

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

A Better Way to Spend The Money

THE United States district attorney at Chicago is reported to have a strong hope that he may succeed in landing in jail some members of the beef trust now under indictment for maintaining a combination in restraint of trade.

At the news arises loud acclaim in certain quarters.

Hope is a virtue much bepraised by the philosophical writers. Let the district attorney continue to cherish it.

Nevertheless some questions intrude upon the pleasant prospect.

Suppose this bright golden hope to be realized, suppose the district attorney to succeed in convicting some of these persons, suppose the conviction to stand the test of the circuit court of appeals and that Holy of Holies, the supreme court. Suppose the prosecutor and the accused to live long enough to witness this consummation, suppose all the delays of motions, retrials, arguments and hearings to be successfully passed, suppose that ten years hence somebody named Armour or somebody named Swift actually gets into jail.

What then?

Does anybody suppose that the process of evolution that created the beef trust and all the other trusts is to be turned back because of a jail sentence?

Will beefsteaks be cheaper because Mr. Armour is in jail? Will any phase of the world-wide process of consolidation and unification be in the least affected? Will the beef trust be destroyed? Will any human being be affected except Mr. Armour? Will there be any fewer combinations in restraint of trade?

Then what's the use?

The prosecution of the Armours and Swifts for going along with evolution will be enormously costly. We might just as well throw the money into the lake. Instead of wasting our substance on these footless prosecutions I move to convert the money they cost into a fund for teaching eminent statesmen the rudiments of economics.

We should have something to show for our money if we did that.

Social reform is like a dog chasing its tail. It may afford some harmless amusement to the spectators, but it never gets anywhere. Several states,

many counties and most cities in this union being confronted with disturbing revelations of graft are now strenuously advised by

venerable philosophers of a by-gone school to resort once more to the out-worn pill box and try a dose of social reform. The essence of their remedy is always to change the name of the party in power or to supplant one set of public officers with another without changing the conditions that make dishonesty inevitable. It is extraordinary that an intelligent people can be fooled year after year into any tolerance of this worthless device. Nothing has ever been gained by it anywhere under the sun. Graft goes on exactly the same no matter whether the administration be Republican, Democratic or non-partisan. The people of New York and Illinois in particular ought to know this well enough, but the professional reformers in those states are still busy entertaining the open-mouthed with reform gags older than Noah's Ark.

I hope for a time when a railroad engineer will be president of the United States, a farmer will be secretary of the treasury, a carpenter will be secretary of war, a miner will be secretary of state, a printer will be secretary of the interior, and machinists, plumbers, shoe-makers and iron molders will compose the majority of both houses of congress.

Shocked at such a proposal, good snobbish American, wedded to the idea of government by parasites and idlers?

It is merely a replica of the present government of Australia, admitted on all sides to be the best the country has ever had.

Since the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States are workmen, the majority of the offices should be filled from that class. If you do not believe in that you do not believe in democracy.

Then kindly observe how many of the candidates on the republican and democratic tickets are carpenters, printers, miners, engineers and farmers.

Democracy or frog-bodism, which? There is getting to be nothing between.

Mr Payne of Tariff fame has issued a defense of his tariff bill in which he shows that the duties on necessities were reduced and the duties on luxuries were increased.

Therefore he says, vote the republican ticket.

Mr. Payne's tariff bill has now been in operation fourteen months. In that

time the prices of necessities have steadily tended to increase, the prices of luxuries have remained about the same.

That being the case, good Mr. Payne, why bother with defences?

Let us assure you that nobody in this country cares a hoot about your elaborate arguments that are so easily overthrown by obvious facts. Does the cost of living increase or decrease? If the Republican orators will just keep their powerful minds glued to that question the country will be glad to excuse them from arguments on other points.

The tariff issue is a side-show arranged to divert attention from the irrepressible conflict between economic justice and economic pelf. So far the Payne troupe of tariff acrobats has failed to draw much custom. It is to be doubted if, even the spectacle of old Mr. Payne thus standing on his head and twiddling his toes will add eclat to a very dull performance. What the people want to know is whether wages are going to buy food as well as pay house rent. There are, I believe, some persons that are wildly excited to know whether the duty on rubber is to be 30 or 35 per cent, but few of them are allowed to run at large.

M. R. WILLIS J. ABBOT in the Cosmopolitan Magazine shows conclusively that when the Panama canal is done it will be a \$500,000,000 failure for the reason that it will be controlled absolutely by the railroads.

What would you expect it to be controlled by?

There is, however, one little flaw in Mr. Abbot's excellent reasons. True, the railroads now control the government and can do with it as they please. But how long will it be before the people block all these merry games by seizing the railroads? That will make some difference in Mr. Abbot's calculations. We need not be afraid that the people will not do this. All we have to fear is that the thimble riggers, gamblers and yeggmen of Wall street will fool or trick us into paying good money for water and old junk.

If you read the Wall street news with any care you will have discovered that exactly this is now in the wind. There is plenty of evidence that these

patient, long-suffering American people will not endure any further increase in railroad rates.

If rates cannot be raised new stunts in stock watering will be impossible. If there be no stock watering there will be no huge profits for the insiders. Hence the able insiders are saying openly "Oh well, let the government take the railroads," and are preparing to boost the price. Into the fraudulent railroad rate bill enacted by the late congress they adroitly juggled provisions that legalized all their watered securities. Their idea was to make the government pay for all this truck. In any event the time is not far off when the nation will be obliged to assume the railroads to prevent the physical collapse of an inadequate, badly maintained and poorly equipped transportation service. Whether it will also assume the rotten securities by which the Harrimans, Morgans and Hills made their colossal fortunes remains to be seen, but the insiders evidently intend to bring this about if they can.

GOOD news comes from Berlin, where the czar of Russia has been staying since his visit to Naueim. It appears that the entire Socialist, Liberal and Radical press has been enlivening the occasion with comments upon him so bitter that the German government has been seriously embarrassed. The event is far more significant than appears on the surface. Except for the Socialist press this is the first time that a visiting sovereign has been harshly criticised on German soil. Hitherto some fantastic survival of the reverence for monarchy has silenced hostility even to the red-handed czar. The time has gone by in Germany when the government could muzzle the press; the present outbreak shows that king-worship is as surely passing. Even in England it seems to be dying at last. No doubt the discovery of absolute proof that the hideous massacres and persecutions of the Jews are ordered directly from the imperial Russian palace has much to do with the latest demonstration of a free press in Germany, but whatever the occasion the outburst is a sign of progress and another symptom of that democratic wave that is sweeping around the world.

The proposal is now urged that this nation of ours shall revert to control by the democratic party.

Being disgusted with the goods the customers

are gravely told that all they need to do is to change the label. The grocer delivers a barrel of mackerel. It is spoiled. The indignant householder is told to tear off the word "mackerel," tuck on the word "terrapin" and all will be well.

This to an electorate of adults. Put our troubles have nothing to do with labels, only with the contents of the package that has been handed to us. We have been misgoverned by our governing class—that is all there is to the revolt against Cannon,

ism, Aldrich, Ballinger and the rest. Now this misgoverning class cunningly puts forward the idea that if we change the name under which we are misgoverned we shall effect some highly valuable reform. If the nation can be deluded into this belief the same old class can continue to rule and prey and plunder as before.

But republican Cannonism and democratic Cannonism are only two names for the same thing. The real government of America sits behind one administration as easily as another. The Morgan clique never ruled more easily, potently nor profitably than while Cleveland was president and the democrats had every branch of the government. We are said to be a people of short memories. If we have any idea of returning to democratic rule we must have no memories at all.

PRESENT day conditions demand present day thought. New issues compel new duties. How your father and your grandfather voted need not seriously concern you. The only question that confronts you is whether your own vote is in accordance with your conscience. If you do not really believe in slums, tuberculosis, child labor, increasing poverty, increasing graft, and the domination of your government by a clique of capitalists you ought not to vote for these things. You will vote for them if you vote either the republican or the democratic ticket. Are you obsessed by the fear of "throwing your vote away"? Remember that the only way you can waste your vote is by voting to continue present evils instead of voting to end them.

Part of the Colonel's "new nationalism" plan is to "cinch the corporations." So he says. Well, he's the boy for that. He cinched them in fine shape when he was a candidate for president in 1904, getting about \$400,000 out of them. Few have done it better. But why on earth should he think that the public will cheer enthusiastically over the prospect of having him cinch them again? Every cent he cinched from them we had to pay for many times over. He cinches the corporations and then the corporations cinch us. Judging from the butcher bills, grocery bills and coal bills we have had about all of this kind of vicarious atonement we are called upon to stand.

When it comes to railroad corporations the Colonel's method of cinching has no superior. According to indignant stockholders of the Pennsylvania he cinched that corporation out of \$100,000 while he was president. His pleasant custom then was to order up a special train, travel in it whether he would, enjoy its supplies of food and drink, and never pay a cent for anything. This seems to carry cinching about as far as it can go.

The indignant stockholders now presume to demand the payment of the bill. As the Colonel himself remarked on a famous occasion, "Be silent, miserable creatures," and learn to treat with proper respect the hero of Kettle Hill.

Being asked about the stockholders' plaint Colonel Roosevelt absolutely declines to say a word. At which hope rises benignly upon all afflicted people. He will not talk about his unpaid railroad bills, about "Dear Maria," about his share in the sugar trust scandal, about his campaign fund of 1904. On these subjects his silence is complete and unbroken. If we can only add to the list a few more awkward things about which he will not talk, peace may return to our distracted land and the sound of gabble be interrupted in the leafy precincts of Oyster Bay.

I HAVE been looking over the comments in the German newspapers just arrived about the kaiser's Koenigsberg speech.

It appears from reading them that the only persons now alive that believe in the divine right to rule are the kaiser, Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Abbot and George F. Baer.

But let us not think harshly of these mental relics of pre-historic times. They have their uses.

We have long been interested in the scanty remains that indicate how the Cave Men lived. Surely it is instructive to be able to learn from these examples what the Cave Men thought.

The London Morning Post reviewing the universal unrest among the working classes of Great Britain, concludes that the outlook is most alarming and that already the country has been brought to the brink of a disaster difficult to parallel in industrial history.

Why Labor Is Discontented.

The Post and other learned authorities seek to discover the cause of this threatened revolution. Some ascribe it to the "breadful labor unions," but others point out that the members of unions refuse to observe agreements with employers that the unions have made, arguing that the trouble, therefore, must be a far deeper origin than the mere organization of labor. Many commentators hold that all the disturbance results from the injunction in the Osborne case and that if a reversal of judgment be obtained here as in the Taft-Vale decision labor will once more settle back into its chains and continue patiently to create the wealth that enables

Lord Noddy and Sir William Shoddy to ride to hounds.

To hit upon a symptom and then magnify that into the disease is the favorite employment of the social quack. Others will not need to be told that the mainspring of the unrest in British labor circles is beyond any of these causes. Labor in Great Britain like labor everywhere else in the world except in the United States is becoming wearied to death of the present industrial system under which those that create wealth are cheated of the wealth they create. Simply this and nothing more.

After a time this pivotal fact will get into the heads even of the social quacks. Whether it will get there before it is pounded in, nobody knows. But it has been proved that you can make even Lord Noddy and Sir William Shoddy understand primary class facts if you keep at them long enough.

MEANTIME they continue to ride. Yet those that think the old order to be changing before our eyes by a vast but peaceful revolution, can find much to encourage them in the marvelous advance of labor-saving machinery. The General Electric company at Schenectady has just perfected a machine for cutting screws and each machine will do the work of sixty men. A new metal planer introduced lately in New York cuts three shavings at once and each planer will displace several machinists or machine tenders. Shoes are now cut with machinery, although it was long held to be impossible for any machine to perform the necessary work of selecting the best places in the leather. Iron moulding is now done with machinery instead of with hands. Pig iron is unloaded by the use of great magnets, displacing hand labor. Day by day machinery is coming to do more of man's work. Couple this transformation with the development of the previously undeveloped countries so that each is beginning to supply itself with what it needs and to make still more. What then becomes of the beautiful idea that everything is settled in this world and all we have to do is to walk around and around in a circle enjoying the prospect?

What do the complacent gentlemen of this school of thought purpose to do with all the labor now being displaced under the profit system?

The congestion of population in small cities as well as great goes on apace. In many towns of New York state twenty years ago the boast was common that every working-man's family had its own separate house. Go back there now and you will find two and sometimes three families living under the roof that formerly sheltered but one. The pinch is too severe; the butcher bills and grocery bills tell the story. Even the smallest manufacturing town is beginning to have its slum area. You will not find these facts commented upon by the optimistic press, but they are of infinitely greater importance to every American citizen than all the news you will read in a week.

WHAT a transparent old political humbug it is, the Roosevelt humbug! In California the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, which deludes itself with the belief that it represents something called the Roosevelt policies, backed Hiram Johnson as a candidate for governor against the Southern Pacific railroad. Johnson made his campaign declaring his position to be that of Roosevelt and savagely attacking the railroad. Roosevelt sent to one of the railroad candidates a letter that was construed to mean an endorsement. The railroad agents made wide use of it to show that Roosevelt was with them. When the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaguers recovered from the shock they telegraphed to their idol a frantic appeal that he should counteract the mischief he had done by sending them an endorsement for Johnson. He coldly declined to do anything of the kind.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt leaguers were unable to make anything of this, since they had always believed they were fighting Roosevelt's much heralded battle against the corporations. I understand that further reflection has enabled them to understand the situation quite clearly and the fact that helped them most was the fact that the Southern Pacific controls the politics of ten states and their delegations will be needed for 1912.

To other persons this would seem clear enough at the first glance. But the degree of illusion required to make a man an admirer of Theodore Roosevelt seems to blunt all his faculties until he cannot distinguish the most obvious facts before he breaks his shins upon them.

A NEW imperial castle has just been completed and consecrated at Posen, the Emperor being present on the occasion. Some comment is made on the cost of this structure as an additional burden upon the heavily-taxed German people. All the castles in Germany probably occasion less expense to the German people than the Beef Trust occasions to Americans. Adverse criticism on this side of the ocean, therefore, seems inappropriate. But what I am waiting for is a comparison between the splendors of the Emperor's new abode and the spectacles in the slums of Koenigsburg. There would be something worth while in that.

The History and Philosophy of the Sciences

BY A. M. LEWIS

III. THE SIMPLICITY OF SCIENCE

The man in the street avoids science because he has somehow imbibed the impression that science is a great mystery and can only be understood by its high priests. It is well enough for teachers and professors but of no concern to a man who must live by the labor of brawn and brain.

The methods of science may be necessary to a man who is trying to discover the weight of the earth or its distance from the sun, but what have such uncanny proceedings in common with firing a locomotive, throwing sand into a wagon, or any of the practical concerns of life?

Moliere, in one of his plays, makes the hero bubble over with delight on being told that he had been talking prose all his life. And much in the same way, men and women to whom science sounds as alien as abracadabra, have none-the-less done most of their thinking and acting by induction, and deduction; by observation, experiment and comparison.

The chief difference between the scientific and the ordinary "practical" person in manner of thought and action is that the scientist is much more careful about his facts and much more cautious in drawing conclusions. The difference is chiefly one of caution, patience, and consequently, of precision. The two things compare with each other about as a measurement of a piece of land made by a surveyor with a steel tape and one made by pacing across it.

On can easily imagine that the surveyor might be doubtful of his result because of some undulation in the ground or other reason while the man making the paces might lose his temper on the suggestion that he might be a little out in figures. The surveyor, moreover, having developed the scientific type of mind, would readily and thankfully consider any proposed method of testing his conclusions, while our so-called practical man might be ready to start a quarrel if anyone suggested that his statement should not be accepted as final until submitted to some form of verification.

Minds scientific and minds not so scientific—for the difference is purely one of degree—work in much the same way towards conclusions. It is after the conclusions have been reached that the chief difference appears.

The scientist, proceeding by induction, builds his conclusions on the facts already known. But he stands, or should stand, ready at all times to change or modify his first conclusions whenever new facts prove them mistaken. It is always risky to erect a heavy structure on a weak foundation. In science the original foundation sometimes grows stronger and in other cases collapses completely and everything must be done over from a new base.

The unscientific mind, as we may call it, forgets how its beliefs were first obtained. It kicks down the ladder by which it climbed. When new facts, which disprove his theory, are presented by some one, he promptly condemns the motives of the person discovering or presenting them.

Stupidity of this order has probably been the chief curse of the human race. It has saturated the crust of the globe in human blood, it has stayed the progress of mankind by incalculable years, and it is now the chief barrier, in the domain of thought, to the progress of Socialism.

The scientific habit of consciously analyzing our own mental processes is of immense disciplinary advantage. It raises one's intellectual status from a mole hill to a mountain. Even in the common affairs of our everyday life it would save us a thousand times from making fools of ourselves.

And that we may see just how simply

this may be done we will sit once more at the feet of that great simplifier and teacher—Huxley.

"Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple—you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it and see that it is hard and green. You take up another, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

"Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyze and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples go together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, 'All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour.' That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms—its major premise, its minor premise, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, 'I will not have that apple.' So that, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special conclusion of the particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend; you will say to him, 'It is a very curious thing, but I find that, all hard and green apples are sour.' Your friend says to you, 'But how do you know that?' You at once reply, 'Oh, because I have tried it over and over again, and have always found them to be so.' Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, 'I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where large numbers of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject.' Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps, he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results have been attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under a sort of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result, and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it."

Next week we shall enter upon the historical aspect of our theme.

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Debs at Chicago

BY GEORGE D. BREWER



DEBS SPEAKING AT RIVERVIEW

Although Sunday, September 18th, was cold and cloudy, fully 12,000 earnest militant Socialists gathered at Riverview park, Chicago, to participate in the festivities of the occasion that marked the opening of the Cook county campaign. The multitude was made up of people from every walk of life with the daily toilers in the vast majority. The swings, side shows and other cheap amusements that abounded throughout the grounds found their form of attractions very poorly patronized. The 12,000 persons who congregated at Riverview on that day had other and more serious matters in mind than mere fickle amusements. They realized that a world was hungry and tired and sick. They gathered to hear vital issues discussed and had no time for idle, cheap amusements. This was doubly indicated when Comrade Seymour Steadman introduced the first speaker and the entire crowd, as though by a pre-arranged signal, formed a solid mass around the speakers' stand and listened with rapt attention to the preliminary addresses delivered by the chairman, Comrade Gaylord of Milwaukee and the writer, after which, with wild cheers and waving of hats and flags, the principal speaker of the occasion, Eugene V. Debs, was received. Comrade Debs, advanced, to the front of the platform and as soon as the applause had sufficiently subsided he plunged at once into one of the greatest efforts of his life. Extracts from his speech have been quoted and re-

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with doubled intensity the fight for human emancipation. Debs instilled in them a new hope. He said: "Nothing on this earth can prevent the ultimate triumph of the worker. Every defeat develops your power. Every fight creates more confidence and every mistake brings you nearer to victory."

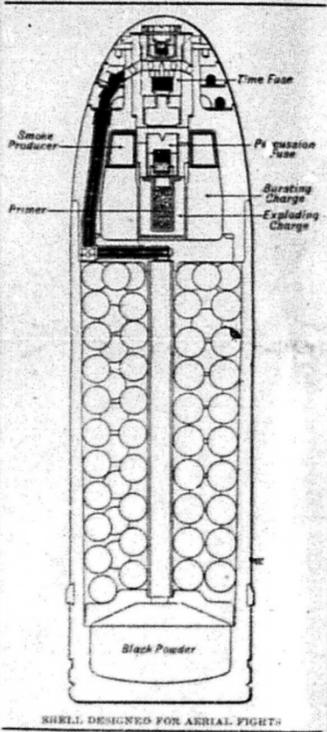
Encouraging Invention

There is something tragically funny about the fact that while one body of men are straining every faculty to devise ways of conquering the air and of building machines that will carry men through the atmosphere, another body,



SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED GUN AND ARMORED AUTOMOBILE FOR DESTROYING AIRSHIPS

backed by even greater resources for building, are exerting every energy to discover means with which to destroy these machines. Capitalism sees in each new invention only a new method of destroying and killing human beings in war. Manufacturers of military supplies are competing in the struggle to be the first with an instrument that will kill the aeronaut and destroy his product. This is why machines are built like the one illustrated; this is an automobile armored against aerial projectiles and equipped with a gun especially devised to be swiftly turned in every direction. For this gun a peculiar shell has been invented. It differs from the ordinary shrapnel in that it



SHELL DESIGNED FOR AERIAL FIGHTS

leaves a trail of smoke behind it, this trail of smoke is to assist in getting the range in a field of vision with no fixed point from which calculations can be made. The shell is exploded by a time fuse and is so arranged as to scatter its contents over a wide field, thus making up for the necessary difficulty in accurately locating the target.

What Do You Think of It?

"What are we to believe in a country where every day the cost of living is growing greater, where the struggle for a livelihood is becoming fiercer and fiercer and the fate of the man who falls from his place more direful; where the face of the people are seamed with economic worry; where everyone, whatever his position, is the slave of haunting fear, where men who toil not have everything and men whose lives are all toil have nothing; where thousands of little children slave from dawn till dark while strong men cringe and supplicate for a chance to work? What, I say, are we to believe, when the party in power sees nothing in such conditions but a cause for self-congratulation and vulgar boasting of its matchless administration?"—Franklin H. Wentworth.

Flies, insects and germs, which have for decades found a prolific breeding place in the foggy, sunless atmosphere of London, are becoming much scarcer, owing to the fumes of burned gasoline from the ever-increasing motor traffic of that city. It is stated that the insect life which has been so bothersome in Parliament Square, has been wholly eradicated by this means.

Chief—"Tell me, sir, why you have utterly failed to get a clew to this crime?"

Detective—"Taint my fault. The reporters are down on me an' they won't tell me nothing!"—Cleveland Leader.

To shock people is often better than to please them; the majority of mankind need the shocking.—Emerson.

In the Beginning

By H. G. Creel

The First Clocks.

In 1309 the first clock known to the world was placed in the tower to San Eustorgio, in Milan.

The greatest astonishment and admiration were manifested by crowds who flocked to see the timepiece. In 1344 a clock was installed in the palace of the nobles at Padua. This was a wonder of mechanism—indeed, for besides indicating the hours it showed the course of the sun, the revolutions of the planets, the various phases of the moon, the months and the fetes of the year.

The period of the evolution from the clock to the watch was seventy-one years and the record of the first watch is 1380. A half century later an alarm clock made its appearance. Not much progress was made with the watch until 1740, when the second hand was added.

Why Sixty Minutes Make an Hour.

The hour is divided into sixty minutes simply because in old Babylon there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, each parasang, or hour, being divided into sixty minutes. The parasang is about equal to a German mile, and the Babylonians compared the progress made by the sun during one hour to the progress made by a good walker during the same time.

III O'clock.

IV means four everywhere but on the dial of a timepiece. It is said that an early clockmaker took a dial to his king for the monarch's approval. The ruler rebuked the artisan for using the Roman numerals IV instead of III and commanded that all clocks in the kingdom be so numbered. The error is retained to this day.

A Fight to the Death.

It is alleged by "Dana Sleeth," staff writer on the San Francisco Daily News that the "big business interests" of the Pacific coast are engaged in a conspiracy to embroil the forces of organized labor in the west in a great war, with a view to their destruction, and that these men, for personal ends, control the National Manufacturer's association. "Last winter," he says, "word went out through every fiber of the great manufacturers' association that a big labor war was coming on the coast." The first attack was made on the metal trades, because they were not strongly organized in the southern part of the state. From the metal workers the fight was extended to the brewery workers in Los Angeles, to the foundrymen in Portland, Ore., and then to the team drivers in the same city, and the mayor was forced by the manufacturer's association to employ enough special policemen at the city's expense to take the place of the striking teamsters. The councils of both cities were forced by the same power to pass ordinances penalizing picketing, and the administrations of most of the coast cities were turned over to the employers. The fight has been long and fiercely fought, and there is not, according to Mr. Sleeth, an employer on the coast who would not be glad to give in and have peace come, if the employers' association would only yield and recognize the existence of the union.

New Army Rifle Attachment.

The latest contribution to the gentle art of murdering your unoffending neighbors under the guise of war is a combination of the Maxim silencer and the regulation sword bayonet. Objection was made to the silencer for military purposes because of its added weight and the fact that the bayonet had to be removed in order to attach it to the gun. The new scheme overcomes this defect. The bayonet is made hollow, allowing the bullet in emerging from the gunbarrel to pass out through it. The inside of the bayonet is surrounded by a series of spiral fins which retard the gas as it leaves the barrel, thus doing away with most of the noise of the explosion.—Philadelphia Record.

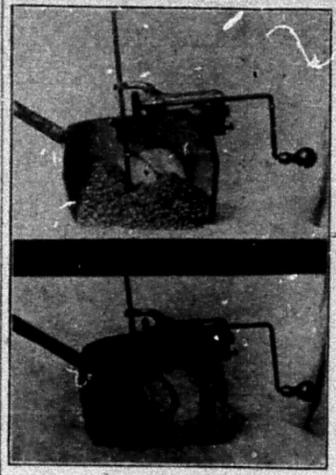
Scientists have recently discovered that loss of soil fertility is due to a specific microbe, or micro-organism, which feeds upon the bacteria which digest the soil-substance so that it may be assimilated by the plant. By treating the soil with antiseptics and sterilizing it by means of electricity or strong colored lights, it has been found that the soil bacteria may be increased 1,000 per cent and productivity doubled, on account of the destruction of the harmful microbe.

It is expected that the U. S. government will save a vast amount yearly in the maintenance of the new wireless stations which it is establishing in Alaska, over the cost of keeping up the old system. The present lines are carried over high mountain ranges where they suffer great damage from wind and snow, but the wireless, which is now being installed, will not be hampered by the weather.

The German officials at Offenbach forbade a meeting called by the Socialists to protest against the brutalities of the czar. The Vorwarts heads the account of the story, "The Russian Knout Over Germany," and promises that the protest will not end with the action of the authorities.

Coffee Roaster.

An ingenious stirring device for roasting coffee in an open kettle, thus allowing the smoke to escape and avoiding the smoky flavor in the finished drink, is the invention of J. L. Pledger,



of Louisiana. He promises an equal interest in the invention and in all other good inventions, as soon as Socialism is ushered in. In the meanwhile the device is protected by patents.

Unlimited Energy Ready for Use.

That a practical method already exists by which solar radiation and the energy of the wind can be utilized, was the conclusion of a paper of Prof. R. A. Fessenden at a recent meeting of a British engineering association. The main difficulty in the way of using the energy of the wind is, of course, its intermittent character. This had been obviated by using the wind to pump water into a high tank and then using the water power by means of the new turbines. The erection of a tank large enough to afford a constant and powerful water supply entails so great an expense as to make the enterprise unprofitable. Some one suggested the building of a tank downward into the earth instead of upward above the earth and this plan is now being used. A pit several feet in diameter and sometimes a thousand feet deep is excavated on the edge of a cliff, preferably near some body of water. The wind mill is then erected on the top of the hill, the water pumped into the excavation and then drawn off through a pipe in the bottom to the turbine. "Tests made by aid of a steel tower at Brant Rock, Mass., four hundred twenty feet high erected in 1905, showed that a wind mill three hundred feet in diameter was capable of delivering on an average during the year, eight hundred horse power on the shaft." The wind could be most advantageously used in connection with a plant which also used solar energy directly and plants are already in operation by which this latter form of energy is utilized. Estimates based on bids actually made for construction showed that power produced in such a plant could be sold at rates commercially profitable.

Breech-loaders Not Modern.

Breech-loading guns are usually supposed to be a nineteenth century invention. There is, however, on exhibition in the shop of a Dublin gunsmith a breech-loading rifle which was offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century. It was rejected on the ground that it took too much ammunition.

That the breech-loader is older still, and that there is little new under the sun, was proved some years ago at Tobermory Bay, Mull, during a search for some relics of the Admiral of Florence, one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada known to have been blown up in 1588 in that far-away water.

With the aid of an old chart, a diver went down into twelve fathoms, and came across a bronze breech-loading cannon, four and a half feet long, eight inches in diameter at the breech, and bearing the date of 1563. The diver also discovered a pistol, heavily incrustated with lime, a sword blade and a kedgeree.—Philadelphia Record.



Pill Counting Machine.

An ingenious labor-saving machine, which takes the place of hundreds of girls whose labor it performs more economically than they can at however small a wage has been perfected and placed on the market. This machine will count pills, tablets or cough drops at the rate of more than a million in a day, and will fill bottles, cartons and packages very rapidly.

Last year Mr. Boutell of the ways and means committee said in a statement printed in a New York paper: "There is no necessity in computing our present expenses to take into account this \$60,000,000 sinking fund. It is necessary to have a large interest bearing debt to take care of the banking interests of the country."

THE COMING NATION

J. A. Warland, Fred D. Warren, PUBLISHERS.

A. M. Simons, Chas. Edward Russell, EDITORS.

Application made for entry as second-class matter at Girard, Kansas.

By mail in the United States, \$1.00 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundle of ten or more, including equal number of copies of Appeal to Reason, 2 1/2 cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The Socialist Scouts

Any bright boy or girl can make plenty of money by selling the *Coming Nation* and *Appeal to Reason*. If this same boy or girl hustles just a little bit, he or she can also lay up a snug sum for Christmas money. Scouts tuck an *Appeal* inside a *NATION* and sell both papers for 5 cents. One *Appeal* and one *NATION* cost Scouts 2 1/2 cents; they make 2 1/2 cents on each sale.

Every Scout who orders papers for each of the four remaining October issues will receive a prize. In November there'll be prizes for all Scouts and special prizes for those who sold papers during October. The work is interesting, profitable and makes new converts to Socialism.

Ten copies each, *COMING NATION* and *Appeals*, will be sent to any youngster who'll agree to remit 2 1/2 cents for what he sells from the first bundle and return heads of unsold copies. It costs nothing to try. An explanatory letter is sent with the first bundle. Address Scout Department *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan.

Scout News.

"It is impossible to tell how proud I am of those Socialist Scouts. I certainly take off my hat to them."—Fremont Thompson, San Juan, N. M.

How's that, Scouts?

"It made my heart sore when I first read the news of forming the Boy Scouts of America. Can any father or mother be proud to have their boy drilled and hardened to murder? But my heart leaped with joy when I read that the old *Appeal* was forming the Socialist Scouts (God bless them) to help educate their brothers and sisters away from the war and bloodshed of capitalism."—Leon A. Hall, Bosca'wen, N. H.

Comrade Helen Massey, Trenton, N. J., has taken up the Socialist Scout movement with a vim. This is an ad. she has placed in the Trenton papers: "Boys wanted to sell *Appeal to Reason* on streets of Trenton. Free copies. Apply 48 Commerce street."

Next week we'll have a picture of a whole family of Scouts. Watch for it.

Scout Clarence Smith, Hopkinton, Iowa, writes: "I think the papers sell fine. I sold the ten of last week inside of an hour after I got them but not without getting some pretty cutting words from republicans and democrats. But I found more people who were with me than against me."

In the Next Number.

In the next issue of the *COMING NATION*, George Allan England, who spent considerable time as a "lumber jack," in the Maine woods, and who has also made a careful investigation of paper mills and their operation, will tell the story of paper from the tree to the press. The whole story is written from the point of view of the man who does the work—something different from most such discussions of manufacturing processes. The article will be richly illustrated.

The next Ellis Island sketch will be the story of "A Marriage by Proxy." There is plenty of fun in it along with a keen touch of tragedy.

Chas. N. L. Shaw, the British correspondent, will have a letter on the remarkable situation now existing in England and there will be some pictures to go with it.

There will be the usual fiction and humor and it is going to get better each issue.

Meanwhile do not forget that October 29th issue with Eugene Wood's "The Cop on the Corner." We can tell you the name of the artist now. It is Horace Taylor of New York city. If you want to see what his work looks like, open almost any of the recent magazines and you will see a sample of it. This story of Wood's will make that issue of the *COMING NATION* one that will be saved for years and handed around until it is worn out. Be sure you get a copy.

Opinions on Coming Nation

I have read the entire paper and it is the best I have found yet; it is a family paper for the housewife and mother, and the children's corner is another grand idea.—Jacob Dietrich, East St. Louis, Ill.

It promises to be what I want.—J. W. Newsom, Walnut, Ill.

It's splendid.—M. C. Newton, West Point, Iowa.

Its purpose and aim, together with its excellent literary style appeals to me.—C. G. Mason, Des Moines, Iowa.

The paper is far beyond what I expected to receive.—B. T. Goss, Salina, Kan.

Very interesting paper, I am well pleased.—B. S. Curd, Morley, Mo.

To say that I am delighted with it would not half express it. The article on farming is great. Wish I could dish it up to every farmer in the United States.—J. F. Drabek, Florence, Neb.

The paper is fine and I am pleased to see another strong weapon for the cause unshunted.—Percy L. Clark, Chicago.

Undermining New York for Socialism

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

HERE were fifteen hundred of them—children fair and dark, large and small, of many races, rapt, eager-eyed, vibrating—white-dressed children, gay with red badges, red caps and red ribbons—a mass of vivid colors, with red flags on the walls around and above them—fifteen hundred children who packed the lower body of the big hall and crowded their mothers and fathers and other grown-ups into the balcony to see and hear from there as best they could their children take part in the long program. And when the sketches, recitations, dancing, singing, tableaux—all intended to express the same dominant idea of revolution and international brotherhood, and all rendered with intense concentration,



ENRICHMENT TO BOND SCHOOL.

sincerity and enthusiasm—when these were all over, and three cheers had been given with a will for the social revolution, these fifteen hundred children marched out in divisions, laughing, chatting, happy and in excellent order, returning in groups to the districts from whence they came, incidentally revealing throughout the whole performance the discipline with which they had been trained.

These children, so serious, so intent, and yet retaining withal the freshness, gaiety and charm of childhood, were pupils of the Socialist Sunday schools of greater New York, and the occasion, so long anticipated and so heartily enjoyed, was the annual May Day festival, held in accord with International Labor Day, celebrated by Socialists and radical labor organizations over all the world.

This scene was emblematic of what is going on, under varying conditions as to participants, program and place, throughout all the year in the metropolis. For training the children for Socialism, important as that has become, is only an infinitesimal part of the Socialist activity in New York. Those who would judge Socialist agitation and its influence by the Socialist vote on election day would be making the common error of judging a movement by its immediate rather than by its actual accomplishments.

For despite the serious character of the movement, and general belief to the contrary, there is an almost total absence of academic abstraction, of absolute absorption in intellectual or intensely emotional exercises only, with a growing tendency to lighten the lump of Socialist seriousness with the leaven of sociability. Socialists have learned that they cannot afford to exclude from consideration or cultivation that mighty element in human nature that craves recreation. So in all the programs at the various Socialist functions there is a generous infusion of social features, and throughout the winter there are balls, concerts and bazaars and similar indoor affairs and in the summer, there are excursions, parties and picnics galore.

This explains, in part, the rapid and remarkable development of Socialist activity among the younger generation. It explains why the Socialist Sunday schools have grown in three years to have fourteen branches with over 1,500 members throughout greater New York and why the membership is increasing so fast that the meeting places in labor union halls and similar institutions have become inadequate for the attendance.

Throughout the school season the lessons—dealing in simple terms with the evolution of man from savagery to modern times and propounding the Socialist viewpoints on economic, ethics and current public events—are liberally interspersed with athletic and social exercises. In the spring there are "May walks" in the public parks, excursions through the woods, and the annual May Day festival, all organized and directed by the teachers, mostly young women—public school teachers, stenographers, clerks and other wage-earners. And the children, at first mostly the off-spring of Socialists, attracted by these features, are now drawn from families of all shades of political belief.

from being merely a social organization, and its members repudiate any idea of its being such, but nevertheless, they are held the more tightly together, and they are the more vigorous in its advancement, by reason of the social intercourse it affords them. That is true also of the Young People's Socialist Federation, organized into "circles" with headquarters in three parts of the city, the Young Socialist League, also with several branches, the Young Socialists of America, the Young Socialist Literary League and numerous other societies composed of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age, shop and factory workers, who have either not been able to attend high school or who, being new arrivals in this country, have had no English education whatever.

But the prevalence of the social features, does not mean that these young Socialists—high school students as well as factory workers—do not take their Socialist work seriously for they do. Lectures and discussions are regularly held and through these the members receive the training for public speaking and debating and for organization work, training which is used conspicuously in Socialist demonstrations and campaigns and later in the political party itself. The high school students publish a monthly paper of their own and they are extending their work to other cities, there being a branch already established in Philadelphia.

Then there are the Webster-Powell Opera company, organized by Alma Webster Powell, formerly a well known comic opera singer, and which gives successfully high class operatic and concert performances in aid of the Socialist party and the Socialist press; the Comrade Chorus, which teaches Socialists to sing revolutionary songs, and the Progressive Dramatic Club, which seeks "to develop dramatic talent in the movement and the production of Socialist plays"—all significant of the greater attention being given to the social element in the general propaganda work.

It would be impossible to estimate what all this has come to mean to thousands of young people in New York, to whom relief from monotonous toil, and opportunity for wholesome recreation come all too seldom. On the other hand, it is impossible to estimate what this will eventually mean for Socialism. Even with the efficient work of the social settlements in this direction in mind, the Socialist movement may be set down without exaggeration as the greatest single social factor, and the only political organization, that serves to offset to any appreciable degree the questionable influence of Tammany Hall. And it differs from the latter organization and its main characteristics in the essential fact that it is self-supporting and self-governing and that its inspiration springs from the common life itself and is neither the gift nor the creature of self-seeking politicians who utilize the social instinct for their own ignoble purposes. For instance, it is a Socialist daily newspaper, the Jewish Forward, owned and controlled by working people, that is able to hold the biggest social affair held exclusively by working people in New York each year in the annual ball in Madison Square Garden. No less than 20,000 people attended the ball given last January, and not a single case of disorderly conduct required the attention of the police.

As a moral agent, therefore, and as a force making for immediate good among the spiritually starved and dangerously situated thousands of



QUEENS COUNTY SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ON AN OUTING.

New York workers, the Socialist movement performs great service, inculcating and developing self-respect, self-dependence and self-reliance in those whom it seeks to gain as converts and proselytes, and whom it also trains for effective and militant good citizenship.

And when we turn to consider the varied character of its intellectual and ethical appeal, we find its influence as potent and determinative. There is no subject of interest to civilized mankind that the Socialist believes lies beyond the scope of his discussion. It is no "only the latest development in politics and economics; it is

the latest word in the sciences, literature, the arts and the drama. Endowed with an intense intellectual curiosity the Socialist seeks confirmation and response to his doctrine in every phase of life, for to him all things work inevitably toward the co-operative commonwealth.

In Europe the college student is singularly susceptible to Socialism. In America the case is entirely different. "It is difficult to interest the officious, well-to-do student who cares little for sociological subjects and less for ideals," is the way a Harvard student, a Socialist, has expressed the situation. Nevertheless, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, organized as recently as 1905, and designed to reach and convert college students, has made such notable advance that it now has "Study Chapters" in most of the leading universities, including Harvard, Chicago, Leland Stanford, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Vassar, Minnesota, Yale, Colorado, Ohio, Michigan, Columbia, Kansas Agricultural, Pittsburgh, Barnard, Marietta and New York city. Of these, Harvard, despite the pessimistic statement just quoted, leads, at latest reports, with fifty-seven members.

The I. S. S. threatens, so its promoters declare, with the usual optimism of the Socialists, to be a powerful adjunct to the Socialist party and as such to present a serious problem to educators and politicians alike. With headquarters in New York, from which its activities radiate, it has a salaried organizer with an assistant and it concerns itself with the distribution of literature, correspondence and lectures and the publication of a classified catalogue of Socialist books and a monthly news bulletin, supplemented by a "general outline of Socialist study."

In the eight years of its existence



the Collectivist Society has "entertained and been entertained at its dinners by such conservative people as Professor Herbert Gardner Lord, David Saville Muzzey, James B. Reynolds, Ralph M. Easley and the late Charles Sprague Smith, besides noted Socialists and radicals, while the subjects discussed ranged all the way from "Socialism and the Church," to "Are Women to Blame for the Increased Cost of Living?"

These dinners, which became the main function of the society six years ago, have served the purpose also of securing names to whom Socialist literature could be sent, until at last reports there was a list of 33,304 names on hand, and no less than 8,114 people had responded to literature sent them or asked for it. It is from this nucleus, by the way, that the Intercollegiate Socialist Society received its initial inspiration.

I have said that there is almost an entire absence of academic abstraction in the Socialist movement but

its science and among the instructors last season were Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia, Morris Hillquit, the Socialist historian in America, W. J. Ghent, Algerion Lee, secretary of the Rand school, Benjamin C. Gruenberg, Ph. D., Dr. Frank Bohm, Robert W. Bruere and George K. Kirkpatrick. There is an extensive library, a free reading room, and correspondence and extension courses are being organized. The school was founded upon an endowment made by the late Mrs. Carrie A. Rand, with a contributory fund added by Mrs. George D. Herron, her daughter, and the remainder of the income is derived from tuition fees, book sales and voluntary contributions. The school is conducted by the American Socialist Society, an incorporated and elective body to which only Socialist party members are eligible.

The Socialist lecture system in New York is next to that of the board of education, and possibly the Y. M. C. A. the most complete and elaborate one now in use. On several Sundays last winter over a dozen lectures were given in the greater city under the auspices of organizations, which, while not bearing in all cases distinctly Socialist names, consisted mainly of party Socialists. The East Side Socialist Forum, the Workingmen's Educational Club, the Boro Park Forum, the People's Forum, the Brooklyn Educational Club—these are some of the groups under which lectures were given.

The formation of these independent forums was resorted to because it was found that the mass of the people were not disposed to attend a lecture advertised under Socialist party auspices, no matter who the lecturer might be, and the attendant success has justified the expedient. While the controlling members are Social-

ists, no restriction is placed upon the membership and all shades of political and economic belief are represented in the lecture calendar. If on one Sunday night you may hear Dr. Robert H. Lowie, of the Museum of Natural History, speak on "Anthropology and Its Practical Bearings," the next Sunday night you may have the chance of listening to the Rev. Madison C. Peters on "The World's Debt to the Jews," or Charlotte Perkins Gilman on "The Social Conscience," or to a straight out Socialist preacher by a leading party exponent.

It is this very catholicity of management that has given these forums an influence far beyond what they would have had as purely party enterprises. It is understood, however, that no opportunity is lost to present the Socialist viewpoint in the discussion following the lecture, regardless of the subject treated, for otherwise the object to the forum would be lost. All the time this object—discussion—is kept to the front and the more discussion the happier the Socialist and the more willingly he pays the small membership fee which goes toward defraying the expenses, for admission to the lectures is free.

The Christian Socialist League, composed of ministers and church workers, seeking to impregnate the churches with Socialist thought and to convince the members that Socialism and religion are not, as so frequently charged, incompatible; the Free Speech League, a mixed group of radicals, with Socialists predominating, organized to oppose what are regarded as restrictions upon or attempts to abolish free speech and free press—as in the case of Ferrer, for instance, and the imprisonment for one year on Blackwell's Island of Carlo de Fornaro for alleged libel on a Mexican editor in a book entitled "Diaz, Czar of Mexico"; the Liberal Club, another group of Socialists and other radicals organized by the late Edmund Kelly, Socialist author and lawyer, to unite all progressive thinkers into one body so that they could act together on questions of mutual interest; the Socialist Dramatic Movement, with Julius Hoff at the head, which has for some years made a specialty of professional productions in Broadway theatres of the works of European social dramatists—these are among the many little centers of Socialist activity that are working toward the same general end without conflict with each other.

Acting as a medium of communication between all these different branches of the same movement and knitting it together if anything does, outside of the party itself, is the English Socialist daily paper, The Call, now in its third year with its existence, often precarious and frequently despaired of, now practically as-



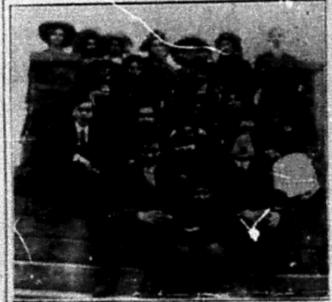
HIGH SCHOOL SOCIALIST LEAGUE

words of increasing circulation and advertising.

The German and Jewish Socialists excel all the others also in one thing, a very practical thing, too, and one which provides a material nexus between the large mass of unattached Socialists and the organized movement. This nexus consists of the sick and death benefit societies, which have become powerful agencies of substantial merit during the past two decades. The German organization (*Arbeiter Kranken und Sterbe Kasse*) has now 256 branches and 45,000 members in the nation with sixty branches in New York and vicinity. The Jewish society, the Women's Circle (*Arbeiter Ring*), has 200 branches and both societies contributed more than any other groups to the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone defense fund, when

western labor leaders were on trial in Idaho in 1907.

The Workingmen's Fire Insurance Association, with ninety branches and 21,000 members in greater New York, and a total of 451 branches and 40,000 members throughout the country. Both these societies have first class records for promptly meeting their obligations and both are extremely liberal in contributing sums of from five dollars to one thousand dollars for Socialist campaign funds, strikes and other working class causes. It is not generally known, by the way, that



CIRCLE OF YOUNG PEOPLE, SOCIALIST FEDERATION OF NEW YORK.

Association, with ninety branches and 21,000 members, the Children's Death Benefit Association, with seventy branches and 14,000 members, the Cremation Society, the free German schools (which are quite distinct from the English Socialist Sunday schools), the Workingmen's Singing Societies, the Workingmen's Turnvereine, the society for the support of aged and invalid Socialists, the People's Free Theatre, having for its object the cultivation among German working people of the best in the modern and classical drama, the four educational associations which own and conduct large club houses in Manhattan, Bronx and Kings and Queens boroughs, a co-operative printing plant, a co-operative publishing house—these are among the practical activities which make the German contingent a solid factor in the New York Socialist movement.

The Jewish Agitation Bureau, while of local origin, combines the Jewish Socialist party branches in the United States, "to propagate the principles of Socialism among the Jewish working masses and to assist them in organizing into labor unions," and there are numerous other Jewish societies and forums having the same object in view. This, indeed, is the object of all the other foreign-speaking Socialist organizations and their work is concentrated among the masses of immigrants who come to this country ignorant of its conditions and customs, and especially the rules and methods of the labor unions. For this work, the Bohemians and Poles have daily and weekly papers, and the Finns, Hungarians and Letts have weeklies. The Bohemians have a club house of their own in Manhattan and the Finns have recently opened a club house in Brooklyn which cost them \$30,000, raised by the sale of \$5 shares to members and sympathizers.

Naturally in these days of the rapidly expanding woman's agitation in all directions, the Socialist women of New York have their special organization, the Socialist Woman's Committee, designed particularly to reach working women. Its work is done through "Study Clubs" and branches, where lectures and lessons in Socialism and on questions of direct interest to women are given by Socialist women.

But it is during strikes that the Woman's Committee shines and justifies itself. In the shirt waist strike last winter, its members acted as strike pickets, organizers, speakers, clerks, relief fund solicitors and sellers of papers on the streets. In the baker's strike the same kind of work was done and a house to house canvass of the striking bakers' wives for the union label was organized.

It is this avidity of the Socialists to seize every opportunity to advance their propaganda among the working people that constitutes the chief reason for the movement's steady progress. They plunge into strikes, assisting in the agitation and direction of the struggles, winning a hearing and the confidence of the strikers, for at such times the minds of the workers are considered most susceptible to the Socialist message. Otherwise, there is no concerted effort to convert trades unions, excepting in such cases as the Sheet Metal Workers Educational Club and the Socialist Printers' Club. But as all Socialist wage-workers are usually members of the unions of their trades they carry on their agitation along individual lines, and they have gained a decided influence in this direction. This was shown when the conference appointed by the unions of greater New York to agitate for the enactment of an employers' liability bill and workmen's compensation act admitted to its deliberations representatives direct from the Socialist party and there exercised a strong, determining influence in the formulation of the conference's petition and presentation to the Wainwright commission having the legislation in charge. This was the first time that this sort of thing occurred in the history of the New York labor movement.

Thus assaulting New York literally from the ground up, such a force, so widespread in its ramifications, so varied and compelling in its appeal and inspired by such a faith, cannot help but be potential in its vast possibilities for human good or evil, and be, in the very nature of things, finally irresistible.

Especially for Women

Gifted Working Girls

BY AGNES THECLA FAIR

Regardless of the fact that a working girl may be gifted with unusual talent as a writer, composer or inventor, what earthly chance has she under the present disorganized, corrupt system to develop same or to protect her ideas if she is of an inventive turn of mind? The American copyright does not copy-right if she is a composer, the patents do not patent if she is an inventor.

The fact is the girls in the textile mills of New England give away to the forelady or mistress or master of the mill ideas of great value to other workers for a smile from the boss. So much so have they been falsely educated that they labor under the delusion that even the brilliant ideas they possess are the property of their masters.

In a recent issue a writer in a labor paper laid great stress upon a New England woman as an inventor and said nothing at all about the girls in those same textile mills being robbed of the patents which were by right of brains and brilliancy theirs. It was fitting according to the "labor" writer that the owner should be regarded as the only woman inventor in New England, when such a tribute should have been paid to some pale, over-worked mill girl.

Suppose, for instance, a working girl is born with a real gift for composition. What chance has she under the present system of greed for gold to develop it? How many can study either at home or abroad? Even if by some good fortune which is rare (as the majority of fairy god-mothers are still in fairy tales) she could gain all the necessary knowledge to be a composer or patent her ideas, does not economic necessity drive the working girl either into marriage or work of some kind that makes steady pursuit of her gifts, whatever they may be, impossible?

America has never heard a sweeter voice than that possessed by a little girl who is at present wrapping chewing gum in a Western factory. No metropolitan tenor has ever fascinated his audience with a clearer, sweeter voice than that possessed by a working boy who was also a good penman and for the last talent a kind hearted judge said "seven years."

The lyrics of our American composers are not up to the standard set by a girl who is at present selling bread in a San Francisco bakery.

The greatest American play like the

American Opera will be written when the factory girls with real gifts have a chance to develop the same. Many whose names loom large on the horizon now as great are doomed to oblivion and the little factory girls and pale-faced children of the slums without any extra titles to their names or parting in the middle will give us compositions and plays from life as they have lived it, will sing their own sweet songs, act in their own sweet way and their names will live on forever.

Russian Chivalry to Women.

The international prison congress has brought to America a distinguished gathering from many lands. Among them comes Etienne Krouleff, head of the prison system in Russia. This gentleman is reported as saying that in his country "women criminals are well treated, the Russian spirit of chivalry insuring them against the knout, and against being sent from the prisons to labor. Everywhere in the Russian empire the women prisoners are kept separated from the men and in most cases are under the care of women attendants."

This is an amazing statement. Does Mr. Krouleff think that Americans have no memories? Women insured against the knout? How about Madame Sigida, who died of it? How about Mrs. Breshkovsky, who was sentenced to it in her early womanhood, and was urged to make a plea that her health was not equal to it, but refused—and was let off from the flogging because in her case it would have aroused too much indignation? How about the Polish girls lately tortured out of the semblance of humanity in prison, to wrest confessions from them? How about Marie Spiridonova?

It is only a few weeks since the news came that Mrs. Breshkovsky was in the prison at Irkutsk, ill with scurvy—a sickness that comes solely from deprivation of wholesome food. If the food is so miserable that it is supplied to a woman of Mrs. Breshkovsky's age and distinction, one who is an object of international solicitude, what is likely to be the treatment of ordinary women prisoners, with no influential friends? Russian chivalry toward women! The words ought to have choked the representative of a government that promoted the officer who gave over a convention of women teachers to the Cossacks, and encouraged the torture and outrage of Jewish women by hundreds in "pogroms." The Russian people may

have chivalry, but the Russian government has as little of that as of any other redeeming quality.—A. S. B. in *The Woman's Journal*.

Vote Victory Near in Oklahoma

The battle royal which has been waged in Oklahoma for the last score of years seems now to be nearly over, and the years of wearying work on the part of the women of the state is nearing its fruition. At the next election in November the question of equal adult suffrage will come before the voters of the state to be decided by them, and all present indications point to the success of the measure.

Ever since the first settlement of the territory about a quarter of a century ago the advocates of "women's rights" have been persistently agitating and trying in every possible way to bring the question before the people for their decision, but all their efforts were unavailing. Their petitions were disregarded by legislature after legislature as well as by the constitutional convention, and the sole result of the work of so many years has been that the women have secured the privilege of voting on school matters and municipal affairs.

In the law which provides for the Initiative and Referendum, the women of the state at last found a method of circumventing the cheap politicians who depended upon the exclusion of women from the exercise of the franchise for their continuance in the public offices, which, not alone in Oklahoma, have proven to be a private graft. Under this law they went to work to secure the necessary percentage of the voters to inaugurate the desired measure. The result of their work was a petition signed by 35,586 qualified voters, which could not be disregarded by the legislature before which it was brought.

After all this work had been done, the measure was nearly defeated by a technicality in the law, and the women found when they went to present the petition that they had no legal political existence and must depend upon a man to secure a receipt for the petition from the secretary of state. This man was found in the person of J. Luther Langston, secretary of the state federation of labor, who presented the petition, and in whose name the receipt is made out.

The State Suffrage Association has filed with the secretary of state an argument in favor of the amendment which the opposition has the right to

answer. So far there has been no organized opposition and the argument remains unanswered. State senator Roddie is the only active opponent of the measure, and his popularity is neither great nor increasing.

"We simply can't lose," say the women "The Socialists and labor unions are for us to a man, while we shall receive at least ninety per cent of the farmer votes, seventy-two per cent of the republican and sixty per cent of the democratic vote. Opposed to us of course, will be the grafters and crooked politicians and the liquor element. But we are certainly going to win."

And victory is just beyond the rise.



8764 A unique and comfortable house apron. The body and sleeves in one idea has been carried out in garments of every sort, hence the busy sewer and home dressmaker will welcome this mode in an apron that is not only simple but practical in that it covers most all of the dress worn underneath, and is easy to make because of few seams. The pattern is suitable for all apron fabrics. It is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A Maltese Cross.

"Nellie," said the teacher, "you may tell me how to make a Maltese cross."

"Step off its tail," answered Nellie, promptly.

"The crimes of today are due to the business and the social spirit of today."—Ex President Hayes.

The Young Rose.
"In another day," said the young Rose Tree, "I shall have climbed above the roof, and I shall see the Dawn."

It thrilled through all its tender limbs at the thought.
Ever since it had been planted in the ground by the cottage door, a delicate, sensitive slip, it had longed for the great day when it should have grown tall enough to see over the tiles, as its mother that climbed around the cottage window did, and bathe in the glory of the rising sun.

Week by week, higher and higher, it had reached out its clinging shoots, every faculty of its being concentrated on attaining the summit that would reveal to it the splendors of the East.

"This rose is growing beautifully," said the daughter of the house, blooming herself like a rose that has seen the Dawn.

And with strips of soft leather passed about its stems and nailed to the wall she helped it on its upward way.
The cottage door was in shadow in the early morning, but the young Rose Tree, looking up at the sky, could see the clouds turn golden with delight, and on its mother's topmost branches the flowers become so radiant in the streaming sunrays that they were quite dazzling to behold.

And tomorrow, it too, would gaze on the Dawn!—would have that glowing prospect spread out before it, the lovely scene which its mother, looking over the cottage roof, had so often described for it—the tranquil river, the road along which the farmers drove their wagons, and people with bundles on their shoulders walked—all making for the happy place where the sun comes up.

"Only one more day," said the young Rose Tree, and the sap gushed through its veins with joy.

Almost at that moment the daughter of the house came out, and looked at the young Rose Tree critically.

"It is growing too high," she said to her father. "I want it to bend round the door."

"That's easily done," said the father, and pulling down the aspiring shoot of the young Rose Tree, he fastened it to the wall, so that it could not climb above the roof, but must creep along below the overhanging tiles.

From that cruel hour the young Rose Tree lost its vitality. It grew but little. Its leaves always had a drooping, melancholy appearance, and the buds that were born to it did not open their petals to the light, but faded on their stalks in infancy.

The daughter of the house paid it great attention, and watered it, and pruned it, and said nice little coaxing things to it. But it was all in vain.

The young Rose Tree had been de-

prived of the one thing in life it had lived for. It would never now be able to look over the roof at the magnificence of the morning.

It did not care to bloom to ornament a cottage door. So it continued to droop and be sickly, until one afternoon, in a fit of impatience, the father dug it up by the root and flung it aside.

Poor young Rose Tree!
It died, as many have died—pining for the Dawn.

East Indian Women Vote.

In the recent debate on woman suffrage in the British parliament it was argued that the Indian subjects of Great Britain would cease to respect her if she allowed women to vote. The women were particularly indignant at the idea that the status of English women should be governed by the prejudices of Hindoos and Mahometans. Now the irrepressible Keir Hardie has called attention to the interesting fact that in British India women already vote. In Bombay they have municipal suffrage, and therefore share in choosing the legislative councils, some of whose members are elected by the municipalities. The municipal register of Bombay for the year ending December, 1909, actually contained the names of 1,813 women entitled to vote. Of these 527 were Hindoos, 453 Parsees and 260 Mahometans, with a sprinkling of Europeans, Eurasians, Romanians, Japanese and Jews. How odd it seems that even Hindoo and Parsee women should have obtained rights that are still denied to the women of America!

Keeping and Cleaning Things.

I find that the very easiest way to clean the back of pots and pans is to dissolve concentrated lye in a little water, then apply all over the black spot. Then wash off. It makes them look like new.
To put a cloth wet with turpentine in seed beans will keep the bugs out, but will spoil them for cooking, as they will taste yellow. The yellow cloth can be made white by putting a little bluing in the boil water.
For cleaning tubs, wash rollers and buckets, there is nothing better than kerosene, as it takes out the gum and dirt off.—Miss Carrie M. Mills, Bowers Mills, Mo.

The next congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance will meet in Stockholm, June 12-17, 1911. Last year the Swedish association extended an invitation to the Alliance to meet in Stockholm, provided no political developments made it seem unwise to do so. That reservation has now been withdrawn and the date proposed by the Swedish Association has been accepted by the International board. The meeting therefore is now an assured fact.

To look at the want and misery depicted upon the faces of millions of the children in this country, one would never suppose that God was the father of us all.

Children's Own Place

Edited by Bertha H. Maily

Camp Change

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

(Continued From Last Week)

"Sometimes," said Rachel, "when I see a bank of clouds at sunset, all colors, crimson, and yellow, and pink and purple I like to imagine that they have been made from the moisture of countless flowers that have bloomed and withered in some sunny land beyond the ocean."

"Perhaps," she said, very softly, "where we sit now, beneath this mighty old tree, hundreds of years ago, some poor, grief-stricken Indian mother laid her little papoose in a shallow grave."

"Perhaps these lovely for-get-me-nots once formed part of the body of a little brown-eyed papoose?" said Violet, quickly, anticipating Rachel.

"Yes, dear," said Rachel, "it is quite possible, and that reminds me of what a dear old Persian poet wrote eight hundred years ago."

And she recited this verse by Omar, "the Tentmaker."

"And this reviving herb whose tender green

Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows

From what once lovely lip it springs unscen!"

"One of our own poets, here in America, has written something containing the same thought about the grass."

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass. It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men.

It may be if I had known them I could have loved them.

"When you grow older, I hope you will all read the poems of these two men who dare to do their own thinking no matter what the rest of the world thought or said about them. Walt Whitman of America and old Omar, the Tentmaker of Persia."

"Do you begin to see now children, what I meant when I said that everything is constantly changing? We sit here very quietly, but all the same, a factory is running, full blast, inside of everyone of us, changing biscuits and bacon and jam and jerky into flesh and bones and muscle, into blue eyes and brown, into black hair and brown and yellow and red."

"Once, only a few years ago, when your fathers and mothers were little children, nobody but Indians lived here. Once there were no civilized people

in the world, at all. They were all savages and their customs and laws and religions were very different from ours so you see that laws, and customs and religions change as well as everything else. Sometimes they change suddenly, but very often so slowly that the change is hardly noticed, like the wearing away of that cliff.

"You know how quickly we cross continents and oceans now and how products are moved from where they grew or were made to where they are used, you have eaten oranges in New York, some of you, that were growing on trees in California only a few days before. Once there were no railroads or steamers and there could not be such swift exchange of products. People do much more traveling now and the different nations are getting better acquainted with each other all the time and finding out that there is not such a great difference between them as was once supposed.

"Laws and customs are changing just the same. Once right in our own country, if a man dared kiss his own wife on Sunday he was put in jail; and if poor unfortunate men owed debts they could not pay, they were sent to prison for months and years.

"Children, do you suppose that in a hundred years from now, the world will be just the same that it is now?"

"No," said Hal Beeler quickly, "Papa says that in a hundred years airships will be as common as automobiles now, and there won't be any telegraph or telephone wires and people will use electricity for everything instead of wood and coal and gas."

"I think your papa is right my dear," said Rachel, "and I believe laws and customs and people themselves will be greatly changed also; I think people will be better and wiser and kinder than they are now."

"Suppose," she said, jumping up quickly, "we build an altar as they did in olden times! We will build ours to the Goddess of Change and make her a burnt offering."

The children were delighted and ran to get stones. They made a neat pile and placed a flat stone on top. On this, their offerings, mixed with bark and chips, were placed. Tommy Burns gave a piece of his Mexican sombrero, torn that day, Violet and Minnie bits of Japanese silk hair ribbon, Hal a splinter of bamboo from his Philippine fishing rod, Mildred a piece from her cotton apron string, made from Carolina cotton, Hamilton a scrap of his own brown coat woven from Australian wool, besides there were fragments of sarvinus in olive oil from France, sugar

and a cigar end from Cuba, figs from Smyrna, tea from China, a date seed that might have come from some place in northern Africa, pepper from Borneo, and last of all, a tiny lock of each one's hair.

Hal was allowed to touch the match to the pile, and the children stood watching with curiously solemn faces while it was offered to ashes.

"Here is where all the continents come together," said Hamilton.

"Violet, you may be the priestess and scatter the ashes," said Rachel. Violet did not smile nor did the other children as she sprinkled part of the ashes in the brook saying:

"Little brook, carry these ashes where they are needed to make fruits and flowers and clothing for others."

Then she sprinkled the remaining ashes under the great fir.

Just then they heard the most hideous sound imaginable. (If you have ever heard a burro bray, I am sure you will agree with me!) Next came the sound of tiny, galloping hoofs. Thistles had chewed his picket rope in two and was running away again! Away went Hamilton and the children after him. He was caught after a long, hard chase.

"Now," said Rachel, "we must be moving on or we shall be late for supper. But what shall we name our camp?"

Without a dissenting voice, they agreed to name it "Camp Change." The name was written on a small board, with the names of all the party in pencil on it, and nailed to a tree.

Then they started for home.

Violet lingered a moment, and Rachel looking back, saw her stoop quickly to kiss a graceful spray of for-get-me-nots and imagined she heard her say: "Good-bye, little papoose!"

Children For The Union

I wonder if the boys and girls who read these columns know what a trade union is. Many of you do, but for those who do not, let us see a little. You ought to know a bit about it because in every paper you look at you see something about "trade unions" and great strikes.

Suppose in a great shop, like a shoe factory or a bakery, the workers are not well treated and although each one may complain in turn to the owner or superintendent of the shop, not much attention is paid to him.

At last the men all join together and say to the owner, "here we are, all the men of your shop. We are asking only what is right for us to have and we intend to stand together and you must deal with us altogether." So in

this way they sometimes get better wages and conditions. Sometimes, in order to get them they all have to leave the shop together and that is called a "strike."

In New York City there has been a great strike of the Baker's union for many weeks and here is a story that shows how even little children can understand the struggles their fathers and mothers go through.

Down in the state of New Jersey, there was a camp where some sick children of the poor people in New York were being nursed back to health by charitable people.

One morning one of the girls noticed that the bread they were eating did not have the union label! (that is, the little paper stamp pasted on the loaf to show that union bakers made it). She and all of the other children refused to eat it because their papas were union men and had fought them to think the unions are good for working people.

The children kept on saying, "we can't eat the bread because it isn't right," until the head nurse appeared and advised the children to eat it.

The children loved her, but still they thought they were right and wouldn't eat the bread. Then she threatened them, saying, "if you don't eat that bread, you can't have anything to eat."

But the children insisted. Then at last she said that any label pasted on the bread wasn't healthful for them, so they gave in and ate the bread. It was pretty hard for the children wasn't it?

Do you think they should have eaten the bread?

Do you think the nurse was right in persuading them? What would you have done if you had been there?

Destiny.

Written especially for the Children's Own Place

Why have little birdies wings instead of hands,

If I ask the grown-ups, no one understands

For they always tell me birds live in the sky

And they've wings and feathers since they want to fly;

But so do I!

And I've often wondered why the little fish

Play below the water swimming as they wish.

Then the grown-ups tell me they were made to be

Happy little swimmers loving the cool sea;

But that's like me!

—Helena Sharpsteen.

and nations made great by war, rapine and murder; all kings and rulers of the earth, great only because of their military organization or their battle ships; all religions, creeds, all doctrines, social secular and religious are tainted with human misery."

Who Will Write?

Dear Children: Don't you think that all of us who are interested in the COMING NATION and especially in The Children's Own Place, ought to become acquainted with one another just as soon as we can?

Children who read other papers and magazines write to one another through the columns of these for amusement, for instruction, or to win prizes, which are all very good reasons. But we who read this paper, have still better reasons for knowing one another.

We've something better to work for than amusement or prizes or even instruction. We've all to work for something in the future, something beautiful and great, something to make men and women, boys and girls, better and happier. Suppose we call this "something" the COMING NATION and say that it means much more even than our paper of that name.

What do you think I mean, boys and girls, by the COMING NATION? Who will write me a letter about what he thinks it is, and try to make the letter good enough so that we shall want to print it in this column? Or if you are not very clear about what the COMING NATION means, suppose that you write about anything that interests you, your favorite book, your pets, your school work, or your home.

Make it not more than 200 words long, write it very carefully and spell correctly. Address Children's Editor, the COMING NATION, Girard, Kansas, and send your letter in at once.

Now put your mind on writing a fine letter this week instead of answering puzzles, and so we'll begin to get acquainted and soon find many reasons why we should be a large circle of friends, stretching all over the country and working for one great thing.

With affectionate greetings to you all.

THE CHILDREN'S EDITOR.

Worth Remembering.

Just a hundred years ago, the 29th of September, 1810, a little girl named Elizabeth Stevenson was born in a small town of England, a bright, wide-awake girl, not very different from many of you girls who read The Coming Nation.

When she grew up she married a man named Gaskell and had a family of six girls and one boy. When the little boy died, she was very sad and trying to find some interest so that she should not think too much about her loss, she wrote stories of life and people about her.

She noticed everything carefully and wrote very well, so finally a book written by Mrs. Gaskell came out in 1848, that set everybody talking.

The book was called "Mary Barton" and told a story about the men and women who worked in the factories of Manchester, England. Later she wrote another book which is better known, called "Cranford," but "Mary Barton" is the book I should like to have our older boys and girls read,

as it is a wonderful picture of the hard lives of poor working people.

Now a strange thing happened two or three years ago in England. This book, "Mary Barton" written by Mrs. Gaskell, and the first to tell the story well of the factory workers in England, was forbidden to be circulated in many of the libraries of England.

I wonder if you have any idea why this should be so. Put on your thinking caps and see if you can answer me?

Shopping in Mid-Ocean.

"S24 B5 L6" indicates an order for a new dress delivered by wireless in mid-Atlantic, so that a perfectly fitting Paris costume awaited one of the women passengers on the "Lusitania" on the arrival of the Cunarder at Fishguard.

Gowns may now be ordered in mid-ocean through the medium of wireless telegraphy as easily as in a court milliner's show room in Bondstreet.

American visitors can select costumes a thousand miles east of Sandy Hook and find them ready to be fitted when they arrive in London.

The Cunard "Bulletin", the daily newspaper published on board, includes colored fashion plates, showing the latest "creations."

Each saloon passenger receives an invitation to view a collection of gowns, tailor-made suits, wraps, opera cloaks, millinery, lingerie, etc. "Any commands given on board" the invitation states, "will be marconigraphed to London." In the special dress saloon, on deck, three dainty mannequins display the latest Paris models.—Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Labor's Reward.

"Missus, want your lawn cut for a quarter?" asked two lads of a woman sitting on the front steps of a pretty village home. The younger of the two boys was pulling a lawn mower after him.

The lady gave the boys the job and when it was finished, handed the elder boy two dimes and a nickel. He promptly passed the nickel to the little fellow.

"That's not fair," said the lady, "Why don't you share equally?"

"Hub, replied the big boy." He wouldn't have had any job if I hadn't let him come with me. S'pose I'm going to furnish the lawn mower for nothing?"

A Correction.

The title and author of the story in the issue of September 24th were omitted from some of the copies of that number by mistake. The title was "The Songbird and the Bear" and it was written by J. Keir Hardie, a well-known English Socialist.

Somewhere the band is playing. Somewhere the children shout. Oh there is joy in Capitalist-front. Mighty Labor is locked out.—Hope.

Big-Tooth and Cave People

ADAPTED FROM
"JACK LONDON BEFORE ADAM"
CHARLES F. LOWRIE

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CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from last week.)

W HILE the more courageous of the youngsters played in and out of the large-mouthed caves, I early learned that such caves were unoccupied. No one slept in them at night. Only the crevice-mouthed caves were used, the narrower the mouth the better. This was from fear of the preying animals that made life a burden to us in those days and nights.

The first morning after my night's sleep with Lop-Ear, I learned the advantage of the narrow mouthed caves. It was just daylight when old Saber-Tooth, the tiger, walked into the open space. Two of the Folk were already up. They dashed into the wide-mouthed cave wherein Lop-Ear and I had played the afternoon before.

What happened inside there was no way of telling, but probably the two Folk slipped through the connecting crevice into the other cave. This crevice was too small to allow the passage of Saber-Tooth, and he came out the way he had gone in, unsatisfied and angry. It was evident that his night's hunting had been unsuccessful and that he had expected to make a meal of us. He caught sight of the two Folk at the other cave mouth and sprang for them. Of course, they darted through the passageway into the first cave. He emerged angrier than ever and snarling. Pandemonium broke loose amongst the rest of us. All up and down the great bluff, we crowded the crevices and outside ledges, and we were all chattering and shrieking in a thousand keys. And we were all making faces—snarling faces; this was an instinct with us. We were as angry as Saber-Tooth, though our anger was allied with fear. I remember that I shrieked and made faces with the best of them. Not only did they set the example, but I felt the urge from within me to do the same things they were doing. My hair was bristling, and I was convulsed with a fierce, unreasoning rage.

For some time old Saber-Tooth continued dashing in and out of first the one cave and then the other. But the two Folk merely slipped back and forth through the connecting crevice and eluded him. In the meantime the rest of us up the bluff had proceeded to action. Every time he appeared outside we pelted him with rocks. At first we merely dropped them on him, but we soon began to whiz them down with the added force of our muscles.

This bombardment drew Saber-Tooth's attention to us and made him angrier than ever. He abandoned his pursuit of the two Folk and sprang up the bluff toward the rest of us, clawing at the crumbling rock and snarling as he clawed his upward way. At this awful sight, the last one of us sought refuge inside our caves. I know this, because I peeped out and saw the whole bluffside deserted, save for Saber-Tooth who had lost his footing and was sliding and falling down.

I called out the cry of encouragement and again the bluff was covered by the screaming horde and the stones were falling faster than ever. Saber-Tooth was frantic with rage. Time and again he assaulted the bluff. Once he even gained the first crevice entrances before he fell back, but was unable to force his way inside. With each upward rush he made, waves of fear surged over us. At first, at such times, most of us dashed inside; but some remained outside to hammer him with stones, and soon all of us remained outside and kept up the fusillade.

Saber-Tooth's pride was terribly hurt, to be outwitted by the small and tender Folk. He stood on the ground and looked at us, snarling, lashing his tail, snapping at the stones that fell near him. Once I whizzed down a stone, just at the moment he looked up. It caught him full on the end of his nose, and he went right up in the air, all four feet of him, roaring and caterwauling, what of the hurt and surprise.

He was beaten and he knew it. Recovering his dignity, he stalked out solemnly from under the rain of stones. He stopped in the middle of the open space and looked wistfully and hungrily back at us. He hated to forego the meal, and we were just so much meat, cornered but inaccessible. This sight of him started us to laughing. We laughed derisively and uproariously, all of us. Now animals do not like mockery. To be laughed at makes them angry. And in such fashion our laughter affected Saber-Tooth. He turned with a roar and charged the bluff again. This was what we wanted. The fight had become a game, and we took huge delight in pelting him.

But this attack did not last long. We quickly recovered his common sense, and besides, our missiles were shrewdly hunk. Vividly do I recollect the vision of one bulging eye of his, swollen almost shut by one of the stones we had thrown. And vividly do I retain the picture of him in my mind as he stood on the edge of the forest whither he had finally retreated. He was look-

ing back at us, his writhing lips lifted clear of the very roots of his huge fangs, his hair bristling and his tail lashing. He gave one last snarl and slid from view among the trees.

And then such a chattering as went up. We swarmed out of our holes, examining the marks his claws had made on the crumbling rock of the bluff, all of us talking at once. One of the two Folk who had been caught in the double cave was part grown, half child and half youth. They had come out proudly from their refuge, and we surrounded them in an admiring crowd. Then the young fellow's mother broke through and fell upon him in a tremendous rage, boxing his ears, pulling his hair and shrieking like a demon. She was a strapping big woman, very hairy, and the thrashing she gave him was a delight to the horde. We roared with laughter, holding on



HE TURNED WITH A ROAR AND CHARGED THE BLUFF TO ONE ANOTHER OR ROLLING ON THE GROUND IN OUR GLEE.

In spite of the reign of fear under which we lived, the Folk were always great laughers. We had the sense of humor. Our merriment was gargantuan. It was never restrained. There was nothing half way about it. And the simplest, crudest things were funny to us. Oh, we were great laughers. I can tell you.

The way we treated Saber-Tooth was the way we treated all animals that invaded the village. We kept our runways and drinking places to ourselves by making life miserable for the animals that trespassed or strayed upon our immediate territory. Even the fiercest hunting animals we so bedeviled that they learned to leave our places alone. We were not fighters like them; we were cunning and cowardly, and it was because of our cunning and cowardice, and our inordinate fear, that we survived in that frightfully hostile environment of the Younger World.

Lop-Ear I figured was a year older than I. What his past history was he had no way of telling me, but as I never saw anything of his mother I believed him to be an orphan. After all, fathers did not count in our horde. Marriage was yet in a rude state, and couples had a way of quarrelling and separating. Modern man, with his divorce, does the same thing by law. But we had no laws. Custom was all we went by, and it was not our custom for couples to live a life time together.

Nevertheless we made a faint beginning of the monogamy that was later to make mighty, such tribes as practiced it. Furthermore, even at the time I was born, there were several faithful couples that lived in the trees in the neighborhood of my mother who practiced monogamy even at that time. Living in the thick of the horde did not conduce to monogamy. It was for this reason, undoubtedly, that the faithful couples went away and lived by themselves. Through many years these couples stayed together, though when the man or woman died or was eaten the survivor always found a new mate.

There was one thing that greatly puzzled me during the first days that I lived in the horde. There was a nameless and incommunicable fear that everyone seemed to feel. The horde feared the northeast. It lived in perpetual dread of that quarter of the compass. And everyone of the horde gazed more frequently and with greater alarm in that direction than in any other.

When Lop-Ear and I went toward the northeast to eat the stringy-rooted carrots that at that season of the year were at their best, he became unusually timid. He was content to eat the leavings, the big tough carrots and the little roopy ones, rather than to venture a short distance farther on to where the carrots were as yet untouched.

When I so ventured, he scolded me and quarrelled with me. He gave me to understand that in that direction was some horrible danger, but just what the horrible danger was his paucity of language would not permit him to say.

Many a good meal I got in this fashion, while he scolded and chattered vainly at me. I could not understand. I kept very alert, but I could see no danger. I calculated always the distance between myself and the nearest tree and to that haven of refuge. I knew I could out-foot the Tawny One, or Old Saber-Tooth, did one or the other suddenly appear.

One late afternoon, in the village a great uproar arose. The whole horde was animated with a single emotion, that of fear. The bluff-side swarmed with the Folk, all gazing and pointing into the northeast. I did not know what it was, but scrambled all the way up to the safety of my own high little cave before I ever turned around to see.

And then, across the river, away to the northeast, I saw for the first time the mystery of smoke. It was the biggest animal I had ever seen. I thought it was a monster snake, up-ended, rearing its head high above the trees and swaying back and forth. And yet, somehow, I seemed to gather from the conduct of the folk that the smoke itself was not the danger. They appeared to fear it as the token of something else. What this something else was I was unable to guess. Nor could they tell me. Yet I was soon to know, and I was to know it as a thing more terrible than the Tawny One, than old Saber-Tooth and the snakes themselves, than which it seemed there could be no thing more terrible.

(To be continued.)

MAGAZINE ITEMS

War With Mexico Impending

That evolution in Mexico is tending inevitably toward war with the United States and perhaps between the United States and some European power over Mexico, is the opinion of E. Alexander Powell, in the October number of the *American Magazine*. He arrives at this startling conclusion by a marshalling of facts whose logic seems almost indisputable. He begins by telling us that "Scarcely twenty men hold in their hands the finances and the future of Mexico," and that "It is impossible for an outsider, particularly an American, to obtain a contract or concession without paying tribute to them or their agents."

This little clique of financiers who make up the government of Mexico has at its head Jose Yves Limantour, the minister of finance. And it was this man, Limantour, the great financial genius of Mexico, who arranged with Harriman the combination of Mexican railways and their purchase by the government. Through their knowledge of what is going on and control of blocks of stock the Cientificos (as this clique is called) and their American associates are said to have made between ten and twenty millions by this transaction.

This sale of the Mexican Railroad was simply a substitution of government guaranteed bonds for stock in bankrupt railroads. This stock had been watered until the price finally paid amounted to \$112,000 a mile for the cheapest sort of single track construction. This sum is nearly double the rate to which the most daring manipulator of railroad stocks have dared to swell the capitalization of American railroads. While the government remains under the control of Diaz and this little group of financiers, the interest on these bonds will be paid in cash and torture can wring the funds from the Mexican people.

When Diaz dies the trouble will come—and when the trouble comes the government will refuse to pay—and when the government refuses to pay the bondholders will go to foreclosure—and if foreclosure is resisted an American army, at the instigation of the great capitalists of finance, will promptly cross the Rio Grande for the protection of American financial interests, which, in this case, means the amount of close on four hundred million dollars. And that is precisely what Harriman foresaw and what the bondholders are waiting and praying for under the assumed stability of an American government or protectorate. Mexican railway securities would raise like Orville Wright's flying machine.

This same gang of governing pirates has by means of a law "which permits any person to go out and claim any lands to which the possessor could not prove a perfect title," been able to gain possession of great stretches of territory. Eight of them have one province "larger than the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania put together," two others own more than the "area of all our New England states." This has been simply taken by force of arms from those who had long possessed and tilled and made it fertile.

It is the bondholders, when all is said and done, who really order the future of a nation, and the bondholders in this particular case are to be found for the most part in Wall Street and Capitol Court. Just at present the Mexican securities stand reasonably high, but they are fluttering and every day that adds to the age of Diaz makes them flatter more. Should an insurrection or civil war follow the death of Diaz, with a consequent undermining of the public credit and the ensuing cessation of industry, there would be a slump in Mexican securities.

holders—chief among them the Standard Oil and Morgan-Guggenheim interests—are determined to avoid. It requires no unusual amount of perspicacity to see that if Mexico could be assured of some sane and stable government after Diaz's death there would be no slump in Mexican securities. What, then, if the bondholders and concession owners could be assured of a government as stable as that of the United States, and, above all else, a government friendly to American interests? Why, in such an event, Mexican securities to every name and nature would go higher than an aeroplane. And that is precisely what those bondholders and concessionaires intend shall happen. They intend that the government of Mexico shall be as stable as that of the United States, but that it shall be the government of the United States—and therein you have the long and the short of it.

President Diaz will pass away in the fullness of his years; Corral will claim the presidency; the anti-revolutionists or the Revistas or some other faction will try to oust him; uprisings will start in the discontented north; the unsubdued Yaquis and Mayas will take advantage of the general confusion to pay their Mexican debts to the owners of the debts they owe; the anti-American feeling which exists from one end of the republic to the other will manifest itself by the burning of American houses, the destruction of American property, perhaps by the shooting of American citizens. And in all this the secret agents of the foreign financial interests will take good heed to what the Mexicans do on their own undoing. An American "Army of Pacification" will enter the country to protect American interests and to forestall attempts at revolution.

Dying for Freedom.

George Kennan in the *October Century*, gives a table taken from official documents that is probably more filled with human suffering than any body of figures of equal size that could be compiled at the present time. It tells the story of the crushing out of the aspirations of a nation. It is the table of the results of the political prosecutions of last year in Russia, and this is the way it reads:

Number of political offenders tried	9,248
Number found guilty	6,577
Sentences:	
To death	1,439
To penal servitude	1,792
To imprisonment	1,792
To fortresses	660
To Siberia for life	507
To terms of imprisonment	751
To convict battalions	24
Total	6,977

A Milwaukee Boomerang

What was intended to be a crushing blow to the Socialists of Milwaukee has turned into a boomerang that may easily deal the deciding stroke that will give victory to the Socialists in the congressional elections this fall. When Dr. W. C. Rucker was obtained for the health department and took up a line of work such as had not been attempted in any American city heretofore he at once gained the hatred of those who live by profits. It was determined to discredit him and through him the Socialist movement in Milwaukee. For this purpose a poor half witted girl who had been in the insane asylum several times was chosen as the instrument and was induced to prefer a criminal charge against Dr. Rucker. Not wishing to embarrass the administration in any way, Dr. Rucker at once tendered his resignation. This resignation, however, was held by Mayor Seidel pending developments. Developments came fast and furious. It became evident that the entire charge was a carefully worked up plot. It was shown that the story had been prepared for the newspapers several days before the warrant was sworn out. As the investigation proceeded the district attorney became panic stricken at the prospect of finding himself the victim of a prosecution rather than the man at whom he was aiming. The case was promptly nolle prossed and those who were so anxious to prosecute are now trying in every way to have the case dropped.

The United States war department, from which Dr. Rucker is only absent on a furlough, became aroused at seeing a man who had become one of the most prominent figures in the medical staff of the war department, being subjected to such a cheap conspiracy. For a time it was feared that his furlough would be revoked. Mayor Seidel, however, made a trip to Washington and succeeded in preventing any such action. Meanwhile, the resignation was sent to the council with a recommendation that it be refused. This was done and the refusal was accompanied by a stinging resolution denouncing the conspiracy and expressing full faith in the integrity of Dr. Rucker. Feeling is running very high against the old party politicians and the result of this feeling will show on election day.

Hal, Slave and Half Free.

When the country was drifting toward an historic crisis more than half a century ago, Abraham Lincoln uttered the electric words: "This nation cannot permanently endure half slave and half free."

Now we are approaching another historic crisis, and it is well for us to realize that this nation cannot permanently endure half money and half men.

The interest of money must be made paramount and the interests of men secondary, or the interest of men must be made paramount and the interest of money secondary. That is the issue of our day. It will never be settled until it is settled right. Insurgency, whether in one party or the other, is the spray of the wave.—Knoxville World.

A sack of flour will convert a needy sinner to christianity quicker than an Oxford Bible.

The Intruder

BY RALPH KORNGOLD

"Jim's madder'n hell," said Fred, and he clucked.

And Jim was. He had just gone out slamming the door behind him.

Madge gave no answer to Fred's remark but continued washing the dishes. She felt ashamed and a little worried.

Madge was pretty, which is rather unusual for a workingwoman of twenty-eight who has given birth to two children, the oldest of whom is nearly seven.

The years had been kind to her. They had barely touched her cheeks. They had dimmed, but imperceptibly the roguish sparkle in her eye, while the grey hairs that appeared in her rich brown hair were still so few that Madge could easily pull them out. Only her hands had suffered by the hard work of keeping the house in order and attending to the wants of her husband and two children. For this she felt very sorry, but a long time ago she had given up the hopeless task of trying to keep these hands smooth and white and clean.

Had Madge been a daughter of the wealthy, she no doubt would have been a society queen, but Madge was a miner's wife. Yet she could not help being proud of her beauty and could not resist the temptation of trying to charm within her humble little circle.

There was no great harm to her coquetry. She would test the defenses of a man, assure herself that she could take possession if she wanted, and then at once retreat, presenting such a solid and dignified front, that the victim if he tried to follow could not but suppose he had made a mistake and retreated with some embarrassment.

But now for once it had turned out differently.

A few weeks ago her husband, Jim, had brought home with him a young miner, Fred. He had met Fred in the saloon where Jim stopped occasionally going home from work to get a glass of beer. Fred was twenty-two or twenty-three, spilling over with health and strength and good nature. In spite of his youth he had been half round the world and from all his adventures he had escaped unharmed, except for a scar here and there which he cherished as a souvenir. He had come into town that morning, had secured a job in the mine and was now looking for a boarding house. He and Jim drank a few glasses together, he told a few of his experiences on the road, and Jim had thought him such a jolly fellow that he had invited him to come and board with him if he didn't mind being a bit crowded. Fred didn't mind; he had slept in forecastes, in box-cars and on the bare ground—any kind of a bed would do for him. And so Fred had become Jim's boarder.

Madge had tried Fred's dinner. There weren't any! His heart had stood wide open. Not only that, but he had boldly come out to meet her, and when she had retreated, rather in a panic, he had followed, cornered her own defenses, which she now felt crumbling, while he with confident bravado was forcing himself into the intimacy of her being. So bold had been his conduct and so evident her confusion that Jim who was not otherwise of a jealous disposition could not help noticing it.

This particular Sunday afternoon Jim had left the house right after dinner in half suppressed anger, swearing to himself that tomorrow at the mine he would tell Fred to look for another boarding place.

In the meantime, however, Jim was much out of temper, and knowing no other place to go went to the saloon. It was a very dingy place and looked rather deserted that Sunday. Four men were playing cards at a table, one was lolled sleepily in a chair and another was slumped at the bar.

Jim joined the man at the bar and had two glasses of whisky, one by himself and one with the other man. After that he watched the card game and when that broke up there were more drinks all around. Jim ought to have known better than to order whisky for he knew that it made him quarrelsome. But he did, having something to wash down, and soon got into a quarrel and was told by the bartender to get out, which he was compelled to do after some shoving and pushing. So he started home again, feeling that he had a grudge against all the world.

When Jim opened the door of his miners' cottage, and saw Fred and Madge sitting in warm lamp light opposite each other at the table, Fred holding the boy, John, upon his knee, while Madge was darning underwear, and the little girl, eighteen months old, crooned and laughed playing with some empty spoons on the floor, he felt more than ever that he was unjustly treated. Fred was usurping his place in the family circle! He was tired of Fred; he wanted to get rid of him; he wouldn't have liked anything better than a quarrel, so he could tell him to leave the house at once.

The opportunity soon presented itself. He sidged through the room and looked for his pipe. Not being able to find it he said gruffly to Madge: "Where's my pipe?"

Madge knew that he had been drinking and in order not to arouse him answered meekly: "I don't know Jim, you find it this morning."

"I put it on the shelf this morning, where to hell did it go to?"

Madge said nothing but rose up to look for it, but was unable to find it;

Jim in the meantime kept swearing under his breath.

At last Fred broke in— "You don't need to be cussing every body because you lost your darn old pipe."

This was the chance Jim had been looking for. He assumed a belligerent attitude.

"Did I talk to you?" he demanded.

"Well, I hope not," said Fred, "not the way you've been talking."

"Then keep your mouth shut!" shouted Jim, "and don't tell me in my own house what I ought to do an what I oughtn't!"

"You needn't be getting so cranky about it," said Fred calmly, while the boy looked anxiously from one to the other and the eyes of Madge showed fright.

"Say, bud, said Jim, advancing, "if you don't like my way of doing things there's the door—see!"

A faint flush lit up Fred's cheeks. "You're drunk," he said, "there's no use talking to you."

"Not so drunk but what I can kick you through that door if you don't get out right now and mighty quick," fumed Jim. "I am goldarned tired of you."

Fred put the boy down gently and rose up. He was not afraid, knowing himself far stronger than Jim, whose body was sapped and corroded by many years of hard work in the mine.

"Well," said Fred calmly, "if it weren't for your wife over here I would wring your neck."

"You would wring my neck, would you?" Jim made a lurch, grasping at Fred with both his hands, Fred caught him up and they clinched.

The battle did not last long. With a strong exertion of his young elastic muscles Fred shook off his antagonist landing him head over heels behind the stove in the midst of various articles which scattered with a sound of rattling iron. This done he took his hat from a nail close to the door, put it on and said to Madge:

"Well, you can pack my things, I'll call for 'em tomorrow."

Jim scrambled to his feet; he was deathly pale.

"Her," he said, pointing his finger at Madge, "take her along with you, you can have her. I guess that's what she wants anyhow."

There was a silence. Madge stood pale and trembling, looking with eyes of horror at the countenance of Jim. One child she held at her breast, the other clung to her skirts.

Fred looked at her a moment as if he wanted to speak, then he opened the door and went out.

Madge slowly cast down her eyes; the tension left her, sinking into a chair by the table, she began to weep. The two children cried in sympathy and tried to console her, while Jim, his lips pressed tightly together looked on and scowled.

The days that followed were not pleasant days for Madge. Husband and wife avoided as much as possible speaking with or looking at each other.

The boy, John, felt the depressing atmosphere. It made him sad and thoughtful. He did not quite understand what had happened, except that "uncle" Fred had been naughty and "pop" had sent Uncle Fred away. He liked Fred, who used to entertain him with stories.

"Mom," he said one day, "do you think that if I ask 'pop' he will let Uncle Fred come back?"

She had to tell him not to talk to "pop" about it, because "pop" would be very angry.

Fred had not yet called for his working clothes; apparently he had not been back to work since he had left the house.

One afternoon when Jim was at work he came. He knocked on the back door and Madge opened. He was quick to notice the pallor that overspread her face when she saw him. She did not want the children to know he was there and so quickly closed the door connecting the front room and the kitchen.

"I've come for my clothes," said Fred, looking at her with his gray, daring, almost brutal eyes.

Under his gaze her pallor was kindled into a crimson blush.

"I—I've got them—got them here," she stammered in confusion.

Turning back into the room she took a bundle from under the kitchen table and handed it to him. As she did so he caught her hand in the firm grasp of his fingers.

"Don't! don't!" she stammered, trying to release it.

"Madge," he said, continuing to hold her hand mercilessly, while she writhed, "you love me, you know you do. He's told you to go along with me—come along! We'll get away from here."

"No, no," she begged, "I can't! I can't! There are the children."

"Take 'em along, I can provide for all of you as good as he can and better."

"No, they'll want their father—" then almost fiercely, "I can't! I can't! I tell you!"

She was fighting him and fighting her own desire. The rother was strong in her and came to the aid of the wife. He released her.

Madge," he said, "I'll stay here another week. At the end of that time I'll ask you again—think it over."

He left and she sank into a chair, daring not to cry, trembling in every limb, and with a choking feeling in her chest that became an acute pain.

At last with a groan she rose up and started to prepare the supper.

(To be Continued)

Sketches from Ellis Island

BY MAUD MOSHER
For Several 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.

THE CHILD OF THE DARK

FROM away down in the Brazilian forest they had come to Ellis Island. There they were held for special inquiry, deported and sent back to Brazil, because they had come from Brazil, and the law says that when an alien is rejected that he must be returned to the country from which he came and on the same steamship line.

The little sixteen-year-old daughter was like a slender, drooping lily, like a dainty flower that had grown in the dark. That was her story, she had lived and grown in the dark. Listen and I will tell it to you.

In the years that are past and gone many Hungarian peasants left their own country every year and went to Brazil. In Hungary they were very poor and it was hard to get the barest living, so when the steamship agent told them of the glories of Brazil, and how rich the people were, and how much work there was, and how

been so well hidden in the tall trees and undergrowth.

All her life she had been shut up in this little hut in the Brazilian forest. All her life she had lived alone, except when at night her parents came from their work. She knew nothing different. She did not know that other children played out in the sunshine. She did not know that there was any sunshine. She had never seen it. She knew the starlight and the wonderful southern moonlight. She knew the songs of the tropical birds at night, but daylight, brightness, color, the blue of sky, the wonder of the sunrise and the glory of the sunset she had never seen.

She was like a flower that had bloomed in the dark, pale, slender, undeveloped. A child, a baby in mind. There had been nothing to cause the mind to grow. She had lived alone all her sixteen years, she had never heard the sound of a human voice except that of her father and mother as they came home from their hard labor at the close of day.

Always since their escape and since they had lived nearer the seacoast they had dreamed of the time when they could get money enough to go to America, the United States. Occasionally they heard of the country where there is no slavery, the land where everyone is free, where no one needs to be afraid.

At last they had money enough, so taking the child with them at night, secretly, still in the fear that they might yet be caught and sent back to the old slave plantation, they left the little hut and went on to the port. They walked many weary miles always by night.

The father bought the tickets for New York and at last they were away from the awful land of heartbreak. At last they were on the ocean going to the country where no harm could await them, where injustice and oppression are unknown. Everyone on the steamer was so happy. America, the land of prosperity and comfort, the land whose arms are open to the whole world—whose heart is big enough to take in the poor, the starving, the desolate and crushed people of all the earth and warm and feed and pity and comfort them. They were all going to America the land of their dreams.

They passed the Statue of Liberty and a great cheer went up for those who knew what the statue signified had told the others—Liberty enlightening the world! The Staten and Long Island shores were beautiful, so fresh and green, on that warm summer morning as they came up the bay. The waters were almost as blue as those of the southern seas they had left. The wonderful panorama of New York unfolded before their eyes as they slowly steamed into the dock. They thought their journey had ended now but officers in blue made them go on to little boats and they were taken to a great building where they were examined by the doctors and asked many, many questions by other men in blue.

The Hungarians were glad when a man who looked like a Hungarian himself spoke to them. It was good to hear the old mother tongue again, spoken by a friendly voice but what was that he was saying? To come with him: They were only too glad to obey if that meant that they were now ready to go on to the end of their journey.

But it did not seem to mean that. They were taken to a little room where three men sat behind a long table. It almost seemed that they were being tried for some crime. Perhaps it was known that they had run away from the old slave plantation. They were so frightened they could scarcely speak.

The Hungarian reassured them kindly and asked them many questions for the men behind the long table. They told of the years they had kept the child hidden in the little hut. They told of the haunting fear of discovery. They told the whole little story of their lives and they were "deferred." They did not know what that meant but evidently it was that they must stay longer in his strange place. They had not dreamed that America was like this, they thought it was a land of freedom.

Almost every day the doctors came and talked to the little daughter. She had never seen people before they had gone on the steamer and so was very shy and besides she did not know how to talk very well, she would learn after she had lived like other people a while.

But the doctors thought differently. They had adjudged her an idiot and so they were deported, back to Brazil, back to the land of crime and slavery!

Broken-hearted and despairing they went back, taking the pale little flower, the child of the dark with them.



DEPORTED AND READY TO BE SENT BACK.

few people were there to do it, and of the good wages paid for the labor many peasants spent the little money they had to buy the steamship tickets for the wonderful new land where no one was ever cold and hungry.

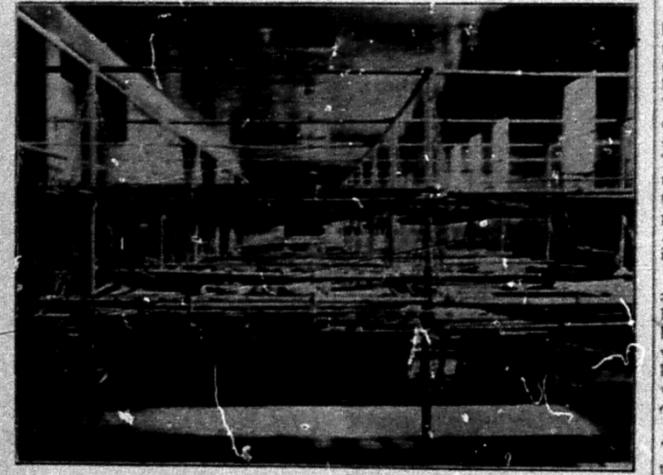
Others did not have the money for the tickets and so often it was advanced to them and they were promised that employment would be obtained after they had arrived at the new El Dorado and that they could work and repay the money.

The poor, ignorant Hungarian peasants proved to be easy victims. They were taken to coffee plantations in debt to the owners who had paid the steamer for the cost of transportation. There they were given shelter, food and clothing. There they worked for the Brazilian grandees; there they were held as slaves. There they found the coffee plantations were surrounded with guards. Not only were the guns constantly watching to see that no one escaped but they were armed with guns and attended by savage dogs.

There was almost no escape. Some times a peasant desperate with the

Absolutely hopeless unless they could escape. That was their only idea, if they could only escape. As they grew to know the other peasant slaves they learned that some had attempted it only to be brought back to torture too unspeakable to relate. The years went on and finally they resolved to make the attempt, if they were not successful at least they would have tried. They did try and after the most terrible hardships, hiding by day and fleeing by night they were far enough away from the plantation to dare to stop and rest. They were now much nearer the seacoast where the system of peonage was not in practice. They obtained work and wages were paid them.

Always they were haunted by the fear that some time or other the master of the plantation would find them, because they knew that a careful lookout was kept for all these runaway slaves, and that sometimes if a peasant had escaped for years he was brought back again to the old master, to the old plantation.



SLEEPING QUARTERS FOR IMMIGRANTS ON ELLIS ISLAND.

terrible conditions of slavery did try to run away only to be brought back to a punishment worse than death. There was nothing but degradation and the endless work of the coffee plantation.

It was on account of this terrible condition of affairs that the Hungarian government, about four years ago, forbid their people to emigrate to Brazil. Now every possible precaution is taken that Hungarians do not go to that dread country. They are not given passports if they state that they are going to Brazil or to the countries adjacent to Brazil. No steamship tickets are allowed to be sold to the Brazilian ports, no agents are allowed to solicit emigration for that country and in this way the evil has been in great measure remedied.

About twenty years ago this Hungarian peasant and his wife were taken to Brazil under promise that they would be found employment there and that after they had ar-

ried in the new country they could work and pay back the money that their passage had cost. Happy to go to the beautiful country of which they were told they gladly embarked upon the long voyage not knowing that they were going to a condition of slavery and misery.

Reaching the port they were taken with many others away into the interior of Brazil and there placed upon a coffee plantation as so many other of their countrymen had been before them. It was a cruel and bitter awakening from all their dreams.

Day after day went by and still they worked on the plantation, week after week, month after month until the time had lengthened into years and still they worked on under the whips of the overseer. Night after night they crept to their poor little hut, tired and discouraged, faint with the unaccustomed labor under the tropical sun, crushed and stunned with the awful realization of their hopeless condition.

So they lived apart from the other workers and the little daughter who had been born to them on the long flight was kept hidden. No one knew that they had this little girl; they did not tell the new master. Always this terrible fear that they might be discovered. If no one knew of the little girl even if they themselves were discovered and taken back to slavery perhaps they could save the child.

They were allowed to live in an old abandoned hut, away from the rest of the laborers' houses. They did not mingle with the other workers on the plantation but did their own work saved every bit of money possible and hid the child. In the morning when they went away the little hut was closed and the door was shut and fastened. It was in a lonely location so that rarely anyone passed that way. No one would have thought in that country of exploring an old tumble down hut where poor plantation laborers lived even though it had not

been so well hidden in the tall trees and undergrowth.

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Postum Philanthropy.

A new "labor" organization, under the special patronage of the capitalist class, has been started by C. W. Post, in Battle Creek, Mich., and recently held its first annual meeting in that city. The Trades and Workers' association, as it is called, never strikes, never boycotts, never protests against long hours, short wages and unsanitary conditions, but takes what is offered, and is very humbly grateful for the crumbs which the owners of the earth, in their goodness let fall for the sustenance. As a reward for their time-serving patience and humility, Mr. Post has given back to them a \$400,000 home they created for him, which is theirs for the use of their widows and orphans, after they have worked themselves to death in his service.

Alfalfa Mills

BY CLYDE J. WRIGHT

Did you ever stop and think how many people are living on the farms?—Well, there are TWELVE MILLIONS of them—nearly ONE SEVENTH OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES ARE FARMERS. If we should, somehow, be forced to return to primitive conditions, the farmer is the only class of producer on earth that would not disappear.

This argument is written for you, my city brothers, who are claiming credit for an economic movement intended to better the conditions of the whole people in general and the producing class in particular. You claim to be up-to-date, you even stand before the producing class and can trace down a path from the forest and the mine, through the factory, to the point where the housewife lights the gas in the kitchen range; you can trace out social developments from the time when the savage produced fire upon a piece of bark by the friction of two pieces of flint; you can tell how the labor of a million people is embodied in a single toothpick and can score a good point at the close of your argument by showing how the few have become the social and economic masters of the masses as a result of this course of evolution.

While you are figuring out for your listeners just how a half million wage workers have been reduced to the ranks of the unemployed, how 80 per cent of the working class have become tenants, how nearly all of the working class have been forced into wage slavery, can you, at the same time, tell just how the process of industrial evolution has also reduced 40 per cent of the twelve million farmers to tenantry, and cut the incomes of two-thirds of the farmers down to a lower level than the average mill and factory worker?

The farmer works—long tiresome hours—he produces absolute necessities, the capitalists get rich by the sweat of the farmer's face, the farmers get no larger percentage of the value of their products than does the wage worker; then, tell me, since the farmer is robbed by the same class who robs you, how are you to free yourself without understanding his problems any more than he is to free himself without understanding your problems?

I would rather work for a capitalist for \$200 per day, of nine hours length, making shoes and get \$900 during the course of a year than to work on a farm sixteen hours a day during nine months of the year and seven hours during the rest of the year and have nothing left after paying the landlord, the machine agent, the banker and the tax collector.

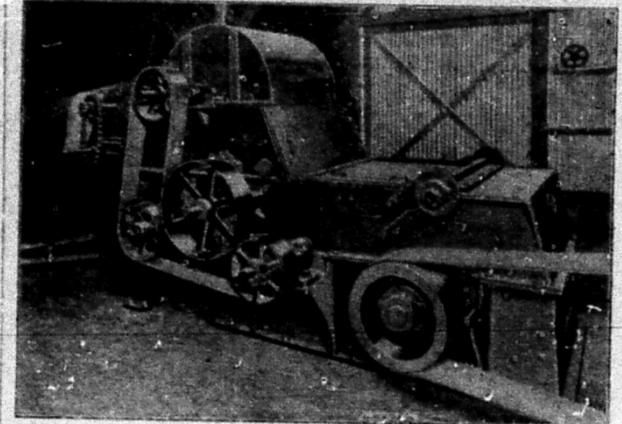
I would just as leave produce a tender worth \$160, and get only \$30 for producing it as to produce beef worth \$160, and after paying rent, interest, taxes and keeping up machinery have left only \$30.—What is the difference?

Perhaps a concrete example will illustrate! The one best illustration which pictures to the wage worker just how his slavery came about has been that

fall. It holds the sandy loam together where the sands used to shift with every changing wind which sweeps continually over the rolling plains.

You can thus gain some knowledge of the economic significance of alfalfa farming in this fertile but uncertain country. And as the crowded east pushes its people westward, beating back the middle west, cutting down the size of farms, demanding more and ever more intense cultivation, calling upon mother earth for the necessities for three people where only one subsisted before, the pioneer who made alfalfa grow has but commenced to show his social worth.

As the inventor solves the problem the capitalist reaps the reward. So it is to be with the pioneer who solved the problem of alfalfa farming. As Swift foresaw that the profit in meats lay in



MACHINE FOR GRINDING ALFALFA

the killing machine, and speedy trains, so has the capitalistic farmer discovered that the profit in alfalfa lays in a grinding machine. As Swift's profit is found in large machinery which a small stock-man cannot own so does the profits in alfalfa lay in an alfalfa mill, which a small farmer cannot own. And the industrial head of farming rises and laughs to scorn the pioneer whose hand has blazed the way.

Only about two-thirds of alfalfa hay is eaten. Because of its coarseness, much of it is tramped under foot. One-third loss of feed is a percentage with which men of business reckon. To save that one-third is at least equivalent to an additional crop of alfalfa every year without the expense of harvesting or handling or feeding to the stock.

The farmer used to stack his hay, then tear down the stacks and haul it to the corral, feed it to the stock with one-third of his labor wasted in addition to the wasted use of land.

Today the hay is hauled to a mill, ground up in a machine along with the grain to be fed; it is thoroughly mixed and stored for use. It is then hauled to self-feeders where the ration is let

and three years old, because they are able to hold several thousand pigs until they are at least one year old—this should all be included in the meaning of the word "complete"; in other words a complete capitalist.

As an example, Powell and Neilson, owners of the Marion, Nebraska mill, who are reported to have an investment, in lands, machinery, stock and equipments of at least half a million dollars only found it necessary to put up a \$15,000 alfalfa mill. But it is evident to even a superficial observer that no poor man nor even a small capitalistic farmer need figure on such an industry carried on as extensively as this process calls for.

After all, tremendous as this one problem alone appears, it is but one small phase of the multitude of directions you must investigate in order to understand why the American farmer is about to become a little American serf to capitalism under private ownership.

The irrigation companies catch his surplus values in the irrigated districts, the mills and jobbers fleece the beet sugar farmer; the cotton mills fleece the cotton raiser; the harvester trust, elevator trust, railroad trust and stock exchange fleece the grain and the stock raiser; the creamery trust fleeces the dairy farmer; the glass-house gardener is competing at the city borders with big money required for success, the banker is alert for his interest; the landlord is alert for his rentals and the captains of finance lay in wait to fasten their talons upon the strings of the world's money sack where the few are even now in possession of what the world has discovered and produced.

Now what is the result of all this? The big farmer reduces the little farmer, to the same point to which the big capitalist reduces the wage worker. In the community surrounding this big farmer there live fifty or a hundred little farmers who raise a few pigs or steers, a few acres of alfalfa and sell it to the mill owner. The little farmer has less left at the end of the year than the average wage earner. This industrial farmer hires half the farm laborers of the community and pays them not over \$35 per month for their labor. This big farmer along with the capitalistic land speculator collects rent from another large percentage of the farmers of the community. The banker loans the little farmer money on his prospective crop and in the fall the bill must be paid—in case the crop fails the sheriff closes the little farmer out and as a result thousands of these unfortunates give up the hope of success, go to town and cast their lot hopelessly in competition for the jobs of the city wage earner.

The World of the Future.

"I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth. I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race. I see a world at peace adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilling, while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl in trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called 'the asp for the breast of the poor'—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair the married harmony of form and function—and, as I look life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and over all in the great dome shines the eternal star of human hope."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

A Dying Society.

"It is true our present society carries an appearance of vigor and vitality which seems to defy assault, but if we put our ear to this exuberant life, we can hear the slow rumblings of death destroying it from within. A splendid mantle covers our civilization, but on looking more closely we see that it has already lost its sheen; its brilliant colors are beginning to fade; and ere long this splendid cloak will become the funeral shroud in which capitalistic society is to sleep its last."—Achille Loria.

"A man who is willing to work and cannot get work has a right to steal bread."—Cardinal Manning.



AN ALFALFA MILL.

which shows him that every time machinery has been improved the man with large capital got possession of it which was the natural thing under a system of private ownership; the same illustration will explain the economic problem of rural servitude. While the different problems of the farm are as varied as the degrees of heat and moisture at different places the following will be sufficient for our purpose!

Alfalfa raising has been as difficult a problem in the middle west as the crop was necessary for the farmers to feed to their stock. But, like the shoemaker, who no sooner solved the problem of making shoes than a capitalist took possession of the improved methods, so it is with the farmers who have solved the problem of making alfalfa grow in Kansas and Nebraska.

For the benefit of our city readers it is pertinent to say that alfalfa is a sort of coarse hay that must be cultivated and "nursed", as it were, in order to make it grow. The settlers of the west and middle-west solved the problem of feed for their stock when they learned how to make alfalfa thrive. This has required years of experimenting with soil, moisture and climate changes, involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars and years of labor.

All over the middle-west, where formerly stretched miles of sandy plain and native buffalo grass, now the farmers harvest from two to four crops of a hardy alfalfa growth which finds its way to city tables in the form of meats.

Alfalfa will bury its roots into the soil to a depth of ten feet, or more in search of moisture which explains its value in this country of uncertain rain-

down automatically as eaten by the animals.

Not a single spear of hay is wasted, the ration being scientifically mixed, it is claimed, the two-thirds (in pounds) of the feed formerly required produces the same amount of flesh. Regular hauling of feed is eliminated, as a great quantity can be delivered to the corral at once. Another advance has been made in industrial progress.

To leaf through a catalogue of machinery the problem of installing an alfalfa mill might appear easy enough; it would be if you had the money. It might seem little difficult even from this standpoint if you took the catalogue only as your guide.

A grinder can be bought for as low as \$300, yet the most successful mill in the middle-west cost over \$75,000, when complete. (The word "complete" has a wonderful significance in this case.) A small grinder, like most toy machinery, is a failure and an expense rather than an economy. Then you must have elevator, power plant, water supply, storage rooms, buildings to enclose the entire plant—nor is this even a good starting point to reckon with.

To put up an alfalfa mill and exhaust your capital at that point would be like a woman buying a pocket-book and paying her last coin to get it. Men buy alfalfa mills because they have need for them; to have need for them means that they have several hundred or several thousand acres of alfalfa to be fed, because they have several thousand head of stock to which to feed it, because they are able to buy several train loads of grain to grind up with it, because they are able to do all this and still hold reserves for market until they are two

Throttling Organized Labor

BY EUGENE V. DEBS

The capitalist class is in power; the working class in slavery. This is the situation in all lands, including the United States.

President Taft is a capitalist executive; congress is a capitalist legislative body, and the supreme court a capitalist judicial instrument. These several governmental powers originate in the capitalist constitution of the United States.

There was not a working man in the convention which framed the constitution; there has never been a workingman in the presidential chair; there is no workingman in the supreme court, and there is not a representative of the working class in the congress of the United States.

In the present system the capitalists are the rulers, rich and defiant; the workers are the subjects, poor and submissive. The republican and democratic parties stand for the rulers; the Socialist party for the subjects.

Choose ye between them! But this is only preliminary to the specific matter to be discussed in this article, the purpose of which is to show how organized labor is throttled by the powers of capitalist government.

The state of New York enacted a law through a recent legislature providing for reasonable hours and sanitary conditions in the bake shops of that state. The capitalist bakers promptly appealed to the courts, the state courts at first, consisting of judges elected by the people. The trial judge held the law constitutional. The capitalist masters then appealed to the appellate division and that court affirmed the decision of the trial judge. The case was next carried to the state court of appeals and again the law was declared constitutional.

The final move was to appeal the case to the supreme court of the United States, consisting not of judges elected by the people, but of corporation attorneys appointed by a capitalist president and holding office for life.

Of course the capitalist supreme court decided the case in the interest of the capitalists owning the bake shops and against the slaves who toil in them. The law was declared to be unconstitutional and by a stroke of the pen wiped from the statute books.

The people of New York demanded the law; the supreme court at Washington denied it. If this is not despotism, pure and simple, what is it? Has the czar of Russia more absolute power than this?

The organized workers of New York to a man pleaded for this law; the people of the state recognizing it to be in the interest of public health favored it, but the capitalist proprietors of the bread factories, whose profit would have been reduced, were opposed to it, and their court annulled it.

If this is not a clear case of capitalist class rule and a perfect demonstration of capitalist class government what, then, may it be called?

The infamy, the heartlessness, the

Care for Unemployed

The question of the unemployed is the question of the Sphinx for modern capitalism which it must answer or die. It is making a frantic effort to save its life by solving the riddle. An international congress on the question of the unemployed met in Paris on the 18th to the 21st of September. About four hundred delegates were present representing nearly all civilized countries. These persons were nearly all bourgeois reformers or capitalist officials. In preparation for the congress an inquiry was sent to nearly all civilized countries asking what steps had been taken to meet the problem. To an American this report sounds like an indictment of his own country. It shows that in nearly all other capitalist countries governments have been forced to take the first steps at least toward some sort of solution of this problem.

Belgium has gone further than any of the others. Here relief is given to the unemployed and funds are voted to the trade unions to assist them in meeting the needs of their out of work members.

In Denmark insurance for the unemployed has been better developed than any other country. Here relief is not coupled with any pauper disability and the sum that was expended last year on the part of the state amounted to nearly \$150,000.

Switzerland has introduced measures of co-operation with the unions and also of direct assistance to the out of work.

Finland had a law which provided for an elaborate system of relief for the unemployed but which was vetoed by the Russian bureaucracy.

In Norway also steps have been taken to co-operate with the trade unions in meeting the demands of the out of work members.

Austria has proceeded no further than the taking of a census and issuing an official report on the gravity of the situation.

In France a law has been announced but not yet enacted providing for contributions to the out-of-work funds of trade unions.

Several of the German states have taken steps to either supply work or give relief to the unemployed.

The report, however, states that in the United States nothing has been done except through the unaided efforts of the trade unions.

utter moral depravity of this decision entirely aside from its class nature, defies characterization.

Profit is sacredly guarded; health and life wantonly destroyed.

Now for another case.

In 1890 congress enacted what is known as the Sherman anti-trust law. Its object was, as stated by its author and supporters at the time, to prevent capitalist monopolies in restraint of trade. It was explicitly understood that it was not to prevent workmen and farmers from combining to advance their interests.

This law was on the statute books totally inoperative, a dead letter, for four years. In 1894 the Pullman strike occurred. Like a flash the Sherman anti-trust law appeared. Its real purpose was not to interfere with capitalists—that was a mere blind—but to throttle organized labor and crush any rebellion of the slaves.

Under this law the strike was broken up, the leaders jailed and the railroad corporations came out with flying colors.

Another case of capitalist class rule and capitalist class government; another demonstration of capitalist class supremacy and working class slavery.

Republican and democratic votes are for this very sort of thing. The capitalist bake shop owners of New York all vote the republican and democratic tickets, and so do the capitalist owners of the railroad corporations.

In the name of common sense, why should the wage slaves vote with these capitalists to drive the nails into their own coffins instead of giving their votes to the Socialist party which proposes that the workers themselves shall rule the land and control its institutions?

Now for the climax.

The last congress voted \$485,000 to the secret service as an incentive to "detect crime," and \$200,000 more to detect and prosecute infringements of the Sherman anti-trust law. When this measure was pending an amendment was offered providing that no part of this two hundred thousand dollar appropriation should be used for the prosecution of organized labor. Here the line was clearly drawn and the issue sharply defined between capitalist corporations and labor unions.

President Taft at once leaped into the breach, condemned this amendment as "class legislation" and used all his power as executive to defeat the amendment—and succeeded. As a result organized labor, whenever and wherever it develops sufficient power to menace capitalist class rule will be promptly crushed by a capitalist court, backed by a capitalist army, under the direction of a capitalist executive, for all of which a capitalist congress has made an annual appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars, every dollar of which is wrung from the very wage slaves who are to be crushed by it.

One can easily fancy the capitalists and their republican and democratic puppets softly crooning: "What jakesasses these workers be!"

Religion and Socialism

The Bavarian Socialists recently held a convention for the purpose of discussing an attempt which was being made by some of the free thinkers within the Socialist party to identify the Socialist propaganda with an attack on religion. After a long discussion which grew quite heated at times, the following resolution was, at last, unanimously adopted:

"Paragraph 6 of the general party platform, that declares for the complete neutrality of our party in relation to all religious questions, guarantees the most complete freedom in all matters of religious conviction. Therefore the party condemns all mixing in religious affairs that must be considered matters of sentiment with each individual."

Still Gaining in Germany.

The standing rule that every new by-election brings added strength to the German Socialists found no exception in the Frankfurt election. The result of the vote was 14,318 for the Socialists, 7,745 for the national liberals, and 6,589 for the conservatives, with 128 scattering votes. In 1907 the vote in this district was 12,938 for the Socialists, 7,722 for the antisemites, 10,070 for the national liberals and 228 for the center. Since no one has received a majority, a second election is now necessary. But in spite of the fact that the greater portion of the votes cast for the two other candidates will be given to the national liberals on the second election, the Socialists feel almost certain of victory.

Workers Have no Quarrel.

As the delegates to the international congress returned to their homes their passage through the various countries was made an occasion for expressions of international solidarity. One of the most striking of these demonstrations was held at Frankfurt on the Main, where Keir Hardie, Jaures and Vandervelde spoke to a gathering of between twenty and thirty thousand people. The whole tone of the speeches was that the workers had no interest in the quarrels between nations and that their interest lay in opposition to war and militarism in all its forms.

"Money should not breed."—Aristotle.

"The produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense of wages of labor."—Adam Smith.

No Compromise in Germany

The Socialist congress at Magdeburg was occupied largely with the question of the attitude of the Socialists of some of the south German states, especially in Baden. These Socialists have shown a tendency to compromise and to surrender some of the principles of Socialist tactics. Their greatest offense was that of voting for the budget, or the general appropriation bill. It has always been a principle of Socialist tactics in Europe that the Socialists could not vote for this bill. The Socialists of Baden claimed that by so voting they had obtained important concessions; and also that there were certain things in the appropriation bill which



WHERE THE MAGDEBURG CONVENTION MET

made it desirable that the Socialists should vote for it. Their attitude was aggravated by the fact that some of the prominent Socialists also visited the Baden court and seemed rather pleased with the royal favor.

The Socialist congress last year condemned their actions in these respects but they refused to obey the decision and repeated their offense. They not only repeated the offense, but they denied the party in their local congress. This gathering endorsed the action of the representatives in voting for the budget and adopted an apologetic tone towards the royal tradition. This defiance of the national organization had aroused much feeling and the discussions were therefore very warm. Although August Bebel arose from his sick bed to address the congress and threw all of

his influence in favor of a somewhat gentler course in dealing with the offenders, the congress was in another mood. It passed a resolution providing that the next offense of the Baden Socialists of a character similar to those already complained of would automatically expel them from the party.

Probably the most exciting event of the session was the reading by Delegate Heyn of a secret circular which the commanding general of the seventh army corps recently issued to his subordinates, and in which detailed orders are given concerning the military maneuvers which are to be executed in case of the success of the revolutionists in capturing the government politically. A plan of storming the homes of Socialists was given

in detail and machine guns were recommended for the purpose. The circular also takes up methods of preventing revolutionary demonstrations and the progress of revolutionary ideas and propaganda among the soldiers. For this latter purpose the general recommends a stringent and effective method. He says: "Do not give the soldiers time to think, for, if they have time to think, they will disobey."

It was the consensus of opinion among the delegates to the congress that this document, coming from the government upon the very heels of the Kaiser's "divine right" speech at Koenigsberg, will cause an enormous increase of Socialist sentiment, and the government will be still further weakened by its efforts to strengthen it.

and defeated by a vote of one hundred fifteen to two hundred twenty-eight. As a result of this agitation, however, the government has established its labor exchanges and is about to bring forward a scheme of insurance against the unemployed. The government has also brought forward a measure called the "development bill," which is largely borrowed from the party's "right to work" bill. This measure provides for an appropriation of ten million dollars extending over a period of four years to be devoted to schemes of afforestation and the promotion of agriculture and dairy farming.

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

Each of the parties represented at the international congress presented a report giving the essential facts concerning the socialist movement in its respective country. These reports are a mine of information on the working class movement such as has never been gathered together in any one time before. The COMING NATION proposes to publish each week a summary of one of these reports. The result will be a reflective work on the International Socialist movement of greatest value. The reader who begins with this number and notes each report to his scrap book will, when the reports are complete, have a work of reference worth many times what it will have cost him.

I. The British Labor Party.

The membership of this party is composed of trade unions and Socialist Societies that affiliate as organizations. The total strength of these organizations is given as follows:

Trade Unions	Socialist Societies	Total
1906 353,670	22,561	376,231
1907 1,049,873	22,287	1,072,160
1908 1,131,250	22,287	1,153,537
1909 1,144,708	30,882	1,175,590

During 1909 the Miners Federation of Great Britain, with a membership of 550,000 affiliated with the Labor party. The financial support of the party comes from two sources—the general fund to which each affiliated organization pays fifteen shillings per thousand members per year, and the parliamentary fund to which the trade unions and Socialist societies contribute four cents per member per year. The general fund bears the expense of ordinary political and propaganda work, and the parliamentary fund is devoted to the maintenance of the labor members in the house of commons and the payment of one-fourth of the official election expenses of candidates. Members of parliament receive no salaries and the election fees are very high in England. In the parliament previous to the present one there were thirty-three labor members. At the last election this number was reduced by five, although the total number of votes polled amounted to 505,690, which was an increase of 183,566 over the vote of 1906. The party has one hundred and eight members in municipal councils as contrasted with seventy-eight in 1907.

The Labor party has no press of its own and states that the expense of starting a daily paper would amount to nearly two million of dollars and it is therefore out of the question at the present time, although the party has the matter under consideration. As a consequence of this fact, the party's propaganda is conducted almost exclusively by means of public meetings some hundreds of which our affiliated societies hold each year, and also by the publication of leaflets of which we distributed six million last year.

In parliament the labor members have given much attention to the unemployed question; in 1907 they introduced the unemployed workman's bill to provide work or maintenance for the unemployed through the machinery of local and central committees. The government obstructed all consideration of the bill, but the next year it was again introduced, and on its second reading was supported by one hundred and sixteen members. It was again brought forward in 1909

and defeated by a vote of one hundred fifteen to two hundred twenty-eight. As a result of this agitation, however, the government has established its labor exchanges and is about to bring forward a scheme of insurance against the unemployed. The government has also brought forward a measure called the "development bill," which is largely borrowed from the party's "right to work" bill. This measure provides for an appropriation of ten million dollars extending over a period of four years to be devoted to schemes of afforestation and the promotion of agriculture and dairy farming.

When in 1906 the labor party appeared in parliament thirty strong, the first measure they introduced was one to feed indigent school children. The bill was utilized to select committees, where it was considerably amended. On the initiative of the labor representatives on the committee it was laid down that the parents of children obtaining meals under the act should not be disfranchised. An attempt to make the measure compulsory was defeated. The act is at present in operation in regard to one hundred districts, and many thousands of hungry children have been fed.

For years the cry of old age pensioners had been handed about at elections without any attempt being made to translate promise into legislation and when in 1906 the government of pensions was made by the party, the party carried a motion in favor of pensions before the senate, which was passed.

In 1907, the King's speech contained no reference to pensions, and the party moved an amendment demanding legislation. Reference was also made to the matter in 1908, and when later on the government's proposed bill appeared, the party endeavored to secure amendments to its existing pensionary provisions. Unsuccessful attempts were made to reduce the pensionable age from 70 to 65, to remove the number disqualification, and to secure to the pensioner in place of the existing sliding scale, the provision whereby the government sought to reduce the pension of aged couples living together was the subject of opposition by the party, and as a result was abandoned.

The paper disqualification is to be removed at the end of the year.

The party also succeeded in forcing the government to pass an act in 1909 which fixed a minimum wage for certain badly paid trades, and which can be extended to other sweated industries. From this beginning the labor party has fought for an eight-hour bill in the mines, and at last succeeded in having such an act passed in 1907. This bill was first introduced over twenty years ago, but not until labor sat as an independent force in parliament was placed on the statute books.

The presence of the thirty-three members in the 1906 parliament was largely due to the Taft Vale decision and one of the first acts of the Labor party was the introduction and passage of a bill rendering this decision void. The British workmen were fortunate in this respect in that the supreme court (the house of lords) had as a result been abolished.

The Labor members urged a bill to prevent the importation of scabs during strikes, and, although this bill went through the house of commons it was rejected by the house of lords. An act was also made to prevent the exportation of British scabs in wholesale numbers to other countries, but nothing came of this effort except agitation.

The Labor party is largely dominated by the Independent Labor Party and next week the COMING NATION will present a summary of the report of that organization.

How Insects Carry Disease

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

Bubonic plague is perhaps the oldest disease which has scourged mankind, and it is not at all improbable that at some remote date the disease was confined to some little valley in the Himalayas, where it slaughtered our prehistoric ancestors while they were yet in the transition stage between the Simian and man. Gradually, however, the impression began to gain ground that the disease was connected in some intangible way with the rat. This fact is mentioned in the most ancient writings extant. The Zenda Vesta, the sacred books in Sanscrit, the Ebers papyrus of the Egyptians, the writings of the ancient Greeks, and the Old Testament of the Hebrews all bear eloquent testimony on this point. Perhaps the plainest, as well as the most easily accessible, reference to this fact is found in the third chapter of the Second Book of Samuel of the Old Testament, wherein it is recorded that the Philistines, in punishment for having stolen the Ark of the Covenant, were visited with a plague of mice (the terms "mice" and "rats" being interchangeable in the Hebrew), whereupon thousands of Philistines died in a single day, suffering, as the text says, with "emerods in their secret parts." Now, an emerod is the old English term for a bubo, which is one of the symptoms of bubonic plague, and the historian, as if to emphasize further the connection between the rodent and the disease, states that in order to be freed of this pestilence the Philistines were obliged to return the Ark of the Covenant to the Jews, and in addition to make a peace offering of five golden mice and five golden emerods. Thus, while the displeasure of the Deity, the constellation of the planets, the vapors arising from the earth, and all manner of things were blamed for the periodic occurrence of devastating waves of pestilence the idea remained fixed in men's minds that the disease was in some way connected with rodents.

In spite of the fact that, from the middle ages down each of the continents of the globe was in turn ravaged by this disease, it was not until 1892, during the epidemic at Hongkong, that the bacillus of plague was discovered simultaneously by Yersin, a French savant, and Kitasato, a Japanese investigator. This was found to be a short, thick, sausage-shaped organism, visible only with the microscope, and having the peculiarity, when subjected to the action of aniline dyes, of staining deeply at the ends, leaving a clear space between. It has also another remarkable quality, that of mutability; that is, an ability to very greatly alter its shape and appearance when artificially cultivated on the different media used for this purpose in the laboratory. It was found that when this germ was planted in the body of a guinea pig or other laboratory animal, it produced a disease which was very similar to that occurring in human beings. It had long been known, and had passed into proverb, "that a plague of rats always precedes a plague of men" and it was thought by Simpson and other English observers who were studying the disease, that this plague of rats might be identical with the plague of men, and when the bodies of rats so dying were examined this was found to be the case. The first rat in the chain had then been established, that is, that plague was not only a disease of man but also a disease of rats. Something, however, was lacking that is a vehicle which should act as the common carrier of the disease from the sick rat to the well man.

It was at first thought that the pest rats infected the food of man by means of their dejecta, but when it is remembered that ordinarily man does not receive the disease through the intestinal tract, this avenue of infection is eliminated. There are three types of bubonic plague. The first, the most common and the least fatal, is the bubonic type in which there is a swelling of the lymphatic glands. These glands are among the guardians of the body, being placed in the lymphatic channels for the purpose of filtering out any harmful substances which may be in the lymph stream. The glands most often affected are the superficial glands in the groin or the arm-pit, which receive their lymph through the channels draining the tissues lying directly underneath the skin. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that the disease is most commonly received through the skin. When plague is passed from man to man direct, it is most often received through the respiratory passages, thereby producing plague pneumonia, the second type of the disease.

Both in animals and man any form of the disease may become finally septicemic, that is, a form in which the disease-producing germ exists in large numbers in the blood current. Since the disease is received most commonly through the skin (in most cases the skin of the lower extremities), we must look for some biting insect which is common to the rat and man and which does not possess the power of flight, but can merely jump on to the foot or leg. This is found in the person of that ubiquitous and malevolent insect, the flea, and it has been proven that the modus operandi is about as follows: A rat contracts plague, falls ill, is unable to protect himself against the depredations of the fleas which

swarm upon his body in great numbers, gorge themselves with his pestiferous blood, and upon his death leave the cold corpse for the first warm-blooded animal which comes along. This may be, and usually is, another rat, but in case it be a man, the flea, fastening himself to the skin by means of two heavy plates provided for the purpose, makes an opening through the skin and proceeds to the enjoyment of his dainty feast, leaving behind him a minute wound. The flea has the disgusting habit of depositing his excreta at the same time he is feeding, and, as is well known, flea bites produce irritation, irritation induces a desire to scratch or rub the bitten part, the infected faeces are thus rubbed into the wound in the skin, the bacteria are caught up by the lymph stream, carried to the nearest lymphatic gland, where battle is given, with resulting inflammation and the production of the bubo typical of the disease. It is to be noted that throughout the process of transmission has been wholly and entirely mechanical, and the probabilities are that any other suctorial insect common to rats and man could just as well transmit the disease.

As a practical application of these facts, it has been found that persons who live in rat-proof, flea-proof houses do not have plague, and that if your house is protected against the ingress of these predatory vermin "no plague shall come nigh thy dwelling." Furthermore, that the eradication of bubonic plague from a given municipality means the eradication of the rat, and secondly his parasite, the flea, and it is upon this basis that the modern disciple of preventive medicine successfully combats and conquers the plague of all centuries.

More common and less sensational as a mechanical distributor of disease we have the common house-fly, the disseminator of typhoid fever, tuberculosis and a host of other diseases. Here the transmission is indirect, the disease-producing organism reaching the digestive tract of man through the intervention of food stuffs. The fly which breeds by preference in manure, reaches adult flyhood in ten days after the deposition of the eggs, and immediately starts out in search of food, human food by preference. Falling in this, it devours infected sputum, bacillus-laden faeces, and decaying flesh or vegetation with equal avidity, and after having thoroughly smeared his feet and antennae with the sputum of the consumptive or the faeces of the typhoid patient, deposits his disgusting freight upon the pies, cakes and other food stuffs intended for the table of human beings. In this way the fly has slaughtered more persons than all the venomous reptiles and ferocious beasts which have ever lived, and has slain more armies than the sword. Fortunately, the general public is gradually awakening to the dangers of this pest, and the time is not far distant when the housewife will regard the fly with as much horror as she does the bed-bug at the present time.

If this pest is to be exterminated, the general public must realize that filth and flies are inseparable, and that in the absence of filth there can be no propagation or breeding of this malevolent insect. The cure for this evil is obvious. Clean up, screen up, keep clean and keep screened. Flies are not migratory in their habits, and their presence on a given premises indicates that their breeding place is not far away. In a search for their place of origin, the manure box, the garbage can, the cess-pool and the privy should be examined. All should be closed or screened against the ingress and egress of flies. Privies and cess-pools should in addition be disinfected with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid or similar preparation. The entire house should be screened, special attention being paid to the kitchens, the pantries, and the dining-rooms, because it is through the intermediation of food that flies do their mischief. Should flies enter the house, they may be trapped, killed with wire gauze netting, caught on sticky fly paper, or exterminated by poisonous fluids or gases. A very effective and at the same time economical poison is made by adding a tablespoonful of formalin to a pint of water. This should be put in a soap-plate, which should be placed on a window-sill. If the room then be darkened, the flies will move toward the light, drink of this mixture and die. They may then be swept out and burned. In summer time it is a wise thing to keep the rooms in which food is prepared for human consumption as dark as possible, as flies, in contradistinction to other evil doers, love the light.

Today idle wealth practically escapes taxation and it receives more governmental protection than any other single thing in the land. At present idle wealth contributes practically nothing to the support of the government, while honest toil contributes far more than its just share.—Hon. Wm. Sulzer of N. Y.

Two thousand years of the Christian dispensation leaves the world still pagan. Self indulgence is still paramount. Wealth still governs both classes and masses. Politics are still corrupt. Trade still plays its old game of beggar my neighbor.—Ma. C. Corell in "Gods Good Man."

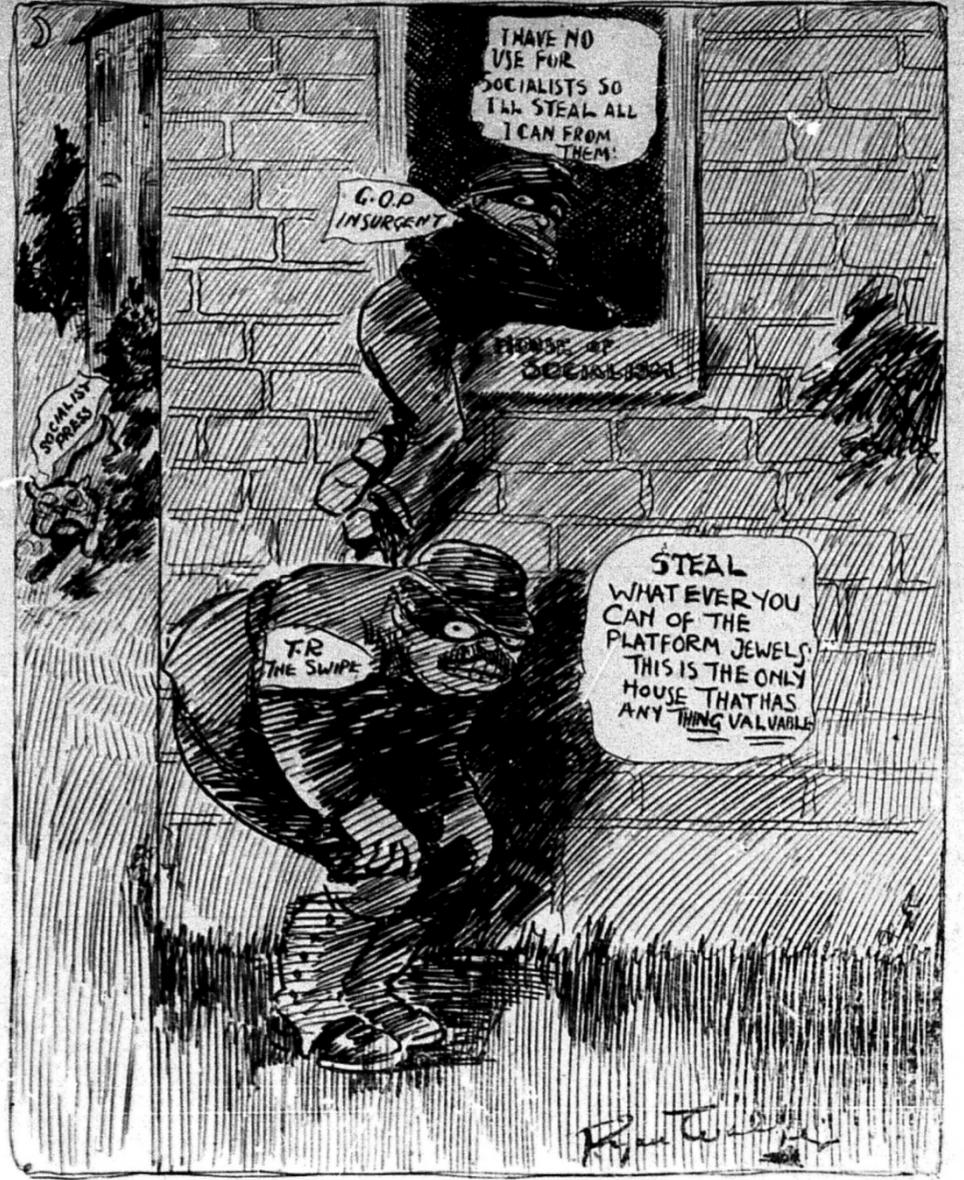
Origin of the Ananias Club

BY L. H. FULLER

"Do you know anything about Ananias?" asked a clerical-looking gentleman on the train the other day. "Not personally. I've heard his name mentioned," I replied. "Know what his specialty was, don't you?" "I've read that he was somewhat of a liar."

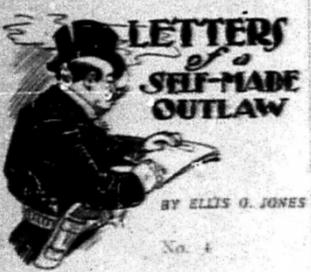
candidate must be a resident of the state. "The corporations were much distressed. Mr. Harriman was nearly heart-broken. He had a card up his sleeve worth \$62,000,000, which he could not play successfully without Teddy's assistance."

cision which rivalled the wisdom of Solomon. For one brief moment, all stood with glassy eyes. Then the spell broke. Shouts, war-cries, yells and amens filled the air and rose at least four feet six inches above our heads. "Saved! Saved! Saved!!!"



One Swiping Expedition That Will Have a Swift Ending

Come Have A Smile On Us



My Dear Son—Enclosed find your monthly remittance which I have decided to raise to \$2000. Get busy and make things count as I am doing. You must excuse me for not writing oftener, but the sun is shining and I must keep at my hay-making. Nobody knows better than I do that the people will not stand this forever.



Let me tell you, my boy, that there is nothing that makes a judge or an executive or a legislator more lenient toward a corporation than owning a good big block of its stock. The man who invented the corporation performed a great service for humanity.

nobbing with public officials. Sometimes I wish I didn't have to attend so many banquets. It is beginning to tell on me. I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days I would go back to the road simply for the love of it, but for mere money-making, financing has the outlaw business beat all hollow. In the second place, I have very efficient help now. The heads of all the minor outlaw bands with which the country was formerly infested—I mean, invested—and which I forced out of business, are now in my employ as heads of departments. It went sort of hard with some of them at first, but they soon got used to being salaried employees.

FLINGS AT THINGS

The Modern Mystery. I wonder how the candidate who up and down the landscape rages and puts up twice as much in freight as he will pull away in wages expects to get it back again. The sorely does not go it blindfold. I cannot grasp it quite, but then it may be I am simple minded. The petty office pays indeed if he is factoring in banking. Ten thousand dollars of stock feed for persons of his weight and standing. Three times that quantity on the air. He flings in winking a convention. And how he gets it back I swear is quite beyond my comprehension. That there are ways to recompense him is not quite beyond belief. And if his head were not so big, he'd like the trick with common thieves. I hardly like to call them or else. But two and two if placed together makes four—it's written in the books. The thing clears up like foggy weather. A Compromise. "If you please sir," said the model workman to the kind hearted, open-shop boss, "I would like an increase in wages."

A Reason. A vote, the while I cast my vote. A world of peace ahead. With no man at another's throat. No woman begging bread. And that's the reason, brother mine, I mingle in the fray. And even for a friend decline To throw my vote away.



Two of a Kind. "I care not who makes the laws," said the enthusiastic young person "If I can write the songs." "Snake," said the fat old judge. "I don't care a continental who makes them either so long as I can declare them unconstitutional."

Pathetic. Only a workman's daughter, that girl. Picture her plight if you can: Papa can't buy her a duke or an earl; She'll have to marry a man.

The Open Shop. "Is it true you can buy votes in your precinct for fifty cents each?" "You bet. I can get all I want for that price." "What is the American electorate coming to?" "A quarter I hope."

It's Constitutional. Now freed from his bondage and bruises And taking advantage of it The negro may starve when he chooses Without taking out a permit.

FINANCIAL ITEMS. ELLIS O. JONES The steal trust has just purchased a new fifty thousand dollar, forty horse power congressman. It is claimed that the steal trust has the largest string of thoroughbred congressmen in legislative circles. A machine has just been invented to write the stock market reports for the daily papers. This machine fills a long-felt want as human reporters frequently embarrass financial interests by making statements which are related to the facts. The common pleas court has ordered the receiver of the Salt Water Trust to dispose of the company's lawyers at public auction. This will afford an opportunity to pick up at a very low price, some of the costliest lawyers in the business. The annual Magnates' convention will take place next Tuesday in the sub-treasury. Following are a few of the questions which will be discussed: "Is it cheaper to own legislators or judges?" "The relative cost of democrats and republicans." "How to make two franchises grow where one grew before."

Two Minute Vaudeville. Slap: I saw in the paper you've been to Washington. What were you doing there? Thud: Nothing. I'm a United States senator. Slap: How'd you get into the senate? Thud: They wouldn't let me in anywhere else. Slap: What were you before that? Thud: Before that? A congressman. Slap: I never heard of you as a congressman. Thud: Of course not; I was in training to be a senator. Slap: Are you a standpater or a progressive? Thud: I don't know. That's what I came home to find out. Slap: Haven't you a mind of your own? Thud: Sure; but I'm trying to make it last as long as possible. Slap: Have your finances improved any since you've become a statesman? Thud: Yes, indeed; I'm now said to be the richest joke in Washington.—Knoxville World. God may answer the rich man's prayer, but the devil is wise how poor folks fare.—Agnes Thecla Fair.

Awl Jabs. BY JESSE HARNISS. Some women's idea of a good time is to get together and talk about all kinds of sickness. A woman has to be awful old before she loses interest in fashion pictures. After a girl has been married two or three years, the girls of her set who are still single begin to make remarks about how old she looks. A man that will praise another woman's cooking right before his own wife ain't got much diplomacy. Most every man thinks he'll take a day off some time and fix up things around the house. Corrected Inspiration. A noted clergyman was in his study writing when his five-year-old daughter walked in and asked: "What are you writing, papa?" "I am writing a sermon, my dear." "How do you know what to write, papa?" "God tells me what to write." After watching her father a few minutes, the little girl said: "Papa, if God tells you what to write, why do you scratch some of it out?"

WILLFUL BLINDNESS



NOW HONESTLY, WHY DO YOU PREFER THE LIGHT OF CAPITALISM WHEN THE POWERFUL MODERN LIGHT OF SOCIALISM IS BRIGHT AT YOUR HAND READY TO BE TURNED ON?