

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

They Will Not Forget

A I am despatching these pages to the printer I receive the news that, election day having passed, the Court has found its decision and Fred D. Warren is on his way to prison.

Of the principles involved in this celebrated case I shall have time and space to comment more fully hereafter, but at present other feelings are overshadowed by admiration for the man that goes bravely and calmly to the stigma of a jail sentence in defense of what he believes to be a fundamental right.

There is no fun in going to jail. Especially to a man of Mr. Warren's temperament, inclinations and training the hardship involved is very great and very real. The more honor therefore to him for taking upon himself the task of vindicating the principle here at stake.

I think that the people of the United States now generally understand the merits of the Warren case. They have never been informed thereof by the capitalist press or any part of it, but the lecture tours of Eugene V. Debs, of Warren, and of Alexander Irvine must have spread far and wide news of an issue assiduously suppressed everywhere except by radical publications. As to the verdict of the people that know the facts no one can entertain the slightest doubt. If the decision had been made known before instead of after the election it would have been worth another quarter of a million votes to the Socialists. The great question is now whether before another election day people will have forgotten this most extraordinary story. As to that also, I think there may be entertained with confidence a decided opinion. Within two years people had not forgotten the decision in the Dred-Scott case but the comments thereon had only increased in volume.

Does anyone revert here to the fact that the press is now largely owned by the capitalist interests? Not any more than in the old days it was owned by the slave-holding interests. If the essential spirit of justice rose in the American people then, still more surely we may count upon it now.

For my part I look upon the Warren case as one of the land marks in Socialist history in America. Hereafter it will be read of with the same feelings of wonder that we now read of the fugitive slave law or the story of Elijah P. Lovejoy. At this stage in radical progress it was necessary that the fundamental right of free speech with which we defend and maintain all other rights should be vindicated. Mr. Warren has taken upon himself that great and necessary work. I do not believe that either this or succeeding generations will forget the fact.

Sympathetic Lockouts and the Courts

I SEE that the employing contractors in the building trades of St. Louis have hit upon a grand device to abolish strikes. After this fashion: Hereafter there is to be a committee on labor disputes appointed by and composed solely of the contractors. Whenever in any branch of the building trades a dispute arises between employes and employers this dispute is to be referred to this committee which will render whatever decision it sees fit. If the employes are unwilling to accept this decision then all of the contractors are to stop work on all the buildings in St. Louis then in process of construction.

In other words the sympathetic lockout. The intention back of this device is to compel men that complain of unfair conditions or men that desire an increase of wages to accept whatever the employers may choose to give them. Because there would always be in the hands of the employers the most potent of weapons in the fear of disemployment here to be exercised upon thousands of workmen not in any way a party to the original dispute.

For twenty-five years I have been accustomed to hear of the terrible evils of the sympathetic strike. The fact that it affects working men not involved in the original dispute has been bewailed and lamented in thousands of capitalist publications. Whenever a sympathetic strike has been called reformers and alleged friends of the workmen have pointed out the huge economic unwisdom of any such thing and have profusely deplored the stupidity of the worker that was willing to quit his work for the sake of his fellow.

I am waiting now to hear some similar disquisitions from the right sources on the subject of the systematic lockout. Surely if it be a terrible thing for men to strike in a cause in which they are not strictly concerned, it must be nearly as terrible for them to be deprived of their employment under the same conditions. I say that I am waiting for some such expression from these eminent ladies and gentlemen from whom I have heard in the past. I may add that I think I shall wait a long time.

But as a matter of fact why should our view of these matters be so one-sided? If it be an evil, as we are assured, for strikers to interfere with precious industry and sacred profits by going on a strike, how can we twist it into a defensible thing that work should be taken away from men because of a lockout?

In other words here is exactly the situation that was involved in the two supreme court decisions covering the black list and the boycott. These are identical weapons not differing in principle nor identical in application, but the decisions of the supreme court practically declared that when these weap-

were used by the employers they were legal, but when they were used by the employes they were illegal.

Similarly the public is invited to think that when work is stopped by the strikers some kind of crime has been committed, but when work is stopped by employers through lockouts nothing is indicated except admiration.

I may confess here that for my part, as I remarked last week, I am growing exceedingly weary of these one-sided ideas of justice. We may endure a conception of morality founded upon individual convenience, because morality for the most part affects its practitioner, but a conception of justice founded essentially upon the idea that what benefits the strong is right and what helps the weak is wrong, is a thing too monstrous to be endured by any community in this century. Hitherto the workman has accepted much of these frugal survivals as if they were inevitable. I doubt very much if he is going to accept them hereafter. There are signs that he is giving to the subject greater attention than ever before, and I should be inclined to think that the results of his cogitation if it should be continued might be extremely unwholesome for the existing system under which men are enabled to live upon the toil of their fellows.

Some Obstacles Removed

HERE in Washington the other day I went into the vacant press gallery of the vacant senate chamber and sitting down I looked over the row of seats where in the years past I have been accustomed to see certain faces that will soon be seen there no more and it occurred to me that some of the results of the late election have been imperfectly celebrated.

Here for instance has sat for almost a generation Eugene Hale of Maine, the most arrogant and overbearing of aristocrats, and we shall see no more of Hale in and about these famous precincts. Let us be joyful for that.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew, the celebrated India rubber man of politics, the smoothery, uncautious, flattering, political butler for the Morgan and Vanderbilt interests, he, too, is bowled over, clean as a whistle. Hallelujah and Amen!

Scott of West Virginia, the self-avowed friend and champion of the trusts, he, too, hath gone where the political woodbine twineth. Let our lips sound forth words of praise!

Dick of Ohio, the adroit gentleman that sneaked through congress the infamous military law that bears his name and will always bear it as a sign of dishonor, he has fallen by the wayside and will be seen here no more. Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song!

Gallinger of New Hampshire, and Beveridge of Indiana, long thorns in the sides of genuine reformers, they will be seen no more among us. Aldrich of Rhode Island, whose hardihood in the cause of the interests used to daily make us gasp and wonder, is eliminated from the scene where he was so long a spectacle; John Kean of New Jersey, so long his exasperating messenger, who used to go about the chamber telling the faithful how to vote will be seen on that dutiful service no more and now from Massachusetts comes the glad tidings that Henry Cabott Lodge is to be added to the list of the retired ones. At this we may fairly say that our cup runneth over.

If it were only to be rid of Lodge, with his supercilious smile, his stalkings and posings about the senate chamber, his monstrous arrogance that has implanted violent thoughts in thousands of peaceful bosoms, we should all desire to sing together as one man. Sound the loud timbrel!

All of the above named worthies are about to take their leaves of us.

Gentlemen, you cannot take from us anything we would more willingly part withal.

The new senators that are to take the places of these old time and popular favorites will be not less the faithful, zealous, industrious servants of the interests.

The interests, which will select them, will see to that.

But they cannot be as insolent, as overbearing and as offensive in their servitude as their predecessors have been. That would not be a thing in Nature.

If there be any one fact about our present economic situation that is simple, indubitable and obvious it is that when we fine a corporation for the violation of one of our idiotic anti-trust laws, the fine is paid, not by the law-breaking corporation, but comes home in one way or another upon the people.

Simple as is this proposition and beyond any chance for dispute the amazing fact remains that in twenty years of the operation of Dr. Sherman's celebrated Anti-trust Specific it has never once dawned upon the child-like mind of any one of our famous statesmen.

I judge, however, that at least one of the present cabinet officers is beginning to grope dimly after a matter that should be familiar to the kindergarten.

Some months ago the national department of justice in its quixotic crusade against the trusts undertook a windmill tilt against the window glass trust of Pittsburgh.

Strange to say, the government won and there was levied against the offending company a fine of

\$10,000, which, as you will readily see, was a terrific penalty to exact of any trust.

The company thus convicted of a high crime and misdemeanor, in that it had maintained a combination in restraint of trade, turned over the \$10,000 to the United States government and then proceeded to put up the price of window glass and cut down the wages of its employes.

Possibly this fact would have escaped the attention of Mr. Attorney General Wickersham if the employes had not made a violent outcry pointing out that whereas they had not broken the law in any particular and had not been defendants in the proceeding, they had been obliged to pay the fine, not once, but many times over.

When the press, or a part of it, took up this point and directed it specifically to the Attorney General, he was obliged to admit that the facts were as stated here and after pondering, his mighty brain evolved a solution.

Since, he said, it really did appear that the fines levied upon corporations were, in fact, levied upon the public, the department of justice hereafter would move not to have violators of the anti-trust law subjected to fines, but to have them put into prison.

Grand thought, Mr. Wickersham! Truly you are the philosopher of the hour.

Would you mind telling us what benefit the public will draw when these gentlemen are in jail, supposing that you ever land any of them there?

If you could put into jail the president of every trust in America, do you suppose that that would restore the competition that was abolished when the trust was formed? Or do you suppose that the cost of living would be reduced? Or do you suppose that any one in the long list of trusts would go out of business? Or do you suppose that this process of consolidation and combination which is world-wide would be affected by a few jail sentences? Or do you really think that you can stop evolution by shaking your fist at it?

No one need imagine that to any of these questions from any sources, Mr. Wickersham would make any reply. He would not know what they meant. You might as well talk to him in Choctaw. Yet he is learning, is Mr. Wickersham. He has now discovered the fact that has been perfectly obvious for twenty years that you can't fine a corporation without fining the public, and having encompassed this fact in the folds of his mind, having surrounded and struggled with it, beaten his head against it, and at last assimilated it, we have hopes of him. He has learned one lesson of the primary class in economics; possibly he may learn another.

Private vs Public Business Management

I SUPPOSE that the astounding demonstration by Mr. Brandeis of the monstrous waste and extravagance with which the American railroads are conducted will not receive anything like the attention it deserves of all people in the country capable of serious thought. That is a safe supposition because the newspapers will take care that very few persons shall ever hear of Mr. Brandeis' exposition.

Yet the fact he has so plainly shown before the interstate commerce commission that the American railroad companies throw away every day \$1,000,000 in needless and inexcusable expenditures has more than one pertinent significance that should linger long in our minds.

We have been accustomed all our days to hear fulsome praises of the wonderful and indeed the unapproachable skill, ability and wisdom with which private ownership manages the railroad system of this country. It appears now that instead of being able, skillful and wise this management has been the most colossal example of incompetence in industrial history.

Some time ago Senator Aldrich, the Smug, announced that a private corporation could run the United States government at an annual saving of \$300,000,000 a year. We all accepted this statement with open mouths, although Aldrich gave not one shred of evidence to support his assertion. We learn now from the facts and figures of Mr. Brandeis that any competent executive agency could run the railroad system of America at a saving of \$365,000,000 a year. For one, I hope that the Brandeis demonstration will have at least equal attention with the Aldrich dream.

I doubt if anyone familiar with the real nature of the railroad business as at present conducted in America was greatly astonished at Mr. Brandeis' figures.

The real business of the gentlemen that manage the American railroads is not to transport passengers and freight but to issue stocks and bonds from which they may add rapidly to their already great fortunes.

This is absolutely and literally true as may be learned by anyone that will take the trouble to investigate or to read over the last fifteen years of American railroad history.

The process goes like this: These gentlemen get control of a piece of railroad property and issue upon it additional quantities of stocks and bonds on some plea (usually fallacious) of reorganization or development.

These stocks and bonds are subject to what are called "rights" by which the insiders are enabled to get possession of the stocks and bonds at low prices.

They immediately sell the stocks and bonds to the public at high prices.

So long as they can continue this process it is evident that they have the simplest, surest and quickest means of gaining great wealth that was ever known to man. Practically nothing more is required than a handy printing press.

But these stocks and bonds become actually or virtually liens upon the property. Upon them must be paid interest and dividends. Interest and divi-

dends require revenue. The more stocks and bonds the more interest and dividends; therefore the more revenue. This is the reason and the only reason why the railroad companies of the United States are now seeking with desperate means and monstrous misrepresentations to secure the right to increase their freight rates. They must lay upon the public increased tribute in order to get the increased revenue to support the increase of stocks and bonds which is now proceeding at the rate of close upon one billion dollars a year—for the benefit of the insiders.

Naturally in this mad race for sudden and almost inconceivable wealth everything else is lost sight of. And that is the reason why Mr. Brandeis is able to point out a reckless extravagance in management amounting to one million dollars a day, just as it is the reason why the physical condition of the American railroads is declining at a rate that alarms all careful observers and why both equipment and service steadily grow worse.

On all these facts I should like to hear from the gentlemen that persistently go about telling us how much better is a public institution managed for private greed than is one managed for the Common Good. I know I shall not have that pleasure but nevertheless I cannot help feeling that I should appreciate it.

Meanwhile for the additional edification of this grand class of thinkers I beg leave to ask their attention by way of comparison to the railroad system of Germany.

On a recent evening at our Club there was exhibited by one of the members a useful invention whose merits were highly praised by all our members. It is called the Encourager to Silence and Meditation and its main principle is that of the siphon bottle used, I am told, by wicked persons in saloons and other low resorts to furnish what is, if I am correctly informed, commonly denominated as the chaser—a term the meaning of which I do not understand but which I judge to be of some low origin.

On this particular evening the Encourager was kindly exhibited by ex-King Manuel who, as I have before remarked, is one of our most valued members. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who had just been hurled down the steps into the front door was insisting upon disturbing the quiet of the club by making remarks.

"My dear young friends," he was saying. "It gives me the greatest pleasure to address on this occasion so many bright young men and young women about to step forth from the Sacred Halls of Learning into the Battlefield of Life. I earnestly hope that under every and all circumstances in your careers, which I am sure will be very brilliant, you will be guided and directly by the same exalted principles of morality and good citizenship that have distinguished the lives of those most eminent Americans, the Vanderbilt fam—"

At this point King Manuel who had approached with a weary and disgusted expression let go with a siphon and Mr. Depew was left with his mouth moving and his hands gesticulating as if he were still addressing the graduating class of Podunk High School, but from his lips issued not the slightest sound. Thus was peace and quiet restored once more to our beloved Club.

But a large fat man who had been seen from the outside looking through the window longingly and appreciatively at an empty seat by the fireplace, was heard to mutter many things as he went away shaking his head.

I may add in passing that his face was ornamented with a justly celebrated Smile.—From "Evenings at the Down and Out Club" by Little Rollo Abbott.

I see that the man that Victor Berger defeated for congress wants to have Berger excluded from his seat on the ground that the Milwaukee Socialist does not believe in the Constitution.

Contest on Mind Reading
I hope the gentleman will persevere in this plan. It would afford the country an accurate measure of the smallest human mind now simulating animation anywhere in America.

Mr. Cochems says that Berger does not believe in the Constitution. Berger says he does. Mr. Cochems said he doesn't. Berger says he does. Whereupon Mr. Cochems appeals to the United States to have Berger excluded from congress on these sane and reasonable grounds. The trial of an issue in which one gentleman undertook to say that he knew the thoughts in another gentleman's mind would certainly provide the nation with a spectacle of humor, such as it has not had in many years.

Mr. Berger says that while he believes in the Constitution, he thinks it ought to be amended.

If that be high treason, it is a crime shared by the majority of the people of the United States and if Berger should be debarred from congress on that ground I believe the strict application of the rule would leave most of the seats vacant on both sides of the house.

We should not think of going back to 1787 for any standard in biology, geology, zoology, psychology, anatomy, or astronomy. Why should we imagine that in 1787 any body of men had the last word in regard to government any more than they had in science? Nothing is so disastrous to national progress as this ridiculous American shinto. If the human mind stopped short in regard to government in 1787, why should we think that it has continued to advance in other respects? In these one hundred and twenty-three years the rest of the world has outgrown the governmental ideals of the blessed fathers. It is about time that we shattered the mental shackles that bind us to this ancient ark.

A WORKERS HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

The Central Thing in Science History.

Buckle's theory that a civilization is determined by the physical characters of the country in which it exists finds striking confirmation in the annals of ancient Greece. Professor Osborn holds that the achievements of the Greeks in science would have been impossible for a people without an extensive seaboard. This closeness to the sea makes itself evident everywhere in Greek science.

The life of the sea is rich with the evidences of the life processes of the world. The proofs of evolution are abundant among marine plants and animals. The Greeks studied these forms of life at first hand and they labored to such good purpose that the greatest of all the marvels of antiquity is the scientific learning of the Greeks.

So penetrating were the observations of these early thinkers that a summary of their ideas might well be entitled "Greek Anticipation of Modern Science." There is scarcely a scientific theory or a philosophical concept known to the twentieth century that was not more or less distinctly foreshadowed and in many cases very plainly stated by the Greeks.

Greek philosophy is so eminently scientific and Greek science so highly philosophical that they are hardly separable. The Greek philosophers speculated chiefly about raw materials and laws of the universe, and this is also the subject matter of science. About the only difference that could be set up here is that science deals with the specific fields while philosophy covers those wide generalizations which reach into many fields of knowledge.

The greatest of all these wider generalizations is evolution. This theory has revolutionized all our thinking. Unless this theory be accepted and understood all studies in science, physical, biological or sociological are a waste of time. Evolution is the master key to the riddles of our universe. It is the central thing in every separate science and it is the golden thread that runs through them all.

So thoroughly do we recognize the importance of the evolution theory that few would deny that a history of science must be chiefly a history of the development of the theory of evolution. It is safe, generally speaking, to test the value of any scientific discovery

by the measure of light it throws on the evolution process. The astonishing extent to which the Greeks anticipated even modern evolutionary ideas will appear upon examination.

Before we enter upon that record let us definitely settle one thing.

An easily misled public has been brought by ill-informed magazine and newspaper writers, to regard the theory of evolution as in doubt. This is chiefly because of the controversy in the scientific world as to merits of Darwinism—a controversy we shall reach later.

Darwinism and evolution are far from identical, although the public has been given that impression. The Darwinian theory—natural selection—seeks to explain how evolution works, and there are eminent men in science who reject the explanation but none of these deny evolution. There is no dispute about the truth of evolution—except by those whose minds are a blank on the subject, the disputes all deal with the nature of its processes.

Evolution itself is invulnerable. It is now as unshakable as the rock of Gibraltar. Argument, even, is no longer possible, the discussion is forever closed. The scientific world has unanimously carried the previous question. Evolution stands on the same sure ground as the Gravitation theory of Newton, or the heliocentric (sun center) theory of Copernicus. A man cannot be an intelligent dentist today unless he is an evolutionist. The growth and formation of the teeth can only be understood in the light of this theory.

Whence, and why, the vermiform appendix, and those muscles which, if not atrophied, would enable us to move our ears? These and a thousand other questions can be answered by the evolutionist alone.

In our history men and their discoveries, will be marshalled and their importance estimated, by this theory. Darwin is awarded the foremost place just because he made the heaviest contribution to its establishment, and for the same reason his "Origin of the Species" is almost unanimously conceded by the scientific world to be the world's greatest classic in biology.

Our history of science therefore will begin with the dawn of evolutionary thought in Greece, and trace its development down to our own day.



Convicting the Courts

BY A. M. SIMONS

IT WAS not Fred D. Warren who was convicted in that trial at Fort Scott and St. Paul. He has committed no crime for which there could be a conviction.

Do you doubt this? Let us take the facts as they are admitted by both sides.

Warren offered a reward for the capture of ex-Governor Taylor of Kentucky. The governor was under indictment for murder. To be sure he went into the court room and swore he was not so indicted, but a certified copy of that indictment is in the office of the *Appeal to Reason*. Its existence cannot be denied without perjury.

Warren did what thousands of officials, municipal, state and national, have done. Nobody ever claimed it was a crime for them. Nobody claims it is a crime when they are doing it today. Nobody will claim it is a crime when they continue to do it for years to come. But by this publication of this notice Warren proved the existence of class justice in this country.

His subsequent conviction gave official certification to this proof. Therefore, I say again, it is not Warren who has been convicted by this trial. It is the federal judiciary that stands convicted by the records of its own proceedings.

By this decision the courts are convicted of the charge of being instruments in the hands of a class. They are convicted of being citadels of injustice instead of justice. They are convicted of being obstacles to progress, the bulwarks of reaction, corruption and exploitation.

This great case of Warren vs. the courts is now on trial. The record of the case with its perjured witnesses, its prejudiced judges and its class-crazed hatred of the workers, is the first exhibit of the prosecution.

The verdict in this case is to be rendered by a jury and a court beyond the reach of the plutocratic powers that have already played guilty by their actions in this case.

That jury is the American working class. That verdict will be rendered at a hundred thousand ballot boxes in the years immediately before us.

This case has proven once more that what is needed in America at this instant, above everything else, is a widespread, determined contempt for the courts. This case will arouse that contempt.

This case, when it is finished, and the final verdict of the great jury of the American people is written into legislation, will mean the downfall of a corruptly controlled and irresponsible judiciary in America.

the education of the "prospects" in his ward.

The six ward-captains have charge of the distribution of literature in their respective wards, assisted by the members living in those wards, and in addition to that, are expected to see to it that the "prospects" in their particular wards, receive periodically, something to read on Socialism and frequently to engage them in conversation on the subject. In addition to the efforts of the ward captain, four other members of the party who are acquainted with each "prospect" are expected to take every opportunity, and to seek opportunities if necessary, to talk Socialism with him and to urge him to attend Socialist meetings, etc. In this way, each party member has constantly before him the duty of working with about a dozen "prospects," while each "prospect" has five Socialist acquaintances camping on his trail. The "prospect" hears Socialism at home, on the street, at the union-meeting, at the shop—and from constantly hearing different people talking the subject, cannot fail to develop a knowledge of it and final conviction.

As fast as the "prospects" develop into party members, they are put to work along the same lines. In the meantime, no item of party activity is left undone, and new "prospects" are constantly developing out of the general propaganda.

A year ago, Local Lockport had six members. Now there are thirty-nine. In another year we hope to have not less than 100.

The time has passed when it is necessary for the Socialist to preach discontent. Practically every worker has been already brought to that stage. Now is the time for constructive work which will make of their discontent a lift for progressive action. For the most part, the members of Local Lockport have stopped harping on the evils of the present system which are apparent to the naked eye, and are devoting their efforts to the preaching of the great affirmations of Socialism and to compact organization. The capitalists are spreading the spirit of discontent. The Lockport Socialists are specializing on organizing it and bringing the discontented into the local.

Intensive Propaganda

L. D. HEACOCK

In making a study of the methods which will bear the most fruit in the extension of Socialist propaganda and the development of solidarity, the thought is bound to occur that while Socialists are unusually zealous and active in the cause, much of their energy is, if not actually wasted, at least ill-applied. Concurrent with it comes the conviction that practical results may be increased many fold by working intensively the field over which the seeds of Socialism have been sown. In terms of business, Socialist propaganda should have a good "follow-up" system.

Local Lockport, N. Y., at the last election, increased its vote 500 per cent, but is far from satisfied with that showing and has just installed a system which may be followed to advantage by many others, particularly in the smaller cities. The particular advantage of this system lies in the fact that it gives every member of the local a chance to do some active work for the cause whether he is an apt talker or not. It lays out a program, definite, clear-cut and constructive, for each individual to follow.

In the Lockport local, a card-index has been prepared and on each card is the name and address of a man who has shown some degree of interest in the Socialist movement—in a word, has indicated that he is a good "prospect" for Socialist propaganda. In addition to the prospect's name and address, the following information is shown on the card: Occupation, place of business, union affiliation, if any, political affiliation, Socialist books and papers read, telephone number, the date listed and the date he joins the party, if he ultimately does so. There are spaces on the back of the card for the names of party members who are acquainted with the prospect. A keeper of the cards is elected by the local, who has general charge of the card-index and who asks, each month, for a report from each ward-captain on the progress made in

the education of the "prospects" in his ward.

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To Be a New Milwaukee

BY R. L. KNAPP

The Schenectady Socialists think that the time is not far distant when they will make that city the Milwaukee of the East. The vote in the last election showed an increase of 142 per cent over the previous elections. The total of the recent vote being 2,240 for the city and 2,628 for the county. In two districts the Socialists defeated the democrats and were defeated by but a very small majority by the republicans. Half as great an increase at the next election will give the Socialists five aldermen. This growth is based, as usual, upon effective distribution of literature.

Two comrades who have been especially active in the campaign have been Comrade Chandler, the literary hustler of the branch, who sold over a thousand small books and three hundred copies of "War, What For?" In H. A. Simons, the party has found a promising young speaker whose work has been adding strength to the campaign.

The party membership is growing rapidly since election. Thirty-one new members came in at the first meeting

night and more are promised for the succeeding one. The campaign for 1911 is already on and Schenectady Socialists are promising themselves control of the city hall before two more administrations have come and gone.



OUR STATISTICIAN

Slaughter of Railway Employees.

The following table shows the increased or decreased percentage, year by year, since 1888, in the number of railroad employees killed and wounded on American railways.

Year	Per Cent
1888	3.80*
1889	14.32
1890	14.86
1891	17.1
1892	10.81
1893	10.86
1894	22.98
1895	3.84
1896	12.82
1897	10.12
1898	14.82
1899	7.76
1900	15.71
1901	8.96
1902	20.75*
1903	11.79
1904	7.92
1905	15.90
1906	12.94

*Decrease

In twenty-two years the percentage of employees killed or injured on the railroads of the United States has nearly doubled. At the rate the railroads were killing and maiming employees in 1888, it would have taken thirty-two years to have killed or injured all the men on their rolls at that time. At the present rate it would take only seventeen years to kill or injure all the employees now on the rolls. If the number of railroad employees remains constant for fifteen years, 1,300,000 men, at the present mortality rate, will be killed or injured. But the number, of course, will greatly increase. It is, therefore, probably no exaggeration to say that, unless the railroads radically improve their present methods of safeguarding their employees' lives, they will either kill or injure, within the next fifteen years, not far from 2,000,000 men.—McClure's Magazine.

Capitalists Cause Wars.

The high cost of living which we are feeling now is the outcome of the Russian-Japanese war," declared David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr. University, in a speech on "International Peace" at Palo Alto, California, recently.

"The whole world helps to pay the penalty of the war. Governments are now ruled by the capitalists. The drain of war in life and blood has lowered the quality of the race and has placed the nations under bonds to the invisible empire of wealth that can never be paid.

"Every great power is staggering under the weight of the interest charges alone. The unseen empire of capitalistic combinations and not the nations actively engaged in war are the actual pointers by hostilities."

President Jordan's address to the students was based upon the observations of his recent European tour.

Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools, because they would like to say something.—Plato.

The Day-Spring of a Better World

BY J. HOWARD MOORE

HERE is a doctrine called Anthropocentrism. It means the man-center theory. According to this theory, man is the center of the universe, and about the only thing in the universe, of any consequence. It is a theory which was originated by man. The earth and all it contains and everything outside of the earth—the sun, moon and stars, and all they contain—were, according to this theory, made for man. The non-human inhabitants of the earth were by this theory assumed to be mere adjuncts of the supreme species. They had been admitted into existence by an entirely different gate from men, and a much less glorious one.

According to the anthropocentric account of things, man had been a little unlucky in the beginning, because of a certain weakness which he had for doing things he was told not to do, and he had been compelled to bump the bumps as a consequence. But through his veins still poured the purple blood of Olympus, and he fully expected in time to come to glitter again among the gods.

The earth has been headquarters for bigots from time immemorial. I suspect that if we had information from the stars and were able to judge the spheres of space comparatively, we would find that the earth is head and shoulders above every other world within the sweep of the telescopes in the enormous output of its assurance. But this doctrine of anthropocentrism is an amazing production even for specialists.

This theory originated far back in primitive times, before modesty or generosity were ever dreamed of. It antedates real knowledge by two or three thousand years. It is a tribute of admiration from man to himself—a fine large bouquet which man has got from the Creator as a compliment to his godlike appearance, but which we know now is a fraud pure and simple. The fact that this theory originated among the very beings who were the chief beneficiaries of the theory is enough in itself to cast suspicion on its authenticity.

The doctrine of anthropocentrism has now vanished from intelligent minds, and is in the act of vanishing from unintelligent minds. And it is destined to continue to fade until there is not a particle of it left. It is rank imposture. It is too silly and childish even for simpletons. Man is not a being apart. He is not a favorite of the gods, nor the subject of celestial anxiety. Nothing revolves about him nor exists for him. Like all the other inhabitants of this world, he is a mere by-product of the play of cosmic forces—forces which grind on without eyes, without anxiety, and without end.

Chicago Sub-side Walk Rental.

When Joseph Medill Patterson was commissioner of public works in Chicago he made the discovery that the space under the side walks in that city was being almost universally used by the abutting property owners.

In the case of the big department stores this space was utilized for sales-rooms in the first basement and for various purposes for at least two stories lower. Its rental value runs into millions of dollars annually. Of course, not a cent had ever been paid to the city for its use. He instituted suits and attempted to collect rental. The case was carried to the supreme court and last week that court surprised everybody by deciding that a city might charge rental for its own property, and that therefore this space could not be occupied without payment to the city.

However, previous experience has shown that there is a long distance in Chicago between a supreme court decision and its enforcement when a municipality is on one side and private interests on the other.

New Occasions—New Tools

The building of the monster steamships requires ever deeper channels at harbour entrances. Long ago the limit of depth for the once remarkable steam shovel dredger was reached. Then came mammoth suction dredges that dug deeper and deeper into the ocean bed and delivered the matter torn up from the bottom, through great pipes stretching across water and land to wherever the new material could be most advantageously deposited.

The cut shows the latest of these



dredges constructed for the British admiralty. The strange object seen projecting from the bow of the boat is a sort of monstrous augur that reaches sixty-five feet below the surface of the water and cuts the clay and sand into fine fragments and mixes it into a mud that can be sucked up and pumped away.

The possession of land can only be maintained by military power.—John Ruskin.

The more corrupt the state the more laws.—Tacitus.

THE COMING NATION

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

In the Future

More good things are coming all the time for the COMING NATION. Alexander Irvine has written the story of the last shot at Omdurman. It is the story of the last great battle between advancing capitalism with all the terrible instruments of murder that modern science can devise, against savage fanaticism armed with quotations from the Koran and spears. It is a story that will grasp and shake every fiber of a reader. The articles of Odon For will continue for sometime yet. Stories from George Allan England, John R. McMahon and many others are awaiting publication.

New and better matter is constantly coming in for that Christmas number. Do not forget that for one dollar you can have twenty-five copies sent to as many different addresses, together with a card mailed separately, telling the receiver that it is a Christmas gift and remembrance.

Scout News

"I sold the first ten copies in no time. Am going to get a list of regular people to deliver to," writes Edwin Rabe, Swain, O.

"I write to tell you that the COMING NATION is the finest paper I ever sold. I'll want fifty this time."—Allen C. Wilson, Schenectady, N. Y.

"I feel quite proud of my Socialist Scout button and badge. I can sell more than to papers so send me 20 this week."—Adam Langill, Waltham, Mass.

Scouts must have orders in Girard by Tuesday of each week to be sure of



Scout Wm. Pielenz.

getting papers in time for following Saturday sale. Early orders, too, are the only ones sure of being filled. When an edition is exhausted it is the late-comers who are disappointed. If possible mail on Saturday all orders for the next week.

"I get more customers every week and am going to keep at it."—Herman King, Passaic, N. J.

"I got my first ten copies and sold them all. Send my Scout badge. I like the work."—Thos. Parker, Du Bois, Penn.

"Dear Comrades: My Primer just arrived and it will be a great help to me as I have some pretty tough question put to me. I like the work fine and will stick for the big show."—Earl Benjamin, Niles, Mich.

Socialists for Suffrage in Washington. Mrs. Minnie J. Reynolds wrote from Spokane on election day:

The Socialist workers are handling out this dodger at all the polling places today. (It is a hand bill, headed "Vote the Socialist Ticket!" It gives the names of the Socialist candidates, and adds: "Vote for Amendment to Art. 6 of the State Constitution providing for woman suffrage, and thereby uphold the Socialist principle of equal rights for all." Ed W. J.) The republican and democratic machines—not the voters, but the machine workers—are working against us very quietly, but persistently. We have the precincts pretty well covered with our workers. We have done every possible thing.

"Our prospects have looked steadily better. The men of the plain people, the workingmen and the farmers, are generally friendly."—Woman's Journal.

We must give the wage-earner a decent home, and more parks, and more hours for recreation; and it may be, so some tell us, food and raiment at prices fixed by the state, and which shall eliminate from our modern civilization the middleman and the capitalist; and when you have done this, you have created an ideal state of society.—Rev. Henry C. Potter.

Working Out a New Society

BY ODON POR

The Story of the Red Province.

FOR the sake of the conscientious reader who might distrust my judgement, I looked up some Italian governmental publications and found in them the self-same interpretation which I am giving of the marvelous institutions called into existence by the Italian farm-laborers; namely, that they are the direct expression of the technical and social maturity of the working class. And I thoroughly agree with Mr. Luzzatti, the Italian prime-minister, who, a few days ago, when speaking of the new departures taken by the agrarian proletariat, said, that this unparalleled activity has not sprung from misery and suffering, but from exuberant life.

Labor's coming of age, even if only in certain localities, is a fact which cannot be illuminated enough. We have already seen how the collectivity of the workers eliminated the private contractors, and proved financially and intellectually capable of attending to its own affairs. The Story of the Red Province will teach us how the farm laborers have acquired the fields and how they cultivate them collectively, explaining, at the same time, why more than two hundred thousand acres of farm lands have passed under the control of the workers, within the last seven years.

The province of Bologna is called "The Red Province" because the Socialist party has there the absolute majority of the votes. It polled at the last election 23,791 votes against 19,296 votes in the other parties. Of the fifty-six municipalities in the province twenty-six have Socialist municipal governments and mayors; in eighteen city governments the Socialists are still in a minority, while twelve municipalities in the mountainous districts have not elected any Socialist aldermen. Of the eight parliamentary districts of the province, five have been conquered by the Socialists. This splendid progress is entirely due to the fact that practically the whole effective labor force of the province has been won over to Socialism and is organized in the various unions. Today the organizations embrace 70,000 people, 35,000 of whom are farm laborers, 5,000 peasants and 30,000 industrial workers. Only the peasants of the mountainous districts where modern industry and agriculture have not yet appeared are still controlled by the capitalist classes.

Revolutionary Women.

It took ten years of unceasing propaganda, and continuous fighting to attain this commanding position. A great feature of this work of agitation was the revolutionizing of the women. Before the Socialist propaganda made headway the women farm laborers were entirely devoid of ideals and emancipatory spirit. The noble propaganda of the best men and women of the Italian Socialist movement has reached the heart of the peasant women and the women farm laborers and dispelled their stupor. They began to see in Socialism a species of new religion, more human than that of the priests. The growth of Socialist ideas among the women was nothing less than phenomenal. Women's unions were founded everywhere, or the women joined the unions of the men. The women became fervent propagandists of Socialism and unionism. They came to every meeting, infusing impetuous enthusiasm into all the people. The hitherto inert mass seemed to prepare for an immediate assault upon the present institutions in order to establish Socialism. It seemed anxious to catch up with the time lost.

Marvelous were the practical conquests of this movement. The wages of the men and the women were doubled everywhere. Where the workers had previously toiled from sunrise to sunset, the working time was reduced to eight and nine hours.

Winning Success.

The zealous union activity of the women spread over into the political movement. They participated in all political and administrative elections, making propaganda among the apathetic elements, distributing leaflets, addressing meetings and exercising a control in the polling places, sending their own delegates to the congresses of the electoral districts and so on. The success of the Socialists was largely due to their activity.

At the same time a profound revolution was in progress in the private life of the proletarians of the fields. The woman farm laborer, once fanatical and full of religious superstitions, severs herself completely from the influence of the church. She, now, abhors the priest, considers him as an enemy, an ally of the landowners, an organizer of Catholic unions, veritable breeding places for scabs. She puts all her faith in her activity for her organization. Church marriages become rare, children are not baptized and at funerals not priests, but comrades say the farewell words. The woman acquires a greater dignity, she rebels at the slightest maltreatment, rebels even more promptly and more violently than the men. She finds a moral support in the union, for the man who offends his wife, gets drunk or gambles is thrown out of the organization and is boycotted by all the workers. The illiterate women seek to learn how to read and write, and others read Socialist books and papers and discuss the political and social events of the day.

Frequently these splendid women of the fields showed an even greater perseverance and combativeness than the

men and the success of many famous strikes is ascribed to them. The story of the many heroic deeds of these women is still told. They sometimes walked thirty to forty miles to attend meetings or to aid strikers. They entered the jails with a smile on their lips, proud to have well defended their cause. They threw themselves and their children on the ground stopping the wild charges of the cavalry. They gathered by thousands on the fields and hindered the cultivation of the soil by scabs, resisting sleep and starvation in the defense of their union. Many conscientious women threatened to abandon their families when the father was reluctant to join the union or disobeyed the orders of the organization. Some women left their husbands, because they were thrown out of the union. The organized Socialist women ceased to be the load-bearers. Working and acting together with the men, they learned to think with them and soon surpassed them in spirit and enthusiasm, becoming, in their turn, the inspirers of courage, perseverance and idealism. And by their new attitude the new soul and the new family of the Socialist society is being created.

Another noteworthy feature of these struggles was the widespread boycotts against the landlords. There were boy-

attained by the workers, farming is still a profitable business.

Knowing the organized force that stood behind this threat the proprietors took up the cultivation of a substantial part of their fields, while some others leased their lands to the union. One season was enough to prove the success of the agricultural enterprise of the union. A new horizon was opened for the workers. A new means of battle had been discovered, namely, the direct assuming of the business of farming by the organized workers. The conditions which seemed economically impossible to the landowners proved to be a source of profit and inspiration to the workers.

Thereupon, the union of Altedo doubled its area and its example taught many other organizations how to take up the direct management and cultivation of large farms. They all paid the high wages refused by the landowners and introduced the eight hour day. The economic success of these proletarian enterprises was so quick and great that the landowners, openly confessing their defeat, began to cultivate all their fields, even those which they had left untouched for many years, paying union wages and accepting the eight hour day.

A Revolutionary Leader.

I spent two days in Altedo and as soon as possible I will go there again, so fascinating is the story of this movement and so instructive is its daily activity. A farm laborer is at the head of the whole movement, whose technical knowledge and social sense was

of such a line of action. One must see these things in order to realize the meaning of a boycott in a place where all labor force is compactly organized, where the local government is in the hands of the workers, where there are no scabs and where scabs are afraid to go. In such places the capitalist class is entirely at the mercy of the workers. It cannot escape. Sooner or later it must succumb.

Workers Ruling Industry.

Today all the rice fields, in and around Altedo, are controlled by the co-operative society of the workers. The hundred peasant families of the village cultivate the other fields individually. They are working under a contract which obliges them to give half of their products to the land owners. These peasants are all Socialists and members of the union. Some peasant families have already thrown their individual lot into the co-operative society and become collectivists. The others wait for the expiration of their contracts to do the same.

Perhaps the most important feature of this movement is that the co-operative is setting a standard, both in the technical management of its enterprise and the improved conditions of its members. The private proprietors of the province are compelled to follow the improvements of the co-operative. For instance, the co-operative has insured all its members against accidents; the private proprietors had to do the same, for fear of seeing their workers adopt the co-operative methods.

profits, but is, first of all, part of the great social movement of the working class.

It is not profit, not business that urges these workers on. It is, as they often told me, the principle involved, that moves them. In spite of the great economic advantages of the co-operative movement, they emphasize, above all, their union movement, knowing that the expansion of the co-operative activity depends directly upon the force of attack and assistance displayed by the working class as a whole. Their local success blinds them not to the national and international problems. They well know that while they are technically and morally ready for Socialism, millions of workers are still enslaved in mind and body. Therefore they regard their own success and activity more as an example that may stimulate the other workers and even themselves to further effort.

Their success has raised them to a higher plane, on which they continue to unfold new and higher activities. Their old time mysticism of renunciation has transformed itself into an invincible mysticism of conquest. Heroically, unmindful of sacrifices and fearless of suffering and death they are following the road traced by them and will not stop until freedom of action and peace of mind is secured for all.

Russia's Spy System

BY THERESA MALKIEL

Theresa Malkiel

A very short time ago a naturalized American citizen of Russian birth, Alexander Evalenko, was convicted by his former friends and co-workers of being an agent in the pay of the Russian secret police. It is this incident which reminds us of the frequent assertion that every city where Russian refugees found an asylum is sure to harbor a number of spies paid by the Russian government to keep an eye on their compatriots.

The amazing exploits of the Russian spy have often been told by word and pen and yet—in justice to that country it must be acknowledged that the spy is not the invention of our own age, nor a child of Russia's creation. He existed from time immemorial and at various places in the capacity of military scout, diplomat, emissary, eavesdropper, *collet de place*, detective and miserable conniver in general. During the periods of enforced oppression each nation has in turn found the need of one or another type of spy whose supply grew according to the demand. Russia being the most despotic of European countries has therefore the most developed system of spying upon its population. There is scarcely another country where the secret police exercises so profound and baneful an influence upon the growth and development of the people.

The average Russian is never free from the gaze of a spy. So large and so wide-spread has the system of spying become in Russia that recruits for its ever growing ranks are drafted from all strata of society. The Russian is well aware that every janitor is an agent of the police which is equally true of most cab drivers, butlers, parlor maids, barbers, hotel clerks, station agents, even clergymen are not exempt from this occupation and thus the ranks tend upward to the most enchanting, society belle who greets her victims with the airy smile of a butterfly, while she betrays them with the venom of a serpent.

Even as far back as the memorable reign of Ivan the Terrible Russia was noted for its extensive spy system. Today nearly five centuries since, the human heart shrinks at the mere thought of the bloody deeds committed through that horrible practice of espionage. The cruel monarch had to resort to the protection of the spies, for his atrocities have embraced all strata of society, and even reached his own family. He succeeded in making enemies everywhere, and fearing revenge, he encouraged his army of connivers to spy upon each other until none were safe from betrayal. The terrible despot was followed by the impostor Godonov, who made haste to execute all the former spies only to elevate a new horde of miserable curs under whose persecution the Russian people suffered and often bled to death.

The eavesdropping brotherhood of Russia also prospered during the reign of Alexis, Queen Anne, Peter the Great, Katherine the II, Nicholas the I, and Alexander the III. But the espionage system as it has developed during the reign of Nicholas the II, is equal only to that of Ivan the Terrible.

Today, like in those far distant days of the fifteenth century, the Russian inhabitants are not safe even within the walls of their own homes, in the circle of their most intimate friends, or near relatives. The traitor Azev who posed as a revolutionist while he was on the payroll of the secret police, betrayed his own wife, a real revolutionist, by reporting all secrets confided by her to him.

The awakening of the Russian people and their ever growing demand for a share in the government of the land placed the Russian rulers on their guard. The security of Russia's absolute monarchy was never put to such a severe test as in the beginning of this century. Hence this resort to a barbaric system of

espionage. The third division, under which name the Russian secret police service is known, became a national institution whose activity carries terror into the hearts of the hundred million of inhabitants.

Every police agent from the highest to the lowest is well paid for his labors and it is safe to assert that there is scarcely a man among them who joined the force from purely patriotic reasons. This is scarcely the place to enumerate the various methods whereby the Russian spies manage to justify their existence. It is true, however that they are all anxious to remain in the service of the government and therefore seek to unearth real as well as imaginary plots, often turning their blind weapons upon the most conservative help-mates of the existing regime. It is an established fact that the death of Von Pleve, Prince Sergius and many other Russian notables were hatched not in the camps of the revolutionists, but in the offices of the secret police. The latter do not discriminate in choosing their victims so long as the means would justify the end. The murder of Von Pleve as well as of the other prominent victims caused the arrest and conviction of hundreds of revolutionists, advanced the station of those responsible for the original plots of murder and made room for new recruits into the army of spies.

The Russian people bend low under the yoke of espionage, the bureaucracy itself is like soft wax in the hands of the third division who lead the way on the road of carnage and oppression. A tone of complete despair is the outcome of the conditions created by this system, and runs through all the Russian literature of this period.

The Russian novelist has often hit back with his sharp pen, even when driven to exile for his bravery. Thus it happens that in the Russian fiction today one gets a view of the political aspects, the forces undermining the natural growth of the nation. In his latest book the "Spy" Gorki gives the reader a realistic picture of the exploits and life of a Russian police spy, who, he claims, is but a child of his environment, nurtured and developed under the conditions prevailing in his native land.

Abolishing Municipal Capitalism

The Socialists of Glasgow have come to realize that progressive as it is that city, it is still a long way from being administered upon a Socialist basis. Joseph Burgess, an ex-member of the Glasgow Municipal council, makes some interesting suggestions in the Glasgow *Fornard* on the methods by which the next steps must be taken. He recognizes that the great debt, creating a class of privileged bond holders, is the bulwark of the capitalist side of the municipal activity, and he proposes that henceforth the municipality issue its own notes secured by taxation and made legal tender to be used in payment for work done. He would provide that two and a half per cent of these be destroyed every year, which would prevent any over issue and provide for their ultimate extinction. The value of the notes is to be limited to the value of new work established and to be paid out directly to the laborers employed on these works to be redeemed in gold when such redemption is demanded and relieving the work of the burden of interest.

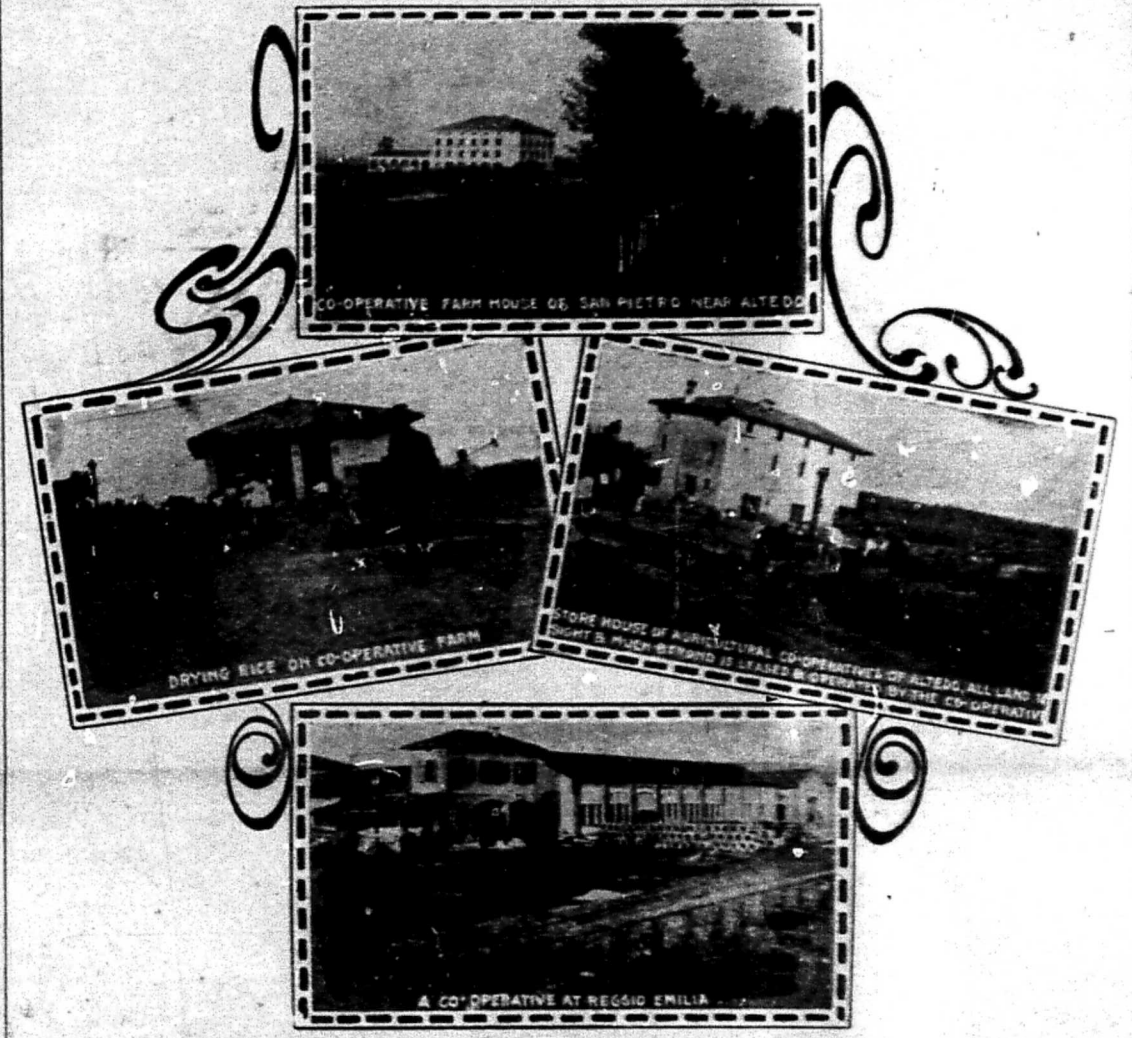
This spirit of primitive Christianity did not spread only sweet peace and tender charity, but the leaven of social unrest. It caused some to throw down their tools and quit work. It stirred women to break down the restraints of custom and modesty. It invaded the intimacies of domestic relations and threatened families with disruption. It awakened the slaves to a sense of worth and a longing for freedom which made slavery doubly irksome and strained their relations to their masters. It disturbed the patriotism and loyalty of citizens for their country, and intervened between the sovereign state and its subjects.—Prof. Rauschenbusch, *Christianity and Social Crisis*.

The weak point in the armour of those people who insist upon being let alone is that they desire to select the particular point in the road at which the non-interference shall begin and before which they usually require a good deal of attention. Before being let entirely alone, they desire to be given a protective tariff, or a political office, or a franchise, or a patent, or a charter, or an inheritance, or something similar. Man wants little here below, but he wants to be let alone when he gets it.—Life.

A tornado of popular indignation has been forming for years, and it is on the verge of bursting above the land. Such colossal stupidity has not been shown since the days when the Roman empire was tottering to its fall as is being displayed today by the moneyed interest of America—those interests should wake to a realization that a few speeches after dinner and a few contributions are not going to solve the situation.—Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins.

The kingdom of God is still a collective conception, involving the whole social life of man. It is not a matter of saving human atoms but of saving the social organism. It is not a matter of getting individuals to heaven, but of transforming the life on earth into the harmony of heaven.—Prof. Rauschenbusch.

Man after all is a savage polished over by civilization. There are times when the savage comes to the front and demands freedom from the restraints of civilization.



coacts, in some localities, that lasted for months. In one famous boycott ten thousand women and men guarded day and night, for twenty days, a large tract of land, making the harvesting of rice by scabs impossible. The local boycott became the principle weapon against the landlords and proved to be more successful than the large strikes, solely because of the iron discipline of the organizations and the conscious solidarity of the workers, who engaged in the struggles not merely under the inspiration of a supreme moment, but because they understood the deep reasons of the proletarian battles.

Organized resistance to this formidable labor movement became a question of life and death for the landowners of the province. They, therefore, united into a solid body, planning to starve the workers into submission. Claiming that the various improvements imposed upon them by the workers rendered agriculture unprofitable, they announced their intention to reduce hand labor, introduce more machines and limit the area of cultivated lands. One year they left two thirds of the rice fields of the province uncultivated. But the landowners reckoned without the power of the workers.

Of course, the abandoning of the cultivation of the fields created a great amount of unemployment amongst the farm workers and rendered their situation very critical. But instead of losing heart, they gained new strength from their desperation. They first argued peaceably with the landowners, attempting to convince them that the higher salaries and the shorter working hours did not render farming unprofitable. This yielded no results and the proprietors continued their policies of repression.

A New Revolutionary Step.

Whereupon the union of Altedo, a village near Bologna, presented an ultimatum, declaring that it would no longer permit the fields to remain uncultivated, while thousands of workers are in dire distress, and, that it would invade the fields and cultivate them despite the will of the landowner, it announced further, that in case the proprietors were not willing to manage the cultivation of their fields, the union is ready to lease them and cultivate them at its own risk and to prove by so doing that notwithstanding the high standard of living

recognized even by the government by making him a member of the Supreme Council of Labor, an official body which prepares labor laws and considers all labor problems. He is an out and out revolutionist, who has not lost his combativeness under the influence of the legislators, who form the majority of this Council. He has at his absolute command ten thousand men and women, with whom he carried out some historic punishing expeditions. He with his army, often walked twenty miles in a single night to aid the strikers of other villages. They frequently engaged in open battles with the police and soldiers, who were unable to resist the determined charge of the workers, especially of the Socialist women. As a result of all this the organization in and around Altedo is in absolute control of the situation. All workmen and women belong to the union and to the agricultural co-operative society.

The first years the union leased the fields at very high rates. By threatening the landlords with boycotts, the rent was later reduced about fifty per cent. But since the co-operative was so successful the proprietors refused to yield the fields to the workers, intending to cultivate them themselves, with the same new agricultural methods that were partly responsible for the success of the co-operative. Against these proprietors the action of the union is called into play. On one occasion, for instance, the proprietors made an agreement to refuse a big section of land to the co-operative. The local union of the farm laborers declared a boycott upon these lands. But the proprietors imported some eighty scabs from another province and set them to work. Whereupon a couple of hundred men, armed with sticks, entered the fields and beat the scabs terribly. The scabs left the place immediately and the fields were left uncultivated for two years. At last the proprietor meekly begged the co-operative to take the fields.

The Cry for More Lands.

More fields! This is the demand of the farm laborers. They will get them by the force of their organization and they will reduce the rent, by the same force, to nil. This may sound like a rather utopian proposition but no one who has felt the determination of these men and women doubt the possibility

The methods of cultivation adopted by the co-operative are technically the most up-to-date. Where the private proprietors raise seven tons of rice, the co-operative produces twelve tons. This difference marks the difference of two worlds. It shows the technical superiority of collective enterprise to private capitalism. It is a practical demonstration of the uselessness of the capitalist class. It means that notwithstanding the increased cost of production, due to the various improvements in the conditions of the workers and the use of chemical fertilizers and new machines, the co-operative was capable of raising more products and of making greater profits, than the capitalists, who stopped the cultivation of the selfsame fields because they ceased to yield profits under the new conditions created by the unions.

Social Production Superior.

The greater expense of improved cultivation was balanced in the co-operative enterprise by a broader social morality of the workers, who under the stimulus of collective work acquired a greater sense of social duty and social responsibility, expressing itself in more rapid, intense and careful work and in the sacrifices brought by them to their collective enterprise. While the capitalists may introduce the new technical methods, and have actually done so under the pressure of the competition of the co-operative, the social stimulus is beyond the reach of their power and is incompatible with the whole system of their society. The social stimulus is a specific factor in collective production. The sacrifices of the workers were wonderful. A striking instance of this was their agreement to take only one half of their wages and leave the other half in the treasury of the co-operative, in order to procure the necessary capital for the modern conduct of the enterprise. Or, they have, at times, not received any money at all, but used the bonus, issued by the co-operative, which the stores accepted and which were reimbursed by the co-operative after the sale of the crops. The net profits of the enterprise were never distributed among its members, but were always added to the social fund. All this proves that this movement is not a mere business enterprise out for large

Big-Tooth and the Cave People

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

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(Continued from last week)



CAPTER XII.

THE months came and went, and in the meantime we pounded nuts and lived. It was a good year, I remember, for nuts. We used to fill gourds with nuts and carry them to the pounding places. We placed them in depressions in the rock, and with a piece of rock in our hands, we cracked them and ate them as we cracked.

It was the fall of the year when Lop-Ear and I returned from our long adventure-journey, and the winter that followed was mild. I made frequent trips to the neighborhood of my old home-tree, and frequently I searched the whole territory that lay between the blueberry swamp and the mouth of the slough where Lop-Ear and I had learned navigation, but no clew could I get of the Swift-One. She had disappeared. And I wanted her. I was impelled by that hunger which I have mentioned, and which was akin to physical hunger, albeit it came often upon me when my stomach was full. But all my search was vain.

Life was not monotonous at the caves, however, there was Red-Eye to be considered. Lop-Ear and I never knew a moment's peace except when we were in our own little cave. In spite of the enlargement of the entrance we had made, it was still a tight squeeze for us to get in. And though from time to time we continued to enlarge, it was still too small for Red-Eye's monstrous body. But he never stormed our cave again. He had learned the lesson well, and he carried on his neck a bulging lump to show where I had hit him with the rock. This lump never went away, and it was prominent enough to be seen at a distance. I often took great delight in watching that evidence of my handiwork; and sometimes, when I was myself assuredly safe, the sight of it caused me to laugh.

While the other Folk would not have come to our rescue had Red-Eye proceeded to tear Lop-Ear and me to pieces before their eyes, nevertheless they sympathized with us. Possibly it was not sympathy but the way they expressed their hatred for Red-Eye; at any rate they always warned us of his approach. Whether in the forest, at the drinking-places, or in the open space before the caves, they were always quick to warn us. Thus we had the advantage of many eyes in our feud with Red-Eye, the atavism.

Once he nearly got me. It was early in the morning, and the Folk were not up yet. The surprise was complete. I was cut off from the way up the cliff to my cave. Before I knew it I had dashed into the double-cave—the cave where Lop-Ear had first eluded me long years before, and where old Saber-Tooth had come to discomfiture when he pursued the two Folk. By the time I had got through the connecting passage between the two caves, I discovered that Red-Eye was not following me. The next mo-

ment he charged into the cave from the outside. I slipped back through the passage, and he charged out and around and in upon me again. I merely repeated my performance of slipping through the passage. He kept me there half a day before he gave up. After that, when Lop-Ear and I were reasonably sure of gaining the double-cave, we did not retreat up the cliff to our own cave when Red-Eye came upon the scene. All we did was to keep an eye upon him and see that he did not cut across our line of retreat.

It was during this winter that Red-Eye killed his latest wife with abuse and repeated beatings. I have called him an atavism, but in this he was worse than an atavism, for the males of the lower animals do not maltreat and murder their mates. In this I like it that Red-Eye, in spite of his tremendous atavistic tendencies, foreshadowed the coming of man, for it is the males of the human species only that murder their mates.

As was to be expected, with the doing away of one wife Red-Eye proceeded to get another. He decided upon the Singing One. She was the granddaughter of old Marrow-Bone, and the daughter of the Hairless One. She was a young thing, greatly given to singing at the mouth of her cave at twilight, and she had but recently mated with Crooked-Leg. He was a quiet individual, molesting no one and not given to bickering with his fellows. He was small and lean, and not so active on his legs as the rest of us.

Red-Eye never committed a more outrageous deed. It was in the quiet at the end of the day, when we began to congregate in the open space before climbing into our caves. Suddenly the Singing One dashed up a run-way from a drinking place pursued by Red-Eye. She ran to her husband. Poor little Crooked Leg was terribly scared. But he was a hero. He knew that death was upon him, yet he did not run away. He stood up and chattered, bristled and showed his teeth.

Red-Eye roared with rage. It was an offense to him that any of the Folk should dare to withstand him. His hand shot out and clutched Crooked-Leg by the neck. The latter sank his teeth into Red-Eye's arm; but the next moment, with a broken neck, Crooked-Leg was floundering and squirming on the ground. The Singing One screamed and gibbered. Red-Eye seized her by the hair and dragged her toward his cave. He handle her roughly when the climb began, and he dragged and hauled her up into the cave.

We were very angry, insanely, vociferously angry. Beating our chests, bristling, and gnashing our teeth, we gathered courage in our rage. We felt the prod of gregarious instinct, the drawing together as though for united action, the impulse toward cooperation. In dim ways this need for united action was impressed upon us. But there was no way to achieve it because there was no way to

express it. We did not turn to, all of us, and destroy Red-Eye, because we lacked vocabulary. We were vaguely thinking thoughts for which there were no thought-symbols. These thought-symbols were yet to be slowly and painfully invented.

We tried to put into sound the vague thoughts that flitted like shadows through our minds. The Hairless One began to chatter loudly. By his noises he expressed anger against Red-Eye and desire to hurt Red-Eye. Thus far he got, and thus far we understood. But when he tried to express the co-operative impulse that stirred within him, his noises became gibberish. Then Big-Face, with brow bristling and chest pounding, began to chatter. One after another of us joined in the orgy of rage, until even old Marrow-Bone was mumbling and sputtering with his cracked voice and withered lips. Some one seized a stick and began pounding a log. In a moment he had struck a rhythm. Unconsciously, our yells and exclamations kept time to this rhythm. It had a soothing effect upon us; and before we knew it, our rage forgotten, we were in the full swing of a hee-hee council.

These hee-hee councils splendidly illustrate the consecutiveness and inconsequentiality of the Folk. Here were we, drawn together by mutual rage and the impulse toward co-operation, led off into forgetfulness by the singing of a rude rhythm. We were sociable and gregarious and these singing and laughing councils satisfied us. In ways the hee-hee council was a foreshadowing of the councils of primitive man, and of the great national assemblies and international conventions of latter-day man. But we Folk of the Younger World lacked speech, and whenever we were so drawn together we made a babel of noise. Out of this noise we would strike a rhythm. This was the beginning of art.

There was nothing long-continued about these rhythms that we struck. A rhythm was soon lost, and pandemonium reigned until we could find the rhythm again or start a new one. Sometimes half a dozen rhythms would be swinging simultaneously, each rhythm backed by a group that strove ardently to drown out the other rhythms. In the intervals of pandemonium, each chattered, cut up, hooted, screamed and danced, himself sufficient unto himself, filled with his own ideas and volitions to the exclusion of all others, a veritable centre of the universe. Then would come the rhythm—a clapping of hands; the beating of a stick upon a log; the example of one that leaped with repetitions; or the chanting of one that uttered, explosively and regularly, with a voice that rose and fell, "A-bang, a-bang! A-bang, a-bang!" One after another of the self-centered Folk would yield to it, and soon all would be dancing or chanting in chorus. "Ha-ah, ha-ah, ha-ah!" was one of our favorite choruses, and an-

other was, Eh-wah, eh-wah, eh-wah-hah!" And so with mad antics, leaping, reeling and over-balancing, we danced and sang in the sombre twilight of the primeval world. And so it was that our rage against Red-Eye was soothed away by art, and we screamed the wild choruses of the hee-hee council until the night warned us of its terrors, and we crept away to our holes in the rocks, calling softly to one another, while the stars came out and darkness settled down. We were afraid only of the dark. We had no germs of religion, no conceptions of an unseen world. We knew only the real world, and the things we feared were the real things, the concrete dangers, the flesh-and-blood-animals that preyed. It was that that made us afraid of the dark, for darkness was the time of the hunting animals. It was then that they came out of their lairs and pounced upon one from the dark wherein they lurked invisible. Possibly it was out of this fear of real denizens of the dark that the fear of the unreal denizens was later to develop and to culminate in a whole and mighty unseen world. As imagination grew it is likely that the fear of death increased until the Folk that were to come projected this fear into the dark and peopled it with spirits. I think the Fire-People had already begun to be afraid of the dark in this fashion; but the reasons we Folk had for breaking up our hee-hee councils and fleeing to our holes were old Saber-Tooth, the lions and the jackals, the wild dogs, and the wolves, and all the hungry, meat-eating breeds.

(To be continued.)

HOW ONE MAN MADE GOOD

MARtha EDGERTON PLASSMAN

He was ticket agent at a railway station in a remote mountain canyon. Not a remarkable man in any way, you would have said on first meeting him. He was business-like and affable, and well liked by the ranchers who brought grain or hay to be shipped; came for freight; or to hang around the office and talk over various matters, in the long hours between trains. Then something happened, slight in itself, but destined to revolutionize that neighborhood.

A Socialist paper was read by the agent, and it set him thinking. I said he was not a remarkable man. But he was remarkable in the quick assent he gave to the truths the paper presented, and as he, himself, saw the light, he did not rest content until others shared the glorious vision. The little station became a vigorous propaganda center. In cubby holes, and on the shelf under the office window Socialist literature was placed where it could be quickly available. There were all of the Socialist papers and magazines; something to appeal to every taste; leaflets of many sizes; but red in color, and teachings; and books—books of different character: fiction and science, all were there.

Socialist lecturers began to stray into the little town, helped to stir the dry bones, and furnished a subject for conversation newer than either the crops or the weather. He introduced the lecturers to their audiences, somewhat hesitatingly to be sure, as if he were unaccustomed to public speaking, but his introductions were models of brevity more fluent speakers might well follow. In the course of time the books, leaflets and periodicals he had loaned began to come back, and he was asked to solve the difficulties that the readers had discovered. Then another pamphlet or book found its way through the agent's little window, accompanied by the remark: "I don't know that I quite understand it myself; at least I cannot exactly explain it; but here is something that will tell you all about it," and away went the reader with Socialist Doc. No. 2, and confronted by cold facts, with no chance to bolster up his prejudices by argument, the truth spoke for itself, soon calling for Doc. No. 3.

When there were enough converted to the cause, a local was formed, and a county ticket nominated, but there was never any cessation of the stream of literature that flowed through the agent's window, and the whole state felt its effects. Later came a call, for subscriptions to a Socialist daily paper. The agent's name for a long time led for number secured, and stood second at the end of the competition. While so prominent locally, having been the means of converting, or at least awakening nearly a whole county this man was dependent on the good will of J. J. Hill for his position and never knew when he might be discharged. To imperil one's means of gaining a livelihood requires the highest type of courage, yet this man's heroism is but one instance of the spirit which animates Socialists everywhere, and will hasten the triumph of their cause.

The tendency in the industrial world is to crowd out the old, nay, even the middle-aged, in order to make way for the young. The pace in industry is hot and fast. Those who can keep up with the pace, nay, those who in their feverish energy may accelerate it are sought out. In many concerns employing a large force of salesmen and saleswomen, not only are young persons preferred, but persons barely more than middle-aged are excluded. This is certainly one of the greatest problems involved in modern industrial civilization. I do not know how it is to be met. The pension system which is being applied abroad will certainly not solve our difficulty, since we surely cannot begin to pension people at forty-five.—Felix Adler.

The Spy

BY RALPH KORNGOLD
(Continued from last week)

Later taking Serge to one side he said: "There is a love affair between her and Hartleben. A strange thing this love between people who are doomed to die."

"Why is she doomed to die? She looks healthy and rosy-checked?" Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Few of us live to be twenty-five especially when we start as young as Nikita."

"It is fate," thought Serge as he joined the others and sat down on the wooden bench beside Peter. He felt clammy, burdened down with such unbearable oppression that the proceedings which followed were like a nightmare to him. There was a hot dispute between the leader, whose name Serge recalled to be Drozdowicz and Hartleben about certain articles appearing in the paper. Hartleben, it seemed, had criticised some of the leaders of the party and Drozdowicz questioned the wisdom of such a course. He claimed that the paper should be used solely for propaganda. After that Peter got up and spoke, but Serge found it impossible to follow his argument, although it was quite simple. He was in a fever; his head ached and his pulses beat. Nikita's pert face he saw in a dozen different angles of the room. At last he heard his name called and called again. "Hey! what?" He got up with a shudder. He saw Peter looking at him rather anxiously.

"Aren't you well, Serge, my child?" "Yes, yes, quite well." Alexander Zagoskin in a high pitched voice was reading the obligation to him. When he finished he asked whether Serge wanted to join the party. Serge answered: "Yes." There was no oath required, they were all free-thinkers, but Serge remembered how Zagoskin read that betrayal of the secrets of the party or of any one connected with it would be punished by death.

Then he signed his name to a paper. The ceremony ended by every one in the room warmly pressing his hand and by Peter kissing him enthusiastically on both cheeks.

A little later they went out and Serge was glad to breathe the fresh night air again. When he came home and pulled off his coat he was shaking as with ague. "But you are sick," cried Peter alarmed; "I am sure you are sick." When he hustled his friend into bed, lit the little alcohol burner and prepared hot tea with lemon which he gave Serge to drink. Then he tucked him in tenderly as a mother and his face was drawn into an expression of deep solicitude. Serge continued to quake, but it was not with ague nor with fear.

He fell asleep, but waking up a little while later he saw the light was still burning, although shaded by newspapers. Peter was sitting by the table, deeply immersed in study. All at once he got up and walked toward the bed. Serge closed his eyelids and pretended to be sleeping. Peter looked at him and stroked the hair from his clammy forehead. Then Serge opened up his eyes.

"Peter," he said looking into the broad, honest face of his friend, "it will never, never happen."

"What will not happen, Sergiusko? What will not happen? You are tired, my child, and sick. You must have been dreaming."

Since ten o'clock Foma Simaeff had been waking up and down under the arch of the old brewery. "The whelp," he thought, "the devil take him!" Perhaps for the twentieth time he took out his watch and by the light of his cigarette saw that it was twenty minutes past ten. "I'll stay until half past ten," he thought. A minute later he heard steps approaching through the abandoned front yard of the brewery and retreated further into the shadow of the arch. The steps came nearer and a voice called "Simaeff."

"Here I am," said Simaeff; "I thought you weren't coming." It was Serge. Since eight o'clock he had been walking the streets, undecided what to do. At last almost mechanically he had walked toward the abandoned brewery. "Let us go up," said Simaeff.

He struck a match and led the way up a brick staircase. On the first landing he took from a corner a bit of wax candle which he lit. When they had gone up another flight of stairs they found themselves in a spacious hall, totally empty except for some rubbish scattered on the wooden floor. The shadows like some spirits on the night disturbed in their hiding-place danced fantastically over walls and ceiling and seemed to have fled to the back part of the hall where the light of the candle did not penetrate. They went up another flight of stairs and came to a small room in which there were two chairs without a back and a table with one leg missing. Simaeff placed the candle on the table, fastening it with a bit of wax, which he allowed to drip off, and invited Serge to be seated.

"I am sorry not to be able to receive you in more comfortable quarters," he said, "but here we can meet with perfect security, without danger of being observed. One must be careful; they have their secret agents as well as we. Well, Serge Sokoloff, did you come to a decision?" "Yes," Serge said quickly. "I agree,

give me the money." Simaeff's face, fitfully lit up by the yellowish light of the candle, took on an expression of great cunning.

"Oh, Serge Sokoloff," he said, "Serge Sokoloff, to think that you should want to treat me so. Shall I tell you what you are thinking, Serge Sokoloff? You were thinking—I need the money, I must have it; I shall accept it and later on when they want any information they can whistle for it. Am I a good mind reader, Serge Sokoloff? Is that what you were thinking, or is it not?"

Serge bit his lip and remained silent. Indeed such had been his thoughts. "How can I trust you now, Serge not to do so? I shall have to demand some information from you, information which will bind you to us before I can even give you a kopek."

"I have no information to give," said Serge impatiently. He got up and walked up and down the little room. Simaeff kept following Serge with his eyes, confident, self-possessed. Then he took out a pocket book from his inside coat-pocket and began to count out bills slowly. They were new bills and the stiff paper cracked between his fingers. Two thousand roubles, two thousand and one hundred; two thousand, one hundred and fifty.

Serge turned around and looked at the money. The insane thought came to him of throwing himself upon Simaeff, throttling him with his fingers and taking the money away from him. But that of course was absurd. Simaeff was a big man, no doubt far stronger than he, and anyway—He grew a bit frightened about this sudden murderous impulse.

"Twenty-five hundred roubles," said Simaeff, looking up from the banknotes, on which he placed his large hands. "It will pay your debts handsomely, and remember, there is more where this comes from—see, how good I am," he continued, "now I am quite sure you know something. How am I sure?—I can tell by your gait, by your manner, by the expression on your face. I could have you thrust into jail and there, what with the tongs and 'Marie Fedorovna' to help us we might get the information out of you. 'Marie Fedorovna' is a great persuader. But instead of doing that I am offering you money. This is because I think you may be useful to us in the future."

"If you think to frighten me," said Serge menacingly, "I'll show you that I am not afraid."

Simaeff saw that he had made a wrong move. "I did not intend to frighten you," he said pacifically. "I was merely stating the facts. I might also state that Mademoiselle De Veaux has told me that unless your notes are paid tomorrow she will present herself to your uncle on the day after, and, Serge Sokoloff, I'll see to it that she keeps her word."

"It's a trap! It's a trap!" shouted Serge. "You have framed it up together, you and she!"

Simaeff shrugged his shoulders. "I certainly did not compel you to play cards, or to spend your money foolishly."

Again Serge started walking up and down. In spite of the nervous energy which possessed him now and then he was indolent by nature. Since a boy he had counted on his uncle's money to carry him through life easy and pleasantly without much effort on his part. Now this pleasant prospect of comfort, ease and luxury was to be destroyed and he would have to work for a living as many others of his acquaintances. For he knew enough of his uncle Albert to know that he would never forgive him and would immediately disinherit him. Had he not threatened on a previous occasion to bequeath his money to charity and had he not been persuaded with the greatest difficulty to give Serge one more chance? Not only that, but he found himself threatened with prison and with torture. In spite of his brave words of a moment ago he was somewhat of a coward and extremely susceptible to physical pain. He knew enough of the methods of the Russian government to know that he could suddenly disappear and linger behind prison walls without any one being the wiser for it.

Suddenly, with bitter cynicism, the thought came to him: "What is it to me? Why should I have all this trouble in order to save their plant and that crazy Hartleben and Nikita. I am as good as Hartleben, he hasn't very much longer to live anyhow. Why should I sacrifice myself for them?" Boldly he stepped up to the table at which Simaeff still was seated, his hand on the banknotes. "Give me the money," he said in a firm voice. "I'll tell you where their printing plant is."

(To be continued.)

It may not be out of place here to allude to the use of the word property with reference to land; property—from proprium, my own—is something pertaining to man. I have a property in myself. I have the right to be free. All that proceeds from myself, my thoughts, my writings, my works, are property; but no man made land, and therefore it is not property.—Joseph Fisher—Landholding in England.

I believe in a spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me a universal workman. He solves the problem of life not for one, but for all men of sound body.—Emerson.

Gleanings From Many Fields

Who Are The Real Rulers

Under the title, "The Surrender of New England," Charles Edward Russell in *Hampden's*, tells how the New Haven & Hartford has obtained control of all transportation interests in the most profitable transportation territory in America, if not in the world.

In 1903 there were still three lines operating between Boston and New York besides the water transportation. At the same time trolley lines were rapidly creating another network of communication.

Today this entire vast business, steam rail, electric rail, and maritime is practically in the mailed fist of the New Haven except what is controlled by the Boston & Albany.

But the Boston & Albany is largely controlled by the same powers that own the New Haven, and the two roads have a close traffic arrangement for their mutual advantage. The curious spectacle is now presented of six populous and busy states whose transportation of every considerable kind is gripped by one small group of capitalists and operated by them for their sole benefit.

The process by which this situation was reached throws an illuminating light on trust methods. The laws of the United States and of the states in which these roads operated very elaborately forbid any consolidation of competing lines. The New Haven & Hartford, however, had gobbled up nearly all the trolley lines against which there was a special legal prohibition and was proceeding happily along in its career when it discovered that the Boston & Maine was in the same business. The Boston & Maine, however, wishing to have some form of law for its actions, asked for an act of the legislature granting it permission to absorb the trolley lines. The New Haven then entered the field with its powerful lobby in order to prevent the adoption of any such law.

In the midst of this uproar the governor of Massachusetts called attention to the impending monopoly and started an uproar against the New Haven.

Whereupon the president of this road went before the legislature and solemnly promised that if that body would adjourn without taking hostile action, he would obey the law. With a beautiful faith in human nature the legislature accepted his word. Whereupon he proceeded to gobble up everything that he had not been able to get before. Among other things that he gathered in at this time was the Boston & Maine itself.

About this time the supreme court of Massachusetts discovered that the New Haven was breaking the law and ordered it to at once "divest itself of the vast system of trolleys it had acquired." The New Haven proceeded to "divest itself" but handed the property in question over to a company organized for that purpose which the New Haven controlled. They then took the shares of the Boston & Maine outside of the state and sold sixteen million dollars worth of them to a Connecticut coal dealer worth less than a million dollars. This took the case out of the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts courts. Then the New Haven returned to the legislature and asked for a special law making all of its illegal acts legal. There was a big fight; and the resulting exposure made impossible the passing of the law in quite the form they wanted and therefore they let it die in the legislature.

In the meantime Attorney-General Bonaparte began a suit under the Sherman anti-trust law. While this suit was still pending a new bill, suitable to the trust was slipped through the legislature which practically legalized the Boston & Maine consolidation. Within one week after this merger bill had been signed by the governor, the national government very kindly dismissed its suit and the consolidation had been completed.

Meantime the capitalization of the New Haven has been increased from \$85,446,600.00 to \$356,737,975.00. It being necessary to pay interest on this in-

Who are the real rulers of America?

Such is the railroad business as at present conducted in America by high financiers. Do not attack it, for by so doing you impair the stability of our securities abroad, and judging from the protest of the financiers, that must be a terrible thing indeed. Do not attack it. Quietly go down into your pockets and dig up the increased passenger rates, increased prices for commutation tickets, increased freight rates, increased cost of living. Because that is your duty as patient, obedient, well-trained American citizens. But some time, looking over a story like this, you might care to repeat that one little question: Who are the real rulers of America?

Cities That Own Themselves

Frederick C. Howe in the *World's Work* has an argument for single tax in municipal affairs. He claims that: City-planning and the housing question are primarily land questions. The Germans have recognized this fact and they have built the most wonderful cities in modern times. So has Great Britain, in the town-planning legislation enacted in 1909. So, too, has France. In all these countries town-planning and scientific city-building has been predicated on the control of the land by the city. For the city of the future is to be built along exact plans, just as a great private estate or a fine office building. It will be laid out in advance of its growth; and parks, boulevards, streets, and allotments will all be approved by experts employed for that purpose by the city. No longer is the city to be treated as an accident and left to grow as the land speculator wills.

Germany has set the pace in city building, as in many other reforms. It is the only country in the world that has treated the subject of a scheme. Germany designs its cities as the world's fair at Chicago or St. Louis were designed by landscape artists and architects. They are planned from the bottom up. German cities already own a large portion of the land within their borders, in some cases almost one-half, in nearly all cases they are purchasing the land that lies on the outskirts, and holding it for the increase in value, and at the same time in order to determine the character of future growth.

Mr. Howe claims that in the United States the ground rent of New York would much more than pay all the expenses of running the city and that even if this were left undisturbed the annual increase in land value would be more than enough to meet all present expenses.

Home of Berlin Unions

BY JEAN LONGUET

THE vigor and power of the Socialist and labor movement throughout central Europe is in a way embodied, symbolized and materialized in the buildings where the Socialist, union and co-operative organizations are housed.

The whole Socialist world is familiar with the superb home of the Belgian proletariat, the Maison du Peuple of Brussels, inaugurated in 1900 and costing not less than two hundred sixty thousand dollars. It is the home of the Socialist International Bureau and, in a way, is the "capital" of the international proletariat.

Like the other Maisons of the Belgian proletariat, the Maison du Peuple of Brussels is founded upon the co-operative system, the model of which was created at Ghent by that incomparable militant and organizer, Edouard Anseele. It was built from that portion of the profits which is not returned to the members but which have been gathered together into a fund that enabled this vast edifice to be erected on the Rue Joseph Stevens Street, Brussels, at well as the beautiful Maison du Peuple of Ghent, of Liege and Jolimont.

The principle by which the headquarters of the unions in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries are built is different. These have been constructed entirely from funds voluntarily subscribed directly by the unions. They, therefore, represent a much greater sacrifice and a much more interesting manifestation of the strength of the organized and class conscious proletariat. When we confront the superb structure in Stockholm, or the monumental Gewerkschaftshaus at Berlin, we are confronted with an especially significant manifestation of the will and initiative of the workers, animated with the Socialist thought and, thanks to this, capable of accomplishing veritable prodigies.

For the Socialists of Latin countries and especially those of France the spectacle is much more significant, since in Paris and in most of our trade union centers the unions content themselves with buildings that are conceded to them and supported, after having been so assigned by bourgeois municipalities. This is true even today, even when the bourgeois officials brutally suppress these subventions to the unions and sometimes even close the buildings. It is, however, in France and Italy, in these countries where the working class generally expect most of the state and where we see even the most anti-state unions are not able to live and support their secretaries save by means of the contributions of a bourgeois state, that the proletariat, theoretically "syndicalist," condemns as "governmental" the action of the unions of central Europe, because these act in agreement with the political party of their class, the Socialist party.

The two largest buildings that the proletariat possesses at this moment are undoubtedly the trade unions headquarters of Hamburg and Berlin. The headquarters at Hamburg is the most monumental, with its superb facade facing upon one of the most beautiful boulevards of Hamburg and its superb marble columns, and its vast meeting hall which will hold more than six thousand persons.

That of Berlin is not so large. At the same time it is the most interesting because it is the seat of the "central committee" or central organization of the German unions and also of the International Trade Union secretariat, who fills the same position in the trade union world that the Maison du Peuple of Brussels occupies in the Socialist political movement.

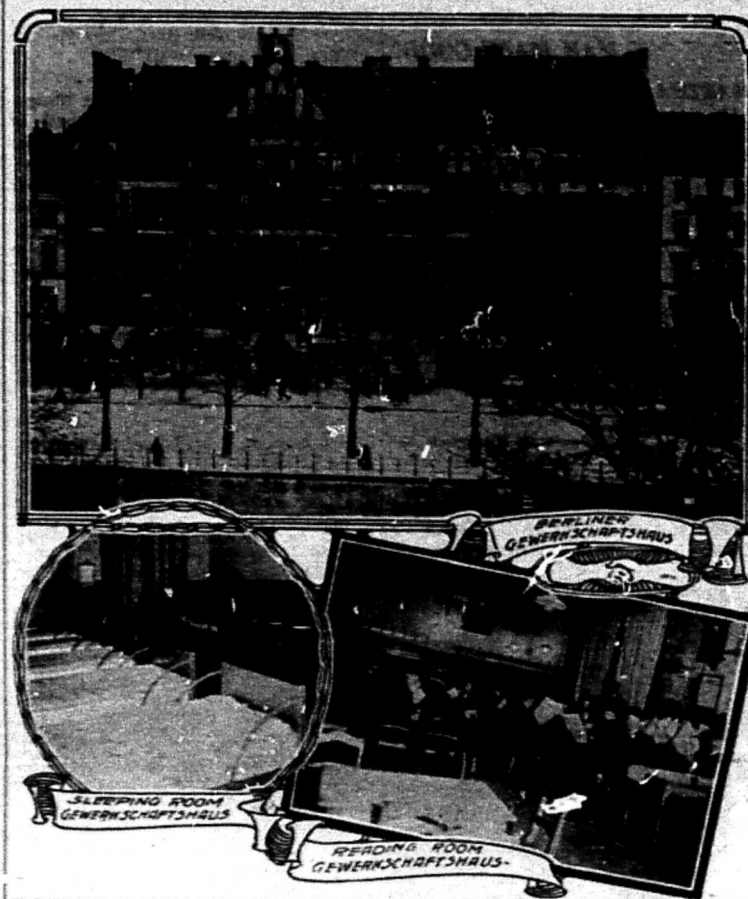
The two internationals, that of the Socialists at Brussels and of the trade unions at Berlin work in close agreement with a perfect understanding and a common activity, something which displeases conservatives like Gompers and the "anarchists" of France. The relations between these two great world-wide organizations of the proletariat are very frequent.

When the visitor arrives, walking along the docks of the Spree before this imposing edifice in Berlin, he is immediately struck by its great monumental appearance. A superb edifice, five stories high, built in typical German style, extending along the street for one hundred fifty feet, with ninety-six windows in the front, one looks through the windows into the vast hall of the restaurant on the ground floor, and sees a property which might render jealous the greatest capitalist hotels—clean, beautiful, almost luxurious.

I have visited this superb home of the Berlin proletariat from top to bottom and examined it even in its smallest details. I have given a short sketch of this building to my French comrades, but I wish to give a more complete and exact, and a more living description if possible to my friends of the COMING NATION. I was the better able to appreciate this establishment since I visited it in company with the principal official of the building, Comrade Sassenbach, general secretary and Socialist municipal councilor of Berlin and also with Comrade Beaumeister, the assistant of Legien, the International Trade Union secretary.

thousand dollars. It is not very old since it dates back only to 1900. At this time the funds of the Berlin unionists were still very small. They were not able to raise more than twelve thousand dollars. To this they were able to add ten thousand dollars advanced them by a Berlin Socialist the well known Dr. Arons. The German movement today is the foremost in the world not only in the number of its members but in the degree of Socialist consciousness, exceeding from this double point of view even the old and powerful British trade unions or those of the United States. But this growth is very recent. It has been accomplished with most startling rapidity during the last ten years, and in 1900 the organizations were still weak and cautious. They did not wish to risk their very modest funds in an apparently serious speculation. It was then that Dr. Arons consented to take a first mortgage of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars upon the building in course of construction. With this money it was possible for the unions to advance the work of construction very rapidly and a financial society was formed by the delegates from the principal organizations which is now the nominal owner of the building.

In 1902 in order to construct necessary additions to the building, they



obtained from the treasury of the Imperial Insurance fund a new mortgage of \$175,000. It was a curious fact that this support should come from the bureaucratic, militarist and anti-socialistic empire of Germany to the Socialist unions which are considered as practically identical with the Socialist party itself and which are supposed to be composed of "men without a country, unworthy of the name of Germans," to recall the words of Emperor William II. in one of his innumerable speeches.

Comrade Sassenbach explained this by saying that the director of the central office of the insurance fund is a very fair man and very independent, who considered himself fully within his legal rights in consenting to this loan guaranteed by a first-class mortgage. Perhaps he hoped that he would thus, in a commercial way, create a tie which would unite the German unions to the capitalist society and thus bring about "social peace," as we say in France, or a sort of civic federation spirit as you say in America.

We do not know if this was his somewhat Machiavellian calculation, but if this was the idea of the poor man he soon lost his illusions. Shortly after, having discovered that the hoped for harmony between capitalist society and the unions did not exist, since some bitter, violent speeches were pronounced against the government in a meeting held in the great hall of the union to whose erection he had contributed, he demanded the immediate repayment of the money that he had advanced. But the Berlin unions were now strong enough to do without their "benefactor," and they easily found another mortgagor who advanced the money enabling them to repay the Imperial Insurance fund. Since 1903 more than \$140,000.00 had been expended by the Berlin labor organizations in additions to the building.

The first thing which strikes the eye of the foreign visitor in this house of the Berlin proletariat is the incomparable taste, comfort and elegance which reigns everywhere. On the stairs, in the hallways and in the innumerable offices the floor is covered with thick linoleum. The walls are kept in perfect cleanliness.

There is a vast network of offices in this building and everywhere one hears the rattle of the typewriter, and everywhere the secretaries of the organizations are seen working over the vast files arranged in innumerable pigeon holes. Everywhere order and

method reigns to an extent that arouses the envy of the largest capitalist undertaking.

With our comrades I visited in succession the offices of two important organizations, the wood workers and the typographical workers. In the great halls an army of workers were paying their union dues while a long line of men out of work proceeded toward a window where assistance for the unemployed was given out. While the great Co-orman organizations supply all the mutual benefits which characterize the English and American ones, we see this difference that, in the former the idea of revolutionary thought, the teaching of the example of the great masters of modern Socialism is most strikingly manifest. There is not a union office where we do not see upon the walls magnificent portraits of Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, Lasalle or Bebel. Frequently also we see that superb composition filled with a revolutionary spirit, the Marseillaise of Gustav Dore.

The Typographical Union is especially strong. It includes sixty thousand members of whom eleven thousand are in Berlin alone. It prides itself on the fact that it has ninety per cent of the workers in the trade.

The "mammoth" organization, the all powerful metal workers union, strongest in the whole empire has six hundred thousand members. It has built a trade union headquarters of its own, finding even this vast building too confining for its pur-

posed. The building that it is constructing will cost nearly \$125,000.00. I visited the offices of the "general committee," the central organization of the German union movement. It alone employs not less than fifteen trade union officials, including the central labor secretary of the empire, Paul Umbreit. The general secretary who is at the same time the international secretary, Carl Legien, has his offices adjoining.

In Legien's office I noticed a beautiful bust of Dante. The general secretary of the German unions is not alone among the workers to show literary and artistic tastes. In the offices of Sassenbach, the principal official of the headquarters, I found the superb fresco of Constantin Meunier glorifying labor, and admirable portraits by Albert Durer, Rembrandt and Holbein. The German working class militants think as did one of our greatest French writers that the people also have "a right to the beautiful."

In the Gewerkschaftshaus there are more than one hundred fifty employees or trade union officials all paid by the labor organizations. There are not less than three thousand such officials in the German empire. But the trade union headquarters at Berlin, like all similar buildings in the empire, is not alone a place of meeting and a fortress of the labor movement of the empire. It is also a house of refuge for the laborer who is seeking for work and who finds himself with meager resources — an asylum where he may always find assistance.

The hotel of the Gewerkschaftshaus of Berlin has not less than 250 beds. These are supplied at various prices from thirty pennings (6 cents) in the larger room where twenty beds are placed side by side, up to fifteen cents in the smaller rooms where there are only two beds. Everywhere there is the most perfect service. The linen is changed every day on each bed. Every guest on arriving is first directed to the baths where he is supplied with a shower and all modern bathing appliances. This is made obligatory as may be easily understood. However, this obligation of a bath, where traveling clothes may also be left to be cleaned is entirely free from those features so humiliating to the proletariat in "philanthropic" works of the capitalist, but on the contrary the lodger here is a worker receiving services from other workers—his brothers.

Still guided by our friends I arrived at the kitchen, because as I have already indicated, not only do they educate, organize, lodge and bathe in this house, but they also feed, and feed well. By the side of the beautiful restaurant hall which I had noted as I entered, and where a meal is sold for from fifteen to sixteen cents, there is another more modest hall where a meal is furnished for six cents, plain, but nourishing.

Everywhere intellectual nourishment is supplied side by side with material nourishment. Most of the daily papers of the Socialist party and the sixty-five weekly union organizations, some of which have a very large circulation (that of the metal workers reaches six hundred thousand), are at the disposal of the visitor. Besides these there are books and pamphlets for primary instruction. For the more intellectual militant here a higher education is carried on by the party. This includes lectures on politics, economics, history and legal philosophy, all filled with the spirit of Marx and Engels.

Thus this magnificent building incarnates the spirit of the German labor movement. It ministers to all the wants of the workers, enters into their life in every direction and affords a center for every activity.

It is easy to see that what is best written or done by genius in the world, was no man's work, but came by wide social labor, when a thousand wrought like one, sharing the same impulse. Our English Bible is a wonderful specimen of the strength and music of the English language. But it was not made by one man, or at one time; but centuries and churches brought it to perfection. There never was a time when there was not some translation existing. The Liturgy, admired for its energy and pathos, is an anthology of the piety of ages and nations, a translation of the prayers and forms of the Catholic church—these collected too, in long periods, from the prayers and meditations of every saint and sacred writer all over the world. Grotius makes the like remark in respect to the Lord's Prayer, that the single clauses of which it is composed were already in use in the time of Christ, in the Rabbinical forms. He picked out the grains of gold.

The nervous language of the Common Law, the impressive forms of our courts and the precision and substantial truth of our legal distinctions, are the contribution of all the sharp-sighted, strong-minded men who have lived in the countries where these laws govern. The translation of Plutarch gets its excellence from being translation on translation. There never was a time when there was none. All the truly idiomatic and national phrases are kept, and all the others successively picked and thrown away.

Something like the same process had gone on, long before, with the originals of these books. The world takes liberties with world-books. Vedas, Aesop's Fables, Pilpay, Arabian Nights, Cid, Iliad, Robin Hood, Scottish Minstrelsy, are not the work of single men. In the composition of such works the time thinks, the market thinks, the mason, the carpenter, the merchant, the farmer, the fop, all think for us.

Every book supplies its time with one good word; every municipal law, every trade, every folly of the day; and the generic catholic genius who is not afraid to assume to owe his originality to the originality of all, stands with the next age as the recorder and embodiment of his own.

There are some men, who, living with the one object of enriching themselves, no matter by what means, and being perfectly conscious of the baseness and rascality of the means which they will use every day towards this end, affect nevertheless—even to themselves—a high tone of moral rectitude and shake their heads and sigh over the depravity of the world. Some of the greatest scoundrels that ever walked this earth, or rather, for walking implies at least an erect position and the bearing of a man—that ever crawled and crept through life by its dirtiest and narrowest ways, will gravely set down in diaries the events of every day and keep a regular debtor and creditor account with heaven which shall always show a floating balance in their own favor. Whether this is a gratuitous (the only gratuitous) part of the falsehood and trickery of such men's lives, or whether they really hope to cheat heaven itself and lay up treasure in the next world by the same process which has enabled them to lay up treasure in this—not to question how it is, so it is. And doubtless such bookkeepers (like certain autobiographies which have enlightened the world) cannot fail to prove serviceable in the one respect of sparing the recording Angel some time and labor.—Chas. Dickens.

The true patriot has discovered that industry, sobriety and prudence, and inventive genius lift a nation to a certain height, where, under the law of competition it begins to lose all it has gained, and to return to the old slavery and suffering. He has discovered that neither religion, priests, nor gods can stop this process; that it belongs to this system itself. So the question of questions has become for the thinker this: "Can the system itself be changed and civilization be preserved?"—Dawbarn.

Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WM. MAILLY

THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF LITERATURE.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essay on Shakespeare, The Poet.

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The Night of the Children

JAMES OPPENHEIM
Author of Dr. Rast and W.C. Oats

(Exclusive Service the Survey Press Bureau)

Christmas was in the air. The frosty, starry night turned golden in the city avenues. Up and down the pavement the crowds swept, laughing, talking, jostling—cheeks ruddy with the weather, eyes sparkling with the lights. As they moved, there unrolled beside them the endless film of brilliant shop windows, crammed with riches and through the swinging doors eddies of people were sucked in and ejected. At the curb the toy peddlers shouted, the chestnut stands sent up their smoke. It seemed as if the millions of the city had poured out to mingle in a street festival of joy and brotherhood. People laughed at one another, a wine of good humor drenched the air. It was as if on this night hate and strife and greed had been sloughed off, as if the race said: "Come, let us be happy with one another. We are all here together. Let us meet and mingle in joy and good will and peace!"

It was the Night of the Children. Far through the sleeping city the million children were in their beds and it was for them that these people met. For their children they were sweeping the shops, that Christmas morning might dawn with the candles of the pine, and hanging bulgy stockings and the mysterious new toys. And it was the thought of the children, possibly, that made these men and women so light-footed, so bubblingly joyous, so innocently happy. It made children of them and they mingled with each other, like laughing, rollicking boys and girls.

There was one vast department store, nearly a block square and six stories high, which sucked in vast masses of the crowd. Pendant from its ceilings hung white moons of light, and under these a density of humanity slowly swirled about the sparkling laden counters. The air was over-warm with breathing, and tingled with the excitement of shuffling shoes, rattle of packages, and a live hum of talk and exclamations. The place was electric with the push of many wills, the clash of desires, the impeded hurry, the drawing near of closing time. Ten-thirty had come and gone, and yet the crowd was unsatisfied; it anguished and strained and clamored and struggled to get its fill.

One counter especially was besieged. At this was sold little five-cent packages of "snow" for Christmas trees. Behind this counter stood Mamie Riggs, seventeen years old, thin, emaciated, bloodless, her face pale and drawn and wrinkled, her eyes blood-shot, her lips trembling. As she made out checks, and received and made change, and handled the envelopes her hands visibly shook. Faces crowded near her, leaned close, arms lifted, fingers jerked near her eyes.

"This snow?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"How much?"
"Five cents."
"Only ONE for five?"
"Only one."
"How much in a package?"
"I don't know, ma'am."
"Don't know!"
At least five voices interrupted:
"See here, I want a half dozen of these." Where's my change?" "I can't wait all night!" Isn't there any one to wait on me?" "Say, I'll speak to the floorwalker if I don't get proper attention!"
Mamie answered as best she could.
"Just a minute! You said Five? Six? Change hasn't come, I can't help it, ma'am. Yes, it's five a package! Snow! Yes! I'll wait on you in a minute!"

She spoke evenly in a monotone. But she was doing her work mechanically. In fact, Mamie wasn't "all there." Her fingers, her lips kept working, but the real Mamie seemed in a trance. Sunburst after sunburst of faces shot the air before her, a loud sea of voices swept her brain, and she felt deathly sick. Every bone in her body ached. It seemed as if her feet had broken and were bleeding. She was horribly nauseated and dizzy. She felt as if she were going to faint. By sheer force of grit she clung to the counter, she kept upright, she moved, talked and worked. On and on it went, minute by minute, and still the faces crowded and the voices rang out, the packages had to be delivered, the change made, the checks written out.

Afterwards it seemed to her, that her whole year had been rushing toward this Christmas climax. Most of that year she had worked in a cheaper store—worked nine and a half hours a day for \$2.62 1-2 a week. As this was not enough to live on she had boarded with an aunt in Hoboken, paying her \$1.15 a week. But it took her an hour and a quarter to get to work and she rose early before dawn to get to her counter at 8 sharp. Carfare cost her \$1.26, which, with the board, left her twenty-cent a week. No recreation, no fresh air. And every few nights she was up till midnight laundering her clothes, that she might be neat appearing. This work, she felt was killing her—so she left it and took a position in the larger store for \$4.00 a week.

But she had to figure close. She slept nearby in a charity dormitory for six cents a night. She went without breakfast; lunch and supper consisted of coffee and rolls for ten cents each, laundry was twenty one cents

a week. Clothes and extra came close to \$2.00. In this way she spent all her wages—toiled from 8 a. m. to 6:15 p. m., and on Saturdays till 9:30. Strength does not come on coffee and rolls, nor on nine and a half hours of standing indoors, nor on lack of pleasure and mental growth. Mamie grew sickly, wrinkled, weaker day by day; she was afflicted with violent headaches, and at seventeen she was already a sapped and aged woman, unfit for marriage and child-bearing and housework, with no future but incessant toil, and no savings against sickness or old age.

This was bad enough. But then the holiday rush began. The store was kept open until 11:30 at night. Mamie grew feverish, had dizzy spells, was too sick to eat. Her condition grew worse each day and now on this last day she had come to work at 8 in the morning feeling that she could not endure a half hour of standing up nor the crowds, nor the noise, nor the bad air. That day was a wild, slow torture, measured by minutes, endless and pitiless. On and on it went, on up to noon, on from 12:45 to 6, on from 6:30 to this very minute.

"This snow? How much? See here, where's my change? Do you think I can wait all night? Say, I'll tell the floorwalker. Yes, wrap me up six, in two packages please. Isn't there any one else waiting at this counter?"

Sunburst after sunburst of faces, sea-roar of talking, dazzling lights, confusion, bustle, noise, hands flying, lips moving, and this would go for another hour and a half.

A man pushed his way through the crowd. "See here, kid," he cried. "You do me up six of these—quick."

Mamie leaned forward on the counter and smiled dimly.

"Ten? Ten?"
"Can't you hear? Eight-nine-ten."
"Ten? Ten what?"

She leaned further forward, she sighed, she slipped and her arms and face and hair and thin bosom all slouched among the packages on the counter.

Cries went up: "She's fainted! Something's the matter! Get water! Help her up!"

The crowd jammed; the floorwalker broke his way through muttering, "Mamie down? Thunder! And just now when we can't replace her! Why the devil couldn't the girl stick it out?"

Next morning the nurse in the hospital wished her a merry Christmas. She looked up vacantly and went off in a delirium, crying shrilly:

"It's five cents a package, ma'am! Just a minute! Yes, snow—snow for Christmas trees."

At the same moment over the wide-spread city, the little children hopped out of bed and ran in their nighties to the parlor. There flamed the candles of the pines, there hung the bulgy stockings, there lay the mysterious packages. Little eyes glistened with awe and wonder, women and men were blinded with happy tears, and the Christmas bells pealed love and brotherhood through the tingling dawn.

And one woman said to another! "The jam was awful last night. I thought I'd never get home. And the service in the stores was insufferable."

Asked the other: "Why didn't you shop earlier in the month?"

"Why? Oh, you know how it is!"

Way up at the northern extremity of the Lake of the Woods in Ontario at a point where this lake empties into Winnipeg river, lies the town of Kenora. This town, formerly known as Rat Portage, is only one of many Canadian towns that are awakening to the tremendous possibilities attainable through public ownership of great water power. In 1906 Kenora obtained possession of the water power at its doors and established a municipal electric plant at an expense of nearly six hundred thousand dollars. It is now able to supply power at the rate of ten dollars per horse power per year and is so supplying it to a large number of private industries. In addition the citizens secure electrical services for heating and cooking as well as lighting at rates which have made available comforts and luxuries such as are usually obtainable only by the rich in the great cities.

Your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by the Barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.—Macaulay's Prophecy.

There must be for human affairs an order which is best. That order is by no means always the existing one, else why should we all desire change in the latter? But it is the order which ought to exist for the greatest happiness of the human race. God knows it and desires its adoption. It is for man to discover and establish it.—Prof. DeLavelle.

True democracy is that which enables one to address a man without embarrassment or a bear without condescension.—Rev. Dr. Estey

Battle, Murder and Sudden Death

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation

WHEN I wrote in the *Coming Nation* on October 1st that the spirit of unrest was spreading like wildfire amongst the Welsh miners, and in a later article that we should see in Britain this year one of the greatest industrial upheavals in her history, I scarcely thought my prognostications would have so soon been verified by events.

I have got the cinematograph at this end and it is no joke to have to fling upon the American screen three thousand miles away, clearly and convincingly the giant labor waves which are breaking against the last citadels of capitalism.

The Flare in the Sky

Away down there in the Welsh pits there is a flare in the sky. As you look, flames tawny and orange and crimson shoot towards the zenith. There are masses of people struggling, men standing on tubs or chairs spurring on their audiences who are mad with frenzy. Here you see the children running in and out of the crowds—from over there comes the scream of a woman. On every face is written the determination to do and if necessary—die. And all that determination will be needed before the end of the struggle. Far away there in the background are the black helmets of the guardians of law and order, whilst beyond, on the horizon, there is a gleam of red, where the soldiers are even now being held ready to launch at the throats of their brothers. Mr. Winston Churchill has decided that the Hussars are necessary to crush the strikers, and a large body has been sent up from Cardiff, whilst London is being called upon for further police reinforcements.

With Bayonet and Bullet

When the soldiers get to work with their swords and rifles it is not probable that the Rhondda Valley will be turned into a bloody battlefield.

Already there have been repeated baton charges, 118 men under the control of the Chief Constable of Glamorganshire in particular making one desperate effort against a strongly entrenched force of some thousands of miners. The hospitals are being filled up.

The men are giving a good account of themselves. They have shattered into a nice tangle of broken wire, glass and machinery the great power house of the Cambrian Combine, though the manager with his satellites are working day and night inside with whatever machines are still working to keep pits ventilated and free from water. The horses underneath are dying by hundreds for want of air, whilst the owners declare that if the water is allowed to get into certain seams it will never pay them to open those particular pits again. This is probably a lie. It is their trade.

"Taking Over" the Means of Life

Now if you will look again at the screen, you will see dense masses of men engaged in "taking over the means of life." The first time it has been done systematically in this country. They are rushing the shops of the petty bourgeoisie—the people you know who have neither minds nor souls—only stomachs—they have already "taken over" some £20,000 worth of stuff to help them in their struggle, and I have no hesitation in saying that this glimmering of consciousness that "private property must not be allowed to exist when men are dying through the lack of food and clothing—is the most significant happening in the development of the British workman's consciousness for many years. It marks a new era.

A wire has just been handed to me saying that the North Lancshires and the Lancashire Fusiliers are also being held in readiness. If these redcoats are

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

IX. Hungary

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.

The period since the International Socialist congress at Stuttgart has been one of bitter trial and hard struggle for the Hungarian Socialists. The great Socialist agitation which preceded this period had brought about the downfall of the liberal regime which had lasted for forty years. The new cabinet took office, and the program of universal, equal, secret direct suffrage. The speech from the throne announcing the policies of the government declared that "it will be the most important duty of our present government to bring the entire nation into the bulwark of political life by extending political rights to all strata of society."

In spite of these very clear declarations it soon became evident that the government had no intention to fulfill its pledges. At the head of this government was Franz Kossuth, son of Ludwig Kossuth, the revolutionist of 1848. But the ministry has been most shamelessly reactionary and has openly declared that they had no intention of carrying out their promises in regard to universal suffrage but that their purpose would be to divert the agitation of the workers from the suffrage question.

The first act of the coalition government was one of brutal suppression

loosed at the miners there will be results which may affect the whole course of the next general election, and it may easily prove the finest stroke of fortune the labor party has had since it was first returned to power four years ago. In any case these constantly recurring industrial upheavals will act as a splendid spur to the labor men in Parliament and will I hope lead to a more militant policy in the future. They have a great chance and I am glad to see that our comrade, J. Keir Hardie, M. P. has sent a wire to say that he will be ashamed to represent the constituency unless the men stand by their leader.

The Old Guard Dies Hard

Underneath all this flusteration there are battling for supremacy two sets—two types of men. On the one hand are the old gang—or the "old guard" as they prefer to call themselves—men like Abraham (Mabon), Richards, president of the South Wales Miners' Federation, and other M. P.s who stand for the old-fashioned trades unionism and who wish to have a foot in both camps, whilst on the other are men of the type of C. B. Stanton, the miners' agent who is the mainspring of the present rising, which is practically a Socialist defiance of old-fashioned trade union methods and is the beginning of the cleavage between the old and the new types of trades union leaders.

Men of the type of "Mabon," who at one time was virtually dictator of the Welsh miners, but whose star is setting, regard the trade unions largely as benefit institutions, as a mild form of political junketing, and view with abhorrence the theory of the "class struggle." Naturally they are the beloved of the employers, though they sit in Parliament as labor members.

Stanton I know personally. He is a familiar figure at labor party conferences, but never occupied the limelight as he does today. He is a man with a classic head set on enormously broad shoulders, has plenty of fire which is tempered by a natural dignity, and is an out and out Socialist with oratorical powers beyond the ordinary. The sketch inset is taken from life.

The Miners' Federation stood outside the ranks of the national labor party until in the ballot taken in 1908 they decided by an overwhelming majority to come within its ranks. At that time they had about a dozen representatives sitting in parliament.

The government has called a conference to which the miners' representatives are being invited, with a view to settling the matter. But if they settle it today it will break out again tomorrow, for the nominal cause of the strike, viz: "A claim for a higher rate for getting at 'abnormal' coal is only the spark that set fire to the train. Nothing can ultimately stave off the final settlement.

A general election in the spring here is not impossible if the present conference between the liberal and tory parties comes to nothing. The labor party is girding up its loins for the inevitable struggle, though I fear at the moment it is none too well equipped with the sinews of war. However the great Welsh struggle may change the face of the political map. Those masses of Celts are learning their lesson, learning it with blood and tears—the supreme lesson of the need for independent labor representation.

The Writing on the Wall

That the boiler-makers are also learning the same lesson is shown by the result of the third ballot on the question of accepting the employers' terms, which included fines for illegal strike by 15,000 against 5,000 votes for acceptance, the figures having risen from 1,319 a fortnight ago to 9,913.

The writing on the wall

against a flourishing agricultural movement. Those Hungarian workers who had not emigrated, but who still worked in the fields were dragging out a miserable existence with long hours and wages of less than twenty-five cents a day.

When in 1905 a partial right to organize was granted by the previous ministry, the agricultural unions grew with such rapidity that by March, 1907, there were 532 groups with 48,617 members.

A ministerial decree was now issued dissolving existing groups and punishing severely those who attempted to organize new ones. During the first summer of the new arrangement no less than five thousand agricultural workers were imprisoned for the crime of asking during the harvest time an increase in wages of from one to two cents a day. A single magistrate dealt out 36,000 days punishment to the mowers of one district who refused during the harvest time to toil from early morning to late evening at a starving wage.

Under these circumstances the party decided to make its program "protection against reaction and fight for liberty of election." The brutality of the government grew steadily worse. In November, 1907, a decree was issued empowering magistrates, who are the worst brutal of Hungarian officials, to at any time enter the meetings of a labor organization, take part in its discussions and examine its books.

In the same year the organization of the railway workers was suppressed and the railway men were forbidden to join the Socialist party, to organize, or even to read Socialist and labor publications. At the same time all possible facilities were offered to employers organizations, the government even going so far as to vest police powers in these organizations the better to enable them to terrorize their employees. In protest against these

actions a one day demonstration mass strike was declared on October 10, 1907. This strike was general throughout all Hungary. Even the government estimated that 184,000 men took part. The year 1908 was filled with strike demonstrations. In every instance these were carried on with greatest order with no acts of violence or damage to property. Nevertheless, the police attacked the marching columns with such ferocity that even a ministerial paper declared that, "we do not think that even in gigantic Russia one could find such a wild, drunken herd of cossacks capable of committing acts of such brutality." At the close of the year the attack of the government was extended to industrial unions and the metal workers union was suppressed. This act was repeated with another one day universal strike. Although no preparation was made for this action, 62,000 industrial workers obeyed the strike order.

Finally the government announced its electoral program and this was seen to be even worse than had been anticipated. According to the proposed law members of the capitalist class were to have three votes, some others two votes, a portion of the workingmen one vote and those who could not read and write one tenth of a vote, with no secret ballot for any class. This law has not yet been passed. On December 6th, 1908 a special congress of the party declared that upon its passage a universal, general strike would be ordered.

The Hungarian press consists of one daily, one paper published three times a week, one bi-weekly and six weeklies and two monthlies. These papers are constantly prosecuted by the government but have been able to maintain an existence and to grow in power continuously.

Since the law does not permit the formation of political organizations, the Socialist party is compelled to adopt a clumsy method of reaching its members. This method consists in utilizing the trade unions which still remain. By this means dues have been collected much the same as in other countries, but it is impossible to give any statistics as to the exact membership further than that there are 66 trade unions, six district organizations and about 228 local organizations that maintain an affiliation with the party.

An active work of education has been carried on with lecture circles organized throughout the country. 492 such lectures were given during the six winter months of last year.

In spite of persecution and a direct law forbidding the organization of the youth, there is a strong young people's organization, which publishes a paper with a circulation of two thousand. At a recent conference of the young people there were thirty-seven delegates present from twelve towns.

Active agitation has been carried on in municipal matters and as a result of this agitation a municipal bakery was established at Budapest. In the larger cities the conditions of suffrage are such that the Socialists cannot participate. In some of the smaller towns they have been more successful so that at the present time there are 96 Socialist officials in 15 municipalities.

The hostility of the government together with a financial crisis has given the union movement a set back so that the report for 1909 shows a decrease in the number of members. The trade union movement reached its greatest height in 1907 with 130,000 members, in 1908 this declined to 102,000 members and in 1909 to 85,000. At the present time there is a recovery from the crisis and also a relaxation of government persecution and the unions are rapidly regaining the strength lost.

There is a co-operative movement with considerable strength.

Osborne's Decision

The influence of the Osborne decision in England, under the provisions of which it is illegal for labor unions to use their funds for political purposes, according to a late report of the head office of the labor party, has spread from the railway employees' union, against whom the decision was first granted, until it now embraces more than a dozen other organizations of labor in the kingdom, and effects no less than twenty members of parliament. With the Osborne judgment as a precedent, all kinds of petty magistrates have issued injunctions to the effect of practically abolishing the possibility of political activity on the part of any trade body.

A vigorous and effective campaign has been carried on throughout the country for the purpose of turning the people against the judgment, and thousands of copies of a leaflet prepared for the purpose have been distributed, explaining the situation, and appealing to the people to vote for the reversal of the decision. If the decision were sustained it would necessitate a complete change in the tactics of the British labor forces.

"The thieves stole almost everything but the elephant." Last line of a newspaper account of a gang of robbers looting a circus, and makes one think of the old parties and their thievery of portions of the Socialist party platform. The old parties have stole a lot of it but you'll notice they didn't bother the Socialist elephant; that is, you'll not see anything in any of the old party platforms about giving the worker the full product of his toil. The Socialists needn't lose any sleep over any capitalist party stealing their elephant.

As protection goes up, revenue goes down, prices advance, monopoly thrives and millionaires multiply.

The truth of one age is the error of the next.

Italian Socialism

BY ANGELICA BALABANOFF
The Story of the Red Province

The eleventh Italian Socialist congress came and went without fulfilling the hopes and wishes of the bourgeois press and the capitalist class. The Socialist party is not dead as had been hoped for and prospected by its enemies. The party lives, is in the strength of maturity and promises to live for a long time yet.

Strange as it may seem to those who do not know the inner life of the Italian Socialist movement the party, after having lived and worked with great effectiveness for more than twenty years, has still to justify its existence. It is buried regularly on the eve of each congress, not only by its adversaries, but by some of the members of the party.

There are very few parties whose character is so difficult to understand as that of the Italian Socialist party, especially for a non-resident of Italy, who does not know thoroughly the story of its origin and later development.

The papers of the world have already told that at the last Italian Socialist congress the reformist resolution was carried with 13,000 votes, and that the party organ, *Avanti*, will continue under



the editorial control of the reformists. But who are the reformists? Why are they so called? Are they Socialists or not? The average reader of an Italian newspaper and even many party members would tell you that the reformists were reformers (social legislation, parliamentary action, etc.) while the other group, the revolutionists, want revolution and not reforms.

Such replies might well lead to the conclusion that there are no Socialists, in the Marxian sense, in Italy, since the most elementary principle of Marxism teaches that the social revolution, toward which all Socialists are aiming, cannot be attained without social reforms which form the necessary condition for the development of class consciousness, while, on the other hand no reform can be called Socialist unless it forms a means toward the end of overthrowing the capitalist society. Neither is it possible properly to call oneself a Socialist unless one aims at the revolutionary transformation of society.

Reform and revolution are not contrasting terms. The reverse is true—they are parts of one movement. Yet in Italy these terms are often used as in a contradictory sense when applied to Socialist work and propaganda. To understand the Italian Socialist movement we must know how this distinction arose and how it came to be a part of the Italian psychology.

This distinction did not exist at the beginning of the Italian movement, for in the beginning the Socialist party was based upon the Marxian position. The tactics as originally established and defined led the Socialists to separate themselves from the anarchists, at the Senora congress which took place in 1892, from which year any real class-conscious movement must date.

At this time the Socialist program appeared to be capable of realization only at a very distant date, especially as the number of factory workers was small. Strange as it may seem the first materialist movement in Italy was an idealistic one. The first results were glorious, and the abolition of all private property, and of all economic and political privilege was believed in and enthusiastically propagated by the starving peasants and the intellectuals, who, even if rich, worked with noble solidarity against the miserable conditions of their countrymen, along with proletarians, living under most precarious economic conditions. They joined the party of the exploited and worked with incomparable and passionate zeal and abnegation.

But as there are no miracles in history nor in nature so such a movement could not develop without solving this fundamental contradiction. Socialist tactics are based upon the interests of the revolutionary factory workers and not upon the tactics of peasants, poor middle class members and idealists.

While the Italian Socialist party fought for the elementary freedom of the country and for the abstract recognition of the rights of the working class its activity was most successful. Successive elections were successive triumphs for our comrades. But these

triumphs were due, not alone to proletarian votes, but those of various social elements. The mystical gave their votes to those whose program and propaganda was in defense of the weak and exploited.

The activity of the Socialist members of parliament could not be inspired by the principles of the class struggle when their electors came from so many different classes. They did their best to do their duty toward those who had elected them, but their action could be only a legislative one. They sought largely to improve the condition of those who depended upon the state, or employees of the postal service, etc.

These classes do not aim at the abolition of private property, and therefore their representatives did not aim at it. The members of parliament were, therefore, obliged to confine themselves almost entirely to reforms, and those who opposed these tactics soon came to call them reformists. They did not protest against this designation. They wanted to distinguish themselves from the anarchists and syndicalists who, revolutionary in theory, are most opportunistic in action.

The anarchists have had no connection with the party since 1892, nor the syndicalists since 1908, but their deleterious influence has not yet vanished. Having accustomed the working class to demagogical speeches, threatening acts they

have never fulfilled, the syndicalists and anti-parliamentarians have generated in the working class, or in a part of it at least, the most opportunist spirit.

The members of the trade unions, whose leader is the reformist, Rigola, accustomed by their former leaders, the anti-parliamentary syndicalists, to a great and cynical contradiction between assertions and reality, between words and deeds, care for nothing in the movement but the number of organized workers and laws in favor of them. Therefore, they do not see the need of a class politics—a policy that defends the interests of the whole class, and the interests of the international proletarian movement.

They voted with the reformists in the congress and would like them to be even more reformists than they have been. Therefore the reformists have won.

The revolutionary group is only a small one in opposition to the reformists because this opposition is not based upon a definite theoretical program, but upon a general and exceptional discontent with the tactics of the majority of the party and of the members of parliament in particular.

The writer of these lines was the only speaker who tried to interpret the situation and to argue it from the Marxian point of view. But she was not listened to. The Italian reformists, being revisionists of Marxism, are under the delusion of having surpassed and overthrown a theory that has never had any real basis in their country.

But the increasing growth of the great industry, and the class consciousness that is a necessary corollary of that growth, will prove to the Italian Socialists, that the Marxian point of view and tactics offer the only foundation for a battle against capitalism.

To Be a Real Socialist Daily

In a recent issue of the *Lab. Leader*, J. Keir Hardie makes the following statement concerning the new Socialist daily which is announced for the first of next May:

"The paper will not be a sloppy slipshod affair turned out anyhow by well-meaning amateurs. It will be properly planned and staffed by trained journalists and experienced business men in every department. It will give all the important political happenings of the world, at home and abroad. It will give the movement a new sense of pride in itself by recording the work being done by its representatives in parliament, and on the various elective bodies throughout the country. It will keep its readers informed of the progress of the movement in other lands. At present all this is hidden and concealed, or at least misrepresented by the party press. Science, art and literature will each be represented by experts. The paper will have its own representative in every capital abroad, and its special correspondents at home. Labor matters will be dealt with from the workman's standpoint, which will of itself make the paper invaluable to trade unionists. The affairs of the world, and all that therein is, will be judged from the viewpoint of Socialism. Every movement making for enlarging the boundaries of human freedom will be actively supported, whilst all that avers of opposition in our dealing with other peoples will be denounced. Nor will the lighter side of life be overlooked, but of that more anon."

The protected trusts are always first in greed, first in graft and first in the pockets of their countrymen.

Necessity is the mother of Socialism.

Tolstoy

BY ROBERT HUNTER

It would be difficult to believe that the world has known another such man.

Tolstoy stood out among the great of the world of to-day like a lone peak of surpassing height and grandeur.

And his greatness was not alone that of the prophet, or of the artist, or of the pure intellectual, or of the noble. It was the greatness of all incarnated in the rough and rugged form of the Russian peasant.

We saw the blouse, the high boots and the face of the Russian serf amidst his fields.

Yet this was perhaps our most learned man. He knew the literature of all ages and of all countries.

He had drunk at the fountain of the ancients—the Asiatic, the Semite, the Greek, the Roman—and from there he had followed the main current down through the ages.

He knew the religions of all time and loved to unite himself with the spirit of those who, in all ages, have sought the divine.

And from literature and religion he turned to politics, studied economics, watched the development of sociology, metaphysics and philosophy, art and music, agriculture and science.

If "to know the best that has been said and thought in the world" is culture, as Mathew Arnold has said, then Tolstoy was the most cultured man of our age.

And he knew men. He made them live, sounded the depths of their profoundest passions, interpreted the inner and most secret thoughts of saint and sinner, of tyrant and slave, of sportsman and toiler, of the sweet, fresh girl and of the abandoned woman.

Tolstoy saw, felt and portrayed vice, disease, death, the degradation of man, woman and child, the hideous brutality of the Russian bureaucracy.

In his acquisition of knowledge, in his participation in the religious passions of the world, in his interpretation of men's souls and in the joy of his creative art, his life was but partially expressed.

His own innermost personal struggles and passions, his own sins and trials, his doubts and agonies, were like a world-drama seen by all mankind.

For decades he lived in spiritual torment, torn first by doubt and questioning and then prostrated by a deadly pessimism.

With other sensitive Russians he suffered from a morbid conscience. He fought with confusion, doubt and pessimism as a god fights with devils.

Yet, depressed he was with that mental malady which has destroyed so many men of genius in his own country, he saved himself from mysticism and spiritual death.

With a soul given to introspection, ever ready to laugh at its own sensations, to scorn or approve its own acts; with a heart of good ever battling with a heart of evil, this man of mental and spiritual turmoil fought his way, Titan-like.

Tolstoy was a vain man, who loved to humble himself; a good man who maligned himself; a great artist who despised his art; a learned man who was contemptuous of learning; a nobleman who aspired to be a peasant; a refined man loving perfumes and fine linen, who yet condemned himself to work in the dung of the stables.

He was a man, who, inheriting power through land, voluntarily became landless; a soldier of promise who became a non-resistant; an artist of masterly power who had pay only for his work as a common laborer.

To know Tolstoy's life, to review all its contradictions, to scale its great heights and to descend into its abyssal depths, is to journey once again by proxy through inferno, Purgatory and Paradise.

His spiritual struggles for forty years recall the trials and temptations of the forty days in the desert.

His pilgrimage from earthly sins and bestial gods recalls Exodus.

His revolt against authority reminds one of the Greek Prometheus.

His glorification of the soul of the peasant calls to mind that dim, almost vanished mediæval, Piers the Plowman.

His battles with the church revive memories of the great struggles of Wickliffe.

His struggles against the artificial and the feudal reminded one of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

He was modern and ancient, incarnating in his varied, contradictory life, the struggles of a multitude of great souls and the battles of ages.

The Case of Savarkar

The arbitration tribunal appointed to examine the case of Savarkar consists of—

- M. Beerneart, President (Belgium).
- M. G. de Savarin-Lohman (Holland).
- M. Graam (Norway).
- M. Louis Renault (France).
- Lord Desart (England).
- M. Beerneart is a well known Belgian statesman.

Messrs. Lohman and Grimm are judicial experts, and M. Louis Renault, a redoubtable adversary, is a famous business advocate.

Savarkar has chosen as his assistant to present his case to the arbitration board Jean Longuet, the well-known French Socialist and correspondent of the *Coming Nation*.

If This Were Your Child



Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY J. W. SABCOCK

Little Jack Hornet played on a cornet,
Will Wasp played trombone, sweet and grand.
Some said they were ringers, because they used stingers,
In Bugville's Busy Brass Band.

John, John the miller's son,
Stole some bread and away he ran,
The bread was stale
And he went to jail,
Ten Years, for no one could go his bail.

Another man named Howard Bennett,
Took another's name tho' he had to pen it,
Stole a railroad, two banks or more,
Ten million dollars he had in store,
And he went to the U. S. senate.

Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he,
He called for his wife and he called for
his child,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

He laughed to himself and he laughed aloud
And he laughed in kindly glee,
"If I call once more, ere the day is o'er
They'll take this phone out," said he.

Cream and Confusion

Or Competition on the Curb

A Brief Blend of Hearts, Hokey-Pokey and Hilarity

BY GEORGE ALLEN ENGLAND

I.
Neapolitan Joe twirled his mustache, struck an aggressive pose beside his hokey-pokey-cone cart, and glared. He glared at Sandwich Pete across the street—at Pete who had perfidiously usurped the choice position near the school house gate—at Pete who had bribed his way into police protection by granting free official access to the cream. Joe's glare was hotter than the August sun. It scorched.

Pete didn't care. He had no time to. The smear-faced children swarming round his "One-three-five-cent" ice-cream-wagon fully occupied his time. Pete was busy—very busy and very happy. He was toiling hard, Pete was, to correlate the laws of demand and supply. As he dealt the dainties and pocketed the pence, he hummed a tune whereof the burden was that "Margheri e peper's a Salvatore," and smiled with seven times seven beatitudes. Another fortnight of police-protection, and—Teresa would be his!

Neapolitan Joe knew all about that, and his glare was hilt because of *la Teresa*. Joe's own suit with her had once upon a time gone swimmingly, and so had the hokey-pokey-cone industry, until Pete had got wise to American methods and corrupted the police. Joe wished he'd thought of that, first; but he hadn't. Fatal mistake! Even the reflection that he had maintained his honor and that no tainted tin jingled in his jeans couldn't comfort him.

"Traitor!" he hissed through his hirsutes, and glared some more. Pete's only answer was a broader smile and more strenuous activities.

"Come along-a! One-tree-five-a da cone!" cried he.

"Ah! La vendett!..." ejaculated Joe.

It struck him there was something unnatural in the activity of Pete's business. Pete, he felt certain, must be up to some unprofessional conduct. Pete ought to be investigated. But the broad-beamed policeman on the corner daunted him. Wait till the policeman should be gone, and then—!

Joe waited. There wasn't anything to do but wait. His ire waxed by leaps and bounds. Visions of Black Hands filled his brain.

"Wait! Ah, wait—we see!" he groaned impatiently.

Joe looked up again. The cop was gone!

"Now!" said Joe. He left his wagon and sauntered cas-

ually across the street. Pete was still humming the woes of Margheri. Casually Joe elbowed through the jostle of kids and stood at Pete's busy right hand. Pete paid no heed. Under the circumstances he could afford to be oblivious. "One-tree-five-a da piece!" he touted, loud above the babble of babes and the rumble of traffic.

Joe stretched a lean neck and observed. As Pete dished out a generous spoonful and slapped it into the crispy cone, he saw the cream contained a streak of clear, pale emerald. Pisachio! Peter was scabbing on the union! Pete was breaking the rules for his own base ignoble ends!

"Tr-r-aitor!" once more hissed Joe; but he took good care the word passed not beyond his fine Umberto twirlers. Then he sauntered back to his own demesne.

A thing of shreds and patches, in the shape of a shrewd newsboy, passed his wagon. Joe detained him, like an Ancient Mariner gathering in a wedding guest.

"Aw, wot's bitin' youse?" cried Newsy. "Hiss-s-t!" cautioned Joe, holding to the rags with one hand while with the other he scooped up a fistful of salt-petre from his freezer. Look-a da here! Six, eight hokey-pokey-cone I give-a you—you do what I say, none-*ever!*"

"Wot's yer game, Guinea?"

Joe sketched it in ten words.

"I'm on Wapo!" exclaimed the venal one. "Give us de goods!"

A minute later, Newsy was navigating across the street. One hand gripped a paper bag crammed with cones. The other overflowed with the salt of the earth.

II.

Newsy had no more than reached propitious juxtaposition, when fortune favored—as she always does the unabashed. A customer diverted Pete's attention. Newsy's hand shot out. Then Newsy ducked. An instant, and he had twinkled round the corner. Joe's chest swelled, his black eyes glistened and his mustaches bristled. He waited.

He didn't have to wait long. The infant population immediately showed signs of the divine discontent. Discourteous swelled to discord, to dissonance—lots of it. Clamorings arose. "Wot t'ell?—Rotten!—On de bum!—Gimme dat cent back, see?—Hey, Dago, it's de double cross fer yours!—Yah!" Fer-vid demands for pennies mingled with

cutting sarcasms. Pete looked pained. "Eh? What-a da matter here?" he exclaimed.

"De cream, Eytaliano! De cream!" Pete seized a spoon, dug out a bite from his can, and tasted. Comprehension dawned, dazing him to silence. But not preventing action—no! One swipe Pete made, down, deep down into his can. Up came his hand filled with the beautiful corn-starch-and-other-things compound, including—that so delicate pistachio.

One and one-fifth seconds later, before Joe can guard, war is on.

"Plop!" goes a fistful of frozen killacy into Joe's starboard optic.

"Blub!" lands a pint of semi-liquid frigidity upon Pete's lineaments.

Spatters fly wide. The childish horde bursts into plaudits. All numbs are down.

Pete deploys back to his base and snatches a can of ammunition.

But Joe, well-creamed, is now upon him. The ozone fills itself with comets, constellations and curlycues of cream. Some is white, some is greenish. All of it is goo'y.

The duellists lose human guise. Tenebrous windows fill themselves with joyful folk. A great white cheerfulness pervades the block.

Lo! Now all the cream is gone, all gone!

Fists come into action. Streaks of red begin to lend the needed touch to the white, the green. National colors of Italy, you say? All right! *Viva the tricolor!*

"Tr-r-aitor!"

"Accidente!"

"Maladett!"

"Woo! Take-a dat!"

"Bandit! Ow!"

"No fair-a da kick!"

"Corpo di Bacco!"

"Santa Lu-ci-a!"

"Teres!"

Pete's down—Joe's on top, whacking away like physical culture lessons, one, two, one-two....

"De cop!"

"Cheese it, de cop!"

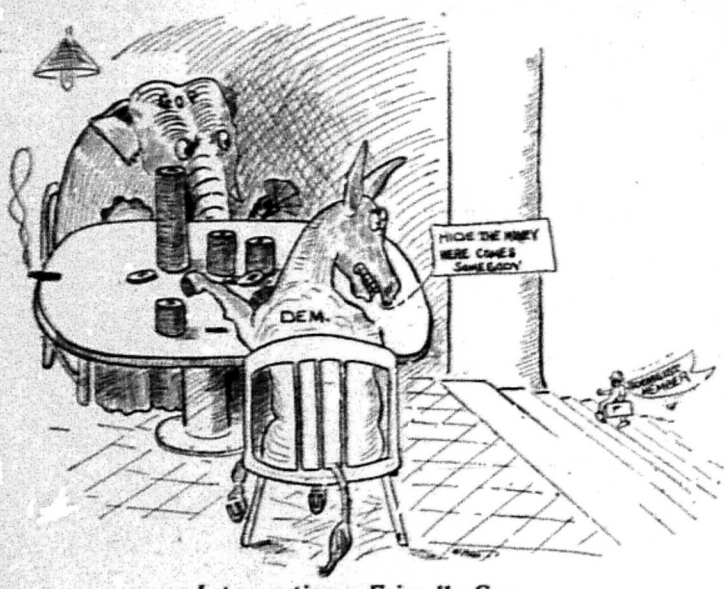
There needs no other than this street cry to sign up a quick armistice between the principals. Blue-coated force majeure is panting nigh.

A rumble of ice-cream carts through the ruck, a vision of bespattered fugitives, a frenzied scramble of the innocents for scattered booty—and the Battle of the Bisque is history.

And who got Teresa?

Oh, she married Vincento Perelli, the macaroni-man on Cross street. For the wedding feast Perelli ordered ice-cream from both Pete and Joe. Which after all, was quite the diplomatic way of dodging *la vendetta*, was it not?

Come Have A Smile On Us



Interrupting a Friendly Game

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

Coming and Going.
We gaily turn the rascals out,
Our conscience stands approving;
For even though they fuss and pout,
The day has come for moving.
And when we have at last disposed
Of all these hardened cases
What do we do, do you suppose?
Put others in their places.

A leech that had a strangle hold,
A crafty crook and clever,
Who fancied, by success made bold
He held the job forever.



We "can" some cool election day,
And, it's beyond believing,
In place of him we chase away
Put one as deft at thieving.

And as they come and so they fit,
A dim procession, endless,
The peop's robbed and helpless sit
Forlorn and shorn and friendless;
But some day, rising in their might
They may—who knows?—cut capers
And for this gang of grafters write
Their final walking papers.

Knew Its Deserts.
"How are you going to vote, Bill?"
"I think I will give the old party one more trial."
"You think it needs another trial?"
"I do. Don't you?"
"You bet I do, and I would like to sit on the jury."



For Them All Right.
The party pledge is meant to fool
The fellows who are able
To tell when trust-cut ice is cool
But don't know fact from fable.
The promises of yesterday
Have long since been forgotten,
There is, or so I often hear,
In Denmark something rotten.

Plenty of Vista.
"What are you doing these days?"
"Looking for a job."
"How is the looking?"
"The quantity is all right but the quality is strictly punk."
Knew What Was Required.
"How are you getting along in school, Johnny?"
"Fine. I licked a boy yesterday."
"But do you know the multiplication table?"

"Naw. What's the good of that?"
"You can't call yourself educated without it."
"I guess you are behind the times. I am going to weigh sugar for the trust when I grow up and I won't need no arithmetic."



Our Pet Back Number.
An octopus for lunch he ate
When he was telling how
We ought to run the ship of state
And almost wrecked the scow.
Where is that self-appointed czar,
Who just a month ago
Thought common sense was not at par
And rose to tell us so?

He languishes at Oyster Bay,
His eyes once bright, are moister,
And he is getting, so they say,
Some pointers from the oyster.

School of Experience.
By knocks and blows below the belt
Some gumption men may gain,
Unless the jar is really felt.
So some it is not plain,
It seems an awful price to pay
For wisdom. Yes, too true,
If they will learn no other way
What else then can they do?

Room for Efforts.
It is so little we can do
Our crude careers to whittle
Prom out the crooked sticks at hand
But let us do that little.

Little Flings.
This is the golden age of graft.
Wall street keeps them good by punishing the parties alternately.
Fine thing to have the tariff for men to blame their own stupidity on.
The auto age threatens to be superseded before it becomes of age.
If the plutes could use him they wouldn't blush as they called on Bryan to save them.

Oleson Attends a Socialist Lecture

BY DENNIS McCARTY

"An' did yeez go to th' Socialist lecture last night, Oleson?"
"Yas, Ay bin dare, Meester McCarty."
"An' phwat d'ye think av it? 'Twere foine, Oi'll bet."
"Val, Ay tank she bin vun dam foolishness, bay yimminy! Yas, she bin fine; dat vas de troubles, she vas too fine. All das fa-aler bin talkin' bout vas some fa-alers vat he calls buzz-saw an'—"
"Ar-rah, come off wid yeez! Its' booz-waw ye manel! Thims th' high-toned bhoys yhwat drinks th' champagne and Manhattan cocktails—"
"Aint dat vat Ay say, booz-saw? But for vy he shall talk about such a fa-alers? Vy dem not talk Angles so



ve common scrubs can understand vat he say?"

"Yer education hez bin neglected, Olie, thot's th' matter wid ye. Now thot wor-rd is spelled bo-u-r-g-e-o-i-s an' pronounced booz-waw. 'Tis a Greek wor-rd mania' booz-fighter. Thot an' lots av 'her high-toned wor-rds were all Greek to me till Oi began goin' to thim Socialist lectures. 'Thot's th' place to learn things. Olie; thim lectures is a divilish smart lot av fellys an' th' way they sling th' furring lingo is a caution."

"Val, Ay not know vat you call smart fa-aler but me Ay tank dem bin some educated fools! Vat you tank fur dis; af ar de lecture Svan Svanson say to me—come an' Ay make yau 'quainted vid de speaker. So Ay go long an' Svan he say 'Perfessor, shake hands wid Meester Oleson'. An' de Perfessor he say, 'Ah, dees bin nudder vun of our proletarianse'. An' ay tal him pooty quick. No sir, Ay not bin dem things! Ay bin honest man! Ay bin a Svede; Ay always bin vun all may life!"

Economy.
"Woman is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire justice of the peace, "I remember that my wife

and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize."

"Yes, my dear," said I to my wife, "we must both economize, both!"
"Very well, Henry," she said, with a tired air of submission, "you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair."

Its First Steps



Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live.

Hot Cinders

BY E. N. RICHARDSON

Said the good man to the kicker, "The Lord is all wise and good; he even provides for the birds of the air."
"Yes, I know," replied the kicker, "but I'm not a bird."
Johnny—Say, Pa, are house flies any good?
Pa—I don't think so, my son; if they were old John D. would long ago had all of us catching them for him on shares.

The increase in the Socialist vote should be a gentle hint to the capitalists that the workers are finding out that there is something more important for them than simply standing up to be counted in the census returns.

"If you can't beat 'em jine 'em. That's the way an old politician of Topeka puts it, but he wasn't referring to the Socialists. He and his class will find they can't beat the Socialists and they'll have hard work "jining" them.

Reading Teddy's talk to the newspaper men the other day, one is reminded of what one of Job's friends said to him on a certain occasion, "Art thou the first man that was born, or wast thou made before the hills."

Did you ever see a dog whirl around in a circle chasing 'is tail, which of course he never catches? If you have, you've seen a perfect picture of the capitalist agents, the federal courts and all the rest of them trying to stop the growth of Socialism.

As Modest as Teddy.

The preacher was discoursing on the great and small things of creation. To illustrate his statement that nothing was too vast or too tiny to be of interest to Providence, he proceeded in these words: "The Creator of this immense universe created the smallest atom with it also. The Architect of these vast mountains around you fashioned also the tiniest thread of gold running, through them; and my dear friends, the God who made me made a daisy."—*Woman's National Daily.*

Close Friends.
"Why do you cry, Jerry?"
"Casey wouldn't lend me five dollars."
"And I thought he was your closest friend."
"He never was so close as that before."—Judge.

The Jolt That Jarred Teddy



—From The St. Louis Herald