

Editorials

By Charles Edward Russell

Mitchell and Roosevelt in 1910

THE Colonel's plans are now sufficiently revealed. He is to be nominated by the republican national convention in 1912 if control of the convention can be secured. If Taft, the office-holders and the Southern delegates beat out the Roosevelt element in the convention, or if it appears certain in advance that Taft will be renominated the Colonel is to lead a new party composed of the insurgents and if possible, the labor people.

Hence the visit to the Scranton mines, the effusive cordiality to the miners, the spectacular hand-shaking with working men, the share in the Fargo labor parade, the addresses to labor, the sudden interest in the condition of the working classes, and the rest of the cleverly designed programme. The Colonel has even gone so far as to select his running mate. The ticket is to be Roosevelt and John Mitchell—a bid for the support of the insurgents, the labor unions and the Catholic church, for no one knows better than the Colonel what part the Catholic church played in the election of Taft and how essential is its support for his ambitious schemes.

Roosevelt and Mitchell—with that combination, with the support of the professional reformers like Albert Shaw, Jacob Riis and Lyman Abbot, and with the halo of his achievements as a hunter, the Colonel believes he will sweep the country.

A man on the inside has also kindly supplied me with the name of the astute manager of this most daring venture for a third term.

It is Mr. John Hays Hammond. And who is Mr. John Hays Hammond? General manager and salaried political expert for the Guggenheims.

And who are the Guggenheims? Owners and controllers of fabulous wealth, employers of an army of labor, possessors of investments in bank chains, department store chains, trusts, railroads and other enterprises stretching from ocean to ocean. How does this strike you?

No wonder the Colonel hobnobbed so affectionately with Senator Guggenheim at Denver.

The Guggenheims! About six months ago George D. Herron predicted that Roosevelt would eventually be revealed in the character of the savior of the Interests. The careful observer, no doubt, felt that the prophecy was well reasoned, but no one imagined that it would be verified almost at once!

One weak point in the Colonel's plan is obviously the support of labor. He knows that it daily becomes more restless and dissatisfied. He feels that it is beginning to perceive the huge injustice of the present industrial system and to demand some readjustment of the social burdens. He knows that heretofore it has been fooled year in and year out by those that beat the tom-toms for the old parties. His idea is that it can be fooled again and that he is the man to fool it—he with John Mitchell. It is an extremely clever game. The sole question is whether labor really can be fooled any more. If it can be the Colonel has the cards stacked and he knows how to play them.

HIS public and wanton insult to Senator Lorimer after he had as publicly approved of Senator Guggenheim was a characteristic piece of trickery and cowardice. Lorimer is down; therefore, kick him in the face. Guggenheim is up; take him by the hand and call him brother. Except that one is down and the other is up what on earth is the difference between Lorimer and Guggenheim? As between the way Lorimer got his seat and the way Guggenheim got his, any man of convictions in favor of honesty would the more detest Guggenheim. But, of course, the only subject in the world on which Colonel Roosevelt has any convictions is Roosevelt.

Gems from an eminent thinker of the car platform school:

"A good man is better than a bad man and a bad man is worse than a good man."

"What we want in office is good men."

"A good journalist tells the truth, but a bad journalist does not always."

"We should applaud good deeds, but we should disapprove of bad ones."

"An honest man is honest, but a dishonest man is dishonest."

It is to hear momentous discoveries like these that people crowd the railroad stations on the line of the triumphal journey and stand apparently open-mouthed with wonder and admiration.

The Abbots and Shaws and Muddle McCormicks think these exhibitions portend a popular uprising for their idol. It is the curse of these shortsighted ones that they know nothing whatever about the American people. You can always get a big crowd to see an eight-legged calf, but that does not mean the people are mad with admiration for the calf—not by a great deal.

SIGNS multiply hourly that the whole country is profoundly disgusted with existing conditions. The republicans have no more chance of retaining the house of representatives than they have of carrying Texas. The republican contingent in the next house will be almost too small to count. But the idea that the discontented country should turn from the republicans to the democrats is too comical for words. The republican party is controlled by the corporations and the money power; hence the country ejects it and puts in power another party still more thoroughly controlled by the corporations and the money power. If that is the best we can do George Bernard Shaw's description of us as a "nation of villagers" would be far underdrawn.

To anyone that has been much in Washington or has observed things at close range the idea of entrusting the country to democratic control is merely grotesque. A party without ideas or ideals without any sort of a programme, without one shred of a solution for existing evils, without leaders, without purpose, without the semblance of unity, a thing without form and void, what could it do for our troubles? Only men incapable of reflection could seriously propose to make confusion ten times confounded by reverting to such hopeless inconsistency.

If the three union men that in Chicago three years ago were convicted and imprisoned for picketing in violation of one injunction have followed the course of the graft trials in this city they must have been greatly edified. No difficulty was experienced in securing their conviction; they were brought up with a round turn; but the "shale rock" grafters and the legislative grafters and all the other grafters have so far been immune in repeated trials. Judging from the records, the safe crimes in Cook county are graft, bribery, murder, public theft and then burglary and highway robbery. The offense towards which justice rears her awful front implacable is to try to induce a fellow workman not to take the bread out of your mouth. Let him that commits this vile crime against society expect no mercy. I believe it is regarded in our best circles as highly demagogical, seditious and bad form to say that justice as practically administered in our courts is a howling farce, but I should be pleased to learn from the good and the wise exactly what are the terms in which one may properly refer to the operations of state's attorney's office in Chicago.

Farcical Justice in Chicago.

If there were among us now a foreigner observant of our ways and methods and without interest or stake in the country, and if he could be made to understand the real purpose and significance of our government as at present conducted he could do nothing but laugh. A few days ago, for instance, the Associated Press was good enough to disseminate information about the activities of our national banking department. It has been hard at work, the despatches tell us, examining the "weak banks" in the country and shaking them up. If they are "weak" they have been allowed so many days to get "strong" or otherwise out they go. The bank examiners will close them up. All this, we are gravely informed, is done in the interest of "business security."

Rounding up Banks for the Trust.

"Business security"—a good phrase for the simple. What it really means is that the banks still outside of the "chain" are to be compelled to get inside of the "chain." What are called "weak" banks are those that do not get into line. The banking department is kindly bringing them into line. Then they will be "strong" banks and all right.

In other words, the gentlemen that hold the end

of the "chain" propose to control every dollar of the nation's money supply. They are not content to control nine-tenths of it. They intend to control all of it. Banks beyond their influence are to be suppressed or made to surrender. And what is the agency that will do the compelling? The United States government—no less.

And the end of the "chain," where does that lead? Why, where should the end of the bank chain lead except to the spot where the milk trust, the harvester trust, the steel trust, the zinc trust, the white lead trust and so many other trusts lead? To the corner of Wall and Broad streets where sit the real rulers of America.

How nice to have our money supply safely controlled by the same hands that hold the rest of our supplies! At least we know where it is, that is one comfort; and to whom we must go that we may do business and eat.

But this idea of having the United States government operated as the agent and factotum of this gigantic and irresponsible power, how does that strike the impartial observer? And the other idea of clothing all the rotten moves under the pretense of some care for "business security" and the common weal? Would not that seem funny to an intelligent foreigner? Not so funny perhaps as the spectacle of the Associated Press daily feeding out rations of this kind of stuff and the nation solemnly swallowing it, but still funny enough.

The simple fact is, brethren, that about 90 per cent of our governmental activities, however they may be cloaked, are precisely of the order of this specious warfare on the "weak" banks. That is to say, under the pretense of national welfare they perform some kindly act for the benefit of the national burglars. The curious thing is that every experienced Washington correspondent knows this perfectly well, but he never writes it and his newspaper never hints it. The correspondents sit in the gallery and among themselves they spot every rotten act that comes along for the benefit of the Interests, but whatever shrewd and cynical remarks they may pass one to another, when they come to write they assiduously help along the grand old game. They must because that is what they are employed for.

What Correspondents Are Paid to Send.

Take the postal savings bank bill, for instance, laboriously heralded as an act in the interest of the deserving poor and all that sort of thing. The real purpose of that bill was to enable the bank "chain" to get possession of the people's savings. The fact was perfectly apparent to every correspondent that knew his business, but if any correspondent let the light shine upon the bunco operation the fact has escaped my attention. Yet in our easy tenuous way we assume that our newspapers keep us informed about events of importance. Informed! As a matter of fact, they do nothing of the kind and so far as governmental affairs are concerned we are the least informed people on earth.

That this is the bare truth every traveler knows perfectly well. The cabmen of Paris are better informed about political affairs than the average intelligent, educated American; and any day in a way-side inn of England or in a third-class railroad car you will hear better discussions of political and governmental issues than you can hear anywhere in the United States.

The foreign newspaper informs its readers of what goes on at the national capitol. The American newspaper doesn't do anything of the kind. And that is the reason for the humiliating difference in the national intelligence.

Real Nature of Postal Savings Banks.

FOR another phase of the same matter, here is Ballinger. Who made him secretary of the interior? No desire of the people, certainly. What is the occasion of the popular outcry against him? The charge that he has operated his office for the benefit of those that would exploit Alaska and seize the nation's water power and other resources. Who is back of the exploitation of Alaska and lack of the water power trust? The Morgan-Guggenheim influences. These things being revealed, not in the daily press but by events and in a few magazines, there goes up a wide-spread demand that he be dropped from the cabinet. He is not dropped, but sticks to his job. Who holds him there in the face of public opinion?

All this is perfectly well known in Washington. It represents the most astounding condition conceivable in any government called a republic.

Nothing else in a political sense is of such importance to American citizens, for it reveals the entire government seized by a power absolutely independent of and supreme to public opinion. But how much of this can you glean from your newspapers, republican or democratic or independent? Then who rules America?

The fatal accident on the North Dakota battle ship is officially passed off as due to defects in her machinery arrangements that will be remedied.

That seems to be the end of the matter so far as the navy department is concerned. Also for the public which pays the bill for this colossal piece of folly and furnishes the men to be blown up. It would be interesting to know how the defects came to be and why the private ship-building company got the contract. I could suggest further lines of inquiry to any investigation that really wanted to find out things about our floating junk. For example, why do all these fat contracts go to this one ship-building company? What eminent statesmen, if any, are stockholders in that company? What kind of work is turned out at such yards? How many tallow candles have been passed off as rivets? How much blow-hole armor has been bought and paid for? How many of the navy's ships built by contract in private navy yards are now known to be practically worthless as fighting machines? How much of the people's money has been squandered upon them?

These are a few topics upon which in my blind, groping way I very much desire light. But the thing I most desire to know is a little different. How long are we to continue to waste our good money and labor on any and all of these preposterous devices?

Socialism has all the good luck this year. Dr. Abbot has just written another attack upon it.

All about the world the methods of the governing class are the same.

We have thought that here in America with our long list of anti-labor injunctions, with our judge-made law, with decisions that strike every weapon of defense from the hands of the union, we have a condition peculiar to ourselves. It does not appear on examination that our courts go very much further in oppression than some other courts go. I am not sure that even the amazing decision of Judge Goff in the cloak makers' strike is more tyrannical than the injunction issued by an English judge in the crucial Osborne case. Judge Goff held that men might not lawfully cease from work in order to assist their union. The English judge held that a union might not lawfully assess its members to provide a salary for a labor member of parliament. Both injunctions traverse principle of freedom that the world had accepted as secure and unassailable. Both are equally in the interest of the governing class. Both tend in about the same degree to strengthen the bonds upon labor.

It ought not to escape general notice that in England labor accepts the challenge thus thrown down and prepares for the inevitable struggle. The English trades union congress, meeting at Sheffield, has taken steps for a union of all the trades organizations to operate under one central body of control for the purpose of bringing about a general strike against the principle laid down by this unjust judge.

Apparently the English workingman does not believe that he is obliged to endure everything.

There is an association in New York called the Short Ballot Organization, the purpose of which is to reduce the number of elective offices in this country and increase the number of offices to be filled by appointment. It carries as its motto a quotation from Theodore Roosevelt to the effect that all governmental power should be in the hands of a very few men and these very superior. It seems to be an organization of strength and means, it has offices and literature, it is backed by many men of well-known names; it is carrying on an active propaganda.

I beg leave to suggest that this institution be carefully watched. Its real purpose is, of course, to curtail the political power of the masses and strengthen the hands of the present governing class. With sinister adroitness its proposals are put forth under guise of a demand for democracy. Experienced observers have for some time expected an assault in some shape upon the ballot as the possible weapon of the exploiter. If I am not very much in error the expected thing has now turned up in this Short Ballot Organization. Only the foolish would look to see an attack upon the franchise made in the open. It was certain to appear under some lying disguise and I guess this is it.

Capitalism the Same Everywhere.

Stabbing Democracy in the Back.

The History and Philosophy of the Sciences

BY A. M. LEWIS

The Difference Between Science and Philosophy

Philosophy—as once understood—is dead. Its demise came as the result of its inability to hold its ground against science in the struggle for existence. So utterly discredited did philosophy become that in the last century Ludwig Feurbach boasted "My philosophy is no philosophy."

The triumph of science over philosophy was due to the superiority of its methods. To begin with, science rests on the ground that human experience, in some form or another, is the only source of knowledge. As a result of this fundamental position the chief method of science is induction. Induction means to take a body of facts and by observation, comparison and experiment, using one or more of these methods according to the nature of the facts, try to discover their underlying relations or laws. In this process the facts come first and their careful collection constitutes the starting point of science.

Philosophy, on the other hand, was careless about the facts. Philosophy began with assumptions. Instead of rising from the facts to the law and testing the law by every fact later discovered, philosophy assumed the law and descended from the law by deduction to the facts. The chief trouble with this method was that according to the assumed law the facts should be such and such and when the philosopher did approach the facts, which was not often, as he usually considered them beneath his notice, if the actual facts conflicted with what should have been the facts it was so much the worse for the actual facts. They were distorted or suppressed.

Philosophy began—and ended—with the anthropomorphic (look this up) guesses of primitive men. As these guesses were natural mistakes philosophy could not be made to face the truth. Beginning with these mistakes about the origin of the universe and its contents philosophy moved in a fatal circle of error from which there was no exit short of the giving up of philosophy, as then understood.

She built her imposing temples on foundations of sand and no sooner was the capstone planted in triumph than the entire superstructure fell into ruins. Never daunted, she rolled her Sisyphus' stone to the very summit, and then when victory seemed sure, back it tumbled to its starting point. Her aims were lofty; her head was among the clouds. She despised science which grovelled among sordid and earthly facts. But science, content to investigate that which had been gathered from experience, and which could be verified by observation and experiment, moved forward in a line, not always straight but forever advancing.

To quote one of my own books: "Today systematic, speculative philosophy is abandoned and science holds the field triumphant and unchallenged. Science has succeeded in the search for truth where philosophy failed. Where philosophy stretched the chasm with a rainbow, science spanned it with a steel bridge. On speculation, they have erected systems after system, every system claiming to give the sum total of human knowledge, and yet they are no nearer an agreement on first principles than were the philosophers of ancient Greece. The cry 'Back to Kant,' has no more relevance than back to Parmelusus, or, back to Plato. In fact, philosophy always gets 'back' to where it starts from without being urged.

"Science, on the other hand, moves on from one conquest to another, refusing to accept that which cannot be tested, wasting no time in idle speculation on matters beyond verification, she achieves more in ten years than philosophy has to show for two thousand."

What we have believed and imagined about the universe and life was chiefly contributed by philosophy. What we really know about the universe and its riddles we owe to science.

All of our problems that have been solved have been solved by the application of the methods of science. Socialism itself is the result of the application of scientific methods to the facts of social evolution.

If one wishes to realize the difference between the fogs of philosophy and the clear sunlight of science he might compare the scientific works of Huxley with the philosophical writings of Emanuel Kant. What favored mortals were those workingmen who had the opportunity of listening to Huxley's popular lectures on science? And it is interesting and significant, that as Leibniz himself relates, he and Marx were always in the audience.

Science, however, has been more than kind to its vanquished opponent. Speculative philosophy it is true has gone forever. But a new use of the word has arisen. Science has presented philosophy with a new mission; a mission which clothes her with a glory far exceeding even her ancient grandeur. The function of philosophy now is the unification of the sciences.

Philosophy now—philosophy regenerated and started on a new career—is the science of the sciences. As geology, for example, takes all the facts about the rocks and by ascertaining as far as possible their laws, organizes facts and laws into a science; so philosophy takes the science of geology and all the other sciences and organizes them into an interrelated unity—a grand science of the sciences, philosophy.

No one has better stated the great results of the growth of science than did Ferdinand Lassalle: "The Egyptian fellah warms the hearth of his squalid mud hut with the mummies of the Pharaohs of Egypt, the all-powerful builders of the everlasting pyramids. Customs, conventions, codes, dynasties, states, nations come and go in incontinent succession. But, stronger than these, never disappearing, forever growing, from the earliest beginnings of the Ionic philosophy (which was largely scientific), unfolding in an ever-increasing amplitude, outleaping all else, spreading from one nation and from one people to another, and handed down, with devout reverence, from age to age, there remains the steadily growing of scientific knowledge."

Several franchises have been granted in New York City in recent years to companies for the distribution of brine through pipes for refrigerating purposes. Modern ice-making plants make it possible to furnish refrigerating or cooling system operated from a central plant at a far lower price than is possible by the individual distribution of ice. The Merchant's Refrigerating company, one of the latest to receive a franchise is compelled by the terms of its grant to supply refrigeration to all buildings on the first floor in the territory covered by its operations at the following cost:

Consumers making monthly contracts, 4c per month per cu. ft. for boxes of not over 500 cu. ft.; 3c per month per cu. ft. for boxes of 500 to 1,500 cu. ft. and 1c per month per cu. ft. for boxes of 1,500 cu. ft. and over. Consumers making yearly contracts, 35c per year per cu. ft. of box.

Since this schedule is intended to pay for reducing the temperature to or near to the freezing point it is evident that the cost of reducing the temperature of a room, even on the hottest day, to a point of physical comfort, would be little, if any greater, than that of heating it to the same point on a cold winter's day. It is certain that if such work was undertaken by the community and operated on a large scale that the temperature both in summer and winter of any room could be regulated at will.

Our political system is as perfect as a Waltham watch; once wind it up and keep it wound and it will turn out multi-millionaires at the top and victimized voters at the bottom, while a republican form of government is ground between the upper and nether millstones into dust so fine that it becomes invisible. It is high time that some excellent people got out of the book of resolutions into the book of acts.—Francis E. Willard.

Ten thousand pairs of shoes are produced daily from a single eastern factory. Every twenty-four hours it uses the hides and skins of 7,800 kids, 30 horses and colts, 300 calves and 425 steers. And still some go barefoot.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT



WORKINGMAN, "IT'S ILLEGAL WHEN WE TAX OURSELVES TO GET INTO PARLIAMENT, BUT ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU TAX US WITHOUT OUR CONSENT."

According to a decision of the British house of lords, given last December in the "Osborne case," the labor party of England seems doomed to extinction. For many years the unions have been levying an assessment of four cents per member per year for the support of labor legislators, as the lawmakers are not paid by the government, as in this country, but by their constituents, and not at all. Labor candidates receive \$1,000 per year after they are elected, and the amount is paid from the fund created by this levy.

About a year ago, Wm. Osborne, a "dummy" of the capitalistic interests, and secretary of the Walthamstow branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, objected to the payment of the amount and brought action before the court questioning the right of the organization to impose it. The case passed from court to court until it reached the house of lords, which finally decided that unions may not use their funds for political purposes or for the support of representatives in municipal bodies or in parliament. While the original decision only concerned the organization of railway employees, the high court immediately granted injunctions covering practically all of the strongest unions in the kingdom, and making the same regulation apply to them.

An effort to keep the fund intact by voluntary contributions proved pitifully futile. The decision of the house of lords is being, of course, bitterly opposed by the unionists and efforts are being made to have the house of commons pass legislation reversing the case. It is not, however, certain that this can be readily done, as the labor party has not sufficient strength in the house to force its passage, and it is doubtful whether much can be accomplished in the face of the government and the "business" interests of the country.

As a result, the trades union congress, sitting last week in Sheffield, adopted resolutions authorizing that steps be taken to inquire into the practicability of combining all trade unions in the kingdom under one supreme control, with the object, if favorable legislation cannot be secured, of making it possible to bring about a general strike.

While all this is going on, the Social Democratic Federation is growing as never before, being largely recruited from the ranks of the labor party.

Spread of Capitalism

An electric railway eighteen miles in length and costing \$2,000,000 has been constructed between Mimomo and Arima, in Japan, and lately opened to the public. All of the machinery is of American make except the wood-work and the overhead wires, which are Japanese. Thirty cars are operated and are bringing in almost \$1,000 a day.

A Franco-German syndicate is now at work buying or otherwise getting control of an immense acreage in Mexico and Central America for the purpose of controlling the export trade in cattle from those countries and Brazil. More than \$20,000,000 in gold has been paid all ready and the largest tract of land which has ever been involved in a single deal in the history of the world has changed hands.

The moving picture show has invaded Turkey, there now being four of them located in the city of Salonica, which are attended by more than 3,500 people every night. The admission is two piastres, amounting to 8.8 cents. The films are made in France and Italy, American films not being used.

Are not all from Adam's loins, all with flesh and blood and with the same mouth that must needs have food and drink? Where all this difference then between the ermine cloak and the leather tunic, if what they cover is the same?—Doyle—"In the White Company."

Every real man with an original idea in his head has always a fight on his hands. Against him are all the strongly entrenched forces of precedent, established thought and invested capital. He must surrender his pet idea and retire with it into oblivion or buckle on his sword—the sword of eternal truth—and prepare for struggle—fight and fight to win.—Abbott.

The capital of the political boss is the average voter's ballot, which he "gathers in" like a ripe pippin upon election day, and adds to that sum total which holds him in a place as a dictator, and makes our good ministers and quiet business men the body guard that runs besides his chariot.—Francis E. Willard.

A day will come when the earth will be transformed, when man shall offer to his brother man, not bullets or bayonets, but newer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers.—Luther Burbank.

Evolution of Fire Fighters

Every building of every university, college and technical school in the United States is burned up each year, so far as value of property is concerned. In 1908 the total value of all buildings used for purposes of higher education was \$214,353,951. In that year, according to a report of H. M. Wilson, chief engineer of the technologic branch of the United States geological survey the total fire losses in this country amounted to \$21,084,700. The fire insurance com-



MOTOR FIRE ENGINE

panies' estimate of losses that year was a couple of million more, so the first estimate is certainly conservative.

To fight the ravages of fire a constantly increasing army of trained men is maintained. There were 29,055 men in this army in 1908, while there were only 21,960 members of the faculties of all the higher institutions of learning.

It cost just a little more to run the colleges and universities than it did the fire departments; at least, the total income of the former was \$59,538,419, while the amount expended on the fire departments was \$42,082,952.

Through all the years the methods of fighting fire have constantly improved. Vast quantities of time and inventive genius have been devoted to improving the machinery and methods of fire departments. In colonial times each citizen was required to keep a good bucket hanging near his door and to respond at the alarm of fire, to take his place in the long line from the river or other source of water supply to the fire. Then came the days of hand pumps. Then with sky scrapers came steam engines and more and more powerful pumps, with chemicals and "direct pressure" systems, throwing streams of water with sufficient force to tear a man's body to fragments. Observers were quick to notice that the installation of such systems placed an-

of a ruling class with which to disperse an oppressed and aroused and enraged working class.

The gas engine and the automobile are just now working another revolution in the industry of fighting fire. The old horse drawn engines, hose-carts and salvage wagons are being shoved to one side before powerful engine-driven vehicles that move through the streets with the speed of express trains. In fire-fighting, even more than in other lines of industry, the time element is the most important thing. It has often been said that most fires are conquered in the first five minutes of their existence, or else become uncontrollable until great damage has resulted. The auto apparatus saves that five minutes, or a large portion of it. Here, as throughout modern life the uncertain element of human and animal power is disappearing.

Capitalism pursues the same plan in fighting fire that it does in fighting poverty. Increasing millions of dollars are spent each year in building new institutions and establishing and maintaining new forms of charitable organizations but pennies are refused for the investigation and dissemination of knowledge that would abolish poverty. Fires like poverty are largely unnecessary. The United States geological survey declares that most fires are caused by "faulty construction and equipment of buildings." The next largest cause is incendiaryism. Both of these causes, and nearly all the others can be summed up in the words—profit system.

In western Europe some restrictions have been placed upon the profit instinct in the building of fire-traps, and as a result the annual cost of fire-fighting in the larger European cities, having a total population of 13,074,432, was only a little over three million dollars. The cost in the larger cities of the United States, with a total population of 16,882,425, was \$25,754,386.

The average inhabitant of an American city had to pay \$1.53 each year for the protection of fire-traps, while the residents of European cities where fire-traps are not permitted was required to pay but twenty-one cents.

The Island and Other Lands

A new island arose yesterday in Alaskan waters.

Nobody made this island. It "just grew." But what will happen to it in future history? That depends. If it is utterly worthless, no one will dispute the government's right of ownership, or try to take it away from the people.

But if the Guggenheims find that there is coal or other mineral on it they will set the machinery in motion to get ownership. It will be a shame then "not to let its wealth be developed"—for the Guggenheims.

If it will grow things which the people need to eat, some farmer of a future generation will say that he got it from his father and it has been in his family for generations and he would like to see any galoot tell him what to do with his property.

Whoever gets it, in the event of its richness, will pay the lowest possible tax rate on it, and will pay the taxes grudgingly as though he was giving up something that the people had no moral right to.

Any assertion over it of the common ownership of the earth for the people's right to live on earth will be flouted as "confiscation," "radicalism," "robbery."

Custom has permitted some queer notions to grow up concerning islands—and other lands—Kansas City Star.

Herbert Knox Smith, chief of the federal bureau of corporations said: "The general electric group of fifty-three men, the 'Morgan interests', controlled in 1908 twenty-eight water power plants with twenty-five per cent of all the developed water power in sixteen different states, eighty public service corporations, more than fifteen railroads, and over fifty banks and financial houses." He concluded: "The hydro-electric business has been largely nationalized by those who are foremost in it. The nation and the state will have to use their full powers to meet the water power situation."

Many of our railroad managers come from the country and appear to have retained their rural instincts so far as to transfer the custom of watering stock from the farm to the railway office; and finding the aqueous appetite of their stock unlimited, and the appetite of the public for the diluted product almost as large, they have poured rivers, first into the stock and then into the public.



Idle Machines. The total capacity of the blast furnaces of the United States, on June 30, 1910, according to the bulletin of the American Iron and Steel association, was 38,144,900. The actual amount of pig iron produced in 1908 was 16,190,944, and in 1907, the largest year in the history of the iron trade only 26,193,863 tons were produced. Furnaces capable of producing 1,795,000 have been idle since November 1, 1907. Yet in that same time new furnaces were built and old ones enlarged to increase the producing power by more than three million tons annually.

THE COMING NATION

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The Socialist Scouts

Last week I asked if two eight-year-old scouts were the youngest. That called forth a letter from Harold Hilsabeck, of Pimlico, Ill., aged seven. He sent his picture which you'll find below. This was taken when the little Scout was six. He's a hustler, doing his share for the social revolution by selling Coming Nations and Appeals. Some more of our scouts send photos.



HAROLD HILSABECK, PIMLICO, ILL., AGED SEVEN.

Any boy or girl who'll agree to remit 2 1/2 cents a copy for what Coming Nations they sell and to return heads of unsold copies will receive a bundle of ten Nations and ten Appeals. Scouts put an Appeal inside a Nation and sell both papers for 5 cents. They make a profit of 2 1/2 cents on each sale. A letter of explanation is sent to all new Scouts.

Address: Scout Dep't, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

Scout Letters. One enthusiastic Socialist Scout, Dave Perkins, (age 15) of Boulder, Colo., writes as follows:

"I want to join the Socialist Scouts. Papa says we are 'Juv'c'd Delinquents' and if he were judge he'd make every one of us eat a watermelon with bananas and other punishments to follow as we got more incorrigible."

Geo. H. Goebel, national organizer for the Socialist party writes that he is giving the new organization attention and urging Socialist parents to put their children into the revolutionary movement.

A California school teacher who wishes her name withheld writes:

"Dear Appeal: Nothing in the great work which you are doing has appealed to me more strongly than your effort to enlist the boys and girls in the distribution and sale of Socialist literature. I have taught it in the public schools most of the time since '72 and have tried, God only knows at what cost, to be true to the best interests of my pupils."

These are samples of the reception given the work of the Coming Nation and the Appeal in organizing Socialist boys and girls into a class conscious progressive body. If you want to know more about this, write, Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

Opinions of the Coming Nation

Think it great.—Jas. Sullivan, Alvy, W. Va.

I like the first copy. I believe it is just the thing for farmers, especially.—J. W. Cochran, New York City.

It is a fine projectile, well-staked, and set firm ready to fire truth shot into the minds of men.—Mrs. Byron Clark, Ashland, Kan.

A publication of this kind is greatly needed in the Socialist movement.—Anna H. Hungerford, Santa Fe, N. M.

I like it fine.—T. A. Gound, Kirkland, Tex.

It fills a long-felt want.—J. H. Harper, Erick, Okla.

This paper should certainly be a success; it looks good to me.—James C. Williams, Kansas City, Mo.

The first issue is excellent and the idea appeals to me strongly. Ernest F. Robinson, M. D., Aburndale, Mass.

I wish to compliment you upon the appearance and contents. It is certainly a great pleasure to have a magazine of this kind.—Henry Dumont, Chicago.

I like it fine.—A. Arveson, Chicago.

If the sample received is an index of what is to follow you are on safe and sane ground.—C. B. Stone, Avon, Colo.

There is certainly a vast field open to such a publication.—Francis Marshall Elliott, Hesperia, Cal.

It is glorious—just the hit.—Edward A. Kuhns, Tontitown, Ark.

It is good indeed.—T. J. Boltz, Maxton, Ariz.

I must have the paper; it is just what we need.—A. W. Saint, Noxon, Mont.

Received the "first number" and it was fine.—Dr. J. McQuirter, Clarksdale, Miss.

I trust it is just the thing.—B. T. Pettit, Detroit, Mich.

The first number catches me.—H. N. Daniels, Chicago.

The sample is excellent.—A. Hornback, Naperville, Ill.

Welding International Bonds

BY MAY WOOD SIMONS

The Eighth International Socialist congress has become a part of history. The thousand delegates, who gathered from every country of the world, have returned to their homes, carrying with them new knowledge, new ideas, and a closer feeling of international relationship. The first session held on Sunday morning, August 28th, with its chorus of a thousand Danish workmen sing-

leaving complete autonomy to the Trade Union.

The English delegates of all factions and divisions at once were roused to action; with them the problem of unemployment is such a burning one, such a case of life and death, that the resolutions sounded tame to them. They demanded that the principle of the right to work be included, and, while they were defeated, they introduced the following resolution expressing their opinion:

In view of the protest made in the congress on Thursday by the British and other sections, that the resolution on unemployment was neither satisfactory in its statements of the problem, nor in its proposals for action, the undersigned, on behalf of their national sections, submit to the congress the following memorandum:

(1) Unemployment is the result of the capitalist organization of society and cannot be dissociated from it.

(2) While capitalism exists measures must be adopted, however, to deal with the problem.

(3) These measures must not merely be palliative, but must contain the germs of the organization of the Socialist Commonwealth, and be the beginning of the permanent organization of the national resources and of production, industrial and agricultural, on a co-operative basis.

(4) Relief works, opened only when unemployment is acute and closed when it becomes normal, must be discontinued.

(5) The action of the state in dealing with unemployment should be based upon a recognition of the right to work or maintenance by the state, on the following lines:

(a) Official, full and accurate unemployment statistics.

(b) Arrangement of the work of the state and municipalities so as to organize and make steady, as far as possible, the demand for labor.

(c) Legislation reducing the working hours, making eight hours a day or 48 hours a week the maximum, and eliminating, as far as possible, sweating, child labor and other forms of competition which increase poverty.

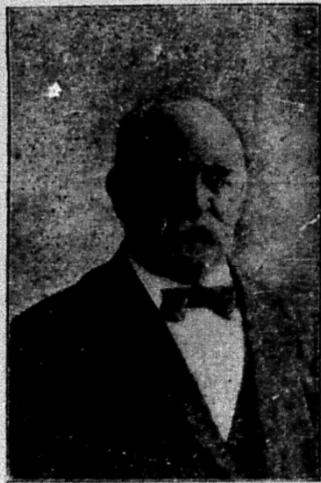
(d) Insurance for which the state shall be responsible.

(e) A national system of labor exchanges under the control of trade unions.

(f) The establishment of state departments charged with the development in the interests of the community of all forms of national resources now neglected or inadequately used.

(g) It must be a condition of any form of assistance granted to the unemployed workers by the state that it does not involve loss of political rights, and that it is available to all sections of the working class and to both sexes.

Then came a resolution on international solidarity urging a closer cooperation in time of extensive strikes and a closer unity of action for the Socialist press. This resolution ended with the following tribute to the Socialist press: "From this point of view it



P. KUNDSEIN, SOCIALIST MAYOR OF COPENHAGEN

ing the cantata with its refrain, of international solidarity, was an occasion that not only will never be forgotten, but gave a lasting inspiration to every delegate, which in turn will be transmitted to the workers of a hundred nations.

After these preliminary proceedings, and the speech of welcome from Gustav Bang, the noted Danish scholar and the reply by Vandervelde, the congress dissolved into its various committees. It is in these committees that the real work is done. Every subject upon the program has its own committee to which each nation sends one or

peace congresses and the protestations of peaceful intention on the part of the armaments. Particularly does this apply to the general movement of the governments to increase the naval armament, the latest phase of which is the construction of 'Dreadnaughts.' This policy leads not only to an insane waste of national resources for unproductive purposes, and therefore to the curtailment of means for the realization of the well-being of the working class, but it also threatens all nations with financial ruin and exhaustion through the insupportable burden of indirect taxation.

These armaments have quite recently endangered the peace of the world, as they always will. In view of this development which threatens all achievements of civilization, the well-being of nations and the very life of the masses, this congress reaffirms the resolutions of the former international congresses, and particularly that of the Stuttgart congress.

The workers of all countries have no quarrels or differences which could lead to war. Modern wars are the result of capitalism, and particularly of rivalries of the capitalist classes of the different countries, for the world market, and of the spirit of militarism, which is one of the main instruments of capitalist class rule and of the economic and political subjugation of the working class. Wars will cease completely only with the disappearance of the capitalist mode of production. The working class, which bears the main burdens of war and suffers most from its effects, has the greatest interest in the prevention of wars. The organized Socialist workers of all countries are therefore the only reliable guarantee of universal peace. The congress, therefore, again calls upon the labor organizations of all countries to continue a vigorous propaganda of enlightenment as to the causes of war among all workers, and particularly among the young people, in order to create them in the spirit of international brotherhood.

The congress, reiterating the oft-repeated duty of Socialist representatives in the parliaments to combat militarism with all means at their command, and to refuse the means for armaments, requires from its representatives:

(a) The constant reiteration of the demand that international arbitration be made compulsory in all international disputes.

(b) Persistent and repeated proposals in the direction of ultimate complete disarmament; and, above all, as a first step, the conclusion of a general treaty limiting naval armaments and abolishing the right of privateering.

(c) The demand for the abolition of secret diplomacy and the publication of all existing and future agreements between the governments.

(d) The guarantee of the independence of all nations, and their protection from military attacks and violent suppression.

The International Socialist Bureau will support all Socialist organizations in their fight against militarism by furnishing them with the necessary data and information, and will, when the occasion arises, endeavor to bring about united action. In case of warlike complications, this congress reaffirms the resolution of the Stuttgart congress, which reads:

"In case of war being imminent, the working classes and their parliamentary representatives in the countries concerned shall be bound with the assistance of the International Socialist Bureau, to do all they can to prevent the outbreak of war, using for this purpose the means which appear to them the most efficacious, and which must naturally vary according to the

began and then followed music and dancing of national dances.

Now that the congress is over the delegates begin to place it in its proper perspective, and every day it grows larger and every day the possibilities of this great international parliament seem more impressive.

The resolutions passed at the congress were by no means the entire work done. Some even question if they were the greatest work. What was accomplished by the meeting of German, French, English, American, Spanish, East Indian, and the whole list of nationalities was the building up of a greater feeling of solidarity and a wider mutual understanding of the working class of various nations. The peculiar conditions that exist in different countries became apparent as one heard those who are fighting for their

class in many lands describe them. If not one resolution had been passed by the congress its work would nevertheless have been momentous. The mere discussions that took place in the committees opened the eyes of many to things of which they had no former knowledge.

One could not fail to admire the splendid group of men and women who took part in the congress. Earnest, able—they felt most keenly the responsibility of binding yet closer together the international army of labor. The international has lost none of its revolutionary character. It strives for the ultimate goal as it has ever done. It is, however, no group of visionaries, or theoretical hair splitters. It aims here and today to fight the battle of the workers and gain every advantage and step for them that it can.

There were many faces long familiar to those who have attended Socialist congresses. There was Jules Guesde fighting with the handicap of ill health. There was Cipriani, long past seventy, the veteran of the French movement, whose eyes still glow with the fire of enthusiasm.

Karl Kautsky journeyed to Copenhagen only to fall ill and return to Berlin where he is slowly recovering. The serious intellectual face of Adler of Vienna was seen on the speakers' platform the last day of the congress, when he extended the invitation of the Vienna Socialists to the congress to hold their next international congress at Vienna in 1913.

The congress accepted the invitation and three years hence the Socialists of the world will meet in the Austrian empire.

Rising to a New Society

Inventions are the true uncompromising revolutionists. The steam engine swept feudalism into the scrap heap and made capitalism triumphant.

The explosive engine has blown up more things than dynamite, and is lifting man on wings above the era of class rule into the realization of the co-operative commonwealth.

Gunpowder equalized fighters in war. It made the foot soldier more than a match for the armored, mounted knight. It democratized war. Then forts, siege guns and Dreadnaughts remonopolized war. Now the air ship is once more democratizing the battle forges of the world. It places within the reach of even the smallest social group a power of offense and destruction before which the most expensive weapon of modern militarism is almost helpless.

It is fitting that an invention that comes, to ring the death knell of individualism in industry, warfare and government should be such a broadly social product, that he who would write the history of the beginning of aerial navigation finds no name that can properly head the list.

Compare the cut of the flying machine of 1843 with the latest monoplane and decide on what a dubious foundation present claims for originality in aerial navigation are resting. Such a comparison will satisfy almost anyone that this machine was kept upon the earth, almost alone by the unwieldy, inefficient steam engine which was the only mechanical force at the disposal of its inventor.

At least a dozen different persons claim, with seemingly almost equal rights, to have invented the basic principle of the aeroplane, and none of these include Mr. Henson, the designer of the machine of 1843. Like every great step forward in mechanical progress the aeroplane is a social product. Every man or woman that ever helped to plot a curve or develop a mathematical formula, every chemist and metallurgist that helped toward the making of light and strong alloys of metal, every physicist that calculated the strains of wood and metal, every engineer that had a hand in perfecting the explosive engine—all these and a great army of others, because they each contributed some absolutely essential thing without which the finished product would never have been, are as much entitled to be named among the founders and inventors of the ships of the air as ever Wright or Ader or Chauute or Farman or Curtiss.

Today the working of the social inventive mind is laid bare that all may watch its processes. The experimenting, the multitudinous minute alterations that combined work a revolution, the conflicting ideas incarnated in diverse models of machines—all these things that have hitherto been shrouded with mystery are now visible—literally hung in the air and blazoned upon the sky.

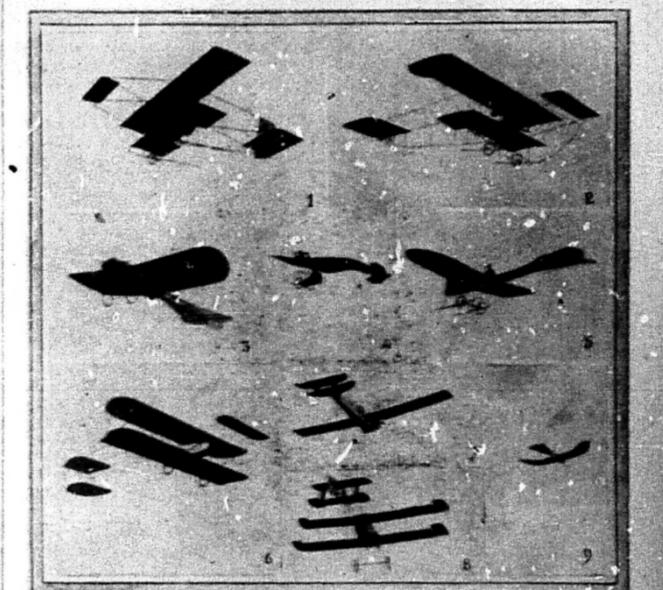
On this page is shown a collection of experiments that are being tested in the aerial laboratories of the world. Each of these cannot but bring new lessons not only to its maker but to all those who are co-operating with

ican institutions announce them for the coming winter.

This inventive process is confined to no one nationality. The United States, England, France and Germany each claim to have been the pioneers and pathfinders in the conquest of the air. Japan is holding its aerial meets and testing out new machines. One of the largest expositions of the year was held at Heliopolis, not beneath the shadow, but sailing high above the pyramids. Austria and Italy are claiming the latest ad-

grow eloquent on the talking points of their particular style.

But it is not alone the language of the libraries and the laboratories and the courses in universities that will be transformed by the most revolutionary of inventions. It is going to literally lift our present society off the earth and turn it over. Man has hitherto lived in two dimensions, length and breadth. He has drawn the lines that divide nations upon flat surfaces. Property relations, on which our present society rests, are necessarily of the earth earthy. They are divided by lines marked upon the earth. They are described in titles according to their location with refer-



Various types of aeroplanes, all in full flight.—1, Farman bi-plane. 2, Sommer bi-plane. 3, Bieriot monoplane. 4, Clemet-Bayard monoplane. 5, Harriot monoplane. 6, Another type of Farman biplane. 7, Nieuport monoplane. 8, Goupy biplane. 9, Etrich monoplane.

vances in certain fields, while Russia is stifling experiments lest her oppressed people find a means of rising above the despotism that is crushing them. The war departments of a dozen nations are experimenting in the hope of gaining an advantage in the race for domination in the new element. England has established a special experiment station with all kinds of devices for testing materials and methods to be used in this new line of progress.

So swift have we been swept along in this upward movement that few realize to what heights we have attained. Already aerial navigation has a literature so extensive that a bibliography which has just been issued makes a great volume of seven hundred and fifty pages. A new vocabulary is being created. But recently one of the technical journals had a list of several hundred new words with definitions that had been added to the language through this new field of thought and mechanics. Nearly every language has its aeronautical journal and French has several. An examination of one of these journals brings some surprises to even the ordinarily

ence to such lines. Governments with their custom houses and lines of fortifications are all based upon a society that cannot rise above the earth. The forces with which mankind has been kept in bondage to a ruling class must march upon the earth.

Now, a miracle worker has come that lifts our society out of these two dimensions and revolves it in the air. There are no national lines in the atmosphere, nor can the legal fiction that projects these lines upward to infinity ever be made a reality.

Capitalistic society is already in a state of unstable equilibrium. It has been transformed more than once by great inventions and every such transformation has weakened its hold upon its resting place in history. It could never have stood another revolution as great as that of the railroad. Its already rickety and wrecked structure must certainly give way before the strain of this greatest transformation in mechanical, industrial and social relations—bills that the race has yet undergone. When mankind rises into the air, it will rise out of capitalistic competition and conflict into co-operation and Socialism.

Miners vs. Game.

There is a vast contrast between the appreciation which the state shows for its members and that which it has for its wild animals. According to the United Mine Workers' Journal "there are 75,000 miners and laborers in and around the Illinois mines. There are 300,000 men, women and children deriving sustenance from the toil of those at work in and around the mines." For the protection and welfare of this third of a million people the state employs ten mine inspectors, at an expense to the state of \$24,000 per year. Efforts have been made to increase the appropriation for mine inspection and protection, but to no avail, because the state could not afford it. A law has been passed providing for the establishment of two rescue stations in the state, but the law is inoperative because there was no appropriation made to cover the expense. This is an illustration of the care which the state owes to those who make it possible for the state to exist.

Yet the report of the state game commissioner, showing the amount expended for the protection of a few fish and quail in the interest of rich sportsmen, gives a trifle covering the disbursement for this purpose during the past three and one-half years, and shows a yearly average of \$160,241.53 of the people's money spent in this way. "Alas, that fish and game should be so dear and coal miners' lives should be so cheap."

A dog public should have a dog government, a kick and a kennel, a chain to clank and a bone to gnaw.



PROCESSION OF SOCIALISTS DURING CONGRESS.

more delegates. These then appoint sub-committees, and sometimes sub-sub-committees to whom the work of thrashing out the various resolutions that are to express the opinions of the congress is entrusted—always with continual consultation from all interested delegates.

In the afternoon of this first Sunday, however, a great procession formed that marched out to a boat park in the suburbs of the city. This procession, led by the two Socialist mayors of Copenhagen, was one great flowing river of trade union and Socialist banners. After reaching the park the great crowd gathered in groups, measured only by the power of an orator's voice to reach, around the various stands that had been erected for speakers.

The committees worked on until Thursday morning before they were prepared to report. The first committee to report was the one on the unemployed, who brought in the following resolution:

"The Congress declares that unemployment is inseparable from the capitalist mode of production and will disappear only when capitalism disappears. So long as capitalist production forms the basis of society, palliative measures alone are possible.

This congress demands an institution by public authorities, under the administration of working class organizations, of general compulsory insurance against unemployment, the expenses of which shall be borne by the owners of the means of production.

The representatives of the workers most urgently demand from the public authorities:

(1) Exact statistical registration of the unemployed.

(2) The execution on a sufficient scale of important public works where the unemployed shall be paid the trade union rate of wages.

(3) In periods of industrial crisis extraordinary subsidies to Trade Union unemployment funds.

(4) No payment to an unemployed worker to cause the loss of political rights.

(5) Establishment and subsidies to labor exchanges in which all the liberties and interests of the workers are respected by co-operation with Trade Union employment bureaus.

(6) Social laws for the regulation and reduction of hours of work.

(7) Pending the realization by legislation of general and compulsory insurance, the public authorities should encourage unemployment benefit funds of Trade Unions by financial subsidies, these subsidies

is also of the highest importance for the whole labor movement of the world, that there should exist everywhere a Socialist press which is powerful enough to liberate the masses from the influence and suggestion of the bourgeois press."

On trade unions the convention practically repeated the resolution of Stuttgart. There were resolutions also on the situation in Spain, Finland, Turkey, Persia and Japan. The only other conflict of the convention came upon the resolution on militarism. Here again, England and Germany clashed and again the English movement commonly considered to be reformist, insisted upon the more revolutionary position.



KEIR HARDIE AT LEFT.

Keir Hardie and Edouard Vaillant urged an amendment to the resolution declaring for the general strike "especially in the industries that supply war implements." The Germans opposed this, and the matter was finally compromised by referring the amendment to the international bureau to consider and report upon at the next congress. The resolution as finally adopted reads as follows:

The congress declares that the armaments of the nations have almost tripled during recent years in spite of the

acute nature of the class struggle, and to the general political conditions.

"In case notwithstanding their efforts, war should break out, they shall be bound to intervene to bring it to a speedy end, and to employ all their forces for utilizing the economical and political crisis created by the war in order to rouse the masses of the people, and to hasten the overthrow of the domination of the capitalist class.

"For the proper execution of these measures the congress directs the Bureau, in the event of the menace of war, to take immediate steps to bring about an agreement among the working class parties of the countries affected for united action to prevent the threatened war."

There was also a general resolution on social unity, which served to enliven matters because DeLeon took the occasion to declare himself in favor of unity, something that raised a laugh among the delegates who know his record as a disrupter. He was answered by Morris Hillquit and Victor Berger, who pointed out that, for all essential purposes, unity of the Socialist forces existed in the United States.

No more impressive scene was ever witnessed than the closing hour of the congress. After the farewell speeches had been made in each of the three languages in which the congress was conducted, each delegation rose in its place and began singing one after another revolutionary songs. The first to sing was the Danish delegations. These were followed by the French and Germans, the English and Americans attempting to sing together the Red Flag.

The congress had finished its work. All that remained was the closing reception given by the Danish Socialists at the city hall. Here the thousand delegates and their friends were received by the two Socialist mayors of Copenhagen. Both made speeches of welcome which were replied to in every tongue represented at the congress. After the speech making the great gathering found its way to the top floor of the beautiful new city hall and there partook of such a banquet as one doubts was ever spread before any political gathering in any country.

After the feast the speech making

him (even if sometimes unconsciously and with hostile competitive feelings) in developing the really successful machine.

It speaks volumes for the certainty of coming success that all these tried machines were photographed in full flight, a mute testimonial of their present success, and a certified prediction of the co-operative social character of the next step in the conquest of the air.

Behind the scenes in laboratories and lecture rooms and libraries, men are working upon the solution of other phases of the problem. Courses in aviation are creeping into the universities. The University of Paris has had such a course for the past year and the University of Wisconsin and, doubtless, several other Amer-

well informed person. Here we find advertisements, page after page of them, of accessories of this new method of navigation. Dozens of different models are offered for sale, guaranteed to fly, and with their lines of testimonials as to prizes taken and deeds accomplished. In a recent number of a French journal the manufacturers advertise the models of 1910 as contrasted with those of 1909, which are already outgrown and out of style. There are advertisements of "hangars," which, for the benefit of those who have not a recent aeronautical dictionary at hand, it may be explained, are shelters for dirigible balloons. The makers of these assure the prospective purchaser that they can be erected quickly in an open field, and rival manufacturers

Especially for Women

Social Life of Working Women

ELIZABETH BEARDSLEY BUTLER
Former Secretary Consumers League of New Jersey
(Exclusive Service the Survey Press Bureau.)

A sight of the factory does not enable us fully to understand the life of working women. We must know the home and lodging places; we must know to what extent social life is made possible by the factory management, and in what way out-side agencies supply the social privileges that home conditions deny.

The tendency is strong for neighborhood women to go into the factories whose smoke stacks have stared them in the face since childhood, and in addition to economize by saving carfare and from work. The nearby factory sometimes means a saving in clothing, too, as in the case of the two young girls who went to the neighboring factory "because then they didn't have to wear hats as they would if they rode in the car."

The neighborhood to which the working girl goes is less a matter of choice than an accident of birth or convenience. She is born into a family group that has drifted through race affiliations, for cheap rent, or for convenience nearness to the mills to one of another section of the city. The girl who boards away from home is likewise limited in choice. She is not a figment of the imagination, this girl. On the lowest estimate, there are 10.5 per cent of the total working women in this class. Poverty sends the seeker for room and board into districts of grade as low, and sometimes lower, than the usual slum. She will hardly find a room to rent in the thickly settled parts of the city for less than \$10 a month. It gave me fresh appreciation of the problem faced by homeless girls to hear a conversation between two would-be lodgers and a slim Jewess whose house, twice raided within the few months past, again had a "To Let" sign on the door. "Where do you work?" was her first question, and one girl answered that she was in a cigar factory, the other that "she worked down-town." They stood hesitating, shrinking back, like prisoners before the bar rather than wage-earning women in search of rooms. The Jewess eyed them shrewdly, noting details of untidy dress, stocky figure, curly hair. Working girls of their type, she thought, were not sufficiently promising customers. Finally she said, "Well, my

rooms are \$2.50 a week, and I might as well tell you that I don't allow no companies, no gentlemen friends and no lady friends; I can't be having no noise and talking in my house. Now if youse want to see the rooms, youse can see them." The barren outlook afforded by dingy rooms in which there can be "no companies", is further darkened by the character of many of the neighborhoods where the "To Let" signs hang.

To the girl at home, the stimulus of her surroundings is slight and evenings pass with an unbroken sameness. The homes cannot of themselves supply recreation. They are limited by mere lack of space. There is no opportunity for social intercourse, for conversation, except in connection with the family group that includes old and young. One is impressed by the lack of heart to make use of leisure, and the absence of more than sporadic efforts to enjoy free hours. "We just stay at home" one girl said, "we haven't anything else to do." For those who have both the vitality and the desire for pleasure there are few opportunities for recreation except roller-skating rinks, picture shows and dance halls.

In recognition of this need of working women, out-side agencies have been developed to supplement the imperfect opportunities of the home for social intercourse. There are settlements and semi-religious associations. How far their influence goes, it would be difficult to estimate. Their impalpable share in the life and thought of the community cannot be gauged by roll-books or class records. The classes of these institutions in millinery, fancy work, sewing and cooking in most cases are not for industrial training but to overcome the pitiful inadequacy of an experience that includes only factory work and leaves no time for a girl to learn the trade of housekeeping before she undertakes it. Dancing and gymnasium work are also very usual features of their work as well as the maintenance of clubs and reading rooms. Classes in trade training and manual work have constantly to battle against weariness at the end of a working day, and they cannot be really recreative. The purely social clubs scarcely reach to the great numbers among whom, except for profit, there is no social leaven working.

There were in Pittsburg, in 1907, 22,185 working women in factories and stores, besides many more in occupations uncounted in this census;

yet of this number only 258, less than 2 per cent, were in touch with a centre for social development and recreation, either in the play or re-creating sense. Even a little leisure is a by-product of life too valuable to waste, and the community is the loser if the free hour is spent only in weariness or some undesirable form of entertainment.

Nickelodeons and dance halls and skating rinks are in no sense inherently bad, but so long as those maintained for profit are only relief for nervous weariness and the desire for stimulation, we may well reckon leisure a thing spent, not used. These amusements take a toll from the people's income, disproportionate to the income gained. They divert, and to the working girl, diversion is essential.

I shall not soon forget a Saturday evening when I stood and watched men and women packed thick at the entrance of every picture show. The crowd of waiting people filled the long vestibule and even part of the sidewalk. They were determined to be amused, and this was one of the things labeled "amusement." They were hot and tired and irritable but willing to wait for their chance to get in. Is not this eagerness as well worth conserving as any river fall that makes electricity or drives a mill? In a large measure today, working women are spending their leisure, not using it. The beginning whereby they may use it is already made. How rapidly this trend shall increase, depends in part on the choice of the working women and the character of their industrial life, and in part on the social foresight of the community.

(Almost the only city in which any action is being taken to afford proper amusements without patronizing, features is Milwaukee. Here the Socialist administration is preparing to turn the school rooms into social centers and special halls are to be erected in small parks for the same purposes.—Ed.)

Less Work.

I find in keeping house a great many things can be done with less work if we only think so. Soaking the clothes in cold water over night they will wash easier. If a little sugar is added to peas, corn and squash, it will make them better. Mopping floors with cold suds will make them whiter than hot suds. Yours truly, MRS. GED. M. STEELE

File Lake, Mich.

Women in German Universities.

The number of women students

in the German universities continues steadily to increase. During the past summer 2,170 women fully matriculated in the various universities. This may be compared with 1,850 last winter and 1,432 who entered in the previous summer. By far the larger number of these were in Berlin, where 626 were in attendance. Bonn comes next upon the list with 204 and Goettingen and Heidelberg follow with 200 and 191 women students respectively. More than half the women were enrolled in the philosophical, philological and historical courses. There were 486 studying medicine, 29 law and five theology.

Insanity and Worry.

Speaking of insane asylums, Miss Jane Addams recently said: "In this period of intense and overwrought industrialism there are no other institutions which could perform so great a service for the community if they could only determine how many patients become insane because of black terror lest they lose their work, how many through mal-nutrition when they had lost it, and how many because of the sheer monotony of their employment." Psychiatry is doing something to show us the after effects of fear upon the minds of children, but little has yet been done to show how far that fear of the future, arising from economic insecurity, has superinduced insanity.



A chic and appropriate frock for Mother's girl, 8755 Girl's Dress. The front closing on this model will recommend it at once as practical and convenient. The design has a group of tucks over the shoulders which are stitched

to the waist band in back, and to your depth in front. The right front crosses the left in reverse style at the upper part. The sleeve is a one seam model, and may be cut in short or full length, as desired. The plaited skirt is ever popular. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yds. of 36-inch material for the 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

"Love Deferred"

BY WILLIAM HARD

Under the title "Love Deferred", in October Everybody's Magazine, William Hard discusses the question of late marriages and declining birth rate. He finds the primary cause of the first in the long period of preparation necessary for modern industry. To this he adds the influence of the increased standard of life gained by girls working in industry. This, he says, is the "simple plot of a commonplace modern drama; 'Love Deferred'." It is so commonplace that it is doubtful if any other drama can so stretch the nerves or can so draw from them a thin, high note of fine pain.

However, he does not find that the change has been all for the worse. If marriages were earlier and birth rates higher in former times, death rates were also higher. In the Harvard class of 1871 there were eleven graduates. "One of them remained a bachelor. Don't be too severe on him. He died at twenty-four of the remaining ten, four were married twice and two were married three times. For two husbands, there were eighteen wives."

Not only was the death rate for wives high, but out of seventy-one children of these eighteen wives, twenty one died in childhood.

"The modern bride marrying out of industry, leaves most of her economic value behind. And the greater that value was, the sharper is the shock of the contraction of resources."

Did you ever see Meitzen's diagram showing the relation between the price of rye and the number of marriages in Prussia during a period of twenty-five years? Cheap rye, easy living conditions—number of marriages rises. Dear rye, hard living conditions—number of marriages drops. The fluctuations are strictly proportional. In the twenty-sixth year, given the price of rye, you could predict very closely the number of marriages.

But there are important results of this economic law which has caused the average age of marriage to rise nearly ten years in the more industrial states during the last century.

There are two kinds of women increasing in modern days. Both have always existed, but now they are increasing very rapidly and in parallel lines of corresponding development. In one column is the enormous army of young women who remain unmarried till twenty-five, till thirty, till thirty-five. Even at that later age, and beyond it, in a well developed city like, say, Providence, Rhode Island, in the age period from thirty-five to forty-five, twenty out of every hundred women are still single. In the other column is the enormous army of young women who, outside of the marriage relation altogether, lead a professional sex life, venal, futile, ignoble, and degrading; an army which has existed since the beginning of time but which every postponement of the age of marriage causes to increase in relative numbers and to gain new strength for poisoning the blood of life. Love, denied at the front door, flies in by the collar window. Angel or but it is

always with us. Our only choice is between its guises. "The great Russian scientist, Metchnikoff, successor to Pasteur in the Pasteur Institute, mentions the postponement of marriage as one of the biological disharmonies of life. It is a disharmony that among highly civilized people marriage and regular unions are impossible at the right time."

The author sees, however, a new stage upon which we are just entering. He sees woman coming back as an economic factor in the household, not, to be sure, as she was in colonial times, the baker, weaver, brewer, soap-maker of the family, but nevertheless as a bread winner side by side with her husband. This, in turn, is to be a transitional stage and his imaginary Mary of today concludes as follows:

"However," said Mary, going farther into the future, "the process isn't complete. Freedom is not yet completely acquired. Children! We want them! We must have them, women bear children, they perform a service to the state. Children are important to the state. They are its future life. To leave them to the eccentricities of the economic fate of the father is ridiculous. The woman who is bringing up children should receive from the state the equivalent of her service in a regular income. Then, and then only, in the union of man and woman, will love and money reach their right relationship—love a necessity, money a welcome romance!"

Equal Suffrage in South Dakota.

Among the number of other propositions which are to go before the voters of the state of South Dakota this fall is an amendment to the constitution of the state providing that women shall share the suffrage equally with men. The resolution which is embodied in the proposed amendment was passed by both houses of the South Dakota legislature last year, and is as follows:

"Section 10. Any woman having the qualifications enumerated in Section 1, of Article VII, of the constitution of the state of South Dakota, as to age, residence and citizenship, shall be deemed a qualified elector of this state, and shall have all the rights, powers and privileges as a qualified elector thereof, as fully as if she were a male person."

There is slight doubt that the people of the state will put the amendment through with a rush. In both houses of the legislature it was passed with a very good majority, 34 to 10 in the senate and 67 to 29 in the house. A vast amount of agitation has been carried on by a large number of organizations all over the state, and if the proposition should fail to carry, it is only because the people are not awake to the responsibility of citizenship.

A man who is unable to hear money talk is always waiting to see if it will not make signs.

Children's Own Place

Edited by Bertha H. Maily

Camp Change

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

"Miss Montgomery! Miss Montgomery!" called a dozen childish voices. Rachel and Hamilton stopped half-way across the rustic bridge on their way to the hot springs on the hillside above. "We can go camping if you'll go with us! Won't you go, Miss Montgomery?"

"Please! Please! Please!" pleaded the chorus of eager voices. And what could Rachel do but go? "May I go too, if I'll be a good boy?" asked Hamilton in exactly the way Joe Bryan always did. (Joe really wanted to be good, but he just simply couldn't!) The children all laughed—Joe too—and voted to let Hamilton go. "We'll take the camp outfit on Thistles," said Rachel, "we will go past 'Brookside' and make a new camp farther up Deer creek, eat dinner there, cross the divide, and come home by the Blac foot trail." They had gone camping before and it was a custom of theirs to name all of their camping places.

An hour later they were waving good-bye to their parents and the other guests. Joe's little burro, "Thistles," carried the camp outfit and provisions.

At the edge of the heavy timber, they turned to wave a last good-bye to the group of watchers on the lawn below; then on through the fir forest. It was cool and pleasant in the timber that July morning, and the air was spicy with the breath of the firs. There were patches of blue forget-me-nots, red and yellow columbines, and "coral flowers," and in places the ferns grew as high as the children's heads. Now and then they reached an open space from which they could look down on the narrow, winding canyon, and see the white buildings of "The Geysers," the little Idaho summer resort where they were spending their vacation. The path was steep and they had to rest very often.

"I am sure this is one of the spots where the fairies hold their nightly revels," said Hamilton once, when they had stopped to rest. The children called it "The Horseshoe" because the path curved there in the very shape of a horseshoe. Inside the horseshoe was a spot like the velvet lawn you ever saw bordered by aspen trees. Under

the aspens the forget-me-nots were thick and beyond the aspens rose giant firs, with long "tree-hair," or moss clinging to their branches.

On one of the larger aspens, a colony of yellow jackets had made their home. Joe, of course seized a stone, boy-like, as soon as he spied the yellow jacket's nest.

"Don't! Joe, don't!" shouted Hamilton, but he was too late. Joe's unerring aim had brought the nest down. The children all ran—Hamilton and Rachel setting them a very good example—and Joe brought up the rear, screaming with pain, for the poor little insects had avenged the destruction of their home by stinging him in many places. Luckily, Rachel had, as usual, brought a small bottle of ammonia along, and when she applied it to Joe's wounds his suffering was almost instantly relieved.

But it was many days before the little boy would have made a good subject for a picture!

It was nearly noon when they reached "Brookside," their old camp, but they decided to go farther up the stream.

For their new camp, they chose a spot carpeted with grass and velvety moss, surrounded by willows and aspens. (Nobody called them "aspens," though; they were there, as in most places, simply "quakin' aspens.") Camp outfit and provisions were removed from Thistles' back. "We had better picket him out this time," said Hamilton. The children laughed. The last time he had run away and made them carry the camp outfit home themselves. So a stake was driven into the ground and Thistles, rope tied securely to it where the clover and grass were thickest.

Hamilton and the boys made the fire and brought water and Rachel and the girls got dinner. A few live coals were raked to one side of the camp-fire and the teapot filled with water set on them. The water soon boiled and while some of the girls set the table, the rest broiled the bacon.

Though they rarely drank tea at home, they always made it when they went camping, because as Violet said, it was such fun to make it and have their fortunes told. Hamilton chopped plates for them with the hand axe, from an old stump. The girls toasted the strips of bacon on the ends of long, sharpened sticks. What if some of the bacon was burned, and some was sprinkled with something that had not come out of either a salt or a pepper shaker? Who cares for such trifles when one is camping? Good old China, the Chinese cook had put in some delicious strips of

"jerky,"—dried venison, if you don't know what "jerky" is.

Rachel told their fortunes, but to repeat them would make this story too long. Don't throw out the tea leaves," she said to the girls as they were doing the dishes.

When they had finished, she seated herself on the grass beneath a giant fir. "Now come, little cabbage heads and sweet potatoes," she called, and the children gathered around her expectantly. She took up the tea-pot and poured out the grounds while the children looked at her in wonder.

"Tomorrow," she said "these leaves will be dry. In a short time, what was last year a bit of soil in China, will be a bit of dust in America. The leaves that grew last year on a tea plant in China will perhaps next year be growing as sweet forget-me-nots in this country. So it is with everything. Nothing remains the same always. Everything in the world, everything in the universe, is changing."

"Look at the trembling leaves on the aspens yonder. Once they were growing as grass beneath the trees, and the grass was once leaves on the trees. Perhaps you do not understand me, children. The grass blades dried in the fall, and in time became dust. The rain dissolves the dust, and the little roots of the trees sucked it up, and in time it became beautiful green leaves that the tiniest breath of air would start to dancing."

"Do you see, the mark that this little brook wore, ages ago, on the side of that great cliff across the canyon? And do you remember the great rock slide we crossed this morning? It is formed from fragments of the cliffs above, that have fallen there for countless ages."

"Does it not seem strange to think that this great fir that shelters us was once a part of that lofty cliff? During age after age, particles of the cliff were worn away and blown away as dust. It was moistened by the water of the brook, sucked up greedily by the tiny rootlets of the fir, and in time became gum and bark, and spicy green needles."

"You laughed when I called you little cabbage heads and sweet potatoes, but there is Jimmie who is so fond of sweet potatoes, and Lawrence who says he never yet has had all the cabbage salad he could eat; and since the food we eat becomes a part of our bodies, I think those names are quite proper after all!" "Last year, little ones, we were growing in gardens, crowing at midnight, gallowing wildly in our pastures, eating bark and herbs far back in the hills,

wild and free, or flying south with the first sign of winter.

"Perhaps this brook was once a brook in far Japan and little almond-eyed children paddled through it on their way to school. How could that be, children?"

"I know," answered Lawrence Sanderson, "the water rose as mist or vapor from the Japanese brook and fell as rain in the Williamette Valley. Then it crossed the Cascades as soft, white, clouds, and at last fell on Sawtooth in the form of snow. Then it melted and made our little brook."

"Good!" said Hamilton. (To be continued.)

Unselfishness.

"Georgie, I'm glad to see that you are polite and offer sister the oranges first."

"Yes'm; 'cause then she has to be polite an' take the little one."

One tenth of the people are working the other nine tenths for chumps. And they are making a success of it too.—Tom Thompson.

Fire Fighters of the West

"It is 'st be great to be an aviator."

Almost every boy and many girls are surely saying these words to themselves these days. Some boys and girls who live near the scenes of the aviation; meets are fortunate enough to see these great mechanical birds of the air. They look up and feel dizzy with the danger and daring of the man in the airship.

"What if he should fall? Injury, perhaps death. But glory, headlines in the papers, fame as a sacrifice to progress all over the world. That's something worth dying for."

All right and true. But how about those other fellows who are dying, the men out in the western states of our country where the forest fires have been raging for the past month, who fight the dangerous fire step by step? Would you like their kind of a death, for many these past few weeks have died to save lives, men's homes, forests and even cities.

They have died unknown to us all, saying, "It's all a part of the day's work."

Suppose you are one of the many rangers on the "firing line" of a dangerous mountain ridge. You toil no

the steep mountain side to your lookout. You take the field glasses and scan the horizon for new signs of fire. Far over to the east, a small black cloud looks like a dot against the sky.

More closely you look. It's the fire breaking out in a new place. Quick! to action.

First the smoke signals to warn the other rangers in the district and then down the trail you hurry, with axe, and mattock over your shoulder, the long-handled rake serving as a stock, and the dry pine needles cracking under your steps.

Along you hurry, telling each patrol you meet, until a force of men has gathered and you all begin to circle the trees that are on fire and gradually work up to the crest of the ridge.

The roar of the fire makes it impossible for you to talk with one another and the smoke and heat are almost overpowering. The rangers are placed a man to every hundred yards. In the burning heat of the fire you all stick to the work, beating out the blazing grass, raking away the debris, sprinkling the burning heaps with the chemical pumps.

Slowly the heat drives you all back, but the fire has been beaten into a rocky canon and you are just preparing to scrape the grime from your hands and face and rest a bit, when a messenger comes with word that the fire has broken out on the other side of the mountain.

Up with the tools! At it again! No rest until the last spark is extinguished.

Is this fun? Is this glory? No, just human service and all "a part of the day's work."

Freedom.

For the laborer there are bread And a comely table spread, From his daily labor come, In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food For the trampled multi-tude, No—in countries that are free Such starvation cannot be. As in England now we see. —C'nelly, 1792-1822.

PUZZLES

Some children have told me that the puzzles of the first issue of The Coming Nation were much too easy, so I suppose those of last week were also quite too simple for the bright boys and girls who read "The Children's Own Place," and you all guessed the answers before you were quite through reading them. Were these your answers?

Presidential Puzzle.

John Adams.

Pied Names.

1. Glen Curtiss.
2. William Marconi.
3. August Pabel.
4. Robert Peary.
5. Eugene Debs.



CITY CHILDREN AS FARMERS

In the very heart of great New York city, one of the largest and most crowded cities in the whole world, school boys and girls are learning how to farm, in real garden-sets, with real garden tools, and to raise real vegetables. In a great open space of land, within sight of the beautiful Hudson river, under the charge of the Park Department of New York City, are grown fresh corn, radishes, carrots, beets, onions, lettuce and beans, 500 gallons full of them, each garden in charge of a boy or girl who gives about an hour a day of work to plant and hoe and water and weed

Each little farmer is very proud of his work and nothing can make him happier than to have his crop turn out well. Teachers give the children little practical talks on caring for the plants and show them the best ways of farming, in model gardens, by expert gardeners. Some of the seeds of vegetables are tended by little ones who are crippled and can work only slowly and painfully. Many times you will see the strong boys and girls, when through their own work, help the weak ones, and forget to be selfishly hurrying off to play in the joy of kindly service.

Big-Tooth and the Cave People

ADAPTED FROM JACK LONDON'S BEFORE ADAM BY CHARLES F. LOWRIE

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(Continued From Last Week)

My vision of the scene came abruptly, as I emerged from the forest. I found myself on the edge of a large, clear space. On one side of this space rose, high bluffs. On the other side was the river. The earth bank ran steeply down to the water, but here and there, in several places, where at some time slides of earth had occurred, there were runways. These were the drinking-places of the folk that lived in the caves.

And this was the main abiding place of the folk that I had chanced upon. This was, as I may say, by stretching the word, the village. My mother and the Chatterer and I, and a few other simple bodies, were what might be called suburban residents. We were part of the horde, though we lived a distance away from it. It was only a short distance, though it had taken me, what of my wandering, all of a week to arrive. Had I come directly, I could have covered the trip in an hour.

From the edge of the forest I saw the caves in the bluff, the open space and the runways to the drinking places. And in the open space I saw many of the folk. I had been staying, alone and a child, for a week. During that time I had seen not one of my kind. I had lived in terror and desolation. And now, at the sight of my kind, I was overcome with gladness, and ran wildly toward them.

Then it was that a strange thing happened. Some one of the Folk saw me and uttered a warning cry. On the instant, crying out with fear and panic, the Folk fled away. Leaping and scrambling over the rocks, they plunged into the mouths of the caves and disappeared. . . . all but one, a little boy, that had been dropped in the excitement close to the base of the bluff. He was wailing dolefully. His mother dashed out; he sprang to meet her and held on tightly as she scrambled back into the cave.

I was all alone. The populous open space had of a sudden become deserted. I sat down forlornly and whimpered. I could not understand. Why had the Folk run away from me? In later time, when I came to know their ways, I was to learn. When they saw me dashing out of the forest at top speed they had concluded that I was being pursued by some hunting animal. By my sudden approach I had stampeded them.

As I sat and watched the cave mouths I became aware that the Folk were watching me. Soon they were thrusting their heads out. A little later they were calling back and forth to one another. In the hurry and confusion it had happened that all had not gained their own caves. Some of the young ones had sought refuge in other caves. The mothers did not call for them by name, because as I said, names were an invention we had not yet made. They merely uttered querulous, anxious cries, which were recognized by the young ones. Thus, had my mother been calling to me, I should have recognized her voice among the voices of a thousand mothers, and in the same way would she have recognized mine among a thousand.

This calling back and forth continued for some time, but the Folk were too cautious to come out of their caves and descend to the ground. Finally one did come. He it was whom I shall call Red-Eye in the pages of this history—so called because of his inflamed eyes, which lids were always red, and by the peculiar effect they produced, seeming to advertise the terrible savagery of him. The color of his soul was red.

He was a monster in all ways. Physically he was a giant. He must have weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. He was the largest one of our kind I ever saw. Nor did I ever see one of the Fire People so large as he, nor one of the Tree People. I wonder what chance the best of the modern bruisers and prize fighters would have had against him.

I am afraid not much of a chance. With one grip of his iron fingers and a pull he could have plucked a muscle, say a biceps, by the roots, clear out of their bodies. A backhanded, loose blow of his fist would have smashed

their skulls like egg shells. With a sweep of his wicked feet (or hind hands) he could have disemboweled them. A twist would have broken their necks and I know that with a single crunch of his jaws he could have pierced at the same moment, the great eye, or the throat in front and at the spinal marrow at the back.

He could spring twenty feet horizontally from a sitting position. He was abominably hairy. It was a matter of pride with us to be not very hairy. But he was covered with hair all over, on the inside of the arms as well as on the outside, and even the ears. The places on him where the hair did not grow were the soles of his hands and feet and beneath his eyes. He was frightfully ugly, his ferocious, grinning mouth and huge, down-hanging underlip being in harmony with his terrible eyes.

This was Red-Eye. And right gingerly he crept out of his cave and descended to the ground. Ignoring me, he proceeded to reconnoiter. He bent forward from the hips as he walked; and so far forward did he bend, and so long were his arms, that with every step he touched the knuckles of his hands to the ground on either side of him. He was awkward in his semi-crouching position of walking, and he really touched his knuckles to the ground in order to balance himself. But oh, I tell you he could run on all fours! Now this was something at which we were particularly awkward. Furthermore it was a rare individual among us who balanced himself with his knuckles when walking. Such an individual was an atavism, and Red-Eye was an even greater atavism.

That is what he was—an atavism. We were in the process of changing our free-life to life on the ground. For many generations we had been going through this change, and our bodies and carriage had likewise changed. But Red-Eye had reverted to the more primitive tree-dwelling type. Because he was born in our horde he stayed with us; but in actuality he was an atavism and his place was elsewhere.

He moved here and there about the open place, very circumspect and very alert, peering through vistas among the trees and trying to catch a glimpse of the hunting animal that all suspected had pursued me. And while he did this, taking no notice of me, the Folk crowded at the cave-mouths and watched.

At last he evidently decided that there was no danger lurking about. He was returning from the head of the run-way from where he had taken a peep down at the drinking place. His course brought him near, but still he did not notice me. He proceeded casually on his way until abreast of me, and then, without warning and with incredible swiftness he smote me a buffet on the head. I was knocked backward fully a dozen feet before I fetched up against the ground, and I remember, half-stunned, even as the blow was struck, hearing the wild uproar of clucking and shrieking laughter that arose from the caves. It was a great joy—at least in that day; and right heartily the Folk appreciated it.

Thus was I received into the horde. Red-Eye paid no further attention to me and I was at liberty to whimper and sob to my heart's content. Several of the women gathered curiously about me and I recognized them. I had encountered them the preceding year when my mother had taken me to the hazelnut canyons.

But they quickly left me alone, being replaced by a dozen curious and teasing youngsters. They formed a circle around me, pointing their fingers, making faces, and poking and pinching me. I was frightened and for a time endured them, then anger got the best of me and I sprang tooth and nail upon the most audacious of them—none other than Lop-Ear himself. I have so named him because he could prick up only one of his ears. The other ear always hung limp and without movement. Some accident had injured the muscles and deprived him of the use of it.

He closed with me, and we went at it for all the world like a couple of small boys fighting. We scratched and bit, pulled hair, clinched and threw each other down. I remember I succeeded in getting on him what college boys call a half-Nelson. This hold

gave me a decided advantage. But I did not enjoy it long. He twisted up one leg, and with the foot (or hind-hand) made so savage an onslaught upon my abdomen as to threaten to disembowel me. I had to release him in order to save myself, and then we went at it again.

Lop-Ear was a year older than I, but I was several times angrier than he, and in the end he took to his heels. I chased him across the open and down a run-way to the river. But he was better acquainted with the locality and ran along the edge of the water and up another run-way. He cut diagonally across the open space and dashed into a wide-mouthed cave.

Before I knew it, I had plunged after him into the darkness. The next moment I was badly frightened. I had never been in a cave before. I began to whimper and cry out. Lop-Ear chattered mockingly at me, and springing upon me unseen, tumbled me over. He did not risk a second encounter, however, and took himself off. I was between him and the entrance, and he did not pass me; yet he seemed to have gone away. I listened, but could get no clew as to where he was. This puzzled me, and when I regained the outside I sat down to watch.

He never came out of the entrance, of that I was certain; yet at the end of several minutes he chuckled at my elbow. Again I ran after him, and again he ran into the cave; but this time I stopped at the mouth. I dropped back a short distance and watched. He did not come out, yet as before, he chuckled at my elbow and was chased by me a third time into the cave.

This performance was repeated several times. Then I followed him into the cave, where I searched vainly for him. I was curious. I could not understand how he eluded me. Always he went into the cave, never did he come out of it, yet always did he arrive there at my elbow and mock me. Thus did our fight transform itself into a game of hide and seek.

All afternoon, with occasional intervals, we kept it up, and a playful, friendly spirit arose between us. In the end, he did not run away from me, and we sat together with our arms around each other. A little later he disclosed the mystery of the wide-mouthed cave. Holding me by the hand he led me inside. It connected by a narrow crevice with another cave, and it was through this that we regained the open air.

We were now good friends. When the other young ones gathered around to tease, he joined me in attacking them; and so viciously did we behave that before long I was let alone. Lop-Ear made me acquainted with the village. There was little that he could tell me—he had not the necessary vocabulary; but by observing his actions I learned much and he also showed me places and things.

He took me up the open space, between the caves and the river, and into the forest beyond, where, in a grassy place among the trees, we made a meal of stringy-rooted carrots. After that we had a good drink at the river and started up the run-way to the caves.

It was in the run-way that we met Red-Eye again. The first I knew, Lop-Ear had shrunk away to one side and was crouching low against the bank. Naturally and involuntarily, I imitated him. Then it was that I looked to see the cause of his fear. It was Red-Eye, swaggering down the center of the run-way and scowling fiercely with his inflamed eyes. I noticed that all the youngsters shrank away from him as we had done, while the grown-ups regarded him with wary eyes when he drew near, and stepped aside to give him the center of the path.

As twilight came on, the open space was deserted. The Folk were seeking the safety of the caves. Lop-Ear led the way to bed. High up the bluff we climbed, higher than all the other caves, to a tiny crevice that could not be seen from the ground. Into this Lop-Ear squeezed. I followed with difficulty, so narrow was the entrance, and found myself in a small rock-chamber. It was very low—not more than a couple of feet in height, and possibly three feet by four in width and length. Here, cuddled together in each other's arms we slept out the night.

(To be Continued)

the United States government establish a fleet of steamers on the Pacific coast to co-operate with those on the Atlantic coast, and it has been pointed out that there are five government transports idly rusting and rotting at the San Francisco docks which might be used for this purpose.

Of course, this is not done, and why it is not done is indirectly told by Charles Edward Russell in the latest issue of *Hampton's* where he concludes his story of the Pacific railways by showing how they have practiced every possible system of extortion in order to pay dividends upon a property which was originally presented to them by the national government. Russell points out that even the merchants of California do not dare to protest in public about the extortions of the railroad and the Pacific mail. When the government sent J. L. Bristol as a special commissioner to investigate the condition that has just been described, a public meeting was held in San Francisco under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce which, "with the two other merchant associations of San Francisco, is dominated by the Southern Pacific." Strange as it seems, all the merchants who spoke praised the Pacific mail service and opposed a government line.

Mr. Jacobs suggested that Mr. Bristol should invite the merchants to come to him privately at his hotel and express their opinions. Mr. Bristol adopted this suggestion, and in the next two days about two score of San Francisco's free and independent American citizens crept into Bristol's parlors and apartments and after exacting a price of secrecy told him that the Pacific Mail service was absolutely essential to the commerce and government line would be a boon. Many of these were gentlemen that at the meeting had expressed exactly the opposite views.

So from these two articles we have a picture of a railway system terrorizing great sections, even of the capitalist class, manipulating the United States government as a child plays with its toys, and we have the beautiful spectacle of the president of the United States prostituting his office for the financial gain of his own brother and appointing his cabinet at the behest of this same financial power. Mr. Russell points out the only possible remedy:

"The highways are the people's. Let us return them to the people from whom they have been taken chiefly by chicanery, bribery and fraud. For all these and all the other intolerable and waning evils of our transportation system, for the increased cost of living, demonstrably produced by the over-increase of railroad securities, for the menace in the rapid increase of these securities, and for the corruption that these industries always work in our public affairs, there is no other remedy. Let us begin to act at once."

Political Thimblegging.

It is quite the thing now-a-days to note the analogy between present day politics and the situation which prevailed just before the civil war. Judson C. Welliver notices this in the *October Hampton's*.

The similarity between the collapse of the old democratic party under Buchanan and the present prostration of the republican party is so obvious that President Taft himself has been quoted as comparing his situation with that of Buchanan, pathetically wondering whether he was destined to occupy the same relationship to the republic as the republican party that Buchanan bore to the downfall of democracy.

Mr. Welliver recognizes that the Taft machine has gone to pieces, he also recognizes that the country "long ago lost confidence in the capacity of democracy. . . . It wants a new party which it can trust."

He is fully awake to the scheme which is being hatched, by this time, he is evident to every voter. This is a plan which is as old as American politics and consists in changing the names of political parties while retaining the substance. Whenever the voters have shown a sign of discontent with the dominant party, the great capitalists have never had the slightest hesitation in transferring their allegiance to the other one and letting the about-to-be-defeated party get as radical and as popular as it wishes.

It is apparent today that the forces of conservatism are gaining ground within the democratic party almost in proportion as the break has been made within the republican party, and that by the time the republican party shall have become progressive, the democratic party will be comfortably controlled by the same elements that nominated Parker in 1904.

Already the republican machine is being re-organized in preparation for the time when the great capitalists may need it again. This machine is to have Senator Crane of Massachusetts as the senate leader. "John W. Weeks, of Boston," a multi-millionaire banker, is the first choice for speaker. This re-organized machine will, if necessary, be defeated at the forthcoming presidential election and permit a thoroughly conservative democracy to gain a victory while the old game of fooling the voters goes marching on.

Aldrich, Rubber, Mexico and the Congo.

Does the following extract from an article by Samuel M. Evans in the *World's Work* throw any light on the tariff and the attitude of the United States government toward Mexico and the Congo?

"In 1904 it had been discovered that the guayule plant of Mexico, a weed that grows in great abundance on the plains, would produce rubber in commercial quantities. A corporation known as the Continental Rubber company of New York was organized at Albany for the purpose of extracting rubber from this shrub. Among its incorporators were Mr. Thomas Ryan, Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, his son, Mr. E. B. Aldrich, and Simon Guggenheim, senator from Colorado. A concession was obtained from the Mexican government for the manufacture of rubber from the guayule shrub in the state of Coahuila, and a rubber-extracting plant was erected in 1904. In 1906 the same people incorporated the Continental Rubber company of America under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital stock of thirty million dollars. This new company secured options on a large number of plants in Mexico,

bought up conflicting patent-rights, and secured a monopoly of the guayule rubber industry of Mexico. It erected a plant at Torreon and began the manufacture of rubber on a large scale."

"In 1906 Senator Aldrich, Mr. Ryan and Senator Guggenheim became interested in rubber on another continent, through Mr. Samuel Phillips Verner, of South Carolina, an explorer who had obtained some concessions in the Congo from King Leopold. With these concessions in his pocket, Mr. Verner met Mr. Ryan and Senator Aldrich in New York and interested them in his project. They were much impressed, and the American-Congo company was formed for the purpose of exploiting the Verner concession. Mr. Verner turned his concessions over to the company."

"In December of 1906, the Intercontinental Rubber company was incorporated in Trenton, N. J. It was capitalized for forty million dollars, and immediately became the holding company for the various companies that controlled the Mexican rubber and for the American-Congo company. Senator Aldrich, Mr. Ryan, and Senator Guggenheim were among the incorporators of this company. Mr. Ryan had made a trip to Belgium that summer and obtained a confirmation of the Verner concessions in the name of the American Congo company, and in November of that year King Leopold issued a royal decree granting the Congo concessions to the American syndicate."

"Both in Africa and in Mexico the organization controlled by Senators Aldrich and Guggenheim and Mr. Ryan increased its holdings so that by the time the special session of congress was called to revise the tariff, this organization dominated the crude-rubber trade in this country. The trade in manufactured rubber was dominated by the so-called 'rubber trust' under the presidency of Senator Aldrich's friend, Col. Colt of Providence, R. I. Between these two there was an arrangement which insured complete harmony and co-operation."

A Slave's Cry

BY RALPH KORNGOLD

I looked with interest at the old-fashioned picture on the wall representing a young man in union blue, standing arm in arm with a middle-aged soldier wearing the confederate grey.

"That's my father and myself," said the old man, my host.

I was curious. It was the first time I had encountered a case where father and son had been on opposing sides in the famous struggle. It seemed strange also that they should have had their picture taken together, especially as the picture had apparently been made either during or soon after the war.

It was not hard to get the old man to talk on the subject. It was the one experience of his life he liked to repeat. So we were soon seated in rockers under a beech tree with overhanging branches and my host was telling his story.

"I was born in Kentucky, which, as you probably know, was a slave-state. My father was a slave-holder—not however, a wealthy one. We owned two men, five women and a boy by the name of Sam. Sam was a full blooded negro and as black as a polished stove. He had been with us ever since he was six, and as I was only one year younger than he, Sam and I grew up together. We were great cronies. We romped through the woods, fished, hunted and played marbles. Lord how he could play marbles! He could take one between his thumb and forefinger, give it a kind of a twist and shoot it as straight and true as a bullet. Of course, we often got into all kinds of mischief until people got to saying, 'Bob and Sam, done it' no matter what went wrong."

"Well, Sam grew up to be twenty-one and I to twenty, and we thought as much as ever of each other. I used to say to him, 'Sam, someday I'll make you a free man'; and he would answer, 'I nebbaah wants to be no free man. I wants to be young marstah Bob's niggah all mah life, dat's what I wants to be.'"

"At twenty-one he was as much of a boy as ever and always carried a pocket full of marbles along with him. He never could understand why I would no longer get down into the dust and play."

"You ought to have seen him at the husking bees!"

"Whenever a farmer wanted his corn husked, all he had to do was to clear the barn, furnish a jug of whiskey and invite all the darkeys from the neighborhood. It was seldom an owner begrudged his slave a bit of fun and would not let him go. There were some great types among 'em; there was Uncle Rasmus an old rheumatic negro who played the fiddle and Aunt Theresa who weighed three hundred pounds or thereabout. They would husk the corn and sing their old darky songs, and when the husking was done things would be put out of the way, Uncle Rasmus would strike up a tune on the fiddle and the rest would dance or clap."

"Then Sam would be the happiest negro in creation. You could see his white teeth gleaming in one perpetual smile and his face would shine as if it had had a new polish. He would dance with every one, even with Aunt Theresa and Uncle Rasmus, picking the latter up in his arms and whirling him through the barn, and when all were tired, and rather wobbly with the whiskey Sam would dance a jig all by himself, or call to his young marstah

Bob', who would almost always manage to be present to take a whirl with him.

"My father was a severe sort of a man, but he was good to his negroes. He was always kind to Sam, whom he liked better than any other slave on the place. On this account Sam was entrusted with the care of a saddle-horse, of which my father was very fond and very proud. One day the horse sustained a very severe cut and my father blamed it to the negligence of Sam. Sam protested his innocence, but was told to shut up and was given the worst tongue-lashing he had ever received. I could see that it hurt Sam and that night he disappeared."

"Never before did I see my father so angry. He raged and fumed. Having no one else to blame he blamed me. I had spoiled that nigger, he said, I had made him believe he was as good as a white man. We had some hot words on the subject which ended by my father saying he would lash the blood out of Sam when he caught him."

"Personally I felt sure that Sam would return of his own accord, although I almost wished that he would not. And, sure enough, after six days Sam showed up. He was half-starved. He had been hiding in the woods and living on nuts and berries, which were not very plentiful. His clothes were ragged, his face haggard and almost ashen with fear."

"When he saw my father he threw himself at his feet and begged for mercy. I too begged that he should be forgiven. My father, however, was obdurate. He had him dragged to the barn, had him tied and his clothes removed, then seizing a heavy leather thong, a piece of a harness, I believe, he made ready to whip him. I shall never forget the pitiful wail of the slave, 'Oh pray, marstah! Oh pray!' Whenever he could get his head turned he would look at me with big frightened eyes, silently imploring me to intervene in his behalf, and yet I am sure, not wishing me to get into trouble."

"When my father lifted the leather to strike the first blow, I sprang between and seized him by the wrists. I did not want to struggle with him but merely restrain him so he might give heed to my renewed prayers. But he would not listen and commanded me to let go. I would not and we struggled. The two other slaves in the barn looked on frightened, but dared not interfere. 'My father was strong and so was I, but he had the law on his side and I knew from the beginning that my battle must be a losing one. So my strength deserted me. He wrenched his hand loose and in his rage struck me over the face with the heavy leather.'

"Did you ever think about it what a close escape some of us have from becoming murderers. Well, it was a hair-breadth escape I had from being a patricide. There was a rusty iron pitchfork standing in the corner and I know that I glanced towards it and had an impulse to seize it. But I controlled myself and left. Hardly outside I could hear the heavy fall of the leather thong as it struck Sam's naked back and his cry, 'Oh marstah! Oh pray marstah!'

"It helped to make an abolitionist out of me after awhile."

"I went up to my room, gathered up my clothes into a bundle and left without saying good-bye to any one."

"When I next saw my father it was after the surrender of Vicksburg. I was a soldier in the Union army and our regiment was one of the first to enter the city. The confederates had given up their arms and were allowed to walk the streets. They looked hungry, ragged and miserable. We Union soldiers felt sorry for them and divided our rations with them. It was strange to see men in blue and men in grey uniforms who only a few days before had been engaged in mortal combat fraternizing together."

"There was a little park over there in the center of the city, which was always crowded by soldiers of both armies who sat or walked around smoking and discussing the war. At noon many of us used to eat our rations in there."

"One day having just received my rations I went to the park and sat down on a bench at the other end of which sat a confederate soldier, holding his head in his hands, his elbows propped upon his knees. I could not see his face, but he presented such a picture of dejection that I decided to cheer him up."

"Hey, pard," I called to him, "want something to eat?"

"He lifted up his head and—it was my father. If I still held any grudge against him it was at once dispelled when I took a look at his face. It was wasted, pale and very sad. So I just got up, walked over to him and held out my hand. He hesitated for a minute and looked at my uniform. Then he burst into tears and grabbed my hand."

"That afternoon and on many afternoons that followed we ate our rations together. He told me that Sam, the poor fellow, was dead and that he himself had lost nearly all he had. And one day while still in Vicksburg we had our picture taken and sent it home to mother. It's the picture you've seen hanging on the wall."

The man who fails to vote has no good ground for complaining about corruption in the administration.

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which man wants most—happiness.

Not all philosophers are poor men but all poor men sooner or later, come to be philosophers.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty; there's nothing truer in the Bible.

MAGAZINE ITEMS

Railroads Own Government and Canal

That the Panama Canal, when it is finished, will remain the property of the Southern Pacific railroad, unless some very important changes take place, is the prediction of Willis J. Abbot in the *October Cosmopolitan*. During the days when the French ruled at Panama the Pacific Mail Steamship company had a contract by which it received fifty per cent of the through rate from New York to San Francisco, and by which an arbitrary limit was secretly fixed by the Pacific railroads as to the amount of tonnage that should be handled each year. In order to secure this privilege the Transcon-

tinental roads paid approximately one million dollars a year in various ways which would be designated by most people as akin to bribery. Now that the United States government owns the Panama railway and a fleet of steamers from New York to the canal, the Pacific mail is getting practically the same, or even better terms for nothing. Mr. Abbot does not give the figures which it may have cost indirectly to secure this privilege.

The method at the present time is for the Pacific Mail to so arrange its stopping points as to make it almost impossible for California shippers to use its services, while stopping at every little village on the Pacific coast in Mexico and Central America, and to refuse to furnish any return freight to the government owned ships. By this

means the fruits and other California products, a large quantity of which are being used on the Isthmus at the present time, reached their destination by being shipped by rail to New York and then on the government ships to Panama instead of going directly via the Pacific mail to the places where they are to be used.

Of course, it may be just a coincidence, but it just happens that the secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson, is a former attorney of the Harriman Railway system, of which the Southern Pacific is a part, and that the only competing line which might interfere with the monopoly of the Pacific mail is the American-Hawaiian line of which H. R. Taft, brother of President Taft, is one of the prominent stock holders. The California shippers have requested that

Sketches from Ellis Island

BY MAUD MOSHER
For Seven Years Matron at Ellis Island
Copyright, 1910, by Maud Mosher

These stories are the record of the actual experiences of the author as matron at Ellis Island. The facts and even the very words of the characters, as near as they can be remembered, have been given. They present a series of pictures of this gateway to the new world filled with pathos, humor and intense human interest.—EDITOR.

She was a little old Irish woman, very frail and feeble. On her head she wore a little old-fashioned Irish bonnet. Sometimes she stole away out of sight for a few minutes and smoked a short black pipe.

She was small and thin, and had a starved look. She came over in the steerage on one of the first trips of the great Lusitania. When she was taken to Ellis Island with the other immigrants for examination she was held to go before the board of special inquiry or was made "S. I." as we always called it.

She stated before the board that she had three daughters in the United States that they lived in Jersey City and that she had come over to live with them. She asked that she be given time to communicate with her daughters and for them to come to Ellis Island for her. She was therefore not excluded but "deferred" and came to the Deportation division where all the excluded

and Kate to come to me here and take me away. They say they will send me back to Ireland if you do not come for me and say that you will take care of me.

Annie, you wrote me once that you were living in a fine, big house and that you and the other girls were doing well. If that is so haven't you a little corner for me? It would take very little room for me and a crust is enough.

Oh, how I have longed to see you all again, my three little girls. It hasn't been so long since you were all little girls, playing around the house, loving your mother and bringing to her all your joys and sorrows. But it seemed as you grew older that you did not care for your old mother any more and you went away to America and left me alone. I have been saving the money to come for years. You know that I had very little and I starved myself to put away the pennies for the passage money.

I am waiting and hoping and praying to the Blessed Virgin that you will come to your poor old mother at Ellis Island.

"No," she said, "we will write another letter to Katie. Katie was always a good girl. She was kind to her mother but maybe she is changed too. Annie was always cruel and hard-hearted but Katie was different. Perhaps after being wid Annie so long she has grown like her too. Belike they

are ashamed of their old Irish mother but we will write the letter anyway and I will write it a bit different from the way I wrote to Annie and Mary.

My Dear Little Katie:

I am waiting and hoping that you will come to Ellis Island for me. Three days ago I sent you a telegram and three days I have waited and you did not come. Katie, can it be that you are going to let them send your poor old mother back to Ireland? You know that I have nowhere to go when I get there but to the work house.

You wrote me, Katie dear, that you would like to see me and that you wanted me to come over, and being you some little thing from the "old sod," I brought you and Annie and Mary each a little plate from Kilmoney, but they were broken in the basket coming over. I am sorry they were broken but my heart is broken too with longing to see my three little girls again.

You were always a good girl, Katie, you were always kind and good to everyone. I hope that you have not grown hard and cruel. If you have no place to take me and cannot take me away from Ellis Island and I must go back to Ireland, come to the island and see me once more before I am sent back. I must see you once more before I die, my baby girl.

Your loving old mother,
AGNES MALONEY.

The next day, late in the afternoon the Matron-in-charge came to me and said, "Is there an old Irish woman here named Mrs. Maloney?"

"Yes, have her daughters come for her?"

"Yes, they came to the Island, I have been talking to them. They stated that they had no place to take their mother and that we would have to send her back to Ireland. They would not even come to the room to see her. They are bad girls for no good girls would treat an old mother so."

It did not seem possible but the

matron-in-charge continued, "Tell Mrs. Maloney that there is no hope, that she will have to go back to Ireland."

Mrs. Maloney saw us talking and immediately seemed to know what we were saying for as the Matron-in-charge left the room she hobbled up to me crying out, "the lady came to tell you that my daughters will not take me out?"

"Yes," I said, "it is true, you must go back to Ireland, I am sorry for you but we cannot help it."

She clasped her poor old withered hands together as with a dry sob she turned away. After that she did not take any interest in any thing until she was told that she would be taken to the steamer in the afternoon about two

o'clock. Then she asked what boat she was to go on, saying "I came on the big boat, and I will go back on the big boat."

She was the only immigrant to be deported that day on the White Star line so an officer was to take her to New York on the Ellis Island boat and from the landing at the battery they would take a car up to the White Star pier. The boat left the Island at half past one. The officer had been detained until there was scarcely five minutes to catch the boat. I had Mrs. Maloney all ready and waiting for him to come for her so as not to lose any time.

She had made up her mind to go back but for some reason she still clung to the thought that as she had come on the "big boat" she would not go back on any other. The officer was a very short and fat man, he had hurried so and had to hurry so much more in order to catch the boat that he had short patience. So when Mrs. Maloney asked, "What boat are you taking me to?" he answered hastily and not very good humoredly, "The Oceanic." He had grasped one handle of her little basket, leading her along in this way.

Mrs. Maloney dropped the other handle as she cried, "I'll not go back on the little boat, I'll not go back on the little boat!"

Almost all immigrants will follow their baggage no matter where it leads them. Often it is all they have in the world. So the officer kept on down the hallway with the little basket in his hand but Mrs. Maloney ran back into the room. The officer was in despair; if he did not get that boat it would mean an hour's delay and he had a busy day before him.

She was very little and thin and he was very fat. Hastily seizing her in his arms he picked her up and carried her off. Our eyes had been filled with tears a moment before but as he turned the corner of the hall the last words we heard the old mother say were, "don't squeeze me and I'll walk, don't squeeze me and I'll walk."

Mary and Ann and Baby Katie, I wonder if some day your children will refuse you "a little corner and a crust of bread!"

Coming Events

The Coming Nation has received a warm welcome from the Socialists of America. Many have told us that the first number was far better than they had hoped for. We believe that the second number was better. When you read this one we think you will agree that the third is better still.

The time is still too short to have given opportunity for little more than a suggestion of what we hope to accomplish. The arrangements that have already been made assure a continuous and rapid improvement for some weeks to come.

Next week there will be a full page article by William Mailly, formerly national secretary of the Socialist party, and now one of the most popular magazine writers, on "Undermining New York for Socialism." He tells of the great variety of ways in which the Socialist propaganda is carried on aside from the regular party machinery. There are Sunday schools and night schools and colleges and lecture courses. Dramatic clubs, insurance societies, athletic associations and a host of other societies have grown up and become an intimate part of the daily life of tens of thousands of people in America's largest city. The story of these activities, almost unknown to non-residents of New York, is intensely interesting and is told with a wealth of illustrations by Comrade Mailly.

The "Sketches from Ellis Island" will continue for several weeks and will be as entertaining and thrilling and filled with human interest as any fiction, while at the same time being but faithful reports of actual events.

Alexander Irvine is better known to the non-Socialist than the Socialist public. His work as a writer has gained him a place among the best in this country. He spent many months among the factory operatives of the south and he has prepared for us an article on "The Soul of the South," that tells what one man, a governor of a southern state whose name is given, has done in helping to maintain the slavery of children in the cotton mills. You will not stop reading his article after you have read the first sentence. Its description of conditions, its indictment of facts, its vivid pictures of things that are, but ought not to be and need not be, make it one of the biggest and best things ever published in a Socialist paper in this country.

Then there is something else that is coming that will, from the day it appears, take a prominent and peculiar place in Socialist literature. It is called "The Cop on the Corner," and is a regular old-fashioned soap-box speech by Eugene Wood. We are going to publish this just before election, in the issue that will be dated and will carry, you, October 29th. It will be just the thing that you will have been waiting for as the final climax for the campaign. It will laugh anyone into being a Socialist as sure as he reads it. We are getting an artist to illustrate it whose work has never before been seen in a Socialist publication. We will tell you his name soon. But do not neglect to order a big bundle of that number for you will want them when you see it and it will then be too late to get the papers and put them where they will do any good.

These are but a small selection out of the manuscripts that are already here. Many more are on the way toward announcement. Until they are here we are not going to say anything about them.

Co-operative Self Help

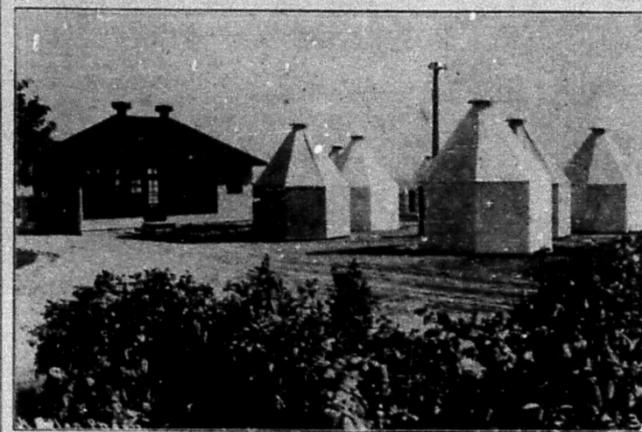
The International Typographical union, as the oldest of American unions, holds the unique distinction of having more successfully than any other union, mastered the machine which revolutionized its methods of labor, and of having done more to improve the conditions of its members than perhaps any other organization in existence. In doing this it has established a record of which it is and may be justly proud.

In 1776, when the trade in New York laid the first stones in the foundation of what is now the Typographical union, the air was a-quake with revolution, and it is significant that this pioneer in the bettering of industrial conditions was twin-born with the nation with its increased political privileges; that they were cradled together,

vacant by any of the strikers in Philadelphia.

A national convention of the trade, to which a number of local organizations sent representatives, was held in Washington in 1836. This movement was the result of the action of General Duff Green, the government printer, who attempted to destroy the Typographical society by starting a school for the training of boys who were intended to become strike breakers. At this convention the organization of the craft was completed, and the new body took the name "National Typographical Society", which was changed during the next year to the "National Typographical Association," and later to its present name.

Since the date of its organization its growth in strength and numbers has been practically steady, and from a group of a scant few dozen at most, it



SOLARIUM AND TEST COLONY FOR TUBERCULOSIS PATIENTS.

and nourished by the same rebellious spirit.

The organization which was formed to carry on the strike of the printers in the natal year of the republic was but temporary, and was dissolved immediately. Its purpose was fulfilled, but through it the craft learned the lesson of solidarity and the efficiency of co-operation in enforcing their demands.

Ten years later, in Philadelphia, the trade was again compelled to organize to combat the efforts of the employers to reduce wages to \$5.83 1-3 per week. Agreements were signed by the strikers not to work for less than \$6.00 per week, and to support such members of the craft as were thrown out of employment on account of their refusal. This is the first known instance of the use of the strike benefit. This union only existed so long as the need continued which called it into being, and was not at any time intended to be permanent.

In 1795, however, the "Typographical Society" was organized in New York, with the intention of making it a permanent organization. It succeeded in raising wages to a dollar per day, and died an early death within three years from its inception.

has increased to more than 50,000. From a half dozen locals in its beginning, it has grown to more than six hundred at the present time. And with its increase in size and strength, it has extended the sphere of its activities until it stands in the foremost ranks as a benefactor of its members.

The International Typographical union has always been among the first to inaugurate new benefits for the craft. Its old-age pension system, which is just beginning to be agitated by other organizations, has an average increase of about 100 beneficiaries each year, and there were paid out, during the year ending May 31, 1909, to those who were too old to longer work at their trade, more than \$100,000. During the same year there were paid out in burial benefits over \$43,000 and in strike benefits almost \$30,000.

During the last couple of decades the union has disbursed in strike benefits and for defensive purposes the enormous sum of \$3,838,807.02, and for burial benefits it has paid out \$562,975.00 on 8,810 deaths. The total amount of expenditures for all purposes during the period was \$6,368,897.66.

The International Typographical union was one of the first to take up the matter of industrial training to per-

luminated, with plenty of clean, fresh air, and healthy working conditions. In addition to this, the union has undertaken a work of education directed toward the public and bearing on the problem of tuberculosis. In this campaign thousands of pieces of literature have been distributed and the great good of the work done can not be questioned.

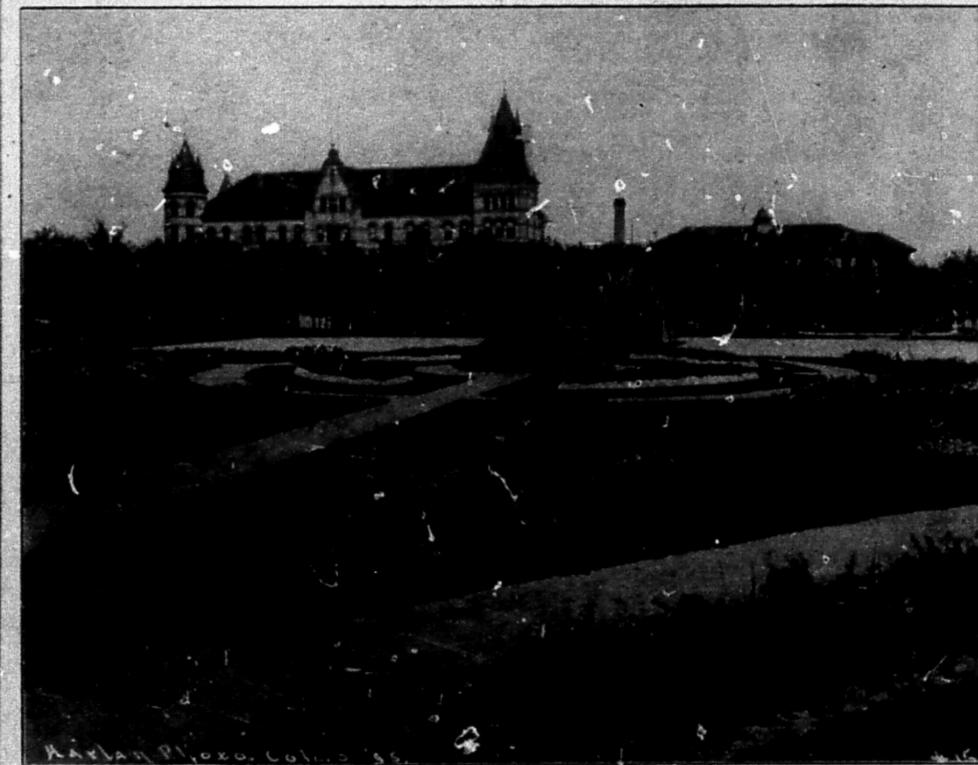
In order to take care of its crippled victims of unsanitary conditions, the union maintains at Colorado Springs, Colo., a beautiful and extensive home for aged, invalid and infirm members. The average number of inmates during 1909 was about 150, who were maintained at an expense of a little more than \$500 each. There were nearly a hundred new inmates accepted at the home during the year. A hospital and medical board are maintained at the home, and out of the twenty-seven deaths which occurred at the home during 1909, twenty-one were caused by tuberculosis. The maintenance of the home has cost since its establishment in 1892 nearly \$800,000.

Not satisfied with letting the matter rest with what it has already done, the union is going ahead, planning new conquests, achieving new gains for labor. It is certain that its future holds the possibility of vast achievements, for justice is on its side, and the power of purpose behind it.

English for Industrial Unions

England has not in all her history been so stirred up over labor conditions as at the present time. Nor has labor ever been so stirred up as now. Following closely in the wake of the action of the house of lords in sustaining the notorious Osborne decision, which forces the trade unions out of politics, strikes involving nearly a million laborers in the kingdom were called, and the trade union congress, sitting in Sheffield, has lined up with unprecedented solidarity for a form of organization which will make possible the quick resort to "direct action," a thing which the Britons have ever eschewed. The resolution which was carried by a majority of 919,000 in 1,431,000 votes, provides: "That in the opinion of this congress the present system of sectional trade unionism is unable to successfully combat the encroachments of modern capitalism, and while recognizing the usefulness of sectional trade unionism in the past and present, the congress realizes that much greater achievements are possible and the redemption of the working class would be hastened if all the existing unions were amalgamated by industries, with one central executive, elected by the combined unions and with power to act unitedly when there is a strike or lock-out in any industry, thus making the grievance of one the concern of all."

Mr. Phillip Snowden, labor member of parliament, in an article in the current number of a well known British magazine, deprecates the internal dissension which has kept the labor movement of England divided, and made greater conquest impossi-



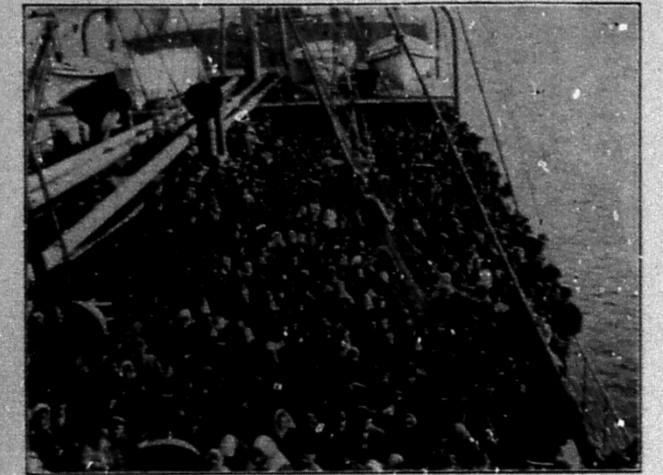
GENERAL VIEW OF HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS

The first organization which can trace an unbroken existence to the present time is the "Philadelphia Typographical Society", which was organized in 1802. With this society began the care of the sick, the burial of the dead, and the "house of call" or free employment bureau. Within a year after its organization it started the demand for the closed shop. It also required, as a condition of membership, that the applicant "shall have served a satisfactory apprenticeship." In 1807 it furnished its members with "working cards," and two years later paved the way for a long series of injunction suits by posting the first "unfair list." It also succeeded in establishing a system of voluntary co-operation between the different local organizations of printers, so that when, in 1810 the Philadelphia printers were on strike for the establishment of a new scale, the New York society passed resolutions pledging its members not to take any situation left

fect the members in the technical work of the trade. This was successfully carried out through the medium of a correspondence school in which, at the present time, thirteen hundred students are enrolled. The course issued by this school consists of thirty-seven lessons, treating on the subjects of lettering, design, color harmony, composition, paper making, plate making and imposition. The efficiency of the school is shown in the fact that they turn out printers whose work sets the standard for all work, who are thinkers, and planners, and doers.

The printers' trade is one of the most dangerous to the health of its followers. Tuberculosis and lead poisoning are very prevalent, and these are due, in large measure, to the fact that many composing rooms are unlighted, poorly ventilated and insanitary. To the correction of these conditions the union has turned itself with the result that thousands of shops which have been filthy, dark and foul are now well il-

luminated, with plenty of clean, fresh air, and healthy working conditions. In addition to this, the union has undertaken a work of education directed toward the public and bearing on the problem of tuberculosis. In this campaign thousands of pieces of literature have been distributed and the great good of the work done can not be questioned.



A STEERAGE "PROMENADE" DECK.

and deferred women were held until their cases were disposed of. This division was often spoken of as the "Room of Years."

She was very tired from her long journey across the water and all day long she sat near the door, looking, watching, waiting and hoping that the three daughters would come in response to the telegram which had been sent to them to call for her. They did not come and towards night she said, "Mathron, doo ye think me dathers will come today?"

I gave her the same answer we had given so many anxious ones at Ellis Island. "No, it is too late tonight. Probably your daughters did not receive the telegram in time to come from Jersey City to New York and from there to Ellis Island. It takes several hours to make the trip but undoubtedly they will be here in the morning."

All day long the next day she sat and waited or stood near the door, peeping out at every opportunity, hoping every minute that the three or at least one of her daughters would come.

Along in the afternoon of the third day she came to me and said, "Mathron, will ye doo me a little favor? Will ye write some letters for me? Me eyes are so poor that I-I cannot see to write and I must send some letters to me dathers. Belike they did not get the telegram—but I think they did."

Poor little old woman she probably did not know how to write but was ashamed to say so.



FEEDING THOSE WHO ARE DETAINED.

I took the pen and paper and had her sit near me. Looking at me very searchingly, she said, "You will write just what I tell you, won't you Mathron dear? The Virgin and the Saints will bless you for helping a poor old woman. You will say it in the letter just the way I say it?"

"Certainly," I replied, "you say the words and I will write them just as you say them so it will really be your letter."

"I will write to Annie and Mary first," she said, "begin the letter this way," and so I wrote it just as she told me.

My Dear Annie and Mary:

This is your poor old mother writing to you from Ellis Island. I sent a telegram to you three days ago asking you

Matron-in-charge continued, "Tell Mrs. Maloney that there is no hope, that she will have to go back to Ireland."

Mrs. Maloney saw us talking and immediately seemed to know what we were saying for as the Matron-in-charge left the room she hobbled up to me crying out, "the lady came to tell you that my daughters will not take me out?"

"Yes," I said, "it is true, you must go back to Ireland, I am sorry for you but we cannot help it."

She clasped her poor old withered hands together as with a dry sob she turned away. After that she did not take any interest in any thing until she was told that she would be taken to the steamer in the afternoon about two

War in Britain

BY CHAS. N. L. SHAW
Special Correspondent Coming Nation

As I write there are sounds of wars and rumors of war in Britain.

Every morning sees flaring posters which fairly shriek at the great "half penny" public who support the yellow press of Christian England, asking them to come and be shocked at the price of the smallest coin in the realm. And you know, you wicked Americans, that we have a jaundiced press peculiarly our own by the side of which, the Hearst sheets pale their ineffectual fires into a sickly shade of saffron.

And the bother is all about those naughty trade unions who are, through their baleful and baneful agitation, making legitimate business impossible in Britain, and will force, however, reluctantly, the Captains of Industry (large type please Mr. Printer) to seek other fields and pastures new for the investment of their capital (vide the daily papers).

This tendency in Britain toward direct action I have noticed for some years, and pointed it out in various magazines and papers. The idea that the phlegmatic Britain, with his cast iron conservatism, would ever adopt a weapon of the mercurial Latin races was then scoffed at—Oh no! The British workman was too sane; too steady to ever sniff at the general strike.

Sniff at it? Why he is taking it in lungfuls!

Firing the Leaders.

But the significance of the present strike lies in the tendency of the men to throw over their leaders and to take action themselves. It was exactly the same story at the recent North-eastern Railway strike when the men came out en masse and in twenty-four hours, refusing for some time to listen to the siren voices of their executives.

The present strike is no more a question of a half penny an hour extra in wages; at heart it is caused by the systematic ignoring by the employers of the spirit if not the letter of agreements reached by the conciliation boards, which, so far as the men are concerned, have certainly not been an advantage. The employer's federations are locking out the men in retaliation this morning there is the news that the federation of master cotton spinners threatens a general lock out.

The spirit of unrest is spreading like wild fire throughout other industries, and it is thought that it is quite on the cards that the great Northern Railway men will all come out, whilst the miners in the Welsh coal fields are only being held back by their leaders with the greatest difficulty.

Hell Broken Loose

In fact it looks as though, to use the words of a prominent trade unionist and Irishman, "Hell is breaking loose and the first contingent of demons are having the time of their lives—glory be!" The employers here are banding themselves together into powerful federations and in almost every industry. "No trusts in Britain"—don't you believe it!

I have just received information of something which may have unlooked for results, and which is a step towards international action against the gold bug federation. The French dockers are sending a representative to Britain to

Spanish Ministry Doomed

The Socialist member of the Spanish cortes, Pablo Iglesias, in passing through Paris on his return from the International Congress at Copenhagen made a statement concerning the present situation in Spain. According to Iglesias the present Premier Canalejas cannot be expected to do anything effective in regard to clericalism, although he is going further than previous premier. So far as social legislation is concerned he is doing almost nothing.

The labor movement, he said, is progressing rapidly. Everywhere there is an awakening of the masses. More than six thousand new members have entered the organization of railroad



PABLO IGLESIAS
workers within the last six months. The strike of the miners of Bilbao promises to succeed, as the justice of the miners demand is conceded even by those who would ordinarily oppose any uprising of the workers.

Iglesias expressed the opinion that the present ministry would be short lived and would be succeeded by one with General Weyler of Cuban infamy at its head. This would be even worse than the Maura ministry which preceded the present one and the Social-

open a campaign for the purpose of stimulating international action with the English dockers.

As they have chosen a woman for this, who in addition to exceptional qualities as an orator, is a dead shot with a revolver, it is possible she may be able to "persuade" them.

When we get these international understandings then the employer's unions will be fairly "up against it", and the employers know it.

I have just interviewed one of the biggest German ship owners who is at the back of their shipping federation, and, incautiously, he confessed that the Hamburg owners as well as the British owners were much perturbed at this tendency toward direct action. "Look here," he said, spluttering out his German gutturals excitedly, "We are doing great business in Germany and we don't want any of those damned agitators upsetting the men." Then followed a remarkable exhibition of gymnastics in German which I shall not attempt to produce.

They tell me, by the way, that Haywood and one or two others are going to address some big meetings over here on the question of the strike. Haywood will get a fine reception, I believe, though how far the Labor party will regard the campaign in a friendly spirit is another matter altogether.

An Incestuous Alliance

So far as we can see on this side of the pond, the one and only Hearst, together with Roosevelt, are collaring all the Socialist thunder and launching it "Warranted not to hurt". That cunning little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd-George, has done the same trick here. He simply takes the real thing, cans it, and labels it Liberalism to be taken in Homeopathic doses. *Voila tout!*

If, as is reported, a political marriage is about to take place between roaring Roosevelt and Hearst the huster, it will be nothing short of political incest. But perhaps the American people will forbid the bans.

There is a story going around here which deserves to be true even if it is not. It seems that a very high and mighty personage indirectly ventured to ask the late King Edward his opinion of Theodore Roosevelt and President Taft, when the king, who was a very decent fellow for a king, replied, "Well as king I am boss of Britain, Taft as president is boss of the United States, but Teddy is boss of all the bosses."

Which would seem to indicate that King Edward has the gift of prophecy—though Theodore's struggle with the American bosses is not yet through.

Blessed Unity.

An informal conference is shortly to be held in London between the representatives of the Independent Labor party, the Social-Democratic party, the Fabians, and possibly of the great army of unattached Socialists, with the object of opening *pourparlers* with the idea of ultimately uniting into one party, so that the bitter differences of the past may be thrashed out in the unified party and not in the sections.

The project is regarded with kindly eyes by the leaders on both sides I know, and one has hopes, but all the same—! Nuff sed.

ists and all progressive elements are already arranging for a great protest against the entrance of Weyler into the premiership.

The alliance between the Socialists and the republicans, said Iglesias, will be of short duration. If the republicans do not carry out their pledge to make an immediate assault upon the monarchy and establish a republic the Socialists will leave them.

Young Socialists Congress

One of the many minor international congresses that were held at Copenhagen in connection with the International Socialist congress was that of the young people's Socialist organization. This gathering was opened by Carl Liebknecht who declared that the International Young People's movement was an integral and important part of the great proletarian international. It had made progress in all countries since the Stuttgart congress. Among the causes that led to this progress was the rival organizations founded by our capitalist opponents. Representatives were present from Belgium, Austria, Bohemia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Roumania, Switzerland, Finland, Bulgaria, England, Holland and Hungary. R. Danneberg, the international secretary reported that at the present time twenty-two national organizations were connected with the international secretary. The congress placed itself on record as in favor of the education of the young in social subjects. On the question of the relationship of the young people's organization to Socialist parties, the following resolution was adopted:

"Since it is the task of the young people's movement to educate the youth of the workers for the class struggle it is necessary that they should everywhere work in close co-operation with the Socialist parties and the unions of each country. They should accept the advice of the assistants of the Socialist parties and direct their actions in harmony with the party and the unions. This does not mean that the independent activity of the young people is to be interfered with, since for educational reasons the movement of the young is a necessary foundation of progressive evolution."

Co-operator's International Congress

The International Co-operative congress met at Hamburg on September, the 7th. The Socialist delegates expressed themselves as very well satisfied with the actions of the conference

and declare that the outcome indicates a much closer union between the co-operatives and the Socialists in the future.

The congress expressed its opinion that the most important phase of co-operation is to be found in those institutions that deal with consumption rather than with production. It advocated, however, the organization of productive establishments which should be models as to the condition of labor and the wages paid. It also declared for closer co-operation with the trade unions and for the employment of union men under union conditions at all times. There was one resolution of importance adopted by the congress which was of great length and was voted unanimously. It consisted of a general statement of the principles of the co-operative movement. Nevertheless there were some criticisms from those who felt that a more definite statement on other points would have been advisable. Minor problems were passed without debate after the main resolutions. Among these was one proposed by Albert Thomas the French Socialist deputy, which was seconded by the entire French delegation and is as follows:

The international co-operative congress, while outside of all political activity, greets with satisfaction the resolution of the International Socialist congress at Copenhagen, in which the unity and autonomy of the co-operative movement are recognized, together with the great value and importance of organizing the consuming power of the working class, and in which the workers are invited to become and to continue active members of the co-operatives.

The international co-operative congress believes that this resolution will bring important re-inforcements to the co-operative movement.

Michael Farley's Vacation

BY LEWIS G. D'HART

Michael Farley, just one hour released from the Blacktown penitentiary, stood under the shadow of its grim walls, with doubt written all over his prison-whitened face. Few released men ever lingered long near the state grounds or in the little town which derived its sole fame as a resort for undesirables, but Farley was an exception.

For twenty long weary, sad years those walls had sheltered as well as held him, for twenty years his daily life had been directed by iron clad rules and men with rifles and now the world outside, dimly remembered as being often unkind, frightened him, and he was reluctant to renew his old acquaintance.

Farley's close cropped hair was gray and, with his drawn, sunken face, he

might have easily passed for sixty, but forty-two was his age in years and twenty-two his age in experience. Up till that time, twenty years before, when a pint of bad whiskey and an ensuing forgetfulness of the sacredness of property rights had clad him in the prison stripes, Farley had wrested a living from the world by main strength alone, now his strength had gone, he was just a lonely old man and the years stretched dim and gray before him. He hoped they might be mercifully few.

So for an hour he had stood without the prison gate, and pondered where he should go. One hand, thrust in a pocket of his ill-fitting suit, clutched a twenty dollar bill, given him by the warden to take him to the city from which he was sentenced, but he had no desire to return. From his few relatives he had had up word since his sentence and just enough pride was left in him to forbid his appealing to them.

But it was growing dark and Farley was conscious of hunger. He at least could eat, and so he started down the main street of the town. Selecting an unpretentious restaurant he entered and started toward a table.

"Hey there, Shorthair," called a pimply faced waiter, "this is a decent place. Vamoose. Understand."

Farley understood and left the place with his twenty dollar bill still intact, hurt and bewildered, but submissive.

Twenty years in the Blacktown Pen had at least taught him obedience. But where to go? He feared to encounter another rebuff as he sought to a side street for several blocks. A pretty little church with a neat parsonage adjoining it caught his eye.

"I used to go to those place sometimes," he thought, "and maybe God's just like he used to be. Perhaps the preacher could tell me what to do."

So he entered the yard and tapped at the front door. A well dressed, business looking man opened it. "Well, my friend, what is it?" he said after a quick glance at Farley's face and hair. "I'm just out from up there," said



"I GUESS GOD DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR FELLERS LIKE ME."

Farley, pointing back to the state buildings, "and I haven't a friend and I don't know what to do. I wondered if—if you could tell me."

"Now look here my man," said the minister sharply, "this town is no place for you. The best thing you can do is to get out of it. If I tried to help every ex-convict who came to me I wouldn't have time to write my sermons. Of course," he added, in a softer tone, "I'd like to help you but I can't afford to mix religion and business."

"No sir," sighed Farley as he slowly turned away, "I guess God don't have much time to give to fellers like me."

And out again to the streets went Farley, down toward the levee where dives and saloons abounded. Here at least he could break that twenty dollar bill, if it took a whisky to do it. A long forgotten cheerful glow followed the first drink, a cheerfulness which increased with the second one. An appreciative crowd followed Farley from bar to bar and the twenty dwindled rapidly. At eleven o'clock his last dollar and follower had vanished and Farley stood, homeless and penniless, but happy, in front of the last saloon.

"Whoopee, I'm a bad man from Blacktown Pen," he shrilled weakly, "and I can lick 'em weight in wifcats. Whoopee."

The next minute a policeman held him and a half hour later he was sleeping peacefully in the city jail, booked as, "drunk, disorderly and resisting an officer."

Two days later the prison again opened its gates to Farley.

"Back again," said the warden pleasantly.

"Yes," replied Farley, with a smile of content, "God and man ain't got no use for me out there. I had a good time but I hope I'm home to stay."

And the cell door clanged behind him.

Compound Interest

Some farmers, on the way home from market, were discussing the problem of money making. Opinions differed as to which "was the wisest an' at same time the quickest way o' doin' it."

Eventually one suggested "notin' to hate puttin' money till intrust, boys; id wurks whin' yer slaeppin'."

"Ach, shure there's a kind o' intrust, boys, that is better," remarked another, "bud Oi disrimimber the name. Inyway, id kapes goin' at the hop, step an' jump whither your slaeppin' o' nawt; there's no shoppin' id till id overtakes the shart id self."—U. M. W. Journal.

Crime vs. Business

It is a sin to steal a pin—
But
It is a
Merger,
A combine,
An absorption,
A squeeze movement,
A master stroke of finance, or
A Napoleonic coup
To steal a railway system, a bond issue, a year's wheat supply, or a third part of the earth.
Therefore, when I go to steal,
It will not be pins.—New York Times.

Farley, pointing back to the state buildings, "and I haven't a friend and I don't know what to do. I wondered if—if you could tell me."

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Death of a Pearl Necklace

The wonderful pearl necklace which belonged to Mme. Thiers, wife of the distinguished French diplomat, and which was left to the French nation by her and placed in the Louvre, is dying from the mysterious, obscure disease which attacks these gems. The necklace is composed of three strands, made up of one hundred and fifty of the finest pearls ever brought up from the depths. When Mme. Thiers gave the necklace to the French people it was worth fifty thousand pounds. There are few jewelers who would give £5,000 for it now, so far has the malady progressed.

Experts are at a loss to explain just what it is that makes pearls sicken and die. Apparently it is a form of starvation. It seems as though the gem feeds upon the *Fic* in the delicate skin of fair women. That is why, jewelers say, pearls should always be worn next to the flesh.

By the terms of Mme. Thiers' will, her necklace cannot be taken from its case in the Louvre. If it could be lent to some woman, the French government could trust, the experts believe that the majority of the pearls would recover. This is impossible, and so the necklace is to die. Day by day the globes are darkening, becoming ugly, old and withered.

The malady of pearls has been known for ages to the more subtle minds of the east. It is only recently that the west has come to recognize that the phenomenon exists. There are some women who cannot wear pearls, because whatever it is about women to which pearls are sensitive is inimical to the gems. For the same reason there are women who cannot wear turquoises. The most brilliant blue turquoise will speedily turn a dark and soapy green. There are some women on whom an opal will sparkle with all the beauty of its fettered fires and the very same opal upon another woman will be lifeless as a piece of clay.

The great jewelers now recognize this peculiarity and keep in reserve women upon whom the pearl thrives. Some grand duchess or some great society lady will find that her pearls are becoming lustreless; she will take them to her jeweller, and for one or two months one of the friendly women will wear next her skin many thousands of pounds worth of gems, and then the pearls are returned shining, vivid with life and perfect once again.

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Not only must the insect be capable of penetrating the skin, but it must also be able to aspirate the blood

How Insects Carry Disease

BY WILLIAM COLBY RUCKER, M. S., M. D.,
Commissioner of Health, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The history of man is a long story of continuous struggle. Feeble as compared with other animals, he has defied the elements attacked and slain the sabre-tooth tiger in his hair, subdued all manner of beasts and creeping things, to the end that he might conquer the whole world for his use. While less apparent, the physical struggle for existence is no less present today than in the stone age; and whereas in prehistoric times man contended with ferocious monsters tested the mastery of the land, today the struggle is no less fierce, although the contest lies between the man of science, the bacterium, the protozoan and the insect vehicles engaged in transporting disease germs to man.

It is only within recent years, however, that we have come to recognize the tremendous importance of certain species of mosquitoes and the frightful slaughter which is brought about by the ubiquitous, and hitherto considered inevitable, fly. Yet short as the time has been, by the application of this knowledge we have been able to populate spaces hitherto considered uninhabitable; engineering works of great magnitude have been carried on in climates previously considered absolutely fatal to the white race and whole countries have been raised from a state of poverty and misery to one of peace and safety through the utilization of these simple facts.

If one is to understand and apply these principles with intelligence, it is necessary that he secure a certain knowledge of the underlying biological principles, for the transmission of disease organisms from the body of the sick to the blood stream of the well is not so simple as might be imagined. There are in general, two distinctly different ways in which these disease parasites are carried by insects. The first and commonest is the mechanical, such as takes place when a common house fly smears himself with the excreta of the typhoid patient, which contains the bacillus typhosus, or germ of typhoid fever, and subsequently walks across food, thereby planting the seeds of suffering and death. In the example here cited, the process has been an entirely mechanical one and could as well have been performed by any other insect or animal. In other words, it was not obligatory that a fly should thus carry the germs, nor was it obligatory that the germs should undergo a life cycle of development within the body of that fly. In other words, the fly was simply the expressman who carried across the germs of the disease. It should also be noted that in this case the germ which produced the disease is a vegetable, not an animal, and so far as we know it is a general rule that the transmission of the vegetable disease-producing organism, i. e., bacteria, is entirely a mechanical affair.

If, on the other hand, we have a minute animal, a protozoan, floating in the blood stream of a patient, it can be readily seen that a complicated process is necessary for the carrying over of that organism from the blood stream of the sick to the blood stream of the well. In this case the disease-producing parasite has effected a lodgment in the blood, either floating free in the liquid portion of the vital current or having made one of the blood corpuscles its abode. In order that this parasite may be taken out of this blood, it is necessary that some sharp-pointed instrument be employed, an instrument which, having become loaded with this dangerous freight, may transport and deliver it into the blood stream of some well person. If these seeds of disease left the body of the victim with his discharges, it would be easy enough for them to be transported in a purely mechanical way, but this is not the case and we find that certain insects, which are provided by nature with piercing mouth parts so that they may penetrate through the skin into the blood vessels, act as vehicles in such instances.

which lies beneath. As an example may be noted the mosquito, which has a long, sharp, hollow proboscis, as well as certain saw-tooth mouth parts well fitted for making an opening through the skin. In addition the mosquito possesses the power of removing a portion of the blood after having made such an opening. If this were all, we would still be dealing with the mechanical type of transmission, but it is found, if we take the malarin parasite for an example, that this tiny little animal undergoes certain periodic phases of development within the blood of man, but that for the perpetuation of its species it is necessary that it enter at certain times the body of a mosquito, there to undergo an entirely different series of developmental changes. Furthermore, it has been found by means of long and carefully continued experiments that only a certain species of mosquito will act as a suitable host for the little animal or protozoan which causes the disease known as malaria. This, then, is a true biological transmission and is entirely different in all its aspects from the mechanical type of transmission. Furthermore, when an attack is to be made upon a disease which is mechanically carried, the mode of procedure is altogether different from that to be employed in combating a disease which has a biological form of transmission.

Man, therefore, in his combat with enemies which are no less ferocious and deadly than the prehistoric animals of the stone age, must resort to the finer and more accurate scientific methods of the twentieth century rather than the club and the stone hatchet of our ancestors.

(To be Continued)

Democrats to the Rescue

The Commercial and Financial Chronicle voices the belief of big business that the victory of the democratic party is to be desired. Its words are recommended to those who are somehow under the impression that a change has been made in the game of switching labels whenever the people become discontented.

It is assumed that the result in Maine notwithstanding a democratic house of representatives at the coming election, and that there will be an end to further new legislation of the type of the Sherman Antitrust Act, which has been acting as a deterrent upon enterprise for many months. Time was when democratic success, or the prospect of it, looked upon as occasion for anxiety and alarm, but the advent of the Roosevelt regime the course of the republican party had been marked by much the greater conservatism. Now the feeling is that, if the democrats should attempt to change the radicalism, they could not possibly go any further in that direction than the republicans have already gone, while there is at least a chance that the democrats will not go so far, particularly as the doctrine of state's rights, which is a cardinal feature of the democratic creed, is inimical to the extension of federal authority.

Same Thing.

The republican who is going to vote the democratic ticket this fall because he wants a change might get a level dollar and trade it for a counterfeit bill if he must have amusement.

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We clothe our agents handsomely in sample suits. That's one of the reasons for their tremendous success. They attract such attention and admiration that people ask a way to get with business. Keeps them busy answering questions, booking orders and producing profits. Absolutely no expense, as we succeed everybody for suit and always with a profit. Agents wanted in every city. Sample suit, \$16.35 up. Style, fit, quality and satisfaction guaranteed.

AGENTS WANTED!

Having doubled the quantity of our great wearing and business suit, we are now offering an opportunity to our best agents to secure a territory for our "Canada" brand suits. We furnish everything—sample suits, literature, etc. You simply select a territory, make up your own agent's card, and we will send you a dollar of profit on the suits we make up for you.

American Woollen Mills Co.
Dept. 493 Chicago, Illinois

Law of Population, A. Bennett...
Largest Key to Astronomy...
Complete Lessons of Progress...
The Evolution of the Mind...
The Evolution of the Body, by Henry Frank...
The Evolution of the Soul, by Henry Frank...
The Evolution of the Spirit, by Henry Frank...
The Evolution of the Universe, by Henry Frank...
The Evolution of the Earth, by Henry Frank...
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I am F. O. LINDQUIST,
Pres. of the Canada Mills Co., and I make the most Wonderful Advertising Offer

to one person in each town and city where we have a branch store. One to each town in large cities and counties with B. F. D. routes. I want you to write back for full particulars of my great "Canada" Brand \$16.35 Five Piece Suits of Canada.

Don't need any money. Send my name after which I will send you free, provided you are first to make your inquiry.

Close fitting collar. New style. One of the best.

That's why I make this offer. I know that the clothes wear, too, and pay a dollar price when he buys from a merchant; he loves to pay the dealer's price, the "big" price, and he'll buy from me, because he knows I'll give him the profit on the clothing.

By the way, the customer saves money and I save money. That's why I can afford to make this offer. I know that the clothes wear, too, and pay a dollar price when he buys from a merchant; he loves to pay the dealer's price, the "big" price, and he'll buy from me, because he knows I'll give him the profit on the clothing.

Let Me Tell You How I am Going to Give Away FREE A "Canada" Brand \$16.35 5-Piece Suit

The most wonderful offer ever made by any manufacturer direct to the customer. It is a suit of the best quality, made in the best workmanship, up-to-date style, and at the lowest factory price. You get it for only \$16.35. This is a most extraordinary bargain, and when he makes a suit, making but the "chain" of each business needs and customer. In this way, one of my advertisements usually secures the sale of hundreds more in a year—and every year thereafter.

That's Why I Make This Offer And the offer means just what I said. The business world knows that it is. You get it for only \$16.35. This is a most extraordinary bargain, and when he makes a suit, making but the "chain" of each business needs and customer. In this way, one of my advertisements usually secures the sale of hundreds more in a year—and every year thereafter.

No other concern is permitted to use this wonderful profit-making system of a branch store. I want you to be the one to get the "Canada" Brand advertising suit. Don't wait until someone else gets ahead of you.

Accept This Remarkable Free Offer at Once! Don't Delay!

Remember, this generous offer is made in entire good faith. Write for the Free Offer Booklet at once. Do it today. Do it now. Do it now.

President F. O. LINDQUIST, Canada Mills Co., 117 Wool Street, GREENVILLE, N. C.

The Devil's Bet

BY SALO FRIEDENWALD

A rippling brook winds through a verdant country, past woody hills, past verdant fields and sunny vineyards.

On opposite sides of the brook, stand two stone buildings. Over each building waves a flag, and in front are soldiers, marching up and down. The flags and uniforms differ in color and design. The rifles are loaded.

One day there sat on a neighboring hillock Satan and his son, Beelzebub. And the father pointed to two men in a nearby field talking peacefully to each other and he said: "I can beguile one of those men to go home, get his gun and shoot the other." But Beelzebub replied: "These men are quiet farmers and old friends. They have played together as children, they have lived in loving companionship for many years, they belong to the same church, to the same lodges and fraternities; they love and respect each other; they will never harm each other."

Satan smiled.

He pointed to two other men who stood arm in arm, in a vineyard on the opposite bank of the brook and said: "I shall speak to one of these men and he will kill the other." But his son answered: "This is foolish talk! These men are brothers, dearly devoted to each other and inseparable? They have borne together joy and pain, they are generous, noble and religious, I am willing to bet with you that you cannot sow strife between either those brothers or these friends."

And they made a bet and the wager was fixed in the coin of the Devil's dominion. Ten souls of office holders who betrayed their trust as soon as they had been elected and a hundred tears of heart-broken brothers whose children were wasting their bodies in factories and sweatshops or using their souls in lives of shame.

And Satan whispered into the ear of one of the farmers: "Go home and bring your gun and shoot this man for he covets your land and is in secret your enemy." But the farmer replied indignantly: "You lie! I know this man. I have proved him in good luck and in misfortune and have found him to be honest and true. No shadow shall ever pass between him and me!"

Satan crossed the brook and to the younger brother spoke thus: "If your

brother were dead you would inherit his estate. Push him over the railing of the bridge into the water and say, he fell in by accident."

A noble fire flashed from the eyes of the youth and he exclaimed: "I—kill my brother who, when we were left orphans, became my father and guardian, my teacher and friend! Who nursed me when I was sick and comforted me when I was sad! I love him more than my own life and every hair on his head is sacred to me!"

Then Beelzebub who had been an invisible witness of these scenes exulted greatly and said: "You have lost the bet; pay me the wager." But Satan answered: "Not yet; let me try once more."

And he went, disguised as a political spell-binder, to the two brothers, who were rejoicing because the tempter had been foiled and brotherly love had prevailed and he addressed them as follows: "Fellow citizens, behold those men yonder; they are our natural enemies; their race and tongue, their thoughts and feelings, their history and traditions differ from ours! Worse than that, they hurt our trade and industries, they antagonize all our interests, they defame our nation, they scoff at our hopes and ideals and would fain destroy our beloved fatherland!"

The speech was printed and was shown to the king of the land. He and his ministers of state ordered millions of copies to be distributed throughout the land.

So it was done, and national feeling and enthusiasm rose high and spread to every city and hamlet.

Then Satan went to the country of the two farmers, and translated the same speech into the language of that country. And the two farmers and all the other people were aglow with patriotic zeal. Journalists and orators, preachers and teachers, exhorted the nation to do its duty, to defend hearth and home against the unprovoked insults, the criminal aggression of a perfidious enemy against each other, to the enervating strains of martial music. They met at the brook that divides the two countries. A great battle was fought; cannon thundered, clouds of dust and powder filled the air; shrieks and curses were heard and the groaning of men writhing in their agony—and the fair scene of beauty and peace was changed into a veritable hell.

And it came to pass that the two

brothers were stationed on the bridge, and opposite them the two farmers. And the younger of the brothers shot and his bullet pierced the heart of one of the friends. The other, maddened by the death of his beloved companion, spurred his horse and rushed into the midst of affray to avenge the foul deed but the older brother threw himself in front of the youth and intercepted the thrust. He staggered and fell over the railing of the bridge into the water and was drowned.

Beelzebub turned to his father and said: "You have lost the bet; pay me the wager."

Satan said: "Friendship and brotherly love had been triumphantly vindicated—but friend mourned friend and a brother was brotherless."

Satan smiled.

The Hebrew prophets shared the fate of all leaders who are far ahead of their times. They did not themselves achieve the triumph of their ideas. It was achieved for them by men who did not share their spirit and who insensibly debased their ideals in realizing them. The ethical monotheism of the prophets did not become common property in Judah till the priests and scribes enforced it. That is part of the Divine Comedy of history. The Tories carry out the liberal program. The ideas preached by Socialists and single taxers are adopted by populists, radical democrats and conservative republicans successively and in coming years the great parties will take credit for championing ideas which they did their best to stifle and then to betray. It is a beneficent scheme by which the joy of life is evened up. The "practical men" and conservatives have the pleasure of feeling that they are the only ones who can really make reforms work. The prophetic minds have the satisfaction of knowing that the world must come their way whether it will or not, because they are on the way to justice and justice is on the way to God.—Prof. Rauschenbusch, in "Christianity and the Social Crisis."

Our liberties are in hock to the politicians and we've lost the ticket.

You often find an "ass" running a "horseless" carriage.

Every dog has his day; the kind of day depends on the sort of dog.

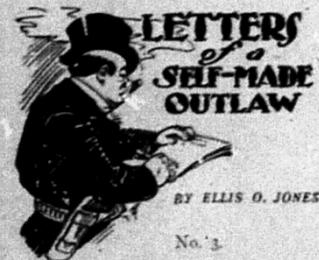


ONE MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE

Come Have A Smile On Us

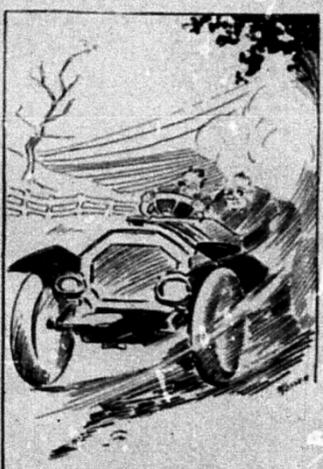


THROW AWAY YOUR CRUTCHES



sheriff who was after me hot and heavy for something or other—taking rebates I think. I'll tell you what I did. I hired the most reckless chauffeur I could find and had him arrested two or three times for fast driving? In the meantime, I kept out of the sheriff's way. Then, when I turned up and he tried to arrest me, I had myself interviewed in a newspaper and set up the claim that I was being persecuted. It worked like a charm and the sheriff was overwhelmingly defeated at the next election.

You ask about the strike in your last



DIVERGENT ATTENTION BY FAST DRIVING.

letter. I am glad to see you taking an interest in these matters. I would have written about it before, if I had thought you would be interested. The only point about it was that some of the workmen thought they were not getting a big enough proportion of the swag and so they quit work.

I didn't mind much for I needed a vacation anyway and so, when they came around and wanted to arbitrate, I simply told them there was nothing to arbitrate. Then they went away and spent several weeks arbitrating with their grocers and butchers and landlords. But now they are all back, working away like good fellows. Of course, I had to have one or two of the ringleaders arrested for the moral effect.

I don't believe in strikes. They are morally wrong. If workmen want more money, they ought to earn it. They shouldn't expect us to give it to them. Some of the workmen are very reasonable however. They see that the cheaper they work, the more dividends we are able to pay which makes the country more prosperous. That's the idea. Every time we lower wages, we add just that much to the prosperity of the country.

Of course, I haven't a word to say against labor unions, when they are properly managed, but when they try to raise wages or shorten the hours of labor, they should be destroyed. In my own case, I did not go so far as to require the "open shop." What I did was to agree to recognize the union on condition that it would be turned into a dancing club and on condition that they would recognize the boss to be

Yours lovingly,
FATHER.

In 1920.

Teacher: "Who discovered America?"
Tommy: "Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am."

Teacher: "Who landed on the Plymouth Rock and a lot of other hard propositions?"
Tommy: "Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am."

Teacher: "Who re-wrote the declaration of independence, was first in war, first in peace—first in the Alton steal?"
Tommy: "Theodore Roosevelt, ma'am."

Teacher: "Correct, Tommy; you may go to the head of the class."—Hope.

Saving Time on Breakfast.

"Mary," said Mr. Newlywed, the evening of their return from the honeymoon. "I've got to get up at 7 o'clock to go to work tomorrow, and we'll have to have breakfast by 7:30. I've arranged for all that, John," replied the bride. "I'll just put the tea-kettle on tonight and boil it, so that in the morning all I'll have to do will be warm up the water."—Hope.

Every little bit added to what you've got, makes just a little bit more for the capitalist who is wise enough to get it away from you.—Hope.

The Woes of a Millionaire

J. W. BABCOCK

"Jeems! What shall I do with my four millions of pin money?" Thus spake Jawndee to his private secretary "Can we not still grease the immense machinery of education from the stills of our refined coffers?"

"Eh?" comprehensively queried Jeems.

"I repeat, cannot we endow a few hundred colleges this morning?"

"Nothing doing; they are oil supplied."

"Fish hookworms all gone?"

"And Andy Curnagger has a cinch on the library business. Think! Jeems, think of some method whereby I can spend my hard-earned savings."

"I would offer a suggestion. There is but one way in which your outgo can be made to exceed your income."

"And what is that?" quoth Jawndee breathlessly.

"Buy your wife all the new styles in hats."

But this was too much for even the hardened nerves of a Rockyfeeder. With a pang of ill-concealed anguish he rushed out to interview Charley Swob, the steal king, on the latest rise in yeast.

Off With the Old.

A local paper recounts the following conversation between a minister and a man whose wife was buried that day:

"My brother," said the preacher, "I know that it is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one, who has been your companion and partner in life, I will console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and sees to embrace you in the arms of unending love."

To this the bereaved husband replied by asking, as he gazed into the minister's face:

"What's her name?"—Tit-Bits.

She Was Wrong.

There was an oppressive silence in the parlor. At last the desperate young lady broke out:

"George," asked she, "why don't you propose?"

"Somehow—somehow, I can't bring myself to do it, Myrtle!" blurted the young man.

"It's only a short sentence, George."

"It's a sentence for life!"—Judge.

Taking the Cure.

Hogan: "That makes ye swally all your dinner in two minutes, Grogan? Are yer atin' on a bet?"

Grogan: "It's for the good av me dyspepsy, Molke. Sure, the docther tould me to rist an hour after atin', and how else am Oi goin' to get the hour to rist in onless Oi ate like the devil?"—London Ideas.

Let Truth Be Heard.

If we have whispered truth
Whisper no longer!
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger.
—John G. Whittier.

Forgot the Judge.

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Wasp.

A Precaution.

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."—Stray Stories.

A Healthy Spot.

Visitor: "It must be very healthy living around here. Do you know the death rate?"

Native: "Well, I can't exactly say, but it's about one apiece all around."—Pittsburg Leader.

A Kaiser.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up and disturbin' the earth."

Giving.

"We can all do more than we have done
And be not a whit the worse,
It never was loving that emptied the heart,
Or giving that emptied the purse."

Cholly: "Why are you a Socialist?"
Bill: "Cause my father was."
Cholly: "Supposing your father was a thief, liar or a murderer, what would you be?"
Bill: "I'd be a democratic or republican, most likely."—Hope.

The Spirit of the Sunset

When the aster wakes in the morning,
In these sweet autumn days
She sees the sumach burning
And the maples in a blaze.
And she rubs her eyes, bewildered,
All in the golden haze.
Then: "No—they still are standing;
They're not on fire at all!"—
She softly says, when slowly
She sees some crimson fall,
And yellow flakes come floating
Down from the oaks so tall,
And when she knows the spirit
Of the sunset must have planned
The myriads bright surprises
That deck the dying land,—
And she wonders if the sumach
And the maples understand.
—Selected.

Self-Reliance.

"The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire why it was done that way instead of another."

If the politicians were half as solicitous for the welfare of the farmer after the election, as they are for his vote before it, he would soon get all that is coming to him, including the parcels post.—Farm Journal.

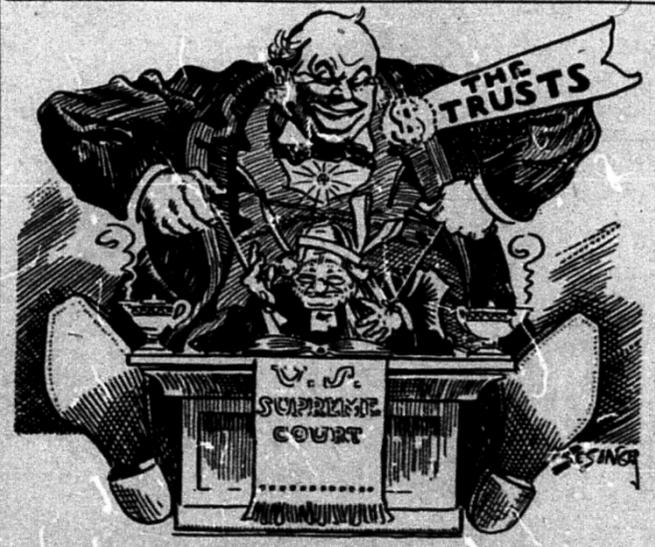
The politician may not be as strong as a horse, but often he has a great deal more pull.

When a king creates an office Providence at once creates a fool to buy it.—Colbert.

"Is freedom of so little worth that every hand is meekly held out to receive the chains?"

Medical Student: "What did you operate on this man for?"
Eminent Surgeon: "Two hundred dollars."

Medical Student: "I mean what did he have?"
Eminent Surgeon: "Two hundred dollars."—The Christian Register.



THE PLAYTHING OF THE TRUSTS.