

# THE COMING NATION

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## Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### THE RACE QUESTION AGAIN



### A YOUNG MAN'S CHANCE IN LIFE

**T**HIS being the merry holiday season, and all that, suppose this morning we betake ourselves to the question whether in this life of ours we have any duties toward one another or whether we are a gang of individualist pigs with nothing to do but to get to the trough early and stay there late.

Today I have been looking over the illiteracy statistics for the United States. They are an instructive if not an exhilarating study.

It appears that in this proud country of ours more than 44 per cent of the negro population is illiterate, which is one of the highest percentages in the world.

Practically all of these benighted minds are in the Southern states, and their condition results from the fact that those states will not take any interest in negro education and without exception appropriate insufficient amounts for the negro schools.

The situation is, in fact, far worse than appears in the statistics, where, God knows, it is bad enough.

These states maintain savage and barbarous laws, the relics of the dark days of chattel slavery, forbidding white persons to teach in colored schools. As there are not enough colored teachers to supply the demand, the result is that in many places the colored schools are closed all the time and the colored children grow up without a vestige of education.

In some of these states before the war it was a crime for any person to teach a negro slave to read. That expressed the idea that still prevails there. Before the war the slave-owners didn't want the slaves to have any education lest they should learn enough to run away. Now these states do not want the negroes to have any education lest they should learn to assert their rights.

These are the facts about the matter; no good can possibly come of deceiving ourselves about them. In the North the well-fed, complacent, typical American, if he can be brought to look at these matters even for a moment says, "Oh leave it to the South; the South knows what to do about the negro," and goes on his way intent upon making another dollar.

So we leave it to the South, and the South denies education to the negro and when he does a deed of darkness or ignorance burns him alive and gives thanks for "a white civilization."

Now I know that this is not popular talk and is not supposed to be well advised for the great movement of which I am a humble supporter; but for once I am going to have my say about it, elections or no elections, Mississippi or elsewhere; and the thing that is most on my chest is this monstrous injustice of providing the conditions that make evil inevitable and then lynching the victims of the conditions that we ourselves create.

So long as that is the case I should think that the hugest jest in the world was the idea of sending American missionaries to Burma or Rarotonga. We ought to petition Burma and Rarotonga to send missionaries to us.

In the last twenty-five years 2,458 colored men have been lynched in this country and in only a minority of the cases has there been any allegation of the crime that is viewed as offering the sole excuse for this monstrous lawlessness.

I should think this fact alone would give a missionary from Rarotonga reason to believe that he had enough to do in the United States.

**A**ND I am not much edified to hear Northern people deploring these conditions in the South. I don't see that the North has any right to cast stones at the South when we come to this matter. How is it up here? Except at Coatesville, Springfield and a few other barbarous communities we do not burn negroes alive, but we seem to have entered into a league to prevent them from earning a living if we can. What are all these colored boys and young men going to do when they start out to earn their bread? Ever think of that?

Twenty-five years ago, in the city of Chicago, all the waiters in the hotels and restaurants, and the barbers in most of the barber shops were colored men. In many lines of employment colored men worked upon equal terms with white men.

A young colored man in those days had some reasonable chance of honest work. Today he has open to him a choice among the following careers:

If he has luck, influence or adroitness in elbowing some other man out of his job he may become a porter on a Pullman car. Under similar conditions he may get a berth as a waiter on a railroad dining car. He may obtain something to do in the worst paid lines of manual labor, such as cleaning spittoons or sweeping out stores. He may find occasional employment as a hostler or scab teamster. He may make a precarious livelihood among his own poverty stricken people. Or he may turn strike-breaker and professional criminal.

Practically all the hotels and restaurants now have white waiters exclusively. It is "so much better form." There are no barber shops with colored barbers except those operated solely for colored customers. Nearly all lines of industry are closed to a man that has a dark skin. What is he going to do? Starve, for all we care. He has committed the unpardonable social crime. His skin is dark. Our skins are light. Why doesn't he have a light skin like ours? Then he might be allowed to work and live like other men. But so long as his skin is dark let him go hang.

I had a case seven or eight years ago of a young colored man that had been valedictorian of his class at the Newark, Ohio, High School. The honor was won by competition in scholarship and this colored boy got it on merit. Snobbery in Newark rose up with a mighty shriek and the School Board was besieged to make an exception and rule out the winner because his skin was dark. For some reason it declined to commit this act of obvious perfidy and the name of the colored boy still led his class. An attempt was

next made to frighten the winner to a point where he would decline the honor. The boy stood manfully for his rights. Finally there was nothing to be done but to submit to the horrible outrage, and allow a colored boy to pronounce a valedictory in "a white man's country," although some of the parents refused to allow their children to attend the graduating exercises of a school in which they had been distanced by a member of "the inferior race."

The valedictorian now went to work in the branch office of a great New York life insurance company at Cleveland, if I remember correctly. He was a first-class accountant, quick and accurate, and the manager, happening to be a man with a

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mind broader than a needle's point, entirely overlooked that damning fact about his color for the sake of the work he did. He was in that office about five years, in which time there was no complaint about him except from snobbish persons that objected to seeing a colored man at work in "a white man's country." He was promoted from time to time and the manager came to look upon him as an invaluable asset and so reported to the New York office.

The time came when the cashier at Cleveland was advanced to a higher position and his place became vacant. The manager gave it to the young colored man as the person on the premises best fitted to fill it. He so reported to New York. Some time after in writing to the main office he took occasion to praise highly the work done by the new cashier and to remark that in this case certainly the common prejudice against colored men was without foundation.

At once came back a horrified protest from the management. "We never understood that this man was colored," it said. "We cannot have colored men employed in our offices. Please dismiss this man at once."

So he was dismissed, and after spending a year in hunting for another position and being pointed to the door because his skin was dark he finally succeeded in getting occasional employment as a porter.

If he had taken to crime, we, in our great wisdom would have used him as an illustration of the bad character of the negro race.

Because that is the way we do. We provide conditions under which it is impossible for a man to be honest and then we express the greatest wonder and indignation because anybody goes wrong.



## THE PROPERTY SOLUTION

**B**UT about this Negro question, what are you going to do about it?

We have given rein to race hatred to such an extent that we no longer allow the dark-skinned men to earn their living. We will not let them work at anything; we will not allow them the ordinary rights of human beings. We fly into a rage if anybody suggests that they have legal rights not different in any way from our own. We have disfranchised them in the South by trampling upon and nullifying that blessed Constitution that is the supposed bulwark of the nation. We have reduced them to the legal status of helots. Now we refuse them a chance to earn their daily bread. Well, then, what do you want to do with them? Lynch them all? Or what?

Upon this point I desire very much to have light. I am perfectly familiar with all the bad qualities of the Negro as eloquently described by the descendants of the men that used to hold negro slaves. I have heard all there is to be said on that subject and heard it many times repeated. Nothing that I can see is to be gained by longer sitting about the corner grocery and cursing the black man. I get no enlightenment from that. What I want to know is what we are going to do about it?

Some of us that are perfectly willing to continue the present factory-town conditions are also content to let the race question go, assuring the rest that it will work out all right in the end, though what end, God knows.

It may suit these persons to tolerate any condition so long as nothing interferes with their profits, but men of just minds and some faith in democracy will never be so easily satisfied. Such men will never understand that the sacred right to life and justice can be affected in the slightest degree by the amount of coloring pigment under any man's skin, and will never be content with a condition that makes the very name of the Republic a lie and a sign of shame.

Some of the easy going souls tell us that the solution of the problem will come when the negro shall have accumulated property and become in capitalistic eyes, "respectable." These say, "Let the negro practice thrift and

buy property. Then he can claim his rights as a human being."

Yes. Well, on December 5 the Associated Press sent out news of an incident reported to have occurred in Tennessee that seems to throw some valuable light upon this argument.

According to this account a negro family had been inspired with the gorgeous promises of thrift to a point where it had saved enough money to buy a farm. Then the white gentlemen in the neighborhood had decided that they did not want any "niggers" owning farms thereabout, and to express their disapproval of such intrusions from the helot class they lay in wait for three members of this thrifty family, who were taking a load of cotton to the market. The white gentlemen tied the three to their load of cotton, set fire to it and burned the three to death. One of them was a little girl.

I should think that a few events of this kind might encourage negroes to practice thrift and own property and become respectable. To be sure, the burning of the little girl seems excessive zeal. It could hardly be true that she had offended anyone by owning anything. But we are to remember that she might grow up to own something. The guardians of "a white civilization" cannot be too particular about such things.

But while I am willing to admit that so far as this incident indicated a solution of the problem the solution might be deemed effective, what I want to know is whether we are ready as a nation to accept it. I am tired, for my part, of beating about the bush and pretending one thing and practicing another. If the idea is to go out and murder all the negroes, let's say so frankly and be done with it. And if the idea is to restore them to the chattel slavery from which they were with so much difficulty set free, let's say that. And if we don't believe in democracy, nor decency, nor justice, nor righteousness, let's say that. But whatever we do, let's quit playing the sneaking, odorous hypocrite about it. For once in the history of the American people let's say just what we are and what we stand for. And if we deliberately purpose to become slave-hunters and men-owners for the sake of holy profits, let us admit that intention, put on a feather-head-dress, seize our tomahawks and in other respects turn Apache.



## REAL DIVISIONS OF MANKIND

**Y**OU see, as a matter of fact, the thing will not work. It is either one or the other; either every human being is equally a child of mother earth and equally entitled to his life and a chance to live it, or there are no rights for any of us. Either there can be no valid objection to a man's rights on the basis of the color of his skin, or there are valid objections to his rights on any ground that may suit the caprice or the interest of the class in power. With entirely too much indifference the workingmen of the North have tolerated the disfranchisement of the negro of the South. If the negro can be disfranchised to suit the purpose of the dominant class, so also may be the workingman. If the Northern workingman could know at this moment how much discussion is going on in our "best circles" about the desirability of limiting the franchise with qualifications of property and education he might begin to perceive how truly the cause of the disfranchised negro is the cause of all labor everywhere.

The fact is that there are no real divisions into races. The genuine divisions of today are into classes, not races. The interests of all men that work are identical, no matter what may be the color of their skins, no matter where they may reside, no matter what may be their mother tongue. All other divisions are artificial and are now become mere fakes that the masters of the world use to delude workingmen into silence that there may be no chance to loosen their chains. Class

distinctions alone are of the slightest importance or reality. One class, comprising the vast majority of mankind, is engaged in creating the world's wealth. Another class, comprising a small minority, is engaging in enjoying the wealth created by the majority. No other distinctions are worth a moment's thought. At present, all the men that are engaged in creating the world's wealth, whether they be white, black, yellow, brown, red or fawn color, all of them, are ruled and preyed upon by the minority that create nothing. The reason they are thus preyed upon and defrauded is primarily because they are divided by artificial distinctions into groups of races or organizations wholly absorbed in opposing one another instead of opposing the common enemy. The first duty is to unite upon the basis of a common cause, and toward such a union of all men that toil, here is the most obvious step.



## YET JUSTICE IS JUSTICE

**H**AVING prevented negroes from obtaining education the South proceeds to denounce the negro as ignorant and and shiftless and is vastly indignant because he does things that befit the state of ignorance that the community decrees for him.

This seems to the impartial observer an infinite wrong. But I don't see that the South has any monopoly of it. Our custom all about the country is to provide for most children conditions under which reasonable and successful life is impossible, and then to blame the failures that we have ensured; to sow the seeds of evil and then denounce the harvest.

It is the same way about crime. We build the slums and condemn millions of children to be brought up in them, and when the inevitable criminal emerges from the hot-house that we have made for his cultivation we turn around and thrust him into jail. The work is ours, so we punish him. If all tales are true and there is a judgment seat of infinite and perfect justice I should think our communal sins must show up pretty black there. Making criminals and punishing them; breeding tuberculosis and making a hypocritical roar about it; creating imbeciles and thrusting them out of sight; handing out doles of charity and refusing to get off the backs of the people we oppress; living on the labor of others and uttering the most genial platitudes about the unfortunates; building churches and robbing men; providing Christmas dinners for the poor, but being very careful to see that they remain poor; singing "Suffer little children to come unto me," and declaring dividends from the labor that slays them; subscribing to Sunday Schools and defeating anti-child labor laws; sending magdalenes to the island and blinding our eyes to the conditions that make them what they are; praising peace and causing wars; condemning organized labor for its "violence" and never querying as to the causes of labor's violent thoughts; prating about "prosperity" and ignoring the fact that 85 per cent of the population is poor; singing Christmas carols over a hell of pain and misery; emitting streams of sickly platitudes about Republican institutions that are already destroyed; pretending, faking, lying, smirking, ducking, dodging, and at all times wallowing; where is the chance for glorification in all this?

Merry Christmas. Sure. In a country where the poor steadily increase in proportionate number and steadily decline in economic condition, where the army of the unemployed grows daily and 8,000,000 citizens are deprived of the constitutional rights because of their complexions, what should we do but be merry? Draw up closer here to the fire. We have enough, we are warm, we are comfortable. What do we care? We have our jaws and both front feet in the trough. What do we care?  
Is it so, brethren?

# The Nation That is Coming

HOW THE FACTORY IS BEING TRANSFORMED IN PREPARATION FOR COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP

**T**HE first Socialists were Utopians. Because they lived in the midst of a society in which the outlines of the co-operative commonwealth were too dim to constitute a foundation for the building of a new society, they fought to erect little communities apart from the social organism.

Today, the outlines of a Socialist society are so plain that we have only to put flesh upon the dry bones to realize this youthful vision.

In a society which rests upon the factory system the distance which we have traveled toward a better society can best be measured by noticing the changes that have taken place in the factory. Socialists look forward to a factory owned by the workers, in which work shall be planned by those who do it, undertaken in a spirit of co-operative helpfulness, carried on with the joy of individual initiative, and with a return to the producers large enough to satisfy all normal wants. How far have we progressed toward this idea? How far has the factory been transformed, under the pressure of the protest of labor, toward the ideal that labor would make of it?

## Where the Factory Started

In the colonial period in America linen and woollens were badly needed and out of this need came the dream of a plan to build a "manufacturing house."

In 1640 the general court of Massachusetts Bay issued the following quaint order:

"The Court, taking into serious consideration the absolute necessity for the raising of the manufacture of linen cloth & cetera, doth declare that it is the intent of this Court that there shall be an order settled about it, and therefore doth require the magistrate and deputies of the severall towns to acquaint the townsmen therewith, and to make inquiry what seed is in every town, what men and women are skillful in the breaking, spinning, weaving; what means for the prociding of wheels; and to consider with those skillful in that manufacture, what course may be taken to raise material, and to produce



Hospital at United Shoe Machinery Co. plant

to the next Court their severall and joyant advise about this thing. The like consideration would be had for the spinning and weaving of cotton woole."

This order seemed to have done little good, and 16 years later more desperate measures were undertaken to compel women and children to work on the much-needed commodities.

In 1656 another order was issued providing:

"... It is therefore ordered by this Court & the authority thereof, that all hands, not necessarily employed on other occasions, as women, girls and boys, shall be and are hereby enjoyned to spin according to their skill and ability, and that the Selectmen in every town do consider the conditions and capacity of every family and accordingly do assess them at one or more spinners; and because severall families are necessa-

## By Hyman Strunsky

riely employed the greatest part of their time in other business, yet if opportunity were attended, some time might be spared at lease by some of them, for this work, the said Selectmen shall therefore assess such families at one-half or quarter of a spinner, according to their capacity.

"2) That every one, thus assessed for a whole spinner do after this present year, 1656, spin for thirty weeks every year three pounds per week of lining, cotton, or wooling, and so proportion-



The Industrial School at the plant of the United Shoe Machinery Co.

ately, for one half or one quarter spinner under the penalty of twelve shillings for every pound short, and the Selectmen shall take special care for the execution of thos order."

## Otis Grafting a Factory

In 1753 a name, that has ever since been prominent in the warfare of labor and capital, appeared. Harrison Gray Otis, treasurer of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, purchased a lot of land on which a "manufacturing house," the first factory in this country, was built two years later. Although money was appropriated by the Province and collected from voluntary contributors, yet, in spite of all efforts to place the factory on a self-supporting basis, it failed.

Fifteen years later a committee that had been appointed to investigate the situation, urged

"That the government should grant the use of the Manufacturing House in Boston to the Undertakers for so long a time as they shall continue to carry on the Manufacture of Duck; check or plain linen. Secondly, that a sum be immediately raised by subscription and given the Undertakers for the purchase of Looms, Wheels and other Utensils necessary for the carrying on said Business, learning spinners and paying such other incidental charge as may arise. Thirdly, that for purchasing such stock for carrying on this Manufacture, as will answer the good purpose it will be necessary for the Undertakers to hire a considerable sum of money for which they must give their own personal security and pay interest thereof.

"And as the prospect of advantage is not sufficient to induce any to engage in it without some assistance from such as are of ability to afford it, the Committee would propose that a subscription be opened for the annual payment of such sums as each person should incline to give for the space of Five Years. This is to be given to the Undertakers to enable them to pay the interest of the money they shall borrow."

All this sounds very familiar. It is the plan under which the railroads were built. It is proposed that the public build the system, equip it, make it profitable, conduct it until it brings in eighteen per

cent dividend, and then turn it over to a set of "Undertakers."

In the early days of the factory system children from four to ten years old worked twelve and fourteen hours a day for less than twenty dollars a year.

These little ones were kept at their tasks by blows and abuse equal to that later inflicted upon negro chattel slaves in the South.

Even in 1870 an overseer of a Massachusetts mill testified to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor "that formerly the overseer in Rhode Island used quite generally for purposes of punishment strips of leather 14 inches long and 4 inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick, sometimes with tacks inserted." Punishment, however, was not characteristic of Rhode Island alone, for as late as 1871 the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor stated that "during the past 18 months cases of corporal punishment of factory children were reported to them."

Such was the condition of the factory in this country only a few decades ago. There were no labor laws at all and the employes were thrown on the mercies of cruel slave-drivers. There was no regard whatever paid to human life and health, no effort made to prevent accidents, no thought of safety devices, no redress from intolerable treatment. Men worked from five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening for a wage that proved insufficient to keep body and soul together. Men and women and children were worked like cattle and housed worse than cattle. The early history of the factory system is a history of horror.

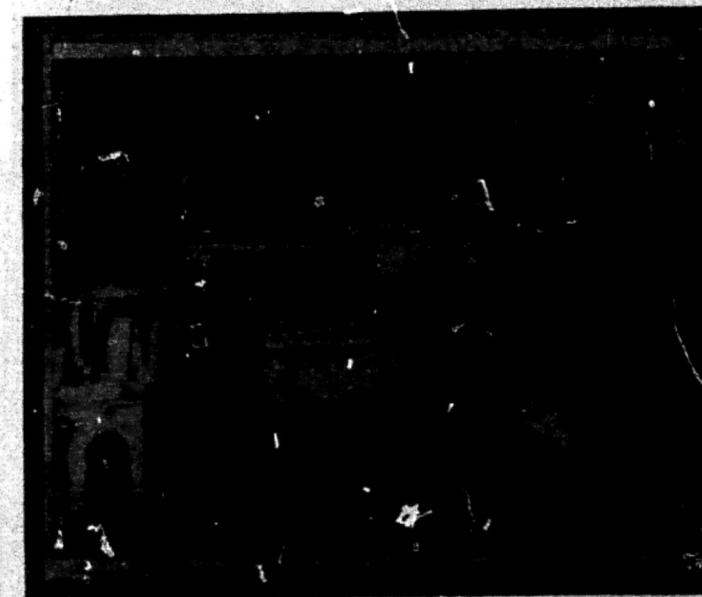
Things have changed. The old days of crude industrialism are gone and with them vanished the old form of tyranny and oppression.

To be sure things are not as bright as we want them to be. Women and children are still driven to work and labor is still exploited, and capital still retains the lion share of production, but within the factory there have been important changes.

The building, the machinery, the methods of work, all have been transformed, and that transformation, on the whole, has been in the direction of preparing the factory for the day when it will be owned and operated by the workers.

## Compelling Factory Improvements

We shall find that the most striking transformation has taken place in those industries that are seeking to avoid the direct organized resistance of



View of machinery in experimental bakery

their workers by granting favorable conditions within the factory.

There has been much of this in recent years, especially in the great trustified industries. These prefer "welfare work," even if they grant somewhat more than the ordinary union is able to give, providing

which inventions may be expected to come, such as can be found no where else in the world.

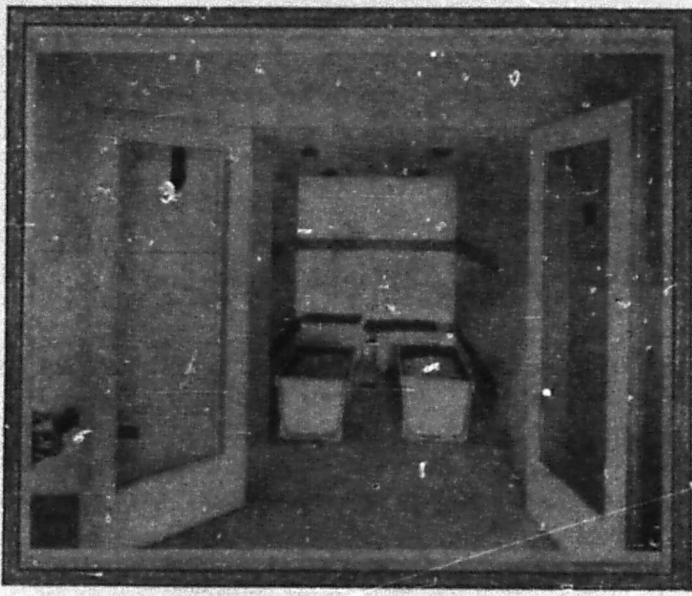
#### Monopolizing Inventions

But the knowledge that is to be drawn from this school must also be monopolized and to do this the future evolution of machines must be forecasted.

A large staff of inventors is maintained, each with his own private room and his own draftsman. The rooms of these inventors are flanked by the manufacturing experimental department which fashions into machines the ideas developed by the ingenious inventors. The school and the shop are ranked together that inventive genius may be directed from childhood and (here is what distinguishes this movement from a socially controlled industry) that profits may go to private owners.

Two groups, each composed of thirty-five boys, alternate between the factory and the Beverly High School. The company furnishes all materials and keeps the account. The boys are paid one-half the price that is to be paid to men doing the same work, the other half goes toward the expenses of the school. The boys thus have access to the High School laboratory and to the resources of the plant.

Here we catch a glimpse of the time when work and education will be united and when children will have what these boys do not have—the opportunity to use the knowledge which they gain in choosing



Sanitary kneading vats in modern bakery

they are able to retain the control of the plant and keep wages at a low point.

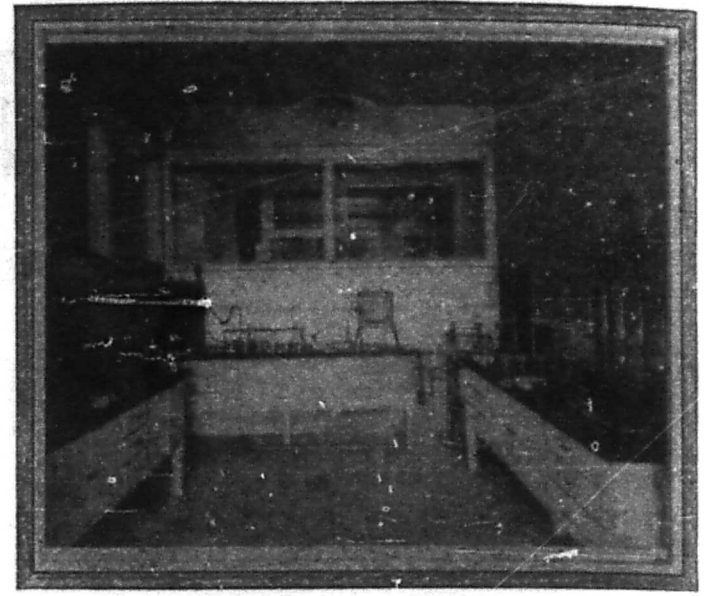
These favors granted, however, are the direct outgrowth of the organized labor movement and, if they should succeed in crushing that movement, would be at once withdrawn.

The United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Mass., offers excellent matter for illustration in the shoe industry. This is known as the trust and in more ways than one it is the best organized trust in the country. It manufactures the machinery used in the making of shoes, but, unlike other makers of machinery, it does not sell its product. It recognizes the Socialist contention that he who owns the machine controls the industry. It maintains ownership by renting its machinery on a royalty basis.

The shoe manufacturer does not own his plant. The trust installs it, runs it, keeps it in order and charges a certain amount for each pair of shoes produced. A tariff duty of forty-five per cent on imported machinery protects the trust from foreign competition, strengthens its hold on the industry and renders the shoe manufacturer helpless.

Such an industry depends upon keeping ahead of inventions in order to maintain its supremacy. It must, therefore, anticipate inventions. It must make invention a social process.

It does this very much along the lines that a socially owned plant would necessarily do. It has established a great museum containing between fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred machines and countless devices and tools. These illustrate the evolution of the manufacture of shoe machinery from the very beginning and afford a school for the study of the directions in



Corner of chemical laboratory of bakery

In these dark and foul surroundings semi-nude figures handle the bread on its road to the hot oven. Sweat drips from them. They turn at frequent intervals to a tin can on the floor from which they drink with a thirst of one lost in the desert. From the oven men went to the dough and the filth, perspiration and germs of disease found their way to the bread, and the bread found its way to the houses to be eaten by men, women and children.

Such a shop baked one barrel of flour a day. Since failures among these poor bakers are common they are charged forty per cent above the market price for flour.

Contrast this cellar with the bakery recently built by the Ward Bread Company. This company has plants in half a dozen large cities. The one in New York is seventeen stories high with concrete floor, walls of enameled stone and brick decorated with enameled terra cotta on the outside and tiles on the inside. It is situated near a park insuring plenty of air, light and sunshine.

All the work is done with machinery. No hand comes in contact with the dough. It is said that this company owns the Washburn-Crosby mills at Minneapolis, Minn., with a daily capacity of forty-five thousand barrels of flour. This is the equivalent of all the wheat raised on twenty-eight thousand farms of 160 acres each. From the flour produced by this one mill more than twelve

million loaves of bread can be made daily.

Whether the company owns railroad stock or not I cannot say, but the rails that start at the mills continue straight to the bakery in New York.

What brought about this change? Once more the resistance of organized labor. From the be-

(Continued on page eleven.)



Cellar bakery in which family lives, eats, sleeps and works

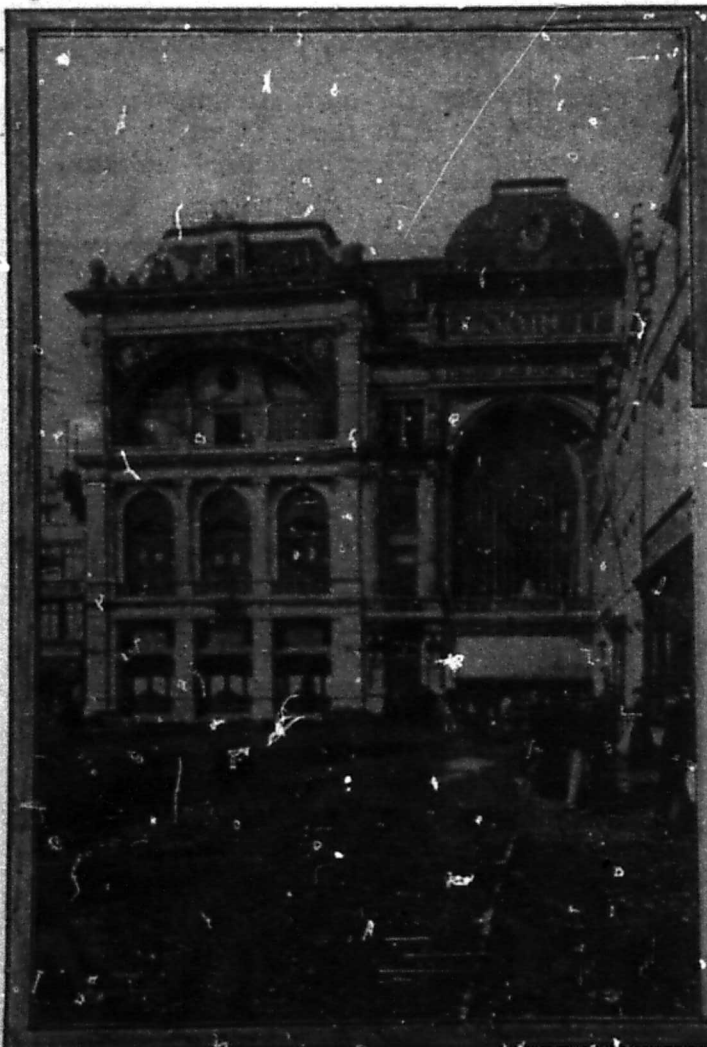
the line of industry to which they will devote their lives.

#### Clean Bread

In the making of bread also there has been an evolution in the direction of the future society.

The co-operatives of Belgium show us how the workers would transform the manufacture of bread. Their first step was to compel absolute cleanliness and to procure the services of expert hygienists in order to insure the manufacture of the most nutritious food possible. In this country the evolution has come along much the same lines, although the forces that have driven it ahead have moved in a somewhat different manner.

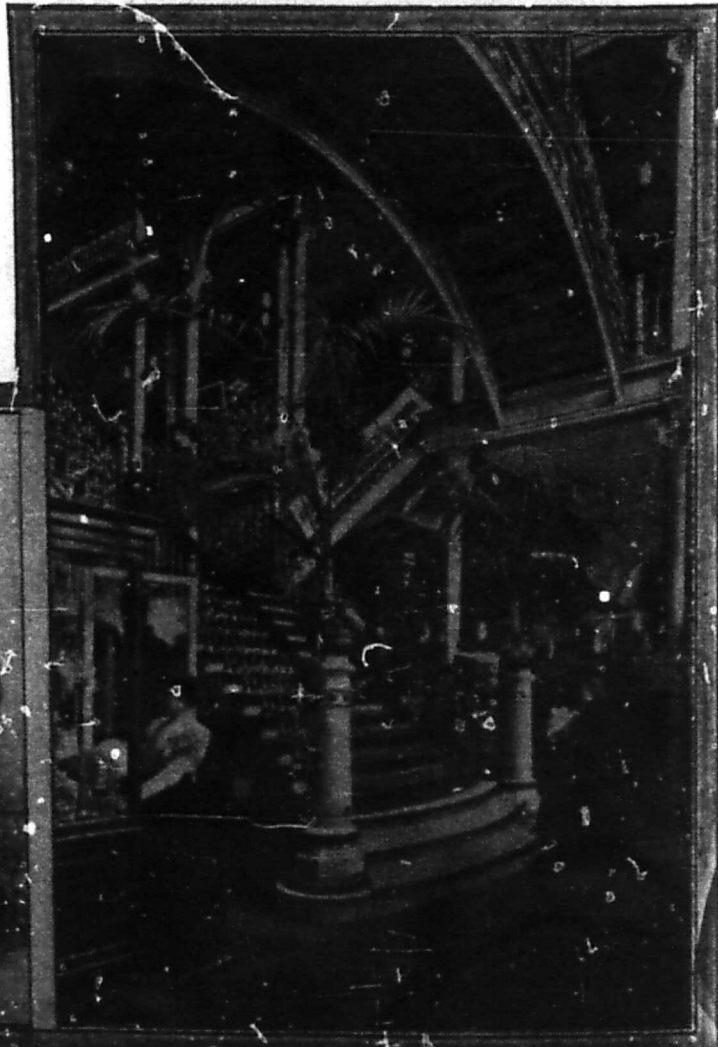
A few years ago the cellar bake shops predominated throughout the country. Twelve feet under ground, with access through a long dark and narrow hall, the floor was slimy, the walls dark and the ceiling covered with spider webs.



Facade of Vooruit co-operative store, Ghent



The People's Palace, Brussels



Interior of Vooruit co-operative store

# The Superstition of Faithful Service

HOW HERB POND DISCOVERED ITS MEANING AND HOW NEAL FINALLY CAST IT OFF

By Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by Tula Stevenson.

IN the midst of a white-sandy plot of ground that focused the heat and glare of the Missouri sun, a boy sat on a pile of cord wood, drooping over the handles of a buck-saw. In the gloom of a nearby woodshed, a man stood watching him. The boy's eyes, looking out from a face twisted into a grimace of weariness, waveringly contemplated a suggestion of hills that lined the blue horizon. The man's eyes were steadfast on the boy; the man's furrowed face was grim.

The man hobbled suddenly into the sunlight. A rubber-tipped club of a cane served him, on the right side, in place of the shortened leg that dangled there. One long, determined step alternated with a short, reckless hop. But he moved quickly, and the set of his bronze-colored face added terror to his approach.

The boy was on his feet instantly, and gibbering. "Dad! Just a minute! To rest! I'll work! Yes—right now! Dad! Don't! Please! Oh, please!"

Neal Pond fixed one big hand in the collar of his son's black cotton shirt. Beneath the brim of his sweat-splotched felt hat, beneath the cavernous overhang of his brows, his eyes snapped and glowed.

"I told ye I'd scutch ye," he rumbled, "if I caught ye loafin' afore that pile was sawed up! Ye lazy little shirk! Ye worthless little runt! Ye—" The first heavy blow of the cane fell across the boy's writhing back, and his screams drowned out further reproaches. Neal pounded unsparingly: four, five, six, ten times he struck. His son's shrill voice rose to a shriek at each blow, and jabbered and pleaded in the intervals.

"There, Herb!" said Neal Pond, releasing his hold and balancing himself, panting, on his cane. "There! If all my talk can't make a man of ye, maybe that will! I'll bring up no son of mine to be a shirk and a loafer!"

Herb crumbled to the ground, and writhed about in paroxysms of pain, terror, and impotent rage. Neal watched, clenching and unclenching his hands on the top of his big cane.

"I got to learn ye!" he muttered. It was as if, in spite of his look of stern righteousness, he tried to justify himself to himself. "I got to make a man of ye! If ye turn out a loafer and a drunkard and a thief, it'll be because the devil in ye is too strong for me to beat out!"

"Get up now," he resumed, a moment later. "Go in the well-room and get ye a drink o' water. Then finish your work."

He turned abruptly, and made for the railway track that ran behind the woodshed. Long step, short step, he hurried away toward his post of duty at the Main Street crossing. Eleven years he had held the job of crossing-watchman his crippling had won from the railroad whose cars had crushed him; and never before had there arisen a necessity strong enough to make him delegate the job, even for a little while, to another.

For several minutes after his father had left him, Herb lay on the ground. At intervals his bony body twitched, and he moaned. Finally, with the stiff-jointedness of a rheumatic old man, he got to his feet and resumed his seat on the pile of cord wood. His eyes returned to their wavering contemplation of the horizon. He had the big, honest, brown eyes of all the North End Ponds, and they helped to give his sorrowful face something of the pathos of a gun-shy hunting dog's.

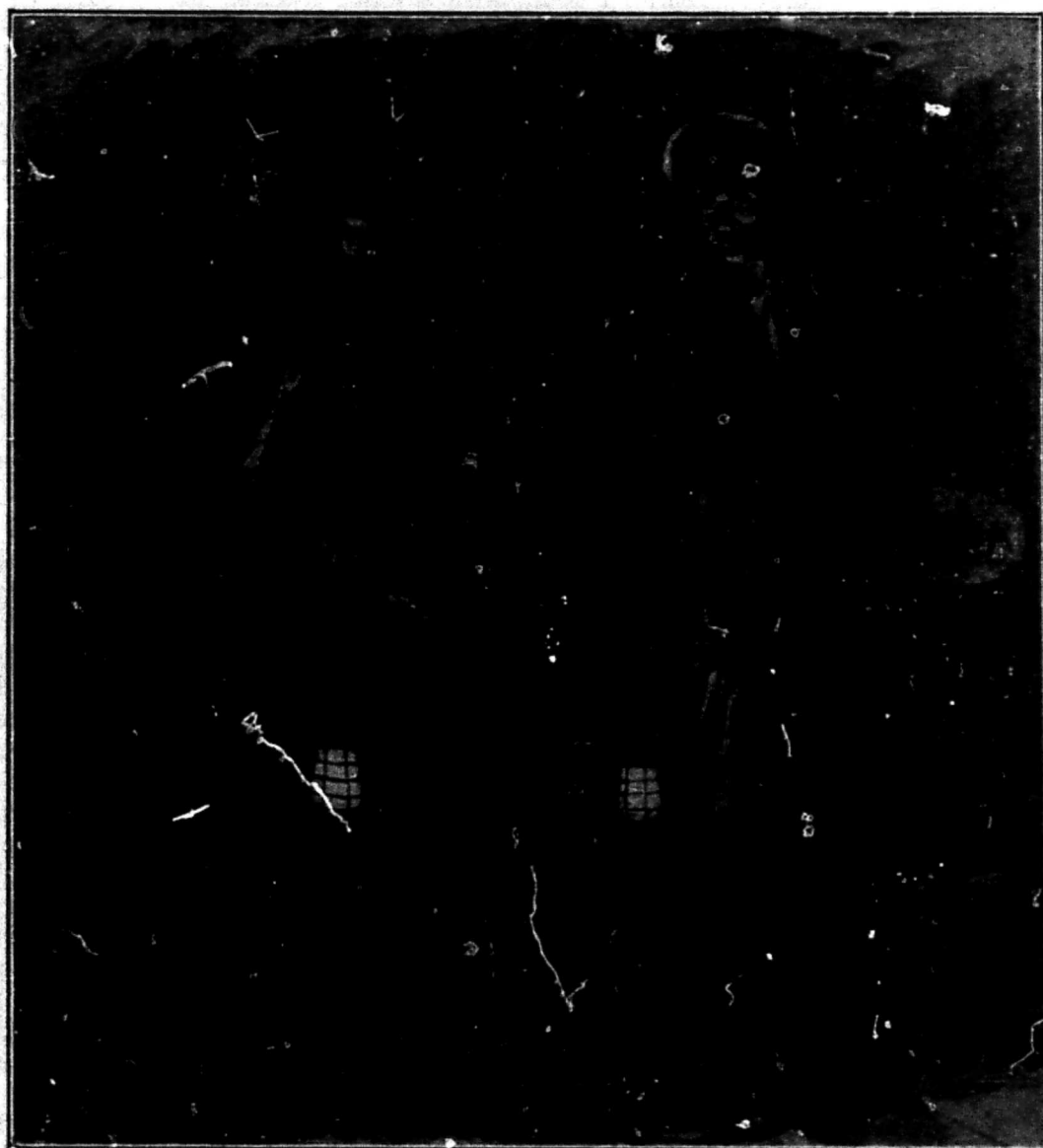
By degrees his eyes ceased to waver, and his mouth took on a sort of scared, tremulous determination. He got up and went into the well-room that ended the L of the Pond's tiny cottage. His mother and his younger sister, Helen, were there, working.

"I hope that'll be a lesson to you, Herb," said Mrs. Pond glancing up from a steaming, malodorous tub of babies' clothing. She paused a moment in her work to look at him. "He didn't hurt you as much as you let on, did he?" she asked. "He was

always partial to you—little as you ever did to deserve it."

Herb silently pumped a dipper of water and took a few swallows. While he drank, he stood drooping on one leg; the hip of it bulged outward in an awkward, loose-jointed fashion. Tears, following the premature wrinkles of his face, had made his expression a caricature of woe.

As he returned the dipper to its nail, he glanced dully at his mother. She had bent over the tub again, and her capable red hands were working, working, as everything connected with the household of Neal Pond was suppose to do. Herb went through the kitchen and into the sitting room. Beside the center table stood a cradle where the two



"I don't care—I'm going to help you, dad"

babies slept, side by side, beneath pink mosquito netting. He drew back the netting and kissed each one carefully on the forehead. Then, picking up his copy of *The Swiss Family Robinson* from the table, he went on, walking slowly and undecidedly, through the darkened parlor, out the front door, down the rose-bordered front path, and out onto the railway track. A hundred yards from the house he paused to glance over his shoulder, and fresh tears started down the grimy lines of his face. But through his softness ran a strain of the determination of all the Ponds; he did not turn back.

Neal Pond, when the news was broken to him, pretended great calmness.

"He'll come sneakin' round in a day or so," he said, "and when he does, I'll lick the life out of him."

The threat rose less from any substratum of cruelty in Neal's nature than from a long course of hardening. From the day when, handicapped by a shortened and nearly useless right leg, the hospital gave him back to his wife and brood, circumstances had combined to make him an unusually thorough disciple of toil.

The railroad company had given him one hundred dollars in cash, a job as a crossing watchman at forty dollars a month, and an illuminated Testimonial for Faithful Service. Deeply moved by these honoraria and emoluments, Neal had the Testimonial framed. He invested the hundred dollars

as first payment on a small property near his new work, and began applying the forty dollars a month to the payment of interest on his mortgage and to the support of his wife, Gertrude, his seven-year-old son, William, his six-year-old son Archibald, his three-year-old son, Herbert, his baby daughter, Helen, and, lastly, himself.

One is put out of breath by even a partial enumeration of his needs for money; the needs themselves kept Neal Pond breathless for years. Before and after his daily twelve hours at the crossing, he sawed wood, cut kindlings, tended his cow, tilled his garden, and peddled milk and kindlings and vegetables and berries in season. Gertrude, his wife, worked no less than he. The well-house stank with perpetual washings, the coal bin thrived on the provender she gathered beside the track, the awkward clothing of her children testified to internal manufacture, and two new babies, twins, came to prove her not remiss in this woman's duty to herself, her husband, and society. She arose early in the morning, and performed a more than Solomonic mass and variety of labors. And all her children of school age went regularly to school; and all regularly worked.

As one strong man may saddle a whole family with the military, say, or the ministerial, tradition, so Neal Pond saddled the North-End Ponds with the tradition of toil. And, as in many minister's families there is one of the younger generation to lend color to the saying that "Ministers' sons always turn out badly," so it was Neal Pond's misfortune to rear a son to oppose his tradition. Herbert Pond may have been heredity's protest against too much of a single virtue. At fifteen years old he was puny, cowed, furtive, fond of reading books of adventure and of loafing on his back in the shade; opposed, above all things, to manual labor. The fervor with which Neal tried to change all this had something religious about it. He had been all the severer because of a half-conscious preference, a sneaking affinity, for his least worthy son. Herb's departure hardened him toward his remaining children, and toward life in general.

Some twelve or thirteen years later, when I became acquainted with Neal Pond, he was living in his little cottage all alone. Bit by bit he told me the story of him and his. The babies had died very suddenly; he frankly associated their trouble with those continual malodorous washings in the well-room. The Wife, too,—he always spoke of his wife as if there were never another—The Wife, too,—typhoid fever and, frankly, overwork. William and Archibald were somewhere in Wyoming; they had left home against his will, and he never heard from them. Helen had eloped with a railway brakeman, and was in Chicago, he thought. He rather admired his family's taste, he remarked grimly; he would have gone elsewhere, too, if anybody but himself had worked him as he had worked them.

The story of Herb's defection he told me last, and in barest outline; but gradually he filled in with a wealth of detail that left no doubt of how it stood in his heart.

Originally there must have been a good deal of Herb's temperament in him. As he grew older, with an old man's gradual reversion to his boyhood's type, he spent many evenings reading books of adventure; and when afternoons were long in summer, one was likeliest to find him, after his twelve hours of watching, lying on his back among his peach trees, dreaming at the sky. He did only enough work at home to keep his trim little place in order. As his grizzled hair and eyebrows became whiter, he grew more like Herb, sympathized more with Herb's defection, and believed more thoroughly that Herb would come home.

"If he'd come now, he needn't do a lick of work," he told me one day, with a short chuckle. "I got over three thousand dollars in the bank—after payin' for them three monuments."

"Poor little feller!" said Neal Pond. "Hoboin'

it around—readin' his Swiss Family Robinson—and starvin', prob'ly."

It never seemed to occur to him that Herb, the opposed to work, could have made his way in the world.

"Or maybe he's stole somethin'," said Neal Pond, "and got put in the pen. I get newspapers from all over the country; but, of course, he'd prob'ly change his name."

"Or it ain't unlikely," said Neal Pond, "that he's fell off a train some cold night, and got killed. No—I s'pose that ain't unlikely."

I got into the habit of stopping a few moments in his cylindrical little watchman's house as I returned from my own work every day a little after five o'clock. Most of his acquaintances had died or moved away, and few persons interfered with the block of afternoon sunlight that lay across the threshold of his shanty. I held this fact responsible, for some time, for the sudden start with which he invariably greeted my appearance. Long after one would have thought he might have grown to expect me, there was always that quick, expectant shock as he looked up from his interminable newspapers to meet my eyes. One day he showed me advertisements for his son's whereabouts in dozens of papers; and then I understood why he always started at my appearance. He produced, also, a big bundle of letters, of all shapes, sizes, and colors.

"Liars!" he announced, holding up the bundle. "It's funny what a lot o' men are anxious to lie for a few dollars!"

His will, which he showed me some time later, provided for keeping up the advertisements as long as his money should last. He had arranged a very ingenious system of identification, so that no impostor might get the money intended for Herbert Pond. But chiefly, I think, it was Neal Pond's desire that none but Herb receive a certain bulky letter, for the composition and expansion and continual revision of which the old man somewhat skimmed his other work.

It must have been a unique human document, that letter; the apology, I gathered, for a bitter, lonely life, and a regretful old age.

Curiously blatant, curiously out of keeping with the somberness of Neal Pond's whole life, was the home-coming of Herb. "The Meteor," the limited express from St. Louis, slowed down one summer afternoon at Neal's crossing, and allowed his son to alight. "The Meteor" could be slowed down in the North End only by a person of consequence enough to put considerable pressure, usually financial, on the conductor. As Herb picked his way delicately over the tracks toward his father's shanty, it was evident that he was such a person.

Herb wore patent leather oxfords, between which and the rolls of his white flannel trousers was displayed a generous expanse of pale lavender sock. His blue coat drooped in well-tailored lines, his panama hat perched jauntily, he carried a little alligator-skin grip in one hand, and a little cane in the other. His thin, slightly wizened, withal good-natured and intelligent, face expressed make-believe amusement and sickly disdain.

Neal had returned to his shanty and was resuming his afternoon grist of newspapers. Herb came and stood in the doorway. Neal looked up, stared a moment in bronze-faced surprise and disapproval, and went back to his newspapers.

"Well, dad," said Herb, "I see you don't recognize me."

Neal laid aside his paper and tilted his old hickory chair comfortably back against the wall.

"Yes, Herb," said he. "Yes, I recognize you. There's been quite several of you standing right there where you are now. You're my long-lost son Herb, I guess?"

"Certainly," said Herb, surprised into a genuine dignity.

The old man suddenly pushed himself forward, banging the fore-legs of his chair to the floor, and aimed at the tip of his visitor's nose with a gnarled forefinger. His cavernous, whisker-browed, furrowed old face became more than ever like cast bronze.

"What did you use to call vinegar?" he demanded. "Quick! What did you use to ask for when you wanted vinegar?"

Herb, in his astonishment, retreated a few steps. "That'll be about all from you," said Neal, tilting his chair back again, and reaching for his newspaper. He was inclined to be indulgent, as if he had just perpetrated a good practical joke. "I guess that's cured you o' them queer ideas you had about who you are, ain't it? I call it the vinegar cure. It always works." His metallic old face showed the ghost of a grim, regretful smile. "There, run along," he said. "I bear ye no malice. There is very little money in question, anyway."

"Do you mean to say," asked Herb, "that other people have been here pretending to be me?"

"You might as well spare your time, sonny." There was no anger in Neal's voice; only bored amuse-

ment and regret. "Don't you think I'd know my own flesh and blood the minute I set eyes on him? Besides, you've had the vinegar cure. Run along, now; an' try to earn an honest living, if ye can."

"Tigger" is what I used to call it," said Herb. "I used to ask for 'tigger.'"

His sickly disdain had fallen from him. He spoke with the simplicity of boyhood.

"My mistake," said Neal, after a long, strange silence. "Come in, Herb."

The words carried a dry, forced friendliness that was keener than contempt. Shame-faced as a disgraced boy, almost cowed, Herb came in. Neal made him take the old hickory chair, the only chair in the shanty, and sat down on the door sill. Neither seemed to think of shaking hands.

"Ye don't want to git your nice trousers dirty," remarked the old man.

Herb cringed a little. "They're not much good for use," he apologized. "You see, I'd been hard up so long that, when I did make a raise, I bought flashy stuff. Wish, now, I hadn't."

"Don't blame ye," said Neal Pond. "Ef I didn't look so much like a retired pirate, I'd a-got myself some Sunday-go-to-meetin's long ago." He cast a side-long glance at his son. "Ye got a good deal more style right now," declared Neal Pond, "than anybody else in town."

"If I hadn't been a hobo so long," protested Herb, blushing furiously. "—You see, I really couldn't help bein' a hobo, you know—" He paused, plainly on guard.

"Hobo?" repeated Neal, with a flash, whether of anger or of interest, over his villainous face. "Been around a good deal, I suppose?"

"Yes," admitted Herb doubtfully.

"Been in New York, maybe?"

"Yes."

"Crost the sea? In London, maybe?"

"Yes. And Paris, and Berlin, and Hong Kong, and Calcutta—I've knocked around a lot. —But now I'm through," he hastened to add, by way of apology. "I've had enough."

"Well—maybe a man *could* git enough o' that," said Neal slowly. "I mean—of course I can't tell anything about how you'd feel about it."

Herb had absolutely no reply to make; and Neal preserved the perplexed silence that arose and thickened between them. It was almost as if they feared each other. Whereas both had expected to exact submission, to pity, and to assist, they were seized with a strange diffidence and respect. They were mighty adventurers, romancers, and dreamers both, with but the dimmest idea of their affinity. They were a Sohrab and Rustom of the spirit, met under quieter fates. Outwardly they had met as friends, even as father and son; inwardly they were strangers standing at swords' points, each ready to defend himself against his false idea of the other. The culmination of their talk had permitted each a glimpse, as it were between visor-bars, at the other's face. They stood troubled, waiting for a sign.

Through the grim confidences and pleasantries that followed, the significant thing between them was their ever watchful, their fantastically vigilant, guarding of themselves and testing of each other. Both were stirred during Neal's brief explanation of why he was living alone; and to Herb's emotion was added the shock of surprise. But the dead past of bitter, striving lives bury their dead deep, and they did not linger long on that subject. Neal, especially, turned continually toward the present.

"How do you make your livin', Herb?" he asked abruptly.

"Writing adventure stories," said Herb. "Mostly this sort of wild fiction they call 'Dime Novels.' You see, I know a good deal about strange places, and that's what's popular."

Neal looked up at his son. "Writin', eh?" he remarked non-committally; but he could not keep his feeling out of his eyes.

"Of course they're rot," said Herb, somewhat taken aback by his father's look. It was an ambiguous look, of a sort likely to be interpreted as contemptuous rather than admiring. Thanks to his life-long hardening, Neal found it difficult not to give a perverted expression of the softer emotions.

"Pure rot," repeated Herb, with some testiness; "of course."

"Of course," growled the old man, shortly, as if he had been rebuked. Sensitive as fledgelings in a headland's clefts were the feelings behind his weather-beaten exterior.

Another armed silence fell between father and son. Herb was hurt; no writer ever really believes his writings "rot." Neal was hurt; no proud father likes to be rebuked by his superior son. The point-and-point situation between them gave fierce meanings to matters in themselves very slight.

Neal reached for his cane, after several minutes of strained silence, arose, and began lighting his switch lamps.

"I'll have to be getting these out," said he. Picking up a couple of them, he prepared to depart.

"Maybe I'd better walk along up with you," Herb said. He fidgeted, and rose from his chair. Neal glowered at him questioningly. "I guess I'd better walk on into town and put up at a hotel," explained Herb.

"Suit yourself," said the old man. Level light from the West lit up his old pirate's phizz, and added a cold glitter to the hints of eyes beneath his bristling white brows. In a good deal of perplexity, and some recrudescence of an ancient terror, Herb watched him.

"Better run up and have a look at the place before you go," growled Neal abruptly. "I've fixed it up a good deal since ye saw it last. An' I got a few books ye might care to look over."

He turned, with the words, and made off down the track. One long, determined step alternated with a quick, unsteady, reckless hop. Herb stood and watched the familiar gait, the stocky, determined, familiar figure. The sight caught up some broken links in his past and knit them into his present. He was not without insight, not without imagination and nobility; he realized suddenly the loneliness, the tight-mouthed endurance, of the crippled old man, his father, hobbling off there into the gathering twilight.

But the realization did not melt him, for life had dealt with him in a way to give him a hard temper. Unconsciously, perhaps, but as a matter of fact, he had come back for revenge; he had expected to offer friendship, pity, advice, and money, but only after he had received a measure of submission. He realized that his friendship, pity, advice, and money were not acceptable on the terms he had to offer. He realized, also, that he had expected to receive friendship, and some admiration. Instead, he had been made to feel like a flashy little fool. The thought of his humiliation made him bitter.

He went back into the shanty and sat down in the shiny old hickory chair. He remembered that the chair, in the days of his boyhood, had been as uniquely his father's as the throne of the King of England is uniquely the King of England's. Softened a little by the memory, he glanced, with a new interest, about the room. There were only two other articles of furniture: the cast-iron stove and the desk. That had been another sacred thing, that battered little desk. In it Neal Pond had treasured such train orders and advertising matter as his employers, from time to time, had deigned to send him. Dire penalties had been promised the young Pond who meddled with that desk.

Moved by a desire at once humorous and bitter to shatter another sacred tradition, Herb arose and lifted the lid of the desk. Pink and blue time tables were piled on one side, yellow train orders on the other. In the middle of the box lay a single bulging envelope, of the sort used to enclose legal documents. The light had grown so dim that Herb had to bring his face down close to read the writing on it. This proximity served, in a way, to intensify the shock with which he read his own name.

Herb took up the envelope and fingered it doubtfully. Holding it unopened in his hand, he went to the door of the shanty and looked after his father. Neal was half a mile up the track, going away. The red eye of one of the switch lights he carried bobbed rhythmically to his queer gait. Herb turned back, drew the hickory chair close beneath the shanty's little westward window, and read his father's letter carefully, every word.

Neal Pond had expected the letter to be read only after his death, and he had written as from the dead. To Herb's understanding eyes, the document took on the glamor of something unearthly, of something more vital and romantic than all romance. With understanding that approached clairvoyance, he gathered the meaning of his father's confession. He understood, he sympathized and suffered, because he was like his father; it was much as if he had been reading of himself. When he had finished the last postscript, he sat spellbound, clutching the open papers in both hands.

At the sound of the old man's halting stride returning over the cinders of the roadbed, Herb aroused himself, hastily thrust the letter back into its envelope and closed it in the desk. He was trembling violently; his soul was a maelstrom of emotions. As an imaginative man after a first stare into the eyepiece of a great telescope, he looked vacant and stunned. He went out, tongue-tied for lack of words to express himself, and began to help Neal gather up the remaining switch lights.

"Don't monkey with 'em, Herb," said the old man gently. "I can handle 'em; you'll git yourself greasy."

"I don't care—I'm going to help you, dad!" Herb's voice quavered, almost broke. "I'm going to throw these pants away tomorrow, anyway," he added.

Neal paused, bent, with one hand outstretched to

(Continued on page eleven.)

# Co-Operative Apartment Houses

By Grace Potter



F. A. Wright, I later learned, received the first prize presented in four years by the American Institute of Architecture for a meritorious design. Much building is being done all the time in New York City and the Institute gives a prize whenever it feels warranted in so doing. This gives significance to a prize awarded to a co-operative apartment house.

Co-operative apartment houses have been known also in New York as "Home Clubs." Certain of them are called "duplex" apartments. These latter are of two kinds. The first are those buildings in which each apartment has two floors, an up-stairs and a down-stairs, like the usual private house. The other "duplex" apartment house is one where one big room of a suite, which is usually used for a studio or a salon, is one and a half stories high. In three apartments, therefore, there would be two apartments, each with the extra high room, and one apartment where this room was left out altogether.

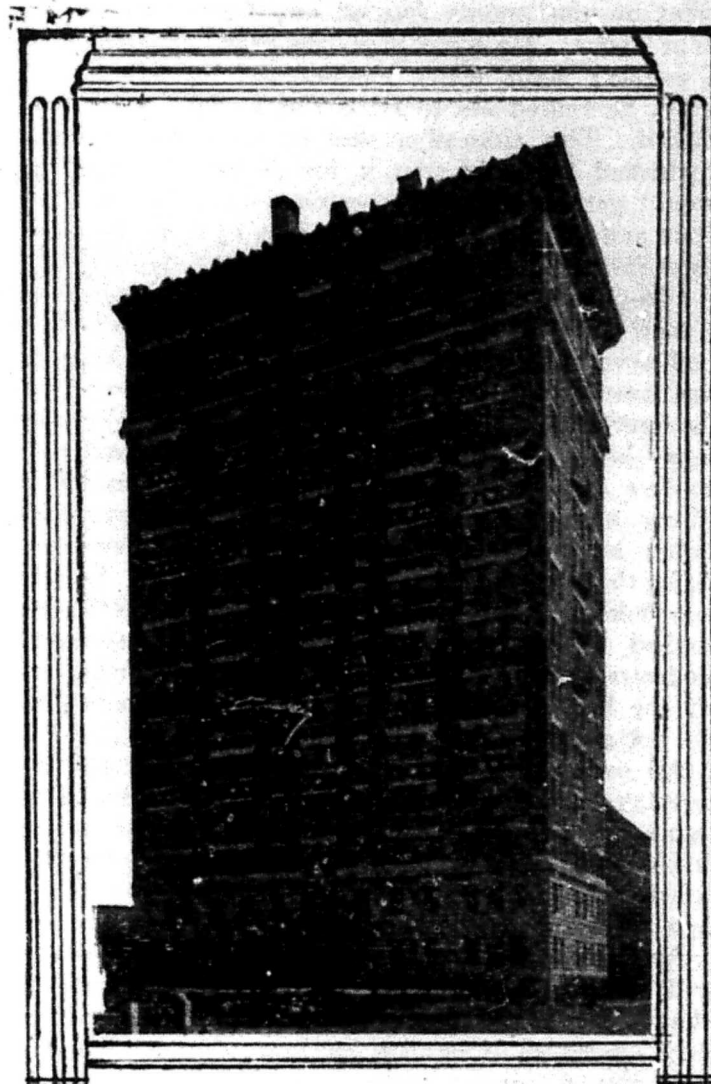
This is the way a co-operative apartment house is managed. A stock company is formed of possibly ten families who wish to co-operate. Each one of these ten contributes \$3,000. That gives \$30,000. On this amount a bank will loan \$60,000. This makes a fund of \$90,000. This will buy the land and build an apartment house six stories high with room for six families on a floor.

The ten co-operators would move in and live without paying rent. Each one would hold title to the apartment occupied. The other twenty-six apartments would be rented out at prices varying from \$25 to \$35 a month. A committee appointed at a meeting of the co-operators would have charge of running the house, paying taxes, current expenses and an installment on the mortgage every year out of the receipts.

The above figures were given by a lawyer who has had charge of the building of several apartment houses. He had been asked for an estimate on the cheapest house he would figure on. This estimate he insisted was really valueless, because the kind of people in New York who lived in such cheap apartments never had \$3,000 saved up to build one on a co-operative plan. But think of it, this \$3,000 represents just what would be paid to a landlord by a family occupying a \$30 a month apartment in eight years and four months. "People seldom thought of buying a co-operative apartment," he said, "unless they could afford at least \$75 a month rent."

The house designed by Mr. Wright is as a matter of fact the cheapest co-operative apartment house in New York City. Most of them are on a much more elaborate scale, rentals per year for a single apartment going up into the thousands, and the cost to co-operators who buy an apartment outright being not infrequently from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

When a co-operative apartment house mortgage has once been paid off the surplus thus left accumu-



**W**ITHIN the last five years there have been built in New York City \$10,000,000 worth of co-operative apartment houses. Co-operation has a very familiar sound and maybe you think the New York Socialists have laid out these few millions in such apartment houses. They have not. It has been men with no interest in Socialism as a theory who have co-operated, men looking for their individual interests, social, financial and physical.

The history of this venture in co-operation is little known in the city where it has been so successfully tried. Most New Yorkers are unaware of it.

Passing a new apartment building on Washington Heights a few months ago, I noted with faint curiosity that the renting sign read "Co-operative Apartments to Let."

"How unfair to use that as a name," I thought, "for of course there isn't any co-operation about it."

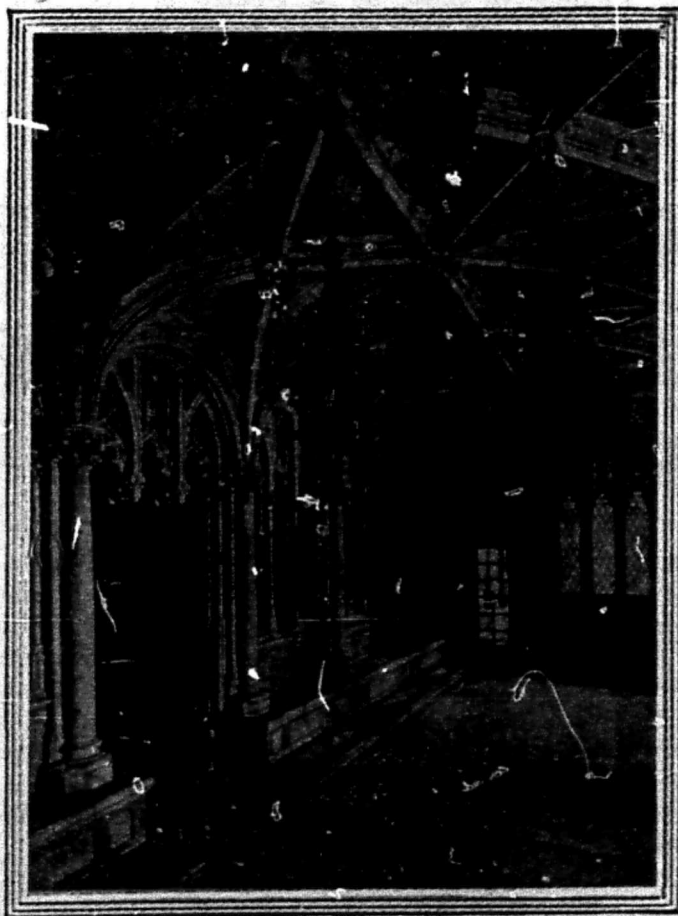
Looking a second time at the building my attention was called to the severity of it. It did not seem made for show. There were no pitiful glittering tin ornaments painted to look like marble decorating the building's roof. There were no mock bunches of tin roses jauntily capping each window frame. I walked to the entrance and into the hall. There was an indefinable air of comfort and homeness about the place. Inside the severity of the exterior was gone. Quiet simplicity emanated from the golden brown walls, the plain undecorated stairway, the elevators and even the hall-boy himself. The place seemed made to live in! A New York apartment house!

The hall-boy in answer to my question said the building was really a co-operative one, though he did not know just what that signified, except that some of the people bought their apartments.

So I bided my time for further information along that line and asked to be shown an empty apartment. I was taken to one on the second floor. There were three rooms and a bath and the rental was \$36.60 per month or \$440 per year.

The living room was really a room, not the usual "flat" cubby hole. It was 12 feet wide by 17 feet, 10 inches long. It had a fireplace in which you could burn either wood or coal. There were two roomy closets off this room. A chamber, 8 feet, 10 inches by 13 feet, 8 inches had one closet. The kitchen had an outdoor compartment in which the garbage can was kept and the plumbing was equal to that in a high priced private house. The rooms were wonderfully well lighted and decorated with good taste.

I went into a second apartment where the rent was \$65 a month or \$780 per year. This had in addition to the same rooms as the first a chamber and a dining room separate from the living room. Everything indicated the same care in planning and the same quality in building as in a well-constructed private house. The architect of this house, Mr.



Interior detail of studio building

lates in a fund owned by all the subscribers, who receive dividends from its investment, or it is sometimes used in the erection of a new building and the first one is sold.

The largest and best lighted and, therefore, most desirable apartments in the prize co-operative apartment house cost, if bought by a co-operator, \$9,300 each. They rent for \$1,125.

The cheapest apartment which was described above rents at \$440 a year. Its subscription price is \$3,700.

In many of the co-operative houses there is a roof garden provided for the tenants on the roof, where children may play. This insures fresh air for children whose parents do not wish them to play on the street. The basement contains an assembly room designed at first for entertainment purposes, to be used by the tenants if they give lectures or receptions together. As it works out, they practically never do this so it is rented for a stipulated sum to individual tenants who are entertaining. In a few of the buildings there are restaurants on the ground floor which provide meals which, when required, are sent up to apartments.

The elevators are run by electricity, and the place is wired for electric lights. There is also gas for lighting if preferred and for cooking. There is also of course steam heat and hot water. A vacuum cleaner installed in the basement is for the use of all. It is provided in the contract signed by the subscribers or co-operators, that in case the renting apartments are not filled and adequate funds provided for running expenses, assessments shall be levied on the subscribers according to the value of the stock they bought.

At 400 Convent Avenue, New York City, there is a successful co-operative apartment house which has been running now three years. On each floor there is one small apartment, about half the size of the others. This consists of two rooms and a kitchenette (a small closet-like kitchen where light house-keeping may be done). The yearly rental is \$360. The subscription or buying price is \$3,000. A comparison of this apartment with one at 562 West 173d Street, which contained five rooms of good size for the usual New York apartment, showed that the number of square feet in the two apartments was the same, not counting a narrow hall in the five-room apartment. The latter rented for \$28. The finish of this latter apartment was inferior, all the decorations, accommodations and the construction in every way. The heat and service were bad. In other words, the same area in a co-operative apartment house, beautifully built and cared for, may be rented for little more than the same space in a regular apartment house. It should also be stated that the co-operative house is in an extremely desirable residence district of the city; 173d Street, is crowded and not an extremely desirable place to live.

The highest priced apartments in the Convent

Avenue building are on the 5th and 6th floors. They rent at \$1,236 per year, or \$103 a month. They sell for \$10,500.

On East 67th Street, near Lexington Avenue, are some very beautiful co-operative duplex apartment houses. One subscriber paid \$20,000 for his apartment of nine rooms, five on one floor, four on the floor above. He lived in it one year. Then buying a country home which enabled him to live out of town, he rented his apartment at \$5,000 a year, furnished. This subscriber said he estimated that unfurnished he could rent it for \$4,500. That is, he would get his original investment back in less than four and a half years! Some idea of how the landlord fattens is gained by that.

"Co-operative apartments are the best investment a man could make," declared a co-operator who has had several years' experience renting and living in apartments in two houses. "You see," he went on, "we get ahead of the landlord either way. We take away his profits from him if we buy an apartment to live in. And we have less trouble than he in filling our apartments because they are so much better built and cared for. We choose very carefully the class of tenants we shall admit. We do not take in, for instance, peroxide Junos." He looked apologetic for having mentioned such an undesirable class. "You know there is hardly any of the best class apartment in the city where they do not get in."

An owner who wishes to sell often gets 100 per cent on his investment, it is said, after having lived in an apartment for several years. In some of the stock companies it is required that a co-operator wishing to dispose of his apartment must offer it first to the company.

As the apartments designed to be sold are bought and paid for before the building is done it gives a chance for each owner to plan if he likes how his floor space shall be cut up into rooms. He can have his rooms as large or as small as he likes within the limits of his area. He may also, if he wishes to do so dictate all decorations. In a house now being built near Central Park, on the co-operative plan, one subscriber has paid \$100,000 for his interior decorations alone.

During the building of an apartment house on East 67th street one of the co-operators, Robert Sewall, an artist, came in to see what progress had been made. He was much pleased with everything and offered to assist the decorators. He painted two friezes in the lower hall, one on either side of the entrance door. He chose for his subjects a pageant of Arab youths, seated on beautiful chargers. Mr. Sewall became enthusiastic over what he thought at first he would not spend much time on and the result is a work of art which delights every one in the house.

Opposite the Museum of Natural History is one of the most elaborate looking apartment houses in the city. It is a co-operative duplex building, whose owners are largely artists, brokers and bankers. Out of three apartments two have an extra high room, 18 feet high, which the artists use as a studio, and the other families make use of as a salon for reception purposes. The architects, Harde & Short, of East 29th street, New York City, have made a bold and daring departure from the usual architecture applied to apartment houses in designing this one. They say that the fact it was to be owned by the men who lived in it made it possible to cater to their individual tastes and not come down to the level of mediocrity which would suit the general public. The design is Gothic in motive and while the effect is somewhat bizarre it has much charm.

The front of the building looks not unlike a cathedral, and the large windows afford a very unusual amount of light which has a direct bearing upon the desirability of the apartments for reasons of health and esthetics.

Inside the public hall the Gothic ideal is carried out. The walls are gray, almost crypt-like in sombreness, but relieved by the glint of the tiny diamond-shaped panes in the windows, and the doors, which are all heavy mirrors, in a setting of gilded metal. Lanterns of bronze swing by chains from the groined ceilings of the great salons.

Why is there such unusually good work done in the designing and building of these co-operative houses? Because, you see, the architects and builders are directly responsible for their work to the people who are to occupy them. And the houses are built for use and comfort, not for profit and show. That makes sham unnecessary. Before a stock company of co-operators engage an architect to draw plans for them, they make sure he knows the needs and wants of apartment house dwellers.

Co-operative apartments were first built in New York City in 1882. The first one was known as The Rembrandt Studios and was situated at 54 W. 57th street, next Carnegie Hall. After successful operation for nearly thirty years it was sold recently to Andrew Carnegie to make it possible for him to use the ground if at a future date it should be necessary to enlarge the great building which bears his name. One of the original subscribers to this first co-operative apartment was the Rev. Jared B. Flagg, father of Ernest Flagg, the architect of The Singer Building, and father also of Jared Flagg, of frenzied finance schemes. About the same time that the Rembrandt Studios were constructed there was also built The Navarro Apartments, yet standing on West 59th street, and now known as The Spanish Flats. On account of faulty title to the real estate, due to carelessness on the part of lawyers, this building was never operated co-operatively with success. It was sold on mortgage foreclosure without the owners having even a right to pay the mortgage. This failure was ignorantly cited for years as proof that co-operative apartment houses could not be made to work.

Co-operative buildings have been successful for many years in Europe. There have been such buildings for business offices for seventy-five years in Glasgow. There, all the offices in each building are sold, so that instead of renting out part of their building and playing at landlord, the subscribers put their hands into their pockets for a monthly assessment which provides a fund for running the place.

There have been co-operative apartments in Genoa for generations. They are also found in Edinburgh and Vienna.

While on a trip abroad a few years ago, Mr. Henry Ranger, the well-known American artist, became much interested in the co-operative apartments in Edinburgh. When he returned to New York he interested fellow artists in the idea and of starting one here. With much enthusiasm a committee visited a lawyer to make arrangements for starting a stock company. The lawyer disapproved of the idea. "It is a wildcat scheme," he told them. "You'd lose your money."

He was asked why he thought so. "Well," he replied, "look at the way those Spanish Flats failed." After the reason for this was fully explained to him, the lawyer still insisted, "Well it isn't safe anyway. With so many people owning one building and running it you'd be in trouble all the time. You'd finally see you couldn't agree and have to sell out."

"But it is done abroad," pointed out the committee. "Well, this isn't Scotland, nor yet Austria," said the logical lawyer.

"But if it works so well there why shouldn't it work among Americans?" they demanded.

"Well," said the lawyer winding up the interview, "if it could succeed here someone would already have tried it successfully."

"Maybe," suggested one of the committee with a courtesy tinged with sarcasm, "someone wanted to and their lawyer discouraged the idea because it was new."

The committee visited several lawyers before they found one willing to act for them. They had the same trouble with architects.

Finally the apartment was built, finished in 1902. So great a success was it that there have been four others built on the same block since then. Friends and relatives of those who built the first one located on East 67th street next to Lexington Avenue, largely make up the subscribers in the others. O, yes, and the architects who designed the apartments caught the co-operative bee so badly that they bought apartments in the houses they were hired to design!

Among co-operative apartments in New York beside those already mentioned are houses at the following addresses: 222 West 59th street; Grammercy Park and 20th street; Fifth Avenue and 28th street; 58 and 62 Park Avenue. Several are now in process of erection.

Many artists are among the subscribers. The duplex apartments offer them a solution to the problem of finding a high studio. Sculptors like them for the same reason.

Among the sculptors living in co-operative apartments are Carl Bitter and Edgar Walter; illustrators are Mr. and Mrs. Troy Kinney, who collaborate in their work signing themselves "The Kinneys"; representing the painters are Kenyon Cox, Albert Herter, Lillian Genth, Wm. Astor Chanler and J. Ben Ali Haggin; portrait painters who are co-operators are R. MacCameron and Herbert Voss.

Architects say that the success of these partments in New York will result soon in others being built in many parts of the country.

Among the very obvious advantages of co-operative building are saving in price of site (the capitalists haven't yet found a way to claim the upper air over the ground you own); saving in building because walls and roofs are fewer, and plumbing and installing of all pipes, wires, etc., can be done less expensively; care and anxiety of house-owning is minimized; good service is rendered at less cost, it being estimated that in a house containing thirty apartments the general work could be done by three trained workers and two untrained with one servant beside for each family, as well as it is usually done with four servants to a family, thus saving more than half of the expense, beside the time and trouble required to look after servants; there is less danger from burglars; there is better air in the city higher up than on the ground; the view is better; an opportunity for choosing ones neighbors is afforded.

An architect who knows perhaps as much about co-operative building as anyone in New York City is authority for the statement that a duplex apartment in a co-operative house may be bought for \$20,000 affording advantages as to site and good construction which could not be duplicated for less than several times that amount in a private house. And such an apartment may be run well for less than one-half the expense and one-fifth the trouble that must be put into a private house.

## The War in Tripoli and the Italian Proletariat

By Angelica Balabanoff

IT is a fact already known to the readers of the COMING NATION that the Italian-Turkish war was simply a development in the intricate diplomatic game continually in progress between the financiers of the various European powers for the acquisition of new colonial exploiting grounds.

With the exception of a few Italian financiers and the government, the Italian nation knew nothing of the approach of the war. The people were not worked up to it by the time-worn Chauvinist tactics, since diplomacy demanded that the move be accomplished covertly.

However, with the very first indications of war, with the announcement of the first military expedition to Tripoli, the Socialist party and the Trade Unions of Italy entered a vigorous protest. But the ruling classes took no notice of the opposition of the working people nor of the warning issued by the Socialist press.

Now while the war is in progress, the Italian nation is the least informed concerning the condi-

tions surrounding the military operations in Tripoli and of the condition of the Italian army.

In the beginning the nationalist and the bourgeois press had assured the people that the expedition would be a "pleasure jaunt" for the liberation of an overjoyed Arabian populace from the rule of barbarous Turkey. Developments show quite the contrary. The Arabian is not only eager to resist the Italians and defend his religious creed, but has offered very effective resistance. The Italian people are called upon for further and greater reinforcements while all particulars of what is really going on are hidden from them.

The correspondent of the Italian Socialist daily, *Avanti*, the only daily paper that has opposed the war from the first, has protested against the humiliating conditions made to the press by the Italian

censor. All dispatches must pass through the hands of the censor, and in addition to the great delay in their delivery for which the censor is responsible, all details and particulars concerning the war and the condition of the army are eliminated, except in reference to an Italian victory. The bourgeois press speaks only of the victories of the Italian army and the "treachery" of the Arabians, as if the Italian army were a victim and not an aggressor.

"In addition to the usual sufferings accompanying a war," writes the *Avanti* correspondent, "we have to contend with the cholera, the inundations in the rainy season and the censor."

Still, in spite of the censor, in spite of all the lies and exaggerations of the bourgeois press some part of the truth filters through, and it is more to be appreciated since it comes from a most authentic source: the letters of the Italian soldiers to their fathers and their mothers.

"What a dreadful thing is war," writes one. "I  
(Continued on page nine.)



# THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE last half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century, indisputably the period of the capitalist philosophy, has for its characteristic, the Game of Talk. The big-bugs of that period were between the old-time landed aristocrats on the one hand, and the greasy mechanics on the other. To get things done the low trash had to be jollied along because if the working people won't work, why, where are you? At the same time it was necessary to get on the good side of the highly respectable gentry who looked upon manufacturers, and tradespeople, and money-lenders as upstarts, beggars on horseback and riding to the devil at a 2.40 clip.

And so every line originating in that period is thoroughly insincere and not at all to be taken at its face value. What brought about the Big Change which followed this period was that the working class method of thought began to come in. The theory that things were ordained to be thus and so ran up a blind alley and could get no farther. The theory that things are what they are by the laws of nature ran up a blind alley and could get no farther for both theories forbid change, and that's what life is, change.

But the working-class theory does not, for example, consider that a field is plowed right because the lord of the manor said: "John, I want you to plow that field;" it does not consider that the plow, the team, and John constitute the Cause, and the plowed field the Effect; it does consider that there is a Process, a combination of a lot of things, the proper amount of moisture in the soil, the set of the plow-share, the turning of the furrow just so, the handling of the team just so—The working-class mind considers that if there is a certain Process gone through there is a certain result, which has nothing to do with what the lord of the manor ordained, and of which Cause and Effect are, so to speak, merely the front and the rear elevation. Or, to vary the illustration, one end of the rope is Cause and the other end is Effect, but the rope itself is Process.

When this workman's mind considered, let us say, the Origin of Species, it did not inquire whether God had ordained that the tiger should be striped and the leopard spotted, as: "Let there be stripes," and there were stripes, and "Let there be spots," and there were spots. It did not inquire whether

there were striped tigers and spotted leopards by reason of the classification of these animals; it asked: "How came the tiger to be striped and the leopard spotted? What was the Process?" If a tiger that lurks in the tall reeds be striped it can hide better; if the leopard that lurks in among the leafy branches be spotted it can hide better among the leaves; if they can hide until the prey is within reach they can have enough to eat; they stand a better chance to survive than the more conspicuous of their kind; they live and reproduce while the conspicuous are killed off.

And this workman's philosophy which inquires always into the Process, without seeking to know the will of God, without seeking even to establish fixed and unvarying laws of Nature, is what has made the last fifty years so far ahead of any 5,000 years before. This workman's philosophy gets a real hand hold on the world and slews it around for the benefit of mankind. It is an earnest and a forecast of what will come when the workman's mind has full swing in all directions.

This philosophy has always existed, but the big-bugs of Feudalism would not allow it and burned the man alive that talked it. The big-bugs of Capitalism had to allow it to some extent; if the man could talk it so as not to offend the ancient aristocrats well and good, otherwise he starved to death. He might show how languages, for instance, develop from one to the other until kinship of speech is seen to exist from Ireland to India, but he mustn't say anything against the doctrine that Hebrew is the original of all tongues, the one in which the Lord God and Adam conversed during the cool of the day. He might study the stratified rocks, but he mustn't say that the world is older than the almanac year plus 4,004 years or he must make the geological eras coincide with the Six Days of Creation. (They mightn't be days, understand; they might be millions of years; only you call 'em days, see? The truth is not to be spoken at all times; hardly any of the time, in fact.)

But however double-tongued the philosophy of the Capitalist period might be in other fields of inquiry, it was in Political Economy that it was crookeder than a dog's hind leg. Here was what it had to do:

On the one side were those who held Land by the grace of God. The fiction of the ownership of Land enabled them to cadge their living and to sub-

sist in idleness by enforced "hand-outs" of provisions and such from those who tilled the Land. These highly reputable dead-beats considered money-lending to be just as little more "onry" than lousiness; to take usury was a mortal sin while the other thing was a specialty of saints like Thomas a Becket. A grosser, or as we spell it nowadays "grocer," one who engrossed and bought cheap at wholesale to sell dear at retail was on the social level of a "nigger" in Alabama. That's hard to stand, and so the newly rich money-lenders, and merchants, and manufacturers thought very highly of a scientific person who could prove that it was just as reputable to bum a living off the worker by Capital as by Land.

The old Tories were very huffy about this confounded talk of "liberty" that upset people's minds and made them discontented with their lot, and surly as to tipping their hat to the Squire. If the Tories hadn't been so thick-headed by nature, it would have been possible for the founders of the Science of Political Economy to whisper to them confidentially: "This liberty guff is what we say to them, but look what we do to them." The game of Talk was new to both Tories and working people; it was an old story to the capitalists. Only experience could demonstrate that if Landlord Solomon had chastised with whips, Capitalist Rehoboam chastised with scorpions.

When you have an easy-going farmer with a slack method of agriculture if you raise the rent on him he will scuffle around and try to raise more crops. And then you can raise the rent again and so on till he gets only a bare living. But the limit is soon reached. If a living is all he'll ever get he'll not improve his method. But apply the steam engine and machinery to hand processes that call for strength and skill. The steam engine lives cheaply on coal and water and never gets tired; the machinery is automatically incapable of making a mistake, and a child that has neither muscle nor artistry can do better than the ruggedest and smartest hand worker. Thus there is an endless possibility of ever-increasing income without doing a hand's turn. It was the most natural thing in the world that a Political Economy would be invented to excuse it.

Then you had to fix it so as to cheer and encourage the working people. But that'll have to stand over till next week.

## The War in Tripoli and Italian Proletariat

(Continued from page eight.)

had always thought of it with horror, and now when I see it and take part in it, I find it much more horrible and execrable than I had ever imagined. If you could only see, dear mother, what dreadful sights; people killed like dogs; the soldiers no longer human, but like wild beasts, so merciless are they in the fight. They no longer fight in defense of their own lives, but compete with each other to kill as many as possible.

"As for myself I have as yet committed no crime. I had to shoot, but I endeavored not to kill. In doing so I thought of you, dear mother; in those dreadful moments I imagined how deep your sorrow would be if I should not come home, and I could not cause such grief to a Turkish or Arabian mother who loves her sons as you do yours. If you could only see how this unhappy people, when a fight is finished, look among the dead and the wounded for their dear ones. . . .

"Our soldiers are very courageous, but there's no enthusiasm. . . . To tell the truth the only thing we can do here is—to die—life here is horrible, unbearable; during the day the sun burns us or the rain pours down upon us, and in the night the wind storms cover us and shut our eyes with sand. We

are surrounded by sand, with nothing but sand."

"Dear parents," writes another, "I am here in the fight since the 22d and am not yet wounded. A great many of my comrades are wounded or dead, but I hope to escape the bullets.

"There are so many dead among the Turks, that it would be quite impossible to count them; we walk on their dead bodies. Of the Arabs we have killed about 20,000. Because of the dreadful smell of the dead bodies, cholera has broken out. I hope the war will soon be over. I am very tired. Since more than a month I have not changed my linen. We sleep in the open just a few minutes at a time, when we are awakened by the shells from the enemy's guns and cannon flying over our heads. . . ."

These letters are characteristic and valuable because they are not written for publication—they show what the soldiers see and feel and what with them and through them feel the proletariat whose sons and brothers they are. There are other letters. Those from the wounded who suffer and curse the war. And those unwritten letters from the dead.

As always the capitalist class is attempting to place the whole burden of the war on the working people. Besides the immediate expenses of the war, subscription lists for the wounded and the families of the dead are circulated in the great factories, and the workmen are obliged to contribute. Some of them refused to do so, and a trade union of

Crespellano (near Bologna) passed the following resolution:

The trade unions of Crespellano, convinced that the mad enterprise in which the Italian government has precipitated the nation is not a misfortune due to the blind power of nature (if it were so the working people would have brought its solidarity to the aid of the victims), but to the will of a predominating minority for its own interests, notwithstanding the sacrifices that it would entail to the majority,

Protest against this policy which has caused the sterile and burning sands of the African desert to be soaked with the blood of the Italian people, sons of the proletariat class whose interests and ideals are opposed to any war and

Unite their protest with that of the International Socialist Bureau against this bloody enterprise that has already cost so many precious lives and will cost still more sacrifice and

Decide to join no committee for the collection of money for the wounded, not wishing to cover their contribution of grief with the hypocritical behavior of the bourgeois who disguise their execrable politics with an appearance of human solidarity and charity."

Such resolutions show once again that the class conscious and organized laborer of Italy is the only class that seriously opposes the war and has no responsibility in the brutal and savage behavior of the government.

# The Shadow Under the Roof

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

## \$550.00 For Solving This Mystery

The Twelfth 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 my mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Mystery Story Editor, the COMING NATION, Girard, Kansas."

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 preceding installments and these will be sent to any one asking for them when they subscribe.

### 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 who communicates with Frisbie. He discovers her to be a former friend who has now become Ford's mistress.

A letter is found in Robley's room from a girl, who, wronged by Robley, committed suicide. Hinton discovers that Frisbie loved this girl.

Preceding installments of the story will be supplied to new subscribers.

### CHAPTER XIII.

**M**OLLIE JESSUP went to the nearest drug store and consulted a city directory, by which means she procured the exact address of the Robley residence. The name DAVID ROBLEY stared up at her in letters that seemed magnified, recalling all she had read of the mysterious tragedy, and a feeling of exultation came over her—mingling with her anger—at the thought that with her lay the power to play an important part in the drama centering about that grim secret of the darkened attic.

Finding it was not far away, she walked the distance to Helen Robley's home, and when she reached there her anger against Frisbie had not cooled in the least and her purpose was unchanged. Indeed, the appearance of the fine old residence, with its air of solid luxury, served further to embitter her, because it stood for the wealth that Frisbie, the schemer, was maneuvering to possess, but which—she vowed to herself—he never would.

A maid, in response to her request to see the mistress of the mansion, answered:

"Miss Robley is not receiving just now"—but she added, seeing the excitement in the visitor's eyes, "unless it is something very important."

"It is very important. Tell your mistress that a woman has called to tell her something about the letter that was written to Mr. Robley."

The maid disappeared and returned presently to admit Mollie Jessup and show her up the stairway to the library.

Helen Robley stood by the table, her body drawn up straight. The two women confronted each other in silence for a few tense seconds.

"Are you—" began Miss Robley.

"No, I am not that girl. She is dead, but I can tell you all you want to know—more than you want to know—about her and about your brother."

"First tell me who you are."

"My name is Mollie Jessup. Years ago, when I was a young girl, John Frisbie and I were sweethearts, and now"—her voice sank—"I live in the same house with William Ford."

"And what has caused you to pay this visit to me?"

"The desire to prevent a very great wrong."

"Sit down and tell me about it."

Miss Robley, puzzled by this strange visitation, and not knowing what to make of her caller, treated Mollie Jessup in the way that well-bred people have in such circumstances.

"I have come to warn you against the man who killed your brother," began Mollie Jessup, "to expose him and prevent him from doing the horrible thing he intends—marry the sister of the man he slew."

"Indeed?"

Miss Robley smiled slightly, for she recognized in the background the plot against Frisbie, and her mind was already at rest on that score.

"You will not smile," said the visitor, "when I tell you that the name of the man who killed your brother is John Frisbie."

But Miss Robley did smile, a perfectly self-possessed and reassuring smile.

"This is an old story to me," she said. "I thank you for coming to tell me, but I have known for nearly a week that Mr. Ford and Mr. Hinton have been gathering what is intended to be evidence against Mr. Frisbie. But he is innocent and will have all the support I can give him if they make trouble for him."

"But Mr. Frisbie did kill your brother."

"I do not like to discuss this with one whom I do not know. But Mr. Frisbie did not take money from the Robley-Ford Company and my brother never accused him of it."

"That is not why he killed your brother. He killed him because he wronged a girl named Rose Fletcher. You yourself saw the letter she wrote."

Miss Robley smiled again, but it was a smile in which there was more of suppressed anger than of amusement.

"So Mr. Ford and Mr. Hinton are trying that now," she said.

"All they have done was to find out the facts. You don't want to believe me, but you'll have to. The girl went to St. Louis and killed herself. John Frisbie got a letter from her—the detective has it now—and he went there and brought back the body. He buried her in Waldheim Cemetery, where you can see her grave. He used his own name in engaging the undertaker and in buying the cemetery lot, and he had a stone cut to put over her. And with his own tongue he told me about the girl."

Miss Robley was on her feet.

"You are telling the truth to me?"

It was half an entreaty, half a question.

"Why should I lie to you? You can find out for yourself everything I have told you."

"Oh, why could I not have known this—why could I not have known!"

The young woman sank back in her chair.

"Who could have told you until now, except he, and it is not likely he would do so, since he was scheming to marry you and gain a fortune."

"You are wrong in that—it is unjust to him. He was not trying to do that. It was all my fault. He called on me only when I urged it, and he never had a thought that went beyond mere friendship—I could swear it. Oh, God, I understand it all now."

"He does not want to marry you?" cried Mollie Jessup.

"I could swear it."

"Then, Oh, God, what a fool I've been!"

A startling change came over the visitor's demeanor.

"I have betrayed the noblest man alive," she cried, "and what shall I do? Too late—too late! I am not fit to live. Oh, John, John, can you forgive me—can you forgive me! I will die for you if you will forgive me. Forgive—forgive!"

During this hysterical outburst the woman held her clenched hands to her cheeks. At the end of it she collapsed in a chair that stood by the table and leaned over in a heap, her head against the cloth, sobbing.

At this moment John Frisbie himself appeared in the doorway. He had been admitted by the maid, who had taken his visit for granted and directed him to the library.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, in bewilderment.

On hearing his voice, Mollie Jessup arose to her feet, stood staring at him for several seconds, then rushed forward and fell in front of him, taking his hands in hers.

"John, John," she cried piteously, "I have been false, I have been wicked. Forgive me—forgive me—or kill me if you like. I have told everything to Miss Robley. Oh, pity me, pity me!"

"What does this mean?" cried the chemist to Miss Robley, though he knew very well the meaning of it.

"She has told you," was the young woman's answer.

"Yes, yes, I mean what I say," resumed Mollie Jessup. "I told her that you killed her brother, but I was led to do it because I thought you were trying to marry her to get her money. I know better now."

The chemist, his brows drawn, raised her to her feet.

"Mollie, how could you do it?" he said. "You have made a horrible mistake."

"I know—forgive me, forgive me!"

"That is easy to do, but—" he looked at Miss Robley and saw the undisguised aversion in her countenance, then added, "it may be very hard to heal the hurt that you have caused."

"Mr. Frisbie"—it was Miss Robley who spoke—"it is not possible to change things as they are, but I shall not judge you and I shall make no move to bring you to judgment. Only, I must never look upon you again."

The young man drew nearer and placed his hand on the table. She took a step backward.

"Miss Robley," he said, "circumstances look very dark against me. I know it. They look so very

bad that I fear they would convince almost any fair-minded person that I killed your brother. It is true I am the man who brought that girl's body back from St. Louis and buried it; it is true that your brother's crime drove her to her death; and it is true that, when I returned, there was murder in my heart, and if I had known he were the guilty man I probably would have killed him if I could. But I swear to you by all that I hold sacred, by my mother's memory, by Truth itself and by the eternal God, if there be one, that I did not take your brother's life. I did not know it was he until I saw the letter we found in his room. I swear this to you, though I can hardly hope you will believe it."

While he spoke he looked her straight in the eyes, and his voice had the ring of truth in it. There are some persons whom it is impossible to doubt while they speak, and Frisbie was of this kind. Mollie Jessup, standing at one side, said, partly to herself:

"My God, what can it all mean?"

"I need time to think," said Miss Robley, slowly. "I believe you are telling me the truth, though I may not tomorrow. But I give you my word that, no matter whether I shall hold you guilty or innocent, I shall never raise my hand against you. I came to that decision before you were in the least involved, and I shall not change it now."

"Believe him, Miss Robley, for I know he is telling the truth."

The young woman turned quickly to Mollie Jessup and regarded her searchingly. She was satisfied, for the woman before her, creature of impulse that she was, reflected her sincerity in her countenance—her deep sincerity in her new belief in Frisbie's innocence. She did not reason, she merely felt things.

"Mollie, you, too, believe in me now?"

There was joy in Frisbie's voice. But it was Miss Robley who replied.

"Mr. Frisbie," said she, "I cannot think that you are guilty. Nevertheless, my brother met his death because of the wrong he committed against this girl. I seem to know this—I cannot get rid of the feeling. I think it is best for us not to see each other until my mind becomes settled."

"It is best for you not to come here at all," interposed Mollie Jessup, with a trace of alarm in her voice. "The house is being watched, or Mr. Frisbie is being followed, so that Mr. Ford knows of every visit. It was safe when I came because the detective was busy with Mr. Ford. Let us not stay any longer."

"We will go immediately," said Frisbie, intending to please both women at once.

"No, I must go first," said Mollie Jessup. "We must not be seen together. An hour ago I did not care what happened, but now I will stay near him in order to help you. You will hear from me—if not one way, then another."

Without a word of farewell, she hurried out of the room, and a moment later the front door closed behind her. Frisbie and Miss Robley were left alone.

"You can help greatly to set my mind at rest," said she, "by telling me everything concerning this girl whom my brother wronged."

"I cannot. She put her faith in me while dying, and to tell you even her name would be to prove false to that trust. I loved her, and I would rather die first."

"Then I shall keep on feeling that, somehow, my brother's fate was connected with hers. I cannot help it."

She accompanied him down stairs and bade him farewell at the door, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Half way up the stairs one of those thoughts struck her which come unbidden in the human mind and which by their suddenness and applicability to the business in hand startle us and cause us to stop short and begin all over again.

The thought that came to Miss Robley was this: Why was it that Frisbie, of all others about the factory, had thought to search for her brother's body in the remote and almost inaccessible garret, up under the roof?

She ascended the rest of the stairs more slowly than before, and entered the library with an abstracted air. While her faith in Frisbie was not shattered, this new thought that came to her on the stairway caused her to sit for hours revolving in her mind the perplexities that confronted her.

When Frisbie had proceeded less than a block from the Robley mansion, he was hailed from an automobile that stood at the curb.

"You here?" exclaimed the chemist, in sheer astonishment, as he recognized Horton.

"Yes, I have been waiting for you."

"But how did you know where I was?"

"It was my business to know where you were," said the superintendent, coldly, "especially when

you so far forgot yourself as to go where you should not."

"I have never done that."

Horton fixed that steady, inexorable gaze on his friend which so many people found uncomfortable.

"Remember—"

"I have never ceased to remember, and I never will. You shall never have anything to reproach me with, and you ought to know that. What has happened?"

"Something very serious. I drove through Waldheim Cemetery this afternoon and would have stopped at her grave but for the fact that I saw someone we both know keeping watch over it—the detective, Hinton. I knew him at a distance and so maneuvered that he never saw me. He kept his post until late in the afternoon. We are face to face with a real danger at last, my boy, for this proves they have found out about her."

He spoke the last phrase very tenderly, and his voice fell.

"So he kept watch over the grave," said Frisbie, half musingly, falling in with the other's mood.

"It being Sunday afternoon," resumed Horton, "he calculated that then, if ever, the grave would have visitors. How much of the truth he knows



John Frisbie himself appeared

we can only surmise, but he is undoubtedly aware of the part you have played, else he wouldn't know of the grave, and he must be in ignorance as to the rest or he would not find it necessary to keep watch over the spot."

"Yes, he knows about me, but that is all he does know—and while breath stays in my body that is all he ever will know."

Frisbie then proceeded to relate, in full, the events of both the afternoon and evening, to which Horton listened without interruption, except now and then to shake his head at the import of the chemist's story. Frisbie did not try, this time, to shield the identity of Mollie Jessup—feeling that matters had gone too far for that—but entered into every detail of the situation. When he had concluded, Horton said:

"We are not dealing with normal human beings. Both Ford and the woman are virtually insane. For that reason there is no telling what course events will take. We are at a disadvantage at every turn, therefore, we must leave nothing undone."

"What can we do?"

"Jump into the machine and I will take you home with me. It is not safe to stay here any longer." All during Frisbie's story he had been furtively watching the street.

"But is it safe for us to go together to your home, now that they are watching every move I make?"

"They are not watching you now—I satisfied myself of that—and so far I have not appeared in their calculations, therefore, it is safe for you to come. You can take the street car home."

Frisbie climbed into the automobile.

(To be continued.)

## The Nation That is Coming

(Continued from page four.)

gining the International Bakers and Confectionary workers have stood for cleanliness and sanitation. One of their strong weapons in time of strike has been photographs and vivid descriptions of the non-union cellar bakeries.

Then came the trust. It took advantage of the educational work of the union and prepared to supply the demand created for clean bread and for healthful conditions for its workers.

At the same time it refused to employ union men,

but used children instead. Here we have a forecast of what the bakery of the future will be on its mechanical side.

The Socialists would, of course, see that the increased value of the products went into the hands of the bakers instead of the class of idle owners.

## Abolishing the Sweatshop

Another trade which it long seemed evolution had passed by is now being transformed. This is the garment trade.

Until within the last three or four years the manufacture of garments at once suggested the sweat shop and the sweat shop was the synonym for the lowest depths of exploitation and oppressive conditions for labor.

Then came the great garment strike of 1910 in New York and later in Chicago.

One of the things that came out of this was a revolution in the shop. The tenement work shop is now almost abolished. Instead has come the great loft, which, to be sure, private property still transforms into a fire trap. The Triangle horror is too close at hand to permit this fact to be forgotten.

Light, air and general working conditions in this whole industry have been transformed. The union has from the beginning directed its attacks almost as much upon the sanitary conditions in the shop as upon the question of hours and wages, and, as a result, the manufacture of clothing has been, almost within a single year, lifted from one of the most hideous of trades to one as healthful as the average under capitalism.

These illustrations could be continued almost indefinitely. They would lead up to stories of the "Garden Cities" of England and the "Model Factories" that have been built by thousands of employers.

Everywhere the capitalist is being driven by the revolt of the workers to adopt measures that prepare the factory for the day when the workers shall enter into it as masters. They are not doing this willingly any more than they are willingly competing one another to death or are educating the workers to resistance and revolution at a thousand different points.

## The Superstition of Faithful Service

(Continued from page six.)

grasp a light-handle. His eyes glittered upward as he searched his son's face.

"What are ye talkin' about?" he grumbled, catching up the light and standing on the defensive.

"I read your letter to me, dad," said Herb. "And dad—dad—" He choked and bent down to pick up the remaining light.

Neal seemed to be too utterly confounded to have any opinions on the subject. "Did, eh?" he muttered blankly.

"Yes," said Herb; "and I'm glad I did, too!" He straightened up pugnaciously; an observer might have suspected a fierce quarrel.

"I guess," said Herb, "you won't mind if I put up with you tonight—will you, dad?"

"Nope," said Neal. He dazedly adjusted the light on his arm and started down the track. Herb, carrying the remaining light, stepped to his side. Except for the crunching of the cinder roadbed beneath their feet, they walked for perhaps a hundred yards in perfect silence.

Neal suddenly emitted a queer sort of chuckle. "Seems awful funny to see you workin', Herb," he remarked, "thout bein' made to!"

Herb turned his face up toward the sky and laughed outright. "I guess I've improved some along that line," he said. "And now I'm goin' to try to corrupt you! I'm goin' to try to make you loaf!"

"Too old," demurred the old man, with a strange seriousness, "ain't I, Herb? Been a fool about workin' most too long, eh?"

"But a trip, now to New York?" suggested Herb.

Neal considered the matter. "And, maybe, say, to London?" he ventured, almost tremulously.

"Around the whole darned world!" cried Herb.

"Maybe," admitted Neal; and ground his cane among the cinders in his vast content.

I have now, sir, in discharge of the duty I owe to this house, given such information as hath occurred to me, which I consider most material for them to know; and you will easily perceive from this detail that a great portion of that time, which ought to have been devoted calmly and impartially to consider what alterations in our federal government would be most likely to procure and preserve the happiness of the union, was employed in a violent struggle on the one side to obtain all power and dominion in their own hands, and on the other to prevent it; and that the upgrazement of particular states and particular individuals appears to have been much more the object sought after than the welfare of our country.—Luther Martin.

# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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## Bound Volumes Going

The bound volume containing the issues of the COMING NATION for last year up to No. 52, went to A. Perriot this week for seven subscriptions.

This bound volume is given each week to the person sending in the largest amount for subscriptions during the 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.  
John Fladmark, nine subscribers.  
Margaret W. Emminger, H. Block and Burt Hammers, twelve each.  
Frank Furlan, eight subscribers.  
John G. Martin, eight subscribers.  
D. A. Young, thirteen subscribers.  
A. Perriot, seven subscribers.

## What Happened in Los Angeles

Somebody got hit in Los Angeles on December 5th. At first all the capitalist press were unanimous that it was Socialism that was defeated.

The *Ottawa* (Kan.) *Herald* heads its editorial, "It Hit Socialism," and says that "Socialism was undoubtedly making great strides in this country before the Los Angeles incident. Whether it will slacken enough to be permanently stopped is a question."

It is also a question when an old party country editor will begin to show signs of intelligence, and this editorial would seem to indicate that the time is far distant.

The *Cleveland* (Ohio) *Leader* in its editorial, "The Socialist Rout at Los Angeles," declares that "it is nonsense to say that the confession of the McNamaras was the cause of the utter rout of the Socialists in the municipal election in Los Angeles."

The *Milwaukee Free Press* is very sure that "The political tide in the California city was running decidedly pro-socialistic prior to the confession of the dynamiters," and it denounces Mayor Seidel for insinuating that the McNamara case was not the cause of the election of Alexander.

The *Billings* (Mont.) *Times* editorially bewails the "Sad blow to Socialism" in these words:

"The result of the McNamara trial didn't do a thing to the aspirations of the Los Angeles Socialist party Tuesday. Job Harriman, the candidate of the Socialists for Mayor of that city, was buried under an avalanche of votes that totaled two to one in favor of the re-election of Mayor Alexander. Harriman, who was one of the McNamara attorneys, and his entire ticket were mashed into unrecognizable shape as a result of his grasp for fame in that trial. The McNamara cases will furnish campaign thunder for the Democrats and Republican parties for the next five years."

The *Milwaukee Journal* doesn't agree with the *Free Press*. It insists that while "The McNamara case no doubt was a factor in the result," yet "On the other hand, the direct issue of Socialism stood out boldly. It was the

# Exposure the Real Crime

BY A. M. SIMONS

THERE are some facts so big and plain and simple as to be incomprehensible. If some of these facts were commonly known the social revolution would come about five years earlier than it is scheduled—which means that it would happen mighty soon. Here is a story that few people will believe save Socialists. That is, few others will believe it now. In a year or two it will be general knowledge. Then the things it relates will be denounced as a "terrible outrage."

There is a Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. For several years this institution had been a center of corruption.

Please bear in mind that no one denies this fact, or any of the others I am going to relate. Sometime I may discuss the disputed points. Now I am only going to tell those that are agreed upon by all who know anything about the subject.

The Leavenworth penitentiary had, for some time, been a place where the most indescribable crimes were committed by and with the consent and co-operation of the officials who were supposed to be engaged in reforming the poor devils who had been sent to that institution. Complaint was made about these conditions to the general officials at Washington. It was made several times. It was the duty of these Washington officials to listen to and investigate such complaints and to stop the hideous practices that were debauching and demoralizing the inmates of this institution.

When complaint was made to those "higher up" an investigation was ordered. Twice such investigations established the truth of the charges. Each time the *complaining witnesses were punished*, either by discharge or victimization. A guard who told what he had seen was discharged. Prisoners who protested and testified before the investigating committee were treated with greater ferocity. Those guilty of the crimes were left in full possession of the power to commit further outrages.

I hope I have made it plain that all methods of correcting these abuses and saving the minds and bodies of the helpless inmates at Leavenworth had been tried without publicity. It had been thoroughly demonstrated that without publicity the evils could not be changed.

Then the *Appeal to Reason* tried publicity. It printed affidavits describing the abuses practiced by the officials who had charge of this institution. Although every effort was made to make the language of these affidavits unobjectionable, yet, since the thing described was in itself hideous, the description did not make pleasant reading. However, nothing was published that would compare in suggestive salaciousness with the reports of the Thaw trial, or the regular stories of the divorce courts and the amusements of the Newport set.

Where other methods had failed publicity won. The same affidavits that when quietly sent to Washington brought only persecution to the senders and protection to the guilty, now compelled a genuine investigation that established the truth of the charges and compelled the "resignation" of the guilty official.

Judged by any standard of social morals, save that of the degenerate officials of the Leavenworth penitentiary and their accomplices "higher up" the publication of these affidavits was a highly praiseworthy act. It secured protection to hundreds of helpless prisoners from the demoralizing practices of a disgusting degenerate. Surely the national government owed a debt of gratitude to those who had assisted in wiping out this breeding place for criminals.

Yet for having taken this method of publicity, *when all other methods had failed*, J. A. Wayland, Fred D. Warren and C. L. Phifer were indicted by the United States Grand Jury, and are now awaiting trial for sending obscene matter through the mail.

According to the statement of the District Attorney this prosecution was ordered directly from Washington—presumably by President Taft.

These are the plain simple facts of the first chapter of a story that promises to have many more and thrilling chapters before it is ended.

chief issue. It was really the only issue."

Then, just as this matter appears settled the *Denver News* announces that "It was not Socialism so much as it was the popular protest against tyranny and injustice" that made up the Harriman following.

The *San Diego Union* consoles itself with the statement that "There is also not the slightest doubt but that no inconsiderable percentage of the Socialist vote represented that portion of the electors who have been dissatisfied with the Alexander administration. Had

Harriman not been a Socialist it is more than probable that he would have given Mayor Alexander a terrific fight, had he not been elected."

The *Omaha* (Neb.) *Bee* is also sure that it was not a Socialist vote at all and says that "Not even the Socialists themselves claimed that all the votes cast for Harriman were registered by members of the party." A most remarkable discovery considering the fact that the party membership in Los Angeles is less than two thousand.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* announces in its head line that "Social-

ism had almost nothing to do with the outcome" and assures us that "It is safe to say that there are not three thousand male Socialists in Los Angeles.

Then, just as it all seems settled along this line the *Philadelphia Record* concludes its editorial comment with the observation that "If the 45,000 who voted against the latter (Alexander) are not Socialists one is driven to the conclusion that nearly one-third of the voters of Los Angeles preferred to take a chance with Socialism rather than stand for "Good Government."

It might be observed that there were 52,000 instead of 45,000 who voted for Socialism in Los Angeles. But these little facts should not be noticed perhaps in capitalist editorials.

Down in Oklahoma City the *Oklahoman* is certain that "When the balloting was over a blow had been administered to Socialism in Los Angeles from which it will probably never recover."

Then, right after that we are confronted with the *St. Joseph* (Mo.) *Gazette* into whose editorial sanctum an idea has crept all unwatched and has conveyed to its editor the fact that "Socialism is a growing and formidable menace in Los Angeles today—just as much so as it was conceded it would be before the McNamara confession."

Perhaps, after all, the *Los Angeles News*, being right on the spot, has hit the truth when it says with regard to the "Alexander election," that "Your Uncle Alex is one of the luckiest men who ever went into politics."

That settles it. Let's call it luck and let it go at that.

Here might be as good a place as any to call attention to the falsehood of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, which has the nerve to say with regard to Harriman that "He was one of the counsel for the McNamaras and he learned of their guilt as early as did Clarence Darrow." In view of the dispatches which the *Globe-Democrat* and every other paper received declaring that Harriman knew nothing of the matter this statement takes the Ananias prize this week.

Finally, the explanation which is more common than all the others is the old one that Adam gave when they caught him in the Garden of Eden, "The woman did it." This claim that the women voted against the Socialists has brought support to the suffrage cause from a great many unexpected sources and ones that will probably leave the cause with as little excuse.

The Socialists everywhere are unanimous in agreeing that the Los Angeles election was a glorious victory and that the only reason the Socialists didn't win was because there were not enough Socialists and that at the rate Socialism is increasing there will be enough by another election.

## New Bundle Rate

The COMING NATION in bundles is now the cheapest Socialist literature that can be bought. Hitherto the price has been 9½ cents a copy in bundles; now when ten or more of any one issue are ordered and paid for in advance they will cost only 1½ cents each. As these papers sell readily at five cents each, and are then the biggest bargain that can be offered, the COMING NATION is by all odds the most profitable literature to be handled at Socialist meetings or Lyceum lectures.

This extremely low rate has been made on condition that orders are received in advance of publication, and that there is no return privilege. It is seldom possible to supply any back numbers, and is usually useless to ask for them.

# A Page for the Children

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

## Christmas

Now we all know that the celebrating of the holiday and feast of Christmas is not only a custom of the Christian religion, but it goes way, way back to the oldest times.

People could always see that as the days grew shorter and shorter, the cold grew worse and worse, all of the growing things of the earth stopped bearing fruit and either died or went to sleep, even the wild animals kept themselves back in caves and hiding places. And the snow and ice came and covered the earth and made living very hard for the human race.

Then all at once they saw that a day came when the days started getting longer and longer and the warmth of the sun became a little greater each day, until finally the snow and ice melted, the winds became quite warm, the green of the leaves began to appear, the juices of the trees to run and all the animals to come forth from their hiding places and begin to mate.

You can imagine how glad this made all of the people feel, who had to wait often in want and suffering for the coming of the spring.

So it is no wonder that they always celebrated this turn of the winter with feasting and ceremonies, many of which we use today in our celebrations, such as the decoration with holly and mistletoe and the giving of gifts and the feasting. They made many stories to account for this change which we can have easily explained by almost any of you children, and they worshipped what they called the return of the young sun god.

So this change means much to us too. We should celebrate it and see in it the symbol of a great change that is to come in society, when the chains of an unjust system are broken and the snow and ice of poverty and suffering begin to melt and the signs of plenty for all begin to appear.

Then let us have our own celebrations everywhere with our own meaning, with games and joys and gifts.

And here are a couple of games you can play at your celebration. One is called

### The Christmas Ship

All the children sit around in a circle. One says to the one sitting next him:

"The Christmas ship has come in."

That one asks, "What did it bring you?"

"A Jumping-Jack," says the first child, beginning to jump about like a jumping jack.

The second child also begins to imitate a jumping-jack at the same time saying to the third:

"The Christmas Ship has come in."

And to the question, "What did it bring you?" he answers.

"A roaring lion," leaving off his jumping-jack antics and starting to roar. His neighbor must imitate and so it goes on around the circle until you have a train steaming, a snake gliding, a cow mooing and so on. This is a great frolic.

Then you can quiet down by playing

### Stocking Contest

For this contest make as many small stockings of net as there are children to play. Then cut from magazines and advertisements pictures of articles suitable for a Christmas stocking, such as books, games, toys, etc. Mount these on thin cardboard and then cut into irregular pieces for picture puzzles. Place each puzzle separately in a small red envelope or tissue paper, and fill the stockings—avoiding duplication. When ready give each a stocking, the object being to find its contents by putting the puzzles together one after the

other. A prize should be awarded to the one who first solves all the picture puzzles, and this prize may be one of the filled stockings which are displayed in the stores for twenty-five cents each. The same contest may be given for older children by using anagrams instead of the picture puzzles, and these will be found less troublesome to prepare. If desired Christmas boxes may be used instead of the stockings. Place the puzzles or anagrams in small boxes, packing in with cotton as if fragile, and tie up and mark the boxes as if they had come by express or mail.

### Moving Day With the Ants

While most of the common ants pass the winter stupid and half-benumbed, there is one kind of ant that works in winter as well as in summer. This ant is called the harvester ant and since it works in the winter it has to eat also.

The granaries of these ants are well arranged and numerous; but now and then, for some strange reason, the tribes of these ants change quarters. Moving days are preceded by days of reconnoitering. The reconnoitering parties run in double line between the opening of the new ant-hill and the old dwelling-places and granaries.

These two lines seem to march empty-handed, doing nothing but survey the rooms and the passages that connect the rooms. For a time the procession moves constantly; then it halts, and often, no movement is seen for several days. I wonder what they are discussing and planning during these days of quiet.

When the double line forms in marching order for the second time, every individual in one line is seen moving in the same direction, bearing one kernel of seed or grain; while every individual in the opposite line is seen returning, empty-handed. It is plain to see that the ants are moving and changing their household goods.

Days and nights are consumed in the moving and then the old dwelling is deserted for all time.

Ants are well known to have a wonderful intelligence and although the reason for their moving can very seldom be known, you may be sure there is a very good one, although not because they cannot pay the rent, as often happens with human beings.

In one case that was observed, the reason was very plain. The grain rooms were found to be close to the bottom of a ditch, and much too near the rumbling of the heavy traffic along the highway.

### James Whitcomb Riley

Everybody knows "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Ol' Swinnin' Hole," or if not, then he or she soon will, for the poems of James Whitcomb Riley are the kind that come to us all sooner or later and creep into our hearts, and stay there, so we never forget them.

So it makes me very sad and will make you sad when I tell you that Riley has had a stroke of paralysis that makes it impossible for him to write any more and he thinks that it is impossible to write poetry by dictating it.

It is said that Riley could write poems before he could lisp. According to a statement accredited to him he wrote rhymes before he attained the knickerbocker age.

All of the children in the neighborhood were exchanging valentines. The parents of the youngster did not give him pennies to spend, but he was not handicapped by this drawback, but copied the valentines bought by the other children, except that he made faces like the persons to whom he intended sending the valentines. After he had finished

the pictures he wrote rhymes of his own. From that time Riley continued to write and would recite his own verses. He was afraid that his hearers would not like the verses if they knew he wrote them and would say he had found them in some old book or paper. Whenever one made a hit he would save it and work it over.

He kept up his talent for drawing by painting signs on drug store windows to see a crowd collect. This led to a job with a patent medicine concern. His duties were to draw pictures on a blackboard in the street to attract the crowd.

As a further amusement for the on-lookers the medicine people would play off Riley as a blind sign painter. Riley had protruding eyes and would write off the medicine man's ware on the blackboard, meanwhile maintaining a blank stare that convinced the crowd of his blindness. He also made tours of the country, decorating the fences and barnsides with messages.

Here are a few stanzas from one of his jolly poems:

### Old Man's Nursery Rhyme

I.

In the jolly winters  
Of the long-ago,  
It was not so cold as now—  
O! No! No!  
Then, as I remember,  
Snowballs to eat  
Were as good as apples now,  
And every bit as sweet!

II.

In the jolly winters  
Of the dead-and-gone,  
Bub was warm as summer,  
With his red mitts on—  
Just in his little waist-  
And-pants all together,  
Who ever heard him grovel  
About cold weather?

V.

Nights by the kitchen-stove,  
Shellin' white and red  
Corn in the skillet, and  
Sleepin' four abed!  
Ah! the jolly winters  
Of the long-ago!  
We were not as old as now—  
O! No! No!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### "Is 'e Comin' Ternight?"

Hit's de las' thing I heah when I tu'n  
out de light:  
"Is he comin' ternight, Mammy? Comin'  
ternight?"  
En de good Lawd knows, dough I sez  
"Not yit,"  
Dey's a-astin' me still what dey gwine  
ter git.  
En I projec' and plan, an' I skimp an'  
squeeze,  
En I hurries apas' all de winders I sees,  
'Case de chilluns espec's dat he'll bring  
'em a lot—  
En dey think he's de same dat de white  
folks got.

Is he comin' ternight, Mammy? Comin'  
ternight?"  
Lawd, I wisht in mah soul dat 'e would  
en he might!  
I wisht in mah soul dat he'd come down  
de flue  
Lak I useter to believe dat he sholy  
would do.  
When de chilluns ondress en dey jump  
into baid,  
En I tuck up de quilt 'roun' each po'  
l'il haid,  
Den I set down en wish en I wish lak  
I pray,  
Dat he find out de place 'fo' hit come  
Christmas Day.

Why, de chilluns believes! Dey is s'fo  
dat hit so,  
En dey countin' on him lak a man dat  
dey know,  
En dey talk of de things dat he suttin  
to bring,  
'Twell day set up in bed and en dess  
holler en sing.

En I tell 'em why sho good ol' Santy'll  
come  
Wid a doll en a sled en a railroad en  
drum.  
En dey drift off ter sleep wid a smile  
on dey face—  
En dey ain' not a cent I kin spa' in de  
place!  
Hit's de las' thing I heah when I tu'n  
out de light:  
"Is he comin' ternight, Mammy? Comin'  
ternight?"  
En I laughs wid dem all when dey plan  
wat dey do -  
Wid de things dat he'll bring—en I say  
hit's all true!  
En de white chillun up whan I's wukin',  
dey 'low  
Dat ole Santy he'll come, en won't miss  
'em nohow.  
"Is he comin' ternight?" Lawd, I wisht  
hit 'ud be  
Dat he'd come heah en fix up dis p'ob-  
lem for me!

—S. E. Kiser.

### The Peanut Man

BY MRS. ERROLL DUNBAR.

Written Especially for the Children's  
page.

Each day when-I a'n going to school  
A peanut stand I see,  
And I smile at the Peanut Man,  
And he smiles back at me!

He's always there, on rainy days,  
And when it's warm and dry,  
He sometimes gives me peanuts too  
When I am passing by.



He wears a thin and shabby coat,  
A cap that's worn and old,  
I'm sorry for the Peanut Man  
On windy days and cold!  
When I am sitting by the fire  
All cosy warm and snug,  
And playing on a rainy day  
Upon the furry rug,  
With all my toys and pleasant games  
There's just a little pain,  
Because I know the Peanut Man  
Is standing in the rain!

### To be More Exact

Little Ethel had gone for the first time into the country and visited the farm.

"Did you see them milk the cow, Ethel?" asked her mother, on her return.

"No, Mother," was the reply. "But I saw them unmilk her."

Maurice, aged four, was deeply interested in the incubating process of "Old Speckle," watched for the arrival of each little chick with expectant delight. A few days after the advent of the downy brood he went to play with Baby Ruth who lived next door. In a few minutes he came running home almost bursting with excitement.

"O mamma! what you fink!" he exclaimed, "Baby Rufie has two new little teef, just hatched out!"—Mrs. S. J. Bailey, Klamath Falls, Ore.

# The Government at Washington

By Wm. Leavitt Stoddard

ABOUT ten days before the Taft Tariff Board made its report on wool—the report which served Mr. Taft last summer as an excuse for vetoing the LaFollette-Underwood measure—there appeared in this city Mr. William M. Wood, whose personal financial interest in having the tariff on wool kept up is so great as to be notorious. Mr. Wood visited the offices of the Tariff Board. Doubtless he asked some questions, and doubtless he received some replies. More we cannot say. Time passed, and the date of the publishing of the report drew nearer. Then, still a few days previous to its transmittal to Congress, this fact was related by a correspondent: "It was learned last night that Senator Smoot, of Utah, a member of the Senate Finance Committee, already is preparing a wool revision bill to be introduced in the Senate as an amendment to the Democratic House measure as soon as the latter is passed. Mr. Smoot denies that his measure is to be the Administration bill, but he is, nevertheless, in frequent conference at the White House, and it is safe to assume that he is not drafting his revision bill without having a definite idea of the findings of President Taft's Tariff Board."

It is very safe to assume so indeed. And it is also safe to assume—if one wishes to be on the safe side—that the Taft Tariff Board, no matter how beautiful the idea of it, will no more give us honest tariff legislation than the Supreme Court gives us true justice. It can't—it would be against nature if it did.

It is a pleasure to be able to chronicle the fact that the Postoffice Department has taken its very bureaucratic life in its hands and reversed a precedent. The story of this remarkable event may be narrated shortly as follows: Complaint was made last May to the chairman of the House Committee on Expenditures in the Postoffice Department by the Rev. T. M. C. Birmingham, a Methodist minister at Nowlin, S. D., that the postmaster at Pender, Neb., upon the advice of the Third As-

*The object of this correspondence will be to chronicle, in part, those things that occur weekly at Washington which are not noticed as they should be in the columns of the capitalist press. It will try to show by actual news narrative and comment the interests which are behind legislation at the National Capitol. Often that household necessity, the muckrake, will be employed instead of the more conservative editorial*

*pen. Now and then this letter will contain sensations whose size will depend upon the writer's good luck and the way events break. In the main the idea will be to expose to clear view a fact impossible to emphasize too often, namely, that Washington, D. C., is the central office of the System, and that one simple way to block the game is to make Washington, D. C., the central office of the new System which is to supplant the present.*

sistant Postmaster General, had required the publisher of the *Pender Republican* to pay third-class rates on an edition of that paper because it contained a supplement printed in another town containing a temperance speech by Rev. Mr. Birmingham. The Committee, chancing to be of a Democratic complexion, undertook to look into the case, hoping quite naturally, to get something on Mr. Steamroller Federal Patronage Hitchcock. It was lucky and did. The government's case was so flimsy that under this political pressure it broke down.

The Rev. Mr. Birmingham, in registering his kick, said: "The ruling was considered so unfair and unjust that the State Press Association of editors and publishers condemned it without a single dissenting vote, and I suppose three-fifths—anyway, a majority of them—were Republicans. They also requested the congressional delegation to use their influence and have the ruling rescinded. The latter, I have no doubt, did what they could, but they did not succeed. Mr. Hitchcock, now a Senator, tried it and failed. They claimed that the present Postmaster General was so "exclusive" (he has a thirty-dollar waste basket in his private office), "and surrounded himself with so much dignity as to be practically inaccessible. . . .

The mistakes of the department, I think, consists in reading things into the law that are not there. I even doubt the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States to make laws" (this is a radical parson!), "but certainly a subordinate executive officer has not the authority to inject things into the statutes that are not there—that is, if we are to remain a government of law and not bureaucracy."

"The action," says the Committee's report, "of Mr. James J. Britt, the present Third Assistant Postmaster General, in reversing a predecessor will be approved by the publishers and the people generally."

It will. Wm. A. Ashbrook, House Office Building, Washington, D. C., is the address of the chairman. Under the law the chairman of such committees shall give out printed copies of hearings as long as they last. It is interesting stuff.

The eight-hour contract labor bill which the Democrats put through with a whoop the other day is a fine illustration of the coarse politics which they play here in Washington. Probably not a single soul who watched the bill pass had the temerity to think that it would ever in the world become law. The Senate and Taft are obstacles too great

for such a measure to climb over, and did it surmount these mountains of reaction, there would then be the Supreme Court, to say nothing of all the Circuit Courts eager to erase any bothersome clauses. Berger was the only publicly frank man in the whole outfit. He said: "When we have a Socialist Supreme Court then labor measures and all other laws passed will be safe." Till that day, however, it is necessary to bear the present and from it extract as much enjoyment as possible.

Think of nearly four hundred American lawmakers sardonically calling up, debating and enacting a law which they know will never be effective for its avowed purpose! Think of the four hundred sardonically nudging each other, after having done the deed: "We have got the labor vote!" they are saying. "How clever we are!" What a satire on human stupidity, credulity, and honesty! Let every labor voter but reflect upon this picture, and upon the opinion which the men he elects to office in Washington hold of his intelligence, and then let him, if he is as they think he is, that is to say, stupid and credulous, go and vote for the same old fakers again. The American capitalist you cannot fool all the time. It looks as if you could fool the American worker.

There are soon to be four Presidential boom headquarters in this city, each flooding the press of the land with literature booming four respective capitalistic candidates for the White House: Harmon, Wilson, Taft and LaFollette. The papers will from now till the elections next autumn, be full of talk about these men and what they "stand for," but few writers will tell us what they really stand for. It will not make much difference which of the crowd is chosen—the same old game will be played, and the same old flimflam that the people are being saved from disaster will be worked. Let us regard this excitement as a show—not a free one—for our entertainment, and, meanwhile, let us saw our own wood.

## What's in the New Books

*PANAMA*, by Albert Edwards, the Macmillan Company. Cloth, 585 pp., \$2.50 net.

The remarkable article by Albert Edwards on "Testing Socialism in the Canal Zone," which appeared in the *COMING NATION*, has been made the final chapter of what must certainly be the book on Panama and the Canal Zone.

Few spots on the earth have had a more varied history than this cross road between two continents and two worlds. The whole story is here, and told in a matter more interesting than the subject would seem to make possible.

"It was the quest for gold which brought the first white man to the Isthmus of Panama." First the Spaniard, who found it the highway to the wealth of Peru. These were the days of the "conquistadores," the best and the worst of the days of chivalry. These enslaved and murdered the Indians, in spite of the protests of occasional priests who took their religion seriously.

Then was the "Golden Age" of Panama when millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver bullion passed across it on the road to Spain. But not all of it went to Spain, for it was not only the age of Spanish domination, it was also the age of privateers, pirates and buccaneers. There is a sharp distinction between the first two of these. "A privateer could be a national hero, while

a pirate could be a hero only of the lower class." The former had the entree to court, the latter had to be contented with the adulation of cheap ale houses.

With the decline of the Spanish Empire, Panama too declined and little was heard of Panama during the 18th and the first half of the 19th century. Then it was gold again that woke the Isthmus to life. This time it was the gold of California, and once more there was a flood of trade and of gold seekers passing over the trail.

Then came the various steps for improving transit. The Panama railroad, the French fiasco in the attempt to build a canal, and the process of completion by the Americans.

The final chapter on "Experiments in Collective Activity" is based on the matter which has already appeared in the *COMING NATION*. It describes the various lines of work being conducted by the government in connection with the canal, and shows how much better these are being done than similar activities undertaken by private initiative.

*First Annual Report of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control in the Cloak, Suit and Skirt Industry of Greater New York.*

This is a unique book. Nothing like it has ever been printed before because

this is the first time in the world that there was a "Joint Board of Sanitary Control" in any industry.

This board was the outcome of the great garment workers' strike of 1910. One of the grievances of that strike was the horrible conditions under which the industry was conducted. The manufacture of garments in New York City had come to be the classical example of the horrors of the wage system.

One of the conditions under which the strike was settled was the appointment of a Joint Board of Sanitary Control, which should report on the conditions in the various shops. Although the only power of enforcing the recommendations of this board is the "Sanitary strike," and publicity, yet remarkable results have been produced.

The report shows that on May the first of the present year there were 197 shops "defective in fire protection" and 626 shops "defective in sanitary care" or a total of 823 defective shops. On July 15th twenty-nine of these defective shops had ceased to exist and 740 had made improvements in compliance with the orders of the board, leaving only 54 shops stigmatized as defective.

One of the methods by which this end was gained was the issuance of a "Sanitary certificate," which is posted in the shop. "These certificates are in the form of regular corporation bond certificates and are furnished to owners in mahogany frames ready to be placed in the offices." This is only given to a shop that is marked perfect according to the standards set, and up to the present time but 216 shops or 12.4 per cent of the total, have been granted such

certificates, showing that a high standard of inspection has been maintained.

### Rotting Men for Money

The American Association of Labor Legislation is sending out an appeal to the press to urge the passage of the Esch bill that forbids the use of white phosphorus in the making of matches. Nearly every other country in the world already has such a law. Even the Fiji Islands protects its workers from the use of this substance that literally rots the bones of those who come in contact with it.

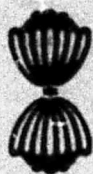
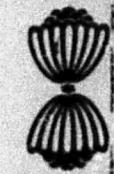
Legislation in this country was blocked for a time by the monopoly of the right to use the only substitute for white phosphorus. Then the monopoly was surrendered, but still the deadly material was used.

No manufacturer will give up the profits from the present method because if he did "new factories using the poison would at once spring up."

"The annual increase in the cost of matches," says the bulletin of the Association, "has been estimated at one cent to every match user." But this one cent is enough to guarantee profits to the manufacturers using it. So they continue to torture the workers to death.

This would be a good subject for Roosevelt to write another "Murder is Murder" editorial on.

# Come Have a Smile With Us



## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### He is Not Twins Either

*That paints the class line cannot cross  
On Christmas eve is all too true,  
There is one Santa for the boss,  
There is another one for you,  
He needs a truck of monstrous size  
To bring the bosses' kids their toys;  
With yours along the roof he flies,  
So light is what he brings your boys.*

*Oh Santa Claus, you ought to be  
Consistent or get off the job,  
It isn't right for you to see  
With different eyes the ones who rob.*



*On you we'll try out the recall,  
Or some of those new fangled laws,  
And when before the votes you fall  
We'll be our own good Santa Claus.*

*And since the matter has been sprung  
There seems to be some sense to that;  
For oft the fellow who is stung  
Gets notions new beneath his hat;  
When workers end the rule of hate,  
By juster, grander, broader laws,  
Their grand co-operative state  
Will be the only Santa Claus.*

### Ever Try It?

"Doctor, what is the best exercise to improve the digestion?"  
"Coupon clipping, my boy."

### Truly Socialism

"And now," said the lady investigator who was preparing a magazine article on the tramps who patronize Christmas



charity dinners, "And now, would you please tell me how you live the rest of the year?"

"With pleasure madam," replied Billy the Kidder as he whittled a toothpick from the end of the table. "Yo' see, lady, evolution has helped us out and made of us a special race that lives for the glorification of the philanthropist."

"You don't say?" she demanded, scribbling furiously in her note book.

"It is too true. We learn to eat enough at Christmas to do us until New Years. From New Years we go until spring election. After that there is usually something doing about the Fourth of July when we fill up to carry us over to Thanksgiving."

"You don't mean to say you eat only five times a year?"

"That's it, lady. Evolution has fixed us up so we thrive that way. You would be surprised to know what our greatest trouble is."

"Indeed I would. What is it?"

"Eating hearty on Christmas and then again on New Years. They do have these holidays crowded in too close for us."

### The Little Everybody

"Everybody is feeling so blue in the whole country," said the downcast Englishman explaining to an American who was visiting in London why the city was so gloomy.

"What is everybody so blue about?"  
"Socialism. It is coming down on us with a rush."

"But it can't come without the consent of the majority."

"That's just the trouble, don't you know."

"Show me your license, please."

"What license? I'm no blooming chauffeur."

"No, your license from the dictionary makers for your use of the word everybody."

"Don't be so beastly technical. The others don't count, you know."

"Of course, I know; but they don't know it."

"That's the blawstee'll of it."

"But can't you educate them?"  
"My brother Percy tried that and you should see his 'ead."

### Worrying Many

"I cannot understand my husband, doctor."

"What are the symptoms?" asked the sympathetic man of medicine.

"He doesn't eat and he doesn't sleep."

"Maybe he has business worries."

"Not that I can find out about."

"Perhaps someone is threatening his life."

"He hasn't an enemy in the world."

"I know what it is!" exclaimed the doctor, a great light breaking over his countenance.

"Oh do tell me. Do!" half shrieked the frantic woman.

"Simple enough. He is worrying lest LaFollette should not be president."

Carnegie's effort to hand his name down to posterity will be successful. When future generations see one of his libraries they will tell how he made his money.

If there were two Tafts Ohio would go solid for Socialism.

## Little Flings

To them it seems to justify Otis. That is a sample of class influence on thinking.

The capitalists are not trying to see what a bungling mess they can make of the postoffice department to discredit Socialism. That is the best they can do.

If old age pensions would undermine our liberties let the undermining start.

By exercising the imagination vigorously it might be possible to conceive of a clash of interests between the farmer who owns a bank and an auto and the farmer who does the real work for him.

Los Angeles will have to abide by the consequences. It prefers "Good Government" to better.

McNamaras were victims of the system, but it will probably call for an indictment by the United States federal court to say so.



Striking at the ballot box is still good though.

Brace up your faith. There are more Socialist votes where that last flood came from.

gain admission to heaven, and St. Peter:

St. Peter—"Where are you from?"

Butte Miner—"I'm from Butte."

St. Peter went back and examined the records of heaven, and on coming out again said. "I am sorry to have to refuse you admittance, but Butte is not on the Map of Heaven."

The Miner knowing that the only other place was Hell tearfully urged that he was entitled to a place in heaven because he had worked in a "hot box" in the Butte mines for the past twenty years.

"Well," said St. Peter, "I guess you have had hell enough, poor man. Come on in."

### Hampty Dumpty

BY THOMAS P. CALDWELL.

*Hampty Dumpty sat on a throne  
And reaped the harvest others had sown  
On riches he smiled, for poverty a frown  
But poverty rebelled and he lost his crown.*

*Hampty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Hampty Dumpty had a great fall.*

*Hampty Dumpty rules all the world  
Against the masses his banner's unfurled  
But right will prevail, for ignorance can't last  
And Hampty Dumpty will be of the past.*

*Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men  
Could ever put Hampty Dumpty together again.*

### Great Help



-Der Wahre Jakob

*I'll have to drink a few more steins in sympathy for those poor working people*

### A DOLLAR BOOK FOR 25 CENTS

Robert Blatchford's Great Book "God and My Neighbour." A Socialist viewpoint of religion. Origins' English edition, 200 pp., Postpaid, 25c. Rationalist Press, 1220 S. Homan av., Chicago

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## Told at the Dinner Hour

(Stories of actual life in the shops are wanted for this department. A subscription card is given for every one used. So many are received that it is impossible to answer those that are not used. If you receive a card you will know that yours has been accepted.)

### The Only Means

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

A certain judge in Missouri, because of his bad temper, experienced considerable difficulty in controlling persons in the court room. On one particular occasion there was unusual disorder.

"It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed

the judge, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it."

There ensued a long silence in the court room. Finally one of the leading counsel arose and said without the suspicion of a smile:

"If it please your honor, on what date will your resignation take place?"

### Butte Miner and St Peter

BY PATRICK WALLACE.

The following conversation took place between a Butte miner who wanted to



Cause for alarm



**Rhymes of the Revolution**

*Being poems incarnating the spirit of revolt in things temporal and spiritual*

Selected and annotated by  
**FRANK STUHLMAN**

Heine, one of the great poets of the Revolution, was born in Germany, December 13, 1799. From the time he first began to use his pen he was constantly embroiled with the authorities. At last by pressure brought to bear by the Prussian Government he was forced to leave Germany and flee to Paris, where he resided the rest of his life.

Here the withering sarcasms, put forth in journals and pamphlets, by the brilliant Jew made him an object of hatred to ancient stupidities and tyrannies. His cynical wit cut like a two-edged sword. His seven years of dying is one of the saddest fates recorded, yet to the end he jested grimly at his own plight, at fate, at "whatever Gods may be." To the end he was the same brilliant, witty, sarcastic, unconquerable soul. As a poet his fame is secure. The following bitter outburst was caused by the sight of the miseries endured by those "who toil for another's gain":

**Weavers**

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

Their eyelids are drooping, no tears lie beneath;

They stand at the loom and grind their teeth;

"We are weaving a shroud for the doubly dead,

And a threefold curse in its every thread—

We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for the Godhead to whom we have bowed

In our cold and our hunger, we weave in the shroud;

For in vain have we hoped and in vain have prayed;

He has mocked us and scoffed at us, sold and betrayed—

We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for the king of the wealthy and proud,

Who had for us no pity, we weave in the shroud;

Who takes our last penny to swell out his purse,

While we die the death of a dog—yea, a curse—

We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for our country, whose cowardly crowd

Hold her shame in high honor, we weave in the shroud

Whose blossoms are blighted and slain in the germ,

Whose filth and corruption engender the worm—

We are weaving, still weaving.

"To and fro flies our shuttle—no pause in its flight,

'Tis a shroud we are weaving by day and by night,

We are weaving a shroud for the worse than dead,

And a threefold curse in its every thread—

We are weaving—still weaving."

**An Appreciation**

The COMING NATION, a weekly Socialist paper published by the *Appeal to Reason*, has as chief editorial writer Charles Edward Russell, one of the most powerful and responsible editors in the country, a "practical" newspaper man who lost his temper, threw up his

job, and started in to talk straight. Among editorial writers today he is perhaps the master of irony, and his work in the COMING NATION has but few parallels in radical first-hand comment on social conditions. The special articles and stories are written by men and women of wide experience.—*The International*.



**Rolling up dollars for the Capitalist**

Dante Supplement—The torment that will be visited upon the unawakened toiler in the Inferno



**Capitalism: Boo-hoo! These Socialists are going to take all my property away from me!**

**British Insurance Scheme**

The great British Insurance scheme has now become a law. It is by far the most extensive plan of state insurance ever undertaken. It reaches almost every class in society, including domestic servants.

The knowledge that "their kitchens were going to be invaded" aroused a sudden opposition to the bill a few weeks before its passage. The servants were all ordered out to a monster meeting in Albert Hall, London, where they were addressed by their mistresses.

It was the wail of one of these titled drivers of household slaves to the effect that this bill "was calculated to prevent any approach to friendship between mistress and servant, let alone that beautiful intimacy so often existing between them," that led *Reynold's Weekly* to publish the accompanying cartoon.

The great objection to the bill is that it is "contributory"—the workers being compelled to pay a portion of the premiums. Because of this fact a large number of the Socialists and unionists have opposed its passage, although the representatives of the Labor party in Parliament voted for it. There are even threats that the English workers will follow the ex-

ample of the French and refuse to accept the provisions of the Bill. It is certain that this determined resistance will, in a few years, compel the abolition of the contributory features.

The United States is almost the only country that claims to be civilized where some such measures are not in force or on the verge of enactment.

In the election of representatives to the Upper House of the Swedish National Parliament, December 7, the Socialists trebled their former representation. They now hold a total of twelve



*—Reynolds Weekly*  
**That Beautiful Intimacy**

seats in the Swedish "House of Lords."

Members of the Upper House are chosen by the various town and city councils.



**It is about to happen**