

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

LAWYERS AS LEGISLATORS



THE new National House of Representatives is to consist of 432 members, most of whom will be chosen by the methods and for the reasons that have prevailed for the last three generations. I could go out on Broadway and in an hour pick out 432 men at random from the passers-by and they would make in every way a far better Congress.

We have in this country the most extraordinary obsession to the effect that only lawyers and parasites are fitted to make our laws or to hold public office.

As a matter of fact a lawyer is almost the last person in the world that ever should be entrusted with the making of laws or the guiding of government.

The training of the legal mind (under the present system) unfits it for anything useful. A lawyer, if he is to be successful in his business, must have a mind equipped to deal with subtleties, tricks, verbal labarynth, evasions, subterfuges and how not to do it. If it works directly, simply and in a straight line its owner is not a good lawyer and the wolves of his profession eat him up.

A lawyer sits aloof, intent upon abstractions and quibbles. He knows nothing about the people nor their condition. He has been educated entirely away from them. As a rule his vision, if he have any, is limited to the four walls of his office and the pages of his fee book. Having the blessings of a university education, or its equivalent, his ideal of life is to get ahead, to outwit his opponent, to involve every question in the denser cloud, to be more astute, subtle, trickery and evasive.

His business brings him into daily contact and sympathy with the exploiters; he never once sees nor hears of the exploited. His fees he draws exclusively from the moneyed class; the sheer necessities of his income drive him from the start into that class.

As a rule no other men in this country know as little about it or its economic needs. You can get far better views on these subjects from doctors and clergymen. These are often compelled to see what is going on. The lawyer has no such compulsion and because of his training no natural interest thereto.

Yet ninety per cent of our law-makers are drawn from this utterly hopeless class and that is why in our legislative assemblies we have seven bushels of chaff for one grain of value—a figure of speech that inadequately describes the work of the special session of Congress just ended.

The toilers and wage-earners comprise three-fourths of this nation and in its Congress have now one representative—the first in Congressional history.

The parasite class comprises less than fifteen per cent of the population and has ninety-nine and one-half per cent of the representation.

Which was exactly the situation one hundred and fifty years ago, when no where on earth did the working class have any votes.

Progress! Gee whiz! How we do slip along!

* * *

One thing, though—we are the only nation where this condition prevails.

I notice a marked disposition on the part of the kept press to raise again at this time the patriotic pean and assure us in a deafening manner that we are the greatest on earth and all others strive to imitate us.



So? Well, when it comes to legislative matters we dwell in Mr. Taft's favorite year of 1716 and Servia and Turkey can give us points.

Nowhere else on earth is the working class content year in and year out to be without representation in the law-making bodies nor to surrender its government wholly into the hands of its exploiters.

It would take expert tom-tom work to derive any glory from that fact.

Nor from the reason, which is a Punch and Judy show and a fake at that.

Think of a workingman caring one hoot in perdition whether Punch Taft beats Judy Wilson or Judy Wilson beats Punch Taft!

* * *

But to come back to the lawyer part of the subject when to the natural unfitnes of lawyers for public life we add the fact that all of ours that are in office were put there by the corporations for corporation ends we can see in a minute how reasonable it would be to exult over our progress since 1716.

To sum up the whole matter, William Howard Taft is a lawyer. I don't see how I can say more than that.



EVERYBODY SATISFIED?

The official press agent of the president assures the country that the eminent golf player is very well satisfied with the work of the special session of Congress.

Speaker Clark says he is very well satisfied.

The other Democratic leaders say they are very well satisfied.

The leaders of the Regular Republicans say they are very well satisfied.

The leaders of the Insurgent Republicans say they are very well satisfied.

The satisfaction is complete except for one fact that these gentlemen admit does sometimes suggest itself as a possible cloud on the horizon.

They don't know whether the people are satisfied.

Neither do I, but if the people are not satisfied it is not for the zealous efforts of a kept press that has persistently concealed the rottenness and lied about everything that has been done.

Yet the feeling of the public ought to be easily ascertained by these eminent statesmen.

If the people like to see four months wasted in debating a reciprocity bill ordered by the corporations and, therefore, certain to pass, they ought to be abundantly satisfied.

Or if they hanker for an administration that flops around like a length of rubber hose, they need seek no further.

Or if they are enraptured by representatives that will spend weeks in discussing the tariff fake and not pay a moment's attention to any real problem that really confronts the nation, here's where they get what they want.

Satisfied! Why when the average American looks over the record of this gab-fest, satisfaction must beam around him like a halo.

Mr. Speaker Clark recounts the achievements. Congress has passed the reciprocity bill, the campaign publicity bill, three pop-gun tariff bills and the resolution in favor of electing Senators by the people. It is true that the president vetoed the tariff

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bills and that the resolution about Senatorial elections was mangled into bits by the conference, but the rest of the record of twenty weeks of incessant gabbling still remains and the Speaker points to it with pride.

I marvel that in his list the chesty Speaker should have overlooked one item, but he has.

Congress also passed a bill for a new public building at Opelousa.

* * *

But while the press agent works diligently upon the satisfaction shift, the news I get from Washington doesn't harmonize much with his tune.

I am told that the members of the Cabinet are getting deadly tired of being made the goat for Taft's blunders.

Every time that something goes wrong because of the floundering of the Stranded Whale, some Secretary of Something has to stand up and bear the brunt of it, and the eminent secretaries feel that they have had enough of that sort of thing.

You might keep this fact in a corner of your mind and see if there isn't something doing before long. When poor old Jim Wilson of Agriculture gets up courage enough to kick over the traces as he did at the Wiley hearing there must be a condition bordering upon revolution.

You get nothing of this, of course, from your kept newspapers.

You get nothing at any time from that source except an occasional glimpse of peroxide hair and powder puff and frequently a strong odor of patchouli.



A Badly Frightened England

Fifteen thousand troops were under arms at Aldershot, train load after train load was dispatched to threatened points, 50,000 guarded London, the Duke of Cumberland's Own were firing upon the crowds in Liverpool, the Camerons were fighting gallantly against unarmed men in Wales, a famous regiment performed prodigies of valor in the streets of Edinburgh, the battle-ships were assembled in the Mersey to protect the steamers there. The cavalry charged many times doing great execution. Some citizens were killed, many were wounded. The great military strength of England was put forth to quell rebellious workingmen, tired of creating wealth for the benefit of parasites.

Great days, indeed, for the prestige of the British Army. But amid the accounts of gallant deeds I miss one feature.

Where were the veterans of the Battle of Houndsditch?

Those splendid heroes, one would think, would be the first to be called upon in the hour of their country's peril. Soldiers that fought all day against two men in a house would be grand figures in any charge upon a defenseless crowd. I fear the worst about the British War Department. If tried and true warriors such as these fail of recognition for their skill and daring, what incentive is there for any soldiers to distinguish themselves? And as we know very well incentive is indispensable. No nation can keep house without it.

* * *

But in spite of all the brave deeds of cavalry, infantry, police, constables and battle-ships, it must have been a badly frightened government that invoked the name of the king and with that great, subtle influence compelled the railroad companies to patch over the English strike troubles with a truce. The fear of God must have reigned for a time in many unaccustomed places. A man might have been justified in thinking that the whole fraudulent structure was on the point of falling about his ears and the time had come for the fortunate to get off the workingman's back.

The fortunate are still in the saddle, the safe, sane and conservative system is repaired

and again in operation, but I doubt if it will ever be again what it used to be.

It would be a dull man that could entirely escape at least one suggestion that pertains to these events.

Suppose all workingmen should do as the English railroad men did?

What should we do for the joys of parasitical life?

* * *

In other words, the existing structure of society by which the majority are engaged in creating wealth and providing luxury for the minority is maintained solely by the consent of the working classes. It is a pretty thin plank upon which to dance the merry Tra-la and it seems to be getting thinner. The grand old sentiment of loyalty to the King was largely instrumental in saving it this time. But the most impenetrable bone head in the English nobility must wonder how much longer that sentiment can be worked with success.

* * *

The railroad men of the United States are trying to establish a home for the aged and disabled members of their craft.

To this end they are contributing little sums from their scanty wages and are also offering for sale to the public an album, price one dollar, the proceeds of which go to the fund for the home.

It is beautiful to read in the corporation newspapers patronizing endorsements of the project and the information that the public may well invest in the albums and thus help a worthy cause.

The railroad men that are to be the beneficiaries of the fund have given the best of their lives to create profits on the fictitious investments of the companies.

Their labors and conscientious performance of duty have carried on the enterprises from which the colossal railroad fortunes have been made.

Hitherto when the railroad man has grown too old or too crippled to serve longer in this noble cause he has been graciously allowed to go to the poor house or to starve.

It is now proposed that his more fortunate fellow-workers, not yet superannuated or hopelessly crippled, shall provide him with a home—from their own earnings.

Any suggestion that the men he has served shall contribute any part of this fund?

Not a word. But the public is invited to assist by purchasing the album. Price one dollar a copy.

What do you suppose would be the comments of a visitor from Germany or New Zealand or some other civilized country on this performance?

In New Zealand every railroad man has at the age of sixty the right to be retired on a pension based upon the length of his service. If he be injured he draws a pension from the hour of his injury. If sick he receives a part of his wages while he is off duty.

The government does these things in New Zealand.

But it did not do them until the workingmen got tired of voting always for their exploiters and began to vote for themselves.

* * *

I notice that young Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt has been driving his coach all summer in England and otherwise generally amusing himself.

He seems to be in no need of pensions nor of homes. The public is not asked to buy one dollar albums for his benefit.

The money for his coach and other amusements is drawn from a railroad enterprise to which he contributes absolutely nothing—not even his presence at a board meeting.

The men whose labors make his coaching possible contribute all they have to this enterprise and now secure the valuable privilege of pensioning themselves from their own wages.

It must be with joy that they read about young Mr. Vanderbilt's coach. How good of the Associated Press to furnish frequent reports about it! When the railroad men build

their home a picture of that coach ought to adorn the place. Then the men can sit around and swell with pride as they reflect how it was built of their sweat and blood.

That ought to make them happy.

* * *

When the good people of California got a law passed to limit the hours of employment of women to eight hours a day, the employers discharged the women and hired Greek.

When the good people of Illinois got a law passed limiting the employment of women in the Chicago Elevated railroad stations to ten hours a day the companies reduced the women's pay by one-sixth.

Thus does reform shed its glorious blessings on the poor and the charitable succeed in ameliorating the condition of the toiler.



Trimmed on Both Sides Neatly



MINNEAPOLIS is one of the cities of this country blessed with competition in its telephone service. There are two telephone companies with the usual result that everybody has to have two telephones instead of one, paying, of course, the double bill.

But the street car service is in the hands of a monopoly. The street railroad octopus stretches out even to Lake Minnetonka, which is the greatest summer home and resort of the Minneapolis people.

Five years ago this company combined its trolley lines with a steamboat service on the lake. First it bought up practically all the existing lake steamers, then added new steamers of its own, and presently it was supplying a steamer and street car service from the city to every part of the lake.

The fares were made reasonably low. Under this alluring condition thousands of Minneapolis families went to the lake, built summer homes and were happy.

This year, of a sudden, the company closed down upon them, increasing the rates of the steamers 150 per cent and the price of through commutation tickets 50 per cent.

The unfortunate commuters, who had been induced to go to the lake by cheap fares, put up a wail of distress. They found they might as well save their breath. The company had manoeuvred them where it wanted them and was now proceeding to do them good—and plenty.

It had the whole field in its hands; it could do as it pleased. If the commuters did not like to pay the new rates they could walk—also swim. The company didn't give a hoot.

* * *

The situation, however, ought to satisfy both varieties of the American that is afraid to think.

Those that believe in competition can enjoy the trimming they get from the two telephone companies and those that believe in private monopoly and *laissez faire* ought to be happy when they give up their shackles to the street railroad bandit, which is one of the finest now engaged in working the road.

* * *

I am assured that as a matter of fact the franchise of the street railroad company is in such a shape that it could be broken to pieces with one good belt.

But the conservative Minneapolis men would be shocked and horrified at that way of getting out of their difficulties.

They are exactly like the honest people of the Doone valley described in Blackmore's novel.

They have been robbed and faked so long that they wouldn't know what to make of life if they could go to bed with their money in their clothes.

It is the poor of America who support the federal government. It is they who pay for the battle ships and the pensions, the internal improvements and the coast defenses. Not one penny comes directly from the interests which are mainly benefited by these expenditures.—*Howe in Privilege and Democracy in America.*

More Light on the Common Good

Chapter V—The Collapse of Compulsory Arbitration

By Charles Edward Russell

WHEN one comes to make close examination of the so-called radical and advanced legislation of New Zealand, an immense amount of it looks like fake and grandstand play.

Its largest use is in political campaigns, the mouths of parliamentary orators and the columns of government newspapers.

When from one of these sources comes the proud assertion that New Zealand leads the world in social and economic reforms, the patriots cheer by platoons and the government majority is assured.

As a matter of fact almost any one of these social and economic innovations is either a nominal thing, not actually in working, or something that disguises a practice by which exploitation gets an advantage and the working class fares the worse.

You need go no farther for an illustration than the system of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes that more than any other one thing has given to New Zealand its pre-eminence as a country addicted to reform.

Some persons would like to see something of this kind adopted in America. They must be ill-informed of its practical working in New Zealand.

Paved With Good Intentions

No doubt the New Zealand system was designed by good men with very high ideals and motives. They saw the industrial world rent with terrific struggles; they saw strikes, riots, street fighting, bloodshed and inextinguishable hatreds as the products of the incessant warfare between labor and capital; their own country was just emerging from one of the greatest strikes in history. They thought these terrible disturbances ought to be avoided and would be if labor and capital could only be brought to agree.

So they said, why should such an agreement be impossible? Individuals now refer their disputes to the courts; the day of determining private quarrels by violence has passed. All that is needed is that labor and capital should refer their differences in the same way. Let us have, therefore, arbitration, and let us make it compulsory so that our country may be spared these convulsions.

To this end were accordingly established the conciliation board and the arbitration court, for the settlement of all labor disputes. The board was to try to bring about harmony by seeking mutual conciliation and the court was to determine by a final ruling when the board failed. In practice the board proved to be but an ornamental institution, all issues being appealed to the court, which speedily became one of the most interesting and important judicial bodies in the world.

Unions Enter Government

Its make-up was a total innovation.

For the first time in history the labor union became a recognized part of government. The once despised labor union that governments had tried to suppress, learned writers had denounced, hired jesters had ridiculed and capitalists had hated with such a deadly hatred, this was now become as much a part of the government as a cabinet officer. All labor unions of more than a certain small number of members were allowed to register with the labor department. Having thus registered, they were allowed to choose a member of the arbitration court. Employers' associations were similarly recog-

nized and registered, and they elected the second member. The third was a judge chosen by the government and having supreme court rank. That is to say, his appointment to the arbitration court made him a judge for life, removable only by the crown, and when he had served for a time in the place of

ties, and employers were soon undergoing the novel experience of being punished for paying too small wages—a thing until then without a precedent in the world.

No lawyers were allowed to practice in this court and from its decision there was no appeal except to the privy council.

Now here was arbitration in its choicest form. The employers selected one arbitrator, the workers another, and the government chose for the third an impartial and disinterested person. Fine.

Very Fine at First

For several years the thing worked apparently without a hitch. The workers continually brought up their grievances, the court made awards thereon, the workers gained advantages, and all the world cried, "Look at New Zealand! It never has a strike."

In the United States, in England, all about the continent of Europe, industry was continually being brought to a standstill, peace was disturbed, property and life was endangered by recurring contests on the industrial field. In the state of Colorado an industrial civil war broke out and raged for two years. Here in New Zealand, all was calm. No workers left their work, no industry was stopped for an hour. If the workers wanted anything they went to the

arbitration court and got it. The world said, Fine.

And yet the thing was perfectly rotten and from the beginning doomed to failure and collapse. Time is ripe with it now; the failure has come upon it; in a short time even its most eloquent advocates will admit its fall of which the government has lately made tacit confession; and I think here is something we might do well to heed.

The thing is a failure, greatly to the surprise of many capable observers, and yet just such a result might have been expected from the beginning, and for two perfectly obvious reasons, both of which, strange to say, were universally overlooked.

In the first place, the court was nominally composed of three persons and really of one. That one was the judge appointed by the government.

One Man Court

The representative of the employers voted every time for the employers; the representative of the unions voted every time for the unions; the judge alone decided, and might as well have constituted the whole court.

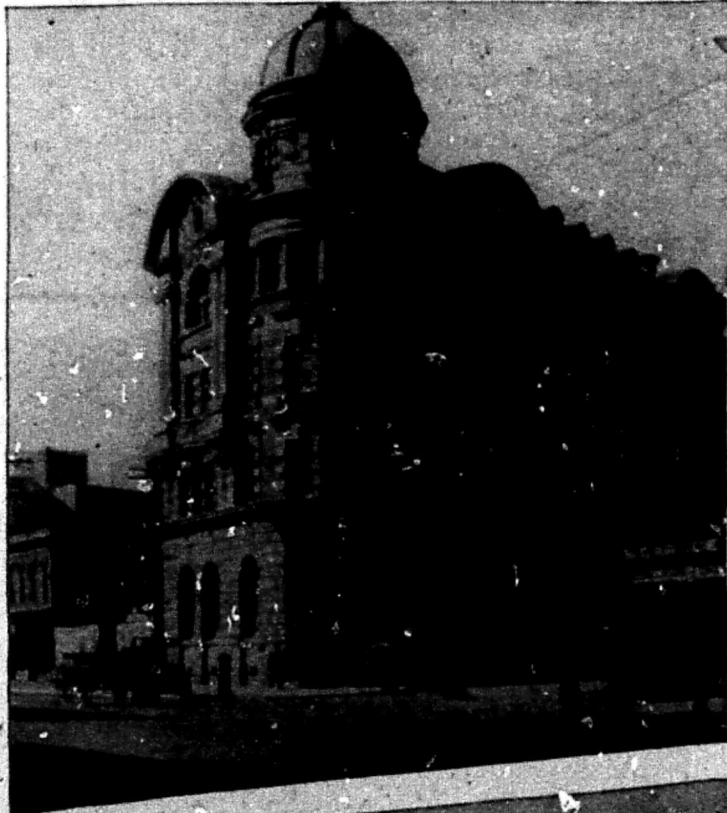
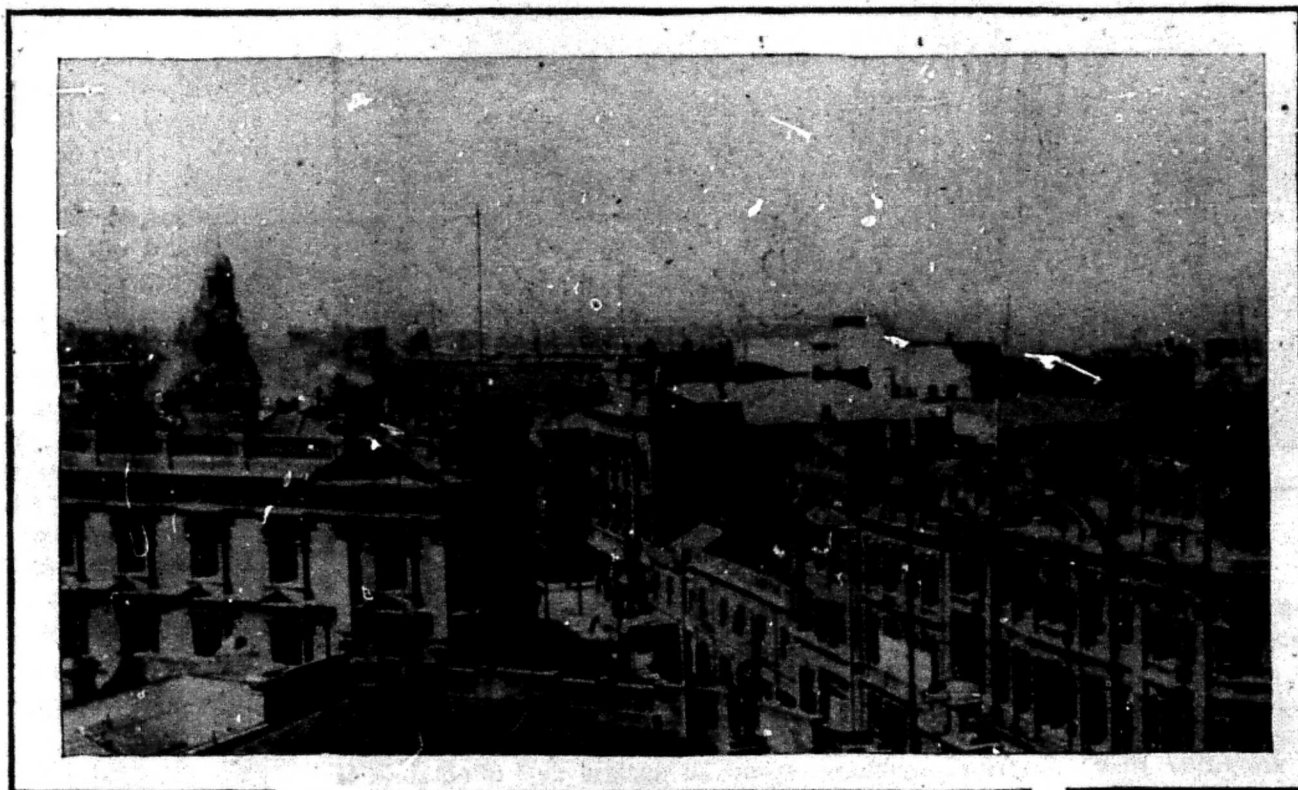
At first the judge decided most of the cases in favor of the policy of increasing wages. Fine, again. Many wage scales ascended.

But the judge, as a rule, did not like his job. He desired to get to the supreme court as rapidly as possible; to the supreme court where the honors were. A succession of judges went by. At last came one that agreed with the employers that wages were too high for the welfare of the country. This had long been a complaint of the manufacturers in particular, who were fond of pointing out how high wages dis-

couraged the opening of new factories, and consequently the development of the country. This judge, being of the same opinion, apparently, began to decide the cases the other way.

Then, of a sudden the second fatal defect in the system opened up.

The men grew restless under the adverse decisions



View of Wellington, the Government Tourist Building, and the Supreme Court Building

his first appointment he would be transferred to supreme court duties.

This arbitration court had the power to fix a minimum wage in any industry involved in a case brought before it. Once so fixed the minimum wage usually became the law for the next two years. Any person that violated it was subject to heavy penal-

of the court. That raised a new question. How are you going to compel men to work when they do not wish to work under the conditions you provide?

Nobody had thought of that.

Then Came the Jolt

Before long the government managers were obliged to think of it and to think quick and hard, and being chiefly a lot of slack-wire performers, operating for the offices and not for convictions, they proceeded to make a mess of their thinking.

The jolt came in February, 1907. In twelve or thirteen years there had not been in New Zealand a strike worth the name. Of a sudden the slaughterers, followers of a very important craft in New Zealand, demanded at the outset of the slaughtering season, an increase of wages. They had been receiving \$4.85 for each one hundred sheep or lambs they killed; they now demanded \$6.

The employers refused the demand and referred it to the arbitration court. Whereupon, without waiting for the arbitration court the slaughterers at the four principal slaughtering centers of the country went out on strike.

Now this was in flat defiance of the law, which explicitly forbade strikes where an appeal had been made to the sacred court. The lawless slaughterers were asked why they had not been good and why they did not wait for the court. And the lawless slaughterers replied that they knew the court would decide against them and they knew, too, that they could get what they wanted without any court.

They were right about that. The employers were in a desperate situation, the sheep overflowing their pens, and huge flocks coming daily from the country, so they surrendered, gave the men \$5.60, and the men went back to work.

Patching up the Law

The grave question then arose as to what the government should do about the violated law. If the slaughterers could dance on it and kick it full of holes how would it be of any avail about other men?

So the ponderous old government had the slaughterers arrested and fined \$25 each, as the law provided, because they had not waited for the decision of the court.

That took all summer and when it was done the lawless slaughterers just laughed. Many of them had left the country. Officers of the law undertook to enforce the penalty on the rest and found nothing to levy upon but an old knife and a celluloid collar.

What, ho! said solemn old government, this is serious. The whole blessed arbitration system is going to pot. And it sat down to think. At the next session of parliament it amended the law to meet these unexpected emergencies and find a way to compel men to work.

To strike after a case had been referred to the court was now made a crime, punishable by a fine and if the fine were not paid, the strikers' goods could be distrained and he could be imprisoned. Any labor union that ordered a strike or allowed its members to strike was made subject to a fine of \$500. Outside persons or organizations that aided or abetted a strike were made subject to severe penalties.

Striking Becomes a Crime

Fine, again. But suppose the labor unions should try to evade the law by withdrawing from registry under the act? Government thought once more, and produced another amendment by which the penalties for striking were extended to all trades engaged in supplying a utility or a necessity, whether such trades were organized or not.

You could hardly surpass this for ingenuity. "Supplying a necessity" would seem to cover about every thing under the sun and to make striking impossible. There must be no more strikes.

Sounds like home, doesn't it? To do away with strikes. You see the employing class, which all around the world gets what it wants and controls every government, had put itself back of the arbitration law. It had discovered that the law could be made to be a good thing, so it was at the dicta-

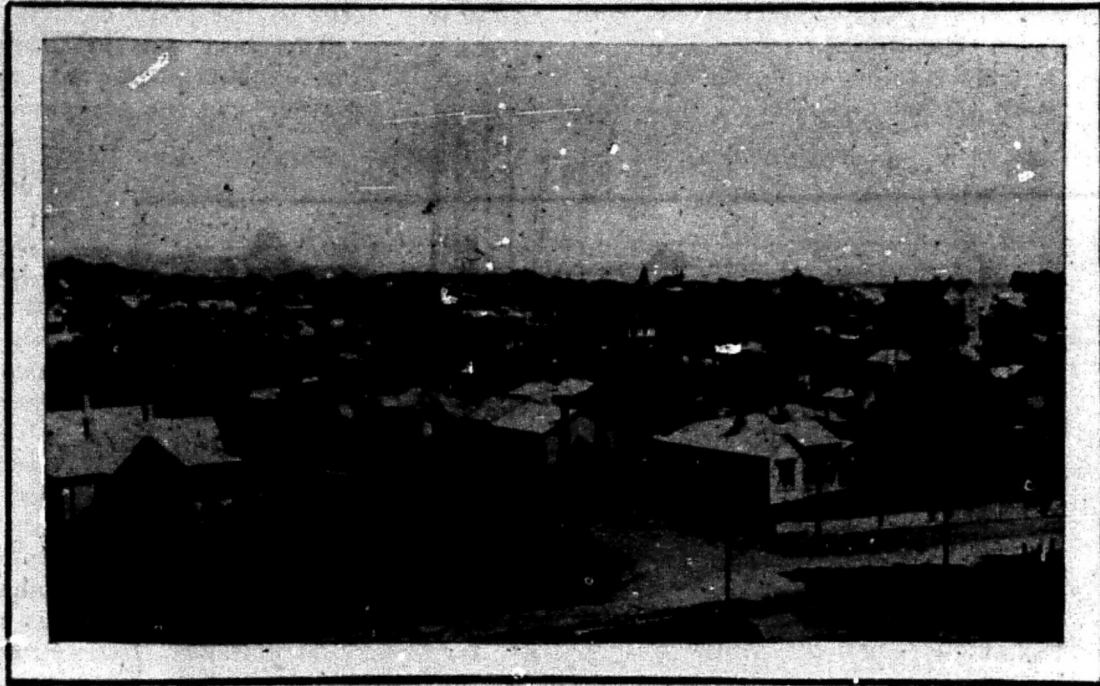
tion of this class that the amendments were passed. What the injunction judges do in America, or try to do, the law was to do in New Zealand.

Except that not Judge Goff nor Judge Guy, nor any other injunction judge of our own happy clime has dared to go quite so far as to declare that all striking everywhere is a crime to be punished with imprisonment.

How are you going to compel men to work? Why, thus, said the government of New Zealand. Put them into jail if they do not like the terms of their employment.

Disguised Chattel Slavery

This was the substance of the thing. To avoid



A view of New Plymouth, New Zealand

the appearance of explicitly and openly re-enacting chattel slavery the government put in a provision that under certain conditions men might strike—after giving fourteen days' notice of their intention to do so. This, of course, was mere fake again. Any strike anywhere would be useless and impossible if fourteen days' notice were given of it.

I should not care so much about this if I did not have thrown up to me every day while I am in New Zealand the old fantasy that New Zealand is the working man's paradise. It is exactly as much of a paradise for working men as the United States is, and upon which country the power of wealth and



Government Technical School at New Plymouth

accumulated capital is more exercised one would be puzzled to say.

It was not long before the government's device about compelling men to work was put to practical test.

There is much coal of an excellent quality in New Zealand and a coal trust that with the aid of the government trims the people to the king's taste.

Like all the other private coal mining concerns that I ever heard of, it was also engaged in skinning its employes. One of the alleged means to that end (which might have been learned in Pennsylvania, it sounds so familiar) was through the weighing of the coal brought out of the mines. The miners long complained; no attention was paid to their grievances except to discharge the man that most strongly remonstrated; and at last the miners, very tardily, one might think, resolved to take action. They had a union. To prevent the collecting of any fine from that union, they distributed all its funds. Then, without bothering about an arbitration judge

that they knew was against them, and in total violation of the new law, they struck.

The outraged government had them fined as the law provided. They refused to pay.

Selling Strikers' Cook Stoves

Then the government put the grand new law into effect. It had their goods seized, and constables entered the houses and carried away the wife's sewing machine and the family cook stove and anything else they could lay their hands upon. Sometimes the sewing machine had belonged to the wife before she had been married. No matter. It went with the rest.

More than half of the miners were unmarried, and had no goods to seize. The enforcement of the law therefore meant that the married men that had established homes were penalized.

But there were other features still more preposterous. It was necessary to sell the seized goods in order to satisfy the fines. When they were offered for sale, no one would bid. It was a most absurd situation, and likely to cause a laugh that might be the end of the law if not of the existing administration. At last a man offered \$1.25 for the entire lot. Not a soul would bid another cent and for \$1.25 the goods were sold. Whereupon, they found their way back to the miners' cabins from which they had come.

So far, then, the plan of driving men up to their work did not seem to be much of a success. You could not compel them to work by fining them nor by seizing their household goods.

The government was confronted with a situation that it might have foreseen was inevitable as soon as it started upon this course. The law being essentially unjust, was openly defied; the government and its arbitration scheme alike looked ridiculous. What should it do?

There remained the next penalty that the law provided for men that were ordered to work and refused to work. They might be put into jail, and the government now seriously moved toward this step.

Approaching a Tragedy

From such dangerous tom-foolery, that might have changed the farce into something much more serious and aroused at last a spirit of revolt in the well-trained New Zealand mind, the ministry was saved by the good sense and courage of one man, and he among the admirable spirits of these times in all countries.

Mr. Edward Tregear, a scholar and thinker, had filled for many years the place of chief secretary for labor. It is not a cabinet office, but comes next thereto.

He is a wise person and a sincere friend of the worker, as he has shown on many occasions. As soon as he heard that the ministry actually purposed to imprison the miners because they did not like the terms of their employment he went to the minister of labor and earnestly protested, protested with tears in his eyes, as the minister himself subsequently testified, begged, argued and pleaded. No possible good could come from such rigor and almost certainly it would precipitate

grave disaster.

To all this the minister was obdurate. Then Mr. Tregear said that he would resign; he would not retain his office and see men imprisoned for exercising their inalienable right of choice whether they would or would not work under given conditions

Ends in a Farce

Now Mr. Tregear was one of the most popular men in New Zealand and his resignation under such conditions would raise a storm that no ministry would care to face. Hence the government was in a worse situation than ever. On one side it fronted a dangerous venture with the certainty of a tremendous handicap in the resignation of the chief secretary, and on the other hand was an acknowledgment that the arbitration law was a failure and could be violated with impunity.

In this emergency decision was halted for a few

hours while the government people consulted. Meantime by quick and desperate efforts the strike was ended and the men went back to work.

This left the fines unpaid. The labor department solved that difficulty and allowed the defeated government to make its escape from a hopeless situation by paying the miners' fines.

To all intents and purposes it was the end of compulsory arbitration in New Zealand. Not nominally, for nominally the thing goes on as before; but actually. It is only by breaking our shins upon a fact that most of us ever learn anything; and the exalted ministry of New Zealand had broken its shin aplenty on a fact that might have been discerned from the start.

If you are to have compulsory arbitration you must compel one side as-much as the other.

But in the existing system of society, when you come to compelling the workers to accept arbitration's awards, you are doing nothing in the world except to compel them to work, and however the thing may be disguised, compulsory work is chattel slavery, against which the civilized world revolts.

Compulsory Arbitration is Slavery

This is the way the thing works out, and the only way it ever can work out. There can be no such thing as compulsory arbitration without this ultimate situation.

If, therefore, any one in America believes in such a plan for the settlement of labor troubles, I invite the attention of such a one to this plain record.

For my own part, years ago I was wont to blame the labor leaders of America because they steadfastly rejected compulsory arbitration and I now perceive them to have been perfectly right. The thing is impossible.

In New Zealand, of course, the arbitration court continues to sit and hear causes, to fix wage schedules and to determine disputes, but the government will never again attempt the experiment of compelling men to accept conditions of work that are repugnant to them; it will never again try to institute compulsory work. Indeed it has made a practical admission of the failure of the system by quietly introducing another.

At the last session of parliament the whole plan underwent one of those radical readjustments that utterly change the spirit of an institution without disturbing the name by which it is called—a familiar trick in modern legislation. By amendments to the existing law the old conciliation board, which had never amounted to anything, was abolished and in its place were created conciliation commissioners. These do not wait to be called upon, but whenever they hear of any labor disturbance they hasten to the spot and try to negotiate a compromise or a treaty of peace. If they fail in this they arrange for special arbitrators within the trade affected, who hear the case and usually adjust it without resort to the arbitration court.

The End of a Foolish Law

That is the purpose of the plan, to keep the cases from coming before the court, so that there shall be no more danger of the trying emergency that arose in the coal mine strike. Once was enough of that sort of thing. Keep the cases out of the court and then there will be no necessity of compelling men to work when they don't like the terms of their employment. Also there will be no necessity of exhibiting a foolish law and a foolish government trying to enforce it.

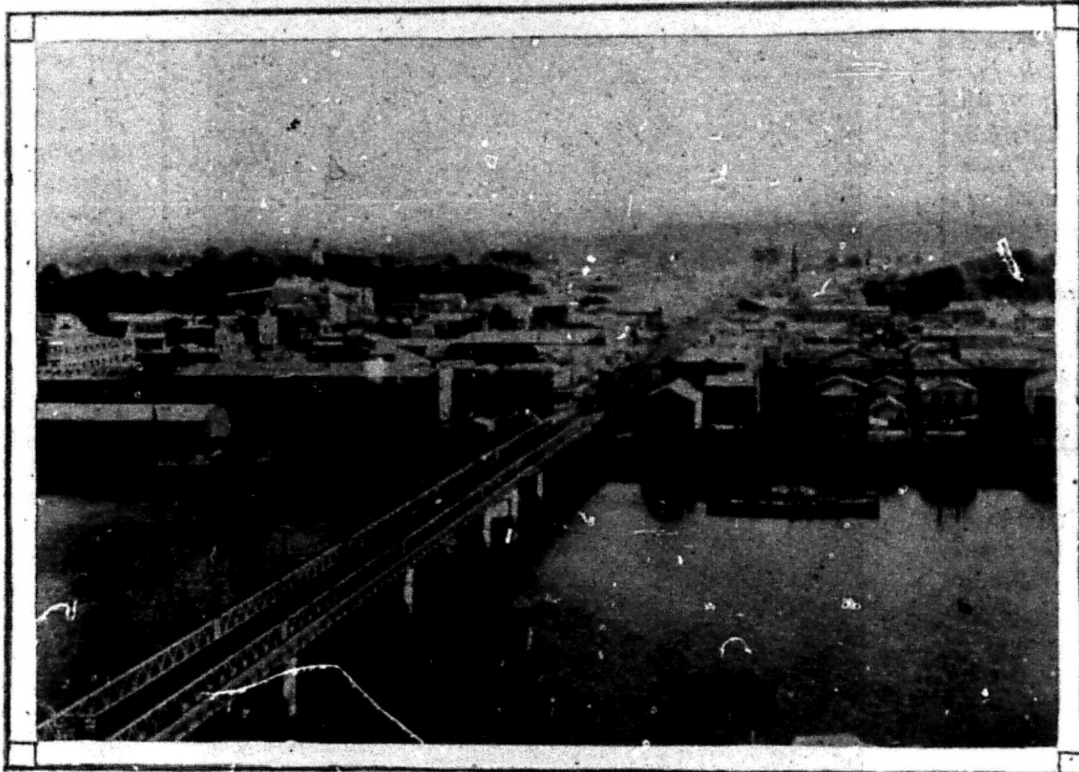
The government has had enough. It doesn't want to seize any more women's sewing machines and it doesn't want to stir up the labor question any more than it absolutely must. Because there are signs that labor is drifting toward a state of mind where agitation might be exceedingly undesirable for cabinet ministers that desire to keep their jobs. Whenever a case gets through the agile fingers of the conciliation commissioners and lands in the arbitration court, there is certain to be heard the sounds of discontent from the workers that get the worst of the decisions. Too many trades and labor councils are adopting resolutions denouncing the court and the way it is interpreting the law, and too many workers are showing a disposition to strike, crime or no crime.

New Zealand used to be called the country without strikes. It can be called so no longer. Strikes follow one another all about the country in spite

of the anxious efforts of the government to head them off. The true attitude of the workers toward the law that makes striking a crime may be gauged from the sequel to the story of the slaughterers' strike, the very event that brought about the stringent law.

Strike in Spite of Law

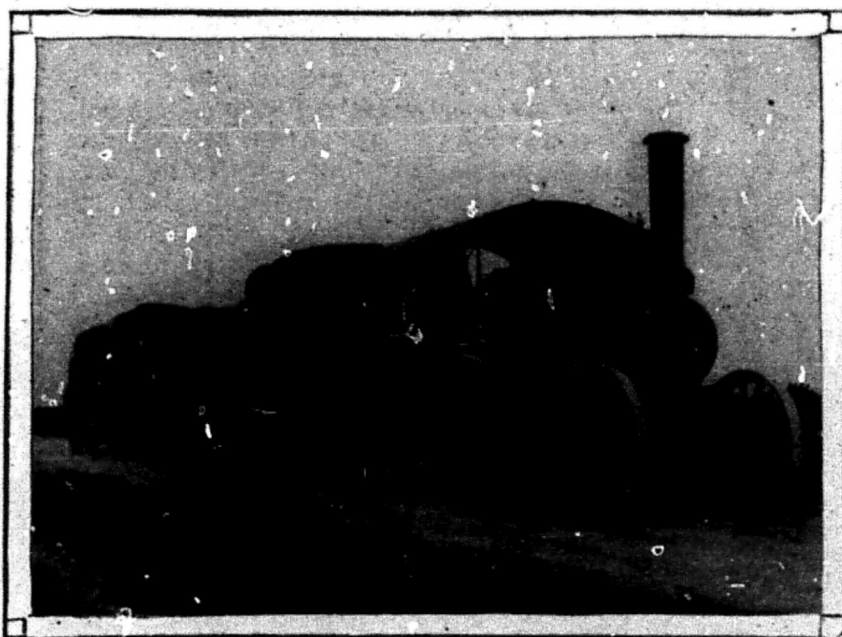
I don't know how it would be possible better to show how foolish is the whole proceeding. When the agreement with the employers expired, in 1910, the agreement that had been won by the strike of 1907, the men made a demand of \$6.25 a hundred.



The bustling and prosperous seaport of Wanganui, New Zealand

and deliberately brushing out of the way all the prohibitions of the law and disregarding all its penalties, resolved to strike at once unless the demand were granted.

For this each man made himself liable to criminal prosecution and terms of imprisonment under four counts of the new law. The fact was very carefully explained to them by their leader, and thereupon they decided to take the chances with a law they despised. Fortunately the employers again surrendered at discretion, and the strike was ended before it began. But otherwise there would have been a repetition of the story of 1907, and the gov-



Gov. Tourist Dept. Photo

Hauling wool to market in New Zealand

ernment would once more have been made ridiculous.

Either that or it would have been compelled to make further confession of the failure of the law, which it is trying by every quiet means in its power to nullify. In some of the cases where a strike must be dealt with, the judge fines the union but lets the men go, and in some it fines the workers paltry sums. No more sewing machine incidents if you please.

And at that the number of strikes steadily increases.

Under the most favorable conditions that could be expected anywhere New Zealand has made a thorough trial of compulsory arbitration, and this is the result. The thing does not work, because it is an impossibility, an anomaly and a bootless device. Neither by conciliation commissioners, nor arbitration courts nor fines nor making a strike a crime, nor by injunctions, nor jails, nor militia, nor Pinkertons, nor employers' associations, nor

Civic Federation fakes, nor platitudes, nor sloppy talk about bringing labor and capital together, nor slush, nor doughfaces, nor spies, nor kidnappers, nor fake murder charges, nor by any other means under the heavens shall you put a stop to the dissensions of labor and capital so long as you retain the present organization of society.

If you were to adopt the plan of the manufacturers' association and drive men to their work with bayonets, that would not do it. And if you could make practical the dreamy ideas of poor old Dr. Abbott and cause every worker to become stockholder in something, that would not do it.

You cannot do it with force, and you cannot do it with slathers.

Because the foundation of the whole thing is inherently and radically wrong, and until that wrong is set right there will be no peace.

If the chattel slavery was wrong, it was wrong for a man to steal all the labor of another man, it is just as wrong for him to steal four-fifths of it.

Between a great wrong and a great truth there can never be any compromise. And that is the real reason why compulsory arbitration is a hopeless failure in New Zealand.

Lest We Forget

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

They have been having a series of hearings before a committee of the senate on that amiable form of diversion called the "third degree." After Samuel Gompers and Leo Rappaport had described the arrest of the McNamaras (which by the way, had all been brought out before by the Berger investigation) Senator Borah of Idaho admitted that it was a clear case of kidnaping, but that nothing could be done to prevent further similar outrages under the constitution. And that settled it for the senator and for about nine-tenths of the rest of the people. It is a dastardly outrage, but the sacred constitution offers no redress, so we must endure it forever and ever, world without end. Amen.

But that does not settle it for me, nor does it for the hundreds of thousands of Socialists. So therefore let me review a few facts for you, so that you should decide whether it should settle it for you, too.

In the convention that framed the constitution there was a considerable party that favored monarchy. They were those men who had been Tories during the Revolution, like James Wilson of Pennsylvania, or their personal attorneys, like Alexander Hamilton. The latter is one of the most powerful and sinister figures in our history, and one of the most misunderstood. He was an avowed monarchist, and he fought for a constitution that would absolutely wipe out the last vestige of the voice of the people in government. He proposed a plan of government in the convention that staggers imagination. He wanted a governor, elected for life, by electors, elected by electors, elected by a qualified vote of the property holders. And he said that his ideal was the English king, "Nor am I afraid of the word king," said he. He wanted a government in which the last vestige of democracy should be eradicated. That man dominated the convention, for although he could not get his plan adopted, yet the constitution that we are now living under is largely inspired by him. Said he, in reference to the senate,

saying that his model was the best legislative chamber in the world, the house of lords, that it "is a permanent barrier against the pernicious innovation." Pretty good for a nation born in a revolution.

That was the tone of the man whose ideas got into the constitution. It is signed as unanimously adopted by the states. That is a lie. The convention was held behind closed doors, whereat the people raged, but it is known that there were earnest and acrimonious debates, that more than once the delegates were on the point of quitting altogether, and going home, and they were only held together by the compromises that fill the finished product. In order not to go home without having accomplished anything, these "fathers" were willing to give in one to the other in many essential matters. Many thought that it was sin to recognize slavery; but they allowed a fugitive slave provision to creep in, and a provision for the regulation of the hellish slave trade. Others were willing to give up their sacred states

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

What the Unions Have Accomplished

HOW THE MINER'S CONDITION HAS BEEN BETTERED

"... In the year 1868, when a depth of 1,000 to 1,200 feet had been reached, the heat in some drifts was becoming unbearable. In August, 1868, at a depth of 1,100 feet in the Chollar-Potasi Mine, the temperature was 100 degrees F. and in the lower level of the Hale and Norcross 110 degrees F. In June, 1870, at the 900 feet level of the Yellow Jacket Mine the temperature was 97½ F. at a point only 300 feet from the shaft, although blowers were at work. . . . The miners working in the hot level were supplied with ice, which was sent down by the ton. Their average daily consumption in the hottest part of the California and Consolidated mines during the summer of 1887 was 95 pounds of ice per man, and they would commonly drink as much as three gallons of water in the shift of eight hours."—C. Le Neve Foster, B. A., D. Sc., F. R. S., in his book, entitled "A Text Book of Ore and Stone Mining."

Is it possible to imagine what would happen to the miners of this country were it not for their two organizations, The United Mine Workers of America and The Western Federation of Miners? Their calling is one of the hardest and more dangerous in existence, so hard and so dangerous that in Russia the work is done by convicts, not only felons, but murderers in lieu of suffering the death penalty. They are threatened with horrible forms of death. Thousands die in smouldering flames and are buried alive by collapsing excavations. They who live are subject to diseases which come from breathing the polluted atmosphere, from excessive ladder climbing, from working in a constrained position, from exposure to cold and heat, from working in compressed air. "The polluted atmosphere," says Foster, "brings on phthisis and other diseases of the respiratory organs."

According to Dr. Harting and Dr. Hesse, cancer of the lungs is not uncommon among men working in cabot mines, and they ascribe the disease to dust containing arsenic in combination with cabot, which produces a permanent chemical irritation in the delicate air passages. But far more dangerous than the dust of arsenical minerals are the fumes produced in roasting ores in tin, copper and gold mines where particles of arsenious acid attach themselves to the skin, causing painful sores, while those that enter the body give rise to various disturbances of the digestive organs. In lead mines the men are subject to plumbism, while the men in the quick-silver mines suffer from mercurial poisoning. The disease of the eye known as nystagmus has been noticed among colliers. It causes the sufferer to see things constantly moving in a circle and comes generally from working in a lying position.

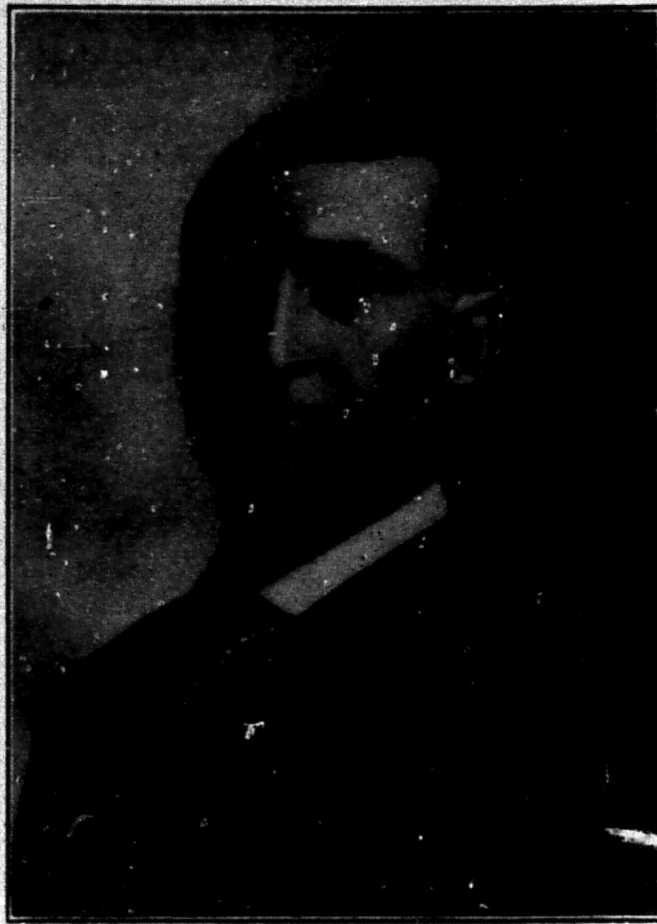
The American Miner

Considering what the unions have done for the miners the material on which they had to work is to be taken into account. The American miner is largely European. The dangers and difficulties of the trade which are endured by the criminal in Russia are inflicted in this country on "free" labor, on men who are "free" to sacrifice life and limb in the pursuit of a livelihood. Economic stress drives the men into the bowels of the earth, and those employed in the industry are victims of economic condition from all over the world. There are Italians, Austrians, Mexicans, Irish, English, Negroes, Japanese, Welsh, Germans, Scotch, Swedes, Poles, Greeks, French, Swiss, Belgians, Finns, Hollanders, Russians, Norwegians, Indians, Spaniards, Danes and Americans. They are as a rule not an intellectual class, having been gathered by capital from the outskirts of civilization, from the underground of all nations.

These were the men with whom the unions had to deal. Before either the United Mine Workers of America or the Western Federation of Miners was organized the men belonged to organizations that are now out of existence, but whose record for roughness and ill-treatment is still remembered. A description of the character of the men of the pre-organized period is given by Lawrence Lewis in the March Number of the *World's Works*, 1905. He says:

"One fine evening a few years ago, an Italian dragged his wife by the hair from their hovel in Starkville, Colo., a coal camp of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and, in the presence of fellow coal miners and a large group of the neighbors' children cut her throat. A few days later, two intoxicated Mexicans, "cok-pullers" in the same camp,

By Hyman Strunsky



CHARLES H. MOYER.
President Western Federation of Miners

surrounded by the same young boys and girls and babies just able to toddle, fought with knives until one stabbed to the heart, fell in his tracks. The other, after staggering a few hundred feet, died in his blood amidst the coal-dust and dirt, bottles, tins and filth in the street."

Uplifting the Workers

The unions have civilized the miners. To them and to no one else belongs the credit of uplifting the workers. What they had left undone by direct methods they have accomplished indirectly by forcing the employers to do it in the effort to gain the confidence of the men and keep them from joining the unions. It is not by mere chance that the welfare systems in the most powerful mining concerns have been instituted during the period of the great war between the miners and mine owners in Colorado. The brave stand of the strikers called for strategic methods. Their courage could not be quelled by corruption, fraud and military murder. It proved stronger than Peabody's treason, Bell's thirst for human blood, the employers' hunger for the lives of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. Something had to be done to weaken the union, and to the policy of tyranny was added the policy of Welfare Work, the hypocritical caring for employes.

There are about 1,000,000 men and boys employed in the mining industry of this country and it is no small matter to care for the lives and interest of a million. But the unions have done so. No writer will dare now to describe the men in the terms used by Lawrence Lewis, as quoted above. The miners have been raised from the low level of European pauper labor to the dignified state of organized workers. The unionized men enjoy a fair wage, an eight-hour work day and several well-defined laws for the protection of life and limb. The class-consciousness of the unions has taught the men the lesson of class solidarity, and the great strikes they have fought, taught them the value of united action. The miners of this country are today the most clear-eyed and clear-minded workers in the ranks of organized labor. Their unions are the best equipped and best governed and their leaders are the most able and intelligent. The miner may be forced to a stooped and lying position while at work, but when he emerges from the underground he stands up straight, with expanded chest and uplifted head. . . .

Increasing Wages

What the unions have done to increase wages has been told by Charles Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners. He said:

"Organized labor has fought many a battle and the result can best be determined by a comparison of the conditions of the workers in organized and unorganized districts. We need but visit the great

Northern mineral states, where thousands of unorganized are toiling hundreds of feet below the surface for a mere pittance of thirty-five and forty dollars per month. Going from there into the state of Montana, we find the wage workers following the identical occupation, receiving not less than three dollars and a half a day."

Edwin Perry, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, had the following to say:

"During the period of our existence the hours of labor have been reduced from ten to eight a day, as affecting three-fourths of our membership and in some instances a nine-hour work day is the rule. Our organization has also secured an advance in wages approximating 40 per cent. We are doing all in our power to crystallize public opinion in behalf of organized labor and we are also straining every possible point to secure legislation through the different state legislatures for the purpose of minimizing to the lowest degree mine fatalities."

In a pamphlet issued by the Western Federation of Miners and "dedicated to the men of the mines, mills and smelters" the following facts are published:

"A moment's thought will thoroughly convince you that some powerful influence, some organized force, has prevailed to maintain the present standard of living enjoyed by those engaged in the mining industry throughout British Columbia and the western part of the United States. While the minimum wage for lead mines in the Coeur d'Alenes mining district of Idaho has been maintained at \$3.50 per day, identically the same labor in the State of Missouri is paid \$1.75 per day. All persons employed in the copper mines of Butte, Mont., receive \$3.50 for eight hours' labor, while in the copper mines of Calumet, Mich., the deepest mines of the world, the miners labor from eleven to thirteen hours per shift, for an average of less than \$40 per month.

"While the miners in the gold mining district of Nevada have established, through organization, a minimum wage for all classes of labor, \$4 per day for eight hours, the miners in the open-cut gold mines of Alabama work from sunrise to sunset for \$1.50 per day.

"The same relative deductions can be made of many other localities. It is the difference always found in organized and unorganized districts.

Wherever the Western Federation of Miners has taken a foothold, there improved conditions prevail."

Conserving Human Life

The great and frequent catastrophies in the mines gave rise to propaganda for conservation of human life, carried on by organized labor. "As a result of this propaganda, says Edwin Perry, in the *Mine Workers' Journal*, "we have now a Bureau of Mines established in Washington, D. C.

"This department under the supervision of Hon. Jos. Holmes is accomplishing a wonderful work, having established rescue stations at convenient points throughout the mining sections of our country. This of itself is very essential and should be encouraged and receive the co-operation of the employers and employes, generally. The work so far has been confined principally to rescue work after accidents have occurred. But to my mind what is of paramount importance at the present day is first a careful study by competent, experienced men of the dangers and accidents that have and are liable to occur again in our mines. Second, to recommend enactment of laws in the several states that will prevent or rather minimize to the lowest possible degree the loss of life in our mines. Third, how to accomplish the desired end. There are produced annually approximately 375,000,000 tons of coal in this country and the loss of life ordinarily is one for every 50,000 tons of coal produced.

"We have approached that period in the history of the mining industry where it becomes necessary for the several states of the union to pass a qualification act. Every employe who enters the mines should either have at least two years' experience as an underground worker or otherwise be subjected to a reasonable examination as to his knowledge of the many dangers incident to such employment, and in mines generating gas the examination should be still more rigid. He should have some knowledge of the gases, their effects upon the system, health, etc.

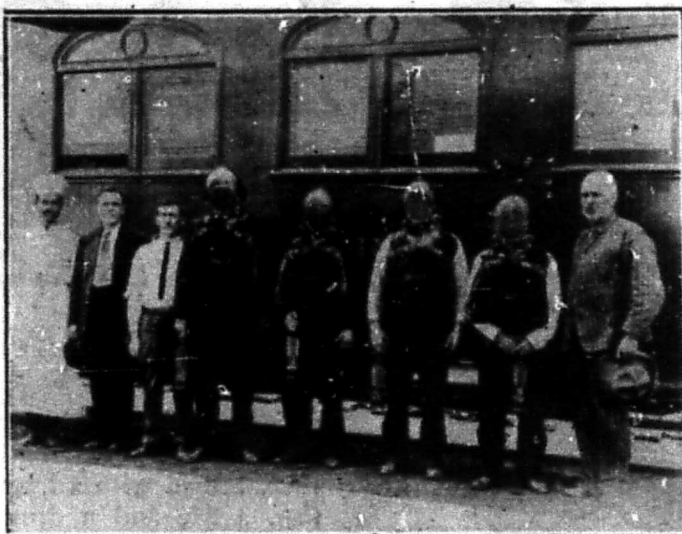
"We sometimes find that written or printed rules are posted in conspicuous places and in gaseous mines, sign-boards are placed warning the employes not to enter certain chambers or places in the mines. But if only one or more of the miners in any par-

ticular mine is inexperienced or unable to read, then of what benefit as far as the protection necessary for all the men in the mine are such precautions, if one or more are ignorant of what is intended to be conveyed through the posting of such rules or notices? Before anyone unable to read or write should be allowed to enter our mines, he should be taught in some effective way what is required of him in the way of protecting his own, as well as the lives of the others working in the same mine. Heretofore, the employers have objected strenuously to the enactment of qualification laws, and yet reserve the right to hire anybody and everybody that comes along regardless of whether the lives of the others are properly safe-guarded or not."

The Unions

The United Mine Workers of America was organized in 1892, but did not reach its present strength until some fifteen years later. In 1898 the membership was only 40,000 while in 1908 it reached the 300,000 mark. At present out of 750,000 coal mine workers in the United States 325,000 belong to the United Mine Workers of America. The organization is affiliated with the A. F. of L.

Under the constitution every local is required to pay into the national treasury a per capita tax of ten cents a month for each member and such additional assessments as may be levied by the National Executive Board. Boys under sixteen years of age are regarded as half members and pay one-half as much taxes and assessments as full members. These dues and assessments are the principal sources of income for the national union. The bulk of the fund is generally spent in maintaining strikes. The extent to which the union will go to support a strike was illustrated in 1902 during the six months' strike in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. To carry on that strike the various unions voluntarily donated \$258,344, and the members of the organization paid special assessments



Oxygen Helmets and Safety Devices, adoption of which by the United States Bureau of Mines was compelled by organized mine workers.

amounting to \$1,967,026, making a total of \$2,225,370.

The Western Federation of Miners is composed of miners west of the Mississippi and was organized in Butte, Mont., in 1893. In the early history it declared for political Socialism and thus incurred the displeasure of the entire capitalist class against it. In 1904 the fights in the Coeur d'Alene strike culminated in a conspiracy on the part of the Mine Owners' Association to hang the officers of the union, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, a conspiracy that was frustrated by the united opposition of the working class.

This is neither the time nor the place to enter on a description of this war, the greatest war that was ever fought in this country between Capital and Labor. Suffice it say that it taught both sides a lasting lesson. The workmen learned to what

extent the employers will go to throttle unionism. They learned that the employers don't stop at anything to achieve their end; that they are capable of fraud, arson and all horrible methods in their effort to defeat labor; that they own and control the governors and the militia and can order the strikers shot at the slightest provocation; that they can violate the constitution of the United States, mock the courts and terrify the citizen; that they can hire criminals to make "confessions" and kidnap union men on the ground of these confessions.

And the capitalists, too, learned their lesson. They know now that labor can fight back; that injustice to union officials meets with a protest from the entire working class; that while workers can be exploited, robbed and intimidated in an underhanded manner it is not wise to fight them in the open.

I can pay no greater tribute to the members of the Western Federation of Miners, to their intelligence and class consciousness than by publishing the preamble affixed to their constitution. It reads as follows:

"1. We hold that there is a class struggle in society and that this struggle is caused by economic conditions.

"2. We affirm the economic condition of the producer to be that he is exploited of the wealth which he produces, being allowed to retain barely sufficient for his elementary necessities.

"3. We hold that the class struggle will continue until the producer is recognized as the sole master of his product.

"4. We assert that the working class, and it alone, can and must achieve its own emancipation.

"5. We hold, finally, that an industrial union and the concerted political action of all wage workers, is the only method of attaining this end.

"6. Therefore, we, the wage slaves employed in and around the mines, mills and smelters of the World, have associated in the Western Federation of Miners."

Socialist Officials in Conference



THE Socialist movement in America marked one more mile stone passed on the road to effective organization when it held the conference of Socialist officials at Milwaukee from the 19th to the 21st of August.

Only a small fraction of the Socialists who are holding office could be present. Socialist office holders are working men and women. Traveling expenses presented an insoluble question to many of them. Yet some thirty members were present, some coming from far distant states.

They met at the same time as the national executive committee and the national women's committee,

and the members of the three bodies were constantly merged for individual consultation.

Milwaukee and its Socialist administration was, in itself, a great educational institution, for the visiting officials. Under the guidance of members of the Socialist administration the visitors were taken to various city institutions and given an opportunity of studying the methods of a Socialist government in action.

The papers that were read dealt with the cold practical details of administration. C. B. Whitnall, city treasurer, set forth the work that had been done in "city planning" in Milwaukee, and opened up a new vision of the Socialist city of the future.

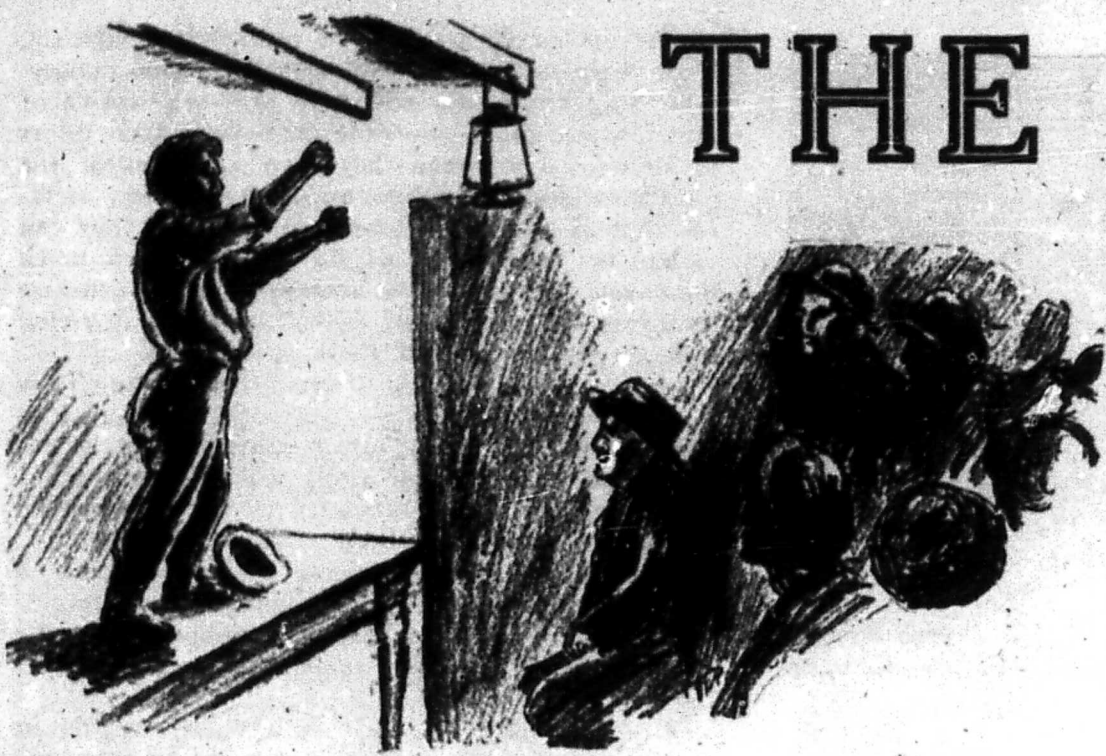
Carl D. Thompson told of the struggle that had been made to more equitably apportion the burden of taxation. The work of the health department and city paving was explained, and the methods by which a working class administration could handle these departments to the interest of labor was explained. Some of this matter will appear in later issues of the COMING NATION.

The dominant note throughout the conference was one of triumph, of a vision clearly held, but kept close to earth and certain of realization. It was a gathering of people who knew what they wanted and knew how they were going to get it.

THE LAST FIGHT

By Ralph Korngold

Dedicated to Eugene V. Debs



FOR a month or more the men had been talking unionism; but now they were talking strike! The company had made the first move, and had fired three of the "agitators." This, however, had had quite the opposite effect from what the company-officials expected; instead

of intimidating the men it had made them join the union in greater numbers, while their mutterings grew ominous and their faces looked dark and grim.

There were still, however, many who had not joined. Some of these were timid by nature; some were men with big families—and fear for their dear ones made them cowards; some, low and calculating, expected to profit by a walk-out of their shop-mates, which—if they themselves remained loyal to the company—might secure them a better job. A few were very old men, who knew that if they lost their present occupation they would hardly be able to obtain employment elsewhere.

Among these latter was Dan.

Dan was past sixty, a little shriveled old man, who, in his time, had been a great warrior in the cause of unionism. He had been a member of the old Knights of Labor, and had helped to organize many a new local. Later he had been with 'Gene Debs in the famous A. R. U. After the strike of '94, Dan, who was an engineer, had been blacklisted. For many years he had knocked about the country, unable to obtain a steady job. During that time—while hunting work away from home—he had lost his two children, and had learned to suffer every ache of mind and body. At last, after many vicissitudes, he had obtained, under an assumed name, his present employment in the railroad shops. He had held the place five years now, and Dan was afraid to lose it. He thought of "the old woman" at home, who suffered with rheumatism and was nearly blind; he thought of the one hundred and twenty dollars, between the linens in the chest, which were all his savings of a life-time; he thought of his wanderings through the country, of the nights spent in the breadline, in the filthy lodging houses or on the street—of the fact that he was older now! And Dan was afraid. So when he heard the mutterings about the union, and about going on strike, old Dan merely sunk his head and bent deeper over his work-bench. Oh, if he were but ten years younger! But ten years!

When during these troubled days Dan would read the paper to his wife of evenings, he would sometimes stop in the middle of a sentence and look fixedly before him. His thoughts were at the union hall where the boys now surely must be getting ready for the strike. How he wished he could be there, and work on the committees as he used to do in the days of old! And then came back the old scenes of revolt and agitation—the days of 'Gene and the A. R. U. "The old woman" would say to him, "What's the matter Dan? Why don't you go on?" And he would pull himself together with a jerk and say, "Them glasses don't fit me no more. I can't read them lines." Whereupon she would say, "Lord-a-mercy, Dan, don't you be getting to lose your eyesight! Remember, you got to see for the both o' us."

But it was not his old eyes that were troubling him. It was his old warrior heart.

At last the strike was called. The men had appointed a committee to present their demands to the company; this committee the company officials had refused to receive. Whereupon the company had been notified that the committee would be in session from eight to ten on the following morning in the union hall, and that, if during that time the company made no overtures, the men would be called out.

On the morning in question the committee re-

charged with expectation. Men whispered to each other, watches were pulled out every minute, necks were craned towards the windows. Some seemed eager—others, anxious at heart.

At ten minutes to eleven there was heard the brave roll of the drum and the thin but spirited notes of the fife. Those nearest the windows saw a little procession—fringed by a ragged edge of children and onlookers—swing around the corner. The flute was playing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with great animation, to the war-like accompaniment of the drum.

A great shout leaped forth from the throats of the younger men. They snatched their coats and dinner pails and made for the door. Many who had not intended to strike found their fears and doubts vanished before the flood of general enthusiasm—only the very timid, the very mercenary, and the very old remained. Outside, as bands of workmen from the various shops met each other, there were renewed shouts and cheering; coats were swung in the air and hats and caps flung up. Then the men fell into line behind the committee, and headed by the flag, the fife, and the drum, they marched in triumph to the union hall.

But Dan was not among these.

Dan had remained at his work-bench, though his pulses beat like hammers, and tears rolled down his shriveled cheeks. When the men were gone, and the cheering and music had died in the distance, he leaned his head on his hand and said to himself, "I'm a scab—a dirty, lousy scab!" And he could have wept aloud.

Those who had remained behind were sullen, and somehow did not like to look each other in the eye.

During the noon hour the superintendent came into the shop where Dan worked and made a little speech. He thanked the men who had remained for being loyal to the company, and not listening to labor agitators, "who would disturb the friendly relation between employer and employes, and set class against class." The interests, he said, of capital and labor were identical, and no one was better qualified to take care of the interests of the workmen than those who gave them employment.

He was a bright young man, was the superintendent; he had learned it all in college.

The men listened silently, almost doggedly, most of them with eyes downcast. They knew that it was not loyalty to the company which kept them at their work. When he finished two or three applauded, they were some of those who expected to profit by the walkout of their shopmates. Dan chewed his moustache and said nothing.

The hardest moment for Dan came when the whistle blew and it was time to go home. The street in front of the shop gates was crowded with striking men—these Dan would have to face. Not that he was afraid of violence; for no one would strike an old man. Furthermore there was a cordon of police ready to quell disturbances and protect those who had remained at work. As soon as the men came out into the street, union pickets surrounded them and begged them to come and join the union. Here and there a man gave in, and with shouts and cheers was hurried off to the union hall. Those, however, who expected to fish in troubled waters, generally showed themselves irritable. They became indignant, grew red in the face, and asserted with much vehemence that they were free American citizens and would not be bossed by walking delegates. (They had learned all this from the bright people in the colleges.) For such there were hoots and jeers, and calls of "Scab! Scab!" but the police soon extricated them from the crowd.

Dan walked out at the shop gate with head sunk to his breast. He wondered what he would be able to say if the boys approached him, and if he would be able to hold out. But none did approach him.

mained in dignified session until half past ten; then, armed with a huge flag, a fife and a drum—which were meant to symbolize the spirit of '76—they marched in procession to the shop gates.

In the shops all that morning the air had been

He heard men whisper to each other as he passed, and they made way for him. Then Dan knew that the boys understood. Many of them knew his record; they knew that he was with them heart and soul; but he was an old man and had a blind wife and couldn't take a chance. This forbearance on the part of "the boys" hurt him more than if they had called him names.

* * *

It was not long before the company began to import strike-breakers. Many of these were workmen driven to despair by unemployment, or deceived by employment agencies and "want ads." which had made no mention of a strike. Many, however, were professional strike-breakers, who made an easy living going from place to place where there was a strike and receiving high wages for putting up a bluff at work and incidentally beating up union men. They were vile, foul-mouthed, generally unmarried, in the legal sense of the word. Many of them had prison records, many had served in the army. They were "plug-uglies" and "gun-toters," gamblers and pimps, the refuse of the red-light and gambling districts of the large cities. They bullied every one, not excepting each other and the boss. They got drunk, got into fights, worked when they pleased or did not work at all. They were heartily despised by the men who employed them, but were todied to, and flattered, and made the special pets of the law, which would not have tolerated them for a day had they been on the other side.

How Dan hated to be in their company and to listen to their abuse of the union men!

One day, during the noon hour, one of these big professional strike-breakers, while rolling a cigarette, was relating an experience he and four of his pals had had on the night before. In a deserted part of the city they had come upon three men wearing union buttons. They had attacked them and had beaten them up. He himself had knocked the front teeth from one man's mouth—(proudly he exhibited the marks on his hand)—while "Jelly," another strike-breaker, had gouged a man's eye out. Anyway, the union men were a fine mess to behold after the five got through with them, and—what do you think!—the police had come along and had arrested the union men! This he thought such a joke that he spilt his tobacco laughing over it.

But this was more than Dan could bear. Before he knew what he was doing he was giving the strike-breaker a piece of his mind. Then, warming up, he launched into a condemnation of "scabs" in general, including himself. The men who were strike-breakers from necessity agreed with him. They nodded their heads, saying, "That's true! That's true!" Then Dan went after the company—after the capitalists—after the police and the judges, and the men applauded and cheered. His lean old face became animated with the spirit of youth; the words flowed easily from his toothless mouth—words harsh with the bitterness of years, potent with the pain of the centuries. Men drew nearer from all over the shop, and as he spoke there was lit up in their eyes that which bodes ill for the oppressors of labor. When he called on "every mother's son, who wasn't a pimp, a thug or a traitor" to follow him out of the shop and join the strikers, there was an instantaneous "Hurrah!" and a wild scattering to get coats and other belongings. The superintendent and the foreman came rushing in, but tried in vain to stem the tide; and never had a more enthusiastic crowd of men gone out at the iron gates.

The union pickets in the street were at first dumbfounded, then joined in the jollification. Beating their dinner pails and cheering for Dan the crowd started for the union hall. Here someone had already brought the word, and a crowd of men had gone out to meet the new allies. When the two bands met there was more cheering and handshaking and slapping of backs, while Dan was hoisted upon the shoulders of two husky young shopmates and carried in front of the procession.

At the hall there was a scene of still wilder enthusiasm, although the crowd packed the place so tightly from wall to wall that one was of necessity limited in the exercise of one's arms and legs. Only the lungs were allowed free play and these were used to the best advantage.

Dan was carried to the head of the hall and placed

(Continued on Page Nine.)

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XV.

I WAS just saying to the folks before you came in that no phase of the Big Change that has come over the world in the last half century or so is more important than the change in human nature as exemplified in what used to be the orthodox conception of God. In our grandfather's day people were well enough contented with a Heavenly Father who condemned most of his children to eternal torments before they were born or even thought of, and so for no fault of theirs, and rewarded others with eternal bliss simply because He chose to do so. It never occurred to them that that wasn't fair. It was all right, they thought, if they happened to be of the "elect," and if they weren't, why, what could you do about it?

And I was just trying to imagine what would happen when your mother and mine, and a lot more of the noble women that have died and gone to glory in the last fifty years got together. You must remember that these weren't women that put up with being horse-whipped, and made to eat at the second table like women used to be in the early days. They might not be what you call "New Women," but they had had experience in the W. C. T. U. and the Ladies' Aid, and the local Improvement League, and all such, and maybe some of them had been in the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Yes, I'm sure those women ought to go to Heaven too, as much as women who died in child-bed.

But just take your mother, for instance. She has no wild, and reckless son in Hell, a boy, for example, that ran away from home to go to the War of '61, just a young fellow, with not a speck of real harm in him, but suddenly lifted out of refining home influences and thrust in among a lot of rough men, little older than himself, hobble-de-hoys trying to show off how tough they were, so that he learned to chew tobacco, and swear, until in that charge up Missionary Ridge a bullet struck him as he had a cuss-word on his lips, and he died instantly. Never knew what hit him, without a moment for repentance, and so went straight to Hell to burn there everlastingly.

No. Your mother hasn't that thought of a son in torment to dash for even an instant the pure bliss of Heaven. We'll say that the only person she knows of in the Bad Place is old Very Dirty Smith that used to live up in the south end of town, what they call "Hardscrabble." Oh, he was awful. Got drunk every chance he had, and beat his wife, and turned the children out into the storm one time, so that Lily, his next to the youngest, took sick and died. He felt pretty bad about that, for Lily was his favorite, but he got paid by check and Ryan's was where they usually got their checks cashed, and it wasn't long before he was drinking again worse than ever. Terrible old rip, he was. Every other word was swearing.

Old Very Dirty Smith is in Hell, you understand. Has been for nearly two years. Will be for centuries and centuries. It will always be that way with him. There's no hope for him, no let-up.

Always he will scream with pain, worse than any jumping toothache you ever had, and always he will be dying with thirst, and crying out, "Water! Water! Oh, for God's sake, one little drop of water!" And God won't pay any attention. He'll be listening to the four-and-twenty elders singing "Holy! Holy! Holy!" that cease not, day or night for century after century; He'll be listening to the angels praising Him to His face, and you know what praise to the face is; He'll be hearing the shouts of triumph of those who finally got into Heaven by the nearest thing you ever heard of, such as being thrown off their horse, and happening to pray as they lit on their head,

*"Between the saddle and the ground
They mercy sought and mercy found,"*

instead of cursing at the horse, and saying "Huddup, y'old fool!" in which case they would be down there with old Very Dirty Smith crying: "Water! Water! Oh, for God's sake, won't somebody bring me a drink of water?"

You mind that time you had the fever, and they thought you'd die, and your mother squeezed some orange-juice for you to drink, and how good it tasted and how glad she was that she could give it to you, and how you were just coming to enough to thank her for it with your eyes because you were too weak to talk. She remembers it as, in her snowy robe that they gave her when she came to Heaven, she walks beside the River of Life, so crystal clear, so pure and cold, and there are all the trees on its banks loaded with fruits, juicy fruits, just going to waste, as you might say. And there is old Very Dirty Smith down in Hell, crying for a drop of water, just the least taste of that orange-juice.

He was an awful old rip, and mean to his women-folks, but even so. . . . When he was sober he was good to her, so his wife said. They wanted her to get a divorce from him, but she always answered them: "Who'd take care of him if I wasn't there? He has an awful time when he's getting over one of his sprees. And he don't mean no harm. That's jist his way." Poor old Very Dirty Smith! You know, he was good-hearted. He'd divide up his last nickel with anybody that was worse off than he was.

And, you know, he really didn't have much of a chance to be anything but what he was. Of course, he could have improved his opportunities better, but so could we all. None of them ever amounted to a hill of beans, the whole posse of them. His daddy was do-less and his mother was slack, just trash, you know. Never had any education or anything. Poor as Job's turkey, too.

"I believe I'll—" says your mother, and stops. What do you think she'll do? What do you reckon she's going to do? For she'll do it. Depend upon it she'll do it if she thinks it's her duty. It won't do any good to tell her: "It's against the rules. They're not allowed to have a drop of water. No, nor orange-juice, either."

"Will it make them suffer inore?"

"No, they'd suffer less. But the intencion is to

have them suffer so as to punish them for the deeds done in the body."

"Oh, is that so?" says your mother. "You'd see those poor things suffer, and never make a move. . . . Well!" says she and gives her head a toss. You mind how she used to give her head a toss as much as to say, "We'll just see about that, mister."

And pretty soon, she'll stroll out of the gate as unconcerned as you please, just for a little look-around. And as soon as she gets where St. Peter can't see her—Zip! She makes a straight shoot for poor old Very Dirty Smith tormented in this flame. You'd never notice it, but underneath that spotless robe, she has a jug of water from the River of Life, and oranges and apples, rambos, I think, juicy ones anyhow, all she can carry.

And, when it dawns upon her that in a little while, poor Very Dirty Smith will be as bad off as he was before, and that, though she tried to spread her little charity as far as it would go, she couldn't begin to reach the millions on millions to whom the sight of that water and those fruits was just an added torment, you know she'll say: "Why, it's perfectly awful! It ought to be put a stop to. I just can't stand it, and I won't!"

She has been taught, remember, by the W. C. T. U., and the Ladies' Aid, and the local Improvement League, and the Woman's Suffrage movement. Such women aren't to be contented with just anything, like what the Blessed Virgin was, who goes down every Saturday into Purgatory (to what you might call "the worthy poor"). No, their collective influence which they have learned to use in the last fifty years will back up that pity and compassion for the helpless, that instinct to relieve suffering which is as truly feminine as the womb that bare us and the breasts that gave us suck, and there will be a rebellion in Heaven against the domineering ways of God the Father, a rebellion far more stubborn (because more just) than the one Milton wrote about, a rebellion that will not take No for an answer, until, in self-defense God has to give in or sit in a lonesome Heaven.

And so the women of our time would quench Hell-fire. That smoke nuisance, too, they would abate, the smoke of the torment that ascendeth up forever and ever—or did, until they say: "That will be about all of that."

Am I in favor of Votes for Women? Why, certainly. I wish you wouldn't ask me such silly questions. Certainly I am.

I think they ought to vote, not because women hold property and should not be taxed without representation. I think they ought to vote, not because it is only fair they should vote. I think they ought to vote because, whatever happens to Hell beyond the grave, that pity and compassion, that instinct to relieve suffering, which is their proper nature, should have a chance to abolish the very present Hell we find on this side of the grave. How can they be comfortable a minute with such misery about them. "I know. I know there are women who sign petitions asking not to have the right to vote, and such responsibilities thrust on them." I know what I think of them, and it isn't fit to print.

(To Be Continued.)

THE LAST FIGHT

(Continued from Page Eight.)

upon a table, and there was such cheering as Dan remembered having heard but seldom in his life. Then the crowd shouted, "A speech! A speech! Give us a speech!" and there were cries of "Order!" and "Hush!" and "Let Dan speak!"

Then there was a great silence.

Dan looked at the multitude of faces all upturned towards him—faces lit up by the hope of a better day to come, a day that would never dawn for Dan. Then, suddenly, there was projected from somewhere in his brain, the picture of "the old woman,"

who had rheumatism and who was nearly blind. And Dan remembered that he was an old man, and that, even if the boys won, the company would surely get rid of him now under the pretext that he was too old. And he saw the one hundred and twenty dollars between the linens in the chest, which were all his savings of a life-time. And he saw days of unemployment and starvation, and the poor-house and the potter's field. For the boys, the boys they meant well, their faces now all shone with good-will towards him; but they had troubles of their own, and they would forget. . . . And as he saw these things, it was as if an ice-cold hand had clutched at Dan's heart; he opened his lips, but he could not speak.

"A speech! A speech! Give us a speech old boy!" But old Dan broke down and wept.

Liberty

To preserve liberty is the only use for government. There is no other excuse for legislatures or presidents, or courts, for statutes or decisions. Liberty is not simply a means—it is an end. Take from our history, our literature, our laws, our heart, that word, and we are nought but moulded clay. Liberty is the one priceless jewel. It includes and holds and is the weal and wealth of life. Liberty is the soil and light and rain, it is the plant and bud and flower and fruit, and in that sacred word lie all the seeds of progress, love and joy.—
Robt. G. Ingersoll.

THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW much of her intensity was the mere result of her desperately nervous condition, and how much effect of a desire to tell Cal some secret of that awful night which she could communicate to nobody else, Witherspoon could not satisfactorily determine. That, however, her mind was set upon an obedience to her latest orders he could not deny. He saw, at a glance, that argument would be futile, and he feared that any unnecessary delay would add a new strain to a delicate organization already desperately tried.

"Ve'y well," he agreed; "I'll make out to find him."

"An' you'll see that he comes?" she pursued.

"Why, o' coorse he'll come at once when he hears that yo' want to see him, Flor'da."

"Will he? I dunno. But I want you to promise that you'll see that he does come. Will you promise?"

Witherspoon could not comprehend, but he did not hesitate over his answer.

"Yes, I'll promise," he said; "I'll see fo' sure that he gets here. Trust me."

The girl's brown eyes showed her gratitude.

"An', Flor'da," began Morgan, "yo' won' forget—" "Forget what?"

"That yo're goin to try—a lil' bit—to care?"

But she only looked at him as if he referred to something of which she had never heard before.

"Go! Go!" she said.

He left her then. He went down the long walk under the palmettos and live oaks and through the gate, pondering. Once on the road, he heard the sound of light feet pattering after him and turned to see Teddy hobbling behind. At first, observing the dog's battered condition, he ordered the terrier back to the grounds of the Pickens house, but the dog looked up at him with big eyes plainly pleading, wagged a tail that drooped in supplication and uttered a low whine, which was so pathetic a plea for a little exercise and companionship in the open that Morgan had no heart left for refusal.

"All right," he said, "come along, boy"—and the dog, his eyes brightened and tail again erect, trotted on ahead.

Morgan, with a stab of pain, remembered Teddy's affection for Cal. "Yo' might almost believe he knew where I was goin'," he ruefully reflected. "An' I wonder what it is that I'm goin' fo'."

To a man in love, his rival circumscribes the horizon, and the question of his sweetheart's emotions precludes, for the greater part of the time, all other puzzles. To Witherspoon it did not occur, as he walked down the white roadway, that Spring afternoon, that there could be any but a sentimental reason for Florida's desire to see Cal. Either she wanted him to come to her in order that she might discover his part in the lynching and learn from his lips the terrible details that she could not but wish, terrible as they were, to know, or else her desire to see the other lover was the natural desire to learn how that one would regard her present plight, weigh his feelings toward her and what had happened to her against those which Morgan had expressed, and thus strike between her two lovers the balance that she had promised.

It did not appear strange to Witherspoon that she should have sent him as her messenger upon such an errand. There was none else at hand. Indeed, had there been some other, it seemed fitting to Witherspoon that he should have been selected. The issue lay between himself and Cal. He was willing to hasten it and to abide by the result.

Just where Cal might be, he was not certain. Sanborn, whom he had seen in the morning, had asked if Ridgeley had been concerned in the lynching, and, on being told by Morgan that this was not likely, had replied that he had supposed otherwise because

he had heard that Cal had early been clattering at the tavern for drink. The Sunday laws, Witherspoon knew, were never rigidly enforced at that hostelry; he knew, too, that Cal's birth commanded a respect and Cal's strength of arm an obedience that, law or no law, the landlord of the tavern generally accorded. He decided, therefore, first to seek the inn.

He was not wrong in his previsions. Both the front windows and the front door of the bar-room were religiously closed, but, when Witherspoon rattled at the knob, he heard, inside, a heavy movement that convinced him of Cal's presence. He continued, accordingly, to the rear.

There the landlord met him.

"I want to go into yo' bar-room," said Morgan.

The landlord, a thin, lank man with a lantern-jaw and an expression of placid melancholy, shook his frowzy head.

"Bar's closed, Mr. Witherspoon," he said; "don' forget this here's Sunday"

"I know what day o' the week it is," answered Witherspoon, "but I want yo' to take me into yo' bar-room. I want to see Mr. Ridgeley."

The landlord's jaw dropped.

"Mr. Witherspoon," he said, "Mr. Ridgeley's there sho' enough, but yo' better not go in to see him—'deed yo' better not, Mr. Witherspoon. He ain't fit to see nobody."

"I don' care fo' that. Take me in."

"But, Mr. Witherspoon, he's been in there since befo' sun-up, when he come a-hammerin' at this here back door. He like to break my arm when I tried to keep him out, an' he's been there ever since."

"Drinkin', o' coorse?"

"I dunno what else he'd be doin' in there. But yo' better not go in, Mr. Witherspoon—'deed an' 'deed, yo' better not. I looked in once, 'boot an hour ago, an' he threw a bottle at me."

Witherspoon did not hesitate.

"I'll take my chances with Mr. Ridgeley," he said. "Let me by."

He brushed the landlord aside, leaving Teddy in



All the while muttering lively profanity

the road, passed down a short hall and rattled at the stout bar-room door.

"Cal!" he called.

There was no reply. Again he rattled at the door. "Cal," he repeated. "This is Mo'gan. I want to see yo'. Let me in."

His voice had the tone of authority. Once more he heard a slight shuffling from within the bar-room. "Hurry up!" he commanded.

A low voice—a strange, hunted voice—made, after a momentary pause, its heavy answer.

"What fo' do you want me?"

"I have a message fo' yo'. Let me in."

There was another brief silence. Then the same voice responded:

"Yo' can give me yo'r message from where yo' stand."

"I can," said Morgan, "but I won't. If yo' don' let me in, I'll break down this door an come in anyway."

"Yo' better not try."

"I'll do it, Cal."

"Well—are yo' alone?"

"Certainly I'm alone. Quit yo'r nonsense an' open this door, Cal Ridgeley."

The heavy feet shuffled across the floor. There was the loud grating of a bolt, and then the door swung cautiously open to the distance of a foot.

From the bar, on which it stood, a smoking kerosene lamp was the only light in the closely shuttered room, and this, being at Cal's back, hid his face from the intruder. Morgan, however, pressed his knee quickly against the door and stepped inside. He heard the door being shut and locked behind him and then, turning, got a good look at his unwilling host.

The big man stood with a pronounced stoop, his shoulders drawn forward, his bowed arms hanging loosely at his sides like the arms of a gorilla. His boots and his corduroys were caked with mud. His head, thrust out at a sharp angle, was covered with matted hair and under it, out of a face that had grown yellow, his eyes shone like the eyes of a beast that heard the gaining gallop of the pursuer that will kill. Morgan Witherspoon was amazed at the change made in Cal by what he believed to be solitary grief and rage for the occurrences of the preceding night—the grief and rage that a man like Cal would force himself to feel. Ridgeley, he reflected, was the sort of man that would whip himself into a torrent of anger over the wrong done to the girl that he loved.

But Cal interrupted his stare.

"Now, then," he said; "what is it?"

All about him the room faded away into shadow. The air was heavy with the stale odors of the last night's carouse. On a table, drawn near the bar—drawn within the uncertain light of the lamp as if he that had been sitting in the chair beside it were afraid of the darkness—stood a bottle and a glass, but Morgan noticed, with unforgotten surprise, that the blue government bonding-seal across the cork was unbroken.

"Yo've not been drinkin'?" he asked, disregarding the question that Cal had thrown at him.

"Is that so amazin'?" growled Ridgeley. "Can't I sit down without takin' a drink? No, I've not been drinkin'. I'm—I'm not well; I don't want to drink. Take somethin' yo'self if yo' want it—an' tell me what's all the matter."

Morgan shrugged his shoulders.

"I don' care fo' a drink," he answered.

"Well"—Cal was still standing motionless—"what do yo' want then?"

"I have jes' come from Palmetto," said Morgan. Cal shrank back into the obscurity. He waited a moment before replying.

"How—how is she?" he then demanded.

"For'da? She's better—ve'y much better. I've seen her."

Cal started. "Yo've seen her?"
 "I've talked with her."
 The heavy man's hand was behind him. Morgan could have sworn that he heard it surreptitiously withdrawing the bolt.
 "Well, what does she say?"
 "Nothin'. She's naturally in a ve'y nervous condition. She wants to see yo'."

There came from the shadow where Cal stood a long drawn sigh—a sigh of startled relief.
 "What about?" he asked.

"How do I know?" Morgan's voice grew a trifle peevish. "Yo' ought to understand better than I do what she wants to see yo' about. Why do yo' stand here askin' fool questions? If yo' haven't been drinkin', wash up an' go over there. She said she'd be waitin' in that groun' floo' room with the bow-window in it. She said fo' yo' to come right along up."

Cal straightened a little and stepped forward into the light. He dragged another chair after him and sat down, slowly, at the table. Morgan saw his face again and did not like what he saw. All gods require sacrifices, but the god of self requires more than its favors are worth, and Witherspoon saw in Cal's face the marks that were left by what this worshipper had surrendered. The man had indeed not been drinking, but he was the picture of one that has cast off all the shackles of the social sense. Absolute irresponsibility is, after all, absolute freedom, and the only absolute freedom at present possible to man, but Cal showed the price that had been paid for his liberty—the saddest lesson of morality: that penance is one thing and amendment quite another.

"I don't know that I'll go," he said; "I don't know that I ought to."

"If yo'll jes' get yo'self into fit shape—" began Morgan.

"Tain't that. Yo' saw fo' yo'self I hadn't been drinkin'." Cal's eyes narrowed to a cunning stare. "I don't know as it would be good fo' her to see me jes' yet."

"I think," said Witherspoon, trying to disguise his real sentiments, "that yo' had better go."

Cal leaned across the table and peered into Morgan's set face.

"What's yo'r interest in this?" he asked.

"Merely Flor'da. I tell yo' she sent me."

"Look here: did yo' come alone?"

"O' course I came alone. What yo' drivin' at?"

"Did yo'—?" Cal seemed to change the subject. "Did yo' know they lynched that nigger?"

But, fair as Morgan wanted to be, he did not see why he should surrender any advantage that might come to his case in its trial before Florida, if he allowed her to break to Cal the news that she was aware of the lynching and of Cal's part in it.

"Yes," he nodded; "I knew that."

"It was yo'r fault," said Cal.

Morgan flushed.

"Yo're crazy," he said. "I had no hand in it."

"No, but yo' made me tell those fellows about Billy Turner bein' around. I think yo' as good as hanged him yo'self."

"Made yo' tell them? Yo' didn't have to tell if yo' didn't want to!"

"Didn't I How—What are folks sayin' about it?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard. Now, are yo' goin' to see Flor'da, or are yo' not?"

"I don't see why yo're so interested."

"I tol' yo' why: I'm interested because Flor'da wants it."

Cal's face clouded.

"Let's drop this," he said. "We're both thinkin' o' one thing an' talkin' about another—a mole's conversation; all below ground. Yo' were in love with her, weren't yo'?"

Morgan saw that he must now be suave, and he was as suave as Erasmus.

"As much as yo' were," he answered.

It was the most insulting sort of patronage; the sort that expresses itself unconsciously. Cal's mouth curled.

"I'm in love with her now," he said. "Come, tell the truth an' shame the devil; are yo'?"

It was hard to bear, but Morgan, remembering his commission and his promise to perform it, gritted his teeth and, of all the words that he wanted to say, said only:

"I am."

Cal's sneer hardened.

"Well," he said, "there's nothin' quite so ludicrous as a homely man in love. So yo're runnin' her errands, are yo'? Good; in love the mo' yo' give the less yo' get."

Witherspoon's imperturbability fell, and shattered like a dropped mirror.

"Yo' cowardly hound!" he said. "I'm givin' yo' somethin' that yo' haven't got the courage to take; I'm givin' yo' a fair chance. She wants to see yo' to find out whether yo' still love her; but I've been there first, an' yo're afraid o' the comparison."

By his anger Morgan had wrought what by his

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, a railroad engineer, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town. He 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 Beauvain's wood that evening. Cal also sends a message to Florida asking her to meet him the same evening at the foot of Beauvain'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 Beauvain'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. Florida refuses to tell her father, in spite of his entreaties, the name of the man that had attacked her. The mob lynches the negro that Calhoun had named. Cal does not attempt to interfere. When Florida is told by Morgan what had happened she sends him to bring Cal to her.

diplomacy he had failed to accomplish. Cal sprang to his feet, oversetting his chair. His cursing was so comprehensive that it was almost ecclesiastical, but it was, also ecclesiastically, almost exultant. Witherspoon realized that he had betrayed his own fear—the very fear that he had, in his mere words, denied—the fear that Florida preferred this lover. And Cal, it seemed, found in this disclosure some deeper satisfaction or relief than Morgan was conscious of having conveyed.

"I'll show yo'," concluded Ridgeley; "I'll show yo' right soon. I'll take yo'r fair chance. She only said to yo' that she wanted to see me? Ve'y well, I know what that means; it means that she loves me—it means that she's got to marry me!"

He flung open the back shutters, letting a flood of afternoon sunlight pour into the foul room. He called to the landlord to fetch him a basin and towel, and, all the while muttering lively profanity, he set about the making of a speedy toilet. In a half hour he stood up—at least in appearance, partially rehabilitated.

He walked out to the road, Witherspoon following. The sunlight showed the sinister lines on his face more strongly than the lamp had shown them; but Cal strode upright now, with an air that somehow struck Morgan as savoring of bravado.

At the door Morgan saw Teddy and called to him. The dog started forward, then raised his nose, the nostrils dilated, and set great, frightened eyes on Cal. Instantly he stopped. The hair rose on his back, his tail dropped between his legs, and he began to back away, his regard fixed upon Ridgeley, as if the animal, wild to retreat, too much feared Cal to turn his eyes away.

Cal saw this and started.

"Come here!" he said roughly. He put out his hand, but the dog uttered a loud yelp and bolted.

"That's queer," said Morgan; "I thought that pup was jes' in love with yo', Cal."

Ridgeley turned upon the speaker viciously.

"Yo' shet yo' damn' mouth!" he said.

He squared his shoulders, swung around the house and started up the road in the direction of Palmettos, where Florida was waiting.

Morgan stood at corner of the tavern, watching the retreating figure. He looked at it for a long time; then he called to the dog.

Teddy came joyfully enough now, ears erect, tail wig-wagging rapid signals of pleasure. He put his forepaws upon Morgan's knee, as Morgan bent to pat him, and he licked the hand that stroked his still somewhat battered head.

"It is queer," repeated Witherspoon.

Why had the dog, for long so famous a friend of Cal, suddenly become an enemy? Hadn't somebody said that the dog had been with Florida on the night before?

Questions began suddenly to rush upon Witherspoon like water into a lock when the canal-gates have opened the gates. Why had Cal hidden in the tavern? The man had fastened himself there; he had asked if Morgan was alone; he had been sitting at a table so close to the light that it was plain he feared the darkness, and yet he had fled there from the daylight outside. If he were merely in a fit of dejection from knowledge of the events of the early part of the preceding evening, why had he turned from the liquor that was his habitual refuge? Why had he become so suddenly sensitive to blood-letting and why so anxious to shift the

blame of Billy Turner's death to Witherspoon's shoulders?

Morgan remembered the muddy boots and corduroys and wondered why Cal should have been tramping the roads through the last night's thunder storm. If that was mental agony over the thing that had befallen Florida, why had Cal not been to the house to ask about her, and why had he so hesitated when he asked Morgan concerning her condition? A natural delicacy, perhaps; but had the rest of Cal's conduct displayed any delicacy of any kind? Why, when Morgan had said that he had been talking with Florida, did Ridgeley start and quietly unbolt the door? Did he want to escape? Escape from what?

Cal's courage had returned at last, but it had returned only when Witherspoon had admitted that Florida had not taken her messenger into her full confidence. If Cal had been so sure of her love, why had he quibbled about going to see her? And if his first objections had not been quibbles, why had he dropped them the moment that Morgan had said—What?

Witherspoon's hand fell from the dog's head. He looked up the road whereon Cal had now passed altogether from his sight.

"My Gawd," he gasped; "I wonder—"
 (To Be Continued.)

Let Us Forget

(Continued from Page Five.)

rights for other advantages. Another, the finished product is a tissue of compromises, and of the fifty-five delegates, only thirty-nine were willing to sign.

And then, Hamilton went before the people and told them that that instrument was better than nothing, that they had better adopt it or drift into anarchy. And the president of that convention, the great Washington himself, said, "I am not a blind admirer, for I saw the imperfections of the constitution. I aided in the birth of it, before it was a handed to the public, but I am fully persuaded that it is the best that can be obtained at this time."

Written by a band of men who had no authority to do so, filled with compromises to save the faces of a few individuals, repudiated by some of its authors, damned with faint praise by its staunchest supporters, as the best thing that they could get at the time, the product of a moment, and there can be no redress for infamous outrages one hundred and twenty-three years after it was written because there can be none under it—and we stand for it!

They said no state ought to wish to have influence in government, except in proportion to what it contributes to it; that if it contributes but little it ought to have but a small vote; that taxation and representation ought always to go together; that if one state had sixteen times as many inhabitants as another, or was sixteen times as wealthy, it ought to have sixteen times as many votes; that an inhabitant of Pennsylvania ought to have as much weight and consequence as an inhabitant of Jersey or Delaware; that it was contrary to the feelings of human mind; that the large states would never submit; that the large states would have great objects in view, in which they would never permit the smaller states to thwart them; that equality of suffrage was the rotten part of the constitution, and that this was a happy time to get clear of it. In fine, that it was the poison which contaminated our whole system and the source of all the evils we experienced.—*Luther Martin, Yates; Secret Proceedings of the Federal Convention, Page 17.*

During this debate we were threatened that if we did not agree to the system proposed, we never should have an opportunity of meeting in convention to deliberate on another, and this was frequently urged. In answer, we called upon them to show what was to prevent it, and from what quarter was our danger to proceed; was it from a foreign enemy? Our distance from Europe, and the political situation of that country, left us but little to fear: Was there any ambitious state or states, who in violation of every sacred obligation was preparing to enslave the other states, and raise itself to consequence on the ruins of others? Or were there any such ambitious individuals? We did not apprehend it to be the case; but suppose it to be true, it rendered it the more necessary that we should sacredly guard against a system which might enable all those ambitious views to be carried into effect, even under the sanction of the constitution and government.—*Luther Martin, Secret Proceedings of the Federal Convention, Page 22.*

"We do not know where the English house of lords is going, but it appears to be on its way."

"Who has slipped that Maxim silencer onto the Roosevelt artillery?"

The Coming Nation

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EDITORS
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A "Reason Why" History

In writing "Social Forces in American History," the question is constantly asked and answered, "Why did these events happen?"

History has ordinarily been accepted as a mere chronicle of facts. Which facts should be chronicled depended upon the bias and the knowledge of the writer.

Socialists have contended that there is a reason for events in history; that there is a law of causation running through human progress, which, once understood, makes an otherwise unintelligible collection of facts into a logical expression of events. This history is the first to be written of the United States which deals with the forces that produce events. There was a reason for the domination of Hamilton, the position of Jefferson, the rise of Jacksonian democracy, the coming of the Civil War, Reconstruction and the events that followed it. These things came at the time they did because certain changes in industry had lifted social classes into power, and these classes sought to further their interests.

"Social Forces in American History" deals with the things that made history. No Socialist can consider himself equipped for the fight without a knowledge of the things set forth in this book.

The readers of the COMING NATION have recognized the value of this premium and the orders are coming in at a rapid rate.

The proofs are now being read on the book, and this offer may be withdrawn at any time within the next few weeks. Until it is so withdrawn, the book will be sent to any one sending three dollars for subscriptions or subscription cards.

Nearing the End of the Year

This is just a warning to several thousand subscribers whose subscriptions will expire within the next three weeks. If you wish to be sure of losing no numbers, it will be necessary to renew promptly, as it takes three weeks to place a name on the subscription list. Look at the number on the label containing your address and compare this with the number of the current paper and you will see how long before your subscription expires.

If you renew at once you can get a copy of Balfour Ker's, "The Expulsion from Eden."

If you add one additional subscriber, you can procure a copy of Irvine's "Magyar," and for two additional subscriptions you can get a copy of Simon's "Social Forces in American History."

No sooner did the issue containing the picture by Balfour Ker reach the readers than requests began coming in

Loading The Safety Valve

BY A. M. SIMONS



AFT has vetoed the bill granting statehood to Arizona. He has vetoed it because the people of Arizona had made the power of recall apply to judges. The COMING NATION has repeatedly pointed out that the judiciary is the bulwark of capitalist tyranny in the United States. It is the particular instrument behind which the powers of plunder are entrenched.

Rather than surrender the advantage which this judicial despotism gives to the forces of exploitation the whole principle of democracy is to be repudiated.

This is not the first time that a ruling class has adopted such tactics. In fact, Taft is pursuing a well-trodden road.

A certain French king once refused to yield any jot or portion of the powers of autocracy. In this country a defiant chattel slave class refused to yield to the expressed wishes of a majority of the people. The results in these two cases were not such as to offer hope of success to Taft and those behind him in the effort to maintain judicial tyranny.

It is significant that the constitution of New Mexico met with the full approval of the president. This constitution hands the people of that state, gagged and bound, to the corporations, and is so worded as to make amendment almost impossible.

This is undoubtedly the sort of constitution that Taft, and those that profit by him, look upon as a model.

So far as the march of progress is concerned, the vetoing of the Arizona constitution is of but very little importance. Progress will keep right on. The only difference is that, if dammed up for a moment by a veto, it will burst forth with greater force when the accumulated power destroys the obstruction.

Loading the safety-valve as a method of preventing the expansion of steam is not recommended by the best engineers. It is liable to have unfortunate results for those who do the loading.

that this be printed on better paper in shape for framing.

In response to these requests we have printed this picture on the best paper obtainable, with the most careful press-work.

Only one thousand copies have been printed in this form. Each one is numbered and when these are gone no more can be procured.

They will be sent rolled in tubes so as to arrive in as perfect form as they leave the press.

While these copies last one will be sent for each new subscription for one year, or for a renewal, providing the picture is requested.

\$500.00 Reward

In spite of the fact that no means have been spared in the search no clew to the disappearance of George H. Shoaf, the Los Angeles correspondent of the *Appeal to Reason* has been discovered. A reward of \$500 is now offered by the *Appeal to Reason* for any information that will lead to his discovery or to the arrest and conviction of his assailants or captors, if he has met with foul play. This amount has been deposited in the First National Bank of Girard, Kans., and will be paid to the first person or persons who will furnish the required information.

In the meantime the father of the missing man, formerly chief of Detectives of San Antonio, Texas, is seeking, with the assistance of a corps of detectives and the Socialists of Los Angeles to find some clue to the mystery. Up to the present moment, however, nothing whatever has been discovered beyond what was told in these columns last week.

Books Reviewed

Confessions of an Industrial Insurance Agent, by Wilby Heard. Broadway Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. Cloth, 35 pp., fifty cents.

The author has held nearly all the positions connected with soliciting and handling industrial insurance, and he frankly admits that he is ashamed of much of the work that he has had to do.

He takes up the three big industrial

insurance companies, and shows the methods by which each one exploits the agent, and the working class policy holders. Samples of the sort of talks that are used to crowd the already over loaded policy holder into paying a few more pennies a month are given.

The author concludes that "there is but one remedy for this tremendous extortion of the poor, and that is government insurance."

The Average Man, by Henry Dumont. Published by M. B. Haver, Chicago, Ill. Cloth, 52 pp., fifty cents.

The author sets out to describe the natural makeup of the average man, and show how he came by the ideas he now possesses. It is largely a protest against the influence of religion and little emphasis is laid upon the ideas that have led to economic slavery, although in the conclusion the prediction is made that, "In the days to come all men and all women will perform some useful work; none will secure idleness through another's labor, but each will earn leisure through his own contribution of toil to the well-being of mankind."

It is urged that the recall of judges would subject the judiciary to the clamor of the mob; that we must have a fearless judiciary. The man who believes the people are a mob does not believe in republican form of government. He should leave this country. He has no place here; his spirit is treasonable. I deny that any people capable of self-government are ever unfair or unreasonable. A few may clamor, but the people never. They never have and never would recall a judge except in clear case of proved dishonesty, and in such case he should be recalled.—James G. Manahan, Minneapolis.

Alleged Humor

Thoughtful Girl

The young man was calling on the girl. He didn't know her very well, but she looked good to him. He wanted to call again the next night, but hardly had the nerve to ask permission to do so.

"I'd like to come up again," he said when he was ready to go home. "How

about next week some time?"

A look of disappointment came over her face. "Next week!" she said. "Why, isn't that—r— well. I'll tell you what to do; you come up tomorrow night and we'll decide which night next week you may call."—*The Voice of Labor*.

What He Wanted

Earnest but prosy orator: "I want land reform, I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—" Bored voice: "Chloroform."

Business is Business

Consumer—But I hear your shirtwaists are of such poor material that the neckbands shrink.

Manufacturer—Can't help it; we're too busy to make them better.

Consumer—What keeps you so busy?

Manufacturer—Our side line— non-shrinkable neckbands. We sell them to shoppers who want to replace them on our shirtwaists.

"Messenger Boy" is resting; "G. O. P." unsteady; "Lorimer Whitewash," good; "Stand Pat" slightly under par; "Fond Father" holding its own; "Mex. Revolution" soaring; "Windstorm" fluctuating; while "Polecat" shows strength.

*Oh! maiden rare; oh! maiden fair,
Pray tell me—tell me pray;
How is it, when I see your hair,
The colors change each day?*

"My wife is so mad that she hasn't spoken for two days."

"M-m. How did it happen?"

We seldom stop to think that the twin pillars upon which the whole structure of special privilege rests in this country are the two decisions of the supreme court. Fletcher V. Peck made bribery of legislatures safe for the great interests engaged in it, and the Dartmouth College case made it profitable.—*Gilbert E. Roe, in LaFollette's*.

"You are quite comfortable, wifey dear?"

"Yes, dear."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetheart."

"And there is no draught on my lamb, is there?"

"No, my ownest own."

"Then change seats with me."

The Boy Scout

BY MRS. ERKOLL DUNBAR

(For the COMING NATION.)

I want to be a soldier,
And hear the loud "Hurrahs!"
When I go marching down the street
Beneath the stripes and stars!

I want to blow a bugle,
And wear a khaki suit—
And wave a long and shining sword
And be a brave recruit!

I want to hear the rattle
Of cannon, drum and gun,
And see the beaten foeman
Before my onslaught run!

I want to chase them further
Than down our own long street,
And then return the victor
Hailed fresh from their defeat!

But my papa has shown me
A picture in a book,
That makes me sick and shivery
Till I don't want to look.

He says that war and slaughter
And all the smoke and noise
Means killing other fathers
And even little boys.

You've never quarreled with them,
Don't know their names, or why
You need to prick and slash them,
And want to make them die.

That's what the sword and trumpet
And banners really mean,
You'll try to kill some people
You've never even seen!

And if you do not kill them,
Or else before you do,
They've got to come from their side
And hack away at you!

So I don't think I really
Will try for war's alarms,
But I will stay at home here
And keep my legs and arms!

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE
 EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Ant With the Cracker Crumb

DO you want to hear the story I promised you about the "Ant with the Cracker Crumb"? It's a very short story, but a very important one, and when I have finished with it, Ill let you tell why. One day, when nothing much was happening in the nest of the little birds on the back porch—you remember them, do you not?—I went out onto the front porch, nibbling a cracker. You know you're hungry all the time when you're in the country. I sat down in the rocking chair and nibbled away while I watched the little single white drifts of clouds float past in the sky. I dropped some crumbs on the floor and as no Mother was there to tell me to "pick up every single crumb," they stayed there, although I am quite grown up and should know better.

Presently I looked away from my white clouds and glanced carelessly at the floor of the porch, where I was quite amazed to see a number of my cracker crumbs moving along of themselves. At least it seemed that way, but when I looked more closely it was plain to be seen that they were not moving of themselves, but were carried along each by a little ant.

One plucky little ant was especially ambitious. He carried a cracker crumb much larger than any of the others carried, in fact, many times as large as itself.

Sometimes it pushed and sometimes it pulled, moving along in a very storm of energy, until sometimes you thought that the crumb was pulling the ant.

Several other ants at different times dashed up and I suppose offered to help with the prize load, for they would scamper over the top of it and catch hold of an opposite corner. But they very quickly dashed off again and I am sure that Mr. Hercules Ant said something like this to them:

"Now don't you butt in! This is my affair. I'm quite able to get it home by myself, and I don't intend to have any of you carrying a little corner of it and then boasting all over the hill how 'we carried the big crumb home.' So just be off with you and get crumbs for yourself."

So the ant kept on and covered the boards of the porch floor with wonderful quickness. When it came to a bump in the wood, it would let go of the crumb, circle around the neighborhood in what seemed a crazy fashion and then, having found the best road, seize hold of the crumb once more and get it around the bump in an ingenious way.

But the cracks! You should have seen it master the cracks. Sometimes the crack was so wide that the ant would dive down into it, pulling and tumbling the crumb down and then scramble up the other side, pulling and pulling until the crumb had to come up out of what I suppose was a real chasm to the ant.

Or if the crack was narrow, it would leap across and pull the crumb after it. At last it reached the home crack, along the bottom of which many little ants were hurrying back and forth. And here it did have a time. With the crumb half in and half out of the crack, the ant struggled along, refusing all offers of help, until finally it came to the edge of the porch where it climbed over and under, and disappeared from view, still hanging on to the battered cracker crumb, which in spite of having lost much of its edge was so large that you would think that its weight would make the little ant drop off the boards.

There's pluck for you. But it did seem to me a little like some people I've heard of. And I wonder if it refused to share the crumb after it had tugged

it home. I think not, for that isn't the way ants do, we are told. But I'd like to know what was in its little mind, wouldn't you?
 B. H. M.

The Little Peanut Girl

*I know a little girl, Lena is her name,
 A pretty name, I think, don't you?
 People say she's pretty—Mamma thinks
 the same.*

*It's funny, but all mamas do.
 I'm very fond of Lena, a clever girl is
 she,*

*Her papa thinks she's very clever, too.
 If it wasn't for one thing, a perfect girl,
 she'd be—*

*Nobody is perfect, that's true!
 Lena cries for peanuts, as long as she's
 awake;*

*She never is content with just a few.
 I assure you it's a habit her mother
 tries to break—*

*How to do it, I wish I knew!
 When Papa comes from work, Lena
 climbs upon his knee,*

*Then she goes his pockets through,
 And cries, "I know you've brought some
 peanuts home for me!"*

*And he always has a bag or two.
 If she keeps on eating peanuts (this is
 what I say)*

*Her greediness she'll surely rue;
 For into a peanut she'll turn herself
 some day*

And be eaten up in one big chew!
 —Tom Pinch.

A Man Who Loves Insects

Just think of spending your whole life and a long life at that, say eighty years, studying one thing! You would certainly know as much about that subject as one person could possibly know, wouldn't you?

In France there lives a man, Jean Henri Fabre by name, now eighty-eight years old, who has spent eighty of those years studying about beetles, spiders, grasshoppers, flies, scorpions, crickets,



The Scorpion Dance

wasps and all the other insects. Two books by him have just been published called "The Life of Insects" and "The Habits of Insects" in which he describes the life of the insects both minutely and humorously, and you would really think in reading the books that he was writing about human beings, so much at home does he feel with the little beings.

There is a thrilling tale about the sacred beetle and his wonderful journey, when he rolls his great ball of dried provisions up a steep hill. The sacred beetle is a born highwayman and strange accounts are given of his adventures and encounters by the roadside.

Do you remember the fable of the ant and the grasshopper? Well, Mr. Fabre proves that the story is quite false, that the grasshopper is not improvident, but lays up a good store of plant juices, which in fact, the ant often steals.

He tells another story of the fantastic dance of the male and female scorpions when the former is wooing the latter.

Some day we hope these wonderful books will be translated into English and then our boys and girls will be able to get them out of the libraries and read these insect stories for themselves. Nothing is more marvellous than the lives of insects.

A Man's Life and the Robins

Mrs. Russell Sage, who inherited many millions of dollars when her husband, Russell Sage, died, is going to help the robins. She is going to give thousands of dollars to encouraging a league among children for the protection of robins and other beautiful birds, which are killed for purposes of hat trimming or eating.

We haven't any reason to criticize that, have we? It is right and just for everyone to do all possible to save any lives, animal or human. But listen to this little story about Mrs. Sage and see if you think her giving money to save birds makes her a very great and generous woman.

Some years ago, a man was trying to shoot Mr. Russell Sage in his office, for some private grudge or other. Another man, a Mr. Laidlaw, entered the office and Mr. Sage immediately dashed behind him and used him as a shield to protect himself against the shots of the man that wanted to kill him and the bullets struck Mr. Laidlaw. He was seriously injured and as he had many years before him and a family to support, he asked Mr. Sage to recompense him for the injury.

What do you think Mr. Sage should have done? Of course, you all know. He should have taken care of him and his family as long as they needed help.

What did he do? He let Mr. Laidlaw sue him again and again and always appealed the case until everyone was worn out and the case was dropped. Just the other day Mr. Laidlaw died, after twenty years of being crippled and unable to work, in a hospital. He had never received one cent of help.

Do you wonder what Mrs. Sage has to do with this? Well, after Mr. Sage's death she refused also to do anything for Mr. Laidlaw, because "it would be disloyal to the memory of Mr. Sage."

Could you ever believe that Mrs. Russell Sage is sincerely interested in saving life? I couldn't.

Young People's Socialist Federation

BY LOUIS WEITZ, ORGANIZER.

At the present moment there are many young Socialist organizations springing into being in various parts of this country. Due to the fact that until two months ago, they had no record of their activities except casual notes in the Socialist press, many of these organizations have been quite unaware of the existence of the others. The present organ of the Young People's Socialist Federation of New York, the *Young Socialists' Magazine*, is now preparing the movement in America for a closer connection between these separate, isolated, disconnected forces.

The Young People's Socialist Federation of New York was started some four years ago, flushed with enthusiasm and ringing with high hopes for its future prospects. However, unfortunately things did not take the right turn. There was internal dissension and much misunderstanding among the members, but this did not deter the members from remaining optimistic, refusing to get down in the mouth. Their difficulties grew so great that at length they gave up in despair.

During all this period, nothing was done by the Socialist party to remedy this state of affairs. It was only after repeated demands were made upon them that they paid some slight attention to our requests. What the organization needed, most of all, was a guiding spirit and until this was provided, we could scarcely expect any real results.

As I said, the Socialist party decided to take a hand in our affairs. This would have been a good thing, had not many of our members, who lacked the true Socialist spirit, objected to this intervention. The Socialist party being thus hindered in its attempts in our behalf, concluded that they could give us little real aid.

Meanwhile, our federation was de-

creasing in membership and getting into deep water, until it was hardly fair to assign to ourselves the title of federation. The trouble was further accentuated by the fact that many young Socialist organizations were not in our fold and we consequently decided to appeal to these and to re-organize.

In June, 1911, a general meeting was held, where members of these different organizations met to decide as to ways and means of consolidating themselves into a federation. An agreement was at length arrived at and we then started activities with five circles to our credit. The Socialist party and the Socialist School Union, I am glad to say, were both represented at our meeting.

Though we at present consist of only five circles, there is ample room for extending our Federation. In fact, there are several outside organizations that intend to join us at their earliest opportunity. What we wish to do now is not so much to gain new circles as to strengthen and upbuild those already in it. The Socialist party and the Socialist press have luckily been awakened to the realization of the importance of a young Socialist movement, and so our success is assured. The lack of directors, which has been the principal cause of our weakness, will be remedied and therefore, reviewing the situation in its entirety, we can afford to throw up our hats and cheer.

The federation is at present planning to distribute a leaflet on the Boy Scout question, which the Socialist party has promised to furnish us. The method of distributing this in places where it will be most effective in combatting this monstrous evil will be unique in character.

There are many other things that we hope to accomplish, but I cannot take time and space to tell of them now. I will conclude with the wish that this matter of the young Socialist movement may be taken up and considered in every Socialist local where there is even a ghost of a chance for one of these organizations to be formed.

At a Summer Resort

BY BRAND WHITLOCK.

*Yes, it is beautiful; this peaceful scene
 Of shimmering lake, deep in the pine-
 woods green,
 With happy, brown-kneed children,
 youth and maid,
 And elder folk in summer white ar-
 rayed,
 At tennis, golf, and boating—all at play,
 Wherewith they while these golden
 hours away.*

*And yet—and yet—I wish I could not
 see,
 Back in the city's heat and misery,
 Those patient men who toil in shop
 and mill,
 Their work-worn wives, their children
 wan and still,
 Wasting their lives in cruel sacrifice
 To give these idle ones this paradise!*

Margaret's Prayer

*Please listen, God. Just this one night
 I want to beg; it's not polite,
 I know. You 'member yesterday
 You sent to Mollie, 'cross the way,
 A brother—such a teeny mite.*

*He's rather red, but he's all right.
 Do send one here. I need one quite
 As much as she; that's why I say,
 "Please listen, God!"*

*Even a black one, 'stead of white,
 I'd think quite cute; and mother might
 Not mind. What lovely games we'd
 play!
 What clothes I'd make of colors gay!
 Do send one. Though you're not in
 sight,
 Please listen, God!*
 —Harper's Weekly.

The whole aim and purpose of Socialism is a closer union of social factors.

Scenes from the Great London Strike

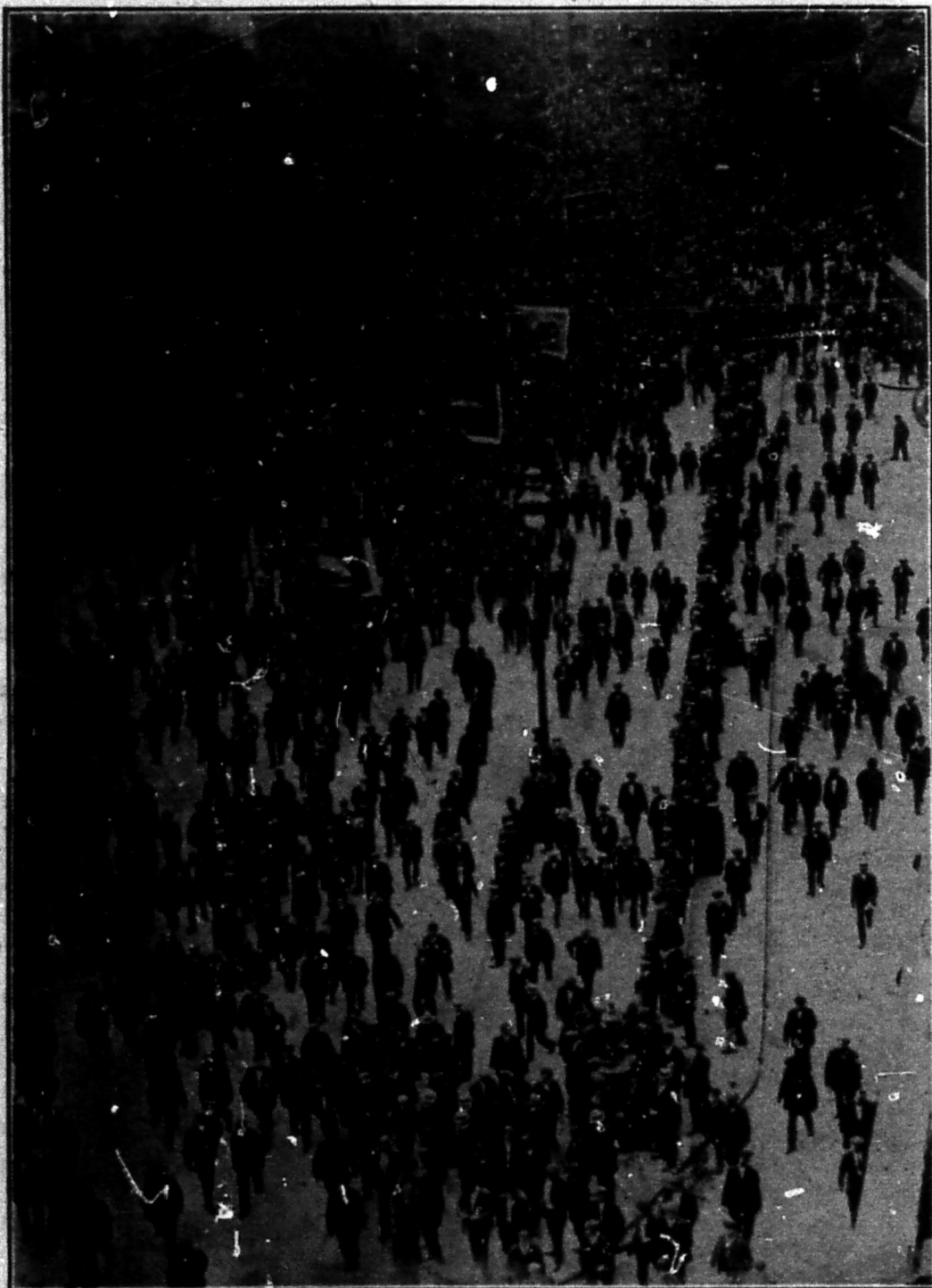


Leader Ben Tillett addressing strikers

Photos by Paul Thompson, New York.



Scene at King's Cross, London---Freight wagons leaving docks, closely guarded by police



London strikers marching from Tower Hill to North London

England Besieged

For a week England was in a state of siege. The attack did not come from without. It was not a case of the realization of the "German peril." It was the greed for profits that strangled England's industrial life. Greed for profits drove starving workers to rebel. Their rebellion took the simple form of refusing to produce further profits. As a result English society almost stood still.

The railroad and dock workers and

a large number of laborers in other industries laid down their tools simultaneously.

Of course, the troops and the police were at once set upon the starving strikers, though with by no means the ferocity with which these trained hunters of men are turned upon the workers in this country.

The existence of a strong Socialist and labor political movement gave the workers a force in parliament, and compelled the government to accompany their brutal use of the troops with pres-

sure upon the employers to grant concessions.

Consequently, many of the demands of the strikers were granted.

The two great effects of the strike, however, are yet in the future. In the first place there is no doubt but what this uprising of the exploited gave the ruling class such a fright that they will hasten to throw out a mass of sops in the way of reform, which will bring some little benefit to labor.

In the second place, because it is quite generally claimed that this blind revolt would not have taken place had the labor members shown a more militant attitude, it is certain that the representatives of labor at Westminster will feel a stiffening of their backbones.

In fact, it was very noticeable throughout the strike that some of those, who had been criticised for a lack of militancy, braced up and made a splendid fight against the military policy of the government.

While this page was on the press an article came from our London correspondent, Shaw Desmond, describing the great dockers' strike, and announcing that another article was coming on the railroad strike. This article is so vivid that it makes the reader feel as if he was in the midst of events, and will be the first description to be published in any Socialist paper by a first hand observer. It will appear next week.

Know Why Socialism is Coming

Don't be a socialist unless you know *why* you are one. *Know why* Socialism is coming. Trace the economic development of civilization through from slavery to the present and *know why socialism is inevitable.*

Victor L. Berger says:

"A few socialist phrases is not sufficient to make a scientific socialist. In order to know WHY SOCIALISM IS COMING, a socialist should have an idea of evolution, he must know history, he must know something of economic development.

We as socialists are vitally interested in the development of civilization. History for us is not a collection of shallow village tales, the story of coronations, weddings and burials of kings. For us the true lesson of history is the story of progress of mankind by gradual steps from brutal slavery to enlightenment, culture and humanity.

The manner in which one system has grown out of another, feudalism out of slavery and capitalism out of feudalism is most suggestive of the manner by which the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system.

To show how the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system, the Library of Original Sources has been published. It is a treasure mine."

The Library of Original Sources

(In the original documents—translated)

clears away the bigotry and superstition that has accumulated around religion, law, government, education, etc.—brings to light the naked truth and *shows why socialism is coming.* This wonderful library gives the authoritative sources of knowledge in all fields of thought—socialism philosophy, science, education, etc. The rock-bottom facts which for centuries capitalist writers have deliberately kept from the people.

Thousands of the Comrades in all parts of the United States and Canada have secured this library on our co-operative plan, and without a single exception are enthusiastic over it. Letters like these come pouring in with every mail:

John Spargo: "Most helpful. Ought to be in every library."

Walter Lorentz, Wash.: "A boon to workingmen who have not time nor money to get a college education."

A. M. Simons: "Superior to encyclopedias; will be read when novels are forgotten."

C. E. Kline, Wash.: "I am urging all my friends to secure your great work."

Geo. Pac, Alberta, Can.: "Just the thing to help turn the wheels of progress."

Fred Warren: "Most important production; a Local could not make a better investment."

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Ernest Untermann: "The volumes will be my most valuable companions this winter."

"Greatest Work Ever Published for Socialists"

is what a socialist editor says of this great library. You can get a set now on a co-operative basis while the introductory edition lasts. Only a few left. Write today for details. Tomorrow may be too late.

University Research Extension Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Tell me about the Library of Original Sources and how I can get a set on the co-operative plan.

Name _____

Address _____

Come Have a Smile

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Her Snap

Why should not Col. Astor wed?
He can afford to take a bride.
She will not have to make the bed
Or dainty meals for two provide;
In fact, her daily exercise
Will be to wear a diamond rope,
She will not have to mix the pies
Or soil her dainty hands with soap.



What matter though the colonel may
Be old enough to be her dad,
His money has a winning way
And wealthy husbands are the fad,
As she has beauty, youth and charm
And makes a picture on parade
And he has money, where's the harm?
Say, isn't it an even trade?

Just Dormant

"You are looking well, I must say."
"Yes, I am feeling fine. My brain
has had a great rest. I haven't had to
do a bit of thinking for a whole week."



"Been fishing?"
"No, associating with the idle rich."

The Careless Man

He never took the trouble
To lay a million by
That in the rainy season
His wants he might supply,
He had no saving method,
No system and no plan
Now wasn't he most truly
A very careless man?

The little old ten dollars
He pulled down every week
He dribbled here and yonder
And couldn't stop the leak,
He spent it with the grocer
Or purchased hats and coats
Instead of buying bank stock
And interest bearing notes.

While other men were thrifty
And tried to look ahead
He hardly had a nickle
To purchase daily bread,
And for his reckless habits
He had to pay the price
Because he wouldn't listen
To copybook advice.

And so for his condition
No pity can be shown,
He wouldn't save his money,
The fault is all his own,
If he is up against it
And beaten at the game
Why anyone can tell you
He has himself to blame.

Any Old Time

"He charges ten per cent a month for
money."
"Pshaw, why doesn't he charge more
than that?"
"Come closer and let me whisper it
to you. It is a great secret."
"Well?"
"He is ashamed to."

Wanted in on It

"The trusts are a menace to our free
institutions," shouted the small man
with a drooping moustache and a voice
that fairly bristled with warlike defi-
ance.

"What are you going to do about it?"
asked the unobtrusive citizen.



"We are going to smash 'em. That's
what."
"Really?"
"Shure pop. Are you with us?"
"Yes, if I can have one of the pieces."

Force of Circumstances

The ancient parties very soon
Will drop their petty fight
And what is left of them against
The Socialists unite.

Told at the Dinner Hour

A Hillbilly's Judgment

BY JOHN MASON.

Soon after the A. & C. R. R. (now a
branch of the 'Frisco) was completed
a passenger train was bumping along
at 15 miles an hour through the hills
of southwestern Arkansas when the
engineer saw a native hillbilly walking
on the track a few hundred yards ahead.
The man was going in the same direc-
tion in which the train was going.

Looking back over his shoulder as
the train approached within a hundred
yards of him he struck a long slinging
trot. When the train, its whistle blow-
ing, got within fifty yards of him he
took his hat in hand and got down to
his knitting, his long hair floating be-
hind.

By putting on more steam the engi-
neer was enabled in the run of half a
mile to cut down the distance between
the engine and the fleeing native to
twenty-five yards.

"Get off the track, you blamed fool,
get off the track," yelled the engineer.

"Naw!" shouted the sprinting Arkan-
sawyer over his shoulder, "If I was to
git down thiar in that plowed ground
you'd ketch me shore. I never could
run in plowed ground."

He Was Not Admitted

BY W. W. GREEN.

An old darkey wanted to join one of
the high-toned churches in New York
City, so he applied to the minister to
become one of his flock. The preacher
was somewhat nonplussed as he could
not well refuse him and yet it would be
utterly impossible to admit a low-down
nigger into a congregation of such
riches. So he advised the brother of
shady hue to go home and pray to the
Lord for light and if the Lord told
him to join, to come back at the end of
the week and he would take him in.
But the week passed and as the darkey
did not show up the minister became
curious to know why he stayed away,
so he called around that way and casu-
ally asked the darkey if he had done
as the minister had told him and the
darkey replied, "Yes suh."

Little Flings

Time is making some ancient good
mighty uncouth.

It doesn't seem to occur to Taft that
the people wouldn't want to recall an
upright judge.

Carnegie is trying to atone for the
past, but history will place him where
he belongs.

Having served its purpose with the
contractors our war scare with Japan
has died a natural death.

The gruff, old magistrate looked
rather suspiciously at the dapper young
Englishman who had been brought be-
fore him.

"Your name, please," preparing to
write in the ledger.

"All Wright sir."

"Hurry up; I want your name."

"All Wright, m'lord."

"Don't m'lord me. Will you give
me your name or not?" angrily.

"I 'ave halready, sir. It's 'All Wright.
Hi'll spell hit for you, sir. Hach hay
double hell—"

"Ten days! Next case."

Where, under Heaven, would this race
now be,
Had mirrors not been invented to see?

Our advertisements tell us that
Some coffee helps the nerve,
Which must be true; it takes a lot
To drink the kind some serve.

Of Dame Fortune's fickle smile
We hear so much, and yet
We like her better than her child,
Mis-Fortune, well, you bet!



His Master's Voice
(With apologies to the dog)

Quite Right

A man named Wright,
Once took a flight,
Just like a kite,
To a great height.
Things, there, looked bright
To his clear sight.
With vision bright
And keenness quite,
He saw a light;
He'd claim the right,
To make things tight,
That others might
Take honest fright
At his great right
Of ownership over everything above, as
Morgan holds it over everything
below.

It is rather unkind to refer to an
extra large nasal organ as a "Bridge
of Size."

Statistics just available show that
ninety per cent of the female lecturers
are married. Every husband knew that
long ago.

Silver Mirrors, Instructions \$1.00
Guaranteed to work or money refunded. First lesson
10c. H. Holbein, 935 Leopard St., Corpus Christi, Tex.

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If you are honest and ambitious write me
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price for dress, business, travel, motoring, and all sports.
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band and a "wear like iron." Can be rolled up and into several
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You can't lose—send ME a dollar to-day. Two for \$1.50. Write
for Booklet of "Working Clothes for Workmen."
GEO. D. BUNGAY, 28 S. William Street, N.Y.

Minister—Well what did the Lord
say?

Darkey—Why he sade "Look heah,
niggah, you all cain't git into dat church,
I'se tried to git into dat chuch mysef."

Something Worth Seeing

BY A. GOLDBIRSCH.

It was Pat's first attendance at a
meeting. A vote had been taken and
the chairman announced the result, 42
noes and 21 ayes.

At this Pat became uncomfortable,
fidgeted in his seat and made a move
as if to start for the platform.

"Sit down there," yelled the chair-
man.

"No, begorra," answered Pat, "I want
to look thim humans in the face, that
have more noses than eyes."

Funnyisms

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

"Making love is a good deal like play-
ing cards, is it not?"

"How so?"

"Well, your success depends so much
upon the hands you hold."

*Germs lurk in kisses, the scientists say;
With poison to mankind, instilled;
But when the right maiden comes smil-
ing our way,
With germs we would gladly be filled.*

"The law says that a widow is en-
titled to her third."

"Well, she doesn't always get him."

*Mary had a brand new love,
With him she was quite smitten;
Until she found another's glove,
And then he got the mitten.*

To make life worth while, you must
learn to smile.

Be happy and joyous and gay.
If your heart be light and your cour-
age right,
The shadows will soon pass away.

Every man should be able to hold his
own—at least, until the courtship's
ended.

The Choice

BY BERTON-BRALEY.



"Julie O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady are the same under the skin."
(Apologies to Kipling)



Say, where do you stand—for the Man or the Dollar?
Say, whom do you fight for, the Weak or the Strong?
Are you bending your neck to a gold-studded collar?
Are you toiling for Right or defending the Wrong?
Are you serving the Worker, the Drudge and the Toiler,
The fellow who sweats in the shop or the ditch,
Or are you a lackey—a tool of the Spoiler?
Which?

There is no use to dodge; you are one or the other,
A servant of Men or a servant of Gold,
A foe of our faith or a friend and a Brother,
A free man or slave who is bartered and sold.
You must prove where you stand—for the lonely and needy,
The weak and the poor or the might and rich,
Do you battle for justice or tyranny greedy,
Which?

Are you seeking for Truth or for Glory and Money?
Are you daring and free or a coward and shirk,
Are you one of the gang that has seized on life's honey
And left us the comb as reward for our work?
Are you with or against us, a friend or a foe man,
A brother of Dives or the man in the ditch?
Come—under what banner? Your colors must show, man,
Which?

Workers History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

Copernicus—His Book

Beyond all dispute, the greatest astronomical work ever written was the "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies" of Nicholas Copernicus.

One eminent scientific authority, indeed, speaks of it as accomplishing a greater revolution in the thought of men than any other single volume. We should be disposed to agree with Carl Snyder in this view had not Charles Darwin written the "Origin of Species."

Snyder's estimate of Copernicus' work as expressed in the following fine passage is well worth considering:

"Not only had he seen with the Pythagoreans that we must conceive the earth as slowly turning on its own axis; not only had he reached the far more difficult point of view of Aristarchus, that the earth swings in a vast circle about the sun; but he had in his mind's eye pictured this vast globe careening slowly as it sweeps along the plane of its colossal orbit.

"Consider that he had no miracle-working telescopes with which to search for demonstrations of his ideas; nor to bring to his notice curious appearances that might suggest these ideas to his mind.

"He had such eyes to look upon the heavens as you and I, and no more; but he saw with that inner eye, with that inner sense, which we call the imagination.

"Consider that he wrought alone, that he had to dig his very foundations himself; consider that he made no part of a brilliant school of astronomers, thinkers, philosophers, as at Alexandria, but that he followed through his simple and exemplary life in a lonely corner of Poland, far removed from

the stimulating plaudits of the world, and we shall not go far wrong, perhaps, in reckoning him, in power of abstraction, as among the greatest of mankind."

Copernicus wrote his book in a simple, vigorous and direct style, contrasting strangely with the fantastic literary productions of his period.

Occasionally he breaks forth into imagery, but it is always of the simplest order, as in the following sentence:

"By no other arrangement have I been able to find so admirable a symmetry of the universe and so harmonious a connection of orbits as by placing the lamp of the world, the sun, in the midst of the beautiful temple of nature as on a kingly throne, with the whole family of circling stars revolving around him."

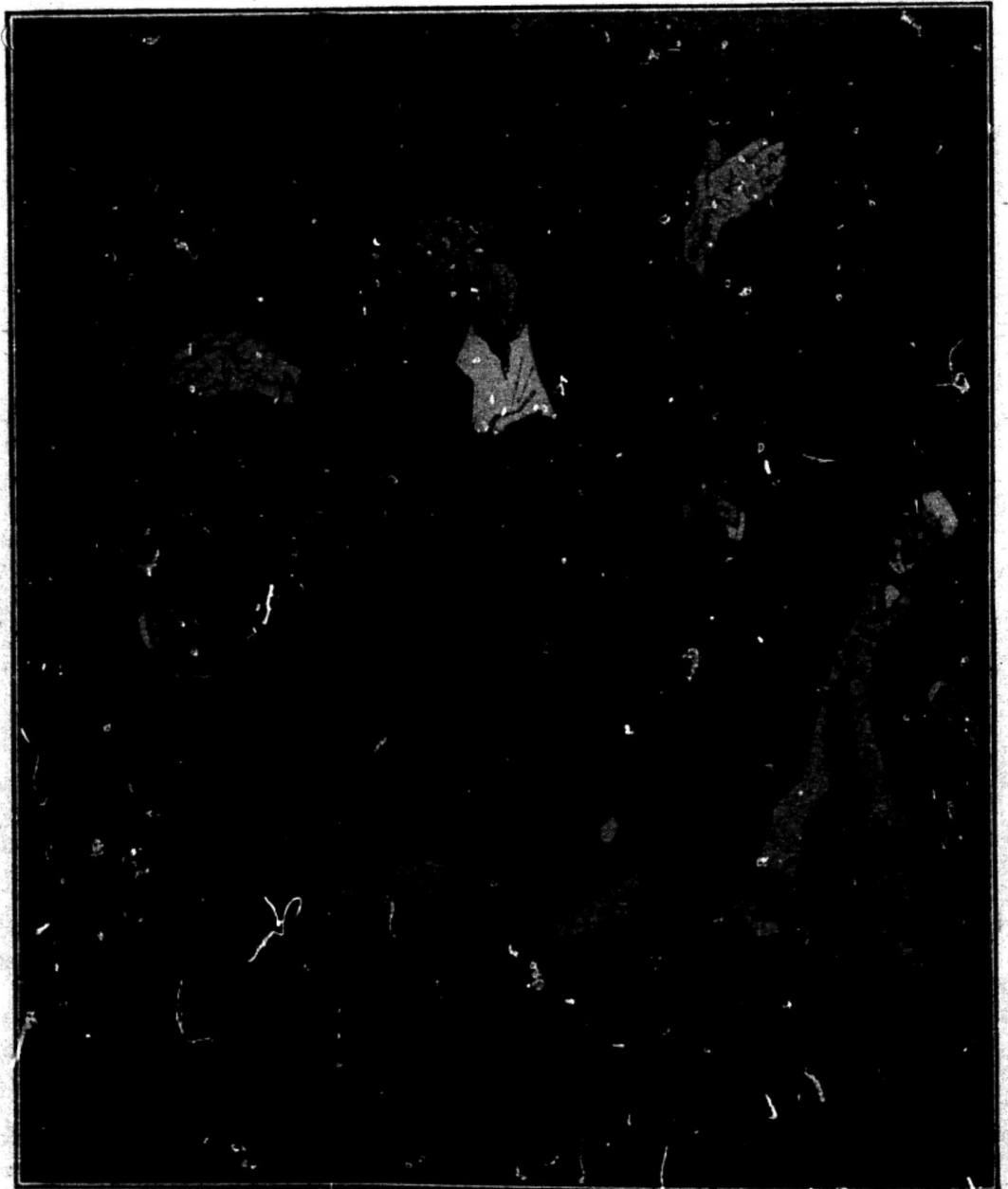
Copernicus spent part of his life as a professor of mathematics at Rome, but as his theory developed in his mind he felt less and less safe in the eternal city, and he returned to the safer obscurity of his native country.

He had labored upon his book nearly forty years, but he was afraid to publish it. The inquisition was established during his lifetime and heretical opinions were as fatal as the black death.

It finally saw the light in 1543, just before his death. It was dedicated to the Pope, in the hope of warding off the expected blow, and it had a cardinal for its sponsor.

Two things, however, saved Copernicus; one was that he died before the inquisitors were able to reach him, and the other, that Osiander, the publisher, wrote a grovelling preface, which he falsely ascribed to Copernicus, in which it was asserted that the sun-center theory was not put forward as a reality, but only as a supposition.

Thus was one of the greatest truths ever mastered by the human brain obliged to sneak into the world as if it had reason to be ashamed.



The Government: "Support me and I will give you reforms, benefits"
The Opposition: "No, be on my side and I will give you much more."
The Voter: "The queer thing is that with all these friends I get nothing."

L'Asino