

THE COMING NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

THEY GOT IT—AS ALWAYS



GLORY be to Regulation, the noblest device of the human intellect! About a year ago the railroad companies began a campaign to secure an increase in freight rates. With skill

and eloquence their hired advocates showed that all the companies were in the most desperate straits and unless they could increase rates disaster would surely follow.

The matter was referred to that unequalled triumph among Regulative institutions, the Interstate Commerce Commission. Six months ago the Commission heard the railroad plea and refused to endorse the proposed increase.

At this broke out from ocean to ocean a deafening cackle of applause. The critics of Regulation as a cure for national ills were declared to have been overwhelmed and routed. Here was an instance where it had served the nation well. It had prevented an increase of freight rates that would have cost the public millions of dollars every year. Even persons that do not ordinarily believe much in the Interstate Commerce Commission admitted that on this occasion it had been useful and valuable. If we had been without such a body the rates would have been increased. Having such a body the rates were not increased. Praise God that we have such a body!

Yes. But on August 29th of this year we got the next chapter of this pleasing story. The railroad companies announced then that in the six months since the Interstate Commerce Commission had refused to sanction the rate increase they had discharged 81,124 employes and the annual saving in wages thus effected, about \$9,000,000, equalled the amount they had expected to get from the rate increase.

Therefore, they had gotten what they wanted in spite of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

We ought to look well at this incident; it is profoundly instructive.

Why did the railroads desire to increase freight rates?

Well, not out of pure deviltry, as is usually assumed. They had been increasing their capitalization at the rate of one billion dollars a year. On this increased capitalization must be paid interest and dividends. To pay the increased interest and dividends there must be either increased income or decreased expenditures. About this there was no question. A force stronger than all governments laws and Regulative fandangoes absolutely demanded it. The increased capital had been issued; the increased interest and dividends must be paid.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission blocked an increase of income, the railroad companies turned to the expense account and cut that until the money needed had been secured.

If they had been let alone they would have gouged what they needed from the public. Being interfered with, they gouge what they need from their workingmen. One way or the other they must have the money, and one way being barricaded they choose the other.

What is the difference?

Well, the difference is considerable, as we shall see.

No one need run away with the notion that when the railroads elect to gouge their employes the public escapes. It must bear its share, also, in many ways. Eighty-one thousand men added to the unemployed are



added also to the common burden. The discharged workingmen and their families suffer most; but the rest of us do not escape. In this complex modern society with its common and interwoven interests, the community must shoulder certain consequences if any part of it be wronged.

But in this case the community suffers in another way also and still more acutely.

Before the railroads began to reduce their staffs the number of railroad employes in the United States was far too small for safety. In proportion to mileage and traffic it was the smallest in the world.

The railroads have now reduced this small staff by 81,124 men, and the first and inevitable result is an appalling increase in the number of accidents. Already it is apparent that this year we are to eclipse all previous records in this regard. The American railroad system has always been pre-eminent in the world because of its hideous slaughters. Already this year we have gone far beyond the worst we have ever done in these disasters.

That is the first result of the policy of gouging the \$9,000,000 a year from the employes.

The unwatched rails are spreading, the uncared-for bridges are giving away, the unprotected culverts are being washed out, the overworked operators are making more errors about train orders, the unrepaired equipment is breaking down at critical moments, and these terrible death totals are the products.

If the railroads had been allowed to have their own way we should have paid with our money for the increased capitalization.

Not being allowed to have their way, we pay with our lives.

Blessed old Regulation, how we ought to love you!



NEVER MIND—IT'S FOR THE CAUSE

But I suppose that we are to find consolation in the fact that our various Regulative tom-fooleries are commended by eminent authority.

Imagine a man crushed by one of these utterly unnecessary accidents, or standing by the side of his mangled child and reminding himself that the Wise and the Good, the President and the Cabinet, favor Regulation and, therefore, it must be right. He might recall the Putterer's eloquent remarks about the Commerce Court and other achievements of the art of doing nothing. I should think that would cheer him up. What is it to be mangled or even killed for the sake of a principle so exalted?

Or if that failed to assuage his anguish he might think of the sacred dividends involved. He might reflect that the railroad business in the United States ceased long ago to consist of the transporting of freight and passengers and became the business of issuing securities and juggling them. He might recall the vast fortunes and the beautiful palaces that have been built out of these juggles. He might remember that the increase of capitalization responsible for his accident was brought about solely that more fortunes should be created and more palaces should shine. He might picture to himself some of these beautiful places. How grand they looked in the sunlight! Once he walked by in the street and gazed at one through the steel bars of the fence. Graveled roads, winding walks, shrubbery, arbors, foun-

IN THIS ISSUE

The Strike That Made History

BY SHAW DESMOND

Taxation in Milwaukee

BY CARL D. THOMPSON

The Nation That is Coming

BY A. M. SIMONS

The Curse (a serial)

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

The Big Change

BY EUGENE WOOD

tains, and the happy owner traveling in Europe or careering about in one of his automobiles. Who would not be willing to be cut to pieces to provide him with these pleasures?

I should think such meditations would be far better than any anaesthetic and save the company money in medical attendance.

Ah, yes, Regulation is a dear old thing. Whenever there is anything wrong let us always go out and Regulate it. Do not end the evil; to do so might cause some concern among our best people and is not sanctioned by the Wise and the Good or approved of by the President. No, do not end it; just Regulate it.

Then, when the railroads must have \$9,000,000 on the palace account we can avoid paying for it with our money and pay for it with our lives, which is much more becoming in a well-subjugated people and shows a proper spirit.



NEW REASONS FOR NOT STRIKING

Here is a new one that cropped up in the discussion between the Southern Pacific officers and the dissatisfied shopmen.

"Do you not know," cried the kept newspaper to the men, "that if you strike you will most gravely and perilously inconvenience the 20,000,000 people that are dependent upon this railroad for the necessities of life?"

Therefore, Get Back to your Work.

In the old days it used to be Get Back to your Work without any prelude or qualification.

But to a just man the thought might occur that if the 20,000,000 people depend upon these railroad men for the necessities of life they might reasonably see to it that the railroad men got a fair return for their labor and a fair chance to live in decent comfort.

Also, if the continued labor of these employes is indispensable for the welfare of the 20,000,000 what do the owners of the road do for the same 20,000,000? In what way is it essential to the comfort or being of the 20,000,000, that the Harriman family should have a new yacht or Mr. Morgan buy a new picture?

Wouldn't you like to have an answer to that question? I should. But we shall never get one from the powder puff ladies that conduct the daily press.

* * *

In all their discussions of the Southern Pacific trouble it was evident that these ladies had a new source of terror that inspired them with unwonted respect. Some of them said so. An entirely new element had entered the situation. The railroad had not now to deal with craft-unionism, but with industrial unionism. All the men in the shops were organized in one union.

The Vice President of the Southern Pacific did not conceal his concern at this development. Hitherto, he said, his company had dealt separately with the different crafts and now all the men in the shops came at him with a united front and he was not used to it, and did not think it was right.

I should like to suggest to him and his class to get used to it as rapidly as possible. Because the day is not far distant when they will be obliged to deal with just such united bodies instead of the detachments that they could defeat as they pleased.



ONE STORY EVERYWHERE

Crossing the Pacific not long ago I was instructed by an English fellow passenger concerning the superiority of his country to all others. The one point of a great many that particularly appealed to him was the perfect good order and quiet that always prevailed in Great Britain, especially in the large manufacturing cities.

"Now, in England," said he, "we never

have any of these dreadful labor riots that you hear of so often in other countries. In England we have another way of dealing with these matters. We settle all our labor disputes quietly and reasonably.

"Yes," say I, open mouthed and receiving information in great wads. "And how do you account for that?"

"Why," says he, "the British workingman knows his place. That makes the difference. In France, in Italy, in your country, in Australia, the workingman doesn't know his place. He is always trying to be something that he isn't; trying to get out of his class, preaching discontent with his lot in life or listening to such stuff. That is why you have labor riots in France, in Italy, in America, in Australia. But we never have had a labor riot in Great Britain and never shall have one. The British workingman knows his place."

Surely. But one contemplating the blood-stained pavements of Liverpool, Edinburgh and Cardiff might imagine that he was beginning to forget it.

* * *

As a matter of fact, it is but vain imagining for any people in the world to think that they are exempt from the universal causation or that the evolution in another country does not affect theirs.

The same causes are at work everywhere producing the same results. Men do not strike anywhere because of depraved impulses or foolish spite. They strike because they are driven to strike and the thing that drives them to strike is everywhere at work and everywhere the same.

It is at bottom the fact that they create wealth and do not possess the wealth that they create.

This is the condition all about the world and so long as it remains labor disturbances will not be the exclusive possession of any one nation no matter what the grand old patriots may say.



THE NEW WRINKLE IN THE GAME

We have in this country a peculiar order of mind that implicitly believes that when the powers of evil go forth to battle they are marshalled under a flag as black as ink and adorned with a skull and bones.

"Look at Old Doc Wilson!" cry these simple souls. "See how he lambasts the trusts! He must be a good man. He must be honest, sincere and a reformer. See how he lambasts the trusts!"

Well, do you know anybody that isn't lambasting the trusts? To denounce predatory wealth and make a grand splutter about corporation knavery is the cue of the hour. Everybody does it. If the powers of evil were limited to those that declared themselves on the side of evil we shouldn't have a corporal's guard to fight.

The effective scheme in these days is something very different.

Let us take Dock Wilson for an example. He goes about the country incessantly haranguing against corporation iniquities and predatory wealth, and he leaves in his wake great masses of awe-struck gabies that think he is just wonderful and the leader of the hour.

Doctor Wilson is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President next year and likely to get it.

Who manages his campaign? Who picked him out, groomed him, broke him to harness, taught him to pace and do stunts? Who tells him what to do?

George Harvey.

Who is George Harvey?

Chief Helmsman of Harper & Brothers.

Who are Harper & Brothers?

J. Pierpont Morgan.

Come in out of the rain, simple one. You might get wet.

Or take all these magazines that profess politest sentiments of reform, radicalism, de-

mocracy and zeal for the welfare of the masses—a whole raft of them singing monthly that they are the people's only friend.

Do you believe any of that bunk?

Some of the very magazines that most dexterously and persistently raise this pleasing song are bound most closely to Wall Street and the Morgan interests.

It is the game to talk large, effusive radical sentiments and those that do the most work for Wall Street talk such sentiments with the greatest show of earnestness. Why should any one suppose a champion of the System to come out with a herald to announce the fact and Mr. Morgan's bright portrait pinned across his breast? Not on your sweet life. If the System were backed and directed by men as idiotic as that it would have been dead long ago. They know their business. They understand perfectly well that to profess zeal for the general welfare and unalterable opposition to the Money Power is the best possible play. It gets the public ear and sympathy and piles up the circulation.

Moreover, what harm does it do? The System isn't injured. All of these superserviceable editors can denounce things until they blow up and the System will never turn a hair.

Unless they expose something that is vital.

That is the real point in the matter. Reform? Why certainly. Stand up for the people? Go as far as you like. Demand honesty in Government! The more the merrier.

But don't ever tell how we got it. Don't ever deal with essentials or details.

Now observe how true is all this. Apply the test to any of these reform magazines. Which of them, since the Morgan interests captured the magazine field, has said one word pertinent to actual conditions, has revealed one important evil, has disclosed one thing done by the System, has printed one word to which the Governing Class could really object? Which?

When some years ago the daily newspapers of the country were brought under the control of the System, the popular magazines stood for a time in the old place as the tribunes of the people.

Shrewd observers said then that this condition could not last, that sooner or later the System would get the magazines. It has them now, and this is the way it has them.

And yet simple souls seem to expect a magazine editor to go about with a painted sign on his chest.

"I am kept by the Morgan gang."



... "He recalled that his employers in Albany always took from him more than they gave. Now, though he was paying the usual wage, his conscience pricked him. He was not giving his helpers what they earned for him. . . . He was robbing them."

... "When Robert considered their hours of toil, he said to himself, 'I am a robber. I don't waylay strangers. I waylay workmen?'"

... "No one is good enough to be rich."

... "Nevertheless, I have cheated you. Oh, it was legal cheating, but if I paid you what you really earned I should have had no more than you. I didn't. I am very well off while those that created my bank account are poor. I was at best a parasite and at worst a thief. Now I am going to give the money back to you who made it."

... Done for the village? I've robbed it. I have a bank account of ill-gotten gains to prove it."

... "In a world of abundance no one should worry about the future."

The above are a few characteristic sentences picked up at random from Mrs. Fremont Older's new and powerful book, "Esther Damon." There are many more like these. Good preaching from good texts by an eloquent preacher. Truly, brethren, the gospel spreads.

A Strike That Made History

BRITISH TRANSPORT WORKERS IN ARMS

By Shaw Desmond

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)



Britain's congested and idle shipping in the deserted Albert Docks

Photos by Paul Thompson, New York

EITHER I am dreaming, or the cold fact right off the ice is that the world's metropolis is in a state of revolution, its food supplies shut out as effectively as though the German fleet had swept the Channel, and the newspapers and the authorities have gone stark, raving mad.

For we are in the throes of one of the biggest strike-shimozzles in the history of capitalism—a strike to which even the big Shipping outburst was but as a damp squib to a shell from a 15-incher. And horror treads fast on horror's heels. As I write the railway servants are threatening to come out at Manchester, Liverpool and other centers, there is a possibility of a "lock-out" of 20,000 dockers in the Mersey-side city, the soldiers are being poured into the storm centers, and the whole Trade Union world is seething with excitement.

Let me try and put in cold black and white something of what I have seen in London.

Here are Britain's biggest docks as deserted as though they had been stricken by the breath of the pestilence. Miles upon miles of them, with smokeless leviathans whose bellies squat sullenly on the muddy waters of the Custom House and the other Docks, waiting to be emptied of the freights which are rotting inside. Over there in the haze that rises miasma-like under the August sun, the 13,000-ton "Ionic" of the White Star Line, the giant which dwarfs all other vessels entering the Port of London, waits in vain to belch out upon the dockside the cargo she holds. Here cheek by jowl with the Japanese ex-transport "Kawachi Maru," whose adventures in the Russo-Japanese war showed that romance had not died out with sails, the "Highland Laddie" from the River Plate sends up to the brassy heavens a hoarse roar from her siren as though appealing to the Powers to free her of her rotting cargo of 14,000 carcasses, which exude their taint across the dock owing to there being no coal to keep her ice-rooms at freezing point.

The Yellow Men

Near by the "Opawa" yawns emptily for the freight that is not forthcoming, her sides steeping upwards like the walls of a cathedral, whilst behind her the four-master "Colonia" shows bare to the sun, save for the blue dungarees and white linen robes of her Malays and Lascars, who lounge about her deck wondering in Heaven knows what dialect if the ways of the white man on strike are not beyond the workings of a simple yellow mind.

Half a dozen Kroo boys, their skins gleaming like ebony, chaff the unshaven Jock policemen, employed by the Port of London authorities, who, as one of them says to me, "fear that every moment is going to be their next."

And no wonder, for outside the dock gates there is a sound of scuffling, some angry cries rise on the air, and then there is the squealing of a "free labor" man as he is being "persuaded" to leave the van he is trying to drive.

And these free labor or non-union gentlemen are

having the time of their lives, though perhaps a little too exciting to be pleasant. The Port of London authorities, flying in the face of all officialdom and the bourgeoisie, refuse either to employ them in place of the men on strike, or to house them in the dock sheds, and as the none too tender strikers are waiting for them outside the dock gates, it looks as though they were between the black devil and the deep blue sea.

Think it over with wet towels round your heads. The Port of London is actually a Trade Union Port refusing to recognize "black-legs." That tells you where British organized labor stands today.

Half a hundred engine and crane men lounge workless over their unloading tackle, for these aristocrats of labour have come out with the dockers to the tune of some hundreds, together with the engineers from the tugboats. Quite an unusual development, this.

There is, roughly, an army of 100,000 men on strike or workless in London today—100,000. They have been gathering day after day at Tower Hill, the historic place for unemployed meetings, to listen to the oratory of Ben Tillett, the Secretary of the Dockers' Union, and of Harry Gosling, the Chairman of the Transport Workers' Federation, with its fifteen Unions affiliated mustering 120,000 men, who are the inspirers and the leaders of the strike. Tillett, the firebrand. Gosling, a white-haired, youthful-looking veteran of fifty, the cool-headed organizer.

Roughly speaking, as far as I have been able to gather from the leaders and from the authorities, the following represent the men on strike in London:

Dockers	20,000
Carmen	40,000
Stevedores	5,000
Lightermen	6,000
Grain Porters	2,000
Coal Porters	6,000
Enginemen and Crane Drivers.....	1,000
Casual Laborers	20,000

100,000

Now, you must not imagine in this country of contradictions, that the above 100,000 are all Trade Union men. The funny thing about it is that a large proportion, probably a majority, are non-unionists, who, if anything, show greater vim and determination than their organized brothers. There is always an ebb and flow in the British Unions. After the men have won what is too often only a temporary victory, they have the pleasant and human little habit of leaving the unions, and, when there is fresh trouble, of rushing in again, as they have done in the present instance to the extent of about one hundred thousand in two weeks!

Two-Thirds Always Workless

Here come the figures, which tell their own tale. First let us take the Dockers, who were the originators of the present burst-up. The Port of London authority employs about 4,500 dockers, who have regular work, and the wharfingers another 16,

000. I have been assured by leaders like Alderman Devenay, the London District Secretary of the Dockers' Union, and Will Thorne, M. P., that in this most precarious of all trades, there are always another 45,000 *always out of work*. That this is not unique is shown by James Sexton of the Liverpool Dockers who informed me that out of 25,000 men employed at the docks in the Mersey-side port, there are always 15,000 workless. When the London docker is working, say three days a week, which he thinks himself lucky to get, he manages to earn the princely income of about 21s a week, whilst the average wage all-round, taking in and out, certainly does not exceed 15s a week, the families of the dockers only managing to live through the efforts of the wives, who work in the factories, and as charwomen, etc.

The Port of London aristocrats, with their regular employment, snatch from the claws of capitalism 30s to 35s a week, for which they used to work 12 hours a day from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., instead of from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. under the award of July 27 which they wrung from the masters.

And now comes the crux. Although these men had forced this concession from the Port of London authorities, together with 7d an hour for day and 9d for overtime work, instead of 6d and 8d they used to be paid, they refused to go back to work until the great shipping companies agreed to pay their men 8d per hour and 1s per hour overtime instead of 7d and less than 1s they had been in the habit of paying. It was literally upon this last point that the great strike reached its highest point, and the solidarity shown by all sections had in this its first demonstration.

Here is one example out of dozens of the tyranny of the employers. A great, mossy-breasted navy, whose arms were tattooed with most of the flora and fauna of Britain, told me that frequently he had worked from early on Friday morning to late on Saturday night, with absolutely no break for sleep, only getting meal-times, a shift of some forty hours. How's that for capitalist "lambiness?"

An Ante-Chamber of Hell

But it is when we come to the 40,000 carmen that we get a glimpse of one of the ante-chambers to hell. A large proportion of the carmen put in 15 hours a day, whilst a goodly few do a 100-hour week. Will Godfrey, the organizer of the Carmen's Union, looked me straight in the eye and without a tremor assured me that some of these men work 120 hours a week "on their heads." A 17-hour day, 7 days a week. The Yankee capitalists must take a back seat!

One of their leaders put it pithily—"Look here, gov'nor, when I go home, as I have been known to do, my own children don't know me, and young 'Erb last week kicked me in the eye because he said he didn't know me and I wasn't his favver." I thought that a humorous way of putting it, until the organizer said it was the sober truth.

For this little stretch of work, the men receive 26s a week for one heavy-horse van, for two horses 30s, and for three horses 33s a week. Today they



Fleet Street, the busiest street in the world at the busiest hour of the day, practically deserted—

have the cold cheek to demand 30s, 32s and 35s for the same work with a week of 60 hours.

Standing at the corner of "the busiest street in Europe I counted 40 vans pass in five minutes instead of the usual 300 to 400.

So much for the carmen.

The Coal Porters, whose work is both difficult and dangerous, demand (1) Abolition of 8d an hour overtime, and, instead, the payment of a lump sum of 2s 6d, from 5 to 10, p. m., and 7s 6d to 6 a. m. (2) "Baulkage" of 2s 6d for men engaged and not started on work before noon. (3) Waiting time to be paid for at 1s an hour. (4) Payment of wages within an hour of ceasing work. (5) Traveling expenses to ships where necessary.

The Lightermen demand a 10-hour day at the same rate of pay as at present, with the Grain Porters and the others making similar demands.

One peculiarly exasperating point, which had its effect in pricking on the carmen to action, was the organized attempt made by the employers to replace adult labor by boy labor, as they were in the habit of taking the van-boys from the back of the cars, where they earned 7s a week, and putting them to drive in front at a wage of 10s. The child labor factor is a constantly recurring decimal in disputes in this country, where the capitalist classes are always on the *qui vive* to depress wages by this very old trick.

So much for the prime causes of the strike. Now for an attempt, as an eye-witness, to convey some idea of its psychology.

The Psychology of the Strike

The incident that stands out on the screen of the strike from all others was the great Trafalgar Square Demonstration, when the historic plinth of the Nelson Column was surrounded with 40,000 human beings, waiting to hear the award of Sir Albert K. Rollit, the President of the London Chamber of Commerce, who was appointed as arbitrator. Standing on the plinth and looking from between the crouching bronze lions one saw a forest of Transport Workers Federation blue tickets which nearly every man in the crowd sported in his hat.

It reminded old-timers of the previous great dock strike of 1889, when 22 years ago within six days, John Burns, renegade and Cabinet Minister, Cunninghame Graham, Ben Tillett, Tom Mann, Mrs. Annie Esant, and others helped to make history. Wonder of wonders—Tillett and Cunninghame Graham are on the same platform today, still fight-

ing the good fight. Burns has taken his "blood-money," but the rest are still doing their work in their own way.

The air of the old square is vibrant with the music of the bands. A hundred banners flaunt bravely in the afternoon breeze; 10,000 of us marched from Barking to the meeting place, a seven-mile stroll, and as we strode in, banners flying and trumpets blaring, we had been greeted by the other contingents which converged from all sides.

A roar of cheers goes up like the breaking of a giant sea as Harry Gosling tells the men that they have won the increase in wages mentioned above in connection with the dockers. And then comes the dramatic moment—even as the cheers die away, a brand-new black and white banner is unfurled.

NO MAN TO RETURN TO WORK
UNLESS ORDERED BY
THE NATIONAL TRANSPORT WORKERS'
FEDERATION.

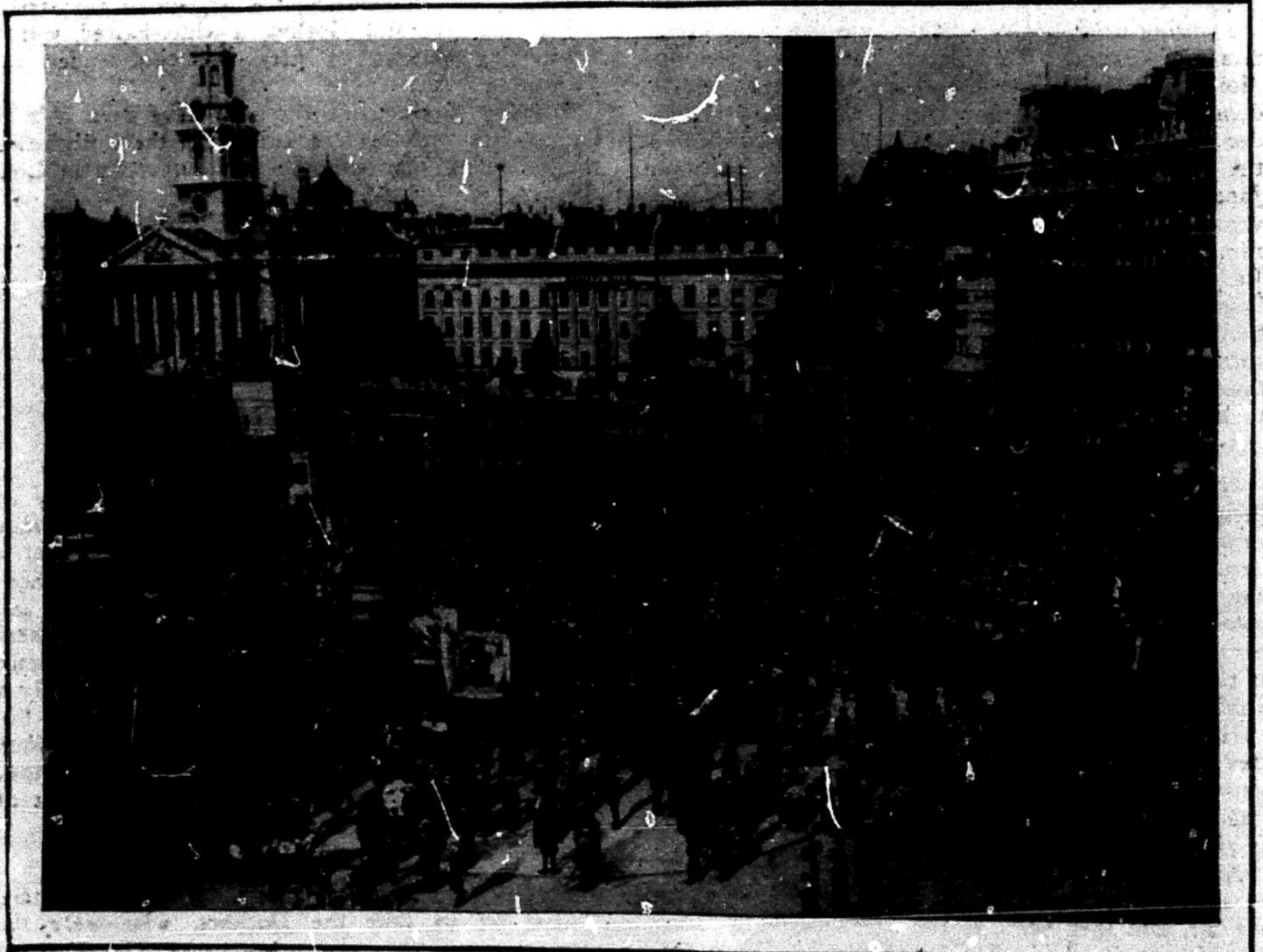
The first link of the chain that holds, for every man in the square gives his earnest acquiescence to the order, which will not be withdrawn until every section has been satisfied. The dockers and the stevedores will not return until the carmen, the lightermen and the porters have their demands granted in full. A full-throated response also comes to the order that no man either now or afterwards is to work with a non-union man, and in this, one sees the promise of further trouble.

Chilled Beef and Warm Prices

The great meeting melts away after the speeches, but behind and beyond it is the feeling of solidarity of the Unions. There is a new spirit in the air.

Some day I will write the inner history of the negotiations, when I will show how the employers deliberately tried to go back on their agreement. It was hoped by these dividend-hunters that once the dockers were satisfied they would return to work without further ado and that they would be able to get the other sections to abate their demands. But they made a slight error. Within three days after the great meeting, the dockers were still out to a man, whilst the employers were making desperate efforts, in view of their temper, to come to terms with the other unions. Ships were pouring into the London docks, with no possibility of discharge of their cargoes. The food supplies of the metropolis began to exhaust themselves. Prices went up by leaps and bounds. Chilled beef advanced from 3¼d to 5d a pound, wholesale, while frozen beef advanced 33 per cent. In response to an inquiry, the manager of one of the largest firms importing frozen beef from America said that his firm had nearly 100,000 quarters of beef tied up at the docks, whilst another said he had 50,000 quarters in a similar position. New Zealand cheese, Swedish bacon, and Australian produce rotted in the river in company with Danish butter and eggs from the continent.

It was at this period that the van-boys started a strike themselves, demanding an extra shilling a



—While the workers were at a great mass meeting in Trafalgar Square

week, which they obtained without a murmur, the employers by this time being thoroughly cowed. All kinds of trades started strikes of their own, such as biscuit factories, ropeworks, mineral water factories and so on. The strike-fever raged everywhere.

In rapid succession, and whilst the dockers were still out in London, 5,000 goods porters struck in Liverpool, and 10,000 engineers' laborers in Manchester, while some hundreds of the employes of the Great Northern, Midland, Great Central and Cheshire railway companies came out in sympathy.

Whilst I do not go so far as to say that the following figures are entirely or even largely due to the strike, they are instructive. The Board of Trade returns showed a decrease in July exports of nearly £4,000,000 as compared to July 1910, whilst

the 3d Dragon Guards, 19th Hussars and Queen's Bays, and the 1st Infantry Brigade. General Smith-Dorrien and his staff at Aldershot got ready to pour their red-coated strike-breakers into London, whilst they held in reserve other troops, and all policemen on leave were recalled. The excuse for this was the rising temper of the strikers under the exasperating delay of the employers to settle. The employers made efforts to introduce "black-legs," to get out the 500,000 tons of stuff "held up" at the London docks, and the strikers naturally resented it, but even then, the issuing of ball cartridge to some of the troops held ready was nothing short of criminal, for the men kept their tempers and their organization magnificently.

Had these troops been let loose on the London strikers, it is not too much to say that Britain might

beating of the drum—all London seems to be beating drums. In the roadways are the children—little torn, dirty-faced mites enjoying themselves hugely, and wishing that strikes came very day. And then behind all are the other non-combatants—the mothers and daughters—who with ashen faces day after day see the cupboard getting bare, and still more bare, but who, as the women have always been, are the hardest fighters of all, and the inspirers of their men-folk.

Do not imagine this is the end of a fight—it is only the beginning. The employers know it and the men know it. The moment the award was made—aye before it was made—the employers were putting their heads together and sharpening their wits with a view to beating the men back again. But, although it seems too much to believe, it looks as though stupid, unconscious, as the vast mass of the men are, they are gradually learning through painful experience and painful effort the lesson of solidarity.

Standing out above all the turmoil of the strike, throwing its message as a shadow on the screen of time, is the promise of International action and of International solidarity which this flare-up has given. The employers have sent their ships from London to Antwerp for discharge, where the Belgians have treated them as though they carried cargoes of lepers. They have tried the other ports of Europe, but in every case the chain of brotherhood has held.

The International Chain

In the present strike, promises of help were received from the American Longshoremen's Union, from the Union of the French Transport Workers, and from the German and Belgian Unions. The Great Dock Strike of 1911 has foreshadowed perhaps the European General Strike of Transport Workers which I am assured by correspondents from all over the continent is gradually materializing.

Nevertheless, one must not be too optimistic. "Direct action" is tempting as a short cut, but without political action all that it gains is lost. What masses of men do under the stimulus of temper and excitement is apt to be undone when that stimulus no longer exists. If one lesson more than another stands out in the history of the struggle of the workers for the acquisition of the means of life it is that there are only three things necessary to their advance—"Education, Education, and again Education." The Strike is a magnificent weapon when used with discretion, but a two-edged sword when used without thought. It is only by the dual weapon of Political Action and Direct Action that the conquest of the means of life can be achieved, each being the indispensable adjunct to the other.

L'Envoi

At the very moment of mailing this article news has come over the wires that the whole country has broken out into a strike eruption. The Railway Servants will declare a General Strike within twenty-four hours, unless their demands are acceded to, whilst at Liverpool there are anything from 50,000 to 75,000 men out, the soldiers have been called out, and the crowd has been fired into, with the result that two men have been killed, and large numbers seriously wounded by police baton charges. The London County Council tramway men threaten to strike, and the signalmen, the guards and the engine drivers have in many cases already left work. The other centers affected are principally Bristol, Bath, Birmingham, Bradford, Chester, Cardiff, Doncaster, Glasgow, Grimsby, Hull, Leicester, Manchester and Sheffield. I am about to visit some of the strike centers, and will give my impressions in a later article. As I predicted, the refusal of the London Unionists to work with non-Union men has caused a large proportion of the men to refuse to go back to work, so that the strike in the metropolis is nearly as alarming in its manifestations as ever.

Judicial Usurpation

For better or worse the courts, through a great extension of their functions in interpreting statutes and passing upon their constitutionality, have become a part of the law making body. Their veto is as effective and as frequently exercised on vital questions as that of the executive. Laws are declared to be unconstitutional not because they conflict with anything which common sense can discover in the constitution, but because they conflict with the economic views or the social philosophy held by the judges and by them read into the constitution.—*Edwin T. Devine in the Survey.*

The one thing that disgraces our civilization today is the delay of civil and criminal justice, and these delays always work in favor of the man with the longest purse.—*President Taft, address before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, March 18, 1910.*



Taking a Striker through the Streets

in the various industries that made up this figure, Cotton shows a decrease of £1,154,347, Iron and Steel £727,055, Wool £601,593, and Machinery £449,194. There was a drop of 2¼ millions sterling in the import of raw materials. These figures have given the employers furiously to think, and may help the workers in future trade disputes, for they probably indicate the way in which the workers can upset the trade of a country when united.

Four Days' Food Supply for London

In two more days meat had risen, wholesale, from 6d to 9d a pound for British and 4½d to 7d a pound for foreign, whilst flour advanced 1s. The leading merchants predicted that London had only a four days' supply of food, whilst the corn merchants had 1½ millions sterling of corn in their granaries which they could not get out, and £250,000 worth in the river which they could not get in. Amongst other little items spoiling were some hundreds of tons of Siberian butter, 70,000 packages of French fruits, and 50,000 packages of Tasmanian, Italian and Spanish vegetables and fruits. It was at this period of the "hold-up" that the Billingsgate fish porters came out *en masse*, and actually succeeded in getting double wages after a "five-minutes" strike, their wages being raised to 2s an hour.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the Strike leaders gave permission for the clearing away of the necessary garbage at the docks, of the supply of fodder for the horses, and of the needful ice, etc., being carried to the hospitals. The Army authorities had to come to the leaders to ask for fodder for their horses, whilst even the Postoffice found itself unable to continue its business until the all-conquering "dictators" gave the necessary permits for van drivers, etc.!

Up to this period, that of a week after the announcement of the preliminary victory at the Trafalgar Square meeting, the strike had been the most orderly and perhaps the best organized of any strike ever seen in this country on a large scale. I spoke to dozens of Police Inspectors and constables, and they all paid the highest tribute to the self-control of the men. However, as might be expected, the authorities were determined to bring the strikers to their knees. They ordered out for service against the strikers the First Cavalry Brigade comprising

have had a "Bloody Sunday" of her own, for it would have taken nothing short of an army corps to quell the 100,000 men who were desperate and ready to resist violence with violence.

Fortunately, an arrangement was come to at the last moment, when the "tankers"—the men who pack away the coal as it is lowered on board ship—had their demands granted whilst the lightermen got an increase of 25 per cent in wages and a ten-hour in place of a twelve-hour day. These demands were granted at the conference held at the Board of Trade in Whitehall under the superintendence of Mr. G. R. Askwith, K. C., the well-known strike settler, who has successfully arbitrated so many trade disputes.

The National Transport Federation then gave permission for the men to return to work.

London would have been "newspaperless" within a week of the date of settlement if the strike had continued. The great dailies were squealing in their columns day after day about their running short of paper, no newspaper in this country stocking more than a week to fortnight's "spares." The whole of the paper business was demoralized, it being only with the utmost difficulty that distribution was effected, the export agents having their premises choked up with literature for South Africa and the other colonies, the boats being detained.

Makers of History

It would be impossible for me, however faintly, to convey to the American readers of the COMING NATION any idea of the individual incidents which went to make up the Mosaic of the great Dock Strike. One sees now as in a mist the hurly-burly of meetings, of tussles with "black-legs," of seas of white faces upturned under the August sun listening to the inspiring words of the leaders. Here in this room overlooking Tower Hill is the headquarters of the Lightermen's Union, from which the leaders issue their commands. You can sense dimly the tense, set faces of these men who are struggling with destiny, and of those other men at the Dockers' headquarters in the Mile End Road who are helping to make history. The streets of London seethe with marchings and counter-marchings. Every moment one hears the "Marseillaise" break itself on the wind as it did in the Commune. The windows of the houses reverberate again to the

TAXATION IN MILWAUKEE

THE assessment of property upon which taxation is based in the city of Milwaukee, is in the hands of a board of assessors, about thirty in all. At the head of this department is an official known as the tax commissioner who has practically absolute control of the department. This commissioner is one of the few remaining hold-overs from the old democratic regime. He is one of the old line politicians of the David S. Rose democracy, and has only recently been elevated to the position of state chairman of the Democratic party of the state of Wisconsin.

Under the law, however, the Mayor of the city and the City Clerk are *ex officio* members of the board of review. This board is made up of the same thirty or so old line democratic politicians who constitute the board of assessors. The democratic tax commissioner and his thirty assessors sit as the board of assessors to fix up the matters of taxation in Milwaukee. After they have everything "fixed" they adjourn as a board of assessors, wheel around in their chairs, presto change, and now they are the board of review. They then proceed to "review" their work as assessors, pronounce it good and holy and adjourn *sine die*.

That is the way capitalism handles the taxation problem in Milwaukee.

Now comes a Socialist victory. Milwaukee is carried by the Social-Democratic party from top to bottom, so far as elected positions are concerned, but it does not touch the tax department. The commissioner and his thirty men hold over practically through the whole term of the Socialist administration, the only exception being as stated above, that the Mayor and the City Clerk are *ex officio* members of the board of review. So we have two Socialists in a bunch of thirty officials on the work of taxation.

Socialist Officials Not Wanted

When it came time for the board of review to begin its sessions, the tax commissioner came to the City Clerk and explained to him that it would not be necessary for him (the City Clerk) to attend the meetings of the board of review. He was very kind and gracious in the matter, assuring the City Clerk that he would take care of the minutes, see that everything was done in good order, and all that would be required of the City Clerk would be that when everything was fixed, he could sign the minutes, as the City Clerk, *ex officio* secretary of the board of review.

The Tax Commissioner furthermore explained that this had always been the custom; that everything had always been left to the Tax Commissioner, and that the City Clerk never attended the meetings, and so it would be natural for the City Clerk to leave matters with the Tax Commissioner and his thirty assistants.

It also seems that although the Mayor was an *ex officio* member of this board, it had never been customary for him to attend these meetings.

Now this was a very nice arrangement, of course, so long as the old capitalistic system was in power. Why should not the democratic City Clerk and the democratic Mayor attend the meetings of the board of review? It was clear enough to them that the democratic tax commissioner would fix the taxation question as nearly according to the old political methods as it was possible to fix them.

But with the Socialists it was different. The City Clerk and the Mayor attended every meeting of the board of review for weeks. And not only that, when they found under the law that the City Attorney was given power to review or investigate the work, they immediately called him on to the job as well. And besides they engaged a firm of tax experts to assist them in the investigation of the work of the board of assessors.

So the Socialists brought into operation every possible force they had and were on the job morning, noon and night for weeks during the time that this work was going forward.

Their vigilance was rewarded, and a pronounced

By Carl Thompson

and speedy change made itself felt in taxation methods in Milwaukee.

"Where are you going to get the money?"

This is the question the capitalists are always hurling at us, whenever we outline a programme of splendid things we want done for the city and its people. Now the answer to that question is not difficult at all. We have always answered it first of all by saying that we are going to make the rich folks pay their taxes.

And there is the rub. Right there is the issue.

In the second place, we have had for years in Milwaukee a very crude method of valuation. For assessment purposes property was valued presumably on a 60 per cent basis. That is when the assessor came to assess a piece of property, instead of putting down its full value, he would put down something less than its full value. It was supposed to be 60 per cent of its value.

Now the trouble with this was that in the first place it is always more or less difficult to get at the actual value. It is much more difficult to determine just how much to assess. And as a matter of fact some of the assessors would value the property at 50 per cent of its value. Others would value it at 70 per cent. And some would value it at 25 per cent.

Now suppose for a moment that the representatives of the capitalistic class, the assessors selected by the silk stocking class, should be assessing the property of the rich. You see it is easy for them to assess these places at anywhere from 25 per cent to 40 per cent of their value, and so make it appear that these "widows and orphans" of the leisure class are very poor when tax time comes around.

And suppose on the other hand that these same assessors selected by the leisure class are assessing the property of the working class. You know there is once in a while a working man that gets the foolish notion into his head that he ought to have a home. So he buys a piece of land on the installment plan, and builds a house on borrowed money—perhaps \$1 down. When the assessor comes to this man suppose he assesses the property at 75 per cent or 80 per cent of its value. It can readily be seen what an injustice is wrought. And this is exactly what we were up against in Milwaukee. There was nothing on which they hoped so much to enrage the people against the Socialist administration as to make it appear that they were increasing taxes.

This is a common cry against Socialism everywhere. And what they were trying to do, and what they will doubtless try to do in every city when the Socialists carry it, is to shift the burden of taxation by

schemes of this kind from the backs of those who justly should bear the burden, on the shoulders of the working class.

So the first problem that we had to solve was to get the taxation on a basis of full valuation. This required a considerable change in the state laws. The people had been clamoring for it for years, but it remained for the Socialists to actually accomplish the readjustment. Eleven bills were drafted and sent to the state legislature and were so ably presented by the representatives of the Socialists that every one of them was passed. From this time forth all assessments in the city of Milwaukee will be made on a basis of full value. This will greatly simplify the work of the assessors, thereby enabling the people to more fully understand the process of taxation and to know when justice is being done.

The next problem was to prevent the capitalistic tax commissioner and his assessors from making an unequal assessment. If one of the big concerns worth millions should have five or six hundred thousand dollars' worth of its property omitted, that would increase the burden of thousands of the small owners. If any considerable number of the rich thus escape taxation, it is very easy to see that the taxes of the small property owners would go up fearfully.

So the Socialist Mayor, the Socialist City Clerk and the Socialist City Attorney and their tax experts insisted on watching this process very closely.

Astonishing Revelations

And what did they find? Exactly what was to be expected. In other words, where the working class live and where the small property owners resided, the valuations were high. In the districts where the rich lived, the valuations were low.

These facts were pointed out. The City Attorney, sitting on the board of review, called attention to these facts. Glaring instances were pointed out

(Continued on Page 8.)

REAL ESTATE ASSESSMENT ROLL						
Assessment District of the City of Milwaukee, in the County of Milwaukee, for the year A. D. 1911						
NO.	NAME OF OWNER	DESCRIPTION	NUMBER	Value of Real Estate	Value of Improvements	Assessed Value
			Lot Block	Assessed	Assessed	Assessed
1	Nashman & Sullivan's Addition of 65 Blocks S. W. 1/4 Section 18					
2	Emilie Hoffmann		7 234	2330	500	2830
3	M. Dreyer		8	2330	500	2830
4	Aug. Dreyer		9	3260	3100	6360
5	Chas. Schultz		10	1810	100	1910
6	Aug. Walke	S. 1/4 1/2	11	990	700	1690
7	Joe Math	N. 1/4 1/2	12	1100	700	1800
8	Carl Friedrich	S. 1/4 1/2	13	4330	1000	5330
9	W. Rummel	N. 1/4 1/2	14	4330	700	5030
10	Alb. Langen	N. 1/4 1/2	15	300	700	1000
11	John Walli	S. 1/4 1/2	16	300	100	400
12	A. Falk	N. 1/4 1/2	17	300	1100	1400
13	H. Kuthardt	S. 1/4 1/2	18	300	700	1000
14	F. Kuthardt	S. 1/4 1/2	19	1500	1100	2600
15	Alma Jun. Kogon	S. 1/4 1/2	20	1000	1000	2000
16	Sam. Mauller	N. 1/4 1/2 of S. 1/4 1/2	21	300	1000	1300
17	Aug. Gabler	N. 1/4 1/2 of S. 1/4 1/2	22	400	1000	1400
18	Ernst Schultz	N. 1/4 1/2 of S. 1/4 1/2	23	400	1000	1400
19	Carl Radtke	N. 1/4 1/2 of S. 1/4 1/2	24	300	1000	1300

Average Page, Showing Effect of Socialist Vigilance

The rich folks do not want to pay their taxes. And the rich folks have heretofore always elected the Tax Commissioner and controlled the methods of taxation.

The Socialists insist that all shall pay their fair share of taxes. That is why the Socialist Mayor, the City Clerk and City Attorney insisted on attending the meetings of the board of review.

And that is why the Tax Commissioner thought he could just as well get along without them.

Under the laws, whether we like it or not—and in many cases we do not like it—there are certain methods prescribed for raising money, certain forms of taxation. There is the real estate tax, the tax upon personal property, the tax on the so-called intangible wealth, including stocks, bonds, etc., and in some cases the inheritance and income tax.

There may be better forms of taxation than these, but these are the bases as given to us by the state laws. These kinds of property must be assessed if justice is to be done. If one class of property is omitted from the assessment; if the assessors fail to find and assess some of the property, then an injustice is done to all the rest of the people by compelling them to pay an equal share.

The Problem of Taxation

Here then are some of the problems that confront us: In the first place, we found in Milwaukee, as you will doubtless find in every city, that there was a large part of the property exempt under the state laws. In Milwaukee there is something like \$176,000,000 worth of property exempt from taxation. Some of this is religious and charitable property. Some of it is exempt by reason of provisions for payment of lump sums in lieu of taxation. This, of course, we cannot change until we can change the state laws, even if it should be desirable to change it. But the fact is that every dollar's worth of property that is exempt from taxation increases the burden that every other dollar's worth of property must bear. That must be kept in mind.

The Nation That is Coming

BY A. M. SIMONS

THERE is no more powerful argument for the inevitability of Socialism than the fact that the transition toward the new society is already in full swing. Capitalism is even now passing away. The germs of a new society, in which the workers shall rule, and own, and operate the things with which they work and enjoy the product of pleasurable labor are in the midst of present society.

Just how far this change has progressed few, even among Socialists, are aware.

During the next twelve months the COMING NATION is going to set before its readers a sketch of just how the outline of a new society can already be distinguished amid the ruins of the old.

In his work on the "Social Revolution" Karl Kautsky, the most careful and unimaginative of Socialist writers, stated in effect that the time was here for a new Utopianism. This Utopianism, unlike that of Sir Thomas Moore, Cabet and Bellamy, would not be builded of such stuff as dreams are made of, but would be erected on the firm foundation of existing facts. The features of the coming society will not be drawn from the imagination, but built up from the society which is even now with us. Unconsciously, nearly every institution is being transformed in preparation for a co-operative society. By extending the lines of evolution, now plainly visible, into the future, we shall have a sketch of things as they will be.

The editors of the COMING NATION believe that such a series of articles will prove the most powerful Socialist arguments for both the inevitability and the desirability of Socialism, while, at the same time, they will make extremely fascinating reading.

Some six months ago this plan, in a crude form, was laid before about one hundred Socialists in this country and in Europe, and their criticisms and suggestions invited. Without exception they declared that the work proposed was one of the most valuable that could be undertaken, and, in many cases, volunteered their co-operation.

Much still remains to be worked out before the plan will be complete, and it will be several weeks before the first articles, written in accordance with this plan, will appear.

We believe, however, that our readers will be interested in knowing what is proposed for the coming year, and so, even in this imperfect form, the plan is now put before them.

It is proposed that in each issue there will be a short summing up of the whole field of development as applying to the particular institution to be considered. This will also indicate the special lines of future evolution. This somewhat theoretical discussion will be accompanied by one or more "feature articles," showing how far evolution has already proceeded in certain departments. These "feature articles" will be fully illustrated, and written by the best writers that can be obtained in this country and Europe.

It is not expected that these series of articles will, on the average, occupy more than one-fourth of the space of any number. This will give ample room for fiction articles, current events, humor, and illustrations such as have always appeared.

As a matter of fact, this plan, in a dim way, has been carried out from the beginning. Effort has been made continuously to set before the readers descriptions of "Things doing and to be done." Such has been the character of the articles by Odon Por on Italian agriculture, of Albert Edwards on the Panama Canal, of Charles Edward Russell on Australia and New Zealand, and of numerous others that could be mentioned. The important difference during the ensuing year will be that these articles will be grouped about a consistent plan, giving a unity and completeness to the whole volume of the COMING NATION.

The development of this plan will give an educa-

tional work that will be found of greater value than is offered by the average University course.

The outline, which is given below, is still subject to many changes, but is suggestive at least of possibilities.

Farming

The staple crops will be located after the study of soils, transportation and climate, and so as to utilize the labor supply advantageously and avoid over work.

The most perfect machinery will be used, with skilled labor, and inventions encouraged.

The waste of fences, small fields, imperfect tools, poor seed, etc., will be eliminated.

Intensive farming can utilize heat, glass, electricity and irrigation.

Breeding of plants and animals will be carried on under the universal direction of trained men of science.

Irrigated and swamp lands will be operated as government farms for the production of the great mass of agriculture staples, and as model farms and for relief of unemployed.

Large social groups will be possible, which will give a general social life with no isolation, interchange with other occupations, substantial, artistic homes, with opportunity for best education in connection with work and for experiment and invention.

International collection of facts concerning farming, making it possible to supply a market, avoid over production or scarcity of essentials.

Feature Articles—"International Institute of Agriculture," by Odon Por, fully illustrated.

A description of a new and remarkable institute which, at the present time embraces practically the entire civilized world, but concerning which there is almost no general knowledge.

Eugene Wood, "The Cow and The Lady," a study of the treatment of cattle, and the possible results; with some very striking comparisons as to human beings.

A. M. Simons, "Recent Revolutions in the Application of Machinery to Agriculture."

In the Factory

Hours shortened, inventions encouraged and routine work subject to standardization separated from that having artistic possibilities.

Safety for life and limb secured. Continuous employment and care for those unable to work. Products pure, and where possible, beautiful.

Individual initiative developed in the manufacture of goods.

Associative production of goods by co-operatives, unions, scientific and experimental societies.

Features—Steps already taken by the capitalist under pressure of uprising of the workers. A study of the improvements in the work shop and factory industries during the last decade by Hyman Strunsky.

Treatment of Crime

Abolish crimes arising from poverty, competition, search for profits.

Only atavistic, hereditary or mentally deficient criminals would remain. These would be examined by experts, after fact of guilt of crime had been fixed, and criminals instead of crime would be treated, not punished.

Places of detention would be hospitals, schools and gymnasiums designed to transform defectives into normal social individuals.

Immense savings possible in courts, locks, vaults, police, watchmen, and other institutions for guarding property.

Adequate care for the child to prevent creation of race of criminals.

Features—Description of some of the best administered institutions.

A study of the social causes of crime.

Several well known writers have already agreed to write on this subject.

Care of Health

Fighting disease by society as a whole. All "poverty diseases" abolished. Leisure and work distributed in best manner to secure health. No more worry, over work or dangerous occupations. Pure food and healthful surroundings for all. The profit element taken out of the medical profession. In-

vestigation and scientific research extended and directed only with the object of securing a healthful society.

Features—Fight against tuberculosis. Progress made in fighting social diseases. Dr. W. C. Rucker, and another scientist, one of the foremost investigators in the United States, whose name we are not now permitted to use, are among those who have agreed to contribute articles under this head.

Education

Childhood free from industrial pressure.

Pedagogy developed and applied without reference to class interest.

The school made a social institution.

Industrial plants used for educational purposes as wanted.

The higher institutions accessible to all, with no economic restrictions, and utilized for the discovery and dissemination of knowledge as needed.

Features—Ruth Kauffman on the "Continuation Schools in Munich," May Wood-Simons on "Recent Developments in Education" are two articles already secured on this subject.

Literature

Periodicals no incentive to falsify, news sources undefiled by profits, subjects of wide social interest more generally desired, understood and discussed—no possibility of censorship direct or indirect—large field for associated initiative.

Features—Labor press—movement for freedom in magazines—journalistic trade schools.

Realism in literature—tendencies now visible in work of modern writers.

Edwin J. Bjorkman, the well-known literary critic, is one of those who will contribute to the discussion of this subject.

Amusement

Athletics no longer a gambling or a profit-making industry nor a mere spectacle.

There will be a possibility of general participation for all and a higher standard of health and physique.

Play will be organized socially and the facilities furnished by society for everyone.

Features—Edward J. Ward, the former director of the social centers of Rochester, and now employed by the state of Wisconsin in connection with the University of Wisconsin in extending social centers and municipal playgrounds, will treat this subject.

Politics

General interest in social affairs—complete democracy—no class interests—no private advantage to subserv.

Socialist party suggestion of future parties; supported by voluntary contributions, democratically managed, representing a group of interests subject to general social aim. Full knowledge of facts, truthful press, wide education in social subjects, without class bias.

Features—Socialist parties of various countries, especially United States.

Municipal and Legislative Bureaus.

Theater

The theater can be made a great instrument of social education and amusement, be freed from the control of the box office and the players from the exploitation of trusts.

Features—Municipal and National Theaters in Europe and recent tendencies in the drama.

William Maillv, who has spent several years in the study of this subject, will contribute one of these feature articles.

The Family

Take the factory from the home. Not only industries conducted for profit, such as sweated trades will be taken out, but those "belated industries" like cooking, cleaning, washing, etc., will be organized and conducted by trained workers.

Take the mother and child from the factory. No woman would be compelled and no child permitted to enter the factory save for educational purposes.

Possibilities of monogamic families. Removal of principal causes of disruption in families and of obstacles to marriage and raising children.

Government

Will become a general instrument, democratically controlled for the management of industrial life.

(Continued on page nine.)

Problems of Taxation

(Continued from page six)

—some cases in which the valuation of the workmen's homes had been raised 300 per cent, while the valuation on the rich men's homes was raised very slightly or perhaps not at all. Scores of cases were brought to the attention of the board of assessors. The Socialists even brought the state tax commission to Milwaukee and there in the presence of the board of review and the assessors brought out the evidence of these injustices. They called attention to the fact that under the state law any citizen could appeal to the state board and have the assessment set aside if it was found to be unfair or unequal.

The state board considered the matter and warned the assessors that if there were any serious discrepancies or unequal valuations they would be compelled to make a readjustment if asked to do so. Furthermore, it was pointed out that the state law required the assessors to do certain things which they had evidently failed to do. On these grounds they might be impeached and thrown out of office and their assessment set aside.

The Assessors Get Busy

At this the assessors got busy. It is astonishing to see how they began correcting their assessment rolls. Under the rapid fire of the two or three Socialists of the board, these men corrected their lists and sometimes raised valuations by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In all there were at least 2,069 corrections and erasures. Some pages of the assessment rolls hardly had a single item left as it was originally made. No one will ever know how many changes were made. But the accompanying photographic reproduction of one of the several hundred pages of the assessment books gives an idea of the effectiveness of the Socialist's attack at this point.

And besides the unfair assessment, other errors were found. In one case, for example, the board of assessors had very obligingly forgotten to carry over into the total column an assessment on one of the biggest department stores of the city. This, however, was only a small matter of \$900,000. And what is that among friends?

In another ward the assessors had neglected to enter into the total column an amount that reached \$1,290,000. They just omitted it. It was a mistake—a clerical error. These two errors alone amounted

to more than two million dollars. The Socialists corrected them.

So the Socialists undoubtedly corrected a considerable portion of the attempted injustices. There were some, however, they could not reach. Not this time.

For example, the tax experts engaged in ferreting out the intangible property, which under the law should be taxed, reported ten cases out of 200 examined in Milwaukee, showing the amount of intangible personal property owned, but omitted from the tax rolls for the years 1907-8-9 and '10. The total omitted for these years amounted in 1910 to \$3,197,500. The taxes on this amount alone for one year, they claim, would have amounted to \$308,480.

Earnest effort was made to bring this property on to the tax rolls. It was stopped by injunction proceedings. What! Make the rich folks pay their taxes? Outrageous! Unconstitutional.

Where to Get the Money

But this fight of the Socialists for fair and equal taxation will go steadily forward until this problem is solved. And so it will be seen that the Socialists are prepared to give a pretty complete answer where the city is to get the money to carry on its public work.

The answer to that question is nowhere so complete, so direct and so simple as in the Socialist programme. It may be stated as follows:

1. In the first place make the rich folks pay their taxes. The Socialists will see that justice is done in this matter—that the full valuation is fairly and equally made, that all are assessed in proportion to their ability to bear the burden. And ultimately the forms of taxation will undoubtedly be changed until we find the best form.

2. But the second and more important method of insuring public revenue is that of securing to the city the socially earned incomes, or what is known as unearned increment in site or land values. This may be done either through a system of land value taxation; the shifting of the burden of taxation from personal property to land values; or it may be done by the purchase of land. The essential point is that the community, the city, shall become possessed of the ownership of the land on which it stands. In this way the increased value will go to the city instead of into the hands of real estate speculators.

Already this policy is so far applied in some of the European cities that there are many of the

smaller cities that do not pay a cent of taxation. The revenues from their site values and the lands which they own out-side of the city, carry their entire common expenses. In some cases European cities own as much as one-half to three-fourths of the entire land upon which they stand.

We are moving in this direction as rapidly as our laws will permit, in Milwaukee.

3. And finally the city should as rapidly as possible, embark in revenue producing enterprises. The city of Milwaukee owns a water plant which produces a revenue above all expenses, reaching as high as \$150,000 per year. We want the city to own other revenue producing enterprises. There are 282 cities in England that own and operate their gas plants. Their revenues above all expenses reach in some cases as high as \$300,000 per year. We want our cities to own their gas plants. Hundreds of cities are having similar experiences in all parts of the world. We want our cities to embark in enterprises that will produce revenue for the city.

Here again is the rub. The capitalists are always willing that a city shall do anything or everything that costs money to do and produces no revenue. But the moment you propose that the city shall own something that produces a revenue, either an electric lighting plant, a gas plant, or a street car line—they immediately begin to protest. They claim it would be impractical, impossible—that it will increase taxes, that it will be a dismal failure, that calamities will result and destruction overtake the city. And if these awful stories do not frighten the people out of the attempt, then finally they resort to the courts and get out an injunction. That is exactly what they did here in Milwaukee several years ago on our electric lighting plant proposition.

So the capitalists would keep the city poor in order to make the few people rich. The Socialists on the other hand want the city to own these things which produce revenues. The capitalists are perfectly willing that the city should own its schools, that it should build its streets, construct the sewers, protect from fire, and establish and maintain police regulations. But none of these produce a revenue. We want the city to own and operate revenue producing enterprises.

And there again is the issue. Capitalism wants the city to be poor that a few may be rich.

Socialism wants the city to be rich that it may provide amply for the welfare of all.

The Voice that Found Itself

By Emanuel Julius

So, you like my singing, eh? Well, it may surprise you to hear that not long since I was as dumb as this wall. . . . Really, do I astound you? Believe me, my dear friend, I was born speechless and continued so for thirty years. Only three years ago did I speak my first word. Would you care to have me explain?

I've told this story many times, but I never tire—it's extraordinary, of that there is no doubt. I repeat, I was born voiceless. My affliction caused me much misery and seemed to make life not worth living. It was difficult, cruelly difficult for me to earn my necessities; I could not hold employment, I was quite useless to the average employer and, as a result, I was always penniless, ragged and even homeless.

One morning I picked up a newspaper and there, under the "Help Wants" was an advertisement that read as follows:

"Are you Dumb? If so, report at 420 Madison Avenue immediately. Good opportunity to earn cash."

I had not a nickel for carfare, so I walked and when I arrived, I saw a two-story, old-fashioned, frame house with a battered sign on its door that read:

Dr. Hans Mostler
Throat Specialist.

A moment later I was seated in a small, dingy room in which there were at least a dozen other dumb mutes all anxious for the job. A small emaciated, old man was in charge. He hustled about from one to the other, peering into each throat. When he examined mine, he grunted enthusiastically. "Hmm—er—ah, just—er—the man. You will do." Turning to the others he said in his dry, colorless manner: "You may all go, gentlemen, I am satisfied with this man. Thank you for calling."

Soon we were alone. In a few words he explained the whole matter to me. There was, said he, a very rich man who, unfortunately, was speechless. He had tried hundreds of famous physicians

and all had failed; none had helped or benefited him in the least. At last, he gave up in despair.

"I," said Dr. Mostler slowly, "hope to be able to get the great reward that awaits the man who succeeds. I went up to see him at his place of business yesterday for the tenth time and got his attention. He seemed, as ever, disinclined to believe in my ability; he said that he had been fooled too often, that too many fakers had bled him for money. And now, according to my agreement with this man, I must first find a man in a similar condition, give him speech and then Mr. Andrews will consent to personal treatment. He also intends to spend no money except two dollars a visit to the man I choose for my experiments. Would you care to undergo treatment?" he asked.

I readily consented, for I was, as I have already told you, penniless.

"Very well," said old Dr. Mostler. "I shall treat you at once and then you go down to his office, report to his secretary and he will pay you from time to time."

And then commenced what seemed to be useless torture. He worked on me tirelessly. He made sketches of my throat, examined each particle with extreme care and then decided that, like Mr. Andrews, the nerves of my throat were paralyzed. Once revived, speech would return. Electricity and a secret concoction, he declared, were my only hope. And he was not in the least stingy with his electricity, either.

Days and days passed. Each week I went down to Mr. Andrews' place and there reported my condition and drew my wages. Each time Mr. Andrews' secretary made careful inquiries. He did not seem to have much faith in the treatment.

"That man is a faker," he declared again and again. I said nothing—the reason was obvious. I took my treatment and my few paltry dollars and

went my way. A month later I felt the stiffness in my throat disappear. I informed Mr. Andrews' secretary of that, but he smiled. I well knew that he believed I was lying in the hope that false notions be aroused in Mr. Andrews' mind and that I benefit thereby. However, I could do nothing to disillusion him, so I let him hold his opinion.

Two weeks later I was paid my allowance and told not to return.

"Mr. Andrews is convinced that the old doctor can do nothing for him," the secretary declared.

I returned to the doctor and apprised him of the fact. He wept bitterly. "Do you not feel different?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"Continue coming for treatment," said the doctor. "I am convinced that you will regain your voice."

I promised.

During my treatment I always plainly saw that the poor doctor was suffering actual want. He was slowly starving. That was apparent to the most superficial observer. But he said not a word, sighed often, but worked all the harder. He absolutely refused to take part of the little money I had earned.

And then came the surprise of my life. One morning I awakened and laughed outright. I felt so good. I listened. Who had laughed? Not—but myself! My voice had found itself. I sprang to my feet and shouted for joy. "My voice! My voice! It is mine! My voice!"

I could hardly dress rapidly enough. I was soon on my way to Mr. Andrews'. I rushed into his office and shouted: "My voice! I have my voice!"

He excitedly beckoned his secretary. "Come," said the secretary. "Let us hurry to the doctor's."

We sprang into an automobile. Soon we were in the doctor's office. And there we found him dead.

Socialism is the movement that will free the workers from wage slavery. It is a movement of the workers by the workers for the workers. The worker who fights against Socialism is fighting the movement that will free him.—*Cotton's Weekly*.

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XVI.

IF a person born since the Big Change were to hear for the first time that there was such a place as Hell, a vast and gloomy region burning with fire unquenchable, inhabited by countless millions of men who could not die or lose their physical or mental powers, but must live on in agony for endless ages, suffering anguish of mind, suffering acute bodily discomfort, especially intense thirst (for Hell is said to be even more arid than the Great American Desert), I trust that person would not be so rude as to say to his informant: "I don't believe it."

I don't like to hear that kind of talk. It is worse than rude; it's childish, like saying: "Aw, they ain't no Santy Claus!"

Before the Big Change, when ninety-nine out of every hundred was as certain of the existence of Hell as he was certain of the Great American Desert, the hundredth man was likely to be one of these fellows who think it's smart to try to be different from other folks, who like to say things that shock people and get the Uncle Billy Hardheads up on their ear. It was shrewdly suspected by many that these fellows liked to hear themselves talk, that they didn't believe what they said their own selves, and that, if they should ever come down with a right hard spell of sickness, they'd send for the preacher as quick as the next man. Their attitude towards Hell was generally regarded as a foolish piece of business, like dastin' the lightning to strike you. (There was a fellow did that one time, and he hadn't no more'n got the words out o' his mouth when the lightning took him—Blap! and laid him out deader'n a hammer. Yes, sir.) In the same way it was felt that to deny Hell-fire was a direct slam at The Good Man. It might even be that mysterious sin for which there could be no forgiveness.

The person born since the Big Change would not question the existence of Eternal Punishment; he would not question the justice of torturing men for ages on ages in payment for the one foolish caper or idle word of a useful life. He would be more interested in the inhabitants of that unhappy abode. "What sort of people are they?" he would ask.

"Oh, a hard crowd," you'd tell him, and shake your head.

"What do you mean by 'hard'?"

"Tough customers," you'd answer. "Reckless. Don't care what they do."

"Like deep-sea fishermen, for example, or railroad men or structural iron workers on these high buildings or river-drivers in the lumber regions or sailors, and soldiers, and adventurers in Mexican revolutions?"

"Yes, I suppose they aren't what you might call Sunday-school boys, and if they go to Heaven at all it will be by what are called 'uncovenanted mercies.' I mean the rough element generally. Good-hearted enough, but low-class. Get drunk on Saturday nights and Sundays and holidays. Don't go to church or read their Bibles."

"I see," he would say. "You mean working-class

people. I've heard the old expression they have that they 'work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to Hell into the bargain.' Um. Would there be any scientific men among them?"

"Oh, my, yes," you'd tell him. "Since 1859—that's when Darwin's book came out—they have been going there in shoals for denying that the world was made in six calendar days. You see, they claim that the rocks show—"

"Oh, there are geologists there?"

"Yes, and physicists, and chemists and—"

"Any mathematicians?"

More of them than anybody. They have been going there for centuries because they wouldn't do sums in multiplication right. Three times one is three, they said, and stuck out for it."

"I see. How long did you say they'd be in for?"

"Eternity."

"And, whatever happened, they couldn't be any worse off."

"Hell is positively the limit."

"Oh, by the way, what is the date of your latest report as to the condition of things down there?"

"About two thousand years ago."

"Oh, well!" And he turns away with a laugh.

What he'd mean by that would be not merely that men in the course of time become inured to almost anything that isn't the article of death itself so that if it doesn't actually kill them, they count it as all in the day's work, which accounts for many interesting features of the Labor Movement; not merely that people learn how to take care of themselves and by watching for favoring slants, and by various sleights learn how to be fairly comfortable in what the green hand would think was sheer misery. What he would mean by that light laugh and, "Oh, well!" would be that with so many millions of reckless adventures with nothing at all to lose and everything to gain, afraid of nothing, used to hardships, to toil, to all kinds of bold expedients, with so many mathematicians, and chemists, and physicists, and apologists—Why, for all we know there may be more modern improvements down there than up here. It may be even more desirable a location than its alternative choice. Two thousand years ago—There can be a lot of changes in two thousand years. Manhattan Island wasn't much of a resort then, you know.

And the difference between Manhattan Island as it is today and what it was fifty years ago is hardly less than the difference between Manhattan Island fifty years ago and what it was two thousand years ago.

It isn't so much that there are more houses on it than there were when the War of '61 broke out or that they are as much different houses as those, in turn, were from the wigwam, as it is that the physical conformation of the island has been changed; what were marshy hollows are level, stony places and what were hills have been planed down; brooks that then babbled in the sunlight run to the rivers all in the dark; grass and trees have become almost as exotic as geraniums; men ride miles and miles under the ground or higher in the air than tree-tops; men talk to each other, one at the Battery,

the other in Harlem; they warm themselves in winter and never see fire, while in summer they have cold without ice; water comes to them from the mountains miles and miles away, and though in a wilderness without a well Moses had to smite a rock, these put forth no such effort and are conscious of no miracle when by a simple twist of the wrist they bring forth water from a plastered wall.

There are no recent consular reports from Perdition, but the people who have gone there, if all be true, within the last fifty years are the same set who have had a hand in making over the world from what it was in '61 to what it is now. So we may infer that—

Well, it's like this: Hell, and those states where the Democratic party has been in undisputed control for the last half century are the only known localities where burning human beings alive for the pure sport of it is the custom of the country. (They burn 'em alive in Republican states, but only in the way of business.)

In the days before the Big Change, you might knock off the sharpest corners and pad out the most back-breaking hollows, but the world was here, a bed for you to lie on, a rocky bed, and you had to make the best of it. If it was uncomfortable, grin and bear it. Be patient, submit to the inevitable, and be brave like a good soldier enduring hardships.

If you wanted to get on the other side of a mountain, climb over it or go around it; ford the stream or maybe build a bridge or, if it was too wide to bridge, cross on a boat. Summer would be nice if it weren't for the mosquitoes and flies that get into your bedrooms and break your rest, and winter would be nice if a body didn't have to do without fruits and green truck. But there! What's the use of repining? If the Almighty had meant for you to have lettuce in January, or screens in the windows or tunnels under rivers and through mountains, He would have ordered it so. Things were, then, just as they came from the Creator's hand. To want to change them was faulting the judgment that had declared the world, in its wild state, to be "very good." Even if things could be changed, it were presumptuous sin to do so, like unto the sin of Uzzah, who laid his hand upon the Ark of the Covenant, merely to steady it on the ox-cart, and was killed so quickly he did not know what hurt him.

Part of the Big Change is the recognition that the world was *not* especially made to suit us, that grass was *not* dyed green because that is the color easiest on our eyes, and that dominion was not "given" to us, but that such as we have of dominion we wrested from reluctant nature. Ere ever the stars were lighted up, the Isthmus of Panama may have been planned to part two oceans. But it won't be there for very long now. We are making the world over to suit ourselves.

Hell, on any side of the grave, is practically abolished. The father nature in us that begets, provides devices for ending want and misery; the mother nature in us that protects and nurtures needs to function. That is all.

(To Be Continued.)

The Nation That is Coming

(Continued from page seven.)

Will be the great co-ordinating and directing instrument in the hands of the people.

Features—A study of the different departments of the United States government showing how, at the present time, they are being modified until they are ready for the management of the different fields of industry.

The extent to which this has gone will be a revelation to those who have not followed this field.

International Relations

Co-operation of nations for the satisfaction of the human wants, with a differentiation according to function in the industrial world is now going on.

Nations are uniting and international organizations are extending across national lines.

Features—Henri Lafontaine, Socialist senator in Belgium, member of a large number of international societies, and generally recognized as the best equipped man in this field, has promised to treat this subject in the COMING NATION.

It has become commonplace to say that the Socialist movement of the United States has entered upon a new stage and that with the coming of many local victories and not a few in state and nation, Socialist activity must partake of the character of preparation for the control of society.

Yet our propaganda has been slow to reflect this change. This is natural. For more than a generation the important thing was to advertise Socialism and to inculcate a few doctrinal truths. This na-

urally developed a literature based on broad assertions, sensational exposures, vigorous denunciations and revival-like appeals that resulted in sectarian organization.

It has been hard to break away from this stage. It is easier to make a propaganda of "sound and fury" than of practical achievement. Once the phrases have been learned, it is much simpler to issue a manifesto than to organize a precinct. It always requires less effort to talk about a class struggle than to fight it; to defy the lightning of international class rule than to properly administer a township. Yet, if Socialism is inevitable, if the Socialist party is soon to rule in state and nation, then it is of the highest importance that Socialists should know something of the forces with which they are going to deal; something of the

(Continued on page twelve.)



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XIV.

THE moment that Witherspoon left her, Florida had sought her father. Mrs. Pickens, suffering from the shock of the night before, was ill in her own room, and it was to the door of this that Florida called him. "Father," she said, her voice so lowered that it could not pierce the door and reach her mother's ears, "there is one matter that must be settled before I can go away. 'I've been thinkin' about it all day, an' I've decided that it must be settled at once an' by me."

The colonel nodded his weary silver head.

"It is this," Florida went on: "More than a week ago, Cal Ridgeley asked me to marry him—"

"Flor'da! Without askin' me? Why didn' yo' tell me?"

"I waited. I wasn' sure. No matter. Now—now that all this has happened, o' course— Well, I must release him, an' I must do it myself."

"Daughter—" The old man's lip trembled. "I don' know, I don' know what to advise. Yo' ol' father seems to have got ve'y old of a sudden, an' I don'—"

"There's no need of advice, Daddy. I know what to do, an' I shan't do it—I can't do it—by letter. I must see him—"

"See him? Yo' wouldn'—"

"Yes, I must see him. I must see him alone. I must see him now. I want to get it all over an' done fo'. I have sent fo' him. I shall be down stairs with him. It won' take mo' than fifteen minutes when he comes, an' all that I want yo' to promise is that yo'll stay up here with Mother fo' that length of time."

The colonel commanded, but he commanded in vain. He pleaded, but his pleading counted nothing. His consternation that she should think, in the circumstances, of talking to a man that had made her an offer of marriage, his horror that she should put such thoughts into action, were both lost upon her. He had a new daughter. The girl had become a woman; the malleable metal had been hardened in the furnace of reality; she would not yield; and, because she would not yield, the colonel, feeling that the foundations of his whole social order had crumbled into dust beneath him, was forced at last himself to surrender.

And so Florida, having taken in her own bare hands the double-edged blade of Justice, waited for Cal in the old colonial room among the portraits of those men and women whose daughter he had outraged. She drew the window tight and fastened it. She even braved the awed curiosity of a servant and, saying that she expected Ridgeley, directed that, when he came, he should be shown in to her and any later caller denied. Then, before the spindle-legged Chippendale table, she sat down calmly on one of the stiff-backed chairs.

Outside the Easter stillness was unbroken. Through the closed window she could see the breathless palmettos, the bending live oaks, green in the Sunday sun. A crimson rambler flowered against the panes, and beyond it she caught the color of the roses. The road—even the all between the garden and the road—was invisible.

She waited long, but she waited quietly. Her temperament was of the sort that, once her determination had been taken, could abide in patience, and when at last she heard the clang of the distant gate, followed by the crunching sound of heavy foot-steps on the walk, her hands, folded in her lap, did not tremble.

The door opened, and turbaned Eliza entered.

"Marse Cal," she announced.

Florida bowed in silence. The servant admitted

Cal started. His red eyes met hers, hesitated, fell. "I dunno," he said.

"Where's your revolver?" repeated Florida, precisely as if she had not said the words before.

Cal's right hand brushed back his Norfolk jacket and sought a hip pocket. It went there slowly, as if it did not know the way; but it went, and when it appeared again, it held, dangling loosely, unfamiliarly, the Colt revolver that had been Cal's father's and that had given Jim Jackson his death-wound.

Florida nodded toward the desk from which, eight days before, she had taken the weapon to show it to Sanborn.

"Put it over there," she said.

Cal looked at her again, and again locked quickly away.

"No," he muttered, and she saw his teeth as he said it.

But Florida did not retreat.

"You must know," she said, "that there is a good deal we must say to each other. You must have wanted to say your part of it, or you wouldn't have come. Ve'y well. I won' talk to you less you first do what I want you to do. Put that revolver in the esk where it belongs."

Then, almost like a man walking in his sleep, he obeyed her. With clumsy fingers that fumbled at the catch, he opened the desk. He picked up the wooden case, raised its cover as if he were afraid to look at what it contained, dropped the revolver inside and restored the case to the desk.

"Now," said Florida, "come back here."

He walked to the spot she indicated—a spot that left her sitting between him and the desk—and stood there.

A palpitating silence followed.

"Flor'da," he at last began, "Flor'da—"

He reached out both his hands, his head still lowered, his hat falling disregarded to the floor.

She drew back in her chair.

"Don' put your fingers on me!" she commanded.

His eyes met hers once more—his eyes wild, hunted, ashamed, her own steady, calm, unwavering. The woman had indeed found herself; different as these two had always been, the gulf that had always yawned between them seemed never so wide, never so hopeless of bridging, as it seemed now.

"Where's Billy Turner?" asked Florida.

Cal started. His hands were jerked back to his sides; they clenched until their rough nails pierced the calloused palms. His head shot erect, then drooped again, his red mouth still working, but unable to frame a reply.

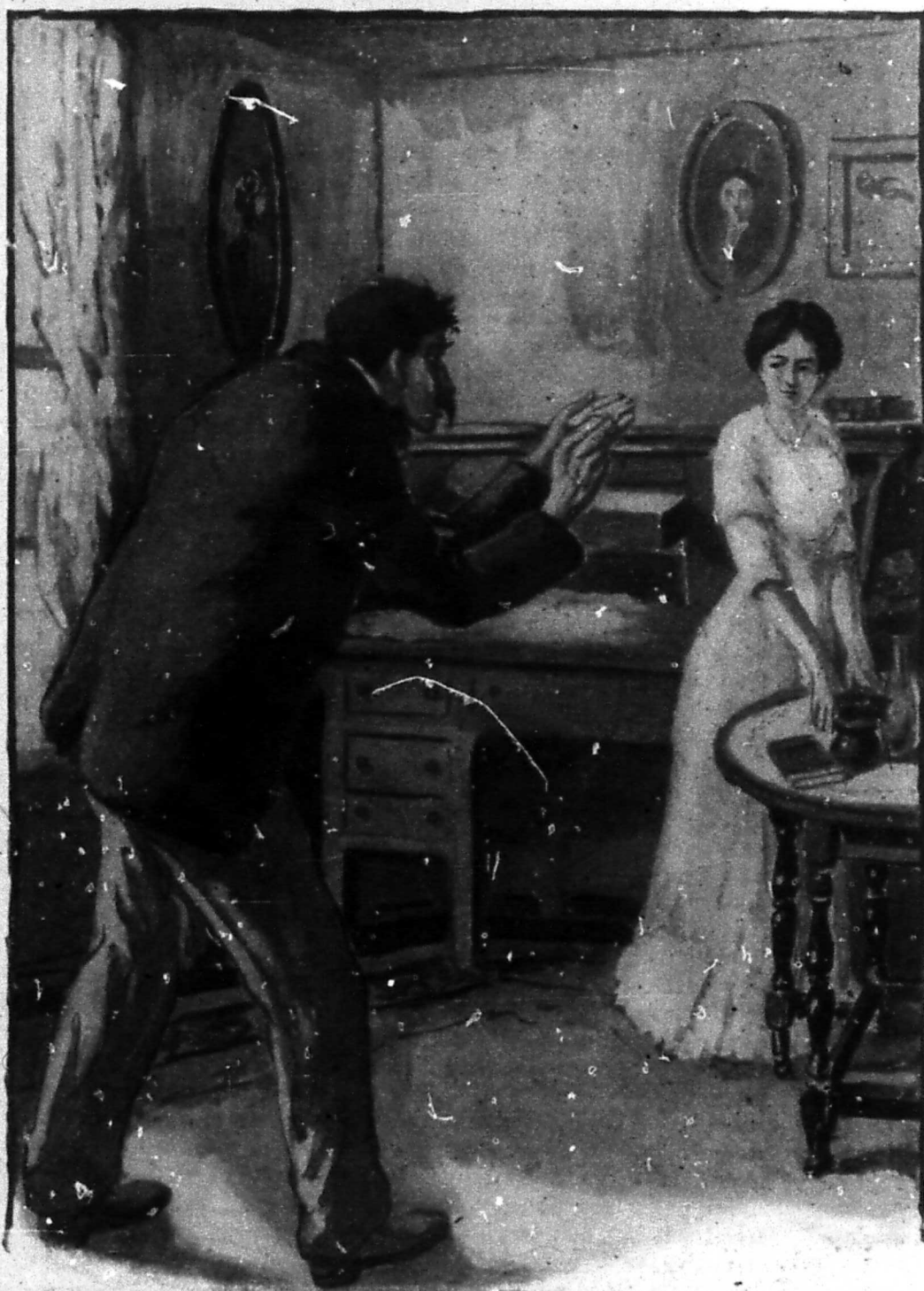
"Where's Billy Turner?" asked Florida.

"Flor'da!" The word leaped out, but none followed. The lips remained open, but empty.

"Answer me," the girl ordered. "What has become of my dead brother's servant?"

He had to speak then. The words seemed to burn his throat; they seemed to tear at his tongue, but they came.

"Flor'da! Don' think the things yo're thinkin' now. I'm not all that yo' think I ain—I am not, Flor'da! Wait till I tell yo'. Then yo'll see that it wasn' all my fault. Then yo'll know that everythin's gone from me—*everythin'*. I'm nothin' any



"No you won't" she said, "you'd be afraid."

Ridgeley and closed the door behind him, leaving the pair face to face, alone.

He stood there looking at her and yet afraid to meet her candid brown eyes. The mud had been scraped from his boots and corduroys, but both still showed its yellow stains. His long black hair fell from his thin face and left it cleaned, but yellow. Under the flowing black moustache the full red lips worked nervously. His eagle nose breathed hard; both big, hairy hands gripped at his soft felt hat, held before him.

Florida did not rise. Her pale cheeks showed her physical weakness and her tight lips betrayed her nervous suffering; but her voice, when she finally spoke, was her old-time calm contralto.

"Where's your revolver?" she asked.

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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EDITORS

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The End of the Year

This is number fifty-two of the COMING NATION. It marks the end of a year's achievement. We are just a little proud of the things we have done in that year. We believe we have a right to be. To establish a new Socialist paper; to bring to it such a body of writers as have contributed to the pages of the COMING NATION, and to see that paper welcomed to an extent that enables us now to circulate more papers than any other Socialist weekly in the English language, with the exception of the *Appeal to Reason*, is an achievement to be proud of.

Yet, as we look back on the year, it seems as if we had fallen far short of the things we might have accomplished. There were so many things that we meant to do that took more time than we had expected. There were so many things that had to grow because they could not be made directly. There was so much of long correspondence with authors in distant cities and even distant lands.

Some of the things that were planned, even before the paper started, are still in process of achievement. Some articles that we expected to get within a few weeks are still waiting, although at no time have they been forgotten.

Of course, what has been accomplished would have been impossible had it not been for the machinery which has been built up around the *Appeal to Reason*, and the assistance that came from that publication.

All this, however, deals with things that are done. Next week is the beginning of another year. The question of what sort of a paper we will have next year will depend very largely upon the response that comes within the next few weeks from those who have seen and read the first fifty-two numbers.

We have planned big things, some of which are told elsewhere. We have planned a new serial with some rather startling features. They will be announced soon. We have planned for better illustrations, and better feature articles.

We are going to be able to realize upon some of the lessons learned during this first year.

All of these things must depend upon the response received from those who now have learned to know the paper. If the COMING NATION is to be continued at the high standard of the past year, mechanically and every other way, it will be because our readers take the trouble to interest their friends in its success.

We believe that the Socialist movement of the United States is ready to welcome a paper that, in make-up and matter, shall be the equal of any of those published to defend capitalism. We can give you such a paper if you will lend your aid in extending the subscriptions at this time.

There have come many suggestions that the copy of the painting by Balfour Ker be offered for sale. The COMING NATION has decided that this picture belongs to the COMING NATION subscribers, and it will not, therefore, be sold. We are having some splendid prints made of it, which, when framed, will be something worth while to hang in any home, or Socialist meeting place.

They are printed on heavy, half-tone paper, put up in a tube so as to pass through the mails without injury. While they last, one of these will be given to every person who sends a dollar either for a new subscription or a renewal. Only a thousand of them have been printed and they will be numbered in consecutive order. If you want one, it will be necessary to act quickly.

If you send in one new subscription, with your renewal, or if you send two dollars for subscriptions, and ask for it, you will receive a copy of "The Magyar," by Alexander Irvine.

For three dollars' worth of subscriptions, a copy of "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, will be sent. This offer is limited to orders received before the book is on the market. The proofs have already been read and the book will probably appear inside of five or six weeks at the latest.

This book is the result of twelve years' study. It was rewritten four times and submitted for criticism and suggestion to hundreds of persons during the process.

It is the first American History to analyze the industrial evolution of this country and its effect on social conditions. It traces this evolution from discovery to the present time and shows how, in each social stage, institutions have been formulated by the struggle of the social classes.

You have seen the COMING NATION for a year. You know by this time whether you want such a paper in this country. We are waiting to hear your answer. What shall it be?

Belgian Universal Suffrage Demonstration

More than three hundred thousand Belgians gathered at Brussels on the 15th of August to demonstrate in favor of universal suffrage and against the recent Schollaert law, which grants government subsidies to lay schools directed by ecclesiasts.

It was the greatest and most imposing demonstration that the Belgian capital has ever seen. Beginning at 5.30 in the morning, 115 special trains poured a surging mass of humanity into the capital. To the hundred and fifty thousand demonstrators of the city itself were added more than 150,000 from the provinces.

This mobilization of all the live forces of democracy in Belgium had been proposed by the Belgian Labor party in conjunction with the Liberals.

Elaborate and somewhat exaggerated precautions for the preservation of order had been taken by the Catholic government. The *gendarmerie* of Brussels was held in readiness, re-enforced by that of the province, which was lodged in the palace of the Cinquentaire. On their side the demonstrators had taken careful measures against the activities of *provocateurs*, by appointing special officials to work with the police.

The procession comprised 250 groups, headed by banners, allegorical paintings and innumerable flags. Banners recorded the result of the plural vote in the various provinces of Belgium and demonstrated, by figures, that the "majority of electors dispose of only a minority of the votes."

Other banners contained the list of martyrs of universal suffrage, men that had fallen before the bullets of the gendarmes and the civic guard in the course of former demonstrations for universal suffrage. Many of the banners carried by the Flemish and the Walloons were embroidered into veritable works of art. The vast procession, singing and with bands playing, aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

The Socialists of the provinces alone had mustered over 100,000. Every Socialist and Liberal deputy and senator was in the procession.

The procession marched to the Park of Saint-Gilles, where twenty-seven

members of Parliament, fourteen Socialists and thirteen Liberals, delivered addresses.

After the speeches the oath was read which was taken twenty years ago in the same park by the Socialists, to struggle until universal suffrage had been won.

This oath was repeated by all the demonstrators while the bands played the "March of Universal Suffrage."

"The workers and democrats of Belgium, assembled in solemn demonstration at Brussels, on August 15, 1911, swear to fight without rest or cessation until universal suffrage, pure and simple, has been realized and the Schollaert law has been withdrawn."

Such a demonstration predicates the final complete overthrow of the clerical government in the approaching elections.

Odd Geographical Facts Few People Know About

The following list of odd things about the earth that the average person does not know has been compiled by Prof. R. H. Whitbeck of the University of Wisconsin geology department:

Did you know—

That the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is farther east than the Atlantic end?

That Venice, Italy, and Montreal, Canada, are in about the same latitude?

That if an express train had started out from the earth for the planet Neptune at the birth of Christ, and had traveled 60 miles an hour day and night every since it would not yet be half way there?

That Cuba would reach from New York to Chicago?

That the mouth of the Amazon river is as near to Europe as it is to New York?

That Texas is larger than Germany and as large as 212 Rhode Islands?

That, when measured in degrees of longitude, San Francisco is about in the middle of the United States, including Alaska?

That the entire continent of South America lies further east than Florida?

That Glasgow, Scotland, is in the same latitude as Alaska?

That, if the southern end of Chile, South America, were placed at Florida that single country would extend northward entirely across the United States and Canada and half way across Hudson Bay?

Not Enough to Live

After a searching analysis of the family budgets of three hundred and sixteen workingmen's families living in New York, Dr. Chapin says: "An income under \$800 is not enough to permit the maintenance of a normal standard. Whether an income between \$800 and \$900 can be made to suffice is a question to which our data do not warrant a dogmatic answer. An income of \$900 or over probably permits the maintenance of a normal standard, at least so far as the physical man is concerned."

Studies in Homestead, Buffalo, and Baltimore confirm for these cities the conclusions for New York City. A family can, therefore, maintain efficiency on about \$3 a day in the leading Eastern cities.

This statement is interesting, but it can never be truly effective until we learn how many men get \$3 per day.

The most reliable average wage data are furnished by Massachusetts and New Jersey, Michigan, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. A study of these shows that the average wages of all employes range, in the leading industries, from \$450 to \$600 per year—seldom rising above the latter figure except in industries like petroleum and malt liquors, for which considerable skill is required and in which males only are employed seldom falling below except in industries like confectionery and paper boxes, which

employ a majority of women, and in which the average annual earnings is less than \$400.

In view of all of the evidence, it is fair to say that the adult male wage workers in the industries of that section of the United States lying east of the Rockies and north of the Mason and Dixon line receive a total average annual wage of about \$600; that this falls to \$500 in some of the industries employing the largest numbers of persons, but rises to \$700 or even to \$750 in a few highly skilled industries. That the average annual earnings of adult females in the same area is about \$350, with a very slight range, in the industries employing large numbers of adult females.—*The American Magazine*.

Woman's Suffrage

A resolution passed by the County Committee, Local Allegheny County, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, at their last regular meeting:

WHEREAS, Allegheny County is one of the largest industrial centers in the nation and employs thousands of women in its industries; and

WHEREAS, One of the strongest defenses against economic tyranny is the ballot; and

WHEREAS, The capitalist legislators of the state and nation regard the question of woman's suffrage a minor one, or ridicule it altogether; and

WHEREAS, We, the Socialist party of Allegheny County, regard it as one of the most important, woman being one-half of the working class; and

WHEREAS, We as a working class party have succeeded in getting a representative in the United States Congress; be it

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the action of the National Woman's Committee of the Socialist party in passing a motion to circulate petitions for woman's suffrage to be presented to Congress by Victor Berger, and that we will do all in our power to help circulate such petitions.

LOCAL ALLEGHENY CO. SOCIALIST PARTY.

The Nation That is Coming

(Continued from Page Nine.)

lines of evolution which they are going to further; something of a government which they are going to administer; something of the task which they profess to be eager to accomplish.

If we leave the field of achievement to the reformer, then it is going to be hard to persuade people that reform is not sufficient. If Socialists take every step forward as part of a general revolutionary program, and never fail to point out that these things are but steps forward in a stairway that mean nothing save as they lead to a higher stage of society, then the Socialist movement will carry along with it all those who are fighting the class struggle. The hopelessness of reform as a goal will become apparent when its real position in social evolution is pointed out.

The first of this series of articles will appear within a few weeks, and further announcements will be made from time to time.

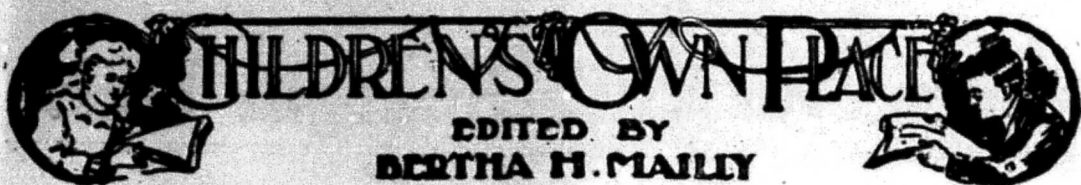
We believe that if those who read this will show it to their neighbors and tell them something of what is proposed for the second year of the COMING NATION, that this matter may be placed before thousands of new readers. This is something which the editors cannot do. They can gather the material, and put it in printed form, but it depends upon those who read this to say how many persons that matter shall reach.

The Retort Discourteous

Mrs. Poorleigh—"And what would you be now if it wasn't for my money?"

Mr. Poorleigh—"A bachelor, my dear."—*Lippincott's*.

Silver Mirrors, Instructions \$1.00
Guaranteed to work or money refunded. First lesson
10c. H. Holbein, 915 Leopard St., Corpus Christi, Tex.



The Right is Marching On

*A better day is coming when the workingman shall stand
As free and independent as any in the land;
When he shall be rewarded for the work of brain and hand—
For the right is marching on!*

*A better day is coming when truth shall hold full sway,
When Justice, full-enthroned, like the noontide god of day
Shall set no more forever—for its coming let us pray—
The right is marching on!*

(This poem in its entirety has always been a favorite with Eugene V. Debs. It would be worth while for every boy and girl to learn at least these two stanzas by heart.)

Black Susan

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

THE sat in the morning sunlight, under the coal-shed window, wearing a very severe expression, and occasionally there was a quick nervous lash of the tail. Black Susan was angry, and she had good cause to be, as we soon learned. There were two large apple trees, one at each corner of the house.

At this time they were sweet with blossoms, and the promise of fruit. Up above, too, in the cool green branches were lovely places to climb and for birds to build their nests.

Black Susan sat half way between these trees. Soon there was a darting swoop of strong blue wings, and a snapping of the sharp bill, as Mr. Blue Jay swept in a downward curve from one tree to the other, and in passing he impudently gave the lashing tail a tweak.

Back and forth he flew, repeating his performance, until Black Susan sprang up, and with as much dignity as she could, retreated to the coal-shed. The discretion of Black Susan should have been an example to her three children, who were as black as she was, but youth must learn its own lessons.

Young Tom with great spirit, and considerable show of temper, rushed at Mr. Blue Jay, and chased him to the walnut tree, where his mate sat watching, and where they slept.

Tom went up the tree rapidly, intending to make a great show of his bravery, and teach that meddling bird his place. There was no trouble until he reached the first branches of the tree, and then both birds came at once, and swept past him pinching, pulling, biting—tail, ears and eyes, all suffered.

Poor Tom came down more rapidly than he went up, and fell the last four feet of his descent. He came to the house as fast as possible, the birds darting around him all the way, and his angry wails filling the air. He came into the wood-shed, and wandered around the house still yowling, and evidently a very indignant kitten.

Finally he found Black Susan, who licked his wounds vigorously, and doubtless comforted him as only mothers know how.

Her complete yielding to the situation was rather a surprise to us, as it seemed uncanny that a mere cat should see so plainly that she could not help herself.

The next morning when we stepped into the coal-shed from the kitchen, young Tom was devouring Mr. Blue

Jay, and Black Susan sat proudly near, purring most cheerfully.

She knew where the misguided bird slept, and so she had followed out cat nature, and had done what might have been expected to her prey. For animals, though they appear to have something more than instinct, do not have reason, like man, and man has besides reason, religion and example, to teach him that it is wrong to prey upon his brother.

It is foretold in the scriptures that a time will come when animals will not prey upon one another, and it is a pleasant thought, but Black Susan was not an educated cat and she only followed natural inclinations and a good deal of cat shrewdness, so she lay in wait for Blue Jay and that night when he was sleeping she crept softly up the tree. There was a stealthy spring, a brief flutter of wings, and young Tom's breakfast was ready for him.

The Boy Scouts a Peace Society

The Boy Scouts a peace organization? Yes, just as the army is a peace organization! No war is taught the boy scouts? Look at these subjects, taken from the index to the Boy Scout Handbook, the official Scout publication:

Subject.	Page.
Uniforms	23
War Songs	25
Morse Code	56
Wig-wag or Myer Code ...	58
Use of Firearms	81
First Aid to the Injured...	93
Archery	115
Tracking or Trailing	136
Hostile Spy	150
The Man Hunt	151
Spear Fights	152
War Dance	156
Throwing the Assegai	164
How to teach Stalking.....	166
Spot the Thief	165
Smugglers over the Border.	168
Siberian Man Hunt	172
Target Shooting	182
Long Range, Clout or Flight	
Shooting	188

Very keenly thought out, isn't it? Very nicely planned to appeal to all boy instincts and at the same time to fit him for "more serious business" later on. How cunningly arranged to instill a love of war and "obedience to employers." Get your thinking caps on!—*Exchange.*

Equal Chances for All

One of the reasons why we are Socialists—perhaps the greatest reason of all—is that we want to make sure that every child born into this world shall have an equal chance of happiness and of doing good service to his or her fellow human beings. So long as some parents have many thousands of pounds to spend on their children every year, and so long as some parents have only a few shillings a week—some children will have all that they need to make them healthy, well-educated, and happy men and women; and other children will have to go to school hungry, to wear bad boots and ragged clothes, and grow up weakly, and without having had time to learn about the wonders of the world they live in.

Socialists do not want any children to have too much or too little to eat; but they want them all to have enough. They want them all to have warm, clean clothes, and plenty of house room and big playgrounds; and they want them all to stay at school and learn all they can, and have a thoroughly jolly childhood—as richer children do today. When they grow up, Socialists want them to lead useful, happy lives, with a fair amount of leisure and no fear of being out of work.

As things are today, a few people

have a great deal of money and do not work at all, while the great majority of the people work very long hours for small pay, and are always in fear of losing that work; because, unless they work, they will have to starve. All these things happen, not because rich people are bad and poor people are good, but because people do not understand that the best way of managing a nation's wealth is to make sure that each person gets enough to live on.

Really all people, whether they are rich or poor, are pretty much of the same kind. They are all excellent in parts, just like all the children you play with.

Some of them are generous and some of them are not, some are brave and some are cowards, and even those who are good today are very often bad tomorrow. Sometimes people are careless and idle, just because they have had far more than they ever needed. Other people are careless and idle just because they have never had any chances at all. Socialists want to prevent people from being careless and idle, for either of these reasons. We want to get the best out of everybody, and give the best to everybody!

Because a little boy's father is a casual laborer in the docks, who cannot earn more than an occasional 5s a day, is no reason why the little boy should catch cold because his boots are full of holes. That little boy needs whole boots just as much as the little girl whose father is able to get them for her.

So you ought to think about it, and decide whether Socialists are right in saying that each one of the children of the nation has the same right, and no greater right, to a fair chance in life.

When each has had a fair chance, we have to see to it that they are helped all round by the love and kindness of their fellow human beings, to make the most of that chance.

And always you have to remember that we are all just struggling boys and girls, and men and women, trying to do our best, but full of bothersome faults, and always likely to fail. Indeed, as we are always having to make the best of our own failures, so we ought always to be sufficiently ashamed of our own mistakes, not to make too much of the mistakes of others.—*Dr. Marion Phelps in The Young Socialist, Glasgow, Scotland.*

Readings in Literature
BY WILLIAM MAILLY

Poetry and the Idea

From "The Inner Life of Art," by Geo. Henry Lewes.

If our theory be false, if there be no idea lying beneath the expression, and if poetry be the mere expression of feeling for feeling's sake, how comes it that all times do not alike produce poets? How is it that poetry arises in cycles, gets its doctrine uttered by half a dozen men, and then slumbers for centuries to arise again with pristine vigor?

Accident is a favorite theory, but an untenable one. Look at history and see if the indications be not too universal and too regular for accidents. It has been repeatedly remarked that it is not in times of luxurious idleness and fat peace, that the arts have been most flourishing. Look at Athens, that perpetual struggle of men. Look at Italy in the days of Dante and Petrarca, distracted by factions, wars and contentions of all kinds. Look at England under Elizabeth and James (which was the new birth of an era—Protestantism accepted and believed after its fierce struggle), and also after the Rebellion, and after the French Revolution.

Wherever you cast your eyes, the same phenomenon presents itself. The reason is, that every revolution or in-

ternal change is the birth of a creed which is felt by the whole mass; the philosophers have long known the ideas contained therein, but the revolution is the result of the participation of mankind; the poet arises to utter the collective creed, with its hopes for the future. He does not as we before hinted, give the idea its naked expression; and indeed (unless the word poet be used as the abstract and expression of the whole voice of poetry at any time) he does not either feel or comprehend this Idea in its completeness, but only in one or more phases thereof; hence the necessity for more than one singer; hence Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Campbell, Keats, Moore, Crabbe, etc., were each necessary to the completing of the idea of their epoch; and hence also the reason of the crowds of imitators, successful and otherwise, who walk in the footsteps of a newly arisen poet. Their inarticulate yearnings and thoughts they have found articulate in his works, and they join their voices in the plaintive wail, the Titanic struggle, or jubilant hope, uttering similar thoughts rather than imitating his.

Every man that has a real insight of more or less depth, is something more than an imitator; for he helps to complete that portion of the Idea at which he works. An Idea is not the work of one man, but of many; not of one day, but of an epoch; and each one gives it his own imperfect formula. The great poet may feel it in its totality more intensely than another, but no man can complete it. If then, as Hegel says, the key to the philosophy and religion of a nation is to be found in its poetry, so we may reverse it, and say that the philosophical idea of an epoch being given, we have at once the key to its poetry. Indeed no criticism on a past epoch's poetry can be significant without a clean conception of the dominant Idea of that epoch, and it is owing to the neglect of this that so much nonsense has been written on the ancients.

Let us not be misunderstood; we repeat again and again that the poet does not, cannot give the scientific accuracy or expression to the Idea—this is the province of philosophy; but the Idea must, even in one of its grand or minute phases, be the basis of his poem; and moreover as there are many conflicting Ideas in every epoch, the various poets will severally express them, but the dominant one alone carries immortality with it.

Mother Does No Work

A growing boy in a Lancashire town had obtained a small job—his first—and was boasting of the amount of work he did.

"I get's up at half-past five and has my breakfast," he said.

"Anyone else get up, too?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, mother! She gets me breakfast, and then she get's dad's at half-past six."

"And your dinner?"

"Oh, mother gets that, too, and then she gets father's."

"Has she the afternoon to herself?"

"Oh, no! She cleans up, looks after the children, and gets the tea for dad and me when we come home. Then we gets our smoke, and then we gets to bed."

"And your mother?"

"Well, she does a bit of sewing then when all is cleaned up after tea."

"What wages do you get?"

"Oh, I gets ten bob, and dad gets thirty-five."

"And your mother?"

"Mother? Oh, she don't get no wages. She don't do no work!"—*Millgate Monthly.*

Sixty thousand women in a suffrage parade in London—the greatest parade ever seen in the world's history! Even Johnny Bull ought to be able to catch a "hint" like that!—*Western Woman Voter.*

Deer Tom's Mahala By Kittie Spargur Hulse

SI had to go over to Modoc last fall for a load of alfalfa seed and nothin' to do but I must go along. It's been a long time since him and me went over to Modoc together. (A hundred miles by wagon looks to be a heap bigger trip now than it did forty year ago.) We know most of the old settlers over there and some we ain't seen for years, and I'll own I felt kind of homesick to see them, myself; so I finally give in to go. One thing and another kept comin' up and when we did get started, it was gettin' pretty late for old folks like us to risk gettin' ketched out on Black's Canyon Mountain. But Si had his head set to go and I knowed well enough there wasn't no use tryin' to stop him; so I just baked up an extra lot of grub for the boys and me and Si hit the hike.

There come a snowstorm while we was at Dorris Bridge and we had to lay over there several days. We stayed with Aunt Mollie Fairchild and her and me had the best kind of a visit talkin' over old times.

One morning—it was real cold, too,—there come a little tap at the kitchen door. I opened it and there stood an old mahala.* She looked kind of natural to me and finally I made out it was Lizzy, Deer Tom's Mahala. Many's the time she's come to my house here in the Basin, in early days. Her ma was a Modoc and they used to come over our way to visit their relations and pick huckleberries in huckleberry time. Lizzy used to be a pretty good-lookin' girl for an Injun. I've saw her when she wore yards and yards of beads and had on as many as five good petticoats at one time, and the best blanket that money could buy in Modoc.

Me and her shook hands and then she sat down by the stove and shivered and shook till her teeth rattled. She was wearin' an old calico wrapper and an old red chenille table cover for a shawl, and had a bandana on her head. She unbuttoned her wrapper and showed me she didn't have a sign of a shirt or no other underwear on except a thin calico skirt and it down to zero at that. Her shoes was cast-off ones, a mile too big for her and leaked like all get out. She had took cold and was coughin' fit to bust. Mrs. Fairchild give her a good, hot breakfast and the poor old thing was goin' to save some of it for her boy, although she could have et every bit of it easy. Aunt Mollie told her she would give her something to take to the boy, and the way she went after them vittles was a caution.

Her boy, the only one left of five or six kids, is a-dyin' of consumption. Her man, Deer Tom, used to be one of the best hunters in the tribe and a good provider, for an Injun, but he got one of his hands shot off and naturally can't do much no more. Lizzy's about half blind with cattracks growin' over both eyes. She used to get plenty of washin', but no one wants her now for she can't see good.

Aunt Mollie give her some cough syrup and jug up some old clothes for her. Me and Si helped her out a little just for old times' sake, and I reckon her and Deer Tom has got through the winter all right.

Comin' home, five or six miles out of Dorris Bridge, we passed Lizzy's house, a little shack made out of cast-off boards from fences and old straw mats and such like. Lizzy's "alotment," as they call it, and Deer Tom's too, was on a hillside where there wasn't no water and nothin' much but scrub juni-

per and sagebrush and rocks. And I thought of what the missionary lady said to Aunt Mollie when me and her had a set-to about sendin' money to the heathen when there was heathen like Lizzy right at our backdoors.

"Why don't they cultivate their farms?" she asked in a kind of now-I-got-you tone.

"Because, Ma'm," says I, "it takes more energetic methods to make old Mother Earth grin than ticklin' her with a hoe, in this part of the country. It also takes money to buy seed and things to work with and build fences to keep stock out; and even if you had that, it wouldn't do you no good if you didn't know the a, b, c's of cultivatin' the soil. Lots of white folks couldn't get no better results than these Injuns if they didn't have no more to work with than most of them has got; and that's just the reason the folks that needs homes the worst hasn't made no greater efforts to take up land, and the ones that gets the land is the ones that needs it the least. It takes money to buy farm machinery and a man and his family can't live on sceneries till his crops is ready to harvest."

Down in New Zealand the government will lend a man money to build his house and improve his land and pay him good wages for workin' on the roads so him and his family won't starve before the spuds is ready to dig. When you tell most folks that in this country they look at you with a kind of I'm-from-Missouri expression.

And when I hear old Miss Sticker-nosen talkin' about sendin' out someone to civilize the poor heathen, I think about poor old Lizzy. "Yes," I thinks to myself, "Lizzy's civilized!"

When she was a young girl she had good clothes and plenty of them, and just as good as any other girl had that she knew. They wouldn't wear out in a month or two, neither. They was made of buckskin and so was her shoes and stockin's. When the notion took her she wore a straw cap that her grandmother made that would last twenty-five years. I've seen one of them caps that has been used for a hundred years more or less and it ain't wore out now half as bad as my Sally's last year hat.

In winter she wore a robe of mink skins that her pa got for her. All the Injuns, when we come to the country had fur robes if nothing better than coyote or jack-rabbit or even gopher skins. They hunted deer, and bear, and antelope and had all kinds of game and jerked meat; they caught fish by scads over here on Lost River and smoked them. The mahalas gathered sunflower seeds, and grass seeds and ground them into meal for bread. They dried fruit, choke-cherries, and service-berries and huckleberries; and there was oceans of wild plums and doodles of pine nuts. They didn't know nothin', of course, compared to what most folks does, but they didn't know they didn't know nothing and consequently they never shed no bitter tears about it. As Henry George used to say: "If you ain't never et no ice-cream you don't have no hankerin' after it," or words to that effect. They missed the joys of havin' measles and chickenpox and they never knowed what whiskey tasted like, but they had some compensation. They had plenty to eat most of the time, plenty to wear and comfortable houses, or at least the best they could imagine which is more than most folks has today in this country. They had fresh air and all the sunshine there was goin', which is more than the most of folks has in the "centers of civilization and culture," as they are called, for instance in New York City, where there is more than forty thousand rooms that folks cooks and eats and sleeps in that

never had a ray of natural light in them since the roof was put on.

If the Injuns didn't have no chromos hanging on their walls, they had sceneries right in sight all the time that beat anything old Vandike or Ga'n-s-berry or Turner ever put on canvas, accordin' to my way of thinkin', especially the last mentioned; and when they died they wasn't buried in no paupers' graves as one-tenth of the folks is that is buried in gay New York.

They never see no million-dollar mansions, but then they never got snubbed by the folks that lives in them or had the happiness of gettin' squashed under their autos. They never see no big stores filled with stuff they needed and was too poor to buy; nor no art galleries nor libraries they didn't have no time to visit. Some of them got et up by bears and some got snake-bit and now and then they got scalped by their enemies; but they never got run over by no cars nor fell five or six stories building sky-scrapers or got blowed up making gunpowder, nor got burned to cracklins by grabbin' an innocent-lookin' wire. It don't hurt no worse to starve in a warm campoodie when the huntin' is poor than to starve and freeze in a rotten, filthy tenement house right in sight of plenty.

It hurts just as bad, as far as I can see, to be burned to death in a theater fire because of the sculduggery of some low-down, law-breakin' grafter, as to be burned to death by a howlin' mob of your own kind of people. I'd just as lief be an Injun maid like "Pretty Red Wing" as a white girl workin' in a Chicago sweatshop.

There's a little woman livin' on a claim not far from the "E. Z." She and her man and babies come from Chicago two or three year ago. She cooked on a campfire when she first come and later on got to have a fellow-feelin' for her female ancestors through cookin' on a fireplace, as I've did many a time when we first come to the country; but they're fixed up quite comfortable now. She and her man was borned and raised in Chicago. She lived there all her life till she come West. Never heard an opera; never went to a circus, never seen the inside of an art gallery or a public library in her life. From the time she was old enough to go to work, she worked for someone else all the week and washed and ironed and darned and patched for herself on Sundays, and never had time to go no place nor see nothin'. She was a poor little pinched specimen when she come here, but she has picked up wonderful, her and the kids, too. I've always suspicioned that the B. P. helped her and her man to come out West. He knowed them in Chicago; and it would be just like him. But he'd never let on; he's one of the kind whose left hand ain't on speakin' terms with his right, to quote scripture.

I've also got a neighbor in the Falls that used to live in Chicago, and she's always pinin' and grievin' because, she says, she's "so far from civilization. No art galleries, no oprys, nor nothin' that she has been used to." I was tellin' my little neighbor at the "E. Z." about it and asked her if she ever felt as if she would like to get back to civilization. "No!" says she. "No civilization in mine, Aunt Nancy, if that's what they call what I had in Chicago, and what millions of folks in this country has, and all they can ever hope to have. I'd rather be a real savage, out and out, than live in the slums of any city."

The Boozier Poet hears us talkin' and that night he comes in and hands me a piece of poetry which I enclose. The B. P., as we call him, is a born poet—can't talk without makin' rhymes. He was just a plain hobo when he come

here a few years ago and struck Si for a job through hayin', but you'd never suspect it now.

I've got to stop this minute and mold down my bread. I'm usin' lightnin' yeast now and it sure deserves the name.

Yours truly,
AUNT NANCY.

The Heir of All the Ages

BY THE BOOZIER POET.

"I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."—Tennyson in "Locksley Hall."

*Oh, I'd rather be a savage in some far-off tropic clime,
Than "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."*

*'Lectric cars are mighty handy, 'lectric fans are might nice,
But they kind of fall upon you if you haven't got the price.*

*What to me are shows and operas if I never get to go?
All in vain the spieler speleth if I haven't got the dough!*

*Take your sky-line of sky-scrapers!
This looks mighty good to me—
"Tropic isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea!"*

*Breadfruit, cocoanuts, bananas; you have but to pluck and eat,
And a single gay bandana forms a costume quite complete.*

*Broad Pacific for a bath-tub; doff your clothes and wade right in;
If a bathing suit ain't handy, not a soul will gape and grin!*

*Better far the leaky, smoky, bamboo hut beneath the tree,
Than the dark and moldy basement in the Land of Liberty!*

*Better fifty years of living as a savage wild and free,
Than a hundred in the squalid tenements of Trinity!*

*Better be a savage dwelling in the pure air 'neath the pines,
Than a grimy, panting wage slave in the depths of sunless mines!*

*Better be a little savage playing on some shell-strewn strand,
Than a wan and weary child slave in this free, enlightened land!*

*"But some cannibal might eat you!"
Is that what I hear you say?
Well, I'd rather they would fatten me and eat me any day,*

*Than to die by slow starvation, right in sight of wasting food
Or to freeze, in sight of others need-less use of coal and wood!*

*I could face the jungie's terrors, leopard's claws and lions' jaws,
But this Christian nation's terrors, sure, they'd make a savage pause!*

*Deadly gas and molten metal, cave-ins, after-damps; live wires;
Autos, trolleys, steam-cars horrors, fall-ing walls in city fires!*

*Oh, I'd rather be a savage, in some far-off tropic clime,
Than some "heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!"*

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then I put in a comma, when I gape I insert a semi-colon, and when I want a chzvw of tobacco I make a paragraph."

*Mahala: In'an woman.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Better Way

Peace sounds aloud its bugle,
Sends forth its note serene,
And arbitration spreads its wings
And hovers o'er the scene;
The world is growing better
With every year, beside,
There isn't any profit
In war for either side.

War is too crude a weapon
With which a world to win
And so we look upon it
As nothing short of sin,
The battle for the markets
May be as keen a fight
With dollars for the weapons
But still, it's more polite.

Invading with an army
And laying nations waste
Is not a form of conflict
That fits the modern taste,
For property costs money—
When buildings are a wreck
The persons who might rent them
Refuse to send a check.

The newer dispensation
Is better every way,
Besides, as we have mentioned,
It can be made to pay.
War checks the flow of commerce
And serves to interfere
With notion counter bargains
And trade in boots and beer.

Then let us spread the gospel
Of peace at any price,
Stop all expensive scrapping,
Put war away on ice,
And let the honest workmen
Refuse their mates to kill,
That bosses may exploit them
In workshop and in mill.

Harmless Sport

"I notice there is a whole batch of candidates out for the presidential nomination."
"Sure, Morgan lets the people amuse themselves for months before the convention."

Quite a Fortune

"I can't understand why Shylock wanted his pound of flesh."



"Maybe beef trust prices prevailed in those days."

Needn't Worry

"I wouldn't allow my daughter to marry a titled foreigner."
"How much money have you got?"
"Not a cent."
"You will have help in not allowing."

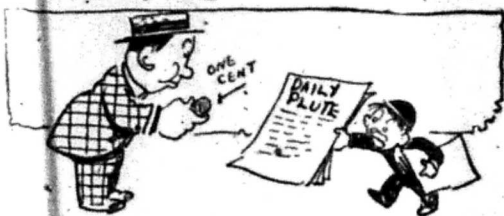
Fix Them

"Their father was an alderman."
"I suppose the family is trying to live it down."
"Live it down, nothing. They are trying to live it up."

The Market Supplied

"I was trying to buy a gold brick this morning."
"Why didn't you do it?"
"I didn't have the money."

You want a gold brick, do you? Sure.
Haven't you got one cent?"



"Just about that much."
"You can buy a capitalist newspaper for that."

Taking No Chances

"You believe Socialism is inevitable?"
"I do."
"Then why waste your time working for it?"
"Because it is the work that I do together with what good help I get from others that makes it inevitable."

Little Flings

Watch the old parties fall over themselves to adopt old-age pensions.

Those who have killed Socialism are annoyed to find that it won't stay dead.

Naturally a billion-dollar trust is more reasonable than one capitalized for a paltry million.

Socialism is applied common sense. English gentlemen do not regard a



coronation as nearly so vulgar as a strike of dock workers.

Told at the Dinner Hour

What's the Use

BY BOB SPROUT.

The police court was holding its usual arly morning session. Toward the head of the line of unfortunates gathered in during the night, were two Chinamen and an Irishman. The sergeant dilled off the charges in a sing-song tone, while the judge passed sentence in a hurried manner eager to clear the docket, and with the usual disregard for justice.

Chinaman number one took his stand before the judge. "Disorderly conduct," said the sergeant. "Name," roared the judge. "Ah Mong," said the culprit. "Thirty days," snapped the judge.

Chinaman number two. "Plain drunk," said the sergeant. "Name," growled his honor. "Ah Long," quavered the Chinaman. "Thirty days."

Pat eked up. "Disorderly conduct," sang to the sergeant. "Your name," growled the judge. "Ah, hell," said Pat, "it thirty days, anyhow."

Turned the Trick

BY W. W. GREEN.

Some telephone men started to dig a hole in the midst of a farmer's orchard for a telephone pole when the farmer objected so energetically that the men had to withdraw.

The next day they came again and showed the farmer a paper authorizing them to erect the pole. The farmer made no more objection, but his wife went to the barn and turned the bull into the orchard. The animal immediately made a dash at the telephone men, who speedily made for the trees, calling to the farmer to get the bull away, which stood pawing and snorting and buting at the trees where they had sought safety.

"Show him your papers," shrieked the farmer's wife.

Felt Small

BY J. R. MILLER.

A hunter while out looking for game met a bear, which, being very hungry, started in his direction. Instead of shooting, the hunter turned and dashed for safety, with the bear in hot pursuit.

In the race that followed the hunter chanced across a hollow log which he hastily entered and the bulky bear gave up the chase. Presently it began to rain and the log began to swell. It

swelled so tight that he could not get out. The hunter concluded he would have to die in the log.

He began to think of all the mean things he had done during his life, and he felt pretty small. He thought of the lies he had told, of the horse he had stolen and of the time he cast his vote for the Republican party, and he felt so small that he finally crawled out of a knot hole with ease.

The Judge Embarrassed

BY JOHN MASON.

A colored woman was brought before the court charged with unmercifully beating her child, the child itself bearing unmistakable evidence of the severity of the punishment inflicted by its mother. After hearing the evidence, the judge, in his preliminary remarks before passing sentence upon the culprit, took occasion to comment severely upon the brutality of the child's punishment. At this point he was interrupted by the colored woman arising and demanding to be heard.

"Yer honah," she said, "I woosh to say dat dere air whut the lawyers call extendable circumstances in dis case. Very extendable. And before you passes sentence I'd like to ax you dis question: I'd like to ax you, Jedge, if you was eber the parent of a perfectly wufless colored chile?"

"Getting Married"

BY SAMUEL C. LERNER.

A well-dressed young woman entered a large book-store on Broadway, New York City. She walked over to the book-shelves and began looking over the books. Not finding what she wanted, she stepped up to the head librarian, who was a handsome young man.

"Have you any books written by Bernard Shaw. I just finished 'Getting Married' and liked it very much."

Had the Best Places

A prominent New York lawyer recently told this story:

"I remember thirty years ago, when I was a lawyer, there were about fifteen or eighteen of us—all lawyers—seated about a fireplace much like this. It was a raw, wet night. A bedraggled stranger, wet to the hide, came in, tried to get accommodations, and was told that there was not a room left. The

nearest other place was a mile away. Shivering, the stranger looked at the fire, but we formed such a solid line about it that he could not get nearer it. Finally one of the lawyers in a spirit of frivolity turned to him and said:

"My friend, are you a traveler?"
"I am, sir. I have been all over the world."

"You don't say so! Been in Germany, Egypt, Japan, and all the countries of Africa and Asia?"

"All of them, been everywhere."

"Ever been in hell?"

"Oh, yes, been there twice."

"How did you find things there?"

"Oh, much the same as here—lawyers all next to the fire."



The Worker's "Yob"

Fussy Man (hurrying into newspaper office)—I've lost my spectacles somewhere, and I want to advertise for them.

Advertising Clerk—I'll write the ad for you, sir. Any mark on them?

Fussy Man—Yes, yes. Letters "L. Q. C." on inside. Insert it three times.

Advertising Clerk—Yes, sir. One dollar and a half, please.

Fussy Man—Here it is.

Advertising Clerk—Thanks. It gives me, sir, great pleasure to inform you, sir, that your spectacles are on the top of your head.

Fussy Man—My stars; so they are. Why didn't you say so before?

Advertising Clerk—Business before pleasure, you know.

The Moroccan Clinic

—Der Wahre Jakob



Muley Hafid: "If my doctors keep up this wrangling, perhaps I'll get out with a whole hide"

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NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

R. E. HARRIS President
M-685 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

Dives Thanksgiving

BY BERTON BRALEY



For all the lives that I control,
For skill to take and strength to hold
The crinkling bills, the gleaming gold,
For all my heaped and potent hoard,
I thank thee, Lord, I thank thee, Lord!

For governments that do my will,
For armies at my word to kill,
For stolid fools who love to tell
The under dog that "all is well!"
For those who think I fairly make
The plunder I desire—and take;
For lesser men that I can break,
For all the profits I record,
I thank thee, Lord; I thank thee, Lord!

For women, wan and pale, who sew
Their lives into the clothes they shape,
For other women, driven low,
To bondage they may not escape.
For little children toiling long
And weakly that I may be strong;
For all the ancient rule and cant
That wall me round with adamant
For greed triumphant, though ab-
horred—
I thank thee, Lord, I thank thee, Lord!

FOR dividends that flow in fast,
For wealth supreme and power
vast,
For men who sow that I may
reap
For labor—plentiful and cheap—
For luxuries in which I roll,

A Great Peace Demonstration

A great peace demonstration in Trafalgar Square, London, developed out of the reception of welcome accorded the delegates of the French Co-operatives on their visit to England. Thousands of workers gathered around the colossal base of the Nelson monument, which was gay with trade union and Socialist banners. Addresses were made from two sides of the plinth; J. Ramsay MacDonald presiding at one platform and W. C. Anderson at the other. The gathering was a splendid demonstration of the international solidarity of the working class. The speakers among whom were several of the French delegates, and H. M. Hyndman, Ben Tillett, J. Keir Hardie, M. P., Dr. Marion Phillips and Aylmer Maude, were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Every allusion made to the flagrant character of the threatened conflict over Morocco was applauded.

The meeting was opened by the secretary of the Labor party, Comrade J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P. In the course of his remarks he said that capitalist domination of foreign politics was in its last stage. This was, however, a most dangerous stage. At any moment two or three men in their private offices in London, Berlin or Paris could force the nations of Europe to draw the sword against each other. This could be forestalled only by the united

efforts of the workers to put every possible obstacle in the way. "The workers of all countries are uniting and will wield decisive influence in world politics."

H. M. Hyndman followed with a stirring, revolutionary speech, and Keir Hardie said that they were witnessing such a movement as England had never seen since the Norman invasion. The international working class, he said, had successfully shaken off the terrible danger of an impending war. The workers on the continent were ready, and the English comrades must also hold themselves in readiness, at the outbreak of war and fratricide, to prevent the dispatch of soldiers and cannon by railroad or steamer.

Ben Tillett, who received a thunderous welcome, in referring to the Dock Strike, said that one of the powers behind the Transport Workers' Federation was the International movement. The strike had shown not only to the public in general, but to the Government in particular that when the worker ceased to toil the wheels of commerce ceased to go round. The capitalist class had been taught the lesson that it depended on labor.

At the suggestion of Dr. Marion Phillips a collection was taken on behalf of the women and girls on strike. Addresses were delivered by Bower-

man, delegate to the Trade Union Congress, Golightly of the Co-operative Union, and W. C. Anderson. The French speakers were Jean Longuet, Doisy, Aubriot, Bedouce and Reboul.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"This gathering of London workers expresses great pleasure over the visit of the French workers and assures them that the British workers stand for international brotherhood and peace, and sends fraternal greetings to the workers of Germany and the other countries. It deplores the threat against the peace of Europe, caused by capitalist exploitation at home as well as in foreign markets and promises to create every possible obstacle in order that this exploitation shall not lead to war."

The meeting closed with the singing of the "International."

As to Lucien Metivier

BY ANDRE TRIDON.

Lucien Metivier will have for a protracted period of time to avoid wooden benches and other hard seats. Lucien Metivier, "Comrade" Metivier, had been for many years a member of the French Socialist party. He was continuously upbraiding his associates for their lack of nerve and, from the soap box or the lecture platform, shot such hot arrows at the present regime that the police generally interfered. And then you should have seen and heard him. "Mort aux vaches!" which in slangy French means "kill the cop" and he led the onslaught against the representatives of a corrupt government.

Once he actually broke his cane on the skull of a policeman, was arrested, sentenced to four months and . . . pardoned after 48 hours. Those poor devils, however, whom his eloquence fired to deeds of violence, fared much worse.

When Herve founded *La Guerre Sociale* Metivier became a valuable acquisition for the new periodical. His spitfire pen equaled Herve's in virulence. Herve was arrested, Metivier dared the oppressors and the oppressors were cowed.

The other day there was a little riot at the close of a meeting to which Metivier's voice added the customary zest. The police man-handled a few proletaires and Metivier repaired to his editorial cubbyhole to write a vitriolic diatribe. Also he wrote a letter which the office boy was charged to post immediately.

One of Metivier's colleagues on the staff of *La Guerre Sociale* relieved the

overworked office boy of that duty. The envelope held over steaming water gave up curious documents such as the exact name, address and occupation of half a dozen comrades who had displayed much muscle in the course of the evening's entertainment. Damaging information as to those individuals' past, political tendencies, etc., were added for good measure.

Then a secret conference was held by all the men on the staff. The office boy was dismissed and Metivier's cubbyhole witnessed a most interesting scene. Later in the night the famous agitator greatly agitated and limping was released.

The next day the text of his written confession was made public. In consideration of 250 francs a month, Metivier had for several years acted as informer and agent provocateur of the French government.

At a club, the following day, the editor of the *Figaro* was overheard to say: "Those fellows made a mistake in kicking Metivier out. Now there are 'mouchards' in every newspaper office. There is one in mine. I am positive of it."

"Why don't you get rid of him?"

"What would be the use? Knowing who he is, I know what to keep from him and am spared the trouble of suspecting and watching anybody else."

The difference between the polygamy of Brigham Young and the Mormon church is this: The Pittsburg libertines when they get tired of a wife endow her with a million or so and take another, if the thing can be settled out of court. In cases where the wife is obstreperous, they fight the thing through and pay only what the court orders. Brigham and other Mormons let their wives support themselves and the children born to them; while Brigham went on piling up millions for himself and the autocracy he had established. The Mormon way created not half the disturbances that the Pittsburg way does, in the region where both were practiced. The book of Mormons was the foundation of the Utah polygamy and the tariff that of Pittsburg.—*T. Tibbles.*

We have private individuals whose rent rolls are equal to the wages of seven or eight thousand other individuals. What do these highly benefited individuals do to society for their wages? *Kill partridges.* Can this last? No, by the soul that is in man it cannot, and will not, and shall not.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.



J. Ramsay Mac Donald, M. P., putting the resolution to the meeting



The Hand That Crushes