were discussing ways and
means of storing some ice for future
use, but did not decide on definite place
of storage.

The next morning the trapper who
was sitting with his feet under the cook
stove while Brown was getting break-
fast, suddenly remarked:

"I'll tell you, Brown, the best place
to keep some ice."
"Where?" asked Brown innocently.
"Under the stove."

Quite a Drouth

BY B. H. MALLORY.

A certain part of the southwest is
noted for dryness and lack of rain. As
the passenger train was taking water
at a little town down there one day,
the occupants of the coach took the

opportunity to stretch their legs and
as one of them strolled around he ac-
costed a citizen standing idly by with
the remark, "Things look pretty dry
around here, don't they?" "Yes," re-
plied the other.

Stopping in his walk the pasenger
inquired, "How long has it been since
you had a rain here?"

"Well I couldn't hardly say," replied
the citizen, "I've only been here about
fifteen years."

An Apple Affair

B. C. KLINEBERGER.

While looking out the window the
other day, I saw three little boys about
seven years old. Two of them in a
strained and anxious attitude were
watching the third eating an apple.

"Johnny," said one of envious two,
"give me a bite."

"Not for asking," replied the fortu-
nate apple cater.

"I didn't ask, did I, John?" after a
few moments reflexion by the third
boy.

"No, you don't want any."
That ended the affair.

One Consolation

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

He was very bashful and she tried to
make it easy for him. They were driv-
ing along a country road and she be-
came silent for a time.

"What's the matter?" he asked.
"Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "No-
body loves me, and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his
word of consolation, "for God loves
you, and your mother loves you, and
you can sit on your hands."

Cold Remedy

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

Little five-year-old Willie was visiting
his neighbor, Johnny. Willie showed
every evidence of a bad cold.

"Doesn't your mother give you any-
thing for your cold, Willie?" asked

Johnny's mother with much solicitude.
Feeling in all his pockets at once
Willie answered, "Yes, ma'am, she gave
me a clean handkerchief."

From Bad to Worse

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

The advance agent of one of the high
class productions was a poetic genius
and many of his advance notices were
written in rhyme. The following was
forwarded to one newspaper:

We have a fine production,
A train that's all our own,
A bevy of girls with golden curls;
The finest show in town.
He was somewhat dismayed when
the printer made it read:
We have a flue prediction,
A train that's all alone.
Beefy girls with garden cues,
The flimsiest shoes in town.

Touching

Wife—Wretch! Show me that letter.
Husband—What letter?
Wife—That one in you hand. It's
from a woman I can see by the writ-
ing, and you turned pale when you
saw it.
Husband—Yes. Here it is. It's your
dressmaker's bill.—New York Evening
Mail.

Wortermelon Time

Old wortermelon time is a-comin' round
again,
And they ain't no man a-livin' ant
tickleder'n me,
Fer the way I hanker after wortermel-
ons is a sin—
Which is the why and wherefore, as
you can plainly see.
They ain't no better thing in the vege-
table line;
And they don't need much 'tend'n', as
every farmer knows;
And when they're ripe and ready fer to
pluck from the vine,
I want to say to you they're the best
fruit that grows.
—James Whitcomb Riley.



How his first audience looks to a Social-
ist soap-boxer.

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS
If you are honest and ambitious write me
today. No matter where you live or what
your occupation, I will teach you the Real
Estate business by mail; appoint you Special
Representative of my Company in your town;
start you in a profitable business of your own,
and help you make big money at once.
Unusual opportunity for men without
capital to become independent for life.
Valuable Book and full particulars FREE.
Write today.
NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M-685 Warden Building
Washington, D. C.
E. E. WARDEN
President

BE AN ORGANIZER \$50.00 to \$150.00 a month
Give whole or spare time
Experience not needed
WRITE AT ONCE, BOX 99, COVINGTON, LA., U.S.A.
COMRADES I am manufacturing a new
SANITARY FOLDING COV-
for Children—impossible
to roll out or kick the cover off—needs no springs or
mattress—has mosquito netting canopy—sells for
\$2.50 and \$4.00. Agents wanted. See ad for circular to
Peter Reinert, 208 Glenwood Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.



VALLEY OF DRY BONES
OF
CAPITALISM

SOCIALISM

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

THE MODERN EZEKIEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRY BONES OF CAPITALISM

Capitalism has made of the world a Valley of Dry Bones. It has taken the spirit of life and joy out of Labor and out of the very existence of the workers. It has laid its paralyzing touch upon our literature, our art, our amusements, our politics, and the whole round of social life, and left nothing but a rattling of dry bones. It left the workers dead and without hope. Into this Valley of Dry Bones Socialism comes with a message of Life. It touches the bones of the workers, sucked dry by the profit vampires, and those bones spring into life and rev. It and enter into the joy of battle for freedom. It touches the dry bones of Art and Literature and Politics, and new beauty and ideas and ideals spring into existence and herald the coming of a new day, when there shall be more abundant life for all.