

## Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Admirable Amazing Impudence

**S**OMETHING alluring pertains to any great and really conspicuous achievement in any line of human endeavor. We admire a stupendous feat even though it be without intrinsic merit, because it represents extraordinary endurance, or extraordinary hardihood. Thus if a man should walk on his hands seventeen times around a race track we should admit that no good could come from his performance but none the less applaud it as very unusual. Or if a man should hang by his teeth and be carried on a slack wire over Niagara Falls it would be a wonderful exhibition of strength however fruitless it might be.

In the same way I am moved to boundless admiration by the stupendous and unprecedented achievements in impudence to which the American railroads are now treating the American public.

These railroads desire to make still further advances in freight rates.

That they may induce the public to submit in patience to their purposed extortions they are carrying on a so-called "campaign of education" of a nature to astound any observer.

I take as an example of this campaign a huge placard with which the Erie Railroad company has been pleased to adorn all its stations and waiting rooms. It reads as follows:

To the Public and to the Employes of  
the Erie Railroad.  
When the company is not making  
money, are you?

The colossal effrontery involved in this performance is calculated to take your breath away.

The Company! What company? If the monumental fakirs that conceived this placard desire us to think they mean the Erie Railroad Company that company is not making any money and has made none for forty years.

Why not? It carries an enormous traffic, traverses a populous region, owns great properties. Why does it pay no dividends to most of the innocents that hold its stocks?

Because it is not a railroad, but a monstrous melon patch. Year after year it has been looted by the gentlemen on the inside, who have taken from it incalculable fortunes at the expense of the public and the common stockholders.

It is capitalized close upon \$260,000 a mile, the heaviest railroad capitalization in the world. This is probably five times as much as the total amount of money ever put into the road. If its capitalization represented actual investment it would now be paying fifteen per cent dividends instead of no dividends at all. As fast as the business of the road has increased to a point where its receipts promised to pay dividends the insiders have loaded the property down with a fresh issue of securities which they have sold and manipulated for their own great profit and upon which the public must furnish the interest.

These insiders now desire to put on a fresh lot of these securities for their own profit.

To do so they must wrench some more revenue from the poor old road. To wrench the revenue they must put up the freight rates. To induce the public to endure the increased freight rates they must do much expert faking and lying.

Hence the amazing placards. Hence also the whole railroad company. Hence the efforts put forth everywhere to induce the railroad employes to help on the bunco game. Hence the resolutions passed by the railroad employes' associations. Hence the adroit campaign in the newspapers. Hence many other things.

Of a sudden all the influential newspapers blossom out with great advertisements of this railroad and that. This week alone there will be paid into the newspaper offices hundreds of thousands of dollars for great display advertisements of various railroads never advertising much before.

Coincident with this novel and delightful golden stream the newspapers suddenly discover many reasons why freight rates should be advanced.

The public, which is being robbed now and is to be robbed still more by this game, never has a chance to learn the truth, but generally falls for the game under some false impression created by the newspapers that carry the big ads.

**T**HE total capitalization of the American railroads has increased six billion dollars in the last seven years. It is growing now at the rate of about one billion dollars a year. Three-quarters of this increase is fictitious. To support increased capitalization there must be increased revenue. Having skinned all possible revenue out of the poor old system by neglecting improvements and allowing the physical condition of the property to deteriorate the gentlemen on the inside now purpose to make additional advances in rates with the assistance of the public they skin.

Compared with this how poor seem the feats of Ross Raymond, Hungry Joe, Kid Miller and all other confidence swindlers rolled into one! How wretched seems their boasted impudence and dexterity! How poor seem all the confidence games of history compared with this awe-inspiring piece of thimble-rigging for a stake of billions!

From 1903 to 1910 the total capitalization of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company has been increased 1500 per cent.

For that huge increase the public has paid and is to pay in increased rates and excessive charges and diminished service.

The property has been loaded with securities that demand interest and dividends. By means of "rights" to subscribe the gentlemen on the inside get possession of these securities at low rates. Then they sell these securities at high rates and the patient public must furnish the interest and dividends.

This is the game the insiders purpose to play on all the railroads—if they can get the plundered public to stand for more of it.

This seems sufficiently astounding, but it is nothing compared with the fact that they can induce railroad employes to help them.

What do the employes get from the game? Nothing except poor wages and the privilege of getting maimed or killed.

If the game wins out will the employes get any share of the proceeds? Will wages be increased or hours shortened or conditions be made more tolerable.

Not so that you could notice it.

**M**R TAFT is now said to have made the astounding discovery that it is not the tariff, but the trusts that have caused the increase of the cost of living.

Wonderful discovery!

But Mr. Taft and Col Crazy Horse ought to get together before they attempt any of these hazardous flights. In the republican state platform of New York the increase in the cost of living is airily tossed off as a world-wide development of no particular importance and the Colonel in his speeches has insisted that it is a "minor issue."

If it is a "minor issue" what difference can it make whether the blessed tariff or the accursed trusts bring it about? Let us concern ourselves no more about it, but fix our minds upon some great and vital question such as "putting down the bosses"—in the manner I suppose so forcibly illustrated by the Colonel himself at Saratoga. That's the good work! Put down all the bosses—except ME.

Yet our ponderous president must be insisting that his momentous discovery be taken seriously for the news comes from Washington that the administration has resolved to enforce the Sherman Anti-Trust law and therefore the nation should cheer up.

**Twenty Years' Stand of Same Farce**

The Sherman Anti-Trust law was passed in 1890. In the twenty years that have passed since then I can recall eleven occasions when it was announced that the administration was about to enforce the law and each of them was the time of a pending election.

On each of these pleasant occasions the enforcement, so far as the trusts were concerned, went no farther than the announcement.

Nevertheless, each announcement was followed by a cackle of applause and a general feeling of relief and satisfaction at the promise of reduced prices for pork chops.

We learn but slowly. I observe now exactly the same kind of a cackle and signs of the same general feeling of relief.

Meantime in these twenty years the law has remained an absolutely dead letter so far as the trusts are concerned against which it was designed and made.

It has only been enforced upon labor unions

and union leaders against whom it was never designed to be enforced.

Evidently the theatrical managers do not understand the American public. They are accustomed to think the public grows weary of a farce after two or three years. On the contrary twenty years have not wearied of this farce, the thinnest and dullest imaginable.

Let us suppose a few things. Suppose for instance this stupid and idiotic law to be capable of enforcement.

Suppose Mr. Taft, elected by the trusts and trained in the trust school, to desire that it be enforced.

Suppose Attorney General Wickersham, a corporation lawyer of the worst antecedents and already on record in the New Haven railroad case, to attempt really to enforce it.

Suppose some trust to be prosecuted and convicted of this fantastic crime of a combination in restraint of trade.

Suppose the supreme court of the United States after years of litigation to uphold the conviction. Then one of two things would happen.

Either the offending trust would be subjected to a heavy fine, which it would simply pass along to us in the shape of increased prices this year and every year.

Or some officer or officers of the corporation would be sentenced to a term of imprisonment, as were Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison.

How on earth could either event be of the slightest benefit to us, the consumers? How could it effect the increased cost of living? How could it readjust the unjust and unequal distribution of wealth which is the cause of our troubles? How could it abolish poverty or restrict the slums or reduce tuberculosis or in the least cope with the tremendous crisis now at our doors?

Why then should we care a whoop whether the doddering old Sherman law is enforced against the trusts or is not?

When it is perverted from its purpose and enforced against labor unions, when it is used to suppress free speech, to abolish constitutional rights and to imprison men for the crime of striking we have very great reasons to care, for these things are vital and fundamental.

But to have these preposterous fake prosecutions undertaken against the trust evolution is the least possible concern of the public. They do not even possess the small entertainment that pertains to watching a man who is trying to lift himself by his boot straps.

**W**E LIVE in an age of strange things. It is strange that men should fly like birds, communicate a thousand miles through the air, drive forty miles an hour through the sea. It is also strange that any rational man should vote the democrat ticket and strange that labor allows itself to be played upon and robbed.

But the strangest of all is the character of the men that we put into office in this country.

Either President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham do not know the simplest kindergarten rudiments of economics and history, in which case they are manifestly unfit for the offices they hold; or they do know that you can't stop evolution by invoking the dreamy old Sherman act in which case they are guilty of knavery in pretending to enforce that law.

From these conclusions I should be pleased to learn of any escape.

But before Mr. Wickersham does any more of these fancy stunts with the Sherman law he should be made to explain why he dropped so suddenly the prosecution of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

**What Interest Stopped This Prosecution?**

Who told him to drop a case apparently so sound and just? What influences were brought to bear? Mr. Morgan was vitally interested in having that case stopped. Did he exert any influence at Washington? The case was the strongest ever prepared under the Sherman law. It was supported by unquestionable evidence. The New Haven could not deny that it had bought parallel and competing lines. There appeared to be no defense. The people of Massachusetts had been lulled by the suit into a careless attitude towards the merger. They believed that the government's action would defeat and abolish the merger in any event. The New Haven company took advantage of the feeling of security on the part of the public and got through the Massachusetts legislature a bill that practically legalized the merger so far as the state was concerned. Whereupon, Mr. Wickersham almost in-

stantly dismissed the government's action and left the people of New England in the grip of the New Haven road.

Mr. Wickersham ought to explain this curious fact before he poses very much as the champion of the Sherman act and the foe of monopoly.

**M**ICHIGAN is another state now being startled by the figures that show the rapid increase of insanity. Within the last year the inmates of its insane asylums have increased from 5,763 to 7,757, an increase of 1,988, or 35 per cent. It is hardly necessary to point out that this ratio is enormously greater than the ratio of increase of the total population.

Similar statistics have appeared from other states. The alienists are puzzled and alarmed. They say that the condition indicated is one that the nation cannot possibly afford to neglect. I should think not. But why seek to conceal the chief cause of this frightful increase? Insanity grows upon us in the same proportion as the difficulty of life increases, the standard of living is lowered, the slums expand, poverty is augmented and crime multiplies and for all of these appalling manifestations together there is but one cause and that is CAPITALISM.

The men and women that are giving their lives to warfare upon this monstrous and malignant system have often no reward except trouble and privation, but they can refresh themselves with the obvious fact that they are doing the most useful of all possible services to society.

And that is the only thing after all that is worth while in life, to be able to feel that one has contributed something to the cause of emancipation.

**The Only Thing Really Worth While**

It is hard to escape the conclusion that if we acquiesce in these unnecessary horrors we share in the responsibility for them. If that is so nothing else is a duty equal to the duty of protest. No protest even though made to but one hearer is ever lost. The man or the woman that hears it will never again be able to feel perfectly comfortable in the face of the horrors wrought by this monstrous system. And I wish I could pay something like an adequate tribute to the thousands of men and women in America that are quietly at work in unheralded places revolutionizing the thought of their communities on this one issue that towers above every other question that ever confronted the race. Shall we have economic justice or injustice?

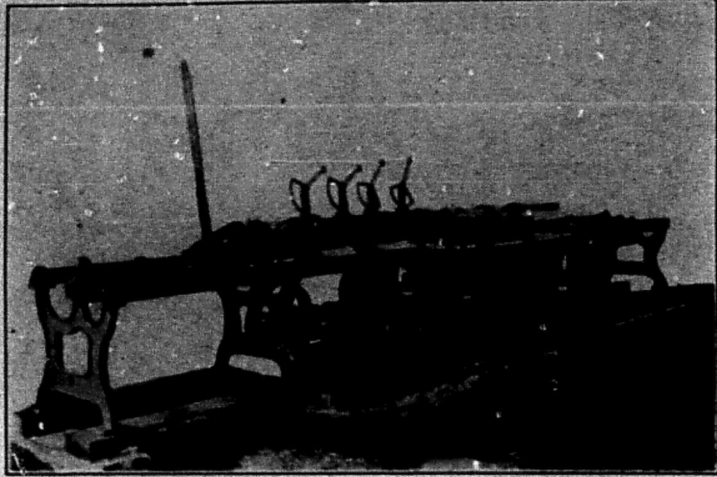
**T**HE London cables tell us that already Americans are madly competing for places at the coronation of King George next May, that the shop-keepers have sold their best windows to Americans that have paid fabulous prices, that Americans by the thousands have engaged quarters at the hotels, that the whole ceremony promises to be swamped with loyal and applauding Americans.

Here be glad tidings of great joy. If there is anything we really need in this country it is an additional exhibition of snobbery and slobbery by our best classes.

"Is all America coming over?" one London hotel keeper gasps in astonishment.

Not quite all, kind sir. There will still be some persons detained here by such trifling problems as trying to make the weekly wage stretch over the steadily increasing rent bill, butcher bill, and grocery bill. There will be others again too much perplexed by the question whether we are to have a nation or just a huge Whitechapel to give to the coronation of another king in the twentieth century the attention really deserved by an event so momentous to living and struggling humanity.

**M**R MORGAN has succeeded in getting China to make a new loan of \$50,000,000 and the threat to the existing system that lies in China's development has been staved off for a time. Here are \$50,000,000 of new bonds for the world's bankers to play with—not much, but still better than nothing, better than having China finance herself. The situation in regard to Oriental trade and exchange was growing strained and this has revived it. About two years ago it was similarly relieved by compelling the Chinese government to finance the Hankou-Szechuan railroad with American and European capital. Two years hence or less it must be relieved again. The question is how long it can be dosed in this way with temporary expedients. As China continues to develop and expand her industries evidently the time is not far off when she will cease to bond her future for the benefit of American and European financiers and traders, and the number of the world's dumping places will be diminished by one. And when this same process has gone a little farther around the world, what will the exploiting nations and exploiting classes do then, poor things?



MACHINE FOR MAKING WOOD WORK FOR WAGONS

It Is Almost Human.

Here is a wood working machine that is one of those almost uncanny creations that does work seemingly impossible to an object without intelligence.

A pattern of the shape into which it is desired to cut the material is placed in the machine. The wood to be cut is then introduced at one end and as it

passes along the pattern crowds it against the "shapers" (the round objects sticking up from the table at the right of the wheel in the illustration) and these cut it into any desired form.

This machine does the work of six simpler machines which have been formerly used for the purpose and each of which in turn displaced several men who worked with the old fashioned hand tools.

The machine was invented by T. N. Green, Corinth, Mass., the photograph was supplied by Wm. H. Fry, of the same place.

consciousness of the capitalists by the statement that "real, hearty, cheerful and continued co-operation on the part of the members will secure results which should be entirely satisfactory. Frank, and friendly intercourse; full disclosure of his business by each to the others; recognition by all of the rights of each; a disposition to assist and benefit each other so far as practicable and proper; conduct founded on the belief that healthy co-operation is wiser and better than destructive competition; all these are desirable and necessary and will be effective."

Regarding the scope and power of co-operation on an international scale Mr. Gary said: "Co-operation can be and should be extended to our business relations with foreign manufacturers and producers. They will meet us half way. We must at all times evince a disposition to reciprocate the friendship which these gentlemen have shown, and to demonstrate to their satisfaction that we believe thoroughly in the doctrine that we are more or less bound together by business connections, and that we enjoy prosperity when they enjoy it, and that we fail of success when they fail. Many who are present will live to see the time when the spirit of co-operation will extend even to the governments of the earth."

Speaking of the efforts which have been made to establish institutions which will have a tendency to make the worker contented with his condition, such as the safeguarding of employes from accidental injury, the speaker said: "A continuation of the efforts we have been making in this direction will result in securing a larger measure of confidence on their part, and will bring to us the confidence on their part, and will bring to us the consciousness that not only have we benefitted ourselves pecuniarily, but that we have done the right thing."

The New York Journal of Commerce, one of the most conservative of publications has this to say in regard to Mr. Gary's scheme of voluntary co-operative management of industry:

To attempt to reach a world-wide understanding among the producers of iron and steel with a view primarily to the protection of what they conceive to be their own interests would be the noblest and quite a different kind of co-operation in the government of the nations of the world from that which Judge Gary has in mind. The moment that it is found possible to establish a perfect freedom of production or of distribution, or of both, in this basic department of human industry, the people at large will be prepared to take the rest of the world by storm. The men who will have succeeded in paralyzing competition and syndacating the one branch of manufacture which underlies all the rest of the world's production, Socialism will be upon us, and Judge Gary and his friends will promptly be allotted such compensation as that to which the stigma of Social-Democracy may think they are entitled.

Playing With the Problem

That Roosevelt does not see the tendency of the forces with which he is working and the remedies for the fears of which he is complaining is admitted by Chas. Friskine Scott Woods in the Pacific Monthly. After declaring that there is only one issue and that the issue of human liberties against special privileges, Mr. Woods says:

But what business have I, or has any man, to rest in the peace and beauty of the wilderness when millions with its good and its evil are struggling for a right to life and a right to the sunshine and the wind beneath an all-whirling wheel from which their haggard faces never lift? It is not right to let the world be divided into a few who have and a many who have not. It is wrong. In my limited sphere I am the apostle of "No Charity," "No Paternalism," "A Free Opportunity," and the "Survival of the Fittest." But when I see the millions of the world who are being crushed by the wheels of the industrial revolution, I am not content to say that the survival of the fittest is the only law. I am content to say that the survival of the fittest is the only law that we have made for ourselves.

Milwaukee Municipal Printing Plant

BY CARL D. THOMPSON

Steps are being taken toward the establishment of a municipal printing plant in Milwaukee. It is the idea of the administration that a great deal of money can be saved, and a great convenience effected by the establishment of a municipal plant.

The printing bill of a large city like Milwaukee is enormous. It amounts to somewhere near \$25,000.00 per year. All of this could be taken care of by a municipal plant, thus bringing the work under direct control of the municipality.

In addition to the work done by the city there is several thousand dollars worth of printing done by the county. It is the idea of those in charge of the plans for the municipal plant that the work of the county could be done in connection with that of the city.

A committee has been investigating the experience of other cities where municipal printing is being done, and will report upon the best method of procedure.

In connection with the printing plant it is also proposed later on to establish a municipal journal. This will be an official journal of the city of Milwaukee, and will discuss in a non-partisan and scientific way the various municipal problems as they are handled from time to time by the city.

If these projects are carried out the administration will have direct control of a very effective publicity enterprise as well as of all its printing. It goes without saying, of course, that strict trade union conditions will be given to those who work for the municipal printing, and an effort will be made to make the enterprise a financial success also.

Shows How to Dodge Law

Albert H. Gary, the head of the United States Steel corporation and director of not less than twenty other big concerns, delivered an address recently before the meeting of the iron and steel institute, of which he is president, in which he struck the keynote of the new commercialism which defies the spirit of the law and sets itself up as the law's superior.

After making an extensive review of the growth of the iron and steel industry in the United States, Mr. Gary touched upon the ethics and economics of the steel situation, treating the latter question quite at length, and throwing a side light on an important relation, that of supply and demand. He said:

Those who oppose the maintenance of fair prices when the volume of business is low, on the ground that it is contrary to the law of supply and demand, make the mistake of supposing that capacity to produce creates supply. The law of supply and demand means the quantity which one possesses and is willing to dispose of and the quantity which another is desiring and is willing to pay. Capacity to furnish does not create supply; nor does ability to purchase create demand.

On the other hand, if prices are at any time higher than they ought to be, the consumer, whatever his pecuniary ability to pay may be, should wait until the prices are reduced. If in the meantime the consumer has not starved, it would not be long before they would get together on a proper basis."

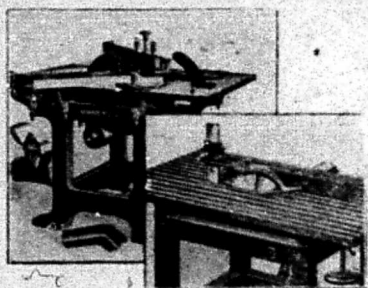
Apply this principle of creating an artificial balance between production and consumption to the realm of business, Mr. Gary said:

"Some of you may say that a fair and just equilibrium cannot be maintained except as the result of some agreement on the part of those who are interested. It is a sufficient answer to make that you have no right to enter into such an agreement, express or implied; that the laws of this country are opposed to it. "But the law does not compel competition; it only prohibits an agreement not to compete. If competitors are in frequent communication and make full disclosure to each other in regard to their business, notifying one another of what they are doing, it will follow as a natural result that no one will take advantage of the information he thus receives to act unjustly or dishonestly towards his neighbor."

He further shows the class con-

Machine Protection in Germany

It is not that German employers care more for the welfare of their employes than American employers do, but certain protective legislation has been forced through the German law-making bodies, such as employers' liability laws and compensation for injuries at the expense of the employers. The enforcement of these laws has caused a radical change from the



manufacturing methods once in vogue, and which are still in vogue in this country, and just because it pays, protecting devices have been put on the machinery which the German workers use. Saws are guarded, as shown in the lower part of the accompanying illustration, set screws do not project from sleeves on shafting and belting is no longer exposed as it once was. The workers forced this legislation by their votes when they elected Socialists to their law-making bodies.

The Socialist Scouts

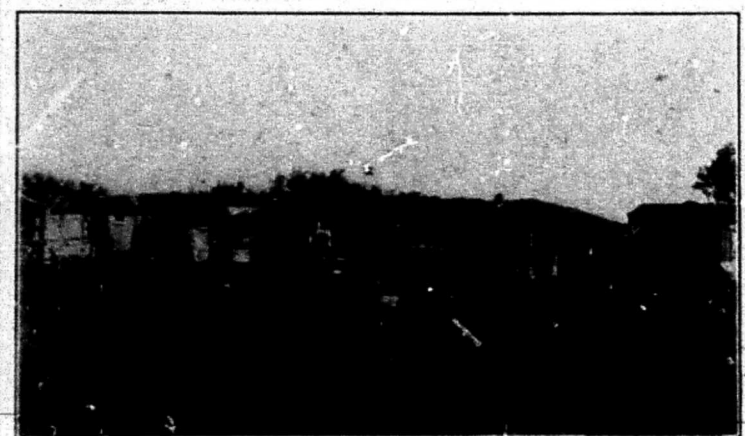
Motto: "The Appeal is Mightier than the Sword."

This week brings two more applications for membership in the Socialist Scouts from England. Boys and girls in half a dozen other countries are now working hand in hand with their young comrades of the United States for the overthrow of capitalism. They're going about this by selling the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason, getting the propaganda into new hands from week to week.

They're not only doing a great work of agitation but they're all making pocket money besides. Scouts make two and a half cents on each sale and some Scouts have as many as 150 regular customers every week. In addition to the regular profit on sales there are extra prizes each month for hustlers. These are so arranged that a Scout living in a small town has the same chance as one living in a big city.

Any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what NATIONS he sells and return heads of unsold copies will receive two bundles, ten each, COMING NATIONS and Appeals, by return mail. Talk to your boy or girl about it. It costs nothing to try. Address "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas."

Nine times out of ten the fellow who is let in "on the ground floor" falls between the girders and lands in the cellar.



SHACKS FOR MEXICAN EMPLOYEES OF RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

Mexican Peonage in the U. S.

For several years the Santa Fe railroad has been importing Mexicans to take the place of Americans for the track work on their road. These are paid very much lower wages than were formerly paid to Americans and

European immigrants. The Santa Fe very generously permits them to build shacks like these shown in the illustration where there is vacant space along the right of way. In these hovels the men who are building this great system of railroad live, sleep and eat in summer and winter.

A Mechanical Cotton Picker

After many years of experiment and after many failures by many men, the news come from Texas that at last a satisfactory machine has been built to pick cotton from the plant. This Price-Campbell machine is propelled by a gasoline motor; it runs astride a row of cotton-plants; its ingenious revolving "fingers" catch the open cotton without doing harm to the plant or to the bolls that are not yet open; and, since they catch only a fibrous substance, they do not gather leaves or any other parts of the plant. Well-authenticated reports are that it picks the field as clean as it is picked by human hands, and that one machine will do the work of twenty men.

Such a machine means to cotton-culture what the reaper meant to wheat-culture when it displaced the "cradle" and scythe with which our grandfathers cut their grain. It supplements Whitney's gin and goes far to put cotton-growing among the mechanical processes.

Unions for Woman Suffrage

The president and secretary of the Oklahoma State Federation of Labor have sent out the following letter to the offices of its local branches:

"Dear Sir and Brother—One of the Constitutional Amendments to be voted on November 8th is of vital importance to our Federation of Labor, since it affects the position of wage-earning women. What the ballot means to the workingman it will mean to the workingwoman. Our leaders in the labor movement are unanimous in their endorsement of the ballot for women. Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, Keir Hardie, Florence Kelly and a host of others are working for the ballot for the women who are engaged in bread-winning. There are over six millions of women wage earners in the United States. If these had the right of the ballot, they could join forces with their brother workers in demanding needful laws for the protection and safety of laboring people. Disfranchisement means cheap labor and this affects the wages of men and women.

"Please urge the members of your local to vote for the Woman Suffrage Amendment, November 8th, and to enlist their voting friends to do the same. "The Arizona Federation of Labor is making Woman Suffrage one of its demands in the new constitution. The Washington Federation of Labor is instructing its members to vote for the Woman Suffrage Amendment now pending in that State, and which will be voted on at the same time as our election. The Washington Federation is circulating printed slips showing just where the Amendment will appear on the general ballot, so that no mistake will be made by union voters. These men are determined to help their working sisters and daughters.

Ensa ved Municipalities

The American people, as every body knows and as every body who has been called on to speak in public has so often said, are proverbially a patient people, and they are as conservative as they are patient. And they have endured much at the hands of the street-railway corporations. They have endured miserably inadequate service; they have consented to be laid under a heavy tax by them, and by paying this tax have patiently provided the money with which a new and insolent plutocracy has been founded, with all the vulgar attributes of the nouveau riche, they have had their councils and legislatures corrupted, and there is not yet a single instance in which the people have resented all this for any length of time, or in any effective or lasting way.

Thus, in the relations between public utility corporations and the municipality, our cities are a whole generation behind the cities of England, Germany, France and Belgium. The reason doubtless is that our municipalities are not as old as those of Europe and have not had their experience, and their democracies have not yet learned how to exercise the functions of democracy, and then of course they have not the powers to do these things if they would, for they are not free.—Brand Whitlock in the World Today.

The Coming Serfdom

Women, children, negroes, the inhabitants of our new dependencies and every shade of immigrant, will one and all be used like pawns in the great game of immediate business advantage in the markets of the world. I asked one of the largest employers of labor in the south if he feared the coming of the trade union. "No," he said "it is one good result of race prejudice, that the negro will enable us in the long run to weaken the trade union so that it cannot harm us. We can keep wages down, and the negro, and we can prevent too much organization." It is in this spirit that the lower standards are to be used. If this purpose should succeed, it has but one issue—the immense strengthening of a plutocratic administration at the top, served by an army of high-salaried helpers, with an elite of skilled and well-paid workmen, but all resting on what would be essentially a serf class of low-paid labor and this mass kept in order by an increased use of military force.—Brooks—"The Social Unrest."

"No nation was ever overthrown by its farmers. Chaldea and Egypt, Greece and Rome, grew rotten and ripe for destruction, not in the fields, but in the narrow lanes and crowded city streets and in the palaces of their nobility. Gold is an idol worshiped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS: J. A. Wayland, Fred D. Warren.

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

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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

The Future of the Coming Nation

We have said little about what we were going to do. We have done the best we could and the flood of letters that has come in indicates that what has been done has been extremely satisfactory to those who have seen the paper. We are now ready to give you a glimpse of a few of the far better things that are coming in the immediate future.

While it is hard to say where the class struggle is raging fiercest because the locality is changing at every moment, yet it seems as though the hottest fight is now on the Pacific coast and J. Kenneth Turner, who is now in Los Angeles is going to give the COMING NATION the story of the labor war west of the Rockies. It is a story that will startle and arouse every reader.

The foreign department is being constantly strengthened. The first of a series of articles by Odon Pica from Italy is at hand and the story, together with the photographs, is a revelation in proletarian progress. Italian agricultural workers have gained possession of the machines, secured an eight hour day, and carried on a fight filled with dramatic incidents, such as there have been few in the great world war of the workers. You will want this article to show to your fellow-worker in the factory and on the farm.

Gertrude Barnum has written for the COMING NATION the story of the building of model tenements in New York. This description of what comes as near to being a model home as the profit system thinks it can furnish is, in some ways a more striking indictment of that system than a description of the worst slums.

Elliott White is preparing an article on the leather industry in New England, and W. J. Dills another on the glove industry in New York. These are but the beginning of a long series of articles which have already been arranged for showing the development of industry and telling the story from the side of the workers.

Hyman Strunsky has in preparation a study of the "Well-fare" work by which the most subtle and successful war ever waged upon organized labor is now being prosecuted.

With the next issue A. M. Lewis will begin again the series of articles that were unavoidably suspended and which were received with so much favor, treating of popular science and its relation to the workers.

We are especially glad to announce that Dr. W. C. Rucker whose work for the Milwaukee Socialists was stopped by the government because of the false and slanderous attacks made upon him by republican politicians, has also promised to give us a number of articles on prevention of disease.

Arrangements have also been made for fiction by some of the best short story writers.

All of these articles will be richly illustrated wherever illustrations are possible. The staff of artists that have already made the COMING NATION the best Socialist publication in this line ever published in America, if not in the world, is being constantly increased.

This is just a suggestion of some of the things that are ready for the immediate future. Next week we will tell you of some even better plans. The important thing, however, is that these should reach as large an audience as possible. Will you not do your best to see that this audience is increased by securing an additional subscriber this week?

Scout News!

"Everybody I have sold to likes the papers very much," writes Scout Robert Lincoln Paine, Manchester, N. H.

"I sold all of my papers in about three hours. I did not have any trouble at all. I am sending for twenty copies this week. I went to about thirty houses and sold the last one at the last house."

—Austin Pettit, Moundsville, W. Va. "Comrade Thomas H. Flood, Montello, Mass., writes for his little Scout daughter as follows: Blanche says to send her ten copies this week and she thinks she will be able to sell all of them. Blanche's grandfather, several generations ago, fought under Washington and another grandfather died in action in New Orleans. Blanche is a revolutionist by birth and we hope to guide her in her education so she will be a credit to the movement."

"I am thirteen years old and as strong a Socialist as ever you saw. Most of my schoolmates make fun of me for being a Socialist but I don't care. I know why I am a Socialist and they don't know why they're not. Yours for victory."—Scout Gus T. Reynolds, Rock Springs, Tex.

"I am doing good for a start. I have twelve regular customers."—Saul C. Lerner, New York City.

For the second time all expectations as to the number of copies of the COMING NATION that would be wanted have been exceeded. Last week every copy was gone by Thursday and a long list of orders remained unfiled. These will receive the current issue instead and an effort will be made to anticipate the demand. However, the only certain way is to follow the old reliable advice and "come early and avoid the rush," for there always is a rush on COMING NATION orders.

In the Beginning

By H. G. Creel

Where the U. S. Flag Was Born.

A small two-story house still standing at 229 Arch street, below Third, Philadelphia, has an interesting history. In it the first flag containing thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, was made by Mrs. John Ross. The design for the flag was from a drawing made by George Washington with a pencil, and the flag thus designed was adopted by a resolution of Congress on the 14th day of June, 1777.

The Flag at Half Mast.

The custom of showing the flag at half mast originated from the way at sea, of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag became an act of submission showing respect to a superior or a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect.

The Flag of Denmark.

In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—that is, the strength of Denmark. Aside from this legend there is no doubt that the flag with the cross was adopted by Denmark in the thirteenth century and that at about the same date an order, known as the order of Dannebrog, was instituted, to which only soldiers and sailors who were distinguished for courage were allowed to belong. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence.



The report of the census bureau shows that within the five years ending 1907, the amount of money invested in electrical power enterprises including street railway power houses but not including the street railways, increased 112.9 per cent, or from \$639,125,363 to \$1,367,338,836, while the number of commercial enterprises reporting has increased only 23.3 per cent or from 2,049 to 2,516. The increase in number of plants reporting is due, for the most part, to municipal electric plants, which increased in number during the period 53.6 per cent, or from 815 to 1,252, of which 998 have bonds outstanding to the amount of \$25,343,654, bringing the cost of municipal plants to but little, if any, over \$30,000,000. The rest of the increased capitalization is almost entirely in the hands of the electrical trust, with ramifications in all parts of the country.

An interesting feature of the report is that which shows the growing sentiment in favor of public ownership of public utilities. This shows that, while thirty-three of the municipal stations which reported in 1902 had changed to commercial stations by 1907, 113 of the commercial stations which reported in 1902 had, by 1907, become municipally owned. The report also gives credit for the sentiment which is responsible for this.

New Times.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

New times demand new measures and new men; The world advances, and in time outgrows The laws that in our fathers' day were best.

# Rallying of the Young

BY J. L. ENGBAHL

HERE are many big men in the Socialist movement of Germany. But somehow I was impressed more than all else with the bigness of Karl Liebknecht son of Wilhelm Liebknecht.

Others among the German Socialists, those whom I met at the International Socialist congress, at Copenhagen, in Berlin and at the German congress at Magdeburg, gave evidence of the same impression.

Liebknecht is the fighting spirit among the youth of Germany. His mind is on the future of the children of the Fatherland.

That is the answer to the question as to why he looms big in a movement that boasts an August Bebel, a George Ledebour, Karl Kautsky and Paul Singer.

In Milwaukee during the last spring mayoralty campaign I heard Emil Sei-

del address a large audience and his remarks were directed only to the young men and young women before him.

"The Socialist movement is fighting for you," he declared. "That is why you should work for Socialism."

Coming back to Chicago late on a Saturday evening after being in Europe for two months the first place I was attracted to was the headquarters of the Young People's Socialist League, of Chicago.

In London, England, I met a Socialist from Grand Junction, Colo. He regretted the fact that the Socialists of the biggest city in the world did not have a place where visiting Socialists could just drop in and make themselves at home while in the city.

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He had found such a place in Chicago in the headquarters of the Young People's Socialist League, the only place of such nature in the turmoil of the Windy City's "Loop district."

The Young People's Socialist League is the most recent spot in the soot-begrimed structure at 180-182 Washington street, an address that is familiar to Socialists all over the land.

In this building that echoes Socialism from cellar to garret, from the *Daily Socialist* press in the basement to the activities in the "national office" on the fourth floor, the Young People crowd the Cook County secretary-treasurer's office two flights up.

Those "two flights", there is no passenger elevator service, have been made more than ordinarily "cheery" of late by the "Young People." With funds that they have raised themselves and with their own labor they have had the walls, ceiling and woodwork painted an attractive red and white, with other colors interspersed where needed.

The same willing hands had long ago turned the repelling third floor of the building, once a factory, into the attractive Young People's Socialist League Auditorium that it now is.

There is a separate room to the rear where a pool table and an excellent library of Socialist books compete for preference. Without saying anything disparaging about the books, one might add that the pool table has become so popular that another one has been installed.

Thus, as the books feed the brain of anyone who chooses to read, the pool tables help to fill the coffers of the Young People's Socialist League treasury. It is here that the real proletarians and the high-browed intellectuals settle the destiny of the Socialist movement of the world as they try to pocket the elusive ivory balls.

Equally active with the young men are the young women who turn the Y. P. S. L. auditorium into a Japanese Garden or Autumnal Bower for dances given by "The League," or decorated

for the opening of a day's meeting of the Young Peoples' International Socialist congress.

The chairman of that meeting was Karl Liebknecht, who had been imprisoned for two years by the German government for propagating, a spirit of anti-militarism among the young. Liebknecht is out of prison, now making a tour of the United States, and the subject still uppermost in his mind is anti-militarism.

In spite of the Kaiser and his *meinself und Gott* policy of ruling the German peoples, the Socialist young peoples' organization in the German Empire numbers 50,000 members, Sweden being only a poor second with 15,000 members with the other nations in proportion.

The young people of the United States were not officially represented at that congress in Copenhagen. That they will be represented at future congresses now seems certain.

The Socialist youth of Chicago, after four years of struggle at home, are now planning the inauguration of a nation-wide movement that is expected to equal if not eclipse that of other countries.

In Chicago the Socialist young people believe, with Emil Seidel, Socialist

# French Railroads in Revolt

A strike, that because of the illegal and high handed methods used by the government for its suppression, became something more than a strike, has just ended in France. The railroad workers on all but one of the great systems laid down their tools in the effort to better their conditions. The immediate result was completely to paralyze all traffic. For days neither mail nor passengers nor freight moved in all the great northern district of France. Passengers reached the Atlantic boats only by taking automobiles from Paris, and American capitalists who were traveling in Europe obtained some striking and costly lessons of the importance of the working class in the carrying on of industries.

The moment that the strike was declared the government threw the entire force of the state in favor of the owners of the railroads. Not only were troops sent in every direction to intimidate the strikers; not only were the police used to persecute pickets, and the courts to punish every one against whom the slightest charge could be laid, but the extraordinary measure was taken of calling the reserves out to operate the lines. In other words the railroad directors were given the power of the state to compel their employes to labor. Just how vicious and vindictive was the persecution of the strikers is shown by the fact that for days after the strike had closed the courts were literally clogged with cases brought before them at the behest of the employers. The slightest sign of sympathy with the strikers was seized as an occasion for arrest. Men were sentenced to jail for having pointed a finger at scabs, and in one case a number of men who had struck in sympathy in an electric establishment were imprisoned for having permitted the fire to go out after they had left the plant.

The entire Socialist party threw itself into the fight for the workers with splendid energy and solidarity. A manifesto issued shortly after the declaration of the strike reads in part as follows:

"This strike is for the purpose of obtaining the pensions that were solemnly promised by a vote of the Chamber. It is to shorten the hours of labor already unbearable. It is for the purpose of obtaining a regular period of rest, and finally it is to secure wages which will permit existence with the increased cost of living. In every sense it is therefore a bona fide labor strike. . . . By a revolting abuse of power, by a monstrous interpretation and an illegal extension of the system of military organization of the railroads, the ministry has applied regulations providing for the national defense to the suppression of a strike. It has illegally transformed the workers into soldiers in order to make them public slaves in the hands of the companies who are thereby substituted for the nation. These measures are promulgated and applied by men who formerly preached to the workers the use of revolutionary methods and who, if the system of moral complicity, which they have evoked, were to be

applied, in its proper sense, would lead to their being seized by their own police and condemned by their own judges."

In fact, there was nothing which tended to make the strike so bitter as that those most active in its suppression were Briand, Millerand and Viviani, three renegade Socialists who had sold their principles for government positions.

When the raiding party of the police went to the offices of the Socialist daily, *L'Humanite* to arrest the trade union and labor officials who were charged with complicity in the strike, one of them asked where was Renault whom they wished to arrest. "There he is, sitting in Briand's old chair," was the reply, which was literally true. The Socialists reprinted the declarations made by Briand when he was a revolutionist to show that he was now punishing men for what he had once done himself. One of the proclamations which he had issued during a previous strike contained this sentence: "The Socialist party will not permit the military conspirators to touch the now all too few republican liberties and will not leave the streets to conflict and their violence," and it was pointed out that he was a member of the vigilance committee which was appointed to carry out these policies.

*L'Humanite* alleges that the government itself exploded bombs upon the railroad tracks as a means of throwing discredit upon the strikers.

This attitude of the Socialist party and especially of the Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies served to

not work, this means a little less than \$300 a year.

The after effects of the strike promise to be much greater and only a little less spectacular than those that took place during its continuance. Being questioned in the Chamber of Deputies, Briand frankly announced that he would never have hesitated at any means; however illegal, to have crushed the strike. On a vote of confidence which followed this statement, which was made in a debate with Jaures, the government majority was very much reduced and there are many who think that the attitude during the strike will end in the overthrow of the ministry. At any rate it has started a tremendous agitation for the nationalization of the railroads. The Socialists are fully aware that nationalization under the present government would not produce any great change, but they do not expect that the present government will long continue and the rapidly growing strength of the Socialists in France lends support to this view.

The strike committee issued the following explanations of the reasons for calling off the strike.

After seven days of the strike, our committee has decided to resume work. However unsatisfactory this decision may be to the hearts of all of us, the committee has not hesitated to take it as the only means that will preserve the interests of the unions.

The committee prefers to resume work without conditions to entering upon lying negotiations which could not be carried out without humiliation.

The strike has not reached a definite end even today. We may say that while there is a marked giving way during the last two days in Paris, the number of strikers is still very great, as was proven by the meetings of yesterday and the condition in the provinces has permitted



From *L'Humanite*. ROOM AND TABLE IN THE OFFICE OF L'HUMANITE WHERE BELAND WORKED. IT WAS AT THIS TABLE THAT BELAND WAS ARRESTED.

communicated during the strike. This action, which was absolutely illegal under the terms of his sentence, caused letters of protest to be sent by Anatole France and Octave Mirabeau, perhaps the two foremost living French authors. Yet, in spite of all these efforts, the strike was at last crushed. The Berlin *Workers* declares that this failure was due partly to the violence of the government, partly to the general illegal methods that were used by the officials, and partly to the fact that it was impossible to maintain so extensive a strike through a great length of time.

The final resolution of the men to return to work was also in part due to the promise of Briand that a large number of concessions would be granted by the directors on the first of January. Among these was the principal one, of a minimum wage of five francs, (one dollar) a day. *L'Humanite* claims that this is a trick and that instead of a dollar a day throughout the year, they are only to receive a dollar a day for every working day, and that as there are sixty-seven days on which they do

to still care for and preserve the strength of the movement intact.

Your strike committee wishes to resume work in good order that the organization may thus preserve its vitality and its discipline. In a recent communication through the intermediary of the police the government has put itself at the service of the companies by assuring them definitely that the strikers would be called to military service without further delay. Since the strike cannot be victorious the strike committee at least assumes the sole responsibility if the government wishes to make any investigation.

Under a free government, under a government which understood the folly of arbitrary violence against the world of labor, our strike—a working class strike as it was—would have led to some sort of an agreement with the company; but the government has spared nothing to lower itself to the level of the most ferocious thug.

Threats, calls to military service, arrests, illegal acts, arbitrary decrees, mobilization or militarizing of the workers, violation of all associated or individual liberties, have been employed by M. Briand.

We have seen a provoker for the favours of the employers, for the pay of all the money powers, lending itself to all the lies to discredit our movement, accepting in advance all the falsehoods of the police, exaggerating every detail of the situation that would arouse public opinion against us.

And it has disgusted us when we have recalled the vile sycophancy of certain electoral campaigns, and when we have seen a majority of the members of parliament attempt to interfere in our favor, the heroism of our militants has been expended without calculation, the sacrifice of their liberty was accepted by them in advance, but it has not sufficed to assure victory.

We have at least the consciousness and the pride of having made a demonstration of our strength, of having proved that a great movement was possible among the railroad workers. We know that even with those who have not taken their share in the responsibility and have remained at work we have aroused a sentiment of duty which would otherwise not have existed. The future will develop the consequences of our action.

Our demands so moderate—five francs a day, retroactive application of the pension law, regulation of the condition of labor—ought to have been granted us.

They will come to us, because the public, whose sympathy was not lacking during the struggle, will continue its support.

They will be granted to us because we remain firm before the government of today and tomorrow; because our union organization will always be maintained; because, consistently of the necessity of unity, the railroad workers have drawn closer the ties of the dual organizations which injured the whole struggle, and because the unions have constantly increased their membership.

After the struggle it is the most sacred of our duties to recommence the work of propaganda and agitation. We must not forget that in the prisons, at the gates of the workshops, in the warehouses and the depots are the best among us and that we must hold faithful the obligations taken by the thousands upon thousands of strikers, but to permit them to return to work, it is for us now to bring them back to their families, to tear down the bars of an inextinguishable justice, to return them once more to their homes of life and we should do so without delay.

We must not forget moreover the assistance given us by the General Federation of Labor and by the workers in all other organizations. They will be granted to us because we are firm for the future. Let us put ourselves in a condition to respond.

Railroad workers, we are dedicated but not conquered. In the name of the national union, in the name of the Federation of Firemen and machinists, let us close our ranks and prepare to acquire that force which will secure us the revenge which is our right."

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This committee consists of Merle B. Haver, Charles W. Schuler, William Cherney and John Keating and it has already been learned that there are organizations of young Socialists in New York City, Cleveland, Salt Lake City, Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Utica, N. Y., Washington, D. C., and Milwaukee, with other cities to be heard from.

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**A Malthusian Mistake**

PRINCE KROPOTKIN

Those only can be horror stricken at seeing the population of this country increase by one individual every 1,000 seconds who think of a human being as a mere claimant upon the stock of material wealth of mankind, without being at the same time a contributor to that stock. But we, who see in each new born babe a future worker capable of producing much more than his own share of the common stock—we greet his appearance. We know that a crowded population is a necessary condition for permitting man to increase the productive powers of his labor. We know that highly productive labor is impossible so long as men are scattered, few in numbers, over wide territories, and are thus unable to combine together for the higher achievements of civilization.

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From postcard circulated during strike. SOLDIER GUARDING AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN SYSTEM.

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## A League

# Especially for Women

## Unendowed Motherhood

BY WINIFRED BLATCHFORD

I believe there is nothing under the great blue sky so wonderful, so precious as the children. I believe in all our world there is no one so gracious, so beautiful or so sacred as a mother; nor is there any man more blessed or worthy of honor than a father—under certain conditions.

But fatherhood and motherhood as it is today for thousands in our towns and cities should never be. Better have no children in the land than the children I have seen. Better kill a girl-child off at birth as is done in other countries—called barbarous by us—than to allow them to become the awful shades and spectres that pass for mothers in our Grub Street.

No endowment of motherhood? Ye gods! Who, then, shall be endowed? We endow our heroes of the battlefield with medals and with glory. We endow our party leaders with riches and with honors. But our mothers—they are to be honorless and have no riches. Glorious and have no glory; honor without honors. And their little babies of three and four must work like tiny elfish slaves till nine o'clock at night. And why? Because in all our land there is no work for their fathers, though there is work for them. Because our politicians who represent the people waste endless days in windy words and resolutions that are made but to be passed; and because, forsooth! they do not believe in the endowment of motherhood; but would prefer, it seems, that men should lose their manhood, women their souls, while the children—babes of three short years—coil with tiny fingers, carding hooks and eyes, late into the nights.

I have seen these babies: I saw them in the East End of this rich city. And I saw the unemployed fathers, and the mothers whom it would be unwise to endow. And the most beautiful thing to my mind was not life with all its rich promise, but death with its everlasting peace and unknowing.

The day I went, our London was bright and golden in sunlight, and I walked through the parks where the hawthorns hung heavy heads weighed down with glorious branches of red and white blossom. I saw the haughty peacocks in Kensington Gardens, strutting over the emerald banks down by the sun-splashed water, and I watched the sweet children like flowers by the roadside.

And then very soon I found myself in the drab East—a confused, squalid

jumble of confused and squalid streets and people. Drab women, drab children, drab roads, even a drab sky only broken here and there when the sun sent down a fluttering flit of ray. Not a flower, nor a patch of color. As to peacocks—there was not even a sparrow. Why should there be? For sparrows must live; and to live they must eat; and here in the East the cupboard is bare.

But the children! They swarm like flies. Poor, rickety, wizened elf. They buzz and flutter helplessly from gutter to gutter, those who are old enough to carry their own burdens. The others, the skinny, heavy-headed babies, not having lived long enough in this joyous land, or not having eaten enough, nor drunk enough, add themselves to the burden of the elder sisters, and are patiently carried in the weak arms, or heartlessly left to cry their grimy tears out among the refuse of the streets, or in some prison-like cage, called a "balcony" by the aristocracy of the dwellings.

I never saw so many children, and certainly I never saw so many dirty ones, nor such rags. How weird they looked, the poor, unhappy, gutter fairies, with their tangled, unkempt manes and furtive, inhuman glances, and their costumes of many pawnshops! I threaded my way through them, dodged them, and stepped over them. I found them crowding the alleys and the narrow dooways, and held my breath fearfully to see them between the wheels of carts and the feet of horses. Dirty and unheeded, they shrieked in their joyous voices over their joyless games. Loathsome dirty, shamelessly untaught, wickedly unloved, there they swarmed like black ants, and no one seemed ashamed or angry or hurt save myself, who had come upon them from the other world.

And I went into some of their houses (save the mark!) and saw their mothers and heard them talk, and felt as though I were in a prison, and wanted to shriek and hide my head for shame. Yes, it was so dreadful then to be a woman. It strikes me harder in our East, the degradation of women, than even in the East across the seas, where the women are like cattle.

One family I never shall forget until this brain can think no more. Six there were of them, and their house was like a box. It was so small that only three of us could sit down; the rest stood, and we were packed as close as sardines in a tin. A square, low box it was, foul of air and sickening, and the furniture was one small table, one chair, and an orange box. The mother and the baby—oh, that elf!—had the chair; the father, dying of

consumption, and I were shoulder to shoulder on the box. And three children stood before us, thin and white and old.

I could not talk, I could do nothing but listen and gaze with terror and awe at that mother and her baby. They frightened me, they terrified me, and made me feel ashamed.

So small they were, and so helpless and so childish—at least, she was childish. The baby was as old as all the ages, and both were grey of skin and wrinkled; dull of eye and shrunken; and whereas it was the baby who swayed down the mother, like a leaden weight upon a willow branch, it was the weight of the ancient, weary head that bent the tiny baby back.

"It's as well you came today, Miss," the mother said, "or belike you'd never see us. Tomorrow we goes away. He is very ill; he did his best, and held on to his job—he's a waiter, he is—as long as possible. But tomorrow he goes to the infirmary. It's consumption, and they say he's got to die."

Not a tear, not a sob; just a low, dull, monotonous flow of words, all one key, all flat and grey and lifeless.

"And you," I said, "what will you do, and the baby?"

"You see, Miss, there are five of us and there's no money, and I can't get work, and if I could I could not make enough to feed us all. Though God know's we need but little. Potato parings kept us a fortnight, but they was bad through being picked up from the gutter, and Willie, here, got a sore face through them, and couldn't go to school. So there's nothing for it but the workhouse for me and them. It seems hard and wrong, Miss, somehow, that he should have to die away from me and me go to the workhouse with these four children."

The husband never spoke. The wife bent her grey, thin face over the grey, thin face of the elfish baby, said, "Hush, now, deary," though it made no sound; and the vile air seemed to press upon us and stifle us.

And we were all so helpless and so tired and bewildered; and we were only women unendowed and hungry, and children old and withered. And it seemed as though a man were needed—a man who dared, and feared not, who would be strong and fierce and something of a brute, who would carry us all away and make a hell of London until we all were fed and the workhouse was a wreck.

And the husband, who had been a waiter, stared in front of him with leader, unseeing eyes, two crimson spots on sunken cheeks, and spoke not.—*The Clarion.*



Girl's Russian Blouse Suit

**Simplicity and Comfort Combined.**

SOON. For everyday and playtime wear, a girl's dress like the model here shown is very desirable, and has quite some style about it. The collar, cuffs and hand trimming may be of contrasting material. Brocade trim with tan silk for trimming would be very nice. The sleeve may be a one-piece model or in bishop style, the pattern providing for both. It is cut in 5 sizes, 8, 10, 12, 14 years and requires 4 1/2 yds. of 44-inch material for the 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.

## Conservation of Children

BY A. S. B.

The question of conservation is just now attracting much attention—conservation of the country's forests, its water power, its mineral resources. All these are valuable and stand in need of protection. But the most precious of a nation's assets are its children. How much is being done to protect them?

A summary of the game laws for the United States and Canada is given in "Farmers' Bulletin, No. 418," lately sent out by the department of agriculture. The regulations for the protection of game take up thirteen pages of small type. Unity says:

Speaking of protection, when will our legislators give the same careful, detailed thought for human babies that they do for the deer babies and the little ones in birds' nests? The child saving legislation now in effect occupies much less space in the legislative records than do these protective laws concerning our poorer relations in furs and feathers.

Where women have a vote they conserve her children. Lady Stout, wife of Sir Robert Stout, the Chief Justice of New Zealand, has lately contributed to *The Englishwoman* two notable worthy articles on "What the Franchise

Has Done for the Women and Children of New Zealand." She points out with just pride that in New Zealand the infantile death rate is lower than anywhere else in the world, except in Victoria (another place where women vote). In Hungary, out of every 1000 babies born, 214 die before they are a year old; in Germany, 190; in France, 149; in England and Wales, 147; in Scotland, 125; in New Zealand, 77; in Victoria, 70. This does not look as if the ballot led mothers to neglect their children.

Dr. Arthur Newsholme, a high authority on the subject, says in a recent article: "Infant mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare and sanitary administration." If so, the palm is borne off by communities where mothers have a vote. Contrast this with most American cities, where in summer babies die like flies! In Massachusetts, the rate is 133.

Lady Stout also gives statistics calculated to be reassuring to those timorous persons who fear that equal suffrage would put an end to population. For thirteen years before the women were enfranchised, the birth rate in New Zealand had been declining. For a little while after the ballot was granted, the decline continued. Then it stopped, and for the last eleven years the birth rate has been steadily rising, till now it is higher than that of England and Wales! At the same time the infantile death rate goes constantly down and down.

In Victoria also, before women got the vote, the birth rate had been declining for years; but as soon as equal suffrage was granted, both the birth-rate and the marriage rate began to rise. Lady Stout says:

In all probability the birth-rate of other countries will also begin to show an upward tendency when women obtain the vote there, and can exercise more direct control over the social and economic conditions of life.

Lady Stout enumerates many direct benefits that have come to women in consequence of equal suffrage,—enlarged property rights for wives and widows, factory laws that make sweating impossible, women factory inspectors, higher wages for working women, the special character of the candidates nominated by both political parties, the raising of the age of protection for girls, juvenile courts, and the prevention of baby farming; also a "Family Maintenance Act," a boon to the wives and children of men unwilling to provide for their families. But she finds the greatest good effect of equal suffrage to be the better conservation of child life, so conclusively shown by the statistics. The wife of the chief justice writes:

Our women are making a united effort to decrease still further the waste of child life and the physical and mental suffering it entails upon the mothers. The most marked and beneficial effect of the franchise in New Zealand is that the women are awakening to the responsibilities of motherhood, and consider their living children of more value to the State than those that are peopling the graveyard.

**Servian Women Aroused**

The Socialist women of Servia, at a meeting recently held in Belgrade to listen to the report of Comrade Tucovic delegate to the Women's International Congress, at Copenhagen, were so aroused by the example of the activity of their sisters in other countries that they determined to enter upon a systematic agitation among the working women of Servia.

The Servian Socialist party already has two hundred women members, while as many more are found in the unions that adhere to the Socialist movement. The women decided to join the International Socialist movement and forwarded their allegiance to the international secretary.

The meeting adopted a resolution outlining the principles of the agitation which it proposed to undertake. The resolution reads as follows:

Their interests as women and as proletarians lead the women of the working class to active participation in the battle of the Socialist party. The Socialist party is the only true democratic party and is the only party that fights for the fundamental rights, both public and private, which are necessary to attain the emancipation of women. As a revolutionary party fighting for the radical transformation of society, the Socialist party follows the only champion of the battle for freedom of the working class and of women, especially. This emancipation is only possible through the overthrow of capitalism and the introduction of the Socialist society.

This meeting declares it to be the duty of the working women to enter into the economic and political organizations, and to support with all their strength the battle of the Socialist party. The women workers belong by the side of the working men; the women Socialists by the side of the Socialist men.

As means to the carrying out of a systematic agitation for Socialism this meeting proposes the following:

First, in connection with the representatives throughout the country to organize a general women's conference at the time of the next Socialist convention.

Second, the publication of a Socialist women's paper, the party organization to be requested to support the editing and administration of the paper.

Third, a call upon all comrades to support the publication of every possible way and especially by calling the attention of their wives and sisters to this matter.

This gathering is convinced that the Socialist and working women in the whole country will support its efforts. Since the advancing economic evolution is constantly increasing the number of working women in factories, work shops and offices, this meeting is further convinced that economic conditions compel women to enter into business life, and to study these special conditions and to take part in Socialist work and conflict.

This struggle however, cannot be carried on within the circles of the Bourgeois woman's rights advocates. It must be conducted in such a manner as to obtain all the demands of women in the cultural, political, economic and Socialist sphere.

The meeting decided that the Socialist women throughout the world and by the Socialist women in the ranks of the Socialist party.

Steps were at once taken to carry out the above resolution. The first number of the Servian Socialist Woman's paper will appear shortly.

"Opportunity comes but once," 'tis said, Which surely is a sin, Sometimes, however, it doesn't knock, But enters and stays in.

# Children's Own Place

Edited by Bertha H. Maily

## Lillian's Letters

Lillian Goes to the Theatre.

Dear Mamma:

Uncle Jim went away yesterday morning. He has to travel. He told me he was a drummer and when I asked where his drum was and what and he played with, he laughed and said the only music he makes is drumming up a mighty poor trade.

I felt pretty lonesome, 'cause Uncle Jim and I have been regular chums, so Auntie said she'd give me a real treat and we'd go to the theatre to see a dear little fairy play called "The Blue Bird."

We took the train that goes under the ground, the "subway" Auntie called it, and we got out near that park I told you about where there were so many dogs and so few little children. But that afternoon there seemed to be a good many children going to the theatre just like me.

We got in an elevator and went up to our seats and when I looked over the railing, I saw ever so many children in the seats down stairs. I asked Auntie if they were the little East Side Children, but she said: "No, they come from well-to-do families all over the city." She said the little East Side children couldn't possibly come to this theatre because some of the seats cost as much as two dollars. All the theatres the East Side children could have were moving picture shows. They cost only five cents and lots of them couldn't see even those.

It was a nice play with a little boy and girl who went in search of a blue bird, because a fairy wanted them to, but somehow they never could catch the right one until they got back home and found that it was there all the time.

There was a cat and a dog, not real ones, you know, mamma, but people dressed up to look like them, and a loaf of bread and a lady that pretended she was water, and another one who was milk and Mr. Fire. And they quarreled a lot, all except a beautiful lady called Light, who tried to show the children the way.

One part I didn't like. It was in grave yard and made me think of

ghost stories on Hallowe'en night and I didn't wonder the little girl was afraid.

What do you think, Mamma? Some of the people down stairs got so hungry they couldn't wait until they got home, but when the curtain went down, a boy had to bring them some tea and sandwiches. I guess seeing Mr. Bread on the stage made them hungry.

Auntie explained it to me as we went along and said the Blue Bird meant happiness and I think it was very nice, only I kept thinking all the time about the little East Side children who never go into such a beautiful theatre and only see ugly streets and houses and I could just see how their eyes would shine if they could see the fairy play and especially if they could have a sandwich in between, those, I mean, whose papas can't get enough for them to eat.

Write me how is Jip, Mamma. And has the cat got any more kittens?

Your loving daughter,  
LILLIAN.

into their dwellings; all have disappeared as by enchantment. But if the danger is over, the little creatures soon reappear.

"Whole families come out of their galleries and indulge in play. The young ones scratch one another, they worry one another, and display their gracefulness while standing upright, and in the meantime the old ones keep watch.

"They go visiting one another, and the beaten footpaths which connect all their heaps testify to the frequency of the visitations."

I suppose you have all seen the flocks of wild geese flying southward in the fall of the year. Watch when next you see such a flock and notice the regular formation, the evenness of the lines, the rhythm of the flight. Isn't it beautiful?

Now read the poem printed today, "The Call."

## THE CALL

BY KATE-BAKER HETZEL

I hear them pass in the dead of night,  
Cleaving the air with swift strong wings,  
And I thrill to the look of the flying host  
And the call, "Fall in," which the leader sings.

And a dream of bliss of the land to be  
Where the nests are safe from the ruthless hand,  
'Mid the cool, green depths of the brakes  
And ferns  
Must soothe the journey across the land.

Agas and agas the beasts and birds  
Have heeded the cry of the gathering clan,  
Or if danger threatened the nest, or den,  
They waited not, but they moved again.

Is man less wise than the beasts and birds,  
That he lets the call of his kind go by,  
And his nest be torn by the ruthless hand,  
The mother slain, and the birdlings die?

I thrill to the thought of the wild birds'  
As they sweep through space to his heart's desire,  
Through an instinct planted deep and strong  
That the will never falters, nor wings never tire.

And the primal call it were well to heed  
From the call of beasts to the call of man,  
That the would-be sages jeer us well,  
In our eager flight to the promised land.

Liberty.  
WALT WHITMAN.

Not a grave of the murderer for freedom,  
But grows seed for freedom, in its  
turn to bear seed,  
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow,  
and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons  
of tyrants let loose,  
But it stalks invisibly over the earth,  
whispering, counseling, cautioning,  
Liberty, let others despair of you—I never  
despair of you.

## A Dangerous Trade

How a Diver Was Rescued From Death.

One of the most perilous ways of earning a living is the profession of diving. A few weeks ago a professional diver of New York City, Frank H. Nystrom by name, stouid waist deep in sands and rocks for four hours at the bottom of the Harlem river until he was finally rescued by one of his fellow divers. He tells a thrilling story about it. He says:

"I was in a trench," said Nystrom, "that was being dug for the gas main, and was busy feeding an eight-inch suction pipe, when I noticed that the suction wasn't working properly. I was feeling about to see if I couldn't locate the trouble, when suddenly the upper crust of the trench caved in. Two big rocks zipped over my shoulder, and a great pile of sand and debris rained on me from above, until I was buried waist deep in sand.

"I realized I would be folly to signal my comrades to have me, for they would have done this they would have torn my legs from my body. But at last I took a chance and pulled the emergency cord, sending up a signal of danger and distress. A response came swiftly that help was coming.

"That made me feel better. I believed it would not be a hard matter for my companions to dig me out and lift the rocks from my foot. Presently I distinguished against the black fog of the river a faint glimmer of the lamp of a diver's helmet. I watched him eagerly, and he made his way toward me. It seemed to me he came painfully slow. He had in his hand a pick and shovel.

"The diver passed near me, and sneezed to be taking in my situation. He did not seem exactly to like the look of things. Finally he came a little closer, and began to dig away at the sand in the trench. But that didn't do any good. As fast as he dug out the sand it was swept back into the trench by the water.

"There is a way that divers have under water of communicating with each other. It is by pressing together the heads of their copper helmets. Then their voices can be clearly distinguished. I extended my arm toward my companion in the manner of divers wanting to have verbal communication, but he recoiled at my touch and backed away from me.

"I made beseeching gestures for him to come to my side, but another call came near me. He stood viewing me at a safe distance.

"When I saw it was useless to try to induce him to return, I sent him another distress and danger signal, more urgent than the first. Presently another diver appeared. Like the first diver, though he was afraid to venture very near me.

"Then I sent up another call for assistance, and a third diver was sent down. He too, like the others, would have nothing to do with me.

"I dug and dug the pebbles that enveloped my body from the waist down, squeezed me tight and the blood in my temples was throbbing, until I thought my head would burst. I had been in an upright position for what seemed an eternity, and my strength was rapidly leaving me. The tide grew by me, and between the pressure of clay against my body and the pressure of water above me I thought I must soon collapse.

"And all the while, grimly watching me, but afraid to touch me, stood my fellow-diver.

"I forgot my position for the time and began to think of other things—my wife and child, and the two kids, Frank and Emilie. They are the children of my wife's sister, but they make their home with us, and we could not love them any more if they were our own. Minnie hates my wife a diver, and she is always begging me to give it up. I thought of Minnie then.

"How long I stood this way I do not know. But at last another diver appeared on the scene. I found out afterward it was John Anderson, the fireman. He came to me with none of the timidity that marked the other divers. He walked right

## Remember

When you eat nice peanut candy, remember that little girls spent many hours a day in picking over and separating the nuts for it.

Now is the cranberry season and in all the cranberry districts you would see whole families from grandma down to little toddlers, at work in the cranberry marsh from early morning until late at night, gathering the bright red berries. Would you like to know the little girls or boy who perhaps picked the berries you ate last Sunday?

The candy shops and the toy factories are already in full swing getting ready for the holiday season. As the Christmas anniversary comes on the children in these places are worked harder and harder every day.

## Silkworms

I had twelve silkworms given me, about half an inch long. I put them in a box with some holes in it, to watch the different changes they underwent. I fed them on lettuce and mulberry leaves, and they grew so big that they burst right out of their skins. Before they had shed their skins they appeared to be ill and refused to eat, but when the old skins were gone they got quite lively and hungry again. Then they ate till their skins burst once more, and so they went on eating, growing bigger and bursting their skins until they had cast them four times. After that they began to eat more than ever, and grew quite two inches long. Then they fell sick and would not eat, but went into corners of the box, where they began to spin their web of silken thread. This thread they wrapped around their bodies until they were quite shut up in their little cases, called cocoons, when each became a chrysalis. After these had been ten days in the cocoon they changed into moths, which laid a quantity of eggs and then died.

## Three Essentials of Life.

JOHN RUSKIN.

There are three material things not only useful, but essential to life.

No one knows how to live till he has got them.

These are pure air, water, and earth.

These are the three immaterial things

## Puzzles

Did all of the older heads of our little readers find out that the answer to last week's puzzle was the name of one of our editors, of the one who has been nominated on the Socialist party ticket for governor of the largest state of the United States, Charles Edward Russell? Yes; that was the answer to last week's puzzle. Who can guess the one just following?

## Word Square

This square is composed of seven words of seven letters each. The first word is a boy's name; the second the name of a state, the third a kind of crustacean used for food; the fourth is an adjective meaning brief and forceful; the fifth is the name of a famous Italian poem; the sixth the name of a man famous for his studies in natural history; the seventh, and last word is the last name of the great inventor's name you are to guess.

## The Flower.

TENNYSOON.

Once in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed,  
'Till there came a flower,  
The people said a weed.  
To and fro they went  
Through my garden lower,  
And muttering discontent,  
Curse I me and my flower.  
Then it grew so tall  
It wore a crown of light;  
But the elves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night.  
Sowed it far and wide,  
By every town and lower,  
Till all the people cried,  
"Splendid is the flower."  
Read my little fable:  
He that runs may read,  
Moss can raise the flowers now,  
For some have got the seed.  
And some are pretty enough,  
And some are good indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

## Not only useful but essential to life.

No one knows how to live till he has got them.

These are admiration, hope and love.

Admiration—the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form and lovely in human character, and necessarily striving to produce what is beautiful in form and to become what is lovely in character.

Hope—the recognition by true foresight of better things to be reached hereafter whether by ourselves or others.

Love—both of family and neighbors faithful and satisfied.

These are the six chiefly useful things to be got by political economy, when it has become a science.

# Big-Tooth and Cave People

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

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(Continued from last week)

## CHAPTER IX.

Big-Tooth, knew not the Swift One as a creature of facial and bodily symmetry, with long-lashed eyes and a bridge to her nose and down-opening nostrils that made toward beauty. I knew her only as the mild-eyed young female who made soft sounds and did not fight. I liked to play with her, I know not why, to seek food in her company, and to go bird-nesting with her. I must confess she taught me things about tree-climbing. She was very wise, very strong, and no clinging skirts impeded her movements.

It was about this time that Lop-Ear got into the habit of wandering off in the direction of the tree where my mother lived. He had taken a liking to my vicious sister, and the Chatterer had come to tolerate him. Also, there were several other young people, progeny of the monogamic couples that lived in the neighborhood, and Lop-Ear played with these young people.

I could never get the Swift One to join with them. Whenever I visited them she dropped behind and disappeared. I remember once making a strong effort to persuade her. But she cast backward, anxious glances, then retreated, calling to me from a tree. So it was that I did not make a practice of accompanying Lop-Ear when he went to visit his new friends. The Swift One and I were good comrades, but, try as I would, I could never find her tree-shelter. Undoubtedly, had nothing happened, we would have soon mated, for our liking was mutual; but the something did happen.

One morning, the Swift One not having put in an appearance, Lop-Ear and I were down at the mouth of the slough playing on the logs. We had scarcely got out on the water, when we were startled by a roar of rage. It was Red-Eye. He was crouching on the edge of the timber jam and glowing with hatred at us. We were badly frightened, for here was no narrow-mouthed cave for refuge. But the twenty feet of water that intervened gave us temporary safety, and we plucked up courage.

Red-Eye stood up erect and began beating his hairy chest with his fist. Our two logs were side by side, and we sat on them and laughed at him. At first our laughter was half-hearted, tinged with fear. But as we became convinced of his impotence we waxed uproarious. He raged and raged at us, and ground his teeth in helpless fury. And in our fancied security we mocked and mocked him. We were ever short-sighted, we Folk.

Red-Eye abruptly ceased his breast-beating and teeth-grinding, and ran across the timber-jam to the shore. And just as abruptly our merriment gave

way to consternation. It was not Red-Eye's way to forage revenge so easily. We waited in fear and trembling for whatever was to happen. It never struck us to paddle away. He came back with great leaps across the jam, one huge hand filled with round, water-washed pebbles. I am glad that he was unable to find larger missiles, say stones weighing two or three pounds, for we were no more than a score of feet away, and he surely would have killed us.

As it was, we were in no small danger. Zip! A tiny pebble whirred past with the force almost of a bullet. Lop-Ear and I began paddling frantically. Whiz-zip-bang! Lop-Ear screamed with



GRADUALLY WE DREW OUT OF RANGE.

sudden anguish. The pebble had struck him between the shoulders. Then I got one and yelled. The only thing that saved us was the exhausting of Red-Eye's ammunition. He dashed back to the gravel bed for more, while Lop-Ear and I paddled away.

Gradually we drew out of range, though Red-Eye continued making trips for more ammunition and the pebbles continued to whiz about us. Out in the center of the slough there was a slight current, and in our excitement we failed to notice that it was drifting us into the river. We paddled, and Red-Eye kept as close as he could to us by following along the shore. Then he discovered larger rocks. Such ammunition increased his range. One fragment, fully five pounds in weight, crashed on the log alongside of me. Such was its impact that it drove a score of splinters, like fiery needles, into my leg. Had it struck me it would have killed me

And then the river current caught us. So wildly were we paddling that Red-Eye was the first to notice it, and our first warning was his yell of triumph, where the edge of the current struck the slough-water was a series of eddies or small whirlpools. These caught our clumsy logs and whirled them end for end, back and forth and around. We quit paddling and spent our whole energy in holding the logs together alongside each other. In the meanwhile Red-Eye continued to bombard us, the rock fragments falling about us, splashing water on us, and menacing our lives. At the same time he gloated over us, wildly and vociferously. It happened that there was a sharp turn in the river at the point where the slough entered, and the whole main current of the river was deflected to the other bank. And toward that bank, which was the north bank, we drifted rapidly, at the same time going down-stream. This quickly took us out of range of Red-Eye, and the last we saw of him was far out on a point of land, where he was jumping up and down and chanting a psalm of victory.

Beyond holding the two logs together, Lop-Ear and I did nothing. We were resigned to our fate and we remained resigned until we awoke to the fact that we were drifting along the north shore not a hundred feet away. We began to paddle for it. Here the main force of the current was flung back toward the south shore, and the result of our paddling was that we crossed the current where it was swiftest and narrowest. Before we were aware we were out of it and in a quiet eddy.

Our logs drifted slowly and at last grounded gently on the bank. Lop-Ear and I crept ashore. The logs drifted on out of the eddy and swept away down the stream. We looked at each other, but we did not laugh. We were in a strange land and it did not enter our minds that we could return to our own land in the same manner that we had come.

We had learned how to cross a river though we did not know it. And this was something that no one else of the Folk had ever done. We were the first of the folk to set foot on the north bank of the river, and for that matter, I believe the last. That they would have done so in time to come is undoubted; but the migration of the Fire People and the consequent migration of the survivors of the Folk, set back our evolution for centuries.

Indeed, there is no telling how disastrous the Fire People's migration was to the Folk. I believe that it brought about the destruction of the Folk; that we, a branch of the lower life, budding toward the human, were nipped off short and perished down by the roaring surf where the river entered the sea. (Continued.)

## Gleanings From Many Fields

### Morgan Getting a Start

As an evidence of what a dominant figure J. Pierpont Morgan is in the world today, it may be noticed that three of the largest magazines are running serial stories of his career. Lincoln Steffens is describing him in *Everybody's* and John Moore and George Kibbie Turner have combined to sketch his story for *McClure's*. Carl Hovey is treating the same transcendent subject in the *Metropolitan*. This magazine starts out from the point of view "We think he has been the agent of great good; and, strange to say, there is very radical authority for this opinion; it's what the Socialists believe."

When the war came on Secretary Chase called the bankers of New York together and said to them, "There is really more need of gold right now than of troops." And then we are told that, "Wall Street came to the front—twelve per cent interest."

When the Civil war was over Morgan locked horns with Gould and Fiske for the mastery of the railroad situation. The story of the fight is a striking example of how much the capitalist loves law and order when money is at stake. When the first meeting of the board of directors, after Morgan started, was opened up, President Ramsey, Morgan's man, reached Fiske first and threw him down the entire flight of stairs into the middle of his advancing retainers." After this we are not surprised to learn that "Fiske let the stockholders' meeting go Morgan's way."

### Capitalist Law and Order.

However, Fiske and Gould started a gang out with an engine and car along the road, tearing up the tracks, where necessary, throwing out employees not to their liking and pitching in their own men until they met another train being run by the Morgan interests from the other end of the line upon the same plan. Whereupon, "the Erie locomotive was suddenly thrown from the track by means of a new patent frog."

But these were preliminary skirmishes leading up to the big encounter. The Erie

had 500 men at the tunnel a few miles from Binghamton, and held the station nearby. And the Albany party held the other end of the tunnel with about the same number. Just at dusk on an August afternoon the Erie captain determined to take the disputed tunnel. He put two hundred men on board a train with the Ramsey-Morgan men on board was seen approaching on the same track. The Erie whistle shrieked for down brakes, but the other train never slackened its speed. The engines crashed together, and the collision was the signal for the fight. The men spilled out upon the tracks and fell upon one another with sticks and stones and revolvers and match-knives. After a time they got too much mixed in the darkness to light any more and both sides drew back, taking with them the wounded and the drunken, and encamped beside the rails.

Meanwhile, each side was industriously using the judges which it owned. Twenty-two injunction suits were started within a few weeks. Finally, Morgan, who seems to have owned the Governor, played his trump card by having the roads thrown into the hands of the governor.

We are told that "this fight showed that a new force had come into the industrial world, and from then on the rise of Morgan was rapid."

### Slaves of the Ships

"Slavery—brutal abject slavery—exists under the American flag," says Samuel M. Evans in *Pearson's*: "When a man signs before the mast on an American ship today he enters into a servitude as absolute and debasing as that of the negro before the Emancipation Proclamation. It is all legal, of course; all according to laws made by the congress of the United States; laws which are practically beneficial to certain American ship-owners; laws which boost profit."

Curiously enough the Fugitive Seaman's Law under which deserting sailors are apprehended in the United States was the pattern from which was framed the Fugitive Slave Law, under which the blacks were returned to the southern owners in the days of the underground railroad. The Fugitive Seaman's Law was passed by congress in 1791, and the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in 1793, two years later, following the seaman's law almost word for word. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted by congress in obedience to that notable writ in the blood of American men that there should be no chattel slavery

under the Stars and Stripes. In so far as the sailor in the over-sea trade is concerned, the Fugitive Seaman's Law is still in full force and effect. Only now the retention of a modern civilization have made slave laws unnecessary to keep the land laborer bound in servitude. He cannot run away if he would.

But the sailor entering many ports could run away if it were not for these laws. Therefore, the laws have been cunningly framed to make him a chattel slave without giving him the name. He is compelled to seek his employment through a "crimp" to whom the ship-owner pays "advance money", something that is recognized as legal in every state in the union. When the sailor gets on board he is compelled to live in a space six feet long, by six feet high and two feet wide. A space which has been described as "too large for a coffin and too small for a grave." It contains only seventy-two cubic feet.

The laws of England, Germany and Norway require one hundred and twenty feet, and France even more.

### Profits Make Slaves.

Formerly a slave by law because all laborers were slaves; then a slave by law because the principle of common business required it; the sailor is now a slave by law because big business chooses to keep him a slave. Big business chooses to employ ships to be for the purpose of carrying goods from place to place; for the purpose of piling up dividends no matter at whose expense the dividends are piled up, no matter at what cost to the sailor to you and to me. It would take away cargo space to provide decent living quarters for sailors on shipboard, and less cargo means less dividends. To load a vessel so as to minimize the danger from shifting cargo means less cargo also. Better food, more men and skilled men all cost more money, and therefore, Big Business, which is not compelled to take risks because its property is insured, refuses these things in line it is much cheaper to run vessels with slaves; therefore Big Business employs slaves.

Because of these facts Americans are no longer becoming sailors and ship-owners are employing Orientals who are unable to understand the English language. As a result when the Pacific mail steamer, Rio De Janeiro, struck a reef of rocks near the Golden Gate on February, 1901, it sunk in a calm sea within twenty minutes, carrying nearly every soul of her 211 persons to death. This was because the Chinese crew could not understand the orders that were given to them. "But it is cheaper for Big Business to employ Chinese crews, because they pay these Chinese the wages of the port of Hong Kong, the lowest of any port in the world.

## Trying to Stem the Tide

BY H. A. CRAFTS



IN 1879 California's wheat crop amounted to not less than 1,707,500 tons. In 1882, another year of big crops, California exported 1,128,031 tons of wheat, and 919,898 barrels of flour. In 1903 the wheat crop of the state had fallen to 455,028 tons; the export of wheat to 543,81 tons and the export of flour to 882,486 barrels.

And since that year the production of wheat has continued to decline until the annual output on certain years has fallen as low as 250,000 tons. In the meantime both the export of wheat and flour has been wiped out, and the tide has turned in the opposite direction; California has become an importer of wheat.

Every year at least one million dollars worth of wheat is imported into the state in order to keep her flour mills running, and to supply the home demand for food stuffs.

### Quality Also Falling.

Another important feature—the

taking a hand in the matter and lending its aid in the effort to stem the tide of wastefulness that is now sweeping over the state.

Two years ago the company, in conjunction with the College of Agriculture, University of California, instituted what is called the "Agricultural and Horticultural Demonstration Train," for the diffusing of general farm knowledge throughout the state.

A complete and very elaborate program was prepared for the carrying out of this project. The Southern Pacific company furnishes a fully equipped train composed of locomotive, three exhibition or demonstration cars, one lecture car, a sleeping car and a dining car.

Both the train crew and commissarial are complete, and the train makes its tours, lasting from ten days to two weeks each, absolutely independent of the country through which it travels. Its annual itinerary consists of five grand tours of the agricultural and horticultural sections of the state.

The tours begin in the late fall and are continued until about the first of May. Then there is an interregnum

College of Agriculture, University of California, to make inquiry among the experts of that institution as to the real truth or falsity of their local agents reports, and had by these experts been informed that the soils of California had not in truth been exhausted, but had been merely depleted by defective cultural methods on the part of the farmers.

### The Educational Train.

As a result of the conference the "Agricultural and Horticultural Demonstration Train" came into being, to the end that practical knowledge of true husbandry might attain a wider dissemination throughout the state.

Thus the combined power of this great railroad corporation, and the leading educational institution of the state are being exerted upon the farming sections, to the end that more freight may be produced for the Southern Pacific company, and a corresponding improvement made in the dividend paying capacity of the Harriman system.

This work takes from the halls of learning at Berkeley some of the ablest of their corps of instructors, thus depriving the student body, for the time being of the benefits of superior tutelage, and at the same time adding much to the arduous labors of already over-



SECTION OF DAIRY EXHIBIT IN CAR



AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT



LECTURE ON DEMONSTRATION TRAIN



CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL DEMONSTRATION TRAIN

quality of home grown California wheat has so far deteriorated that this importation of wheat from other states is not so much to make up a deficiency in bushels as to bring the California made flour up to standard grade, and make it at all marketable.

There is probably enough wheat raised in the state to supply the mills if it were only a millable quality; but a great percentage of the product is only fit for chicken feed and stock provender.

Californians will tell you that this change has been brought about by the substitution of fruit growing for wheat growing but this position is entirely misleading for the fact is that only a small proportion of the wheat lands have been given over to horticulture; and the real cause of the decline is to be found in a decrease of yield per acre, from 40 bushels to less than 15. I am told that there are wheat lands in the San Joaquin Valley that today yield an average of only 8 bushels to the acre and here again is where the inferior wheat comes from which makes the showing all the worse.

### Waste for Profit's Sake.

Here is only another example of the awful waste that has for years been going on in our agriculture under the capitalistic system of profit-making; a system that has reduced the average yield of wheat per acre in the United States to something like thirteen bushels and placed us below Russia and other European countries in the scale of wheat production; a system that in 1909 necessitated the importation into the United States, supposed to be the greatest agricultural country on earth, of not less than \$639,000,000 worth of farm products, an amount in dollars and cents that equalled 48.7 per cent of all of our imports for that year.

And it seems that this percentage is regularly increasing year by year, the respective rates for the years 1907 and 1908 being 43.7 and 45.2.

The fact of the matter is that California's wheat growers of California have been constantly taking from the soil, and putting nothing back; the only semblance of a return having been an occasional summer fallow, a very doubtful expedient indeed.

And so great is the decline in the productiveness of the California soils that even capitalism itself is becoming alarmed and has set about devising methods for checking the process of decay, and restoring to the lands something of their original fertility.

### The S. P. to the Rescue.

The Southern Pacific company seeing its freight and dividends decreasing is

covering the busier period of California farm life.

### Farmers Willing to Learn.

This fully equipped and operated train is furnished absolutely free of charge, but the College of Agriculture is expected to furnish a full corps of lecturers and demonstrators, and a full line of exhibits for demonstration work.

The trains are routed, and stopping places arranged by experts from both the railroad company and the college of Agriculture, and then each tour is well advertised in advance so as to insure as full an attendance as possible at each stopping place.

It is seldom, however, that there is found a lack of interest among the agriculturists. The farmers, their wives and children turn out in large numbers to secure the benefits to be derived from the lectures and demonstrations.

Some four or five points are visited daily, and work is continued throughout the day and evening. Lectures are held in the lecture car, from the rear platform, from depot platforms and in neighborhood school rooms, halls and opera houses, as best serves the convenience of the propaganda.

It is a special feature of the tours that as soon as the train arrives all the schools are dismissed in order that the pupils may attend the lectures and demonstration courses.

The Southern Pacific company sends along a representative to personally conduct the train service, and at the same time act as spokesman for the corporation.

### Railroad Advertising.

At each point of assemblage this representative is usually the first speaker, and the burden of his remarks consists usually in explaining the part taken by the Southern Pacific company.

He very frankly states that the company's part is not by any means an unselfish one, but one strictly of business. Then he goes on to explain that not long ago the company discovered the unwelcome fact that the tonnage in its freight traffic within the state of California was falling off to a marked degree, and when the matter came to be looked into more carefully the further fact was discovered that the loss in tonnage occurred almost wholly in the item of farm products.

Then the company made inquiry among its local agents to ascertain if possible the cause underlying this loss of traffic, and the agents reported that the principal cause was soil exhaustion in the farmed sections.

This information was so surprising to the company that it sent agents to the

worked, yet underpaid professors; and all that the coffers of the Southern Pacific company may be rounded out with a full harvest of profits.

And although the lecturers and experts accompanying the train work hard and faithfully, and the people along the routes turn out and give respectful hearing to the propaganda, the educational work as well as the economic value of the work is a matter of much doubt. Necessarily the work must be brief, and it is hardly to be expected that the farmers present will take more than a passing interest in the matters presented, and it is very doubtful as to whether they exert themselves beyond their normal activity simply to bolster up the financial interests of a corporation that has granted them for years for all that the traffic will bear, and promises nothing better for the future.

But the wheels must be kept going somehow while capitalism still endures and so long as labor foots the bill it is all right—from the capitalist standpoint.

It is, however, only one more piece of conclusive evidence of the state of decay and disintegration that is rapidly spreading throughout the entire profit-grinding system and promising at no distant day to bring the whole false structure tumbling about our ears.

### How the Constitution Was Adopted.

When the constitution was adopted there was only about one-third as many voters in the United States as are now found in the city of Chicago. In every state the suffrage was restricted by property qualifications, and the total number of voters in 1790 has been estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand. The best opinion is that had the constitution been referred directly to these voters, it would have been rejected. In the New York convocation after a year of diligent campaigning by its friends it was accepted by a majority of only two voters. Virginia would not accept it at all save with recommendations of immediate amendment. At most it became the organic law of the land by the sanction of fewer voters than may now be found in three or four big city wards. That sanction of the Fathers, to which conservatism now so eloquently appeals, came into being long after the Fathers were dead.—Saturday Evening Post.

"The great trouble with the world is that too many people prefer to eat their bread in the 'sweat of other men's faces.'"

# Sketches from Ellis Island

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

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

## Gladys

WHEN I came out from that Board Room I felt like some guilty thing disgraced forever. I wanted to hide where no one could ever find me. If they had only told me differently, but the President of the Board thundered as though I were some criminal standing before the bar of justice: 'Excluded, you will go back to the country from which you came!'

The messenger hurried me out, with the words, 'Excluded, excluded, excluded,' ringing in my ears. They were hard and cruel, had I been guilty of some terrible crime they could not have been more heartless in their way of putting the questions to me.

"I stood there shrinking before them, holding my little girl by the hand. Had I been tried before the First Board I believe that I should have been admitted. Col. Delford is kind and good.



CHILDREN TICKETED AND WAITING TO BE SHIPPED.

There have been many others who have been admitted since I have been here who were not as well able to earn their living as I am.

"I do not blame them for deporting me if it is the law, but why is it the law in my case and not in others? I do not think it was because they were so afraid that I would become a public charge, but because of the way I answered some of the questions they asked me. But I could not answer any differently. I only told the truth. I spoke the way I felt, but when I answered one question I saw on the face of one of the men, the young, tall, light complexioned one, that I was doomed."

Everyone felt sorry for the poor creature. She was a West Indian woman, tall, refined in speech and manner, with a little daughter about six years old. A quiet nice child, very bright and quick. Spoiled as an only child is apt to be, but aptly spoiled or mean in any way. In fact she was very good and obedient and very affectionate, often sitting on her mother's lap with her arms round her mother's neck. And the mother—Gladys was all she had in the world and to have the child and have her alone she was content to give up everything else.

Miss Van Alden had been at the Island for several weeks when she told me of the way she had been excluded. That day no great number of immigrants had arrived, only about two thousand, and the work had closed early. Everything had quieted down for the day and I was the only Matron on duty in that Division. I was to stay until the Night Marrons came on duty. It was on such days and times as this that women detained, deferred or excluded came to the Matron with their stories, longing for the sympathy their breaking hearts so sorely needed.

Seeing that Miss Van Alden must open her heart to some one I said: "I do not understand your case very well, Miss Van Alden, of course, I know that you were ordered excluded and that your cousin and her husband came over to the Island ago said that they would give you and Gladys a home and take care of you and see that you did not become public charges; of course I know that you stated that you were a seamstress and that you had always made a living for yourself and Gladys and that you appealed your case and that it is still pending in Washington, but the rest of the story I do not know. What were the questions you speak of that you were asked by the Board?"

"I came here from one of the West India Islands. I was a first cabin passenger. When the Immigration officer came on board he ordered that all the passengers were to be taken to Ellis Island for examination. When I went before the Inspector on the line I was held for Special Inquiry. The messenger called me and I went before the Board with little Gladys clinging to my hand. If I had only gone before the First Board! Maybe it would not have been any different, but it seems as though it might have been.

"The member of the Board who asked me the questions was harsh and abrupt and I was so frightened at first that I could scarcely speak.

"What is your name?"  
"Alice Van Alden."  
"What is your age?"  
"Twenty-two years."  
"Are you married?"  
"No."  
"Have you ever been married?"  
"No."  
"What is the name of this child?"  
"Gladys Roberts."  
"What relation is she to you?"  
"She is my daughter."  
"You stated that you were not married, how does it come then that the name of your child is not the same as your own?"

"She has always gone by her father's name."  
"Who is her father?"  
"My cousin, Thomas Roberts."  
"Is the child's father living?"  
"Yes."  
"Where?"  
"In San Quets."  
"Is that not the name of the Island from which you came?"  
"It is."

"How has this child been supported?"  
"I sewed for a living, then the child's father sometimes sent money to me for her, his mother also helped me a little at times."  
"Has the father of the child, this Thomas Roberts, ever offered to marry you?"  
"Yes."  
"More than once?"  
"Yes."  
"Why do you not marry him, do you not think it your duty to marry him and so legitimize your child?"  
"No, I do not think so. I shall never marry him."

"What is your reason for this decision?"  
"When he asked the question in such a cruel way as though to say, 'shameless woman, why do you not marry this man and be glad to do it?' I could not stand it, so the story rushed from my lips and heart. I was only a young girl when I went to my aunt's home, his mother, because my parents had died; he seemed to me the finest and best man I had ever known; he won my heart; I was innocent, ignorant, just a little country girl who had never seen anyone but my own mother and father and the poor black people around us. He thought I was sweet and gentle and he won my heart only to deceive me and break it."

"I would have given half my life. I would have loved him and devoted myself to him forever had he married me before the child was born, but he would not. His mother pleaded with him, but he laughed at my love, my despair. He threw me aside to be the shame and the mock of the whole town. He ruined my life. I bore all the shame and disgrace, he went free. He was the one who should have suffered, but I suffered alone."

"Then the child was born. His mother loved it and told me to call it by his name, that it belonged to him and his name belonged to the little girl. Every day his mother took the baby home when she was a little thing, when she was old enough to go to school his mother always insisted that Gladys should always come to her house for her dinner at noon and always she cooked something that Gladys could and would eat."

"Everyone in the town knows that Thomas Roberts is Gladys' father. After a time he grew to love the child and then he asked me to marry him, but I would not. I had borne the shame and disgrace, I was crushed and broken. It was all over and done with, Gladys was an illegitimate child, everyone knew it, there was nothing to be gained, I would have given my life to have married him once—now I never will."

"Then this tall light man consulted with the other members of the board and took the vote on my case, then thundered out, 'Excluded, you will return to the country from which you came.'"

"It turned all black around me, I could not see as the messenger placed his hand on mine to lead me from the room. Then I came in here to this room of trouble and tears. For a day or so I was dazed, I could not think, always the shamed, degraded feeling, always the one word, 'Excluded,' thundering in my ears."

"Then my cousins came over to the Island and said that they had a good apartment, that they would give me a home, would help me to find work and take care of little Gladys when I went out to sew. I will show you two letters that I asked English ladies to give me before I left the West Indies, you can see for yourself that they say I am especially good at making clothes for children and that I can make things to look nice out of so little material. Surely I could get work to do in such a city as New York and my cousin is so willing to help me and is able to help me, too."

"If I could only go somewhere else than back to Demarara. He took all the freshness, all the sunshine out of life for me when I was a young girl, scarcely more than a child, only sixteen. He worships his child now and if I could only keep her here, he could and would know something of the sorrows and trouble that I have known."

"If I were to marry him he would always be sure of her near him, but now he does not know when I may take her away where he may never see

her again. She is mine, all mine. Out of those terrible years of shame and disgrace she is all I have, I suffered alone and I will have her, my little Gladys alone."

After that I never saw the child clinging to her mother's neck that I did not think 'Yes, she is yours—you have nothing else on earth and I hope that you will always keep her yours, alone.'

A few days after this Gladys was very feverish and clung to her mother all day and all the next day. The third day she was very ill and a clear case of measles had developed. The doctors ordered her sent to the Health Hospital over in Brooklyn. Miss Van Alden was almost crushed. She had been at the Island over a month now. Her appeal had been denied in Washington so that she knew that she must go back



DEMS FOR EXCLUDED IMMIGRANTS.

to Demarara. The steamship line had not one sailing a month and she had missed the first sailing while her appeal was pending.

Now Gladys was sick and she never expected to see her return from the hospital, so many children had died in the last few weeks. Gladys was well and returned to the Island in a short time, for a measles case as that almost always took six weeks. However, the next sailing was past so they were due to wait for two or three weeks longer until a steamer of the same line should sail again for the southern seas.

It lacked only a few days of sailing time when Miss Alden said to me, "Miss Brown, I hate to tell you, I have been sick for a couple of days now, but I thought I would get over it, but I am really pretty sick today and—I've got the measles. I suppose you will have to send me to the hospital, and Gladys, oh, Miss Brown, you will look after Gladys yourself, won't you? You won't let anything happen to her while I am away, will you?"

I put my hand on her shoulder to soothe her and promised we would all take as good care of the little girl as though she were our own. That was not a hard thing to promise, for we were all attached to the little forlorn child as we felt she was.

A young German girl was detained at the Island at that time. She had brought over two little nephews going to their father, an American citizen living in St. Louis. Both children were taken sick on the voyage and were placed in the hospital immediately upon the arrival of the steamer at the dock, and the young German girl was sent to the Island to wait until the little boys were well enough to travel.

She could not speak a word of English and the West Indian could not speak a word of German, but nevertheless they had become great friends in their long wait at the Island. Gretchen now saw Miss Van Alden weeping and hastened up just in time to hear the last words about G. l. ys. She was alarmed, looked around the room and saw Gladys happily playing and could not understand. I explained to her that Miss Van Alden was sick and must go to the hospital.

Going over to the child she brought her to the mother and putting her arm round the little girl said in German: "I will take care of Gladys while you are gone." The mother did not understand the words, but she understood what Gretchen meant and went away much more comforted because Gretchen would be at the Island at night as well as in the day time.

We really had very little care of Gladys all the time the mother was ill, for Gretchen was very devoted and took the best of care of her in every way. After several weeks and another sailing had passed Miss Van Alden returned from the hospital.

I had heard that she would be back that afternoon and taking Gladys on my lap I said to her, "Gladys, your mama is coming back this afternoon. Now I want you to act differently from the way you did when you returned from the hospital yourself. You know you acted so funny as though you had forgotten your dear mama and you hung back and did not kiss her and I am sure that she felt very badly. Now, today, when your mama comes into the room, I want you to run up to her and kiss her and hug her as though you loved her, because you do love her. And Gladys, suppose you and I have a joke on her, do you want to play a joke on your mama?"

Gladys' eyes sparkled and she nodded her head without speaking. "Well," I said, "you run up to her and kiss her and hug her as though you just couldn't stop, but pretend that you have been with Gretchen and the Jewish children so long that you have forgotten how to speak English, pretend that you can speak nothing but Yiddish and a few words of German. When you have your arms around her neck, say just like the Yiddish children do, 'Meine Liebe mama, meine liebe manna,' and don't speak anything else but Yid-

dish for a little while. But don't tell a single person, the joke will be a secret between you and me.

Her eyes danced. I did not know that the child knew any Yiddish, but thought she could say those few words. To my surprise when the mother stepped into the room Gladys flew to her, threw her arms round her neck and half laughing, half crying, said, "Meine liebe manna, meine liebe manna," and chattered away in Yiddish like any little Jewish child.

Her mother looked at her in such astonishment that she forgot to shed the tears that glistened in her eyes. She spoke to the little girl in English and the child answered in Yiddish nor would she speak any other language. After several days the mother seemed to suspect some joke between us, for

once or twice she had seen us look at each other with laughing eyes.

Then I told her the joke, but also told her I had no idea the child would keep it up more than a few minutes. The mother then told me that once before when Gladys was about four years old that all at once she had begun to speak—, I have forgotten the name of the language, but it is the tongue spoken by the native Islanders of San Quets. She said that for several months Gladys apparently knew no other tongue and would speak no other. It seemed the child had a natural talent of a very unusual order for languages.

Soon there was to be another sailing of the steamer. By this time every one was much attached to the mother and child and one day one of the gate-men, a man with a heart as big as his big body and eight nice smart children of his own, said, "Gladys, I think that I will adopt you, then your mama could enter New York, as she would not have you to take care of, you could go home with me and play with my little children; wouldn't you like that?"

He was dumbfounded when the child began speaking vehemently in Yiddish, saying she would not leave her dear mother, she would go back to Demarara, she wanted to see her grandmother, she did not want to play with his children, she was sure they were bad children anyway, then ran and hid her face in her mother's skirts.

So they went back to Demarara because the Board had rendered the verdict "Likely to become a Public Charge."

## Thirty-five Per Cent Profit

In telling "The Story of Wendell Phillips" in Success, Charles Edward Russell discusses the forces that led the "respectable" Northern audiences to mob such men as Garrison and Phillips:

Nothing else in history is so extraordinary as the one fact that all of this century of moral turbulence, and all of the succeeding turmoil that ended in an appalling war, were based upon the profits of an inconsiderable number of persons. In 1852, when the total population of the United States was 23,000,000, the number of persons that owned slaves was 348,214. Only two persons owned so many as a thousand slaves each; and nine owned each between five hundred and a thousand. The average annual profit on a slave's labor was estimated at about thirty-five per cent, and it was for the sake of this thirty-five per cent profit that the United States had attacked on to civil war after years of practical anarchy. Contemplating this stupendous fact, it is evident that we ought to learn history as it is, and not as it is taught in the existing method of instruction which will explain such an anomaly.

That the north should have joined the South in championing the cause of slavery and the thirty-five per cent profit will seem on reflection to be a thing almost equally opaque. Capital and money sympathized with the South because the slaves were property, and when slavery was attacked all property was thought to be attacked; also because all about the world, capital stands together. The commercial classes sympathized because the northern mills lived on Southern cotton and the Southern cotton was grown by slave labor; therefore, to attack slavery was commercial high treason; it was by virtue of its superior intelligence our hereditary and highest aristocracy. Northern society looked upon southern society with such awe-struck reverence as that wherever all our society now regards the English nobility. To be in touch with the southern social leaders was the certificate of gentility; the more you hated the negro, the more vehemently you defended the institution of slavery, the more laboriously you toiled for the 348,214 and their thirty-five per cent profit, the brighter shone your certificate.

Always stand up for right, but do not wear yourself out with worry because you can not turn the world and make it over in a day.—Farm Journal.

## Who are the Criminals?

Organized labor has tired of remaining upon the defensive under the slanderous charges of complicity in dynamiting the plant of the Los Angeles Times. These charges have been heralded from coast to coast, and wherever the news agencies of capitalism reach. They have been repeated and reiterated with all the power of invective and insinuation that can be purchased. All this without one particle of evidence to sustain the charge.

Labor has been somewhat slow to resent this charge, and to bring counter charges, but it is now striking back. General Otis, the notorious central figure in the campaign of vilification has now been arrested for criminal libel. Andrew Gallagher, of San Francisco, one of the men he had repeatedly connected (in the columns of the Times) with the explosion. This will force the matter into the courts where at least there will be publicity and some outward show of fairness in the weighing of evidence.

The California State Federation of Labor has also issued a carefully compiled statement of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been printed to supply requests coming from all sections of the country.

This report presents some samples of the sort of abuse that the Times has heaped upon every person who possessed any show of decency. Column after column is filled with quotations of vile vilification, showing that Otis had made hundreds of enemies aside from the unions.

The report of the executive committee appointed to investigate the disaster is full and complete. It tells how it was repulsed by the mayor of Los Angeles, of how every possible obstacle was placed in its road. Its members were not permitted to enter upon the premises where the explosion occurred, and the conclusion seems inevitable that this action was taken for fear they would discover the truth.

The committee spent four weeks in gathering evidence and as a result of this investigation makes the following statement as to the cause of the explosion:

"Dynamite could not have wrecked the Times, because—  
"Gas explodes with a booming or rumbling sound. Dynamite explodes with a splitting, crackling noise.  
"Gas explodes with a flash of flame. Dynamite does not make fire. When exploding, it lets loose elements which put out fire.  
"A gas explosion blows upward, dynamite with equal strength in all directions. Had the Times been destroyed by dynamite of sufficient strength to blow upward through three stories and through the roof, it would also have blown every wall of the building into fragments.  
"A slow explosion such as that by illuminating gas does not disturb the atmosphere sufficiently to break window panes at long distances. The opposite is true of dynamite. Had the Times been destroyed by dynamite, every outside pane in every building for blocks around would have been shattered into bits."

The report points out that while "Bryson and Morris," who purchased the five hundred pounds of dynamite with which the deed is alleged to have been done have been arrested, they have not even been arrested, and that a very evident attempt is being made to hide these men and to suppress their story.

The report repeats the reasons already published showing how the explosion tended to the profit of Otis and adds these facts:

"Still another thing, how did it happen that the valuable records of the Times, the accounts, the ponderous books, were saved, when all stories agree that the entire building was a mass of flames within a few seconds of the explosion? Is not the business office of the Times practically deserted at one o'clock in the morning? Is it possible that the big books could have been carried out in the space of a few seconds, when there was not time to save human lives? Possibly this question can be answered by the Times, but isn't it rather queer that the Times has not voluntarily explained this point?"

"Compare the situation in Los Angeles just before the Times disaster with the situation in Colorado just before the blowing up of the Independence Depot. What was the situation in Los Angeles?"

"The Metal Trades Council petitioned the manufacturers to raise wages proportionately to the increase in the cost of living. The reply came back: 'We take pleasure in notifying you that your communication was consigned to the waste-basket.' The Times gloated over this answer."

"A strike was called, June 1st, for the purpose of increasing wages. The Times called the union men thugs, murderers and assassins for striking."

"Three fifteen hundred union men went out but two disturbances occurred during the first four weeks. One was a fist fight between a union man and a non-union man. Though the evidence failed to show which was at fault, the union member was fined \$50, while his opponent went free. The other disturbance was the assault of a union man by a policeman. The unpardonable character of the assault was so plain that the policeman was arrested and fined one dollar. The Times commended the officer for beating the striker."

"An injunction was issued to preserve the peace that had not been disturbed. During the three months in

which the injunction has been in force but one out of the fifteen hundred strikers has been charged with violating it. But this did not stop the Times from calling the strikers "strong arm men" and "dynamiters."

"5. About the middle of August the city council passed a special ordinance designed to prevent the strikers from doing anything in the furtherance of the strike, even though they did it peaceably. This in the face of the fact that the city attorney advised that no such ordinance was necessary to preserve the peace. During all this time the Times vilified the unionists in the foulest terms, repeatedly charging crime when no evidence of crime existed."

"6. The union men continued to conduct their strike peaceably and in conformity with the state laws. Nevertheless the "anti-picketing ordinance" was employed to put over two hundred of their number in jail."

"7. The ordinance proved a failure, as three-fourths of the trials resulted in acquittal or hung juries. The last trial before the catastrophe resulted in a vote of eleven for acquittal and one for conviction, which the Times falsified to read one for acquittal and eleven for conviction."

"8. The strike was winning. More men were out than ever before. There was more strike money coming in than ever before. The efforts of the police to stir the strikers into riot had failed. The injunction and the ordinance had failed."

"9. Finally, the annual convention of the State Federation of Labor was about to be held in Los Angeles. That convention was to be opened by a monster mass meeting preceded by a parade in which no fewer than 20,000 union men would have taken part. A national convention of the American Bankers' Association was in session in Los Angeles. A national convention of the Mine Owners was also in session in Los Angeles. The Times and the leading spirits of the M & M were aroused to a point of frenzy over the coming demonstration of organized labor. Long had Otis boasted that Los Angeles, was, industrially, the "freest" city in America. Certainly, from the point of view of the union-baters, the crisis was extreme."

"The crisis preceding the blowing up of the Times presents a strange parallel with the crisis which preceded the blowing up of the Independence depot by the agents of the Colorado Mine Owners Association."

"And yet we are not charging General Otis with perpetrating a similar outrage. We are not charging Otis with dynamiting and murder, but we are charging him with crimes scarcely less heinous. Summing up, finally, in our judgment the facts indicate:

"1. That the explosion was not by dynamite—that it was gas.  
"2. That General Otis knows that the Times was destroyed by gas, but that he is deliberately exploiting the dynamite theory, first, in order that he may escape the just consequences of criminal negligence, and second, in order to further a conspiracy to launch an indiscriminate persecution against the 20,000 union men and women of Los Angeles, and the 100,000 members of labor organizations throughout the state of California."

"3. That the fabulous rewards offered for the apprehension of the fictitious criminals were offered primarily for the purpose of turning the public mind entirely away from the facts pointing to a gas explosion, in order that organized labor might forever bear the odium of the supposed crime; that a secondary purpose of these rewards is to tempt unscrupulous detectives to manufacture a case against some prominent member or members of labor unions. For one-fiftieth the reward that has been offered in this case Pinkertons have plotted and perjured away the lives of innocent men many, many times."

"We have diligently hunted down the facts and as diligently have weighed them, and such are our conclusions. We believe that any unprejudiced person going over the situation will draw the same deductions as we have drawn."

**Competition a Vanished Dream.**  
Competition is now as a vanished dream. There are those who still stand with their faces turned wistfully toward that simpler past in which a purely individualistic system made it possible, but they must all soon or late face about to meet a present and confront a future in which it shall be no more. Business men, confused and confounded amid the complexity of crushing conditions which they do not comprehend, may still seek refuge in the old maxim that "Competition is the life of trade" but there is nothing the average business man detests like competition."

And whenever a utility takes on a public character it must be treated as a public monopoly. The old confusion of private rights and public rights must be cleared away, and the day dawns in which the magnate must be compelled, as he will not consent, to regard public property as sacredly as he now regards private property. All over Glasgow the visitor reads signs: "Citizens, protect your own property." These public utilities are public property; these immense values were erected by the people's toil, and the people will redeem the city from all its evils only when they recognize their rights and their powers, and protect their own property by taking it over and caring for it themselves.—Brand Whitlock in The World Today.

It would be better if all the people in this country were a mass and there were no classes at all.

# The Hell-Brew of Politics

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW  
British Correspondent Coming Nation

**T**HE political situation in Britain at the present moment has a most valuable lesson for you Americans, because its history, parties, like your own, are in a process of flux under the solvent of Socialism. I will try, in a few words, to conjure up the yeast which is agitating the witches' pot of politics here and bringing about as pretty a hell-brew as even the hearts of those alchemists in the devil's laboratory, the political bosses, could desire.

**War Against War.**  
But, steadily through it all, the heaven of Socialism is doing its own work. In the first place, the Independent Labor party (and I hope you understand that the I. L. P. is a Socialist party in alliance with the National Labor party which is not avowedly Socialist) have started what can only be described as a terrific campaign against militarism and the armament madness. Meetings are being held in every town of the country, resolutions are being passed with acclamation, and there are to be two enormous meetings on December 10th and 11th at the Albert hall, London, and the Free Trade hall, Manchester, in order to clinch the anti-militarist nail, at which Jaures of France and Emile Vandervelde of Belgium will speak. It is that International action which will do more to kill the war fever than anything else.

But the immediate cause of this fever in Britain?  
What is happening is this, and I make the assertion with all seriousness. The commercial bosses, the lawyers, and the professional classes generally see quite clearly that the liberal party, purely and simply for party purposes, is flirting

with Socialism. "Flirting" did I say—well I will go further and say that it would not take very much to make some of them come out clearly for the Socialist party. Every effort made to hold the votes of the masses means another side-slip into the Socialist arms held out to receive them.

In order to counteract this, it is necessary at all costs for the other historic party "to do something for God's sake," as one of them expressed it, to turn the people from the scent which is now running strong in their nostrils. So they say—"Let's go all out for a big navy and army, bag the war-drum, and raise hell over a German war-scare." And they are raising Hades most effectively, with results which may one day change the face of Europe.

**The Socialist Chancellor.**  
Now listen to this from Mr. Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer, member of a capitalist government, and with one of the largest followings in this country. Speaking the other day at the City Temple, on a "non-political" platform, he said:  
"I also preside over the department which administers the death duties. In a year 420,000 adults die in this country of that number five-sixths leave no property which is worthy anyone's while to pick up. What about the rest? Three hundred millions sterling pass every year at death. Of that huge gigantic surplus two thousand persons own about one-half. Do the 350,000 who die in penny lead lives of idleness, dissipation, thriftlessness, and extravagance? Do the 2,000 people who leave half that gigantic sum pursue careers of arduous toil of frugality, and industry? No. (Loud cheers.)"

And then he concluded by stating without any beating about the bush that the idle rich were the pests of modern society and that the time had come for a clean sweep.

**The Daily News.** the great liberal organ, brought out the poster last week—"Rich and Poor—The New Politics." Mark those words—"The New Politics."

**Savarkar Case to Be Arbitrated.**  
The case of Vinayak Damodar Savarkar, which nearly caused a war between England and France, has been referred to the Hague Tribunal for arbitration. Savarkar was an East India revolutionist, in disfavor because of his persistent agitation for better living conditions for his countrymen, and was being taken from England to India by the British government to be tried on a charge of abetting murder through incendiary utterances, but at Marseilles, France, he succeeded in climbing through a port hole of the vessel and escaping by swimming to the shore. He was arrested upon landing by a French officer and

taken back to the vessel. The French government then set up the claim that, as he had succeeded in getting into France, he was entitled to asylum there, and demanded his surrender from the British government. This was refused by England, and international complications were rapidly piling up when the International Socialist congress at Copenhagen took cognizance of the case, and passed resolutions demanding that the matter should be submitted to arbitration. So the British government has suggested the matter to the French government, and the French government has expressed its willingness that the Tribunal should settle the affair.

But the Osborne decision was only one link in the chain which is being forged by liberal hammers upon Tory anvils to bind the hands of Demos, and it is not difficult to foresee that there must soon be an alliance between the two parties upon the basis of a great national anti-Socialist crusade.

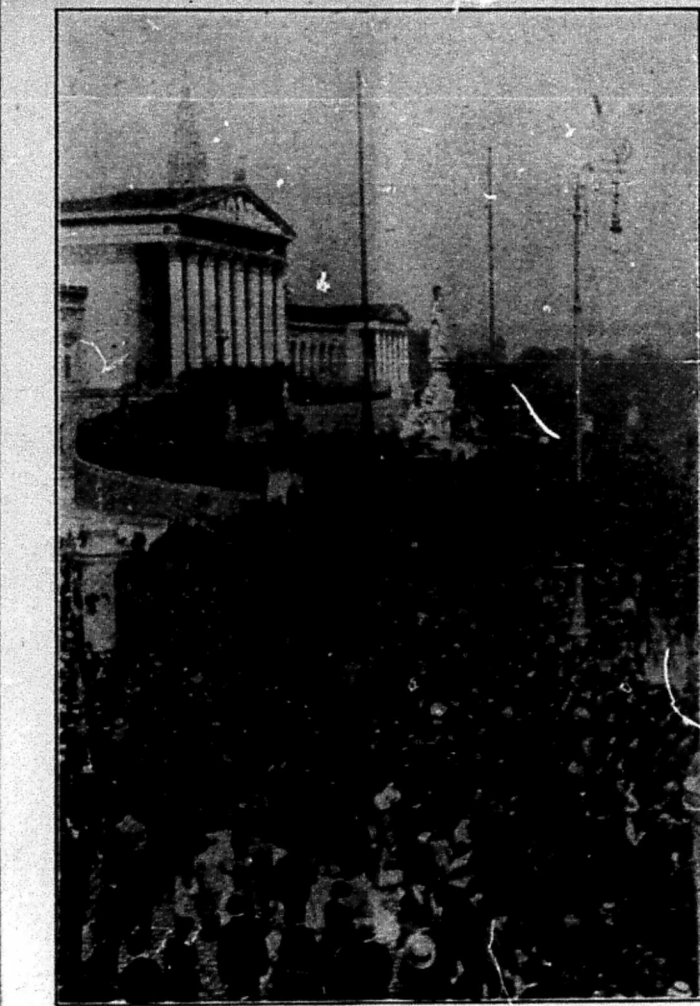
**The Man Behind.**  
The man today who is the main-

spring of the tariff reform and tory campaign is J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, a man who was practically unknown to the man-in-the-street until the other day. This individual, who moves the political puppets who appear to "live, move and have their being," whilst being dummies, in reality is trying to engineer a conference between the liberal and tory parties upon a wider basis than that of the present house of lords conference. This wider basis he euphemistically terms—"Imperial Union and Defence," and foreshadows even a deal with the Irish party for home rule upon a "federal" basis, so that Irish sentiment in America may be placated with a view to bringing about an entente with the United States. But the trail of the serpent is under the whole jungle of his political phantasmagoria. What he is driving at ultimately is a great campaign against the Socialist spirit, as I have pointed out frequently in my articles on this side, and I believe it is only a question of time for the political film to unroll this alliance upon the screen of history.

**The Socialist Spirit.**  
No greater proof can be adduced of the progress of the Socialist spirit in Great Britain. Whether they like it or not, the man-in-the-street, the pressman, the pulpiteer and the politician, are discussing Socialism, always Socialism. You hear it in the tram, in the train, on the bus. The very air is vibrant with it.

It is not that the avowed Socialists are such a tremendous army—though their battalions are formidable enough—but it is because the unwieldy, the nebulous, mass of public opinion is slowly but surely veering towards the Socialist ideal—and it may be that some day one more impulse at the psychological moment will bring a dead-weight of national thought—forces upon the side of the angels.

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DEMONSTRATION AGAINST HIGH PRICES IN VIENNA. From The Sphere.

## Europe in Turmoil

All Europe has been in a ferment, and this state appears to be getting worse instead of better. The condition of Spain and Portugal is familiar to every newspaper reader. England and France have been almost as widely disturbed. In Germany riots and ferocious violence on the part of the police in an industrial district of Berlin were recent events.

In Austria there have been gigantic demonstrations against the high cost of meat. These have been led largely

by the Socialists and the women have played an especially prominent part. The illustration shows one of these tremendous demonstrations before the imperial palace in Vienna. Great banners were carried calling for the abolition of the tariff on meat and demanding that other measures be taken to relieve the threatened starvation of the great masses of the people.

As was previously noted in these columns the government has already greatly reduced freight rates on food products on the state owned railroads in the hope of, in some degree, relieving the situation.

## THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

VI.—Social Democratic Party of Germany.

The reports presented by the various parties at 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 each week a summary of one of these reports. If these are cut out and pasted in a scrap book, the result will be a reference work on the International Socialist movement of value to any library. For a limited time back numbers 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 form of organization of the German Social-Democratic party has been changed during the last year. This is the first important change for nearly twenty years. For the first time definite dues are fixed for each member. The minimum is thirty pennings for men and fifteen for the women (about six and three cents).

There is no provision made for a general referendum of the party membership. The highest authority in the party is the annual congress. Representatives to this are determined according to membership, with the following significant suggestion: "woman comrade should, if possible, be among the delegates wherever several delegates are elected." The Socialist membership of the reichstag and the executive committee and the "control commission" are *ex-officio* delegates but have no vote when matters concerning their work are under consideration. The executive committee can also invite representatives on special subjects who become delegates with voice, but no vote. The executive committee is elected at the congress. The following table gives the development and the numerical strength of the party for the last three years:

Year	Total	Male	Female	Proportion to Socialist
1907	530,406	519,523	10,943	18.4
1908	587,326	577,878	20,458	18.0
1909	633,309	621,050	22,259	19.1

There are 47 Socialist members in the German reichstag and 185 in the parliaments of the various federated states. The party has 1,368 representatives on 300 city councils and 4,789 representatives on 1,779 rural district councils and 115 aldermen in 38 cities and 159 in 93 rural districts. The party maintains a "woman's bureau," the address of whose secretary is Ottilie Baeder, Berlin S. E. 68 Lindenstr. 3.

This bureau has special charge of the agitation among women and, during the last year, since the I. W. has permitted women to belong to the party, in Prussia, the number of women members has been nearly doubled.

While there has been a gain in the liberality in the law concerning women, the reverse has been true in regard to the young people. The new association law makes it a criminal offense for any one under eighteen years of age to join a political society or take part in a political meeting. As a consequence, the young people's organization is necessarily nominally independent of the party. However, a very active organiza-

tion exists, the expense of whose work is maintained by the Berlin local of the party. This department publishes a paper, the *Arbeiter-Jugend*, with over forty thousand regular subscribers. The number of social-democratic dailies has increased in Germany from 95 to 74, since the International Socialist congress at Stuttgart. They are printed in 56 printing offices owned by the party. The number of regular subscribers of these social-democratic papers has from 1906 to 1909 risen from 837,790 to 1,047,408. This does not include the monthlies and the *Neue Zeit*. The income from subscriptions amounted to 6,706,151 marks in 1909 and the income through advertisements was 4,363,761 marks. It must be mentioned, however, that the economic depression resulted in a decline of the amount of the subscriptions. The illustrated paper *Die Neue Welt* is added to the Sunday editions of some dailies. Its weekly circulation is 475,000. The two humorous papers of the party, the *Wahre Jacob* and the *Pestillon* have a combined circulation of 250,000. The party's scientific organ, the *Neue Zeit* is now in its 28th year. Its circulation is 8,500 copies weekly. A special propaganda paper for women *Die Gleichheit* is published fortnightly by the party. *Die Gleichheit* had in 1909 a circulation of 37,000. The *Kommunistische Praxis* has been published since the last ten years as a review for municipal Socialism and politics, in order adequately to equip the Socialist councillors for their many-sided activities. The circulation of this paper is 2,700 copies. *Die Gleichheit* had in 1909 a circulation of 37,000. The *Kommunistische Praxis* has been published since the last ten years as a review for municipal Socialism and politics, in order adequately to equip the Socialist councillors for their many-sided activities. The circulation of this paper is 2,700 copies. *Die Gleichheit* had in 1909 a circulation of 37,000. The *Kommunistische Praxis* has been published since the last ten years as a review for municipal Socialism and politics, in order adequately to equip the Socialist councillors for their many-sided activities. The circulation of this paper is 2,700 copies.

Great numbers of leaflets and pamphlets are also published by the party press. A Social-Democratic press agency was established July 15, 1908. This agency supplies the press with political and trade union news, prepares extracts of any new bills and parliamentary documents. It supplies a daily news letter to the press and conducts a special news service by telephone and telegraph.

In 1906 the party established a school in Berlin for the training of workers. The number of students is strictly limited, having been between twenty-six and thirty-one since its establishment. The students are selected by the party organization and the trade unions and when so selected the entire expense is born by the party organization. This not only includes the board of the students themselves, but where they have families, funds are provided for their maintenance during the absence of the wage earner. Over twenty-five thousand dollars has been expended by the party in maintaining this school.

A central educational committee of seven members with local educational committees working in co-operation, has organized extensive lecture courses throughout Germany.

## Uplift Work in Erfurt

Erfurt Germany, which has a population of about 120,000, maintains a number of public bath houses along the river Gera, which is exceedingly free from pollution. The largest one is divided into free and pay compartments, the admission to the latter being 2 1/2 cents with an additional charge of 1 cent for soap and towel. Competent instructors in swimming are present. Along the same river is a public park kept in excellent order by landscape gardeners and laborers.

For public recreation the city owns and maintains a forest extending for a number of miles into the surrounding country, in which are summer houses, benches and tables at intervals which are free to all. There are also children's playgrounds. In general flowers must not be picked in the city parks, but in the forest park—the Steiger Wald—the public may gather flowers at will. There are also tracts enclosed and fitted up as playgrounds for athletic clubs, certain hours being reserved for each club, for which an annual fee of \$1.20 a year is charged.

It is hard to believe but it is nevertheless a fact that on February 13, 1908, there were in that city (New York) 101,277 absolutely windowless rooms, most of them bedrooms, inhabited by the poorer classes, those who pay rent of three to sixteen dollars a month. Because of the strenuous efforts of the tenement house committee of the charity organization society in securing and enforcing the tenement house law, the number of windowless rooms has been reduced to about 99,000. Think of it, you dwellers in spacious, sunny suburban villas—ninety thousand rooms without any sunlight, whatsoever, save that which enters by the door that admits the person who goes into it to eat, to sleep, to work or to sit about and enjoy himself as best he can—Bailey Millard in *Technical World*.



Faking Portuguese Pictures.

The above picture has been circulated throughout Europe to show how the Portuguese mob sacked convents. The *London Sphere* published it with a very strong suggestion that it is faked. A slight examination of the picture will confirm this impression, although to the casual reader it has doubtless already carried the story for which it was designed. If the reader will try to imagine an angry mob, carefully placing the furniture in such a position that it would show the greatest disorder and offer the most complete obstruction to getting in and out of the door through which the mob is supposed to have surged in its violent career, and to do this all without breaking a single article, then he will have a conception of what sort of a "mob" it was that arranged this picture. It is, also very suggestive that this mob, supposedly anti-clerical, disturbed everything except the clerical pictures and statues on the wall.

## Bernard Shaw on Unemployment

Bernard Shaw, Socialist author, playwright and satirist spoke on unemployment at a meeting held by the independent labor party in London not long ago.

He said there was an idea abroad that every able bodied man who was willing to work should get employment. But the industry of the country could not be carried on by putting every man to work. They must always be available a mass of unemployed to meet sudden emergencies in industry, which called for extra labor. Our soldiers were not clothed and fed and lodged only during war. They were kept in a state of efficiency during peace, so that they might be ready and fit when they were required to repel the German invasion which was coming off next Tuesday. (Laughter.) He was not quite certain of the date, but it would be found definitely fixed in the halfpenny evening papers. (Laughter.) All industrial employment was in the nature of the work of soldiers. Men had to be kept idle until they were needed to work. The shopkeeper had often to endure the painful sight of his assistants standing idle for hours and even days when no customers called. He retained them in his service nevertheless. In the circumstances of industry, therefore, unemployment was a necessary thing. But as the soldier was kept in training during peace, so men who were waiting for jobs must be kept by the state in full efficiency in order that when work came they might be ready for it. If this principle were put into practice the community would strain every nerve to reduce the area of unemployment. The utmost care would then be taken that, whenever there was a job vacant in any part of the country, a man should be found to fill it.

"And how did you like rough life in the Adonacks, Cholly?"  
"It wasn't bad fun. We drank the champagne out of tin cups."

If we could harness our "wishers" with our "doers" we would have a team that could pull us through.

## London Teachers Unemployed

At a recent meeting of the London County Council, of London, England, a small riot was almost caused by the effort of between 400 and 500 unemployed teachers, to hold a protest meeting outside the county hall. The meeting was, however, broken up by the police, and about one hundred of the teachers attended the meeting of the council.

Mr. George Lansbury, a Socialist member of the council endeavored to have the budget estimate of the finance committee referred back in order that they might bring up revised estimates of the educational fund, providing for the reduction of classes and thus finding employment for additional teachers, who had been educated by the county and were even then sitting on the council's doorstep clamoring for employment, but the motion was defeated and the recommendation of the finance committee was accepted.

## Marriage and Divorce in Germany

Industrial evolution is having the same effect upon the marriage relation in Germany that it has had in all other countries. A recent investigation shows that the hard times of the last three years caused a continuous falling off in the number of marriages in proportion to the population. At the same time the number of divorces are continuously increasing and this is especially true in the industrial centers.

In 1906 there were eight and two-tenths marriages for every thousand of the population; in 1908 this had fallen to seven and nine-tenths. In the meantime the percentage of divorces increased from an average of eighteen and eight-tenths per hundred thousand in the four years from 1903 to 1907 to twenty-one and one-tenth in the year 1908.

## Technical School in China

According to the *Railway Times*, there was established last year, in connection with the Ministry of Communications at Peking, a school for training railway officials. The school is built for 600 students, but the number is at present limited to 350, who come from all parts of the Empire, and vary in age from eighteen to twenty-five. There are about thirty teachers, including one British, one American, two French and two German. Most of the teachers are Chinese students returned from abroad, and they are well paid. The full course is three years, and the students are divided into three sections, according to the foreign language, English, French, or German, taught them in addition to other subjects. The curriculum includes the Chinese language, drill, geography, history of Chinese railways, mathematics, drawing, chemistry, physics, traffic management, railway book-keeping, elements of engineering—steam and electrical, workshop administration, and railway company law.

## True Wealth

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY  
There is no real wealth but the labor of man. Were the mountains of gold and the valleys of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer; no one comfort would be added to the human race. In consequence of our covetousness for the precious metals, one man is enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expense of the necessities of his neighbor; a system admirably fitted to produce all the varieties of disease and crime, which never fail to characterize the two extremes of luxury and penury.

## "Behold These Images!"

CARDINAL MANNING  
It may well be asked—is this the grand total result of the wisdom of our legislators, the efforts of our philanthropists, the Christianity of our churches, that our streets are infested with miserable creatures from whose faces almost everything purely human has been erased, whose very presence would put us to shame but for familiarity with the sight? Poor wretches! filthy in body, foul in speech, vile in spirit. Human vermin! Yes, but of our own manufacture, for every individual of this mass was once an innocent child. Society has made them what they are.

## How It Works

As Ruskin has so aptly put it:  
"What is one man's gain is another man's loss."  
That's the way it works out under this system where one class makes things while another class takes them. The following from a well known business magazine illustrates the point:  
"One day the superintendent went to the president. 'Mr. . . . . .', he said, 'wants to stay down at night. He told me that there were many things he could do at night when it is quiet and no one around. What shall I say to him?'"  
"Let him stay. Try it for a week, anyhow," the president instructed.

"At the end of two weeks the chief rate fixer had made two forms that greatly improved over two others that were used. He arranged a list of rates, approximate and exact, that would apply to all classes of work that the concern handled. And he made it possible to do away with one clerk in the department."  
An English army bandmaster died recently, and had his violin buried with him. It was lucky that he didn't play the piano.

# IT WON'T LAST, THE FOUNDATION IS ROTTEN



## Uncle Reub on Tax Paying Women

BY J. C. K.

I read a piece of writin' today writ by a female who says that as long as wimmin pay taxes they had ought to vote. Now I reckon this woman critter thinks she has put a big argument before us hard headed men. She thinks she has hit the nail square on the head without bustin' the hammer a-doin' it.

She thinks the whole blame world is a-swoollerin' her dope—that we're done good an' convinced, without further parlie. Not yet Uncle Reuben, by heck. Not by a brown jug full. First, you've got to convince me that a woman has a right to own the property she pays the taxes on. In my mammy's day no sech foolishness were allowed. In them hallowed years everything a woman possessed belonged by rights

to her husband, and he paid the taxes and he gathered the blessin's therefrom. He likewise done with the proceedin's as he durm please, and she liked it or not, as she was a mind to. Them was golden days. No hankerin' after the ballut then. No trapsin' about the country in high heeled shoes and abbreviated skirts, free and unhampered almost as a man. Our women wore their skirts mostly a-draggin' on the ground, and they didn't have no incli-

nation to fly around like a spring pullet wantin' to learn to crow. Wimmin was wimmin good an' solid, in them halcyon days, and they wasn't enny gettin' around it. They stayed in their speer, which was the four walls of the home, and they busied themselves helpin' their husbands to subdue and own the earth. And they didn't do no takin' about votin' because they payed taxes. Then here's them fool workin' wimmin a-follerin' after their sisters, and sayin' they want the ballut because they earn their wages. Maybe they do earn 'em, but that's no reason they ought to have 'em. In my young days plenty of wimmin earned wages—and earned 'em a darn sight more'n they do now, too—but who ever heard of em a hollerin' for the ballut because they earned wages. The reason they didn't ask for the ballut was because they didn't get the wages. Their husband got 'em, as was right and proper, and that was all there was to it. Take the wages away from the wimmin, and they won't be no more hollerin' and a skiddoin' about the country for the ballut. You kaint do nuthin' to satisfy a blarney woman, nohow. The more power we men give 'em, the more they want. They don't know enough to keep still when we've give 'em what we think is right and proper for 'em. All of which goes to show that they ought to be kept down in their speer, and not allowed a-hold of the reins a minut. Jest let 'em elect me to the legislature, and I'll settle this here suffrage business. I'll have every gol-darn female put back in her speer where her mother was afore her, in the good old days. That's what I'll do for the wimmin, by heck! Now I'm a-goin' down to Bill Gas's grocery and look over my constituency. I think I can almost count 'em on my left hand.—And one finger is off of that hand, too, by gum!

**Hams First.**  
H. W. Child, president of the Yellowstone Park Association, went to Europe two or three years ago and had for a companion a man interested in the hotel business. They traveled over Europe, investigating hotel and commissary problems to some extent, and finally arrived in Rome. They went into Saint Peter's and stood beneath the dome. "Well," said Child, here it is. Here's the dome." The hotel man took one look upward. Then he turned to Child and asked: "How much did that man in London say he wanted for them hams?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*



God speed the year of jubilee,  
The wide world o'er!  
When, from their galling chains set free,  
The oppressed shall viley bend the knee  
And wear the yoke of tyranny,  
Like brutes, no more:—  
That year will come, and Freedom's reign  
To man his plundered rights again  
Restore.

God speed the day when human blood  
Shall cease to flow!  
In every clime be understood  
The claims of Human Brotherhood,  
And each return for evil, good—  
Not blow for blow:—  
That day will come, all feuds to end,  
And change into a faithful friend  
Each foe.

God speed the hour, the glorious hour,  
When none on earth  
Shall exercise a lordly power,  
Nor in a tyrant's presence cower,  
But all to Manhood's stature tower,  
By equal birth!—  
That hour will come, to each, to all,  
And from his prison-house the throll  
Go forth.

Until that year, day, hour arrive,—  
If life be given:—  
With head and heart and hand I'll strive  
To break the rod, and rend the gyve,  
The spoiler of his prey deprive,—  
So witness Heaven!  
And never from my chosen post,  
Whate'er the peril or the cost,  
Be driven.



# Come Have A Smile On Us

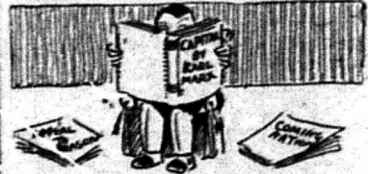


## FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

**The Puzzled Citizen.**  
Confusion, worse confounded,  
You meet it everywhere.  
The man who isn't grounded  
On truth is in the air.  
A tariff speech may tickle  
And sprout smiles on his mug;  
Then, in a moment fickle  
He gets the free trade bug.

One day he is stand patting  
With "ranky Uncle Joe,  
Then the next day shifts his batting  
To the insurgent foe;



He rides, the hobby horses  
Of ever; fad that flies  
And dickers with the forces  
That wear reform's disguise.

He peeps behind the curtain;  
In turn doubts everyone;  
Of one thing he is certain  
That something must be done;  
To fuss and fret and fumble  
Becomes at length his style;  
He ought to take a tumble  
And dig in Marx's while.

**Common Oversight.**  
Two men met before a hall where  
a regulation old party rally was being  
held in which the paid enthusiasm  
threatened to raise the roof.

"Been in?" asked one.  
"Yes."  
"How long?"  
"About an hour."  
"What was the guy talking about?"  
"He forgot to say."

**There's a Reason.**  
A statue carved from solid stone  
A-ake braves suns and ices;  
Of all the natives it alone  
Kicks not on increased prices.

**He Would Learn.**  
The innocence of children is truly  
amusing," said the fond mother stoop-  
ing to adjust the four dollar cap on  
the head of her three year old hopeful.  
"What has he done now?"  
"Oh nothing. But he thinks the  
nurse is just as good as anybody."  
The friend, whose husband didn't know  
where his next automobile tire was  
coming from nearly split her sides  
with laughter.



**So Annoying.**  
The man of money smote his vest,  
It made him feel like fighting;  
Well watered sticks were in his chest  
And stickers were not sitting.

**Only Object.**  
"I hear that the ancient Miss Aldol-  
lars is going to marry a duke."  
"I suppose he hasn't got a cent."  
"Of course not. If he had he  
wouldn't marry her would he?"

**As Usual.**  
A man on simple justice bent  
To legal toils was goaded  
But as he didn't have a cent  
He found the law was loaded.

**Wanted Game.**  
"He is looking for an honest man."  
"To hire him?"  
"No, to fleece him."

**A Change of Heart.**  
Election day is drawing near;  
Paid boosters lurk at every turn  
To borrow, if they may, your ear  
And pour in promises to burn.  
They view the day with some concern  
And make excuses, halt and lame;  
For working men no longer yearn  
To yank their chestsnuts from the flame.



**Awakening has come at last;**  
Signs may be read on every side  
That playing loose and playing fast  
Their former tools will not abide;  
The flood of wrath is open wide;  
He who has ears may hear the talk—  
"There's on the workers' backs who ride  
Just for a change will have to walk."

**What John Knew.**  
The teacher of one of the classes  
in a school in the suburbs of Cleveland  
had been training her pupils in anti-  
cipitation of a visit from the school com-  
missioner. At last he came, and the  
classes were called out to chow their  
attainments. The arithmetic class was  
the first called, and in order to make  
a good impression, the teacher put the  
first question to Johnny Smith, the star  
pupil.

"Johnny, if coal is selling at \$6 a ton  
and you pay the coal dealer \$24, how  
many tons of coal will he bring you?"  
"Three," was the prompt reply from  
Johnny.  
The teacher, much embarrassed, said:  
"Why, Johnny, that isn't right."  
"Oh, I know it ain't, but they do it  
anyhow."—*Philadelphia Record.*

**Foreshortened Flings.**  
A decrewwed king is a pale two-spot.  
The earth as against a full dinner pail.  
It isn't unconstitutional to be poor.  
There is one vested right threatened.  
Every day is Sunday now for the  
seven day worker.  
If woman's place is in the home it is  
society's place to see that she has one.

**Not Nice French.**  
In a dining-room of a hotel at Nice,  
on a huge placard posted over the  
mantelpiece, you can read the following:  
"Our English visitors are kindly re-  
quested to address the waiters and ser-  
vants in English, as their French is not  
generally understood."

## The Flat Between

BY SAUNDERS

**The First Floor.**  
She calls him "Ducky" and "Dearie."  
He calls her "Lovie-dovie";  
I hear them fighting and scrapping  
For I live in the flat just above.



**The Third Floor.**  
He says she is "silly and cranky."  
She says he's a "Tight-fisto";  
Somehow they seem happy together—  
I live in the flat just below.



**The Second Floor.**  
Jim wants me to marry this autumn.  
But I just can't think what to do;  
Will we be like Ducky and Lovie?  
Or he be a "Tight-fisto?"  
You see I'm a bachelor maiden  
And I've in a flat of my own;  
Sho' I get me a cat and a parrot  
Or take first steps for Nevada's Reno?



**A Hurry Call.**  
The political boss of a small western  
city drove his backboard at top speed  
down the main street on the morning  
of an election.  
"Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son,  
"git down in the fourth ward quick!  
There's people down there votin' as they  
blame please."

Mrs Slowboy—How is my son gettin'  
along at school, professor?  
Professor—I have great hopes of him,  
madam—great hopes. He's the laziest  
boy I ever saw.  
Mrs. Slowboy—Then why do you say  
you have great hopes of him?  
Professor—Because if he ever begins  
to study he's too lazy to stop.

## Impertinent Questions

In the quarrel between capitalist politicians honest men have a chance to learn the truth. The New York World, in its fight upon Roosevelt has kept the following standing in its columns, and the Strenuous One has not made any attempt to answer the troublesome questions:

### TEN QUESTIONS FOR MR. ROOSEVELT.

(From Mr. Roosevelt's Speech at Osa-tomic, Aug. 31.)

It is particularly important that all money received or expended for campaign purposes should be publicly accounted for not only after election, but before election as well.

1. How much has the beef trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
2. How much has the paper trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
3. How much has the coal trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
4. How much has the sugar trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
5. How much has the oil trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
6. How much has the tobacco trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
7. How much has the steel trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
8. How much has the insurance trust contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
9. How much have the national banks contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?  
10. How much have the six great railroad trusts contributed to Mr. Cortleyou?

## Transactions Followed.

Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?  
Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you musn't bother me.  
Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?  
Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.  
Vera (after a few minute's silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parrot?



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.