THE COMING NATION

J. A. WAYLAND, FRED D. WARREN {Publishers}

A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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No. 58, New Series. Established April 30, 1893. Girard, Kansas, October 21, 1911 Price 5 Cents. $1.00 a Year

Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

CONCERNING ACTS OF VIOLENCE

OUR text for this morning will be found in the familiar words of the Great American Troglodyte as follows: "I believe in labor unions so long as they are peaceable, but I am dead against all these acts of violence."

These are grand words, my brethren, and well deserving of our careful attention, particularly at this season.

Our subject naturally divides itself into several heads, the first of which is this most important question:

What is an act of violence?

I think I can best answer this by relating an incident from contemporaneous history.

* * *

Franklin Furnace, in the state of New Jersey, is a town of 1,800 inhabitants.

It has but one industry, a zinc mine operated by the New Jersey Zinc Company, which I assume to be part of the Zinc Trust.

The rest of the town lives on and is supported by the workers in the mine. I mean the grocery stores, butcher shops and the like.

Most of these workers are what are known in the community as "damn Polacks," being natives of Poland. They are of a different tongue from the other inhabitants and are therefore, of course, contemptible and low persons.

Some time ago the mining company installed a new time-keeping machine to check the time of the mines.

The miners complained that this machine cheated them; that it recorded wrongly the time when they entered the mine and the time when they went out. They went to the management about this and the management declined to make any change in the system.

Of course. Would you have the mine run by a lot of "damn Polacks"?

OUR PROFITS WERE IN PERIL

The miners thereupon sent for an organizer of the American Federation of Labor and formed themselves into a union for protection—the kind of a union spoken of in our text.

Two days later twenty-one of the men prominent in forming the union and in proffering the complaint about the time machine found themselves discharged.

The manner of discharging them was to notify them when they went to work that they were not wanted. No reason was given.

The union struck against this procedure.

Then the business men and better clahsses of Franklin Furnace aroused themselves. They perceived at once that if this strike went on serious inroads would be made upon Sacred Profits. Men out of work would not be able to buy flour and potatoes and where would Business be then?

Echo answers, Where? And that very sadly.

So they held a meeting and appointed a Vigilance Committee to deal with the grave situation, the chief means of dealing being revolvers and clubs.

The Committee sought out every striker and gave him his choice.

He could go back to work, instantly, or leave the town, or be beaten up with clubs.

* * *

Some of the strikers seemed inclined to question the authority of the Committee and actually pretended that damn Polacks had some rights that Business was bound to respect. On these the gentlemen with the clubs made a swift and salutary impression, convincing them of their error.

Some of the miners hid in their houses. The gentlemen with the clubs went after these in gallant style, battering down doors and searching bed rooms. If women got in the way the women were knocked down.

At one house the wife said her husband was not at home. The gentlemen said she was a liar and pointing their revolvers at her told her to shut up or they would blow her full of holes. They kicked down the bed room door. She protested and was promptly knocked down. Then they searched the whole house, but did not find the woman's husband. He had fled.

This woman happened to be in a delicate condition. The treatment she received at the hands of the gentlemen brought on premature confinement. She gave birth to twins, both dead. For a long time she lay in the hospital between life and death.

These Polacks are so inconsiderate! But what can you expect of foreigners?

THANK GOD! OUR PROFITS ARE SAVED!

Most of the men were driven back to their work. The places of those that eluded the Committee and escaped to the woods were taken by fresh importations and the work in the mines was resumed.

Thus were Sacred Profits rescued and the security of Business upheld by the vigorous citizens of Franklin Furnace.

You might think that there were acts of violence. Not so, my brethren. They constituted only necessary precautions to preserve Business in its rights.

THOSE VIOLENT STRIKERS

Or again to take another illustration.

Here is a workingman in a factory. He belongs to such a union as our text supposes. To him that union is a serious and sacred thing. He believes that it expresses the brotherhood and solidarity of his craft. He and his fellows work together; their daily life under common trials and adversities produces a common feeling of which this union is the expression.

He looks about him and he observes that from all sides war is made on that union. He sees that his employers are constantly striving to destroy it; that the courts are organized against it; that the laws are strained and perverted to suppress it; that judges attack it with injunctions; that police and militia are prepared to trample upon it.

All this makes it mean the more to him. It is his defense in the face of hostile society.

All this time he notices that the cost of living is rising upon him, but there is no corresponding increase in his wages. Month by month it becomes harder for his family to live. More and more he and the good wife must scheme and pinch and pare

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to provide for the children.

The union tries to adjust this inequality by demanding an increase in wages. The demand is refused; the union orders a strike; this man is out of work.

He stands by the factory some day and sees the man that has taken his place and is earning his wage. He knows that government is exerting itself to protect this scab. He himself was never protected nor benefited by government while he was at work. But this scab that has taken his place, platoons of police and companies of soldiers escort to and fro at the public expense. He knows, this striker, that he must bow in patience and submit to all this. He knows that a judge has enjoined him against walking in the highway or approaching the factory or talking to anyone about the strike or doing one overt act against a scab. He knows all this; but there comes across his mind the remembrance of his wife and children and their condition, and he stoops down and seizes a brick and hurls it at that scab.

That is an act of violence, condemned by all right thinking men and particularly by troglodytes.

* * *

The strike is unsuccessful and the strikers must leave the town and go elsewhere in search of work. Then they find that everywhere they are blacklisted. No factory will employ them because they took part in that strike. If some of them succeed in getting work under assumed names and by making false representations, they are quickly detected and thrown out.

Some become tramps, some pick up a living by odd jobs and day's labor. The families are broken up. The children must leave school and go to work. Some drift into the streets. Some do worse. Some die.

You might be disposed to think that the blacklist was an act of violence. Not in the least. It is a reputable and useful measure of defense that has been endorsed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE TRUE DEFINITION

What then is an act of violence?

An act of violence is some act performed by a workingman in support of his union or his cause.

Let us illustrate further.

Once I saw Captain John Bonfield of the Chicago police leading a detachment of his men into a crowd of citizens and every policeman wielded a club upon every citizen's head that he could reach.

Those were not acts of violence, but laudable performances in support of law and order. There was a street car strike and the citizens sympathized with the strikers because the strikers demanded $2 a day and no more than twelve hours' work.

On the same day a strike sympathizer threw a brick through the window of a car driven by a gallant strike-breaker. That was an act of violence and at once deprived the union of the sympathy of every conscientious troglodyte and Cave Dweller.

Similarly in the street car strike at Philadelphia in 1910, when the police sent two hundred unoffending citizens to the hospitals with broken heads there was no violence about their acts. The violence came when someone protested against the miscellaneous bloodshed. I am glad to say this violent person was at once arrested.

* * *

When Mr. Charles W. Morse, the eminent banker of New York, was on trial for breaking the banking laws of the nation the clerks and subordinate officers of his bank were called as witnesses.

They were asked questions concerning the conduct of the bank to which they gave presumably truthful answers.

Mr. Morse was convicted. His bank was broken up. These clerks and subordinate officers were out of employment. They expected to obtain work in other banks. They found that because they had testified to the truth they were blacklisted. Not a bank would employ them. They remain blacklisted to this day. Not one of them has found employment in a bank. Some have gone into other occupations; some have become tramps, some have died of disappointment and worry. The families of many are in the utmost destitution, for these men knew nothing except the banking business and that became sealed to them the moment they revealed their employer's methods and law-breaking.

You might think that this blacklisting was an act of violence, but it was not. It was only a legitimate means of protecting our great banking business from the treachery of our servants. You might think that an act that prevented a man from earning his living was as much an act of violence as an act that broke his skull. You might think that in both instances the results were identical. You might think that whether you kill a man with a paving stone or with starvation, the nature of the act is essentially the same. But in all this you would be wrong.

What distinguishes an act of violence is the person that commits it.

* * *

The distinction may at first seem a little obscure, but to see clearly the subject embodied in our text we must perceive and realize this subtle difference. I will illustrate it further.

Some years ago a strike occurred on the Brooklyn street railroad system.

At once the gallant militia was called out to overawe these miserable strikers and drive them back to their work where they belonged. There was the gallant Seventh Regiment, afterwards so gloriously distinguished by its rapid retreat at the first suggestion of actual war, there was the gallant Forty-second and the gallant Thirteenth, and other gallant, gallant men.

They marched through the streets out to the car barns to protect the gallant scabs.

The commander-in-chief of the militia issued orders that along their line of march no one should appear in the streets, nor look out of the windows of the houses until the gallant men had passed by.

One citizen peeked between the slats of his front bedroom shutters. A gallant militiaman saw him and laid him low with a well-directed shot between the eyes.

Another citizen, that perhaps had some foolish notion of a man's rights in his own house, climbed to his roof and hid behind a chimney. A gallant militiaman saw him there and fired with so true an aim that the citizen's body tumbled into the street.

Some persons held these shootings to be acts of violence. They were not. They were merely justifiable acts in support of law, order and the prestige of our gallant militia. This should serve to make the distinction perfectly clear.

* * *

It is to be regretted that the United States District Attorney at New York does not seem to be clear-minded about this most important matter. He denounces the blacklisting of the Morse witnesses by the united banks. I am profoundly grieved to say that he even uses violent language about it, and calls it an outrage, the poor misguided man. Still worse, he has shocked all our sensibilities by suggesting that bank clerks should form a union so that when they are made what he calls the victims of such injustice they can protect themselves by going on strike.

Here is a nice man to be United States District Attorney, truly! But, alas, for these degenerate times! It is undeniable that such men do sometimes get into office.

The press, as was to be expected, viewed this suggestion with the proper contempt.

Reporters were sent to interview bank clerks to see if any of them viewed with favor a course so ridiculous.

It is gratifying to learn that without exception the interviewed men seemed to show the right attitude. What! form a union like common, ordinary workingmen? How absurd! Why, we are not workingmen; we are engaged in the banking business. We love our kind, indulgent employers and have no quarrel with them. They are very good to us, indeed, and sometimes when we are sick let us have a day off at our own expense. We do not believe in labor unions, but in bettering our condition by studying "self-help." And our kind, indulgent employers give us assistance and encouragement in these endeavors. Oh dear, no—we wouldn't have any use for a union. Reggie, let me chew your gum for a while.

So the dastardly project of the District Attorney falls to the ground and the kind indulgent bankers can be sure of the faithful service of their clerks, some of whom get $18 a week with the privilege of being blacklisted if they decline to perjure themselves like gentlemen.

THE GREAT VIRTUE OF CANDOR

Some persons seem disposed to make harsh comments about the Vigilance Committee and the aroused business men and better clahsses of Franklin Furnace, but to me their conduct exhibits a feature worthy of the highest commendation.

They were frank and without subterfuge or pretense went directly for the thing they wanted.

Other men so situated would have applied to a judge for an injunction, would have brought out the militia, and summoned those pleasing guardians of our public welfare, the Pinkertons.

All this would have taken time and would have been disingenuous. The good citizens of Franklin Furnace determined that for their part they would act on the level and avoid deceit. So they took the matter into their own hands, got their clubs and revolvers and in six hours had driven the low, miserable workingmen back to their work.

Which course is the more consistent with the traditions of a great business people? I ask you, Which?

* * *

Because, as you must know very well, whether the employer resorts to the injunction courts or calls out the trusty Vigilance Committee with its clubs, the substance of the thing is the same. In both cases it means that the low, common workingman must get back to his work.

That is what Judge Richardson meant when he declared the strike of the Boston Photo-Engravers to be illegal and forbade its continuance. That is what Judge Goff meant when he enjoined the New York Cloakmakers. That is what Judge Guy meant when he enjoined the Glazier's Union. That is what every injunction judge means everywhere and always.

"Get back to your work, you! That is what you were made for. Your function in life is to toil, to create wealth for others, but to get none of it for yourselves. God created you to toil and drudge just as he created your masters to have riches and enjoy luxury and the wealth that you create. Therefore, get back to your work and be quick about it."

I congratulate the good citizens of Franklin Furnace on having had the courage and candor to come out openly in favor of this doctrine. No more beating about the bush, no more pretences, no more humbug, no more doing of the thing behind the cover of court injunctions. We mean Get back to your work and we may as well say that we mean it and act accordingly.

* * *

A disturbing element in our happy congregation wishes to know if a judge's injunction that compels men to work under conditions that they do not accept is an act of violence.

It is time that we suppressed these rude disturbers. The next thing we know some one will be asking if the whole sacred wage

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THE CALL OF YOUTH

BY HYMAN STRUNSKY

Illustrated by Modest Stein

ISIDOR RUBIN, tall, slim, clear-eyed, curly headed and twenty-two, was the youngest son of Baruch Rubin, heavy, shrewd-eyed, bald and sixty-three. There were other differences. The son was enthusiastic, the father was cynical; the son loved, the father hated; the son was impulsive, the father was hardened. In short, there were forty-one years difference between the two, forty-one hard, bitter years.

But while the two were the complete antithesis of each other there were also common characteristics which proved them father and son. Both were high tempered, impassioned, persistent, obdurate and quarrelsome. Each viewed life from a different angle, but with an equally strong conviction; each had his own ideas, and held to them with an equally unswerving tenacity. The two would clash vehemently and often, causing consternation to the family. The two daughters, commonplace, insipid women, who were married to commonplace, insipid men, and the mother and wife, a small, fagged out, pale-faced little woman, would tremble with fear whenever the faces of father and son grew dark with the clouds of an impending quarrel.

Baruch Rubin was a prominent figure on the East Side. He was wealthy—the proprietor of a large wholesale liquor store and the owner of many tenement houses in the Ghetto. He was a hard man, feared and avoided. There was no compunction in his make-up and no compassion in his dealings. He was ready to take advantage of every opportunity and went out of his way to create opportunities. Of late he had left the liquor store to the care of his sons-in-law and gave all his attention to the real estate business which he conducted in copartnership with Max Rosenthal, an old man, wealthy, but ignorant and easily influenced. In addition to the houses Rubin also owned a number of second and third mortgages which brought him a forbidden rate of interest. One of the reasons he invested his money on collateral security of that kind, he would explain, was the probability of the debtors going to the wall and so forfeit their equity in the property. Neither was Baruch Rubin above ejecting poor tenants for non-payment of rent, an unpleasant but frequent occurrence. But all this did not lessen his prominence. It rendered him the more feared and formidable. People cowered before his strength and his victims paid respectful tribute to his powers.

The son was in the office going over the books and making out receipts for the balance of the monthly rentals. It was the twentieth of the month, but many of the tenants were so poor that one-third of the rent was still unpaid. Presently the father entered carrying a bundle of letters. He settled down in his heavy revolving chair and began a careful scrutiny of the morning mail.

"That's fine," he shouted after he had read a few minutes. "Great!"

Isidor lifted his head and fixed an interrogative look at the old man.

"The idiot Lazinsky writes me to wait a week with the interest of the second mortgage. A smart man he is! He may as well say good bye to the houses."

Isidor knew his father's tactics. It was not the first time that Baruch Rubin had taken advantage of a man's inability to meet an obligation promptly.

"You are not going to take away his houses?" he asked. "If you do he will be a ruined man. Don't you think you ought to give him grace?"

"Grace I give only when the contract says so, but not otherwise," interposed Baruch in a cool tone as if he were rejecting a proffered smoke. The interest amounted to some $3,000 and it meant that, in the absence of the grace-clause, he was in a position to begin foreclosure proceedings.

"Father!" exclaimed Isidor.

"Keep your mouth," commanded Baruch. "You telephone to lawyer Kramer and order him to foreclose."

"Not I," answered Isidor. "You can't make me a partner to your dealings."

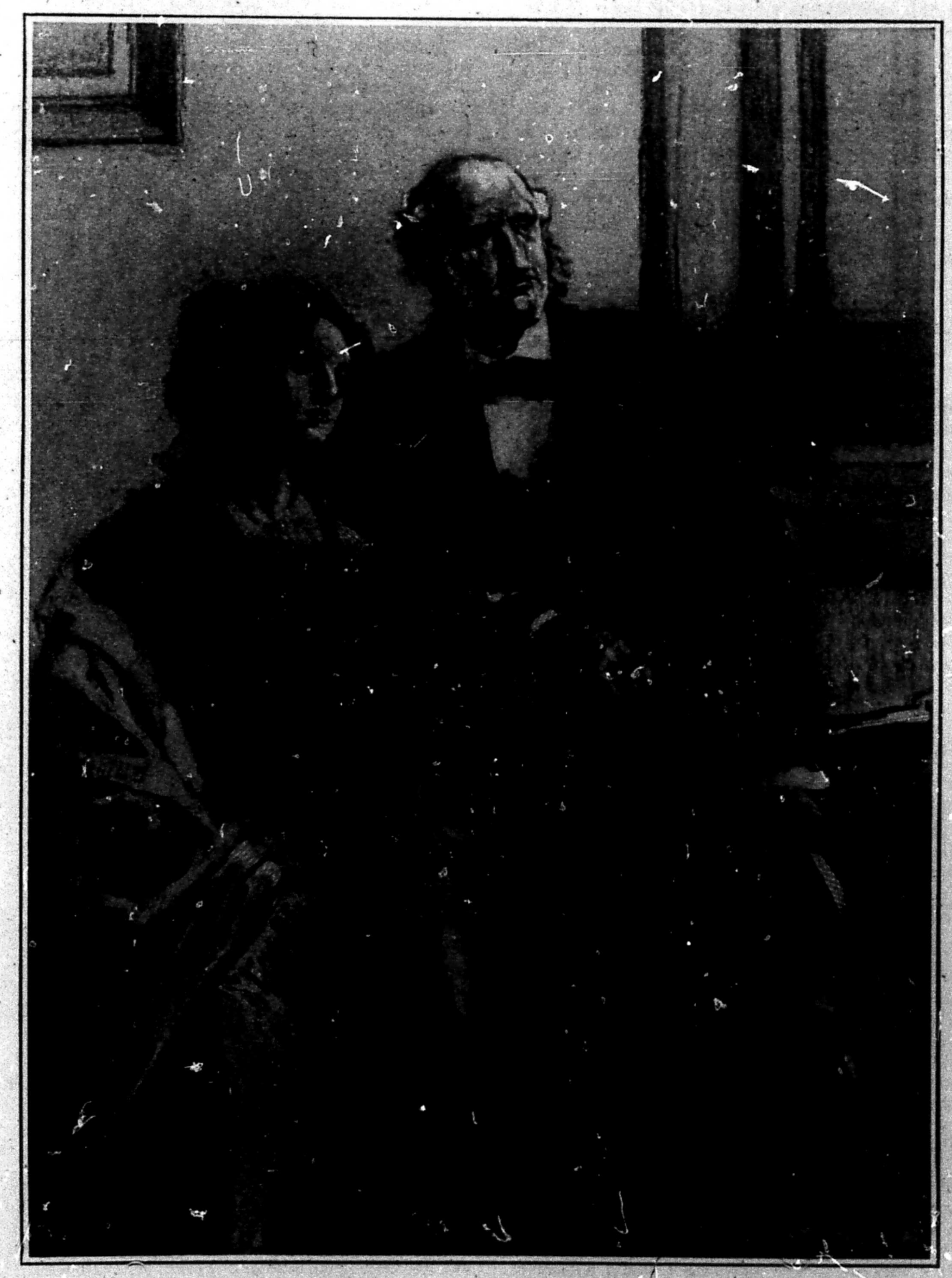
"Well, I can get along without you and I have a tongue of my own," replied the old man. "If you don't want to, you don't have to."

"You are ruining a man, a poor devil who has a family to support."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"You are making me lose every bit of respect for you," shouted Isidor. "How long do you think I will stand for this?"

"Keep your tongue! Respect for a father is never lost—it is a duty. Just try to lose it and something will happen."



"Prompted by a common impulse, both stood up and looked through a narrow corridor"

Feeling his temper rise and not wishing to provoke a quarrel, Baruch walked from the office to the farthest corner in the store where he entered a small booth built for the purpose of discussing private affairs over the telephone. Isidor was left struggling with his wrath and had to use all his restraint to control himself. With his elbows on the book and his face buried in his hands he was overcome with resentment and pain at his father's cruelty.

"Good morning!"

Vera Brunoff stood in the door regarding Isidor with her large, brown eyes, and smiling upon him an affectionate greeting.

"Vera!"

The girl advanced. There was something in the exclamation that pleased her and her face crimsoned. She was very young and very pretty; poorly, but neatly dressed, and had a vivacity in her voice which rang the sweeter because of a serious expression on her face. She was a Russian and belonged to the revolutionary type, those whose lives are vested with high ideals, who walk their way to Siberia and, if need be, mount the scaffold.

"I just ran in to tell you that the executive committee of the league will meet tonight at Dr. Badanes'. You'll come down, won't you? Besides," she halted a moment and with a defiant toss of her head added, "I did want to take a look at you, on general principles."

"Dear little sweetheart," whispered Isidor, taking her hand.

The girl looked into his face and saw his eyes

fill with tears. "What's wrong? Another quarrel?"

"Yes, another quarrel. Oh, Verachka, it is getting unbearable."

He told her what had transpired. The two had many secrets in common and Isidor's conflicts with his father formed a large share of their intimate conversations. She was the only living being to whom he had confessed his disrespect for the old man.

"I can endure it no longer," he complained. "Look at my life—and at your own—how much happier you are than I, my riches and your poverty notwithstanding."

This reference was made to the intellectual life Vera and her people were leading, their wide activities in the revolutionary movement, the sacrifices they made for the cause of Russian freedom and his own sordid existence among distasteful conditions and people. The presence of an ideal in her life contrasted painfully with the absence of anything inspiring in his own.

"You are unhappy, Isidor," said Vera. "You must meet my mother—and find yourself. She has a grasp on life and makes young people share it."

"Your mother—what a beautiful woman she must be. Your mother and my father—what a contrast!"

He patted her hand several times then bent over it in a long, lingering kiss.

"What is the meaning of this!"

The bulky figure of Baruch Rubin towered above them, his side whiskers bristled with anger and his eyes shot fire. The two lovers started back.

"Nice thing for a son of Baruch Rubin to do!" he shouted. "Young woman, you will go out of here immediately."

The blood rose to Isidor's face.

"Father, I don't want you to speak like this to Vera—to Miss Brunoff. The fact is, we are—we are in love—we are engaged to be married."

"You are? We will see about it. Young lady, get out of here and quick, too!" cried the irate Baruch, opening the office door.

"Father!"

"Fool!"

The people of the store rushed forward, attracted by the quarrel. Baruch stood in the office and held the door open for Vera to walk out. His face was quivering with excitement and his body shook. The girl, with flushed cheeks and head erect, walked out of the place. Isidor was about to follow, but the strong arm of the old man pushed him backward with such force that he almost fell against the desk. Baruch closed the door on him and faced the people without.

"Idiots! Fools!" he thundered. "Why don't you go to your work and attend to your business? Be quick about it, do you hear?"

Frightened and humiliated, they hurried off to their respective places.

The old man returned to the office and with his hands in his pockets, legs apart, chest protruded, he faced his son.

"What do you mean by telling me that you are going to marry this beggar girl?"

"Just as I said, fa—." The word stuck.

Baruch's eyes sparkled fire, his sharp aquiline nose paled and his lips set firmly. He struggled with a choking temper and paused to regain his composure.

"You are not," he said with a snap. When he was sufficiently composed to make a statement, he added:

"You are going to marry Dora Rosenthal."

Dora was his partner's only daughter, a simple girl, not young, neither inteligent nor pretty.

"I love Vera," declared Isidor.

"Hold your tongue," commanded the old man. "Dora is Rosenthal's only daughter. He is worth half a million. I am worth half a million. If you marry her the fortune remains intact and you are a millionaire. You know how little I care for my sons-in-law. When I die the entire fortune goes to you—most of it. If Dora marries another man he will push you out of business and you will remain a *schnorrer* for life."

Isidor placed both his hands on his ears.

"Stop that talk," he cried. "I can't listen to your plans. Am I going to sell my love for a million? Am I going to let you choose a wife for me?"

"Idiot! It is not a wife I am choosing. If it were a wife we were considering I would not waste my breath. One woman is as good as another to me. It is your fortune I am talking about. Am I going to stand by and see you throw away a million? There is not a woman born who is worth it."

"Right now you are going to stand by and let me pass. You insulted Vera and I must run to her," said Isidor, mustering up his courage for a final stand.

"You must, must you?"

Baruch took a step backward and struck a defiant attitude, but Isidor, with the dexterity of an attacked animal, rushed forward, thrust open the door and ran out of the office.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty minutes after her unpleasant experience Vera was in her mother's arms. Rebecca Brunoff had a faculty of comforting people. A woman of high intelligence, great strength of character and wide experience in suffering, she knew how to impart fortitude and endurance. Vera's tears soon dried under her caresses and the buoyant, cheerful spirit came back to her.

"Well, I am not going to eat my heart because old Rubin is a brute," she declared after her mother's talk had the desired effect. "I only hope, Mamasha, that you are not angry at me because I haven't told you, because I kept my secret from you."

Rebecca had not lived fifty years without learning Youth and its fancies. Love, she knew, had a sentimental attachment for Romance and amorous affairs were more romantic when steeped in secrecy.

"I know, Verachka," she smiled, "how anxious lovers are to hide their happiness from the rude, unsympathetic world."

Vera tossed her head with an emphatic protest.

"No, it was not that, mother," she said. "But Isidor had to keep it secret. He said it would interfere with his plans and he wanted to take time to break the news to his father. With all his loathing for the old man he takes wonderful care not to hurt his feelings. He exercised remarkable control. Oh, mamma, Isidor is so beautiful!"

"I hope he hasn't his father's characteristics," said Rebecca.

"Mammasha! How can you! If you saw them you would see how far the two are from resembling each other. One is an angel, the other, burr-r!

"Why, Mammasha, you don't know what a soul Isidor has," she continued, anxious to defend the man she loved. "He has ambitions, ideals, aspirations. He can't endure the conditions at his home. He can't stand his people. He is so different. He has temperment, feelings, emotions. He is in sympathy with the Russian revolutionary movement. He reads our literature. He even writes poems—has them published unsigned in the *Forward*. He said his father would torment the life out of him if he knew that they were his. He avoids people because of his father. He comes to a meeting once in a long while. He does not want to be pointed out as the son of the most cruel landlord in New York."

"Strange that he does not break away," said the mother.

"It is, and I asked him about it. He says that it would break the old man's heart. In spite of his riches the old rascal is lonely. Everybody fears him and hates him. His daughters and sons-in-law are ninnies. He is at war with the entire world and Isidor is the only intelligent man who stands by him. But I suppose he will have to break away sooner or later."

A knock interrupted further conversation. Both women jumped up and Vera went to the door.

She soon returned leading Isidor by the hand.

"This is Isidor—mother."

Rebecca looked at Isidor with staring eyes. Was it possible that before her stood Boris? Was it possible that the last thirty years of her life dropped out and left her face to face with the lover of her girlhood? There was no denying the handsome face, the sensitive expression around the mouth, the fiery eyes, the thick, curling hair. She clutched the table for support. Isidor became confused. He attributed the pause to a disappointment in him.

"What's wrong, mother?" asked Vera.

"Nothing, nothing," she said wiping the perspiration from her forehead. Then she added with an effort:

"I am glad to know you, Isidor."

She kissed him on the lips, then looked him straight in the face to make sure that her first impressions were correct.

"What was your name in Russia—I mean your father's name? Was it Rubin?"

"No, his name was then Rabinowitz."

"And where does he come from?"

"Odessa."

The color left her face and her lips trembled. Odessa, the place of her girlhood! She bit her lip and kept up a bold front, forcing herself to participate in conversation in order to hide her emotions. At the first opportunity, however she withdrew to the next room.

"Your mother is displeased with me," said Isidor after she had gone.

"Nonsense," repudiated Vera. "She wants to leave us alone. But to set you at ease I'll go and make sure."

She entered her mother's room.

"You are not displeased with Isidor, Mammasha, are you?"

"No, dearest—assure him of it."

The girl kissed her mother's face and was about to leave her, but the other held her hand.

"Tell me, Vera."

"What, mother?"

"Does Baruch, the elder Rubin, look like Isidor?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Good features, smooth-shaven face?"

"No. Side whiskers—grey."

"Thick, bushy hair?"

"Bald-headed. Oh, mamma, he is a hideous old man. Don't compare the two."

Rebecca released he daughter's hand. "He is a hideous old man, a hideous old man," she repeated to herself after Vera had gone.

"Your mother is afraid that I take after father," said Isidor. "I can see that she is displeased."

"You silly boy," chided Vera. "Mother is frank with me and she would have told me so."

Her mother's attitude puzzled her somewhat, but she was sure that it was not due to a dislike for the man she loved. She was confident of her approval. Nestling over to him she placed a radiant cheek against his.

"Darling," he whispered.

"Say it again," she commanded.

He repeated, and taking her hands in his kissed them tenderly.

"I have such pity for my father," he said after a pause. "To think that I have to quarrel with him—quarrel with my own father!"

"Maybe this will soften him," suggested Vera.

"Soften him!" There was a helplessness in his tone and both sank in a momentary reverie only to be awakened by a heavy pounding on the door. Before they had time to open it Baruch Rubin, out of breath and panting, stood facing them.

"So this is where you are," he thundered. "I want you to come with me, right the way, quick."

"Father, sooner or later I must break away—I may as well do it now," said Isidor. "I stood this long enough."

"Well, if you stood it long enough you can stand it a little longer. I can't afford to have you go away now."

"You want to give old man Rosenthal the impression that I may still marry his daughter," said Isidor. "You don't want him to look for another man."

"Sure."

"And you are not ashamed to admit it?"

"Ashamed to protect a half million! Am I going to lose so much money without making an effort to save it?"

"Money again!"

"Money again!" mimicked Baruch. "What else? Young lady, will you please leave us alone?"

"Certainly," said Vera blushing, but Isidor held her back.

"Father, I have no secrets from Vera. The sooner you learn it the better for all of us."

"All right. If you think that her presence will keep me from speaking frankly you are mistaken," retorted the old man. "You can listen. I'll have my say. This fool is going to throw away a million for you, understand?"

"I am, father," hurried Isidor before Vera could make an adequate reply. "And I am doing it willingly. Money does not count with me. There are other things that count. There are character, ideals, life. Life, father. Oh, I am gasping for air. I can't remain where I am. I must live my own life, I must be myself."

"Your own life!" mimicked Baruch. "Is that so! Your own life." He sat down on a chair in front of the young people and mopped his forehead.

"Your own life. Idealism, air, character. Fiddlesticks! That is how I used to talk when I was your age. It was idealism and work for the human race and for the people, and for revolution and what not. I used to speak the same rot you are giving me. I also belonged to revolutionary circles and I, too, gave my time for freedom. We used to tremble when we uttered the word and we spelled it with a capital F. And I was also in love, and she, too, was all for freedom. Would not hear of getting married. People had no right for personal happiness. Their lives belonged to the Cause, she would say. It was enough that we loved. Well, I soon got tired of that kind of talk and I fled. Yes, I ran away. Had too much common sense in my make-up. And I did not run away any too soon, either. It became very hot in Russia and the government began clearing us out. I came to America and I sent her letter after letter. Urged her to come here, but you think she would listen? Not she. I ran away, she said, like a coward, a deserter."

He grinned, mopped his face again and paused to catch his breath.

"That's the kind of talk and ideas I was treated to when I was a young fool like you. Well, I am here and I have nothing to regret. Had my fight, but I am all right now. Don't you think I am? I would have been a beggar if I followed where—where you want to go now."

"There are higher things than money," remarked Isidor.

"Are there? You just empty your pockets and

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Cash Cost of Human Lives

WHY MORE LIVES HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE RAILROADS IN NINE MONTHS THAN IN ANY ONE OF 22 PRECEDING YEARS, WHICH GIVE A GRAND TOTAL OF 174,276 KILLED, AND 1,242,322 INJURED

By William Morris

Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE value put upon human life measures the standard of civilization. In India, with its awful famines and its grim juggernaut, life is of no value to the deeply religious Buddhist. In China, where the day's toil of a man can be bought for four cents, where the only religion is that of despair, countless millions starve in famine, drown in floods, or perish in invasions, pestilences or quakes, always without comment.

The standard of American civilization may be measured by the fact that in twenty-two years the railroads of this country have killed 174,276 and injured 1,242,322. Recently this death rate has risen, and that rise has been a measure of the cash value of human lives in America. I propose to show how recent accidents have resulted from a deliberate balance of dividends against human lives, of how economy in cash has meant prodigality in life and limb.

About two years ago the organs of the railroad interests set up a whine that the roads were losing money. This was but the beginning of a campaign for the purpose of raising freight rates. The railroad managers complained that they had been compelled to increase wages. They prepared columns of figures to prove that there was a loss; but when the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1909, appeared it told a different story. The reports which the railroads had themselves submitted to the Commission showed that while expenses had increased $225,628,535.42 there had also been an increase in revenues of $336,934,643.51. This gave a net increase to be applied to profit of $110,306,108.59. Manifestly such figures as these could not convince even the class conscious Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads were losing money.

Roads Find a More Effective Plan

Another plan was then tried. Beginning last fall a steady increase was shown in the amount spent in the five items under expenses: 1, maintenance of ways and structure; 2, maintenance of equipment; 3, traffic expenses; 4, transportation expenses, and, 5, general expenses. In November, 1910, the New York Central showed an increase of $100,000 in revenues and $2,000,000 of expenses as compared with the preceding year. The combined railroads of the United States, comprising 241,271 miles, showed an increase of nearly a million in revenues. So vast had been the increase in expenses, however, that a net loss of $10,469,959.44 in income was shown over the preceding year.

To be sure, the signs of poverty were not particularly striking since there was a total profit of over $83,000,000. Neither did these great losses seem to affect the splendor of the Gould weddings nor compel economy in the purchase of the diamond plaques and coronets that were paid for out of the Gould railroad fortunes at that time. There are many who claim that this whole increase in expenditures was but a big bluff. There are stories of wild padding, of returns and of a perfect debauch of overcharging, double charging, and other methods of manipulating bookkeeping for the edification of the sovereign people. Moreover, in spite of all that could be done revenues mounted upward.

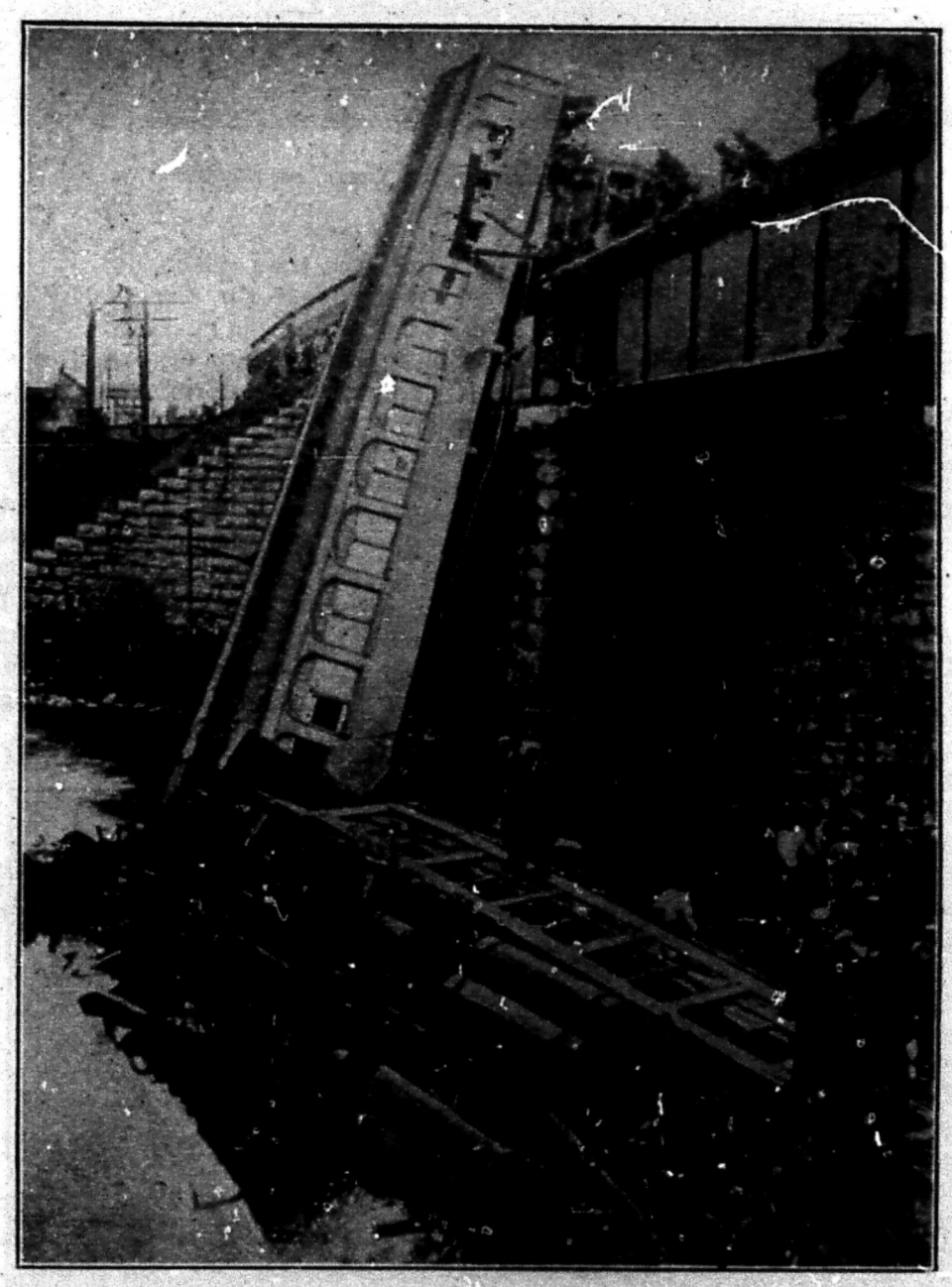
In that year the latest available figures, and those immediately preceding the demand for increased rates for 178 roads, totaling 210,935.54 miles, show the following:

Increase in expenses	$216,752,954
Increase in revenues	317,241,497
Increase in net revenues	$100,488,543

In the face of these facts the commission denied the railroads permission to increase their rates. For a moment it seemed as if the roads had met defeat. Then came another move. The managers of these great national highways declared it would be necessary to "retrench" and thus make up the losses they had endured in preparing their books to support their claim for higher rates.

One of the methods of retrenchment is not to put in improvements. The *Railway Age Gazette* is generally considered the official organ of the roads. On September 8 this paper printed an article by a Mr. Melcher on the cost of installing safety devices. An editorial comment on this article said: "His (Mr. Melcher's) article illustrates that of railway managers in general. He concedes that the carriers should do everything practicable to promote safety. But he points out that the public should be informed not only about the improvements railways should make to increase safety, but also about what they would cost. He makes an estimate based mainly on data secured by the special committee on the relations of railway operations to legislation, that to comply with the proposed legislation on three subjects mentioned would cost $1,361,000,000. The interest on this at 4 per cent would be about $55,000,000. The roads would have to get, somehow, money to pay a return on the added investment. It is not at all probable that the payments for personal injuries would be reduced more than 25 per cent, which would amount to only $5,000,000 a year. Mr. Melcher might have added that if payments for a loss and damage to freight and baggage were also reduced 25 per cent, the total cash on both accounts of injuries to both persons and property would be only $11,000,000 a year. This would leave $44,000,000 of the necessary return on the increased investment that would have to be secured from increased net earnings. . . . Mr. Melcher has done well to direct attention toward these facts."

If saving lives would cost $44,000,000, then some way must be found to save the money. An examination of the railroad accounts shows where the savings were made. In the manipulation of these accounts we find out, as Charles Edward Russell has well pointed out, that the business of hauling cars is but the least of the business of the bandits who are banded together in what is euphoniously called railroad companies.



Wreck near Rochester, N. Y., 30 killed, 70 injured

We find there is a difference between a "railway" and a "railroad," that the Norfolk and Southern is somewhat different from the Norfolk Southern, which existed a month before, while the stories of secret mergers, the contrast of the immense wealth of the Goulds, with the continued report of how the Missouri Pacific is operated at a loss, all bear out the contention that there is much more to railroads financiering than appears on the outside.

If you will turn back to the list of items under which expenses are classified you will note there is no division for wages. Transportation expense, wages of conductors, cost of Pintch gas, wages of firemen and porters, cost of coal and rent of offices, all are bunched together.

Now watch how this works. The Pennsylvania system is the fattest in the country. There are others with greater mileage, but its revenues per mile of line exceed all other large systems. The Pennsylvania report showed, month by month, an increase in the amounts expended and it was claimed that these went largely into wages to meet the ever growing, ever rising cost of living. For some occult reason that mere mortals are not allowed to understand the Pennsylvania system draws a sharp line at Pittsburg. East of this city there is the Pennsylvania "railroad" and west, the Pennsylvania "company," and a mileage book good upon one will not be accepted upon the other. Then there are the Northern Central, the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the East Jersey and Seashore, and numerous others.

Let us take the two most important of these divisions. In the month of December, 1910, when a case was being prepared for a raise of rates, there was an increase of almost a million and a half in expenses over the corresponding amount of the previous year, and when six months of the two years were compared this increase reached almost $5,000,000. Then they set up a whine about losing money. Yet though the figures showed a heavy increase of expenses, the income of the railroads was still enormous.

Rate Decision Brings Retaliation

In the months preceding the rate case, while expenses were mounting higher and higher, it is well to note that at the same time, the mileage increased *five thousand miles,* and revenues also increased, month by month, in one month actually absorbing all the increase in expenses, and showing a total net exceeding even the banner year of 1909-1910.

Now mark the change. The commission gives an adverse decision. Then came loud proclamations of retrenchment. And retrench they did, with a vengeance. Beginning with the month of March the following table shows how the Pennsylvania saved money:

Pennsylvania Railroad

Month.	Decrease in expenses.
March	$460,056
April	688,653
May	66,217
June	264,570
July	241,187
	$1,720,683

The "Pennsylvania company" tells the same story. In this same six months they decreased expenses $2,205,191. Then came the depression and the retrenchment.

Pennsylvania Company

Month.	Decrease in expenses.
March	$467,542
April	515,905
May	443,164
June	416,610
July	328,420
	$2,171,641

Note now that almost $4,000,000 had been saved by retrenching. The "Pennsylvania railroad" saved $406,317 on the item "maintenance of ways and structure" in a single month. The "Pennsylvania company" saved almost a half million dollars on the same item in three months. Note where expenses were being cut. There was no reduction in the champagne bill of the president. But interest on money invested in safety devices was being earned by discharging men. Tracks were left unguarded, switchmen were not on the job or were overworked until they were no longer efficient.

Effects of Retrenchment

These are the dry figures as told on the books of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now read the story as written in the blood of human beings. On August 7 the world was startled with the headline, "Eighteen Hour Flier wrecked at full speed because of spreading rails." But no one was killed and only a few hurt. Before the sigh of relief at these tidings had died away, the following headline appeared in the New York *Times*. "Four Die, Thirty Hurt in Wreck of Eighteen Hour Flier."

This train, boasted as being one of the finest in the world, was trying to make up lost time and was running at seventy miles an hour. Near Fort Wayne the roads could no longer stand the strain and spread, ditching the train. The relatives or friends of those who perished or were crippled for life in that wreck can console themselves by recalling the $3,800,000 that the two Pennsylvania railroads saved in five months. Since August, at least five more accidents have happened on the Pennsylvania, and the famous 18-hour flier was ditched a third time, killing the engineer.

The Lehigh Valley railroad is one of the great highways from New York to Chicago. Here also there was a steady increase in expenses up to that fatal March. In that month, while there was still a slight increase in the amount spent for "Maintenance of Equipment," that significant account labelled "Maintenance of Ways and Structures" fell off $33,106. In May both of these items showed the effect of "economy" to an amount that totaled over $68,000. No later figures are available, but there is significant proof that these economies were continued.

Remember that the great saving was made in the "Maintenance of Ways and Structures." On August 25 an excursion train loaded with Grand Army men was speeding over the Lehigh lines near Rochester, N. Y. While passing over a bridge the untended rails spread, and three cars plunged into the stream below. Thirty were killed and seventy injured, but their friends have the consolation of knowing that the Lehigh saved at least $92,000 out of the $44,000,000 that the *Railway Age Gazette* assures us would have been necessarily expended to safeguard human lives.

Turn now to J. P. Morgan's pet road, the New York, New Haven and Hartford. Here is monopoly in all its putrid perfection. The entire field of New England transportation, railroads, trolleys and steamboats, are controlled by the one gang. In spite of La Follette's apoplectic opposition it recently gobbled up the Boston and Maine and all its subsidiary companies, giving it control of 3,600 miles of railroad.

The New Haven system and the Pennsylvania system are better friends than they care to have the people know. They are building an enormous bridge over Hell Gate to unite the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York, the Long Island Terminal and the main line of the New Haven. Thus the railroad map is being greatly simplified.

What Happened on the New England Line

"Economy" on the New Haven was a little behind time. It did not arrive until May. In December expenses increased $342,398. The total increase during the period when it was hoped rates might be raised was $2,339,863.72. Then came "economy." In June expenses decreased $130,446.85; in July they were reduced $25,774.85. There were increases in some items in this latter month, but $63,997.26 saved in "Maintenance of Ways and Structures" permitted the total saving mentioned. It is well to recall again just what items are included under this "Maintenance of Ways and Structures" classification

According to the pamphlet issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the guidance of the roads in making up their reports the following items must be included under that heading: superintendence (where wages come in incidentally) ballast, ties rails, other track material, roadway and track, patrolling and watching, tunnels, bridges, trestles and culverts, grade-crossings, signals and interlocking plants, and so on, each of these items being divided and subdivided to the utmost detail. These were the expenses that were cut down. On August 30 the results began to appear. A train was wrecked on the New Haven and the philanthropic directors made the passengers pay storage on the baggage delayed by the wreck. Then came a wreck near Waterbury, where six lives were lost. The company tried to fix the blame of this upon the employes, but failed.

It was now the turn of the Pennsylvania to show the fruits of "economy." The "Federal Express," from Washington to Boston, is both a Pennsylvania and a New Haven train. It is the train which the President uses when he travels from the Capitol to Boston. On July 11 this train, under the guidance of an engineer who had been pressed into service at the last moment, was flying along the rails to Bridgeport at about two o'clock in the morning. It was considered an especially safe train. It carried the St. Louis baseball team, and there is a superstition that baseball players do not figure in wrecks—probably because they select the safest trains. This time the superstition was unable to cope with "economy." Something happened (just what has not yet been determined), as the train was crossing a trestle it rolled over sideways, and there was another bloody industrial battlefield with its list of killed and wounded. The engineer was killed. So he was blamed. There are those who claim to know that the law relating to the care of trestles had not been observed. But these companies had saved their share of that $44,000,000.

Overturned engine at Bridgeport, Conn., engineer killed

Wreck at Easton, Pa.

The New York Central is the second fattest road in the country. It is 3,591 miles long and taps the richest transportation country in the world. Its expenses had also been increasing until the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to permit a raise in rates. Up to that fatal ides of March it had added $5,750,619 to its expenses in the few short months that it was pleading poverty as an excuse for rate increases.

Here "economy" came quickly and effectively. On the significant items where expenses were reduced by the other roads it "saved" $645,148 in the month of March alone. In April there was a slight increase of $264.55. In May a decrease of $162,794. In June another increase, this time of $183,371. Then came a real "economy." In July, while revenues *increased* $490,249, expenses *decreased* $150,256, thus adding $640,000 to the profit side of the ledger in a single month. This road also has had a number of wrecks recently, in one of which a mere child was killed.

Let us tabulate some figures, taking each road separately and giving its decreases:

Names	Mileage	Decrease July 1910 to July 1911
Boston and Maine	2224	$812,379*
New York, New Haven and Hartford	2091	25,744
New York Central	3591	150,256
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern	1662	431 833
L. & N.	4644	73,443
M. K. & T.	1740	57,368
Northern Pacific	5814	435,167
Big Four	2009	339,933
D. T. & I.	441	30,042
P. & L. E.	215	47,592
Union Pacific	3486	237,424
Great Northern	7274	492 746,
C. N. E.	277	38,609
Southern railway	7050	109,969
W. & L. E.	514	6,725
Mich Central	1804	295,822
L. E. & W.	886	30,210
C. & N. W	7759	164,651
C. M. & S. P.	7511	83,421
O. S. L.	1646	108,140
P. R. R.	3970	241,187
Pennsylvania Co.	1415	328,420
C. B. & Q.	9074	460,529

*Increase

All save the Boston and Maine, which shows an increase of $812,379, show a decrease in expenses, in spite of the fact that several of the roads received more income in July this year than in the corresponding month one year ago.

Higher Rates or Human Life

Put all these facts together and read the lesson. While the railroads were preparing their case for higher rates, expenses climbed higher and higher, although they did not succeed in a majority of cases in outdistancing the increases in income. When the decision came forbidding an increase in rates there was a steady fall in just those expenses that are most essential to the preservation of the lives of passengers and employes Then came the logical result.

The preliminary figures for 1910 show that more people have been killed and wounded upon the railroads of this country, already infamous as the most murderous industrial machines on earth, in the first nine months than ever before in an entire year.

The following table was taken from the 22d annual report on the Statistics of Railways in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1909, page 86:

Year.	Killed.	Injured
1909	8,722	95,626
1908	10,188	104,230
1907	11,839	111,016
1906	10,618	97,706
1905	9,703	86,008
1904	10,046	84,155
1903	9,840	76,553
1902	8,588	64,662
1901	8,455	53,389
1900	7,865	50,320
1899	7,123	44,620
1898	6,859	40,882
1897	6,437	36,731
1896	6,448	38,687
1895	6,136	33,748
1894	6,447	31,889
1893	7,346	40,393
1892	7,147	36,652
1891	7,029	33,881
1890	6,335	29,027
1889	5,823	26,309
1888	5,282	25,888
Total for 22 Years	174,276	1,242,322

(Note—The figures for 1908, 1909 do not include returns for switching and terminal companies, as do all the previous years.)

Did ever any highway robber make a more murderous demand? "Give us the power to raise rates or we take your lives" was the demand. It was refused and the lives are being taken.

Lest it may be said that only selected roads have been taken to show these facts, the grand totals for all the operating railroads in America are given in a single table:

Month	Exp. 1910	Exp. 1911	Increase or Decrease	Milage 1911
July	$140,160,048	$157,458,228	$17,298,180	238,168
Aug.	145,549,163	164,488,398	18,939,835	238,492
Sept.	150,886,069	169,067,268	14,161,199	240,678
Oct.	156,720,318	169,852,381	13,132,063	241,214
Nov.	153,181,073	164,636,682	11,455,609	241,272
Dec.	153,011,601	166,478,299	13,466,698	241,364
Jan.	153,434,278	161,166,357	7,732,079	242,479
Feb.	145,571,323	149,146,672	3,575,339	242,639
Dead Line				
*Mar.	160,074,482	158,003,072	2,071,410	242,686
Apr.	159,054,438	153,717,409	5,337,029	242,933
May	162,496,330	159,794,021	2,702,309	243,170

*When the decrease began.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

POSTOFFICE DISCRIMINATION---THE PROOF

COMING NATION, Girard, Kansas.

Gentlemen:—I am advised by the assistant attorney general for the postoffice department that the contest inaugurated by you, the rules and conditions of which are set forth in an article printed on page 3 of your publication issued under date of October 14th, 1911, is a guessing contest and a lottery in violation of the postal statutes, and under section 499, postal laws and regulations of 1902, matter relating to the enterprise must be denied admission to the mails.

Respectfully, T. R. JONES, P. M.

Coming Nation Rules

1. To the persons from whom the COMING NATION receives by mail, and not otherwise, the best solutions of the mystery in "The Shadow Under the Roof," the following prizes will be given:

For the best solution	$250
Three next best solutions, $50 each	150
Five next best solutions, $10 each	50
Ten next best solutions, $5 each	50
Fifty next best solutions, one yearly sub card each	50
A total of 69 prizes amounting to	$550

2. Any reader, whether a subscriber or not, may compete and win prizes, but only one solution may be entered by any one reader.

3. The last installment but one of "The Shadow Under the Roof" will be printed in the COMING NATION dated February 10, 1912. An interval of two weeks will be allowed for the receipt of solutions, and the final installment will be published in the issue of March 2, 1912. The latest moment at which solutions will be received and considered will be 6 o'clock p. m., February 23, 1912.

4. All solutions must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Mystery Story Editor, The COMING NATION, Girard, Kan."

5. The prizes will be awarded according to the conditions and rules here set forth and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by the COMING NATION. These judges will have complete control and final decision in this contest, beyond all appeal.

6. The solutions are to be written in the English language, briefly and simply, stating clearly as many facts and details as are necessary to make up the "best solution of the mystery."

7. The names and addresses of all the prize winners will be published in the COMING NATION at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined their awards.

8. Employes of the COMING NATION and the *Appeal to Reason* and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

THIS WAS APPROVED BY THE POSTOFFICE DEP'T.

1. To the man or woman, girl or boy from whom THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD receives by mail, and not otherwise, at its publication office, 154 Washington street, Chicago, Ill., the best solution of the mystery in "The Crimson Stain" the sum of $1,000 will be paid. To the person making the second best solution $500 will be paid. To the person making the third best solution $250 will be paid. To the 1,001 persons offering the 1,001 next best solutions an additional $3,250 will be paid. The entire sum of $5,000 will be divided into prizes as follows:

In awarding the prizes there will be no change in the above table, either as respects the number of prizes given or the amount of cash.

2. Any reader my compete and win prizes, but only one solution may be entered by any one reader.

3. "The Crimson Stain" begins in THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD today, Wednesday, January 11th, and will continue to appear in daily installments until Wednesday, February 8th, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between February 8th and February 18th, inclusive, will be allowed for the receipt of solutions (which must be sent by mail) at THE RECORD-HERALD office. The latest moment at which solutions will be received and considered will be 6 o'clock p. m. Saturday, February 18th. The finall installment of the story, containing the author's solution of the mystery, will be published in THE SUNDAY RECORD-HERALD February 26th.

4. All solutions must be sent by mail, and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Mystery Story Editor, THE CHICAGO RECORD-HEARLD, 154 Washington street, Chicago, Ill."

5. The prizes will be awarded, according to the conditions and rules here set forth and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE RECORD-HERALD. These judges will have complete control and final decision in this contest, beyond all appeal, and every "solution" will be received and judged subject to this provision.

6. The "solutions" are to be written in the English language, briefly and simply, stating clearly as many facts and details as are necessary to make up "the best solution of the mystery."

7. The names and addresses of the prize winners will be published in THE RECORD-HERALD at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined their awards.

8. No condition of term of subscription to THE RECORD-HERALD is imposed. Competitors for the prizes will naturally have to be readers of this paper but they need not be subscribers. They may read THE RECORD-HERALD taken by any member of the family. They may also receive help wherever they can get it.

9 Employes of THE RECORD-HERALD and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

THE REASON WHY.

Readers of the COMING NATION will note that the rules and regulations governing our contest are identical with those used by the Record-Herald. The contest put on by the Record-Herald was approved by the postoffice department and the story ran as advertised.

Why should the department discriminate against the COMING NATION? Why is it a crime for a Socialist paper to do what a republican sheet is permitted to do?

These questions can be answered only by the assistant attorney general of the postoffice department, and we suggest that you write to that gentleman, whose address is Washington, D. C., and ask him wherein he gets his authority to exclude the COMING NATION while permitting the Record-Herald to go through the mails without interference. Send him the copies of the rules as printed above.

As you are aware, dear reader, the publication of the "Shadow Under the Roof," in the COMING NATION was for the purpose of increasing our list of subscribers among the young folks who read fiction in the hope that something else in the paper would attract their attention and thus get them interested in Socialism.

This may be where the COMING NATION sinned, because in the mind of the postoffice department the circulation of Socialist literature is a crime. The prizes for the best solution are therefore withdrawn until we settle the question with the p. o. d. The story will be printed, however, as per schedule. Those who have subscribed solely for the prizes may have their money returned by notifying us of their desire.

If you want to help us best the p. o. d. show this copy of the COMING NATION to your neighbor and explain the situation to him. We are sure he will subscribe. When you write to the assistant attorney general of the p. o. d, your letter would be doubly effective if you tell him how many new subscribers you secured as a result of this unjust discrimination.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

MISS ROBLEY stepped forward and knelt by the side of the body. Moans came from her lips. She put her hand on her dead brother's arm, then let it fall over the knotted sleeve until her fingers touched the hand, that hung outside the chair. It was stiff and cold. She sprang up, tottering, and was caught by Frisbie.

"Here, Frisbie, you and I will take Miss Robley down below, and I will summon the police," said Ford. "You stay with the body, Horton."

The chemist, although not a large man, was active and muscular. Carrying Miss Robley as if she were a child, he descended the ladder. The young woman, half supported by the two men, was taken to the first floor and persuaded to lie down upon the couch in her brother's private office. Frisbie stayed by her side, while Ford went to the telephone. The young woman was in a condition that threatened at any time to become violently hysterical. Her bosom heaved spasmodically. Miss Robley had idolized her brother, had held him in the strongest affection a sister can feel, and the awful picture she had just beheld was more than she could stand, well poised as she was.

Ford, at his desk, quickly got the central headquarters of the police on the telephone.

"This is William Ford of the Robley-Ford Brass Company, 26 Thaxton Street," he said. "My partner, Mr. Robley, has just been found murdered in the factory. Please send someone at once."

As the manufacturer put the telephone down, he looked up and beheld a tall man dressed irreproachably in long fitting black clothes standing in the doorway. He wore a soft black hat, that shaded a pale, cleanly cut face. His countenance, with its clearly chiseled features, had a clerical look, except for a gleam of sinister shrewdness that played about it. The two men stared at each other.

"Well, Mr. Ford, here I am," said the caller, approaching the desk.

"I see you're here," replied Ford. "What do you want?"

"That's an idle question. It has been some time since I was here last, now hasn't it?"

Ford fixed his eyes on the corner of the desk and a long pause ensued. When he finally looked up, he said:

"Suppose you try to earn some of the money I give you."

"With pleasure," replied the stranger, smiling and not the least bit disconcerted. "You have only to tell me how I can serve you."

"My partner, Mr. Robley, has been murdered. His body is now in the top floor of this factory. The police are on their way here."

The visitor sat down suddenly in the nearest chair and looked at Ford with an expression akin to consternation.

"It looks like a mysterious case," continued the manufacturer. "My partner was found in an empty room, bound with rope to his office chair. Now I have reason to know that you are one of the shrewdest detectives in the country."

The stranger, who had recovered his self-possession, smiled.

"I want you to undertake this case," concluded Ford.

"Ah! You want me to act as your personal representative?"

"Exactly—but you will be paid by the Robley-Ford company."

"Very good. I shall look after your interests to the best of my ability. We understand each other, I think."

There was a stir in the outer room and Captain McFarland, of the Chicago detective department, accompanied by three men in plain clothes and two uniformed policemen, made his way into Ford's office.

"Ah, gentlemen," exclaimed the senior partner, "your errand here is an unfortunate one, but I hope it will turn out to be successful."

"I am Captain McFarland; I presume you are Mr. Ford. We are at your service, sir."

The officer was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, such as is often found among the police officials of American cities. He had a kindly face and pleasant eyes that looked out from below bushy brows. His hair was beginning to turn gray. His easy fitting dark uniform and military hat, with its cord of gold, gave him an aspect of importance.

"The body was found only a few minutes before I called your headquarters," said Ford. "It is in an empty room on the top floor of the factory. We will go there at once. But first I want you to meet Detective Hinton, who is in the employ of the firm, and who, as luck would have it, dropped in just a minute ago."

"I think I have met Mr. Hinton before."

McFarland spoke very quietly, as he reached out his hand to the other.

"Yes, I think so," replied Ford's personal representative, with a faint smile.

The solemn faced company filed out of the room, leaving behind a badly demoralized corps of clerks, by whom, so far, the startling proceedings were not in the least understood.

Ford, who ascended the ladder first, found Horton keeping a saturnine watch over the body, the tall figure, crowned with its cossack cap, standing like a sentinel in one corner of the death chamber.

The police official stopped short and surveyed the scene with no effort to conceal his surprise. He was prepared for the usual spectacle following a murder. The sight of the dead man sitting bound in his chair, while a solitary and solemn-looking giant kept watch, made him lose for a moment his official composure. Ford was the first to speak, as Horton came forward.

"There is the body," he said, "and this is the superintendent of the factory, Mr. Horton, who will be able to give you all the facts concerning this affair that any of us know."

McFarland acknowledged the introduction and stepped forward to where the dead man sat, while the others, out of respect, held back. He looked at Robley's body from all sides, then felt of the thongs that bound him to the chair.

"Brady, and you, Squires and O'Laughlin, come and take a look at this," he said at last.

The three men joined their chief about the body.

"It looks as if he died that way," observed the

official. "Come, lend a hand and clear away the rope."

The detectives pushed the chair nearer the window, in the full sunlight, and unbound the body, which, divested of the network of rope, still sat immovable. *Rigor mortis* had long since made Robley's form as stiff as if it had been hewn out of a piece of rock.

An examination of the state of the corpse was made by Captain McFarland, the others standing around in a semi-circle. He assured himself that there were no wounds on the victim's head, then opened the clothing and found no marks about the chest or abdomen. Stepping back, he addressed Ford.

"It will be necessary for you to have the body removed to an undertaker's, where an autopsy can be held to ascertain the cause of death, which does not seem to be clear. You two officers"—turning to the patrolmen—"will keep guard over the body and let no one approach it except the undertaker and his assistants. Until they arrive do not admit anyone to this room."

"Now," he continued, turning to Horton, "if you and Mr. Ford will accompany me to his office we will go into this business and see what we can make of it."

Then, at the long table in Ford's room, there followed the inquisition that is customary in such cases. Everyone was questioned, but no information of importance was gleaned beyond what is already familiar to the reader. Captain McFarland took notes on everything, as also did Hinton, who was almost as active as the police official.

The three men in plain clothes were sent among the workmen and clerks, who were thrown into consternation when they learned, as the word passed quickly from mouth to mouth, of the dreadful and mysterious tragedy that had been enacted. Young Robley was as popular about the factory as Ford was disliked. When the detectives had made their rounds, all the employes were sent home and the doors closed.

Miss Robley, who was still in a pitiful state, for that reason was not molested by the officials. While Frisbie was being questioned in Ford's room, Horton took his place by the young woman's side, but later, when Frisbie returned, the superintendent rejoined the group.

McFarland and Hinton, the inquisition completed, ascended again to the death chamber, this time alone, and made a long and minute examination of every part of it. When they returned Frisbie was again called into their presence. Hinton was the questioner.

"The room in which Mr. Robley's body was found had never been used and was never entered for any purpose by anyone connected with the factory. Is that not true?"

"I think so."

"Were you ever in the room before today, Mr. Frisbie?"

"No."

"What led you to think the body might be there?"

"Why, I had searched every other place in the factory," replied the chemist, looking puzzled.

"All right—that will do," concluded Hinton. His manner was quite friendly.

Immediately following this short colloquy, Horton made his way to where Helen Robley was, and sat down beside the couch.

"Miss Robley," he said, leaning over her, "I want you to try to give every bit of your attention to what I am going to say. A great deal may depend upon it."

The man's voice had something hypnotic in it. The young woman's moans ceased and her hands relaxed.

"Listen to me, Miss Robley," Horton continued in a low tone. "I have been with your father almost since he started in business and I have often been of great service to him. I do not like the way things look this morning. I think it would be best for you and I to proceed to your home and make an examination of your brother's belongings before anyone else has a chance. I want you to make every effort to control yourself and to help me."

The girl raised herself on the couch.

"I will do as you wish, Mr. Horton."

"Then appear to be very ill and speak to no one except me."

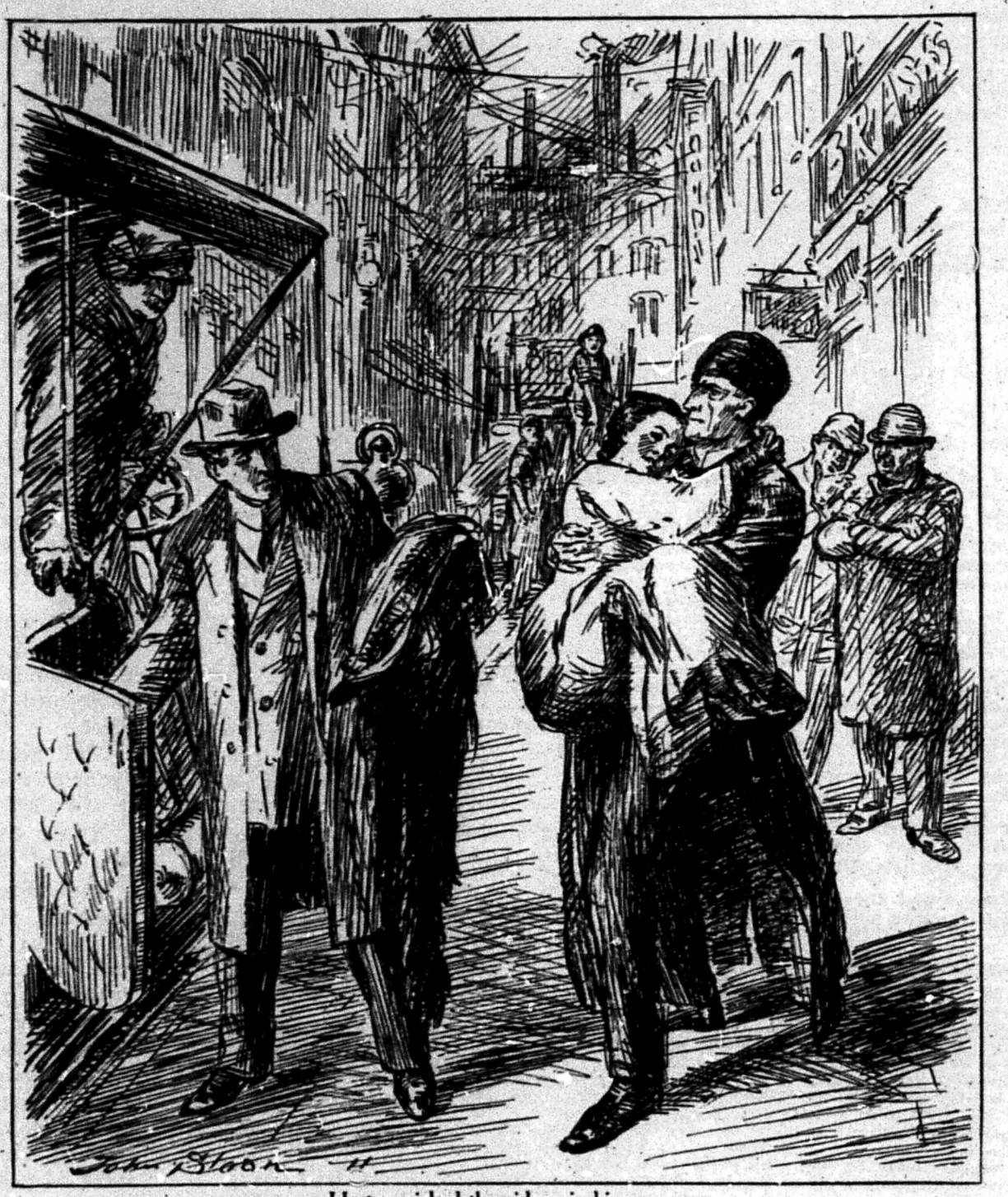
A moment later, to the group in Ford's room, Horton said:

"Miss Robley is in such a condition, gentlemen, that I think it would be best to convey her home immediately. Will you help me for a minute, Frisbie?"

Horton picked the girl up in his arms and carried her to the automobile, in which sat the forgotten chauffeur, bundled in his great coat.

"Get in there, quick," said he, authoritatively, to Frisbie, after the young woman had been placed in the car. "I want you along."

Placing himself by the driver's side, he gave the word and the vehicle sped away, ignoring the call of Hinton, from the factory steps, who doubtless also desired to be a passenger.



Horton picked the girl up in his arms

"What do you think of the case, captain?" asked O'Laughlin as the police official and his assistant left the building.

"It's a first-rate puzzle so far as I can see," replied McFarland.

"There's not a clew in sight," observed the subordinate, apologetically.

"Unless the post mortem gives results."

"What's your guess on the thing?"

"I'm too old to be foolish, O'Laughlin. The man who is behind this affair has been so wise that he has left no trace of himself. He was so clever that he wore gloves on his hands and something like buskins on his feet, so as to leave neither finger prints about the room nor tracks on the floor. As for motive, well there's none in sight yet. It wouldn't surprise me if this turned out to be another of Chicago's unexplained mysteries. We are policemen, O'Laughlin; such men as Sherlock Holmes and the great Le Cocq exist only in fiction."

"It'll serve to keep us busy for a while, anyway," remarked the plain clothes man.

The captain smiled.

"Yes," he said, "it'll give you boys an excuse for drawing your salaries."

When Ford and Hinton were left alone, the former arose from his desk, where he had sat during the whole of the inquisition, went to the door and locked it. Coming back, he stood in front of Hinton, who was half sitting on a corner of the table, and bent upon him a questioning look.

"Well?" he said.

"Well," returned the detective, "why did you do it?"

"Why did I do what?"

"What is the use of beating around the bush, Mr. Ford?"

"There isn't any use."

"Well, why did you do it?"

The two men glared at each other.

"This is a little more," resumed Hinton, "than I ever bargained for. It was all right to steal the firm's money, and I suppose I got my share, but murder is carrying the game too far."

"Don't be a damned fool," snapped Ford, "and don't jump at conclusions."

"I'm not a damned fool, as you have reason to know, and I'm not jumping at conclusions."

"Yes, you are."

Hinton took a cigar out of his pocket and lighted it, leisurely.

"Is this going to be your attitude, then?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

He smoked for a minute in silence.

"Please unlock the door."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Robley residence to see what I can do. I'm your personal representative, and I've got to get you out of this, somehow."

(*To be continued.*)

[*This story began in No.* 57. *For a limited time subscriptions can begin with that number, if so requested when the money is sent. See p.* 12 *for announcements of premiums for clubs.*]

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THE GREAT VIRTUE OF CANDOR

(*Continued from page two.*)

system is not an act of violence, and then some of us will be losing our reverence for that magnificent institution.

We will now join in singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," after which a collection will be taken up to send a missionary to the heathen of Butaritari.

* * *

The Great Fight at Los Angeles

I have recently been at pains to get some independent information about the campaign in Los Angeles, and it is all of one kind.

If the Socialists can get some support and assistance they will win.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fight.

It is a protest against the whole system of kidnaping union workingmen and wreaking upon them the vengeance of the employers

It expresses the whole issue whether this is to be a free or a Cossack government.

It is an epitome of the whole cause of labor against judicial tyranny and the perversion of justice.

It involves the revolt of a community against the lawless sway of a half-witted and malignant old ruffian.

If the cause of labor triumphs in Los Angeles at the coming election every scheme everywhere to destroy the unions and deliver Labor unprotected to the mercies of Capital will be infinitely discouraged.

If Labor wins, the chances for decency, freedom and justice everywhere in this country will be enormously increased.

It is the first great skirmish between the forces of good and evil. The employing class, backed by the railroads and the Steel Trust, is pouring unlimited money into the fight. It has all the power, resources, organization, machinery and prestige. Opposed to it is Labor, fighting with its bare hands.

The Socialist campaign is without funds. Come to its support with what money you can spare, for the cause is ours, everywhere.

If the employers can without rebuke carry off the monstrous iniquities they have practiced in the McNamara case, I say to you in all seriousness that no workingman is safe anywhere if by any means he incurs the enmity of the dominant class.

Answered—"You, there, in the overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."—*The Housekeeper.*

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XXII

THAT the churches should be emptying year by year so that the regular attendants, in the main, are those who go more from habit and a sense of duty than because it makes any real difference, is something that may seem to be a lamentable state of affairs. It is with a sort of foreboding that many of us shake our heads from side to side meaning to answer No to the question: "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith in the earth?"

And so it would be lamentable, and we might have genuine cause to fear if, with the general decline of church-going there was a corresponding decline in the moral standard, if people no longer tried to do what was right; if they were no longer so particular about being true and just in all their dealings; if they were less merciful and kind, less inclined to help one another. But is that the case?

It is true that we hear of a lot more rascality than the folks did in the days before the Big Change really set in. Then there was talk of the doings in the neighborhood, such as: "Him and her don't get along together at all. Fight like cats and dogs," and if Elbert Cozzens was caught stealing from Uncle Dick Harmount's corn-crib, people were aghast and exclaimed: "Why! I never heard of such a caper!" But nowadays there are murders, and burglaries and defalcations, and graft in politics, and wholesale cheating and adulteration, and men running off with other men's wives, and divorces. The paper is full of it. You can't pick it up without reading about some devilment or other.

But, making all allowance for the fact that the newspapers and the R. F. D. have brought the whole world right into our school district, is there any more devilment to the square foot in your particular neighborhood, now that fewer people go to church regularly, than there was when everybody went to church regularly?

It may be said that reading about crimes puts mischief into the heads of those who would not otherwise think of it (I have my doubts as to that) but it must also be said that instead of our saying nowadays: "Why! I never heard of such a caper," we hear of such capers to the point of fatigue. By-and-by we recognize the sameness in them. We feel that you might almost keep the type standing and just change the names and addresses. We come to classify them and even to predict them. We know that if it is a severe winter, and times are hard and a great many out of work, there will be more larcenies, and burglaries and hold-ups, and vagrancy cases. We know that in the big cities there will be more of what we call "unfortunate women." We know that if you put a thousand men of good moral prineiples into an unfavorable environment in which it isn't possible to earn an honest living, a definite number of them are just as certain to violate the laws as a man is certain to bleed if you stick a knife into him. We are inclined to believe, also, that not only crimes against the law but all sorts of meannesses are somehow brought about by unfavorable surroundings, by improper bringing up, by physical defects, and such like. And when it seems most like pure cussedness that ails the man we are most sure that he isn't right in his mind.

> "All this excitement about graft in politics, and what is more peculiarly characteristic of the last five years, graft in business, is a new thing. And when you get right down to it, isn't it a good sign? Isn't it a symptom of an awakened conscience, a national conscience now rather than a personal conscience."

Now that's a Big Change in itself from the old view that sin is causeless except for the Old Boy putting us up to it.

All this excitement about graft in politics, and what is more peculiarly characteristic of the last five years, graft in business, is a new thing. And when you get right down to it, isn't it a good sign? Isn't it a symptom of an awakened conscience, a national conscience now rather than a personal conscience. Before the Big Change, as a nation, we were kind of "biggity;" we used to blow and brag about ourselves; we were just about all right. But nowadays, as a nation, we are, as you might say, under conviction of sin.

There are no statistics by which we may compare the general devilment of, say, fifty years ago with that of the present day but my best guess is that there isn't any more of it now than then. I should say that there was less quarreling, less fist-fighting, less coarseness, less drunkenness, as also less attention to the titheing of mint, anise, and cummin, less fuss about cutting finger-nails or whistling on Sunday. But as to the difference in moral standards, we are unquestionably higher than our forbears before the Big Change. Nothing is more surprising to those who have made great fortunes in perfect consonance with the standard of morals of fifty years ago than to find themselves regarded by the people at large as scoundrels. Since there is such a fuss made nowadays about what was all right in those days it is evident that there is a wider gap between our ideals of what ought to be and our realization of what is than is comfortable. That means that we shall have to move our practice up closer to our principles.

That the human race should have made a straight shoot for that Tree of knowledge of Good and Evil is something that anybody might have known without trying the experiment. It is not merely because curiosity prompted, which is also as human as your very face; nor yet because the thing was forbidden, and to say "No!" to a human being always results in his saying "Yes." To know good from evil is as necessary to our existence as the breath of our mouths. We've always wanted to know, and we always shall want to know until we die. We are just as keen now as ever; even more so, since the Big Change has so revolutionized everything. And it is because we want to know what is right and what is wrong that we stay away from church. We have discovered that, as a moral teacher, the church isn't qualified. She cannot even preserve discipline. Supposing she threatens us with excommunication; why, we are already excommunicated. Even if we go to church, some other church has excommunicated us, and still we manage to stub along without much discomfort on that account. Supposing she tells us that the Booger Man'll get us, we only laugh. But that isn't the worst. She can only teach us the A-B, ab's of ethics, and the Big Change has promoted us out of that class.

Q. If I beat a man up for eighteen cents, is that a sin?

A. It certainly is.

But,

Q. If I have men working for me in a factory and there is a projecting setscrew on the shafting which will certainly catch in the clothing of a worker and whirl him around till every bone in his body is broken, and it would cost me eighteen cents apiece to put in countersunk setscrews, is it a sin if I don't do it?

A. But just what is the church's prompt, definite, authoritative answer to that question?

The Logic of Constructive Socialism

BY WILLIAM R. SHIER.

In order to attain the Co-operative Commonwealth we must socialize industry.

In order to socialize industry as a whole we must begin by socializing its parts.

In order to socialize its parts we must bring one industry after another under public control as rapidly as circumstances permit, beginning of course with those industries most ready for nationalization and communalization, such as railroads, mines, insurance, telephones and electric lighting.

In order thus to apply the principle of public ownership in ever widening circles we must get control of the national, state and municipal governments.

In order to get control of these governments we must organize the workers.

In order to organize the workers we must talk to them chiefly about those things which seem to them most feasible and desirable.

The things which seem to them immediately practical are: state employment of the unemployed, municipal insurance against unemployment, old age pensions, adequate compensation acts, free medical treatment, the eight hour day, and public ownership, not of all industries at once, but of particular utilities.

Working people do not need to be argued into wanting these things. They need only to be convinced that the best way to get them is through independent political action.

Once the workers are organized into a class conscious political movement on the basis of their immediate interests, and once they attain a fair measure of governmental power, they will head as a matter of course into complete collectivism.

Our ultimate ideal will be realized most quickly by the adoption of a constructive policy.

"Ell"

BY HENRY MILLER.

The mission cove e arsked me, did I know the dredful place
Where blokes like me ud go to, if they missed the savin grace?
Ses e, "its full of torment, there's cries, an groans, an pains,
There's fire, an burnin brimstone, and it's where the Devil reigns."
Ho, yus, ses I, its Cradley Eath, where the wimmen make the chains;
An it's Ell, just Ell.

E raised is eyes to Eaven, an ses e, "My pore lorst frend,
It's a far wuss place than Cradley Eath where sinners meet their end;
For not a drop o' water there yer sinful lips ull reach,
Tho' yet tortured with a blazin thirst, beyond the power o' speech."
Then I tried im with St. Helens, where they make the cruel bleach;
For that's Ell, just Ell.

E sed I was a eathen, that I'd drift to certain wreck;
But E gave me up as opeless, when I sed git orf me neck,
I'm out o' work, ole pigeon, right bang on the rocks instead,
Dyer think I care a single cuss wot happens when I'm dead?
When I go ome empty anded, and the kiddies cry for bread,
O! its Ell, ERE AN NOW, just Ell.

—*The New Age.*

A New Disease

Local physicians are puzzled over the case of a man with annual attacks of aphasia. Quite common in witnesses in corporation investigations.

THE CALL OF YOUTH

(Continued from page four)

try to get at the higher things. See how far you will get to them. Fiddlesticks! Higher things than money! Life is war and you must begin with the idea that money is the thing that helps you fight. Without it you are lost. Killed, murdered!"

"What talk!"

"What talk? Talk that comes from experience," shouted the old man. "I had my battles and I know what is wanted. I know what one is up against without money. I, too, wanted to be honest. I started out with a determination to be useful and do my share of honest labor. And where did I land? I was allowed to dig coal for two dollars a day. I was given permission to run a car for a starvation wage. And when I had no money, when I refused to sell my time so cheaply, it was either to starve or steal. Well, I stole. I did not do it in the plain, ordinary way of the common thief, but I stole all the same. Did it in a round about way. Took it out in a large rate of interest; by adding water to my whisky; by foreclosing mortgages and evicting tenants. Why shouldn't I? Was it not the game? Weren't thousands ready to do the same to me? Honesty? Fiddlesticks!"

"If you only knew how it hurts to hear you talk that way," interrupted Isidor.

"It hurts, does it? Well, the sooner you get over your notion that this world is a picnic the better for you. It is a war and you have got to fight. I fought and I conquered. I have got the money and I am on top now. And while I am on top I mean to stay on top. At this minute thousands are ready to jump on me should I lose the balance. Like a hungry pack of wolves they are ready to devour me. But I have some strength in me. Baruch Rubin is good for a long fight. Once on top I mean to stay there. And neither you, nor anybody else will throw me off my feet. D' you hear? D' you hear? My money is my life, it is my blood, it's my blood!"

He lifted his bulky body and beat his chest with his clenched fist. Then he looked at Isidor.

"Well, you fool, are you going to throw away the money for which I have sacrificed my life?"

"The greater the sacrifice the more reason why I should detest it," said Isidor.

"Idiot."

"I want to live my own life. I refuse to be a slave to your money," said Isidor with determination.

"Come home with me."

Isidor did not reply.

"Are you coming?"

A melancholy shake of the head met this command and the old man waited a few seconds, regarding his son with a contemptuous expression.

"You are not coming!" he shouted. "Well, then, don't you dare to come at all." He banged the door behind him.

The moment he left Rebecca, quiet and composed, but with lips apart and eyes moist, came softly into the room.

"You heard him mother?" asked Vera.

"I did."

She sat down and Isidor looked at her with questioning eyes.

"You approve of me, mother, say yes and make me happy."

"Yes, my dear Isidor, of course."

He fell on his knees before her and hiding his face in her lap began to sob like a child.

CHAPTER III.

"Have you no pity in your heart, Mr. Rubin? Are you going to foreclose; are you going to take my house?"

Jacob Lazinsky, a timid, undersized little man was pleading with Baruch to stop the foreclosure proceeding which had been begun a month ago. The poverty-stricken owner knew that when the matter was to come to trial the houses would be taken away from him.

"The case is in the hands of my attorney," said Baruch curtly. "I have nothing to do with it."

"I saw him, I brought him the interest, but he would not take it," answered Lazinsky.

"A fool he would be! Do you take us for suckers? Here we have an opportunity to take a profitable parcel, do you think we will let it go?"

"But you have no right to these houses. They are mine, I paid for them. All my capital is invested in them. They are my only source of income."

"This is not the point," answered Baruch. "The point is that you did not pay the interest when it was due and the law gives me the right to take them from you. Do you think that the people who made the law have no mercy. If you do, blame them and not me."

"There are exceptions."

"You think *you* are the exception?"

"No, perhaps yes. You think it is right? Is there no justice, is there no pity? Are you as cruel as all that? Would you take away from a father the means to support his family?" Lazinsky was no match for Baruch and he began to rave.

"This is nothing but business," Baruch reminded him. "When it comes to mercy and pity I send my contributions to the United Hebrew Charities."

He turned his attention to some papers on the desk to show that as far as he was concerned, the interview was at an end. Lazinsky looked at him with full eyes and his face turned red with anger.

"You are a murderer," he shouted. "You are a pitiless, heartless monster. You are killing a father of children. You are robbing me of the only thing I have to live on. But just you wait! Your time will come! Don't think you will escape punishment! Don't think that this will go unavenged. We have a God in Heaven who sees and remembers and keeps watch over people of your kind. Your son has turned against you, your only son has turned against you, and God, too, will!"

"Get—" Baruch made a move forward and Lazinsky rushed out of the office.

Baruch returned to his desk trembling with rage. Where was his iron nerve, the thing that made him deaf to pleading, insensible to insults? Was he getting old, or was it the mention of Isidor?

Lazinsky's burning eyes and twitching face haunted him. The curses sounded ominously in his ear.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when tears would only provoke a smile and a man's anger would only call forth contempt. But now? How he trembled! Even his heart beat fast!

Baruch knew that his irritable state was caused by his quarrel with his son. But he was too proud to admit it even to himself. He dared not realize the fact. He had given orders that neither in the store nor at the house should Isidor's name be mentioned. Baruch Rubin was not the man to tolerate sedition in his family. Parental respect must be maintained! But life was empty without Isidor. He missed the quarrels. He missed the only person who dared express an opinion. There was none left who dared oppose him. His daughters, like their mother, were but weeping babies and their husbands—two knaves waiting for him to die and take possession of their share of the inheritance!

"Your son, your only son turned against you, and God, too, will." Why should it matter what the fellow said? And yet, how it rankled.

He walked from the office to the store. His entrance made all work energetically and caused the usual hush. It seemed people feared to breathe in his presence. "The cowards!" he murmured.

He returned to the office and paced the floor for a long, long time. Then he tried to busy himself with his books and accounts. But Lazinsky's face was forever present and the curses sounded shrilly and threateningly. He put down his book and with his head supported on his hands he was lost in thought.

"I brought your son. Maybe he can do something for me." Baruch lifted his head and saw Lazinsky again before him. A foot away stood Isidor. Baruch's face snapped into its usual hardened expression.

"He—he—made me come along," began Isidor. "Said that his life depended on it."

"Are you going to—to lecture me?" he asked. "What a joke!"

"I am going to lecture you and this is no joke," said Isidor.

"Impudence! Get out of here! If you want to come to me you want to approach me like—like—like a dutiful son. With respect. D'you hear, respect?"

Isidor looked at the shouting face with compassion. Behind the distorted expression of wrath lurked an unmistakable sadness. He turned to Lazinsky.

"Mr. Lazinsky," he said, "leave us alone. Go home and you will hear from us." The little man made a courteous bow and withdrew.

Left alone father and son looked at each other for some seconds without saying a word. Baruch noticed that the young man's face was somewhat thinner and that his clothes were shabby.

"Well?" It was Baruch who spoke first.

"You must stop ruining people."

"Are you giving me orders?"

"Yes. I—we—have decided that you must change This thing can't go on. We can't stand by and let you sink deeper—"

"You—we? Who is the other who takes the trouble to change me?"

"The other is—" he stopped and laid emphasis on the name. "The other is *Rebecca,* father. We have decided to have you drop your tactics, to have you become—. Oh, father, you are killing us!"

"Who—who did you say?"

"Rebecca. The woman you once loved. She wants you to come right now, she wants to speak to you. She is Mrs. Brunoff, Vera's mother."

Baruch remained open-mouthed and gasped with surprise. He struggled with an effort to articulate a question, but he could utter no sound and pronounce no word. Isidor looked at him sympathetically and left the place.

Baruch's mind was on fire. Something within him was burning. It was as though he was hit with some blunt instrument and felt himself sinking in unconsciousness. He fell into his heavy revolving office chair and remained there for a long time. Then he straightened up and walked out.

He came to an old tenement and looked at the number. Then he paused a moment and started to ascend the stairs. When he reached a certain door he paused again and then knocked timidly. When it opened he staggered back. Before him stood Rebecca. Yes, Rebecca, his Rebecca, the sweetheart of his youth. The same slender figure, the same mobile face, the same high, clear brow, the same large, brown eyes, the same hair parted in the middle. Age settled upon her as it does on a fine portrait—it affected the coloring, but left the features and form unchanged. Thirty years of life—a large stretch of bitter, struggling life, dropped out and from underneath the mausoleum of the dead past sprang love, and youth and forceful impressions of a happy period.

Two powerful, large arms clutched tightly a delicate figure, and a heavy, ill-featured face pressed affectionately against a small, well-shaped head.

Then they talked—the incoherent, fragmentary, broken talk of the first meeting. Events of bygone days came back with remarkable distinctness. There were many questions to ask and many incidents to recall. Also, there were comrades to inquire about. Some of them had died, others had been hanged, others were still languishing in Siberian prisons. Some, a very few, survived. Baruch listened with bowed head and full eyes.

"Tell me about yourself," he demanded.

There was not much to tell. A decade after he had left she married one of her comrades who at present was earning a poor living as instructor in one of the East Side preparatory schools. They had been in America about one year and were leading the life of the Russian revolutionists. Still sacrificing for the Cause, still hoping for freedom, still making life a means for a higher, bigger thing.

"How you talk, Rebecca. The same enthusiastic little girl. It takes me back thirty years ago," said Baruch. "You have hardly changed."

"My life hasn't changed, Boris," said Rebecca.

"Boris! How strange it sounds to have me called Boris. But I, I have changed a lot, haven't I?"

She looked at him sympathetically, but did not answer.

"A great deal, eh?"

He stood up and looked into the mirror above the mantle-piece. Then he shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand resignedly. Rebecca joined him and both saw their faces reflected in the glass.

"Remember, Rebecca, we used to look in the glass this way when we were young to see who was the handsomer. You insisted I was. How foolish we were."

"How happy we were."

There was a short pause during which Baruch took another survey of himself in the glass. Then he turned his head away with disgust.

"Don't," pleaded Rebecca. "To me you are the same Boris—the Boris of my youth. Come, let us talk. Tell me of your life, your work. Come, speak."

"My life?"

"Yes, your life."

"Oh, I can't complain. I am, in fact, all right, Rebecca. Why, everybody knows me. I am a power. There isn't a man who does not envy me."

"You mean you are rich?"

Baruch's quick fancy took a mental inventory of his assets. A large store filled with barrels of whisky, a cellar full of tanks and cases, a safe full of musty papers, a dozen partially owned rickety houses. A large heap of dross.

"Yes, I am rich," he said, but the words sounded meaningless to him.

There was a long pause during which each avoided meeting the other's eyes.

"Are you—are you happy, Boris?"

"Happy?"

"Yes, happy. Are you respected, loved, have you friends? Is life full?"

Foreclosures and evictions shot across his mind. Lazinsky's face appeared. Baruch gave an impatient wave of the hand.

"How do you spend your days?"

"My days? I buy, I sell."

"Are you happily married? Is your wife all she should be?"

My wife?"

"Yes, your wife."

Baruch did not answer.

"And your children? How many have you?"

"There is Isidor."

"And the others?"

"The others?" A melancholy shake of the head.

"Do you read, do you write? What became of the poems you were going to write? What happened to the lyrics you were going to sing?"

Baruch did not answer. He was wondering how it was possible for a few simple questions to rob him of so much confidence and leave life so empty and void.

"How—how small you make me feel, Rebecca!" he said.

She took his hand and made him sit down.

"Look at me," she said. "Look at my face and tell me that you read sarcasm in it." He looked at her face.

"No, no, of course not. But—"

"I don't mean to hurt you. I am interested. For the last thirty years have I dreamed of you. Wondering what had happened. I dreamed—hoped you had realized the best, the finest in you. It is natural that I should be curious to know—now that we meet."

Both kept quiet. Baruch sank his head in his hands. Then he looked up at Rebecca.

"So—so I am not a success!" he said in a low but determined voice.

She made no answer and there followed another pause.

"It might have been different, might it not?" he asked.

"Yes, it might have been different," agreed Rebecca.

"Tell me, how did you keep your personality?" he asked.

"I told you before; I lived it. You killed yours by living another life."

"Am I dead, Rebecca?"

"Not since you asked that question."

"Then what's to be done?"

"We can live through our children—one of the laws of nature, Boris."

Prompted by a common impulse both stood up and looked through the narrow corridor that lead to Vera's room. Isidor was lying on the couch and Vera sat beside him with one hand stroking his curly hair, and the other clasped in his. It was a familiar picture, the photographic presentation of a beautiful past.

"Yes, through our children," murmured Baruch.

The Heart Expert

By Emanuel Julius

THE novel interested Bartlett. Though only an amateurish effusion, it held his attention. After throwing the manuscript aside Bartlett became engrossed in thought. "Hm, pretty good," said he, half aloud. "There's hope for that kid. He'll make his mark; but yet, there's one great fault with him—his heart is whole. It needs a little anguish; it needs a little suffering and, by Jove, the best thing in the world for him would be a heartless woman to wring some sobs out of him. That's it, a fractured heart would give him a different outlook on life—in other words, it would make a man of him."

With these thoughts in mind, Bartlett slipped into his overcoat, lit a cigar and stepped out for a walk. "How can that boy's heart be broken?" Bartlett asked himself.

He continued his reflections until he recalled a woman whom he felt certain could do the work to perfection. She was of the "kept" class and would doubtless lend herself readily to the task—provided, of course, there be someone's leg to pull.

"Yes, Ethel's the girl to break his heart," Bartlett concluded. "She'll let him make love to her—she'll be his first woman—she'll play with him awhile, tire of him and then cast him aside—and there you are. Oh, that's just what he needs! I'll go up to see her about it."

A few days later the young novelist dropped into Bartlett's apartments to affect a small loan—"only a five spot until Saturday, old man."

"Jean, I want to congratulate you," said Bartlett, letting him have the money. "Your novel reads well and I hope you'll land it somewhere."

The lad smiled in a disinterested manner, lit a cigarette and seated himself in a comfortable rocker.

"What do you say to coming up with me to visit a young lady friend of mine? You'll like her company very much—she'll interest you, even though rather sporty, but then, you can just go for local color—you might use her in a novel some day, eh?" said Bartlett.

"Is she interesting?"

Bartlett nodded.

"Very well, I am willing to go."

* * *

As soon as Jean set eyes on Ethel he was charmed—captured by her seductive eyes, vivacious nature, musical voice and happy laugh. Of course, he was not very anxious to admit it. However, the truth was evident. Bartlett was immensely pleased. And before leaving Jean alone in the company of Ethel, Bartlett slipped a few bills into his protege's pocket, to be used as circumstances might require.

And then Bartlett departed, feeling that he had done a good day's work in the cause of Art.

"Ah! My Jean! Now will you learn what life really means! And then you'll write such stuff as will make Shakespeare turn in his grave."

Then a great fear entered Bartlett's heart. "Suppose he takes her deception to heart and commits suicide. . . . What about that? Or he might die of his broken heart! Good Heavens! I don't want his blood on my head!" Bartlett argued inwardly.

"Oh, well," said he later, "I'll wait and see how things turn out."

* * *

A month slipped by. During that time Bartlett often wondered how things went with Jean. He had heard many vague rumors, but nothing definite.

One day he dropped into a department store, stopped at a neck-tie counter—and almost dropped dead.

Behind that counter stood Jean.

"What in the name of Cæsar's ghost are you doing here?" exclaimed Bartlett in astonishment.

"Oh, I'm employed here."

"Employed here?"

"Sure thing."

"Since when?"

"Last week," replied Jean. "And my wife's over in the millinery department—"

"Wife! Who?"

"Why, Ethel—"

"And what about your novels?"

"Oh, shucks! Say, these ties are all wool and only eighteen cents. Shall I wrap one up?"

To the Rulers of America

By Ellis O. Jones

You have read about the serious labor disturbances in England and Ireland.

You have read about the revolutionary riots in Spain.

You have read about the cost-of-living demonstrations in Austria.

You have read about less serious activities of the same sort in Germany and Belgium.

You could not have failed to note that all these warlike manifestations are of the same character. They do not come from any foolish fanaticism, but are plainly the revolt of a hungry and oppressed people.

In every case it is the same cause—the inability of these several governments to promote the general welfare.

You have read these accounts and your sympathies have gone out first to your fellow rulers in their extremity.

You have probably also pitied the people, but you have considered it deplorable that these people should have resorted to anything which even remotely suggests violence. You have deemed it inevitable that the rulers of these countries should return violence for violence and put down these rebellions with a firm hand.

You have even wondered no doubt what effect this chaotic state of affairs would have upon American securities.

Beyond this, however, it is not so clear what you have thought. Perhaps you evolved a theory of what you would have done in each of these countries to prevent such outbreaks.

Perhaps you think that the underlying cause in each case is something essentially foreign, something perhaps in the form of government, or possibly greater illiteracy than we possess on this side of the water.

Perhaps you relieve your fellow rulers of responsibility entirely by calling it the inscrutable work of God which could not have been averted even if man had exercised all the wisdom and forethought with which he commonly credits himself.

At any rate you have no doubt been thankful that America has been spared, that such things could not happen here in the land of the free and the home of the brave; for such things disturb business, upset the calculations of political organizations and make for chaos.

We may assume that with these thoughts, if you had them, you have dismissed the matter from your mind. We may assume this because you have made no defensive move against a similar contingency here.

But were you correct in so dismissing it? Isn't there a possibility of the same causes existing and the same conditions arising here as abroad?

Isn't it possible that the men of this country, not alone the numerous immigrants, but the natives as well, are made of much the same clay and cast in much the same mold as in these other countries?

And isn't it possible that the same economic forces are just as relentless here in the west as in the east?

And isn't it possible that your failure to make this problem your business and solve it in a rational and equitable manner will some day, some early day, overtax the patience of the American underling?

For that matter, isn't it true that we have already had sufficient strikes and labor disagreements to furnish ample warning of more to follow?

Students have told us that there are constantly in this country two and a half million of involuntarily unemployed workers and that the number tends to grow greater rather than less. This on the basis of the usual family average constitutes ten per cent of the people without visible means of support.

Isn't it quite possible that some crisis may happen to crystalize these men and women into an infuriated, reckless and despairing mob?

And suppose such a thing should happen, what would you do?

Would you expect to keep on talking about states' rights, and whether Standard Oil should be one or a thousand companies, and whether we should have reciprocity with Canada, and whether Alaska should be developed and whether the currency should be made more elastic?

Would you expect to be able to handle such a situation with vague distractions and honeyed words and political speeches and congressional investigations?

Wouldn't you have to do just as other rulers do: call out the troops and meet violence with violence?

And then what? After you have used violence will conditions be any better? Will they not, on the contrary be worse? For, to the same causes that already existed, will there not then be added a rancorous sense of outraged justice and an increased feeling of disrespect and hostility for organized government?

Will not this question of unemployment and excessive cost of living have to be settled some time, whether violence arises or not?

Is is not better to take time by the forelock and avoid the violence if possible?

The crack of a rifle is no food for a hungry man. The point of a bayonet does not answer an economic question. The horseman's saber or the policeman's club is no salve to outlawed and hopeless citizenship.

Are you going to play the part of the six wise or of the six foolish virgins? Are your lamps trimmed and filled? If not, isn't it time you went about your Father's work?

Isn't this matter worth looking into?

If so, do it now.

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

It Was Easy

FRANK TRUESDELL, Marshfield, Ore., sent in a club of six yearly subscriptions during the week ending October 7. Because that was the largest club sent in that week he will receive a bound volume of the COMING NATION. One will be given each week to the person who sends in the largest amount for subscriptions until the volumes are exhausted. You could not buy the same amount of material in book form that is contained in one of these bound volumes for $10.00, yet some one is going to get one each week for so little work that he will be surprised.

Telephone Article Next Week

That study of the telephone girls, by Hyman Strunsky, will be published next week. The girl at "central" is a sort of impersonal part of the machine, to most of us, but she is very much of a human being and her struggle is part of the great labor problem. If you know any girls that are working in a telephone exchange, see that they get this number. Ruth Kaufmann will have a story next week entitled "Blood Will Tell," and John Sloan does the illustrating for it. The COMING NATION is now publishing some of the best fiction that is appearing in any periodical and your neighbor who is taking a capitalist publication for the sake of the story would be glad to take the COMING NATION if you told him about this.

The mystery story is attracting widespread attention. We printed some extra copies of number 57 and can supply back numbers for a few weeks. Some people have already sent in solutions. You do not need to send these in until next to the last installment has appeared, which will be next February. You will want to read the whole story and read it carefully before you send in your solution.

* * *

For the Farmers

Number 60 of the COMING NATION which will be dated November 4, will be the best thing for propaganda among farmers that has ever been published. This sounds strong but just wait until you hear what will be in it.

Odon Por will have an article on the Italian Co-operatives telling just how tenant farmers doubled their income and started on the road to complete independence. Eugene Wood, whose hobby has always been agriculture, has an article which he calls "The Cow and the Lady." It is just the thing for the live-stock farmer.

Clyde J. Wright, State Secretary of the Socialist party in Nebraska, has just spent several weeks studying the sugar-beet proposition and he treats that question in a manner that will open the farmers' eyes. A. M. Simons who is one of the editors of the COMING NATION explains how the transformations in agriculture are preparing the way for collective farming.

There will be some shorter articles treating of other phases of the farming question. All of them will be illustrated with plenty of photographs making them more attractive and driving home the points.

Any one of these articles would make a valuable pamphlet for circulation among farmers. All of them put together makes a broadside that cannot be equaled. Every Socialist who knows any farmers wants a bundle of this number.

They cost only 2½ cents a copy, if you order ten or more at a time. Ask for number 60, and address the COMING NATION, Girard, Kan.

Back Numbers of Mystery Story

So many letters of inquiry from agents and scouts and those who are selling tickets for the Socialist Party Lyceum course asking whether it will be possible to obtain back numbers containing the "Mystery Story," that this note is published as a general answer. A large number of the issues containing the opening chapters have been printed and subscriptions can begin with these if requested. It is, therefore, safe to assure prospective subscribers that they can obtain the story from the beginning.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadow

The promise of a Socialist victory in the conservative stronghold of Dusseldorf, Germany, foretold at the first election to the Reichstag which gave Haberland, the Socialist candidate, 4,736 votes more than his opponent, Friedrich, then Centre candidate, has been fulfilled by the results of the second election, the 30th of September.

Haberland won by a vote of 39,264. The vote cast for him in the first election was 33,812. His majority was slightly reduced, but the Socialists are nevertheless assured of a permanent victory.

Dusseldorf has been considered as one of the most impregnable of the government strongholds. Its fall destroys the faith of the government forces to retain their supremacy in any territory.

The Socialists are well satisfied. The results in Dusseldorf are taken as an indication of what will happen in the general elections next year.

One Hundred Thousand Strong

BY A. M. SIMONS

THE enrolled membership of the Socialist party is more than one hundred thousand. There are paid-up members to that number and there are always many who are financially delinquent, although active in other ways. That is indeed a mighty army. If it were drilled and self-disciplined and trained and educated as we sometimes flatter ourselves that it is, it would be an unconquerable Gideon's Band. There is no other political party in this country that has a hundred thousand, or fifty thousand active volunteer workers.

If these men and women were all thoroughly familiar with the principles of Socialism and imbued with the passion for its victory the next occupant of the White House would wear a red button.

If ruled by sentiment, prejudice and enthusiasm alone they would be a helpless horde incapable of defending themselves or their cause or inflicting injury upon their enemies.

Of course they are, as a whole, neither of these things. There are thousands of tried and tested fighters, trained and drilled and educated for battle. There are also thousands who are still struggling with the attempt to translate a few crude phrases and half-true generalizations into impulsive action. There are also thousands who render little more than lip service and are largely indifferent and inactive in the fight.

Fortunately all must suffer or triumph together. The ignorant and the educated, the active and the indifferent, the foolish fanatic and the fearless fighter, all must share in the direction and the destiny of the party. We have agreed to abide by the vote of the majority of the membership. The only appeal from that decision is disruption.

Because of this solidarity, typical of the solidarity of the whole working class, the need of educating and training the membership of the Socialist party is imperative. This training and education must largely be self-imposed. Aside from our press and our platform we have no agencies that can reach any large percentage of our members. Perhaps this, too, is well. Such agencies might otherwise become centers of control and corruption and tyranny.

Education and control, alike, must come from the membership as a whole. They must choose their own teachers. They must decide what to accept or reject of their teachings. The only way that a truth can be taught and enforced is by proving its truth and necessity to those on whom it is necessary to enforce it.

There still remain some months that can be used for drilling ourselves for the great battle of 1912. On how we use those months will depend the outcome of that battle.

We cannot afford to deceive ourselves. When we do we are the only ones that are defrauded. One of the paramount tasks of every Local and every individual Socialist during the coming Winter should be the search for the truth and as much of the truth as it is possible to uncover and absorb concerning the principles and program of Socialism.

If this is done it will be a drilled and trained army that will follow the red flag next Summer, and it will follow it to victories that the most optimistic now dare not expect.

The Socialist Scouts

With the coming of winter the Scout department will offer some premiums especially suited to outdoor sports and exercises. If your boy or girl is not a Socialist Scout he should join and place himself in line for some of these premiums. They are wholly in addition to Scout's regular profit.

Boys and girls of the Socialist Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive premiums besides. It costs nothing to start the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any one who wishes to begin, with the understanding that he is to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to, "Scout Dept *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kans."

Scout News

Yesterday I received my watch and of course was greatly pleased with it. Thank you ever so much.—Francis Edmondson, Arizona.

I am very well pleased with the way the COMING NATION sells. They go like hot cakes. My badge pleased me very much.—James E. Updegraff, Pa.

Comrade S. E. Edwards gave a lecture here tonight. Had a good crowd. The Nutmeg state is beginning to crack.—Stanley Hart, Connecticut.

All Scouts who have any of their COMING NATIONS over, it would pay to give them away to non-Socialists. I found that out in my own experience last Monday night.—Herbert Rundberg, New Jersey.

Received the "Meccano" and my usual bundle of the COMING NATIONS. I wish to thank you sincerely for the kindness you have shown me in sending this beautiful and instructive toy. The "Meccano" will be a pleasant pastime for me.—Hugo C. Haffner, New York.

FRANCES BRETT.

Over in Pennsylvania there's a Socialist Scout who keeps things whooping from one week's end to another. He lives at Frankford and his name is Frances Brett. The only time he was ever known to cross his hands and rest them on his lap was when this photo was taken. Scout Brett is a hustler.

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA M. MAILLY

Uncle Ben

"Once upon a time,"—

So Uncle Ben began his stories. That is the way all really good story tellers begin. There are not so many ways to begin a story altogether, and not one that children like so well as "Once upon a time."

Uncle Ben was one of the very best story tellers that ever came to Seward Park, New York City, and gathered little children around him and with his stories made them forget all about school and mother's errand at the grocery store and exchanging their books at the public library and caused them to sit on the bench beside him and stand before and behind him, listening with wide open eyes to his wonderful stories of "The Ice-Palace," "The Sheep who wouldn't say Ba-a," and "The Wicked Old Turk."

The children knew that he was Uncle Ben because he called himself that in one of his stories and they used to bring him shares of their bread and fruit which the old man took and ate. But the children never dreamed that he was really hungry until one day just a few weeks ago, they came to his usual bench and he was not there.

"Where is Uncle Ben?" they asked the caretaker of the park.

"Gone to the hospital," he answered, "Fell over in a faint this morning. Doctors say he's starved."

"Oh, dear!" said the children and tears shone in several pairs of wondering eyes.

Two days after this Uncle Ben died —of starvation. The caretaker told the children about it.

But the children will never forget the beautiful stories that Uncle Ben told them, the very best of which, so they all said, was

The Ice Palace

"Once upon a time I was a King, the King of a floating island. I was on a boat crossing over the dark green sea. One night a fog came down over the water, and the Captain of the boat couldn't see anything. All at once we ran into an iceberg. It was a terrible smash, and all the people fell down, like when a trolley car stops all of a sudden. Everybody began to yell, 'The boat is going to sink, and we will all be drowned!'"

"But all climbed on the iceberg before the ship went to the bottom. The people were terrified when they saw one hundred polar bears coming down the side of the berg. Uncle Ben continued:

"Everybody ran around, yelling, 'What shall we do? The bears will eat us.' Then I spoke up and said: 'People, do not be afraid. I was an animal trainer once. I cannot tell you the whole story now. So don't be afraid. I will save you. Stop your yelling, and listen to me. If you will promise to make me king of this floating island I will promise you that the bears won't hurt you. And besides, I will set the bears to work for you, catching fish, and I will pick out a good strong bear, and tie a bottle around his neck and tell him to swim for shore with a letter telling your friends to send out a boat to save us. Only, so long as I am here, I want you to mind me and treat me as king.'"

Then Uncle Ben waved his whip and cowed the bears. And when he was King he commanded a palace to be built of ice.

When the Bears Toiled

"They started to work. Some of the bears I set to work catching fish, and others I hitched in teams and had them haul the blocks of ice to where they were building my palace. Three stories high it was built, with ice, with snow packed between for mortar. It was like a house of glass, and had a hundred rooms. Every night the people came to sing in front of it, and praise me for having the bears behave and catch fish for them to eat, and I would make a speech telling them that I would be a good King until I got them all safely home.

"I liked my palace and liked being King, but I had promised that I would send a bear swimming to the shore with a bottle around his neck. So I picked out a good strong bear and put the bottle around his neck. Then I pushed him off the iceberg. He climbed back three or four times, and each time I pushed him off. Finally I got a club and beat him on the nose to keep him in the water. He made up his mind he would have to swim, so he started off to shore. Then one day a warship came, and they called to us that our message had been taken from the bear's neck.

"The warship wanted us to take some of the bears back with us when they took us off the floating island, but I said, 'No, I promised the bears that if they would mind I would leave them free, and I must keep my promise.' And the warship sailors said to me: 'Who are you, to tell us what to do?' And the people all said: 'He is Uncle Ben, and he has been our King because he saved us from the bears.' So we came home without them.

"And now I always think, these hot days, of my ice palace and the happy times I had there, King of the Floating Island."

What Lies Behind Your Pen

You pick up your pen to write a letter and put your pen down again, and perhaps, except for the words that it writes, your pen has never said a word to you. Yet a pen, which has been in the history of the world far mightier than the sword, has in it something of the very elements of which the world is made, something of the busy life of a great workshop, something of the quiet feeling of a library, something of the imagination of Sir Walter Scott, the large heart of Charles Dickens, the

Where fountain pen nibs are made

Nature-love of William Wordsworth, the pleasant general mind of Charles Lamb. For these things have all been put into the pen, which in all ages has set down the thoughts and feelings of mankind; and we should take up our pen solemnly when we write. We write with the chief instrument in the making of the history of the world, and we write a thing—a *word*—which, for all that we know, may be the seed of joy or pain when our hand guides a pen no more.

So let us think well as we take up our pen. We know not what may lie before it as it writes. But we know what lies behind it, and the thought should stir our minds. Most of us use the fountain pen in these days, though the old quill pen is still lying on the tables of waiting-rooms in Government offices. Our fountain pen is new, but parts of it are older than the first bird on which feathers for quill pens grew. Its nib is of gold, a very ancient metal, the search for which has led daring men to open up distant lands which, but for gold, might still be desert wastes. The nib is not all gold; it has a tip of iridium. This is a rare and costly metal won from the stony steeps of the Ural Mountains, and is of enormous age. It tips the pen which writes a letter that we send across the world; it tips the compass that guides the ship carrying the letter; it tips the contact-points of the telegraph which bears the message that the ship with our letter is coming.

The barrel of our fountain pen has a distinction that we may never have

Tops of the Ural mountains

thought of—it is both vegetable and mineral. It comes partly from a great gloomy forest, partly from the blazing heart of a volcano. The barrel is made of vulcanite, or ebonite; it is composed of india-rubber, which is simply the sap of a tree. The rubber is made hard by the addition of sulphur. We can manufacture sulphur now, but the bulk of it has been made by Nature in her temper. Wherever we find volcanoes, there we find sulphur, created in the depths of rocks by volcanic action. Near Mexico City is a volcano with a crater nearly a third of a mile across and a sixth of a mile deep, and in it and all around it are vast quantities of sulphur, which we can use for vulcanising rubber to make the hard barrels for our fountain pens.

Up to the heights of the mountain, down to the depths of the earth, our fountain pen carries our thoughts; and how far the things we write with it may carry the thoughts of others no man can tell.—*From The Children's Encyclopedia Magazine.*

Where Is the Blame

A dreadful accident happened a few weeks ago in the town of Austin, Pa. A great dam, fifty feet high, which confined the water that furnished the power to a big paper mill, burst and flooded the valley in which lay this town.

It came swiftly, it came without warning and almost one hundred men, women and children were drowned or killed. Many brave and unselfish deeds of heroism are told of what occurred in the few seconds between the time it started and the moment the wreckage of homes and stores and human lives were swept down the valley.

But it was all unnecessary, both the deaths and the brave deeds. There seems every proof that the concrete wall of the dam had been repaired hastily and cheaply just a short time before, strengthened only by a few iron rods and allowed to harden only over night before a new layer was put on.

No wonder it broke! And the sole and only blame lies with the owners of the paper mill who were anxious to keep the dam just enough in shape so that it would furnish the power to run their mill without regard to how strong it was to protect the lives of the people in the valley below.

And in practically every dreadful accident the blame can be traced to exactly the same source, the desire to make big profits.

A Letter

Dear Editor and Children's Page:

Here comes a Socialist girl from the golden west to join the children's page. I am 14 years old, and am one-sixteenth Indian.

I don't think any one can be religious unless they are Socialists. There are a good many Socialists in Coleman.

I was born near Indianapolis, Ind. When I was 8 years old we left Indiana and went to Arkansas, lived there 5 years and then came to Oklahoma July 28, 1910. My parents are both living. I have two sisters and two brothers, all older than me but one brother.

I have been studying Socialism for about 5 years and have found it to be the greatest thing in the world.

My father has been taking the *Appeal to Reason* 6 years and the COMING NATION a year. I think they are both fine papers. I enjoy reading them.

I am your Socialist friend,

SUSIE PERRY, Coleman, Okla.

The Chief Difference

Mayor Dahlman, of Omaha, was talking about the high rates for electric lighting charged in a neighboring city. He told of a body who was asked by his teacher,

"What, if any, is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

"Please, Ma'am," said the boy, "lightning is free."—*Washington Star.*

A Puzzle

Small girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—"How is your little girl?"

Caller—"I am sorry to say, my dear, I haven't any little girl."

Small girl (after a painful pause)—"How is your little boy?"

Caller—"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small girl—"Then what *are* yours?" —*Exchange.*

Won't Divide Up

I think you might let me hold one of 'em. You're awful stingy wif yer old twins.

Wanted It Puckered Again

"This peach will pucker your mouth like a green persimmon, Thelma," said I giving the little girl a very tart peach. But it was the first of the season and she began eating it greedily.

"Give me a bite, Teed," said her little brother, dropping his stick horse and coming forward for his share of the treat.

"Oh no, brother, it will pucker your mouth," she objected, taking another large bite.

"I want my mouth puckered," he persisted, and, at my request, she gave him a small piece which he ate quite as greedily as she had. Then smacking his mouth he said:

"Pucker my mouth again, Teed."

Working Class Rule in Butte, Mont.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN

Over the hills, across the bridged gulches and through the dark tunnels underneath the beautiful snow capped mountains and I found myself on the richest hill in the world. It is peopled with over seventy five thousand souls, mostly working people.

It is not the most pleasant city in the world by any means, for the smoke pours continuously from many smelters, mines, and factories. But one thing made the city pleasant to me. The working class controls the affairs of the city. And why shouldn't it since it is in the majority? A big-souled, wholehearted representative of the workers' cause is acting as mayor. Lewis J. Duncan serves the working people by helping them to shape the policies of the city.

In Butte the working class rules in all municipal affairs. The City Central committee of the Socialist party holds meetings with the officials and gives both advice and instruction.

"The Socialists are dreamers," say the capitalist politicians. Someone has said that "the dreams of today are the realities of tomorrow," and today the working class is realizing the dreams of yesterday.

And what are the workers of Butte doing?

They have prohibited the selling or keeping of intoxicating liquors in houses of prostitution. They have also stopped the use of music in these houses and are thus saving thousands of boys who would otherwise be lured into such places. They have stopped the illegal selling of liquor to minors and have enforced the wine-room law which has never been enforced before.

The licenses of all saloons violating any law have been revoked and an ordinance against allowing minors in the red light district enforced. The only failure to enforce this ordinance has been due to the protection given by the district court to one messenger company that sends its boys into this district but this case is yet to be decided on appeal to the supreme court.

All the Socialist officials are giving their entire time to the affairs of their respective offices. Heretofore officials have attended to private business first and to their official duties as a side line. One ex-mayor remarked that when he was in office he thought he did well to give one day a week to the office. The City Clerk has reduced the expenses of his office $195 per month and has greatly improved the system of records and accounts. A law has been established that no officer shall retain interest on public moneys and none shall receive extras on contracts. Five thousand dollars has been saved to the city by consolidating sixteen old grading suits into one. Recently they have won the first grading suit ever won by the city.

Greater consideration to working men under arrest is being given than has ever been done before. Special attention is given to arrests made Saturday nights and Sunday so that wage-earners can get back to work Monday morning. The city refuses to fine drunks. Vagrants, who are disposed to work, are given employment by the City Free Employment Bureau, hence less than five per cent of the vagrants arrested have been sent to jail.

All undesirable members of the police force have been dismissed after trial and proof of guilt. The Police Patrol system has been renewed. Policemen have been kept on duty a full eight hour day and not one case of drunkenness or loafing has been reported. The police are giving larger daily reports which greatly aids the Street and Alley Department in keeping clean sanitary conditions in the streets and alleys.

The Fire Department has reduced its expense more than $700 per month and is providing more efficient service than ever before. Plans have been completed for remodeling the fire stations and making sanitary connections with the sewers.

The Electrical Department has restored the Fire Alam and Police Telephone system. An ordinance regulating all electric wiring in business places is now being enforced. A plan has been presented for laying all electric wires

LEWIS J. DUNCAN

underground. This will save the city over $3,000 yearly and will remove the old decayed posts that have stood for eighteen years and are now a menace to safety.

A Free Employment Bureau with personal supervision in placing applicants is being maintained. This bureau cooperates with the police to prevent as far as possible the recruiting for the white slave traffic from among working girls out of employment.

Butte has never had such clean streets and alleys as today and the work is costing less than ever before. Street work is not given over to contractors but to working men employed directly by the city. To do its hauling the city has purchased its own horses. Formerly this was given over to the coal companies and large corporations. This one change has saved the city over $20,000 per year. The city has also bought a large steam roller and graders instead of employing privately owned machinery to do street work as heretofore. New streets have been opened. The city has bought new garbage cans and sold them to citizens at actual cost. The hauling of garbage has been systematized and regular tours are now made over the entire city instead of waiting for complaints as formerly. By using city teams and employing day labor the expense has been cut down more than three fourths and far more efficient service is being rendered. The cost of sprinkling has been reduced from $36,000 to $25,000 with better service.

The Health Department has done work only excelled probably by Milwaukee. It has secured the best of chemists fitted up a new laboratory, raised milk from all dairies to the required standard and forced a renovation of all stables and dairies. All meat at the slaughter houses has been carefully inspected and steps have been taken toward a public abbattoir. A vigorous inspection is made of kitchens and utensils in all restaurants and hotels. Cases of infectious and contageous diseases have been reduced to less than one fourth as many as at any period of the same length in previous administrations.

The Engineering Department has secured new plumbing and building ordinances. The sprinkling assessment has been redistributed and the rates lowered so as to make a saving of $6,000 per year. The Department has constructed new catch basins and laterals and has introduced system in cleaning storm-sewers. Plans have been prepared for opening boulevards and parks in those districts of the city where working men live. Already they have improved and beautified the working man's districts by building side walks and improving the streets. More than 1,500 new sidewalks have been ordered built and will be under construction as soon as the employes can get to them. But while the Engineering Department has given better service to all parts of the city and has given special attention to workingmen's districts it has made a saving in the department of $300 per month.

And how did I learn all this? First I interviewed all the republican and democrat politicians and editors relative to the present Socialist administration of Butte. Then as a visiting minister on a vacation I interviewed all the leading ministers, and the business men of the city. Finally I gave the workingmen a chance to give their story and they were always anxious to tell what "we" had done.

All to whom I talked, with one exception, acknowledged that the Socialists had made a success. This exception was an editor who has made bitter attacks on the administration through his columns.

Some who acknowledged the success of the Socialists were not satisfied because said they, "It is not the men who are in office who are doing this. It is the rule of the mob. Its the people who dictate and the officers are their slaves."

And again why shouldn't the people rule? Why shouldn't the officers be the servants of the people who elected them? The working class of Butte is still performing its work and at the same time it is controlling the affairs of the city for its own benefit and for the benefit of all.

What the working class of Butte has done the workers of other cities can do. Socialism? No, it is not that, but it is one more step toward the goal of Social Democracy that we will soon reach.

Free Press Defender in Jail

Saturday morning, September 16, Fred H. Merrick, editor of *Justice*, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the Alleghany county jail and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs. The sentence was imposed by Judge John Evans of the Court of Quarter sessions, and Merrick entered upon the term of his imprisonment at ten o'clock of that day.

After one of the most disgracefully unfair trials in the history of Alleghany county Merrick was convicted upon the charge of libelling Judge Marshall Brown of the Common Pleas court of that county. The alleged libellous arti-

FRED H. MERRICK

cle dealt with the action of Judge Brown in two notorious criminal cases tried in his court. They were both murder cases, and in both a conviction was obtained.

One was the case of Steve Rusic, an ignorant and penniless foreigner, who was strangled to death in the jail in the most horrible manner. The other was the case of Brooks Buffington, in which Merrick charged that the judge so instructed the jury that they were virtually compelled to find him insane, and as a consequence he was sent to Marshallsea asylum.

Buffington is a protege of the rich Furgesons who have great political influence. This influence, Merrick charged, was brought to bear upon the judge so successfully that the life of Buffington was saved.

In a scathing article written with Merrick's characteristic vigor he assailed the plainly revealed partiality of Judge Brown in condemning the friendless Rusic to the gallows, and in saving the life of the notorious Buffington Judge Evans, before whom Merrick was tried, is a perfect type of the capitalist judge. About 68 years of age, with a private life far from stainless, his actions all bespeak a personality whose life has been devoted to the base service of the industrial masters.

Merrick is a West Virginian by birth. His father is a prominent lawyer of that state. From the time of his entrance into the Socialist movement Merrick's career has been a stormy one. He started the first Socialist paper in West Virginia, when he was a mere boy. That state is not accustomed to an uncensored press, and the young editor soon found himself confronting a jail sentence and suffering from an assault by a public official whom he had dared to tell the truth about.

Six months ago he started *Justice* in Pittsburg. Already the paper has a circulation of over forty thousand copies per week. The imprisonment of its editor will not silence him. The authorities are in such fear of his pen that they have placed him almost *incommunicado*. Friends who have sought to visit him have been refused admittance. He is not permitted to write for his paper, or give out any statements for publication, although no such rules have ever been enforced upon any other prisoner.

Oakford Not Guilty

Although they were assisted by the Lieutenant Governor of Kansas and plenty of "high-class" legal talent, the mob of "best citizens" who wrecked the printing plant of the *Prolocutor* in Garden City, Kan., were unable to secure the conviction of C. R. Oakford, the editor of that paper.

Everything was going on fine. Oakford was indicted. He was poor. His prosecutors were rich and powerful. The logical conclusion of these premises is always that the poor man goes to jail. But something happened here. The *Appeal Legal Defense Fund* got in action. It sent its attorney, J. I. Sheppard, to the spot. The *Appeal* and COMING NATION were prepared to publish the facts. So he was acquitted by the jury.

Not for Hers—Maud Muller had just refused the Judge.

"Marry a fellow who may lose his job any moment on the recall?" she sniffed.

"Not much."

Herewith she smiled on a farmer instead.—*New York Sun.*

Not to see poetry in the machinery of this present age, is not to see poetry in the life of this age.—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Call Down

The government was making haste
To let them notice who was rough,
Until, in language one could taste
The steel trust called its bluff.
Said Pierpont, "Pray do not get gay,
Call off that talking through your hat,
For any moment in the day
You'll find your uncle standing pat."

This gave the government a jar
For it was feeling mighty fine
And it could almost see a scar
Across the face of each combine
Till Pierpont rose to call a halt

As he objected in a pet
And said, "You never can put salt
On any tail of mine, you bet."
How changed the atmosphere appears,
The air that once with wrath was gray
And full of fears and threats and tears
Is now a smiling summer day,
Since Pierpont told them who is who
The government is up a tree
Where it can get a better view
And we will see what it will see.

They Are Poor Listeners

"What right," asked the fierce little man, sawing a semicircular chunk out of the atmosphere to make the question emphatic, "What right I'd like to know has Italy in Tripoli?"

"For one thing, it has the strongest navy," explained a fat man who wanted to help clear up the case.

"The strongest navy," exclaimed the speaker bursting off three buttons from

his vest with indignation. "Might doesn't make right."

"You might tell that to the machine guns."

Ignorance Being Bliss

"He doesn't know a thing about Socialism."

"Then why doesn't he find out? The way is easy now."

"It would destroy his business."

"What is this touchy business?"

"Lecturing against Socialism."

So Generous

"He is of such a forgiving disposition."

"Is he really?"

"Yes, indeed. The boss called him down and he has concluded to overlook it!"

A Success

While he could not his payments meet
Or make his business hum
He always had enough to eat
And that is going some.

An Accomplishment

George Washington was human
The records now declare;
We like him all the more because
He had his little common flaws
And could if need be, swear.

Knew Where the Profit Lay

"I care not who writes the laws if I can write the songs."

"I care not who writes the songs if I can publish them."

If It Got Personal

If statesmen who the wars declare
Were made the whizing balls to stop

Then war at once would go to seed,
We'd have a reign of peace indeed,
And Carnegie could shut up shop.

Little Flings

Necessity is the mother of Socialism.

Well may the judges tremble. The people are getting on to them.

By the time the job gets around to the kaiser's grandson there will be no job.

The high cost of living is caused by the robbers who stand between producer and consumer. Ask us something easy.

The trouble with the insurgents is that they try to educate themselves by listening to the sound of their own voices.

He Had Observed

"I'd like to be general manager of that concern."

"Think you could hold the job?"

"Sure, if I could get it."

"But could you do the work?"

"Work, what are you talking about? Ain't they got fellows there to do the work?"

wife about it.

"That settles it," said his wife sinking into a chair, "you'll have to get a new cook."

"What do you mean, demanded Jones his temper cooling a trifle.

"I mean what I say. Willie wasn't home last night and I told the cook she might have his bed."

Splitting the Difference

"Say, what you think of that bunch of boy scees?"

"Boy Scees—where did you get that name—"?

"Well, since the boy scouts went scabbing on the bootblack kids, I thought I'd call 'em another name. So I split the difference."

Told at the Dinner Hour

The Use of the Hyphen

BY J. E. HITZLER.

"Here," said the teacher, pointing with her cane to the blackboard, "we have an example of a compound word, birdcage."

She paused dramatically, while her pupils bent forward in their seats and read the bold, white letters in profound silence.

"In compound words," she resumed, "a hyphen is employed to show relation between the two terms that form it. Ahem! For instance—Thomas," she broke off suddenly, "you're not attending!"

"Yes, I was," murmured Thomas.

"Well if you were," retorted the teacher, pointing again to the blackboard, "perhaps you'll tell the class why the hyphen is placed between bird and cage?"

For a thrilling second Thomas racked his brain for light. Then he exclaimed:

"I know! It's for the bird to perch on!"

The Benefits of Education

A newly made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document.

Raising his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the word of justice: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your honor. He's got three wives," replied that officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes an' whatnot? Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

Why the Cook Left

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

It was hard for Willie to get up of a morning, and for several mornings in the rush season Farmer Jones had been greatly annoyed by it. One particular morning Willie's slowness had gone beyond all endurance, for he had been called three differenct times and he was not up yet.

At last the enraged father went up to Willie's room, and not finding anything stirring he turned down the cover and administered a sound spanking. He then went to the kitchen and told his

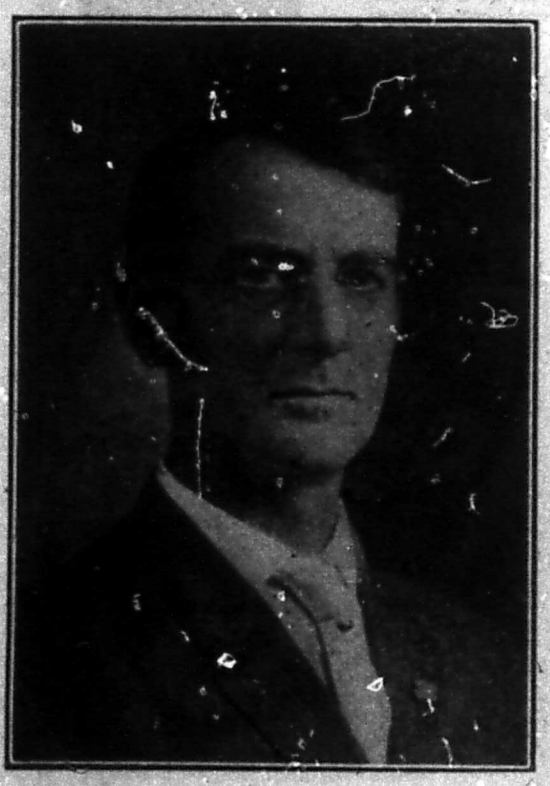
The Battle in Los Angeles

The first act in the legal phase of the class war that is raging around the McNamara case has begun. The prosecution chose to try James B. McNamara first. This action is an admission that the "conspiracy" theory is too weak to be presented in court.

LE COMPTE DAVIS
Counsel for the defense, one of the ablest criminal lawyers west of the Rockies, if not in the nation.

All along Burns and his bunch have been claiming that John J. McNamara, secretary of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, is the principal in this conspiracy. Now his brother, who it is claimed was in California when the *Times* building blew up will be tried first.

As in the case of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners the ground has been carefully prepared by a campaign in the press. The same organs have been used in both cases. *McClure's Magazine* did the preliminary dirty work each time. Already a large portion of the stuff which it has printed for Burns has been proven false, but of course no correction has been made.



CAPT. JOHN D. FREDERICKS
District attorney in charge of prosecution.

As soon as the trial at Boise was under way *Collier's* was eager to show that, whatever might be its pretensions to reform and insurgency and conservation and radicalism in general it is "all right" whenever the class struggle is involved. So it sent C. P. Connolly to report the trial in Idaho, and his reports were the most notoriously unfair and false of any that proceeded from that courtroom. Now the same member of the Ananias Club is at Los Angeles to represent the same paper. His first production shows that his hide is still smarting under the lashing he received from the Socialist press for his intellectual prostitution of four years ago. He repeats his claim that the officers of the Western Federation of Miners were guilty, and tosses some bouquets to Orchard before settling down to his work as assistant to the prosecution in the McNamara case.

There will be little doing in the trial for several weeks. The choosing of the jury will be a long and aggravating process. The California law practically disbars workingmen from jury duty, thus insuring that the accused shall not be "tried by a jury of his peers," as constitutions and common law from the days of Magna Charta have provided.

It is understood that the defense will challenge the very first allegation of the prosecution and will deny that any crime was committed. The case for the accused will be largely based upon the claim that there was no dynamite explosion in connection with the *Times* disaster.

A number of experts in the handling of explosives will testify that dynamite could not possibly have produced the results that followed the explosion in the *Times* building. It will be shown that while dynamite acts so quickly as to apparently strike downward with such force as to rend and destroy everything below it, that in this case men and machines directly below the alleged seat of explosion were uninjured. Proof will be offered that while dynamite, both by the violence of its action and the gas which it generates tends to extinguish fire, and is not infrequently used for that purpose, that in the *Times* explosion fire followed instantly and in such manner as to prove that the cause of the explosion was also the cause of the fire.

JOSEPH SCOTT.
Attorney for the defendants, and of great influence along the coast.

To this circumstantial evidence, which is absolutely unanswerable since it rests upon the unchanging laws of natural phenomena, will be added direct evidence showing that the *Times* building was filled with gas just preceding the explosion, that employes complained of illness because of the presence of gas, and that at least one employe left the building sick from breathing the gas. Other witnesses will testify that the presence of gas in a room to an extent where it is barely discernable to the sense of smell has been shown to be enough to produce a tremendous explosion. It will also be shown that when the owners of the *Times* were seeking to obtain insurance they stated that the explosion was due to gas, since only in that case would the insurance companies be liable.

The prosecution will depend largely upon the dime-novel like stories worked up by the Burns Detective agency An effort will be made to terrify the jury by the well-known police court method of displaying theatrical "properties" in the shape of alarm clocks, fuses, mysterious boxes, suit-cases, "bombs" and similar paraphernalia. There will be two leading characters to perform amid this scenery. William J. Burns will act the part of leading man and tell how he prepared the plot. Ortie McManigal will undertake the part of heavy villain, the role played by Harry Orchard at Boise. He will unfold a tale of meetings by night, of hurried journeys, whispered conferences, and desperate deeds. His story will be somewhat spoiled by the presence of his wife who will testify that he is a liar and of his uncle who will swear that he is crazy.

WALTER BORDWELL
Superior court judge, before whom the McNamara brothers will be tried. Not on the outs with Otis.

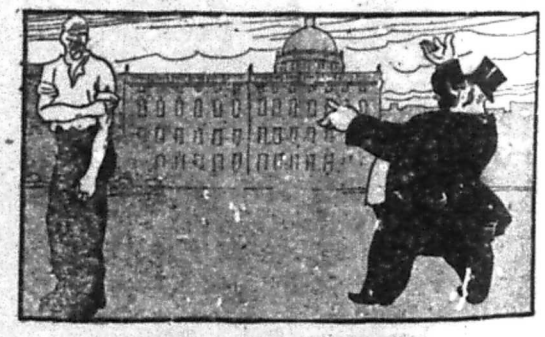
This is the story that will be unfolded within the courtroom. But the real fight will go on outside. In Los Angeles the same fight is being fought at the ballot box, and the Socialists, with Job Harriman as their candidate for mayor are confident of winning. An opening skirmish in California closed this week with the winning of the recall, initiative and referendum, which will tend to make the judges somewhat more careful in carrying out the wishes of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

—*The Woman's Journal.*

THE PATH OF ESCAPE

The Chauvinist and the Worker

Erich Schilling.



The War-baiter—"War! War! we must have war! The people will fight for their country and defend their national honor."

Der Wahre Jakob.

The Worker—"They certainly will—here is proof of it."

Teacher—"Now, little Tommy, give us an example of the double negative."
Tommy—"I don't know none."