

COMING THE NATION

J. A. WAYLAND
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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

WHAT WE TAUGHT THE TURKS.



SUGGEST that the next time the Peace Society meets to put an end to war by eating a dinner at Sherry's the proceedings be enlivened by readings from the accounts of the gentle and humane manner in which the Italians have been carrying on their operations in Tripoli.

I am sure that nearly all the diners would be interested to hear about the Italian captain that took up with him in an air-ship a quantity of deadly bombs and dropped them into an Arab town containing 2,000 men, women and children, and that the explosion of the bombs was "attended with excellent results."

Or they might like to hear about the regiment that drove fifty unarmed men and boys into a square and then "fired volley after volley into them until all were killed."

Or interest might center in the pleasant diversion of the royal troops that was revealed when the Turks drove out the Italians from the fortified houses on the outskirts of the city and found the bodies of 120 women and children "with hands and feet bound—mutilated, pierced and torn."

Or again, no doubt they would listen while a well-trained voice recited the incident at the mosque where between 300 and 400 women and children were found "mutilated beyond recognition," by the amusement-loving Christians.

Or again, I suggest that an account should not be omitted of how the correspondent of an Italian Socialist newspaper discovered all these pleasantries and printed them in his journal and what the Italian government did to him, "regarding his vivid portrayal of the revolting scenes witnessed by him as politically dangerous in view of the prevailing disaffection in the army throughout the kingdom."

Or extracts from the testimony of the correspondent M'Cullough, and of the correspondent of the Berlin *Localanzeiger* and of the German military officer would be, no doubt, exhilarating reading and would add much zest to the dishes prepared by the skillful chef.

Mr. M'Cullough said that he abandoned his job and fled from the scene because he could no longer endure the horrible things he was compelled to witness.

He saw fifty women and children stood in a row before a wall and deliberately shot down.

He saw Italian soldiers running through the streets firing their revolvers at any Arab, man, woman and child.

He saw the Italian hospital authorities refuse even a drink of water to the wretched victims of this slaughter.

He saw the suburban streets running with blood and filled with the corpses of non-combatants.

All this should greatly encourage those that think something can be gained by Hague conferences and Geneva agreements, and make extremely good reading for an evening's entertainment by the dinner eaters. It would refresh their spirits after an arduous campaign against a nine course menu and show just how rapidly the horrors of war are being abolished.

A great deal would depend, of course, upon the choice of a reader. One should be selected that would be in entire harmony with the spirit of the occasion. My own preference would be Arthur Brisbane. I am sure that he could read in a way that would arouse the enthusiasm of all present.

Particularly if he were to follow the



despatches with some of his editorials in which he explained to an ignorant world that in the present war the Italian government is fighting the battle of humanity and carrying the banner of civilization against the wretched, barbarous, savage Turk. Mr. Brisbane has often and with the fervor of 32-point Jenson type pointed out this great fact, and I am sure he would be glad to elucidate it to the company if he could be assured that the duck would not be overdone nor the wine served too cold.

Are you there, Arthur?



REMEMBER THE "PIG STICKING"

"The banner of civilization"—how tuneful sounds that old fake! We had it world without end at the time of the Boer war. England was fighting the low, barbarous Boers to carry "the banner of civilization" into the wastes of South Africa. The fact that the sole reason for the war was the purpose of the English mine owners to get cheap labor and the purpose of the English jingoes to steal territory was carefully obscured; and the exploits of the bandits that went to the Transvaal to plunder the inhabitants were glorified in the convenient name of "civilization." Mr. Brisbane was an ardent defender of this infamy also. The more reason, therefore, for seeking enlightenment from him when next the Peace Society renews the assault upon the larder. He can doubtless tell us why the "banner of civilization" is always carried in these wars through seas of blood; why the bankers and mine owners that alone reap any benefit from all this slaughter invariably remain in the security of their comfortable homes while the soldiers of the working class are being torn to pieces; and why it is always necessary to lie so about these schemes of international burglary.

Incidentally, there is hardly a scene of beastly cruelty thus far reported from the Italian operations around Tripoli that cannot be duplicated of the English troops in South Africa. The facts, of course, have always been suppressed by the hypocritical English authorities and the slimy English press, but they are well known to anybody that in South Africa has taken the trouble to make an investigation. I notice that some of the English newspapers are crying out against the cruelty of the Italian troops. That must make the devil laugh, if, as is generally reported, he has a strong sense of cynical humor.

Mr. Carnegie vigorously supported Mr. Brisbane in defending the "pig sticking" at Elandslaagte, and similar playful outbreaks of the British forces. Perhaps it would be well to hear from him also on this occasion. If he would be kind enough to address us I would suggest as a topic:

"How I Made War Ladylike and Refined, with Illustrations from South Africa and Tripoli."

This would be nice, indeed. Then if we could round off the evening with a moving picture show of the scenes around Tripoli, particularly in the mosque, and conclude with a comparison between the number of men killed in the average war and the number killed in the last ten years in the Carnegie Steel works, I predict an enjoyable evening for all.

HOW ABOUT THIS

There is one question that I wish I could put to all the rolling chair heroes of the Peace Society and the Peace League, and keep on putting it until I extracted some kind of an answer.

Italy is one of the signers of the

IN THIS ISSUE

Making History in Los Angeles
BY MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

Uncle Sam's Light-House Service
BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

The Shadow Under the Roof—Mystery Story
BY PEYTON BOSWELL

The Big Change
BY EUGENE WOOD

Romantic Adventure of Spottsylvania Hicks
BY FRANK-STUHLMAN

Geneva agreement, in which the nations bound themselves not to do the things that are reported from Tripoli. Great Britain was also one of those signers and bound herself not to do the things that were reported from South Africa.

It appears, therefore, that under the stress of existing conditions when Business forces a country into war and profits are at stake there is no agreement among the nations that is worth the paper it is written on.

That is the cold fact about the matter however much we may lie about it or seek to conceal it. Absolutely no treaty will hold or bind any nation when under the present system it has started upon the bloody trail for profits. You may pile the treaties a mile high if you will and surround them with all the solemn guarantees that can be framed and they will be perfectly worthless—just as worthless as the Geneva agreement or as Great Britain's solemn undertaking in regard to Egypt.

That being the case, here is the question:

Supposing that you are not wholly insane, just what do you imagine you will ever accomplish against war along the lines that at present you are pursuing?

If no treaty binds any body, what are you going to do through more treaties?

There is but one way to abolish war, and that is to abolish the cause of it. Until the Peace organizations show some disposition to recognize this kindergarten fact, the rest of the world may well speculate whether they are foolish or just an old fake.



FREING OF AN AMERICAN CITY

The days that have passed since have only made the more conspicuous the great lesson of the Los Angeles primary.

Nothing else that has happened this year seems to me of equal importance with this.

To understand it fully you must know Los Angeles, the most peculiar city in America.

A large part of its population is made up of persons in moderate or comfortable means that have moved to California for their health. These are not naturally in the least sympathy with the working class, but are inclined to go along with the half-witted and malignant old ruffian that for years has dominated the affairs of the city and voided his venom on workingmen.

Class feeling has been strong among such persons. They have often seemed perfect types of the American bourgeoisie, I suppose the most reactionary element on earth. I have known men among them that being twitted with their humble servility to the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and the rest of the peculiar tyranny that has ruled so absolutely in Los Angeles have admitted the fact with a kind of pride, and said that they were willing to go to any length to serve General Otis.

This sort of thing made up about the only public sentiment that was heard. It gave to the place an atmosphere of Cossack government that was stifling to any healthy American. For months after the explosion in the *Times* office no business man in Los Angeles dared to utter a word of dissent from the Cossacks that rode everybody down with blatant declarations that the explosion was the work of the unions. In the newspaper offices the rule was strict against mentioning any of the facts that destroyed the tissue of lies put out by the Cossacks. Newspaper men talked to me about this and told me of many instances in which they had gathered facts that exonerated the unions and they had not been allowed to so much as hint at any of these facts.

The reason for this close censorship was the absolute control of the newspapers that is exercised through the advertising columns. The Cossacks controlled the bulk of the advertising, consequently they controlled the news columns of all the papers. One newspaper while I was there sent around to the Secretary and boss of the Cossack organization with a humble query whether anything

had appeared in its columns to cause this autocrat any complaint and a reminder that he had not given to it quite so much advertising that week as in the week before.

* * *

Under these conditions the task of getting the facts before the element in the city that still remained of the American faith and did not care to crawl belly-wise before any autocrat, was a puzzler. The Cossacks terrorized the press through the advertising control; they terrorized the advertisers and the entire body of small business men through the control of the banks and the supply of money.

Any business man that should advertise in a newspaper not approved by the Cossacks was shut off from the money supply at his bank. So was any business man that manifested any disposition not to go along or to balk at the program. By holding the money supply the Cossacks held a whip over the head of every business man in Los Angeles. I have never seen such a situation in any American community, and neither has anybody else. Men were afraid to so much as mention the *Times* explosion lest they should drop some word that might be caught up by the horde of spies that infested the place and hung listening and lurking at the heels of citizens after the manner of the hateful police agents in a Russian city.

It was certain all this time that the sturdy Americans in Los Angeles would utterly repudiate and loathe all this repulsive tyranny if they could be made to understand what was going on. But without a public press and in the face of newspapers that daily poured into the populace a flood of cunningly designed fakes, how could that element ever be reached?

The great victory in the primary shows how it can be reached. Without a press, supported by but one newspaper and ignored by the rest, the Socialists of Los Angeles have brought their message to the great majority of the American-thinking people of the city. They have proved that nightly and hourly meetings, the pamphlet, and incessant personal agitation can overcome the great handicap of the prostitute newspaper, and even turn its filthy opposition into an advantage.

Here is something for all the progressive element in America to ponder. We lament the fact that the American press is the kept mistress of the Exploiters. Perhaps if we took full advantage of all the means still left to us we could overcome that immense disadvantage and even make it useful.



WHEN WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

But even beyond all this is the momentous spectacle that Los Angeles afforded of a united working class, the first in our history, the most inspiring event of the times.

Los Angeles has a large working population, but is not an industrial city. From the returns it is evident that the entire working element must have gone solidly for Harriman.

Everything else seems insignificant compared with that fact.

For years all careful and impartial observers of events in America have been aware that the employing class was bent upon destroying the labor union and that the strongest weapon for that destruction was the persistent refusal of the working class to stand together politically.

So long as the workers could be fooled into the steadfast belief that labor should not go into politics the union haters had everything their own way.

It appears from the returns at Los Angeles that the time for this kind of obsession has passed and labor intends now to go into politics and stay there.

Good work. Here is the answer to a long list of intolerable affronts and abuses.

Here is the answer to kidnaping, false charges, illegal arrests, the control of the

courts and the perversion of justice.

The masters thought it was but sport to do these things and get away with them. The sportive part of the performance disappears before the image of working-class government that appears in Los Angeles.

The vast majority of the voters of America belongs to the class that has been oppressed by the injunction judges and purveyors of false charges. Hitherto the immunity of the oppressors has consisted of the willingness of the oppressed to be fooled into voting for oppression. What would these gentry say if now the workers should begin instead to vote for themselves? The exclusive control of the affairs of this country by the working class majority would put a very different aspect on some of these games, wouldn't it?

Well, that is what Los Angeles means.



THE LINE-UP

The struggle now takes on the aspect of a great national issue. The two forces are squarely aligned. It is the Cossacks against the Americans. On the Cossack side will be all the banks, all the trust companies, all the breweries, all the reactionaries, all the smug respectable people that believe in a strong autocratic government by their own class, all the influence of "society" and the "upper classes," all the bawdy houses, all the aristocracy, all the pimps; all the "better element," all the gamblers, all the "good government" gang, all the people that are piously afraid of "mobocracy," all the good respectable people that sit about their drawing rooms lamenting the prevalence of the lower orders, all the subtle, far-reaching influence of the Interests, all the thugs and second-story men that divide their plunder with the police, all the club members, all the cattle that thrive on the white slave traffic, most of the clergymen, all the men that make profit from child labor, most of the college graduates, all of the "cadets," all of the eminent business men, all of the assignation house keepers, all the big advertisers, all the degenerates, all the factory owners, all the dive keepers, all the smug hypocrites that prate much in public about the sanctity of elections, all the repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, colonizers, and strong-arm men, most of the newspapers, the Southern Pacific railroad, the public service corporations, and General Otis.

Eminent society ladies will work shoulder to shoulder in the same cause with madames from the red light district; clergymen will clasp hands with "cadets" to "sweep Socialism off the map."

It will be a memorable conflict. On one side unlimited money and all the resources of all the powers that have made the corruption of politics a fine art; on the other side common people fighting without money for a fundamental principle of human freedom.

I do believe that momentous consequences impend upon the result of that fight. If the power of money and rotten politics can prevail over the spirit of aroused Democracy there they can anywhere and the task of those that are trying to restore the republic is infinitely harder than they had imagined.



Nevertheless, let us cheer up. Mr. Bryan has discovered the presence of the "reasonable" trap in the Supreme Court decision on the Standard Oil Company. The decision was made in May and Mr. Bryan finds it out in November. That is going some.

He has also found that the government does not intend to put Mr. Morgan and Mr. Schwab into jail for conducting the Steel Trust.

These things ought to encourage us all and show to the ribald that they habitually do an injustice to Mr. Bryan in their comments on his intellectual processes. It is not true, as they always assert, that he cannot learn anything. He can learn it, but only after everybody else in the world knows all about it.

Making History in Los Angeles

By Mila Tupper Maynard

JOB HARRIMAN leads at the primaries by 3,390 votes." This was the news that startled the complaisant "good government" adherents in Los Angeles the morning of November 1st. Alexander, the present mayor, had received 16,790 votes as against 20,183 for Harriman, Socialist.

It was the heaviest vote ever polled in a primary election.

The Socialists were not surprised. The most optimistic of them had even hoped for a clear majority over all the candidates, thus electing without another vote.

However, they are ready to make the final fight now with their organization all perfected.

The chief energy until November 9th will be expended in completing the registration of women. After that there will be another month for education and agitation when we must elect the full ticket.

A remarkable campaign is this which has been under way in Los Angeles for a year and in full blast since July 1st.

When such a campaign is possible anywhere industrial freedom everywhere is well in sight.

In the first place, the labor unions and Socialists have been absolutely at one.

This did not come of itself. The Socialists did not say as the capitalist employers do, "Come in, but come as individuals. We cannot recognize you as a group."

Union members have joined the party as individuals to be sure, but before they did so there was frank discussion and a general understanding and united action.

So it was that every union man in the city and every one friendly to labor lined up as a matter of course with the Socialists.

A Great Parade

I wish I could picture to you the parade on the night preceding the primary election. It was a Labor Day parade over again—only that this time there was life, fire, a white heat zeal which only a great present crisis and a great cause could generate.

After marching with the women, who formed one great division near the head of the parade, I stood aside to watch the others go by.

Radiant faces, triumphant strides, lung splitting shouts, a mighty comradeship—it was "sure great."

Whether a group went by with a union banner at its head, or carried the name of some branch "Local" the ardor was equally apparent.

When trying to find the women of the Socialist Union of my Branch in the throngs that surged about Labor Temple my little daughter and I fell in line with a mass of women.

"Is this where we belong?" I asked. "We want to march with the Socialist women."

"Of course, we are all Socialists. This is the Baker's division, but what's the difference. We are all Socialists."

You would have thought so if you had heard the shouts and watched the faces as they kept step to "The Marseillaise."

What's more, you would have thought all the

town was also, for everywhere the streets were lined with applauding, cheering masses.

And the meetings afterwards—they were incredibly huge.

The Temple Auditorium, holding thirty-eight hundred, was packed, as it had been over and over through the campaign, and outside in three street meetings, thousands stood to hear our speakers.

The meetings of the campaign have been the marvel of all observers and have brought consternation to the enemy.

Kid-gloved constituencies are content to take their politics from the morning paper. Only the Socialists care enough to get out by the thousands. Eight meetings were held in the largest theater auditorium and always overflow meetings were required.

The "Goo Goos" (Good Government party of the present administration) have not ventured to hold even one meeting in any large auditorium for fear of empty seats.

From now on, however, this will doubtless not be true.

There will be ardor enough now that they know they must "save the city from the Socialists." "Every loyal citizen" is besieged daily with appeals to save the nation now that the primaries have revealed the "danger which threatens."

We confidently expect to win

December fifth, but it will not be an easy victory. "The enemy" will put up such a fight as has rarely been seen.

Five big dailies will be united on a policy of "Anything to beat Harriman." We will have the Scripps daily, *The Record*, and our campaign leaflets with the Labor paper, *The Citizen*, and the Socialist state paper, the *California Social-Democrat*, as valuable aids.

The *Record* is a live wire and has a heavy circulation.

The *Times* and the *Examiner* made a pretense of standing for minor candidates before the primaries. Now they have lined up for Alexander, to the disgust of many of their adherents.

This alone should open the eyes of the people who have believed the present administration is "progressive" and opposed to the corporations.

As a matter of fact the Southern Pacific and Pacific Electric companies supported Alexander in the Primaries and distributed slips among their employes naming a majority of the present city council as men whom they desired to see re-elected. A fac simile of of this slip is to be one of the sensational coups of the campaign.

Fighting "Progressives"

Let it be understood, the Socialists are not fighting here a Mayor Rose on an old-fashioned party ticket.

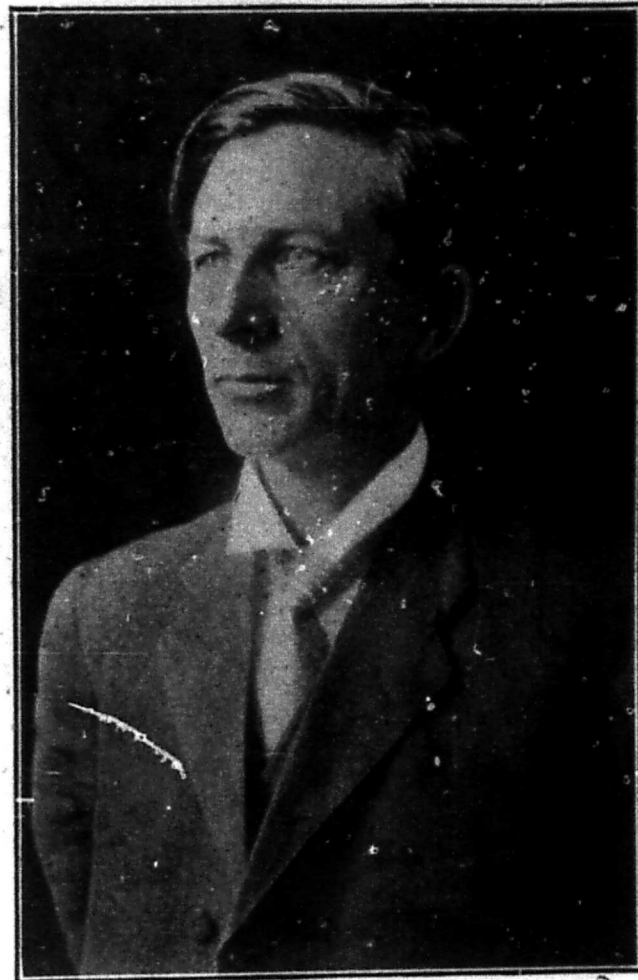
O dear, no!

The present administration represents a "Good Government" non-party, an organization of the most approved "progressive" brand.

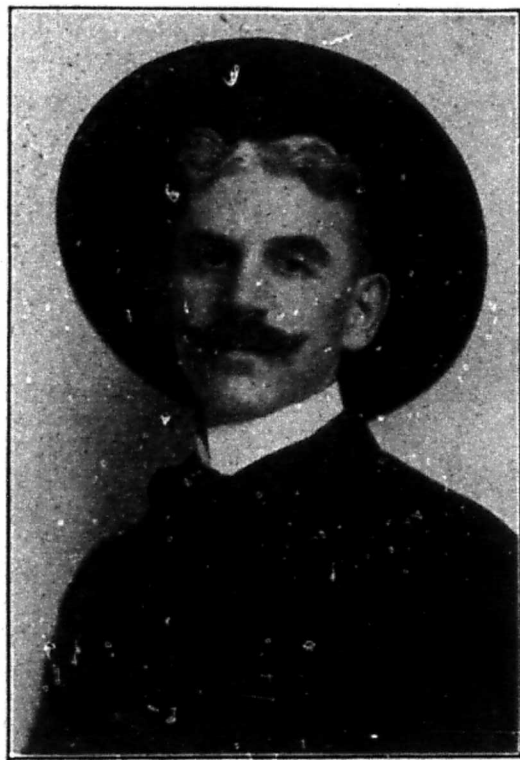
The commonplaces of their preachments would make even a LaFollette look dazed.

Public ownership? Why, they will tell you they want it—galore.

Direct Legislation and Recall? They had them



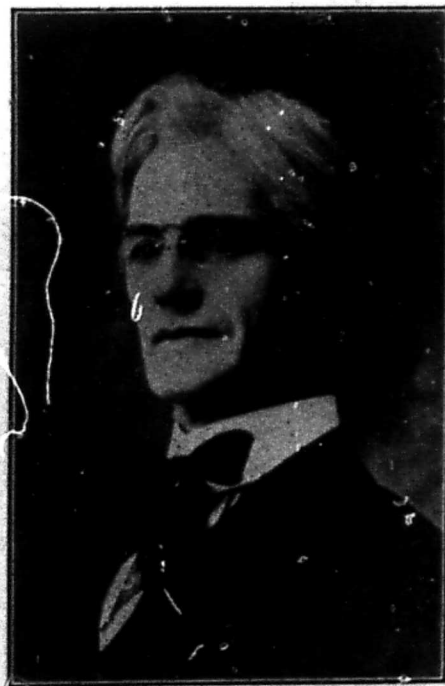
JOB HARRIMAN,
Candidate for mayor.



FRANK E. WOLF,
Candidate for councilman.



FRED WHEELER,
Candidate for councilman.



MAYOR LEWIS J. DUNCAN,
OF BUTTE, MONT.,
Speaker at great Socialist rally.

of every variety in the charter before the state adopted them.

In fact, if there is any item of socialistic newness that they have not adopted already on paper just mention it and it will be served up at once on a silver platter.

Yet this advanced Los Angeles—the delight of Civic societies and Women's clubs, the acme of "progressive citizenship" allowed an anti-picketing ordinance to go through last winter which made "loitering" within a mile of an unfair establishment an offense for which men were thrown into jail.

And into jail they have gone by the hundreds. They could not get juries to convict. Out of more than four hundred arrests only four were convicted. In order, however, to insure punishment without conviction they would practice every device to keep them in jail before trial.

One Saturday afternoon thirty-five men were arrested walking along the streets from a strike meeting.

They were charged with "conspiracy to violate the Anti-picketing ordinance."

Could idiotic autocracy go further?

Nothing could be done to free them until Monday and then the judge put the bail up from the usual fifty dollars to three hundred dollars each and thereby insured several extra days in jail before bail could be obtained. They were freed at the trial, but they had been put out of the way for a few days at least.

All this has gone on under "Good Government" officials not only without protest from the "reform papers," but with only the most obscure news references to the arrests.

In short, the class war, with the class consciousness of the capitalist class dominant, has been quite as much in evidence in this progressive city as it was in Colorado in the palmiest days of Pea-

body. There has been nothing of the refreshing frankness of a Peabody and Sherman Bell, but the set teeth and the bull-dog jaw of the slave drivers has been quite as much in evidence among these people whose spokesmen prate of "driving the corporations out of politics" and "the rapid adoption of all that is good in Socialism."

If any one wishes to know why the application for membership in the Socialist party requires acceptance of the class struggle and a pledge to line up with the working class the Los Angeles situation will teach them.

A woman who insists that she is a Socialist, but who thinks herself obliged to vote for Alexander for various reasons said to me: "I know as a matter of fact that more than half of the active workers in the Good Government forces are Socialists."

I laughed.

"O, I know you would not call them so, but they are, just the same."

Such a situation proves the wisdom of our party in barring the door to "Socialists" whose public ownership humanitarian ideas are not rooted deep in working class loyalty.

Mind you, I do not say that this outside sentiment will not be useful to us sometime, but until it has experienced a mighty change of heart toward labor we shall take the pleasure in fighting these "Socialists" a little more vigorously than we would the avowed apologist for Big Business.

A comrade from Eldorado County has a way of introducing Socialists with the explanation that "This is a true class-conscious Socialist." She says it with the same devout tone and look with which she might affirm in a revival that a brother is "fully sanctified" and I think she has much the same feeling about it.

It is that kind of sanctification that gives the Los Angeles movement its power.

The "Goo Goos" may know more about public ownership than scores of our people, but no one votes for Job Harriman who is not for Labor, first, last and all the time.

Lines of Attack

The lines of attack against the present administration have been closely associated with "socialistic" measures.

A huge aqueduct is building thirty miles above the city which is to give an enormous quantity of water and electric power to the city if the city keeps it. There is far more water than the city will probably ever use. Between the city and the reservoir lies an enormous quantity of land almost worthless now, but worth a thousand dollars an acre as lemon land if this water can be turned upon it.

This land has been bought up for fifty dollars an acre. Otis of the *Times* and Earl of the *Express* were heavy buyers of this land years ago about the time a water famine scare in the papers made sentiment ripe for voting \$23,000,000 in bonds to build the aqueduct.

The most honest and progressive of the other side say "This water must not be turned on this land until monopoly is provided against."

Even so, but who is to make the profit—take the unearned increment when the land is sold in small tracts?

No one thinks of that but the Socialists. They say, "Not a drop of water must go on that land until the city owns it and the city will not pay a penny more for it than the original purchase price."

Of course, there have been minor points of attack in relation to this "Owen's River project." The treatment of the workmen, their pay, the rates charged by the Southern Pacific on the branch line they run to the project and other matters of detail, but the all essential question is shall this stupendous undertaking be carried out by men who think with capitalist brains or with the brains of those who will not tolerate exploitation anywhere if they can help it.

It is the parting of the way. Another administration will see steps taken which can never be retraced short of revolutionary upheaval.

Water once placed on land cannot be withdrawn without enormous litigation. This land once sold at big prices is gone from the people even if sold in small holdings.

The probable uses to be made of this veritable little commonwealth which city water is to make available are unlimited if the working class viewpoint is allowed to control.

The Socialists Simply Must Win

Then there is the harbor at San Pedro. The present mayor prides himself on wanting a harbor owned by the city. But private corporations own the greater part of the land now and the city has been considering a "compromise" by which it plans to give \$1,000,000 and thirty acres of land at the best part of the harbor in return for the relinquishment of titles which have twice been declared illegal and worthless by their own attorneys.

The Socialists will give not one penny or one inch of land. They will pay back any actual outlay made on the basis of the illegal title.

Again it is a question of viewpoint. Capitalist brains, even of the advanced variety, think it inevitable to yield something, even when law is on the side of the people. They think we should all be so grateful that they did not let the Big Business walk off with the whole fake project that it is unreasonable to rebel at giving a little matter of a million in cash and three millions more in land and end the matter.

Jimmy Higgins—Sixteen Hundred of Him

The organization and the spirit prevailing in the party may be judged from the fact that on the Saturday night preceding election at a meeting of precinct captains every one of the 230 captains responded to roll call. They represented 1,600 precinct workers.

One of the tasks of this splendid army has been

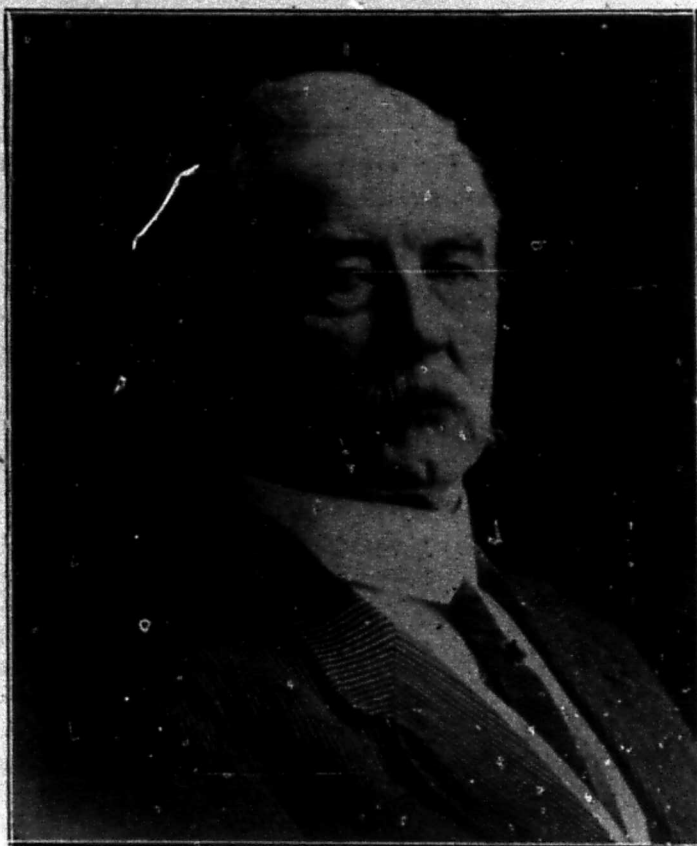
the distribution of 250,000 copies of *The Coming Victory*, the local campaign leaflet issued each week for several months.

We all know the movement lives only as these Jimmy and Jenny Higginses are "on to their job." Their great task from now on will be to reach the women.

What Will the Women Do?

Whatever happens December 5th the women will be praised or blamed for the result.

This will be largely unjust. Not forty per cent



R. A. MAYNARD

Lyceum Bureau Lecturer, who spoke at the rally

of the registered male vote was cast at the primaries. What this stay at home vote means can only be conjectured.

The Alexander forces claim we have cast our full strength.

That is far from true. Of course we cast our actual Socialist and union vote but the sympathetic vote was not out in anything like full force.

At least this is our hope. We also expect to get a considerable portion of the 8191 Musket votes but this remains to be seen.

That the women of "Goo Goo" sympathies will work desperately is certain and they are the well known "prominent" women. But we shall see who can count the most heads at the ballot box.

The men are not asleep and not one who voted the Socialist ticket but realizes that his "women



THOS. W. WILLIAMS

Candidate for council

folks" must be registered and that their vote is essential. This is equally true on the other side.

The *Times* is fairly shrieking to the women whose vote it fought to come out and save the city from disgrace and ruin.

With all sides making sure that the women are

at the polls, the result is likely to be this time only a doubling of the vote with the proportion little changed.

When the women have had more time to think and study with a consciousness of responsibility they will have a larger initiative in their voting. Families will still vote together as a rule but the women of these families will have full share in forming that family opinion.

For twenty years the women of Colorado have borne the odium or the credit of Waite's defeat as governor.

This is most unjust.

Waite could not have been elected again anyway. He had been too good a friend of labor, and the capitalist Populists (for Free Silver only) had doomed him to defeat.

Of one thing I feel certain personally—that for every man of the capitalist class who will vote for the Socialists there will be three women of that class who will, and that of the middle class, there will be at least as many women and probably more who will vote for Harriman.

As to the women of the working class we can feel fairly certain that the strenuous experiences of Labor in the city have taught the household the same lesson it has ground into the men. Women are not slow to show fight in a strike.

Labor is striking at the ballot box in Los Angeles today and the women will not fail them.

Revolutionary Inspirations

While there has been an ample number of concrete campaign issues and while we have a platform comprehensive in definite policies, the real inspiration has come from the principles underlying the full Socialist philosophy—principles also voiced uncompromisingly in the platform.

The wheels of the wagon have been kept squarely on earth but it has been hitched fast to the star of emancipation.

There has been no hedging as to the ultimate goal, no effort to disguise the revolutionary character of our purpose.

Back of the sanity and horse sense which Milwaukee, Butte and Berkeley proved the Socialists could use, there is the determination to push on rapidly to the goal—Labor's full product for labor.

In this lies the spiritual passion which gives power to our speakers and fires our rank and file.

It is zeal for human brotherhood translated into the divinest forces which moves the world today.

The solidarity of labor is the consciousness that it has a world to save.

The McNamaras in a jail in our midst, in the clutches of legal machinery which is slipping the noose about their necks. Comrade candidates fresh from jail terms for Labor's cause, thousands of strikers quietly bearing the desolate days of a prolonged struggle—these things are giving this campaign not only a desperate reality but the vital thrill of the most live wire in this live universe.

A Unique Situation

Victory means results of a bigger kind and more quickly reached than would be possible in any city in the world today.

The Los Angeles charter allows virtually anything and can be changed at any time by majority vote.

The state constitution has gone a glimmering with the initiative and referendum.

This is a free people.

Nothing but its own ignorance and national laws can hold back progress.

You see then why you must help the *Appeal* in its effort to cover California. You see also, I think, why you should send also to Alexander Irvine, campaign manager, Canadian Building, whatever contribution you can make to this incomparably important campaign.

A few days ago I had an interview with a Wall street banker. He was deploring present business conditions, and had a gloomy outlook for the future. He said that in his judgment there was only one solution to the problem, that the country had gone mad with extravagance; that the wage earners were demanding too short hours and too large pay, which increased the cost of production, and that the only way in his judgment to set things right and bring people to their senses—he put the blame wholly on the farmers and wage earners of the country—would be the bread line and starvation. In other words, to starve the producers of the country into submission until the wage earners would be glad to work for 90 cents per day and be willing to vote for whom they were told.—Hon. John G. McHenry in House of Representatives, June 9, 1910. *Congressional Record*, Vol. 45, p. 8597.

"A man does not possess a demesne because he is a prince, but he is a prince because he possesses a demesne."

Uncle Sam's Light House Service

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A HIGHLY NECESSARY AND EFFICIENT OBJECT LESSON IN COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP



ANTI-SOCIALISTS so delight in telling us that "Everybody's business is nobody's business," and that public ownership can never approximate the "splendid efficiency" of private greed, that I dearly love to flash the beams of the U. S. Light-house Establishment on them. For here in concrete form stands forth one of the most striking lessons as to the high character, true idealism and real sense of social service developed among men engaged in working for the Common Good, as well as proof positive that Public Ownership can and does maintain, at a high standard, services which under private control would lend themselves to fraud, inefficiency and graft.

All of us who ever travel by sea watch with peculiar interest the many eyes of light which, winking or steady, red or white, peer out by night across the tides, to warn us away from shoals and reefs, to guide us into harbors and to make secure our course along storm-swept coasts. Lying in our berths, perhaps, while the night-wind rages outside and the liner plunges through the battering seas, we hear the tolling of some lonely bell, the hooting of a whistling-buoy, the mournful bass of fog-horns or the shriek of light-ship sirens. And, hearing them, we feel redoubled safety; for we know that Uncle Sam, even in darkness and in tempest, has not forgotten us.

The Light-House Board

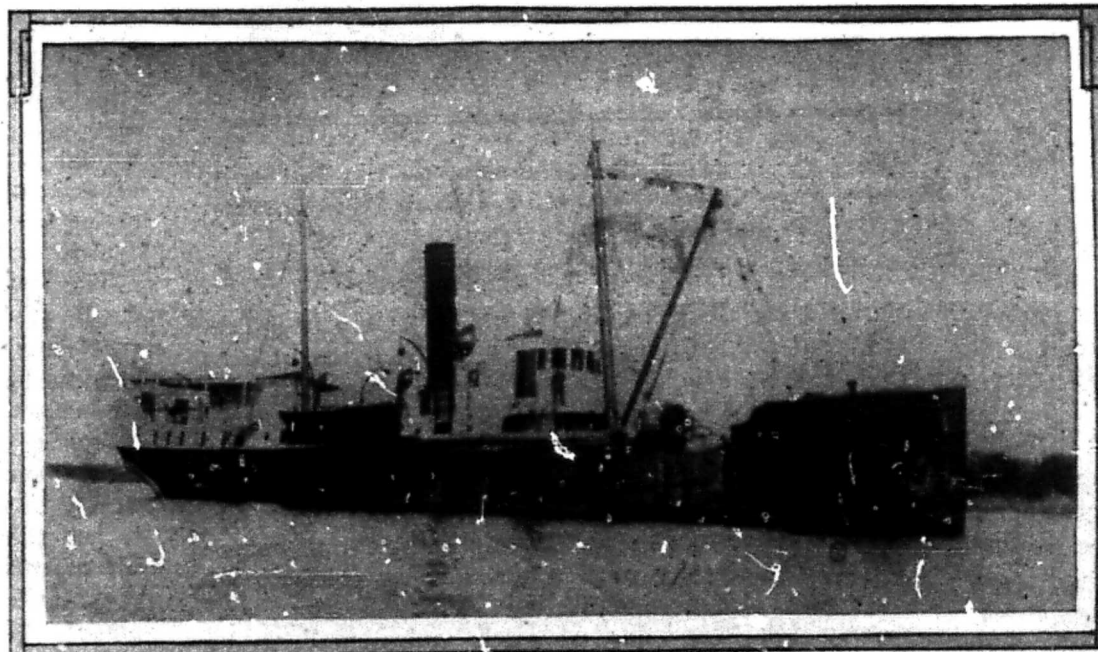
All the enormous number of safeguards which line our sea-coasts and our Great Lakes and which even fringe our navigable rivers, are under the direct supervision and control of what is known as the Light-House Board. Organized in 1852 and reorganized only last year, this Board consists of some eight members, headed by Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and ex-officio President of the Board. The Act of reorganization provides that "there shall be in the Department of Commerce and Labor a bureau of light-houses and a commissioner of light-houses, who shall be the head of the said bureau, to be appointed by the President, and who shall receive a salary of \$5,000 per annum. There shall also be . . . a deputy commissioner (\$4,000) and a chief clerk. . . . There shall also be in the bureau such inspectors, clerical assistants and other employes as may . . . be authorized by Congress, and there shall also be employed one chief constructing engineer (\$4,000) and one superintendent of naval construction (\$3,000), both to be appointed by the President."

Our coasts, rivers and island possessions are divided into 16 light-house districts, each with one inspector and one engineer, who have sometimes additional assistants, all under the direction of the Board. The engineers have to prepare plans and specifications for light-house structures and submit them to the Board. They must buy material, arrange for labor, and take charge of building or repairing lights and apparatus. They also have supervision of harbor and river surveys and the building of breakwaters, the transportation and setting-up of boilers, machinery and the like. Their duties are not only difficult, but sometimes highly dangerous.

By George Allan England

A number of Engineers and Inspectors have been drowned while at work, on modest pay, for the Common Good.

The Inspectors have a different line of functions to fulfill. They are always naval officers, usually appointed to the L.-H. service for 3 years, and serve without any other than their naval shore-duty pay. Their work on their four annual tours is to attend to supplying the lights; to inspect light-ships, ships, tenders, and all the light-house employes and property; to direct the examination, promotion and transfer of the keepers; to collect special information, make numerous reports, act as purchasing and



A light house tender

disbursing officers, and pay each keeper his salary.

The average visit to a station takes anywhere from half an hour to an hour. At such times the Inspector gives everything a thorough going-over and hears complaints from the keepers or the assistants. Sometimes, in rough weather, the work of landing from the "tenders" on rocky shores, or of being swung up on davits to the decks of light-ships or to the parapets of light-houses, is decidedly ticklish. Often an Inspector and his boat-crew get capsized in roaring seas. Lucky are they, at such times, if they get no worse than a thorough dousing. But it's all in the Jay's work, with no special credit or reward.

There are, altogether, between 50 and 60 tenders serving the engineers and inspectors. These are staunch little craft of about 500 to 1,000 tons, mostly named after flowers, as for instance: "Azalea," "Wistaria," "Myrtle," and so on. Each carries 15 to 30 men, and travels 10 or 15 thousand miles a year. An inspector's tender, in the course of a year, performs a great variety of duties. She must supply light-houses and light-ships; change, reset, paint and repair buoys, beacons and day-marks; recover lost property and render salvage aid to vessels in distress. Then, too, there are many emergency-calls of different kinds always coming up. The

tenders must also relight gas-buoys when blown out, and chase runaway buoys.

Some of these runaways go far. The *Lilac*, with headquarters at Little Diamond Island, Maine, recently caught one that had drifted 'way down East, into the Bay of Fundy. On one occasion a large "nun" buoy wandered from New York harbor to the coast of Ireland. It spent six weeks on the trip. When it arrived, Uncle Sam presented it to the Irish Light-house Board, which moored it near the point it had come ashore, in commemoration of its peculiar voyage.

The actual work at sea is often very dangerous. Sometimes a derrick will break with the strain of raising an anchor or a buoy, which comes up festooned with tons of kelp. But if the tackle holds, and nobody is hurt, the buoy is kept at the surface while the mate and his crew go over-side in the dinghy. They throw a chain-sling round the monster, then with long hoes scrape off the weeds and barnacles. Finally they repaint it with huge "bull-brushes." The mate always paints the number on the buoy.

Perilous it is to hoist an old buoy onto the foredeck, and to lower a new one, or to sink a mooring-stone. Sometimes when the great weight dangles over the side, a roll of the tender sends it ramming and thundering against the plates. Only quick action saves the ship from being stove-in. "Oiling up" a station may be bad work, too, even now that Uncle Sam has taken up with power-boats in place of the old "long-boats." To land 100 to 700 of the ponderous oil-cases is no holiday job. Yet all these and many other duties are matters of routine and must never be scamped, lest grief-be-fall "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters."

A Light-House Station

All round the coast are scattered Uncle Sam's forty-odd L.-H. stations or depots, each supplying a certain District or portion of a District. The typical Station at Little Diamond, Me., is well worth a few words, for there you can gain an understanding of them all.

Little Diamond depot is a fascinating place to prowl about for half a day. It is a model of order and system; yes, and—considering the work—of cleanliness, as well. On a slope rising from the waters of Portland Harbor stand the two red brick oil-houses and the keeper's white dwelling. Broad steps lead down to an immense wharf, on which are built coal-sheds, store-houses, and no end of shops. Everywhere you see "NO SMOKING," for if a fire should start here, fearful havoc might ensue.

Piled on the wharf lie immense heaps of equipment. In one place you find a mass of long spars, all shaggy and ice-worn, waiting to be cleaned and repaired. Regular old sea-dogs, they! Elsewhere you observe a load of new spars, freshly ironed, and shiny with paint. Yonder, a lot of huge granite or cement "buoy-rocks"; or perhaps, spread out like a vast metal carpet, many thousand dollars' worth of chain, some newly-painted, some red and rusty from hard usage on the sea-floor, a hundred fat-

oms deep. The chain, if too far gone, is condemned and scrapped for junk.

You see, too, immense "ballast-balls," which are hung under buoys to steady them; propellers, some new, some nicked and scarred; mushroom anchors for holding the light-ships in position; dories and power-boats, each one peppered all over with the burned-in brand: "U. S. L.-H. Establishment."

You find enormous, hollow, riveted ice-buoys, fifty or sixty feet long, looking for all the world like some strange kind of cannon. You see whistling-buoys with rudders and wooden chafing-gears to protect their mooring-chains; you see "cans," "nuns," bell-buoys and stupendous gas-buoys, some of them, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, looming up over you like a small house—incalculably big and heavy things for men to handle and transport and drop into the ocean far at sea. Beneath and around these monsters you see gangs at work with barrels of red paint and with brushes five or six feet long. Some of the men, you notice, have wire brushes and triangular metal scrapers, cleaning off the "freckles," as they call the millions of clinging barnacles that have fastened themselves to the iron or the wood. All round where the painting is going on it looks like "hog-killing time," and the men are spattered from top to toe, but they smile and willingly answer all your questions.

Or, it may be, you will see sailors loading furniture, stoves, provisions and supplies into the tenders, for the light-keepers' use. Uncle Sam furnishes salt beef, pork, potatoes, flour, onions, beans, coffee, rice, brown sugar, vinegar and some other articles, also oil, wicks, tools, scrub-brushes, linen and crash towels, and chamois-skins. The keepers have to "find" their own fresh meat, tea, white sugar, lard, molasses, spices and tobacco. Some manage to keep hens or even a cow, for otherwise they have to do without eggs and milk.

Oil for the lights is swung aboard the tenders in square wooden boxes, each holding a round five-gallon can of high-test kerosene. This supply is very carefully looked after. It is the life-blood of the whole system. Without oil, the terrible catastrophe of "going black" might overtake a light. No keeper ever lets his oil run very low. A year's supply is sometimes landed all at one time. In just the First District alone (Maine), 6,000 cases are used a year. The oil comes from Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and is brought to the denots either in a government boat or a chartered schooner. Uncle Sam loses money, big money, by not owning his own oil-wells and refineries—"but that is another story." It will come, that phase of it, "not yet, but soon."

The Actual Apparatus of Coast-protection includes light-houses and light-ships, river and post-lights, spars and metal buoys of all sorts, fog-horns, bells, spindles and day-marks. Many of these are painted with distinctive colors or marked with special signs to warn the mariner or to assure him.

The light-houses and similar lights, in six "orders," number about 760. Other lights and lighted buoys bring the total of lights up to 4,036, including 56 light-ships. A first-order light has lenses costing from \$4,250 to \$8,400, and its yearly cost of maintenance is some \$4,000. It burns over 2,000 gallons of oil a year. The light-ships cost about \$8,000 each, per annum, and are used where it is impossible to erect a light-house.

Cost and Development of the System

Of unlighted marks there are between 7,000 and 8,000. Five hundred are fog-signals; 1,000 are "day-marks"; 40 are submarine signal-bells; and nearly 6,000 are buoys of different sorts.

Spar-buoys, 12 to 60 feet long, cost about \$10 to \$15 in the rough. Iron buoys are hollow, with airtight compartments, and come in many sizes. They are of three shapes: nuns, cans and icebuoys. A first-class can buoy is 6 feet across and 10 high, and costs \$150.

Bell-buoys are actuated by rolling cannon-balls or by hammers swung by the waves. Whistling-buoys blow by air-pressure caused by the surges. Gas-buoys are huge metal reservoirs, topped with a light supplied with Pintsch gas, at 180 pounds per square inch, and are calculated to burn a year, night and day. Uncle Sam owns 162 of these monsters. Altogether he has 12,082 "aids to navigation."

The 16 Districts are divided thus: Six lie on the Atlantic coast, two in the Gulf, two on the Pacific, and six on the Lakes and rivers. There are also two

Sub-districts, covering Porto Rico, Hawaii, Samoa and so on.

To maintain all this elaborate system, Uncle puts his hand down deep into his pocket. For the L.-H. service, the 61st Congress made an appropriation for one year, of more than \$5,500,000, a bill which we willingly pay, because—unlike the military appropriation—it represents one of our most useful and necessary national house-keeping expenses.

The development of the system clearly



1 "Oiling up" a station. 2 Guardians of the sea; Bell buoys. 3 Mushroom anchor, anchor chains. 4. Typical Maine lighthouse. 5 Crew of U. S. Lighthouse tender.

shows a socialistic trend. It had its origin in a few scattered privately-owned lights or the lights of certain coast-towns of Colonial days, much as the present postal and public school systems began with private post-routes and private schools, or as our public roads were often, at one time, private toll-roads.

Our pre-revolutionary forefathers early recognized the necessity of beacons, and as far back as 1673 the Massachusetts Bay Colony appropriated money for "fir-bales of pitch and ocum" to be burned in an iron basket at the top of a beacon at Point Allerton. The first real light-house built in America was on Little Brewster Island, Boston Harbor, in 1715-'16, at a cost of some £2,285.

When the United States, in 1789, assumed control of all the light-houses on the coast, there were eight in operation. In 1838, eight Districts were established. The present Board was constituted in 1852. For more than half a century the system has formed an object-lesson for Socialists and non-Socialists alike, a living example of the tendency of public business to become government property, and of the fine efficiency possible in publicly-owned enterprises.

The Men Who Keep Our Lights

Thousands of human lives each year, and uncounted millions in property, are saved by the Service and by the intrepid men who maintain it. The last Annual L.-H. Report gives details of the partial or complete rescue of 13 vessels in distress and the saving of the crews, by L.-H. tenders. A proposed bill is now before Congress providing that employees of the Service shall be reimbursed for food, clothing and shelter furnished to ship-wrecked persons, showing that such relief must have already reached large proportions. And the annual protection to life and commerce afforded by the Service as a whole, cannot even be approximately estimated.

Whatever happens, light-keepers put their duty before all else. The first keeper ever appointed in this country, one George Worthylake, managed the

Little Brewster light in 1716, at £50 a year. He declared that his whole ambition was "keeping a good light." Since then the same ideal has characterized the entire service.

Keepers have endured incredible hardship and even suffered death, to "keep a good light." There are only two offenses for which keepers are summarily discharged, without any excuse or previous record of good conduct availing them. These are, intoxication and letting their lamps go out. Men have gone down with their lights rather than abandon them, as at the first light on Minot's Ledge. They have saved their lenses and let their families shift for themselves. And they have died, rather than desert in face of peril.

According to an article in *The Ocean*, for August, 1907, eight keepers have already received gold or silver medals from Congress, for conspicuous heroism. Any full account of their deeds would fill a

complete issue of the *COMING NATION*. Let a few, therefore, serve as typical of all.

On the morning of Jan. 28, 1885, Captain Marcus Hanna, keeper of the light at Pemaquid Point, Maine, was awakened by his wife. She told him a ship's masts could be seen, through the snow and vapor, close on shore.

"Captain Hanna," says the *Ocean*, "rushed down to water's edge and made out the outline of four or five men clinging to the rigging of a wrecked vessel, all apparently frozen stiff. He ran to his storehouse,

seized a line, tied an iron weight to it and hurried back to the surf, wading into it waist-deep. Every sea struck the vessel's stern and completely enveloped her, the spray flying sheer over her masthead. House, boat and galley were swept from her deck like straws."

Clambering down ice-coated rocks and through seething foam, he tried to cast the line. Each time it would fall short. So intense was the cold that the line froze in his hands. His feet and hands began to freeze; the line became coated with ice.

Captain Hanna now made a supreme effort. The weight struck the vessel's rail, but the numbed crew were unable to seize it, and it slid off. The keeper waded farther out into the roaring surf and again heaved the line. This time it was made fast. The entire crew was saved, after a frightful struggle against cold and night and tempest.

The records of the L.-H. Board are full of such deeds of heroism. Several cases are on file where revolving lights have become disabled and where keepers have stood at the machinery all night long, patiently turning the light by hand, not even stopping to make the brief repairs that would have put the mechanism at work again. One keeper, finding his supply of oil run short, used an explosive substitute rather than let his lamp go out. He kept a light till morning, but then the lamp blew up, spattering the man's clothing with burning oil in a hundred places. "Like a living pillar of flame the unfortunate man rushed down the stairs and out through the door of the light-house, where he hurled himself into the water. He was so badly burned, however, that he was totally disabled."

In February, 1881, occurred the noblest act of self-sacrifice known to light-house men. On the 10th of the month "a small light-house in Chesapeake Bay, was shaken from base to dome by the pounding of huge cakes of ice. At the same time, the light 'went black.'"

An Instance of Bravery

"While trying to relight the lamp, Keeper Butler and his assistant, Tarr, were knocked down by the partial collapse of the structure. They rushed below to find that the building had been lifted bodily from its foundation and was now adrift on a mammoth ice-cake. They could have saved themselves by getting into their boat and rowing away. Still, not knowing what moment the building would collapse and carry them down with it, they stuck to their posts."

"The building was soon thrown over on its side, and then for 16 hours they clung to it as it broke up, without food or fire, their floating island of ice being constantly battered by other masses. At last, however, they grounded on an island. There they loaded their boat with the lenses, the traveling library and other government property, including even empty oil-cans, and rowed to the mainland, where they telegraphed the news to Washington."

Examples of this character could be indefinitely

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

Copyright, 1911, by Peyton Boswell.
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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

The Sixth Installment of the Coming Nation's Great Mystery Story—Read the Rules Governing the Contest and Then Read the Story

RULES AND PRIZES

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 sixty-nine 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. Employees of the COMING NATION and the Appeal to Reason and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

Thousands of persons who would not be interested in Socialist philosophy would read a good story, and would try to win the prizes that are offered for the best solution.

If every reader of the COMING NATION will hand his paper to a friend and call his attention to this story, the circulation can be doubled within a few weeks. It is still possible to supply the first installment and these will be sent to any one asking for them when they subscribe.

can draw when violence has been done a rich man, could determine the cause of death.

It was not by physical means, for there was not a bruise or an abrasion anywhere about the body, and a most thorough examination had been made. The only other possible theory was that of poison. But all the bodily organs in which poison leaves its trace were removed and subjected to chemical tests, and neither drug nor corrosive substance was found. This work was most thorough and left no room for doubt with those in authority. David Robley had not been poisoned—at least in any manner known to the experts.

One theory, though it was afterward exploded, caused so much commotion at the time that it deserves to be mentioned here, even if the recounting of it is likely to prove trying to some readers who have sensitive nerves. It was advanced by one of those meddlers in human affairs who write "letters to the editor." This particular public benefactor expressed the ingenious theory that the slayer of Robley had deftly removed a tooth from his victim's upper jaw, and, inserting in the hollow a keen auger-like instrument, had bored through the rest of the jaw and into the brain, thereby causing death. The tooth had then been so carefully replaced, as to escape detection. As a second thought, this correspondent added that it might have been through the ear that the fatal drill found its entrance.

The newspaper to which this missive was addressed, "played it up" under black headlines, not only as a possible explanation of the manner of Robley's death, but as a probable solution. It printed nerve-crimpling diagrams of how the operation might have been performed, and the public was quick to be impressed. The authorities were constrained to call in the medical men again. The luckless cadaver was further mutilated, and the brain actually taken out; but it was found intact, with no sign of violence from above or below.

When all the testimony of all the experts was laid before the coroner's jury, the sum total of it was—nothing. David Robley was dead, that much was certain—for his body had been almost dismembered by the overhauling to which it had been subjected. But as to the means of death, these learned experts, not desiring by any chance to make themselves ridiculous, would only answer that they did not know.

They all told much the same story, that from their examination of the condition of the body and the vital organs, it appeared as if the functions of life had suddenly ceased without cause—that the subject had of a sudden quit breathing, that his heart had become still and his blood stopped in his veins. Indeed, heart failure might have been the diagnosis if the other circumstances, such as the binding of the victim in the chair and the drawn look of terror depicted on his face, had not been such as to make that theory look positively foolish—and a man with a professional standing fears nothing quite so much as to look foolish.

Nor had the police fared any better in their search for someone who might for any reason have wished to see Robley out of the way. Nearly the whole corps of city detectives were put to work on the case, but not one of them could find a single person who was reputed to have held enmity toward the young manufacturer. No one, either in a business or a social way, had ever been known to take offense at Robley. On the contrary, he had friends by the legion; everyone with whom he had come in contact seemed to have been impressed by his amiable qualities. So great was the preponderance of favor for young Robley, that it seems likely that if any man could have been found to acknowledge to a prejudice against the cut of his coat or the manner in which he combed his hair, dread suspicion would have attached to him straightway.

Of course, the searchlight was turned longest on Robley's relations in his own factory. But it was soon found that the employes, while they disliked Ford, held a favorable opinion of Robley. Also, the affairs of the firm seemed to be in the best shape, things were running along smoothly and profitably.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

David Robley a young man, head of the Robley-Ford Brass Co., is found dead in an unused room, the top floor of his factory. He has been brought to his death in a mysterious manner, bound fast to his office chair. No wounds are found on his body. David Robley's sister, Helen Robley, Robley's partner William Ford, John Frisbie and Richard Horton, employes at the factory and Charley Hinton, a detective connected with Ford, are the principals immediately connected with the tragedy. Horton and Frisbie pursue an investigation and discover certain facts concerning David Robley's past life: Robley's death remains a mystery to the police.

Ford, who had been turning money of the company to his own purposes, plans with Hinton to involve Frisbie as the murderer. They are overheard by Ford's companion, a mysterious woman. Preceding instalments of the story will be supplied to new subscribers.

VII.

THE mysterious death of David Robley was made a tremendous sensation in the newspapers.

The circumstances of the case were so unusual that they took a grip on the public mind and became the theme on every tongue. The picture presented to the popular imagination was vivid in the extreme—so *outré* that it needed no retouching in the yellow newspapers.

This exemplary young business man, this model of well-to-do citizenship, had met a fate so baffling as to spur the curiosity of the whole populace. Bankers discussed the case among themselves in committee rooms while they transacted business of weighty import; factory girls, gathered for their noon-day lunch, found the subject more delicious than their sandwiches and pie; in low drinking places in the vice district, about tables where women gathered, it was a topic of speculation; and at afternoon teas, where the pseudo-clever ladies of society met to discuss the world and each other, the remarkable taking off of David Robley was the subject of low pitched conversation.

It had so many features that appealed to the imagination.

The place where the body was found, the untenanted bare-walled garret, just under the roof, was the background on which the rest of the picture could be built to suit each particular fancy.

The next stimulating detail was the office chair, carried up two flights of stairs and a narrow ladder, obviously with its human occupant strapped hard and fast in it.

Then came the careful sealing of every window

with black paper, so as to exclude the daylight.

And last of all, the horrible expression, the extreme fear frozen on the dead man's face, as if life had left him in response to a call that was most terrible to obey.

The other circumstances, instead of shedding light on the mystery, made it all the more perplexing.

For instance, while the drugging of the old night-watchman, Peterson, proved that the murderer had set about his work deliberately and with caution, the tender care which he had taken of the old fellow—the making of the bed of excelsior and the use of the overcoat as a coverlet—went to show that the slayer was a person of tender and sympathetic instincts. But how could such a man, with deliberation, commit a crime so diabolical as that reflected in Robley's terror-graven face?

The ingenuity displayed by the murderer in hiding all traces of himself was almost uncanny.

Although he had doubtless spent several hours in the factory and in the white washed garret, he had left nothing behind him on which the slightest conjecture could be built—nothing but a dead body and an unfathomed mystery. No shoe prints were on the dusty floor; instead, all over it, was stamped the irregular impression of feet clad in buskins, that doubtless already had been converted into ashes. And although the chair in which the body was bound undoubtedly had been handled repeatedly by the murderer, not a finger print was discernible on its surface anywhere—that tell-tale mark always looked for by the police and which unerringly identifies its owner among ten million others. The explanation was found at the dusty windows, which the man had carefully covered with strips of black paper he had found in the packing room. Everywhere about the windows and on the black paper itself could be found impressions of fingers, but they were covered with gloves—gloves that could be removed and destroyed, leaving no fatal tale of guilt behind.

All these things indicated, without room for a doubt, that Robley had been slain as the result of a carefully worked-out plan. But how had death been consummated?

The murderer had been as clever in concealing the means he used to deprive Robley of life as he had been in hiding all traces of his own identity. For none of the experts, on whose services justice

and the best of feeling apparently had existed between the principals in the business.

It was inevitable, too, that the police should look for "the woman in the case." Indeed, in accord with the old formula—*cherches la femme*—this is usually the first thing done in such mysteries as that of David Robley. Two of the most astute operatives in the department were assigned to this task, but their efforts were in vain. Robley had had a few mild love affairs, yes; but there was nothing to cause bitterness in any of them. He had paid perfunctory attention to several young women in the same class with himself, from time to time, but had never become seriously involved; indeed, he had the reputation of being rather shy of matrimony, though extremely eligible in the eyes of prospective mothers-in-law.

The affair with the poor girl whose despairing letter was found in his room had been conducted so clandestinely by Robley that the police never got the slightest inkling of it—for Hinton, of course, kept his own counsel. This adventure was wholly outside the young manufacturer's ordinary life. So far did the sense of caste possess him—as it did many others in his station of life—that he considered this girl belonged to a different world than his, and he was, therefore, able to excuse himself for having such thoughts towards her and eventually treating her in a manner that he would have shrunk from applying to young women of his own class.

One bit of evidence brought out at the inquest will be related here, although, so far as the authorities could see, it shed not the least bit of light on the case.

An attendant at the Inland Club, where Robley spent the early part of the last night of his life, when asked if he had noticed anything peculiar in the young man's behavior, replied readily that he had. Robley, he said, contrary to his usual sociable manner, had taken a solitary seat in a corner, and had frequently been served there with drinks by the waitress. After some time he had begun to talk to himself, in an undertone. The attendant had twice been able to catch just a scrap of this monologue—the single phrase, "her dead face." Shortly after this the witness had assisted Robley into his overcoat and he had left the club house. Yes, he was somewhat flushed with drink, but outside of that there was nothing extraordinary about his appearance or demeanor on departing.

"Her dead face." It sounded like a clue, but since it fitted in with none of the obvious facts, gathered with such thoroughness by the police, the waitress's testimony was passed over as inexplicable and unavailing. It was only those who knew of the tragic letter who could hazard a guess as to the meaning of "her dead face." To these, the most plausible explanation was this—that the awful words of the betrayed, "May the curse of a dead girl rest on you and may her face haunt you to the grave," had so preyed upon his mind that they were on his lips when he sought surcease in drink. This torture of conscience, those who had read the letter knew, might serve to explain his queer behavior of the two weeks preceding his death; but as for the tragedy itself, what connection could it have with that? The police doubtless would have fared no better had they possessed the mysterious missive that remained in Hinton's pocket.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that David Robley came to his death "from causes that have not been determined and at the hands of a person or persons unknown to this body."

It was a remarkable verdict, but it fitted the case. The newspapers continued for a week or so to print something each day about the Robley mystery; but gradually these accounts grew shorter and more uninteresting, as the reporters' imaginations failed, until finally the developments, such as they were, were confined to a few lines of type or a paragraph among the "City News in Brief." In two weeks the case ceased to be mentioned at all.

The police continued their efforts unabated for awhile, then new work came up that claimed their attention, and finally the Robley case, so far as active effort was concerned, was shelved. The de-

partment contented itself with merely "keeping on the watch" for developments. And since Miss Robley, for reasons which the reader understands, made no large offer of reward for the apprehension of her brother's slayer, operatives outside of the police department did not undertake to fathom the mystery.

The Robley-Ford factory again began operations. The junior partner's fate at first was the subject of such engrossed comment among the force that work suffered, but in a short time things here also assumed their natural course.

The mystery of David Robley, so far as these external things were concerned, bade fair to remain a mystery.

The above rather routine recital has been necessary in order to gather up, compactly, all the ends of this narrative, and to prepare the reader for the drama that is to follow.

On the day the Robley-Ford works re-opened, Horton and Frisbie assumed their duties as usual—



"Just four lines in a woman's hand"

Horton in the important position of superintendent of the whole plant, Frisbie in the less arduous role having to do with the chemical processes necessary to the work. But in the middle of the afternoon the young man was called to the telephone and found Helen Robley at the other end of the line.

"I would like very much to have a talk with you and Mr. Horton," she said. "Please tell Mr. Horton this, and if it is possible please stop at my house on your way home."

When Frisbie conveyed this message to the superintendent, the latter regarded him with an expression that betokened something of amusement and something of reproach. The chemist turned his head to avoid this look.

When they arrived at Miss Robley's, the young woman explained straightway the service which she desired of the superintendent. The death of her brother had left the family, consisting of herself and two younger sisters, without a representative in the Robley-Ford business. Stating, by way of preface, that she knew from her father and her brother of the ability of Horton and of his loyalty, and saying that she had already consulted her lawyer as to the step, she invited Horton to become an executive of the company, as the declared representative of the Robley interests in the management of the concern.

Horton made his answer without a moment's hesitation.

"Miss Robley, I can assure you that I very much appreciate this," he said. "My services to your father are more than requited by this confidence which you show in me, but I should appear ungrateful for your kindness if I accepted this offer. Machinery is the only thing I know. I am as ignorant of business as a child. No, Miss Robley, it is with your own interest at heart that I must decline to undertake what you propose. I will stay, by your leave, as superintendent of the factory, and will do my utmost, in that capacity, to watch out for your interests."

Horton said this in a way that left no room for argument. Miss Robley turned to the other man.

"Mr. Frisbie, I hope you will not feel slighted because I made this offer first to Mr. Horton. I know something of your ideas and your abilities, and I should be satisfied if you would undertake to act as my representative in the business."

The matter-of-fact tone which the young woman had used with Horton perceptibly changed to one more interested when she spoke to Frisbie.

The chemist before replying turned toward the older man and met his glance. The steady look fastened upon him made him wince. The unwavering gaze of those grey eyes seemed to deprive him of his own volition—yet there was only a question in them. Frisbie again turned to Miss Robley.

"I can only answer as Mr. Horton did," he said. "I am a chemist and a man of books. If I undertook this work I should be out of my sphere. For me to accept your offer would be an injustice both to myself and to you."

"I am sorry," said Miss Robley. "You are the only ones at the factory on whom I can rely, but if what I have proposed is not possible, I shall feel, anyway, that you will do what you can to see that I am fairly dealt with."

"You can rely upon us," asserted Frisbie, heartily.

Miss Robley turned to Horton. "I do not know what to make of Mr. Hinton, the detective," she said. "He promised to keep me informed every day as to the progress he was making in his investigation of that letter, but he has telephoned to me only twice to say that he has done nothing. Have you seen him?"

"Not since the day of the inquest. Do you think the letter had anything to do with Mr. Robley's death?"

"It isn't that. I wish to find who the people are that have suffered so terribly because of my brother, and do what I can to right the wrong."

"The girl's family, it seems to me, would thank you to leave them alone and not disturb them in their sorrow and disgrace."

There was so much of harshness in Horton's voice that Miss Robley covered her eyes with her hand.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, and the interview ended.

The offer which Helen Robley had made to Horton, and which he had declined with such apparent conscientiousness, was in reality quite the logical thing for both. The superintendent was by odds the most available man for the place. He knew nearly all there was to know about the business of manufacturing brass fixtures and appliances, and was capable in every way of assuming the position of personal representative of the Robleys in the firm, had he chosen to do so. But perhaps he reasoned that he would be of more use to himself and the world by keeping himself free to look after his own projects; or else there was some other reason that he preferred to keep to himself.

As for Frisbie, whether he was suited or not did not matter, because he was offered the position purely for a feminine reason—because Miss Robley liked him. Perhaps the young woman herself was not yet aware of just what it was that inclined her towards the chemist. Some persons might have said she was attracted to this young compeer because, in contrast with many of the youths of her own social class, he was an incarnation of self-reliance and of the red-blooded progress of the world.

(Continued on page twelve)

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Ryan Walker

CHAPTER XXV.

A CERTAIN French king had for his ideal a society so organized that the humblest should have a chicken in his Sunday dinner pot. An ideal not impossible of achievement, one would think, considering the improved methods of raising I don't know how many thousand dollars' worth of broilers in eight months' time in one's backyard according to Who's This? Highlow? Is that the name? And if one does not raise chickens himself but does some other productive labor and exchanges day's work for day's work, there has been such wonderful increase in the results of a day's work that a fowl once a week does not seem to be impossible to achieve, except when you come to match up the pay envelope against the price of broilers. And then it does seem as if the French king was a long way ahead of even this age.

Consequently a man living on fat pork and greens and corn bread with vehement hankerings for a large piece of the breast and some of the dark meat, too, would find these cravings difficult to gratify except by the sinful way of stealing. And in spite of prayer and sacrament, this physical need might become so strong that he would backslide. People do. And afterward they are sorry and wish they hadn't.

Upon this shame and sorrow for selfish and unsocial acts is built an institution, which, whatever may be said against it, is certainly the most systematic attempt the church has made yet to help men and women to be better men and women. I mean the confessional.

It is probably only an accidental resemblance between the methods of those who put forth cures for consumption in bottles for sale at all drug stores, and those who treat the sin-sick soul by the confessional, that they should desire and recommend that the patient become a "repeater." The consumptive patient really ought to take the medicine regularly, and not be without some of it in the house. The penitent should go to his duty once a month, if not oftener, and at any rate three times a year. Between visits he makes as full a list as possible of his lapses, and reports them to his spiritual adviser. The first requisite is sorrow for having, let us say, robbed the hen-roost. Then he must make restitution if possible. A problem: The chicken is eaten, and it is no easier to get another one honestly than it was before.

Then comes counsel and advice. Let the penitent avoid "the occasion of sin." Let him not go near a hen house or look at a chicken or even chicken feathers. If his mouth waters at the thought of chicken fricassee or roast chicken or chicken pot-pie, let him think of something else. Let him say words to himself. Let him make a certain mark on his flesh, so that he can feel it.

All these counsels the penitent knows as well as the confessor. The thing is to do them.

At the end of the consultation the patient is bidden to say certain other words in an uncomfortable position of the body, which is remedial. And then comes the climax, the summit of all. For this a special Divine authority is required which has been passed on century after century entire and unimpaired, being transmitted by contact with certain personages. By virtue of this super-terrestrial power, full and free pardon is pronounced for all past thefts of poultry. This is the *ne plus ultra*. There is no farther. Not

Nevertheless the craving to be good is too insistent to be denied. It is matter of life and death with the race that it shall live up to its ideal of righteousness

human power can compass this. Nothing short of Divine suffices for the forgiveness of the stealing of chickens by the man behind the grating whose chickens were not stolen.

This pardon, however, does not act as a bar to arrest and conviction by the civil authority, jail, rock pile or any such penalty. If the owner of the hen house has fired a shotgun loaded with



I will willingly go to hell for what wrong I have done, if only I can be kept from future wrong

salt after the thief, the pardon does not relieve the stinging.

I am distressed with the thought that some will think I am "making fun." Truly I do not mean to. I am simply trying to state in as simple and plain language as I can what the church attempts with the most honest motives, and the most earnest intention. She tries to help men and women to be better men and women, and the commonplace statement of it is all that is necessary to show how futile is her best. For it is not the past that troubles the penitent. Let me suffer for what wrong I have done; I deserve it. I will willingly go to hell for what I have done that's wrong if only I can be kept from doing wrong in the future. Give me your hardest penance; I will wear my knees blood-raw, and gladly, if that will only keep me sinless.

But that is what the church cannot do with all her sacraments, and all her powers, with her Divine commission. She cannot tell me certainly what are sins except as to the sins of an age before the Big Change. It is true that medicine does not understand much about bodily

sickness. It is true that medicine has two or perhaps three specifics only against certain diseases, and none acknowledges this more frankly than a physician. But, even so, vaccination will ward off small-pox for a length of time, anti-toxin will keep away diphtheria for a length of time, and these are only human devices and institutions. But the church, which claims to be Divine, has no serum against sin even for a moment.

Nevertheless the craving to be good is too insistent to be denied. It is matter of life and death with the race that it shall live up to its ideal of righteousness. Mere acts are good or bad according to the cultural stage of a people. It is now a hideous crime for a man to kill his first-born son but even at so late a date as that of the prophet Micah a conscientious man might ask: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? . . . Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy?" Whatever the standard of justice and mercy may be depends upon the age, but it is required of us to live up to that standard.

If the church cannot teach us beyond the A-B, ab's of morality; if she has no definite, prompt, authoritative judgment of what is wrong and what is right since the Big Change has made all new; if she cannot keep us in as good spiritual health as the human doctor can keep us in physical health, then there is good and sufficient reason for the decline of faith in her; there is good and sufficient reason why the people do not turn out to hear sermons advertising her abilities and powers.

Our need for righteousness is too vehement and intense for trifling. If she cannot make us better men and women; if, after all, the powers of healing are all contained within the body politic, and do not come from above, then the sooner we know that the better. The sooner we shall find a way to make us better men and women.

Is Knowledge Power?

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

A recent editorial of the New York Sun on the subject of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and its interpretation contains much that is sane, but we are unable to yield to the following dictum which occurs therein:

"Business can never be resumed in this country with any degree of satisfaction or confidence until the business man can know with reasonable certainty whether any given form of business activity is or is not in violation of law."

As we recall, the Standard Oil Company and kindred concerns got along exceedingly well on a most chaotic uncertainty in respect to the Sherman Act.

On the other hand, the Sugar Trust turned a number of beautiful pennies without the slightest doubt that it was violating the tariff laws.

No, neighbor. Numerous things besides certainty enter into the calculations.

The Romantic Adventure of Spottsylvania Hicks

By Frank Stuhlman

Illustrated by Tula Stevenson.

SPOTTY, Spotty, I say, SPOTTY, run here, quick!" rang out in vociferous accents from the old red barn. A frown gathered in puckers upon the brow of the girl in the hammock, that swung under the spreading branches of the ancient apple tree in the Hicks' back yard.

"O, dear," pouted Spottsylvania Court House Hicks, "I told Pa I wouldn't answer if he called me that any more. It sounds as if he was callin' an old cow!"

From the barn came sounds of wild riot. A crampling of feet—a slamming of solid bodies against the sides of the building, alternating with loud and emphatic shouts shattered the quiet of the hazy autumn morning. "Whoa, there, consarn yer, darn yer hide, yer old fool. Stand still there, plague take yer!" A short silence ensued by a mad stampede of clattering hoofs and a yell of rage as a yearling heifer, trailing a long rope, rushed triumphantly from the barn. Close behind came Silas Hicks, his knees covered with dust from contact with the floor and shaking his fist wrathfully at the retreating animal, "Dam yer. I wish to glory yer'd break yer neck! Took all the skin off'en my hands!" he shouted.

A gurgle of smothered laughter floated from the hammock. The irate man's wrath turned upon this new aggravation. "Laugh now, will yer," he sputtered. "I ought to be on the road to the Fair with that crazy-headed critter now. And there it is, where I can't ketch it in a month of Sundays. Spotty, why in blazes didn't you come when I hollered? If I'd had just a 'ectle help, I'd had her fast!"

"I told you, Pa, I didn't want to be called Spotty again. If you can't call me Vania I won't answer, that's all," and the gray eyes shot defiance.

"Well, Vanier, then! What's the use of being so darned perticular, when I'm in a close corner? Why, blame it all, Dave Sebright said I didn't dare enter my Jersey heifer 'gainst his'n for the prize. Oh, he'll brag to beat the nation if I don't show up. Bet mine would get the red ribbon, too. Before that two-cent dood down to Squire Anslies poked them high-toned notions in yer head, you didn't care what I called yer."

"I don't care, it is awful to be called Spotty and have everybody laughing at you. What made you give me such a horrid name as Spottsylvania Court House, anyway?" The rosy lips formed a pout again.

The old man looked at her with commiseration. "It's a pity," he said severely, "that you ain't a boy and then you'd appreciate the honor of that name. That was the place," the old man straightened like a ramrod at the recollection, "where the rebels rushed our battery. And the captain says 'They are too many for us. Let the guns go and fall back.' The Johnnies were comin' with a rush, you bet, about twenty to our one. So the boys fell back mighty sudden. But thinks I, its a dern shame to let old Lee have them guns all loaded, so I touched them off, one after the other right smack in their faces. It broke them up bad. An' before they got into shape again a regiment of blue coats came down like the crick in a March thaw an' saved the guns. An' Co'onel Kerrigan, Fightin' Jim Kerrigan, rides up, he was General afterwards, an' he says to me, 'Why, dam you, man, you're a hero. If I had an army like you, I'd drive this whole blamed Confed'racy from Hell to Breakfast in one campaign!' Them's his very words. The way that man would swear was somethin' awful."

"If he could beat what I heard out in the barn awhile ago it would be awful, no mistake," interjected the girl. "Sho' now," said the farmer, his ire somewhat cooled, "that wasn't real swearin', only some vigr'ous talk. But to reason, the Colonel says, 'This is a deed your children will be proud of, some day.' An' I say, 'Colonel, I've got a little girl at home that we was callin' Sairy Ann, but now we'll call her Spottsylvania Court House Hicks instid.' An' he gave a big laugh an' slapped his knee. 'A good idee,' he says, an' reaches his hand down in his pocket an' pulled out a new shinin' gold piece

an' says he, 'Give that to her to cut her teeth on,' an' he rode away. Now, I ask you, fair and square, would you rather be called Sairy Ann than the name you've got?"

"Well," said the girl mollified by the oft told tale of her father's bravery, "I don't know as I would, if you will only call me Vania."

"Gosh knows, I mean to, only Spotty comes more nateral. But in a crisis don't be so darned strong on etiket, just because that city swell is hangin' 'round yer. I spose yer goin' with him to the Fair instid of Joe Hays who always has?"

"I guess Joe Hays hasn't any mortgage on me," retorted Vania with rising color.



"Joe held on — to let go was destruction"

"If he has, he's got a mor'gage on the most worthless bit of property in the state of Loway."

"O, pshaw," giggled the girl, "you know you don't mean it, Pa."

"Well, I don't know as I do; but that Anslie feller makes me tired. He's so fresh he ought to be salted. Only then he'd keep too long. Haw, haw, haw," laughed the farmer at his own facetiousness. "But talking ain't gittin' that heifer an' I'll lose the prize an' the way old Sebright will crow will be sickenin' to hear just because of yer all-fired foolishness."

"Oh, Pa, I guess we can catch it," said the girl cheerfully. "You get a pan of meal and I will coax it up and you grab the rope."

"Now that's sensible, Spot-Vanier, I mean." He hastened to the barn and returned with pan of yellow meal and the two, their differences lost in the real comradeship that existed between the veteran and his daughter, passed into the orchard to inveigle the recalcitrant heifer.

With feminine guile and blandishments Vania induced the deer-like Jersey to sniff at the tempting dish. It tastes—then a step nearer and it buries its moist nose in the golden grain. Silas made a wild leap and with a whoop gave the rope a turn around

a tree trunk. The heifer made a few erratic plunges and then submitted meekly. Like many a wiser animal its liberty was lost through the wiles of a woman.

At that moment around the distant bend of the road the sun flashed upon the rapidly revolving spokes in the wheels of a gaily painted carriage, heralding the approach of F. Beatoun Ainslie.

"Mercy," cried Spottsylvania, "here he comes and my hair all mussed up chasing that Jersey!" And she darted toward the house to rearrange her holiday attire.

Old Silas halted for a parting shot. "Say, Vanier," he shouted, "don't take that dood in the the poultry department or some old Dominicker hen will git out and kick him to death." Vania gave a little laugh and kissed her hand to her father and vanished through the doorway followed by the farmer's jovial "haw, haw."

As Squire Ainslie's nephew from the city drove up the graveled roadway, self-elated with having "cut out that country fellow" with the prettiest girl in Hanover, Vania came out fresh and sweet in fluffy pink as an autumn rose, to meet her accomplished beau.

II.

The sun's rays beat fierce'y upon the sweltering crowd at the Hanover Fair. Heavily-bearded farmers slouched to and fro comparing with keen interest the respective "points" of the exhibited catt'e and horses. Each country swain and his "steady comp'ny" regaled themselves with sundry bags of peanuts and unlimited glasses of a pink fluid called by courtesy, lemonade, in the intervals between having their pictures "took" and viewing the two-headed horse or withstanding the blandishments of a patent-medicine vendor, who leather lunged and brass-visaged, proclaimed the remarkable virtue of the only "re-liable, sure-to-cure fam'ly medicine in the world. Ladies and gentlemen! Warranted to cure roomatiz, bronketis, ager an' every human ill or money refunded when I come around again. Every purchaser gets a va'erable article of jewelry, alone werth more than the dollar you pay! Now you young feller, here's the chance to get your best girl somethin' that will make her put on her sweetest smile when you come around next Sunday night and a dose of this famous remedy will prevent you ketching a chill from hanging on the front gate too long. Here you are, young man, a bottle of medicine and a ring worth five dollars of any man's money for only a dollar! Who is the next lucky man?"

This persuasive eloquence met with giggles from the maidens and here and there a gallant rather shame-faced, came up with a hard-earned dollar and received a bottle of "Bilkin's Elixir" and a breast-pin as large as a saucer or a ring with a stone of marvelous size and color. These chaste ornaments were speedily transferred to adorn the person of the lucky wight's *inamorata*.

The wide road through the grounds was lined with eating stands and catch-penny schemes, picture-galleries and weird exhibitions of many kinds, each with a "barker" at the door vociferating the marvels of his tent. Wild Men of Borneo, mermaids and trained donkeys vied with each other for the silver of the "bone and sinew" of the land.

At the most advantageous point was erected a large tent. In front upon a low platform stood a bloated-faced man and three or four women in ballet costumes, quite shocking to the worthy dames present; but their charms seemed very alluring to the crowd of men and boys around them. The "barker" clanged a bell and began to cry in a strident voice, "Come right up, boys, and pay ten cents to see the Vienna beauties in their famous dance! Never before given outside of Paris and Chicago! No ladies admitted." Here the somewhat time-worn beauties made a few pirouettes and there was a tossing of satin-covered feet to the scandalization of respectable Hanover.

"It is a shame," said Misses Maria Perkins, "to have such goin's on in broad day-light. I should think the constable would send them miserbul hus-sies off the grounds!"

"Oh, Mrs. Perkins," piped the squeaking voice

Gov. Stubbs Takes Action

of Almiry Smith at her side, "I hev looked for you all over. I'm so sorry to tell you, but you ort to know it. Now jest bear up. It's a great blow!"

"For lan's sake, Almiry, r'r you crazy or what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, Mis' Perkins, it's little we trustin' women know of the men. To think that a man like Deacon Perkins, a pillar of the church should sneak into that tent where those poor, lost critters dance with almost no clothes on, you might as well say."

"Do you mean to say, Almiry Smith, that Abner Perkins haz gone into that show? Well—I—don't—believe—it."

"Sister Perkins, my heart aches for you, but I seen him go in, with my own eyes, an' he's in there now!"

"Well," said the irate dame, "we'll set right down where we kin watch the door when he comes out and then"—And the look upon her face boded ill for the comfort of the gay festive deacon.

Along this road strolled F. Beatoun Ainslie, with Spottsylvania at his side, proud of her city escort, whose fine apparel, rivaling the "lilies of the field," she mentally compared with the coarse clothing and heavy shoes of her erstwhile company, Joe Hays, much to that luckless individual's disadvantage.

As they came opposite, the samples of Vienna beauty, displayed for the artistic edification of the Hanoverites, Vania blushed and dropped her eyes. The innate purity of the country girl was shamed by the brazen effrontery of these Blowsalindas. Not so with her escort. He threw a desperately wicked wink at a rather voluminous damsel at the front of the stage who immediately returned it with an "Aw, how's things at the city?"

This brilliant display of wit delighted the sapient F. Beatoun immensely; for it created an impression among the envious village sports that he was a Don Juan of the deepest dye.

Joe Hays wandered about like an unshrived spirit. All his hearty zest in life had vanished when he discovered that his fickle sweetheart had bestowed her favor upon his rival this day of days. He gloomed about, the very caricature of the former genial Joe. Once he had met Vania and Ainslie.

"How-do-you do, Mister Hays," said his divinity, loftily.

"Hello, Vania," he answered, it must be confessed, in no very gracious manner and wishing the earth might swallow him.

The successful suitor gazed in contempt at the "fellow" he had cut out. "I should think, Miss Hicks," he remarked, "that it would be very distasteful to you to be addressed in such a familiar way by these louts."

"Oh, I don't like it," said Vania, trying to measure up to her companion's standard. "They all do it here and Joe is an old friend," she added as a twinge of compunction for Joe who had expected to take her to the Fair assailed her conscience.

Joe Hays wandered to the ball ground where the Hanover Stars crossed bats with the Thomsonville Clippers. He climbed doggedly to the top of the tiers of rough boards by an extravagant euphuism, called the grandstand and occupied by the elite of the country side, while the *hoi polloi* surged close up to the diamond to their imminent danger of life and limb from wild casts of the ball or from recklessly flung bats. Joe resolved in defiance of his personal troubles to do his duty by the home team as became a loyal citizen of Hanover. So he vigorously cheered the Stars and hooted derision at the play of the Thomsonville braves and hissed the decisions of the umpire, when favorable to the Clippers, with a delightful disregard of the merits of the case.

Between the shouts of the partisans of the Stars and the yells of the imported rooters of Clippers could be heard from time to time the sullen war of an enraged animal. It swelled menacingly and rose to a perfect shriek of fury. A small boy ran up the seats of the grand stand until he reached our hero. "Say, Joe," he panted "old Bill Herrick is drunk an' he's jabbing Saul's big bull with a pitchfork! Somebody ought to stop him!"

Joe's perfunctory interest vanished. "The darned fool," he exclaimed, "does he want to be killed?"

Even as he spoke cries of affrighted women and children, shouts of men mingled with the shrill bellowing of the maddened animal. There was a surging of the crowd backward and forward, like the waves of the sea, as the men hurrying toward the uproar met the mass of fleeing women and children. Joe dropped to the ground and made in the direction of the tumult. He had covered only half the distance to the cattle-sheds when the mob of people opened to the right and to the left. Down the open way was a sight that made Joe's blood stand still in his veins. In the cleared track before him charged the great Durham bull, its sides covered with blood and eyes glaring with madness—a tremendous mass of muscle and fury seeking a victim. Never Spanish Matador's keen sword faced a more formidable foe. Right in front of the crazed brute fled Vania, her face white with terror. Her gal-

Last week's issue of the COMING NATION, with the expose of conditions in the mines around Crawford county, is beginning to produce results.

Although Governor Stubbs has been in office a little over three years, although the laws which are being violated have been in force for some five to fifteen years, and in spite of the fact that each year the report of the mine inspector's office told the story of the killing and maiming of human beings in ways which could not but involve violation of the law, yet the governor had taken no action to enforce these laws and save lives.

It was not until a Socialist mine inspector was named by the United Mine Workers, and not until that mine inspector was backed by the publicity such as the COMING NATION could furnish, that the laws began to be enforced.

When the mine inspector attempted to enforce the laws he found that the officials not only showed no enthusiasm in hunting out offenders against the mining laws but were decidedly inclined to obstruct any action in that direction.

Then came the careful examination of facts by May Wood-Simons and their publication in the COMING NATION. When these facts were put up to the governor, and his action in regard to the enforcement of the mining laws contrasted with his enthusiasm in sending the victims of the mine owners to jail for violation of the prohibition law, he was compelled to act. The result is shown in the correspondence published on this page.

The COMING NATION is glad of this sign of activity on the part of the governor. If he will carry out the promises implied in his letter he will save hundreds of lives in the next few years. The COMING NATION will be glad to report any action that he takes along that line, and to give him full credit. It will also take note of any failures to enforce that law and give them the same publicity.

It was the workers for the COMING NATION that made possible the fight for Frank Lane, the first battles in which have already been won, and it will be recalled that his injuries were received in one of these same camps, and as a result of a non-enforcement of laws.

The COMING NATION showed that, backed by publicity and general assistance, it was possible to

compel some measure of restitution in this case.

Now we have gone one step further. With the same organ of publicity we can prevent the crippling of many Frank Lanes in the future.

STATE OF KANSAS
W. R. STUBBS, Governor.

Topeka, November 6, 1911.

Mrs. May Wood-Simons, Girard, Kan.,

My Dear Mrs. Simons—I am in receipt of your letter of November 3d in regard to the violation of mining laws and I have transmitted the same to the Attorney General with the request that he go into the matter at once.

Some days ago I had a letter from Mr. Leon Besson calling attention to violations of the law in his section and at that time I also asked the Attorney General to give it his immediate attention. In the meantime I would like to call your attention to the fact that the County Attorney is the proper person to enforce the laws and if he fails to do it then it is up to the Attorney General. Will you kindly tell me if you have made any complaint to your County Attorney in regard to this matter and if you have whether he failed to do his duty.

I am sending you a copy of the letter I wrote to Mr. Dawson some time ago.

Yours very truly,

DAVID D. LEAHY,
Secretary to the Governor.

November 4, 1911.

Mr. John S. Dawson, Attorney General.

My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of a complaint from Mr. Leon Besson, State Mine Inspector, against the county attorney of Crawford county to the effect that he is not enforcing the laws having relation to the coal mining industry, particularly those designed for the prevention of accidents.

Mr. Besson has called my attention to some seventy-eight mine accidents between August 1st and October 2d in his section. This equals one accident for each working day and it seems to me to be an alarming condition. If we can minimize or stop it by rigid enforcement of the laws, it seems to me that no pains should be spared to that end.

I wish you would immediately investigate the complaint of Mr. Besson, which is included in the letter mentioned, a copy of which I am sending you. As I understand it, you have an assistant attorney general in Crawford county, who can possibly do this more quickly than anyone you could send down there and at less cost to the state.

I merely suggest this to you; but if it is necessary to get a special man to investigate the case, I think it would be money well spent if, thereby, we could save the lives and limbs of those engaged in this hazardous work.

Attached is a copy of the letter of Mr. Besson which contains the complaint.

Very truly yours,

W. R. STUBBS, Governor.

lant escort had deserted at the first onrush of the bull leaving the girl to save herself.

"Turn off, turn off!" shouted a score of voices; but Spottsylvania, confused with fear, ran straight ahead. Closer and closer thundered the mad beast, gaining at every bound. Joe Hays sprang forward to meet her. "Oh, God," he gasped, "let me be there in time!" In time for what? In time to throw himself upon sharp horns of the furious animal! A wild ecstasy possessed him. He felt the wonderful exaltation that is given to those who sacrifice themselves for a loved one. The average man had touched the sublime. O, he was glad he could reach the goal in time! It was not far to go! Joy filled his soul. "Run Vania, RUN!" he shouted. Then a sickening despair gripped him. Spottsylvania stumbled and fell senseless, a mass of pink and white crowned with a glory of golden hair, a dainty morsel for the maw of Death. The bull gave a bellow of gratified fury, drew back and lowered his head to impale the helpless victim upon the cruel, wicked horns. At that fateful moment, like a human missile from a catapult, Joe leaped over the prostrate girl. He grasped the mighty beast by one horn and jerked its head aside with so tremendous a force that the animal fell upon its knees. Some men ran in and dragged the limp and silent girl to safety. Then followed a struggle as was never seen since the days of old Rome when men with naked hands were pitted against fierce beasts.

Before the bull recovered itself Joe grasped the other horn with the grip of a steel vice. He was at hand clasp with Death—death by impalement upon the wicked horns—death by the ripping gore that would tear a man open the length of his body with wound more horrid than that of sword or shell—death under the pounding hoofs and crushing weight of the huge beast.

Joe held on with all his power. To let go was destruction. There mingled sounds of shuddering, bellowing shrieks and of gasping breaths from the man. Clouds of soggish dust hung over the combat. Joe was flung from his feet, but never let go. Now he is under the trampling hoofs, but he twists himself free. His clothes are torn in tatters and on the white shirt dull, red blotches are spreading. The crowd looked on in helpless horror. The sweat rolls in rivulets through dust and grime on Joe's face and the veins stand out in great welts upon his

forehead. It seemed as if his arms were being torn from their sockets, a black mist floated before his eyes. He knows that human muscles can endure no more, while the bull's tremendous force is undiminished. He felt his grasp slipping from the keen horns and all hope of overcoming in this strange conflict left him.

But from the back of the crowd strides the one man who kept his head that day. "Git out of my way, yer eternal fools!" shouted a ringing voice. Thrusting the people aside roughly, and with a keen ax in his hands rushed Silas Hicks. No more the slouching farmer, but the born fighter with his face alight with the spirit of dare-devil recklessness that had flamed out when single-handed he had checked the charge of Southern chivalry twenty years before.

As he passed into the arena the bull tossed its mighty head about with the force of a cannon ball. Joe's body lifted in a curve clear over the back of the brute and fell with a crushing thud upon the earth. He half-raised himself and fell back unconscious. The bull wheeled about to finish his antagonist. As it turned the ax swung in a circle of glittering light in old Hick's hands. Down it fell with a swish of steel through bone and flesh nearly severing the massive neck. Sir Guy of Warwick struck no better blow when he gave the death stroke to the fell Dun Cow.

A dozen pair of hands helped Joe to his feet, a sorry looking object, covered with dirt and blood, but with no serious hurt. Old Silas grasped Joe's hand. "Say, Joe, that was a mighty brave thing yer did, an' I won't forget it, and I guess the little girl won't either."

Joe smiled faintly. "Anybody would do as much for her."

"Well," said Silas, grimly, "that city dood didn't."

The veteran walked over to his daughter. She was sitting up white and teary, surrounded by a circle of excited, chattering women. The stern old soldier would have held himself disgraced if he had betrayed any emotion "before folks"; but there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes and a great tenderness in his voice as he spoke. "Say, Vania, I guess you are kinder upset by this and you'd better go home. Joe, he's feelin' a leetle shook up an' he's goin' home jist as soon as he kin borry some clothes, an' you'd better ride along with him as I

(Continued on page twelve.)

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Winners of Bound Volumes

It took only eight dollars worth of subscriptions to get a bound volume of the COMING NATION last week.

For several weeks to come this is going to be the biggest prize for the least work that is being offered by any Socialist publication.

A volume containing as much matter as is to be found in more than two thousand pages of an ordinary book, written by such authors as Charles Edward Russell, Eugene Wood, George Allan England and Ellis O. Jones, and illustrated by Walter Crane, Balfour Ker, Art Young, John Sloan and Ryan Walker will be given to the person who sends in the largest number of subscriptions each week.

Following is the list of winners to date:

Frank Truesdale, six subscribers.
Lars. A. Swanson, twelve subscribers.
C. B. Schrock, seven subscribers.
F. Marchant, five subscribers.
John Frank, eight subscribers.

Histories Being Delivered

A force of girls are busy this week mailing out the copies of Social Forces in American History, which have been gained as premiums by COMING NATION workers.

Those entitled to them should receive the copies within ten days, as all possible haste is being made in mailing them out.

Hereafter, until the supply is exhausted, they will be sent out as fast as the subscriptions are received. At the rate at which they have been going the number of copies we have on hand should last about three weeks, but we cannot be sure just how fast the orders will come in, and it is now impossible to obtain any more at a rate that will enable us to offer them as premiums. When those are gone they will cost a dollar and a half each. Until that time you can get one free by sending in three dollars for subscriptions.

Civilizing the Savage

Charles Edward Russell has visited the islands of the Pacific recently. He visited them several years ago. Between these two visits the transition had been made from primitive savage freedom to modern capitalist wage slavery.

The story of this change, told as he tells it, is a vivid illustration in industrial and social evolution.

He tells how enforced labor has been introduced by nations that purport to be fighting slavery and describing the methods by which the once happy, peaceful natives have been forcibly transformed into miserable wage slaves.

The article, which will appear next week, is illustrated with a mass of beautiful illustrations.

This same number will contain another installment of Odon Por's description of the co-operative movement among the farmers of Italy.

This time he deals with a co-operative in Sicily. These articles are bringing a mass of information that if put be-

Are We Afraid We Will Get It?

BY A. M. SIMONS



THE Socialists have preached many sermons from the text, "He that seeketh his soul shall lose it." They have proved that those who seek reforms directly and exclusively seldom get them, while those that ask for minor changes as incidental to a great revolution are sure to get the momentary relief even before they attain to political power.

Because Socialists insist upon having the whole bakery, grist mill and wheat fields their opponents gladly throw them whole baskets of half loaves.

Now that Socialism is striding ahead with seven league boots, capitalist governments all over the world are hastening to promise concessions. They are doing this because to them Socialism is a threat. They are doing it because Socialists have educated the workers to want those things as a part of the preparation for the overthrow of capitalism.

Some Socialists are frightened at this prospect. They cry out that if we are not careful we will get what we want. They warn us that if we do not take heed our predictions may be realized. They bewail the fact that we are getting what we desire.

They tell us that we must no longer ask for reforms. If we do they will be granted us. We must not ask for an extension of social ownership, because if we do capitalist governments will give it to us. We must not call for child labor laws lest children be really shut out from the mills and the mines and the factories. We must not call for relief for the unemployed lest the workless be relieved.

We are told that because we have progressed so far along this road we must, therefore, leave it and seek another. Because we have gained so much for the workers by remaining upon the earth and demanding what we want, we must henceforth cease asking for things within reach and begin to bay for the moon, because, forsooth, that cannot be given us.

Our attention is called to the horrible example of Germany, where Socialists have forced the government to grant old-age pensions and almost the whole program of state capitalism, and where the result is a Socialist army, some five million strong, that now threatens to take what capitalists cannot give.

That capitalist parties will try to steal the Socialist thunder is certain. They will take plank after plank from our platform. Experience has proven, and present tendencies foretell still greater activities in this pilfering. But they would not take these planks unless we prepared them. They do not leave us the poorer by this stealing. They do not even accomplish the object at which they aim—that of attracting people from the Socialist movement. On the contrary, it is just in Wisconsin, the home of LaFollette, and Los Angeles, the very heart of reform, that Socialism is strongest.

The reverse is equally true. Socialism is not strong nor are reforms granted where Socialists live in constant fright lest they ask for something that they will get, and where Socialist conventions are eager to build a platform that no one will want to steal, and also for which no one seems to want to fight.

The class struggle is fought upon earth. It is fought by workers. It is fought to obtain the things that workers want. The road to Socialism lies through the class struggle. The fight for Socialism must, therefore, be waged by demanding every advantage possible for the working class, and always as a part of the struggle for the whole product of labor.

Millionaire Socialists are not interested in the class struggle today. They can afford to dream of Utopia.

Those who live by leadership may find it easier to shout generalities than to master the details of an actual fight. They may even feel an instinctive fear that they would lack employment if labor should demand something more than empty phrases.

A movement that advances upon solid ground, along a definite roadway, must be organized with democratic management, intelligent servants in office and an educated rank and file.

A movement that stands still and shrieks needs nothing but a "yell leader."

Revolutionary, working class Socialists are not afraid that capitalists will steal their platform. They are not afraid that if they tell where they are going their enemies may smooth the road or even mislead them.

fore the farmers of this country, and thoroughly understood, would work a revolution in the next ten years.

Adventure of Spottsylvania Hicks

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

don't see that dood around. I've got to look after that plagued heifer—an' say, Vanier, it's got the first prize!"

It was a meek and humble Vania that Joe had with him on the silent ride

home. A thousand emotions choked the youth. His natural chivalry forbade speaking the distress of his heart at a time when the girl's gratitude might overcome her true judgment. Vania, half ashamed of her coquetry and nerve-racked by her narrow escape from death, uncertain of the extent of Joe's feeling for her and not sure of herself, was dumb. When they reached the Ficks' farm Joe helped her from the carriage. "Joe," she said brokenly,

"I want to thank you for—for what you did for me—today. But I can't do it right—just now—"

"It's all right, Vania, it's all right," he interrupted, "I'd do it a thousand times for you, if I could. And I've something to tell you, sometime when it is convenient, dear." The word slipped unconsciously from his lips. "You may come tomorrow night, Joe. I guess no one else will be here," she replied with a wan little smile.

She held out her tiny hand. He took it reverently in his big fist. He looked about. No one was in sight. Then he raised it gently to his lips.

"Good night, Vania."

"Good night, Joe."

The westerling sun flamed up in a parting glory of crimson and purple and gold throwing a blazing radiance over earth and sky.

"God, how beautiful everything is!" said Joe, as he rode away in the gloaming.

The Shadow Under the Roof

(Continued from Page Eight.)

was the possessor of radical ideas similar to those the chemist held. However, the feelings of women toward men and men toward women have more often defied analysis than otherwise.

Frisbie had a lodging composed of two rooms in a flat belonging to a Mrs. Yocum, a portly, motherly soul, who looked after him almost as if he had been her own son.

His rooms were the two choicest in the flat—the large parlor and the bedroom just behind it. The parlor was used by Frisbie as a den, where he lived among his books and his periodicals. It was always in confusion, much to the despair of the worthy Mrs. Yocum. All she could do was to keep the bedroom in order, and this was no easy task, for Frisbie stored books in the closet among his clothes and even on the floor beside the dresser. It was a cause for wonderment on the good woman's part how any man could be so neat in his personal appearance and still be so careless in the matter of throwing things around the house.

In the middle of the book-burdened table in Frisbie's den was a large platter on which Mrs. Yocum deposited the day's mail. On this platter, one evening about two weeks after the Robley inquest, Frisbie found an envelope addressed in a woman's hand, inside of which was the following brief note, unsigned:

"If Mr. Frisbie would learn something to his interest concerning the Robley affair, he will please meet the writer at the corner of Western avenue and Madison street at 8:30 o'clock this evening."

Just five lines in a woman's hand, on a sheet of paper from which there came a strange breath of perfume, yet so full of consequence that the remainder of this narrative will be taken up with following the chain of events to which it gave rise.

(To Be Continued.)

A Prayer

When the British ships under Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the honest tar. "No, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."—*The Mirror*.

Wanted—Active Man in Each Locality
To join this Society. And introduce our memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. \$50 to \$500 a month. Every member secured gives you a steady monthly income. Box L.D. 298 Covington, La., U. S. A.

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

Joe was still not much more than a boy, but things began to happen very fast with him. Just a few weeks after he received his check for \$100 from the superintendent for his idea, the wages of many of the men in his department of the factory were reduced a little, among them Joe himself.

The workers grumbled a little among themselves about hard times and the unfairness of the boss. Then two weeks later the same thing happened in another department of the factory.

It was summer now, and the work was very slow. Few orders were coming into the office and the power was often closed down a couple of hours early in the afternoon and the hands all sent home. Then, of course, the amount of money in their pay envelopes at the end of the week was that much less.

One Saturday about fifty men were laid off, also twenty-five girls in the stitching room. Joe was not among those discharged, but Bob was and Joe began to feel a little sober.

"It may be my turn next," thought Joe.

He went up to see Bob a few nights after and found them all pretty blue, for Bob's father had gone off on another sailing trip and left Kit and her mother in his son's charge.

"I guess I'll have to hunt another job," said Kit, sadly, for she had been going to school ever since she had left the factory. "No place for me in the shop, though. Have to try for waiting on table at a summer hotel, I guess."

"Just hold on, Kit," said Bob, rather crossly. "Give me a chance until I try a little longer. The shoe trade isn't the only one."

"Well, let's all go to the beach once more tomorrow," said Joe, "and forget our troubles. It'll probably be my turn next week."

So they went and being just young people and not believing that troubles can last forever, they bathed in the surf and laughed and teased one another and quite forgot they had any jobs to hunt for on the morrow.

The next day, when the noise of the machines was drowning out all voices, Joe's shopmate next him said quickly:

"Come to Robey Hall tonight at seven. We're going to have a meeting to see if we can't do something about the cut in wages and all the fellows getting laid off."

"All right," answered Joe. "I'll be there. It's time to do something. The Boss seems to think he can do what he likes with us."

So that evening, Joe hurried through his supper and going around to Bob's made him go along with him to the meeting. Bob was feeling pretty blue, for he had been trying all day to find work, but everywhere he had been told, "Work's dull. We're turning off hands. Can't use you." He had met this answer at a dozen places.

There were about a hundred men and boys in the hall when Joe and Bob entered, and some man was talking, not one of the workers in the shop. He was saying to the listening men:

"Now is your chance to organize, Men, now when you are all angry at the way you are being treated. Now you can see what happens to you whenever your employer sees any chance that his profits will be cut down by the slow season.

"Is he willing to take any of the loss because of the dull times? He could very well do so and still live comfortably even if he got no profits from June to September. But he won't do that, he means you to stand it all. And if

you haven't a bank account as he has, you can't do it.

"Now, how can you make him see your rights? If one of you kicks against the cut in wages, does the boss care? He tells you you can quit if you don't like it. But if you all together tell him you have a right to better treatment and you can't live and work if your wages are cut any lower, he'd listen, I guess."

So he urged them to form a union. Joe listened carefully. Then something inside of him made him hurry to the front. He was naturally a shy boy, but he didn't seem to be able to help himself.

"Sure, don't you see?" he began in a simple way and very red in the face.



"The Superintendent wants you in the office"

"There's an old man on our corner working by himself on what's left over to him of mending and patching. He has to work by himself and take what he can get. But we don't. Here's a big crowd of us in the shop and we ought to be like a big family and all act together. We ought to know just what we want and whether we can trust every fellow in the shop to stick by us. Then if we ask for what we think we ought to have and if there isn't one fellow that stays outside, he's got to give us what we want or else we'll quit."

"Strike," said some one from the men in the hall.

So the union was formed. All present joined and pledged themselves to get all the other men in the shop to do the same.

Next morning Joe went to the shop as usual. About half through the morning, the foreman came to him and said,

"The superintendent wants you in the office."

(To be continued.)

Books of Metal

You all know who Mr. Thomas A. Edison is and how many wonderful things he has invented.

He has just returned from a trip to Europe and he tells us about two great things he believes are going to be in common use in a short time.

One of these great inventions is books whose leaves are made of metal instead of paper, and the other is furniture made of concrete, which is a sort of cement, instead of wood.

Mr. Edison has been experimenting with thin sheets of metal, one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, for other purposes and he is very sure that they can be used for printing books. The very thin nickel sheets take the ink as well as paper ones, take up very

much less space than paper sheets and are practically indestructible.

It seems very wonderful, doesn't it? Very likely when you are grown up you will be carrying your Webster's dictionary around with you in your coat pocket, for it will be about the size of a brick.

You can see how important these points are in these days when thousands and thousands of books are printed every month and public libraries as well as private homes are troubled to find place to put them.

Mr. Edison's second idea is the making of furniture for our homes from cheap concrete instead of wood, which everyone knows is becoming more expensive all the time.

This concrete you have often seen used for houses and factories, but who would ever expect to see bedsteads, tables and chairs made of it? Mr. Edison is now fitting up a factory which will produce beautiful furniture at a very low price. Bedsteads imitating the finest mahogany can be sold for \$5.

If Mr. Edison's predictions come true our children will be living in houses built entirely of concrete, including doors, window frames and other interior finish. They will be sitting on concrete chairs and will be dining at concrete tables. At night they will be resting on concrete beds and will make their toilets before concrete dressers. Their baths will be taken in cement tubs and the rooms will be heated by concrete furnaces. Portraits and paintings will be hanging in concrete frames. In concrete cases will stand books of metal whose pages will not grow yellow with age nor crumble to dust as the generations come and go. Such homes will need little or no insurance, because they will be practically fire-proof throughout. The only combustible material in them will be clothing, carpets and other incidentals.

No wonder Mr. Thomas A. Edison is called a "wizard." But do we think all of his wonderful inventions will make people any happier or more comfortable unless they are able to earn enough to buy back all these wonderful things they help in making?

Chickens

BY WILBY HEARD:

Especially for Little Folks.

Roosters are funny fellows, anyway. If they don't know each other they fight. Roosters are papa hens, you know. Mamma hens fight too sometimes, but not so much as roosters will. They stretch out their necks and blow up their feathers and jump at each other in a funny way which is enough to make anybody laugh. It is not nice to fight or even talk about it so we will talk about other things about the hen. Chickens can't swim, but they can fly just a little bit. They like to eat gravel. Their bills end in a point and when they eat they pick, pick, pick. They like worms, too, and they scratch in the earth and dirt to find them.

Some times when one hen finds a worm she begins to cackle as though to laugh at the poor hens who did not and many times one or more of the other hens will chase after her and if they can they will take the worm away from her. This is not right for no one who has something should laugh at those who have not. Because everybody would have all they wanted if they only could. Chickens like to play in the dust and get dirty, but then they do not wear nice dresses like little children do.

Chickens lay eggs not because they want people to eat them, but because they wish to hatch little chicks from them. A mamma hen when she has her brood of young ones feels very proud and if any one should try to take one from her she will fight, and she can do it, too. She can pick your eyes out if you don't take care. If she finds a worm she always calls her little ones about her and lets them have a taste of it. When they become tired she sits down and spreads her wings so that they

can all get under them. And when the chicks don't care to stay under her wings any more they begin to play, and one will get on her back, another will just stick his sly wee head through the feathers of her wing and wink at the others as much as to say: "Well, how do you like this?" And they do many other queer stunts.

Playing Headlight

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

It was a funny game. The children ran up and down the sidewalk making a great fuss, tooting, whistling, and puffing.

At first we did not understand, but kept quiet and watched a little and it became clear.

This group of children was a freight train.

We figured it out at last. Each child had some special duty. Some were box cars and wheels combined, and went through the motion of turning. There was one place which they all seemed to want and cries of—"I'm going to be 'it' this time" would begin as soon as this long train would arrive at the corner, which it seemed was Dallas, Texas. We supposed that "it" must be the engine, but found out our mistake. This coveted position was in front of the engine, and one of their number sat silently in the front part of the express wagon, while the mimic train thundered along after them, pushing them as they made the trip. We sat some time watching their frolic, and always there was the same scrimmage about who should be "it," and the nature of "its" office became no clearer until finally, a boy somewhat larger, without any more words, calmly picked the silent person from the front of the engine, and said, "I'm going to be headlight now."

The smaller child began to cry, and managed to explain to the other one that he wanted to play, too. "Well," replied the larger boy, "you can toot and whistle, and make a noise, so people will know we are coming, and get off the track."

This seemed to comfort the little chap, and the last we saw of them, he was tooting and whistling most joyfully, and they brought the train into Dallas on time, which was the main thing with them after all.



"Cool Parents is queer things. They've got such old fashioned ideas about washin' an' all that sort o' foolishness"—Life

Untimely Tommy

Mother—Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner.

Visitor—Why is that, Tommy?

Tommy—'Cause we don't have pie no other time.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

More to the Point

Boy—Mr. Quinn, can I get off this afternoon? My Grandfather is dead.

Mr. Quinn—I don't see how with your small salary, you can afford to go to so many ball games.

Boy—That's right. I can't either. I ought to have more salary.—Exchange.

What's in the New Books

Wages in the United States, 1908-1910, by Scott Nearing, MacMillan Company. Cloth, 220 pp., \$1.25.

This is the first attempt in the English language to set forth the answer to the question of "What are wages?"

Starting with the report of a recent New York investigation, which declared that "a man, wife and three children under fourteen cannot live and maintain efficiency in Manhattan for less than \$900 per year," the author concludes that while there are some variations as to locality, yet this estimate is a fair average for the great cities east of the Mississippi and north of Virginia. If, then, wages fall below this sum it means that the "iron law of wages" has not been able to keep wages up to the subsistence point.

At the very beginning he is confronted with the fact that there are no reliable data on wages. In spite of all the statistics that have been gathered by state and national authorities on almost every conceivable subject no comprehensive data have ever been gathered on this most important of all questions, what do the workers receive in return for their work.

What few statistics do exist have been gathered through employers and naturally, if there is any distortion, it will be in the direction of making them appear higher than they really are. Even with the best of intentions statistics furnished by employers will give no data of unemployment for individuals as it will be assumed that every person worked every day that the factory was open.

There are three states having wage statistics which the author considers worthy of consideration. These are Massachusetts, New Jersey and Kansas.

From the Massachusetts statistics he concludes that:

"It may be fairly stated that not more than one adult male wage earner in every twenty employed in the industries of Massachusetts receives, in annual earnings, for a normally prosperous year, more than \$1,000. On the other hand, more than one-third of all the adult males are paid wages under \$500; more than one-half receive wages under \$600; while nearly three-quarters receive less than \$700 annually."

These "are maximum figures for no deduction is here made for unemployment due to accident, death in the family or personal factors."

The conclusion as to New Jersey is that:

"After deducting the known unemployment, between one-third and one-half of the adult males received less than \$500 in 1909; that from one-half to three-fifths received less than 600; that about three-quarters were paid less than \$750; nine-tenths received less than \$950; while from one-twentieth to one-tenth received \$950 or over. The wages of adult females were very much lower. From three-quarters to four-fifths received less than \$400; nine-tenths were paid less than \$500, while a vanishingly small percentage received an annual wage of more than \$750."

The Kansas statistics, although included, are so manifestly defective as to be of little value since they are calculated only by the week and it must be taken for granted that the workers were employed continuously. This, for instance, brings about the ridiculous conclusion that one-quarter of the miners in that state received an income of a thousand dollars a year.

The author comments on this fact and says in regard to the mines that "the latest available figures for Kansas place the unemployment at 37 per cent."

Taking those industries in Kansas where the error is not manifestly so large as to make them ridiculous he concludes that:

"About one-third of the employees re-

ceive less than \$500; one-half less than \$600; three-quarters less than \$750; and less than one-tenth receive over \$1,000." There are also a number of special wage reports, covering industries that extend over the entire United States. One of the most extensive of these was a Senate investigation of telephone companies. From this investigation it seems that the wages paid to operators vary from \$22.40 in Nashville, Tenn., to \$36.96 in New York as weekly wages. For the skilled male workers the telephone average shows that:

"Of all the males employed in this industry, on the entire Bell system, 19.9 per cent received less than \$600 per year; 34.9 less than \$725 per year; 3.4 per cent less than \$1,000 per year; and 96.1 per cent less than \$1,500 per year, leaving 3.9 per cent receiving over \$1,500 annually."

These are, of course, highly skilled workers.

Another study was of the Bethlehem Steel Works, which was made by the Department of Labor, and was the most detailed of any. The summary of these statistics shows that:

"Nearly one-third (31.9 per cent) of the total number of employes were earning \$500 per year or less, while nearly two-thirds (61.2 per cent) were earning \$625 per year or less. Of the remaining third (30 per cent of the total) nearly all fall below an annual income of \$1,000, leaving only 8.2 per cent of the total number of employes enjoying a yearly wage in excess of \$1,000. These facts are rendered still more significant when it is recollected that the steel industry is demanding a large share of highly skilled labor—an industry which is commonly believed to pay high wages."

Finally, the Interstate Commerce Commission gathers detailed statistics of wages of railway employes.

"The railroads of the United States, employing more persons than any other single industry, pay a wage of less than \$625 a year to about one-half of their employes, while less than one railroad employe in ten receives an average wage of more than \$1,000 annually.

The railroads, let it be remembered, employ almost exclusively adult males whose occupations are, in many instances, of a highly skilled sort—conductors, brakemen, engineers, operators and dispatchers are men who assume serious responsibilities, while many other occupations involve considerable skill. In spite of these obvious facts, the wages of railroad labor are surprisingly low."

The most striking thing about these statistics gathered from so various sources and under so different auspices, is their uniformity. This is remarked by the author, who says that, "there is no great wage variation from one section of the United States to another. The only variation is seen in the fact that the working women are paid much less than even the amounts shown by these figures."

The hopelessness of rising is evident.

"The conclusion may well be drawn that in the industries of the United States at large not more than ten per cent of the adult male wage earners receive annual earnings of more than a thousand dollars."

He generalizes all these figures into the following conclusion:

"It appears that half of the adult males of the United States are earning less than \$500 a year; that three-quarters of them are earning less than \$600 annually; that nine-tenths are receiving less than \$800 a year; while less than ten per cent receive more than that figure."

For this miserable wage, less than the cost of "maintaining efficiency," the workers of the United States enter into an industrial warfare in which it has been conservatively estimated that five



Office of the Bear River Journal

Socialism on the Farm

This is the home, the office and the editor of the *Bear River Journal*, a Socialist paper that is stirring up the farmers in Northern Minnesota. G. F.

Peterson, the editor and publisher, was a candidate for Congress in 1906, and polled 6,025 votes. In 1910 as candidate for the legislature he increased this vote by 200, yet there are those who say that Socialism can never get a foothold among the farmers.

hundred thousand persons are killed and injured each year."

Indeed, since these figures take no account of unemployment, the author recognizes the fact that, "if any new revision of these wage statistics is to be made, it will be a revision downward."

It would be hard to draw a more damning indictment of our civilization than is set forth in these cold figures and mathematical computations from official investigations showing that less than half of the workers of the United States are receiving more than two-thirds of the \$900 which is necessary for the average family, and that nine-tenths are receiving \$100 less than this minimum of a decent animal subsistence is all that is necessary to call for a sentence of condemnation and destruction against present society.

Crown of Thorns. By F. P. Cook. The Sun Publishing Co., Pasadena, Cal.

Church and the Social Problem. By Kate Richards O'Hare. Published by the National Rip-Saw Publishing Co. Price, Ten cents.

This little pamphlet takes up the lack of adjustment of the church to modern conditions and its consequent loss of contact with the laboring class.

Common Sense and the Liquor Traffic. By Kate Richards O'Hare. Published by the National Rip-Saw Publishing Co., St. Louis. Price, Ten cents.

Drunkenness the writer classes as a disease and like all diseases largely vocational. It abounds mostly among the overworked and the underworked, that is the idle rich. The economic and social causes lying at the basis of the liquor traffic are dealt with and the solution of the drink question found in the removal of the element of profit from the manufacture and sale of intoxicants and the providing of clean sanitary work and wholesome amusements for the workers.

Law and the White Slave. By Kate Richards O'Hare. The National Rip-Saw Publishing Co., St. Louis. Price, Ten cents.

After describing the economic conditions that lead to the traffic in women the author points out that only a society based on an industrial organization in which women will not be forced to receive low wages will do away with white slavery. She also lays emphasis on the need for careful education of

both girls and boys and that they be reared in an environment that makes for self-respect and cleanness.

Uncle Sam's Light-House Service

(Continued from page six)

multiplied, did space permit. The heroism of the light-keepers is simply incredible. These men expect no extra reward, yet they risk all—for what? For pay? Perish the thought!

The "cash nexus" basis of such heroism certainly does not exist; because even in a first-order light the keeper's pay runs only from \$500 to \$800 a year, and rarely reaches \$1,000. Who will say, now, that love of money is the chief and only driving-power, the main incentive to good work?

The Lesson of the Light-House

To me it seems that, once we gain a real understanding of the intrepid men and of the marvelously complex yet efficient system which year after year warns, guides and safe-guards our lives and traffic, even the most uncompromising anti-Socialist must admit that here lies some slight forehint of the possibilities of public service.

Once we realize how essential it is that all things vitally concerning the life and welfare of the people as a whole should be the property of the people as a whole, then the rest of the way is easy.

The Light-house shines for all. Not for Profit does it exist, but for Use.

Rich and poor alike share its beneficent warnings.

The rusty "tramp" steamer, the wind-jammer, the liner all take equal benefit of them.

The currents of trade, the world's interchangings of food and ware, depend thereon. Without the Light-house, what would become of the great migrations, the huge mixing of humanity which marks our age, the very life-breath of the world?

Darkness and uncertainty would prevail; death reap a plentiful harvest; coasts now safe would lie awash with wreckage, with the bleaching bones of men and ships; and that vast fabric which we call Civilization would all be drawn awry.

I ask you this, and I am done: Now, as the Light-house with its beams points out the course to the keen-eyed and anxious mariner, may not its deeper meanings guide us, too, seekers after truth and justice, toward our ultimate goal—on toward that time "when all shall be better than well?"

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Unrest

Sage observers come admitting
There is something in the air;
Orators are blindly hitting
Here and there and everywhere,
On this tack and that one dropping
As a headless chicken flopping

In an outlook so distressing
There can be no ray of hope
But they lose out in their guessing,
And their doleful line of dope
That would shame a smooth inventor
Doesn't hit the bull's eye center.

Evolution is unfolding
While the century is young
And it doesn't stop for scolding
Though they wag a fishwife's tongue.
Though observers may grow dizzy
It will grow each day more busy.

There is coming an upturning
In the present state of things
For the crawling worms are learning
How to use the modern wings
Neighbors all unite agreeing
It will be a sight worth seeing.

Double Reason

"They have thrown out the indictment
Against the trust magnate."
"For what reason?"
"Reason enough. There was a con-
ma out of place."



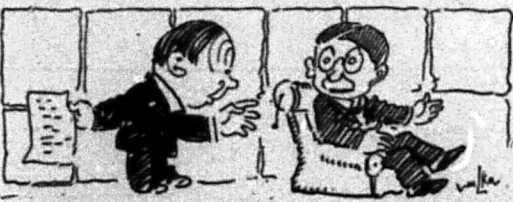
"There was another reason that just
comes to me now."
"What is that?"
"There was a trust judge in the right
place."

Some Change

It used to be a crowd of three
The Socialists would call a boom,
But not today, for now—oh say—
We play the halls to standing room.

Confusing

"What century are we in, anyway?"
"The twentieth, of course."
"Are you dead sure?"
"Say, what's the matter with you?"



"Nothing. I have been reading one
of Taft's trust-busting speeches and it
sounds so much like the fourteenth cen-
tury I thought perhaps I was mistaken."

One Trade Short

"Where can I get work that will make
me a decent living?"
"What can you do?"
"Anything."
"Then you ought to be able to get
a job."
"I will have to ask permission to
amend that claim. I can do anything
but get a job."

Poetry for Today

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again,
Price is too big. —Judge.

His Loneliness

Oh, such a chilly, loveless life
The mighty millionaire must pass,
Alone with only kids and wife
And dreary persons of his class.
He pines for other, wider love
For friends his heart can only throbb
But that is when he wants to shove
Himself into a public job.

Because of this sad, loveless state,
He says it is a crying shame
He dares not be a candidate
Or post aloft his noble name,
He greatly fears that in return
For love belated he would wreck
The chance for what he did not earn
And only get it in the neck.

The Cream City

Milwaukee has always been the
"Cream City," but the trouble was that
the plutes were getting all of the
"Cream" and the working class had to
be contented with the skimmed milk.
Since the Socialist administration
changed things around, the workers
have grown to like "a little bit off the
top," and are not going to turn loose of
that dipper as easy as you might think.
—Hope.

Little Flings

In a couple of years Taft will have
nothing to do but be the only rival ex-
president to the Terrible One.

It makes one dizzy keeping track of
new Socialist papers.



To where are we going to carry Cali-
fornia? Why, ahead.

The simple minded and those who are
paid for it vote the rep-dem ticket, but
they are as yet a handsome majority.

Your insurgent doesn't know where
he is going nor is he on his way.

Grosscup's resignation was unani-
mous. There were no objections.

Taft knows a judge can do no wrong,
to the capitalists.

Told at the Dinner Hour

One That Really Happened

BY C. V. H.

The Local was making plans for the
holding of a propaganda meeting, at
which a prominent Socialist was to
speak. The subject under discussion
was the price which we would charge
for admission.

"The trouble with our meetings" said
one Comrade, "is that we don't get out
the crowd. Some men buy the ticket
and then stay home. So I move that
this time we sell the ticket for 50 cents,
and have a coupon attached good for
a refund of 25 cents if presented at
the door the night of the meeting. The
idea is to charge them 25 cents to get
in if they come, and 50 cents to get in
if they stay home."

Ingenious Explanation

BY EDGAR S. NYE.

While going home from work one
evening an Irishman named Mahoney,
who followed the trade of carpenter,
found a Masonic pin upon the sidewalk.

"Th' very thing!" he exclaimed, eye-
ing it admiringly. "Phwat oi've been
looking for f' a long toime. Oi'll pin
it on me coat."

A few block further on he met a fel-
low workman, who invited him into a
saloon.

"Phwat d' ye think of me new pin,
Clancy?" asked Mahoney, exhibiting the
emblem as they stood quaffing their
beer. "Phy don't ye get wan loike it?"

"Phwat do it represint?" asked
Clancy.

"Ye don't know phwat it ripresints!"
exclaimed Mahoney with feigned in-
credulity. "Man, that's th' imblem 'f
our trade. An' appropriate it be, too.
See th' square and th' compass?"

"I do," said Clancy. "But th' G, phwat
do it sthand for?"

Mahoney was nonplussed—he had not
noticed the G—but only for a moment
did his ready wit desert him.

"Phy that sthands f' gimlet, ye block-
head," he replied patronizingly.

What He Was

BY J. ALBERT MALLORY.

Ben Wilson, the Socialist agitator,
once held a debate with a self-import-
tant Democratic politician in an Okla-
homa town. In the course of his speech
the Democrat, who was a candidate for
office, appealing to his neighbors for
their votes, said:

"Why, friends, I know every need
of you farmers; I grew up between
two rows of corn!"

A loud voice came from the rear of
the hall:

"A punkin, by Gosh!"

"Every Dollar I Got"

"Every dollar I got," shouted the
local rich man to the village agitator,
"I got by hard work and being honest!"

"You did not," replied the crank.

"I did, and I'll tell you how I did it."

Then he began his life story. "When
I was twenty I had not a dollar. I got
married. My wife took in boarders and
we saved \$50. I saw a chance and
bought an option on a piece of ground.
Within three months I sold that ground
and made a clear profit of \$750.

"Then I took that money and
bought—"

"Wait a minute," demanded the dis-
satisfied hinker. "You said you got
all your money by hard work. You
told me your wife made \$50 by taking
in boarders. But the \$750 you did not
work for. You got that, but you gave
nothing for it."

"Don't you allow nothing for brains?"
angrily asked the local plute as he drove
away, slashing his old horse viciously.

—Hope.

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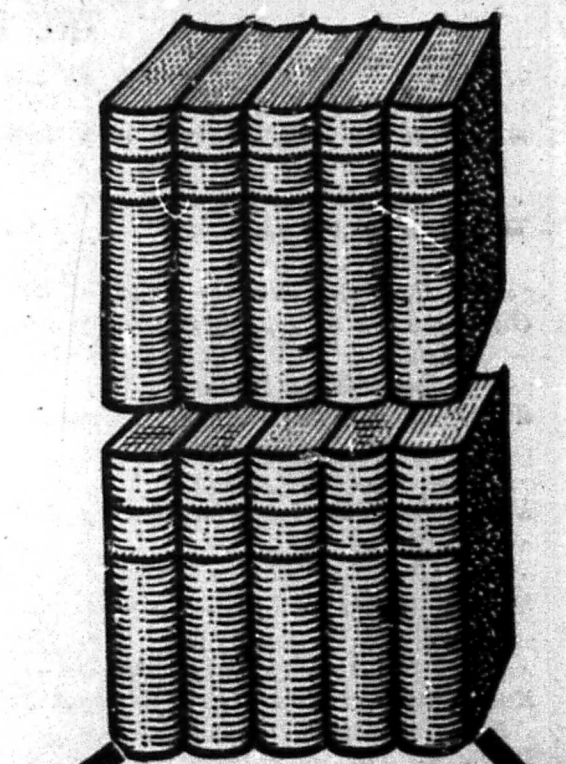
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Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the Spirit of Revolt in things temporal and spiritual

Selected and annotated by
FRANK STUHLMAN

Ernest Charles Jones, the great Chartist leader, of England, was a man of wealth and position who sacrificed a fortune in the people's cause. Admitted to the bar in 1844, he soon gave up his practice to publish journals furthering Chartism. In 1848 he was convicted of sedition and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. While incarcerated he was treated with shameful severity being denied paper, ink and all books but the Bible and prayer book. In this strait by means of an improvised pen and his own blood he wrote a poem, the "Revolt of Hindustan," on the flyleaves and margin of the prison prayer book. At the expiration of his term he again assumed the leadership of the Chartist organization until it was dissolved. In the very week of his death his life-long service to humanity was rewarded by his triumphant election as Member of Parliament from Manchester. He died in 1869 at the age of fifty years. As a writer he was one of the best of that noble band of agitators who stirred England to the center in the "hungry forties."

THE WORKERS

BY ERNEST JONES.

We plow and sow, we're so very, very low,
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very, very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the grain to eat.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low
And yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;
And what we get and what we give
We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of the despot shines;
And when e'er he lacks, upon our back
Fresh loads he designs to lay;
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of the poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—mere rabble we know—
We're only the rank and file;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to share the spoil.



"Uncle, why don't you take it into your hands?"



Capitalism is a Superstition

Sweeping on to Victory

The first returns from Tuesday's elections show that Socialism is sweeping like a tidal wave across the country. A half dozen large cities and a long list of smaller ones were swept into the hands of the Socialists.

Herbert M. Merrill was elected to the New York legislature from the district in which Schenectady is located, and which city was swept clear by the Socialists.

The cities, which according to the latest reports were carried by the Socialists and in which either a mayor or majority of the council are now Socialists are as follows:

- Schenectady, N. Y.; New Castle, Pa.; Hamilton, Ohio; Lorain, Ohio; Martins Ferry, Ohio; St. Marys, Ohio; Fostoria, Ohio; Mount Vernon, Ohio; Barberton, Ohio; Salem, Ohio; Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Mansfield, Ohio; Canton, Ohio; Crookston, Minn.; Reading, Pa.; Eureka, Utah; Murray, Utah; Manti, Utah; Stockton, Utah; Tintec, Utah.

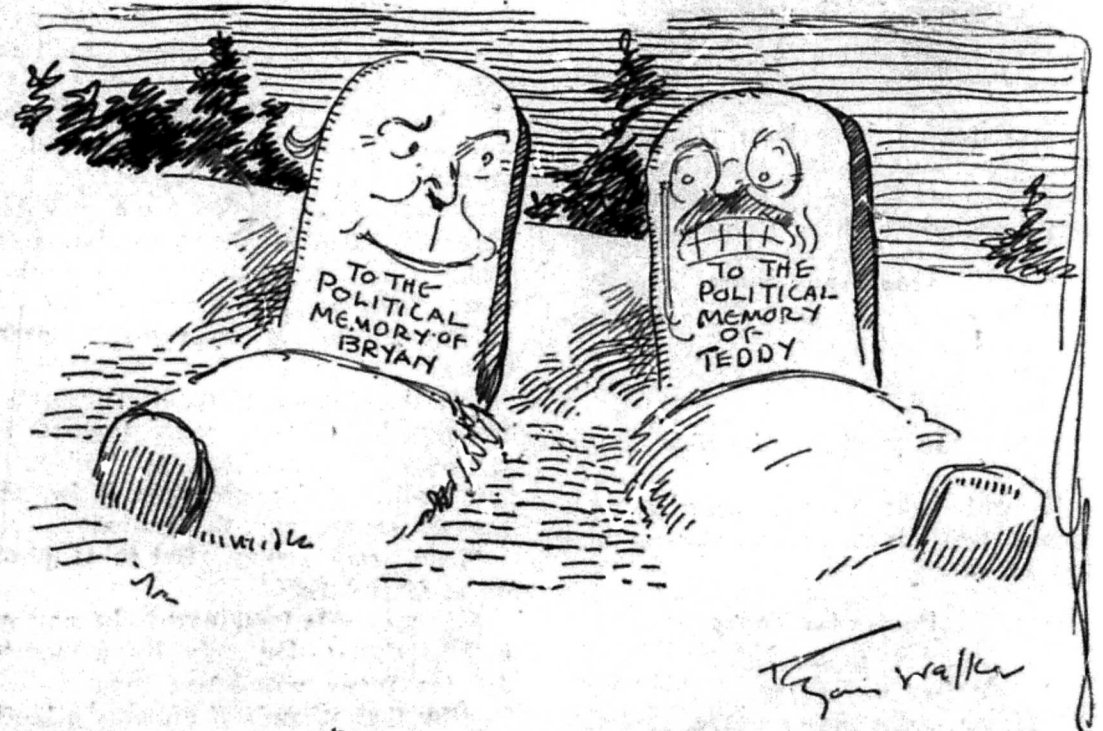
The following Socialist officials were reported elected elsewhere:

- Haverhill, Mass., one state legislator. Dayton, Ohio, four councilmen. Toledo, Ohio, one alderman. Kalamazoo, Mich., one councilman. Newport, Ky., one commissioner. Auburn, N. Y., one alderman. Findlay, Ohio, one alderman. Akron, Ohio, one alderman, two assessors. Bridgeport, Conn., one alderman. Columbus, Ohio, four aldermen. Everett, Wash., three councilmen.

Everywhere the Socialist vote increased at a greater rate than ever before in its history. The victory in New Castle is especially gratifying since here the fight was second in fierceness only to that in Los Angeles.

It is strikingly significant that the Socialist victories are in no way localized. They extend from Connecticut and Massachusetts to Utah and California and as far south as Mississippi and embrace every locality between these points in which there was an election.

Such a sweeping and all pervading growth indicates not only a national land slide toward Socialism, but is proof positive that there can be no reaction. The COMING NATION has made arrangements to publish next week the most complete returns, with pictures of the successful candidates, and statements from them as to the causes of victory and the things it is proposed to accomplish.



Politics makes strange grave-fellows