

THE COMING NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

ABOUT RACE PREJUDICE



SEVERAL gentlemen have been good enough to write to me in dissent from some recent remarks in these columns wherein I ventured to suggest that it might be well to treat colored men with at least a degree of justice. One of my correspondents assures me that he has cancelled his subscription to the COMING NATION because of those remarks, and another, more in sorrow than in anger, foretells the speedy ruin of the magazine and its editors if they persist in uttering such sentiments.

That being the case perhaps it would be well now to have a few kind words together and see if we can come to a clear understanding about all these things. To obtain sympathy under false pretenses is at least as bad as in a like manner to obtain money. We may as well understand one another and then there will be no chance for any suspicion of intellectual bunco.

These columns were established for the purpose of uttering a weekly protest against such cases of injustice as came currently within the notice of this magazine. It is the present intention to pursue that purpose diligently. At all times the magazine will protest against the monstrous economic injustice by which men create wealth and do not possess the wealth that they create. It will also raise its feeble voice against any other kind of injustice that comes in its way.

It will not stop to bother with any consideration of the so-called race of the victim. It will pay just as little attention to whether he be black, white, yellow, brown, red or cream color. They all look alike to us.

I hope that is sufficiently explicit. They all look alike to us.

If there be among the congregation those to whom it is necessary to hate somebody or those that cannot be happy without thinking of their own immense superiority to some others of God's children, or those to whom race prejudice is an essential of being—well, parting is sweet sorrow, but perhaps they would be happier under another dispensation. I would not willingly cause them pain, but they are likely to get their feelings hurt here and it is best that they should clearly understand that in advance.

The organ will now play a voluntary and the usual collection will be taken up while those that conscientiously believe in race hatred and cannot live without it will have an opportunity to move towards the door.

A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY

And now for a calm survey of facts about all this.

Race prejudice is the biggest nonsense in the world, the most venerable of fakes and the most foolish, harmful and preposterous.

In Pennsylvania the other day the smoking car of a local train was about half full of native gentlemen, when at a certain station four Italians were seen to be mounting the platform and about to enter.

Instantly the native gentlemen seized each two seats, turned them so that they faced each other, spread abroad

their elegant bodies and their ample feet until there was left unoccupied not a corner of any seat; and when the Italians got in they were obliged to stand all the way to their destination.

After that a man not native to these scenes asked one possessed of this advantage what might be the meaning of the singular spectacle.

"Why," said the native gentleman, "didn't you see them? They was all dam dagoes."

"Well?" said his questioner.

"Why, you don't suppose I'd sit next to a dam dago, do you?"

"Don't you ever think that this country of yours was discovered by an Italian?"

"Aw go awn. Watcher givin' us? S'pose you can make me believe George Washington was any dago?"

"Well, omitting discussion of that question, would you mind telling me why you objected to allowing one of those Italians to have a seat in this car?"

"Sure I'll tell you. This is a white man's country. There ain't no room here for dam dagoes. If they don't like what they get here, let 'em stay at home. This country's a place for white men; it ain't no place for dam dagoes"—a sentiment that instantly awoke responsive applause from all the other native gentlemen in the car.

* * *

This reminds me of some other scenes and observations in my experience. All these persons hated the Italians because there were many Italians in their neighborhood, and Italians were not white men; but it appeared upon examination that they professed their willingness to preserve amicable relations with other foreigners, all unknown to them, that they believed to be white men. They thought that the Germans, for instance, were probably all right; and Swedes, they had heard, made admirable citizens; they were white men. But these dam dagoes were the limit; no white men could be expected to endure them; they were not white men.

But it happened that I was brought up in a community one-half of which was German, and I remember that the native gentlemen in that community held exactly the same opinions about the Germans. Other people might be well enough, Norwegians, Scotchmen or Welshmen; but these Germans were the limit. I even recall that the terms used about them were identical with those used in Pennsylvania about the Italians, they were not white men, and a real native gentleman could not be expected to get along with anybody that was not a white man.

Just over the river in Moline was a large colony of Swedes, and when I went to visit in Moline I never failed to be regaled with the enormities of the Swedes. It appeared that they were likewise "dam foreigners" and possessed of traits that made even the Germans seem almost attractive.

I went to school in a town in Northern New England where there was a large settlement of French Canadians and where the native gentlemen used to sit around the grocery store every night, chewing tobacco and expatiating upon the short-comings of all French Canadians. It seemed that they also lacked lamentably of the white man's essentials and were very extremely undesirable persons in a white man's country, and

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ought to be made stay at home. Subsequently I spent some time in Cedar Rapids and learned there of the enormities of the Bohemians, who formed a large part of the city's population. In Honesdale, Pa., I was impressed (by the native gentlemen) with the evil qualities of the Hungarians; and in Cleveland, Ohio, gathered that the Lithuanians were rank intruders in a white man's country. In Wilkesbarre the affliction of a Russian colony were pointed out to me and in Houston street I heard much eloquence about the unattractive nature of the Jew. From English sources I learned that the Irish were the lowest people that crawled and the Scotch were utterly detestable; while I had at all times vivid recollections of the old pioneer of my boyhood days and the picturesque language in which he could convince any listener that the Indian was so vile that he ought to be shot on sight.

And yet all the time the fact remained and was easily susceptible of proof, that the German was exactly like the Swede and the Hungarian was exactly like the German and the Norwegian differed in no essential from the Italian, and that all were like the American so that in the second generation you could by no possible means tell one from the other.

What then was the origin of all this gratuitous hatred toward their own kind?

Why, the origin was twofold. In the first place it was an echo of old jungle days wherein every skin-clad forefather of ours snarled at every other skin-clad fellow because he feared that there was not enough raw meat for both of them.

In the second place, and a far stronger impulse; it was snobbery pure and simple. The essence of snobbery is that I elevate myself by depressing somebody else; that the extent of my own elevation is the depth to which I can pull another man down; that if I can successfully feign somebody else to be so much worse than I am that he must be hated, then I have established myself upon a lofty pinnacle indeed. There comes to my town a group of foreigners, strangers, ill at ease in a country new to them, and, therefore, without adequate defense. The old jungle instinct bids me snarl at them; the thirst for self-esteem induces me to treat them as my inferiors. With the ready assistance of others in my town that are like minded I have no difficulty in getting up a sentiment of hatred against these "dam-dagoes"; after that the very food that they eat and the language of their mother land become handy materials for my scorn and fertile soil in which to grow more hatred. The more foreigners, the more hatred; the more hatred, the more I delude myself into the belief that I am showing my superiority.

All of which is mere snobbery run mad.

Add to this the terrible results of a terrible war, the awful crop of lingering passions that such a war always has, and the inevitable position of the negroes as the visible cause of that war, and this is the exact situation in the South and the reason why so many white people there are poisoning their own lives by hatred of their colored neighbors.

I admit that it is a situation easily explained and not unnatural, under the circumstances. But I don't see why I should be expected to help it along.

Anyway, I have no idea of doing so. I have heard Prof. Wilder of Cornell, demonstrating on two or three hundred human brains, show that there was no possible difference among them, whether the skins of their former owners were black, white or yellow. Other scientists have shown that the blood that flows through all the veins of all the world is one and indistinguishable. It is proposed then that because of some difference in the color of the skin or the curliness of their hair I shall go to hating somebody. I think I shall have to be excused.



WHAT CONSTITUTES STRANGENESS

Robert G. Ingersoll, philosopher and prophet, said to me once:

"Mr. A thinks that Mr. B is a very strange

man; he cannot understand how Mr. A can be so strange. He forgets that to exactly the same degree that Mr. B seems strange to him he must seem strange to Mr. B, and that the view of each of them about the other must necessarily be of exactly the same weight and importance."

I think that is about the size of it. A provincial American sees a party of Italian immigrants just landed at the Battery. They seem very strange to him; strange and comical. It never occurs to him that by the same token he must seem just as strange and just as comical to them; yet such is the fact. If he were to be suddenly landed in Apulia he would appear just as awkward and ill at ease as the newly landed Italians appear in Broadway. But in Apulia nobody would laugh at him, nor try to make him unhappy in his novel surroundings; because the people there are naturally too kind and too decent. I don't know whether knowledge of that fact would restrain the American hoodlum or not; probably not.

But there are places in the world where the tables would be neatly turned upon him if he should venture into them.

Doubless it is great fun to chase a Chinaman down the street with rocks; a Chinaman is not a white man and is entitled to no rights. But it is not nearly so funny when you are about the only white person in the heart of a great Chinese city and all around you are hostile faces and hands ready to throw stones at you. It gives the case a different aspect, and would, I think, tend to revise the idea of humor now enjoyed by some hoodlum gentlemen of my acquaintance. It tends also to the sudden enlargement of the views about the reasonableness of race hatred when you find that your own race is in a small minority and (for good and sufficient reasons) hatred to the death. Wonderful how the aspect of things changes at such a time! I could wish that it might be a commoner experience for the sake of the educational values. I can assure you they are rapid as well as radical.

* * *

A distinguished French scientist has lately published to the world the results of years of investigation of racial distinctions and differences among men. He finds that there are none. There is no such thing as a racial type; there is no such thing as a race. All the people of the earth are members of one family together, he finds; not sentimentally, but as a matter of cold scientific fact.

Well, those that have seen man in many places and under many conditions need no scientist to come from the Sorbonne to tell them that. It is a fact demonstrated by their invariable experience, if that has been at all wide-spread.

The difference between what is called one race and any other is as important as the fact that in Nassau men give the letter G the soft sound and in Hannover the hard.

That being the case, when I am invited by some of my esteemed correspondents to join them in hating the colored man, I can't see my way to accept their kind invitation. After many years of close and careful observation of my colored brother I don't see anything about him to hate nor any traits that are essentially different from my own. If he is to be hated for those traits, so am I; and I don't think I should like that.

* * *

Moreover, if there is anything that life has taught me it is that the hatred of any human being upon any ground whatsoever does not pay. I have no moral sermon to utter about it, but just as a practical proposition it doesn't pay. There is nothing in it for anyone but pain and loss, disaster and decline. It costs too much. Nobody can afford to indulge in it. It eats out all the joy of life living; it hardens the heart to everything that is worth while; it turns life to bitterness; it exacts too much of a penalty. It isn't worth while.

The whole South is now engaged in hating colored men. I don't see anything in it. It

is just as unprofitable to hate colored men as it is to hate men of any other color. It does not seem to be the intention of the Creator that we should hate anybody. It seems to have been his intention that we should love instead of hate, because love pays and hate does not.

Moreover, I was never able to discover any reason anywhere to think that because at one time some of my brethren dwelt in a climate where the intensity of the light produced dark skins as a necessary protection to life, that, therefore, I am justified in excluding those brethren from the universal brotherhood. And still less am I justified in hating them. We undertook at the beginning of this discourse to have a frank understanding. Well, here it is. A negro in my deliberate judgment is just like a white man, entitled to exactly the same rights and the same treatment.

And that is exactly what he is going to get from this pulpit because he is just as much a brother of mine as is anybody else.



SOMETHING TO HATE

But if these gentlemen feel that they cannot get along without hating, I can tell them something to hate that will be worth while.

Let them hate the system that made of the negro a slave, and denied to him opportunity and a chance to live, that still fills the hearts of many men with hatred against him, that still denies him education and equality—hate that.

Hate the system that all over the world inflames the hearts of men against one another, fills the world with hatred instead of love and darkness instead of light—hate that.

Hate the system that robs every worker of four-fifths of his toil; that enables parasites to live upon his labor; that makes him as truly a slave today as ever the unfortunate African was; that produces war, crime, insanity and epidemics; that is responsible for the slum and all the curses that flow from it; that is responsible for the infinite murders and abominations of child labor; that goes through the world dripping with blood—hate that.

Hate the system that is everywhere the foe of democracy, peace and good-will among men; that limits education, knowledge and culture to one little group of the fortunate; that thrives best where the slum is rankest; that corrupts government, overturns liberty, controls courts, rots politics and breeds everywhere one vast cloud of misery and wrong—hate that.

Hate the system that produces paupers and millionaires; that surfeits a few with idiotic luxury and deadens the many with drudging toil—hate that.

Hate the system that in a world full of abundance reduces three-quarters of the inhabitants to insufficiency and practical destitution—hate that.

Hate a system that drives men into prison and women into prostitution—hate that.

* * *

If they will discover a way by which they can sufficiently and adequately hate this monstrous and diabolical thing that darkens the world and tears at millions of hearts, they will find that they will have no time to hate anybody—not even the negro, most conspicuous of all the victims of this unspeakable iniquity.

And they will find that this kind of hatred, alone of all hatred, pays the man that possesses it. I think they will find that just in proportion that a man hates this abominable and frightful thing, the enemy of the race, just in that proportion he loves his fellow man and gets from life the true richness of living.

* * *

All of which is probably a poor way of carrying elections and getting into office. But I can tell you something that is of infinitely greater importance than carrying any election in this world or electing anybody to any office.

It is that some of this hatred should come to an end; that there should no longer be on

(Continued on page twelve.)

More Light on the Common Good

Practical Workings of State Capitalism in New Zealand

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are more current hallucinations about New Zealand and Australia than about any other countries in the world. One, very curious, and to those that know the facts, very comical, is the general belief that these are socialistic countries. They are just as much socialistic countries as they are Mohammedan countries or Confucian countries—and no more. This is the fact, but you can never get the opposite idea out of the strange, iron-bound mind of the Cave Dwellers; in the gloomy recesses of that darkened chamber it is rooted forever. Whenever anything is reported as going wrong in New Zealand, from a land-slip to a bush fire, up jumps the Cave Dweller, radiant with joy, and yells: "Ah ha! Socialism is a failure in New Zealand!"

I long ago gave up the attempt to open such a mind to the consideration of any facts whatsoever. You couldn't do it with mallet and chisel. But for those that live other wise than in caves and have other ideals than the ideals of the Stone Age I beg leave to offer these absolute truths and ask for them a serious consideration.

Socialism is not a failure in New Zealand because Socialism has never been tried in New Zealand any more than it has been tried in Illinois.

Capitalism rules New Zealand just as absolutely and completely as it rules Illinois and with exactly the same results.

These are the facts. I suppose that neither demonstration nor repetition will ever establish them for the Bourbon press of America; but for the rest of us they have an extremely useful lesson.

Suppose we marshal the facts first and take a slant at the lesson afterward.

It is quite true that New Zealand has experimented with much legislation of what is called the Advanced or Progressive kind.

New Zealand an "Insurgent" Country.

We have in the United States a certain group of statesmen, philosophers and profound thinkers that are called sometimes Insurgents and sometimes Progressives; men that are substantially agreed that existing conditions in America are not, after all, perfectly lovely and have a general program of betterment; men like Senators LaFollette and Bristow among the Republicans and old Doc Wilson among the Democrats.

It is interesting to know that without exception every remedy for existing evils, great or small, that is advocated by these eminent reformers is an old, old story in New Zealand. All that the Progressive propose, New Zealand has tried out long ago. None of our Progressive philosophers seem to be aware of this, but if they want to know how any part of their program works in practice, naturally here's the grand chance. New Zealand has tried it and probably forgotten it, for on these lines she has forged far ahead of anything the Progressive gentlemen ever imagined or are likely to imagine unless they can come by a new mental equipment.

New Zealand isn't a socialistic country, but it is a very good Insurgent country, if that is what you are looking for.

For instance, the Insurgents announce that they believe in honest government.

By Charles Edward Russell

New Zealand has a government so honest (according to Insurgent ideals) that it is blue in the face.

The Insurgents and old Docs believe in the government regulation and control of railroad corporations.

New Zealand has regulated and controlled the

them when the Insurgent gentlemen were wearing knickerbockers and playing "I Spy." The whole program that the Insurgents hope with the blessing of God to bring about in this country about 1924 if all goes well, New Zealand adopted about twenty years ago. Since then she has passed so much further along on the road that a New Zealander today, turning around and looking attentively, can just make out the top of Senator LaFollette's hat.

And now how do these things work in practice?

Take the railroad problem, for one example, since that is the most obvious and persistent that at present afflicts us.

New Zealand once had railroad corporations and years ago undertook to regulate them in the highest style of the act. Her regulation of rates, for instance, was the best and most effective that has ever been known. Here, indeed, was regulation as she is regulated. The government practically fixed every rate and the company had nothing to do but to comply and furnish the service with neatness and dispatch. When a railroad company failed to fulfill the terms of its concession or franchise the government seized it. No dilly-dallying nor side stepping; the government seized it. A railroad in New Zealand was never regarded as a thing peculiar, magical, mystical, holy and sacred, but only as the creature and servant of the community and wholly under the community's control. You can see that this was very different from anything we have ever known in the United States and represented the utmost attainable limit of regula-

tion's artful aid. After a time the last remaining railroad corporation found that under these restrictions it could not sufficiently gouge and prey upon the public and offered to sell its property to the government at something near its real value. This being arranged the government ownership of railroads in New Zealand was complete.

Beyond any question, viewed merely as a business enterprise, it is, so far as it goes, well managed, successful and useful. So far as it goes it serves the public faithfully and well and saves for it much money.

The difference between the railroad situation in New Zealand and the railroad situation in the United States is a memorable thing to contemplate.

In New Zealand the railroads are conducted in the interests of the public. A limit of three per cent on the capital investment is fixed as the net profit, after the necessary deductions for interest charges on the outstanding obligations and for the sinking fund. So fast as the increasing business of the railroads brings the net returns above three per cent the surplus is returned to the public in reduced rates.

To an American this sounds like a tale from Elf-land's fairy shore; yet it is but the sober truth.

There is no juggling with the capitalization in New Zealand and no additional issues, except for the initial bare cost of building and equipping new lines. All charges for maintenance, repairs, renewals and improvements are charged to expenses and paid out of the earnings.

How does this look when we place it by the side of our own record?

In the last fifteen years the railroad system of New Zealand has saved the shippers \$15,000,000 by the progressive



The City of Wellington, New Zealand

railroad corporations until she has regulated them off the earth.

The Insurgents believe in tariff reduction as a means to combat and destroy the Demon Trust and the Monster Monopoly.

Twenty Years Ahead of Insurgency

New Zealand has made some beautiful and convincing experiments along that line.

The Insurgents generally believe in an income tax. New Zealand has that to beat the band. They believe in the parcels post. New Zealand has had it for years. Also in conservation. New Zealand has that. Also in what is vaguely known as more popular forms of government. New Zealand got



Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand

reduction of freight rates. In the last ten years the American railroads have increased their rates 18 per cent, and a committee of the California Senate has estimated that one of these increases has meant to the people of California an increase of \$10,000,000 a year in the cost of living.

In New Zealand railroad capitalization has remained stationary except for the actual extension of lines.

In the United States railroad capitalization is increasing at the rate of almost one billion dollars a year and the bulk of this increase represents no addition to the system, but only gifts and melons to the insiders.

In New Zealand whatever increase there may be in interest charges is founded solely upon increase of trackage and is, therefore, more than supported by increase of business.

In the United States the increase of interest charges is chiefly without foundation and means that every year an additional large sum must be dug out of the public.

In New Zealand the reduction of rates has reached such a point that fertilizer is carried free for the farmers and in some cases children are carried free to school.

In the United States every year sees some new scheme to extract more money from the public and the farmers are among the principal sufferers from these schemes.

No Rebate or Corruption

In New Zealand there are no rebates to favorite shippers, no secret rates, discriminations nor special advantages. Transportation is sold as postage stamps are sold. Every shipper gets exactly the same rates.

In the United States after twenty-four years of laws that sought in different ways to suppress rebating the practice goes on as before with nothing accomplished except that the favors are confined to the greatest shippers and small competitors are now more than ever at a disadvantage.

In New Zealand rates are made on a solely mileage basis and are so simple that every shipper can calculate them for himself.

In the United States rate making is an occult science based upon how much can safely be gotten out of any given community.

In New Zealand the railroad is no particular adjunct to the trust nor to the money power.

In the United States the industrial monopolies and bank combinations are helped immeasurably by the railroad monopoly, which is now in practically the same hands and is operated to crush competition or oppress the recalcitrant.

In New Zealand the railroad has no function in corruption.

In the United States every railroad has a political department and most of the railroads maintain corruption lobbies at all the state capitols. Some have reduced the corrupt control of government and the perversion of free institutions to an exact science the perfect operations of which are not in the least discouraged by the railroad's smug pretensions of honesty and reform.

Care of Workingmen

In New Zealand the workingmen on the railroads are carefully protected against unduly long hours of employment and against unfair discharge or oppression; they are compensated if injured and pensioned after a term of service. In the United States railroad workers are at the mercy of the corporations, are universally overworked and underpaid, are practically unprotected as to hours of employment, and if they get compensation for injuries or pensions in old age they provide these benefits themselves.

The New Zealand advantages are undeniable of their kind; and so far as they go they are substantial benefits.

But they are not Socialism and have nothing to do with it.

The test is very simple. For whom do the rail-

road men of New Zealand work? For the government. Who gets the profit of their toil? The government. What do they work for? Wages paid by the government. Who then is engaged in exploiting them? The government.

Difference Only in Exploiters

The chief difference, therefore, is in the name of the exploiting agency. In the United States they are exploited by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill and Mr. Hawley. In New Zealand they are exploited by their government. No doubt the difference represents an improvement. I had rather be robbed by my government than be robbed by Mr. Morgan. But robbery is robbery none the less and so long as any man works for wages, giving his toil and receiving therefor only the crusts of existence, he is robbed.

The New Zealand government makes a profit from the labor of its railroad employes. It uses that profit to build a Dreadnaught battleship and present it to Great Britain that the Prime Minister may be socially exalted.

Mr. Morgan makes a profit from the labor of his

Take, for instance, a phase of the development so common as the store "chain." Here is one huge combination that has pushed its chain of general stores over all New Zealand and most of Australia. In every New Zealand town I visited I saw its familiar signboard, and wherever I traveled I heard of its activities, business and political. A great firm of steamboat owners practically monopolizes all the business in the Wanganui river region, owns the hotels and compels travelers to go to them. A chain of jewelry and silverware stores is absorbing the trade in these lines; another of stationery and book stores and another of department stores are like huge serpents spreading their coil from town to town.

Just the Same as Here

Again, almost all the shoes sold in New Zealand are made by a Trust. Sea fish abound along the shores and are of most excellent quality, but the Fish Trust keeps up the price of fish by burning a large part of the daily catch. There is a vast store of excellent timber, but the Timber Trust makes lumber so high that it is sometimes imported all the way from Oregon. Wool is one of the great staple products of New Zealand, but the wool growers are largely at the mercy of a combination, headed by one of the banks, that fixes arbitrarily the price of wool. A combination of meat packers and another of agricultural machinery dealers add afflictions to the farmer's lot. Salt is furnished through a trust. The New Zealand Coal Trust is powerful, avaricious and apparently unassailable. And over all the rest towers the shipping combination that holds in its hand the water communication of the entire coast.

They do not call these things "trusts" in New Zealand, I suppose because of some sensitiveness about the use of that word; it sounds "Yankee" and people don't like it.

But these are trusts nevertheless, and in all respects exactly like the trusts of America including their power upon the government, their abnormal profits, abnormal growth and inevitable effect in concentrating the wealth and resources of the country.

In other words, the situation in New Zealand duplicates the situation in Australia described in my last chapter and that duplicated the situation in the United States or in any other country.

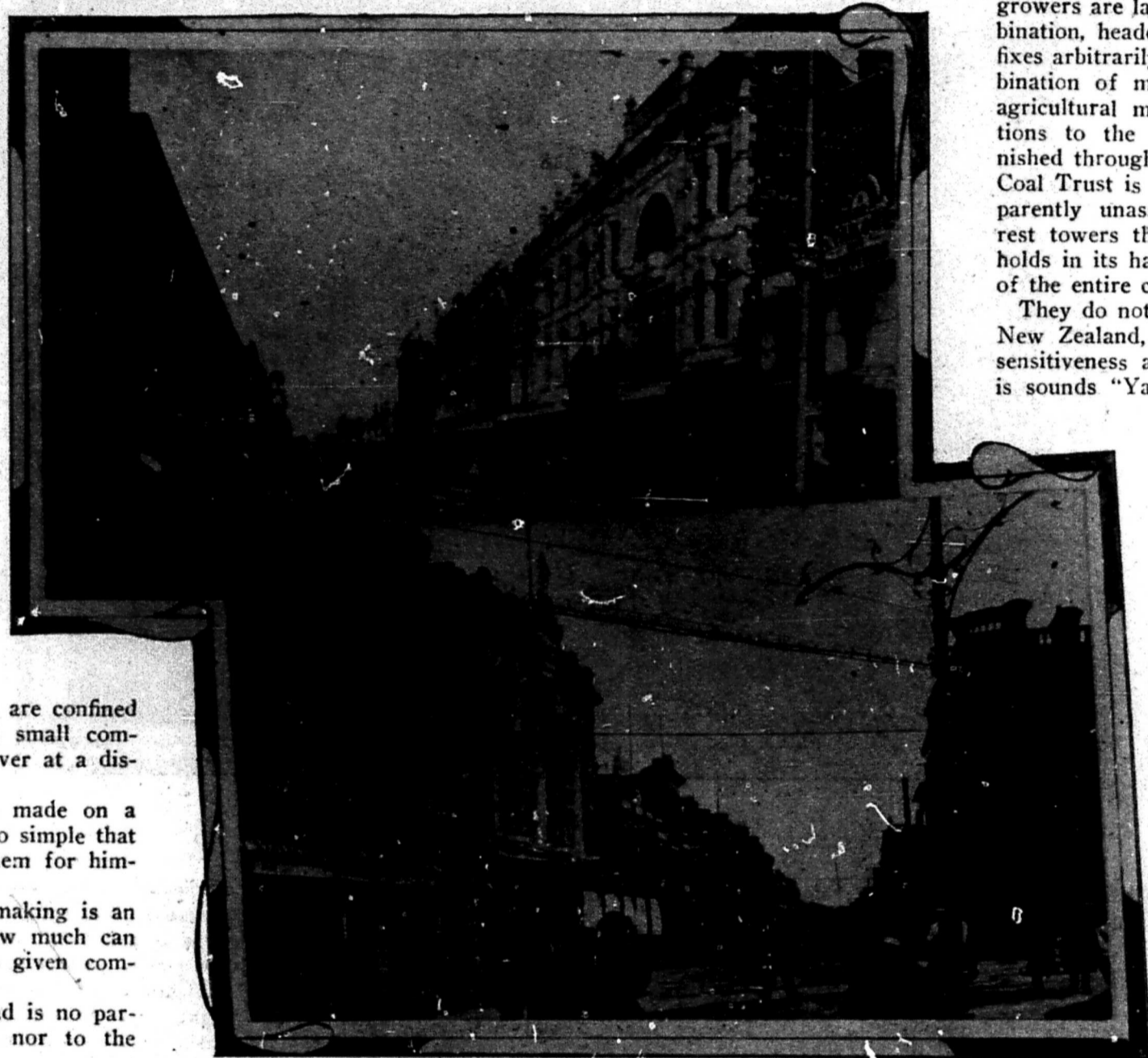
Seizing the Highways of the Sea

You would find it difficult, I think, to hit anywhere upon a better instance of trust power than the control exercised by the New Zealand shipping combination over foreign and

domestic commerce. Land roads can be seized and held, we know, by any superior force; but how can any combination seize the innumerable roads of the sea, open to all? To build a ship is neither difficult nor costly and once built it has freely before it all the oceans of all the world. How then can a trust monopolize ocean commerce? Even J. Pierpont Morgan, most powerful and ablest of all trust builders, one of the rulers of the world, ranked with crowned monarchs, failed when he tried to create a monopoly on the ocean. How could a New Zealand company succeed where he failed?

It does seem improbable, does it not? Yet that is exactly what has happened. A very great and powerful combination has the strangle-hold on all the foreign and coast wise commerce of New Zealand, makes extortionate rates and gets away with them, provides poor service and successfully evades or defeats every attempt to control or interfere with it.

That would seem to be a unique achievement in the history of monopolies and most significant. If in Insurgent and Progressive New Zealand a trust can attain to such extraordinary power we hardly need to look further. The remedies of the Insurgents and Progressives have no more efficacy upon Trusts than they have upon warts. If the cohorts of Insurgency were to win the entire government and all the offices thereof and were able to carry out all of their exalted program the Trust situation would be affected not a whit.



Scenes from busy Christchurch, New Zealand

railroad employes. He uses that profit to buy a castle in Hungary.

In either case, where does the employe come in?

In New Zealand as in the United States the employer gets the profit of the employes' toil; the employe gets nothing but bare existence.

I admit with joyful satisfaction that the government ownership of railroads in New Zealand has had its effect in checking the increase in the cost of living and another though slighter effect in checking the progress of monopoly.

Monopoly and Robbery Everywhere

Yet viewed as a whole, both of these processes have gone on here as elsewhere. The workers continue to be more and more exploited, their economic condition continues to decline, the wealth of the country is swept into the hands of the fortunate few, trusts grow in power, audacity, activity and the extent of their operations; the independent dealer is being expropriated at least as rapidly as in America; the bank combination controls more and more the money supply and, therefore, the life of business; government becomes more and more the subservient tool of these gigantic combinations; and the whole situation repeats in faithful miniature the situation in the United States.

All of these facts are at once apparent to any observer that has the least experience with the visible signs of such transformations. An observant American cannot be in New Zealand an hour without seeing them.

The dominance of the shipping combination in New Zealand affairs is of peculiar moment to the country for the reason that most of the important towns are seaports or near seaports, most of the communication is by the ocean, and the chief business is exporting wool and meats.

Monopoly Rules Politics

Ocean commerce is of the same vital importance to New Zealand that railroad transportation is to the United States. I think it a great and significant fact that in each country monopoly has seized and held the supply most important to the public.

In New Zealand the government has the power to annihilate the steamship monopoly, just as in the United States the government has the power to annihilate the railroad monopoly.

In both countries the government withholds its hands from the throat of the monopoly, and in both countries the reason is that the political strength of the monopoly prevents any hostile action.

This completes the parallel, the import of which strikes me as most suggestive.

Every year for many years the New Zealand government has been urged and begged to inaugurate a line of government steamships and thus end the monopoly. It will do nothing of the kind, even to carry its own coal from its own coal mines, although the carriage of the coal in the monopoly steamships nullifies all the advantages of the state owned coal mine.

In return the steamship monopoly is the government's staunchest friend and ally, helps it to carry elections, and therefore helps the present official gentlemen to retain their jobs.

Government and Exporter, Partners

That is to say, the same old game everywhere; exploitation joining hands with government that it may have the larger opportunity for exploiting; government joining hands with exploitation that it may have the means whereby it shall continue to fool the people and remain in power.

In one country it is the shipping Trust, preventing competition, and in another it is the Sugar Trust adjusting the tariff duties. I fail to see any difference.

Next to the New Zealand Shipping Trust comes the Bank Combination, and it sounds like home to be told that more and more the two work together and are drifting into the same ownership. The banks play a great part in the trustification of the country.

With a Wellington friend I was one day walking down Willis street. Of a sudden he said:

"Do you see that great store on the corner? Well, that is owned by the Bank of New Zealand. It is one of the greatest retail enterprises in New Zealand. Now look down to the middle of the block. That large yellow store is owned by another bank, and the store on the further corner by another bank. I can go through the principal business streets in this city and pick out a store in about every block that is owned by a bank. And the number is steadily increasing. What do you think of that?"

Government Ownership No Remedy

I could have reproduced the like from many places in many climes. My friend was very indignant about the high-handed proceedings of the Wellington banks and thought that in some way they ought to be restrained. I doubt not that if someone should suggest to him the triumph of American legislative wisdom that forbids combinations in restraint of trade he would hail it with joy and insist that his country also undertake to make evolution illegal. Yet the process to which he objects is not only natural but inevitable. The bank combination holds the money supply; nothing can prevent the absorption of one business after another under such conditions.

The accumulation of great fortunes in the hands of the fortunate few and the impoverishment of the masses are equally inevitable.

Against these profound changes government own-

ership as known and practiced in New Zealand is most obviously no kind of barrier. The government owns and operates the telegraph and telephone lines, two coal mines and a system of life and fire insurance. The telephone and telegraph system are excellent, speedy and very cheap. Like the cheap rates on the railroad's their benefits are conferred chiefly upon the well-to-do. The reduction of his freight rates enables the wholesale grocer of Auckland to increase his profits; it does not help the toiler to get just return for his toil, nor to have the living conditions to which he is entitled. The cheap telegraph rates are a great help to the great business houses, which have much communication by telegraph. They do not help the families of the toilers to get enough to eat. The cheap telephone rates are a great advantage to the corporations, banks and shipping houses; the toiling majority have no present need of telephones, but only of food, shelter, clothing, light, leisure and opportunity.

As a matter of fact, then, all these things operate chiefly to confer further benefits upon those that already have the great advantage in the struggle for life. Like all the other devices of the Insurgents and Progressives around the world they chiefly add to the existing inequalities of conditions.

and so greatly increased that I should think the patriotic New Zealander would be alarmed if he ever could be brought to look upon the facts.

Poverty and Slums

I have here some photographs taken in the slums of Wellington. Scarcely one well-to-do citizen knows that these places exist and yet here they are on the indubitable testimony of the camera. I have seen slums in every corner of the globe and I don't see much difference in favor of the Wellington variety. Henning street, Wellington, looks to me very much like Duval street, London. When I was going through some of these houses I might have imagined I was once more in the domain of the old Trinity tenements of New York. The only difference I could notice was that in Wellington the rotten tenements had no hired writers and controlled press to defend them.

As to the dwellers in this repulsive region there was even less difference. They were miserable, unkempt, ill-nourished, ill-housed and unhealthy, like slum dwellers anywhere else. A decent looking woman whose bearing was pathetically eloquent of a fallen estate, came to the door of one of these cabins and confided to me that the neighborhood was unfit to live in.

"You have no idea of the kind of things that go on here," she said. I thought I could guess them.

These dark and dirty little shacks, lining back streets and alleys, wretchedly built and without any of the conveniences that modern civilization regards as necessary, rent for \$2, \$3 and \$3.50 a week. Curiously enough these duplicate the prices that Trinity used to extort from the occupants of its rotten old dives, of the same

type, construction and about the same degree of filth—not quite. As wages are lower in Wellington the slum dweller there would seem to be in rather the worse situation. If he be not so now he most assuredly will be when the advancing cost of living booms up a little higher. Sweet are the uses of self-complacency! If you were to tell one of these well-fed, self-satisfied Wellingtonians that there was in his city a large and steadily growing slum population whose state was as bad as that of the slum dwellers in New York he would flame with incommunicable wrath. Yet here are the facts.

A World-Wide Condition

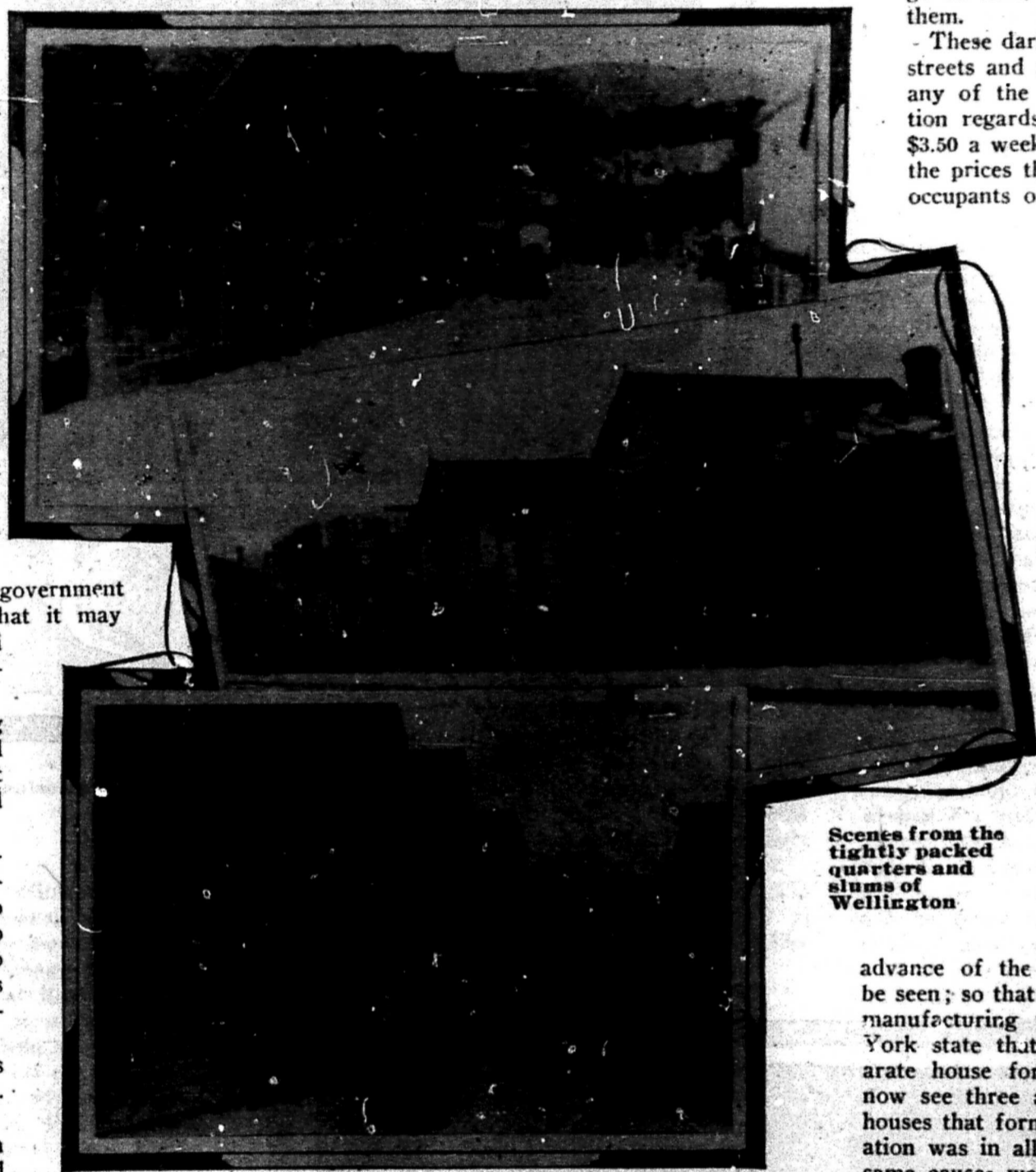
In some of these doll houses of four or five tiny rooms dwelt two families—and boarders. The thoughtful and well-informed young Socialist that accompanied me observed that in this respect also the

advance of the economic pressure was clearly to be seen; so that I was irresistibly reminded of those manufacturing towns in New England and New York state that a few years ago boasted "a separate house for every workingman's family," and now see three and four families crowded into the houses that formerly had but one. Indeed, the situation was in all ways identical or close to it. The same causes were producing the same results. Let one stand in one of these Wellington alleys, and picture to himself by way of contrast the beautiful residences that are being built in another part of the growing city, he shall need no further instruction than to recall the like contrasts wherever he has been. He will see then that the Bank Combination and the Fish Trust of New Zealand or the Standard Oil Company and Morgan Combination of America are no more than symbols of a world-wide condition of which the slum of Wellington and the slum of New York alike represent the product.

The area of the Wellington slum region seemed to me to have doubled in the five years of my absence. Beyond question it had much increased; no longer was it any negligible feature of the city's landscape as it was when I first knew it. I should think the ardent patriots would do well to give it heed, but they don't. Those to whom I spoke of it shook the subject lightly from them with the assurance that the region I had in mind was "the Chinese quarter." About one-fifth of it is inhabited by Chinamen. The rest houses a part of the white working population of Wellington, nowhere any too well domiciled or envired, and here certainly dwelling in conditions that give rise to the gravest misgivings.

But if in spite of all the Progressive legislation for which New Zealand is justly famous the slums grow and poverty increases, what is the use? For

(Continued on page seven.)



Scenes from the tightly packed quarters and slums of Wellington.

"You have no idea of the kind of things that go on here"

Moreover, these are not merely negative expedients. In my judgment they work positive evil in many ways and here is one of them.

Beyond any question it is wasting time in New Zealand. It fools the people into the belief that some remedy has been found for the world's malady, some valuable achievement has been made, and their whole duty is now performed when they sit back, fold their hands and warm themselves in the sun of New Zealand, "the most progressive nation on earth," while they wait for the blessings to descend. They don't descend.

Meantime a truly radical development on lines that would really achieve something is effectually halted.

No study is more profitable to the thoughtful than our capacity for self-deception, and probably in no other quarter of the globe is the field so rich for the philosophical investigator as it is in New Zealand.

Ninety-nine in every one hundred prosperous New Zealanders will assure you that there is no poverty in their country and no slums in their cities. They say this and with the utmost sincerity they believe it. And yet they not only have both poverty and slums in abundance, but in the five years that had passed since my previous visit both have visibly

The Sea-Demos and the Sword

By Shaw Desmond

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)

OUT of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand has grown and broken a storm which has paralyzed the whole of the British shipping world, has demonstrated the potentialities lying enmeshed in the solidarity of labor, and has proved beyond any possibility of cavil that the road to Socialism is a dual one lying along the paths of Parliamentary Action and the Strike.

A little haggling—an ominous silence—a signal: a desertion of the ships—a spreading of the strike-fever—a knitting together of seamen, stokers, dockers, colliers and carmen—twenty-one days' hard fighting, and victory! That is the story of the Shipping Strike in a few words.

Has it ever struck you that in an Island-Kingdom like that of Great Britain, the sailormen hold the key for the unlocking of Communism? This country with her teeming millions, depends absolutely upon the free entry of her food-stuffs. Any check in that giant scheme of transport spells disaster to her.

America is self-supporting with her enormous areas of still partially undeveloped land, with her natural resources, even limited as they are under capitalist production, capable of giving life to twice or ten times her eighty millions. No shipping strike is going to "hold-up" the North American continent. With the Islanders it is different. It was that difference which spelt the success of the strike.

Generally speaking, the demands of the hardest-worked and most abominably underpaid workers in the world—the seamen and firemen—were (1) The recognition of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, (2) The Establishment of a Conciliation Board as in other industries, (3) Abolition of the Employers' Shipping Federation as an Employment Agency, (4) Abolition of Medical Inspection as conducted by that Federation, (5) Higher Wages and better Conditions.

The employers laughed at the demands, told the men to go to the devil, and promised that if the Union kicked up any "shimozzle" they would raise Hades. One of the chiefs of the International Federation of Ship owners boasted to me a little time back that they could smash, and that within three days, any attempt of the seamen to strike. "Why," said he, "Havelock Wilson (the President of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union) has not got twenty per cent of the seamen organized—what can they do anyhow?" And I must say it looked all Lombard Street to a China orange upon the employers.

The answer to that was that within a fortnight of the breaking out of the strike at the rocket signals which flung themselves skyward as though they would storm those holy places to which the employers constantly made reference, nearly seventy per cent of the Liverpool firms had been brought

to their knees, whilst shipping in other ports was at a standstill.

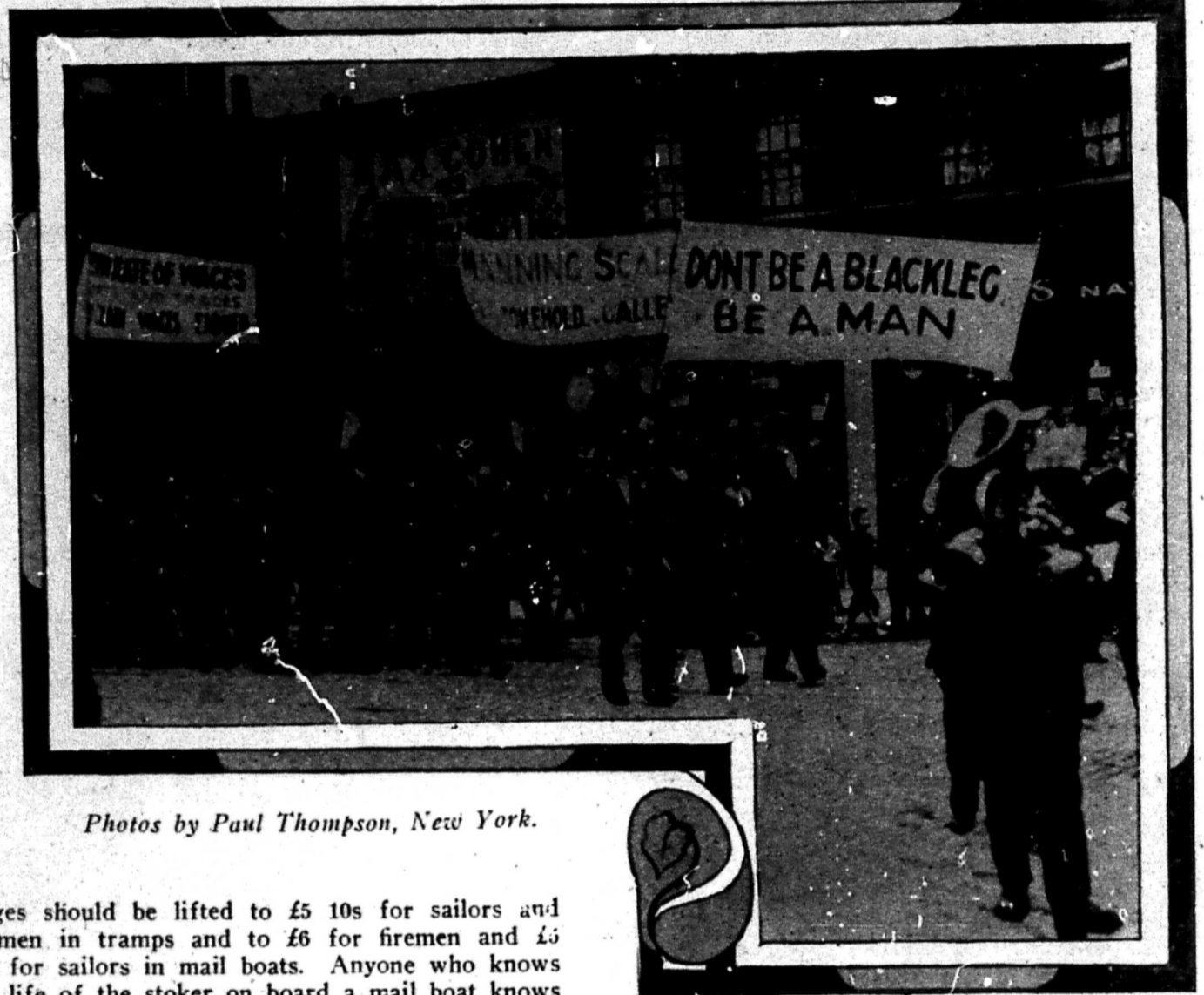
Previous to the strike, wages were £3 10s to £4 10s per month for sailors and firemen on tramp steamers, and in mail steamers £5 10s for firemen and £4 10s for sailors. The union demanded that

wages should be lifted to £5 10s for sailors and firemen in tramps and to £6 for firemen and £5 10s for sailors in mail boats. Anyone who knows the life of the stoker on board a mail boat knows it to be a foretaste of the infernal regions, but the well-fed, pot-bellied employers told the men they would see them in the aftermath before they would give them a halfpenny.

Now I want here to say a word about the giant octopus known as the Shipowners' Federation, which is linked up with the International Federation, which, if my memory serves me right, seeks to

control the destinies of some twenty-nine millions of seamen and firemen throughout the world. These bosses aim at nothing less than a ring which shall be unbreakable—one which will enable them to make their own rate of wages, and to control the seas so far as labor is concerned. Their effrontery is inconceivable, and their determination to take back everything that the men have won, overwhelming.

A prominent member of the Federation said in an interview: "Shipowners would have granted an increase before the strike, if the men had come forward in a proper manner. One or two of the big



Photos by Paul Thompson, New York.

Procession of strikers marching to the West India Docks



Large crowd of strikers outside Maritime Hall, West India Docks road

liner companies have had to give in temporarily to the men's demands, but no settlement can be of a permanent nature which has been forced at the point of the bayonet, and the increase of wages thus obtained will be sure to come down again." In other words, it is the employers' intention to go behind their pledged word.

There are thirteen million tons of shipping controlled by the British Federation, in which about 70,000 British sailors and firemen gain their livelihood. All along the Federation has bitterly opposed any recognition of the Union, which, through the strike, has had its normal membership of 30,000 increased by between 5,000 and 7,500 men. Nearly every man who came ashore during the strike joined the Union, and it is claimed that the Union has only 800 "black'egs." So much so that within the first fortnight of the strike the Union secured for 7,500 men their standard rate of wages throughout the whole country.

Mr. Cuthbert Laws, the general manager of the Shipping Federation, a man of the true "boss" breed, was so cock-sure of their position, that he publicly stated the employers would welcome a general strike throughout the country, and that they (the Federation) were even prepared to indemnify those owners who were not members against any loss through the strike!

The first indication of International action was when a sympathetic strike was declared at Amsterdam in the ships lying at the port, when the sailors and stokers left work demanding higher wages and better lodging and food. A few hours afterward the Rotterdam sailormen stopped work.

On June 16th the American Seamen's Union, controlling 20,000 men employed in the coasting trade, ordered a strike for higher wages and better conditions, the leaders asserting that they could and would completely "tie up" American shipping. Soon afterward, the Antwerp men joined in, and the dockers and naval reservists at Marseilles promised "effectual help" to their British brothers. The

Dutch sailors in particular showed all the tenacity and fighting qualities of their race, and in several places they took drastic action, as for example at Amsterdam where they made the place rather difficult for the non-union men.

But perhaps the most astounding revelation in connection with this strike was the manner in which the solidarity of labor was demonstrated.

A few days after the strike broke out, the members of the Hull Seamen's and Marine Firemen's Union, an important organization, decided to join the National Union; 1,000 dockers struck at North and South Shields, and the stevedores came out *en masse* at various ports. This was rapidly followed by a series of blows which struck dismay to the owners, as when 5,000 dockers threw down their work at Hull, which is the clearing port for Danish and other foreign food-stuffs; thousands of carters and dockers left their carts and ships at Liverpool immediately afterwards; Leith, Goole and Grangemouth followed in rapid succession; and coal-heavers, cranemen, railwaymen and sea-going engineers stopped. At Hull alone there were 10,000 men on strike. The workers at the flour mills and in the fish docks threw in their lot with the strikers in the North of England, and the army of carters and lorrymen employed at the great Ship Canal docks in Manchester and Salford came out to a man, so that hardly a case of goods either entered or left the docks. Many of the quay hands (odd job men) came out in London, whilst both Ireland and the Isle of Man added their quota to the disaffected.

But it was when 1,500 colliers near Manchester threw down their tools and left the pits that it really looked as though the whole country were going to be involved in a General Strike upon an unprecedented scale. Even allowing for the infectious nature of the strike, the lesson of organization and solidarity has been learned and will never be completely forgotten. Demos has unloosed himself, has tasted of the delights of freedom, and longs for more.

The Workers "Loyalty"

At the same time, it is very essential to keep perfectly cool when reviewing what at first blush seems an almost irresistible determination of the workers to free themselves, and to acquire the means of life. The following telegram sent to the strikers by the King, in response to a message of congratulation forwarded by them in the thick of the fight, has the needful steadying effect—"I am commanded by the King to thank you and all who joined with you for the loyal sentiments to which your telegram gives expression. Bigge."

The Englishman is always so damnably anxious to express his perfect loyalty, and his desire to be a "good boy," that the head of the men's Union agreed to furnish the great money-grabbing firms like that of the Union-Castle line with men to man their boats which were taking visitors to see the great Coronation Naval Display at Spithead! That is their way here—they always *will* spoil themselves.

But in spite of all that, the men have learned to feel their feet. The sight of the thousands of tons of fruit, fish, butter and other perishable goods, rotting upon the quays of the United Kingdom, with the prices of food steadily advancing, must have given not only the seamen, but the public, "furiously to think."

Walking along the wharves at Hull, as far as the eye could range, were continental fruit boats, holding some 70,000 packages of fruit, not a case of which could be discharged. In Liverpool, the second shipping port in the Kingdom, huge masses of cheese, bacon, lard and butter, were to be seen lying on the quayside at the North Docks, being consignments from the United States and Canada. It looked for all the world as though some Titans had been playing bowls and had left them in riotous confusion. The jumble was simply colossal. Twelve thousand cases of Russian eggs were incubating at another shipping port. Potatoes and fruit kept piling themselves up on nearly every wharf in the kingdom, and some of the goods, being perishable, stank to high heaven, until even the stevedores, whose olfactory organs are supposed to be smell-proof, closed their nasal orifices with a horny forefinger and thumb, what time the owners fumed at the mouth as they saw the destruction going on all round them.

At Liverpool, at one time there was only enough bacon, lard and other food-stuffs in cold storage to last ten days.

The petty bourgeoisie, who, Heaven bless them, are the same in every country in the world, complained of the unreasonableness of the men in refusing to work for nothing. One man said to me: "But, my dear sir, can you not see that this means the breakdown of civilization!" And his eyes threatened to leave his head. The shopkeepers, whose god is their bank-book, threw their hands up to Heaven, and cursed the men and the ship owners alter-

nately, with great heartiness. The Manchester butter, bacon and egg merchants waxed quite pathetic in a telegram to the Wilson Line, asking them at whatever cost to themselves to come to terms with those terrible strikers and adding, "the loss threatens to be enormous and the whole trade is paralyzed." The ship owners cursed with equal and unabated vehemence both the shopkeepers and the men, and, generally speaking, there was the finest kind of "brain-storm" proceeding during the course of the strike amongst the exploiters.

Potatoes went up £5 to £6 a ton. Flour in Hull increased from ½ to ⅝ a stone. Fruit and vegetables went up anything from 25 to 50 per cent. Had the strike lasted another week it is no exaggeration to say that the Government might have been compelled to interfere to force the employers to the men's terms. It was a foretaste of the German invasion!

And the Government did intervene—but in another and peculiarly brutal way which Governments have. Again and again, direct incentives to violence were made by the authorities, with, it can only be concluded, the view of crushing the strike by forcing the strikers into violence. But the bait was not taken—the self-control of the men was admirable.

For instance, you had the Mayor of Salford threatening by proclamation to enforce the Riot Act, and in the event of twelve or more persons assembling together to declare them an unlawful assembly, and to deal with them by the medium of the soldiers! One redoubtable son of Mars, General Macready, when additional regiments were drafted into the borough, stated emphatically that what would happen in the evening would justify their action. It is the same in every country—what Roosevelt would do in the United States, Winston Churchill could do here. The men must be brought to their knees at all cost.

At Hull, outside a large factory, where the strikers tried to induce the "black-legs" to quit work, the police drew their batons and charged the people, and the blood-lust which one always sees in these street fights so blinded them to all humanity, that an elderly woman had her head smashed in and a child that she was carrying was struck in the eye.

In the same place, the police, as was not unnatural, were hooted by the mob, which apparently caused the Chief Constable to give the order to charge. In a moment, the place was a scene of carnage. Stones were flying in volleys, men had their heads smashed in, the policemen did not escape scot-free, and as a result some thirty or forty men were more or less disabled.

The calling in of the soldiers was quite unnecessary, and might easily have led to a general slaughter. The South Staffordshire regiment were held in readiness, whilst the Scot Greys, who so distinguished (*sic*) themselves in the "Battle of Stepney," when the anarchists were shot, were sent to Manchester in force, to help to beat the carters into submission, who had, to the astonishment of the authorities, declared a strike for an advance of 4s a week, following upon the seamen's strike.

For two whole days the streets of Manchester were the scene of charge and counter-charge, the 8,000 carters and dockers on strike being swelled by the addition of many others, the police ultimately charging through the mass of men with drawn swords. All sorts of weapons were used by the men in these fierce street fights—iron bars, stones, bricks, and so on. A further military reinforcement of 400 men, and sixteen officers were drafted into the city, whilst some hundreds of the London police, who are always used on these occasions, were sent from Euston Station.

The Women of the Revolution

As is usual here, the women proved themselves the hardest fighters and the most determined of the strikers. Some of them, veritable screaming furies, at the Shudehall Market, Hull, headed charge after charge against the "black-leg" carters. One woman, her dark hair flying in wisps around her face, her eyes fairly blazing with determination, might have been a reincarnation of one of the heroines of the Commune, as with voice and gesture she urged on the men to greater effort.

One of the most pitiful sights of the strike was where some hundreds of women formed up in procession from the center of Salford to Manchester. Very thin and worn the women looked, some of them carrying babies and some having their children dragging at their skirts.

In another case, some 4,000 women, seeking relief at one of the distribution centers, in their eagerness and hurry became hopelessly interlocked into one mass, the pressure being so terrific that the iron railings of the areas along which they passed were broken, various persons being trampled upon and badly hurt. The employers endeavored to introduce Chinese "blacklegs," and it was the women in many instances who showed their determination to prevent these men from under-

cutting their white competitors by urging the strikers against them with the utmost fury.

The women, in a word, were largely the mainspring of the strike, and it is interesting to know that Madame Sorgue, the redoubtable French revolutionary, had much to do with the organization of the strike.

So much for the incidents of the strike, now for the results.

It must not be forgotten that when the Dockers followed the Seamen in stopping work, it was the non-unionists who first ranged themselves side by side with the sailormen. The Union men waited for the Dockers' leaders to advise them. One thousand two hundred recruits in Liverpool alone were enrolled in one day, and the great Dockers' strike of twenty years ago in its suddenness could not compare with the present strike.

In the first instance the Dockers' strike was purely sympathetic, but the seamen—all credit to them—stood as loyally by the Dockers as the Dockers had stood by them, with the result that the owners were forced to concede the demands of the latter.

Ultimately, the shipowners at Hull agreed not to compel any man to have a Federation ticket; the seamen, firemen and dockers were to have 2s 6d a week rise in wages, the men's unions were to be recognized, preference for employment was to be given to union men, and a weekly half-holiday was to be granted. The Hull results generally speaking represent the advantages secured at the other great ports such as Liverpool, etc.

The carters also fare well under the settlement agreed. They are to receive 25s a week for drivers of one-horse, and 27s a week for drivers of two-horse vans; 6d an hour overtime before 7:30 a. m. is to be paid, both parties' associations are to be recognized by each other, and all other points outstanding are to be discussed by a joint conference.

Of the above concessions, the most important are the recognition of the unions—up to the present the employers have always resolutely refused to do this—the preference to union men, and the advance in wages.

The British Strike-Psychology

The British strike-psychology forms one of the most baffling problems in European politics. On the one hand you have the most desperate determination, the instinct of fight, and an extraordinary quickness to take action—on the other you have at normal times a strong tendency to Parliamentary and Constitutional action, a blind devotion to leaders, and a fundamental reticence to taking extreme measures. In the strike of the seamen, after both sides had arranged terms through their representatives, the men refused to accept the decision of their leaders, and, as in the case of the Welsh miners and in other strikes, threw them over temporarily.

Personally I am inclined to think, from a close study of the Trade Unions here, that the men will continue to rely primarily upon Parliamentary methods for their advance, whilst now and again relapsing into the Strike. After all, this would seem to be the ideal combination—the Strike as a single weapon is obsolete upon present lines, but it can occasionally be used with enormous advantage as a sword of Damocles held over the heads of the capitalists who hate to have their profit-mongering interfered with. It is conceivable that the General Strike throughout Europe or in the countries particularly concerned might be used in order to prevent war, and the tendency to regard this as a potential weapon of prevention is tending ever more steadily to take root in the mind of the Red International.

However that may be, the success—even though it be temporary only—of the Seamen's Strike here has caused quite a flutter in the dovecotes of the Parliamentarians pure and simple, it has welded the various Unions together into a formidable combination, and, above all, it has kept the fighting spirit alive.

More Light on the Common Good

(Concluded from page 5.)

my poor part I am tired of these smug reforms that merely help those that need no help and deftly leap aside from the real problem.

Doubtless it is better to have your railroads making money for your government than it is to have them making money for Mr. Morgan.

But in the meantime, how about poverty? How about the fact that in New Zealand as everywhere else, in spite of the marvelous resources of the country, its natural wealth, and abundant products the majority of men get less than they need of the fruits of the earth and the masters get more than they can consume?

So long as that is the case the State Capitalism of New Zealand is as much of a grewsome failure as the private Capitalism of America.

Health Work in Milwaukee

Supervision of the Food Supply and Factory Inspection

BY

Carl D. Thompson

Another phase of the necessary work of the health department is, of course, supervision of the food supply. In this respect the department has been particularly active and aggressive. In January, 1914 written reports were received on the establishments handling food products. A campaign was started about that time against the insanitary butcher shops, and the department was engaged making an investigation of conditions in the cold storage houses of this city, with special reference to the amount of food stuffs and the length of time in storage.

During that month twenty-six carcasses of immature calves, weighing 1,385 pounds were discovered and confiscated. Three hundred and ninety pounds of heads, tongues and livers were discovered diseased with actinomycosis and tuberculosis, and four hundred and eight-six pounds of other tainted meat were confiscated, and a total of 2,261 pounds were condemned. Over a ton and a quarter of diseased and tainted meat kept from the stomachs of an unsuspecting public in a single month!

Especial attention has also been given to the milk supply of the city. Considerable difficulty has been experienced because of the antagonism on the part of milk shippers under former administrations. In spite of the more determined and thorough-going effort on the part of the present health department to secure clean and wholesome milk, there seems to be less antagonism than formerly. This is due, no doubt, to the spirit of the present department in co-operating with the dairymen.

Under the law the department is permitted to return milk that is found objectionable or lacking the required amount of butter fat to the shipper. The present department has made use of this policy, and thus the shipper, instead of losing his product entirely, may sell it under test, to creameries or cheese makers, or feed it to his hogs. This policy has eliminated much of the antagonism formerly shown by milk shippers against the health department. And at the same time it has rendered more effective the campaign against dishonest shippers.

That the department has been vigilant is shown by the fact that during December of the last year, six hundred and eight quarts were confiscated, which seemed to have the desired effect for the time being, for in January only sixty-four quarts of milk and thirty-three quarts of cream were found sufficiently bad to make it necessary to confiscate them. In March, however, the quality again seemed inferior, and it became necessary to confiscate 1,872 quarts of milk and 96 quarts of cream below standard, as well as 1,248 quarts of sour milk and 48 quarts of sour cream, which were unfit for human consumption because of being stored under filthy conditions. There was never within one month more inferior milk confiscated in the history of the Milwaukee Health Department.

Special attention has also been given to the ice supply as well as fruits and vegetables. In fact, in a thorough-going and systematic manner the health department is scrutinizing the food supply of the city and doing its level best to see that it is kept as near the standard as possible.

Factory Conditions

Following the general spirit of the administration, Dr. Kraft lays special emphasis upon the work of factory inspection. It will be remembered that early in the work of the administration it became a settled policy that the health department should concern itself particularly with sanitary conditions in the factories and places of employment. In fact, it was at this point that the preceding administration had failed, at least in the eyes of Socialists, who represent the working class. It was pointed out that while undoubtedly good work had been done in the previous administration of the health department, the working class conditions had been almost entirely neglected.

Dr. Kraft from the beginning has laid emphasis upon the importance of this phase of the work in his department. Five additional sanitary inspectors have been appointed—one a woman. The

woman gives her special attention to the conditions in laundries, shops and other places where women are employed. I asked Dr. Kraft to give me a statement regarding this new phase of the work of the health department in Milwaukee. He did so gladly and I quote from his words:

"Factory inspection is an effort to improve conditions for the working men and women. It results in other improvements. When properly carried out, it works to the benefit of employer as well as employee. It works equally to the benefit of the public as a whole. It corrects unsanitary conditions, eliminates sources of contamination, and halts contagious and infectious diseases.

Factory inspection in Milwaukee is in its infancy.



A "sanitary" bakery wagon among the alley dwellers
The driver tracked dirt into wagon and covered his tracks with loaves of bread.
What health department emptied out of one room

The Milwaukee department but recently established a factory inspection corps, and is only now systematizing its work and broadening its scope. The work done has been in the nature of a survey. It has been an effort on the department's part to gain an insight into factory conditions, to tabulate them, and to design a system whereby these conditions may later be improved.

Factory inspection in Milwaukee as a whole is good. Many factories are well lighted, well ventilated and clean. Owners and managers are willing to co-operate with the department to make these conditions even better. In many instances, factory maintenance is already so superior that supervision by the department is wholly unnecessary.

However, there are factory owners whose sole purpose seems to be the guarding of their revenues, and who care little or nothing for the comfort and health of their employees.

"Here for example"—the Doctor drew a letter from his file—"is a man who writes to us. Read his letter."

I took the letter. I looked first of all at the name signed at the end. It was the name of one of the most noted factory owners in Milwaukee. Hundreds of people are employed in his factory. The Commissioner had ordered a better system for pro-

viding drinking water in his factory and some improvements in the toilet facilities. As to the drinking water, this big capitalist said—the letter is on file in the commissioner's office—"I will see what can be done. If feasible I will have it attended to. Otherwise, not!"

Farther on the letter refers to the inspector of the department as "chump," and closes with the statement, "We are not lost in admiration of your tactics."

"It is because of the continued existence of this class of business men," said Dr. Kraft, "that health departments need to maintain a factory inspection division. Inspectors calling at these factories are received with sarcasm; every obstacle is placed in their way; they are given no assistance in their effort to discover existing conditions. The department and the administration for which they work are criticised, and often bitterly arraigned. Owners go to every extreme to discover who has made complaint. And thus employes often watch the progress of inspectors with fear. They know that suspicion falls upon all of them, and that the mere fact that the administration or department is working in their behalf jeopardizes their jobs.

"But after all, such employers are the exception. It would seem that there is a general willingness not only to comply with laws and ordinances governing factory conditions, but a desire to provide the best for the men and women who must work in factories. There seems to be a realization that better conditions serve not only to improve the health of employes, but to improve their efficiency. It is usually true that the establishment of sanitary conditions in a factory results in increased revenues.

"Factory faults, as indicated by the Milwaukee Health Department's preliminary survey, include poor ventilation, the insanitary toilet, and the dust evil. These faults are often not understood. Frequently an employer thinks that a

large room constitutes ventilation. Often open doors and open windows are considered entirely sufficient. In some instances, the statement has been made that 'we get used to the bad air.' And similar statements are made concerning the breathing of chemical gases. They are pronounced detrimental only 'until we get used to them.' In these cases it devolves upon the department to become an educational institution. It must first convince the employer that a large room, and doors and windows occasionally opened, are not ventilation. It must convince them that chemical gases are bad—always bad—whether one has become 'used to them' or not."

In a broad way, the Milwaukee Health Department's first effort will be toward securing for every Milwaukee factory an adequate system of ventilation. In some instances this will necessitate the installation of vents and fans. In factories where noxious or dangerous chemical gases are necessarily given off by the product used, the fan must be demanded. It is the only wholly efficient method of clearing the atmosphere and driving into it an adequate supply of fresh air. In other cases, vents alone will provide sufficient air. In such cases no effort will be made to burden the management with additional cost. While the health department is responsible first for the health of employes, it is also responsible for unnecessary expenditures that it may order. It realizes that it cannot expect the owner of factories to expend large sums of money for questionable benefits. In issuing orders it, therefore, will always endeavor to exercise common sense.

The elimination of the dust evil is another problem. It is more difficult to solve, not because dust is more difficult to overcome, but because it is far more difficult to convince an employer of its danger. Thus again the department must devote its energies to an educational campaign. Health departments are frequently criticised because they fail to "do something." So much of the work of every health department is educational, and so much is evolutionary in nature, that the results actually obtained are often entirely overlooked by the public. And still when a department in the course of years has succeeded in elevating the standards in every factory in a city, it has accomplished a great work.

(Continued on page eleven.)

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor.

CHAPTER XII.

LET'S put on a pipe together, you and I, and dream of how it will be when The Big Change is all complete, and, instead of the higgledy-piggledy, six-ways-for-Sunday, every-man-for-himself and devil-take-the-hindmost arrangement we have now, we shall have organized Society so that it will work efficiently. That's what all these labor-saving and time-saving devices have been for that we have been getting up this fifty years or so.

It will be apparent then, if it isn't now, that there is a pretty distinct division of our lives into two departments, which I think Comrade Jesus meant by the saying, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things which are God's."

It seems to me Cæsar governs the bodies of men. God their minds and hearts and consciences. Cæsar is for morals, God for righteousness. Cæsar's kingdom is always of the world that now is, God's the World which is to Come, and I mean by that the Coming age to which we shall always look, and not a gaseous or spiritual world particularly. Cæsar is all for accomplished facts, and level-headed judgment, and not taking any chances; God is all hopes and aspirations, all enthusiasm, "though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." Cæsar stands for "my duty towards my neighbor"; God stands for that inward, secret, intimate yearning of the soul which reaches out groping hands toward the Unknown, if haply it may find Him.

All that pertains to Cæsar may be set down in black and white very definitely, but that which is of God is by its nature vague and formless and not to be predicted in so many words. It is no mere artificiality that gambling is felt to be a sin, though never a whisper of the Bible says so. Casting lots, shaking the dice before the shrine are, of old time, appeals to God to prophesy unto us, and declare His will. And to turn that into gain-seeking—Ah! That is simony, that is perverting a sacrament into a source of revenue. It is rendering unto Cæsar that which is God's.

In this World which is so soon to come to us that we can hear the turning of the door-knob, what is Cæsar's will be carefully distinguished from what is God's. Or, to speak plain English, Work will be one thing, Play another thing. We shall co-operate as fully as possible in employment whose products will maintain us in as fit condition as possible to serve the race. We shall co-operate fully, I say, so as to have time for each of us to develop his own individuality as it pleases him. We shall be Socialists that we may be Anarchists. To speak still plainer English, and to bring it down as close to the ground as possible, we shall Work mornings so as to Play afternoons.

(This is our pipe-dream, understand, and we can have it just as we want it.)

In the morning we shall engage in whatever branch of industry we are most efficient at. Don't set me at carpentering because I'm a dub at that, but I'm a hickey at running a drill-press. The more efficient I am at a job, the sooner we'll get the chore done. We all receive wages, dollar-bills, if you like. They are rightly named "bills," for when we go to the grocer's or the butcher's, the tailor's or the railroad station, we present bills on what these men owe us, and we collect their debts to usward, sugar or sausages, trousers or transportation. Only, instead of private individuals being in debt to us and settling with us on the average of

get the light and shade and all, so I think I'll take my colors and do some sketching. Or the characters in that story I'm writing don't seem to have life in them; I'll have a try at my desk. Or, if I use this mechanical device, maybe I can get that new and improved aeroplane that will be so safe I can take Grandma out for a ride in it. Or, if I go at it right, perhaps I can breed an orange that will ripen out of doors in Vermont—Oh, there are thousands of ways for me to Play, and wouldn't I love to get at them?

Wouldn't all of us love to have our afternoons free so that we could just fool away our time if we wanted to, experimenting? The chances will be all against us, but that's where the fun comes in. If we fail, we still sha'n't starve. If we succeed, then there is all that the world can possibly offer us, glory, and the well-speaking of men, benediction, if you please. And, if in our Play, we find some-thing which will still further shorten the time of Work, and still lengthen the period of our education, and development, that shall make us less like a chicken that puts in the whole day picking up food, and more like a god, then indeed the victor's garland shall be ours. We really cannot afford to spend so much time upon our bodies when our minds are all so ill-equipped.

But the music we composed, what good is it unless others hear it with their outward ears, and not the composer with his inward ear? The books we write, what good are they unless they are printed? And the pictures unless they are exhibited? But the performance of the music, and the printing of the books, and the picture-gallery—that all costs money. God may furnish the genius, but Cæsar must come across with the cash. Well, how is it right now? Artists exhibit, clubbing together to make Academies. Scientific organizations print their papers of research which wouldn't sell for sour apples to the general public. Manuscript societies perform new musical works and dramatic authors get together companies for

private performances. All these will be multitudinously more possible when we all co-operate in the morning for our bodily necessities.

To be sure, those who judge whether these productions of the play-spirit are worthy to be seen and heard are human beings that grow old. Their brows cake up. They get to look in the face more like Cæsar and less like God. They become Tory; they insist upon conventions; they stickle for rules. And then what? The younger fellows secede, and form new associations. And that anarchistic lawlessness and contempt for hide-bound traditions will be multitudinously more possible when we shall be all working co-operatively for what nourishes us, and shelters us from cold and wet. And that free spirit is the very breath of Art's mouth. It dies if it is held down to write novels like Dickens or make music like Meyerbeer. When you buy and sell anything, you want it standard. It must do just what you expect or it's no good. The story must "come

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The "rendering unto God" is mostly in the hands of the Caesars nowadays

16 2-3 cents on the dollar, we shall have an organization that pays us in full.

That's all done, the morning is. Now then, I'm ready to be myself. During the morning I was at Work for the preservation of the race; this afternoon I'm to be at Play for my own development. Let's see; what shall I play at?

I don't think I run as well as I might, and my co-ordination isn't as good as it might be or I'd hit the ball better. What do you say to a game of baseball? I just don't seem to remember what cards have been played and what are still in hand; what do you say if we make up a hand at whist? I have a tune running in my head, and for the life of me I can't decide how to harmonize it; I think I'll get at my music. Those muscles on the under side of my chin persist in stiffening when I sing a tone, and so it sounds shrill and pinched, so I'll practice my vocal exercises. You know that bit where the brook comes out from under the bridge, I can't quite,

THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

ALL that night sleep did not enter the broad doorways of the Pickens house. Outside, the crowd on the turnpike speedily faded away; the road was deserted; empty darkness brooded over the garden, enveloped the rolling meadows beyond and, for long, rested upon the drooping branches of the black trees above the silence of the dark waters of Beaufain's Pond. But inside the house a feverish life shot ever restlessly to and fro. Lights moved from room to room; voices, hushed, but highstrung, spoke in the old corridors, beside closed doors, and light foot-steps hurried upstairs and down.

Soon after Sanborn had gone for him, the tall, brusque doctor arrived from the city, his lips set firmly, a leathern medicine-case under his arm. He was met at the door by the frightened servant that had been set to watch for him and thus, relieved of the necessity of using the big brass knocker that had banged under the fists of generations of Pickenses and their friends, was at once ushered to the bedroom where Florida lay.

Meanwhile, below, in that room in which Florida had displayed to Luke the pistols that were for her the symbol of the curse that lay on Calhoun Ridgeley, Colonel Pickens was sitting. They had helped him, tottering, there after his collapse upon the confirmation of his fears in regard to his daughter; but, once across the threshold, he had scouted their fear of an apopleptic seizure, had waved them imperatively from his presence, had bidden them go where they were more needed—ordering that reports be brought to him every quarter of an hour—and had then chosen for his night-long vigil the stiffest and most uncompromising of all the room's colonial chairs.

"Sh-sh-should I br-bring a lil' light, suh?" stut-tered Eliza of the open mouth, locking in a few minutes later.

"Yes, Eliza; yo' may bring a light—and the decanter o' Bourbon."

The colonel spoke in a voice that was low and controlled, but that was, as even the scared maid noted, only an echo of the voice that had, an hour earlier, been his.

"Yessir. All right, suh."

"And Eliza?"

"Yassir."

"Miss Flor'da. is she—is she conscious now?"

"Only kind o' conscios, Marse Henry. Miss Jane, she say Miss Flor'da is hyster'cal like."

"Mrs. Pickens, Eliza?"

"She done fainted at first, Marse Henry—jes' naturally drapped down on de flo—but she's some better now an' up dar 'tendin' to Miss Flor'da along wif Miss Jane."

"Yo' will tell them that I am here if they need me. Tell them that I am to be sent fo' at once if Miss Flor'da grows—worse. Tell them to be sure not to excite my daughter by any questions—by any questions at all. But tell them that I am to be notified just as soon as Miss Flor'da is calmer. Can yo' remember all that?"

"Yassir, Marse Henry."

The servant went out, returned, trembling, with a lamp and fetched the whiskey. The colonel made her repeat the instructions that he had given her and then sent her again away.

The lamp, upon the Chippenda'e table, shed its low soft rays over the quiet, formal room. The brass and iron gleamed from the cold fireplace; from between the black patches that marked the bow-window rose the old-fashioned desk in which was kept the pistol-case that had belonged to Cal Ridgeley's father, and from the walls, in serene severity, gazed down the fading faces of the old Pickenses of other times, with no message of encouragement or counsel for this, their last son, who

now sat beneath them in his trouble, as erect, and to all appearances as severe and uncompromising as they.

But the colonel's face was changed. His splendid mane still shone with silver, his head was still carried at an angle of defiance, but his eyes, dim though hard, looked rather back into the days of these ancestors than forward into the night that encompassed him. The flush had fled from his cheeks, leaving them lined and waxen. They were sunken, and his hands, grasping the dark mahogany arms of his chair, seemed whiter and thinner. He had grown much older; he was very old.

From the decanter at his elbow, he poured for himself a little liquor into a glass cut with the Pickens arms. He poured steadily, but, with the glass half way to his open lips, he paused and remained, arrested in the midst of action, for a long time motionless. When he did move, it was, without glancing at it, to replace the dram upon the table, appearing, if he thought at all about it, to think that he had taken the drink. During all the time that he remained at his vigil he never again looked at the whiskey.

Every fifteen minutes Eliza entered with her report from the sick-room, and every time she brought the same message that she had at first brought. The patient passed from a faint to inarticulate hysteria and back again into a faint.

When the physician had returned below-stairs, immediately after his visit to the patient, the colonel ordered him shown into the room where he waited. As the doctor entered, in obedience to these orders, his mouth tightened at sight of his host.

"Don't yo' think yo' had better let me give yo' a lil' somethin'?" he inquired.

He had a competent face—the iron-gray face of a man of fifty, with the expression of a physician that has fought disease and lost no oftener than he has won.

The colonel had risen, with all his accustomed formality of welcome.

"I thank yo'," he said; "but I am quite well, Docto' Larrabee—quite well, indeed, suh. I trust that yo' are the same?"

The doctor nodded.

"Instead o' my takin' yo' medicine, may I offer yo' a lil' o' my whiskey?" The colonel extended his hand toward the decanter.

"Thank you, no," said Doctor Larrabee, and, drawing a chair opposite to that of his host, sat down.

The necessary formalities were over. Instantly both men dropped the masks of social etiquette. The doctor did so immediately to assume the even more imperturbable mask of another sort—the professional mask, which is that of omniscience, and which is worn always with the bedside manner.

But the colonel had nothing to fall back upon. He was merely an old man in trouble. His lip trembled.

"Docto'," he said—"my lil' girl—?"

"She will recover," said Larrabee.

* * *

For half an hour they talked. The father poured forth his questions, now broken by his sorrow and again shaking with anger at the cause of it—an impotent anger terrible to witness. The physician met the sorrow with such store of comfort as his science provided; the anger he sought to soothe as man to man. Whatever danger there was to the patient, he said, lay in the nervous shock that she had received—he had given her a lightly quieting draught and, in an hour, would give her another and stronger dose, if necessary, to produce sleep. As for the moral wrong that had been done—well, the wrong was one that no amount of vengeance could undo. The most that could be hoped was from the ordinary course of established law.

"Law?" The colonel's poor eyes gleamed again. "Did yo' say law, suh? Do yo' suppose fo' one instant that I would consider allowin' the worth o' my daughter's honor to become a subject fo' valuation by a cou't o' law?"

"But, Colonel, yo' surely don' mean that yo' con-



As long as he dared he sought her secret

sider the law, in which all that yo' stand fo' is founded—"

"Suh," said the colonel, "I have always had the highest respect fo' the law. Many o' my ancestors, as yo' well know, have presided in the courts o' this state—an' adorned them, suh; adorned them. In my own youth I myself studied fo' the profession of the law an' was admitted to the bar, though I never practiced. But I have been brought this night into a position which I never befo' fully appreciated—an' which, Gawd knows, I had no reason ever to appreciate—an' when, from this position, I look at the law, an' remember how its proudest boast is that it provides fo' all people a remedy fo' all wrongs, I see that the law, suh, is a hollow pretense, suh, an' a hollow lie!"

The colonel sank back in his chair, his face more waxen than ever, his chest rising and falling almost stertorously.

Dr. Larrabee's face darkened.

"I hope," he said, "that yo' don' mean to appeal from the statute law to that o' Judge Lynch."

Broken as he was, Colonel Pickens was capable of a withering glance, and that he now spared for his family physician.

"Had I meant to do that, suh," he grimly declared, "I would never have stopped to re-enter the house o' my father's this evenin'. No, Doctor, I see no choice between makin' my daughter the subject o' discussion of a parcel o' lawyers an' a court-room full o' vulgar curiosity-seekers on the one hand, an' o' makin' her the cause of a murder by a gang o' drunken cut-throats on the other. There are some things that a gentleman simply has to bear—if he's unfortunate enough to have them come to him—an' this, suh, is one o' them."

"Still, on the side o' the law yo' have a duty to the community. Yo' can't affo'd to let such criminals remain at large, Colonel Pickens."

"Nor do I mean to permit anythin' o' the kind, suh. I mean to learn from my daughter the name o' this black beast. Then I mean to go to my cousin, the District Attorney. An' lastly, I mean that I shall have my cousin run down this nigger wherever he may be in hidin' an' arrest him on any charge in the world exceptin' the right charge—an' send him to jail on that charge fo' jes' as long as I can have him kep' there."

In spite of the pathos of the situation, Dr. Larrabee could scarcely repress a smile. However, he succeeded:

"I see," he said softly.

The colonel rose.

"Yo' will remain with us tonight?" he courteously inquired.

"I think that I had better stay here fo' some hours. I don't anticipate the slightest danger, but, knowin' yo'-all as I do—"

"Quite so, suh; quite so. I thank yo'." The colonel waved his hand about the room. "Pray make yo'self tho'oughly at home, suh. There is the whiskey; this bell-ropo will summon a servant. I fo' my own part, shall be back sho'tly, but, if yo' think the patient is not in too hysterical a condition, I should like to see my daughter."

There lay, under the formality of the colonel's manner, a wistfulness that touched Larrabee.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it is better that she should see yo' at once. Otherwise she might come to look forward to it in such a way as to end by dreadin' it. But be gentle with her, Colonel—ve'y gentle."

"Gentle?"—Colonel Pickens drew himself erect. "Of course I'll be gentle. What do yo' mean to imply, suh?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. Only she must not be made to talk too much, colonel. She is still in a highly nervous state, yo' see, an' if she should have taken any distraught fancy fo' reticence—"

"Do yo' mean that Miss Pickens is refusin' to give the name o' the nigger that attacked her?"

The colonel's eyes flashed once more as he put this question. The doctor looked away.

"There was somethin' said," he replied, "by Mrs. Legare that made me think it might be possible, Colonel."

"Oh, Jane Legare! Of course she wouldn't talk to her. Wait till she sees her ol' father."

He left the room and passed into the dimly-lighted hall. As, however, his wrinkled white hand, heavily veined, rested on the slim newell-post, he paused. He had heard a soft scratching at the closed front door. The scratching was repeated. It was followed by a low whine. Colonel Pickens gently opened the door.

Crouching on the step was the form of Florida's bull-terrier, Teddy.

"Pore boy!" whispered the colonel. "Come here, Ted."

The dog rose, staggered toward him and then crumpled down at his feet.

Colonel Pickens lighted a match and examined the animal. Then he summoned Eliza.

"Ask Docto' Larrabee if he has some chlorofo'm,"

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, a railroad engineer, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town, and falls in love with Jane Legare, a member of a typical old southern family. Calhoun Ridgeley, a brother of Jane, betrays violent characteristics inherited from his slave owning forefathers. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Pickens, who is physically attracted. She agrees to give an answer to his suit at a specified time. Calhoun compares unfavorably with another suitor of Florida's, Morgan Witherspoon.

Calhoun Wantonly kills a negro for what he supposed was an attack on his sister's honor. The killing is disapproved by his relatives and becoming morose, he spends most of his time in drink, awaiting Florida's answer.

Luke proposes to Jane and is accepted on condition that he secure, as a matter of form, the consent of her relatives, Calhoun included. He finds the latter deep in drink and hostile. Calhoun appears to relent and borrows money, which a negro servant is ordered to bring to him in Beaufain's wood that evening. Cal also sends a message to Florida asking her to meet the same evening at the foot of Beaufain's pond to give him her answer. At the meeting when Florida refuses him, Calhoun's passion leads him to an act of moral cowardice.

At the Pickens home, her cry for help is heard, and Morgan, instinctively knowing it to be Florida, rushes in the direction of the cry to find her unconscious at the foot of Beaufain's pond. She is carried to the Pickens home and that night, Calhoun, frightened by the mob, gives the name of a trusted colored servant, saying that he had seen him near the wood toward sundown.

he said. "If the docto' has some, tell him I should be obliged to him if he would put this pore dog out o' his misery. I believe the lil' fellow's got a broken leg, an' his head been laid open by a kick."

The colonel proceeded, on tiptoe, up the stairs. At their head he met Mrs. Legare, her hand still upon the knob of a door that she was in the act of closing—the door to Florida's room. The colonel's pause asked his question for him.

"She's quieter now," said Jane.

"An Ca'oline?"

"Inside."

"Ask her to come out. It will be easier fo' Florida to see me alone."

Jane opened the door, thrust in her head and signalled to someone within. A moment later Mrs. Pickens stepped out.

The colonel did not stop to offer any vain consolation. He knew that effort in that direction would unarm them both. He merely pressed his wife's hand, and, in silence, slipped into the room and drew the door fast behind him.

It was a large room and high-ceilinged, like all the others in that old house, but, unlike the others, this one had about it the little touches of girlish prettiness, the colors of virginity. Its chairs were upholstered in pink chintz; the dressing-table, which bore a dim-glow-lamp among its silver and linen, was of birdseye maple, and the window-curtains, now flapping in the air of a night in spring, were of dotted mull and ruffled.

Just within the circle of low light cast by the night-lamp stood the bed. It was canopied, an old-fashioned four-poster—the only piece of antiquated furniture in the room—and from it was drawn back the generally excluding mosquito-netting.

The colonel, his weary eyes blind with tears, walked to the bed. He approached it just as he had approached it years before when his wife lay there and when he saw, for the first time, Florida and her foredoomed twin-brother in her arms. Now, as he sank beside it, another pair of arms were flung about his neck, and a hot face was buried upon his thin, shaking shoulders.

"Daddy!"

He bowed his own face against the tumbled masses of her chestnut hair.

"My lil' girl!" he sobbed.

When he spoke again it was after a long silence that had been broken only by their tears. He held her tight, and she held tight to him. He felt her braced body convulsively wracked, and she knew that his own was torn and broken. He kissed her; he went back to her earliest childhood to find the old pet-names and the old pet-phrases that they had both for so long forgotten, and he found also, through it all, ready on his lips those phrases of grim comfort which seem to be born nowhere save in the exultation of despair. And at last he said:

"Who was it, honey?"

She dug her face deeper and burst again to a fit of crying. The colonel waited, but at last repeated his question:

"Who was it, dear?"

From somewhere far in the distance outside, and unnoted by both, came the long baying of hounds.

"Don't—don't ask me!" she sobbed.

"But, honey, yo' don' mind yo' ol' daddy."

She squeezed him closer.

"No, no!" she said.

"I knew yo'r mother, mos' like, didn' ask, an' of course yo' wouldn' tell Jane—"

The hot body shivered.

"I don' want Jane near me!" cried Florida.

"Why, honey, yo' don' want Jane? I can't under-

stand. But she won' be told, if that's what yo' mean. Come, dearie"—the Colonel's voice in her ear broke like the voice of a child—"nobody else will ever know it. I'm yo' daddy, sweetheart. It's yo'r ol', ol' daddy, an' he's here to protec' yo', but to protec' yo' right he's got to be told—"

"No, no, no!"

She drew away from him and pressed a pillow about her ears and eyes.

Far off the hounds were baying again, ominously, hungrily.

"But, lil' girl—"

"I don' know who it was! Daddy, I don't know. Oh, go away! Go away an' leave me!—I want so to be alone; I so want to be alone!—I love you, Daddy, but—oh, I don' know who it was. It was dark. I couldn' see, Daddy! I don' know, I don' know!"

As long as he dared he sought her secret. But he never found it. He had, at last, to kiss her and leave her—and believe that she did, indeed, not know.

To be continued

Health Work in Milwaukee

Continued from page 8

That work has been evolutionary, and not revolutionary.

The third general evil, the insanitary toilet, is inexcusable. Its dangers are so obvious and its remedies so apparent, that it is one of the cases that calls for radical action.

Not one in ten Milwaukee families would tolerate an insanitary toilet in its home. Nothing can possibly be more detrimental to health. And there is no more reason why such sources of disease should be permitted to exist in factories than in private homes.

Looking over the work as reported by the factory inspectors, employed in the Health Department, one is struck with the thoroughness and the amount of work accomplished for a department so recently established. One of the inspectors reports one hundred and sixty factories and working places inspected during his first eight weeks of service, with reports of reinspection in practically every case. The reinspections were made sometimes twice and often four times.

The work of the inspection is all tabulated on a very elaborate blank furnished for that purpose, which is then filed as a guide to future action.

The young woman who has been attending to the inspection of places where women are employed reports during her first seven weeks an inspection of 106 working places, 25 of which were laundries. She says that in almost every case she found it necessary to suggest improved ventilation. In one factory 32 girls and 10 men were employed in a room entirely without ventilation. Three water closets in this case opened into the work rooms. She ordered proper ventilation, provided for the work room, and ordered the water closets enclosed and ventilated.

In the list of working places inspected by this woman are 25 laundries, 2 knitting mills, 13 candy factories, 5 printing shops, 3 soap factories, 12 binderies, 10 straw works, 7 cigar factories and 3 hotels. At the hotel's her special interest was the maid's sleeping rooms.

Thus the work of these inspectors, because of system and thoroughness with which it is done, and the "persistent reinspection" and follow-up work, cannot but have a tremendous effect in improving working conditions.

(Next week "Contagious Diseases and Child Welfare.")

The Big Change

Continued from page 9

out right." The tune must go just like all other tunes. But that isn't Art; can't be. Art is chance-y by nature and unexpected. It keeps you guessing. The tune surprises you by sudden leaps into other keys, by chords that must be struck hard to let you know this wasn't what you were looking for.

But when you come to pay the artist for what he does—Ah, my Lord! That's a story to make your heart ache. The Mozarts, the Schuberts that starved to death, the Chattertons, the unnumbered and unknown inventors that have perished! If there should, after all be a Judgment Day shouldn't we catch it? It wasn't only Jerusalem that stoned the prophets.

Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; he's entitled to them fully. Must have them, in fact, in order that God shall have what is His due. "Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God shall give us His blessing."

To be continued

No progress is real that does not constantly show a reduction of the aggregate suffering or an increase of the aggregate enjoyment throughout society.—Ward—Dynamic Sociology.

FIRST VICTORY FOR FRANK LANE

THE first battle of an historic fight for justice was won at Pittsburg, Kan., on the second of this month, when the jury in the Frank Lane case returned a verdict of \$25,000 damages. The wasted wreck of what might have been a man had it not been for capitalist greed lay upon a cot in the court-room. His helpless body spoke with an eloquence that no advocate could hope to equal. As he told the story of how on that June day a year ago a freight car, that hunger for profits had kept in operation with a defective brake, crashed down upon him while he was at work, crushing his spine and leaving him a hopeless cripple, the jury, several of whom were miners, saw themselves in his place and resolved to do what lay within their power to repair the terrible injury he had suffered.

The jurymen had families at home. They saw before them a young man (the verdict came on his nineteenth birthday), forever debarred from even those few pinched enjoyments that are possible to the worker. Before Frank Lane stretched a world bounded by the four walls of a room, with a possible occasional trip to the outer air when carried by other hands. No power could give him back the strength of his limbs. The best that could be done was to take away the haunting horror of want by returning to him a portion of the wealth that had been taken from him and his fellow workers.

Even in this question of damages there was no sentiment. There was no punishment for those who had crippled him for profit. His attorneys were only allowed to reckon him as so much potential labor power destroyed—so much property in the form of profit-producing flesh and blood that had been rendered unproductive. The verdict was determined by a cold process of calculation. Insurance experts testified as to the number of years he might have been expected to live. Other witnesses swore that the labor-power which he would have had for sale was worth in the labor market \$2.14 a day. Then by a simple process of multiplication of the number of days for which he would have had an opportunity to have sold himself by the average price for a day of his life, the total value of Frank Lane, wage slave, destroyed by the Sheridan Coal Co., was determined, and suit brought for that amount. The jury awarded the verdict in ac-

cordance with that calculation. There was no higgling. The full amount asked for was granted.

But there was nothing in that verdict to pay for the months of pain and suffering already endured and the years of physical and mental agony that stretch away in the future. These things are not marketable in the labor market, nor valuable in the capitalist court. If this case of Frank Lane's stood by itself it would be sufficiently terrible, but he is only one of six hundred thousand soldiers in the army of toil who are killed and crippled each year in the struggle for profits. His case becomes important only because it was selected as the central point in a battle being waged by the COMING NATION and the *Appeal to Reason* against this pitiless slaughter of the workers.

Had he stood alone he would long ago, as have a multitude of others during the same time, have sunk into an unknown grave, and the mother that he left in Finland would have been mourning her son, and looking in vain for the remittances that would render her old age more endurable.

It chanced that behind him was placed the powerful organization built up by the tens of thousands of workers for the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*. So it was possible to give him the best of hospital care to maintain life, the best attorneys to fight his case through the courts. Without these resources there is not one chance in a hundred that he would have lived through the year that has passed. It is certain that he would not have received the verdict that has just been awarded him. The publicity that has beaten upon this case has already led to the enactment of a sham workingmen's compensation act in Kansas. Before it is finished, the workers of that state will write into its statute books a genuine workingmen's compensation law.

The winning of this case means the extension of this fight by the *Appeal Legal Defense Department* throughout the mining district of this locality, where, in the single county in which this paper is located, an average of one person is seriously injured each day. From there it is proposed to spread it wider and wider, making every case the center of a publicity and agitation for justice that will ultimately do away with the terrible slaughter of workers in mines, railroads, and factories.

This fight has already cost several thousand dol-

lars, all of which have been paid by those who pledged their assistance by the purchase of subscription cards to the COMING NATION. Every dollar awarded by a jury will go to the injured worker.

It must be remembered that the fight for Frank Lane is by no means ended. The case will, of course, be carried to the supreme court. It must drag on for another year. Only by a monstrous perversion of justice, however, can this verdict be set aside. It has been buttressed with every legal precaution obtainable. The judge, before whom the case was tried, was extremely fair and cautious. The long cross-examination of the attorneys for the coal and insurance company failed in the least to shake the evidence of Frank Lane, although it well-nigh destroyed what physical resistance he still retained.

It is suggestive that the attorney for the coal company is John Campbell, brother of Philip Campbell, Republican member of Congress from this district, and that the attorney for the insurance company, which, for a stated sum, takes from the employer the risk of damages through maiming and killing the workers, is A. M. Keen, who is now offering himself as a Republican candidate for Congress.

Thus this case touches the political battle, and is going to prove a tremendous education for the workers of this locality, and, through the columns of the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*, the workers of the entire nation.

The significance of victory in this case is great. It shows what can be accomplished when the resistance power of thousands is placed behind every worker.

The fight in the coming months is going to demand new energies all along the line. Follies have been advanced and must be advanced in this fight in the faith that those who have built up the COMING NATION and *Appeal* will replace them.

All the profits on the COMING NATION are to be used to maintain this Legal Defense Department.

Attorney J. I. Shepherd, who has fought this case up to the present point, will continue his work. There will be court costs to meet. There will be other cases to fight, and the result in the future, as in the past, will depend upon the energy expended in building up the subscription list of the COMING NATION.

Consider the Supreme Court

Please consider briefly nine men in Washington. Not one of them is the president. Not one of them is a member of congress. Not one of them was elected by the people. Not one of them can be dismissed by the people. Yet a mere five of these nine men can, if they choose to do so (and they have frequently chosen to do so), undo the work of the president, the work of congress and set at naught the will of a nation of 90,000,000. They can tell the president, the congress and the people that, when they made a law, they meant either more or less than they said. They can take out or put in; add or subtract.

Nor, under the present practice, can any power stay their hands. No power can stay their hands because everything is below them and nothing is above them. We of New York, nine millions strong, are below them. You of the middle west, the far west and the south, many more millions strong, are below them. Only the constitution of the United States seems to be above them—and it isn't. The constitution of the United States, if it were above them, would constitute a barrier beyond which they could not go. These nine gentlemen who compose the supreme court of the United States can go anywhere. They can go anywhere, because they have arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to declare what the constitution means. If the constitution is in their way, the push it back. If it is too rigid, at one joint, to suit them, they limber it. If it is too limber, at another joint, to suit them, they stiffen it.

Look at the Facts

Nowhere in the constitution of the United States is the Federal supreme court authorized to declare an act of congress unconstitutional.

When it was proposed, in the constitutional convention of 1787, to give the Federal Supreme court even a limited veto upon congress, the convention, not once, but four times, refused to do so. The

Federal Supreme court in the beginning claimed no such power and, for years, made no attempt to exercise it.

The power to declare acts of congress unconstitutional was usurped on behalf of the Supreme court by Chief Justice John Marshall, who, in order to read into the constitution his authority to do so, was compelled to repudiate his own words upon the same subject, as expressed before the Virginia convention that ratified the constitution, and at least one other of his earlier utterances.

Congress has the power, which it may exercise at any time that it chooses to do so, to compel the Federal Supreme court to keep its hands from federal laws—the best proof of which is that congress once exercised this power, and the Supreme court, without hesitation, yielded to it.

Also, it will be shown that, prior to the revolution, no colonial supreme court ever dared to set aside the act of a legislature, and that, to this day, the United States is the only great nation on earth that permits a court to overrule a legislative body.—Allan L. Benson in *Pearson's Magazine*.

We Shall Not Bear It Then

We shall not bear it when the workers get out of their heads that they are but an appendage to profit-grinding; that the more profits that are made the more work at higher wages there will be for them, and that therefore all the incredible filth, disorder and degradation of modern civilization are signs of their prosperity. So far from that, they are signs of their slavery. When they are no longer slaves they will claim as a matter of course that every man and every family should be generously lodged; that every child should be able to play in a garden close to where its parents live; that the houses should be by their obvious decency and order be ornaments to nature, not disfigurements of it. All this, of course, would mean the people—that is,

all society—duly organized, having in their own hands the means of production, to be owned by no individual, but used by all as occasion called for its use; and can only be done on those terms.—William Morris.

Machinery's Blight Under Capitalism

The machine dreamed of by Aristotle—cunning, swift, and sure—sprang into existence, but it liberated no slave; it lifted no load from the worker. "It is doubtful," said John Stuart Mill, "whether machinery has lightened the burden of a single human being." But it has done one thing never done before—it has drawn the host of little children into the grim slavery of the profit-hunters. Remembering this fact, there are dark moments when we can see no fatherly providence in the modern use of lever and wheel and screw and pulley that lift and tug and run for us. There are darker moments when we ask whether they were not the dream of Demogorgon, the enemy of man—contrivances "built in the eclipse" for man's undoing.—Edwin Markham.

ABOUT RACE PREJUDICE

Continued from page 2

this earth any men that because of the accident of birth are denied of a single right possessed by any other men; that all the children of earth should have equal opportunity to enjoy the life thereon that might be so beautiful and is so clouded with hate and fear.

Or if we shall not see this in our time, at least that none of us, my brethren, should bear any part of the blame for these horrors by acquiescing for one moment in any of them.

Here endeth the first lesson.

* * *

P. S.—By way of benediction. In this world we live to learn. One of the gentlemen that have addressed me in favor of hating somebody declares over his signature that he is a Socialist.

Here is a new kind of Socialism.

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

A Bird Story

I've been living in the country one whole fine week. When we had left the hot, terrible city, and had come to the little cottage perched up among the hills, the world seemed to be all one great story of green hills and blue sky and slanting grass slopes and stately trees.

But just as soon as we had watched the great wonder for a day or so then the most wonderful little stories began to tell themselves to us.

First a lot of hornets came flying into the house through little invisible cracks and told us in a friendly way that they had a nest up in the beams of the porch and would we please be careful not to injure it or them, for in that case they wouldn't think of harming us. And would we kindly open the screen door and let them out?

Then we found whenever we went up the grass path to the pump for water, that such a talkative lot of bumble bees began a conversation that sounded like several grown-up people beginning to talk at a distance and coming nearer and nearer. They evidently wanted to distract us so we could not hunt for their home.

But the best story of all was the bird story. The best stories always are the bird stories, I think.

The first time we stepped out onto the back porch of the cottage where we were to stay, swish—out flew a little bird from the eaves of the porch and perched on a pole near by.

"Why, there must be a nest there," said we.

Then we got a chair and each climbed up in turn on it and looked quite gently over the top of the dark mass in the corner, as though we were afraid a quick look might upset things.

Sure enough, there were two little eggs there! And the mother bird, you could see she was quite nervous by the way the little crest on her gray head looked (we found out later she was called a king-bird)—flew from pole to water-top and back again.

We tip-toed into the house again and after that kept away from the back porch as much as we possibly could for two days, for although we tried to tell the mother bird how much we were interested in her and her nest of eggs, she never was caught on the nest. She seemed to know if we even looked out of the window at the nest, for there she would be perched on the top of the pole.

Well, the morning of the third day, we stepped out on the porch and sure enough, there was the mother bird in her usual place on the pole, but she really seemed to have quite a different air. Her very crest seemed to say, as she twittered. "Something has happened! Something has happened!"

We looked up and over the edge of the strong little nest, all made of twigs and somehow hardened with a sort of plaster, there appeared two funny looking things.

They looked like two pairs of pink triangles, each pair, meeting at the base. What do you think they were? Why, just two hungry mouths! The little birds had come!

Now the mother bird never lets us catch her either on the nest, or bringing food to her babies, but she must bring them plenty of fat little bugs and worms, for now their feathers are growing out and they are getting quite large and almost too fat for the nest. I suppose soon the eyes will be open then we shall soon watch the little birds receiving their first lesson in flying.

You know the birds never have any lack of food, plenty to give their little

ones and make them strong and large. I think many, many mothers of little children wish it were as easy to get enough food to make their little ones strong and sturdy. It surely ought to be, don't you think so?

Some other day I'll tell you the stories of the "Little Green Worm," and "The Ant With the Cracker Crumb," and "The Little Red Squirrel in the tree." Only there are so many lovely stories happening all around us all of the time that I am not able to choose. Suppose some of the rest of you who are lucky enough to be in the country this summer, tell some stories.

B. H. M.

Little Savages Play Cat's Cradle

Everybody civilized has played Cat's Cradle. It's so tempting and so provoking—you start with the plain cord around your two hands held in an upright position and then you give each hand a twist in turn, and then you catch the cord across the palm with the second finger of the opposite hand; then another person has to take a hand and catch the cross cords in just the right way, passing under and up through the base cord—and by this time the other person blunders—you never do—and you have to start all over and you end up at just about the same turn again. Finally you give it up and the cat's cradle never is made.

Now, you civilized mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers and all your other civilized ancestors played that very same "Cat's Cradle," way, way back, until a line of your uncivilized ancestors began which played it also—at least we have every reason to think they did, for we find savage tribes in islands far away from the United States who play it, both children and grown-ups and we know also that somewhere back in the line of our ancestors were savage ones living in about the same way as savages who are living today in far-away islands.

And I have an idea that when our savage ancestors played it they had more patience than we and wove, for it is a simple kind of weaving or cro-



Playing Cat's Cradle

cheting, some very pretty designs, for here is one such pattern made or played by a little savage on one of the Carolina Islands in the South Sea.

Do you think you could make this kind of a Cat's Cradle?

A New Kind of Party

Who, in a great city, knows his next door neighbors? Who living in a tenement house in New York or Chicago, knows anything about the families over him or under him, or even on the same floor with him? Almost no one.

Well, there was a new kind of party in New York the other day, which was meant to make people in one neighborhood know one another better. The best way to get acquainted is always to have a good time. This good time was called a "block party."

All of the people living in one block of the crowded east side of New York were invited by one of the social set-

lements there to join in a party, to be held on the afternoon and evening of July 4. The people all seemed to think it was a great idea and they decorated their houses with bunting and flags and contributed money gladly toward a brass band.

In the afternoon, fifty boys gave an animal parade. Six giraffes, six elephants and six horses of pasteboard were made by the boys themselves and propelled by boys inside of them. Other boys fixed up clown suits and they did handsprings and other acrobatic stunts, making the people of the block who were watching from sidewalks and windows, roar with laughter.

Of course the party had to be held right out in the street, for there was no other place large enough to accommodate all of the people in one of New York's crowded tenement blocks, 2,000 in this one.

The evening part of the party was still more popular. From eight to nine o'clock fifty little girls dressed in white danced folk dances, Hungarian, German, Italian, Russian, and in order that everyone might see, different groups danced the same dance at different points in the block at the same time.

But the best of all was the hour from nine to ten, when old and young danced to the music of the great brass band. The city had done its share by sending men to clean the asphalt pavement just as well as possible and by sending police to guard either end of the block and keep out those who did not belong there.

It was a great success and surely all the people living in that block took a more kindly interest in one another after that good time together.

A Summer Day

*This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dew drops on the flowers and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.*

THE MINER'S ANSWER

BY ETHEL KNAPP BEHRMAN.

*You say that the sun above me shines,
That the air, today in the fields blows
sweet;*

*You tell to me, in these dingy mines,
That life about is a song complete.
And this is my answer, I, the mole,
Grubbing about in this dismal hole,
Where never a ray of light, I meet;*

*I know no sun, but the miner's lamp;
From dark to dark, do I toil me on;
The perfume I breathe, is the poisoned
damp
Of the mine, where I work till life is
done.
And what my reward? A body bent,
A life cut short or by labor spent;
So, from my mind has hope near gone.*

*You tell me your children laugh and
dance,
And fill the world with their shouts so
glad;
That over the hills and fields they
prance,
And riot with pleasure, merry-mad.
To this, I can only shake my head,
Though well the sound of the words
you said—
They echo not in my heart, so sad.*

*Your children's hands, they are soft
and white,
Their eyes and cheeks with a health
aglow;
They lay them down at the fall of
night,
And a wealth of restful slumber know,
No factory whistle shrieks at dawn,
To call them sharp, and to haste them
on,
When hunger bites, and their steps drag
slow.*

*This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brooks and grass and leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup—
This is the way the sun comes up.*

*This is the way the rain comes down:
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend, and clouds that
frown—
This is the way the rain comes down.*

*This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink o'er hill and plain;
Yellow, red and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.
—Selected.*

The Child and the World

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

*I see a nest in a green elm-tree
With little brown sparrows—one, two,
three!*

*The elm-tree stretches its branches
wide,*

*And the nest is soft and warm inside.
At morn the sun, so golden bright,
Climbs up to fill the world with light;
It opens the flowers, it awakens me,
And awakens the birdies—one, two,
three.*

*And leaning out of my window high,
I look far up at the blue, blue sky,
And then far out at the earth so green,
And think it the loveliest ever seen—
The loveliest world that ever was seen!*

*"Some goes ter work, ter get enough
to eat,
Ter 'ave the strength ter go ter work,
Ter get enough ter eat, ter 'ave the
strength,
Ter go ter work—Yus
So we go round the ruddy ring o'
roses."*

*"Tolling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame.
Titled laziness is pensioned
Fed and fattened on the same."*

*I see before me, a pale, wan face,
I hear a cough and a broken sigh,
A child, bereft of it's childhood's place,
Chained, and ensnared, that Greed may
not die.
It's life-blood, stains on the clothes you
wear;
It's cry for relief sounds on the air,
A deaf ear notes it, and passes by.*

*These are the children of deepest
gloom;
They sometimes lack them a decent
bed;
They labor away at Life's dark loom,
And their only shout is a cry for bread.
These are the children, I see, God
knows,
These are the children of earthly woes,
Who fall by the waysides, here out-
spread.*

*I cannot join in your gladsome song,
The heart in my breast, is dumb and
sore;
To me, it seems, there is something
wrong—
No harmony rings in Life's dull score.
So I answer you thus, then, I the mole,
Grubbing about in this dismal hole,
And pray that my soul awake once
more.*

*When Justice rules supreme in the land,
When Life no longer means Toil and
Pain,
When side by side in Earth's ranks we
stand,
Ending the tumult and the strain—
Then, and then only, you right the
wrong,
Then all can join in your joyous song,
And man shall come to his own, again.*

The Coming Nation

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EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Two Good Numbers

We think this issue is one of the best the COMING NATION has ever put out.

That article of Charles Edward Russell's is especially fine. It ought to be put in the hands of every voter who is becoming interested in Insurgency or radical Democracy. If that doesn't show him the hopelessness of the things for which he is working, and the necessity of working with the Socialist party, nothing will.

For more than a decade New Zealand has been pointed out as the one place where all the troubles of present society have been solved. This article gives full credit for everything that has been accomplished, and then shows how much is still lacking.

We are printing a few extra numbers of this, and, while they last, they will be sold in bundle lots of ten or more for two and a half cents a copy. If you just want a few to hand to a friend, send us ten cents and you will receive three copies. You can certainly use that many.

Next week the COMING NATION will print the greatest picture ever printed in any Socialist publication in this country. It is by Balfour Ker, and he calls it "The Expulsion from Eden," and it has the whole story of the laborer's progress from serfdom to wage slavery, from farm to factory, from the country to the city told in powerful touches of the brush. The original picture was painted in oils and it reproduces splendidly. It will occupy two whole pages in the COMING NATION, and when you see it you will want to frame it and preserve it.

There will be a poem by Berton Bralley, the story of the Westmoreland strike, by Silas Hood, with some photographs, and several other excellent features in addition to Eugene Wood's "The Big Change," and Kauffman's serial.

Charles Edward Russell writes us that there will be several more of those Australian articles. Socialists are just beginning to wake up to a realization of the fact that these articles are something remarkably valuable for Socialist education and propaganda.

Take note of the special offer of a copy of "Socialist Forces in American History," for three dollars worth of subscribers, which will hold good for but a few weeks more. Subscription cards purchased to take advantage of this premium offer are good at any time for renewals or new subscriptions.

Revolutionary Facts

Because the truth about the usurpation of power by the supreme court was not told in the school histories and in the newspapers, that court has maintained its power against the will of probably three-fourths of the people of the United States.

When that truth was published in the COMING NATION and the *Appeal to Reason* it was easy for Congressman Berger to take the first steps toward revolutionizing the judicial system of the United States.

There are many more such facts in American History. If the full truth

CALLING A BLUFF

BY A. M. SIMONS



THE most important bill ever introduced into the American Congress was presented by Victor L. Berger on the last day of last month. This was the bill providing for a pension for every member of the working class who has passed the age of sixty years. The bill would be of great importance if it included nothing more than this provision for an old-age pension. As such it would be the first official recognition that the soldiers of the army of toil are as valuable to society as the soldiers of the armies of destruction. The bill is an attack upon the position that killing men is a higher profession than feeding, clothing and housing men, women and children. This, however, is not the most important section of the bill. The last section is the one that strikes at the most despotic branch of the American government. This section reads as follows:

In accord with Par. 2, Sec. 2, Article 3 of the Constitution, and of the precedent established by the Act passed over the President's veto, March 27, 1868, the exercise of jurisdiction by any of the Federal courts upon the validity of this Act is hereby expressly forbidden.

Readers of the COMING NATION will recall that it was in the columns of this paper that attention was first called to the section of the Constitution and the Act of Congress referred to by Congressman Berger, by which the power of the Supreme Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional was successfully challenged.

For almost one hundred years the Supreme Court has maintained its power by a colossal bluff. Europeans have long alleged that Americans are the greatest bluffers in history. This history of the Supreme Court certainly justifies this judgment.

To be sure every power that privilege could command has been used to back up this bluff. The costly Mother-Hubbard gowas that cover up the insignificant corporation attorneys upon the bench, and the endless chatter about dignity and power and ability that has been poured forth by a courtier press and platform are all a part of this bluff.

Whole armies of still more contemptible corporation attorneys and judges, and Congressmen and sycophantic historians have bowed down and murmured "Great is the Supreme Court and magnificent its bluff." Above all this the careful listener could hear the Homeric laughter of the real rulers as they pulled the strings attached to the puppet Court and its acclaiming courtiers.

Once the Supreme Court seemed to forget that it was only a bluff. It dared to disagree with its masters. The bluff was promptly called. Then when the Court turned and made obeisance to the power behind the bench it was permitted to resume its bluff.

Now a new power has arisen that challenges this power behind the bench. The voice of the workers is now, for the first time, heard in the halls of Congress demanding that the cards be shown and the game decided.

A wholesome contempt of court is abroad in the land. It was easy for the court to maintain its usurped power so long as it had to deal only with reformers who dared not attack the interests that profited by that usurped power.

But Socialists have no respect for bluffs—not even if the bluffs are a hundred years old. In fact, the older they are the more reason there is to be suspicious of them.

Congressman Berger's bill will not pass at this session of Congress. It will not be reported from committee or come to a vote unless workingmen all over the country scare some life into the other members of Congress with letters of protest and warning. But it will have more votes next session. It will have more, and may pass by the next one. By that time the workers will be calling several more grey-headed bluffs.

were known about the origin and growth of institutions in this country, there would be a revolution tomorrow.

The best possible text book on Socialism is the history of the United States, showing how class rule was originated and has been maintained throughout the existence of this government.

The facts concerning the supreme court, and many more equally revolutionary, are told in the work on American History, by A. M. Simons, which is offered as a premium for three dollars worth of subscriptions to the COMING NATION.

This History will tell how the court obtained its power in the first place; how it forced itself into a position of dominance; and how it can easily be deposed from power.

This work also explains the part that the working class have played in American History; it shows how they fought and obtained the measure of liberties we have; it analyzes the origin of the present capitalist class; shows just how it seized financial and political power and how it is now approaching its fall.

The COMING NATION has obtained a special price on all books that are ordered as premiums before the work goes to press. After that the price

will be advanced and it can no longer be offered for so little work.

If you cannot obtain any additional subscribers at once, you can get three subscription cards, which are good for renewals or new subscriptions at any time, for three dollars, and have your name entered for a copy of the book, to be sent you promptly on publication.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

London in 1828

From *English Fragments*, by Heinrich Heine.

The stranger who wanders through the great streets of London, and does not chance right into the regular quarters of the people, sees little or nothing of the misery there. Only here and there, at the mouth of some dark alley, stands a ragged woman with a suckling babe at her wasted breast, and begs with her eyes. Perhaps if those eyes are still beautiful, one glances into them and shrinks back at the world of wretchedness within them. The common beggars are old people, generally blacks, who stand at the corners of the

streets cleaning pathways—a very necessary thing in muddy London—and ask for "coppers" in reward.

It is in the dusky twilight that Poverty with her mates, Vice and Crime, glide forth from their lairs. They shun daylight the more anxiously, the more cruelly their wretchedness contrasts with the pride of wealth which glitters everywhere: only Hunger drives them at noonday from their dens, and then they stand with silent, speaking eyes, staring beseechingly at the rich merchant, who hurries along, busy and jingling gold, or at the lazy lord who, like a surfeited god, rides by on his high horse, casting now and then an aristocratically indifferent glance at the mob below, as if they were swarming ants, or, at all events, a mass of baser beings whose joys and sorrows have nothing in common with his feelings. Yes, over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil, soar, like higher beings of a higher nature, England's nobility, who regard their little island as only a temporary resting place, Italy as their summer garden, Paris as their social saloon, and the whole world as their inheritance. They sweep along knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

Poor poverty! How agonizing must thy hunger be where others swell in scornful superfluity! And when some one casts with indifferent hand a crust into thy lap, how bitter must the tears be wherewith thou moistenest it! Thou poisonest thyself with thine own tears. Well art thou in the right when thou alliest thyself to Vice and Crime. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than the cold blameless citizens of virtue, in whose white hearts the power of evil is quenched; but also the power of good. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity. I have seen women—I would I saw them again!

The Socialist Scouts

Your boy or girl can witness and engineer daily aeroplane flights with the Bleriot model given free by the Scout Department. This is an exact duplicate of the mono-



plane in which the famous French aviator was first to cross the British channel. Pieces are all numbered when received and chart shows how to put them in place. Assembling parts gives splendid idea of how the big machines are made. Motive power is furnished by long strands of twisted rubber.

This is one of many premiums free to boys and girls who sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. Scouts make 100 per cent on all sales. Anyone can begin the Scout work without capital. Request addressed to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas," will bring bundle of ten NATIONS. Scouts remit half price for what he sells and returns heads of unsold copies on first bundle. Letter of instruction and prize list accompanies first bundle.

Scout News

I have five new subscribers. I just left the old copies on the cars, streets and at the houses. More people are getting interested. Please if you have room print my letter of good luck so any of them can take my suggestion.—Thelma Sinclair, California.

As I am the only Scout here I think I can get a lot of customers. Mr. Hedges and Frank Brett, my father, helps me get customers. I am sending you my photograph as you asked me. Both of my parents are Socialists.—Francis Brett, Pennsylvania.

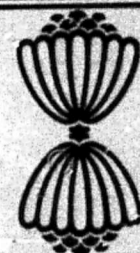
I sold my papers easy and got the promise of three regular customers. I hope to increase my order soon.—Stanley Fife, Idaho.

I sold the ten COMING NATIONS you sent me in two hours. I want twenty next week. I think it is great fun to sell Socialist books and papers. I think all little boys and girls would work for Socialism we would get the change of the system so the children would not have to work in factories. I am ten years old.—Madeline Swanson, Pennsylvania.

I think I will be able to sell more papers soon and am trying to take subscriptions. There are a large number of Socialists here.—Walter K. Vinson, Indiana.

I received the papers all right. I am sending one whole coupon for a trick box this time. I hope to increase my list soon. I sell all my papers now without any trouble.—Marguerite Eynon, Michigan.

Come Have a Smile



Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Pleasure for Others

If I am not mistaken
I think I've read somewhere
About the joy of labor
That honest workers share,
Someone will have to show me
And diagram it out
Or else, about the matter
I'll be a bit in doubt.

I notice clever people
When out on pleasure bent
Don't shovel in the sewer
To give their feelings vent,
It may be they're eccentric
And do not know the way
To get the full enjoyment
From time they give to play.

Perhaps in heavy lifting
Is joy intense enough
To please the most exacting;
To me it seems a bluff.
If so, may I be pardoned
If I make bold to ask
Why idlers, seeking pleasure,
Don't hunt a daily task?

And, there may be a reason,
They may not comprehend
What calm and satisfaction
On grilling work attend.
Could anyone convince them?
I'd like to see him try.
They'd simply shrug their shoulders
And wink the other eye.

All the Difference

"Now between you and me, what
would you call a fair day's work?"
"That depends. Am I working for
you or you for me?"

Let George do It

"He acquired his millions by indus-
try."



"Doesn't appear to me to be tre-
mendously industrious."
"No, it was the fellows who worked
for him who did the hustling."

Starts Action

When he must hustle for a job
A fellow gets to thinking.
Some funny thoughts come in his knob,
His good gray matter kinking,
When all is steady and serene
To think is almost treason,
But with the cupboard bare and clean
He wants to know the reason.

An empty stomach helps to start
The sluggish mental gearing
And oh, he takes it much to heart
When dinner time is nearing,
He thinks the system must be wrong
And if he can arrange it
He'll do his best to push along
The force that tries to change it.

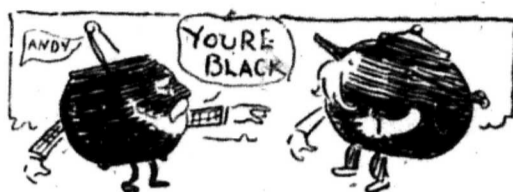
Little Flings

Rockefeller blames his wife for his
success. He must be ashamed of it.
What a boat the noble senators would
be in if someone were to invite the first
innocent one to throw a rock at Lori-
mer.
Since Great Britain has set us a good

example let us lose our own house of
lords as soon as possible.

Has the rising tide of Socialism any-
thing to do with this new demand for
government regulation of the trusts?

Wall street is thinking some of pun-
ishing us by electing a democrat.



Isn't it fine to see Carnegie pointing
the finger of scorn at John W. Gates?

Much Softer

"Why did you strike this man?" asked
the judge.
"He called me a liar."

Told at the Dinner Hour

On or Off

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

An Irishman got out of his carriage
at a railway station for refreshments,
and before he had finished his repast
the bell rang and the train left.

"Hould on," cried Pat, as he ran like
a madman after the car. "Hould on,
ye ould stame injin. Ye've got a pas-
senger on board what's left behind.

Speaking to Willie

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

On board an ocean liner were a
lady and gentleman, accompanied by
their young hopeful, aged six, and, as
is usually the case, the parents were
very sick, while little Willie was the
wellest thing on board.

One day while the parents were ly-
ing in their steamer chairs hoping that
they would die, little Willie was play-
ing about and did something of which
his mother did not approve.

"John," she said to her husband,
"please speak to Willie."

With the little strength left in his
wasted frame, the father looked at his
son and feebly muttered:

"How de do, Willie."

Not His Mistake

BY W. W. GREEN.

During a railroad strike here several
years ago, among the scab engineers
was one who had never before run a
locomotive. He was told to get on
an engine and put it in the round
house.

He got aboard reversed the lever,
threw on the steam and started to
back in with a rush. After getting in-
side the round house he threw the lever
forward and ran the locomotive outside
again.

The superintendent was watching him
and bawled out: "Why didn't you
keep her inside?"

"I had her inside; why in the hell
didn't you shut the door?"

Hans and the Engineer

BY J. HOLLERHYDE.

It happened the day after pay-day.
Old Hans had come late to work, and
during the forenoon many a joke had
been passed at the expense of the good-
natured old German. At noon after

"What business are you in?"

"Life insurance business."

"He called you a liar?"

"Yes."

"And you are not?"



"Well, he might have called me a life
insurance agent and let it go at that."

Hard on the Family

"Ma, will we have a turkey for
Thanksgiving this year?"

"Naw, the law won't allow your pa
to sell his vote no more."

Hans had finished his "eats," he settled
himself comfortably on the shady side
of a lumber pile and lit his pipe.

As Hans was leisurely blowing the
blue smoke into the air, the engineer
happened along and with a merry twin-
kle in his eye he remarked, "What's
the matter with you Hans? I shouldn't
think that an old fellow like you would
cut up any capers on pay night that
would make him come late in the morn-
ing.

"Vell," said Hans, "I'll told you how
dot vos: you see mine ticker, dot is
mine alarm, stopped this morning und
it never waked me up, so I come late."

"That'll do to tell Hans," said the
engineer, "but what stopped your
clock?"

"Vell, you see when I found out it
was stopped, I shakes it und out fell
a bedbug. No vonder dot alarm
stopped, eh? Dr engineer had died!"

A Two-Handled Saw

BY W. W. GREEN.

Two Irishmen just from the "sod"
hired in St. Louis to cut ice on the
river for the Anheuser-Busch brewery.

Among the tools furnished them was
a cross-cut saw. One of the Irishmen
picked it up and after critically exam-
ining it, said to his companion:

"Mike, ye are the yoongest man, take
the foist turn below."

A Recipe for a Rich Cookey

BY DUNCAN F. YOUNG.

Take one steel manufacturer, one
banker and one oil well own-er. Place
them close together in a cozy place in
a well-lighted brown stone front. Allow
them to cogitate, and in a short while
these three ingredients will create a
pile of rich dough called Trust. The
small portions falling from this Trust
are to be given liberally to the large
fish called Suckers or Politicians swim-
ming near by in dry wine. These
Suckers will feed freely from the
crumbs of the Trust, and soon grow
fat. Swimming around and cowing
small fishes, they will eventually create
a whipped cream called Wealth. This
whipped cream called Wealth is very
rich and sweet, and by its very sweet-
ness and richness draws toward it birds
and fishes of every type, attracting es-
pecially the hungry birds called Work-
men. Through hunger the birds called
Workmen venture nearer and nearer

the bowl of Wealth, and, getting their
feet stuck therein, continually beat
their wings in the air. This persistent
fanning of the air creates more Wealth.
The bowl of Wealth will finally fill to
overflowing, the richness and extent of
it attracting birds and fishes from ev-
erywhere. These hang around lazily,
and are handed a morsel here and
steal a crumb there. Eventually there
is created a very unhealthy odor called
Grafting and Thievery. Owing to the
danger emanating from this unhealthy
odor this Recipe should be used only
on occasions of building battleships and
electing United State senators.

Getting Ready

"I see they are building several model
penitentiaries."

"Good idea. So many of our best
people are taking their rest cures in
them."

He was a long lank Missourian just
in from the ranch. "Ya-as," he said,
"had to take down one of my wind-
mills—wa'nt enough wind fer both."

Together.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the earth
grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.



—The New World
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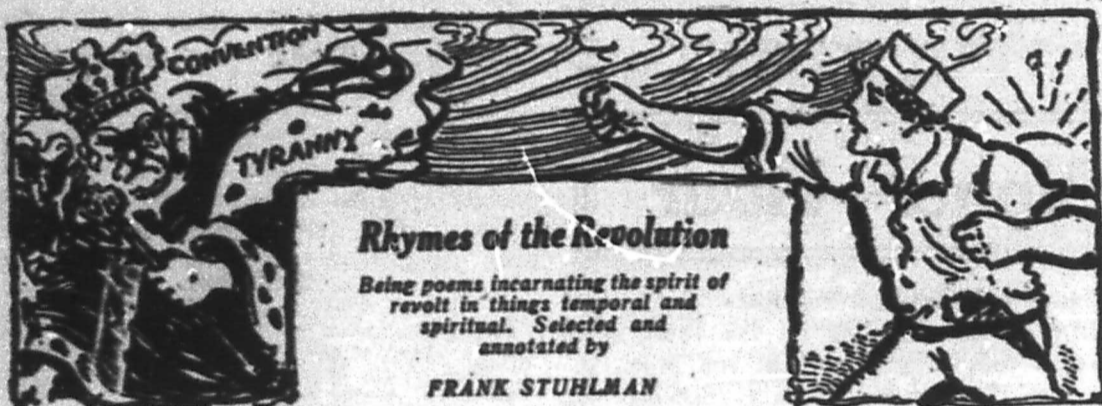
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The Hands of Capitalism



Charles Mackay, the noted song writer, was of Scottish birth and was one of the best journalistic writers of his time (1814-1889). He filled many editorial positions and was constant contributor to the great English periodicals like "Blackwoods" and the "Nineteenth Century." During the Civil War he was the New York correspondent of the London Times and his letters to that paper were colored by sympathy with the Confederacy. Many volumes of verse bear his name as well as other works, one of which, "Memoirs of Popular Delusions," has an unique interest. His songs, "A Good Time Coming" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," won a wide popularity. Many of the reform movements for the betterment of the masses received his cordial support.

The Children's Auction

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who bids for the little children—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
"Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit all good or evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine;
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor.
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling;
"I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin;
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailers and policeman
Shall be father's to the young."

"I and the Law, for pastime,
Shall struggle day and night;
And the law shall gain, but I shall win,
And we'll still renew the fight;
And ever and aye we'll wrestle,
Till Law grow sick and sad,
And kill, in its desperation,
The incorrigibly bad."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children;
I'll taken them all to me:
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing;
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're not the true Religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another, scowling,
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third with shout and yell;
"You're Anti-Christ and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell!"

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed, with voice of pity,
"Oh, friends, you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling;
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen;
Quoth they—"We bide our time."
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth and Crime;
And the prison's teemed with victims
And the gallows yoked on high;
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

Workers History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

Harvey—Concluded.

There can be no science apart from facts. And yet there are two things connected with the facts, which, from the point of view of scientific progress are more important than the facts themselves.

First, there is the relation of facts to each other by which relationship alone we grasp their significance.

Second, there are the methods by which the facts are obtained and, at the same time, the methods by which the relations are worked out.

These three aspects of science present three distinct fields for achievement by scientific men.

In the discovery of facts Linnaeus and Buffon were masters.

In the working out of the relation of facts to each other Darwin had no equal, and Lamarck, the founder of the modern evolutionary theory, stands almost as high.

All these men, however, found the scientific method well established and ready to their hands, thanks to the laborers of Vesalius and Harvey.

The greatest service of Vesalius is not his founding of modern anatomy, great as that was, but his re-establishing of the scientific method, which had been almost entirely lost for more than a thousand years.

In this special field Harvey was easily Vesalius' equal, though it must be freely admitted that Harvey had the advantage of Vesalius, following him, as he did, at the great University of Padua.

But while Harvey was the equal of Vesalius in the domain of method, he was much the superior in the discovery of fact and in his perception of the relation of facts.

Posterity has never done full justice to the scientific achievements of Harvey. This injustice to his memory would have been even much greater but for the brilliant work of Professor Huxley and Sir Michael Foster.

Huxley's judgment may be trusted in this field for two reasons.

First, he was thoroughly familiar with Harvey's works; second, he himself was a physiologist of the first rank, in fact, few would care to challenge the assertion that Huxley was the greatest physiologist of his day.

Huxley's brilliant lecture on Harvey reveals his high estimate of the founder of modern physiology.

In the days when Darwin's merit hung in the balance Huxley wrote to Sir Charles Lyell, saying: "If Darwin is right (about natural selection) he will, I think, take his place with such men as Harvey."

Professor Loey, following Hall's "physiology," sums up Harvey's arguments and positions with regard to the blood in the following eight propositions:

1. "The heart passively dilates and actively contracts.
 2. "The auricles contract before the ventricles do.
 3. "The contraction of the auricles forces the blood into the ventricles.
 4. "The arteries have no 'pulsific power,' i. e., they dilate passively, since the pulsation of the arteries is nothing else than the impulse of the blood within them.
 5. "The heart is the organ of propulsion of the blood.
 6. "In passing from the right ventricle to the left auricle the blood transudes through the parenchyma of the lungs.
 7. "The quantity and rate of passage of the blood peripherally from the heart makes it a physical necessity that most of the blood return to the heart.
 8. "The blood does return to the heart by way of the veins."
- The two great discoveries are summed up in proposition V recognizing the sole driving power in the heart, and VIII, giving the circuit of the blood.



—Der Wahre Jakob
Vulcan! Do not murmur; it is better to be crushed by machinery than to hunger