

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Down With the Bosses



DOWN with the bosses!" roared a loud voice from the end of a special train of beautiful Pullmans, rolling from New York to the Rocky Mountains and stopping every thirty minutes to let the voice be heard.

"Down with the bosses! That is great issue before the American people!" Two hundred newspaper correspondents on the special train eagerly took down the blessed tidings. Then a thousand newspapers joyously reprinted them. Fifty million people read them.

All looked bright for our country. "Down with the bosses!" But how? Ah, happy thought! Let the owner of the loud voice, the hero of the beautiful special train, the idol of the two hundred newspaper correspondents, let him show us how.

So he went to Saratoga and showed us. He ordered the republican convention there to turn out another man and make himself chairman. Then he dictated the platform, selected all the candidates, made up all the slates, appointed the committees, announced all the policies, kicked anybody in the face that objected, silenced every note of opposition and told the convention when and whom to cheer. He even had slips printed and handed to certain delegates telling them what motions to make and when, what to say and how to say it, and how to vote on every question that came up.

"Down with the bosses! Down with bossism!" As sure as you live. And here's the way to put them down.

Thank you so much, Colonel.

The Colonel is a "practical man." There is a little sentence in Mr. Harriman's famous letter to Sidney Webster that seems to have been strangely overlooked in the midst of these

The Ryan-Root-Roosevelt Element. Mr. Harriman wrote: "Ryan's success in all his manipulations, traction deals, tobacco combinations, covering up his tracks, has been done by the adroit mind of Elihu Root, and this present situation has been brought about by a combination of circumstances which has brought together the Ryan-Root-Roosevelt element."

Then observe: Mr. Roosevelt of the Ryan-Root-Roosevelt team, dominated the Saratoga convention.

Mr. Elihu Root of the "adroit mind" was its permanent chairman.

Mr. Henry L. Stimson, whom that convention named for governor of New York, is Elihu Root's former law partner. Mr. Root with his "adroit mind" has long been kept by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan as his chief adviser, manipulator and political wire puller.

Mr. Stimson's chief claim to achievement is that he prosecuted and convicted Charles W. Morse, the fallen ice king.

Mr. Morse was the financial rival and enemy of Ryan and Morgan.

Well, well, well! Here we are again. "The Ryan-Root-Roosevelt element!" I should say so. Right on deck and still playing its old games.

What a colossal old political humbug it is, isn't it?

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, formerly the learned president of Princeton university and now democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey, is pretty hot stuff himself when it comes to finding remedies for our social ills.

Let's Put 'Em All in Jail. He does not fall in with the ingenious discovery of the learned Dr. Abbott that all we need is to have workmen buy stock certificates. Not at all. He has a medicine of his own and he knows how to apply it, too, this dear learned man. Listen to his rich line of talk.

"I demur from the corporation theory," says the Doctor. "All wrong to the public is done by some one person. I would find that person. If I get a gun and shoot some person—and there are some I would dearly like to shoot—there would be no reason to arrest the gun. I should be arrested. So it is with the corporations."

Grand thought, Doctor! Put everybody in jail; that's the idea. Dr. Bryan wants to abolish the trusts, Dr. Roosevelt wants to fine them, Dr. Abbott wants us to buy stock in them, and you want to put men in jail on account of them.

And whom shall we put in jail? The manager of the trust? He is only a hired man. The president? He is another. The directors? They are only the chosen representatives of the stockholders. Ah, the stockholders—there we have it. Let's put the stockholders in jail; all the stockholders because it would never do to show partiality. There are more than two hundred thousand stockholders of the Steel Trust. Let's begin with them, and slap them all into jail. Then let's go down the line and imprison all the rest of them, the thirty thousand that own stock in the Beef Trust, the five hundred thousand holders of railroad stock and the rest, sling them all behind the bars. They are the real owners of these devilish institutions that work the wrong to the public. If we can only get them into

jail down will go the price of pork chops, up will go wages, landlords will cease to be grasping, the slums will be abolished, tuberculosis will turn backwards from its dread advance, all of us will have comfortable dwellings, abundant incomes, opportunities for culture and happiness—except of course those malefactors of stockholders that will be in jail. But down with them, the wretches! They deserve no mercy.

Yes, you are a grand thinker, Dr. Wilson. Your idea is great. You know what this country needs and recognize the fact that you are the person to apply it. Your particular remedy does not seem to assimilate comfortably with Dr. Abbott's, because if both worked, you see, the result would be to land in jail the workingman that you love. But do not let that disturb you. In very many cases his lot then would be no worse than it is now.

THESE surface-skimming doctors that come cheerfully along now with their worn-out quacksalvers and seventeenth century economics, must be the delight of the intelligent foreigner. Imagine one saying to a New Zealander that the proper way to end our railroad troubles is to fine somebody or put somebody into jail! What do you imagine the New Zealander would think of the condition of education in America? One of the Australian states recently sent here a bright young man commissioned to study our methods and achievements along industrial lines. He spent a year in impartial observation, including in his field the Philadelphia strike and some other grand events. Not long ago he closed one of his reports with this comment:

"I am obliged to say that we seem to have nothing to learn from America except what to avoid."

Dr. Wilson would do well to get hold of this young man. There might result a wonderful clearing of the medieval murk that dwells about Princeton.

Killing in War and Industry. I would not seem to interpose a discordant note on this pleasant occasion, but a few questions seem pertinent. What kind of a disgrace is it to kill men as a mode of making profits? What kind of a disgrace is it to compel men to work under the conditions that prevail in the Carnegie works at Pittsburgh and Homestead? What kind of a disgrace is it to draw interest and dividends from such conditions? What kind of a mind is it that can be horrified at the barbarities of war and view with complacent indifference the barbarities of the present industrial system, infinitely worse than any war? How can it be any worse to be mangled on the battlefield than to be mangled by a rolling mill or crushed by a steel beam or burned at the forge? Why is it terrible to have a man's arm cut off by a cannon ball and not terrible to have it cut off by a saw or crushed in a press? Mr. Carnegie and his sappy kind fill the world with pratings about the horrors of war. I am looking for somebody that will make a noise just as loud and insistent about the horrors of peace. If we are going into the horror business let us have both kinds. And I move to begin with the horrors of the iron and steel industry from which Mr. Carnegie gets his income and his opportunity to preach about peace. I am not much of a scene painter myself, but I will engage to produce before Mr. Carnegie some witnesses about the horrors of peace that will make all his horrors of war look like a child's book of fairy tales.

It does seem as if we had heard about enough of the Carnegie brand of bash—from that particular source. If the man really wants to stop human slaughter why on earth doesn't he begin in his own mills?

IM a philanthropist," says Mr. Rockefeller, squeezing the oil consumer. "I'm a public benefactor," says the Beef Trust, squeezing the meat consumer. "I'm a peace advocate," says Mr. Carnegie, as his mills kill men and darken homes. "I'm opposed to bossism," says Crazy Horse, standing on the neck of his party.

Is it not the most extraordinary fact in the world that all these mountebanks and frauds can go on performing their humbug tricks and getting away with them? Suppose Marshall P. Wilder should go about shooting, "I'm ten feet tall!" there seems from analogy good reason to believe he could make about half of us believe him.

The Socialists are about the only people that have any real fur these days. Two or three years ago Prof. R. L. Green, of Notre Dame, Ind., wrote a little book, entitled "Why Monopoly is Superseding Competition." It was a good exposition of the Socialist theory and creed, but did not contain the word "Socialism" nor anything to indicate that its author was a Socialist. The manuscript was submitted to eminent opponents of Socialism like Cardinal Gibbons, Lyman Abbott, Bourke Cochrane, Samuel Gompers, Norman Hapgood,

Archbishop Ireland, John Mitchell, Governor Hughes, Albert Shaw, Jacob Riis, Tom Watson, and to well-known reformers like Arthur Brisbane, Kay Stannard Baker, Charles W. Eliot, Dr. Hirsch, Senator La Follette, Senator Beveridge, Miss Tarbell, Tom L. Johnson, Ben Lindsey and Dr. Marden. All of these wrote letters warmly commending the book.

Now it is published as a Socialist propaganda pamphlet.

The light in which this pleasing incident has placed the eminent anti-Socialists is as instructive as it is amusing. It appears clear that they do not know what this thing is that they so valorously oppose. What they denounce when it is tagged they endorse as soon as the label is off. Since it is inconceivable that they should praise this book with false or insincere utterances, the conclusion must be that at heart they are all Socialists. To Cardinal Gibbons, Tom Watson, Dr. Abbott, M. Hapgood and the rest the Socialists may now say "Welcome to our happy home! Come in and take a front seat. You were Socialists all the time and didn't know it."

The reformers furnish no less entertainment and comfort. Most of them have ostentatiously remained aloof from the Socialist movement. Yet it appears now that what they really want and really like is Socialism if it be provided under another name.

Names must be a singularly terrifying bugbear to a certain order of mind. Finally it appears that to a considerable extent what the Socialists want is what all good men everywhere want. But the good men that are wasting their time in chasing social reforms are not advancing towards what they want while the Socialists, keeping their eyes fixed upon the ultimate goal, move steadily forward.

IN Philadelphia and New York the police beat strikers with clubs, in Berlin they back them with swords. The impartial observer cannot see much difference. The accounts one reads of the way the Berlin authorities suppressed the latest strike mightily suggest the Philadelphia police force in the exercise of its choicest functions. In both cities the lesson the police enforce is that striking is a crime, and the duty of the toiler is to keep at his toil, making wealth for his owners.

It is a very curious commentary upon human nature that the good aspirations and desires of a nation should be the means of working evil upon it. The American people, conscious of a condition slowly becoming intolerable, weary of public grafters and dishonesty, are beginning to be very restless under their burdens.

A smug gentleman with a long frock coat, formal whiskers and an abounding stock of platitudes, arises before them, thrusts a hand into his breast and assures them solemnly that he is an honest man.

With pathetic devotion they fall for this apparition and echo his assertion, implicitly believing it.

The smug man thereupon hits out a scheme to fool them. To divert their attention from their troubles and the only possible cure therefor, he produces a contraption called The Public Service Commission. To this commission is to be referred the complaints of the citizens against the railroad companies, traction companies and telephone companies that habitually prey upon and gouge from the people. No particular result can come from this referring. The complaints are to be referred and the commissioners are to sit in owl-like wisdom and listen and report in twelve volumes, fresh from the public printer.

This device works for three years to the great delight of the public service companies, the great expense of the state and no other produce except the deluding of the public. Whereupon a large part of the public, remembering the solemn assertions of the smug man about his honesty, declares him and his contraption to be great. This is the story of Charles Smug Hughes, governor of New York, soon to be elevated to the supreme court of the United States. It is quite easy to understand why Mr. Hughes should seem great to President Taft and the corporation press. But why the reform element in Colorado should think there is anything in him or his contraption passes comprehension. Yet I see that the Colorado reformers are trying to pass a bill creating a public service commission in their state "like that of Governor Hughes."

The undecieved part of the New York populace could give them some useful hints about that. To such observers Governor Hughes' commission is picturesquely and accurately known as the "Public Futilities."

Dr. Cook bobs up in London, insists that he discovered the North Pole, and dives again into his retreat, securely protected by a new crop of whiskers.

This strikes the American nation as humorous, which it probably is, and ready laughter abounds.

The puzzle is that we can find so much humor in Cook and so little in our own affairs.

What is Cook as a humorist compared with the

gentleman that every two years bobs up to tell us that the vital issue in this country is whether the tariff on kauri gum shall be 50 or only 45 per cent?

They are the only fakirs that are really masters of their craft. They can do their sand dances perennially and never crack a smile nor lose countenance while they fool folks.

Let us suppose that everything asserted by the democratic tariff reformers is true. Let us assume that the tariff is at present something alive in the way of an issue. Let us suppose that the nation takes the democrats at their word and puts them in control of the government.

How much would the democrats reduce the tariff?

Now there could be no question simpler nor more reasonable than that. It is plain, practical and pertinent, but not from any democratic source by any means can you extract an answer to it.

How much would they reduce the tariff?

We know that in 1892 the country accepted the democratic argument as made in good faith; that the entire government was placed in democratic hands as the result of agitation of the tariff issue; that the democratic party had pledged itself to a certain definite policy of tariff reduction.

When, therefore, it had full and free opportunity to reduce the tariff it did nothing of the kind. It produced, on the contrary, a tariff bill just as much a protective measure as anything that had issued from the republicans. Instead of reducing the tariff it showed that it was at least as much as the republican party, the driven slave of the interests.

In view of this chapter of history, which certain persons seem prone to forget, the impudence of Dr. Cook is nothing compared to the colossal nerve of those that argue for the democratic party or the tariff issue.

Democrats voted again and again for features of the Payne tariff bill that they were concerned in or that they were ordered by interests to vote for. Mr. Payne himself is on record as saying that if his bill had put a duty on raw cotton all the democrats from the south would have voted for it. You can get any of them at any time to support any duty that is supposed to effect business in their own districts.

Then could anything be more absurd than to turn to the democrats on the tariff question?

The simple truth is that as the two great parties are at present constituted neither can by any possibility withstand the pressure of the interests, now become far more powerful than they were in 1892 or at any other time in our history. These huge concerns do not furnish campaign funds for charitable or sentimental reasons. They are managed by "practical men" that expect and will always secure returns on their investments.

It is very strange that these simple little facts perfectly well known to every person that can think, do not fly up to strike dumb the fakirs that are now urging the tariff issue, but somehow they do not.

NEARLY every newspaper in the United States printed prominently the news of charges against Mr. Rucker, the health officer of Milwaukee.

Only a few radical newspapers printed the news that the charges had been found on examination to be not merely untrue, but impossible and preposterous.

Many newspapers that printed the charges tried to make it appear that Dr. Rucker was a Socialist and that his case illustrated the tiresome old lie that Socialism teaches free love.

None of these newspapers printed Dr. Rucker's complete and official exoneration. None of them printed nor would print the fact that Socialism could have no more responsibility for Dr. Rucker's private life than for the private life of J. P. Morgan.

We are sometimes accused of intolerance and extravagance in our attitude towards the capitalist press. In the face of general and extreme injustice what attitude should we be expected to take? The capitalist press showers upon the Socialist movement lies, labels and misrepresentation. It does this at the direction of its owners. We respond by uncovering the lies and the habitual unfairness. I do not know what else we could do. Meekness itself would revolt at some of these monstrous fabrications.

Until the people of the United States learn to distrust the daily press as at present conducted no project of reform can go very far.

Stenographic report of a marvelous burst of khaki eloquence delivered at Saratoga by the Mighty Hunter:

"I rise to nominate Henry L. Stimson of New York. He is a very good man. As president of the United States I appointed him United States district attorney of New York. It was necessary to have an honest man in that place, a man of integrity. I conferred with Mr. Root at the time and we decided that Mr. Stimson was the man."

Say no more, Colonel. Who could desire a higher endorsement of honesty than one from that eminent apostle of reform; Elihu Root of the adroit mind? Surely the experienced counsel for Boss Tweed, the New York traction gang and Thomas F. Ryan is an expert about honesty. But I confess I am puzzled about one thing. What was the necessity of which you speak? It seems so strange.

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A Fight for Clean Bread

BY E. C. PIERCE

Few industrial struggles have aroused more interest than the recent strike of the bakers in the eastern part of the United States, and all for the simple reason that man's most vital concern touches that which tends to satisfy his appetite. And if the interest aroused by this conflict was more on account of the bread than the baker, the good accomplished is not thereby diminished, and the bakers gain as much as the people. One thing was most clearly shown by the strike, and the victory, and it is almost as impor-

tant that this should be clearly seen as that the people should have clean, wholesome bread; and that is that if concession are to be won from the possessors of things it is necessary that the creators of things should be thoroughly organized and fight side by side. They must feel that



A UNION BAKERY.

"Divine insanity of noble minds which never falters nor debates. Till all that it forsook it made—Or, what it cannot find, creates."

That this was the spirit which enthused the bakers in their struggle against organized oppression there can be no doubt, for nothing else can afford strength in weariness or put courage into the despairing heart. That the struggle was not longer is a tribute to the stomachs of the people, and not to the hearts of the masters.

The Bakery and Confectionery Workers of America, the organization which has done so much to establish a standard of health and living for its members, and, incidentally, to establish a standard of healthful living, at least so far as bakery goods and confectionery are concerned, for the most of the rest of us, has had an interesting history. One of the first reports of the labor commissioner of the state of New York, in 1861, tells of a number of bakery workers who were prosecuted in the courts for conspiracy because they had dared to demand higher wages, and again in the sixties and seventies of the same century tentative and temporary organizations were formed among them in New York and San Francisco for the purpose of enforcing their demand for a living wage.

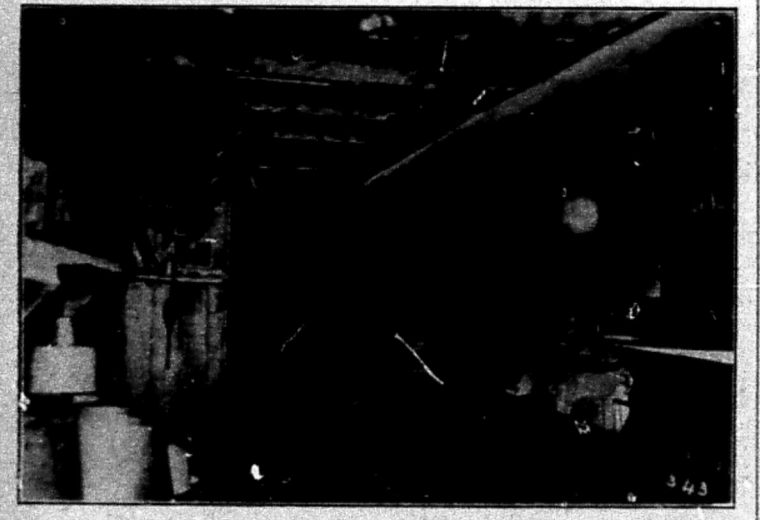
Encouraged by the success of their previous efforts at fixing the price at which they should sell their labor, permanent organizations were formed in many cities in the early eighties under the direction of the Knights of Labor, and a trade and labor paper known as the *Deutsch-Amerikanische Baeckerzeitung* was established by the workers in New York. Through the columns of this paper, which circulated quite extensively among the trade, the executive committee of the New York organization, in the latter part of 1885, issued an invitation to the various kindred organizations in the country to participate in a convention to

effort on the part of the employers to force upon the workers conditions which they did not want. Though repeated calls have been made upon this fund it is so far from being exhausted that it is larger and better filled than ever before.

The union label of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union of America is a little sticker, not much larger than one's thumb nail, but its presence on a loaf of bread or other article of food indicates not only that those who mixed and moulded it were paid a decent wage, but that the article was made of the best of material, under the best possible working conditions, in the most sanitary and clearest workshop, by the most skilled and healthful workers, for no union baker is allowed to work in a shop where the germs of tuberculosis or other dangerous disease are to be found.

One of the most important victories which have been won by the Bakery union was in Chicago, in cleaning up the cellar bakeries of that city. A fight had been carried on by the union for a number of years previous to November, 1907, when the first ordinance was passed by the city council for bidding basement bakeries to be operated. This ordinance was in operation about two years, when the department of health was prohibited by an injunction of the court from enforcing it further. From that time the war was on between the bakery workers on the one hand and the employers, backed up by the courts, on the other. A campaign of education was carried on through the press which has been unsurpassed in the history of unionism, and the members of the Chicago city council were urged to pass a new bakery ordinance which was prepared by the city's health department, while the master bakers tried with all their power to defeat the proposed legislation, even resorting to murder to accomplish their object. The efforts of the master bakers were, however, fruitless, and after a short fight they abandoned the struggle.

Of the 1,355 bakeries recorded in the files of the Chicago health department on the first of January, 1910, 581 were conducted in basements, while at the



NON-UNION BAKERY IN BASEMENT.

be held in Pittsburg, Pa. At this convention, on January 13, 1886, the International union was organized, and so rapidly did it spread that in four weeks after its organization twenty-one local unions in the various states had affiliated with it, and today it has a membership of nearly 200 local unions and 20,000 people, while the treasuries of the various locals and the International contain close to \$300,000.

Since its beginning its progress has been steady and most marked. A sick and death benefit fund was established in 1895 as a voluntary institution for such members as were willing to join it, and in 1908 it was decided at the national convention to make this beneficial feature compulsory to all applicants for membership after January 1, 1909. At this convention also the sick benefit was

present time the number of cellar bakeries operated in that city is very small owing to the rigid enforcement of the ordinance by the board of health, and of those remaining, almost none could be recognized as the same institutions which were in existence before the passage of the new ordinance, so great are the changes which have been made.

Yet the work is but just begun. Tomorrow opens up new opportunities and new necessities. But the organization is here to meet them when they arise, to seek new fields of endeavor and conquest, to battle for the right to live above the privilege of existing, and who is there to say that their aim shall not be reached, their end achieved and their content found in the consciousness of a right cause?

Armories Before Schools

Of the 562 applicants for retirement among public school teachers of New York during the past five years, 39 per cent were suffering from complete nervous break-down or other nervous affections, sixty-one were suffering from heart disease, seventeen from tuberculosis, and fifteen were insane or otherwise mentally unbalanced. Fifty-six applied on plea of age or length of service and the remaining 194 were suffering from various troubles, including nearly every complication possible to affect persons engaged in the trying work of teaching.

These figures are furnished in a report of the Board of Retirement of the educational department of New York, and the report proceeds to put the blame for this human wreckage upon the conditions under which the teachers have to work. The report says: "We know of innumerable cases of physical breakdown and nervous prostration due entirely to close application to duty in stuffy and improperly cleaned and poorly ventilated schoolrooms filled with children who often transmit disease not only to their classmates, but their teachers. The teachers often have not the power of resistance which the more active children have."

But the report does not state that in addition to this, the teachers are grossly underpaid, and therefore unable to sustain themselves in healthy home conditions. And there is no likelihood that the repeated demand for increased salaries for teachers will be satisfied. On the contrary, it is proposed that the twenty-six superintendents each receive a raise of \$1,000 yearly, which would pay \$120 more to two hundred teachers now receiving but \$600 a year—with the cost of living steadily rising every day.

At the same time, the board of edu-



CRYING BECAUSE HE WAS DENIED A CHANCE TO GET AN EDUCATION.

cation announces that there will be 60,000 children on "part time" this year. Chief Superintendent Maxwell says, "the school attendance is increasing at the rate of 25,000 a year, and the city is doing practically nothing to accommodate the newcomers. The part time pupils that we have now are the accumulation of three years of neglect. Unless some drastic and expensive measure is taken at once, there will be nearly 70,000 children next year who will be able to obtain only a fraction of a school term."

More school houses are needed with no prospects of getting them. It is significant that there are but 340 pupils of the high schools on part time. All of the other part time pupils are in lower grades—among the poorer working class.

The bureau of municipal research, devised to protect tax-payers, blames the board of education for mismanagement, says that it doesn't know its business, that more facilities could be provided out of the \$35,000,000 expended annually on the public school system, that "part time" is not an unmitigated evil, as shown by results in other cities, etc. Coincident with this inadequate school equipment for the children \$1,000,000 is being spent by the city for the erection of a new, magnificent armory.

And this shameful record of mismanagement obtains in New York, the boasted metropolis of America, the second largest, and the richest city in the world, where millions are spent yearly to make certain parts of the city attractive to the luxurious taste of the parasites who extract their wealth from the industry of the entire country.

Definitions of Golf.

On the terrace of a country club, overlooking a green dotted with sheep, a group of non-golfers were taking tea. A male non-golfer, who took his tea through a straw, said thoughtfully: "Golf might be defined as billiards gone to grass."

"Spleen on the green I'd call it," said a female non-golfer.

"Or the last flicker of the dying fire of athletics," sneered a young football player.

"The misuse of land and language," suggested a tennis champion.

"No, no, you're all wrong," said a famous angler. "Golf is simply a game wherein the ball lies badly and the player well"—Louisville Times.

In the Beginning

By H. G. Creel

"With a Grain of Salt."

The earliest record of the saying "with a grain of salt" dates back to the year 63 B. C., when the great Pompey entered the palace of Mithridates and discovered among his private papers the description of an antidote against poisons of all sorts which was composed of pounded herbs. These, according to the recipe were to be taken with a grain of salt. Whether this was meant seriously or as a warning sarcasm is not known, but thenceforth it became the custom to say that doubtful preparations should be taken with a grain of salt. From this the meaning was transferred to sayings of doubtful truth.

"Nine Tailors Make a Man."

The often employed phrase, "nine tailors make a man," is said to have originated in the following incident: "In 1742 an orphan boy applied at a fashionable tailor's shop in London in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed 9 shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital he purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage instead of troubling the college of heralds for a crest he painted the following motto on his carriage door: 'Nine tailors made me a man.'"

Mahomet and the Mountain.

When Mahomet first announced his divinely inspired and appointed system the Arabs demanded supernatural proofs of his commission. "Moses and Jesus," said the Arabs, wrought miracles in testimony of their divine authority. And if thou art indeed a prophet of God, do so likewise.

"It would be tempting God to do so," replied Mahomet, "and bring down his anger as in the case of Pharaoh."

As the story is told in Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," the Arabs were not satisfied with this answer, and Mahomet commanded St. Sata, one of the numerous emissaries near Mecca, to come to him. The mountain not stirring at Mahomet's bidding, the prophet exclaimed "God is merciful. Had the mountain obeyed my words it would have fallen on us to our destruction."

Saving Soil Food

While American cities are paying great sums to get rid of the valuable fertilizing material contained in sewage, English cities are returning this material to the land from which it was originally taken. The following description of the sewage farm of Leicester, England, is taken from a paper presented by Mr. George Mawbey before the royal sanitary institute.

The area of the farm is 1,710 acres of which 1,234 are available for sewage treatment, the remainder being used for feeding the cattle when it is not convenient for them to graze on the irrigated land. Something like one thousand bullocks are annually fed upon this land, the Farms Committee supply the horses for most of the departments of the corporation, and a large proportion of the provender is also supplied from the farm.

Of the sewageing area, about 230 acres are arable, about 274 acres ryegrass and about 730 acres old-pasture.

The depth of the surface soil varies from about one-half to one foot, under which there is a depth of about two and one-half to three and one-half feet of yellow clay, overlying hard boulder clay, averaging some 100 feet thick, resting upon the Upper Keuper Marl.

In the first place the corporation purchased only one hundred acres of land upon which the first detritus tanks were constructed, the remainder being held on long leases, but owing to the success of the undertaking they have purchased a further 1,270 acres of the land which is mostly used for irrigation.

The volume of the flow of the river is often exceedingly low in times



METHOD OF DISTRIBUTING SETTLING-TANK SLUDGE OVER ARABLE LAND AT SEWAGE FARM OF LEICESTER, ENGLAND.

of drought; nevertheless the river from Leicester for many miles down is stocked with fish and is a popular resort for anglers. On the other hand when I was appointed at Leicester, a little over twenty years ago, before the Beaumont Leys sewage farm was laid out, and when the sewage of Leicester was chemically treated at the old works the river for miles down was black and putrid with sewage pollution.

If Christianity were taught; and understood conformably to the spirit of its founder, the existing social organism could not last a day.—Emil de Laveleye.



OUR STATISTICIAN

The total output of coal in the state of Illinois for the year ending June 30, 1909 was 49,163,710 tons from the 886 mines operating in the state. The average number of days of operation was 189 while the average annual wage of the miner was \$546.97, an average wage of less than \$2.90 for each working day and of less than \$1.50 for each day of the year, an average decrease in wages for each working day of nearly twenty cents and of each day in the year of almost ten cents as compared with the previous year. During the year 213 men were killed in the mines of the state, leaving 125 widows and 298 fatherless children, a cost of one life for each 230,816 tons mined. The number of men so badly injured that it was necessary to lose thirty or more days time was 804, or one for each 54,993 tons. Of the 73,733 miners employed during the year 146 per cent were either killed or injured.

Statistical items are wanted for this column. A year's subscription to the *Coming Nation* will be given for everyone used. Be sure to give your authority.

The Socialist Scouts

If there's a bright Socialist boy or girl in your neighborhood who wants to make pocket money and Socialist converts at the same time speak to him about joining the Socialist Scouts. One little fellow started three weeks ago with ten sample copies. Now he has forty regular customers; another has thirty-two and many have fifteen and twenty.

To any boy or girl who'll agree to remit two and one-half cents for what *COMING NATIONS* they sell and return heads or unsold copies I'll send two bundles, ten each, *COMING NATIONS* and *Appeals*. (The post office department will not allow me to send free copies.) Scouts tuck an *Appeal* inside a *COMING NATION* and sell both papers for five cents; this gives them a profit of two and one-half cents on each sale.

Scout buttons and badges are now ready and will be sent to boys and girls when they send for their second bundle. A letter of explanation goes with first papers. Address all letters to Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan.



A Scout Family.

This is the Bagwell family of Fort Smith, Ark. Scout John L. Bagwell stands right behind his Socialist mother who is a staunch social rebel. The scout department would like photos of all Scouts.

Opinions of the Coming Nation

Hurrah for the *COMING NATION*! It is by far the best that ever came from any press; that's the way they expressed it at our local last night.—W. J. Martin, Coachella, Cal.

The paper seems to be an almost new departure in Socialist literature, and one that is much needed.—Sherman G. Miller, Burbank, Fla.

I am well pleased with the name and the paper.—H. B. Sprague, Sedgewick, Colo.

It is just what I have been looking for. I think it fills a long felt want.—O. W. May, Topeka, Kan.

It's the thing we've all been wanting for a long time.—John A. Randall, Indianapolis, Ind.

It is worth its weight in gold.—Wm. G. Rupp, Sofia, N. D.

I believe that you have struck the key-note to reach a certain class of people.—Scott Smith, Villisca, Iowa.

I feel like congratulating the Socialist movement of America on acquiring a new and "the best of them yet" medium of propaganda and education.—Leo Weinstein, Hartford, Conn.

I have more Socialist papers than I can read, but after reading the *COMING NATION* I decided that I couldn't afford to be without it.—L. A. Spengler, Los Angeles.

I see so much truth in it that I have to have it.—C. K. Nelson, Kensington, Minn.

The *COMING NATION* is grand; it fills the bill better than anything else I could imagine.—D. L. McLeish, Howell, S. D.

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS: Fred D. Warren.

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

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. Bundles of ten or more, including equal number of copies of *Appeal to Reason*, 2 1/2 cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Edition Exhausted

Those who wish to be sure of obtaining copies of the *COMING NATION* must order the number wanted in advance. Last week's enough copies were printed to supply the advance orders and also to supply as many additional orders as were expected. Two days after the press stopped running every copy was gone. Not even the copies reserved for the office files were left. Fortunately the forms had not yet been broken up and it was possible to run off another edition. This was done and those who had sent in orders were supplied.

This cannot be promised for the future. Only those orders are sure of being filled that are in the office on Monday of the week in which the *COMING NATION* is issued. For a little while it will still be possible to furnish back numbers, but the stock of some issues is already almost exhausted. The *COMING NATION* is growing fast and that means that all estimates of copies wanted are apt to be too small and that only advance orders will be filled.

There is going to be some great stuff in forthcoming numbers. Next week will have the story of an Alabama cotton mill town by Alexander Irvine. It is a story that every magazine editor in America would like to print, but which few if any would dare to publish.

There will be some short stories by some of those who stand at the top of the list of writers. The Ellis Island sketches will keep growing in interest. A series of articles on co-operation in this country and in Europe are in course of preparation. Olofin Pot is gathering some splendid stuff in Italy. Another series is in preparation on the "welfare work" by which unions are being crushed and "benevolent feudalism" inaugurated.

Then do not forget that issue of October 29th, with Eugene Wood's "The Cop on the Corner" in it, illustrated by Horace Taylor. This number will reach those who order it now in time for distribution before election. Every workman who reads it will be unable to mark a republican or democrat ballot for a week afterward, anyhow. Any Boy Scout or literature agent that lays in a supply of this number will have something he can sell like glasses of ice water in the Sahara desert.

It would be a good idea for every subscriber to order about ten copies of that. You will want them to give away for years to come. It is the only really funny propaganda matter in existence. Do not miss it.

SCOUT NEWS.

Comrade Gertrude Weil, the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Socialist Sunday school teacher writes as follows: "This morning in Sunday school we had two new recruits, or rather two more volunteers for the Socialist Scouts. A little backward at first, they have become emboldened at the success of the others. You will be interested to know that we passed a motion to correspond with the English and Canadian Socialist Scouts. Please send us their names. This is the roster of our local Scout band: Celia Weil, Hugo Haffner, Philippa Wenz, Emil Haffner, Louis Weil, Fannie Rosman, Henry Schneider, Frank Kropf, George Cole.

Building the Nation

Comrades of the Army: Now that you've seen five copies of the *COMING NATION* you know it deserves a generous supply of your old time hustling. Each issue has been better than any preceding number.

You can safely promise yourself and your friends that the very best of progressive matter will appear regularly in its columns.

Debs says: "The first numbers have been filled with the best kind of stuff, ample in variety and served in first class style. The editorial page by Russell is alone worth a dozen times the price."

Park J. Dills, Johnstown, N. Y., writes: "The greatest campaign the Socialist movement ever witnessed in literature is in the present. The people are hungry for the truth and enlightenment. Let every comrade do his duty. The material for converts to Socialism is standing right by our side. The *COMING NATION* can reach thousands of these who could not be reached by other literature."

These are but two letters from hundreds of similar ones. It's a fact that the profusely illustrated, well written, high class propaganda of the *COMING NATION* will make converts where all other means would fail. The *NATION* is doing a work entirely its own. It needs the co-operation of every reader to quickly make it a power for Socialism. Visit that neighbor of yours. When you get his snb fill out following blank and send it in: *COMING NATION*, Girard, Kansas.

Dear Comrades: For the enclosed \$1 enter the following name for one year:

Name

Street or Box No.

Town..... State.....

From Tree to Press

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

The story of the production of paper and its cost in terms of humanity.

HAVING for some years lived in the heart of the pulp-paper district, with spruce forests all about and gigantic papermills close at hand, I have been naturally led to make a study of this form of modern "big business." I have followed the work from the noble tree itself, standing on Maine's rock hillsides, to the finished roll of paper, ready to be shipped away—perhaps to Girard, who knows? for the *Appeal* or the *Coming Nation*. More than one spruce I have felled with my own hands. In the lumber-camps I have sojourned; through the roaring mills I have wandered—though by no means disclosing my politics. I have watched the whole process of manufacture and labor-exploitation from one end to the other. This article aims to give a resume of the in-



GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND AS A LUMBERMAN.

formation I have collected in the past five years. I trust the reader will derive from it a tenth part of the interest and the knowledge that I have gained in collecting the facts.

The Beginnings of Paper.

This copy of the *Coming Nation*, that you hold in your hand first came material being in some forest depth—perhaps in Maine itself. From that distant genesis of spruce or fir or whatsoever wood, to its finished form of printed page, its handling has been very long and drastic, a modern transformation-play of more than usual interest.

Everybody, in a sort of general way, knows that most paper is made out of "pulp." But what the stages of development are, not one in a thousand, perhaps, can tell. For to trace out the process step by step is no idler's task.

In the first place, you must travel far from cities and penetrate wildernesses where the "lumber-jacks" live and toil all winter long under brutal conditions and for beggarly pay, isolated, far from civilization, without even so much as a newspaper to read



WHERE THE LUMBERMAN MUST LIVE

for weeks on end. You must climb the slippery "tote-road" to the camps perched on distant heights—long low hovels of rough logs, chinked with moss and snow, half buried under drifts, with thin lines of smoke drifting by day from their stove-pipes, with tiny windows blinking out across the water by night. You must live roughly, eat coarsely, forget personal cleanliness and sleep indiscriminately. You mustn't mind such trifles as vermin—"bark-beaks" the loggers call them—but must make up your mind to tolerate them and to throw away your clothes when you return home. In the logging-woods there is scant room for k-A-glove manners or tooth-brushes or any of the refinements of life. It is hard, rough and dirty, there; a life of heart-breaking toil with no amusements save getting your eye-teeth cheated out of you at cards with the boss or at trading in the boss's "waugin" store where you perform must deal. There is no other place to purchase leggings, caps or "mackinaws" or tobacco or anything. Waugin prices "go", whatever they may be. And the *Black-Me* system flourishes amazingly, in consequence

At day-break you must follow out the swampers, yarders and drivers to their labor in the bitter cold, often twenty to forty below zero. Presently, if they let you swing an axe or drive a nail, you will come to learn a little of the price that under capitalism, is paid in raw human effort for every sheet of paper that the civilized world, so very far away, uses in its sheltered daily life. Woe betide the weakling, the man who falls ill or gets an injury. His lot is Hell!

It is no holiday undertaking to wallow waist-deep in clogging snow all day, to chop, and lift, and haul and pry with "cant-dogs", to swamp and yard big sticks that, once in a while, roll down and crush a human life out in a moment's time. Then, at night, to tramp lamely down the trail, through the darkness, to the little tar-paper-roofed "bar-room", where—all wet and chilled—you mingle with the real proletariat, the hardy, brave, battered wage-slaves of the paper trust; Canucks, P. Is., and all manner of men. The harsh food is eaten (bolted, rather) in perfect silence. The evening passes in drying or mending worn socks and moccasins, in ribaldry and profane jestings as the men loll on the "deacon-seat." By nine o'clock every man is snoring in his rough bunk, often with his foul blankets securely wrapped up over his head. The one dim lantern is extinguished, as it sits on the incredibly dirty floor of rude poles. Night and oblivion claim the storm-wrapped camp in the wilderness; while at the same hour, the owners and share-holders of the paper trust in brightly-lighted cities, are basking in all the luxuries wherewith the surplus values extracted from these miserable slaves provide them.

Dangerous Coasting.

From the cutting and yarding of the great spruce logs, your study of the business next takes you through a course of the most stupendous coasting that human beings could possibly risk and survive—I mean, the "two-sledding" of great, chained loads down the mountain sides, over booming trestles, around jutting elbows of rock where the icy road overhangs sickening precipices, down sheer drops that put "shooting the shoots" among the puerile sports of childhood. A few miles of this dipping, swaying, rushing plunge leaves you in a thankful mood—thankful that you're still alive and that you're not a lumber-jack of the paper trust. You are overwhelmingly glad when you really reach the valley, still alive, and the sweating, steaming span of horses pulls up with a shew at the "landing" beside the river. Then you have some moments to get your nerves back into shape, while still other slaves unwrap the chains, tumble the big sticks off the sleds and make them ready for the "scalp." He in turn, after having measured them with his little toothed wheel and pole, hands them over to the red-shirted cross-cut men, to be whipped into four-foot lengths.

The Drive.

These muscular giants, who, with seemingly tireless arms work for a scant \$10 a month, keep down the vast accumulation of timber that piles in upon them, by the river-bank. Then, when the spring sun and rains loosen the frost-fetters, millions of feet of

The bravery of the plain, ordinary, unvarnished workman is a marvel. When, with axes, peavies or big sticks of dynamite a jam is made to "haul", you can witness some feats that the average city bred man wouldn't attempt for all the money in the coffers of Wall street. Yet no special credit or reward comes to the lumberman, therefore. And every spring, numbers of men lose their lives in the service of capital on the drive, despite calked boots and great agility. That is merely incidental to paper-production and profit-taking. But after you have seen it once, you appreciate this part of the cost of modern paper. Strange to say, the woodsmen nearly

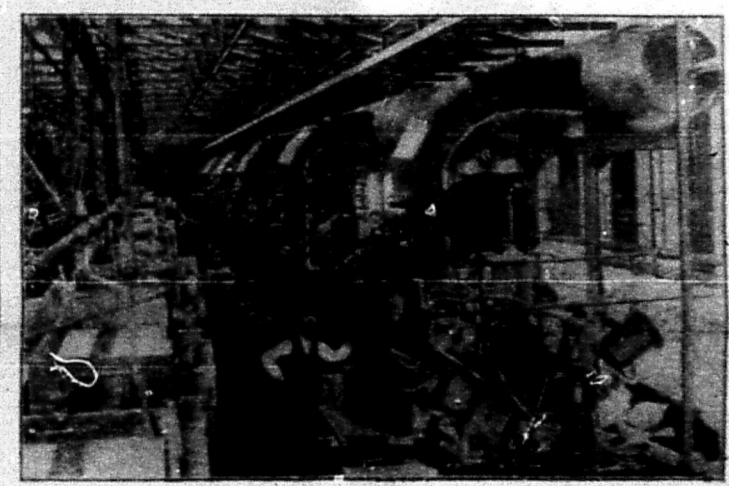


YARDING THE LOGS

all prefer the drive to the cutting. Their pay is better at such times, and the minor details of wading all day in ice-water, riding runaway logs over rapids, or occasionally losing their lives in a mix-up, seem more desirable than the deadly monotony of camp-life up in the woods, far beyond the reach of even one of the myriad newspapers their toil helps to create.

At the Mill.

Once the pulp-wood, either in log form or cut up, has safely landed in the storage pond, the first stage of paper-making is past. From the pond, the stock is drawn up on elevators,



MACHINES FOR GRINDING PAPER PULP

heaped in tremendous piles, and seasoned. Some of these wood piles are incredibly huge. The accompanying cut shows the biggest one in the world, which I photographed some time ago. It belongs to the Burgess Sulphite Fibre Co., at Berlin, N. H. When fully stocked, it contains more than 50,000 cords, towers 125 feet in air and covers 70,000 feet of ground. It measures in circuit some 1,500 feet. This mountain of wood, worth between \$150,000 and \$200,000 is only one of many owned by the paper interests, and gives some idea of the enormous size and power of modern capitalist production.

Properly seasoned, the wood is ready to be drawn on cars into the mill itself, where begin at once the actual process of converting it into pulp and paper.

Up to a certain point, until the wood is ready for the "digesters", the preparation is the same for all classes of work. First you will see the logs sawed up into two-foot lengths, the bark removed by an ingenious arrangement of revolving knives, and the wood chipped into small pieces about 3/4 inch square and 1/8 inch thick. This process gives you an impressive insight into the stupendous power developed by turbines. Steadily the pale, sweating, dust-powdered toilers feed the logs into the hoppers of these whirling, roaring monsters; and steadily the monsters devour their harsh food. You shudder at the thought of what would happen to a man if caught by the steel giant. You wonder if, after all, the "risks" assumed by trustified capital, by the owners of corporation stocks and bonds, are not a trifle preferable to those which every worker in a pulp-mill must perforce accept under his "free contract."

Carefully keeping your thoughts to yourself, lest ejection from the mill result, you pass on to the next process. Here you see the chips caught and screened mechanically to free them from knots and sawdust (Dust might hurt the paper; but its effect on the toilers' lungs is of no moment, so exhaust-blowers are not provided). At this point the chemistry begins, either the "soda" or the "sulphite" process, according to the kind of wood used, or certain other factors. Passing from the grinding room, you observe

The "Soda Process"

which, your guide informs you, is based on the fact that sodium hydrate (caustic soda) is a very powerful sol-

vent for all the constituents of wood save a form of cellulose or fiber which is desired by the papermaker. The chips, then, are run into a vast cylindrical shell, usually of welded steel. Should one of these "digesters" burst, the havoc would be frightful. In some mills they are more than nine feet in diameter, by forty long.

At the same time that the digesters are being filled with chips, a strong solution of caustic soda is run in—some 1200 cubic feet to each tank. Presently an iron lid is bolted home. Then steam is turned on from the bottom of the tank, rising through the enclosed mass and blowing off at the top. The pressure sometimes rises to

125 pounds per square inch. When the "cook" decides that the process is ended, he opens a valve and the contents are forcibly driven out into a "blow-tank." This operation is excessively energetic, and breaks up the softened wood into a spongy mass, very dark colored and mixed with the blackened caustic.

You now observe the liquor drained off, and see that the pulp is ready for washing, screening and bleaching. In screening, the liquid pulp is passed over slotted metal plates with a mesh of about nine one-thousandths of an inch. After seeping through this

screen, the fibers are separated from the water by means of wire cloth, and the pulp is run into tanks to be bleached by hypochlorite of lime under steam heat. Six hours suffice to bleach the pulp, which is then ready for the paper-machines.

The "Sulphite" Process

is considerably more complicated. A mixture of bisulphite of lime and bisulphite of magnesia is usually employed. So corrosive is this mixture that only recently an acid-proof brick has been discovered to line the digesters and protect them. The liquor used is fearfully pungent. One whiff sets you barking and choking. The whole neighborhood of a sulphite mill smells



THE LAST STEP. THE FINISHED PAPER BEING WOUND ON ROLLS.

like a particularly active kind of Hell broken loose. You wonder why men ever work there at all; why they don't go away on their private yachts, or take Taft's advice and spend their time vacationing, instead of rotting their lungs out in such a brimstone-and-sulphur atmosphere.

After you have spent some time in this part of the works, you understand one of the many reasons that have led the paperworkers here and there, as at Watertown, N. Y., and Rumford, Me., to strike in the past few months. You realize, also, in face of these vast plants and capitalizations, how futile and petty such rebellions must seem to the Captains who sit secure in Wall street. How interesting it would be as a social experiment, to condemn one of those same full-paunch individuals to serve at regular wages, a six-months term in a sulphite mill! What, you wonder, would be the result upon his anatomy, his peace of mind, his concept of "Law and Order," "Vested

Rights," "The Class Struggle" and certain other matters, to say nothing of Trades Unionism and the Freedom of Contract?

Final Stages.

The paper-makers, per se, now take charge of the pulp, to convert it into the finished product of various grades. You see the pulp-beater very fine, in water, by the ingenious machinery. Resin, soap, alum, starch and coloring matter are added, and finally the soupy liquid is delivered in a broad, thin stream upon the endless wire-cloth belts of the paper machines.

By gravity and suction the water is abstracted from the pulp (how useful such treatment would be for modern stocks and bonds!) and the inter-meshed fibers pass under and over a great variety of rollers, where heat and pressure compact them into paper.

Various surfaces are obtained by calendering-machines, by "plate-glazing" between polished metal plates under heavy pressure, and in other ways. The winding, cutting and packing call for no special comment. You wonder, however, at the rapidity with which the finished paper emerges from the machines—as fast, sometimes, as a man might care to run. You marvel at the dexterity of the operatives in taking off filled rolls and starting the paper again on new cores, without ever stopping the machines. It is perfectly incredible, how they do this; but skill and speed and an apparent indifference as to getting a hand or arm twisted off, solve the problem. Some rolls go to market with three or four miles of paper wound in them. The "Little Old *Appeal*" and the *Coming Nation* get such rolls in train-load lots.

Magnitude of the Industry: Its Concentration.

The U. S. Census of manufacturers gives the total value of wood-pulp and paper manufactured in this country for 1904 as over \$188,700,000, or considerably more than double the figures for 1889. The number of establishments in 1904 was 761, a decrease of 2 since 1889; which bears out the Socialist contention as to the concentration of industry while increasing the output. The business employs about 70,000 men and pays wages of some \$38,000,000 a year. Labor here, as elsewhere, receives about one-fifth of its own product. The total cordage of domestic woods employed in 1904 exceeded 2,470,000, mostly spruce and poplar. The total daily production of paper is probably about 24,000,000 pounds—a tremendous commentary on the needs of our civilization.

An estimate has been made that for a single Sunday issue of a certain New York paper, twenty acres of woodland must be cut over. "An area half as large as the state of Rhode Island," says the Lewiston, Me., Journal for Jan. 14, 1908, "is stripped every year of its spruce to make pulp-wood. Every material interest is threatened by the present wasteful methods. The publishers of the country are using more than 3,500,000 cords of pulp-wood each year."

The fact cannot be denied, no matter what Ballingers and others of that ilk may say, that this industry is already making serious inroads into our forest areas and that some less wasteful methods of lumbering should be devised. Capitalism cares nothing for coming generations. Its motto is: "Profits, now!" Something must be done, and at once, or untold damage will result.

Deforestation means a falling water supply, a stripping of the soil (which once gone, can never be replaced), and a permanent loss in very many products of great value. Unless Socialism gains power enough, within a few years, to check the ravages of capitalism, it will be a barren and a wasted land which our posterity will inherit.

What to Do.

We should go to school to some of the European nations, which have for-

hands, is very great, needs slight proof.

Our National Forest system must be enormously extended. As an example of the usefulness of this system we should remember that even today over 1,000,000 acres of private holding, are being operated under the direct eye of the Forest Service, with highly



SUMMIT OF BIGGEST WOOD PILE IN THE WORLD.

beneficial results to the owners, and that eleven railroad companies have found it worth their while to adopt scientific forestry methods in order to take out their falling supplies of ties.

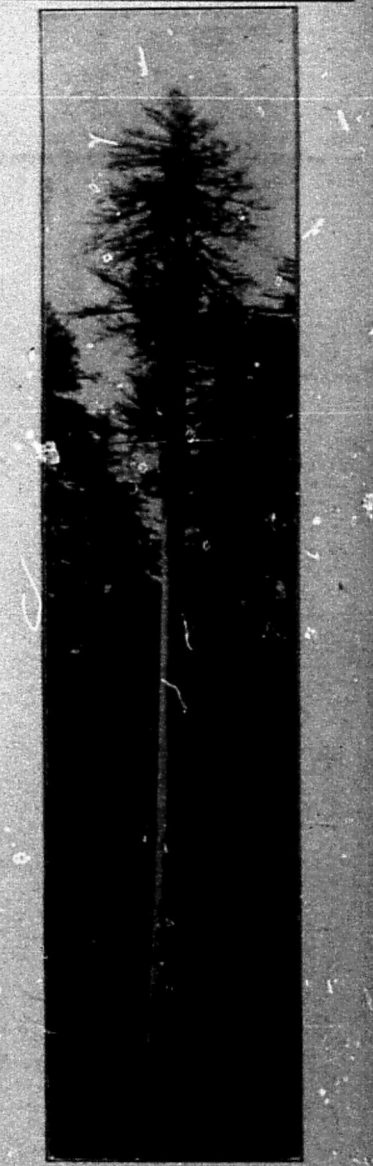
We shall grow wise enough, sometime, to nationalize our forests, together with all the other sources of our national life. In no other big modern industry more clearly than in the paper business can the direct connection be observed, even by the superficial student, between capitalism and the looting of our national wealth. This fact, joined with that of the brutal and degrading enslavement of the workers in that industry, all the way from lumber-camp to the paper-machine, points us clearly the way we should go.

Socialism, "the hope of the world" will make the squalid misery of the lumber camps a memory to be quickly forgotten; it will insure life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for the many thousand wage-slaves ground under the heel of the paper trust; it will, above all, save our forests, so essential to our life as individuals and as a race.

Socialism will do all this. Nothing else will, or can. I ask you, reader, what shall your verdict be?

Find the Man.

There is a man in this picture, a full grown man, a full sized man; can you find him? But while he is a full grown man, the tree shown is only a baby tree, some centuries old, ten feet in diameter and more than three hundred feet high. This tree is one



THE MAN AND THE TREE.

of the famous redwood trees of Humboldt county, California and if permitted to grow for a few more centuries more would become nearly if not quite double its present size.

Millions of acres of these splendid trees have been cut down and converted into lumber by the big capitalistic interests which have stolen the land from the people by means of the class government in Washington. Millions of acres more will probably be devastated by them before the people awaken to the privilege which is theirs of stopping this ruthless, wanton destruction of the natural resources of the world.

Many men today longed for heaven when they were young and the idea of a salvation for society never occurred to them; now they are almost indifferent whether they personally will survive death or not; but they would gladly give their life if it could help forward the salvation of society.—Paul Kauschenbusch in "Christianity and the Social Crisis."

Especially for Women

Mothers Against Militarism

BY BERNICE MCCALLY POLLOCK

I would like to add my mite to the Woman's Page, as I think it is calculated to do much good. (Not my mite, but the Woman's Page.) Mrs. M. B. G. suggests that the women exchange views and ideas. This is the only way in which new ideas can become our own and false view points changed.

Never in the world's history has there been a time when women, especially mothers, had such an opportunity to impress the coming generations; and in no way can she do this as effectively as by impressing her own children.

Take, for instance, the movement now on foot, and largely under way, to turn our public schools into military training schools. Is this to go on? Who is trying to check it? Who will check it, if not the mothers? Do we realize that our little boys are to be formed into military companies in the public schools, and given real guns, and be taught how to use them? Do we realize that, in the near future, our youths and boys will be compelled to enter the military service, and that for the very best years of their lives?

Here in Washington, at the public high school, there is a regular military organization called the high school cadets. The Daily Washington Times, of September 28th, announces: "The date of the organization of the high school cadet regiment was, today, set for October 6th. This announcement followed a meeting of the military committee of the high schools, of which Captain James F. Oyster is chairman. . . . Principals were notified, today, that cadets who graduate in February will be eligible for company appointments, etc., etc."

Parents should take notice that it is the sons of the working class that go to the public schools; but should any of the sons of the wealthy class attend these schools, and should a war break out, these would be able to substitute the sons of the poorer classes, for a money consideration.

There was a squad of youngsters went down the Potomac this summer on an outing. They took their guns along. One boy of sixteen was brought home dead—slain by the careless discharge of a gun—one of those weapons which kill with precision and dispatch, especially when they are not loaded.

It is one of the inexcusable crimes of the present day, that mere children should be provided with firearms, while yet in the public schools, and taught that murder is an elevating, a legitimate, and a necessary profession. Now, I submit that it is up to us mothers to teach those boys at home that murder is a revolting crime, no matter what kind of clothes the murderer wears, or who tells him to do it.

Are there not enough military academies? Enough military tactics instilled in our colleges and state universities? Must children be forced into militarism? Whither, O, mothers, are we drifting? Is it not up to you to discourage this teaching of murder to your innocent children? You should protest loudly and deeply against this monstrous proceeding. The insidiousness of it all is its prime danger. It all seems so much a matter of course. Why, you cannot travel fifty miles on any railroad without seeing numbers of mere boys dressed out in the military trappings. Cadets everywhere. Cadets in the light blue-grey of the army, and cadets in the dark navy blue betokening their position in the navy.

A writer in the Cosmopolitan for September laments the infamy that has overtaken us on account of so many desertions from our army. He quotes from an adjutant general's report: "The deserter suffers little or no loss of caste by reason of his offense. . . . It is safe to predict that desertions from the army will continue to be excessive, until there shall have been a radical change of public sentiment toward the army, and until the deserter shall come to be regarded as the criminal that he is, to be ostracized, and hunted down as relentlessly as any other transgressor of the laws."

Another illuminating fact he mentions is this: "A young man of rich or well to do parents who wants to leave the army, can buy his way out of it without disgrace, but the poor chap, 'mugged' and 'finger printed,' who wants to leave it, has no alternative but to run away, be dishonorably discharged, be placarded all over the country, and if caught, serve a term in prison."

Whether intending it or not, this writer makes a flat-footed bid for a war as soon as it can be managed, in order to give these soldiers something to do at their profession of murder. He says: "One splendidly luminous fact shines forth from our military record. Our soldiers do not desert when there is fighting to be done. During the Spanish war, less than one per cent were reported as deserters."

Now, parents, especially you who are Socialists, what are you going to do about this? Are you going to leave this affair of the training of your children in militarism—I mean the fighting of this monstrous iniquity—to an occasional editorial in a Socialist newspaper, or are you going to take a hand at the training yourself? Suppose you gather the children about the table in the old sitting room this very night and tell them a few truths about the real significance of this public school cadet proposition. Don't you think it is your duty to instruct them that war is the murder of one set of working men by another set of workingmen that have no quarrel with each other? That they do it because they are trained in these military schools to obey orders, no matter what those orders are?

War, today, can have no excuse in justice or right. The individual soldier is, in reality, merely an individual murderer—the glare and excitement of a battle does not cancel any man's personal responsibility for every life he takes. To make profits for capitalist governments and for interests that already own the earth and all that therein is the only basis any war can possibly have at this time in the world's history?



AN UP-TO-DATE AND COMFORTABLE COMBINATION GARMENT

8795—Ladies' Combination Drawers and Corset Cover with or without ruffle, and in square or round neck edge. A practical garment that has excellent staple features is here shown. It has dart fitted body portions that tend to give the fashionable slight effect to the figure. The ruffle may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 2 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 in. material for medium size with ruffle, without ruffle will require 2 1/8 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of five in silver or stamps.

One Woman's Ideals.

From the waste basket I drag the wrapper that tells me this first beautiful copy of Coming Nation was sent to my husband. However, I gleaned for myself a message from its pages that can be perfectly interpreted in four simple words, "A spirit of helpfulness." And as the night is followed by dawn, so will success follow perfect sincerity of intent. I have been a farmer's daughter, a book-keeper, a compositor at the case, and finally a poor country editor's wife and through 't all have carried an ideal. The ideal of a perfect relationship between the business man and the business woman. Have I realized my ideal? Have I found the firm footing? Could I pilot a novice through

the rapids of a young girl's business career? I, who have threaded the intricate route and am resting in the placid waters of the silver wedding period, would fly the signals of danger from the rocks beneath the surface. I would reach out a guiding hand to all the young girls who are entering a business life. First, don't be too cock-sure of yourselves. Start right. Let us show ourselves worthy of bigger things than taking a trial balance or a dictation. Let us know ourselves and our strength or if so be, our weakness, and walk carefully before we run. First of all, have your ideal. Shall we be able to command the respect and deference one man should pay another, or are we of those who only demand the respect and homage of men for women? We can not all be constituted on militant lines—thanks be—else where would be our domestic saints? So to fulfill our destinies we must live up religiously to our ideals. "To thine ownself be true."

LULLIAN WILLIAMS BRAY, Jensen, Fla.

A Story of a Farmer's Wife

I am forty-nine years of age. My husband and I have raised six children, our oldest being twenty-four years of age, our baby ten. We have always lived on rented land and it has been a hard struggle to make a living. We have always had a plenty, but it was hard work to keep plenty. I have had a lot of sickness and am now almost a complete invalid. We have two children married. A girl and my only boy are married and four daughters are at home with me. We still live on rented-land, and the man that owns the land lives in a house with electric lights while I live in a house where when it rains I have to cover my beds with oil cloth to keep them dry.

My husband and I are worn out and too disabled to work. Our girls have to make a living for us and they can't do it on these poor lands and such high rent. I will do all I can to help bring Socialism. I have given away lots of papers for people to read. Wishing you every success and hoping to receive your paper. I am, Your comrade, MRS. J. S. ELLIOTT. Edison, Ga.

Some Helpful Hints.

- Here are a few hints which everyone should know.
- To remove iron-rust spots, lemon juice and salt and lay in the hot sun.
- To remove ink-stains on white goods, soak goods in water, then cover spots with pounded salts of lemon, bleach in sun for half hour, wash in suds, rinse and dry.
- Stains on dishes can be removed with baking soda.
- Rub kerosene on window screens to keep them from looking rusty and to keep flies off.
- To clean brass, apply a solution of vinegar and salt. Be sure to wash it all off then polish with a dry, soft cloth.
- To remove mildew, soak the cloth in buttermilk over night and dry in sun, without rinsing.
- To remove finger marks from a highly polished piano wipe the cloth wet in pure cold water. Wipe dry.
- Never use soap on gilt china.
- To clean kitchen paint put one pound bran in one gallon water, allow it to set an hour before using. This keeps paint from getting dull.
- To remove hot grease from floor cover quickly with flour and let stand 1 or 2 hours before taking up.
- To remove grass stains, apply alcohol. Another way is to cover the stains with molasses.
- To remove scratches on paint made by scratching matches, cut with a cut lemon. Pour clear boiling water through a tea strainer to remove it and also to keep it from spreading over the fabric.
- To remove egg stains from silver, rub with dry salt.
- Hot water will take out new paint.
- Ammonia will remove white spots on furniture.
- To remove cocoa stains, soak goods in strong solution of borax and cold water.

REDA ETHEL WEBSTER, Reed's Ferry, N. H.

The following remarks were called forth from the late Francis E. Willard president of the National W. C. T. U. by the defeat, a short time before in the United States senate of the Arbitration Treaty bill between England and America: "The W. C. T. U. agrees with the wage-workers that it is late in the day to begin arming and drilling boys in our public schools; we have got beyond all that. The arbitration of reason, instead of passion, is a part of the inextinguishable purpose of the majority to realize the good of life. The price of 'bullet meat' has risen since the common man learned that neither king nor lord had a right to put him at the front and have him shot for a country that had never treated him as other than a serf. The sultan can still do this, for his bayonets have not yet begun to think, but the great labor movement in all civilized nations means the overthrow of war, and this force allies with it, that half of the world which prefers that its sons should not bleed their lives out on the battlefield, but should live to enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth and to make it the garden of the Lord."

Children's Own Place

Edited by Bertha H. Maily

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

BY ELLEN DALRYMPLE NEGOW

The wind howled out of doors and the fire burned brightly in the little sitting room. Father had gone to the union meeting, mother was getting baby ready for bed and the children had climbed into grandma's lap. She quietly helped one of them up onto one arm of her chair and another on to the other arm, while the little curly headed girl cuddled down in her arms. "What does all this mean?" asked grandma smiling. "Only dust a 'tory," hissed little curly head. "What kind of a story?" asked grandma looking at the boy who did not quite trust her memory for a story that would suit the time. "A nice summery story because it is so cold outside," said the largest boy. Mother had put baby to sleep and was tucking her up in a little quilt when grandma's eye rested on a patch of the quilt made of a strong piece of wash goods. "Do you see that buff patch in baby's quilt?" she asked. The children all looked but could see no story in that. "What about the patch?" asked Fred. "It made me think of a summer day when I was a little girl," grandma said with a far away look. "The day that I wanted to tell you about Mary and I had looked at all my story books, played with my dolls and squeaked my sheep until we were both tired." "What do you mean by squeaking your sheep?" asked Fred. "I had among my playthings a woolly sheep that stood on a platform. When I pinched the platform it was supposed to say 'ba' but it only squeaked. As I said we were tired of all that and we saw the boys going out toward the orchard. "Of course, we wanted to go, so I ran to my grandma and asked her if we could go, too. She said we might if we would not go over the stone wall." "The orchard did not belong to us but we were allowed to pick up the windfalls. We were soon tired of wormy apples and one of the boys discovered a nut tree on the other side of the stone wall and all the rest went pell mell over it. "I was fat and clumsy and when I tried to get over I lost my footing and clutched for something to hold on to. "It was the top stone that my hands struck and as it was round it rolled over onto me. "Oh did it hurt you?" asked Fred.

"No, my feet were on the ground but I had on hoops and they were under one of the stones that was on the ground." "What were hoops?" asked Arthur. Grandma sighed. Mother laughed. "Traps that females had to wear to make their skirts stick out. My trap caught me all right; for the stone rolled onto my skirts and there I was. "The boys and Mary were mad because they were afraid they would get a whipping for getting over the wall and I was between two fires. If I did not get free I was sure to get a whipping and if they got one I would have to pay the penalty for that. "We all pushed and pushed with all our might but the thing wouldn't budge. "At last one of the boys went to the house and called grandmother. When she came she 'one felled off after we all pushed together." "Did you all get a whipping?" asked Arthur. "I don't remember," said grandma, "but I was very unhappy for my dress was ruined." "Girls always think so much of their clothes," laughed Fred. "It was not that," said grandma, "but it would take more money to buy another and as I was a girl, I was looked upon as a burden to the family." "Not when you were only five years old" said mother quietly. "Yes," said grandma, "my brothers were seven and eight years old and had already earned a pair of shoes picking berries." "Couldn't you pick berries, too, when you were as old as they," asked Fred, wondering. "No," said grandma, "in those days it would have been considered very improper. Only house work was girl's work. Now can you see why I was made to feel that because I was a girl I should always be a trouble." "Why was the dress spoiled?" asked Arthur. "Because the hoops were made of flat sharp steel and the weight of the stone cut a thousand little holes in the front breadth of the skirt." "It had to be used for patch work and that buff patch is a piece of it," grandma added. "My teacher would say that you spoiled your dress because you disobeyed," said Arthur laughing. Yes, said grandma, "that was what they told me. My brothers said it was because I was clumsy, but I said it was because the fence was there." "Father says that when we get Socialism we will not have fences," said Fred. "Don't you wish they had had Socialism when you were a little girl?" Grandma was not sure that the world was ready for that, but she had

never seen any use of fences between fields. "They waste so much ground," she said thoughtfully. "How would they keep the cattle out?" asked Fred. "When they first settled the towns of New England," said grandma, "they fenced in a place in the middle of the town where all the cattle fed together. Now they use that ground as a park." "That was something like father's plan," said Arthur.



LEARNING STRAW HAT TRADE IN YANHTAN TRADE SCHOOL.

What Public Schools Do for Girls. Here's something else in the public schools quite different from the old time school where grandmother used to sit still for six hours a day and study her three R's. What do you want to do to earn your living when you grow up, girls, for I suppose that all the girls who read the COMING NATION expect to work for their living. One says she wants to be a milliner, another that she thinks it's fine to learn dress making, while a shy little sister whispers that she'd like to be married. Now, then, isn't it better to know how to do these different things well before you start in with them? Well, for every one of these occupations as well as for stenography, bookkeeping, and other kinds of work, public schools in many cities today are giving regular school training. One school in Boston has a building which is used just to teach house-keeping. Here, girls, you'd learn not only to cook and set table and take care of the rooms, but you'd learn how to watch out for leaking roofs

Mother had been very quiet, but she now spoke up. "Grandma, your story has set me to thinking. Father has been talking to me for a long time about these things, but I did not see it his way. Your story shows it all up." "How?" asked grandma. "If the owner of the orchard," she began, "had not claimed all the good apples you would not have wanted to climb the fence. "Then, as you say, the fence was a waste of time and ground and was of no use. Your brothers despised you because they could earn money and you could not. Under Socialism father says woman's work will be paid for." "Perhaps you are right," said grandma, "but these boys must get to bed and here is Curly fast asleep in my arms."

just one year ago the thirteenth of October. Francisco Ferrer was trying to live up to these words. He was starting many schools in Spain where children were being taught to think for themselves, to live out the best and highest that was in each of them, and not just to obey. He was trying to force all the schools of Spain to be put into a better and healthier condition, and to have good light and air. He was a dangerous man, for the Spanish government and the clericals were willing to keep the people ignorant, so they might keep them obedient. They tried to stop Ferrer and his great educational ideas, but they couldn't, until about a year ago when there was a great uprising of the workers in Barcelona, Spain, for a very just cause, they charged him with being connected with it and arrested him. He was given a pretended trial, but was not allowed any witnesses of his own nor any fair hearing. At the close he was condemned for treason and was shot. All the world was shocked. But his death only aroused all the people over the world who wish for progress in education and who believe in freedom of thought, speech and action to try to carry out his ideas. And now great educational movements are being carried on, schools are being founded and the anniversary of his death is to be marked by the unveiling of a statue to him in Belgium.

What Is It?

BY M. E. O.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the funniest night in all the year; When witches ride broomsticks, crouched low in a hump, And the hearts of the young folks go thumpy-thump, As they trip downstairs backwards, each holding a glass And a candle, to settle which laddie or lass Is their own future husband—My, but it's great! How they shriek when a face appears, telling their fate! Then the pairing of nuts and the poking and coaxing Of "couples" (each named) as they're sizzling and roasting; When Tom pops away from Belinda 'tis said That Belinda will certainly die an old maid. There's the ducking for apples, the cake and the ring, The test of the peeling—oh, any old thing On this one night of nights is a certain sure sign. Can you name it? If not, you are deaf, dumb and blind. I'm sure every one of the COMING NATION children know its name. All Hallow E'en, of course. Out side of Christmas and Fourth of July there is hardly any day on the calendar that means so much fun. Here are a few games I used to play when I was a little girl. Try them and see if you don't like them. I. Light your room for the party of

children you invite with pumpkins, cut like a face with great eyes, nose and grinning teeth; set with a candle inside the pumpkin. Later turn up the regular lights for the games. II. Have a horse shoe suspended from the top of the door. The boy or girl who can throw three small apples through this shoe will have good luck all the year through. III. Have a mound of flour heaped on each of two platters. In one meant for boys have hidden a ring, a penny, and various objects, such as a rake, a saw, a shoe, etc., all in little toy size. In the girls' platter hide a ring, a penny, a thimble, a tiny hat, etc. Let the boys and girls take turns cutting the flour and whatever each one uncovers will show his future. The ring that he is to be the first married, the penny that he will be well off, the shoe that he will be a shoemaker, etc. The same with the girls. IV. Hang an apple from the top of a door. All try in turn to bite it without touching it with their hands. The one who succeeds, gets the apple. V. Walnut shells wrapped in bright tissue paper are passed around and when opened they are found to contain lines of poetry that show the future of the one receiving them. VI. A good game to end up a little party on Hallow E'en is "Stabbing Peanuts." Four sit at a table and having long hatpins, stab in turn at the peanuts placed in quite a large dish before them. At a given signal the ones who have stabbed the most peanuts at a given table change places with those at another table and they go on, keeping track of the nuts stabbed on a card. At the end of a certain time those two who have stabbed the greatest number of nuts receive prizes. Game of "The Elements." This is not a new game, but if you have never played it before you will find it lots of fun. A handkerchief is twisted into a ball, or a soft ball may be used instead. The players must sit in a circle, and the game commences by one throwing the ball at another, calling out at the same time an element. The one whom the ball strikes must name something that lives in the element named before the one who has thrown the ball can count three; if earth, an animal; if water, a fish; if air, a bird; but if fire is named he cries, "I burn." Any mistakes or hesitation costs a forfeit. The Flower Folk. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth, Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth. Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white, Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight; Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth, But the rose with all its thorns, excels them both.

Big-Tooth and the Cave People

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

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CHAPTER V (To be Continued)

BROKEN-TOOTH was another youngster who lived by himself. His mother lived in the caves, but two more children had come after him and he had been thrust out to shift for himself. We had witnessed the performance during the several preceding days, and it had given us no little glee. Broken-Tooth did not want to go and every time his mother left the cave he sneaked back into it. When she returned and found him there her rages were delightful. Half the horde made a practice of watching for these moments. First, from within the cave, would come her scolding and shrieking. Then we could hear sounds of the thrashing and the yelling of Broken-Tooth. About this time the two younger children joined in. And finally, like the eruption of a miniature volcano, Broken-Tooth would come flying out.

At the end of several days his leaving home was accomplished. He wailed his grief, unheeded, from the center of the open space, for at least half an hour. He then came to live with Lop-Ear and me. Our cave was small, but with squeezing there was room for three. I have no recollection of Broken-Tooth spending more than one night with us, so the accident must have happened right away. It came in the middle of the day. In the morning we had eaten our fill of the carrots, and then, made heedless by the play, we had ventured on to the big trees just beyond. I cannot understand how Lop-Ear got over his habitual caution, but it must have been the play. We were having a great time playing tree tag. And such tag! We leaped ten or fifteen-foot gaps as a matter of course. And a twenty or twenty-five-foot drop clear to the ground was nothing to us. In fact, I am almost afraid to say the great distances we dropped. As we grew older and heavier we found we had to be more cautious in dropping, but at that age our bodies were all strings and springs and we could do anything.

Broken-Tooth displayed remarkable agility in the game. He was "it" less frequently than any of us, and in the course of the game he discovered one difficult "slip" that neither Lop-Ear nor I was able to accomplish. To be truthful, we were afraid to attempt it.

When we were "it" Broken-Tooth always ran out to the end of a lofty branch in a certain tree. From the end of the branch to the ground must have been seventy feet, and nothing intervened to break the fall. But about twenty feet lower down, and fully fifteen feet out to one side, was the thick branch of another tree.

As we ran out the limb, Broken-Tooth facing us, would begin teetering. This naturally made us move more slowly; but there was more in the teetering than that. He teetered with his back to the jump he was to make. Just as we nearly reached him he would let go. The teetering branch was like a spring-board. It threw him far out, backward, as he fell. And as he fell he turned around sidewise in the air so as to face the other branch into which he was falling. This branch bent far down under the impact, and sometimes there was an ominous crackling, but it never broke, and out of the leaves was always to be seen the face of Broken-Tooth grinning triumphantly at us.

I was "it" the last time Broken-Tooth tried this. He had gained the end of the branch and begun his teetering, and I was creeping out after him, when suddenly there came a low warning cry from Lop-Ear. I looked down and saw him in the main fork of the tree crouching close against the trunk. Instinctively I crouched down upon the thick limb. Broken-Tooth stopped teetering, but the branch would not stop, and his body continued bobbing up and down with the rustling leaves.

I heard the crackle of a dry twig, and looking down saw my first Fire-Man. He was creeping stealthily along on the ground and peering up into the tree. At first I thought he was a wild animal, because he wore a ragged piece of bearskin around his waist and over his shoulders. And then I saw his hands and feet, and more clearly his features. He was very much like my kind, except that he was less hairy and that his feet were less like hands than ours. In fact, he and his people as I was later to know, were far less hairy than we, though we in turn, were equally less hairy than the Tree-People.

no doubt but that we could outrun him and out-climb him. He could never catch us, that was certain. But he carried something in his hand that I had never seen before. It was a bow and arrow. But at that time a bow and arrow had no meaning for me. How was I to know that death lurked in that bent piece of wood? But Lop-Ear knew. He had evidently seen the Fire-People before and knew something of their ways. The Fire-Man peered up at him and circled around the tree. And around the main trunk above the fork Lop-Ear circled, too, keeping always the trunk between himself and the Fire-Man.

The Fire-Man abruptly reversed his circling. Lop-Ear, caught unawares, also hastily reversed, but did not win the protection of the trunk until after the Fire-Man had twanged the bow. I saw the arrow leap up, miss Lop-Ear, glance against a limb and fall back to the ground. I danced up and down on my lofty perch with delight. It was a game! The Fire-Man was throwing things at Lop Ear as



THE FIREMAN STRETCHED HIS BOW AGAIN.

we sometimes threw things at one another.

The game continued a little longer, but Lop-Ear did not expose himself a second time. The Fire-Man gave it up. I leaned far out over my horizontal limb and chattered on at him. I wanted to play. I wanted to have him try to hit me with the thing. He saw me, but ignored me, turning his attention to Broken-Tooth, who was still teetering slightly and involuntarily on the end of the branch.

The first arrow leaped upward. Broken-Tooth yelled with fright and pain. It had reached its mark. This was a new complexion on the matter. I no longer cared to play, but crouched trembling close to my limb. A second arrow and a third soared up, missing Broken-Tooth, rustling the leaves as they passed through arching in their flight and returning to earth.

The Fire-Man stretched his bow again. He shifted his position, walking away several steps, then shifted it a second time. The bow-string twanged, the arrow leaped upward, and Broken-Tooth, uttering a terrible scream, fell off the branch. I saw him as he went down, turning over and over, all legs and arms as it seemed, from his chest and appearing and disappearing with each revolution of his body.

Sheer down, screaming, seventy feet he fell, smashing to the earth with an audible thud and crunch. His body rebounded slightly and settling down again. Still he lived, for he moved and squirmed, clawing with his hands and feet. I remember the Fire-Man running forward with a stone and hammering him on the head. . . . and then I remember no more.

The next I remember is the flight of Lop-Ear and myself through the forest. The Fire-Man and Broken-Tooth and the tree of the tragedy are gone. Lop-Ear and I, in a cautious panic, are fleeing through the trees. In my right leg is a burning pain; and from the flesh protrudes an arrow of the Fire-Man, the head from one side and the shaft from the other. Not only did the pull and strain of it pain me severely, but it bothered my movements and made it impossible for me to keep up to Lop-Ear.

At last I gave up, crouching in the secure fork of a tree. Lop-Ear went right on. I called to him—most plaintively, I remember; and he stopped and looked back. Then he returned to me, climbing into the fork and examining the arrow. He tried to pull it out, but one way the flesh resisted the barbed head, and the other way it resisted the feathered shaft. Also, it hurt grievously, and I stopped him.

For some time we crouched there, Lop-Ear nervous and anxious to be gone, perpetually and apprehensively peering this way and that, and my-

self whimpering softly and sobbing. Lop-Ear was plainly in a funk, and yet his conduct in remaining by me, in spite of his fear, I take as a foreshadowing of the altruism and comradeship that have helped to make man the mightiest of the animals.

Once again Lop-Ear tried to drag the arrow through the flesh, and I angrily stopped him. Then he bent down and began gnawing the shaft of the arrow with his teeth. As he did so he held the arrow firmly in both hands so that it would not move about in the wound, and at the same time I held on to him. I often meditate upon this scene—the two of us, half-grown cubs, in the childhood of the race, and the one mastering his fear, beating down his selfish impulse of flight, in order to stand by and succor the other. And there rises up before me all that was there foreshadowed and I see visions of Damon and Pythias, of life-saving crews and Red Cross nurses, of martyrs and leaders of forlorn hopes, of Father Damien, and of the Christ himself, and of all the men of earth, mighty of stature, whose strength may trace back to the elemental loins of Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth and other dim denizens of the Younger World.

When Lop-Ear had chewed off the head of the arrow the shaft was withdrawn easily enough. I started to go on, but this time it was he that stopped me. My leg was bleeding profusely. Some of the smaller veins had doubtless been ruptured. Running out to the end of the branch, Lop-Ear gathered a handful of green leaves. These he stuffed into the wound. This accomplished the purpose, for the bleeding soon stopped. Then we went on together, back to the safety of the caves.

(To be Continued.)

MAGAZINE ITEMS

The Largest Business in the World.
"The largest business concern in the world—which supplies the food and clothing of at least 8,000,000 people, which manufactures millions of dollars worth of the necessities of life which has plantations in Ceylon, ships on the sea, and purchasing depots from the Canadian Northwest to southeastern Australia—has never been accused of raising prices, has not created even a moderate fortune for anybody, has not a single officer who is a 'magnate,' a 'captain of industry,' or even a high financier. It has no securities on the market and it never had an underwriting syndicate. Yet it does about four times the business that the United States steel corporation does, and does it more cheaply. It is the Co-operative Wholesale Societies, Limited.

"The founders, the men of Rochdale, England, began work with tuppence and an ideal. By 1862 they were selling \$10,000,000 worth of goods in a year. In 1908 the total sales of Co-operative Societies in the United Kingdom were \$70,000,000. Nor did these workmen trade for nothing. The profit on their last year's business was \$55,000,000. Their capital is more than \$250,000,000. Of these co-operators there are more than two millions and a half.

"The co-operators are the largest millers in England. They have two great wholesale societies, one with headquarters in Manchester, and another with its range of offices in Glasgow.

"The British Co-operative Wholesale Society manufactures flour, butter, biscuits, sweets, preserves, pickles, cocoa, chocolate, tobacco, soap, candles, glycerine, starch, boots and shoes, saddlery, woolsens, clothing, flannels, shirts, mantles, underclothing, millinery, hosiery, furniture, brushes, hardware, mats and many other things. It is a banker on a large scale. It is a printer and a bookbinder. It is a big bacon-curer. It grows its own teas. It owns several steamers. It has nine depots abroad. It employs more than 18,000 people. It has nearly 150 telegraphic addresses and telephone numbers.

"In England they are beginning to swap the products of the factory for those of the farm without paying a cent's tribute to any middleman, exchange or trust. To the co-operators there can be no artificial rise in the prices. The natural resources of the country or its foreign trade may be inadequate and poverty may overtake them, but they can know that they have done the best that could be done in England, for they have purchased their living at cost"—Owen Wilson, in the World's Work.

Pensions and Tariff.

The World's Work for October starts a series by William Bayard Hale on "The Pension Carnival," in which he shows that beginning twenty years after the Civil War the amount expended for pensions has almost steadily increased and at a most startling rate. He discovers that the great liberality in pensions is closely connected with the tariff question.

It is doubtful whether the mercenary greed of the pension-granting organization, I.

unholy combination with the corrupt privileged interests which have their high place in the desire to maintain the politics of the country. The tariff actually paid in custom duties goes largely to the pensioners? The very much bigger tariff which is exacted from the people by the protected corporations goes to swell the vast private fortunes of the manufacturers. The latter are comparatively few in number; their power is maintained by appeals to the financial interests of the 950,000 pensioners. "Give us our tariff and we'll give you pensions" is the argument which has built up the most powerful political organization that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation. It should be remembered that the pension bill is paid by the people many of whom are themselves in as much need of government aid as are the pensioners.

But the government pays no heed to the needs of the poor man—unless he can give you pensions for an office. On the contrary, it taxes his food, his clothing, his furniture, until it gets \$155,

000,000 for his (conservatively more patriotic) neighbor.

In order to pad the pension rolls and to gain political favors there have been frauds on a most colossal scale. In spite of the fact that the pension rolls are kept secret, numerous instances of persons drawing from one to five pensions have been discovered. Every session of congress sees thousands of names added to the pension rolls of persons who could not get in even through the extremely lax regulations. In some cases hundreds of persons have been ordered placed upon the army rolls as soldiers who never saw service in order that they might later be placed upon the pension rolls.

The Intruder

BY RALPH KORNGOLD

(Continued From Last Week)

They still talk about it in the village. It happened three days later, towards the evening, about one hour before the mines let out. The whistle of Mine No. 4 shrieked clamorously, stopped for a moment as if to gain breath, then shrieked again and again. The women and the few men left in the village grew pale. It was the distress whistle; they were calling for help from the other mines.

What had happened? In another minute the village was like an ants' hill into which the traveler has poked his stick.

Women rushed out of the houses, followed by children. They called to each other in many tongues; some crossed themselves as they ran; some muttered prayers.

All were running toward No. 4. A few men were in the procession. Some were old and pathetic from long service in the mines, these could work no longer; some were young but had been injured at their work and were laid up for repairs; some were strong and healthy like Fred, but had not gone below. These latter soon outdistanced all the others.

Madge had heard the shrieking whistle; it shook her violently as while a hand. The whistle of No. 4, No. 4 was the mine in which Jim worked! Something had happened to Jim! Jim, her husband! Jim the father of her children whom she had been or the point of betraying! Jim had always been good to her, if anything was wrong between them it was her fault alone. And now Jim perhaps was dead or dying!

People ran past the house shouting—"Number Four! Number Four!" and she, drawn by the general impulse, snatched her little girl up in her arm, caught John by the hand and followed the crowd towards No. 4.

The shed of No. 4 mine stood out sharp-edged and black against the grey autumn-sky in the midst of black fields. A little plume of blue-grey smoke coming from the tippie was the only indication that the mine was on fire. This smoke gradually became denser until it shrouded the tippie like a fog.

A black ring of people, with difficulty held back by the bosses, surface-workers and idle men who had come to the rescue, had soon formed around the mine. Whatever men were available were called upon to help keep the crowd of frantic women at bay, or to handle the fire-apparatus. In the mean time the other mines were sending reinforcements.

Suddenly a shout went up. A caged lead of men was drawn to the surface! These were at once surrounded, embraced and half smothered by their wives and children while the tears rolled down their grimy cheeks. They were pressed with anxious inquiries and answered encouragingly that the fire had not yet gained much head-way and that the men down below were calmly waiting to be drawn up, while some had made their way towards the escape-shaft.

From then on cage-load after cage-load kept arriving, while the escape-shaft, too, began to discharge loads of humanity. The new arrivals were greeted with cheers, women and children scanning their grime-besmeared faces anxiously to see if they recognized husband or father or brother.

"Mom, there's pop! Hooray!" and the rest was a sound of kisses.

"Jack! There's Jack! Hello Jack!" and a trapper-boy lay in the arms of his weeping mother and was a child again.

Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Irish, English, American—they were all one. One humanity whose emotions are forever the same.

Most of the miners had come up, but there were still some fourteen missing of which one was a boy. Among the group of anxious women and children who had scanned the faces in vain were Madge and her little ones. The fire had made rapid progress, the timbers of the shaft were burning—the cage could not go down.

The men discussed among themselves. The fourteen had been certainly cut off by the smoke and would be lost. The escape shaft, too, could hardly be reached.

A pall of gloom descended upon the crowd. The wives of some of those who were still below were crying, a few knelt down and prayed.

Fred, with several of boys was discussing the possibility of going to the rescue of the men. Those who had last come up said it was impossible. They themselves had had a narrow escape. A man would surely perish.

the boy holding on to her with one hand, was taking in the scene, very interested.

A thought like a quick lightning flashed through Fred's brain. He came towards her. They boy saw him and piped:

"Hello, Uncle Fred!"

"Hello," said Fred. And to Madge, "Jim not come up?"

For a moment their looks crossed. She guessed his thought and winced:

"Oh, Fred, how can you? How can you?" she almost hissed at him while her eyes spewed hate.

He stunk his head and a crimson blush flooded his cheeks and forehead. Yet he could not help it; the thought had come quite involuntary.

After a moment he lifted up his eyes. "Do you want him to come up?" he asked softly.

"Yes! Yes! YES!" she cried, as if shouting defiance at the temptation which had so lately beset her.

"All right," he said quietly, "then I'll go and get him. I'll bring him to you dead or alive, or not come back myself."

He turned and walked off. He went at once to the escape shaft, a hundred feet away, where the assistant-manager was directing the work.

The escape shaft, which as a rule is covered over by a small shed, is divided lengthwise into two sections, down one of which—the air-shaft—the air is driven, while the other, called the man-way, contains a narrow winding staircase leading down to the mining-levels.

It was down this stairway that Fred wanted to descend.

Going up to the assistant manager he said:

"I'm going down."

"Down the man-way?"

"Yes."

"It's full of smoke. One man tried it, but was driven back."

"I'm going anyway."

"All right, if you want to."

He asked a miner for his cap, to which was attached the little oil-lamp with its waving plum of flame and smoke, put it on firmly, drew in several deep draughts of fresh air, expanding his great chest to its fullest capacity and filling every nook and cranny of his lungs, said "Well, so-long boys!" and started to descend.

Like a living grey thing the smoke coiled up to meet him; he descended resolutely into its embrace. Only once, near the first level, did he hesitate. The smoke was so thick that it seemed like certain death to drive further down into it; but he held his breath and closed his eyes and descended lower. After a while the smoke became less dense, and he reached the second level where he knew Jim worked.

Stopping over for the roof was low, he walked through the main entry which was crowded with loaded coal-cars.



STRUGGLING UPWARDS BLINDLY AND EXHAUSTED

Suddenly he heard steps and voices, coming towards him. It were no doubt the fourteen trying to reach the man-way. When they saw him they cried:

"Hey there! Give us a light!"

He went on to meet them.

"How many of you are there?" he asked.

"Twelve."

"Is Jim Starke among you?"

with serious accidents before. Even the boy who was with them was calm. His stupid round young face, smeared with sweat and coal-dust, expressed no particular emotion. Only after they would reach the surface and see the excitement of their loved ones would they themselves become excited.

"Are all the men out?" they inquired while lighting their lamps at his.

"Yes, all but you fellows, and Jim and his buddy. You'd better hurry."

"How's the stairway?"

"Lots of smoke near the first level. Hold your-breath and you'll make it."

He went on. They shouted at him: "Hey! Where are you going?"

He gave no answer but continued on his way. He had worked for a while in the same "room" with Jim and knew exactly where to find him. On and on he went through the narrow, muddy passage-ways. Once, afar-off, he could see the gleam of fire. The black-damp hung low and walking very cautiously he managed not to stir it, and his lamp remained a-light.

At last he reached the entry where Jim's "room" could be found. This entry was filled with white-damp, a gas which mounts to the ceiling and in which the light remains burning. He could feel its presence by the sickening feeling that crept over him, enfolding him with arms of languor and of death. He knew that his only hope to save himself and to reach Jim was to crawl close to the floor. This he did, removing the lamp from his cap and holding it out before him. Soon he came to the dead mule and crawling past the carcass saw the body of a man, lying with face towards the ceiling. It was Jim's partner or "buddy," a red-haired, red-bearded Englishman of forty who had no family. Jim was lying a little ways further close to the wall, as if he had tried to grasp the wall while falling. Then, as an ant drags a heavy burden, so he proceeded to drag the body. He dragged it out of the dangerous entry, whereupon to avoid the black damp he got up, loaded the body on his back, and walked towards the stairway.

Then came the arduous task of carrying the body upstairs through the heavy, circling smoke. At the first level he nearly succumbed, struggling upwards blindly and exhausted. A little later three men came to meet him and relieved him of his burden.

When he reached the surface the crowd saw him and a great shout went up. Men and women pressed around him trying to shake his hand. The manager and the assistant manager congratulated him.

He rested for a while, then he went to where the company doctor was working over Jim. Madge was kneeling by her husband's side and her cheeks were wet with tears. She did not even notice him.

"Will he be all right doc?" asked Fred.

"Save he will," answered the doctor.

Fred returned to the man-way and said to the manager, "I'm going down to get the other fellow."

The man looked at him awe-struck. "You're tempting fate," he said. "Remember it will be worse now than it has been before."

"What the hell do I care!" Fred answered—and there was a fierce glint in his grey face—devil eyes the manager did not understand and felt almost afraid of.

"Give me a chew, will you," said Fred to one of the men.

He took the chew, looked about him, catching just a glimpse of Madge, pulled the cap deep over his eyes and started to descend.

But this time he did not return.

The Labor Kaleidoscope.

The most remarkable thing about the present industrial turmoil is not the number, extent and variety of the disputes going on, but the bewildering suddenness with which they arise and disperse. It is difficult to follow the movement from day to day, it shifts so rapidly, and impossible to remember all its phases. It recalls the incessant shifting of waters in the Niagara rapids. At one moment they heave and boil up here, while running smooth and level there; the next, the parts are reversed; the towering wave flung towards heaven is gone and the placid spot is foaming in fury. Unlike the movements of the sea, this motion has no order or rhythm; you cannot tell where it will break out next, or how long the upheaval will last. So it is with the present rush of industrial troubles; every day brings a fresh one and removes another that seemed to threaten disaster. Thousands of men leave work on Monday and come back on Tuesday or Wednesday or next week. One day they will not approach the employers; the next, they are quite friendly; and they treat their officials in the same way, now defying them, and now submissively following their lead.—London Times.

The first income tax to be enacted by our national government was the law of August 3, 1861, which levied a tax of three per cent on all annual incomes over \$800. July 1, 1862, the law was changed so that the exemption was \$600 and house rent actually paid, and on the excess to \$5,000 a tax of five per cent was charged; from \$5,000 \$10,000 the tax was seven and a half per cent; and on incomes of \$10,000 and over the tax was ten per cent. In 1864 the tax was changed to five per cent on incomes from \$600 to \$5,000 and ten per cent on all over \$5,000. This law was repealed in 1872 by a close vote in congress. In 1866 seventy-two millions of dollars was raised by the income tax law, and \$340,770.48 was raised under all these laws up to 1872. Had the law not been repealed it would have paid our national debt long ago.

Sketches from Ellis Island

BY MAUD MOSHER

For Several Years Matron at Ellis Island

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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 Way the Italian Interpreter Told It.

"It looked as though we were going to have trouble on our hands. He was mad clear through, an ugly customer any way. I don't blame that girl for being afraid of him—one of those big, dark, Sicilians, you know, that would as soon stick a knife into you as to eat with it.

"He was sure fierce, said that he would have that girl, that he had married her legally, that she was his wife and we had no right to keep her from him and that if we did not let him have her and let her go from Ellis Island that he would kill her. Said that if we sent her back that he would follow her a row's the ocean and kill her there if she would not live with him.

"The Inspector-in-Charge talked with the girl. She said that she had never seen this man before, that he was not her husband and that if we forced her to go away from the Island with him that she would kill herself, so it looked as though she was going to fill an early grave one way or the other, either he would kill her or she would kill herself.

"The Inspector-in-Charge said that he was not going to force her to leave the Island, that if this man was not her husband that he would not be allowed to have her nor to harm her either. You know what a nice, kind way he has of talking. Then is when he sent me for you to come and take her away out of the sight of the Sicilian.

"Talk about your complicated cases and queer mix-ups, this is one all right, all right. What is going to be done about it? I don't know, just wait and see what develops, I guess. Something always turns up you know that makes things look different. Well, good-by, I've got to get busy, the boat is in from New York, looks as though it was loaded. In a minute or two all the relatives and friends will be coming on a dead run thinking all they have to do is to rush up to the building and take hold of their friends and rush them back to the boat. Don't know what they are up against, do they?

The Way the Matron Told It.

"I think this Italian case is one of the most pitiful we have had for a long time. Did you hear about it? No?

"It was along about four o'clock in the afternoon and I was seeing to the feeders giving out the crackers and milk to the little children as usual. I always like to be there for you know how those boys are, they have so much to do that they try to rush through it and unless a matron is right on the spot some children get two cups of milk and others get none. I suppose they do the best they can; it's pretty hard with all the mothers saying, 'Give my child a little milk, give my child a little milk, too,' and pulling at their sleeves and aprons.

"Well, as I was saying, I was seeing to the milk business when the Italian interpreter came running into the room and called out, 'Matron wanted in the Discharging Division at once, quick!'



A GROUP OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS

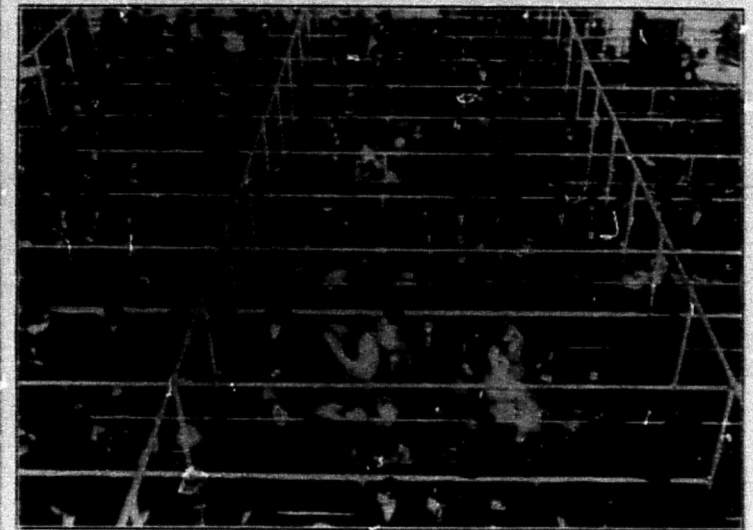
"I went on the run, thinking something had happened and of course wondering what it could be. There was this Italian girl crying and trembling and an old ugly Italian man saying she was his 'marita.' You know how they say it, 'me-a Marita, me-a Marita.'

"The girl was saying just as vehemently, 'no-a marita, no-a marita.' He was saying she was his wife and she was saying she was not his wife. The Inspector-in-Charge said to me, 'Miss Black, take this girl somewhere out of sight of this man, where he cannot see her and where she cannot see him.'

"The man started to come around the desk, but the Interpreter and a Gateman took hold of him and the last I saw they were hurrying him out of the building. I took the girl into the back room of the temporary

Detention Division and sat down and stayed with her awhile until she had quieted down. She tried to tell me what was the matter and showed me a photo of a very handsome young Italian that she kept pointing to and saying 'me-a marita, me-a marita.'

"I speak such a very little bit of Italian that I could not understand very well what she was trying to tell except that the photo was her husband and the ugly old man was not. I looked at her Detention Card and saw that she was a Second Cabin passenger on the LaVocicia line and was 'detained to wait for husband to call.' I understood enough to know that she had been a nursery governess in Italy in a rich family, that she had been married only about a month, and that she came over to join her husband and that this man met her and claimed her for his wife and that she was not married to him and was terribly afraid that we would



IMMIGRANTS SITTING HOUR AFTER HOUR IN THE PEN AT ELLIS ISLAND.

force her to go with him. There is the Inspector-in-Charge now, if he is not busy I am going to ask him what he has found out about the case.

The Way the Inspector in Charge Told It.

"Oh, that Italian case yesterday! I've turned that over to the Italian Society to see what they can find out about that man. Isn't it surprising what young girls will do when they get a romantic notion in their heads? I had another talk with that girl today. What do you suppose that silly, romantic girl did? Fell in love with a photograph of a man she had never seen.

"It seems that she had an uncle here in New York City. The uncle wrote letters home and in one of these letters he said that he had showed a photograph of his niece, this girl, to a friend of his and that the friend was very much taken with the picture, etc. Of course they had some letters back and forth and the friend sent his picture to the girl and she at once fell in love with it.

"After some more writing back and forwards the man wanted the girl to come over here and marry him, her folks did not want her to do that so they finally arranged that she was

of this Italian girl it seems to be a regular con game.

"That girl is not just an ordinary peasant girl, she comes of a good family although they may be very poor, but you can see that she is well educated and refined, speaks pure Italian. She showed me the picture of the man she married—or believed she married—and he is not that old villain who called for her last night, sure. Did you get a good look at that old man last night? He must be about fifty years old, dark and evil looking, had one eye gone and a great scar across the eye and cheek clear down to his mouth.

"I told the Italian Society that if they wanted to take the girl out and become responsible for her that they could do so. She does not want to go back to Italy, thinks that if she stays in the United States that she will find the young man she married, in love with him yet, you know."

Time—One week later.

The Way the Italian Society Agent Told It.

"What has become of that Italian girl—the marriage by proxy case? Oh, she's all right! Where is she? I can't tell you that, we are telling no one. In fact no one knows but the Inspector-in-Charge and myself.

"I believe that the story the girl tells is true, but how this man got her picture and what has become of the young man is the mystery. We

may come across him as we have found many others, by advertising in the Italian papers.

"I have already advertised for him and if we ever find out anything I will tell you."

Time—One month later.

"Remember that case we were so much interested in of the Italian girl? Well, we found the right husband yesterday. You ought to have seen that girl when we took her to the hospital and up to his bed, knew him right away, even if she had never seen anything but a picture of him. 'Me-a marita, me-a marita, she kept crying.

"The young man says that he and the old man boarded at the same place. He was always talking of the girl over in Italy he was going to marry and showing her picture to the old man and he supposes that the old man fell in love with the picture, too. Anyway the night before the girl was to arrive in port the two of them had a quarrel and the old man stabbed the young fellow so that they all thought he would die when he was found lying on the floor.

"No one else was in the house at the time and so no one knew that the old man had done it. The young man was taken to the hospital and was unconscious for days. The old man was just cute enough to take the picture and the letters the girl had written and go to the Island and try to get her himself, thinking the young man would die.

"No one knows what has become of the old man, but you would think to see those two together that they had been lovers from childhood instead of never having seen each other before."

Pushing Forward in Wisconsin.

Miss E. H. Thomas, state secretary of the Social-Democratic party in Wisconsin, has made a most interesting report to the national executive committee relative to the progress of the work in that state, showing that in all probability they will succeed in electing at least two congressmen from the Fourth and Fifth congressional districts. The state executive board of Wisconsin has requested the national executive committee to make an appropriation of \$1,000 for the purpose of carrying on agitation in these two districts. If the appropriation is granted it is proposed that two motorcycles should be purchased, one of which will be used by a comrade who will go from place to place distributing literature. The other will be used by one of the speakers in reaching various country points, and in this way the whirlwind campaign will become a potent factor in the coming election.

At a meeting of the candidates of the Social-Democratic party of Wisconsin, held at Madison in September for the purpose of adopting a platform for the party, according to law, a resolution was adopted demanding a state wage-scale commission, with the ultimate object of establishing a minimum wage scale in the state.

If Christianity is good for anything it ought to be at least partially applicable to the problems of the present day.

THE END OF IT

BY EDWIN BJORKMAN

As I entered the little French restaurant to get breakfast, my first anxious glance went toward the tables belonging to old Charles. And I was in luck—one of them was still vacant. Charles had already seen me and was holding a chair in readiness for me.

He had been in the place very long—more than twenty years, they said. Now his head was white. But his movements were still as active as those of youth, while having a precision that only maturity can give. It was proverbial that he never made a mistake. And not only did he know all regular customers by name, but he knew also by heart their dietary habits, their preferences and weaknesses, their companionships and their office hours. Messages were left with him; appointments were made through him, and more than one delicate secret had been entrusted to him—often, perhaps, for the pleasure of watching the discreet way in which he received such confidences.

I had only been coming to the place for little more than a year, and it had taken me months to win the privilege of a seat at one of Charles' tables—a privilege that was by no means bestowed by mere chance even when one of them happened to be unoccupied. To transients and less favored regulars they were as a rule "reserved." Of course, this was against the rules of the place, but the head waiter had a habit of looking through the fingers at what Charles did. For he was something of an asset, and not to be lightly disciplined like any ordinary waiter.

Since Charles had begun to regard me as one of his acknowledged customers, I had frequently been struck with his manner of taking my orders. He would stand right in front of me, his head bent slightly forward, and his eyes would not leave my lips for a moment while I was speaking. It seemed almost as if he were drinking in every word and treasuring it in his heart for all the future. There lay in this attitude a subtle flattery that pleased even more than his promptness and accuracy. And I liked to imagine that he showed just a little more of this deference to me than to anybody else.

This day the people occupying the two adjoining tables had seated themselves in such a way that Charles, to his evident annoyance, found it impossible to arrange my place in the customary manner. While taking my order, he had to stand on my left side, and I was speaking away from him. To my astonishment he repeated some of his questions twice after I had already given my directions—something that had never occurred before.

Even when I had finished my simple order, he hesitated a while. I was just about to ask him if he were not feeling well, when he left, and I observed that he moved away with a singularly slow and dragging step. "Going the way of all flesh at last," I said to myself sentimentally. But in shaping the thought I laughed at its absurdity.

When Charles returned, after a most extraordinary delay, I was for a moment too shocked for words. There he brought on the tray the soft boiled eggs that most frequently formed the main part of my breakfast. Finally I managed to speak—and I recall that in doing so I turned around on the chair so that our eyes met.

"Why, Charles," I said with more wonder than irritation, "didn't I tell you I wanted a brace of lamb chops for a change?"

"Of course, Monsieur!" he cried. At that his whole face reddened. And I thought, too, that his hands trembled so that he had to put down the tray. In another moment he was speaking with his characteristic air of subdued dignity:

"I heard well, Monsieur—but I forgot—I am so used—"

He was off again without finishing the sentence. Just then my glance caught the eyes of the head waiter, and I guessed at once that he had been watching the scene just enacted at my table. The fact did not impress me very strongly at the time. But when my chops stood before me—done perfectly to my taste—and when Charles had turned his attention to other guests, the headwaiter came over to me in a way that even then I saw must be fraught with some special purpose. His face bore an expression of peculiar intensity that puzzled me very much—for I was not aware of having broken the simple but strict rules of the place in any manner.

"Monsieur have some trouble with Charles?" he said, trying vainly to make the remark sound quite casual.

"Oh, no—no trouble," I replied. "Just a little mistake. But, you know—one does not expect it from Charles."

"Monsieur gets eggs and order chops, I think," the headwaiter persisted—and I had to look hard at him, for it seemed to me as if there were tears in his voice.

At that moment Charles was standing some eight or ten feet away, with his back to us. Without awaiting any further answer from me, the headwaiter called out softly:

"Charles."

The white head of the old waiter did not turn.

The guests instinctively turned to look at the man wanted. I could see one of the men across the room making some sort of signal with his head. Charles saw it also and swung around in a flash.

"Yes, Monsieur," he said with polite expectancy—to me.

"It was me that called you," the headwaiter broke in before I could think up some kind of order. Then he added with pointed emphasis on each word:

"You hear no longer very well, Charles."

"Why—yes—I hear—very much," Charles stammered with unwonted confusion.

"Charles," the headwaiter went on still more solemnly, "It is the truth—you are getting deaf more and more."

"No, no, Monsieur," cried Charles with unmistakable agony.

"Mais oui!" rejoined the headwaiter, forgetting his laborious English for a second. Then he added more calmly: "It is to be seen clear—I have just seen myself beyond all doubt."

Turning to me as if for support, he said almost in a whisper, and with an inimitable French shrug of his shoulders: "Monsieur understand—a waiter which hear not at all—ah, impossible!"

Without looking at Charles again, he walked away, leaving the old waiter standing before me like a man utterly crushed. His head was bent down, and I had to lean forward to see his face. Then I saw that his cheeks were wet. Thus he stood a minute or more in silence, and I felt that he was struggling desperately to recover control of himself.

Finally he raised his head. His eyes were still dim, and it was with a voice shaken by suppressed emotion he said:

"Yes, Monsieur, it is no use—it is the truth—I have tried and tried—but this is the end—"

"But Charles," I protested, "I have never noticed—not a thing until today."

"Monsieur is very kind." As he bowed, the shadow of a smile flitted over his face like a beam of sunlight breaking through leaden clouds. "I have read it—on the lips, you know—but a waiter he must hear."

"But Charles," I began again, "you can surely find something else to do."

"A good waiter, he can do nothing but wait," was his reply, given almost in his ordinary tone and manner.

"Are you married?" I ventured.

"All good waiters are—we marry early in our profession." He bowed once more. Then, as he put the napkin in place on his left arm, he added:

"And Monsieur will excuse me now?"

Before I could say anything more he left me. Later my check was handed me by another waiter.

"And Charles?" I asked.

"Oh, Charles, he is not well," the man answered tonelessly. "He ask Monsieur to excuse."

I insisted—I wanted to find out what might happen to Charles, whether the old man had saved up anything, and so on—but all my efforts were unsuccessful. In the end, as I continued to press him with questions, the man shrugged his shoulders—just as the headwaiter had done—and said without a sign of expression on his face:

"Monsieur know certainly—if a waiter not hear, he no good—and what more to do?"

That was all I could get out of him. Since then I have never seen Charles again, nor heard of him. At the restaurant, which I still visit now and then, he seems entirely forgotten.

The Ship-Shape Shops

Another Industry Leaving Home

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

"Have you heard of the 'Ship-shape Shop'?"

Do you know of the latest industry that is following butter and candle-making out of the "home sphere" and into the business world? Have you realized the full significance of these changes to the woman of the next decade?

The original Ship-shape Shop was established in the summer of 1908, in New York City under the direction of the Women's Trade Union League after the panic had thrown so many women out of work. The founders of the shop had the double object of giving work to unemployed women, and at the same time testing the practicability of socializing and improving the occupation of seamstresses. The idea was suggested by Miss Helen Marot, Secretary of the New York League, and the undertaking was endorsed by Mrs. George Jenkins, a wealthy New York woman. The plan has since been copied in Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities even as far west as Portland, Oregon—on a small scale.

Spinning and weaving have long since left the home. First class dress-making and ladies tailoring have followed them. Second-class clothing making—both over clothing and underclothing—has gone to the factory. And the significance of the Ship-shape Shops is that through them, another "Home Industry" is being put upon a business basis; eliminating waste and developing skill.

The supervising force consisted of a business manager, a general shop manager and four women in charge of each of four departments:

Department of Mending—Hosiery, silk and cotton underwear and other clothing and household effects, such as table and bed linen, curtains, and lace of all grades.

Department of Remodelling—Alterations of gowns to suit new styles, or other members

bers of a family. Refitting ready-made gowns, and adding special touches, to individualize them, etc.

Tailoring Department—Pressing; new skirt braids; coat-collars; linings; button-holes, etc., etc.

Upholstery Department and Miscellaneous—Couch-covers and pillows; rugs; comforters; baby-blankets, etc.

From the mending department were distributed attractive red and white mending bags, to be hung in the closets of patrons (men, business women, in boarding houses, hotels or flats, or families in homes), to catch all possible trade. The contents of these bags were called for, once per week or fortnight and repaired in the shop, under careful supervision. From the remodelling department, specialists were sent out, in order to look over ladies' wardrobes and suggest proper changes, and estimate probable cost, materials needed, etc. These alteration specialists were also the shoppers for the entire establishment.

Ship-shape Shops supersede the amateur sewing of Aunt Marys, "taking in," "letting out," and remodelling by the best methods. They encourage the purchase of ready-made clothing, thus hastening the happy day when gown and suit making shall be entirely under social control. (With the exception of strictly art creations.) And they come to the rescue of such victims of "home talent" as little Johnny, who cried, when asked who made his new trousers: "My mother, God darn her."

Whenever an old stone is moved, unexpected manifestations of hidden life are disclosed. So, the resetting of the seamstresses' trade is bringing to light many hitherto buried evils, which flourished under the old regime. Perhaps the most tragic fact disclosed by the experiment of the Woman's Trade Union League, in 1908, was the inefficiency of the majority of applicants for work, and their need to specialize on some one branch of a trade. They were unskilled houseworkers, unskilled nurses, unskilled needlewomen, or unskilled "hands" from factories. From infancy, they had responded to pressing claims of family connections, turning from one duty to another, after regular "work hours," to meet countless social and philanthropic demands which devour the time and strength of the average woman.

Another fact emphasized in the reorganization of this trade is the helplessness of the individual worker.

"Dear Miss Smith: I shall not need you tomorrow, after all, as my wedding engagement is broken, and there will be no trousers. I am sorry now that you gave up the other work for the month, at my request; but you cannot feel as badly as I do about this sad affair—"

This is a sample of hundreds of varied reasons why good traveling seamstresses find themselves without visible means of support for whole months at a time. And the scattered "home dressmakers" who ply their trade under their own roofs are still more at the mercy of patrons. Broken engagements for fittings; whimsical tastes, suggesting different trappings, or other changes from day to day; claims made by patrons for alleged mistakes, and often for thievery; delays and uncertainty of collections, for expensive materials, as well as for work; all these and many other sources of anxiety and loss help to account for the worn appearance of humble "home dressmakers."

Such evils are checked by the organization of the trade into a collective business where workers and patrons can be held to business methods. At the Ship-shape Shops the worker has steady work (either at the shop or in the homes of patrons); an eight hour day; prompt payment of good wages; sanitary conditions; proper equipment of machines, etc.; work, and respectful treatment. In other words, she is in a position to unit with her fellow workers to secure just conditions of labor.

At the same time the advantages to patrons are equally great. To letter or telephone, a busy woman can always arrange to have her work called for and put to order in the shop where satisfaction is guaranteed, or if she prefers, she can have the work done at her home, by a seamstress guaranteed by the shop as proficient in the line of work for which she is ordered. In short, the shop is a reliable employment bureau which makes itself responsible for the punctuality and skill of its employes.

The day is coming when it will no longer be taken for granted that every woman must be, to some extent, her own seamstress, any more than every man his own carpenter. The day is coming when women will cease attempting a hundred different tasks for which she is not fitted and begin to specialize upon some domestic or social work for which she has talent. A good day is dawning at last when woman as well as man shall be freed from unskilled drudgery, in a narrow home circle and find time to take her full share of the larger responsibilities of American citizenship.

The monarchies and aristocracies have always lived on the fiction that they exist for the good of the people, and yet it is an appalling fact how few kings have loved their people and have lived to regret. Usually the great ones have regarded the people as their oyster.—Prof. Rauschenbusch.

Saint Francis Xavier, the noble Jesuit missionary, said that in the confessional men had confessed to him all sins that he knew and some things that he had never imagined, but none had ever of his own accord confessed that he was covetous.

"The social problems are moral problems on a large scale."

India and Egypt

BY CHARLES N. L. SHAW

The British government has certainly got cold feet over India—which is indeed the way of British governments. The papers have at last awakened to the fact that all is not well with India; that the dear old sleepy British Lion has been summing himself on the edge of a volcano and that it looks as though he might at any moment take a flight heavenward.

Within the space of a few days, arms, ammunition, and bombs have been found in places as far apart as Dacca, Rangoon and Purla—the poor Indian of the hymn has taken with all the childish enthusiasm of the simple native to the use of the Browning—and it really looks as though there were going to be the devil and all to pay.

In order to find out something for the readers of the COMING NATION about the actual conditions of affairs from the Native's point of view—we only get the white side here, which is usually a pretty dirty one—I chose for my victim V. V. S. Ajar, a Tamil from southern India, who is now a member of the French Socialist party. This gentleman has perhaps as accurate a knowledge of things in India as any man breathing, he is a lawyer and well versed in British politics. Put in a few words his statement amounted to the assertion that the religious quarrels in India are deliberately fostered by British officials, but that in spite of these great Indian religions were uniting steadily with a view to the freeing of that continent from British rule.

Will Kill Relentlessly.

His eyes flashed as he concluded—"One hundred millions go hungry to

making the grievances of one the concern of all."

In those two resolutions you have the birth of the industrial unionism baby in Britain—an infant which I say has only a rattle in his hand but who may in the future have a sword—the sword of the general strike.

In the meantime there is a good deal of talk—alike going on between the employers and the men on the question of the recent strikes and lockouts and by the time this appears in print the whole affair will probably have been settled—for a time only, for nothing can postpone ultimately the final settlement.

There has been, as you will have gathered from my previous articles, a temporary slump in the Labor and Socialist movements in Britain, but it is nothing to the slump in the Tariff Reform and Free Trade propaganda.

People see more and more every day that the political leaders of the orthodox parties are merely flogging dead horses and there is every prospect of this reacting in favor of the Socialist propaganda.

The Man to Beat Johnson.

The only thing that is troubling the British public at this moment is as to whether the new heavy-weight star in the pugilistic firmament, Bombardier Wells, who has just defeated the formidable Dunshire, can find the yellow streak in Lill Arthur. Personally I think he might when Jack has permanently gone into cold storage, but not before.

But—tut! tut! this is not politics, though I know a considerable number



WOMEN WAITING AND WATCHING TO LEARN THE DECISION OF THE MINERS IN SOUTH WALES.

bed each night in India. The Indian nations are now peaceful but will kill relentlessly if necessary and the revolution will certainly break within the next few years."

Which all makes very pleasant reading for the "white garrison."

And then you know, as if poor old John Bull had not got his hands sufficiently full, news leaks through from Egypt that the "Young Egypt" revolutionary party is making considerable strides.

At the annual general meeting of the Young Egyptian committee just held at Geneva, Keir Hardie, M. P., demanded the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt and the establishment of autonomy; and gave Roosevelt a beautiful dressing down in connection with his Guildhall speech, declaring he was neither a thinker nor a statesman, but simply talked good and long in order to make up for his lack of real knowledge.

Is Canada Going American?

Then on top of all this, the papers have been filled with forebodings of the danger of Canada "going American", a fear which from my conversation with various prominent men I believe to be not altogether without foundation.

In fact, as a member of the Irish Nationalist party said to me the other day, "It looks, he Hivens, as though England soon wouldn't have a friend in the wurril except Ireland—and we don't like her at all, at all."

The concluding sittings of the Trades Union congress showed without the shadow of a doubt that great changes were impending in the Trade Union world here.

The unions are absolutely crippled by their inability, under the "Osborne" decision of making levies to send representatives to parliament.

My interview with various leaders drives one to the irresistible conclusion that this will be made the test question at the next general election, and if the liberals refuse to pass legislation for the purpose of reversing the decision it is probable that they may find that they have bitten off more than they can chew.

A Baby That Will Bite.

The most significant happenings at the congress, however, were the carrying by the overwhelming vote of 1,055,000 to 455,000 of a resolution to take steps to ascertain the practicability of a national confederation of all trades and the termination of all industrial agreements on a given day for each year; and the carrying by 1,175,000 to 256,000 of the resolution that the "present system of sectional trade unions is unable successfully to combat the encroachments of modern capitalism and the redemption of the working classes would be hastened if all existing unions were amalgamated by industries with one central executive elected by the combined unions and with powers to act unitedly whenever there is a strike or lockout in any industry, thus

of friends across the streak who are fairly tickled to death over these mitch-pushing guys.

Why only last week I received a letter from a prominent New York politician and religious worker—but that is another story.

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

II.) The Independent Labor Party of Great Britain.

The reports presented by the various parties of the International Socialist Congress constitute a mine of information on the working class such as has never been gathered together at any one time before. The Coming Nation will publish such a summary of one of these reports. The result will be a reference work on the International Socialist Movement of great value. If these are cut out and put in a scrap book, the result will be a reference work of value to any library. For a limited time back number can be supplied at five cents each, or subscriptions may be made to begin with the first number. The series began in number four.

The Independent Labor Party is the largest Socialist organization in Great Britain. During the last three years it has increased the number of its branches from six hundred to nine hundred and its membership from 35,000 to 60,000. Six of its nominees are in Parliament, as part of the forty members who constituted the United Labor party. In addition there are twenty members of the I. L. P., who sit as nominees of trade unions.

The total receipts of the head office (exclusive of literature account and funds used by branches for local purposes) increased in round numbers from \$15,000 in 1906 to \$50,000 in 1909.

The average and total votes obtained by purely I. L. P. candidates at the last three general elections were as follows:

Year	Candidates	V. Vote	Total Vote
1900	10	3,720	27,207
1906	10	7,649	56,494
1910	15	6,138	92,081

The parliamentary work of the I. L. P. members has been done in co-operation with the other Labor members and was described in these columns last week. To the information there given as to measures supported by the Socialists, the I. L. P. report adds the following.

The principle of raising national revenue by placing a graduated tax on unearned incomes, and of recovering for the nation the socially-created increment of land values—principles which our party has long agitated for—were embodied by the Government in an elementary form in the Government budget introduced by Mr. Lloyd George, the rejection of which by the House of Lords led to the general election of January last.

The question of limiting the Lord's veto at the time of writing this report, still agitated for—were embodied by the Lords. On that question our representatives and the whole Labor party stands for the complete abolition of the House of Lords.

Militarism and International Peace.

In connection with the Anglo-German war scare, the I. L. P. has stood with unbroken ranks on the side of peace and internationalism. Alike, officially, through the columns of its national organ, the Labor Leader, and through its parliamentary representatives—namely J. Keir Hardie and J. Ramsay MacDonald—it has repudiated emphatically the militarist alarms of Roosevelt's effort in the Caspian and the Dnieper. It has dissociated absolutely the cause of British Labor and Socialism from all schemes of increased armaments, and all schemes of aggressive imperialism. We have our Socialist brethren in all lands will take note of that fact—a fact so important to the cause of International Socialism. The I. L. P. also aroused strong indignation against King Edward's visit to Russia, the Czar's visit to England, and the execution of Senor Ferrer, and has unhesitatingly championed the claims of India and Egypt to self-government.

Municipal Activities.

In connection with municipal activities, the I. L. P. which has now about 1,000 members on Local Government bodies, advocates the fullest powers for the development of Municipal Socialism, opposes absolutely all capitalist attempts to exploit Municipal enterprise and agitates for obligatory condition of work and wages for municipal employees.

Press, Publication, Etc.

In addition to the national organ of the party, the Labor Leader, which has a weekly circulation of about 50,000 copies, and the monthly organ, the Socialist Review, many of the branches issue weekly, monthly or occasionally propaganda papers. Moreover the pamphlets and books issued by the party—I. L. P. pamphlets and Socialist Library—also have a wide circulation.

The party has also established during the past year, the National Labour Press, the chief printing and publication agency of the party, which is doing a thriving business, the turnover for the first six months being over \$25,000.

Numerous branches of the party have built and own fine clubs and lecturing halls, and in all parts of the country the branches hold regular social and entertainment evenings.

Each branch of the I. L. P. holds every week at least one public propaganda meeting, and many branches hold from two to half a dozen such meetings.

The party conducts children's Socialist Sunday schools and has many special educational meetings for speakers and for women members.

During the summer season the number of propaganda meetings—chiefly in the open air—carried on by the party reaches the high total of from 2,000 to 2,500 each week—a total which exceeds the number of meetings held by all the other political parties together.

Relation to Other Socialist Parties.

The I. L. P., while claiming resolutely the autonomous right, which its formation and success has justified, to teach Socialism in its own spirit and advocate its own policy, has nevertheless always been most eager to make common cause with other Socialist bodies. No friction whatsoever exists between the I. L. P. and the Fabian Society or any other Socialist organization, which accepts the principles of collective political action on anti-capitalist lines with trade unions. There is, we are convinced, absolutely no hope for political Socialism in Great Britain except by friendly co-operation with the trade unions—the only purely working-class organization which recognizes the "class war." The International Bureau has, in an ever-ready note, approved this alliance, and we trust that any Socialist organization by remaining outside should make it impossible to have working-class solidarity and concrete Socialist and labor unity in Great Britain.

Karl Liebknecht in America

Coming almost directly from the international Socialist congress, and but a few months from that regular training school of so many Socialists, a military prison, Karl Liebknecht, son of Wilhelm Liebknecht, is now upon a lecture tour in this country under the auspices of the Socialist party. His first date is in New York on October 10, and from there his tour takes him west as far as St. Louis, reaching all the principal cities.

He is a graduate with a doctor's degree from one of the best German universities and occupies a prominent place on the Berlin bar, as an attorney. But it is not as a lawyer or a university graduate that he is best known. He has made himself known and feared by the forces of reaction in Germany because of his activity and ability as a militant Socialist. While yet a student he undertook the or-



KARL LIEBKNECHT.

ganization of the youth of Germany and has done more than any other person to build up the strong organization of young Socialists in his native country.

The prime problem of the young men of war-like Germany is militarism, and Karl Liebknecht has for several years, led the anti-militarist movement. His book against militarism brought him a sentence of a year in prison, which he served but a short time ago. The Socialists have often gone to the prisons for their candidates and it was no surprise when he was elected to the Prussian Landtag while still in a cell. In that most reactionary legislative body on earth he soon took a most prominent position. He was one of the foremost fighters for a change in the vicious class system by which the members of that body are elected and was prominent in the great fight that reached its climax in the gigantic street demonstrations last summer, and which at last forced a promise of early changes.

John D. Rockefeller said "religion ought to be run on business principles." How would it do to run some kinds of business a little more closely to religious principles for a change?

The Soul of Alabama

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I was searching for the Soul of Alabama. I had traveled from one end of the state to the other, in towns, cities and hamlets, mining and lumber camps. I had interviewed scores of people—the best and the worst. I looked into the institutions of religion and learning, and in each of them I found a clue. The Soul of the State is complex, composite and many-colored. It is of the mass, neither better nor worse.

I was in Avondale, a suburb of Birmingham, one Sunday morning December a year ago, and fell into conversation with a boy who stood by a hydrant in the back yard squirting water in all directions save where it seemed most needed—on his face.

"Who owns this mill?" I asked, pointing to a great gray pile that overshadowed the shacks.

"Comer," he answered.

"Who's Comer?"

"De man who owns de mill."

"Do you work for him?"

"Ah sho' do."

"What is your name?"



SAMMY KELLEY AND WILL HIS BROTHER SAMMY IS BAREHEADED

"Sammy Kelly."

"How old are you, Sammy?"

"Goin' on nine."

"How long have you been in the mill?"

"Goin' on a year."

"How much do they pay you?"

"Forty cents a day."

As I looked into his face, this thought came to me.

"Why may not the Soul of Alabama be identified in the life of the man who was her governor-elect and owner of this cotton mill?" So I followed the clue.

Braxton Bragg Comer was born November 1, 1848 at Spring Hill, Barbour county, Alabama. He was named Braxton Bragg in honor of the hero of Buena Vista. His parents were of Scotch-Irish stock, of the middle class. They had a family of four sons. It is said that Fletcher Comer, the father, put his boys behind the plough as soon as they could hold the furrows straight. The boy with the military name must have gotten his share early, for at the age of ten we find him under a special tutor.

At fifteen, he began his academic career. He entered the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, but a few months later, the institution was destroyed by fire, and he returned to his village home. In 1867 he entered the University of Georgia, only to encounter another interruption, this time by ill-health. His third venture was more successful. He matriculated into a small institution in Virginia, called the College of Emory and Henry. There the requirements strained neither body nor mind. There the Soul lingered, expanded, and became a Master of Arts. His biographer gives this pen-picture of him at graduation:

"Armed with his sheepskin, the young man came back to astonish the natives at Spring Hill. At this time he affected high silk hats, shiny boots, and bear's grease for his hair."

He must have astonished the natives of Georgia, also, for, at this period, he crossed the border, and took unto himself a wife. He was married to Miss Eva Harris, of Georgia, in 1872. His biographer says:

"This culminated his social career." But that is merely an unfortunate way of saying that it ended his bachelorhood. He was now Mr. Comer, of Comer. Comer is a village about five miles from Spring Hill, and there the young couple began their married life.

"Opened as a merchant," is the way the official document puts it. Life at Comer must have been uneventful for the biographer hardly mentions it. Judge Terry Richardson, of Montgomery, and Dr. Cunningham, of Besley, are the only authorities on his hidden period at Comer. Terry says the Soul was working convicts and securing freight rates that kept his neighbors on the anxious seat, most of the time. Dr. Cunningham is more lucid, but less complimentary. When he outgrew Comer, he "opened as a merchant," again, at Anniston this time as a member of a firm of grocers. His partner's name was Trap. In a speech in 1906, Mr. Comer delivered himself on the industrial situation in these words:

"Before those mills (Avondale) were built, there were many men out of employment. Any man who creates an industry that gives labor employment, is a friend of labor."

In 1890 he moved to Birmingham, and by starting in motion 65,000 spindles, the Soul "opened" as "a friend of labor."

In the prime of life, with a mill in Avondale, and a residence in the South Highlands in Birmingham, he found new avenues—two at least—for

the Soul's overflow. He had an unimposed political bias, and the vocabulary of religion was at his finger tips. He was elected president of the Alabama Railway Commission, and superintendent of the First Methodist church Sunday school, at about the same time. He was said to be a born Bible teacher. This talent, with a special fondness for children, made him an ideal leader in religion and teacher of teachers. He has been accused of being merely the inheritor of religious convictions, but no one ever sat under his teaching without being impressed with the fact that many of his views were original, and some of them unique. In both of these positions he more than fulfilled his pre-election pledges and gained at once the confidence of stockholders and Methodists throughout the state. When the press of business duties forced him to relinquish one of these responsibilities, it was characteristic of him to cling to the most arduous. Probably the unkindest thing ever said of him was that the private Pullman palace car, placed at his disposal by the railroads influenced him in his decision. This was said, however, in the heat of a political campaign, and received a prompt denial by the Honorable John W. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson told the people of Birmingham that in a letter to him (Tomlinson), Mr. W. I. Bryan had expressed pleasure at Mr. Comer's election as railroad commissioner. That closed the incident. The little flock at the First Methodist church—the children of the rich—missed their shepherd, but only the older disciples could understand that increasing wealth brought an increase of responsibility, and that Mr. Comer gave up the Sunday school in order to devote himself more fully to the children of his mill. About this time he went through severe trials in matters of business. A committee for the protection of mill children had been formed, with Edgar Gardner Murphy as chairman. A committee of mill owners was also formed, and Mr. Comer became its leader.

The committee clashed in public and clashed in private, and the struggle was over the lives of the children—the children of the poor, of course. Mr. Murphy is a prophet of the south—a major prophet—and may have been off his guard when he said it, but he told me that the bitterest enemy his committee ever had was Braxton Bragg Comer.

This seems scarcely credible and is mentioned here only because of the unquestioned authority. Mr. Comer fought with characteristic vigor and doggedness for the right of the children to be in, and Mr. Murphy as doggedly for the right of the children to be out, of the mill.

Then came on the gubernatorial campaign of 1906, and the Soul became the standard bearer of a wing of the democratic party. There was a popular uprising demanding his election—he raised, guided and financed it. With a single word he electrified the people:

"Rates! Freight rates!"

That was the battle cry of the campaign and it was the mightiest ever fought in the state of Alabama. Not one in a thousand of the electors had ever had anything to do with freight or free rates. They had nothing to ship—but the word pleased them—it sounded so—and the Soul has a splendid pronunciation.

His election was a foregone conclusion. His lieutenants and outriders were the old war horses and the enthusiastic new bloods of "the political machine. There was no mystery about the outcome. The leaders knew exactly what the work was and their personal reward for the same. The Soul was politically transparent. There was a battle to be fought, and to the victors he would distribute the spoils, and he was a dull man that could not strike an average and draw conclusion.

One day a writer in The Montgomery Advertiser threw a handful of mud at the Soul. Instantly there was a cry of alarm by the friends of the besmirched, and the wave of victory was eroded for a day. The writer said that the Soul of Alabama was crushing out the lives of little children in a great battle at Avondale, and the foundations at Avondale trembled. The Birmingham News, the organ of the Soul, threw itself hysterically into the fight and a hurry call was sent out. Preachers, doctors, farmers, laborers and the parents of little children were corralled by Subpoena ad Testificandum. A justice of the peace was called and the servants of the Soul signed their names and made their crosses to whatever was written for them.

No study of the Soul is complete without the data of this indignant outburst against its besmirchment.

The physician of the Avondale mill leads the procession. In an affidavit of nine hundred words he declares the Soul innocent of the charge. He says the village is moral, sanitary and wholesome; that the houses are clean and comfortable; that the "people are happy and contented." He tells of his free bath and free school and free library, free church and free air. He says the Soul provides delicacies for the sick when he, the physician, recommends them. At the heels of the physician comes the clergyman of the Methodist church, a wee man with celluloid collar and white string tie, and he solemnly tells how the Soul provides free prayer meetings in the Methodist church for the mill operatives. He

also speaks of the verandahs of the houses. He does not say that the people are nappy and contented, but he hints that they ought to be. His special point is that he never saw a child under legal age working in the mill. He felt it his duty to state that there was also a Baptist church and a Baptist minister, free to the operatives.

After the clerical document came an affidavit of a thousand words, signed by a bunch of operatives.

"We are contented and happy," is the key-note of the paper. "Our houses are inspected daily and also twice a week, by a Mr. Robinett, the policeman. We are furnished free of charge, water, sal-soda, and a wash house. None of our children under legal age work in the mill—since the law was passed."

The employees gave the Soul a clean bill of health in these words:

"He is not only highly esteemed, but thoroughly popular with us. He never fails to supply our needs when we are in want, and also gives luxuries."

John Brawley and Mrs. Whitlock signed with a cross. J. B. Francis, bookkeeper of the mill, proved by affidavit that children whose names had been published as toilers under age had never lived there at all. Perth Whitlock, he swore, was over twelve years of age, and her mother corroborated the testimony, over her cross.

A remarkable affidavit was that of Mr. Meon, who said that he had worked in the mill since 1898, with the exception of 1904, and that during that time he had saved between five and six thousand dollars.

J. W. Persen, superintendent of the mill, on oath, said, that the Avondale mill was the best he had ever seen, and the affidavit said, he had a wide experience.

There were indications that the affidavits had been composed by the same person. The "happy and contented" phrase occurred in them all, save the preacher's. Nine-tenths of them all repented with feeling the information that the Soul's daughter operated a free kindergarten, and all of them gave a technical description of the lathing, plastering and wainscoting of the houses.

The sworn statement of Mr. Roanett, policeman of the mill, brings up the rear of the procession. He rings the changes on the free distribution of sal-soda, and the cleanliness of the huts. He said it was his duty to inspect each hut twice a week and swears that the duty was performed. The physician, in his affidavit, swore that Robinett, the policeman, inspected each hut "almost daily."

The organ of the Soul, flushed with the victory of the affidavits, pointed to the clergyman's document as "explicit and positive." It emptied the kalsoume pail with this peroration:

"His enemies may rage and fume, circulate slanders and print libels, as much as they please, but they cannot possibly prevent the inevitable—the people are for Comer; and its going to be Governor Braxton Bragg Comer so surely as he shall live to be present in Montgomery on inauguration day!"

And it was.

(Next week Mr. Irvine tells the full story of what he found at Avondale. It is a story of child slavery and exploitation that should arouse every reader. It is illustrated with photographs taken by the author.)

Storm Clouds in Britain.

The Liberal and cautious editor of the British Weekly, writing in the edition of September 15th is compelled to make some statements which show how matters stand in England at present. Under the heading of "British Unrest" we read: "The clouds cover great areas—the Great Northern Railway, the South Wales Collieries, the Lancashire Cotton Trade, as well as the ship yards. . . . The fact that quarrels turn on points apparently without magnitude is, we are afraid, proof of a condition of mind so inflammable, that the least spark creates a conflagration."

The writer quotes Mr. O'Grady in his speech at the Trade Union congress at Bristol twelve years ago. Mr. O'Grady then said: "Trade unionism did its work in its own day, but now vaster and better led combinations were needed if the working men were not to be ground to powder by the action of the new trusts, rings and syndicates." Mr. O'Grady told his listeners that trade union action alone would never bring about industrial emancipation and that direct political action by the working classes was necessary if their ends were to be attained. The editor of the "Weekly" goes on to show that the working classes are in possession. In the words of Nietzsche, "We are the superiors; we are the strongest."

These things are indeed true. Men of today will not suffer as they did fifty years ago. It was unnecessary to suffer then, but men did not know. It is unnecessary to suffer now, but men do know. The wise man is not he who waits to take his part in mob role, but he who uses, and uses now, the means to prevent suffering. The pictures of "Mary Barton" and of "Alton Locke" cannot come again in England; they cannot come to America. The condition of mind is inflammable; what shall we have? Let us work that the flame may burst out in righteous, orderly, sane reformation, rather than in savagery, anarchy, riot and revolution.

Inequality every where. In birth, in fortunes, in accomplishments, in taste, in environments, in physique, in health, in love, in all the things which go to make life a bliss and a joy.

An Easter Egg

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK

A vague emotion shook the manly frame of Harold Hallerton, a feeling, hitherto, entirely foreign to him. Of a romantic disposition, it was not strange that he should be visibly excited when upon receiving the hard-boiled egg from the weary waiter in a wretched restaurant, this inscription upon the shell had suddenly appeared to him: "Miss Estelle Wainwright, Wildwood, Chicago, Ill."

During his entire lifetime, which had been fast though brief, he had never experienced a real romance and here was one forcing itself upon him.

It is useless to observe that Hallerton was wealthy. That much is obvious for did not his morning meal consist of the entire daily product of a full grown hen?

Carefully wrapping the egg shell in a silk handkerchief with a flowered border, fresh from the haberdashery, he hurriedly left the homelike hostelry without waiting for the few coppers due him from the five spot deposited with the aforesaid knight of the napkin.

Upon reaching his luxurious and well appointed apartments, he, cautiously and affectionately removed his treasure from its hiding place in the interior of his three button cutaway, eyeing same fondly and foolishly.

Small wonder that he was filled with emotion. Ordinarily, Hallerton had little on his mind except a minute imitation of a small cap, set far in the rear to better display his bungling bangs.

But now, now! Here was real romance—fraught with prolific possibilities.

Seating himself he lighted a cunning cigarette, supposedly of foreign origin—marked fragrant on the package—and soon the room was filled with the delightful aroma like unto that of a glue factory in full operation or roasting rubber on a warm-summer's day.

Having collected his thoughts, which were usually well scattered, he planned to pen some pensive lines to the fair Estelle.

Upon second thought he decided, however, that it would be unwise to entrust his weighty affairs to such a fickle personage as his Uncle Samuel and concluded to depart in person for the domestic domicile of his unknown ideal.

All the world seemed at play to Hal-

lerton, as he left for the city in the west; the sun shone so brightly, the birds sang so sweetly and even the locomotive whistle seemed to musically screech "Going to Es-telle."

Arriving at Wildwood, he was directed to her home in the outskirts, which he reached with little difficulty, his heart thumping strangely against his manly shirt bosom.

He was somewhat abashed to find the house a dilapidated, one story structure, fast going to ruin, but refreshed himself with the thought that if all went well, his Estelle would soon leave these quaint quarters and take up her abode in a palace fit for a queen—and king.

An aged, gray haired, bent woman answered his summons and ushered him into the poor, plain parlor.

"Her mother, or, more likely, her grandmother" thought Hallerton as he proceeded to tell her the entire story and finished by exhibiting the handkerchief and eggshell.

Something like a sob escaped the old lady as she gazed upon the shell in a manner that betokened intimacy and the silence was oppressive until at length, she remarked in a voice feeble with age and filled with the despair of one who has become accustomed to disappointments and buried hopes:

"I am Miss Wainwright and that is my handwriting, tho' I've not seen it for many years. It's sixty-three years tomorrow since I left the packing house and now, after all these years, I'm getting returns from my little ad. You've eaten the egg and you've come to me."

It required six months in a private sanatorium for Hallerton to regain his customary cigarette settee and other normal conditions and today, even the sight of a chanticleer bonnet makes him seasick.

"Think your own thoughts and reach your own conclusions by your own independent line of reasoning, and do not let another man do your thinking for you. If you reach a wrong decision don't be ashamed to admit it. Remember that the wise man changes his mind, the fool never."

Many a man who takes off his hat to the flag will dodge his taxes.

Worse Than Crazy.

A visitor from Milwaukee was being shown through the state institution where one set of insane people put other insane people. In some way, the visitor became separated from his party and the attendants were conducting them through.

He was approached by an inmate who took him for another inmate. "What are you in for?" asked the real inmate.

"Why," replied the man from Milwaukee, thinking to amuse his questioner, "I was sent here for trying to stop the growth of Socialism in Milwaukee."

The inmate gazed at him with a look of disgust on his face. "Hell," he exclaimed, "you aren't crazy—you're just a damned fool."

A Grand Speech

BY R. DVGRAK

A workman attended a republican meeting one day and came back feeling very happy. He dropped into a rocking chair and began "singing" at the top of his voice.

"Well, well, John, you must have heard something very good at the meeting—won't you tell me some of it?"

"The republicans are all right," cried John the tears streaming from his eyes, "they are the only party for me hereafter. Say, that was some speech that fellow gave. It made everybody in the hall just crazy with cheering. It was a cracker-jack—ha-ha-h-ooo."

"Well, what did he say? Won't you tell some of it?"

"He said—he—oh, drat it, what did he say. Well, never mind what he said. You ought to have seen the line of glasses on the bar, full of beer. Say, I had to fight my way to them—there was so many fellows there. By golly, it was a dandy speech. Just let some one come up and tell me the republicans are no good. That speech—ha-ha-he. And that fine old Pilsener."

John felt into his breast pocket and pulled out a bunch of cigars. He lit one and puffed away, muttering:

"A grand speech—a grand speech."

James Russell Lowell in his essay on "The Progress of the World," said, "There is dynamite enough in the new testament if legitimately applied to blow all our existing institutions to atoms."

WHICH BOAT ARE YOU IN?



Come Have A Smile On Us



LETTERS
SELF-MADE OUTLAW
BY ELLIS O. JONES

No. 5.

My Dear Son—I suppose it's all for the best, but between you and me, I don't quite like the idea of your sister marrying a titled foreigner. There was a time when I would have jumped at the chance, but somehow or other, I have come to the conclusion that this title business is a fake. It is a back number. About the only title that goes nowadays is the *wealthy Mr. So-and-So*.

But your sister and your ma got their heart set on it, and that stops the argument so far as I am concerned. It goes all right with the rabble. In the editorial columns, the newspapers oppose the buying of foreign noble, and, in the newspapers, they devote column after



I HAVE MADE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON THE DUKE

column to it. That shows their readers want it. Everything gets back to the people after all.

I suppose you read about that big fine which the government imposed upon us. Oh, well, don't worry about that. It is one thing to fine and another to collect it. Of course, I would just as soon it hadn't happened, for it simply compels us to hit the traffic a little harder. Before that, you know, we were only holding up two eastbound trains a day. Now, in addition to those, we are holding up two westbound trains also. That shows what a fiction there is about corporations charging all the traffic will bear. Such a statement is misleading. What we do is to hit the traffic as hard as policy will permit

It is better expressed by the phrase, "plucking the goose without a squawk."

The thing that really surprises me from time to time is how much the people will stand. The more you rob them, the more they seem to look up to and respect you. I was talking to a professor of sociology the other day about this trait in human nature and while he was unable to explain it, he said that the pages of history were full of just such instances.

On the other hand, he said that now and then the people rise up and rebel, mentioning the French and American revolutions and some other cases which I do not remember. That is just the difficulty that confronts modern outlaws. If we could only be sure just what was the limit, we could plan our work better. The difficulty is to recognize, before we put it on, the last straw that is going to break the camel's back. The vice-president of the company used to dabble in physics a lot. He calls it the political dew-point.

However, I don't think there is much danger of the American people's ever kicking over the traces, so long as everything is done according to the constitution. That constitution is a great scheme. Just say "constitution" to the average American and he puts up his gun at once. The constitution and the Dartmouth college case. If it hadn't been for these two heirlooms from our forefathers, I would have been in jail long ago.

I have made the first payment on the duke, balance payable in one, two and three years with interest at six per cent. Think I'll try to work off a little stock on him before the next slump. Of course, I couldn't let him go without showing him at least one or two financial feats. After all, you can't tell what may happen and the money is not so safe in their hands as in the hands of Yours lovingly,
FATHER.

The Good Natured Man.

Blessed is the man who is not grouchy and the woman who doesn't nag. There is nothing too good for the person who is pleasant. Wherever he may be, he has only to ask for what he wants, and he gets it. He needs not to be wise, but he is wise enough, though he may play the fool often, not to worry, not to brood, not to talk of his ailments or troubles, not to hold a grudge and never to give-up. He may fall a hundred times and mash his nose every pop, but if he finds it tickles other people, he gets up laughing and tries it again—and they like him for it. He is the wisest and best paid physician on earth because his only medicines are good cheer, kindness, and clean, good-natured jests. It is possible he is awkward and not ceremoniously polite, but he does the thing that ought to be done while the other fellow is considering how it would seem. Bully for him.
Pus.

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

Surviving the Blow.

It's awful, Mabel, on my word. A slight for gods or an attorney. Eat really isn't it absurd! That millionaire should have to journey upon a ship that carries cheap. And common people in the steerage? These men who chase across the deep. And mix as equals with the peerage!

This irritates unbecomingly. Its ease and peace of mind destroying. Big, brainy boys have found a way. To thwart conditions so annoying. A special ship will be supplied. To remedy at once this blunder. And only those in it may ride. Who live by privilege and plunder.

None of the common herd may go. With greatness for a week to neighbor. Except the fellows down below. Who do the mean but useful labor. But it would be an awful move. A chilling and soulful stocker. If any vessel loaded thus. Should go to Davy Jones' locker.

I wonder if the loss would cause. The earth to wobble, just a fraction. I wonder if the wheels would pause. In mills or flues of rapid traction. Would all the farmers' plans go wrong? Would famine hit the land in places? Or would we somehow get along. And still find food to feed our faces?

The Real Test.

"They can talk about Bill all they want to but I believe he is an honest man."

"He's been to the legislature, ain't he?"

"Ye—, but what of that?"

"Didn't he build a \$13,000 house on a \$2,000 salary?"

"Well, suppose he did. They ain't ketchin' him yet have they?"

Future Provided For.

How many years old sport, for you. Before the poor, hotten looks in view?

The question seems almost a joke. You strong and well and feeling fit. And never give nearly looks. That's sometimes mighty close to it.

No poor house ending in your mind. Look the statistics up and find. How very fine your chances are.

Old age is schooling a wren the track. A regular old track'er pace. And when a critter is in your back. And care-cut wrinkles in your face. And if to live now costs you more. Than what you can bring day to day. I wonder if the poor house door. No distant looks and far away.

Maybe She Wished.

"Ma, why ain't pa worth a million?"

"He is too honest, my son."

"Say, ma, when you was marrying couldn't you find a dishonest man?"

No Kick for Him.

The man who says the knave and shirk. Are causing all this ruck. That Socialism will not work. You'll find he doesn't now.



Gave Him the Impression.

"Henry ought to make a great success in Wall street. He is a master hand at watering stock."

"They don't water that kind of stock in Wall street."

"I guess they do."

"What gave you that notion?"

"Don't they mix up a big bucket of slush for the elephant and the donkey about once every two years?"

Could Tell by the Sound.

A man and his wife were quarreling in their room in a hotel and were so noisy about it as to disturb the other guests. Finally the landlord knocked on their door.

"Say," he called, "I didn't rent you this room to hold a democrat convention in."

Push Philosophy
C. L. PHIFER

You may lead a man to books, but you can't make him think like you do. We have spent six thousand years in making a living. Now let us begin to live.

It is never hard to do another person's task. Some people open their mouths as wide for scandal as babies do to receive a kiss.

No man can properly care for himself if he cares for himself alone.

When the world is living falsely, all men become false.

When we must worry about how to live, we can only half live.

"The world has never reached a stage," writes Professor Ward, "where the physical and temporary interests have not been in the ascendancy." With the entire mass of human beings there lies, at the bottom of all thought and feeling a sense of the prime necessity which nature has put upon us—the necessity of securing a living.—Ghent.—"Mass and Class."

It is an essential doctrine of Christianity that the world is fundamentally good and practically bad, for it was made by God, but is now controlled by Sin.—Prof. Rauschenbusch.



Chiquita

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

[Dedicated to the boys at the "J. F." and "D" Ranche.]

I'm just an old cowboy; I'm bent and I'm gray;
Bragging's no habit of mine—
But it's my'n the outlaw I've sat in my day,
'Twixt here and the Mexico line.
I quirted and spurred 'em and never pulled leather,
And rode 'em straight up with the best,
For the sake of the sweetest and pluckiest girl
That ever rode range in the West.

Laughing dark eyes and the reddest of lips,
Spurs on the trim little feet,
Broad sombrero above her curls—
That was Chiquita, my sweet.
Firm as a man's was her seat in the saddle,
When we rode to the cattle roder;
There wasn't a cowboy alive that could beat her
In roping a mustang or steer.

Her heart was as soft as the heart of a babe,
But she wasn't the sort that "turn pale";
She splinted my leg when my horse fell and broke it,
One night on the Lava Bed Trail.
And if ever a cowboy was hurt in a round-up—
As might happen to me or to you—
She would nurse him and pet him and write to his
mother,
As only a woman could do.

Costello, my rival, had sworn we should part;
And threats he had made that were worse;
As we passed hand-in-hand down the trail in the
dark,
From his ambush he sprang with a curse.
The soft little arms of Chiquita too quickly
And closely around me were thrown;
In the bravest and truest of hearts sank the dagger
The coward had meant for my own!
And it's lonely I am when I hit the trail,
And lonely the long day through;
And lonelier still at night when the light
Of the home ranche come in view;
And it's lonely I'll be till the day shall come
When they lay me down to rest,
By the side of the sweetest and pluckiest girl
That ever rode range in the West.

And it's oh, once more like the wind to ride,
Care-free and young again,
With sweet Chiquita at my side,
Over the sage-brush plain!