

THE COMING OF THE NATION

J. A. WAYLAND
FRED D. WARREN Publishers

A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

A. M. SIMONS
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL Editors

No. 53, New Series. Established April 30, 1893.

Girard, Kansas, September 16, 1911

Price 5 Cents. \$1.00 a Year

Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

THE COLOSSAL POWER



THE power of accumulated capital is a very great force in the world. Conservation is a great force—the disposition of many men to oppose progress, the Control of the world's press by which every day millions of people are misinformed and misled is a great force. The two great political parties are a great force, dividing the government between them and diverting attention from real issues by means of fake contests and shows.

Militarism is a great force.

The control of the courts is a great force—the power to interpret laws and to evade them.

The control of employment is a great force—influencing the votes of millions of men by the threat of disemployment.

The united railroads are a great force, exercising their influence upon their employes and upon the public.

The power of the united banks is a great force, compelling retail merchants to take such political action as will please the men that control the banks.

The universities and colleges are a great force, discouraging new ideas and educating young men to serve the masters with gladness.

The Associated Press is a great force, poisoning the news and directing the unconscious beliefs of the world.

Social prestige is a great force, ostracising all persons that do not hold conventional views and sedulously upholding the established order.

The church is a great force, condemning the workingman to patience with his lot and working industriously as the handmaid of capital.

Chauvinism is a great force, constantly teaching that whatever is done in our country represents the best possible achievement and blinding all eyes to the progress made abroad.

Prejudice is a great force, closing the ears against the arguments of any movement that may have been misrepresented or lied about.

The power to create panics at will is a great force, terrorizing small business and workingmen with a constant threat of ruin unless affairs are managed to the satisfaction of the persons that hold the strings.

The control of the nation's money supply is a great force, insidiously and secretly influencing the actions of men.

The control of political preferment is a great force, showing young men that only by doing the bidding of the masters can ambition be realized or distinction attained.

The process of business consolidation and combination is a great force, always reducing more men to the condition of servants subject to the whim and caprice of the masters.

All these are great forces in the world.

But there is one that is far greater than any of these and greater than all of them combined.

It is the power of a moral idea.

* * *

The phrase is misused so much and bandied about by canting orators that one hesitates to lay hold of it; and yet, it is perfectly good and represents a tremendous truth.

What I mean is that the greatest power in the world, incomparably the

greatest so much the greatest that all the rest are but pigmies, is the power of a protest against a fundamental wrong. I mean that but one man, standing by himself and steadily protesting, even if he protest unheard, is a greater force in the world than money and armies. I mean that nothing can stand before such a power. I mean that it is like the microscopic jet of water, no bigger than the finest needle, that works its way unseen under the embankment and presently neither great stones nor masonry nor iron can withstand it and the whole structure goes out.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE PROTEST

About seventy-five years ago two or three obscure men in this country began to say that chattel slavery was wrong.

The very few that heard them laughed aloud. Chattel slavery was the established institution, rock-rooted and eternally based. If anything could be regarded as fixed and determined forever it was that chattel slavery was an inseparable part of the American republic. "The foundation of the republic is slavery," said the ablest of Southern commentators, and no one, except the two or three obscure mad men, ever thought of disputing the doctrine.

All classes of men accepted slavery as inevitable and unchangeable even when they did not think that it was divinely ordained and anybody that criticised it was an impious and profane wretch.

All the forces that I have enumerated diligently supported slavery and served it on the bended knee. Politicians, clergymen, educators, editors, statesmen, professional men, students, lawyers, judges, public officers, leaders of society, eminent persons in all walks of life, engaged in contests to see which could crawl the farthest before Slavery, the supreme. A man's social rank and prestige was gauged by the extent of his services and devotion to slavery's great cause. To keep human beings in bondage was regarded as the most laudable aim of life, and any person not avid in its pursuit was looked upon as an undesirable citizen.

Against all this overwhelming tide, two or three obscure men stood and uttered protest. When they were not to be silenced by scornful laughter, the angered slave power began to shoot them, tar and feather them, and drag them through the streets of Boston and other places with ropes around their necks.

They never ceased to protest.

Men called them pestilent agitators, denounced them as vile disturbers of the social order, broke up their meetings, chased them from one hiding place to another, called upon all patriots to assist in ridding the country of these public enemies. All the power of all the forces I have mentioned was exerted against them year after year. No respectable person would so much as listen to them. In the eyes of all right thinking men they were a blot upon the country and a disgrace to its flag. But they never ceased to protest.

They had no money, they had no standing, they had no influence. They did not belong to the dominant parties, nor stand well in the church. In the great world of business they were scoffed at and hated. A million men of greater strength drowned their feeble

IN THIS ISSUE

On the Firing Line in Liverpool

BY RUTH KAUFFMAN

The Labor Upheaval in England

BY JOHN C. KENNEDY

What the Unions Have Accomplished

BY HYMAN STRUNSKY

The Big Change

BY EUGENE WOOD

The Curse (a serial)

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Some Prominent Figures in the Great English Strike

was a magistrate and was to read the riot act wherever there might be trouble.

Later, we heard that a few people were slightly injured by these soldiers; but most of the people remained so silent that no excuse could be made for touching them. These soldiers, with the aid of a few others, got about a dozen cars along this road and then traffic here was entirely stopped.

Cause of Riots

On our way back to the hotel for our appointment with Mr. Chambers, we spoke to some policemen. They all declared that the strikers were not in any way to blame for the riots. It was entirely a sectarian matter, between the Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, who got into a row whenever they got into each other's neighborhood. This warfare of sects and sections has been going on intermittently for forty years, and, though it may get a better chance to express itself during the present situation, it is the continual care of the police. Whenever Scotland Road and the Everton District meet there is sure to be trouble, and the cry is: "Let's get that Papist," or "Hit the tall Protestant over there."

Mr. Chambers was ready for us at ten o'clock. He looked very tired, and admitted that he was working night and day, but he was glad to give us an interview. The following is his story:

In Liverpool, a little over two years ago, it was decided that, since the sailors and seamen were at home there, they could not successfully be reached, and the possibility of better conditions was entirely dependent upon concerted action. In New York City there are constantly at least three thousand British sailors and firemen with nothing to do while their ships are in port. Why not get hold of the men here?

Havelock Wilson and T. Chambers were, therefore, sent to New York to organize them. It was difficult to find meeting places, but at length Dwyer's Saloon, in Worth Street, opposite the White Star Line docks was fixed upon. There the men from the Lusitania met on August 13, 1909, and made the original plans for the strike that did not occur until nearly two years later.

"God Hates a Quitter"

From that time forward organization among the men continued to gain strength. Dwyer's Saloon was exchanged for a hall in the American Seamen's Friends' Society, offered to them without charge as a better place than a saloon, and Father Magrath of the Catholic Seamen's Mission also offered to help them out with a hall. Father Magrath himself was present at the first meeting and, at its close, asked to speak a word. He said:

"Boys, I've heard what these fellows say. This union is a good thing. Get in if you wish to. But if you get in stick to it. God Almighty hates a quitter."

The last phrase has been made a slogan of the men.

The date for the strike was not at first decided upon. The men had expected to strike a year ago, but were not ready. They had appealed to the Shipping Federation in vain. The Shipping Federation refused even to meet the men and consider grievances. A deputation was sent, at the end of July, 1910, to the president of the Board of Trade. This man listened carefully, as government officials always do, and promised attention. There the matter rested. The men waited.

On November 15th, nearly four months later, a letter was received from the president of the Board of Trade, in which he said that he had approached the Federation, but that they had refused to discuss the matter with him. He ended:

"I fear that nothing further can be done."

All winter propaganda went on. The men were at fever heat, and soon it became difficult to hold them back until they could be sure of any degree of success. There was no use in striking unless they had reason to believe that they would win.

It was decided that the date should be kept a secret even from the men. Only those of the Central Council should know it. Mr. Chambers told us that he himself did not know it until two weeks before it occurred. This final date—several others had been fixed and cancelled—was set at a London meeting on the first of May, 1911. The strike had to occur during the summer, for the men could not hold out during the winter, and the companies would not be so much hampered in the winter. June 14th was to be the day. About the first of June a manifesto in black and red suddenly startled England. This manifesto was headed:

WARNING!**Sailors and Firemen.
Watch for the Signal.**

Everyone had been saying that the threatened strike of the seamen had been a bluff. Even these placards created, with the press, little but amusement; and the papers ridiculed them. On June 11th, handbills were distributed in every English port



ROBT. MANSON, Socialist Speaker

ROSE STRUNSKY and TOM MANN

GEN. TREAS. CHAMBERS

asking every seafaring man to attend a meeting at the port he was nearest on the night of June 14th for an important announcement. It was at this meeting that it was announced that the strike was to begin and that it was to take effect from that moment.

But on the fifteenth the confident newspapers advised the world to "Wait and see." For a week there was absolute quiet. In some of the ports, on the fourteenth, there had been no man present to strike—the remarkable situation of a strike with no men—but as each ship would come in the men would be paid off and then decline to sign again. Rapidly the ports became congested.

Winning the Battle

The big passenger lines recognized the union at once, and their boats, therefore, continued to run. Mr. Chambers wished to give all possible credit to Mr. Booth, of the Cunard Line, who was not only

this increase was granted. In Liverpool a settlement was finally agreed upon for an increase of two dollars and a half a month all round. Wages there ran from twenty dollars a month for sailors in some trades to thirty-two dollars and a half for the firemen on the express mail boats.

An Industrial Strike

But to get their strike through the sailors and firemen had to get the co-operation of other water transport workers. These men, dockers, etc., union and non-union men, came out and helped. They, too, soon found that they had grievances. They quickly organized, and the Dockers' Union went from 8,000 members to 29,000 in less than three weeks. These new members, when the seamen's wrongs were righted, refused to go back to work until the Union Rules—a complicated set of rules whereby the worker should not be tricked by a large company—were agreed to. Mr. Booth, on behalf of the Liverpool ship owners, said that all the negotiations required for this would be dealt with by August first.

When at last, in the beginning of August, this agreement was signed, some of the leaders discovered that about seven hundred men would not thereby be treated fairly. These seven hundred men forthwith struck. The coal heavers, too, who have never been fairly treated, struck. A promise was given by Mr. Booth that the matter would be adjusted as soon as possible. But the men felt that they had waited long enough. "We'll have it all settled before we go back," they declared.

Spreading to the Railroads

So matters remained until the end of the week. Then the goods handlers (freight handlers) of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway and at other goods (freight) stations more or less closely connected with the docks, struck, demanding redress for certain grievances, mainly declaring that the Conciliation Board set up in 1907 between the Board of Trade, the Railway Companies and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the biggest of the four railway unions, was an absolute failure. The railway men had asked for direct negotiations between the companies and the servants, but these had always been denied them. The Conciliation Board had proved to be nothing but a new way of tricking the men and keeping them quiet for a few more years.

As I understand the demands of the railway men, they are these. I did not get them from railway men direct, but from the newspapers, and a number of Socialists, who understood the situation.

The goods handlers are supposed to work fifty-four hours a week. In addition to the working time, there are three hours a day in which they may rest or eat, making altogether seventy-two hours a week. But for overtime work a man would be paid at the rate not of fifty-four hours a week but of seventy-two. In other words, if a man received for wage five dollars, and worked for that fifty-four hours, and then, as was generally the case, was forced to work ten hours overtime, the ten hours extra would be paid per hour at the rate of five dollars divided by seventy-two. Or, if the company wished otherwise, a man working two hours overtime one day would be told to come two hours late the next, and company and man would thus be called quits.

Moreover, in case of grievances, the single man that had complaint to make must alone complain at the risk of losing his position for so doing. What the men wished was to have a representative, who



Three hundred Fusileers guarding three meat vans

most reasonable to deal with, but was actually responsible for the fact that the Seamen's strike in Liverpool went through with no trouble.

Ship owners in other ports were not so reasonable. Most of them belonged to the Shipping Federation and had been lulled to security by their general manager, who declared that he would have no trouble in finding other seamen to take charge of the ships. But, though one or two ships were got out of ports, the seamen acted as a unit, and the ship owners were forced to yield. The general manager was found to control not more than one or two per cent of seafaring men.

It had been decided that the strike was to center on increase of wages rather than on more abstract matters. This increase was different at different ports, because of slightly different conditions. In Cardiff, called the "scrap-heap" of shipping places, on account of the mixture of races, sailors received mostly eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents per month. They asked for twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents, an enormous increase. Within a week

had nothing himself to lose, to make all complaints, which could then be fully made with no fear of dismissal.

On the point of wages the average gain in 1909, the time of the last report of the Board of Trade, over 1899, has been only three farthings, or a cent and a half, a head. For this average the Board of Trade takes the first week in December in each of eleven years, except in 1903, when the second week is chosen, and shows by a table the average earnings per head of men employed in the goods (freight), coaching, locomotive and engineers' departments of the fifteen leading railway companies of Wales and England. The figures work out as follows:

Year.	Number employed.	Av. weekly earnings.
1899	371,490	\$6.44½
1900	379,750	6.39
1901	378,121	6.37½
1902	383,883	6.35½
1903	384,465	6.34
1904	380,610	6.39
1905	384,321	6.45½
1906	391,661	6.48
1907	412,804	6.59½
1908	395,271	6.37½
1909	394,928	6.46

About three years ago the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants gave a report of the wages and hours of the workers belonging. Over 250,000 men's wages were counted. It was found that the following was the case with them:

Wages.	No. men.	Per ct.
Five dollars and under.....	100,930	38.8
Five dollars to seven fifty.....	128,810	49.8
Seven fifty and over.....	29,540	11.4

In England and Wales ten-hour days are the rule, and all grades are so rated except the policemen and passenger porters, who mostly have twelve hours. Signal fitters are rated at nine hours. Twelve hours is the rate in Scotland for all except signal fitters, gangers, plate layers, collectors and carriage cleaners; and in Ireland the days are divided between ten hours and twelve hours.

The cost of living, moreover, is not cheap in England. Though rents are lower than in the United States, there is little difference in the price of food.

Mr. Chambers, after telling us the history of the Seamen's strike, went on to tell us of Bloody Sunday.

On August 13th a meeting was called on the open square in front of St. George's Hall. Originally this meeting was meant simply as a means for the seamen to congratulate themselves on their success; but now that the railwaymen had decided to come out, it was determined that resolutions should be read censuring the railway companies for their decision to refuse to meet the railway men. There was no objection made in advance to the holding of this meeting. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool gave no intimation that there would be trouble.

Mr. Chambers definitely stated that had the slight-

est objection been made even as late as Sunday, when the Lord Mayor might have expressed his fears that crowds would become riotous, the leaders would have called off the meeting. But, though police and mayor were well aware that this meeting was to be held, no step was taken to prevent it.

Starting a Massacre

A tremendous crowd gathered. There were four platforms erected for the different speakers. Of these speakers, we interviewed not only Mr. Cham-

Copyrighted Daily Mail, Manchester



Military, escorting Armored motor truck with a load of beer

bers, but Tom Mann and Mr. Bell, a delegate sent from Sidney, Australia. All three of these men, in addition to Robert Manson, well known as a Socialist speaker, and many others to whom we spoke, agree that there was no trouble in the crowd until half an hour after the speeches began. Everything progressed smoothly. The people were good-natured, without any appearance of malice. On the corner of Lord Street pictures were being taken for a cinematograph.

Not a policeman was in sight. Then two appeared slowly walking up Lord Street. They were attracted by the taking of the pictures. They walked on up, noticed several small boys sitting so that they could better see, on the coping of the North Western Hotel just across from the speakers. The policemen walked to the small boys and dragged them down from the coping. Several people made remarks, saying that the boys were doing no harm,

but the police insisted upon getting the children away.

People turned to see what the trouble was. The police got excited, went into the station and returned with other policemen. At once all these started to drive the crowds. They told the people to move on and first, when resistance was shown, later, when they expected it to be shown, the police swung their truncheons right and left. Blood flowed everywhere. Men, women, children were hit indiscriminately. More police arrived. The police drove spectators that had been quietly sitting on the upper steps of St. George's Hall to the edge of the steps.

Mr. Chambers, who saw perfectly from his vantage place, everything that occurred, saw women pushed by the police over the side of the steps, a sheer drop of ten feet, into the clutches of other police who beat them on their way. No mercy was shown. The only excuse that one can think of for the police is that they lost their heads.

Suppressing the Pictures

Meanwhile the cinematograph continued as long as it dared. When its pictures were shown to a mass of spectators at a moving-picture show, after the people had been accused of attacking the police, one picture appeared of two men, wounded, holding their hands to their heads and pleading for mercy while policemen stood over them, beating them. The authorities forthwith ordered the suppression of the pictures.

Mr. Chambers declared that he is certain that none of the rioting that has occurred has been in any way connected with the strikers, however sorely the strikers have been tempted. Several of the leaders, to be sure, were then under arrest because they refused to stop speaking and they will, of course, have to pay fines or go to jail for a month. It is said that these leaders will refuse to pay their fines and will go to jail.

There, at this writing, the situation remains. The mails, general foreign reports to the contrary notwithstanding, are virtually at a standstill. The telegraph offices are thronged with crowds trying to conduct their personal and business correspondence by means of the congested wires.

At Brighton, Blackpool and Scarborough—the three expensive and fashionable English seashore resorts—the hotels and boarding houses have shown the doors to all guests who, with money run out, are unable to get more money from home, and these vacationers now throng the stations, sleeping on trunks and waiting for a train to leave. Food and coal prices are mounting. Within a few days, unless one side or the other weakens in the war, industrial solidarity will begin closing the mills. London faces a famine.

By the time that this appears in print all these dangers will have been met or avoided; but let the strike end as it may—let the men win or lose—it will have proved to England, as no previous strike has ever proved it, the power of the united workers. Even in the conservative kingdom of George Guelf industrial unionism has come to stay.

The Labor Upheaval in England

By John C. Kennedy

DURING the past four weeks England has been shaken by an industrial upheaval such as it has never known before. Men and women of various industries in all sections of the country have joined hands in an effort to secure a living wage and better working conditions. This uprising of the working class has been long overdue. While the cost of living has been increasing steadily during the past ten years, wages have increased little or not at all. Laborers and casual workers are paid only four or five dollars a week, teamsters four to seven dollars a week, unskilled railway men four and a half to six dollars a week and skilled railway men from seven to twelve dollars a week. Thousands of women have been working in factories ten to twelve hours per day for less than three dollars per week. The cost of living is probably twenty or thirty per cent cheaper in England than in America, but even so, these wages spell misery and degradation for the working class.

No where else—either in Europe or in America—have I seen such naked poverty as stalks through the streets of London, Birmingham and Manchester. In Birmingham I witnessed a parade of five thousand little children who were being taken by a charitable organization for a day's outing into the country. Nearly every child in this army was clothed in tattered rags. No more terrible indictment could be made of British capitalism than was made by these thousands of stunted, pale-faced,

spindling working-class children. In the face of these conditions if the workers of England had not revolted it would have been because they had lost the last spark of their manhood.

The present general uprising began early in August with the strikes of the dockers in London and the railway freight handlers in Liverpool. In London the dockers—nearly all of whom are unskilled casual laborers—demanded an increase from fourteen to sixteen cents per hours, besides certain other concessions regarding overtime, hours of labor, etc.

All the other workers about the river and the docks—the seamen, the firemen, the stewards, the ship cooks, the lightermen, the coal porters and the cartmen—came out in sympathy with the dockers and made demands of their own. Altogether not less than 80,000 workers, the vast majority of them unskilled laborers, were on strike in London, and they declared that none would go back to work until all went back. In a word they formed one Transport Workers' Industrial Union, and fought the battle as one organization.

The ship owners soon recognized that they were dealing with a powerful organization, and granted the demands of the dockers in their entirety—expecting that the dockers would then return to work.

But the dockers, true to their pledge, declared that they would stand out until the grievances of all the other strikers were settled. And so they did. One by one the grievances of the various unions were settled, and within a week the whole 80,000 workers had won practically everything they asked for, and they returned to work as a body. Thus the workers of London won one of the greatest strikes of modern times through solidarity and industrial unionism.

Meanwhile the general officers of the four railwaymen's unions, who were in conference in Liverpool, prepared an ultimatum for the railway companies. This ultimatum stated that if the railway officials did not agree within twenty-four hours after the receipt of that notice to meet the representatives of the unions for a settlement of all existing railway disputes, a general strike would be declared. Heretofore the various railway unions had not been co-operating any too closely, and their officials had hesitated about taking any decided action. But the demands from the rank and file had become so imperative that the officials had to act.

The chief grievance of the railway workers was that the conciliation scheme introduced through the efforts of Lloyd George in 1907 had failed to secure justice for the men.

This scheme provided that the railway workers should be divided into several groups, according to the nature of their work. Each of these groups was to select representatives from among themselves

who, together with representatives of the companies, were to form conciliation boards, which would settle all grievances regarding wages and working conditions. Provision was also made for appeal from the decisions of these special boards to a higher general board.

This scheme tended to split the workers up into sections, and prevented united action through trade union organizations. Moreover, the enforcement of decisions made by conciliation boards was left entirely in the hands of railway officials. Consequently it is not surprising that the workers gained very little by this arrangement.

The railway companies paid no attention whatever to the ultimatum of the unions except to say that they would have nothing to do with trade union officials. There was nothing for the unions to do but to back down or to strike, so Thursday evening, August 17th, 2,400 telegrams were sent to the branches of the railway unions throughout Great Britain calling upon them to strike.

Although the majority of the workers were not in the unions there was a splendid response to the call, especially throughout central and northern England. Within a few hours the service in most parts of the country was completely paralyzed. In southern England, where the unions were weak, traffic was not so much disturbed, but even there the ranks of the strikers increased hour by hour.

By Saturday morning at least 200,000 railway men, including most of the engineers and firemen, were out. In many cities street car workers, teamsters, and other transport workers declared sympathetic strikes. Two of the underground street railways in London were closed down completely.

As the strike continued hundreds of factories had to close down wholly or in part because of lack of raw material and shipping facilities. In Liverpool the electric light workmen and the street cleaners joined the strikers. Labor and Socialist mass meetings, urging the workers to peaceful but determined resistance were being held everywhere. It seemed as if the nation was moving rapidly toward a social revolution.

In this crisis, when the attitude of the Government meant so much to both sides, it is worth while to note what steps were taken by the Liberal Cabinet—sometimes called "almost Socialist"—to protect the interests of the people. Remember that the railway workers were striking simply for the recognition of their union and a minimum wage of five dollars a week for the unskilled workers.

Did the Government tell the railway companies that they would have to grant living wages and decent working conditions to the nation's citizens if they were to expect police protection from the nation's army?

Or did the Government tell the private railway corporations that if they insisted on exploiting their workmen to such an extent that strikes were inevitable, and the nation's food supply endangered, that the Government would have to take possession of the railways and operate them in a way consistent with the general welfare of the employes and the nation?

Nothing of the sort. Not only did the Liberal Government fail to take any position that would insure justice to the railway workers together with an immediate settlement of the strike, but on the contrary, it threw all of its power and influence on the side of the wealthy corporations.

In the first place, Mr. Asquith, the head of the Cabinet, hastened to inform the railroad corporations that the whole army would be used unconditionally for the protection of their property. And he made good his promise by sending troops by the thousand to railroad stations and the principal industrial centers.

In the second place the Government rode rough shod over all constitutional precedent by sending troops to such cities as Blackburn and Manchester despite the protests of the local civil authorities that they were not needed and not wanted.

In the third place Mr. Asquith announced that if the railroad companies could not get enough black-legs (he did not use that term, of course. It is the equivalent of "scab" in America) to operate the trains successfully the corps of army engineers would be ordered to assist them. And fourthly, Mr. Winston Churchill, the Home Secretary, flatly refused to have an immediate investigation of the shooting of people by the army, when called upon to do so by a Labor member of Parliament, Mr. Lansbury.

Finally, on Saturday, August 19th, the Home Secretary, Mr. Churchill, issued an official bulletin in which it was stated that less than one-third the railway men were on strike, and that more applications were being received for places than there were places to be filled. The plain purpose of this bulletin—which was grossly untrue—was to discourage the strikers and to help the corporations. All in all the railway officials themselves could

scarcely have done more had they been placed in charge of the various Government departments.

And the Press! With a few notable exceptions, such as the Manchester *Guardian*, the whole press of the country tried to form public opinion against the strikers. The conservative press, especially—which prates so much about the need of a protective tariff to help the "poor workingman"—was unusually vicious. The grievances of the strikers were belittled or placed in a false light; the strike was called a strike against the public and the nation; the disorders were exaggerated and laid at the door of the unions; while the splendid order among the vast army of strikers under the greatest provocation was scarcely mentioned.

The *London Times*, for example, in its editorial of August 19th, states, "... War has been declared by the union railwaymen against the public and the nation and all the information available points to the utmost determination on their part to carry it through. ... Several circumstances point to the existence of a violent temper among a section of

Copyrighted Daily Mail, Manchester



Pickets arguing with a carter, without interference by the police

the men, which virtually forced the union executives to take some strong action. Hence the ultimatum; but behind it is an outbreak of the spirit of "Syndicalism" which has lately been growing in this country and has manifested itself in other directions. It is one of the fruits of the socialistic teaching so assiduously disseminated in recent years; it regards society as an enemy, and is absolutely reckless in its methods. ... If it is allowed to succeed now in its attack on the public all the forces of disorder and anarchy will be fatally encouraged. ... When the strike is over the men's grievances can be looked into. But until this reckless revolt against society is suppressed there must be no weakness or hesitation."

The *London Telegraph* in its leading editorial, August 18th, states: "Mr. Asquith spoke clear words yesterday when he said that 'The Government had to regard exclusively the interests of the public, and, having regard to those interests, they could not allow a general paralysis of the country, and would have to take the necessary steps to prevent it.' Those steps are already being taken. The troops are in motion everywhere. An armed cruiser has already appeared in the Mersey; another is on her way. It would not be a strike, but something perilously like, and indeed indistinguishable from civil war. The unions would be fighting not alone the companies, but also the Government and the nation, for who can doubt that all good citizens would rally to the side of the forces of order? And at whose bidding? There are in the background the sinister figures of Messrs Mann and Tillett, whose evil influence has swept the wilder members of the unions toward anarchy."

The *Manchester Chronicle* shows its fine Italian hand in the editorial of August 19th where it declares that "It is the cry of the average man which is going to be the factor to hasten the end of the trouble more quickly than anything else. The British public can be safely depended upon not to long stand all the annoyance and distress which this wretched business is entailing. Already the tone of public opinion is changing. Men who were formerly heard to sympathize with the strikers changed their views yesterday when they could not get home and had to spend the night in the city,

or pay an exorbitant price to be driven in a taxicab. There is no doubt that the men reckoned on the public sympathy being with them; but this sympathy—due to various causes—is rapidly dwindling away. And the longer the strike goes on the faster will it dwindle, and the less patience will be shown to the attitude of the men."

Nothing shows more clearly the way the Liberal Government assisted the railway corporations than the warm approval of their actions by the leading conservative and reactionary newspapers, such as the *London Times*, the *London Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail*.

Late Saturday evening, August 19th, when it seemed that the strikers were bound to win a magnificent victory despite the combined opposition of the capitalists and the Government, it was suddenly announced that the strike had been settled. Together with several Government officials from the Board of Trade two representatives of the railways had met the representatives of the unions and signed an agreement whereby the strike was to end at once. All the men were to be taken back to their former positions without any discrimination or penalties.

Their grievances were to be referred at once to the old conciliation boards. And the workers who had no conciliation boards were to present their grievances through trade union representatives to the companies. Moreover, a special committee of five, composed of two representatives of the workers, two of the companies, and one selected by the Government was to be appointed at once to investigate the workings of the conciliation boards and to report any changes that seemed to be desirable.

Certainly this was not what the men had struck for, and it is not strange that many of them protested vigorously. But the leaders claimed that it was practically certain that the special investigating committee would advise recognition of the unions and better payment of the workers, and the railways had virtually agreed to accept the findings of the committee. Therefore, they urged the men to return to work, and most of them did so.

In some cases the companies have not given the strikers their old places, but it is said that these difficulties will soon be settled. But look at the matter as we may, it must be admitted that at present the railway workers are little, if any, better off than they were before the strike.

So far there has been no material gain of any sort, and no official recognition of the unions. On the other hand several of the men have failed to get back their former positions.

The report of the special investigating committee may alter all this—especially in view of the fact that another strike is practically certain unless substantial concessions are granted to the men. But in the meantime the workers are more or less at sea.

Several minor strikes have been settled with decided gains for the workers; 15,000 women factory workers in London have won an increase of nearly twenty per cent in wages. The street car workers in Leeds and Oldham, and the teamsters in Manchester have also won substantial concessions.

The dockers at Hull, under the leadership of Tom Mann, who is now directing the strike at Liverpool, won a magnificent victory. In Liverpool, however, about 60,000 transport workers are still out and they refuse to go back until two hundred and fifty street car men who came out in sympathy with them are reinstated. This strike may be settled within a few hours or it may develop into another national struggle.

It is rather difficult in a few words to give one's impressions of the various phases of this great upheaval. The action of the police, for example, has in some cases, as in Liverpool, been decidedly brutal, but on the other hand the general attitude of the police in most cities has been rather friendly to the strikers.

Peaceable picketing has been permitted, and a good example of such picketing is shown by the photograph of the teamster with the large baskets of cotton yarn who is being persuaded on one of the main streets of Manchester to turn back with his load. The policeman in the background has made no attempt to interfere with such persuasion.

Indeed I have seen pickets get up on the seat and argue vigorously with drivers in the presence of several policemen. Moreover, the strikers and their sympathizers have been allowed to hold enormous demonstrations in the public squares of most of the cities with little or no interference. In London during the dockers' strike the police assisted the strikers in handling their tremendous demonstration at Trafalgar Square.

The military forces, however, as was stated before, were practically placed at the disposal of the railway corporations. Mr. Winston Churchill of the Home Office (which controls the army) and Mr. Lloyd George, the ingenious compromiser and apologist for the Liberal Cabinet, are doing their best

(Continued on page nine)

What the Unions Have Accomplished

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

By Hyman Strunsky

NOT so very long ago the garment trades in this country were sunk deep in the filth of a horrible sweating system. The clothes of the rich and poor alike, whether made of shoddy or of silk, were manufactured in stuffy, airless, dark, congested tenement houses by those miserable singers of The Song of The Shirt, whose melancholy "stitch, stitch, stitch," resounded with a pathos that moved the world and wrung sympathy even from the hardened. To be a garment worker meant to be a pale, shrunken, emaciated, anaemic consumptive; it meant to live in a two, or three-room flat; it meant to sleep four or five hours a day to toil nineteen or twenty; it meant to have one's wife and children join in the work; it meant to substitute bundles of material for mattresses or pillows, and it meant a starvation wage; it meant to have the dust of the goods mingle with one's food and air; it meant breathing the germs of disease; it meant an early death.

But not so now. The sweating system is almost entirely abolished. The work is done in large shops, under more or less sanitary conditions; the working day has been reduced, child labor has been diminished and wages have been increased. The garment worker today is, if not better off, at least as well to do as the worker of other trades.

This change has been brought about by the militant and aggressive policy of The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Though a dozen years old the organization had not reached its effectiveness until two years ago when Local 25, The Ladies Waist Makers' Union, called its famous strike. This call to arms met with an enthusiastic response from 30,000 workers who surprised the world with their loyalty to the union, their courageous and class-conscious attitude, the brave and daring sacrifices they offered to their cause and their unswerving determination to win. Their splendid victory was a signal for others to make similar demands in the interest of their trades, and eight months later, July 7, 1910. The Cloak Makers' Union called its strike.

Response Exceeds Expectations

The strike was one of the most interesting chapters in the history of unionism in this country and the loyalty of the workers exceeded the expectations of the most optimistic officials of the union. "We must confess," says its official organ, "that the practical unanimity of the response of large masses of unorganized men and women far exceeded our calculation. We estimated that the strike would affect a number of work people approaching 40,000, but as a matter of fact the number reached more than 70,000. At midday on July 7th the shops in the principal thoroughfares of the city spontaneously emptied themselves of their human contents. The workers of many races and nationalities, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Jews and Italians seemed on this occasion to have been converted into one mind and one heart. It was only in a few remote and outlying places which could not be reached by ordinary means that special agencies were employed, and even there the employers needed only a slight hint in order to throw down their work and join the great army of cloakmakers. No wonder that for about a month or more traitors and scabs were at a great premium.

"The strike was remarkable for its voluntary spread to certain sections of the Ladies' Garment Trade which were not intended to be drawn into the fight, namely, Reefer Makers, Ladies Tailors, Rain Coat Makers, alteration hands, dress and other

makers, who freely joined their brothers and sisters, the cloakmakers, and by contributing their share toward the ultimate success of the strike, they also became unionized and succeeded in improving their conditions of labor.

"Thus the Children's Cloak and Reefer Makers' Union, Local 17, joined the other locals of New



The overcrowded shop, now fast disappearing

York City as soon as the strike was called; and thanks to the indefatigable efforts of its practical officers a settlement with about 90 employers was effected in one month. The employers conceded the union demands and the Reefer Makers, on returning to work several weeks earlier than the rest of the strikers, contributed \$1,000 a week to the General Strike Fund."

Concessions Won by Strike

The strike was won after a bitter struggle and the terms for which the men fought were incorporated in the "protocol of settlement" with the Manufacturers' Protective Association, signed on September 2. They were as follows:

1. Undertaking to install electric power for operating of machines with no charge for power to the worker.
2. No charge for material.
3. Uniform and minimum deposit of one dollar. (Previously a worker was forced, in order to guarantee his contract, to deposit a large sum of money with the employer. Some deposits amounted to as high as fifty dollars and in many instances these deposits formed the only working capital of the business. In case of failure the workers were the first to lose their money.)

4. Abolition of home work. (This did away with the sweating system.)

5. Abolition of sub-contracting within the shop.

6. A leveling-up advance of wages, amounting to an average of 25 per cent.

7. A normal working day consisting of fifty hours per week, instead of formerly indefinite hours arbitrarily determined by the employer.

8. Six days' work per week, and no work on any of the ten legal holidays for which week-workers are to be paid.

9. A regular pay-day, payment to be in cash instead of checks.

10. Overtime between the 15th of November and the 15th of January not to exceed two and half hours a day, with double pay to week-workers.

11. The recognition of the union's standard of work and conditions.

12. Establishing of a Joint Board of Sanitary

Control.

13. Establishing a Board of Arbitration, no strikes or lockouts to take place until questions of dispute have been submitted to said Board.

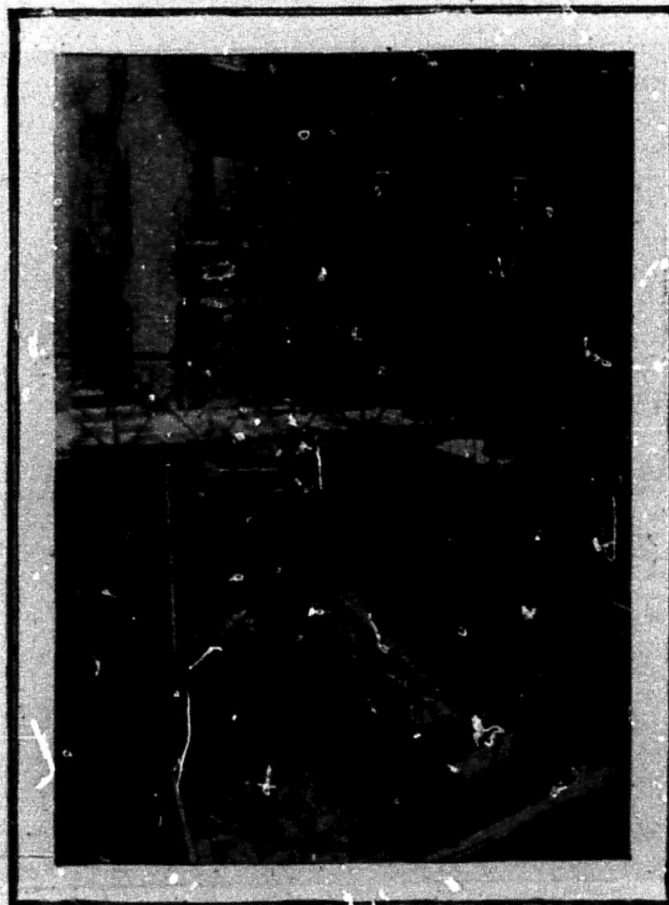
14. Establishing of a Grievance Committee.

A "Health Strike"

Of all the concessions gained, the most important is the establishment of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control. The strike has been surnamed a "Health Strike" because many of the demands centered about the sanitary conditions of the shop. The workmen have at last realized that the question of health is of greater importance than the question of pay, and that unless they themselves take a hand in the matter obnoxious conditions will prevail and be allowed to continue, notwithstanding the factory laws and sanitary code with the scores of paid inspectors and officials whose duty it is to enforce them.

The Joint Board of Sanitary Control was appointed according to the protocol, and consists of three representatives of the public, two of the union and two of the Manufacturers' Protective Association. Those for the public are William J. Schiefflin, president of the Citizen's Union Bank; William D. Wald, of the Henry Street Nurses' Settlement, and Dr. Henry Moskowitz, of the Sanitary Ethical Society. The representatives for the manufacturers are S. L. Silver, a prominent employer, and Max Meyer, secretary of the Manufacturers' Protective Association. The two representatives of the union are B. Shl-singer, a well known labor man and manager of the *Forward*, the Yiddish Socialist daily, and Dr. George M. Price, a former sanitary inspector of The Health Department, and author of several pamphlets on sanitation, hygiene and public health.

That the Board was badly needed has been proven by the report it has since brought in. Of the 1,843 places visited the inspectors found 14 shops with no fire escapes at all; 23 shops with doors locked during work; 58 shops with dark halls and stairs; 60 shops with halls less than three feet wide; 65 shops where ladders from fire escapes were straight; 101 shops with defective drop ladders or none; 373 shops with inadequate light; 78 shops with obstructed openings to fire escapes; 1,173 shops with



Obstructed fire escape, ending in closed court

Millet, the Unconscious Revolutionist

BY

John Butler Yeats

MOST of the great artists have come out of the towns. They may have been born in the country, but in the town they had their second birth whereby came their art. Jean Francois Millet was born of Normandy peasants and though he lived for years in Paris, a peasant he remained. When the Salon refused to hang his pictures, not liking their subjects, he wrote: "They think that they will make me bend and that they will force on me the art of the drawing rooms. *Paysan je suis ne et paysan je mourrai*"

People who remain in the country lead more concentrated lives than those who live in town—only a few things come within the range of their vision: The skies, the fields, the hedges and the cattle; and they see few people—just a few neighbors and the members of their own family; but, having little to look at, they observe that little very closely; and meeting continually the same people, and always seeing the same things, there is little temptation to talk. These people do not talk, they feel. In the town, there is a constant noise of vociferous talk and argument and of mind in collision with mind, while silence broods over the country, where the people are almost as silent as their own cattle. When I meet a man from the town, I am struck by his brilliancy and his gaiety, whereas a man from the country impresses me by his lack of brilliancy and gaiety. But if he is not gay he is innocent or at least poetical, and if he is not brilliant he is profound. And yet he is not a thinker like the denizen of a city; for he sets small store by the reasoning faculties—here indeed is his weakness, and the other's strength—but if he does not generalize and is neither Socialist or anti-Socialist, he is by his power of observation and depth of feeling, a witness for the fact whose testimony no one can shake.

Years ago I knew an American lady who told me that she had once met Jean Francois Millet at a dinner given by the American painter, William Hunt, in Paris. He was there with his wife. He did not join in the conversation and was, she said, the most mournful looking man she ever saw. Why was he thus mournful? It was because no one would buy his pictures so that he had to be, as she told me, supported by his wife who had a bonnet shop. And Paris would not buy his pictures because he refused to paint pretty faces. Self-complacent Paris, proud of its bourgeois revolution and its progress, believed that there were no unhappy poor in France; the charitable rich also believed that the poor whose suffering they relieved regarded them and all the world with smiling and grateful countenances. Millet knew that the French poor were miserable, and that their bowed forms and wasted faces were lined and deformed with misery—and what he knew and saw he painted. For a few years he had indeed painted the pretty faces and nude forms of classical nymphs and goddesses, and licentious Paris rewarded him with a sufficient income. Then he remembered his grandmother's command on his wedding day: "Francois, make no sacrifices to immodesty"—and he ceased to paint this kind of picture and returned to his dignity as an artist. He could still have painted pretty faces, since there are many such to be found among the peasants, but this was not, in his judgment, a characteristic truth and sincerity is part of every artist's dignity. For thirty years, with the full consent of his wife, a peasant like himself—this true-hearted man chose a bitter struggle with want to comparative ease and plenty, because painting peasants he would not render false witness and paint them other than he saw them. And yet the man had no quarrel with Society. All this sadness, which weighed upon him and his peasant neighbors, he believed to be without remedy. He once wrote, "After Michael Angelo and Poussin I've held to my first liking for the early masters; for those subjects simple as infancy; for those unconscious expressions; for those beings who say nothing, over-burdened by life; who suffer patiently without cries, without complainings, who bear the oppression of human law and have not even an idea of seeking to be righted by any man."

Millet came out of a Normandy peasant home. He had known its piety, its stern faithfulness to fact and law and its tenderness in a land of affectionate homes. French artists mostly come out

opinion. And we submit to his influence, precisely because he was not a propagandist. And that is why Millet has founded one of the few great historic schools of painting—not only Bastien le Page, but L'Hermite, Breton and many others, both in France and England, may all be described as Jean Francois Millet, re-edited, with notes and appendices and improvements up to date. A good witness in the world of thought is rarer than a brilliant thinker. His facts carry a deeper significance than their theories.

The explanation of how he became a painter of men rather than of landscape is curious and characteristic. He said to a friend: "There are some who tell me I deny the beauties of Nature. In Nature I find far higher things than charm—infinite glories—but no less do I see on a stony spot of ground, a back-broken man"—Corot and Rousseau painted beautiful and smiling and romantic nature; he painted the stony spot of ground and its back-broken man. Hence his titles: "The austere Millet" and "The Peasant Michael Angelo." This stern man might also be described as of all painters the most persuasive. It was a curious tribute to the force and effectiveness of his painting that the "Sower," the famous picture which is now possessed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, seemed, to the artists and critics of Millet's time, "a man of severe mien, and with threatening gestures hurling against the sky handfuls of mitraille in protestation of his misery." Society has a guilty conscience and puts its own thoughts into Millet's picture.

After the Supreme Court

It was John Marshall who, as Chief Justice, usurped the power to declare a law unconstitutional in the Supreme Court.

Allan L. Benson tells how, when Marshall was trying to have the constitution adopted, he declared that no such power was given to the Supreme Court.

In a discussion with Patrick Henry on this subject Marshall called attention to that clause of the constitution to which the COMING NATION recently pointed, that as to appellate jurisdiction the Supreme Court has power only "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Marshall then declared that

"These exceptions certainly go as far as the legislature may think proper for the interest and liberty of the people."

Later, when Marshall was arguing before the very Supreme Court from whose bench he was to seize this power, he said, "The judicial authority can have no right to question the validity of a law, unless such jurisdiction is especially given by the constitution."

When he became Chief Justice, as all the world knows, he turned around and, at the bidding of the powerful commercial and financial interests, declared that the Supreme Court was supreme.

"Even then," says Benson, "if Congress had promptly challenged the court, these words would have amounted to nothing. Sixty-five years later, congress did challenge the court on this very point, and the court took the back track with surpassing speed and energy. But at the time that Marshall uttered his challenge congress sputtered, but did not fight. The court, through Marshall, having made a monumental bluff, was permitted to "get away with it."

No one called the bluff at this time and so the court "got away with it."

As a result we now have nine corporation lawyers, who have greater power than the other ninety million, and more, of the population.

"If these men are such colossal geniuses, it is nothing less than criminal stupidity for us not to take full advantage of their great abilities. We should turn congress out to graze and tell the supreme court to make the laws. What is the use of having 500 common men in the halls of congress if nine men in the supreme court chamber can do the work better?"

But these "colossal geniuses" frequently change their minds. Once they said an income tax was

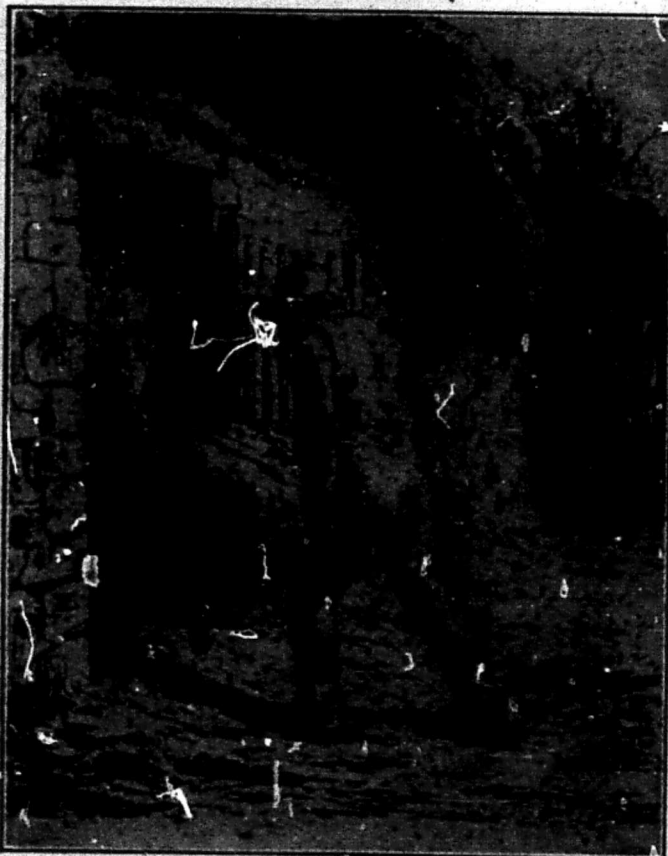
(Continued on Page Eleven)



THE SOWER

of Bohemia; now Bohemia is often a good place, where you acquire bold theories and revolutionary cries and watch-words, but brilliant theorists are bad observers and instinctively we turn away from their influence.

Millet was a profound observer and a faithful witness because he had no axe to grind, and in his slow nature feeling did not quickly crystallize into



GARNERING

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XVII.

YOU have seen a kitten chasing the end of its tail. Which comes first, the kitten or the tail? Yes, I know, but the kitten chases the tail, and, according to Aristotle, when you chase a thing you follow and come after it. Isn't that true? Very much like that is the discussion as to whether thought precedes action or action thought; whether the world is spurred on to new achievements by new ideals, and aviates because it thinks it could if it would try right hard and find out how; or whether the new achievements beget new ideals, and internationalism grows out of the fact that the aeroplane puts boundaries out of business. Round and round we go, just like the kitten. Prior to every invention there must, we argue, have been some notion that it could be done. But, then, we also argue, prior to the notion that it could be done there must have been some *fait accompli*, something already done that either suggested it or was the one essential thing to it, like the gasoline engine to the flying-machine.

Round and round we go. Does the tail follow the cat or the cat the tail? Which came first, the hen or the egg? Which is the cause and which the effect, the ideal or the real?

Let me give you a valuable rule to follow in all such cases where the choice appears so even that it is difficult to decide, where, if a course of action has advantages over another course of action, it has also disadvantages that compensate. Which to choose? I'll tell you. Attend now, for this is most important. Choose either one, no matter which, and stick to it.

That's what I shall do at this present. And, since pure reasoning makes out as good a case for the Idealist as for the Materialist, I shall be guided in my choice by prejudice and stick to it mulishly.

I own up frankly that they make me tired, the tiddley-winks that have been blathering away for centuries about phenomena and noumena, subjective and objective, the *Ding an sich* and (what's its antipode?) syllogisms and classifications of the Intellect, the Sensibilities and the Will, *causa causans* and *causa efficiens*—blathering away for centuries, reading by candle-light and writing with quill pens, thawing out before a fire and living on salt pork exclusively in Winter, sweltering and quarreling with flies in Summer. They make me tired. If they argued that two and two made four I should doubt them, I have such a prejudice against them. And when they talk about ethical conduct being the result of ethical precepts, and all the time conditions are such that unless a man does more or less artistic lying and commits more or less refined robbery the sheriff sells him out and his wife has to take in washing to support the children—I just get red-headed. I have no use for them.

And so I flop to quite the opposite extreme. "Mud philosophy," eh? That's what you call it? Well, me for mud philosophy then. It listens good to me from the word "Go!" I take it that a mud philosopher doesn't care two whoops in a whirlwind about that rule of three by which a great truth is established, as in this wise: (1) All men are mortal; (2)

Socrates was a man; (3) therefore, Socrates was mortal. (Great Scott! The idea of men, o'd enough to shave, fiddling with such pollifox!)

This is the way I think of a mud philosopher establishing a great truth: He doesn't "reason" it out, as for instance, that since a ten-pound weight is attracted to the ground ten times as much as a one-pound weight, it must fall ten times as fast. He takes the two weights up into a high place and lets them fall and times them. What he is after is the fact; the reasons why don't interest him. It is only as a by-product that he gives out the statement that though the attraction of the earth is ten times as much for the ten-pound weight as it is for the one-pound weight it has ten times as much of a load to pull. To the mud philosopher the fact comes first, and the logic has to follow—if it can. Sometimes it can't.

The mud philosopher tries thousands on thousands of experiments and keeps his mouth shut until he's pretty certain he knows what he is talking about, and has his facts straight. He crosses, we'll say, tall pea-vines with short pea-vines. And when he has done this wearisomely often he announces that it appears to him that tallness in pea-vines is a "dominant," and shortness a "recessive," for among the freely intermarrying hybrids of tall and short, in the second generation there are about three tall to every short. "About," you'll note he says. That's what I like about the mud philosopher. Here is no blup-blup! know-it-all, cock-sure assertion of a "law" of nature, see page 351, Sec. 2, Codified and Annotated Statutes of the Universe, unrepealed and consequently still in force. No. This is just a generalization of what the mud philosopher has observed, which larger observation may overthrow entirely, roughly true for practical application. There are lapses that almost amount to a discrepancy, and that discrepancy may be like the 5 cents that the cash-balance is out. Behind it there may be a frightful error. But it's the best that we can do at present; it will answer for a while, anyhow.

You perceive there's nothing lofty about this. It is not Eternal Ter-ruth. It just enables us to get a little better hold on things to slew them around the way we want them, a poor, sloppy mud philosophy that gets things done to make the world different while the east wind philosopher blathers by candle-light with a quill pen. I'm just common low trash enough to prefer clayey Materialism to gassy Idealism.

And I admit there's spitefulness in the way I call attention to the fact that the tremendous strides the world has taken since 1859—the year that Darwin's book came out—have all been since people began to work along these lines. This is the period of the Big Change, marked off crudely by the War of '61 here in America, by the War of '70 on the continent of Europe. You might say that the Big Change was brought about, not by the Thinker's Mind, but by the Mechanic's Hands for these discoveries of immense importance were made, not by ratiocination, but by instruments of precision and exact measurement; not by working out Cause and Effect, qualitatively and quantitatively, but by determining the Process. Do thus and so, and (other

things being equal), such and such results, generally speaking, may be expected. "Why?" A-a-ah! Who cares a pinch of snuff "why?" It's "what" that counts. We couldn't understand the "why" of anything if it was told us. And it doesn't matter anyhow.

I promised I would make my choice and stick to it. I regret to say I find I'll have to back down a little from the high ground that the event begets the thought. Let Abbot Mendel in his Augustinian cloister-garden cross tall peas with short peas, determine with exactitude so mathematical that it looks suspicious, that, in the second generation, there will be three tall to one short, or better—one pure tall, one pure short, and two unstable mixtures that look like tall. Let Abbot Mendel establish this rule of habitual conduct by experiments tediously repeated over and over again, until, to him at least, the facts engender the intellectual conclusion that here is a solution of the problem of Heredity, for it seems to be that every characteristic in man and beast and herb of the field is one of a pair, is either dominant or recessive, and so may be bred and fixed at will and with almost mathematical exactitude. Here is the deed, here in this monastery garden in 1865.

For forty years the world ignores it. For forty years the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not. Why?

The old idea still held sway that if things didn't suit you, what you had to do was to grin and bear it. For there was no changing it. Oh, to be sure, in the long process of the slow-creeping ages something would be done by the Survival of the Fittest, "working when and where and how it pleaseth." But nothing that Man could manage and slew round this way and that way with a "Hyste over there, you!" and a "Who-haw, Buck!"

It was this old idea that conditions could not be changed by man to suit his convenience that kept the Hell beyond the grave aflame so many centuries. It is that old idea that conditions cannot be changed by man to suit his convenience and best efficiency that keeps the Hell this side the grave aflame right now.

Hell beyond the grave I know of only by hearsay, but the one on this side I am fairly well acquainted with personally. It is a miserable place. Its miseries are almost wholly due to Poverty. Intellectual as well as physical deficiencies grow out of Poverty. I need not tell you that, of all ages that have ever been, this is the one that has the least excuse for Poverty. Those miseries could be abolished in about twenty minutes or, say, half an hour, after 51 per cent of the population divested itself of the old idea that life is a rocky bed whose sharpest corners you may knock off a little, whose back-breaking hollows you may pad out some, but whose discomfort is unchangeable; the old idea that patience is a virtue, and that the thing to do is to bear hardship like a soldier; the old idea that it takes a long time to do anything. If for 51 per cent of the population it were true that seeing is believing, why . . .

Their eyes see if their minds do not perceive that Poverty in this age need not exist. And here's where the thought must come before the deed.

The Labor Upheaval in England

(Continued from page six)

to make it appear that the army was used merely in the public interest to protect the food supply of the nation and to preserve order. But no amount of clever argument can cover up the fact that in this great crisis the whole power and machinery of Government was thrown upon the side of the wealthy railway corporations, when it might just as easily, just as decisively, and far more justly and constitutionally have been used to assist a vast army of workers to gain a decent livelihood.

As Ramsay McDonald, the leader of the Labor party, stated in the House of Commons: "The Home Office has played a most diabolical role throughout

the whole of this unrest."

One of the most important results of this strike is that a tremendous impetus has been given to the demand for railway nationalization. Although the English steam railways are the oldest in the world the management has been autocratic and unprogressive. The railway stations are dirty and inconvenient, and although the express trains are run at a high speed, in other respects the service is not as good as in the United States or Germany.

Moreover, the railway officials, with one exception, have absolutely refused to deal with the railwaymen's unions, and they pay very low wages. Consequently it is probable that the nationalization of railways will be a live issue in the near future. Whatever may be the immediate outcome of this

struggle, one thing is certain—the workers are more united and more conscious of their power than ever before. They realize that in most, if not all, industries the craft unions have become antiquated, and that they must be supplanted by aggressive industrial organizations which take in all the workers, skilled and unskilled alike.

They realize that the political and economic organization of the working class must proceed hand in hand. They have learned—at least many of them have learned—that when it comes to a supreme industrial crisis, liberal reformers like Asquith, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill line up with the most reactionary conservatives in using the powers of the state to crush the workers into submission.

THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XV.

A MAN in power is more than a man, but a man thrust from power is less. Cal Ridgeley, drawing away from that steadily leveled barrel of blue steel—drawing away in a recoil that stripped him of his last mask of vanity and pretense—revealed himself to Florida as he had never before revealed himself to any intelligence, and least of all to his own.

"Yo'—yo' wouldn' use it!" he gasped.

"Wouldn' you?" asked Florida. "I tell you I'm quite in earnest. You have fifteen minutes. Sit down. Not there. Across the table, facin' the window. So. Put your watch here in front of me, open."

He feared death too much to argue further with her intention. He retreated around the table, slinking backward. He put out his hand, groped for a chair, found it, drew it up and sank upon it. He pulled out his watch and put it on the table. But all the while he never took his horrified, red eyes from the blue barrel that followed—followed like the rattler poised to strike—his every movement.

She sat down opposite and looked at him. Once she lowered her calm eyes to the face of the watch. Cal lurched forward, but the eyes were instantly meeting his own once more along the barrel of the revolver.

"Flor'da," he whined, "I did it because I loved yo'!"

"Yo' killed Billy Turner because you loved me?"

"Not that. I don' mean that, Flor'da. Yo'—I—yo' know what I mean."

"I don' believe you," said Florida.

"It's Gawd's truth," he protested.

"Yo' said yo' wouldn' marry me, an' I wanted to make yo' marry me."

"Oh, well," she sighed, "perhaps you did. I don' care why you did it, Cal. I'm not thinkin' about what you did to me at all; I'm thinkin' only about what you did to Billy Turner—an' to yourself."

Cal's red mouth followed the drooping curve of his moustache.

"What fo' do yo' want me to die?" he asked.

"It don' matter to me, Cal, whether you die or live. It only matters that you tell the truth at last."

He looked across the small circle of the table-top. His mouth was working, his eyes narrowed in an ugly manner. He looked like a rat driven into the corner of a closet and turning to fight only under the goad of the ultimate fear.

"Well," he said, "suppose I let yo' tell it. Do yo' think anybody'll believe I was the only one of us to blame?"

"Probably not," said Florida. "Certainly not," she added, "if they listen to all that I'll tell them, because I'll tell them the whole truth."

"An' suppose I tell them the whole truth?"

"That is jes' what I want fo' you to do."

But he knew what the end would be, and he saw that she had no fear in her.

"Flor'da," he pleaded, "don' be so hard on me. The nigger's dead. I can't bring him back to life, can I?"

"You can do justice, Cal; an' you shall do it."

"No! Flor'da, listen to me: let's go away together, yo' an' I—jes' yo' an' I. Let's go far away where nobody'll know us. I'll start all over there. I can't do any good by tellin' things here; an' if we run away, people'll surmise, an' that'll be the same as if I told. I'll write a letter about it, if yo' want me to, an' then, when we're away, I'll be a different man—deed I will, Flor'da."

"Cal, can you expect me to believe your promises? Even if I thought you'd keep them, you forget that

shook her resolute head. And all the while the revolver followed him changed now from hand to hand, but never wavering in its aim.

And for Florida, all the while, the great miracle of the soul was being wrought. Every depth that he uncovered in himself revealed to her a height in another. Every token of his cowardice was a standard by which to judge another's bravery. Every coarse grain that he bared for her in his own heart served but to remind her of the fineness of the man that she now, at last, knew she loved.

In the beginning, Cal Ridgeley's fear blinded him, but, as it rose, as the wild tide of it mounted, it raised him to a sort of clairvoyance. Just at the desperate end of his struggles to elude her, he felt—he knew—that she had already eluded him.

"There's somebody else!" he cried. "I know now why yo' don' care about me. I know now why yo' won' listen to me. There's somebody else!"

"Yes," admitted Florida serenely, "there is."

"Well," the giant retorted, "whatever happens, yo'll never get him! Are yo' such a fool as to think that yo' can? Are yo' such a fool as to think anyone'd have yo' now? Answer me that! Yo've got to take me. Who'll marry yo' if I won't?"

He was leaning far over the table now, his eyes burning into hers. He had not forgotten what his rival had told him in the tavern, but he had remembered the true nature of Florida's situation and he was beginning to calculate upon what that truth would mean—were it revealed to Morgan.

Florida drew back, but only far enough to keep the leveled revolver out of his reach.

"The man I love," she answered.

"Likely, ain't it?" sneered Cal between his yellow teeth. "Who'd yo' reckon'll have yo'—in all this neighborhood?"

Neither her voice nor her eyes wavered.

"The man that loves me," said Florida.

"Who?" demanded Cal.

"You better think of your own case," she replied. "You've only three minutes left."

"Who is it?" Ridgeley reiterated. "Yo' can't tell me. Yo're bluffin' me—tryin' to bluff me. If there was one such man yo'd name him mighty quick, an' yo' know yo' would."

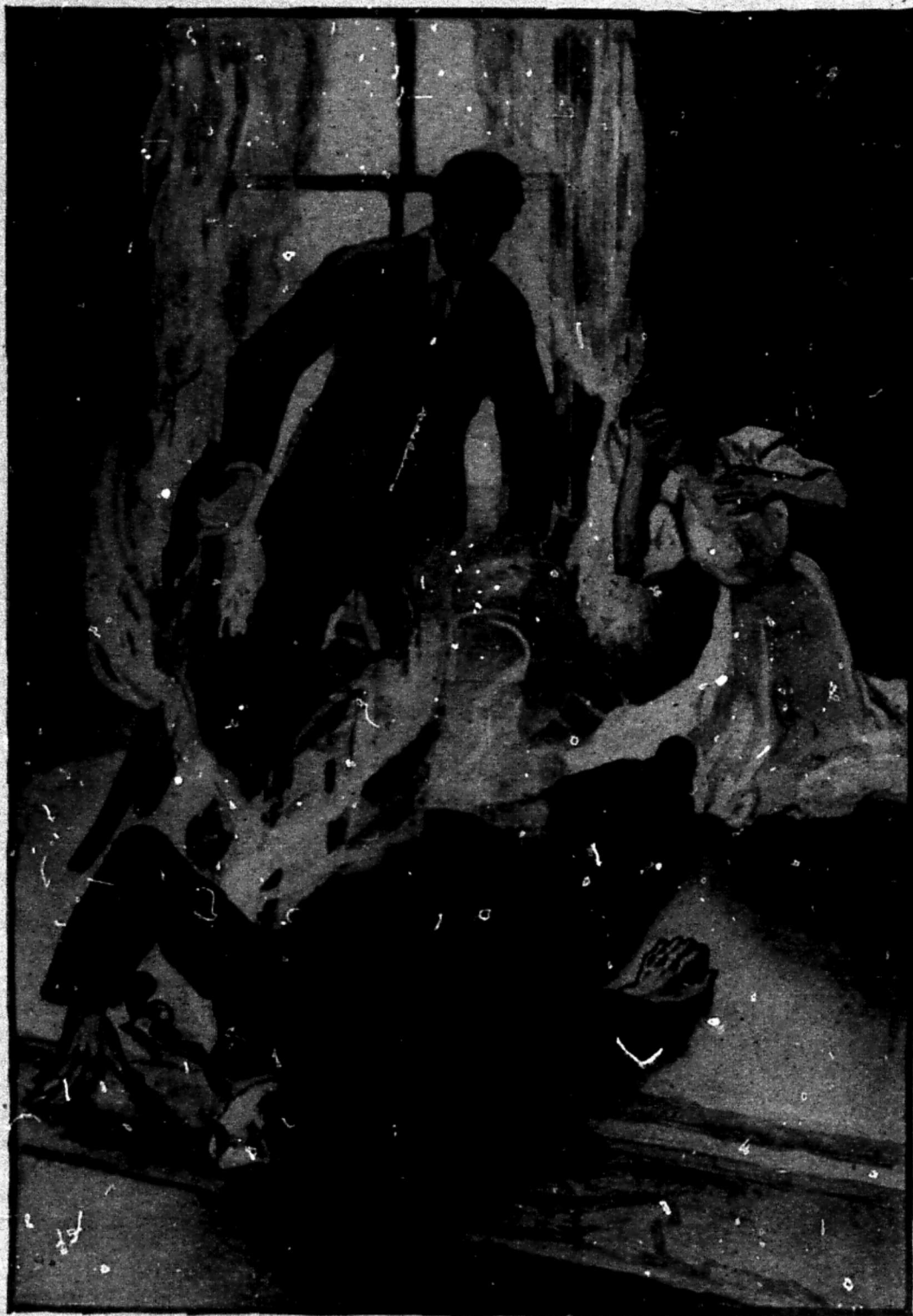
"I can name him," said Florida.

Cal's lips tightened.

"It's Mo'gan Witherspoon," he said.

The woman nodded.

In Cal's face something changed—something entered—something hot and quick—and drove out the cold thing that it found there. The strong man can be angry, but only the weak can hate, and Cal's hatred suddenly lay upon him like a malignant disease. Florida, watching him, recalled the Bible stories of persons, for their sins, stricken, in an instant, with leprosy. She saw his pallor vanish; she saw red blotches appear upon his cheeks—and she knew what it meant; it meant that this man with his inherited curse of fear and hate, had come again into the other portion of his heritage; that the former had been conquered by the latter; that hatred had overcome fear. The human brain has



The Room Was Filled With Smoke

I don' want to marry you. Hurry; you have only ten minutes more."

Her words hurt him, but what hurt more was the sense of his own futility and the steady advance of the thing he so abjectly feared. With babbling tongue, with a forehead damp from sweat, he begged her to relent. He knew what penalty he must pay if ever that countryside learned of what he had done, and so he knew that he was begging for his life. Like a frightened fox released in a fastened room, he darted from side to side to escape the pursuing hound of his fate, only to find all exit blocked to him. When he flung out his arms in appeal, she commanded him to put them down. When he pleaded, promised, threatened, she only

choice of but two secure armors; perfect hope and perfect despair. Cal chose despair.

"I'll do it," he said.

She could not at once credit him.

"Which?" she asked.

"I'll take my chances," he answered. "I'll tell it myself."

The girl still hesitated.

But the man laughed, and his laughter was worse than had been his pleading and his threats.

"Oh, yo' can put by yo' gun," he said. "I'll keep my word this time, Flor'da. I'll tell it. I'll tell it, an' then yo'll see the difference that it makes in yo'r lover to know that, even if yo' did resist at the last, up to the last yo' loved me. Yo'll see a few things that yo' haven' reckoned fo'—an' as I've kep' my promise, so yo'll have to keep yo'rs; if I come out o' this alive from the mob, yo'll have to marry me."

In spite of herself, the girl's hand faltered, but before, had he wished to, Cal could take any advantage of her weakness, there came a sharp interruption. Somebody tapped at the window. Cal looked up; Florida, hurriedly dropping the revolver to the table, looked around; Morgan Witherspoon, unable longer to fight with the doubts that had assailed him, had returned to Palmettos and was standing just outside of the room, peering in at the broken pane. Sex-training asserted itself; the woman appealed to the man.

"What shall I do?" whispered Florida.

"Let him in," said Cal; "he's jes' the man I want mos' to see."

He strode, without a moment of hesitation, to the window, and flung it wide.

"Come in," he said.

Morgan put a hand on the sill and vaulted lightly into the room. His face had all the strength that his recent sufferings had given it, but beside Ridgeley's bulky figure he looked young and boyish.

The crisis in the life of each of them had come. Florida, sitting pale and silent, shot her glance from one of them to the other. Witherspoon looked first at Florida and then at Cal; but Cal fixed his red eyes steadily on Morgan.

"Mo'gan," he said—and they noted that his voice had fallen into its old monotone—"we're right glad to see yo'. Fact is, Flor'da'd jes' been speakin' about yo'. She's got somethin' particular to say to yo', Mo'gan—ain't yo', Flor'da?"

Smiling, he turned to the girl.

Her eyes sought his in wide appeal.

"I thought—" her cold lips began.

"No," said Cal, "I've changed my mind. What's a mind fo' if yo' can't change it, eh, Mo'gan?" It seems to me, Flor'da, that it would suit me better if yo' told this thing yo'self, like yo' promised to do, an' as I'm consentin' to it an' am a party to it, as yo' might say, it won' change the conditions—it won' change our lil' agreement at all—not at all."

Witherspoon, detecting he knew not what mailed fist beneath this velvet glove, turned to Florida.

The girl took a great breath. She lowered her eyes to the table where the revolver lay. Her hands were knitted in her lap, and when she spoke it was as if she spoke from another world.

"Mo'gan," she said, with long, pregnant pauses after every sentence, "I reckon that I was in love with Cal. If I was in love with him, Mo'gan, I should 'a' been, fo' I knew he loved me. I ought to have known what a violent man he was, an' I ought not to've encouraged him if I didn' love him, an' yet—an' yet I did encourage him."

Witherspoon was flushing hotly.

"Are yo' sure yo' want to tell me this, Flor' 'a?" he asked.

"O' course she's sure," answered Cal. "When yo' come a-knockin' at the window, she was jes' sayin'—"

"I didn' ask yo'," flashed Witherspoon.

But the girl interrupted by resuming in her hollow voice:

"I encouraged him, Mo'gan. I liked to think that a man so big an' so seemin'ly strong could be attracted by me, an' I tried all the harder to attract him mo'. I liked to feel his strength near me, an' I liked to think that I could drive it jes' as easily as I can drive a mettlesome horse. I didn' know all this at the time, but, lookin' back now, I can see that it's all true. I think—I'm not right sure—but I think I liked to give the horse my spurs, sometimes, so he'd try to get the bit into his teeth, an' so I could subdue him again."

The thing that she was saying had overcome Morgan's scruples at hearing it. He walked to the fireplace and leaned against the mantle.

"Well?" he said.

"Well," resumed Florida—or what had once been Florida—"on the night that he killed Jim Jackson—jes' befo' he killed him—Cal asked me to marry him. When he asked that—when it came to somethin' definite an' final—I wasn' sure whether or no I cared enough about him to—to take him, an' I asked him to wait—to give me a week to—think it over."

She paused again, and Cal moved to the chair

that he had formerly occupied and sat down in it.

"Go on," he said.

"That night," she continued, without a glance at Ridgeley, "you remember how he broke out o' this room an' how he killed Jim. When I learned o' the killin' I knew that I could never marry Cal; I knew that I loathed him. But he didn' come to the house fo' his answer an' so, las' night, when he sent a note fo' me to meet him, I said to myself that I must keep my promise, an' I went out to do it—to give him his refusal by word o' mouth."

She stopped again, and this time let her eyes once more seek Ridgeley's; but Ridgeley shook his head.

"Go on," he said, and, wetting her dry lips, she continued:

"I met him. I didn' mean to accept him. I think that up to the ve'y last I meant to refuse him. And yet—I can't explain it; perhaps because I feel so different now—an' yet I did feel the old way toward him then. I felt him drawin' me an' drawin' me. An' then—an' then—"

Dry-eyed, but panting like one that carries a too heavy burden, she stumbled in the midst of the sentence.

Witherspoon, with a sudden start, shook off the spell that had held him. He turned hotly to Ridgeley.

"This has gone far enough!" he said.

Cal rose, advanced and raised his hand. He was smiling.

"Jes' a minute," he said; "jes' wait a minute mo'."

"Not a second!" vowed Witherspoon. "It's abominable. I don' know what hold yo've got over her, nor what yo're tryin' to make her confess to; but I don't care what yo'r hold is, an' I shan' believe whatever she may say. Believe it? I won't listen to it!"

Ridgeley's raised hand descended upon Morgan's shoulder and captured it as if it meant to crush the bone.

"Yes, yo' will listen," he answered. "What she's tol' yo's nothin' but the plain truth. What happened next I'll tell yo', fo' I want to take my part in this. Remember what she's owned up to, Mo'gan. Well, what followed I did, an' I did by force; but remember what preceded it."

Morgan, with a low oath, twisted under the prisoning fingers, but the prisoning fingers held him fast.

"An' where was it, Flor'da?" pursued Cal.

"Where was it?"

The woman's face was in her hands, but through her fingers came the ghost of her voice:

"It was at the foot o' Beaufain's Pond."

Ridgeley's hand tightened and then flung Witherspoon hurtling against the mantl' ece.

The younger man rebounded like a rubber ball. His cheeks flamed; his fists were clenched; his eyes shone.

"It's a lie!" he gasped. "It's a damned lie!"

But Cal did not move a muscle.

"Ask her," he said.

Witherspoon cast one look at Florida, sitting with her head now fallen upon the table.

"It's a lie!" he repeated. "If it wasn't, yo'd be guilty o' Billy Turner's murder!"

Ridgeley shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Ask her," he said again.

It was, after all, his supreme moment. He had fulfilled the first of the conditions imposed upon him. If the men of that countryside could do no more than Morgan had done, he was safe; and if he was safe he could, should he choose, claim Florida.

Witherspoon stood irresolute. Then his face was once more lightened. He bent toward the woman.

"Flor'da," he said, and it seemed to Cal as if Morgan had completely forgotten him—"For'da!"

She raised her face, wet at last with tears.

"Do yo' remember, Flor'da," Witherspoon went on, "what I said to yo' today? I meant that; but now I mean mo'. I said that we couldn't control our desires, but could control our actions. Now I say that things done are alive only if we keep them alive by repeatin' them. When what yo've done to yo'self is repented of, it's dead. Flor'da, I don' believe yo've half so much to repent of as yo' think yo' have; but, much or lil', it is repented of, an' so yo've killed it. I love yo', Flor'da. Will yo'—will yo', lil' as I deserve it, try to care enough fo' me to be my wife?"

A roar of rage from Cal was the only immediate answer. The pair looked up and saw Ridgeley standing before them literally transixed by his wrath. Just at the moment of victory, he saw the destruction of his last chance. His lips were tortured into a horrible grin; his eyes bulged from their sockets; a light foam sprinkled his moustache.

"Yo' fool!" he gasped to Witherspoon. "Don' yo' know I've spoiled her fo' yo'?"

Morgan gave him glance for glance.

"I know," he said, "that nothin' so low as yo' are has ever been able to reach her soul."

"I know that she's promised her body to me if I want it!" cried Ridgeley, "an' I know that she's got to keep her word!"

Witherspoon turned to Florida.

"Yes," she answered the question of his eyes.

"But—do yo' love him?"

Her shudder of repulsion was reply enough for Morgan. He crossed quietly to the door.

"That's it!" said Ridgeley. "Get out! We're through with yo' now."

"But I'm not quite through with yo'," Morgan quietly responded. "I know the District Attorney's yo'r cousin, but he's a closer cousin o' mine. I'm goin' in to his house an' lodge information against yo' fo' incitin' the murder o' Billy Turner."

What followed, followed in a single flashing instant, and Florida, who saw it all with terror-stricken eyes, could never wholly forget it. Already there was a sound of footsteps in the hall, and voices, startled by the cries of Cal, were audible outside the door. Ridgeley, with the bellow of a maddened bull, seized the revolver from the tumbling table and charged at Witherspoon. Morgan, finding the door locked, picked up a chair and swung it above his head. Florida flung herself upon Cal, caught his knees and brought him to the floor.

The giant fell with a tremendous crash, and the room was filled with smoke. His own finger had discharged the Colt with which his father had done murder, and his own hand, bending under him in the fall, had leveled at his own breast the revolver with which he had killed Jim Jackson.

Before Morgan had gathered Florida in his arms, the curse had done its last work; Cal Ridgeley was dead.

(The end.)

A Parable on the Recall

The Farmer said to his Son: "You may go to the Fair and pick out half a dozen Horses for our use. Get the best you can for the money."

"Am I competent for this Job, do you think?" asked the Son, doubtfully. "It is not easy. Remember, I am taking these Animals almost unsight, unseen."

"You are as competent as anybody," answered the Farmer. "Besides you must learn the Business. Of course, we must take some chances."

So the Youth brought home the Horses and the Farmer said they all looked good to him.

At the end of six months the Son said to his Father: "I have been using these Horses every day, and my Mind is now made up. Five of them are excellent, but One is no good at all. He balks and soldiers and kicks things to pieces. We must get rid of him."

"But the Farmer said: 'I am surprised at your Gall in offering an opinion on such a subject. Are you Competent to decide an important matter of that kind?'"

"Well, for the Love of Mike!" exclaimed his Son, "I was competent to buy the Horses, unsight, unseen, wasn't I; and am I not competent now, after I have watched them working for six months, to decide what Ones are no good?"

"Certainly not," said the Farmer; "that is Different."—*California Outlook.*

After the Supreme Court

(Continued From Page Two)

all right. Then, when they saw in such a tax an attack upon entrenched privilege, they decided the tax was wrong.

Once they said the Sherman Anti-Trust law was constitutional the way it was passed by congress. Then they decided to amend it by inserting the word "reasonable."

Now, "Nobody knows the law against trusts, Nobody can know the law. No longer is there a written law. The law is whatever the supreme court thinks it is from day to day."

The article concludes with a recognition of the statement first made in the columns of the COMING NATION that congress could call this bluff any time it pleased.

"In short, congress has the power, at any time that it cares to exercise it, to compel the supreme court to cease meddling with laws, either by declaring them unconstitutional, or amending them by judicial interpretation. This is not a theory but a demonstrated fact that the court itself, when keel-hauled by congress, quickly recognized.

Incidentally, I may say that a short time ago, I asked Senator La Follette this question: "What do you believe the supreme court would do if congress should enact a law concluding with this paragraph: "This act shall not be subject to review by the United States Supreme Court?"

"I believe" said the senator, "that the court would let the law severely alone."

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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

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

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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Ahead as Usual

The COMING NATION was the first magazine in the United States to publish any photographs from the scene of the English strike. It was the first magazine to publish a full report of the docker's strike. This week it publishes stories from London and Liverpool of the first stages of the railway strike and the full story of the docker's strike, all with photographs taken on the spot. Next week we will have a full story of the railroad strike by our regular correspondent Shaw Desmond, again with many additional photographs.

In a couple of weeks other magazines will begin to handle this story, and it will be the big story for the next three months, even in capitalist magazines. The COMING NATION readers will have had the full story, written by competent observers, both English and American.

As the facilities of the paper develop we expect to be able to do this for any part of the world.

We are arranging for some articles on the French union movement. We are gradually developing the series which was explained last week and expect to start them shortly.

A novel and interesting feature will begin in a few weeks. This will be a mystery story. It will be written by Peyton Boswell, whose one act play, "Steel," has already appeared in the COMING NATION. This story has been one for which we have been negotiating ever since the COMING NATION started, and it has been written especially for this paper. It will be illustrated by the best artists, and will be a splendid serial story.

We have a plan in connection with it that is still more novel and striking. Watch the COMING NATION for further explanations. We can assure our readers that there will be something doing.

There has been a sudden revival of literature on the Mormon question. This has been written from the point of view either of religious prejudice or the desire to secure political advantage on the part of some capitalist forces.

The COMING NATION believes that there is a great social and economic explanation of the Mormon strength in Utah. We have secured some articles on this from Murray Shick, a well known Socialist writer now living in Salt Lake City. These articles are the first to appear in any American publication treating of the Mormon question from the Socialist point of view.

There is a feast of other good things on hand. Enough to guarantee that, for several months at least, the COMING NATION will be an improvement over anything it has been in the past, and we think that is saying something.

Cultured Ignorance

The idea that "capitalists" in general block the way to the laboring-man's Ar-

The Revolt of English Labor

BY A. M. SIMONS



JUDGED by the number of people affected, by the wide extent of its influence and the influence it must have upon the future, the recent uprising of the English workers is the biggest thing that has happened anywhere on the globe during the last year. It is a more important happening than the bickerings of tinsel kings, with which the newspapers have filled their columns. None of the wars or rumors of wars in Morocco, in the far East or the near East can rival it in significance. Moreover, it is one of the things that will soon make wars but rumors and traditions.

These strikes were a spontaneous upheaval of a mass whose sufferings had become unendurable. It was the only important part of a nation rising, thinking, acting. It was a primal demand for enough food, clothing and shelter to maintain a brute existence. It was a declaration of war against the "inner foe" that is plundering England and every other capitalist nation.

The English labor movement has always been a puzzle. Its apparent lethargy through long months and years, its wide-spread organizations seeming to do nothing, its sudden threats and momentarily rapid progress, followed again by reaction are in such sharp contrast with the continuous hubbling of the Latin races, or the steady, inevitable advance of the Germans and Scandinavians as to constitute an anomaly in the International movement of Labor.

In 1899 and 1900 the most prominent men in the English labor movement spoke almost with despair of any mass action of labor. Sentiment, and Socialist sentiment too, there was in plenty. The trade unions were dickering and plodding, but seemed to have no conception of the class solidarity and no vision beyond collective bargaining. Then came the Taff-Vale decision, the outlawing of the unions, the sudden upheaval of the workers, the rush into politics, the sending of a powerful group of labor men to Parliament, the reversal of that decision and the attainment of some important and many little Parliamentary concessions.

After that came the reaction. Some of the labor members appeared to think that their mandate had been fulfilled. They lost much of their militancy, were swamped in Parliamentary details and became separated from the revolutionary spirit that seemed to slumber among the workers.

But economic developments went on. They always do. The price of living mounted higher and higher, insidiously sucking the very life-blood of labor from an already barely subsistence wage.

Now Labor has risen again in fierce rage. It paralyzed industry by withholding the power of its producing hands and heads. It has torn from the exploiting class a portion of its plunder. But this is the least of its victories. The real gain is in the awakening. The revolt itself has sent a thrill of power, a new impulse, a more militant action throughout the whole labor movement.

Lethargic labor members in Parliament have been stung to militant action. Divisions in the ranks of Labor, both economically and politically, are closing up. There is promise of a single Socialist party, and a single great industrial organization.

But it is not alone that England has made greater progress toward the social revolution in these weeks than in as many preceding years. The sparks struck off in the clash of class interest have lighted anew the fire of resistance throughout the world. Everywhere there is new virility, a new spirit, a new solidarity entering into the ranks of labor because of that English strike.

The COMING NATION is glad that it is able to give to its readers such full accounts of so great an event.

A study of the things that are happening there is a better training for social workers than the reading of volumes of theory.

That big things are happening in England is the best assurance that something will happen here.

cady overflows with humor, since without capitalists all men would labor, and the market for labor would be so overstocked that each man might be limited to working for himself. That proposition is almost as humorous as the policy of promoting the interests of labor by limiting the amount of labor and curtailing the sources of skill and efficiency. Inasmuch as two-thirds of the labor performed in the world is for the purpose of feeding, clothing, housing, and personally benefiting those who must depend on their daily wage for the means of subsistence, it is certainly "ludicrous or absurdly incongruous" to affirm that working people will be benefited by limiting the quantity of labor.

No, the above is not from the *Squir-*

rels Corners Bulletin nor from a high school essay. It is the sober pronouncement of the editorial department of that palladium of American intellectual literature, *The Century*. As a specimen of the educated idiot it transcends anything that has drifted into the COMING NATION office for a long while.

The idea that if the capitalists should labor "the market for labor would be so overstocked that every man might be limited to working for himself," and that this would injure the working class, certainly "overflows with humor." This paragraph would be a good one to cut out and paste in a scrap book, to have handy whenever it is necessary to show the extent to which ignorance prevails among the learned.

Women's Rights in Persia

The supporters of woman suffrage should be gratified to learn that even in the midst of Persia's present trials and troubles, where the ex-Shah has raised his standard and civil war is loose, a champion of the woman's cause has been found in the Persian Mejliss. This is none other than Hadji Vakil el Rooy, Deputy for Hamadan, who on August 3 astonished the House by an impassioned defense of women's rights. The Mejliss was quietly discussing the Bill for the next election, which takes place in the autumn, and had reached the clause declaring that no woman shall vote. Discussion on a proposition so obvious seemed unnecessary, and the House shivered when the Vakil el Rooy mounted the tribune, and declared roundly that women possessed souls and rights, and should possess votes.

Now Vakil el Rooy has hitherto been a serious politician, and the House listened to his harangue in dead silence, unable to decide whether it was an ill-timed joke or a serious statement. The orator called upon the Ulama to support him, but support failed him. The Mujtehid, whom he invoked by name, rose in his place, and solemnly declared that he had never in a life of misfortune had his ears assailed by such an impious utterance. Nervously and excitedly he denied to women either souls or rights, and declared that such doctrine would mean the downfall of Islam. To hear it uttered in the Parliament of the nation had made his hair stand on end. The cleric sat down, and the Mejliss shifted uncomfortably in its seats. The President put the clause in its original form, and asked the official reporters to make no record in the journals of the House of this unfortunate incident. The Mejliss applauded his suggestion, and turned with relief to the discussion of subjects less disturbing than the contemplation of the possibility that women had souls. Yet perhaps some members have their doubts, occasionally privately expressed, whether after all woman may not somewhere have a soul.—*London Times*.

Growth of German Unions

The economic wing of the German labor movement marches forward with the same resistless power that has long characterized the political wing. During the past year, 184,631 new members have been added giving a total of 2,017,298 organized workers in the German Empire.

With this growth has grown a consolidation in the direction of industrialism and four national unions have been merged, so that there are now only 53 different unions. Of these the largest is still the great Metal Workers' Union, with 415,863 members. Next in strength comes the Masons with 173,626.

Extra efforts have been made to organize the working women. As a result there are now 161,512 women included in the union membership. In spite of the various systems of relief through State insurance for the aged, sick, injured and unemployed the unions have paid out over \$30,000,000 in the last twenty years in various forms of assistance for their members, aside from strike benefits.

Solid Ivory

BY HENRY AVE

A western cow-boy met an Indian who was pounding his thumb with a hatchet. With great curiosity he approached the noble red man and said: "Why does Injun pound thumb?" To which the brave replied: "Injun pound thumb 'cause when Injun quit thumb feel heap good."

Certain of our workmen vote year after year for the police to club their heads off in case of a strike for no apparent reason other than that when the police quit bouncing their clubs off their noodles "head feels heap good."



Jimmy Thinks

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

(Especially for *The Children's Own Page*.)

Yes, I was there last Sunday.
I sat right back by the door,
With the class of boys, on the left-hand side,
You've seen me there before.

And now that we're a talkin',
And no one 'round to hear,
I want to ask a question,
If you can make it clear.

I've got a lot of brothers,
And sisters, as you know,
That I'm oldest, and am strongest—
Is an easy thing to show.

But my mother always taught me,
That the strongest one should yield,
And give the easy places to the
Weakest in the field.

Now I've been a clerkin' round here,
In the stores for 'most a year,
And 'twould just surprize you, Mister,
At the curious things you hear.

There's two men was in here talkin'
'Bout a kind of business deal,
And it looked to me like nuthin'
But the biggest kind of steal!

And one man told the other
That "Jones was mighty slow,
And the weakest kind of brother
When it came to grabbing dough."

Now they really always taught ME
That the plain mark of a beast
Was to grab the best before you,
As you sat down to a feast.

So, won't you tell me, Mister,
HOW OLD I ought to be,
'Fore I 'gin to take advantage,
Of those not strong as me?

Grey-Chick

BY WILBY HEARD.

Grey-chick grew up to be a lady hen, and the season being spring, the season when hearts are more bent on love and affection than at any other time of the year, she found herself longing for baby chicks. And with Grey-chick, as with the rest of her society, to want chickies was to set about getting them.

Therefore, she chose a nice soap-box with clean straw in it, as her nest. What delighted her vanity most was that right in the middle of the straw was a big shiny egg. And Grey-chick resolved, right there and then, to lay eggs as big and nice as that one. Grey-chick was something of a brag, but she was no gossip. So how was she to know, poor thing, that the egg, nest and all, were a decoy affair, on the part of the farmer; so as to be able to steal her real eggs from her.

But after a month or so, she discovered through sad experience, that try hard as she might, every day she found just that one nice, big, shiny egg in her nest. And this is now she determined to remedy it. She stole away into the wheat field, and there she scratched up some soil, put a few old straws into the hollow, and there laid her eggs. But she made one serious mistake. Every time she laid an egg she boasted about it at the top of her voice. The reason she hid was because instinctively she felt that she was not born to be a prey to man. She was risking her life in the wheat field. She was willing to take the chance, however, for she longed for the chirping of little baby-chicks, and this longing was greater than the fear for hawk, weasel, skunk and badger.

In this crude nest Grey-chick laid

about fifteen eggs. And as all the feathers from her breast, burning with the heat for setting, were already gone, she determined to lay just one egg more, and then warm them all into little chickies. But she cackled too much after laying that egg, and so the farmer discovered the nest. Believing that hens and eggs were created for farmers to sell, he robbed her of all her eggs, and put a china decoy in their place.

Is it not strange that all people, once upon a time, and most of them still believe, that all animals, fowls and all things they can use for food, were brought into this world for just that one purpose? Some of us know better now. And there are thousands of proofs to bear out this advanced decision. And this little story is a simple example.

When Grey-chick returned, all ready to set, and saw what had happened, her heart almost broke. But blind with mother-love she decided to sit on that one egg till it hatched. For several days the farmer stole up to the nest and seeing Grey-chick there, sneaked away again, thinking that she was laying another egg. Then one day he drove her off, and seeing no eggs there, he took away the china egg and chased Grey-chick back to the yard. He dipped her into cold water to cool her off, and then dismissed the matter.

About two weeks later he missed Grey-chick, and he thought of the nest in the wheat field, and he went there. And sure enough there sat Grey-chick, but when he tried to drive her away she did not move. And on pushing her with his foot he found that she was dead. "Starved to death, the fool," he muttered. But for all we know she may have died of a broken heart.

A Pure Food Town

(A Story from *Collier's*.)

"A Pure Food Town" certainly is a queer name! But it won't take you long to guess what it means. Of course! A town where the food is pure. A town that is famous because it is the custom to buy and eat pure food! What an idea! As though all people didn't buy and eat pure food.

But you know and I know and we all know that it is not the custom. But why? I can see the big eyes of some of the thoughtful boys and girls. Just listen and I'll tell you the reason why.

Just because it is almost impossible to find pure food. Some of you, I hope all of you, have noticed that in the papers there is a great deal about Dr. Wiley and the pure food laws and all sorts of things. Well, it all starts with the fact that many men who put up the things that we have to eat, like canned vegetables, and jams, or make bread or sell meat or ice-cream don't see to it that these things are all good and fresh and pure, but allow and order adulterations and preservatives (bet-look those words up in the dictionary) to be put in.

Now, why do you suppose they do this? Because poorer kinds of fruits and vegetables can be canned if a preservative is used, or beef can be bought cheaper if the animal is diseased. And so more money can be made from the sale of poorer articles if the people who buy can be made to believe that the goods are just as good.

That is one small reason why the Socialists would like to abolish the system of making profits on the production of the things we must have in order to live. But it is not at all the main reason. And you may be sure that nothing of that sort is said in this story in *Collier's*. But the story is interesting because it shows what can be

done through the help of boys and girls going to school.

In the town of Westfield, Mass., there is a state normal school in which, as in all advanced schools, there is a course in chemistry. Now just plain chemistry did not seem so very interesting to the young girls who went to this normal school and so the principal secured a teacher who agreed to make the course in chemistry interesting.

This teacher, Mr. Allyn by name, knew that the way to make any study interesting to young people is to connect it with their lives. So soon he had the students learning to analyze food and to dye cloth. They brought from home samples of food that they were using all of the time and they found out some astonishing things.

They found milk preserved with poisonous stuff, jams made of poor apples and colored with dyes that are harmful. They found meat diseased and worst of all, they found candy made of dreadful adulterations and colored with stuffs that would dye white goods all the colors of the rainbow.

Soon the families of the students began to refuse to buy groceries that had been analyzed and found bad. Then the grocers tried to hurt the reputation of the school and the teacher, but the school invited the grocers to inspect its museum of impure foods and the grocers soon found it paid them to handle good foods and refuse to handle adulterated and poisonous ones. The same with drug stores and then the butchers sent samples of their meats to be analyzed. A baker who put alum in his bread was forced into failure and the man who sold ice-cream with the greatest amount of richness in it got all the custom.

And now Westfield seems to be able to get good food, all through the influence of the school girls with the right training back of it.

Do you see what I'm driving at with this story from *Collier's*? You don't have to wait to grow up before you can have any influence. The boys and girls of this country could not only help force pure foods, but they could do away with the military spirit of the boy scout movement and put in its place a fine peace movement. They could and they can help to remove the whole system of profits that makes us have impure foods and war and injustice.

But first they must learn to use their minds and find out why things are wrong and how to make them right.

The Rich and the Poor

BY VIOLA STEVENS.

As you walk through the rich part of the town you can see beautiful houses, people sitting on the lawns, children playing who have plenty to eat.

But when you come to the poor part of the town you feel sad to see the hard working men, women and children; children going barefoot, who have hardly enough to eat.

I am going to tell you a story about a miner (this miner is a Socialist). One day he came to our house to see papa. While he was waiting he told mamma about a friend of his who had just come to Denver and was hungry and tired. He went to a rich person's house where there was a little girl out in the front yard. When she saw him coming she ran around to the back yard to tell her mother there was a beggar coming. They both came and peeped out of the window. He saw them and told them he wasn't going to hurt them, so they opened the door. Then he told them he had walked a long way, and was tired, and hungry, and wanted to know if they would give him something to eat.

But they said, "We don't provide for beggars."

So he went away. Then he went to a poor person's house and the man in this house invited him in, and told his wife

to get something to eat, while he took the man to get some new clothes.

He did this, although he was poor. Do you see the difference between the rich and the poor?

The poor are willing and the rich unwilling.

A Musical Canary

A canary, owned by a musical family in London, demonstrates its extraordinary fondness for musical instruments wherever the instruments are being played. The bird's behavior is a



—Popular Mechanics

source of constant amusement and interest. It flies to the keyboard every time the piano is played, where it dodges the player's fingers during the performance. When the violin is being played it clings to the bow, no matter how rapid the player's passages are.

From a Little Socialist

Dear Editor and Children's Page: Here comes another little Socialist to join the Children's page.

I am 15 years old, but I am a big Socialist any way.

I think everybody ought to be a Socialist.

I live on the bank of the Salado river. It is a mighty pretty stream. There are but few Socialists in the town of Salado. But they are increasing in Socialist sentiment.

Come on, some more of you Socialist boys and girls. I sure like to read good Socialist letters.

I would like to receive post cards from any of the Socialist boys and girls.
MIRA ISBELL, Salado, Tex.

Sisseton, S. D., R. 4, June 14, 1911.

Dear Comrade—In your issue of June 10th you ask all who are interested to send in titles of books.

I am happy to name three books, all by Katherine E. Dopp. They are very recently written and are of the best I have ever seen. They are 45c apiece and I got these from *The Chicago Daily Socialist* office.

Book I—The Tree Dwellers, The Age of Fear.

Book II—The Early Cave-Men, The Age of Combat.

Book III—The Later Cave-Men, The Age of the Chase.

The little children read these books with such genuine pleasure it warms one's heart. Little ones beg the older ones to read these books aloud to them and they listen until they fall asleep.

Now, I hope everyone who knows of good books that bring out the interest of the child-mind spontaneously and completely will immediately make known titles, prices, etc., so we can get them.

My children are interested in "The Children's Own Page." They like it very much. Give us stories—stacks of them—for our children.

Yours wholly engrossed in this new world movement.
ANNIE LYND.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

—Shakespeare.

What the Unions Have Accomplished

Continued from page seven

doors opening in. This means that 97.75 per cent of the shops inspected opened in, in spite of the law against it and in spite of the fact that doors so constructed are a menace to life in case of fire, a fact which has since been tragically proven in the Triangle Shirt Factory disaster where 145 men and women lost their lives.

Not only was the building code violated, but the health and sanitary provisions were not regarded with any greater degree of respect. The report continues to tell that in 144 shops the walls and ceilings were dirty; in 19 the water supply was inadequate; in 267 there were no receptacles for rubbish; in but 16 cuspidors were found; in but 206 shops was there any effort made to protect the eyes of the operators from glare by shades and globes.

"The most serious sanitary defects were in the toilet accommodations," says Dr. Price in his report. He tells that there were 142 shops in which the ratio of water closet to the person employed exceeded the legal maximum of 25 to 1; that in one shop 83 persons used one toilet; that in another shop the toilet accommodations were in the yard, that in 111 they were in the halls and that in 13 shops there was no separation between the toilet rooms for men and women. In 413 the "walls, ceilings and floors were dirty and offensive."

Such was the state of affairs that had existed before the strike, in spite of a building code, factory, sanitary and health laws, and the officials who are paid to enforce them! Capitalist inspectors have a graceful and easy way of enforcing labor laws, a way which results in the death of the workers. The Newark and Triangle fires are still too fresh in the minds of the people to make comment necessary. But the workers have learned a lesson. They have realized that unless they take things in their own hands nothing will be done for them. There is a movement now on hand to make the Joint Board of Sanitary Control a permanent body, with office, inspection force and the power to issue "sanitary certificates," backed up by the promise of the union to call "sanitary strikes whenever the conditions are such that they may become dangerous to the life and detrimental to the health of the workers. "The sanitary government of an industry by the industry itself," says Dr. Price, "is a new phase of constructive social work, and marks a new epoch in the labor movement in this country."

In considering the positive gains the union has made, the negative achievements must not be left

out. In times of strikes and lockouts it fights and gains positive concessions, but in time of peace it protects the workers from the various and manifold impositions employers are in the habit of making on their employes. On this point John A. Dyche, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union had the following to say:

"Of course we gained very much through the recent strike, as the settlement protocol will show,



JOHN A. DYCHE.

Secretary-Treasurer, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

but the real value of the union consists of the protection it offers the workers from possible abuse. The existence of the union keeps the employer from attempting to renew the policy of exploitation so prevalent before the strike. The fact that the union exists does much to check the temptation to reduce wages, increase the hours, discharge men and women who are obnoxious for their activity in organizing

the workers and for being the first to make demands. If it is true that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure then it is true that the union has accomplished and is accomplishing every day by the mere fact of existing, more than it has done by strikes and aggressive demands."

Not only have the workers been benefited by the change the strike has brought about, but the employers too are more satisfied now than they had been before. The union has brought order in the trade which is of great value to the manufacturers.

"I don't mind paying a higher wage," said a prominent manufacturer when interviewed, "when I know that my competitor has to do the same. To a great extent we are better off now than we had been before the strike. I can keep regular hours and can take a half holiday knowing that my colleagues will have to do the same. This was impossible before. There is no temptation to work the 'hands' late at night when one is sure that the next man cannot do it. The same is also true of wages and other conditions. When the rules that govern us are binding on all in the trade then they don't offer any chances for underselling and are rather beneficial than otherwise."

The manufacturer's position will be better appreciated when it is known that there are 6,185 employers in the trade. "These employers differ in character, temperament, possession of wealth and opinions on the relation between capital and labor. But they all have one goal, they all want to get rich quick and are all making frantic efforts to gain this end. The large army of employers represents a mass of fighting, struggling, desperate money-mad humanity. There is elbowing, and jostling and pushing and shouting and high-pitched shrieks and coarse-mouthed vituperations. One tries to outsell the other. In this wild hunt for trade, in this battle for riches, the worker is trampled underfoot. It is over his fallen body that the manufacturer steps to success. Cheaper goods mean a lower wage, and a lower wage means less food. Better goods mean more exactness in the work, longer hours and greater exertion.

Here steps in the union. The manufacturer knows that no matter what means he may use in the noble art of cutting his fellow's throat he cannot do it altogether at the expense of the worker. There is a union that must be reckoned with. And the union is reckoned with. The general conditions in the trade today, when compared with the conditions of the preorganized period tell how it is reckoned with and with what degree of success. They tell the story, tell it eloquently and with conviction.

THE QUARREL

By Lewis De Hart

A man, a woman and a baby.

The man sat in a rickety rocking chair in the front room of the little three-room house, his feet against the sill of the window and his body braced, an empty pipe in his mouth, his eyes staring blindly through the window at nothing, his face hard and stern, thinking—

The woman lay face downward on the bed in the second room. Her hands were clenched in the coverlet, her body quivered spasmodically as sobs rose to her throat and were repressed so they might not be heard by the man. She was thinking—

In the third room, the kitchen, by the open door, sat a baby boy of three. He was wide awake, but so still that but for his open eyes one might have thought he slept. His face was white and frightened and so great had been his fear that his instinct told him quietness was best. He looked out of the door, thinking—

It had not been the first quarrel of the man and woman, but it was the first big one, and it towered above all of the misunderstandings of four years of married life. The quarrels of the past had been quickly forgotten, but this one—could either ever forget the hard words and fierce denunciations of the other?

It could not have happened if the man had been at work. He had had nothing to do for five weeks, he had searched for work and tramped the endless busy streets for four of those weeks, he had answered every advertisement in person or by letter that offered the slightest chance of employment, but all in vain. No one wanted his muscles or brain.

For the last week he had done nothing, had given up hope. The few dollars saved from his last job had almost vanished, he had fallen into a lethargy of despair and slept or brooded away the days, thinking—

The woman had learned to fear him in that last

week. He seldom spoke to her, he would eye her strangely at times till she wanted to cry out or run, he ate his scanty meals in silence and in silence went to bed each night.

And then the climax. The baby, in search of a plaything, had climbed to the dresser and, reaching for a cup, the last of six of a wedding present, had dropped it to the floor where it shattered to pieces.

The man had been sitting—thinking. At the crash he roused himself, sprang to his feet, all the pent-up animosity engendered by a month's brooding showed in his eyes. He strode to the child, struck it, time and again, then pushed it so that it fell to the floor, screaming.

The mother heard and saw, and the hot words rushed to her lips:

"You brute, you great big brute," she screamed, "do you want to kill him?"

The fire in the man's eyes deepened. "Yes, damn it, I'll kill him and you too if I want to. God—"

Profanity coursed from his lips in a flood, from him who had never before sworn at her whom he had pledged to love and protect, he cursed her, the baby, the house, the neighbors, the city, the whole world. He dared anyone to step in between him and his will.

The baby, quiet now, crept away to the kitchen, the mother, with a cry which checked the stream of words from the man's mouth, threw herself on the bed, sobbing, thinking—

The man walked slowly to the front room, fell into the rocker and sat staring, thinking. And for three the world was a gaunt and barren waste.

Minutes passed and still the woman sobbed and hid her sobbing and still the man sat staring. Then came the shrill whistle of the postman and his knock. No one in the house moved and at last the

postman slipped a letter under the screen door and departed.

The man in the rocker turned his head and saw the letter. It was the first that had come in days. He wondered what it was. He had given up all hope of ever hearing from any of the advertisements he had answered. It probably was just a circular, anyway.

But still he looked at the letter and gradually curiosity came over him. He rose from the chair and picked it up, hesitatingly, and looked at it long, fearful lest it might prove to be another disappointment.

At last he tremblingly tore it open and read, read it again and once more. And then, big, strong man that he was and his lips yet stained with curses, a sob rose to his throat as he turned and stepped to the open door of the bedroom.

"Mary," he said, in so low and strange a voice that the woman forgot to sob and looked up wonderingly, "Mary, here's a letter and it says—it says—"

He could not finish, but held the letter out to the woman. She took it and read.

"Oh, Frank," she said softly, "your old job back at once. And all it means—"

He opened his arms and they closed around the woman's yielding form.

"You understand what was the matter," he whispered, and she nodded against his breast.

From the kitchen the three-year-old padded silently to the middle room. What he saw must have been pleasing, for he laughed happily, the first time in a week.

There has been of late much discussion as to the cause of high prices, and most of this discussion has been unfortunately, wide of the mark. For there is only one thing that has ever made high prices, or that can ever at any time make high prices, and that is an inflation of the money supply.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Killing Trade

Come join the army. Grab a pen
And sign the register
And learn to shoot your fellow men
At thirteen dollars per.
Of course, the price is not a bit
Too bountiful or fat,
But it's enough, you must admit
For dirty work like that.

Come, join the army, be a slave
For men with shoulder straps,
Don't let them see you misbehave
And always touch your caps,
And when your service term is through
They'll have you on the list
Marked as a soldier, brave and true
And let you re-enlist.

In war they'll let you bear the brunt
Of all the bloody fights
And you may have a place in front
Where you can see the sights,
If working men should go on strike,
Your bosses keeping tab,
To that at once would let you hike
And hobnob with the scab.



Of course such pay as that forbids
That any soldier lad
Should ever have a wife and kids
To welcome him as Dad,
He'll only have those dollars few
His monthly bills to fix,
Though getting also, it is true,
His bed and board and kicks.

Can You Guess?

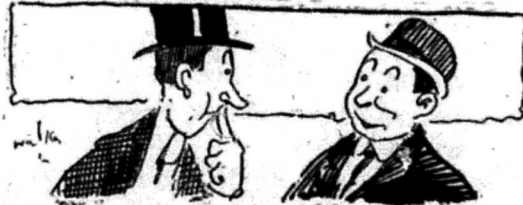
"Two wealthy women at Newport are having a quarrel over the leadership of society."

"Where do they want to lead it?"

"Excuse me for not replying, there are ladies present."

Suspicious Circumstances

"So you have been a member of a legislature."



"Not so loud. The police might hear."

Much Gaiety

Hi diddle, diddle, the trusts on the grid-
dle,
The lawyers are playing the tune,
The little dog wunk to see such bunk
While the beef trust jumped over
the moon.

Couldn't Go That Far

"I see that the manufacturers of this country have been obliged to call in scientists to show them how to handle their product in order to compete with Germany."

"Yes, the dubs. They didn't do it until they were driven to the extremity. They were 'practical' men with a great contempt for book learning."

"And I notice, too, that scientific agriculture is the order of the day."

"Yes, indeed. The man who doesn't take up with the methods of the agricultural colleges is bound to get left."

"Don't you think it is about time we

were applying scientific methods to government also?"

"What's that! Hi! Officer! Arrest this man! He is an anarchist!"

Leveling Down

The independent boss is lost
In evolution's mighty plan
For now the railroad president
Is nothing but a hired man.
And if his owner takes a whim
You bet he ties a can to him.

His Reward

"To show what he could do he tried to do two men's work."

"I suppose it pleased the boss."

"Immensely."

"Did he give him something extra?"

"Yes, another man's work."

Capitalism will have to abduct when it can no longer hire workers to fight its battles.

Evolution is no respecter of individuals.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Couldn't Fool Her

BY D. W. TOZIER.

Quite a number of years ago in Maine the farmers had large barns which would hold all, or nearly all, the hay and grain they raised. In the winter the thrashers come around with their little two-horse tread-power rigs, set them up on the barn floor. Instead of cash they would take toll or a certain percentage of the grain in payment. It was usually every twelfth bushel.

One year the crop was unusually good, and they were thrashing for every thirteenth. On the circuit they came to a farm operated by an old woman—a widow—who made it a special boast that she had never been beaten in a bargain.

Naturally the first question she asked was, "What do you charge for thrashing?"

"We are thrashing this year for every thirteenth bushel."

"Now," she says, "I am an old widow woman, but I want you to understand that you can't beat me. I have never given more than every twelfth, and if I can't get it done for that this year I will pound it out with a club."

He Liked It

BY JOHN MASON.

One lazy, hazy day in October Sam Foss, colored, was reclining at full length on top of a load of seed cotton which was on its way to a ginnery in the hilly region of North Mississippi. As I passed Sam he was half asleep, the lines held dangling over the front gate of the wagon.

"Do you like to haul cotton, Sam?" I inquired.

"Yes, sah," said Sam. "Ceptin' the loadin' and the onloadin'."

Up Two Stumps

BY DON C. FEEMSTER.

Little Johnny was in the habit of wanting more victuals put on his plate than he could eat. His papa was a poor man and decided to economize by stopping this wasteful habit. One day as Johnny insisted on having his plate well filled his papa remarked: "Now,

Little Flings

To work along the line of most resistance may be heroism, but it isn't good sense.

The little grafter must suffer for it if caught, provided he is little enough.

The cruelty of some parents is beyond understanding. There are babies



that will have to go through life bearing the name of Taft.

Magazines that are crying for the return of competition don't want it applied to themselves.

Theoretically the law is for the rich and poor alike, but this is a practical age.

influence of Big Business, I have re-written the effusion to read:

*The Editor sat in his sanctum,
His brain-works encrusted with rust,
He has no use for his thinker,
He gets his dope from the Trust.*

Still Hot

BY D. W. TOZIER.

"We used to put in good long hours on the sandy river log drive," said the old riverman.

"I mind one spring the snow went off without giving us water enough for driving, but we got heavy rains along in June and the company sent up a crew of men to take out the drive.

"There were seventeen or eighteen hours of daylight and it was a joke among the men that in coming out from supper they often met themselves going in to breakfast.

"One night after supper I lit my pipe and lay down in my bunk and knew nothing more until the cook rolled us out for breakfast. As I got out I picked up my pipe which had fallen from my mouth when I fell asleep, and burned my fingers on it."

Silver Mirrors, Instructions \$1.00
Guaranteed to work or money refunded. First lesson 10c. H. Holbein, 225 Leopard St., Corpus Christi, Tex.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT
15 In One
Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination. Low priced. Agents wanted. Sales easy. Every home needs tools. Here are 15 tools in one. Essex, Co., N. Y. agent sold 100 first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 50 to fellow workmen. Big snap to hustlers. Just write a postal—say: Give me special confidential terms. Ten-inch sample free if you mean business. THOMAS MFG. CO., 5733 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS
If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once. Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.
NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
R. E. HARTER, President
M. 635 Warden Bldg. Washington, D. C.

There is Still Time
By quick action it is still possible to secure free of cost a copy of
Social Forces in America
BY A. M. SIMONS
This is the first work setting forth the facts of American History in the light of Socialist philosophy. It tells you WHY things happened. It tells just WHAT INTERESTS were behind political parties, institutions, legislation and judicial decisions. It is a text-book on both History and Socialism—a work of interest to the student, the agitator and the casual reader. To those who send three dollars worth of subscriptions to the COMING NATION this book will be sent absolutely free, but this offer applies only to orders received in advance of publication, which will be very soon. Address
The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks



Fooling With an Explosive

That Old Age Pension Bill

BY TOM PINCH

Say, what's this country coming to?
Have you heard the latest news?
It's enough to give all honest citizens
a first-class fit of blues!
Those "reds" have broken out again in
an unexpected spot—
They've got a bill in Congress that's
the craziest of the lot!

They want all men and women who've
reached sixty years or more,
And who haven't enough income to
keep hunger from the door,
To get from Uncle Sam, every week
throughout the year,
A pension—so they call it—that would
put them beyond fear
Of going to the workhouse, or of beg-
ging on the streets,
Or of quietly dying by inches, in their
sordid, dark retreats.

Now, isn't that the limit? Did you ever
hear such gall?
They want to turn the government
into a regular free-for-all!
They'd make the public treasury a sort
of public crib
Where every shiftless loafer could
inject his greedy nib!
They claim that every worker weakened
by industrial strife
Has earned a right to take it easy the
remainder of his life!

Now, I don't object to pensions for sol-
diers, sailors and the like—
I'd pension every boy in line that
e'er came down the pike—
And the judges on the benches, they
deserve a pension, too,
Without them to guard our liberties,
whatever should we do?
They're all needed in our business—to
protect our country's flag—
And incidentally keep on unions a
more efficient gag.

So I don't object to pensions—that is,
pensions of some use,
That serve as an incentive to keep
OUR interests from abuse—
There's nothing like a pension to in-
still a healthy pride
In the grandeur of our nation, for
which countless thousands died,
And inspire sturdy sentiment 'gainst
radicals and "reds"
Who'd turn our country upside down
and stand us on our heads!

But pensions for the workers, who're
not needed any more,
Whose power to toil has left them,
with no longer youth in store,
Who're too old to match the younger
ones in profit-making skill
And too old to learn new methods
that would make us richer still,
Who are only in the way when they've
passed a certain age—
Well, if we're to pension folks like
them—we HAVE reached a
pretty stage!

Just think of squandering public funds
in such a shameless way!
I stand for strict economy—(when
there aren't bills to pay
For battle-ships, mail contracts, army
uniforms and such,
These are useful things which we
patriots believe in very much)—
And we can't have business principles
in our government affairs
If the played-out working people can
enforce on us their cares!

Then look how demoralizing such a
scheme as this would be!
It would sap individuality—which I
know you will agree,
Has made this country's workmen the
peers of all the world
And caused them all to love the land

where the starry flag's unfurled!
Yes, these schemes may do in Europe
where monarchy's the thing,
But in a democratic land like ours
they lack a wholesome ring!

Aren't there charitable institutions to
help the aged poor?
Don't we philanthropic capitalists
give of our scanty store
To maintain these homes for paupers,
where the inmates all can spend
Their final days in plenty and be
cared for to the end?
I'll bet these crazy Socialists have never
stopped to think
Their scheme would very nearly put
each workhouse on the blink?
So I'm opposed to old age pensions!
I'll fight them might and main!
We must crush the plan completely,
so that it's never sprung again!
Hey, what's that you say? YOU favor
that scheme, too?
The workers have made all the
wealth? They've not received
their due?
They wouldn't need our charity if they'd
got their proper share?
They ought to be free in their old
age from poverty and care?
Why, you're crazy, too! That's not the
point! That's a dangerous yarn
to spin!
Say, tell me e'er another word:
WHERE DO I COME IN?

Monsters

A dinosaur wandered out
From prehistoric days.
A monster weird, he strolled about
Our public to amaze.
He saw the locomotive swing
Around the polished curve,
And as he dodged, he cried, "That
thing
Doth surely take my nerve!"
He gazed upon the motor car
And heard it grind and wheeze,
He saw the airship float afar,
So huge, yet all at ease.
"Alas!" he cried, "what fearful change
Throughout this world I see!
It is o'errun with monsters strange!
The good old times for me!"
—Washington Star.

Above all is it required that every
woman should have a living possibility
without selling herself either in mar-
riage or otherwise. An independent
position in this respect would do more
to establish sex morality than any other,
for it is against God's laws for any
woman thus to sell herself; and there
would be few perverts if right living
were possible without submission to
these conditions.—F. L. Hutchins in
Twentieth Century Magazine.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Florence Wilkinson is one of the more gifted of the "younger choir" of Amer-
ican poets. Her poetical insight is of the quality that impresses thoughtful readers
and the intense spiritual perception of the monstrous burden of wrong with which
our social system crushes lives and souls is manifested in many of her poems,
making then appropriate for an anthology of poems of the "new conscience."
Several novels of merit have come from her pen, but her true vocation is that of
a singer.

The Tortured Millions

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

The cry of the tortured millions rises
to me
Like the cry of a glacial river in its
gorge.
And the smoke of their suffering surges
upward to me
Like the mighty clouds of the twilight
valley lands.
I shut my lids in the dark and I see
them toiling,
The burdened backs and the glazing
eyes and the fettered hands.

They are dying that I may live, the
tortured millions,
By the Ohio River, the Euphrates, the
Rhône.
They wring from the rocks my gold,
the tortured millions;
Sleepless all night they mix my daily
bread;
With heavy feet they are trampling out
my vintage;
They go to a hungry grave that I may
be fed.

They do not know my face from a mil-
lion faces,
Nor have I ever beheld those poor op-
pressed.
I only hear the sound of their groans
in the valley,
The hiss and the grind and the heat of
their torture—wheels,
Engine and oven and murderous flying
loom,
Poison of dust and faces sheet-white
in the gloom.

I do not demand their service, no, not I.
They are my slaves whom I wish to be
free and happy.
But I may not free them or thank them
or mercy cry.
Hunger and thirst and cold and aching
bodies,
This is the priceless price that buys my
health.
Emptiness, hopelessness, pitiful wick-
edness this,
This is the stuff I sew for the purse of
my wealth.

What shall I do for my slaves who
work without hire,
What shall I do, I who have asked
them not?
Shall I fold my hands on my mountain-
peak of silence?
This is the natural order, this is the
common lot.
I will call to them, I who am one, but
they are many,
To cease their toil; but no, they obey
me not.

I warm my hands at the fires of mining
houses
On a dying mother's breast I sink my
head;
Last night my feet were faint from
idleness,
I bathed my feet in blood her children
shed.
Oh, thou eternal Law, I wish this not
to be.
Nay, raise them from the dust and
punish me.