

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Let the Truth be Known

NO MAN that believes in the essentials of freedom and justice, no man that believes the courts should be kept immaculate from petty spite and malice, no man of any faith in free speech and a free press can think he has done his duty until he has made by all means in his power his utmost protest against the conviction of Fred Warren.

If the sentence in this case can be carried out it is not too much to say that at any time hereafter any man that becomes obnoxious to the power of wealth or that criticises an administration can be railroaded to jail on any trumped-up charge.

It is evident then that here is a fundamental issue. We are back again facing the old question of basic human rights. If the precedent of the Warren case be established no ruler of mediaeval times ever had a more efficient gag upon the utterances of his subjects than a national administration at Washington can use upon its critics.

The country at large is not informed about the successive steps of the case and the fate that now overhangs Warren, because the press will not publish the facts about the matter. Therefore the duty of every believer in justice is to see that the facts are widely spread. In every town of the country public meetings should be called to protest against this intolerable wrong. See that your neighbors learn all about it. Give them the history of the case. Let them understand the principle involved. Show them that whereas the supreme court of the United States held the kidnaping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone to be right and proper, Warren is now to be imprisoned for suggesting that the process thus upheld by the supreme court should be used in another case. The man that will not mentally revolt against an injustice so rank as this is no American and no good citizen.

See that these facts become universally known. If you are a member of a union make it your business to call the attention of all your union brothers to what is purposed in this case. Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were the victims of an organized warfare upon unions. Warren is suffering in the union cause. Do not let the union haters have their way with him.

Enter your protest. Keep your own conscience clear. If you let Warren go to prison without objecting you are helping the interests that are trying to pull him down.

All of us live so much in the false atmosphere created by the capitalist press that we are often, in spite of ourselves, uninformed about the things most important to us.

Roosevelts part in the Case
Thus I did not know until lately that the prosecution of Fred Warren had been especially ordered by Theodore Roosevelt.

That makes everything clear and intelligible. All observers must have wondered how on earth there ever came to be a prosecution on a charge so preposterous and carried out in a way so tyrannical. I have often marveled at the district attorney that urged the case, feeling quite certain that he must be ashamed of his part in so despicable a story. But the interposition of Roosevelt removes all the mystery, because it is perfectly well-known that among the obsessions of that wild mouthing absolutist is an obsession about prosecuting everybody that offends him. His first answer to any criticism or opposition is always "Put that fellow in jail."

There was a conspicuous illustration of this curious mania in the cases of the *New York World* and the *Indianapolis News*, which by a most dangerous straining of authority Roosevelt prosecuted for printing a little of the Panama story. Mr. Warren's case is almost identical with these, except that not being allied with any powerful interests he has been soaked, while the *World* and *News* escaped.

Let no one overlook these significant facts. Fred Warren is not being punished for any violation of the postal laws, but for incurring the enmity of Theodore Roosevelt.

It was Roosevelt's well-known desire to have Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone put to death. Warren made their treatment appear before the country in its true light.

Therefore Warren was convicted at Roosevelt's orders and is now to go to jail.

That is the way the case stands.

What do you think of it?

The churches have now taken up the Boy Scout movement and are helping their young parishioners to learn how to kill!

In the name of the Prince of Peace, I suppose.

THE genial optimists that have predicted the ending of war by the development of aerial navigation, must be somewhat disconcerted by the invention of a German rifle that will with one shot knock out any aeroplane or dirigible. According to the optimists the aeroplane would be such a terrible war engine that the mere fright of it would keep nations within the bounds of peace. The fact that precisely the same prediction was made about the submarine boat, the submarine torpedo, dynamite, the Maxim automatic, the 14-inch gun, and that all of these prophecies came to naught, never discouraged the war optimist and never will. He is still certain that war is to be ended, not by removing its cause, but by making it so destructive that nobody will be willing to engage in it. I suppose the same idea

has possessed the same order of mind for two thousand years. Meantime wars go on and the armament burdens yearly increase for labor to pay. The horror of the polite hosts of Parlor Reform over these conditions is comical enough for a place in vaudeville. They are all of them much grieved that Hague conferences do not prevent nor even discourage war nor yet diminish the terrible armament burden, but not one of them would tolerate the suggestion that they should take part in the only movement that will ever rid the earth of this abomination. Is not this a fact for philosophers to ponder? Also professional humorists?

For instance, the idea of Peace Societies that you can end war by eating annual banquets and listening to reiterated platitudes—how juicy would be that subject for a comic opera artist!

If you wish to get rid of war you must get rid of the Capitalism that makes war. If you like Capitalism you must not dislike its products. Come up to the mark then, complacent preacher of platitudes. If you defend Capitalism you must also defend war, prostitution and tuberculosis for these are its fruits.

In the recent campaign the republican orators made much of the intention of the party to enact an anti-injunction law at the present session of congress and workmen were particularly invited to give their confidence to this alluring prospect and vote for the republican congressmen.

No Anti Injunction Bill this Session

Today I read in the Washington correspondence that because of the pressure of the appropriation bills at this session it will not be possible to pass the anti-injunction nor any other similar legislation that has been proposed.

The fact that this swindle is the oldest in politics, that it is played every year upon workmen, that it is perfectly transparent to every observer, that even when they make these promises the thimble-riggers can hardly keep their faces straight, will not in any way prevent the reappearance of the ancient game in the next campaign and the next:

It took twenty-five years and 50,000 exposures to wear out the green goods game. The politicians that fool the workmen have got the old-time green goods operators backed off the map. They can go on with their swindle apparently forever.

Some observers note this fact and draw from it the conclusion that political intelligence must be at a low ebb in America and that reformers waste time in appealing to it.

Not at all. But if you are given to do a piece of work you must have tools to do it with. The people at large take very little interest in these affairs because they have very little share in their government. Anybody that talks about the failure of democracy in America is a foolish person and not to be heeded. How can a thing be a failure that never existed? There never has been any more democracy in America than there has been snow in perdition. A system of government under which a handful of rich men collaborate with a handful of political bosses to select the law-makers and fill the offices is not much in the way of a democracy, is it? The reason why the average American knows nothing about Congress nor its acts is because he had nothing to do with choosing it.

But suppose we had something like a democracy; suppose the question of an anti-injunction law could be submitted to the people, that would put an end to the injunction evil and also to the thimble-riggers, would it not?

Then do you not see that if you wish to straighten these things and have a country worth living in and give decency a chance, the first object is to put the government into the hands of the people?

Give us democracy; we'll do the rest.

I mean a genuine democracy; not the fake kind that the knee-pains performers are trying to foist upon us for their own purposes.

A Genuine not a False Democracy

For ten years the people of Illinois have agitated for a primary law that they hoped would abolish the political bosses and establish democratic principles.

Twice the interests and fake reformers in control of the legislature, devised and passed a law that apparently granted the direct primary but was so cunningly worded that the supreme court of the state was certain to knock it out.

Another primary law was tried out in the late election. The supreme court has not yet declared it unconstitutional like the others, but anyway it has been so doctored and joked that it is of no use.

I will show you how it works.

Some days before the primary the five republican bosses constituting the machine in Cook county came together and made up as usual the full slate of county candidates. It was, generally speaking, a very bad slate. I guess Cook county has seldom seen a worse.

This slate was handed out to the party press, which promptly endorsed it.

Some party members, recognizing the evil aspects of the slate, and resenting the dictation of the five bosses, thought that they would bolt and vote for other candidates.

They discovered that to make any kind of a campaign against the prepared slate would cost \$500,000—no less.

The republican voters must be informed of the nature of the slate that had been handed out by

the bosses, there must be another organization, it must meet and agree upon candidates, and it must make a fight for them.

To do all this \$500,000 was a very conservative estimate of cost.

The machine had the party newspapers, therefore, it had the attention of the voters. To get any share of that attention would be a stupendous task—under these conditions.

So the bolters gave up and the machine slate went through exactly as it always went through in the days before direct primaries were dreamed of. To be sure.

In various parts of this country are gentlemen shouting their heads off for direct primaries as the cure for all evils. I call their attention to this chapter of history as calculated to quiet their mad enthusiasm.

Under the existing system how much better off will you be with direct nominations and primaries than you were before?

Especially I should like the attention of the reform dolts of the Abbott and Shaw tribe in New York.

For months they have been shouting applause whenever the name of former Governor Hughes was mentioned because he stood for direct nominations. Well, here is what direct nominations mean when you get them—under the existing system. It will never occur to these unfortunate persons that all of the Hughes-Roosevelt campaign for direct nominations was a "stall" nor that while the popular attention is turned to "direct nominations" the corporations are going through the pockets of the crowd. Yet such are the facts.

The reason why these gentlemen will not see these obvious things is, no doubt, congenital and due to the provisions of an inscrutable providence.

But there is one thing pretty sure. If they can't see obvious facts they ought never to assume to lead other people.

One passage from President Taft's message deserves to be quoted and widely remembered. Thus:

"It seems to me that the existing legislation with reference to the regulation of corporations and the restraint of their business has reached a point where we can stop for a while and witness the effect of the vigorous execution of the laws on the statute books in restraining the abuses which certainly did exist, and which roused the public to demand reform. If this test develops a need for further legislation, well and good, but until then let us execute what we have."

It must be for our sins that providence has sent upon us the author of this twaddle.

"The vigorous execution of the laws on the statute books," says this unfortunate gentleman.

What "vigorous execution" and what laws? We have on the statute books laws "restraining the abuses" of trusts and of combinations in restraint of trade. Would Mr. Taft mind pointing out to us which of these laws is being "vigorous executed?"

Under these laws the number, power, audacity and criminality of the trusts daily increase. Under these laws Mr. Morgan's Steel Trust, absolutely immune against any law, has so bedeviled the steel market that nearly one-half of its employees are now idle. Under these laws Mr. Ryan's Tobacco Trust, immune against any law, is daily putting retail merchants out of business. Under these laws Mr. Morgan's and Mr. Rockefeller's Railroad Trust, immune against any law, is perpetrating a gigantic swindle upon the American consumer. Under these laws Mr. Morgan's Milk Trust, immune against any law, puts up the price of milk and makes life and health dearer for the children of the poor.

Would Mr. Taft kindly give us his opinion of these specimens of "vigorous execution?"

But under these same laws the Danbury Hatters' Union has been mulcted \$220,000 for damages resulting from a strike although no such application of the laws was ever intended.

Where the Laws are Executed
And under these laws Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison have been sentenced to jail for exercising the constitutional right of free speech, although no such application of the laws was ever intended.

And under these laws men have been arrested and thrown into prison for the crime of striking, although no such application of the laws was ever intended.

Which of these "vigorous executions" is the particular "vigorous execution" that the president has in mind?

Some persons have thought it very wonderful that a man so dull as this should ever be president of the United States. That is not the true wonder. The really wonderful thing is that a man so dull should be alive. You would naturally expect him to put his fork into his eye instead of his mouth, or try to open a wall instead of a door.

For it must certainly be mere dulness that allows the president's message to be written or dictated by J. Pierpont Morgan and to reveal so openly the traces of his authorship.

Pierpont Morgan's Presidential Message
You think this assertion is extravagant or imagination? Neither. Turn to the message and see. You noticed, possibly, if you read the document, that extraordinary passage in which the American operations in Honduras are boomed and advertised. Whose are those operations? Mr. Morgan's. What place have they in a president's message? None at all. You noticed also the passage in which the American operations in China were boomed and advertised. Whose are those operations? Mr. Morgan's. What place have they in a president's message? None at all. Finally you may have observed that in the passage quoted here about leaving the corporations alone that the cor-

porations most demanding restriction and attention are the corporations of Mr. Morgan.

Nothing of this kind has ever been observable before in a president's message. I desire to emphasize the new appearance. To my mind it is much the most important development of the day. Apparently we have now reached the point at which the real owners of America are willing to declare their ownership.

But there is one thing in this most remarkable document that does sound as if it might be Mr. Taft's very own.

The one Thing that must be done
He is firmly of the opinion that the Panama Canal should be fortified.

On that subject adipose is congealed and jelly becomes adamant.

Let the trusts rule the nation, let them overturn business, let them throw a million men out of work, let them kick holes in the laws, let justice be made a joke, let men be imprisoned for a caprice or a whim, let the constitution be interpreted one way for the rich and another for the poor, let judge-made law supersede all others, and no man need disturb himself. The true issue of the hour and the only thing worth thinking about is how much money we shall waste in fortifying a \$500,000,000 gold brick.

The president of the United States costs us \$75,000 a year and his keep. Some persons have wondered if we get our money's worth out of him. In the case of the present incumbent we certainly do—in entertainment.

SOMEBODY in Italy has written a comic opera on the Katherine Elkins—Duke of Abruzzi story and the Italian government has refused to allow the work to be produced for fear that it should give offense to the American nation.

That depends upon whom you call the American nation. If you mean the people that constitute society and fondle lap-dogs and import their clothes and parrot the social customs of Great Britain, the Italian government was right. The comic opera is said to put the title-hunting Elkins crew in the most ridiculous light and that certainly would give much offense in our *recherche* circles, who always take themselves so seriously.

But if you mean the people outside of this small, dull and uninteresting lot, the Italians were needlessly concerned. Nothing in the opera could possibly make the Elkins story seem more comical to us than it has hitherto appeared.

The title-hunting proclivities of this family would seem to deserve much more thorough investigation than an opera librettist can give them, for they are surely the best possible example of the effects upon the human mind of vast wealth easily obtained.

Titles and Ancestors on the Bargain Counter
For years it has been well understood that the daughter was for sale for any title that was big enough. When one purchaser from the outskirts of surviving royalty shied at the proffered bargain the hopeful parents hunted up another. A title they were determined to have in the family, no matter how it was obtained; but it must be a title that would enable the possessor to shine above the other American girls that have been sold on similar terms. No cheap dukes or dubious French counts for the Elkins tribe. When they should buy they must have the real thing. That is why the Duke of Abruzzi looked so good to them. He is a member of the reigning family of Italy and stands upon about the sixty-seventh step of the very throne. Any number of the Elkins coal mine millions would have been cheerfully paid for that kind of a title, but the Duke's relatives raised such a fuss that the bargain had to be called off.

As a consolation Mr. Elkins is reported to have paid the London College of Heralds a large fee for the discovery that his daughter is descended from Charlemagne. This joyful news was for a time received in our highest circles of society with great éclat. It was presently dimmed by the reminder of the fact that we are all descended from Charlemagne. Also from Shinder Hannis, Barrabas the robber, Jack Cade and the lowest serfs that were plundered, robbed and scratched themselves about the purlieus of ancient Rome. Also from other persons still less desirable as perfectly aristocratic ancestors. Senator Elkins did not know this simple fact when he paid his fee to the College of Heralds but any ordinary person who has ever looked into this most ridiculous fake of "direct descent" from aristocracy could easily have told him.

But these seem to be the mental amusements and resources of our idle rich. I would respectfully move for a society to send missionaries among them to save them from being utterly absurd. The same missionaries might incidentally pick up useful information. As for instance, concerning the condition of the coal miners whose exploitation furnishes the money wherewith Miss Elkins' title is to be bought. That ought to be illuminating and valuable.

THE complexion of the congress elected in the off-years has usually foretold the result of the presidential election next succeeding.

We may for many reasons accept this as quite true in regard to the presidential election of 1912.

Meanwhile, the senate is swinging over from republican to democratic, so that after 1912 the democrats will once more have the entire machinery of government after twenty years.

To those that know the democratic leaders and the pathetic muddle they are in, this will be the grand national vaudeville act of the ages.

A WORKERS HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

Chapter IV.—Anaxagoras.

ANAXAGORAS was the first man to suffer for science's sake. He sought a physical explanation for natural phenomena which had previously been held by the Greeks to belong to the domain of myth.

He gave it as his opinion that the sun was a red-hot stone about the size of a Greek province.

Eward Clodd in his excellent little book "Pioneers of Evolution," says: "The opinions of Anaxagoras struck at the existence of the gods and emptied Olympus. If the sky was, but an air-filled space, what became of Zeus? If the sun was only a fiery ball, what became of Apollo?"

In the first volume of his History of Greece (page 466), Mr. Grote writes: "In the view of the early Greeks, the description of the sun, as given in a modern astronomical treatise, would have appeared not merely absurd, but repulsive and impious; even in later times, Anaxagoras and other astronomers incurred the charge of blasphemy for dispersing Helios" (the sun).

Arabella Buckley, whose excellent "Short History of Natural Science" is disfigured by the constant interjection of religious views, says: "Anaxagoras was the first Greek philosopher who taught that there must be one great intelligence ruling over the universe. So that the Greeks punished as an atheist the man who first taught them of a supreme God. This example should teach us to be very careful how we condemn the opinions of others, for fear that we, like the Greeks, should think another wicked only because his thoughts are nobler than we can understand."

Anaxagoras was born rich and it was expected he would become a great statesman. But his natural bent was toward science and philosophy. Not only did he take little interest in the affairs of the state, but he completely neglected his own. While he studied the mysteries of the universe his estates fell into ruin and he became poor. This disturbed him so little that he said: "To philosophy I owe my worldly ruin, and my souls prosperity."

He then commenced teaching and his success is indicated by the fame of his pupils. Among these were the mighty statesman Pericles, the tragic poet Euripides, and the philosopher and martyr Socrates. Anaxagoras was condemned to death and would have paid the same penalty as was later paid by his pupil Socrates, but his great pupil Pericles pleaded his case and succeeded in having his sentence changed to a fine and banishment. He then retired to Lampsacus, where he spent the rest of his life teaching science and philosophy. After his banishment he justly

boasted: "It is not I who have lost the Athenians, it is the Athenians who have lost me."

His teachings were highly prized by the citizens of Lampsacus and at his deathbed they asked him to name some method by which they could do honor to his memory. He asked that the day of his death be kept as an annual holiday in the schools, and this was done for many centuries.

As an astronomer he discovered the causes of the eclipses of both sun and moon. He learned that when the moon comes directly between us and the sun, we see the moon's dark body pass over the sun shutting it from our view, and when our earth comes exactly between the moon and the sun we cut off the sun's light from the moon, and see the shadow of our earth passing over the face of the moon.

He also saw that the moon had mountains, plains and valleys, and he believed it to be inhabited. He did not know that the moon had no atmosphere and that none of our organic forms could live there.

Anaxagoras made important contributions to philosophy, especially in fields where philosophy and science are vitally related.

He excelled his predecessors in his reflections on the origin of knowledge. Xenophanes had held that the senses were the sole source of knowledge. Heraclitus made reason the source of certainty. Anaxagoras departed from both by advancing a theory which is remarkably similar to the one expounded over two thousand years later by John Locke in the famous "Essay on the Human Understanding."

Anaxagoras admits the senses to be the source of information, but argues that while the senses report truthfully subjectively, their reports are sometimes objectively false.

Subjective and objective are common terms in the history of knowledge and we had better understand them clearly before going further.

The subject means the "mind of the Thinker," the object means the "Thing thought of." In philosophy we come across the phrase ego and non-ego. The subject is the ego, and the object is the non-ego.

What Anaxagoras means when he says that the reports of the senses may be subjectively true but objectively false may be well illustrated by dipping a straight stick half way in water. The stick then appears to be broken in the middle and when the senses so report they are telling the truth as far as they know. But the mind has processed by which it can ascertain that the stick is not really broken but only apparently so.

Knowledge therefore comes from the senses and the reason. This is much like Locke who derives knowledge from the senses and reflection.

cesses in accordance with the economic evolution and will organize the means of production, transportation and exchange on the basis of use, instead of profit.

My dear Governor, you see this coming just as we do. It is a matter of common knowledge among students of history, politics and economics, among which you hold so high a place. The only varying opinion is as to the duration of the evolution into the perfected system. Haven't you anything to say about it? Isn't it among the issues? We learned so little from your speeches during the campaign; we don't even know that your democracy covers more than half the people.

We have no means of knowing how you regard the rotten debris of a past civilization that festers and corrupts the fair Southland with its chain gangs and slave camps and its negro baiting and disfranchising habit, or high percentage of illiterates. Democrats? We would like to know from you how democracy can flourish alongside of the sweatshop or the company store or while buying trust products? Or how a democratic state should answer the cry of the ever increasing army of the unemployed.

We have no idea how it would seem to you to live where the fundamental law answers to the will and desires of the smallest minority, through the initiative, referendum and recall.

Explain to us this democracy. Give us concrete examples of the good wishes and hopes instilled into the voter by you during the campaign.

We cannot be blind to the results of a victory achieved upon issues so barren and touching so little the actual life of the common people. Whether you remain among us as governor of New Jersey or are called to higher honors the question we propound must be met by you.

Future campaigns cannot be waged on the narrow middle class attitude you were forced to take. Your aggregation won only where the interests thought it wise to change servants and could effect a change. Everywhere these topics are filling the minds of the people.

They are more imminent now because alone of all the parties, the Socialist vote has made a notable increase, electing a congressman, many state legislators, mayors, judges and minor officials, which will bring us and our ideas more fully before the people. There will be more Socialism taught in the next two years in our country than in all the years preceding. We have come to stay. The whole force and power of the capitalist class is exerted constantly to assist our final triumph.

So, my dear Governor, I ask that you fulfill your promise. Admit me to a share in your democracy of mind and ability for a single evening and I will pledge for myself and comrades a hearty welcome, the closest attention and the fairest treatment to our governor-elect.

Respectfully yours, WILSON B. KILLINGBECK.

Interesting Wyoming Campaign

BY PAUL J. PAULSEN, State Secretary.

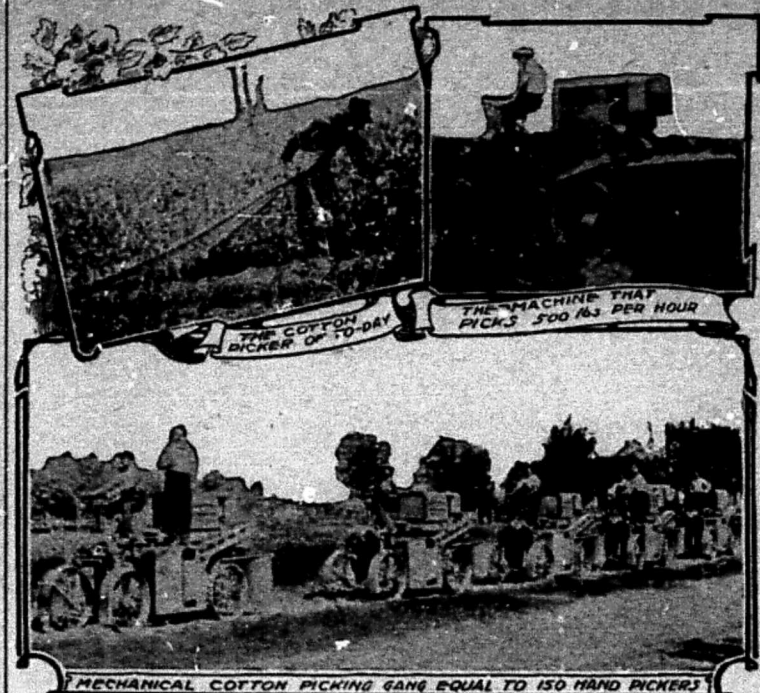
In the recent campaign Joseph M. Corry, of Cheyenne, said to be the richest man in the state, bolted the republican stand pat ring. Having been defeated for the nomination, he then announced himself as an independent candidate. He sent a letter to every voter in the state exposing the corruption of the republican ring which had been in power for so many years, in such forcible and detailed language that had he been a Socialist he would have undoubtedly been jailed!

The democrats seeing a chance to ride into office on this republican split, at once endorsed Corry for governor. They then adopted a platform demanding the initiative, referendum and recall and most of the immediate demands of the Socialist platform.

Their campaign consisted almost entirely of communications signed by Joseph M. Corry and not by the democratic state committee. These letters continued the expose begun by the first communication. Money was poured out apparently without stint as every newspaper in the state carried the Corry campaign matter. He won by a good majority.

In the midst of such a fight it was remarkable that the Socialists maintained their vote of over two thousand which had been polled in the previous election. This would not have been possible had not a vigorous campaign been carried on by the Socialists. Six new locals were organized in the six weeks before election and two have been organized since with half a dozen more in prospect. Forty new members at large were added and each local reported an increase in members. At Superior the Socialist vote was sixty-three compared with eleven in 1908, and at Rock Springs J. B. Corrigan was elected justice of the peace on the Socialist ticket. He is a veteran in the movement in Sweetwater county and perhaps the first public official to be elected by the Socialists in Wyoming.

Whoever is willing to give—for the benefit of the whole—that amount of labor of which he is capable, ought to receive such amount of recompense for that labor as will enable him more or less to develop his individual life in each of the essential characteristics by which individual life is defined.—Joseph Mazzini.



MECHANICAL COTTON PICKING GANG EQUAL TO 150 HAND PICKERS

Cotton Picking

BY NAT L. HARDY

While the world has been making wonderful progress in the way it does its work there is one occupation that has remained the same as in antebellum days, the gathering of the "fleecy staple" that clothes over half of the world—cotton. Steam and electricity have been enslaved to do man's work in many things, but the cotton picker still uses his bare fingers.

There is perhaps no other work done today that brings in as near all of the muscles of the body as picking cotton. The cotton plant grows from one to six feet in height, on an average of two or two and one-half feet. It is therefore evident to you who have never seen it done, that one must go either bent double or walk on his knees (both are done) and when one walks with his head almost level with feet and a sack of seventy-five pounds of cotton swung to him for fourteen hours per day he is so exhausted at night that he could lay down on the bare ground and soon be fast asleep.

The cotton picker must put in every moment possible and all hands are usually in the field by the time it is light enough to see in the morning and remain there until dark at night, in many cases the mid-day meal is eaten in the field and it is always eaten in a hurry and no rest at noon except in the very hottest weather.

The picking season opens in the late summer, when the semi-tropical climate is at its hottest and continues until the winter. Sunstroke as well as numbed and bleeding fingers, from cold, are alike in many cases the result of cotton picking.

The farmer cannot gather all the cotton he can raise so he puts his wife to picking and his children as soon as they reach the age of six or seven go in, too. As for schooling, they can go a few months when there is no cotton to hoe or pick. The stooping and pulling of heavy sacks, with its great strain on the back is very detrimental to the health of woman and especially young girls. The health of the southern people is being undermined by the enforced slavery of the women and children to the cotton fields.

Now there promises to be a change in all this as a machine has been in-

vented that if it proves as successful in general use as it has in experiment, will soon replace the hand picker. The motive power of the machine is a thirty-horse-power gasoline engine and it can be operated by one man. It picks and acre an hour or in what is known as "good picking" it will gather 8,000 pounds of cotton per day. It picks the cotton clean out of the burr and does not injure the plant.

This invention will revolutionize farming in the south. It is an epoch making invention like the spinning jenny, the cotton gin and the linotype machine. One Texas planter rejoices that the machine will free the planter from depending upon unreliable negroes, but what is going to become of the negroes when robbed of their occupation? Another is glad that it will take the children out of the fields so they can go to school, but if the farmer barely makes a living when the whole family works what will he do when part of them are robbed of an occupation? If the farmer can barely live when he gets fifteen cents for his cotton what will he do when the machine cheapens the production, if he is not able to buy a machine? That very few "renters" and small farm owners can purchase a machine can be readily seen, as a machine can not be sold for less than several hundred dollars owing to the cost of manufacture, and it will probably be sold for much more as it is controlled by Theodore H. Price, the Wall Street cotton gambler.

Under the present system the coming of this machine means a curse to those whom it would most help under a sane social organization. It must mean the destruction of the renter and the wage worker, as the motor which runs the machine is so arranged that it can be detached and used to run other machines for "chopping" cotton, planting and plowing the land. It will make possible the operation of great farms under single management thus doing away with the renters and reducing the number of day laborers.

If the farmers of the south awake in time they may own these machines collectively and enjoy the full benefit that they will bring. The rapid growth of Socialism lends some hope that this may be done in the near future.

A Municipal Ball

BY E. H. THOMAS

The first municipal ball has been held in the Milwaukee Auditorium. It was a glorious success—big, orderly and sublimely democratic. Four thousand men, women, boys and girls danced and mad merry under clean and wholesome conditions.

This is the sort of thing for which Mayor Seidel has been agitating for years. This is the remedy for the evils of the dance halls which he proposed at the beginning of his administration.

Since, however, the city clubs and societies have co-operated to this result, the capitalist press is anxiously explaining that the Socialists didn't do it and ought to have no credit.

Mayor Seidel, however, with characteristic modesty, is satisfied as long as the thing is done, and does not care who gets the glory.

But the working people of Milwaukee will give honor where honor is due.

Among the many serious questions which confront the Milwaukee Socialist administration, one of the most pressing is the tenement house question. Although the housing of most of the working people is better here than in most large cities, yet in some of the slum tenements the conditions are horrible—worse, according to an expert, than even in New York City.

The last administration appointed a commission to draw up a building code. This commission, however, never met and never acted. Mayor Seidel has made a personal appeal to each member of the commission to take some action, in view of the serious problem before them. The appeal had the desired effect. The commission has now met and is engaged in drawing up the much needed code. The health department is also framing a sanitary code. These two codes will revolutionize the tenement problem.

The Milwaukee Social-Democratic administration is making plans for the purchase of a municipal stone quarry. This quarry, municipally owned and

operated, will cut out a considerable amount of contractors' profits, and will moreover be a fine example of a municipal Socialist industry. The cut and crushed stone from this quarry will be produced for use, and not profit. Since the administration is planning to put down about three times as much paving as usual in Milwaukee next year, this stone quarry will play an important role in the administration work. The board of public works will ask for an appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of this quarry.



Cost of Peace and War.

We may get a fair idea of the cost of jingoism by a simple comparison. When the civil war was in progress the national government had a navy great enough to blockade the coast from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, to pursue Confederate privateers around the earth and to assist the land forces in many rivers and bays. The naval expenditures for the fiscal years covering the war were:

1861	\$ 12,420,888
1862	97,128,469
1863	42,068,277
1864	63,221,964
1865	85,725,985
	122,612,945
Total	\$328,650,069
Including the ensuing fiscal year		
the expenditures for the naval establishment for five years of profound peace have been:		
1906	\$110,474,264
1907	97,128,469
1908	118,037,097
1909	116,031,417
1910	131,250,834
Total	\$573,022,101
When peace costs more than the most devastating war ever known we need not be surprised to learn that the government at Washington is now spending every working day in the year the sum of \$3,567,685.661		

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS: J. A. Wayland, Fred D. Warren. EDITORS: A. M. Simons, Chas. Edward Russell. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879. By mail in the United States, \$1.00 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, including equal number of copies of Appeal to Reason, 3 1/2 cents a copy. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Something for the Future

The next issue is the Christmas number. The matter is nearly all in for that now and it is even better than we had expected. The pictures by Ryan Walker and John Sloan will alone make it unique in Socialist journals. The fiction by Allen Updegraff and George Allan England and the story of the shop girls in New York, by William Mailly and the garment workers' Christmas in Chicago, tell stories that, if they could reach a million homes, would bring a new society before another Christmas is here.

Twenty-five copies of this issue will be sent to separate addresses for one dollar. Just now when a long list of persons that you want to remember is coming up to mind and the Christmas purse is getting so the bottom is in sight is a good time to take advantage of such an offer.

The first issue after the Christmas number will appear in the new form, just half the size of the present page, but with even more matter. Many new features have been gathered for the first weeks of this new form. John R. McMahon has written a story and Ryan Walker has illustrated it that will be kept and circulated for months after it has appeared.

We have a splendid series of articles on the present situation in Russia that will soon begin to appear.

A continued story by George Allan England is another immediate prospect. There is also a series on "Tricks of the Press," by H. G. Creel that will open the eyes of the average newspaper reader. In short, there is matter enough on hand to make certain of a number of splendid issues and we are constantly going out after more.

The readers of THE COMING NATION will be glad to know that the paper is growing faster than any other Socialist paper of the same age ever grew in the history of the movement. It has met with a splendid response and this response is going to make possible the putting out of a paper far better than had been thought possible so soon.

Scout News

"I sold my first bundle in one evening. I'll double my order this time."—Roy Jones, Wellston, Ohio.

"The papers go like wild fire. I am tickled over the way things are panning out."—Otto Beneze, Alton, Ill.

"I got the papers and sold them all in 10 minutes. Everybody here likes the papers very much."—Anna C. Peoples, Jeannette, Pa.



Clyde Hatton. Scout Clyde Hatton, of Nappanee, Ind., is one of the boys who entered the Scout movement soon after it was organized. He is always on the lookout for new customers and has a happy faculty of finding them. He's a social rebel from the ground up.

"Sold off all my Appeals and NATIONS. Here's my order for thirty more."—Austin Pettit, Moundsville, W. Va.

"I received ten copies of the Appeal and COMING NATION and sold them all but one. I'll sell it before the others come. I can work up a good trade."—Wattie Gordon, St. Lauderdale, Fla.

The Socialist Scouts

MOTTO: "The Appeal Is Mightier Than The Sword."

That red badge you saw yesterday pinned to coat or jacket with a celluloid button carrying the above motto was evidence that the Socialist Scouts are up and at the system which created child labor. It takes about 10,000 papers a week, now, to supply the Scouts and each week is better than the preceding one.

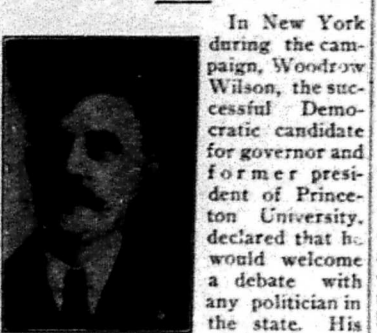
To any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what COMING NATION* he sells and return heads of unsold copies, I'll send two bundles, ten each, COMING NATIONS and Appeals. Scouts sell these papers and make two and a half cents on each sale. It costs nothing to start.

If there's a bright boy or girl in your home who wants to add to his spending money as well as carry on agitation for Socialism, tell him to write "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.," for bundles on above plan. A letter of instruction goes with first bundles.

ON THE FIRING LINE

(Information concerning things being done for Socialism is wanted for this department. Credit will be given to the sender, but the Coming Nation reserves the right to edit or condense such matter or to combine it with other information. A card good for a yearly subscription will be given to the first person sending any information that is used. Photos of active workers are especially desired.)

Killingbeck vs. Woodrow Wilson



In New York during the campaign, Woodrow Wilson, the successful Democratic candidate for governor and former president of Princeton University, declared that he would welcome a debate with any politician in the state. His challenge was at once accepted by W. B. Killingbeck, the Socialist candidate. Wilson, however, sent a very courteous, but evasive reply, saying that he had no dates open for such a debate. The election now being over and it being probable that the governor elect has more leisure, Comrade Killingbeck addressed him the following letter, but up to date no acceptance has been received.

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, Governor-elect of New Jersey.

Dear Sir: During the late campaign in which you were successful in convincing a great majority of our fellow citizens that you were worthy of the honor sought, you said that "you would welcome any politician in the state to a debate upon a public platform upon a public question."

As the Socialist party candidate for governor I accepted this challenge and in open letters twice called upon you to carry out your promise. Your answer in each case was that the issues upon which you were making your contest could not be put aside for new ones and that your dates, arranged up to election day, precluded any time being devoted to a debate upon the theme which I proposed.

The Socialist party is forcing to a discussion everywhere the issues made necessary by the new conditions, brought about by the economic evolution of the last twenty years. You are thoroughly familiar with the whole matter and I again ask you to fulfill your word that "you will welcome any politician in the state to debate upon a public platform upon

a public question." If you consent we will agree upon time and place and the Socialist party organization will make all further arrangements, relieving you of any trouble and expense. The subject to be the burden of your speeches "Democracy."

The world's goal is "Democracy." We are hoping and working for a time, not very far distant, when one man's dependence upon another for bread that wife and children need shall cease. When the initiative of a thousand men is not crushed by one man's frown and where the right to the work that provides a decent living and the whole social value of that work shall be fundamentally recognized.

We say that it is time and mankind is wise enough to guide the course of the evolution of industry, so that a real democracy shall result. Otherwise we form a new slavery with its resultant anarchy and revolution. And the Socialist party is organized to capture the powers of government and to inaugurate a just economic system, where exploitation shall cease. We propose that our government, responsive to the people through the initiative, referendum and recall, take over the things that society must use, conduct and operate them for the common good. To us the inimitable tendency that makes for the monopoly of a product can have but one legitimate ending and that is in the people's ownership and operation.

As there will be in this new time no possibility of exploitation by profit, rent or interest, those who perform useful labor will receive the full social value of their toil. And this will be "Democracy."

This aim of ours, the grandest ever conceived by mortal minds, will be accomplished. As the evolution goes on the force of reaction, represented by you, may triumph here and there, but the logic of events based upon the action of the middle class in protecting their profits, will inevitably drive the working class, out of whom the profit comes, into a distinct workingman's party.—The Socialist Party—which is bound to win, because of the members of the class it represents.

Just as fast as it gets the power it will reorganize the economic pro-

The Last Shot at Omdurman

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE
Drawings by John Sloan

The last really great resistance by savage, or semi-savage tribes to the advance of capitalism was the battle of Omdurman in Egypt in 1898. In this battle the English troops armed with the most modern instruments of mass murder were confronted with a great horde of Mohammedan fanatics armed with out-of-date guns and spears. The resulting massacre was probably one of the most terrible in history. When it was finished the capitalist commander proved his right to pose as a representative of a higher civilization by tearing down the tombs of the former rulers and dragging out their bodies and throwing them into the Nile.—Editor's Note.

"Allah Akbar!" (God is just) were the first words of Kaleefa Abdullahi as he raised himself on his couch after a night of unbroken rest.

"Call the faithful," he said as his servant bowed low and awaited orders; "it is the day of Allah!"

A few minutes later the sound of the tom-toms floated gently through the still morning air.

Tom-tom, tom-tom—a hundred thousand children of the desert glided quietly from their tents and instinctively looked toward the East.

Over the mountains of Abyssinia and beyond the sea the sky just above the horizon was a streak of black. It changed from black to grey, from grey to saffron and then to dull amber. Above the changing streak hung a misty veil of the most delicate amethyst. The Arabs watched the panorama of the sky. In the twinkling of an eye the multitude was prostrate in prayer—facing Mecca, swaying to and fro in the dawn and calling upon Allah and his prophet. Khartoum and Omdurman—sleeping cities of the Sudan—had a rude awakening that morning, the morning that saw the cross succeed the crescent in a baptism of fire and blood.

Between the cities flowed the all-fathering Nile like a glimmer of grey light and on his banks lay the armies of two Empires with whetted appetites and gleaming teeth.

"Kaleefa must not be disturbed," the guard said to half a dozen suppliants who pressed toward the door of his tent, "he is before Allah."

"They dropped quietly on their knees and waited with bowed heads.

"He will see Ayesha first," said a young woman of slow, careful movements, who was draped in a bright scarlet robe.

She was accompanied by an old man, Arabi Akbar, her father—and when Kaleefa could be seen she led the old man gently, slowly into the tent.

"Peace to thee, Arabi, and to thy daughter," the Kaleefa said as they knelt and murmured the names of Allah and Abdullahi. "What wouldst thou?"

"My daughter," the seer said as he motioned her to advance.

"Jacob, thy son and my husband, bears thy standard, O merciful one, and standard bearers are first to fall. I am filled with foreboding, O Kaleefa, the young woman said.

"You have lost faith in Allah," the Sheikh said.

"I am a woman and have a woman's fears."

"What wouldst thou?"

"Thy blessing, O Kaleefa, for ere the sun sinks in the western sand today my child will be born and may be the last free child of the desert."

"Allah Akbar!" the Kaleefa muttered as he swayed back and forward as if he had caught the contagion of fear.

Then raising his hands he said, "Peace to thee and to the fruit of thy womb."

She bent forward and kissed his hand. Her father did likewise, and they went out into the morning.

Not a leaf—not a blade of grass—stirred in the pale yellow sea of sand and shale; not a bird in the heavens save the black vultures that flew low and croaked hoarsely for blood—human blood.

The Arabs arrayed themselves in a defensive line—a streak of white mist five miles long.

On the extreme left Ali-Wad Helu unfurled his green flag. Near the center another green flag, but of a darker shade—the standard of Sheikh EdDin—and in the center stood Jacob with the black flag of Kaleefa Abdullahi. To the right with white flags stood the dervish host—ready—confident—eager. Conspicuous among the banners was the sacred white flag of Kaleefa Sheerif. Banners are not objects of worship in the desert. They mean only what is inscribed on them. They carried sentiments of faith, invocations, prayers, hymns, and marked the divisions of the host.

A loud blast aroused the invaders. The followers of Abdullahi heard it and gripped tighter their spears.

"Allah Akbar," they muttered as they listened to the clarion calls of the infidels.

Fighters of the cross made no prayers, oblations, or sacrifices. Their gods were Maxims, Howitzer, Norfeldt, Lee-Medford and Lyddite.

Against them the Arabs pitted their faith in Allah!

Allah pity them!

The gods of the East were old—the gods of the West were new. Neither of them feared a test.

"Allah laughed," the Arabian poet said, "when he treated the Sudan." A hundred thousand Arabs offered their lives that morning as the price of freedom in that golden snare.

What they fought for was under their feet, over their heads, and in their hearts—a home in the laughter of God.

form to save his skin, sneered at the faith of the Kaleefa's followers.

"Light against darkness," they said, "and wood against iron—a battle between ancient gods and modern guns."

Boom! boom! boom! from the foreigners, and the empire started into frenzied life. At first it was like the booming of far off thunder, but the sounds became sharper. Shrapnel screamed, Maxims rattled, whistled and poured out streams of molten lead.

Every few minutes the long white line quivered for an instant as an exploding shell made a gap, but the gaps were filled again as if by magic, and the line advanced.

Behind the line the plain was strewn with the Arab dead. The fiery hail became a torrent and swept the line. Camels fell in heaps, banners toppled over—the ranks thinned and filled again, and still the long, quivering line advanced.

"It is the day of Allah," Abdullahi said as he watched the annihilation of his followers.

The Emir repeated the words and the multitude chanted:

"It is the day of Allah!"

As the words died away, a shell burst amid a group of women and children—families of the Emir—and but one person escaped; the others were blown to fragments.

It was Ayesha, wife of Jacob, and as she stood alone she clasped her hands and with upturned face said:

"Allah ma es Karim!" God is merciful.

Arabi helped her gently to mount her white camel and she urged the beast forward to the rear of her husband's standard.

There were two maneuvers which gave the day the semblance of a battle. McDonald's brigade was hard pressed by the desert men at Keerari, and the Lancers were lured into a fold of the desert. But strictly speaking there was no battle.

It was an execution—a massacre. A hell of screaming metal poured steadily into an advancing host that met it with obsolete arms and quotations from the Koran!

The molten stream grew red—the machinery of war thundered and the little white devils on the Nile steamed up and down adding their music to the carnival of death.

The long line grew thinner. Followers of Allah took refuge from the red fire in deep depressions, but they were harassed, dislodged and driven back, leaving tens of thousands of their dead on the plain.

"If Allah will but give me a male child," Ayesha murmured to her father, "a child who will once again gather the children of Allah and push the dogs into the sea!"

"Peace, troubled heart," Arabi said "Allah but tries our faith. The day is

away one after another until but one remained—he held the flag. Around him lay a zereba of dead comrades. Then alone of all his tribe he took his spear and with blind force flung it at the approaching enemy, shouting as he did so: "Fi shan Allah wa rasulahu!"—for God and the prophet.

He extended his arms and turning his face skyward awaited his turn. It took him full and he fell backward with the flag in his death clutch. If the Dervish didn't know how to fight, he knew how to die.

In the grey dawn of a September morning, Arabi, the seer, awoke from a deep stupor in which he had lain for many hours. "Allah Akbar," he thought, but his lips moved not, they were fastened together by matted hair and clotted blood. The shrapnel which deprived him of both feet had made a hole into which he had fallen and which he had made sodden and red with his blood.

He found himself part of a motionless heap—a heap that lay as it fell after the explosion. As he came out of the stupor excruciating pains shot through his temples. His hands were free and he pulled himself partly loose.

The blood on the upper part of his body was the blood of the heap—his own was in the sand and round his stumps from which hung fillets of dried flesh already turning black and vitiating the atmosphere.

Deep labored groans came from the dying around him.

Gathering his strength he raised himself on an elbow and looked around. He saw only a zereba of dead bodies and the open sky overhead. The sight sickened him and he fell back overcome, exhausted.

Around him lay a dead empire which

multitude of foreign horsemen dashed into a trap of death—a gaping hell behind a high wave in the sea of sand.

It was a fight of two minutes—a pig-sticking, hand-grappling contest, where the empires blew their hot breath into each other's faces and clutched at each other's throats.

It was the one shock of battle in the desert. Dazed by the flash of steel, men struggled, stupid and panting.

Horses reeled and fell and the riders were hacked until their flesh ceased to quiver.

Others emerged with faces gashed to shreds, bowels protruding and with fish-hook Arab spears still sticking in their bodies—and though fainting from loss of blood they cursed, blasphemed and wept to go back into the pit and wallow in the gore of the men who lured them into the trap. There was no quarter, law was forgotten, and Arabs on their knees, unhorsed and with open hands imploring mercy, were bludgeoned to death, and the dead themselves who lay with upturned faces were disfigured with the butt ends of the foreigner's guns.

The black flag became the storm center as the day grew old. The Dervishes fired their home-made cartridges from obsolete guns. They were repulsed and beaten back—they were blown to shredded flesh in blocks of twenty to each well-aimed shell of the foreigners. Still they rallied. Spear-men, riflemen, camelmen—ripped, torn, smashed to death by every hellish torture known to the civiliziers—were replaced as fast as they fell, and the black flag still flew.

The trained fire converged, concentrated into sheets of molten lead, and compressed the air with such force as to produce vomit.

The Kalifa's color party was shot

and the sun was quickly reducing to a dung-hill.

"Allah Akbar!" he said as he shut his eyes and reviewed the past.

"Sheitun Tamani!" (The very devil) some one hissed in answer. He opened his eyes and saw a woman—she was bent over, examining a corpse near him. He hailed her. She was wild-eyed and unkempt, her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, and her bosom was quite bare.

"Help, in the name of Allah!" he pleaded.

"Life is far off, she said, "and Allah is by your side—go to Allah!"

"If I but knew his will," he said.

"Find out by going to him," she answered.

"He has left me a thread of life, I must use it."

She handed him a curly knife to cut the thread—in the act she recognized the seer.

"Allah!" she exclaimed; "it is Arabi!"

Then she stripped a corpse of a jibba and tenderly bound up the putrefying stumps.

This done, she sped on in search for her dead.

A moment later two foreign horsemen galloping over the dead stopped a few yards away. Arabi lay still, with eyes shut—feigning death. A tremor of fear chilled him as they dismounted nearby—then a sharp cry made his nerves tingle and startled him more than all the battle noises of the infidels. It was the cry of a newborn babe!

"It is not more than an hour old," one of the horsemen said.

"Oh, much older," the other replied; "he was probably born during that artillery shower yesterday afternoon."

"By Jove," one of the foreigners

and alighted on a dead horse a few feet away.

"Allah!" Arabi exclaimed, "that foul bird bodes evil."

In front of him toward the river he had an opening of a few feet—he rolled the distance like a barrel and came up against a heap of half a dozen dead bodies. The vulture followed—hopping from one corpse to another, croaking as he went.

The exertion exhausted him; he rested his head on the nearest body and closed his eyes. Instantly the swish of the vulture's wings startled him—he clutched at the thing, but missed it.

The bird was unafraid and perched on the head of an Emir nearby. He covered his face with the edge of a jibba and rested.

Feeling sure of its victim the vulture sprang at his bosom and began to burrow.

Arabi shuddered—cold perspiration wet his face. He forced the strength of his body into his right hand and struck at the bird—tumbling him to the sand—from which he hopped tamely over the dead from horse to camel and from camel to corpse, testing as an epicure, on his way, the exposed flesh of the dead.

A show of strength was necessary—Arabi made it by hurdling face upwards a pile of human junk. As he slid over head foremost he came in contact with another dead head—the head moved, grunted with pain, and with glaring, blood-shot eyes exclaimed "Tamani!"

"Tahik enta," Arabi said as he pulled himself alongside "his new voice in the stillness.

The man looked like a bundle of bloody rags. He was a camel man named Hajji who had lost an arm and a leg; part of his scalp was blown away and a number of flesh wounds added fresh color to what the sun had made black.

"Allah," he muttered. "I wish I had a gun!"

"The fighting is over," Arabi said.

"But I would go to Allah!"

"You may serve him better by loving life!"

"Life under the infidels?"

"Life!"

Over the Nile they heard the strains of foreign music.

"They buy their dead!" the old man said.

"Yes," said the other slowly; "the dogs are religious only when dying or dead or burying their dead."

"Who will bury the children of Allah?"

"The Sun."

He was already at work. The red blood of yesterday was chocolate today—it will be black tomorrow. The fierce rays were already reducing the particles to powder and the powder will mingle with the activity of the desert—the natural solvent—the restless volatile sand.

There was a solemn grandeur in this great silent mass of form and color. It had a veiled magnificence, a richness of gloom, a subtle splendor of death.

When the invader fell, he lay compact—a fighting cylinder out of action; he fell and was instantly carried away. But the Arab fell and lay there, the freedom of his drapery—every fold and contour lending to his fall a fascination and a glory all his own.

He was of the scheme of things—he was at home in the desert, dead or alive.

"It will take us three days to crawl to the water," the camelman said. "Can we make it?"

Arabi, propped on his haunches, strained his eyes toward Kar Shombart.

"Allah knows," he said. "There are sixty thousand bodies putrefying on the sand. To reach the nearest pool means hurdling over one-tenth of them!"

"Allah!" exclaimed Hajji, "but for

this poisonous stench we might do it, but—"

Two vultures swooped past so low that they fanned the hot faces of the mutilated men.

"Yom aswad! yom aswad!" Hajji said, "the beasts like fresh meat—they will follow us and before we are cold will pluck our eyes out!"

A small body of foreign horsemen approached. The Arabs lay still, feigning death.

They heard then grunt as the horses' hoofs sank into their almost lifeless bodies and a breathless terror seized them as the sounds came nearer.

The horses snorted and a flake of hot froth fell on Hajji's cheek. They were only a few feet away—an instinctive desire to turn on his stomach seized him, but it was too late.

A sharp cry in Arabic, "Water! for the sake of Allah, water!"

The horse stopped—one of them with his forehead close against Arabi's ribs. A moment later two other foreigners on foot arrived and an Arab spearman on his knees begging for water was a source of amusement to them.

"Give him hell!" one of the conquerors said.

The Arab divined their looks and changed his plea to one of mercy. The horses moved away. As they did so the butt end of breach-loader crashed in the man's skull and he was out of his trouble.

The soldier wiped his rifle on a jibba and walked away with a muttered oath. Arabi and Hajji shivered from head to foot, and their hair was wet with cold perspiration.

"He is with Allah!" Arabi said.

Hajji tried to speak, but could only produce a harsh, incoherent sound. He was parched with thirst and almost paralyzed with fear—not the fear of death, but the dread of murder.

Loss of blood and nervous shock had reduced them to the verge of collapse. Arabi rallied first and helped Hajji to a sitting posture.

"Abdullahi needs fighting men," Arabi said, "but he needs the wisdom of his counsellors more, therefore I struggle on!"

"I'll go to," Hajji said, "but these stumps are already in decay."

Arabi stripped a corpse and roughly dressed the handless arm and the footless leg of his companion. Then together they crawled, rolled and hurdled, feverish and pain-racked, over the dead—over horses, camels, rough black slag heaps and scarp of sun-baked stone. A hot west wind laden with foulness and choking in its stench, blew over the plain. Myriads of flies and mosquitoes fattened on the dead and made a hell of torment for the living.

The vultures grew impatient and, angry with delay, attacked the men every time they relaxed to rest.

Toward sunset came the prayer thought, but their tongues were swollen and dry. They turned instinctively toward the East and together prepared to pray.

The hand plays a large and important part in desert prayer. Hajji had one hand and a putrefying stump. This was a great grief to him—not that he had but one hand, but that prayer without hands was incomplete. Arabi relieved the situation, by substituting his hand for Hajji's stump when the prayer demanded it. One at a time they poured out their souls to Allah as the sun hid his face behind great billows of gold and violet and saffron light.

Love of life ebbed low in the night. The deadly effluvia hung over the desert like a thick fog and choked out much of life that had withstood the scorching sun-shafts of the day.

The silence of the desert night has a curative quality—a peaceful grandeur of its own—but Arabi, the seer, felt not peace, but terror. Perhaps the dread was born of the consciousness of a dead Empire lying around him, perhaps of an occasional agonized wail that intensified the stillness. The wind of the day, like the hot breath of a furnace fire, scorches the brain, but the clammy moisture of the night of death chilled the blood and penetrated the very marrow of the bones. Hajji began to burn. The fever attacked his stumps and crept back through the body. It tired the brain, dried up the saliva, parched the tongue and created an intolerable thirst.

"The pagans," Arabi said, by way of encouragement, "suffer much for love of life and for tinsel and ribbons—we suffer for love of Allah!"

Hajji groaned. "Then, together, like ghostly mutilated worms, they dug their way under the cold pitiless stars toward life."

New horrors came with the dawn. The charring action of the sun had made the plain of death a charnel house of dead monsters.

The corpses were like huge bladders on which waves float down the Nile. The sensation of hurdling them overtaxed the already shattered nerves and froze the blood.

Vultures came not in ones and twos, but in dozens. It was a Belshazzar's feast for them, and they swooped down in black clouds. They were brazen and fearless. They sat at times on the Arabs as they crawled on their haunches toward the water.

"Allah!" exclaimed Hajji in agony, "let me die and be with my fathers!"

A moment later he laughed wildly and stood upright.

A camel and a rider came in sight. Hajji leaped and gesticulated.

"Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!" he shouted with joy.

Then he leaped astride a dead camel and urged the beast forward into the lattice.

(Continued on Page Six)



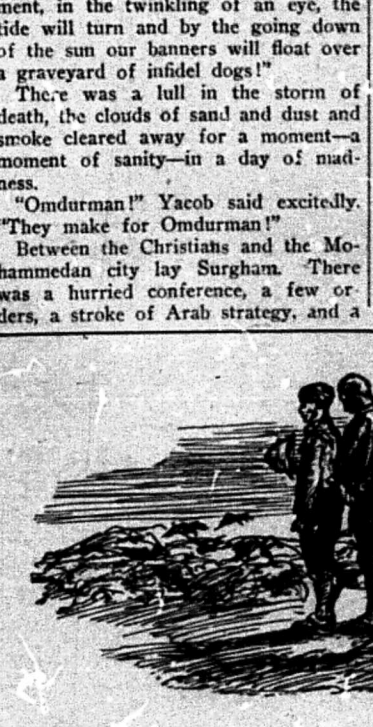
The Soldier Wiped His Rifle



"Allah! It is Arabi."



He Leaped Astride a Dead Camel

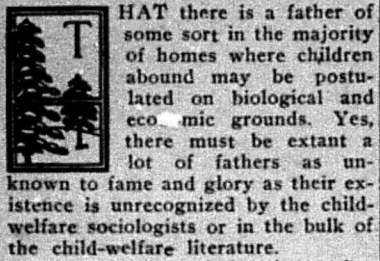


The Sloan

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

Education for Fatherhood

BY EDWIN S. POTTER.



HAT there is a father of some sort in the majority of homes where children abound may be postulated on biological and economic grounds. Yes, there must be extant a lot of fathers as unknown to fame and glory as their existence is unrecognized by the child-welfare sociologists or in the bulk of the child-welfare literature.

But at last the father is coming into his own. For the first time in all history, so far as can be ascertained, a great public movement for the betterment of child life is to pay some attention to the nominal head of the family. The New York Child Welfare Association, which soon is to hold a free exposition of the conditions and needs of children, has actually invited opinions from the fathers about the father's share in the responsibility of child rearing.

Now as one of the postulated and unknown men who have assumed the paternal responsibility, I am far from complaining of the efforts of our sociologists and educators to bring up the girls with an eye to their more or less supreme, though not necessarily inevitable, duties as the mothers of the race—that is, not inevitable to all of the girls. It is natural enough that the girls should be the first consideration of the child welfare experts—the girls and the mothers. In the formative years of infancy and childhood the child is of course much closer to its mother than to its father, more directly dependant on her.

But is there rhyme or reason in leaving the poor fathers to wallow in their ignorance as to the duties and privileges of fatherhood or in neglecting to train the boys in those duties and privileges? If not, then the question at once resolves itself into one of "how." If the message needs to be delivered to the male section of humanity, how best can it be done?

It is all very well, so far as it goes, to invite the fathers to the exhibition of the Child Welfare Association and other such meetings heretofore confined to the mothers. Some few of the leisure-class men may drift in and these should be patted on the back and encouraged in every possible way, not antagonized by hard raps about a degenerate fatherhood or wounded by ironical banter and negative criticism. The average paternal family has been brought up on the traditional pap of masculine superiority and male absolutism to such an extent that he doesn't take kindly to

all this talk about the "rights of the child" and the chances are ten to one that he will not attend your child welfare meetings even when he is invited. Immersed in business or ground down to the limit in some treadmill of a job in the effort to grab the means of existence or of social show, this average man cannot be expected to possess an intelligent conception of what his children need. Overnight he cannot be expected to overcome the selfish habits and masculine prejudices of a life-time. Probably the most to be hoped for in these "old dogs" is to soften their attitude toward the child problem and to prevent them from opposing the real remedy.

There is then a real remedy? Well, there seems to me but one thing to do which holds out hope of some tangible progress and the marvel is that it has not been seriously considered, so far as I know. That the proposal to give our young men in college and out formal training and a formal literature as to "the right of a child to be well born" and to be properly and fairly dealt with after that event comes now to mind with the shock of novelty and innovation is only further evidence that we are still living in a man-governed world. The idea of training the girls for motherhood has been for years so hammered into the public consciousness by educators and editors that it has become a commonplace, a truism of modern sociology and domestic science. It may still be a moot question whether the training of the girls for motherhood is all that it should be. The philosophy of eugenics has been barely scratched in the motherhood courses.

However that may be, surely the time is ripe and over-ripe for seriously presenting to our young men the important part which it is their privilege and duty to play as the future fathers of the race. The young man prepares for business or a profession or learns a trade for the purpose of earning a living for self and a family. But if he is left to imagine that his duty ends with the mere providing of the material basis of life he falls far short of any adequate conception of the possibilities of husbandhood and fatherhood in what we term civilized society.

Progress along this line must start from the period of boyhood and this means a different home and different school program for our sons. They can be encouraged to express at an early age their frank approval or disapproval of what parents in general do and ought to do and this while getting right ideas about their own conduct and obligations. The best

father is usually one who has an acute remembrance of how it seemed to be a boy. The college that will first offer a comprehensive course in child rights and needs for men students will blaze a trail of great importance to human uplift. For after all is said as to the importance of the mother in the home it must not be forgotten that the father in almost every case, under present conditions, is the dominating economic factor in the equation. He brings in the money and has the authoritative veto power as to any betterments for the children which a wiser mother may have learned. Who will be the first far-seeing benefactor of the race to endow a chair in fatherhood?

A chair in fatherhood! It does sound a little odd, doesn't it? Of course, the occupant would need to be a live one to make it worth much. Alive to the frightful abuse of childhood in our modern industrial system! Alive to the persisting despotism of the average home and the deadening repression of the great bulk of our schools! Alive to the rights and needs of the little individuals in whom rest the hope of a better world to be.

A Seasonable Shirt Waist Suggestion. 8841—Ladies' Gibson Shirt Waist. The unusual feature of this model is the side closing. The tucks at the armholes give fullness and breadth to the figure, and the simplicity of the style will appeal to all home dressmakers. The tucks are stitched to the waistline in the back, but in front may be stitched to yoke depth only if desired. Madras, linen and poplin are always good for shirt waists, but cashmere and other soft woollens are equally appropriate. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.



"Tomorrow never comes," quoted the Wise Guy. "Not unless you have a note to meet," added the Simple Mug.



The Evening Song

Endowment of Motherhood

BY H. S. WELLS

If having and rearing children is a private affair, then no one has any right to revile small families; if it is a public service, then the parent is justified in looking to the state to recognize that service and offer some compensation for the worldly disadvantages it entails.

He is justified in saying that while his unencumbered rival wins past him he is doing the state the most precious service in the world by rearing and educating a family, and that the state has become his debtor.

In other words, the modern state has got to pay for its children if it really wants them—and more particularly it has to pay for the children of good homes.

The alternative to that is racial replacement and social decay. That is the essential idea conveyed by this phrase, the Endowment of Motherhood.

Now, how is the paying to be done? That needs a more elaborate answer, of which I will give here only the roughest, crudest suggestion.

Probably it would be found best

that the payment should be made to the mother as the administrator of the family budget, that its amount should be made dependent upon the quality of the home in which the children are being reared, upon their health and physical development, and upon their educational success. Be it remembered, we do not want any children; we want good quality children.

The amount to be paid, I would particularly point out, should vary with the standing of the home. People of that excellent class which spend over a hundred a year on each child ought to get about that much from the state, and people of the class which spends five shillings a week per head on them would get about that and so on. And if these payments were met by special income tax there would be no social injustice whatever in such an inequality of payment.

Each social stratum would pay according to its prosperity and the only redistribution that would in effect occur would be that the childless people of each class would pay for the children of that class. The childless family and the small family would pay equally with the large family, in-

comes being equal, but they would receive in proportions varying with the health and general quality of their children. That, I think, gives the broad principles upon which the payments would be made.

Of course, if these subsidies led to too rapid a rise in the birth rate it would be practicable to diminish the inducement, and if, on the other hand, the birth rate still fell it would be easy to increase the inducement until it sufficed.

That concisely is the idea of the Endowment of Motherhood. I believe firmly that some such arrangement is absolutely necessary to the continuous development of the modern state.

Not Strong Enough to Vote.

Women's physique is generally said to be too delicate for them to hold well-paid positions or to cast a ballot, but no one doubts their fitness for much harder work. It recalls the story of a Wichita child who had been absent from school and brought the following excuse: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Jennie. She was sick and had to stay home to do the washing and ironing."—*Woman's Journal.*

The Reactionary.

It is this type of mind which is in itself so obnoxious to the man of conquering business faculty, to whom the practical world of affairs seems so supremely rational that he would never vote to change the type of it, even if he could. The man of enthusiasm who advocates social control is to him an annoyance and an affront. He does not like to hear him talk, and considers him, *per se* "unsafe."

Such a business man would admit as an abstract proposition that society is susceptible of modification, and would even agree that all human institutions imply progressive development, but at the same time he deeply distrusts those who seek to reform existing conditions and suspects them to be merely rebels.—*Jane Addams.*

Medical Value of Fruits and Vegetables.

BY MRS. J. J. DEEMSTER.

Apples relieve rheumatism, nervous dyspepsia and constipation.

Cranberries are excellent for liver troubles resulting from over-eating.

Lemons are good for the liver, help to keep off malaria and have many toilet uses.

Blackberries are one of the best remedies for summer complaint if perfectly ripe.

Asparagus is a purifier of the blood.

Onions, garlic, chives and cauliflower, stimulate the circulation of the blood.

Spinach directly affects complaints of the kidneys.

Dandelion used as greens is also excellent for kidney trouble.

Celery cures rheumatism and neuralgia and tones up the nervous system.

White onions cure constipation. Red onions are an excellent diuretic.

Cucumbers are cooling to the system.

Tomatoes act on the liver.

Beets and turnips are appetizers.

Lettuce is cooling to the system.

Carrots, like potatoes, are fattening.

Beans are nutritious and strengthening.

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

Last Year's Fly

YOU know what becomes of the flies in Autumn. As soon as it begins to grow cold, they are weak, stay on the window-panes, don't fly off even when you touch them with your finger, and some morning they stick motionless and are dead.

Now, once upon a time there was a big brown fly, whose name was Buzz-Buzz. One warm summer day, when the window stood open, she had flown into the kitchen and did not leave it again; for it was a comfortable place. There were always grains of sugar in the cupboard and dregs of coffee on the table, so that she had plenty to eat and drink. When she was not licking and nibbling, she was cleaning her wings and back with her forelegs; and when she was not making herself beautiful, she was watching, curious to see what Marie was doing at the hearth, how she lighted the fire, put on the pots, salted and spiced, stirred and beat, and tried to guess what nice things there would be to taste that day.

When Marie was not in the kitchen, she chatted with the cricket that lived in a crack of the chimney, with whom she had quickly made friends. The cricket was a very lively creature, and never grew tired of talking and gossiping, asking questions, and telling stories.

There were plenty of visitors, too. As soon as Marie opened the window in the morning, whole swarms of flies flew in, sisters, cousins and neighbors, who told Buzz-Buzz all the news, while she politely offered them coffee and cake. She had them and could easily do it. It was a perpetual feast, and, before she knew it, summer had passed and Autumn came.

At first Buzz-Buzz did not notice it. She was too comfortable. Why should she care, if the frost fell night after night outside? It was pleasant in her warm kitchen. But she gradually found that some change had taken place in the world. Marie opened the window more and more seldom, and the relatives and acquaintances no longer came to call. If a friend flew in now and then, she seemed strangely dull, scarcely touched the dainties Buzz-Buzz offered, answered questions indifferently, and sometimes, to the horror of Buzz-Buzz, suddenly dropped down in the middle of a word and did not stir again.

Buzz-Buzz asked the cricket what this meant, but the cricket made no

answer. When Buzz-Buzz crawled to the crack and peeped in, she saw the cricket lying stretched out, asleep. It slept all the time now, from morning till night and from night till morning. Buzz-Buzz could not understand it and felt very uneasy. She waited till Marie went out, and flew out with her, to look about a little and perhaps discover why no more visitors came, and why the few who did were so dull and feeble, why they so often grew sick and died while they were sitting in the kitchen with her, drinking coffee.

Out of doors Buzz-Buzz came near faring very badly. She had scarcely had time to notice how different everything looked from usual, when the cold chilled every limb, her wings grew heavy, her legs became stiff, darkness surrounded her, and she had barely strength enough left to light on Marie's cap, and let her carry her home. If Marie had not been there, Buzz-Buzz would never have reached her kitchen alive.

It was some time before Buzz-Buzz recovered entirely. By degrees the recollection of what she had seen and had not seen, during her brief flight, came back to her. Why did it look so dreary out of doors? True, there were no terrible swallows, always trying to kill the poor flies, but there were no flies, no gnats, no butterflies, no sign of the usual gay life of noontime.

There was not even a patch of blue sky, not a sunbeam, not a single green leaf. Bare trees, gray clouds, and an icy air, which pierced through the unprotected body like a knife. How fortunate that she had the warm kitchen! There the closed windows did not let the cold enter, and it was as comfortable by the hearth as on the most beautiful summer day, only one mustn't go too near the fire. Buzz-Buzz took care not to do that.

She had escaped a great danger. This Buzz-Buzz knew very well. She rejoiced over it, and rubbed her forelegs together with much satisfaction.

But she did not think only of herself. She remembered the others—the sisters, cousins, aunts, neighbors, friends and acquaintances with whom in fair weather, she had spent so many pleasant hours. They must all be dead and it made Buzz-Buzz very sad.

Buzz-Buzz ate and drank well, and she slept well, too, only a little too much, so that she grew fat and lazy, and would rather sit quiet or crawl a little on the wall or ceiling than to fly. She wondered why, after being so nimble, she was now such a clumsy person, but gradually became

used to it. People get used to everything—even to loneliness.

True, that is the hardest of all. The winter was long and, though the days were short, Buzz-Buzz had more time than enough to think over everything. Especially whether there would ever again be flies in the world. To live all alone in the world is surely worse than death. It would be altogether too terrible if she were always to be the only fly.

True, she had still one dear friend, the cricket. But the cricket just slept and slept, and she could make nothing of it. Would the lively little creature ever wake up again? Even if it did, though a loved friend, the cricket was no relation, and could not take the place of one's own flesh and blood. When she pondered over these sad thoughts, her heart grew heavy and even the sugar cakes and coffee did not taste right.

At last the winter was over, spring came, the sun shone brilliantly, and there was a shade of green on the dry branches of the two trees in the garden.

Then one morning a strange thing happened!

(To be continued.)

Lillian's Letters

Dearest Mamma: I've been to visit such a queer kind of Sunday school today. It seems something like ours at home and yet it's very different.

The little girl upstairs in Auntie's house asked me to go with her and Auntie said I might. She said she didn't know much what kind it was but it couldn't hurt me any to go once. And I might learn some new things.

It was all kind of jolly. First the children, and there were a few hundred of them I should think, sat together in one room and sang some songs. One was called "The Torch of Freedom," and another one was—I don't remember the name, but all day it's been running in my head. "Stand all as one, see Justice done, believe and dare and do." I think that was how it was.

The Sunday school was over on that East Side I told you about, where there were so many babies and their big sisters carried them. So there were lots of little children in the school, because there were so many big sisters and I s'pose they had to bring them. Then some children spoke some pieces, not like Sunday school pieces a bit, but about com-

rades and how the corn grows and a lady talked about how much better people do things when they all work together and how much happier everyone is when he does his share of all the work that has to be done.

And then the children all went into different rooms and had a kind of lessons. The one where I was had a lady for a teacher and she said we'd have the story of a cup of coffee this morning, and she asked us questions about where the coffee comes from and then all together, 'cause she said all the minds thinking could find out things quicker than hers alone, we found out that the coffee comes from the earth or nature. One little girl said, no it didn't. Her mamma got the coffee from the delicatessen store. We laughed but the teacher said we musn't because the store was one of the stages in the journey of the cup of coffee from the earth to mother's breakfast table.

Then the teacher showed us how it took lots and lots of people working to plant the coffee and gather it and prepare it and pack it and ship it and a lot of other things before mother and father could drink it and enjoy it.

From where I sat I could see some of the little, little children through a door and they were playing. The teacher asked me would I like to visit that class and I said "Yes." So she sent a nice girl named Mary Valesky with me to visit the little ones and they were so cunning, mamma. They made me think of Baby Sue and the songs she learns in the Kindergarten. First they sang a song about farming and made motions with their hands all about what the farmer does on his farm.

Then they had a song about Comradeville with little motions and joining in a circle and it was such a pretty tune. Then we just looked in a big room where there were a lot of boys and they were talking about war and how we should not encourage it and how the money spent for the army ought to be used in education. It made me think of that man who talked about the warships that day.

I think I like that kind of a school. They were going to have a party soon and they invited me to it. If Auntie will let me I will go. You wouldn't mind, would you, mamma?

Your loving daughter,
LILLIAN.

When Children Go On Strike

Many hundreds of telegraph messenger boys have been on strike in the city of New York for several weeks and they have also been joined by messenger boys of other cities. The strike may be settled by the time this appears. Certainly it is to be hoped so, and to the advantage of the boys, for they are

surely among the worst paid and most badly used workers, without saying anything about their being children, who should be at school, and not working at all for a living.

I was present at a large Socialist meeting in Cooper Union, New York City, the other evening, one called to advocate woman suffrage. In the midst of the speeches a committee from the striking messenger boys came up on the platform and asked to be allowed to speak.

So one of their number was given the platform and down he came to the front of it, a slight, pale boy of about fourteen, but his voice easily filled all of Cooper Union. He seemed to feel quite at home there and told about the boys out on strike.

"I am here," he said, "to tell you as how we want to get better pay. I been working for the Postal Telegraph company two years and four months. I got three dollars and fifty cents every week and every one of them two years and four months I got to pay the company fifty cents a week for this here uniform and when I quit the company I got to give this uniform back to the company. Now we're fightin' so as we won't have to pay but twenty-five cents a month for this here uniform."

"Now we works in the busy season from six o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock at night and then they says: 'Come on, work some more to-night and we'll give you ten cents.'"

"Now we don't want none of that. We don't want to be mutts. You know what a mutt is? It's a dog runnin' around the streets what don't belong to no one. We're fightin' so we won't never no more have to be mutts!"

To close, the little striker asked for help and encouragement from everyone and the audience with cheers passed a resolution of sympathy and help for the boys. Then the dozen little youngsters with "strike" cards in their hats went around among the audience and took up a collection, which amounted to more than \$50.

The messenger boys have organized into a union with Nathan Hoffman, a boy of eighteen years, as their International president.

When children have to work at all and are besides so badly treated, that they are to go out on strike, it doesn't look much like Christmas in the hearts of all mankind, does it?—B. H. M.

their parents, or, having reached their fifteenth year, have been dismissed from the charge of the state. Hungarians boast that their children's protection system is one of the foremost humanitarian institutions of the civilized world. At the fourteenth International Hygienic Congress held in Berlin and at the International Congress held in Paris last year various societies expressed their admiration of the manner in which children were protected in Hungary, and experts go there from all parts of the civilized world to study the details of its methods. The homes for children consist of sixteen large buildings in different parts of the country. Every child who has no supporter, or whose maintenance and education are not sufficiently insured, either on account of poverty or bad hygienic conditions or other adverse circumstances has a legal right to be cared for by the state. He can present himself and claim admission on the ground of legal right. Nowhere else in the world does a child possess such a privilege.

Anagram.

My first is in cold but not in heat; My second is in heat but not in cold. My third is in rain but not in sleet; My fourth is in silver but not in gold. My fifth is in sun but not in moon; My sixth is in two but not in four. My seventh is in morning but not in noon;

My eighth is in water but not in pour. My ninth is in moose but not in deer. My whole is a day that will soon be here.

What is it?

It Is Good to Be Alive.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. It is good to be alive when the trees shine green. And the steep, red hills stand up against the sky; Big sky, blue sky, with flying clouds between— It is good to be alive and see the clouds drive by!

It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow. The strong, sweet winds blowing straightly off the sea; Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow— It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free!

The Fox and The Straps

BY ELLIS O. JONES

Once upon a time there was a fox who boarded a street car and looked about in vain for a seat. At length he espied above his head several bunches of fine straps. He tried to reach them, but could not. He tried again and again, but they always eluded his grasp.

Finally he gave it up! "Oh, very well," said he, with some heat, "I don't care. They're probably germ-laden anyway."

Accordingly he got off, notwithstanding he wanted to catch a train and had already paid his fare.

Protection of Children in Hungary

No country in the world takes such care of its weak and orphaned children as Hungary, where, according to the latest figures, the number of children in institutions has risen to 50,000, and in addition to this large number the government has already had the care of 50,000 other children who have either been given back to

Big-Toothead and the Cave People

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

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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER XIV.

I FOUND her down in the old neighborhood near the blueberry swamp, where my mother lived and where Lop-Ear and I had built our first tree-shelter. It was unexpected. As I came under the tree I heard the familiar soft sound and looked up. There she was, the Swift One, sitting on a limb and swinging her legs back and forth as she looked at me.

I stood still for some time. The sight of her made me very happy. And then an unrest and a pain began to creep in on this happiness. I started to climb the tree after her, and she retreated slowly out the limb. Just as I reached her, she sprang through the air and landed in the branches of the next tree. From amid the rustling leaves she peeped out at me and made soft sounds. I leaped straight for her, and after an exciting chase the situation was duplicated, for there she was, making soft sounds and peeping out from the leaves of a third tree.

It seemed to me that somehow it was different now from the old days before Lop-Ear and I had gone on our adventure-journey. I wanted her, and I knew that I wanted her. And she knew it, too. That was why she would not let me come near her. I forgot that she was truly the Swift One, and that in the art of climbing she had been my teacher. I pursued her from tree to tree, and ever she eluded me, peeping back at me with kindly eyes, making soft sounds, and dancing and leaping and teetering before me just out of reach. The more she eluded me, the more I wanted to catch her, and the lengthening shadows of the afternoon showed me how unsuccessful I was.

As I pursued her, or sometimes rested in an adjoining tree and watched her, I noticed the change in her. She was larger, heavier, more grown-up. Her lines were rounder, her muscles fuller, and there was about her that appearance of maturity that was new to her and that incited me on. Three years she had been gone—three years at the very least, and the change in her was marked. I say three years, it is as near as I can measure the time. A fourth year may have elapsed, which I have confused with the happenings of the other three years. The more I think of it, the more confident I am that it must be four years that she was away. The shadows grew longer, and I pursued more ardently than ever, and still I could not catch her. She made believe that she was trying desperately to escape me, and all the time she managed to keep just beyond reach. I forgot everything—time, the oncoming of night, and my meat-eating enemies. I was insane with love of her, and with anger, too, because she would not let me come up with her. It was strange how this anger against her seemed to be part of my desire for her.

As I have said, I forgot everything. In racing across an open space I ran full tilt upon a colony of snakes. They did not deter me. I was mad. They struck at me, but I ducked and dodged and ran on. Then there was a python that ordinarily would have sent me screeching to a tree-top. He did run me into a tree; but the Swift One was going out of sight, and I sprang back to the ground and went on. It was a close shave. Then there was my old enemy, the hyena. From my conduct, he was sure something was going to happen, and he followed me for an hour. Once we expiated a band of wild pigs, and they took after us. The Swift One dared a wide leap between trees that was too much for me. I had to take to the ground. There were the pigs. I didn't care. I struck the earth within a yard of the nearest one. They flanked me as I ran and chased me into two different trees out of the line of my pursuit of the Swift One. I ventured the ground again, doubled back, and crossed a wide open space, with the whole band grunting, bristling, and tusk-grashing at my heels.

If I had tripped or stumbled in that open space, there would have been no chance for me. But I didn't. And I didn't care whether I did or not. I was in such mood that I would have faced old Saber-Tooth himself, or a score of arrow-shooting Fire-People. Such was the madness of love . . . with me. With the Swift One it was different. She was very wise. She did not take any real risks, and I remember, on looking back across the centuries to that wild love-chase, that when the pigs delayed me she did not run away very fast, but waited, rather, for me to take up the pursuit again. Also, she directed her retreat before me, going always in the direction she wanted to go.

At last came the dark. She led me around the mossy shoulder of a canyon wall that jutted among the trees. After that we penetrated a dense mass of underbrush that scraped and ripped me in passing. But she never ruffled a hair. She knew her way. In the midst of the thicket was a large oak. I was very close to her when she climbed into it; and in the forks, in the nest-shelter I had sought so long and vainly, I caught her.

The hyena had taken our trail again,

and he now sat down on the ground and made hungry noises. But we did not mind, and we laughed at him when he snarled and went away through the thicket. It was the spring-time, and the night noises were many and varied. As was the custom at that time of the year, there was much fighting among the animals. From the nest we could hear the squealing and neighing of wild horses, the trumpeting of elephants, and the roaring of lions. But the moon came out, and the air was warm, and we laughed and were unafraid.

I remember, next morning, that we came upon two ruffled cock-birds that fought so ardently that I went right up to them and caught them by the necks. Thus did the Swift One and I get our wedding breakfast. They were delicious. It was easy to catch birds in the spring of the year. There was one night that year when two elk fought in the moonlight, while the Swift One and I watched from the trees; and we saw a lion and lioness crawl up to them unheeded, and kill them as they fought.

There is no telling how long we might have lived in the Swift One's tree-shelter. But one day, while we were away, the tree was struck by lightning. Great limbs were riven, and the nest was demolished. I started to rebuild, but the Swift One would have nothing to do with it. As I was to learn, she was greatly afraid of lightning, and I could not persuade her back into the tree. So it came about, our honeymoon over, that we went to the caves to live. As Lop-Ear had evicted me from the cave when he got married, I now evicted him; and the Swift One and I settled down in it, while he slept at night in the connecting passage of the double cave.

And with our coming to live with the horde came trouble. Red-Eye had had I don't know how many wives since the Singing One. She had gone their way of the rest. At present he had a little, soft, spiritless thing that whimpered and wept all the time, whether he beat her or not; and her passing was a question of very little time. Before she passed, even, Red-Eye set his eyes on the Swift One; and when she passed, the persecution of the Swift One began.

Well for her that she was the Swift One, that she had that amazing aptitude for swift flight through the trees. She needed all her wisdom and daring in order to keep out of the clutches of Red-Eye. I could not help her. He was so powerful a monster that he could have torn me limb from limb. As it was, to my death I carried an injured shoulder that ached and went lame in rainy weather and that was a mark of his handiwork.

The Swift One was sick at the time I received this injury. It must have been a touch of malaria from which we sometimes suffered; but whatever it was, it made her dull and heavy. She did not have the accustomed spring to her muscles, and was indeed in poor shape for flight when Red-Eye cornered her near the lair of the wild dogs, several miles south of the caves. Usually, she would have circled around him, beaten him in the straight-away, and gained the protection of our small-mouthed cave. But she could not circle him. She was too dull and slow. Each time he headed her off, until she gave up the attempt and only tried to keep out of his clutches.

Had she not been sick it would have been child's play for her to elude him; but as it was, it required all her caution and cunning. It was to her advantage that she could travel on thinner branches than he, and make wider leaps. Also, she was an unerring judge of distance, and she had an instinct for knowing the strength of twigs, branches, and rotten limbs.

It was an interminable chase. Round and round and back and forth for long stretches through the forest they dashed. There was great excitement among the other Folk. They set up a wild chattering, that was loudest when Red-Eye was at a distance, and that lushed when the chase led him near. They were impotent onlookers. The females screamed and gibbered, and the males beat their chests in helpless rage. Big Face was especially angry, and though he hushed his racket when Red-Eye drew near, he did not hush it to the extent the others did.

As for me, I played no brave part. I know I was anything but a hero. Besides, of what use would it have been for me to encounter Red-Eye? He was the mighty monster and there was no hope for me in a conflict of strength. He would have killed me, and that would not have helped matters. He would have caught the Swift One before she could have gained the cave. As it was, I could only look on in helpless fury, and dodge out of the way and cease my raging when he came too near.

by shaking her off. With all his strength and weight, he would shake the branch back and forth until he snapped her off as one would snap a fly from a whip-lash. The first time, she saved herself by falling into branches lower down. Another time, though they did not save her from the ground, they broke her fall. Still another time, so fiercely did he snap her from the branch, she was flung clear across a gap into another tree. It was remarkable, the way she gripped and saved herself. Only when driven to it did she seek the temporary safety of the thin branches. But she was so tired that she could not otherwise avoid him, and time after time she was compelled to take to the thin branches.

Still the chase went on, and still the Folk screamed, beat their chests, and gnashed their teeth. Then came the end. It was almost twilight. Trembling, panting, struggling for breath, the Swift One clung pitifully to a high thin branch. It was thirty feet to the ground, and nothing intervened. Red-Eye swung back and forth on the branch father down. It became a pendulum, swinging wider and wider with every lunge of his weight. Then he reversed suddenly, just before the downward swing was completed. Her grips were torn loose, and, screaming, she was hurled toward the ground.

But she righted herself in mid-air and descended feet first. Ordinarily, from such a height, the spring in her legs would have eased the shock of impact with the ground. But she was exhausted. She could not exercise this spring. Her legs gave under her, having only partly met the shock, and she crashed on over on her side. This, as it turned out, did not injure her, but it did knock the breath from her lungs. She lay helpless and struggling for air.

Red-Eye rushed upon her and seized her. With his gnarly fingers twisted into the hair of her head, he stood up and roared in triumph and defiance at the awed Folk that watched from the trees. Then it was that I went mad. Caution was thrown to the winds; forgotten was the will to live of my flesh. Even as Red-Eye roared from behind, I dashed upon him. So unexpected as my charge that I knocked him off his feet. I twined my arms and legs around him and strove to hold him down. This would have been impossible to accomplish had he not held tightly with one hand to the Swift One's hair.

Encouraged by my conduct, Big-Face became a sudden ally. He charged in, sank his teeth in Red-Eye's arm, and ripped and tore at his face. This was the time for the rest of the Folk to have joined in. It was the chance to do for Red-Eye for all time. But they remained afraid in the trees.

It was inevitable that Red-Eye should win in the struggle against the two of us. The reason he did not finish us off immediately was that the Swift One clogged his movements. She had regained her breath and was beginning to resist. He would not release his clutch on her hair, and this handicapped him. He got a grip on my arm. It was the beginning of the end for me. He began to draw me toward him into a position where he could sink his teeth into my throat. His mouth was open, and he was grinning. And yet, though he had just begun to exert his strength, in that moment he wrenched my shoulder so that I suffered from it the remainder of my life.

And in that moment something happened. There was no warning. A great body smashed down upon the four of us locked together. We were driven violently apart and rolled over and over, and in the suddenness of surprise we released our holds on one another. At the moment of the shock, Big-Face screamed terribly. I did not know what had happened, though I smelled tiger and caught a glimpse of striped fur as I sprang for a tree.

It was old Saber-Tooth. Aroused in his lair by the noise we had made, he had crept upon us unnoticed. The Swift One gained the tree next to mine, and I immediately joined her. I put my arms around her and held her close to me while she whimpered and cried softly. From the ground came a snarling, and crushing of bones. It was Saber-Tooth making his supper off of what had been Big-Face. From beyond, with inflamed eyes, Red-Eye peered down. Here was a monster mightier than he. The Swift One and I turned and went away quietly through the trees toward the cave, while the Folk gathered overhead and showered down abuse and twigs and branches upon their ancient enemy. He lashed his tail and snarled, but went on eating.

And in such fashion were we saved. It was a mere accident—the sheerest accident, else would I have died, there in Red-Eye's clutch.

(To be continued.)

The Cincinnati Times-Star, owned by Charles P. Taft, brother of the president, says that it is estimated that the number of unemployed in the United States is 4,500,000. Prosperity, eh?

The homely nag often comes under the wire first, because it didn't have sense enough to know it was beaten on the first quarter.

Periodical Gleanings

Grasshoppers Jumped for Jim Hill

How a lucky exodus of grasshoppers enabled Jim Hill and his associates to clear two hundred and ten million dollars is part of a story that John Moody and George Kibbie Turner tell in McClure's.

In 1874-5-6 the grasshoppers had devastated Minnesota until the railroads, having no freight to haul, became practically valueless. Hill succeeded in getting control of what was then a small line of railroads, and while that control was still wavering on the edge of bankruptcy the grasshoppers decided to leave. "One day without the slightest warning they left the country—swarms square miles wide. They never came back again, and stranger than that, no one in the entire country either saw where they went or could figure it out afterwards."

At once a record-breaking wheat crop was reaped. The railroads at once became an immensely valuable property and made the stock which had been obtained for a little over half a million dollars worth fifteen million dollars.

Then some more water was put in, although Hill already had said in response to a suggestion that a further increase would be criticised on the grounds of watered stock. "Water! We've let in the whole of Lake Michigan already!"

Then began the series of purchases with bonds followed by immense additions to the capital until by 1898 "the stockholders had received fifty-five million dollars of securities free."

Then came a squabble for the capture of some newly discovered ore lands. The Canadian Pacific won out at first but in return for a promise from Hill that a great east-bound traffic would be given them they relinquished their hold. "But they never got the east-bound traffic promised. Hill would not give it and it would be useless to try to go to law about it. Such contracts were not enforced by the United States courts." These ore beds cost about \$4,500,000. When they were finally turned over to the stockholders with the proper amount of water, these stockholders received one hundred and five million dollars.

The final conclusion is that out of an original investment of \$283,000 profits of \$260,000,000 have been realized in twenty-seven years—a net profit of a little less than a thousand to one.

Then came the efforts to consolidate competing roads and these writers recognize that "Statutes alter the path of the inevitable drift toward railroad monopoly but they have never checked it." * * * If the Great Northern could not own the Northern Pacific the multi-millionaires who owned the Great Northern could. So the consolidation went on.

Then appeared the hand of J. Pierpont Morgan who met Hill at a national convention of the Episcopal church and there mixed religion and business so profitably that he soon was able to share in the feast of melons that was almost a continuous performance in connection with the consolidation of these railroads. The final figures grow so big that they stagger imagination but suffice to say that out of this little beginning, by a proper manipulation of the instruments that exploit the productive power of a great section of America, has been created a property with a total capital of \$1,240,797,207, which is now under the control of Hill and Morgan, with Hill apparently the dominant figure.

The processes of the last steps in this are described as follows:

The American railroads were built with bonds; beyond a certain specified per cent four or five or six to which they were entitled by their terms, they got no share in the profits of the enterprise. When railroads aggregate, it is with bonds again, that they get little or very frequently nothing, and pay for their addition. And so, in the successful railroad corporation, all the growing profits are aggregated upon the stock—the part of the securities that originally cost little or very frequently nothing, and whose control in the United States has been concentrated in the few hands that grasped them at opportune times. And in this way, in forty years there has arisen the wonderful spectacle of the growth of the American railroad fortunes from nothing to hundreds of millions of dollars.

Whether the church does it willingly or of necessity, one thing is certain, viz., she must recognize some things for which Socialism is condemning, if she fulfils her duty to society. The concrete expression of the spirit of brotherly love is called for. Brotherhood has passed the age of platform declaration and has entered upon the era of demonstration. Society has reached a place where the ownership of property for private ends and satisfaction solely, must give away for an activity that is broader and a goal that is higher and more satisfying.—Methodist Recorder.

There are two great reform movements in this world today, and they are Christianity and Socialism, dealing with the masses and trying to lift humanity to a higher plane, but both dealing with the question in different aspects. Sacrifice is represented in both of them.—Rev. C. K. Carpenter, Methodist Episcopal, Aurora, Ill.

Government attorneys are now roasting the beef trust, cleaning out the bathtub trust, dissolving the sugar trust, piping the oil trust, smoking out the tobacco trust, and shocking the electric companies. Always something doing.—Wall Street Journal.

But nothing done—except the workers.

Messenger Boys' Strike

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

Even the boys refuse longer to endure the tyranny of Capitalism. Thousands of messenger boys in New York, thought to be too weak to effectively protest against capitalist encroachment, have at last gone on strike for better living conditions.

This strike has been one of the most astounding happenings in the history of the labor movement in New York. What was thought to be impossible has already taken place.

When this strike was first talked of everybody smiled. Even the Socialists had little faith in it. But the persistent work of a few messengers has already resulted in one of New York's greatest labor wars.

Nathan Hoffman, a messenger boy in the employ of The Western Union Telegraph company, and a handful of others got together three weeks before this strike was called and laid their plans. Out of their own pockets they provided funds for circulars and the rent for an east side hall. Their work bore good fruit. A large strike is the result.

Eternal Payments for Uniforms.
The conditions these boys labored under were ten times worse than had. The boys were robbed right and left by this profit-hungry corporation. For in-



A SCAB
Drawn from Life by A. D. T. No. 7030

stance, the boys wore uniforms that were provided by the Western Union company. For the "privilege" of wearing these uniforms the boys had to pay the exorbitant sum of 50 cents a week. Understand me rightly: "Not until the value of the uniform was paid for, but as long as it was worn."

In my contact with hundreds of boys during this strike I have met scores of them who declare that they have worn the same uniform for five years, and still, all that time 50 cents a week was deducted from their scant wage. In other words, these boys have paid almost a hundred dollars for a suit that is not worth a penny more than eight.

But their exploitation does not end here. The company has a strict fine system in vogue. On every pretext they were fined 50 cents. That was the least they were ever fined. If a boy remained at home through sickness, not only did he lose his days wages, but he also was fined a half dollar.

As for the hours of labor, the boys knew no stated quitting time. They were forced to work as long as the company was inclined to use them. I have personally met hundreds of boys who say that for weeks and weeks they carried messages for sixteen hours a day.

For some days I have tried to learn what the average pay of the boys was but in this, I am forced to admit, I failed. The boys do not receive a stated wage. Their pay is all according to the number of messages they deliver. Sometimes a boy (provided he was not fined) might make six dollars for seven days work. Occasionally they made more—seven, eight, and even nine dollars, but the many of those whom I talked to showed me slips that placed their wages at about three dollars. However, I do not greatly miss the mark when I say that they averaged about four dollars a week.

Demands of the Strikers.
At a mass meeting held at Pacific hall, 209 East Broadway, on November 21st, the boys elected a committee of nine to draw up their demands. The result was, in part, the following:

- Two cents for a call.
- Two and a half cents for delivering messages.
- Twenty-five cents a week for uniforms instead of 50 cents.
- Fifteen cents for supper money when held after 8 o'clock on way bills.
- Ten-hour work-day instead of twelve or fourteen hours.
- Fining system, which has been in vogue to be abolished.

This committee of nine, headed by L. Duchez who acted as their spokesman, placed these demands before Superintendent D. Skelton on November 22d. He was given five hours time to consider them. Skelton then replied that he would not deal with any committees; that only individuals would be

considered. But the boys had learned better through experience in the past. Complaints from individuals always meant immediate discharge.

A general strike of all messenger boys in the employ of the Western Union company was then ordered to take place on the following day at 12 o'clock noon.

How the Strike Began.
The boys were impatient. They could not wait for noon time so at 11:40 the walkout began. Here is how it was done.

Nathan Hoffman, leader of the strike, headed about ten uniformed boys who marched in couples up Broadway from the Battery. At each office the line would stop and Hoffman would enter. A minute or two later the line would be swelled by a dozen or more boys who joined without the slightest hesitation. By 1 o'clock this parade numbered 500 strong. By nightfall 1,500 boys were in the ranks of the strikers.

This was unprecedented. Never in the history of any New York telegraph company had so many boys quit work at one time. Never had any company known a strike in more than any one office. Here were hundreds of boys out in the busiest financial and commercial section in the world. Even the famous stock exchange was left without a single boy.

The company and the newspapers tried to laugh this strike by. "Oh, the boys are only joking. They'll be back at work by tomorrow morning. They often get this quitting fever." But time has already taught us that this was false. The boys were earnest and in a fighting mood.

Here again, Hoffman, the boy leader, showed his genius as a strike manager. He did not take the boys out of their offices merely to get them into a parade. His plans were too carefully laid for that. Instead, he took them to 3 State street where strike headquarters had already been established. Even a telephone was at their command. For this Hoffman was indebted to the Seaman's Union which donated both headquarters and public meeting place free of charge.

Taking Care of Scabs.
The strike was now on. Each hour of the day dozens of boys hastened down to announce that they too had joined in this revolt.

As the boys reached the headquarters Hoffman and his lieutenants took them in charge and gave them "Messenger Striker" badges which were pinned on their caps.

Then they were organized into picket committees. Committees of ten went about Manhattan with disastrous results—from the company's viewpoint.

At the present writing there are 3,300 boys on strike. That this is a marvelous feat none can well deny. The strike is no longer looked on as a joke. It is a strike in every sense of the word.

The boys are very elemental in their methods. They are not "refined" strikers. They do things. First the scab is talked to nice, then bad; if that fails then something happens. His eye, in all probability receives a "union label." Or better still, as little Rosenzweig puts it: "Hit them gently with a sledge-hammer."

It was soon discovered that many boys were faint with hunger. The lads had worked strenuously but had eaten nothing for twelve or more hours. Hoffman immediately saw to it that coffee and sandwiches were provided—not indiscriminately. Oh no, that would never do! These precious things were only given to those who deserved, and they were the boys who brought in a scab or sold fifteen Cents. "I'm hungry," a striker would say. "Done anything?" was Hoffman's query. If he had sold fifteen Cents or brought in a scab that day he was fed. If not, he was ordered to "get busy."

There you have executive ability that few men could boast of.

Help Begins to Come.
On November 25th, the strikers received no financial aid from outside sources, except the few dollars that were made by the boys who sold the special strike edition of The Call. But on that night The Central Federated union donated \$22.50 to the strike fund. Next night the Brooklyn Socialist Local gave \$20. Together with the money the C. F. U. elected a committee of ten to assist the boys in their struggle.

At a mass meeting held at Astoria hall on Sunday, November 27th, the boys were organized into what is now called the National Messengers Union of America. Nathan Hoffman was elected president and Leo Siegel, vice president.

At this mass meeting it was learned that the Young Men's Christian association (Bowery Branch) and the Bowery Mission are busy enlisting scabs from the under-world. Two men appeared at this meeting and presented the slips given them at these "Christian" strike-breaking agencies. They declare that out of the fifty-seven scabs enlisted fifty walked off with the money they collected on the telegrams they delivered.

As I write this the strike is on in full blast. There have been no desertions, not even one, while scabs are deserting the company constantly. How or when this strike will end I cannot say. However, one thing is certain, even if the boys are defeated, which is not so very likely, the foundation will have been laid for a greater, firmer strike, for these boys have all learned that invaluable lesson—the value of solidarity.

Where there is no vision the people perish.

Working Out a New Society

BY ODON POR



WHEN the National Federation of Farm Laborers was formed at Bologna in 1901 the movement was hailed as a most striking manifestation of a new social spirit. When the convention passed a resolution declaring the socialization of the land to be the ultimate aim of the farm laborers, there was universal astonishment that such a revolutionary purpose should be announced by a class of people that had hitherto constituted the most reactionary element of society—ignorant, superstitious and humbly following the lead of the ruling classes. By others this movement was greeted as characteristic of the just beginning century, sounding the fundamental note of the social sympathy of the future.

Since that time the federation has gone on exceeding the hopes of the most optimistic until today it ranks among the most important labor organizations in the world, and is a source of inspiration to the whole international proletariat. According to recent official statistics more than 1500 unions of farm laborers and peasants with over 400,000 members exist in Italy. The Federation, whose jurisdiction reaches only over the territory between the Alps and the Apennines, including only the northern provinces, has slightly less than 200,000 members. Its chief functions are to represent the interests of the farm workers before municipal, provincial and national governments before the general federation of labor and before all other bodies whose actions may affect the farm laborers. It seeks to establish a closer unity both in the daily life and during the great struggles of the working class, to give advice on such questions as may be submitted to it, and to organize the unorganized districts. It also calls the various congresses for the discussion of the problems of general interest and in short, co-ordinate the work of the single organization into a compact national movement.

Influence on Legislation.

There are three great subjects that especially claim the continual attention of the Federation—unemployment, the condition of the rice workers and the establishment of employment agencies.

The Federation has been able to compel the Italian government to consider its methods of treating the unemployed. Mr. Pantano, minister of agriculture read before the Italian parliament a law for the regulation of internal colonization which in substance proposed to intrust all land in the possession of the municipalities and the state, amounting to several million acres, much of which is but partially cultivated and some of which is yet to be reclaimed, to the agricultural co-operatives. It was proposed to create a large fund from which the co-operatives could draw money at a low rate of interest to assist them in introducing modern, scientific methods.

In his report the minister states that this solution is the result of a careful analysis of the facts and that it is the only one that meets the demands of the workers and of the general problem. He declares that this is not an artificial solution, but one which grows naturally out of the present activities of the farm workers and especially out of their co-operative leasing and cultivation system. He emphasizes the point that such action would bring about a great regeneration of national agriculture and by giving the workers a direct interest in the cultivation of the soil, would stop emigration. Further, he says that in the long run the private owners of immense stretches of land would find it more profitable to lease their estates to the co-operatives who have proven that they are the only ones working according to the standard of scientific, intensive agriculture.

The cabinet that proposed this revolutionary law was short lived. It went down under the combined attack of the reactionary parties. Of course the law was not passed, but it still lives in the minds of the farmers and the Federation has never ceased to agitate for its passage.

The ruling class fears the moral effects of this law even more than its immediate economic results. It fears that the yet backward south might be revolutionized by the more progressive north and that the law might thus prove a means of revolution and not of reform. Nevertheless its passage is but a question of a very short time, for the ruling class, fearing a national agitation among the farming population, and knowing its irresistible power when aroused, will prefer this law to something even more injurious to its interests.

Helping the Rice Workers.

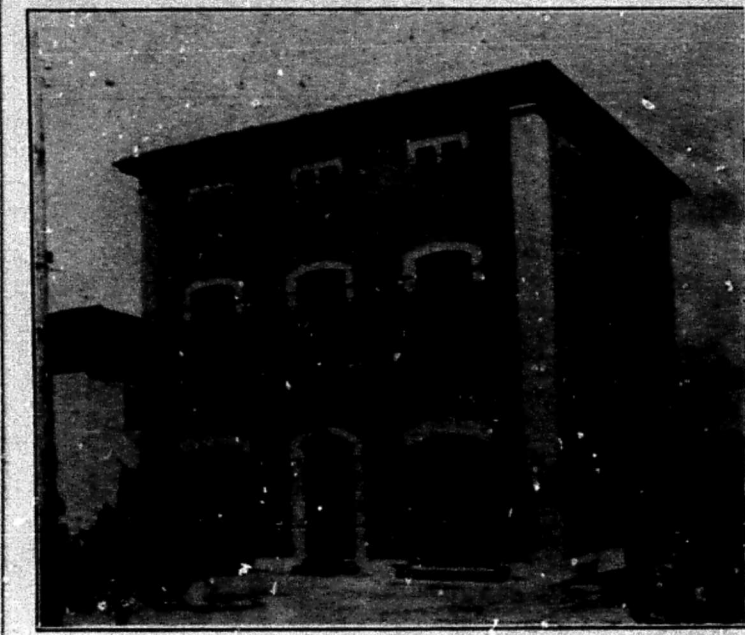
Another legislative measure supported by the Federation frightened the governing class even more. This was the law protecting the rice workers which was passed in 1907.

The Federation spent years gathering and preparing the information used in formulating this law. It sent its own men into the rice districts to gather data on conditions of labor. These men revealed the horrors of capitalistic exploitation in this, one of the basic industries of Italy. About fifty thousand workers came each year to the rice fields from other local-

ties. They toiled from sunrise to sunset on the heaviest and most disagreeable tasks. Their wages never exceeded forty cents per day and were usually much lower. The food provided by the land owners was insufficient and often decayed. Men and women slept together on the mud floors of old and dirty shacks exposed to weather and malarial mosquitoes. When their work was done they returned to their homes worn out, infected with malarial and other diseases common to rice workers and with very little rice.

Each spring these workers were recruited by labor contractors, veritable merchants of human flesh, who freely promised high wages and good conditions. Since no contracts were signed with the workers there was no redress against the labor agent who joined with the land owners in the most shameless robbery of the workers.

Most of the great incomes of the royalty and aristocracy of Italy



A People's House, in a village. The Socialist organizations in the Province of Bologna have such homes in almost all villages.

come from the rice fields that they own. These remnants of feudalism used all their power to block the passage of the law improving working conditions in the rice fields. They even succeeded in inducing one of the greatest living scientists, Prof. Golgi, a senator and holder of the Nobel prize for biology, to declare that the work in the rice fields is healthy and that the conditions under which labor is performed there are not bad. Fortunately the Federation was able to command the services of equally able men. Among these was Nino Mazzoni, who had spent years investigating the problems of rice culture, part of the time as a government official, of Prof. Pieraccini, the Socialist member of parliament from Florence. The latter is a world famous expert on labor diseases. The scientific knowledge and exact data which they presented thoroughly demolished the arguments of the capitalist professor whom the feudal lords had dragged upon the public platform to discuss a problem of which he knew nothing.

Thanks to the energetic fight put up by the Socialists in parliament the law was passed. It forced the proprietors to spend millions of francs at once upon local improvements and compelled them to pay out each year several millions more for the benefit of the workers.

The law provides first of all for a regular contract between the workers and their employers. It provides that the fix of the employment agencies must be fixed in the contract and that nothing can be taken from the wages in addition to this fixed sum.

Getting and Enforcing a Law.

The dormitories of the workers must be protected with mosquito nettings. Separate rooms must be provided for the sexes. The rooms must be furnished with beds and chairs and the houses so built as to protect the workers from dampness and the change of climate. Proprietors must furnish pure drinking water and healthy food. The municipal governments are required to provide quinine and regular medical services free of charge. The maximum working day is ten hours with a half hour intermission, when necessary, for mothers who have to nurse their babies. The time spent in going to and from the fields must be included in the labor time.

The Federation did not stop with securing the passage of the law. It proceeded to insure its enforcement by sending its own salaried inspectors into the rice growing districts. It had further prepared the way by distributing thousands of leaflets explaining the law and teaching the methods by which it could be enforced. Wherever the Socialists were in control of municipal administrations there was no trouble about the complete and literal enforcement of the law. Had it not been for these measures taken by the workers themselves the law, like so many others, would have proven a dead letter since the government provided no means for its enforcement.

Making a "Closed Shop."

The Federation now took another

step in advance by compelling the owners' association to recognize the labor organization and contract directly with them for labor. Last year the Federation sent more than ten thousand workers into the rice fields, all with contracts drawn up and signed by the Federation. Under these contracts wages were doubled and the hours reduced under the legal maximum to nine and even eight.

All this work is part of a great program which the Federation is carrying out, looking toward the organization of the internal emigration of farm laborers. The magnitude of this task can be understood when we remember that about 750,000 farm laborers move each year from one section of the country to another in response to the demand for seasonal laborers. These workers have already ignored local labor conditions and accepted from the contractors lower wages and worse conditions than those prevailing in the district. In this way they naturally came into conflict with the local labor organization.

In order to systematize these movements of labor the Federation founded a central employment agency

which in co-operation with existing local labor union agencies creates centers of information and support for the workers in their movements and in their struggles with employers. The full plan of this work implies not merely the elimination of the contractors but also the suppression of the struggle for jobs since workers will not be sent unless they are needed.

Once more it is a step in the preparation for that new civilization based on social solidarity.

Sharing Labor.

In some localities the Federation has been able completely to monopolize the labor forces and to contract for the accomplishment of all the work. The proprietor has nothing to do with the direct management of the work, but has only to settle for it with the agencies when it is done.

This action has had some important incidental results. Private employers have hitherto chosen only the young, the strong and the more efficient laborers. That left the weaker and older workers to starve while the young and strong were driven to such exertions that they in turn became old and weak before their natural time.

The co-operative employment agencies undertook the cultivation of whole districts. They then distributed the labor forces according to Socialist and not capitalist criteria. They hire practically all the workers, the weak and the strong, the young and the old alike. The work is distributed in part according to necessity, and special favors are given to widows and to those families where, through birth or death or illness the need is greater than usual. Always, however, the technical nature of the work is kept in view and suited to the technical capacities of the individual worker.

Collectivism vs. Individualism.

Co-operation has become the means for which and by which the workers live and the organization and its members are mutually strengthened thereby. Mutual aid has taken the place of waste, exploitation and misery. The right to work is guaranteed to those who, because of hereditary exhaustion, illness, accident or any other misfortune may not be able to accomplish the same amount and quality of work as the strong and the healthy. The young are protected from overwork and early deterioration. The whole race grows stronger since no section of the population is permitted to sink into pauperism to be maintained in a state of social decay at the expense of the more vigorous or of the collectivity. The average output is increased and the quality of the work improved by the mutual stimulus inherent in collective enterprise with collective responsibility. Life is transformed and new life created. The struggle for existence is suppressed and diverted in a new direction where it creates new attributes and the new laws to govern the new life. The light of gentleness and of human solidarity is arising and shedding an illuminating glow upon the dark efforts of the working class in its struggle for freedom.

Such a movement can only profit as it succeeds in inspiring the workers

with a sense of social solidarity. It has been wonderfully successful in this effort and many of the most skilled and ablest workers have come to realize that they have no right to claim a much higher standard of living than can be obtained for the great mass of weak and less capable elements, and they have come to find a special satisfaction in the additional happiness which their superior strength brings to the collectivity of their comrades. The workers have come to see that they must raise their standard of living collectively and that one group of the working class must not, nor long cannot grow at the expense of other workers.

To sum up the work of the Federation: Within less than ten years it has consolidated local movements of blind revolt into a mass movement of conscious revolution. It has become a force feared by class government and class institution. Labor has ceased to be a mere merchandise, but has become a conscious force for social betterment. The organizations of the workers have compelled even the landlords to introduce better methods of cultivation. These better methods have drawn together larger bodies of labor. This associated labor has abolished the traditional drudgery of lonely farm lives. The isolated farm houses have given place to villages and cities from which the men and women alike ride forth upon their bicycles to their work on the farm.

Working hours have been shortened in an industry where this has been thought impossible. The standard of living has been raised until diseases like pellagra, dependent upon bad nutrition, have disappeared.

Women have ceased to be the burden bearers of the household. They have gained a new outlook upon life. They meet with the men and discuss and decide the issues that affect them and their class.

Meetings for the discussion of political and labor problems as well as scientific lectures are held almost daily in nearly every village. Out of this intense social life has sprung a new industrial conception. These workers know that a parasitic class is no longer necessary. They have proven the uselessness of a class that has no function save to own the means of production. They have proven these things by the creation of institutions which they themselves manage and direct.

The Socialist vision has become something definite and imminent. It is spoken of as something inevitable, the realization of which depends only upon the organized force and the sense of social responsibility of the workers.

Such a society teaches us how a new civilization is born. It is born through the action of the class that most needs a new civilization and by each action which widens the horizon of this class and furthers the struggle for future institutions and brings out those spiritual things and technical capabilities which must constitute the warp and woof of the future society. We approach the Socialist civilization through the absorption by the working class of the functions of other classes. Nor is it necessary that this process of absorption should last an eternity. This revolutionary change in social institutions and individual mentality of the Italian farm laborers and peasants has come about in less than ten years. The rate of future progress depends upon the extent to which the workers are willing to sacrifice for the enlightenment of the yet backward elements and to work to bring them into the revolutionary movement.



A "People's House" in the process of construction.

Snowball Incomes.

John D. Rockefeller's income this year is about \$70,000,000. He cannot spend nor give it away. He cannot turn it into money and bury it. He cannot let it lie idle, for, except as actual money, there is no form of wealth that can be kept idle.

So he will have to put it to work. And next year he will have another \$70,000,000, plus the income on this seventy, that will have to be invested. And Rockefeller is only one. There are some thousands of other people who have so much that they do not need to add to their principal, and yet who are compelled to do so because they can't get rid of their income except by reinvesting it.

Now this isn't Socialism nor any other kind of ism. It's just a fact that is true and that people, sooner or later, will have to face.

The Rockefeller themselves are no less puzzled than are the men whose incomes are less than their needs.

But these huge snowballs keep on rolling up bigger and bigger. The money must come from somewhere, and it can only come from somebody's labor, and, therefore, somebody is going to be more and more underpaid.

What's the answer? Give it up, but meantime, it's a good thing to think about.—Cincinnati Post.

The Last Shot at Omdurman

(Continued from Page Three.)

"Hasten, Arabi!" he shouted. "Abdullahi is conqueror—the infidels are pushed into the river—it is truly the day of Allah!"

The approaching camel stopped—the rider dismounted, picked up a tarboosh with a plume of ostrich feathers—stuffed it in a sack and remounted.

"Help! Arabi called. 'Help, in the name of Allah!'"

"I have a barrelful," the rider said as he tapped his rifle, "but not to waste on a rebel already rotting in the sun."

He was an Egyptian, looting the dead.

Arabi grew weaker, feeble, but he burrowed on. Hajji plunged around, at times away ahead and again lagging behind. He laughed and at times prayed. His wound bindings grew red and loose, and finally dropped off.

He tumbled over the dead, burying his stumps in the sand each time he fell. He leaped astride a dead camel—brandished an assagai and tugged at the beast's bridle with the bleeding stump, urging him into the battle. Arabi called, but he was too busy to hear. He was giving orders to an invisible host and the host obeyed, but the vultures, flies, gnats and mosquitoes were less impressed. The feathered beasts hopped around, rose, circled and perched again on both the living and the dead.

The sky grew red as the sun sank and the desert was bathed in a violent mist.

The foreign dogs were quiet—their dead were all buried, their last shot discharged, and fire and sword had done their work. Stillness reigned. Arabi's force was about spent—he lay with tongue protruding—panting. Hajji commanded the host. "Fi shan Allah!" he yelled at the top of his voice as he stood erect and rigid—"the infidel dogs are in the river—they are driven from the laughter of God! O, Abdullahi, the Merciful One, it is the day of Victory!"

A moment later the assagai fell from his grasp—he doubled up and slid limp over the back of the camel. As he did so a dozen vultures pounced upon him. Arabi called again, but there was no answer—none save the choking glutinous answer of the ghouls as they robbed the sand and the sun of their own.

"It was a glorious day!" the conquerors said as they looked over the field.

"I see something moving over there towards Kar Shomart!" an officer said as he lowered his field glass.

Two men were dispatched to investigate and report. They found Arabi just as he rolled away toward the unburied dead.

"What a bloody mass!" one of them said. "He has dragged himself through the dead for days!"

Every bone in Arabi's body burned like a live coal. His eyes encircled with dark purple rings were sunk deep in his head. Yesterday his hair was splashed with grey—today it is white.

The Universal Urge

BY J. HOWARD MOORE

We live in a world that is neither petrified nor perfect. Even the "eternal hills" are changing, and the "fixed stars" are drifting among the spaces. Everything has been evolved, even our methods of forming conclusions.

The universe is going somewhere.

It is our duty to put ourselves in harmony with the universal urge for change and improvement. The conservative is a stake standing stupidly in a stream whose nature it is to flow on forever. Men who are satisfied with the world as it is are either selfish or inferior.

Progress is a clock. We are not able to see the hands move, but we can see that there has been movement by looking at different times and places. Many wrongs which were once common and legitimate have already ceased to be. And many others which used to be practiced openly and by everybody are now apologized for and confined to the more primitive members of society. See the tendency among the ultra-rich to make amends for their gluttony by eleventh-hour disgorgements to colleges and public libraries. Even Roosevelt feels the necessity of exercising his instinct to kill under guise of "science." A Roman could take the lives of his slaves with the same impunity that we today kill cows. We used to think that negroes did not have souls, just as we now think about horses and dogs. And it is a historic fact that certain peoples of the past hunted other peoples in four-horse chariots in the same savage and unfeeling way that we today hunt birds and elephants.

The next 100 years is going to witness the greatest improvement in moral practice and understanding this world has ever seen. Nothing to compare with it has ever taken place in the evolution of ethics.

The twentieth century is going to be a humanitarian century. The twenty-first century will dawn on a very different condition of things from what we see around us today. Men are going to be Brothers, as certainly as the stars rise in the east. The marching and counter-marching going on in the industrial world today will end in a new order of society based on mutualism, in which there will be not only division of labor but division of the products of labor as well. And along with the

An interpreter was sent for and Arabi was tested.

"You can have water for allegiance."

Arabi shook his head.

"Your people are all dead, why do you want to live?"

"Allah still lives—so does Abdullahi," he whispered.

"Allah and the vultures still live," one of them said, "and they are both waiting for you!"

"Vultures devour dead men's bodies—you destroy living men's souls. I prefer the vultures!"

Kar Shomart was but yards away now—the three men had water in their bottles. One of them shook his bottle and the sound of the water made the seer's eyes sparkle.

His tongue stretched—he begged for water. The interpreter was moved—he was an Arab.

Magnanimity is the privilege of conquerors.

In all that Arab Empire there was but one building worthy of the name—it was in Omdurman—a white speck that could be seen from far and wide. It was the tomb of the Mahdi.

"Raze it to the ground!" the conqueror said, and not one stone was left upon another.

In ancient times the conquerors wreaked their vengeance upon the living.

"Pull the corpse out," he said of the Mahdi. "Cut the head off and fling the trunk into the Nile," and it was done.

Arabi was finally permitted to drink. It was like pouring life into a corpse.

Recuperation was instant. He sat up and swept the horizon for a sight of Omdurman!

"Where is Omdurman?" he asked the interpreter.

"There!"

"Where is the tomb?"

"Gone! The Jesus men have profaned the Mahdi—recked his tomb, tortured his people, murdered the dying and profaned the dead!"

"Allah!" the seer exclaimed; "life is sweet, but religion is sweeter—give me a gun!"

From Khartoum across the river came the weird strains of funeral music. Mashed bands were memorializing the victory of strength over weakness—iron over wood and order over chaos. They were discoursing sweet music to God.

The infidels standing over Arabi became oblivious of his presence. Their faces changed—they added words to the music, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Suddenly there was a loud report—it shook the ground under their feet and hurled one of them on his back. It was an elephant gun—the interpreter had kicked it over within Arabi's reach, and the old man put it to his head, pulled the trigger and scattered his brain over the sand.

"Poor devil!" the interpreter said, "he loved Allah better than life and is with him now. It is better so."

recognition of human brotherhood will come, is bound to come, the corollary recognition of the brotherhood of all those that feel.

A Fine Distinction

We are not legal bred and therefore no authority in weighty matters of the law, and we do not care to incur the enmity of the courts, for they can fine and put into jail, and we can't afford to be fined nor do we want to go to jail. However, we venture to remark that it takes a fine sense of discrimination for the supreme court to fine Fred Warren, editor of the Appeal to Reason, \$1,000 and add six months in prison for attempting to show up the tweedle dum and tweedle dee of legal procedure.

It will be remembered that Haywood and his associates were charged with a serious crime in a miners' strike, were virtually kidnaped in Colorado and taken to Montana for trial. Warren thereupon insisted that he was justified in printing on his envelopes the following: "\$1,000 will be paid to any person who kidnaps Governor Taylor and returns him to the Kentucky authorities." Taylor, it will be remembered, was charged with complicity in the killing of the Kentucky governor, and was a refugee from his state. He had been indicted for the offense. Warren selected Taylor, not because, necessarily, that he was fierce after Taylor, but because he was a man of influence, and he wanted to see how the law would work in such a case, the taking of Haywood and his associates having been upheld by a decision of the supreme court. The court failed to see the joke. So it solemnly tried Warren and held a sentence over him as a sort of threat.

Instead of laughing at the supreme court, Warren threatened it, uttered gibes, dared it to do its worst, and so, these men in gowans and wigs got out their car of juggernaut and rolled it over him.

It is not the first time that an editor has been obliged to do this, John Walters, the first great editor of the London Times, spent half his time in prison. The English courts once sent Leigh Hunt to prison because he alluded to old George IV's scandalous life, and yet, at that very time, the old rascal had been ruled off the London race course for cheating. Still, it was felt to be an awful breach of propriety for Leigh Hunt even to allude to his lecherous life. All of which shows that if, as old Talstaff said, "Ships are but boards and sailors are but men," United States court judges are extremely fallible, and are liable to play the fantastic tricks.—Kankakee Gazette.

The Mills of God

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation

BANG—boom—tzzz-z-z-z. Blow the trumpet—twang the lyre. The air and the earth reek with red, white and blue favors. The political gas manufactory is in full blast. All the flatulent, dough-headed brigade are on the burst once more. Britain is given over to the Legion of Liars.

Asquith, twenty-four hours after I had posted my last "talk" to the COMING NATION, announced the impending dissolution of parliament, as I thought he would, and the first polls take place on the third of December.

The Brave Women.

Countries, like individuals, have their fevers, their stomach troubles, and their "brain storms," as our French friends have it. Britain is having her "brain-storm" right now. We are living in a continuous flare of political pyrotechnics, German war scares—Blatchford has just written another letter to the *Daily Mail*—trade union unrest, and now, in order that we may run the gamut of national emotion, the suffragettes have broken out again. Last night I was walking past the Horse Guards when I found myself in the middle of a bevy of women—most of them young, charming and refined. They were surrounding something or other which turned out to be Augustine Birrell, cabinet minister, who was angrily refusing to give them satisfactory assurances upon the question of the vote. Well, you never saw such a dust-up in your mortal. They kicked him on the shins—they pushed him in what a friend of mine calls "the infernal regions," they knocked his hat off, whilst one young lady with concentrated malevolence deliberately smashed it with her fist. Then one of our beautiful British workmen, of the 'ard and 'orny type, with beery inspiration, sprang forward and smashed the unfortunate girl twice on the body—then the correspondent of the COMING NATION, being an Irishman, took a hand in the game, and then, until the police arrived, we had a nice little frenzy on our lonesome.

Asquith has been struck in the eye they say, and they arrested 153 suffragettes of all types last night. It was something I do not wish to see again, but I shall never forget the heroism of those slightly-built women as they flung themselves against the police cordons in their attempt to reach the House of Commons. It was horrible to see them lying maimed and broken in the roadway. But they will get the vote—make no mistake about that, though they may have to kill a cabinet minister or two on the road.

Liberal Minister Supports Socialist.

Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer, has made a terrific speech in the east end of London. I thought I would glean something to interest you over in the States, and I was not disappointed. He talked nothing but Socialism, and finally put the cap on his political sins by advising the local liberals to vote for George Lansbury, the Socialist candidate, against whom the government do not intend to run any body. "Here are a few words taken down verbatim: "An aristocracy is like cheese—the older it is the higher it becomes. I will tell you how we got our best quality. Some French filibusters came over from Normandy. They killed all the owners of property, and levied for their own use death duties of one hundred per cent upon them." (Laughter and loud cheers). Please get it into your consciousness that this man is a cabinet minister, has one of the largest personal followings in England, and with his death duties, etc., is cutting the throats of the capitalist class with consummate skill and audacity. Lansbury has since been elected.—Ed.

dacity. I don't trust him, but he is forced to play our game. Just figure out Tubby Taft on the same game in the States. You would rub your eyes would you not?

Use the Knuckles.

But in spite of the above, the Liberal government refuses to give the Labor party a definite pledge to reverse the Osborne decision. Asquith "hedged" badly in his official pronouncement in parliament; the party are sick of the shilly-shally business, and if they are wise will take off the gloves and use the knuckles. The Irish discovered long ago that the only way to get anything out of a British government is to hammer them good and hard—the Labor party will have to learn the same lesson, but they have not got the instinct for politics that the Irishmen have.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, attention, if you please. Keep your heads erect, hands folded behind your backs and toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Look at the screen. I am going to throw upon it the shadows of the political maelstrom, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe, so that you, my Socialist brothers and sisters, in the States, at least, may have a real grip upon the evolution of the European races towards the ideal for which we are all striving.

Tactics and Temperament.

Tactics are matters of temperament and this is clearly shown by the tendency of the Latin races today to adopt the methods of "direct action" as opposed to parliamentary action. In Germany and Great Britain, where the blood runs more sluggishly, the masses of the proletariat move towards their goal by the easy stages of parliamentary legislation. If you will glance at the screen you will see a surging, heaving, medley of people. In that human avalanche you see all types. There are blond-headed Germans, dark-haired Italians and Frenchmen, phlegmatic Scandinavians, nervous Celts. Some of them are moving forward with even tread, remorseless as the mills of God—others are surging onward, breaking a moment, and again gathering force, to fling their battalions against the hosts of reaction—as a giant wave breaks, gathers strength, and flings itself with a roar like thunder upon the yielding beach.

Here you see the women and the children taking their part—sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously—in the whirlpool of emotions and thought. Sometimes it is a woman who is leading the battalions of the irresistible ones on to victory. In other parts of the *mise en scene* the women are relegated to subordinate parts, or hang back diffident of their powers. The movement varies.

Charity and the International.

What is the lesson from the screen? It is this. In a great movement like ours we have to take a tremendous perspective, embracing as it does, men and women of every class and creed and clime. We have to be patient with one another. We must have great sympathy and great forbearance. We must avoid sectarianism as the devil avoids the water of holiness. We must try and bring within the area of the mental vision not our own particular parish—our own particular country or our own particular race—but all parishes, all countries and all races. Let us never forget that each nation must fight out its own salvation in its own way. The methods that are effective in one country fail in another. But above and beyond all, we must ever be ready to sense the messages that stream to our consciousness from the outside. You Americans can learn from us and we from you. Let our mistakes be your danger signals.

For you know, ladies and gentlemen, all, we are the International.

Seine, which has 18 representatives. The increase in votes in the last four years has been more than a quarter of a million, or 25 per cent.

These representatives have, during the last three years, fought incessantly for measures beneficial to the workers, and it is safe to say that not a single question, whether interesting the workers or only relative to the general development of culture and the progress of civilization has come before the chamber of deputies, without being treated by the delegates from the Socialist point of view, as opposed to that of capital.

Ever vigilant in the interests of labor, the Socialist deputies have always conscientiously attended all sessions of the chamber and taken part in the discussion of all questions, whether of education, hygiene or protection for the workers. They have taken advantage of all opportunities, and often even forced opportunities, to make aggressive attacks on militarism, navy expenses and colonialism, and have consistently proclaimed a policy of peace and reconciliation between nations, which if undertaken, would lead to simultaneous disarmament and the lowering of the customs barriers which divide the nations.

They have engaged with especial vigor in the fight for old age pensions and indemnity for risks incurred in the performance of duty, and for a change in the electoral law providing uniform representation for all of the people.

Besides the representatives in the national legislature, the party has also elected municipal councilors to the

number of nearly 4,000 in over 500 cities, capturing in the last election more than twice the number of cities over which they had control previous to that time. They have elected 81 cantonal councilors, or state legislators, and 63 minor representatives.

A newspaper, *Le Socialiste*, is owned by the party and during the last year brought a profit to the party treasury. Three of the federations also own their own papers, and the party controls the policy of *L'Humanite*, which is the best known of all the revolutionary French newspapers.

Financially the party is in splendid shape, the receipts during 1909 having exceeded the disbursements by over \$5,000, this calculation not including the receipts of the various federations.

Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WM. MAILLY

IV.—THE FICTION OF THE FUTURE From the Responsibilities of the Novelist, By Frank Norris.

THIS, then seems to be the proper training of the novelist; The achieving less of an aggressive faculty of research than that of an attitude of mind—a receptivity, an acute sensitiveness. And this can be acquired.

But it cannot be acquired by shutting oneself in one's closet, by a withdrawal from the world, and that, so it would appear, is just the mistake so many would-be fiction writers allow themselves. They would make the art of the novelist an aristocracy, a thing exclusive, to be guarded from contact with the vulgar, humdrum, bread-and-butter business of life, to be kept unspotted from the world, considering it the result of inspirations, of exaltations, of subtleties and—above all things—of refinement, a sort of velvet jacket affair, a studio hocus-pocus, a thing loved of women and of esthetes.

What a folly! Of all the arts it is the most virile; of all the arts it will not, will not, will not flourish indoors. Dependent solely upon fidelity to life for existence it must be practiced in the very heart's heart of life, on the street corner, in the market-place, not in the studios. God enlighten us! It is not the affair of women and esthetes, and the muse of American fiction is no chaste, delicate, super-fine mademoiselle of delicate poses and "elegant" attitudes, but a robust, red-armed *bonne femme*, who rough-shoulders her way among men and among affairs, who finds a healthy pleasure in the jostlings of the mob, and a hearty delight in the honest, rough-and-tumble, Anglo-Saxon give-and-take knock about that for us means life. Choose her, instead of the sallow, pale-faced statue-creature, with the foolish tablets and foolish, up-turned eyes, and she will lead you as brave a march as ever drum tapped to. Stay at her elbow and obey her as she tells you to open your eyes and ears and heart, and as you go she will show things wonderful beyond wonder in this great, new, blessed country of ours, will show you a life untouched, untried, full of new blood and promise and vigor.

She is a Child of the People, the muse of our fiction of the future, and the wind of a new country, a new heaven and a new earth is in her face and has blown her hair from out the fillets that the Old World muse has bound across her brow, so that it is all in disarray. The tan of the sun is on her cheeks, and the dust of the highway is thick upon her buskin, and the elbowing of many men has torn the robe of her, and her hands are hard with the grip of many things. She is hail-fellow-well-met with every one she meets, unashamed to know the clown and unashamed to face the king, a hardy, vigorous girl, with an arm as strong as a man's and a heart as sensitive as a child's.

Believe me, she will lead you far from the studios and the esthetes, the velvet jackets and the uncut hair, far from the sexless creatures who cultivate their little art of writing as the fancier cultivates his orchid. Tramping along, then, with a stride that will tax your best paces, she will lead you—if you are humble with her and honest with her—straight into a World of Workingmen, crude of speech, swift of action, strong of a passion, straight to the heart of a new life, on the borders of a new time, and there, there only will you learn to know the stuff of which must come the American fiction of the future.

Charity

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Came two young children to their mother's knee,
(One was quite little and the other big),
And each in freedom calmly helped himself.
(One was a pig.)

The food was free and plenty for them both,
But one was rather dull and very small;
So the big smarter brother, a thingy loath,
He took it all.

At which the little fellow raised a yell
Which tired the other's more aesthetic ears,
He gave him here a crumb, and there a shell
To stop his tears.

He gave with pride, in manner calm and bland,
Finding the other's hunger a delight;
He gave with pity—his full left hand
Lid from his right.

He gave and gave—O, blessed Charity!
How sweet and beautiful a thing it is!
How fine to see that big bo' giving free
What is not his.

For now the field is not far off where we must give the world a proof of deeds, not words—Samuel Butler.

Co-Operative Socialist Press

By W. HARRY SPEARS, Managing Editor of THE FINDLAY CALL Publishing Company, and editor-in-chief of the co-operative papers published by that company at Findlay, Ohio.

FROM a single paper, *The Findlay Call*, there has been built up in Findlay, Ohio, a publishing house, printing thirty-six papers weekly, and adding several new ones each week with only one field representative. The papers have been established in Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and recently we have entered Michigan.

We have organized here in Findlay an incorporation under the laws of Ohio, for \$10,000.00 divided in one thousand shares, non-assessible and fully paid. These shares are sold to comrades in different points in the state as stated. They are sold to individual Socialists, although in some cases the comrades gave their shares over to the local.

We have not advocated the locals buying the shares, because we did not think it was right for us to induce the locals to obligate themselves for these stock shares, and therefore we have secured comrades who were willing to take the obligation. The shares have been sold on a plan of \$1.00 down and 25c per week. The local simply gives the paper that is to be established its moral support and endorsement. The comrades meet weekly on Friday night and fold the papers. They solicit subscriptions and distribute free copies.

The minimum number of shares that we sell to any one point where a paper can be established, is ten, but in order to guarantee success we have always advised the sale of more. These comrades organize themselves into a publishing organization, choose a name for the paper, and an edi-

Kenton, Coshocton, Lima, Xenia, Middletown, Hamilton, Springfield, Warren, Barberton, Mansfield, Marion, Napoleon and Findlay, in Ohio, and Clarksburg, West Virginia; Waukegan, Illinois, and Sharon, Pennsylvania, with papers under contract at Youngstown, Ohio, South Bend, and Mishawaka, Indiana and Niles, Michigan.

The matter in the papers is wholly given to the propaganda of Socialism. No party matters outside of simple announcements that would be of interest to non-Socialists, are published. Our policy is to keep outside of party affairs.

Short, pithy articles from one to twenty lines, and headed articles of reasonable length are used. No advertising as yet has been considered or solicited, although we have several offers from different advertising agencies to buy space to run through all the issues of the paper. This will be a matter for future consideration. While we print advertising for the different points, that is, local advertising, we do not advise the securing of advertisements as we find that the time required to make the changes by taking out reading matter and replacing advertising matter and the keeping of advertising type intact from week to week is of more value than what can be secured from the advertising.

The comrades at the different points where these papers are established are urged to hustle for subscribers as they receive 25 per cent of all moneys taken in for their commission up to the first two hundred, and 50 per cent thereafter, which is used for the current expenses of ex-

MANAGEMENT OF THE FINDLAY CALL PUBLISHING COMPANY



S.W. Shuler, Sec'y-Treas. A.S. Elston, Director A.P. Kahn, Director A.W. Thompson, Director Alfred E. Kuisley, Vice-Pres. Wm. C. Treese, 1st. W. Harry Spears, Editor and Mgr.

torial committee who take charge of the paper. In a number of places they have placed the paper under the auspices of the Socialist local and a competent person could be secured as editor, who might not have a share of stock.

How the Plan Works.

The stockholders become, to a certain degree, in the same category as a sustainer in a sustainers' fund to maintain a paper or printing house, like those that have assisted with the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, and the *New York Call*, yet it has been our desire and plan to have sufficient plant and material here to represent the \$10.00 invested that we will receive from each comrade when their shares of stock are fully paid.

The subscription rate is 50c per year, 25c for six months, or 10c for ten weeks for all the papers. The papers are four pgs, four column, sixteen-inch column weeklies, and all are dated for Saturday.

Each point or publishing company buys their papers completely printed by us at the rate of 75c per hundred for the first two hundred, and 50c per hundred thereafter. We furnish them any papers they require for free distribution at 50c per hundred, or \$4.00 per thousand. Each point gets one column, sixteen inches of space, free, on the first page, for announcements of meetings, conventions, election tickets, or any other matter which has a Socialist bearing and will give the paper a local aspect, and the heading and sub-head which are also free. The balance of the three columns of the first page is filled with our miscellaneous matter. Any point that wishes more than the sixteen inches which they get free, can have the same at five cents per inch for all extra space used.

Each point contracts for a minimum of ten shares of stock, and also for two hundred copies of papers at 75c per hundred. In order to meet this expenditure, it becomes the duty of each point to sell the subscriptions so as to pay for these papers. This is usually done in about two weeks. Each point handles their own money and only pays for their papers as they receive them by the week. All changes are made on the first page, the balance of the paper is made up of our general Socialist matter. The writer has charge of the editorial work and the management of the business.

Papers Now Established.

We have so far established papers at the following places: Muncie, Elwood, Shelbyville, Peru, Kokomo, Montpelier, Fort Wayne, Huntington, Newcastle, Shirley, Middletown, Richmond, Elkhart, Anderson and Marion in Indiana, and Canton, Lima, St. Mary's, Van Wert, Toledo,

papers have been established has proven this to be a fact.

We have our own linotype and have a large printing office leased here and our regular editions run from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand per week. Election week we turned out fifty thousand copies, some towns taking from five to ten thousand for free distribution.

This is the only Socialist co-operative publishing house in the world where weekly papers are produced co-operatively. Nearly every mail brings us a great number of letters asking for the plan by which we produce these papers and whether we can supply a paper for them at their point. This will be impossible until such time as we can establish new circuits because of the prohibitive express rates.

We have a plan, however, whereby we can establish a Socialist paper for the comrades at any point. This paper would be all of the general matter, but would have a separate heading if desired, and contain the names of the editors and the necessary advertising required in the sub-heading to have the paper entered at the post-office. Any point wishing a paper of this kind can buy them from us weekly, or a month's supply at one time. We expect to be issuing a great number of these papers and will be able to ship them to any part of the United States. Under this plan, stock shares need not be bought, but no local news will be published. Later on we will plan to have these papers all join in the co-operative plan where they will buy stock and have a portion of the paper devoted to their local affairs if they so desire.

Our one and sole object here is to build up a business where a Socialist paper may be produced at the least possible cost. This we have been able to do. The papers we are producing could not be turned out locally for less than \$15.00 weekly, to say nothing of the editorial and clerical work, and under our plan including the weekly payments on stock shares of \$2.50 and the minimum number, two hundred, at \$1.50 it only costs \$4.00 weekly to get a paper started within our present circuit zone.

No Right on Earth.

There is a state of affairs in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, which ought not to be surprising to any one. There several thousand miners are out on a strike. That is such an every-day occurrence that most people will wonder why any one should think it worth mentioning. Only a few will think of it as a matter that might possibly be remedied. Still fewer people will think long enough to reason that there need be no labor difficulty when there exists a stretch of land filled with coal, a population desiring that coal, railroads ready to transport it to any place where it is wanted, capital looking for profitable investment and a lot of men ready and willing to do the work of mining coal on terms that will not cause a loss to any one except possibly themselves and their families. With all these favorable conditions existing there probably would be no labor difficulty if there did not also exist a lot of paper titles which give to a few individuals, the power to give or withhold permission to use the coal land.

While the miners were at work they lived on the land of the coal companies and in houses belonging to these same companies. As long as they worked they could pay back to the companies as rent a big part of what they drew as wages. Such matters are also common enough. Now since the men have struck they no longer receive wages from the companies and consequently can hold nothing back to them. They have therefore been evicted with their families so that in one locality there are now thousands of homeless people.

Some help has come to these homeless ones from the miners' union. They have been supplied with tents, but the union has been unable to supply them with land on which to pitch them. This is by no means an account of lack of space in Westmoreland county, but as most of the unused space belongs to the coal companies and these concerns do not want any strikers on their property. However some farmers in the vicinity have been charitable enough to allow them the use of their fields and thus the evicted ones are able to enjoy such shelter as a tent affords until the farmers will be forced by their own necessities to request them to move.

It is clear that the right of these miners to stay anywhere on earth is only by sufferance. The same is really true of all who are not land owners, but it takes an occurrence of this kind to make that fact clear to such people as look upon the existing system as a just one.

He who floats with the current, says Amiel, who has no convictions of his own, who does not guide himself is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved, not a living, moving being; an echo, not a voice.

It is not the noblest and the best use we can make of life to do something to make better and happier the condition of those who come after us—by warring against injustice, by the enlightenment of public opinion, by the doing of all that we possibly can do to break up the accursed system that degrades and embitters the lot of so many?—Henry George.

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be—Anna R. Brown.

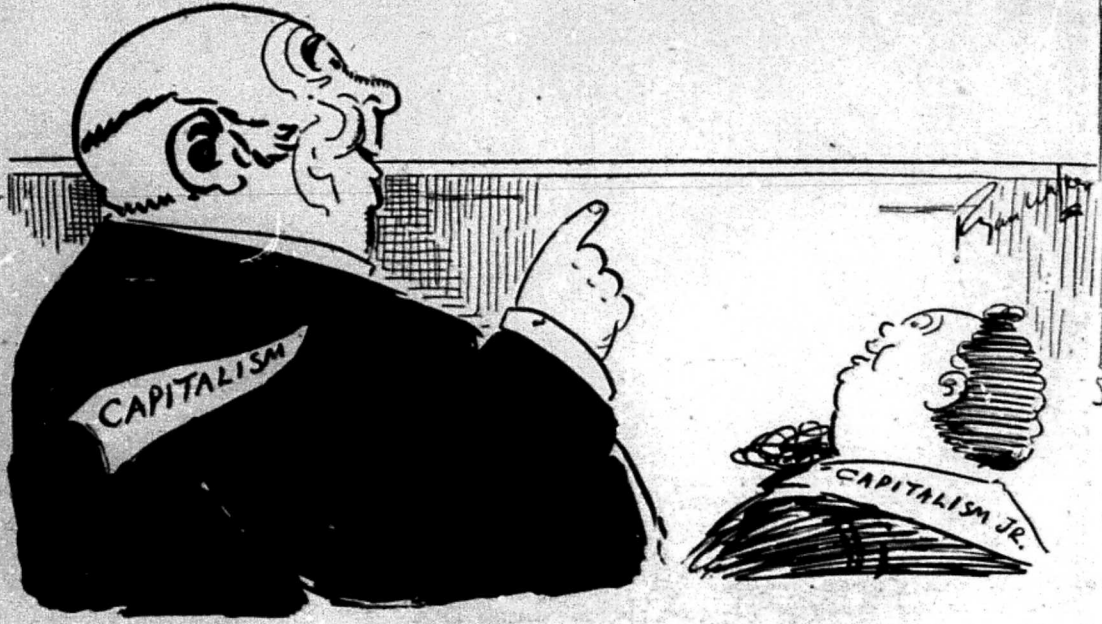
THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

X.—France.

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.

During the past few years the Socialist party of France has been making persistent efforts to secure an intelligent, working class movement and to so train the workers within the ranks that the spontaneous struggle of the proletarian mass may be unconsciously directed toward their social emancipation.

In consequence of this endeavor, the growth of the party during the last four years has been most encouraging, its membership increasing in that period from 43,462 to 53,928, a gain of more than 10,000 members. These members are distributed among about 2,500 groups, which are organized into 82 federations, closely resembling the state organization of the party in the United States. So effective has been the propaganda work carried on by these federations that 32 of them have elected 76 deputies, or representatives in the national legislature, 22 of them having been gained at the elections which were held early this year. The province best represented by Socialists is

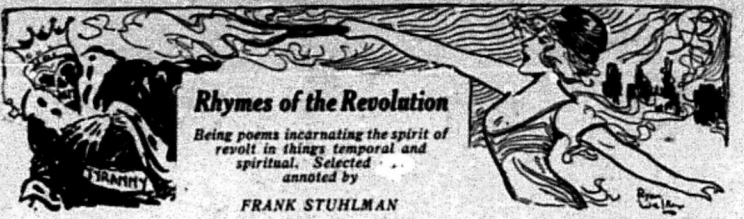


A HOLIDAY DECORATION FOR A CAPITALIST HOME

Where to Go.
Wendell Phillips, according to the recent biography by Dr. Lorenzo Sears, was, on one occasion, lecturing in Ohio, and while on a railroad journey, going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy, returning from some sort of convention. One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips, and asked him: "Are you Mr. Phillips?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to free the niggers?" "Yes, sir; I am an abolitionist." "Well, why do you preach your doctrines up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?" "Excuse me, are you a preacher?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to save souls from hell?" "Yes, sir; that's my business." "Well, why don't you go there?" The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctified laughter.

A Financial Thought.
John Purroy Mitchell, New York's acting mayor, said the other day to a reporter, apropos of a certain abuse: "The conduct of these people is ominous. It reminds me of the famous financier. 'George,' said the famous financier to his secretary. 'I've been thinking!' " 'Yes sir,' said the secretary, respectfully. 'What about, sir?' " 'Well, George,' said the financier, I can't help wondering where on earth the lambs get this inexhaustible stream of millions that we get from them.'"

An Eye to Business.
Mr. H. G. Wells, the novelist, tells a story of a gentleman next to whom he once sat at a public dinner. The conversation had turned upon one of his own books and Mr. Wells had said something to the effect that "were there no self-seekers the world would be a very Utopia." This neighbor promptly observed "I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least an hour." "You are a physician, I presume?" suggested the novelist. "No, sir," was the unexpected reply, "I am in the coal line." —The Standard.



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the spirit of revolt in things temporal and spiritual. Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

I. The Marseillaise

BY ROUGET DE LISLE.

Note.—The inevitable poem to begin this series is the Marseillaise, the war-hymn of the revolution the world over. Wherever the flag of liberty floats its champions march to the inspiring music of the Marseillaise.

It was composed in a fire of enthusiasm by Rouget DeLisle at Strasburg in April, 1792; and first sung on that terrible day in August when the Tuileries was stormed. Under the Bourbons it was prohibited but every revolt kept time with its glorious strain. Now it is the French national hymn. Wherever it is heard freemen rejoice and rulers tremble.

Ye Sons of Freedom, wake to glory! Hark! hark, what myriads rise! Your children, wives and grandsires hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling hosts a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave! The avenging sword unsheath! March on! March on! all hearts resolved On liberty or death.

See, now the dangerous storm is rolling, Which tyrant kings confederate raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are howling And low! our fields and cities blaze; And shall we basely view the ruin, While lawless force with guilty stride, Spreads desolation far and wide, With crime and blood his hands embrauing?

With luxury and pride surrounded, The vile, insatiate despots dare, Their thirst for power and pomp unbounded, To meet and end the light and air; Like beasts of burden they would load us, Like gods would bid their slaves adore; But man is man and who is more? Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy generous flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee? Or whips thy noble spirit tame? Too long the world has wept, bewailing That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield, And all their arts are unavailing.

Come Have A Smile On Us



The Metropolitan Tower

BY LOUIS KOPELIN

Rising above the roofs of neighboring buildings, and standing out in bold relief against the clear, blue sky is the white marble tower of the Metropolitan building.

What a picture! I stop as if I were suddenly riveted to the ground and muse over this inspiring poem and song in architecture.

The dazzling height, the massive masonry, the beautiful balconies, the artistic ornaments—all enthrall and thrill me. Before my eyes there passes a panorama of all the marvelous achievements of the ages, the pyramids, palaces and cathedrals, and I am amazed at this magnificent accomplishment of the twentieth century.

The tower disappears. I now see men laboring in mines, in quarries, in steel mills, on railroads, on steamships, everywhere. I see them bent and weary, toiling from morn to night and from night to morn. I see them fall dead in a factory, a wreck on a railroad, and I turn my head away in horror. I look again and I see others like them, still toiling, toiling, toiling. The tower reappears. I see the steel skeleton built by the blood of iron-workers; the masonry and woodwork built by the life and energy of thousands of skilled and unskilled workers laboring co-operatively, and my lips give utterance to the question of the ages:

How long, oh how long will labor be exploited, mangled and crushed? I walk away. The Metropolitan Tower has lost its fascination for me.

"Waiter," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice this size."

"Indeed sir!" rejoined the waiter. "Where did you sit?"

"By the window."

"Oh, that accounts for it. We always give people by the window large portions. It's an advertisement!"

At Finnegan's Cigar Store

BY E. N. RICHARDSON

The Bank Cashier had been giving the boys his usual talk on saving.

"Do you know," exclaimed the Station Agent, who had been an interested though disgusted listener, "this talk of a man working for wages and saving his money makes me awfully tired."

The B. C. looked hurt. "But, my dear fellow," he mildly expostulated, "Don't you think it is the duty of every man to save what he can and provide for the future?"

"Suppose," continued the S. A., ignoring the B. C.'s question, "that you and I and all the rest should cut out smoking, save the money and put it in your bank, how would it be with our friend Finnegan here? He'd have to go out of business, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose he would." "Sure he would; he'd have to move some place where people are wise enough to know that it's the spenders that make it possible to do business under this crazy system. And if Finnegan moved away that would mean another empty store building and residence, and the butcher and grocer would have one less customer."

The B. C. started to make some reply but the S. A. cut him off and continued, "Here's the Nickelodeon down the street, suppose we all decide to quit giving the kids nickles to attend that? That would mean more empty buildings and the grocer would lose another customer. And while we are at it let's put the ice-cream parlor across the street out of business, we can all do without ice-cream. Let's all wear fewer clothes and eat less—and, oh, yes! let's all attend one church and save the salaries of the other six preachers. Don't you think that would be a good thing?"

The B. C. nervously scratched his nose and got red in the face. "You carry the matter to the extreme," he said, "there is of course a reasonable limit to what a man should save and what he should spend. It—"

"Oh, but you are a wise one," interrupted the S. A. "So you think there should be a reasonable limit to what working people should spend? Who shall be the judge of what is a reasonable limit?"

"It all depends of course," gravely replied the B. C. "on what a man earns; any reasonable intelligent working man can determine for himself what would be a reasonable amount of his wages to spend and save."

"Yes, but the workers don't have anything to say about it," explained the S. A. "Under the present system the owners of the jobs are attending to that part of it, and the limit of the average worker's expenditures in this day of high cost of living, whether reasonable or unreasonable, is not all he earns but all the job owners allow him to have of what he earns. The trouble with you is you want the workers to save a part of what they earn, and that's where you and I part company on this saving

proposition—I want the men to save all they earn, or rather have an opportunity to do so, they'll have that opportunity when a majority of them grow wise enough to elect their own class to office and run the machinery of government in their own interests."

"Well, what will they do then?" asked the B. C. with a sneer.

"Well," smilingly replied the S. A. "I have an idea about the first thing they will do is to confiscate the machinery of production and then, having an undivided interest in the land they till and the tools they work with, they will get all they earn, and when they get all they earn there will be no incentive for saving any of it; the fear of poverty and a helpless old age will no longer cause them to go without the good things of life in order to hoard their earnings and invest in bonds for which little children and women must toil and slave to pay the interest—in the first place, there won't be any bonds to invest in when that time comes, and in the second place, no one would be foolish enough to invest in them anyhow."

"Oh, well," snapped the B. C., as he put on his hat, "there is no use in discussing anything with you, you always run everything into Socialism."

The S. A. smiled and motioned Finnegan to bring out the check-book and as the irate B. C. slammed the door.

High and Low Degree.

Augustus de Cash von Bullion is much, much better than his Valet—even his Valet will admit that: And that his Valet is immensely better than the mere Second Chauffeur person:

Who (it is a pleasure to note) is far better than an ordinary Public Chauffeur.

Nevertheless a Public Chauffeur is quite some better than a Calloused Carpenter:

Who in turn is enormously better than a Common Laborer:

And everyone will agree that a common Laborer is infinitely better than a Low Person who doesn't work at all.

BUT—many people consider Augustus a Low Person, and everybody knows he never did a day's work in his life.

True—but Augustus is different. You see, somebody has given Augustus enough so that he doesn't have to work.

True—but it's a melancholy fact that somebody somewhere manages to give every Low Unemployed Person enough so that he doesn't have to work.

Still there must be some difference in Augustus' favor, but rather than quarrel about it let us turn to a consideration of the Good, the Beautiful and the True, leaving Sociology to Socialists and Economists to people who have to economize.—Juck.

Nellie—"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?"

Belle—"I guess not—he's like an hour-glass."

Nellie—"An hour-glass?"

Belle—"Yes—the more time he gets, the less sand he has."—Cleveland Leader.

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

Modern Justice.

Oh Justice, polish up your specs, That you may take a squint At things which your good eye may vex. That do not get in print: Yes, put those bandages aside That you may blush for shame If you have still a bit of pride In your old time good name. As clerks cut off a hunk of cheese, Or weigh a pound of fish, So are decisions trimmed to please The master classes' wish.



Men get them in the market place Like storage meats on ice Pruned carefully to suit the case If they can show the price.

The constitution! What, indeed, Is that between old friends They can a passage backward read. If it will serve their ends: It works both ways when managed right To make their purpose sure: One rule for those of wealth and might: Another for the poor.

Early Outcroppings.

"I just don't know what to do about my son," said the distracted father talking confidentially to one who owed him money and, therefore, had to listen to his troubles.

"What's the matter with him? Doesn't he get on in school?"

"Oh, yes, he is the brightest boy in his class. You ought to see the report cards he brings home. There ain't nothing the matter with his intellect. I tell you he is a corker, but then perhaps that is natural. Now when I went to school lessons that bothered all the other boys didn't worry me a bit."

"But I thought you said there was something the matter with your son?"

"Yes, that is what I started to tell you about. He is such a confounded little liar. I lick him within an inch of his life and it don't seem to do a bit of good."

"That is encouraging."

"That he is a liar?"

"Sure. That boy is all right. Nature intended him for a business man and he is just getting early practice."

Quicker Action.

They may talk of the good time far away Where the month is always June, Where the old folks rest and the young folks play, And life is a grand old tune. For the present they say we must toil and delve.

For it's far away as the moon. No, we'll bring it around in 1912, And it isn't a day too soon.

For the slick trimmed ones as they rest at ease With naught to ruffle their brow, A Socialist state would be sure to please Say, a thousand years from now, For the present such talk as that they shelve.

As a wild-eyed, crazy tune But we'll bring it around in 1912, And it isn't a day too soon.

Meats Quick Action.

"An idea struck me this morning." "What was it like?"

"What was it like? I was a brick."



Different.

It sort of satisfies the soul To scan the pages now; A satisfying smile is smole; Peace nestles on the brow; You like to look at it again And spell it out with care The notice of so many men Elected here and there.

Yes, it has been a weary wait But those who understand How slowly moves the hand of fate Have felt the waiting good; But now at last a break is made The dawn begins to blush, And, little one, be not afraid, She's coming with a rush.

Helping the Argument.

"I have been talking Socialism to him for moons and can't make an impression."

"Never mind. He is looking for work now and the men he applies to are talking Socialism to him without saying a word about it."



Ought to Last.

He says he is hungry; all bosh. Oh say, but these beggars have cheek. I know he is lying, by gosh, I gave him a nickel last week.

Little Flings.

Sympathy never put the under dog on top. Dead men tell no tales. Neither do boodle legislators. Some judges are making more of a

place for themselves in history than they dream of.

All honor is not dead. It is said to exist among thieves.

In higher mathematics nothing from nothing leaves an old party politician.

Memories

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores, saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mule to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring the wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn and churn; and wear my brother's cast off clothes and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and do the chores some more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore; and then crawl wearily upstairs to seek my little bed, and hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again—a boy has so much fun! His life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens and chasing bees and doing evening chores.—Commercial Travelers' Magazine.

Groom—What's your father going to give us for a wedding present?

Bride—A big check darling!

Groom—Then the ceremony must take place at two p. m. instead of three.

Bride—But why?

Groom—The banks close at three.

In shaving your note the banker is not likely to use a safety razor.

THE INTERESTS OF CAPITAL AND LABOR ARE IDENTICAL



But labor ought to watch both ends of that cow