THE COMING NATION

A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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FRED D. WARREN } Publishers

A. M. SIMONS
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No. 16, New Series. Established Apr. 30, 1893 Girard, Kansas, December 31, 1910 Price 5 Cents $1.00 a Year

COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

BY

Charles Edward Russell

A Powder Puff Battle in Great Britain

IN this world of ours we never get very far with a half-way proposition. A man either believes in a thing or he does not. If he believes in it and it is something above the mucky level of dollar grabbing, he will accept the whole of it and put it above all consideration of his personal convenience, greatness, grandeur, success, election to office, majority at the polls, social distinction, or place in the day's news. If he is not thus willing he doesn't believe it worth bothering about, and the world can pass him up. Above all, if he does believe he isn't afraid of the thing he believes in.

Timidity is the withering curse in Great Britain and America of what we are pleased to call Statesmanship. Courage is not only liberty, as Ingersoll said; it is also achievement, success, satisfaction, and the indispensable condition upon which a man keeps on good terms with himself.

What shall it profit a man to crawl into any office on his hands and knees? Other people may cheer him and think well of him, but that is not of the slightest importance to him so long as he cannot think well of himself. He can fool all the rest of the world, maybe, but he cannot fool himself, and in the midst of the applause the thing he is really thinking about is the patch of dust on each knee. Down in his heart he would trade off all the applause and all the offices for something that would take off those stains. And he knows nothing will, and all the time he sees them and they poison everything for him. I guess that kind of thing doesn't pay. The only important thing is what a man thinks of himself. The world is narrowed to his heart indeed when it comes to that.

* * *

Look about and see how foolish is a man when he compromises with his convictions. Here in Great Britain is Asquith, Premier and Great White Rabbit. He has lately appealed to the voters on a proposition about the House of Lords. To abolish that ancient, ridiculous, outworn, worthless and fantastic piece of medieval furniture? Not at all. He ought to have stood for exactly this necessary and timely reform, and would have stood for it if he had had the courage of a weevil. Instead, what he really stood for was a comical and spineless proposal that the veto of the House of Lords upon any measure passed by the Commons should be effective to hold the measure in abeyance for two years. After which the measure should become a law.

Great White Rabbit Politics

That is to say, Mr. White Rabbit stood for neither one thing nor the other. He would neither go ahead nor move to the rear, but would only mark time and fumble. He was neither against the Lords nor for the Lords, because he was afraid. So he submitted to the voters this imbecile proposal of his and the voters return a verdict that is no verdict at all. By a reduced majority Mr. White Rabbit retains the office he was so much concerned about, but nobody knows whether that amounts to a mandate or not, and the slender majority by which the White Rabbit holds his job is made up of a coalition between his own party, the Laborites and the Irish Nationalists; a partnership liable at any time to dissolution.

See now the trouble that comes of facing both ways. By promising Home Rule to the Irish Nationalists, the White Rabbit will be able to pass his foolish measure about the veto of the Lords. He will then carry out his compact with the Nationalists and pass Home Rule. The Lords will reject this. Mr. Asquith will be obliged to go to the country again on the Home Rule issue, and be beaten to bits. The Conservatives will come in, annihilate the chance of Home Rule and probably repeal the two years' veto idiocy, leaving everything exactly as it is now except that the White Rabbit and his tribe will be out of office instead of in it, and out of it for many years to come.

Meanwhile, how about the reforms to which this tribe is supposed to be committed?

* * *

Such be the fruits of timidity. What on earth was Asquith afraid of? Afraid of his precious job, which he is going to lose anyway. He might have stood up straight and gone to defeat with self-respect intact. Now he is going to be disgraced as well as beaten, and for the rest of his life all he will be able to contemplate are those spots on his trousers' knees.

As a rule we need never bother much with what goes on in Great Britain, having enough troubles of our own, but the illustration afforded by these events is too good to be neglected. How is it with us about such things? The Congress of the United States consists of about four hundred timid souls that dwell in perpetual terror. What of, in the name of sanity? Why, they are all afraid they will say something or do something or think something that will prevent their reelection. Under the shadow of this preposterous bogey they go about with fingers on their lips and as if they were walking on eggs.

The American Breed of Rabbits

What earthly difference does it make whether they are re-elected or not? No cause ever hung upon the political fortunes of any individual. Individuals count for mighty little in this world. We could retire from public life every man now prominent in it and no cause would lose anything except a fine lot of deadwood. And as for the man himself in the only relation that is of any importance, that is to say, his relation to himself, defeat is absolutely nothing.

It is seven million times better to be defeated all the days of your life than to compromise just once with your conscience. No man is ever defeated that keeps faith with himself, and as for a just cause and right, that is never defeated anyway. You can't defeat it. Every time it seems to suffer a reverse it only comes back the stronger. Take the Anti-Slavery cause. Even Daniel Webster could not betray that.

No; Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Convictions is a mighty poor leader. The Congress of the United States is filled with his tribe and that is why it never does anything that is not foolish and despicable. After fourteen years of opportunity Mr. Bryan sits in Lincoln twiddling his thumbs and waiting fatuously for the lightning that will never arrive. About three years more and men will be saying "Bryan? Bryan? Why does that name sound familiar to us?" History will not even take the trouble to record that there were placed in his hand five great issues and he would not stand on any of them long enough to be counted. Suppose there were in the Congress of the United States today one man so little of a White Rabbit that he would declare that the time had come to end the railroad swindle, the telegraph swindle, and the express swindle by transferring these utilities from private greed to the Common Good. Supposing he would stand resolutely for these obvious and necessary reforms. He might be defeated at the polls by the railroad Interests, but he would make himself a great power in the nation and he would be serving his times far beyond all the timid ones that now go tiptoeing along in terror of their own shadows.

Here are some questions you might ask of yourself when you think of the Warren case and the fate that overhangs Fred Warren.

Rights that are Worth Preserving

Why did Warren interest himself in the matter for which he was indicted? What had he to gain for himself? Not a thing. He had no interest in it except to uphold certain rights that have been deemed to be inalienable. He saw that when rich men desired to lay hands upon poor men the guarantees of the constitution could easily be set at naught. Warren desired to show this fact and to see whether the same guarantees, futile for the defense of the poor, were valid for the defense of the rich.

If he had not been a Socialist, if he had not in his paper attacked and criticised the Roosevelt administration, if he had not protested against the intended assassination of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, would he ever have been in the slightest danger of punishment?

Not by any possibility. He sent out certain postal cards, upon which were printed incidentally certain references to a certain man. Far worse assertions about the same man had been made by others and freely sent through the mails. The man involved never objected to Warren's postal cards. The United States Government alone found fault with the cards, although it had never found any fault with worse statements made by others. Warren was indicted for sending through the mails matter defamatory to the character of this man, and on the trial was not allowed to show whether what he said on his postal cards was true or untrue!

In other words, he is to be punished for his opinions and for his protest in the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone case, and for nothing else.

If one man can be imprisoned for such offense, any man may be imprisoned at any time

if he becomes obnoxious to the Administration, and there is placed in the Administration's hands the most dangerous power that ever existed in this country.

This is what the case means now and will continue to mean unless the people make such a protest that the sentence will not be carried out.

We can make no greater error than to suppose that what of liberty and human rights have been gained in the past is secure now and need no effort to maintain and defend them.

The same forces are at work in the world now as four hundred years ago and Power has no less will to be tyrannical.

We think that the right of free speech is well secured and widely recognized, but the employing class puts Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison under sentence of imprisonment for exercising that right in ways objectionable to the Interests.

We think that the rights of a free press are well recognized and secured, but nine newspapers in ten are supervised by a rigid censorship in the interest of Capital.

We think that the right of free conscience is well secured. And yet if a man believe in an order of society wherein profits would be abolished, Capital trumps up a charge against him and thrusts him into jail.

In point of fact, there is required today just as much vigilance, sacrifice and energy to defend the fundamental human rights as ever were required in the history of the world, and no defense of the weak against arbitrary Power is so well established that it will stand unsupported.

* * *

To Talk War to Death

Mr. Carnegie has added an element of humor to an otherwise dull season by donating $10,000,000 for the purpose of ending war and securing universal peace. Ten million dollars will provide many banquets and talk festivals. Caterers, those that have halls to let, and the professional orators will be grateful to Mr. Carnegie. So will the humorists and newspaper paragraphers. Otherwise, one fails to see the utility of Mr. Carnegie's gift.

Is it not the strangest of all commentaries upon us and our ways that any adult person should believe we can end war by denouncing it while at the same time we maintain the conditions that make war inevitable?

Mr. Carnegie has been in business all his life; apparently to very little purpose. He has not yet learned the value of money since he is willing to throw it away in this fashion. As he grows older he seems to grow more reckless. From his library donations he derived at least a certain amount of publicity and almost of fame. From $10,000,000 gifts to suppress war by talking about it he will derive nothing but derision.

Which will be exactly his deserts. "Consequences are unpitying." So are the results of economic ignorance. If Mr. Carnegie does not know the origin of war he does not know it, and not knowing it, he and his money are easily parted—for the amusement of the world and the promotion of gab-fests.

Meanwhile, two more super-Dreadnaughts have just been laid down.

If you do not like war you ought not to like the Competitive System that alone makes war and will continue to make it without the least regard to Mr. Carnegie's hired orators.

* * *

Denouncing Evils and Preserving Them.

Mr. Carnegie fighting war with oratory is exactly like Mr. Rockefeller fighting tuberculosis by giving money to find a medicine that will cure it. The two are exactly like the pursy and impudent rich, who, having subscribed for a "settlement" in the slums, swell out their chests and assume that they have no responsibility for the evils of poverty.

We can see all these mountebanks of charity in their true light if we merely ask them a few simple questions.

If war is worth denouncing why is it not worth ending?

If tuberculosis is worth dosing why is it not worth obliterating?

If poverty is an evil why is it not worth abolishing?

But while the Carnegies, Rockefellers and the "settlement" supporters play their little tricks and do their little poses, behold, war goes on, tuberculosis increases, the slums spread.

Yet war is absolutely unnecessary, tuberculosis is the most abnormal and easily prevented of all diseases, and the slums we could eliminate if we would.

Such are the facts. Either the charity mountebanks know them and ignore them, preferring the cheaply won applause of the foolish, or they do not know them; in which case they are much too ignorant to be making any remarks in public.

You can easily find one million formal moralists that will be properly shocked at the extent and growth of prostitution, but you cannot get one in a thousand to assist in abolishing the cause of prostitution.

At all these things the devil must have a great time laughing, but most of all, I should think, at the people that gape and applaud the wonderful generosity of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller.

"Yea, laughter echoes at the heart of hell."

The Pleasure of Starving in the Midst of Plenty

After tramping the streets of New York for two weeks, looking in vain for work, Emil Emilando dropped to the sidewalk dying of hunger. He had eaten nothing in five days. This incident proves one of two things. Either Emil Emilando preferred to starve, since there is always plenty of work, you know; or, if he didn't really like to starve his starving was his own fault, because he was so improvident.

I know one or the other of these observations must be pertinent, because I have often been assured by wise men that if any person be out of work, or destitute, the fault is entirely his own.

I suppose, therefore, that in all probability Emil Emilando enjoyed starving and merely tramped around asking for work as a bluff. What he was really trying to do was to kill himself, and he did that because he enjoyed dying so much.

Anyway, what difference does it make to us? We have the greatest and grandest country in the world. Everybody in it is very prosperous. Mr. Rockefeller's income this year is $70,000,000; the Pullman company makes thirty per cent a year on a capital about two-thirds of which is water; and the cost of living has gone up sixty per cent in fifteen years. Yes, this is the home of prosperity. Only eight-five per cent of the people are poor or very poor, and if in the midst of this great prosperity somebody starves now and then, what do we care? We're prosperous, aren't we?

The Colonel at our Popular Club

On the evening when our recently admitted but highly esteemed member, Col. Crazy Horse, was elected to the presidency of our club, there occurred a pleasant incident that all present will long remember. The Colonel, when informed of his triumphant election, insisted upon making a speech, which is contrary to the rules of the club.

"I want radical measures carried out by conservative men," said the Colonel. "I want to see such men as are here tonight keep the leadership of the community. I want to see the great corporations regulated. I want to see the great hand of state put upon the corporations. I want this movement to take place under sober, responsible men, not under demagogues. I want this movement to come under safe leaders. I wish you to work for it. I wish the moon to be made of green cheese. I wish to know who struck Billy Patterson. I wish the earth to cease rotating on its axis. I wish all men to know that I am the greatest man that ever lived. I wish to inform you all that I have collared all the wisdom of the ages. I want good men to be good, and bad men to be bad. I wish—"

At this moment ex-Sultan Abdul, who had been listening with a disgusted expression on his face, ejaculated "Oh Rats!" and offered a large spoonful of hot mush before the Colonel's open countenance.

Whereupon peace and quite reigned again in our popular club, except for the far off strains of our favorite quartette gently singing a sweet old Scottish melody entitled, They Never Come Back."—*From "Evenings at the Down and Out Club," by Little Rollo Abbott.*

The Right Employment for dear Cabot

We heard it as a broken sob, wafted on zephyrs from the hushed wastes of Massachusetts, "What, oh what, will become of Cabot now?" The Back Bay mourned. Brookline refused to take comfort. Roxbury beat upon its breast. Sad was the wreck about them, but above all, their various wailing sounded that refrain.

"What will become of Henry Cabot Lodge?"

And now comes a gladsome shout. The mourners wipe their streaming eyes. Once more the high brow Commonwealth can look upon the country with a proud and self-sufficient mien. For the happy word has gone out. If our Cabot fails of re-election to the Senate which (Heaven be praised!) appears most likely, he may be sent to the Court of St. James. Sound the hackbuts, the drums and alarms!

Could anything be more delightful or appropriate? I think not. Viewed in the light of recent precedent, Mr. Lodge was especially designed by nature to be our Ambassador to Great Britain. I can imagine no better choice to fill the place of the Joseph Choates and the Whitelaw Reids. Mr. Lodge would slip into their room with rare ease and grace. He was just made to wear knee pants. And shoes with diamond buckles. And think how well his shanks would look lovingly encased in silk stockings. Sweet thought! And how fetching he would be wearing a dainty, jeweled sword and trying to keep from falling over it. And how slimily he could creep into the presence at Buckingham Palace on his stomach, his whiskers sweeping the ground before the king's high majesty.

By all means, let us pack Mr. Lodge across the water. To have him out of the Senate and in London is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. Massachusetts would not rejoice unaided at such a radiant combination of events.

Some day I hope to see an American workingman as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Just once, before we abolish such useless offices. We are a nation of workingmen. If an Ambassador is anything he is a representative of his nation. I hope to see an American representative in London some day who will dress like his countrymen, not like a clown; who will talk like his countrymen, not like an ape; who will act the agent of a Republic, not the servile delegate of a subject race; who will uphold the dignity and importance of the United States, not grovel for social honors and intrigue for invitations to spend the night at Windsor. I hope some day to see a man in that position who is not ashamed to be what he is, the paid servant of the American people.

Meanwhile, by all means, let us send Cabot to the scene. The sooner the better.

Caught in the Digester

By John R. McMahon

THE man stood on a plank at the bottom of a crater of sawdust-like chips. With a long-handled tool he poked at the mounds of cream colored chips around and above him, and started small avalanches sliding past him, under his feet and into the steel throat of the digester. Anything that once started to slide down the converging slopes of the crater was bound to keep going. It had to be swallowed up by the steel monster beneath, which was forty feet in height, bulging at the waist, lined with brick to enable it to digest its most obdurate prey.

To feed this monster—to stand on a narrow, springy plank at the bottom of the room-size crater and poke down the mounds of chips—was dangerous. Because it was dangerous Jack Kent was doing the work. He was chosen out of many for this particular job. He was young, strong, alert. His smooth face was tanned like a last year's spruce log. His arms were all muscle. He was nimbler on his legs than a sailor, for he had spent the best part of his life riding logs down the Penobscot river.

He worked rapidly in the digester funnel and kept ahead of his mechanical rival, the conveyor, that endlessly brought spruce chips from the cutting machines in another part of the pulp mill. He arranged moderate sized avalanches which would not overwhelm him, and he had judgment in estimating the depth of a sawdust mountain, so that he did not lean forward too far when prodding and raking and thereby lose his balance.

"If you ever fall, Jack, it's good-by, and the company saves funeral expenses," the Foreman had told him.

Jack had just grinned. He was too modest to say that it was not his habit to fall. Also it was known up and down river that he was practically a fall-proof lad. Why, at the time when the circus was in town and a tight rope acrobat asked for a volunteer whom he might carry on his back over fifty feet of lofty wire, Jack accepted the invitation and when they were half way across got off the man's back and walked the rest of the way by himself.

Jack was almost ashamed to take five cents an hour extra for balancing on a plank in the digester funnel. It was easy money.

For three weeks he had been working in the funnel, nonchalantly, merrily, whistling music hall airs and lately trying to sing some of those odd, broody Canuck love songs that the cook used to sing in the lumber camp. The reason for the attempt at amorous melody was black-eyed, weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, stood up to Jack's chin and worked in the wrapping department of the mill. Her name was Maggie.

It was indirectly Maggie's fault that Jack was feeling a little off his job today. He had been courting her five or six hours a night, which cut short his sleep and was too much of a strain on a man working ten hours by day. A man who has such long working hours owes it to his employer not to wear himself out by courting a girl for a good part of the night. He might as well drink or gamble. But it was not so much the loss of sleep or the exertion of courting last night which made Jack out of sorts today.

It was Maggie's fears about his falling into the digester.

She had heard stories, she was afraid, she put her arms about his neck and wept on the polka-dotted hankerchief which was his jaunty scarf and collar. Knowing that she was worried about him made him worried. She would be listening all day for those five blasts of the whistle which meant accident, that slowing of belts and stopping of machinery, and the hoarsely whispered word "Who is it?" She would stand at the mill gate at night waiting for him and would greet him with a too painful joy.

Yes, there was a man once— . . . but that did not happen here.

Kent tried to throw off his unpleasant thoughts. He whistled, he sang, he kept thinking how to reassure Maggie and other things about Maggie. His mind was abnormally active, preoccupied. He lunged mechanically at the cream colored mounds of spruce chips. The avalanches slid past him. He swung his long tool right and left with the grace of an expert log driver. The strong resinous odor of the chips was in his nostrils. His short, silky, reddish hair was adorned with chips, and the tops of his high laced boots were filled with them and they garlanded his wide, flannel shirted shoulders.

Jack Kent

"I'll just tell Maggie—"

As he spoke, he lunged with too much force. The rake went through a sawdust heap and struck the smooth slope of the funnel—hardwood polished like glass—at an angle that sent it glancing upward. His body went forward with heavy momentum. He was falling. He fell until his straightened figure made an angle with the plank of an awry V. Another man would have resigned himself to finish the fall as he had begun it. Kent invented and applied a bit of desperate strategy, all in an eye-flash. He could not escape falling. But his toes were on the plank. He kicked out from the plank with all his might, struck through a shallow spot of sawdust on the side of the funnel, and like a gyrating fish rebounded toward the mouth of the digester.

He aimed to alight on the plank, at least to seize it with his hands while sweeping under it, and then to draw himself upon it. He did alight on the plank, and with both feet, squarely in the centre. But the springy, knot-holed plank, which had been rejected as poor pulp material and placed here for a man to stand on, could not resist his descending weight. It yielded, it crashed. Kent slipped into the steel throat of the digester, vainly stretching his arms apart in a last effort to stay his descent.

It would have been all over in five minutes, the man suffocated, entombed in sawdust, had not the engineer's assistant chanced to be just then on the platform at the top of the funnel. So the five whistles were sounded, the conveyor stopped, and no more sawdust piled into the funnel.

* * *

For some time Kent did not think. He was as an animal trapped, struck down and waiting for the final blow. His eyes were shut. He was in an upright position, buried in sawdust up to his neck. By accident rather than design, his legs were spread apart and his arms outstretched, hands open and palms down, so that his body presented considerable surface and resisted the tendency to be engulfed by the treacherous sawdust. The slightest move would cause him to sink.

He was in a pitch-black, steel cavern, lined with brick, which had no entrance except the narrow throat through which he had fallen and no exit except an eight-inch pipe at the bottom. The digester was almost filled with chips, yet, when he dared to open his eyes and glance upward, it seemed a long distance to the spot of gray twilight at the throat. Though it was only ten feet, it might as well have been a hundred. Even as he watched the spot of twilight, not certain that it existed, it was bloted out. Something had fallen on it.

"It is the finish," was Kent's first coherent thought.

He felt that before, but now he ventured to think it. He had heard the five whistles, but did not know they were meant for him. Probably they were for someone else, a fireman or a sawyer. At any moment the conveyer would start up again, the chips would accumulate, and an avalanche would slide down upon him. . . . Suppose the five whistles were meant for him, it was a fine and almost impossible job, what with the funnel still heaped with several cartloads of chips ready to slide down, to rescue him through the narrow throat of the digester.

"It is the finish," he murmured.

The sweat came out on his smooth forehead. He began to be stifled by the excessive resinous odor of the spruce, the hot, close air surcharged with the essence of many trees.

Suddenly his life was dramatized. He saw the beginning and the end, as in those magical moving views that had delighted him in the river towns. There was the mountain side farm on which he was brought up, a clearing in a forest of giant spruce trees, whose long-needled branches swayed and sang solemn chorals in the wind. The upland pasture, where shy flowers bloomed in the lee of fern-flanked boulders, and the deer came to feed among the cows and to lick the salt set out for the sheep. And the long oval of lake in the valley below, an ever changing jewel, a creature of wild passion and beautiful calm, something that the boy feared and worshiped.

But the trees, the swaying, singing spruces with their garments of eternal youth and their sweetly tonic smell—he loved to move among them, to lie under their shadowy height and to hear their musical speech.

Then the lumber camp—the ring of the ax through the forest on winter mornings, the crash of the falling trees, the shouts of the men at work and their songs when gathered around the fire in the snug bunkhouse at night.

The boy helped to fell the trees, to load them on ox sleds, to send them thundering down the skidways onto the ice of lake and creek, and finally to drive them down the river with the spring floods. Wrenched from the mountain side, he and they were bound down the river to a distant, mysterious goal. The boy learned the river in all its treachery, wrath and spite. He mastered it, riding on the logs through quick water and ice-choked turbulence. There was no need of dynamite to break a log jam when Jack Kent was around with his spiked shoes, his ax and his sharp-pointed pole.

He had often gone down river with the logs to the floating-fenced water yard of the pulp mill, but not until this season had he accompanied them farther. This year he had, first, prodded and guided them, one by one, into a water lane where the slanting teeth of the chain conveyor bit into the logs, lifted them out of water and whisked them dripping up an incline. He had stood later on the platform, helping the expert who nicked the passing logs with an ax to indicate their sizes for the saw. Then he had guided the machine that ran forward on wheels, clutched a log and ran back with it to the bandsaw, turned it over and over and left it in strips and pieces. The strips, which were boards, went into one conveyer, the pieces traveled in another. Out of the screeching sawmill, he had followed the pieces, across a long yard to the chipping machines. Here he had fed the good, white pieces into a rotary devourer. Finally he had followed the pulverized logs to the funnel of the digester. And he was in the digester with them.

Kent knew what happened in the digester.

He groaned. A muscular tremor went through his body. It seemed to him that an acrid, burning smell was in his nostrils, something distinct from the acridity of the spruce chips. It was the nauseaous, frightful smell of acid—sulphuric dope, the men called it—which was made by burning yellow sulphur in a brick furnace and running the fumes through a mill race of milky lime water. The men who worked there had no hair or teeth. This acid was piped into the digester from the bottom. It ate the chips and softened the tough fibres, which were further softened and turned into complete pulp by cooking under pressure of superheated steam.

At that moment the acid was eating its way upward from the bottom of the digester.

Kent's mind swiftly completed the picture. First his shoes, then his feet. . . . When the acid and the superheated steam had done their work, the contents of the digester would be shot through a

pipe, by steam pressure, into a great vat and against a "target" of heavy planks. The terrific impact against the target would mash the soft chips into a uniform pink pulp. This pulp—maybe a little pinker than usual because of the foreign ingredient—would be carried into another vat and churned round and round while chemicals bleached the color out of it.

Then it would race through wooden chutes toward the great batteries of cylinders, the throbbing paper machine, where, decked with white foam, it would spread over wire screens, settle on felt cloths, whirl over and under many hot cylinders, and come out in steamy rolls of white sulphite paper. . . . Afterward, in a great city, the newsboys would be shouting and hundreds of thousands of people would seize copies of the newspapers printed on this paper and eagerly read the "news of the world" not suspecting that some of the news was unprinted yet imbedded in the bleached fibres of the newspaper.

"Maggie," groaned Kent. "I had no chance, little girl. . . . You'll know I didn't quit when I had a chance. . . . Good-by."

Tears, mingled with sweat from his forehead, rolled down his cheeks.

He had no chance. When he had been on the river death had often confronted him, yet he had had some sort of a chance against his antagonist. With spiked pole in hand, leaping from log to log, in a very maelstrom, he had evenly matched eye and muscle against destruction. He had been swept over the big falls, he had gone through the ice, he had slipped between logs in the midst of a jam, but always he had been able to contrive, plan, skirmish, fight for his life.

Now he was compelled to remain quiet, his strength useless, his courage vain, waiting, just waiting for the finish. Out in the open he could have died fighting the river without much regret. Here, in this civilized trap, he was being slaughtered. His strong, fine body, which had served him so well, would soon be gone to nothingness. He stood with rigid muscles, chin deep in sawdust. He had been slowly sinking, and now had to throw his head back to keep his nostrils free.

"By God, no!" he exclaimed.

The blood of revolt surged through his heart. He would act somehow; he would battle even in this hell trap; he would fight—fight while the acid was eating his bones and the fumes were corroding his brain. Fight! Fight! If by any miracle they found him before his body was turned to pulp, they would find him in a fighting position.

Kent began to swim through the chips. He flung downward his outstretched arms with powerful energy and made the motions of treading water. At the first movement he sank in the dry sea up to his eyes and could not breathe, his nostrils filled with sawdust. He held his breath and increased his efforts. He lifted his entire head above the surface, blew the sawdust out of his notrils and inhaled a good breath through his mouth. It needed about twice as much effort to keep afloat in the chips as it would to swim in water, but at that Kent knew that he could last a comparatively long time.

At first he struggled aimlessly. He was only fighting because it was in his blood to fight. He thrashed and lunged and kicked, now rising shoulder high above the chips, again sinking over his head in a soft spot. Once he went down and stayed so long without breath, gritting his teeth against the imperative demand of heart and lungs for air, that the veins of his temple swelled to the bursting point and he lost consciousness for an instant. But he came up, breathed and was undaunted to carry on the fight. A piece of the plank on which he had been standing in the funnel got in his way. He tried it as a support. It was useless and he flung it aside It entered his mind that the longer he thrashed about the more the chips would get setled down. It would be easier to swim in them. They might even become packed down so that they would bear his weight without any effort. But what would be the advantage in that? The acid was coming up. It would soon reach him.

The thought of the acid made him plunge and kick more vigorously. His extended right hand struck something hard. He though it was another piece of broken plank. It was the brick lining of the digester. When he realized what the hard thing was he swept both hands up and down its surface. There might be a little crack, an imperfection, a finger-hold between the bricks! The lining was two bricks thick; there ought to be a crack somewhere. He searched the brick wall, eagerly, closely, inch by inch, and sorely bruised his fingers and knuckles in the process, because he had to support himself by swimming at the same time. He clawed at the bricks like an animal. The blood oozed from his wounded finger tips.

When he found no cavity in the cemented bricks in front of him he started on a circuit of the digester from right to left. His right hand swept the circular wall; his left hand thrashed the dry sea more vigorously in sustaining effort. There was no means of telling when he had made the first circuit and was going around the second time. There was much territory to explore, and he might easily miss a crack or cranny in the rough hand-sweeping above and below. So he kept on. He churned around and around in the darkness like a rat in a water barrel.

He forgot everything except to churn around in the darkness and to sweep the wall. That was his natural occupation, his duty, his necessity. His world was a circular, dry sea lined with bricks. His muscles were wearying. He could not get enough of the close, pitchy air into his lungs. Fine particles of wood clogged his nose and throat. He began to pant and snort and cough, like some strange amphibious animal. He did not know that he was tiring nor that he was making odd, hideous noises. His body worked as a machine; his mind was stupefied, almost extinguished.

A glimmer of self-consciousness came to him when he was motionless, snorting and coughing, his head above the dry sea and the first joints of two right-hand fingers wedged in a crevice at arm's length above. The fingers at last had found a cranny, had wedged themselves into it, and now he was clinging, bat-like, to the wall. He rested. He breathed with wide, gaping mouth. Something wet began to run down his arm. At the same time there was a burning ache from the lacerated, nail-torn finger tips. There was too much weight on the first joints of the two fingers. When the pain became unendurable he suddenly withdrew those fingers, floundered a little and managed to substitute in the crevice the fingers of his left hand. But these fingers, also wounded, could not long bear the strain.

He began to laugh. For he had overlooked several easy ways of getting out. He might climb from crevice to crevice in the bricks right up the narrowing, overhanging wall of the digester. Or he could find that rake which had slipped in with him and put one end over the hole and lift himself hand over hand on the rake handle. But all this was unnecessary. Here was Maggie peering into the hole. Dear Maggie! She called his name, softly, in a whisper. She held her hand down to him so that he could climb out. He got out and went walking in the woods with her and picked flowers for her. . . .

* * *

Outside, at the bottom of the cigar-shaped, boiler-plated digester, which rose above the brick floor on a steel tripod, there was a group of perturbed workingmen, a hysteric woman and the superintendent of the mill.

Maggie, in her packing room apron and ribboned braids of black hair, was kneeling with clasped hands before the steel monster. She moaned and sobbed. She seemed like an oriental worshiper beseeching the pity of a stony-hearted monster-god.

The tall old engineer, with streaks of black grease on his stubbly cheeks, stood with his gnarled hands on two brass wheels which controlled the valves of two pipes entering the bottom of the digester.

To him spoke the superintendent, a distinguished looking man with a white mustache, wearing a derby hat, tastefully dressed, a small ruby in his scarf and a neat diamond on the little finger of his left hand.

"What did you do, Cairns?" he asked in his soft, even voice.

"Everything I could, Mr. Morton. As soon as I heard the five whistles and my assistant yelling from above, I ran to my valves and shut off this right hand one. Then I sent some men out to get brush-wood—there's a heap of it in the yard—and had 'em take it up and throw it into the hopper to clog up the hole so the rest of the chips wouldn't slide in."

"How much stuff is there inside?"

"Almost a full cook, Mr. Morton. I guess there's a ton lacking."

"How long was the right hand valve open when you turned it off?"

"Not more than a minute."

"Why,"—there was a slight pause in the soft, even tones of the superintendent—"why did you turn it off?"

The old engineer straightened up and his gray eyes flashed a stern look at his employer. He started to speak, checked himself and then burst forth:

"Because, I ain't a murderer!"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Morton, though his refined, smooth features reddened and he looked another way. "You knew there was no hope—the man couldn't live a minute."

"If he could live a second, he was entitled to it."

"Well, that's speculation. We know he's gone now," replied the superintendent, glancing up at the lofty, steel-riveted cylinder. He added. "If he's in there—"

"We know he's in there," said the engineer, doggedly. "Probably not alive."

A benignant hand was laid on the engineer's shoulder. "Cairns, let me talk plainly to you. This is a very unfortunate thing. I feel more than sorry. No doubt he was a fine young lad and all that. But accidents are bound to happen in a big establishment. One man is not so important as all the men. And if we get choked up in one part of a great machine like this, it stops everything, deprives the men of wages and the stockholders of their dividends. Sentiment pays no dividends, or wages either. We are in the top rush of the season and we can't afford to shut down even for half a day. It would take three days to bucket all that stuff out of the digester, and I don't know that I'd ask any man to risk his life doing it. . . . Cairns, I depend on you. I leave it to your own judgment."

"So you want me to run a crematory?" asked the engineer, shaking off the benignant hand from his shoulder.

"Now, now, Cairns, you understand. Only your assistant claims to have seen the accident, and he may not be sure that he saw it, after we have both talked with him."

"How about the coroner?"

"You know that the coroner owes his job to this mill."

"Suppose there's a damage suit from the lad's family?"

"Oh, there's no legal liability, Cairns. He signed a release when he took the job and he was paid extra in consideration of the risk. If there was a case we could settle it for a hundred or so."

A wild-eyed girl rushed upon the superintendent and shrieked:

"Why don't you do something? You stand there talking while a man is dying. Why don't you do something? Let me help. . . . Oh, save him! Save him!"

"Was he your brother?" asked the superintendent.

"No, he's my sweetheart, the best man in the mill. Please, please, Mr. Morton, save my Jack."

She groveled at the superintendent's feet and kissed his diamond-adorned hand.

"It's too late," he said uncomfortably. "If he is in there."

"No, it's not! I know he'd live if he had a little chance."

"I don't think he's in there, my girl. Nobody saw the accident, if there was an accident—at least, I am informed—You don't realize the practical impossibility and the great expense of cleaning out this tank—"

"Is it money?" screamed the girl. "How much money would it cost?"

"Well," replied the superintendent, flushing, "between the value of the pulp and the loss of time and labor, it would be easily five hundred dollars."

Maggie tore open her waist, drew out a soiled little savings bank book and thrust it into his hands.

"There is two hundred and sixty-seven dollars and interest coming for three months," she gasped. "The rest Jack and I will pay you if we work the rest of our lives. If he is not alive, I will work for you the rest of my life."

The girl fell upon her face, sobbing.

"And let me tell you something, Mr. Morton," said the old engineer in a low voice. "I don't offer you money, but I say we get that boy out, dead or alive. You've had no union and no strike here for ten years, but the men are beginning to wake up. There have been too many accidents. This is one too many. And I'll stay by these valves till hell freezes before any man can turn on the steam or the acid."

"Oh, well," said the superintendent mildly, after a moment's reflection. "Don't get excited. I appreciate your feeling. You know I want to do what's right, Cairns. Give your orders."

He turned around and lit a cigar.

The engineer had his plans. He had the compressed air turned into the steam pipe, opened the valve leading into the target vat and then opened the valve at the bottom of the digester. With a hiss and roar the spruce chips began to be blown through the eight-inch pipe from digester to vat. At the same time blacksmiths started to chisel off the rivets which held a circular steel plate upon the bottom of the digester. The compressed air reverberated more shrilly through the fast emptying chamber. It was not long before the steel plate was taken off. Then the brick lining was pried and broken open, and a man crept inside the digester.

Jack Kent's mangled body was lowered through the hole. Motionless, covered with blood of many wounds, mouth and nostrils filled with fine chips—he lived.

Maggie threw herself beside his body and wept with agonized joy.

Model Homes Under Capitalism

By Gertrude Barnum

The following article describes the best that has yet been done in the furnishing of "Homes" for city workers under capitalism. We have often read of the worst homes that house millions where these "Model Tenem ts" lodge hundreds. We believe that, in some ways, this description of the best carries a heavier condemnation of capitalism than that of the worst. If a rented pigeon-hole in a vast stone box is the best sort of a "home" that even the philanthropic capitalist can provide for labor, then it is indeed time that labor provided its own homes and discharged the capitalist, philanthropic or otherwise.—Editor.

THE best tenement landlords, operating on a business basis in this country today, are the City and Suburban Homes company of New York. And the significant part of their work is that for thirteen years they have been successfully demonstrating that "model tenements" pay—at least four per cent on the investment.

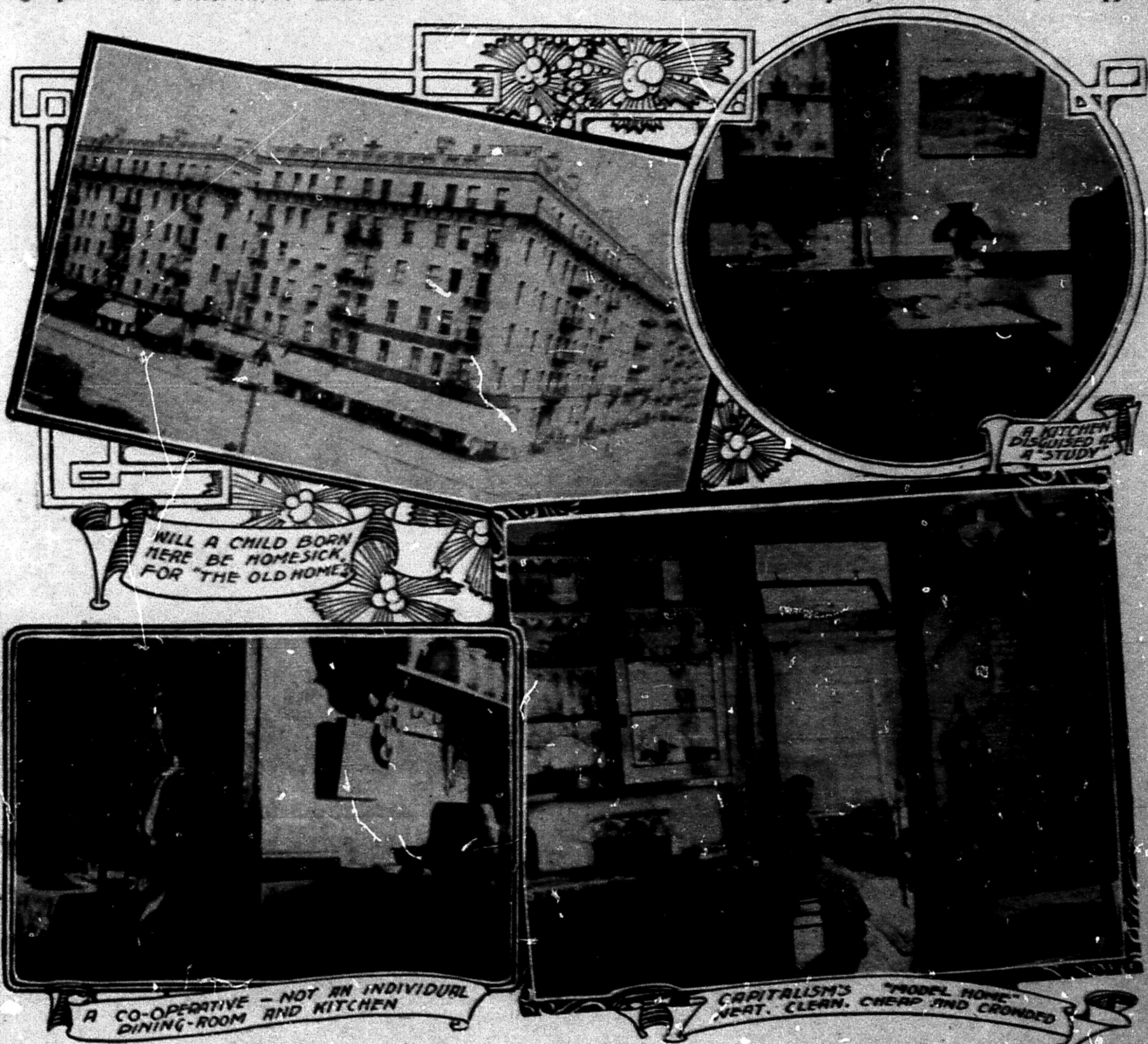
All who read these columns know that a tenement—any tenement—makes a far from "model" home. We all look forward to the time when wiser city planning and control and better transportation facilities will break up the congestion of population. But in the meantime we must continue to dwell in tenements, humbly, grateful for small favors from landlords.

The facts are, that on January 1st, 1910, eighty per cent of the total population of Greater New York were living in tenements (including apartments); that there were one hundred and twenty-two blocks with a density of over seven hundred and fifty per acre, and thirty blocks with a density over one thousand per acre; that in lower Manhattan, between 1900 and 1910, the density had increased, in certain districts, at the rate of from nine to one hundred and twenty-three per acre, while landlords were building still higher into the sky.

Now, what are the conditions in the crowded districts?

According to statistics of the tenement house department there are over one hundred thousand living rooms in Greater New York with no windows to the open air and light; besides over two hundred thousand which do not come up to the scant legal requirements for light and air—not to mention shortcomings as to fire protection, plumbing, and general sanitation. In short, to quote the well-known housing expert, Mr. Lawrence Veiller, "The conditions in these districts are without parallel in the civilized world. In no city in Europe, not in Naples, nor Rome, neither in London nor in Paris, neither in Berlin, Vienna, nor Budapest, not in Constantinople nor in St. Petersburg, not in ancient Edinburg, nor modern Glasgow, not in heathen China nor Bombay, are to be found such shocking conditions as exist in modern, enlightened, twentieth century, Christian New York." Is it any wonder that the death rate of New York is three points higher than London, although the city pays a million and a half per acre per year to care for its sick poor? Or that, while the population increases about three per cent per year, the population cared for by city institutions increases four times as rapidly?

What is to be done about it? Is the tenements department able to cope with this problem? Let us see.



WILL A CHILD BORN HERE BE HOMESICK FOR "THE OLD HOME"

A KITCHEN DISGUISED AS A STUDY

A CO-OPERATIVE — NOT AN INDIVIDUAL DINING-ROOM AND KITCHEN

CAPITALISM'S "MODEL HOME" NEAT, CLEAN, CHEAP AND CROWDED

The present law permits in a six-story tenement, first, a population of thirteen hundred to the acre; second, conditions under which only one room in four, in an ordinary flat, secures adequate sun and air; third, flats which have only one room with a square foot area of "not less than one hundred twenty feet," while other rooms may have only seventy square feet of floor space; and lastly, a requirement of only four hundred cubic feet of air for each adult, and two hundred for each minor under twelve. While hygienists agree that twice that amount of air should be required. Moreover, even the meagre advantages of this "new law" are by no means actually secured. Far, far from it!

The tenements department is so overloaded with detail work that it was unable to state to the bureau of municipal research, a year ago, even the number and locations of tenements renting for less than $25.00 per month, although they were, by law, subject to monthly inspection. The department admitted that a complete inspection of those tenements had not been made as often as once per year. And a report, published a year or so ago, showed that 1,536 "old building violations," filed in 1904, were "still pending," and that 2,715 "violation cases" referred to the corporation council for advice, were held in his office from one to four years before being returned to the tenements department. The bureau of municipal research further pointed out that the department's inspectors made 586,619 reports on "old buildings" during the year ending June 1st, 1908, covering tenements, many of which had been inspected regularly each month, with small hope of the slightest improvement. This took up the time of a hundred and fifty men, leaving a force of only fifteen men to inspect the homes of 350,000 families in Manhattan, and one inspector for every 14,000 families in Brooklyn.

It is such discouraging results from the efforts of the city departments to cope with the tenement evil which lead public-spirited people to try what can be done by private initiative, and agitation for voluntary "model tenements" is growing more and more insistent.

The City and Suburban Homes company was organized in July, 1896, and has since built six large groups of model tenements in various parts of New York, and is managing a dozen others. It is a stock company (with shares selling at ten dollars each, and bought by working people as well as millionaires) and it has an unbroken record of thirteen years, of paying at least 4 per cent per annum, dividends on investments. One of the original directors was Mr. D. O. Mills, of Mills Hotel fame; and among the present officers are such prominent men as Mr. Wm. D. Sloane, Mr. Isaac N. Seligman and Mr. R. Fulton Cutting. The president, Dr. E. R. L. Gould, well known for years in sociological activities, resigned a chair at John Hopkins to devote himself to this work.

The tenements of this company offer advantages far superior to any required by even the latest tenement laws. The exteriors of their houses are in simple good taste, indented by courts, a third again as large as law requires, and topped by roofs made attractive and safe for children. There are two, three and four-room flats with abundant steam heat and hot water, porcelain stationary tubs, private toilets and baths, gas ranges, ample closet room, and a window open to the outside air from each room, including bathrooms. The hallways, free from burlap and other dust and vermin collectors, have marble wainscoting, mosaic floors and painted walls, all subject to soap and water baths. Garbage is collected down the dumbwaiters and burned immediately in the company's incinerators. In the basement are store rooms, one for each tenant; laundry rooms, with steam laundry dryers; and fire ladders, to supplement the abundant fire escapes, which are kept absolutely clear at all times. Service is prompt, as a corps of porters is in constant employ, besides resident painters, plasterers, carpenters, plumbers and cleaning women. The superintendence is entirely in the hands of women, well trained for the positions. Rents are collected weekly in advance which brings the proper proportion of the month's rent out of the weekly pay envelopes—an advantage to tenants as well as to the company. Rents are at the rate of about $1.10 per room per week (including heat and hot water) and there are no rules, except such sanitary and social rules as hold in all well-kept apartments.

Speaking of rules it may not be amiss to tell a story bearing on the general understanding that tenants shall try to refrain from unusual noise after bed time. It seems that one Saturday night a Portuguese tenant, under the influence of liquor was beating and railing at his wife. On the complaint of his neighbors, the superintendent interfered and warned the irate gentleman that if the thing occurred again he would be requested to move. The man's manner changed at once to one of elaborate politeness. "I make sorry," said he, graciously. "I tho't a gentleman can whip her all ten o'clock." The Sunday school ending of the tale is that, finding himself unpopular because he beat his wife, he desisted from that form of exercise thereafter.

Whether or not all the details of the tale are true, there is no doubt that living in a community which has good social standards, has an effect upon all of us.

Taking the company's East Sixty-Fifth street tenements as typical, it is interesting to study the nationalities and occupations of tenants. According to the last published report there were in all eight hundred and fifty-one apartments in this large city square—housing about fifteen hundred people—a small village. Here there are twenty-eight different nationalities, including Americans, English, Norwegians, Germans, Hungarians, Bohemians, Dutch, Japanese, Italians, Servians, Russians, etc., etc. And there are one hundred twenty-six different occupations represented. The majority of the tenants are the families of skilled workmen machinists, engineers, electricians, stone cutters, tinsmiths, cigar makers, etc., though there are many unskilled workmen, also office assistants clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers; and household assistants—butlers, cooks, laundresses, nurses. Social workers and literary aspirants who must find cheap flats are received, too, and make pleasant and useful neighbors. There is a story of an exceedingly lofty and supercilious young lady who begged to be shown the "good work" of the "model tenements," and asked very condescending questions about the working people. After seeing the whole plant she seemed still to have something on her mind and finally plucked up the courage to ask, as though it had just occurred to her: "I don't suppose you would take in a social worker, like me?"

"Why not?" replied the agent; "are there any more downtrodden, underpaid, overworked women in the city than social workers?"

The same thing might be said of literary hacks; and many journalists, poets and budding novelists, too, are tucked away there.

One extremely interesting class of tenants, making more and more use of tenements, is that of single working women and working girls, who get together in groups and colonies, in the two, three and four-room flats, and often have co-operative cooking arrangements. Their pretty homes are a great improvement upon the boarding house or attic room "with privileges of light housekeeping." For example, two sisters, formerly living in the hall bedroom of a "rooming house" last year took a two-room flat, for which they pay $2.65 per week ($1.33 apiece). When one rings their electric bell, the door opens into a little private hall, with hooks and shelves for hats and coats. Then comes a "study," with black oak-finished woodwork. The desk-table and chair, the leather-covered stool, the armchair, rocker and little round lamp-table are of black oak, or dark green wicker. Inexpensive madras hangings at the sunny window, carries out the buff of the walls and the green of the rugs. What appears to be a bookcase proves to be a china closet. Behind a black and gold Japanese screen is a gas range; behind another screen are the white-topped wash tubs, and a white sink, with piping hot water. This isn't a "study" after all; it's a kitchen and laundry. Beyond this room is a "parlor," with attractive couches, bright pillows, lace curtains, a magazine table, a cabinet, etc. Upon opening a closet door one meets with another surprise. A mirror is built into the full length of the door, and on hooks and shelves are gowns, lingerie and millinery. So this room is the bed-room, as well as the parlor! Under the couch covers are bed spreads. In the cabinet are combs, brushes and all the other toilet accessories.

In this way, single working girls and women are making cheap and complete homes in the tenements. In one instance, a half dozen groups of girls were fed from a common kitchen; sometimes buying cooked foods to serve in their own flats; sometimes eating together in a co-operative dining room and using the room, later, as a sort of club room. Sometimes the flat dwellers gave progressive Sunday supper parties, starting with soup at "Skiddoo" (flat 23) and winding up (literally winding up) to "The Rookery" on the top floor, for ice cream; then adjourning to the roof for the evening. In one four-room flat is a "Dutch Kitchen" with white enameled walls and furniture; dark blue floors, in imitation of tiling; dark blue and white china, and pots and pans; and the gas range screened, so as to look like a tiling "Dutch oven." The white table is transformed into a settee by turning up the top for a back and shaking blue pillows out from the box seat underneath.

These colonies of girl home-makers, makes one cheerfully sure that the new woman has a lot of things up her sleeve which the old-fashioned girl of the charity "home" never dreamed of. Out of the Dolls' House that man has built for her, she is struggling into economic indpendence; and taking heart from this freedom, is creating her own environment, making her own kind of a home. And the "model tenement" is a great find for her!

The educational side of the model tenements and their effect on neighboring, rival buildings, are important. From the fine roofs of the East Sixty-Fifth street model tenements can be seen nearby examples of old, ramshackle, "two-family houses," "old law tenements" and "new law tenements." From this point, conditions as far as light, air and fire escapes are concerned, may be easily compared. In the "dumb-bell" style, one easily sees that the building runs solidly through, without courts or any pretense of light or natural ventilation, from the front to the rear of the long "railroad flats." The supposed artificial ventilation is a farce, and usually the ventilators in the flats are papered over or stuffed up by the housewives because they prove easy avenues for rats and vermin. The courts of even the new law tenements are seen to compare most unfavorably with those of the model tenements; the roofs are not available for use; and fire escapes are littered and blocked, in spite of the efforts of inspectors and police. In none of the buildings do the plumbing, heating, lighting, bath, garbage, laundry or storage facilities compare at all with those offered by the City and Suburban Homes company.

Inevitably then, the model tenements draw tenants from the new law tenements which induces the ordinary, rival landlords, for business reasons, to heat their halls, to furnish private toilets and even bath rooms, better hot water supply, better plumbing, etc., to placate remaining tenants. Their vacant flats are offered cheaper, too, and entice tenants from the old dumb-bell flats. This in turn leads the landlords of dumb-bell flats to make improvements in order to hold their remaining tenants. And gradually all the people of the neighborhood learn to insist upon higher standards of housing and sanitation. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Yet when all the best is said for them, there are serious drawbacks to any tenement, howe'er "model." Rents are by no means low; rooms are by no means large; interior court flats are neither as light nor as airy as they should be; there is little privacy; there are no yards with trees and grass; and the streets offer the only opportunity for the play of older children. There is a constant battle by heroic women, with the rats and vermin which get a start in the flats of less careful or less sturdy neighbors. Epidemic diseases spread easily, as well as bad habits of bad children, young people, or grown-ups. Quiet is impossible. Gossip flies, gathering virulence as it goes, and often leading to bad blood. And there are many other valid objections to living in a veritable tower of Babel. All who study the housing problem deeply realize that ultimately the tenements must go. The high cost of land under private ownership, "labor troubles" and other complications unavoidable under the present economic system, make tenements an evil, necessary only for the present.

The revolutionary Socialist "pooh-poohs" all such makeshifts; reminding us, in mournful numbers, that nothing of consequence can be accomplished for the welfare of the masses under the present industrial system. And it is fortunate that we have him always with us, lest we forget, and grow too inured to landlords. But it is also fortunate that those who have not yet seen the vision of a co-operative commonwealth, have at least seen that some improvement in housing conditions is necessary at once. Otherwise, all the babies would die in the tenements, and none would grow up to vote the Socialist ticket. It is clearly the duty of all who know the futility of attempting to accomplish anything like ideal conditions under the competitive system, to put their own best efforts into the movement to abolish that system. But is it not worse than folly for them to waste strength in hindering conservatives, who promote the broadly educational movement for "model tenements?" In those model tenements fortunately are to be brought up the strong radicals for the great fight of the next generation.

Two Great French Working-Class Trials

BY JEAN LONGUET

Special Correspondent Coming Nation

Scarcely had the struggle of the railroad employes ended upon the economic ground than the battle was taken up once more on the judicial field with two great characteristic cases.

These went on almost simultaneously, but their end was very different. In the first case the accused was finally acquitted, while in the second the principal militant of the unions was sentenced to death, although he had no direct part in the matters of which he was accused, but was prosecuted only as an "instigator" of crime committed by others at a time when he was far away.

The first case was that of four railroad workers of Ternier, an active revolutionary center on the system of the North from which the signal went out for the great general railroad strike.

On the night of the fifteenth to sixteenth of October when the movement, strangled by the abominable illegalities of the renegade Prime Minister Briand and by the arrests and violence, appeared to be lost, a unionist by the name of Sabatier, thinking that he might help to win the strike and prevent the movement of trains, determined to derail a locomotive and throw it across the tracks. Sabatier was a man of some education, having been at college when fifteen years old, but a victim of great injustice on the part of the railroad companies. He appeared to be a very shrewd and intelligent man, but without any moral consciousness and without sincerity.

Lievaux and his family

Sabatier went to two of his fellow strikers, Sejille and Delange, poor, simple proletarians, without any great knowledge, and proposed to them to go on this night of the fifteenth of October and place upon the railway running from Ternier to Laon (over which runs the great Calais-Basle express carrying the traffic from England to Switzerland, a great beam large enough to cause a derailment. But scarcely had these unfortunate persons placed it across the railroad than they were seized by remorse and fear that they might cause the loss of human lives and they returned quickly to take it away. They were too late. A locomotive pulling a single car had sufficient power to crush it and pass on without being derailed.

Two days later Sabatier, Sejille and Delange were arrested upon suspicion of having been in the neighborhood at the time and were locked up in the prison at Laon. At the same time the vindicative tendency of the examining magistrate was shown by the arrest of Comrade Lievaux who, by his courage and energy during the strike had attracted the hatred of the bourgeois magistrate. There was no proof whatever against Lievaux, but he was arrested just the same.

Sabatier, frightened at the gravity of the responsibility that he had taken upon himself, suddenly conceived the most abominable idea of throwing everything upon Lievaux and of pretending, although Lievaux had never spoken to him or to his accomplices, Sejille and Delange, that he had done this under formal instructions given him by Lievaux. The examining magistrate greeted this statement with enthusiasm. This pretended confession was used by the renegade Briand and his press as an example of the revolutionary "methods" which prevailed in the labor movement and especially in the railroad strike.

However, Sabatier, in his lying denunciation, had pretended to give the exact hour at which Lievaux had ordered the derailment done.

He pretended that this was between eight-thirty and nine in the evening, but numerous witnesses came forward to affirm that Lievaux was with them in a restaurant and had not spoken to or met with Sabatier. In spite of this, in the great trial which took place on Friday, the 26th of October, before the court of assizes at Laon, where the writer of this article was the defender of Lievaux, all the forces of the prose-

cution were concentrated against this admirable worker. The prosecuting attorney and lawyer of Sabatier spoke one after another for four hours to establish in some way the pretended criminality of Lievaux. Sabatier, who had formally confessed to having tried to derail the train, was not mentioned in the speech of the prosecuting attorney save as the "poor victim" of the terrible Lievaux, against which the defender of Sabatier made a most rabid attack. This attorney was a reactionary from Laon and he took advantage of the occasion to vehemently attack Socialism and the trade unions movement.

I then set myself to remove the effect of his talk and to destroy in the minds of the jury the lies which had been piled up there by the prosecutor. I showed them the life of suffering led by such men as Lievaux, who is compelled to pass from twelve to fifteen hours, seated upon a steel monster to which is confided the lives of thousands of passangers and who, at the peril of his own existence will save the lives of the travelers. I pointed out the justice of the demands that the railroad workers had made upon the oligarchy of the Rothschilds and other kings of modern capitalism.

By a vote of seven to five (a unanimous vote is not necessary in a French jury) the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal in favor of Lievaux, thus rescuing him from the vengeance of the employing class. The unfortunate instruments of Sabatier, Sejille and Delange, were considered as unconscious instruments and were also acquitted.

Finally the jury declared Sabatier guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. It was then left for the three judges who constituted the court to fix the penalty. These bourgeois magistrates, furious at seeing this trade union leader escape and seeing that no one was struck except the informer, Sabatier, avenged themselves by according to him the benefit of the famous Berenger law. According to this law a first offender may have his sentence suspended, save that in case of a second conviction within five years, when he will be punished. The court sentenced Sabatier to one year in prison with the benefit of the Berenger law.

Our friends, who desired the condemnation of no one, rejoiced to see all four persons set free and returned to their families. A great crowd gathered in the little proletarian city of Ternier and waited throughout the night to hear the verdict. When this came it was received with an enthusiastic ovation to Lievaux, the valiant proletarian who had suffered for his class.

The Donge Case.

Very different was the result in the other great working class trial held before the court of assizes at Rouen. The case here was the outcome of a struggle between the strikers and a scab in the port of Havre. During the month of July the scab, a man by the name of Donge, was killed as the result of blows that he had received from his former union members. They were particularly angry with him because, after having been a member of the union he had betrayed them and taken up work.

It should be remembered that all those concerned were drunk when the deplorable incident took place and that Donge was shown during the trial to have been a miserable brute who beat his wife and was drunk six days out of seven. It must also be remembered that he belonged to a very low class of workers, the coal shovelers of the port, among which the union movement is still very new and where it has not had time to raise the moral level and improve the conditions of life.

Immediately after the death of Donge the capitalist press began a formidable campaign against this "union assassination." Out of a drunken quarrel they wished to make a cold-blooded crime which had been decided upon in advance by the labor organization. This campaign ended in the arrest and trial of a dozen workers. Among them was Durand, the Secretary of the union.

There, as at Laon, the whole effort of the prosecution was directed toward fixing the responsibility upon the working class organization against which the hatred of the bourgeoisie was centered. It was pretended that at a meeting held some time previous to the murder of Donge, Durand had said "It is necessary to get rid of Donge." This vague phrase, which evidently meant "It is necessary to put him out of the union," was translated by the prosecutor into meaning, "It is necessary to assassinate Donge."

It was in vain that the attorney for Durand proved to the court that this worker was a very mild man and incapable of ordering the death of any one. It was in vain that he introduced the testimony of a capitalist member of parliament, whom no one could suspect of working class sympathies—the deputy from Havre, M. Siegfried—who testified that during the struggle Durand had insisted that the hospitals be excepted from its operation and that he had urged his fellow workers to see that the sick should be furnished with coal. All this evidence accomplished nothing.

Jules Durand

The hired witnesses of the Trans-Atlantic Company came forward to testify that Durand and another member of the union "had condemned Donge to death," and that this had even been voted at a meeting of the union. It was impossible for these miserable witnesses, who carried all the signs of physical and moral degeneracy, to give any definite statements or proof of their testimony. The prosecutor realized this so well that in his plea for a "severe sentence" for Durand he said: "You cannot expect the prosecution to prove that at such a day and in such an hour a regular vote has been taken and a definite resolution been carried, but my proof rests upon the testimony of those who have said that it is necessary 'to give a correction' and that it was necessary 'to get rid of Donge.'" Then this typical representative of class justice added "to get rid of him can only mean to kill."

The prosecutor demanded a severe sentence and he certainly obtained more than he demanded. Those who had been prosecuted as the actual "executors" of Donge, the workers Mathieu, Couillandre and Lefrancois received only a sentence of hard labor for from eight to fifteen years, while the unfortunate Durand, against whom there was only a charge of "moral complicity," has been condemned to death.

A long cry of horror and indignation has swept from end to end of proletarian France at the news of this outrageous sentence. By the very ferocity of their verdict the twelve angry bourgeoisie who made up the jury at Rouen have merely served the cause of those that they wished to crush. If Durand had been condemned only to twenty years of hard labor, however great might have been the horror aroused at such a sentence, public opinion and Socialist and proletarian opinion would not have been so deeply aroused as it was by that terrible word "death."

On the day after the verdict great meetings were held in Havre, and on Friday, the 28th of October, a general strike of protest was declared in most of the great shops and factories in this great port of Normandy.

The general federation of labor and the Socialist party have decided to organize great meetings of protest throughout all France. It is certain that Durand will not be guillotined and even that his punishment will be greatly reduced. The very jury that convicted him, frightened at their verdict, have signed a petition to the president of the republic for a pardon. Nevertheless, it is plain that in each of these trials the one thing which has been made most evident is the fierce hatred of the ruling class against the workers.

Rich and Poor in Prisons

There are those who still imagine that prisons are built for those who commit crimes and not for those who belong to a certain class in society. To such believers the following extracts from a work entitled "Preventive Agencies and Methods," by Chas. R. Henderson, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago are respectfully referred. This book was published by the Russell Sage Foundation and its bias, if any, is certainly not toward Socialism.

Having a desire to know as exactly as possible whether the common belief that rich criminals escape the penitentiary has a basis in fact, letters of inquiry were sent to many wardens of the United States. The following replies were received; but no safe generalization can be made from them:

"I will state that during the four years I have been here, not one rich man has been committed to our care, though it may be said that a very few were well-to-do. At present the financial condition of our convicts is quite the reverse."—Harry K. W. Scott, Warden New Hampshire State Prison.

"We have no criminals in this institution, who, in the accepted sense of the term, would be considered rich."—William H. Moyer, Warden United States Penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga., May 1, 1908.

"You ask for statistics of rich criminals or rich convicts (and a good many rich *criminals* are not *convicts*.) Ever since I received your letter, I have been figuring over our lists, which cover about 6,500 prisoners, received since this institution was opened as a United States penitentiary, and I fail to find rich men among them. C—— was said to be worth about $700,000 when he came here; but the suits instituted against him by the government have caused that money, I understand, to disappear, so that he is now worth nothing. I recall no other case of a man who might be termed *rich* when he was received into prison. We have a prisoner here now who is probably worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in land, who was sent here convicted of peonage."—R. W. McClaughry, Warden United States Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas, May 1, 1908.

M. McClaughry, says that there are a few Indian prisoners worth from three to fifteen thousand dollars. He also says that the rich and poor receive identical treatment in the prison.

"We have no means of finding out a man's financial condition when he reaches the penitentiary."—E. B. Watson, Warden Louisiana State Penitentiary.

"We have not a single rich convict in this prison."—Arthur Pratt, Warden Utah State Prison.

"We have only one man that could be called rich, and his wealth is only estimated at about ten thousand dollars."—John W. Snook, Warden Idaho State Penitentiary.

"After going over our list, we find there are none whom we would call rich—in fact, none who are well-to-do."—J. E. Matthews, Warden West Virginia Penitentiary.

"I beg to advise that there are no prisoners in this institution that could be classed as 'rich.'"—James D. Reid, Warden Indiana State Prison.

"Out of a population of 603 only one is known to have real estate and money in the bank. We have, however, in the neighborhood of from 450 to 500 who have accounts on the prison ledger here of from five cents up to $125."—Melvin O. Fry, Clerk Connecticut State Prison.

"At this time I cannot recall that we have any one in this prison who could be classed as wealthy. We have two bankers in prison, but they are not men of any means. Some few years back we had four other bankers in custody here, but none of them were wealthy."—Jas. B. Smith, Warden Southern Illinois Penitentiary.

"The total number confined today is 1,322. To my knowledge not one of them is a man of wealth, neither can I think of writing of any one who could be even considered a man of moderate means."—Frank D. Cole, Warden Clinton Prison, New York.

"There are very few, if any, confined here at this time who would be classed as *rich* in the modern construction of the word."—John C. Wenger, Acting Warden Michigan State Prison.

"There are only six men in this institution out of 460 men who have any wealth, and further, whose parents have any wealth."—J. C. Sanders, Warden Iowa State Penitentiary.

"I am unable to give you any statistics showing the conviction of those possessed of wealth as compared with those without means."—E. J. Murphy, Warden Illinois State Penitentiary.

"I have no means of knowing the amount of money prisoners are worth. Out of a population of 725 I do not think there are more than three or four that are worth over $3,000."—Henry Town, Warden, Waupun, Wisconsin.

"Relative to rich convicts in this prison, I wish to advise that they receive the same treatment as those who have not been so fortunate as to accumulate wealth. Our percentage of criminals in the state of Wyoming is indeed small—we having a little over 200 now in confinement—but I assure you that there is no partiality shown a man simply because he is endowed with wealth. The laws of our state deal with all men on the merits of the case and those found guilty and sentenced to punishment are all on a parity."—Fred Hillenbrand, Warden Wyoming State Penitentiary.

"Of 1,617 convicts whom I have had in charge in this institution since April 1, 1903, not one could be classed as really rich. There have been only a few, possibly two or three of this number, who could have been classed as well-to-do, worth somewhere from forty thousand to sixty thousand dollars. . . . If I am correct, the rich men of this state do not commit crime, or else, if they do, they are able to avoid conviction for their misdeeds."—C. W. James, Superintendent Oregon State Penitentiary.

"After a general review of our population, I would say that we had from forty to fifty prisoners. . . . who could be classed as possessing sufficient financial standing at least to have enabled them to secure the very best of service in way of defense and assistance in escaping punishment. Under the laws of this country, where guilt has been fairly established, the rich as well as the poor have been obliged to suffer the penalties imposed by our statute for their respective crimes."—George W. Benham, Warden Auburn Prison, New York.

"We have no *rich* convicts at this prison. I am of the opinion that the *rich* ones are never convicted."—T. E. Durham, Assistant Superintendent Rusk Penitentiary, Texas.

Wastes in the Oil Industry

BY ARTHUR BRIDWELL

WE are accustomed to think of the oil industry as one in which monopoly having reached its greatest height, all waste must consequently be done away with. But it is only the sale of oil that is trustified and economically administered. Thousands of small companies still compete in production while the Standard Oil Trust takes the profits.

Pipe lines running half across the continent, and control of the outlets on the Atlantic and the Gulf give the Standard this monopoly. Here it is true there is little waste. But in the planless methods of taking the oil from the earth the waste is still criminally great.

Here machinery is duplicated, raw products destroyed uselessly and labor expended without return.

In the town of Cleveland, Oklahoma, two hundred wells were bored within an area of one square mile. Experienced oil men say that thirty-two were sufficient to drain the territory. Because the law forbade the pooling of interests each lot owner was forced to drill a well or lose the oil beneath. So the town was transformed into a forest of derricks.

Each derrick costs about $500. The 168 unnecessary ones required an expenditure of $84,000. The expense for machinery, labor, etc., usually amounts to about $5,000 per well. Counting it but $3,000, there was an unnecessary outlay of $504,000. At $3,000 per mile this would have macadamized all the principal roads of Pawnee county, where this waste took place. Such roads would have continued to save *additional wasted* labor for years.

This same tumultuous wasteful scramble has been repeated over and over again from the time of the discovery of the first oil well in Titusville, Pennsylvania. It occurred in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Kansas and Texas.

In the Spindletop Oil field at Beaumont, Texas, over four hundred wells were drilled in one square mile. At the same ratio of waste this would give nearly one million dollars of value destroyed by useless labor.

There is another great source of waste in pumping after the wells are drilled. Under individual ownership a crew with pumping outfit is required at each well. Where monopoly enters the same work is done with one central plant for eight wells.

But it is with the oil after the well has been drilled that the most startling wastes occur. Under the crude methods of competition a strike is followed by a rush to the field of all the existing independent companies and the organization of numberless new companies. Bonuses await those who first complete wells, since these obtain the benefit of the gas pressure which forces the oil to the surface, creating the phenomenal "gushers," sometimes spouting thousands of barrels the first day. Derricks arise as by magic and soon they all begin to spout. As a result long before there are adequate tank line and storage facilities hundreds of wells are emiting thousands of barrels of the dirty, ill-smelling fluid.

The creeks run with malodorous streams and water is rendered unfit for man or beast. The gutters of the streets run black with oil. Where the gas pressure is great thousands, and even millions of barrels go down the streams and are lost forever. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas the creeks became gorged with oil and remained so until fire licked the surface, leaving behind charred trunks of trees and skeletons of bridges.

Fires that would otherwise be insignificant assume terribly magnificent proportions, for the burning oil, released from the great tanks, sweeps everything in its path. So magnificent is the spectacle of an oil fire that one almost forgets the stupendous losses in watching the heaven ascending masses of inky smoke, interwined with the flames that leap for a hundred feet, only to lose themselves in the darker mass. When the oil boils over, and the seething mass rises and spreads for a hundred yards on every side, and the fiery heavens are shot through with the marble beauty of a summer cloud while the lightning plays behind until the whole seems turned into a living thing—then one beholds the grandest scene of a lifetime. A few moments and the whole scene of titanic splendor dissolves in a monster smudge of smoke, leaving behind only an ineffaceable mental picture of terrifying, magnificent grandeur.

In the Spindletop fields, where oil wells were as thick as forest trees the fires swept away millions. At Humble, Texas, human lives were sacrificed along with vast values in oil.

To these wastes must be added those from evaporation of the volatile portions of the oil, the loss by the escape of natural gas and the destruction of forests and all forms of vegetation by floods of oil. Worse than all is the waste that is inseparable from competition everywhere—the loss of time and energy, ill-feeling, legal strife, even murders and suicides, all of which are a part of the fight of individual producers for profits.

And all this in an industry where monopoly and its economies has gained its greatest foothold.

RUIN AND WASTE OF A OIL SWAMP

AN OIL FIRE

ONE BOILER HOUSE SUPPLYING STEAM TO EIGHT WELLS

SPINDLE TOP OIL FIELD, BEAUMONT, TEXAS. MANY DERRICKS ALREADY REMOVED ONE WOULD HAVE DONE THE WORK

Readings in Literature

Selected by William Mailly

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF LITERATURE.

From the Introduction to Social Ideals in English Letters, by Vida D. Scudder.

In earlier times, the struggle which literature records is chiefly individual. We see men subduing the earth, facing their human foes, wrestling with supernatural terrors, seeking the love of women. This is the aspect of literature which has interested people most; nor will it ever—needless to say—be superseded. Yet as time goes on and the race grows older, another aspect becomes more and more evident. Literature is a series of social documents. It shows the exceptional individual contending with his environment; it also shows, more and more as time goes on, in that very environment the expression of a larger life. The individual becomes the type. At first he is the type of a phase of character, as Hamlet stands for all Hamlets; later, and this is characteristic of the literature of our own day, he becomes the type of a class, or social group.

The epic, the drama, and, later, the novel, reveal the collective experience of the nation from age to age. The lyric, with all its intimacy, gives us not only the private heart of the singer, but also the common heart of his people and his time. When the fervor of living has abated a little, so that men can pause to consider, criticism appears, and accents, with a sharpness that no one can mistake, the general characteristic qualities and defects of the general civilization around it. In all this literature, humanity itself is the protagonist; and its great fortunes, scriptural and material, appeal to the trained, though not to the untrained, imagination with mighty and unrivaled power.

Moreover, great books have a double value. They show life itself under various phases, and they also show the ideals which that life generates; the present, and that higher yet unrealized truth, which the present ever suggests, toward which it ever moves. They speak to us with "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come." And so, rendering alike to the actual and that ideal in the actual which spurs to the future, they lead us to gain a sense of the lines of progress to be gained in no other way. We get absorbed in the mood and passion of the moment. But literature gives us mood after mood of the human race, related, succeeding, advancing.

One cannot watch the growth of conviction in any line without a certain sense of fatality, a consciousness that, while each individual thought seems to play in freedom, like each bird in the mysterious migration of spring and autumn, there is yet an inexorable impulse carrying on the whole flock of thoughts toward a distant land. Literature makes us feel this totality of impulse. Discussion helps to form faith, action helps perhaps still more. But while in confused days both are good, it is also good to look back, and watch the tendencies manifested in those imaginative men who, as Wordsworth said, rejoice more intensely than other men in the spirit of life that is in them.

As we follow from one generation to another the dreamers who are the truest prophets, we shall trace the gradual awakening of a social consciousness, bringing with it the perception of social problems and the creation of social ideals; and in this consciousness we may find a continued power of selection and of persistence from which many things concerning the future may be inferred.

Christianity as an historical movement was launched with all the purpose and hope, all the impetus and power, of a great revolutionary movement, pledged to change the world-as-it-is into the world-as-it-ought-to-be.—Rauschenbusch.

Though a person is down in the world, an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—Bulwer.

What a wedge, what a catapult, is an earnest man. Who can resist him? —Thoreau.

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.)

Reaching the Colorado Farmer

BY ROBERT KNIGHT

Local Longmont, Colorado, is trying the "Milwaukee idea" among the farmers. Comrades Belle Knapp and Tom Knight rigged up a "red special, Jr.," and made a house to house canvass soliciting subscriptions to Socialist publications, dailies, weeklies or monthlies.

They give each farmer a short talk on the philosophy of Socialism in simple, every-day language that the farmer can understand and leave him a bunch of literature stating that he may look for regular visits.

We used 22,000 copies of *Next Step* and quite a few of the leaflets from national office. "What the Socialists Want," "On to Washington" and "A Word with You Brother Farmer" proved the best for this part of the country.

"The Red Special"

The farmer of Colorado is ready for Socialism because he is scientifically skinned by every trust the eastern farmer is and then all haggled up by the irrigation trust, for he has to pay for this water.

In ten days the red special, Jr., covered 150 miles, disposed of 40,000 pieces of literature and made a personal talk to over 500 farmers. The *Appeal* suits the farmers of this country best. They are all interested in the Night Rider news from Kentucky as they are contemplating a similar movement here against the Great Western Sugar company and beet tenders. They have almost all the farmers organized and cut the acreage down more than 50 per cent this season and aim to do the same next.

The Socialists should get out and work among the farmers and circulate literature. It is a much better way of reaching the farmer than by all the fine speeches that were made at our last convention in Chicago.

Winning Strikes in Milwaukee

BY E. H. THOMAS, State Secretary.

Again the working people have had an object lesson of the tremendous advantage of a Socialist administration. The garment workers' strike, which threatened to result disasterously to the strikers, has been successfully setled by the intervention of Mayor Seidel.

The garment workers were granted practically all their demands—fifty-four hours work per week, double pay for overtime, and the right to present grievances. They only lost out on their demand for arbitration—and this they won in fact, if not in name, since they actually obtained the arbitration of the mayor.

Considering the fact that the Milwaukee garment workers are very poorly organized, this victory was somewhat of a surprise to their friends. The strikers would not have won, in all probability, if they had not been living under a Socialist administration. The administration strictly warned the police against the usual brutal methods employed towards strikers, which so often lead to reprisals and violence, and make any peaceful settlement of the trouble an impossibility. At the same time the administration also warned the more inexperienced and excitable garment workers against any breach of the law on their part. A trifling disturbance which took place before the settlement of the strike and after the issuing of the mayor's famous letter, was magnified into a serious riot by the capitalist press. But in spite of all these difficulties the mayor finally succeeded in arbitrating the case. Thus a strike which might have dragged on through a hard winter and in all likelihood would have ended in defeat and disaster for the weakly-organized strikers, ended most satisfactorily for these workers, and for all who are interested in better conditions in the garment trades.

Nevertheless, the capitalist papers keep up their abuse of Mayor Seidel. They cannot forgive him for protecting the strikers' heads from the policemen's clubs. They are terribly afraid that it will damage Milwaukee's industries to have it go abroad that here a workingman cannot be beaten up or insulted when he "is not violating the law," for this was all that was demanded in Mayor Seidel's famous letter to the Milwaukee chief of police. The *Kansas City Journal* even asserts that "no sane man would invest a dollar in Milwaukee under such circumstances." This looks like an admission that wage slaves are to be kept in order only by means of blows—as in the days of negro slavery!

* * *

An amusing incident of the past week has been the visit of President Eliot to Milwaukee and the discussion which he excited. This great light of learning has a whole lot to learn about Socialism. He admitted that the Social-Democratic "mayor and his advisers seem to have a noble conception of the public service," but protested that they could not be Socialists because they did not believe in the "division of property!"

This naive assertion of the learned president set the papers all arguing about the real definition of Socialism. The leading republican paper, the Sentinel, said:

> It is a pity when men of light and leading who undertake to discuss or criticise Socialism in public do not take the small trouble to inform themselves beforehand as to what Socialism really is. If Socialism is worth talking about at all, it is worth taking the trouble to understand. If Dr. Elliot's celebrated "five foot library" had contained that lucid and thoroughly honest little volume of exposition, the "Quintessence of Socialism," by Dr. Schaeffle, he certainly would not have made the preposterous statement that "Socialists do not believe in private property." If, instead of that, he had said "Socialists do not believe in private capitalism," he would have hit the nail on the head; or gone to the real root of the matter. The floating notion that modern Socialism spells communism, or proposes something in the way of a periodical redistribution of property, is nonsense.

Now the point we want to make is this; when even the pen-pushers of the Milwaukee capitalist papers know more about Socialism than the former head of America's most learned institution, we see here what the free distribution of Socialist literature has done for Milwaukee. Behold the educational value of the bundle brigade.

* * *

The Neacy libel suit against the officers and editors of the Milwaukee Social-Democratic Publishing company has come to its first hearing. They were ordered to produce in court the subscription list of the papers and list of the stockholders of the company. Comrades Berger, Heath and Bistorius say they will go to jail before they will commit such a breach of confidence, which would result in blacklisting or loss of employment to many of our subscribers. Comrades Bistorius, Heath and Berger accordingly refused to answer all questions. The case has been referred to the circuit court.

Our Social-Democratic city comptroller has been doing some figuring. He shows that nearly $300,000 would be saved to the city every year if the city would do its own street paving, instead of letting out the work to profit-sucking contractors. In 1900, under the private contract system, 129,587 yards of bituminous pavement cost the city $293,221.77. Comrade Dietz figures that the city would have saved $123,148.95 if it had owned its own quarry, sand and gravel pits and had done this work for itself.

He also shows that while the city would thus make an enormous gain by doing its own paving, it would still be able to pay labor higher wages than it gets from private contractors.

Ready for the Battle

BY WILLIAM SHEFFLE, State Secretary.

The election is over and the known reseults in Indiana, are very satisfactory to the working comrades. The organization and agitation is fairly evenly distributed over the state, and while we did not succeed in electing any of our candidates to important positions, we have made a gain of near 50 per cent over the election of two years ago. This, too, in the face of the fact that the general vote in the state fell off nearly 12½ per cent. The comrades are all feeling jubilant over the results and are preparing to carry the fight into the enemy's country during the winter months. A series of lectures have been planned and our lecturers will soon be in the fight again. Up to this time we have been training our own child, and locating the weak points of the enemy.

We have seen the whites of their eye and now have them on the defensive. From this time on, the fight is going to be aggressive and decisive. Five locals have voluntarily organized during the month of November. One of them, Connorsville, with fifty-one charter members, which has since increased to fifty-five active workers.

Our membership has materially increased this year. Our people are at last awakening to the fact, that, in order to be successful, we must have an aggressive, cohesive and harmonious organization, in which each will take an active part. We are beginning to realize that special interests and big business, secure legislation by reason of maintaining a capitalist organization with sufficient power to dictate to the legislator, no matter who, or what, he may be.

That this situation has prevailed for years in the past, and will prevail in the future, until such time as the workers bind themselves into a working class organization more powerful than the two wings of the capitalist class organization, and then support that organization. With an organization of this kind, equipped and maintained on a proletarian basis, with sufficient numerical and cohesive force to run our steam roller over all opposition, there will be no question as to whether of not, our Victor Bergers may be permitted to take their seat, to which they have been elected, in the U. S. congress. The enemy may show his teeth at our weakness, while disorganized and quibbling among our selves, over minutiae, but when organized for defensive and offensive purposes, all opposition will melt away, like a June frost, before the beneficent rays of the morning sun.

Don't let slips discourage you. If you go three feet forward and then slip two feet backward, what matters it? you are still one foot ahead.

As to the Ferrer Case

In its issue of Nov. 3d, the New York *Independent* published an article entitled "Spain in the Ascendant," by Kellogg Durland. This article tells of the wonderful progress that is going on in Spain and says:

> King Alfonso is the most wide-awake, alert, progressive man in Spain, and he is controlled by a tremendous ambition to bring Spain into line with the most modern of nations. He is kept well informed as to what all parties are doing in his country, what they want and why. He is as quick to accept a plank from the platform of the republicans or Socialists as from the liberals or conservatives. Don Alfonso is a radical by nature. It is by virtue of his personality and what he has already accomplished that he is the most popular man in Spain.

The writer then goes on to discuss the case of Ferrer. He says as follows:

> The right or wrong of Ferrer's teachings are not my consideration here. That Ferrer was legally tried, honestly convicted, and the sentence properly and constitutionally carried out is, I think, beyond dispute. When a soldier enlists for a campaign and happens to fall in battle his friends don't go about protesting. Ferrer was a soldier of an army. And I have never been able to understaind the outcry in America and Europe against his execution. He fell fairly in his fight, and, from the standpoint of his supporters—honorably. There is absolutely no ground for protest or recrimination

Editor of Independent:

I beg to enter my protest against the article which you published by Mr. Kellogg Durland, dealing with conditions in Spain, and especially with his comments upon the Ferrer case. I consider that these comments would be a disgrace to any American publication, and more especially to the *Independent*, to which we look for some sympathy with the struggle for the emancipation of thought.

Mr. Durland justifies the murder of Ferrer because there exists a war between the Spanish Liberals and the autocracy—a most ingenius and amazing argument. Apparently is does not occur to Mr. Durland to reflect that there are wars and wars; that some wars may be right, and other wars may be wrong. It is a device well known to tyrants and destroyers of life to justify their crimes by the simple expedient of calling it a *war*. Was it right for the Duke of Alva to murder in cold blood hundreds of thousands of the patriots of Holland because there existed a "state of war"? Is it right that Breshkovsky should perish in a Siberian wilderness because there exists a "war" between her and the Czar? Permit me to call your attention to the fact that in wars it frequently happens that one side is right, and the other side is wrong, and that those on the latter may be murderous and enemies of the human race. Such is the "war" which a bigoted clericalism and a debauched aristocracy are waging on freedom of thought in Spain.

Such is the war in which Francisco Ferrer perished as one of the glorious martyrs of the cause of humanity.

Finally, may I make the suggestion that the next time you wish to report to your readers upon conditions in Spain, you will send a man who will not let his head be turned by an opportunity to become personally acquainted with a king? UPTON SINCLAIR.

In answer to those I wrote the *Independent* a letter of protest. The editor replied that he had no space suitable for the publication of such a letter, but that he thought it should be published, and he would be glad to see it appear somewhere else. Perhaps the readers of the COMING NATION may be interested to see my reply.

It is significant that the prophets of the modern social movement are also the prophets of a new internationalism, which aims to supplant the narrow patriotism and interests of a by-gone stage of human development by the wider enthusiasms and out-looks of a vaster human brotherhood.

—Prof. Rauschenbusch.

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, 2½ cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The Coming Year with The Coming Nation

AFTER a little over three months' existence the COMING NATION has taken a place in the world of Socialist journalism that has seldom been attained in as many years. While the paper has met with enthusiasm from its readers, those responsible for its production have by no means been satisfied.

The goal which we have set before us is the production of a paper that shall have the best fiction, the best features, the best cartoons, the best humor, and the best illustrations of any paper in America. That goal we will reach if Socialists of America care to have such a paper, and so far all things indicate that they do want such a paper.

With this number the shape has been changed to meet the almost universal demand. In the new shape the paper will be more generally handled by newsdealers, and the work of the "Scouts" who are rapidly increasing in numbers will be easier.

The next issue will contain a complete account of the "Frank Lane Case," written by Fred D. Warren. This is a case that, just because it is so common and typical, is going to be one of the great history-making cases. Frank Lane was a young miner, a mere boy, who was made a helpless cripple while at work. So far his case is like hundreds of thousands of others. Then the *Appeal to Reason* and the COMING NATION came into the case—and after that it is very different.

His fight is no longer that of an individual worker against a great corporation and capitalist-owned courts. Behind him is now arraying itself the only force capable of overthrowing the powers of capitalism—that of a revolutionary working-class. In that fight every reader of this will want to share.

This next number will also contain "The Echo," by John R. McMahon, illustrated by Ryan Walker. You will laugh until you cry and cry until you want to fight when you read it. We predict that it will become one of the most widely circulated pieces of Socialist literature ever published and that it will make as many Socialists as anything ever printed.

In this number also will appear the first installment of "The Tricks of the Press," by H. G. Creel. This series tears the mask off the American capitalist press and tells of the inner secrets of its manipulation of news in the interest of a ruling class. Plenty of illustrations showing how pictures can be made to tell all sorts of things that never happened.

That we are coming close to the goal of publishing the best fiction is evidenced by the fact that we have some splendid stories on hand. One of these is by Mrs. Fremont Older on "The Humbling of Sarah Ann," one of those sort of close-to-the-heart stories that you read over a couple of times and remember. Florence Woolston will have a story which she calls "By Two and By Two," that carries a moral that increases the interest of the story. There are a number more good stories on hand, and two of the foremost American novelists have already promised us stories for an early number, while several others have agreed that we shall have something from their pens before the end of the year.

When it comes to interesting features, there is a feast ready such as has never been set before the readers of any Socialist paper in the world.

John R. McMahon has written of the New York "Chinatown" for us, from a wholly new point of view, with a striking photograph to accompany the story. John Spargo has a couple of sketches of some little known features of Marx's life, with some new photographs. Hyman Strunsky is preparing a series on "The Wellfare Systems" by which the shrewdest warfare yet waged upon organized labor is being conducted. Prof. Edgar W. Burrill's series of stories on the present situation in Russia, the result of a personal investigation with unexcelled facilities for finding facts, will come as a revelation to those who think that the fighting and bloodshed in that country are over. Emanuel Julius has written of the work of the new "Museum of Public Safety," and how profit prevents the application of known methods of saving life in industry.

Eugene Wood is preparing a series of articles that will run for several months and that will create a new and effective style of Socialist propaganda. He is also writing another series on some phases of American agriculture that are so good that it would take too much space to tell you about them.

There will be humorous articles from Ellis O. Jones, Babcock, Richardson and others. There will be poems and sketches from Berton Braley, Wilbur F. Nesbit, Allan Updegraff, and several more of the best writers in these fields.

Compare this prospect (and not half of the matter already on hand or contracted for has been mentioned), remember that it will all be illustrated by the best artists and the best photographs obtainable, and accompanied by the best editorials, written by Charles Edward Russell, and ask yourself whether there is any periodical in America that is offering anything as good.

The question as to whether this program can be filled out with other and even better things, and whether it can be continued and improved in the future rests entirely with the Socialists of this country. If they want that sort of a paper and will give it their earnest support we will do the rest.

What is your answer to this question?

The Socialist Scouts

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

The Coming Nation in its new form is a great boon to the Socialist Scouts. These little comrades were the first to suggest the change. They came in personal contact with the readers, got their ideas and passed them on to the NATION. If you like the NATION in the new style chalk up a credit for the Scouts.

More boys and girls are wanted for the Scout organization. If your boy or girl is not a member, now is the time for him to join. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*, take subscriptions for both papers and distribute propaganda matter. They make two and a half cents on each sale in addition to extra prizes for hustling. Next week will appear a full page advertisement of Scout prizes. Look for it.

It costs nothing to take up the Scout work. I'll send a bundle of ten COMING NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and returns heads of unsold copies. A letter of instruction goes with the first bundle. Address, "Scout Dept., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan."

Scout News.

—I wish to announce that I am getting along fine with my papers and expect to order forty next week. —Rexford Ericksen, Mich.

—A short time ago I sent in for five NATIONS a week for four weeks. But now I have more customers and will have to have ten papers a week. This morning I started out and got six new customers before I stopped.—Roy E. Wike, Pa.

—I am getting along nicely with my papers. I enjoy the work very much. I have forty-two regular customers.—Harold E. Wiggle, Ind.

Herman Ring.

Scout Herman Ring of Passaic, N. J., has distinguished himself by forcing the capitalist press to take notice of his work. The first page of the Passaic, N. J., Daily *Hearld* for December 8th, contained a picture of Herman and had the following to say about his work.

One of the new features of Socialist agitation is the Socialist Scout organization. Started only a short time ago it has already reached a surprising size, spreading from Girard, Kan., where the *Appeal to Reason* is printed, to all parts of the United States, Canada, England and Scotland.

The method of managing the Socialist Scouts is simple. The *Appeal to Reason* and the COMING NATION, the widest circulated Socialist organs in the United States, are sent to the Scouts in numbers which they themselves think best. Some have established regular routes where they take the *Appeal to Reason* and COMING NATION regularly each week. This scout work is not limited to boys. Girls are just as welcome in the Socialist Scouts ranks.

The first, and at present the only Socialist Scout in Passaic is Herman Ring, not quite 15 years of age. Herman struggles hard to obtain that which he ought to get without any effort, but even then he is fortunate in being able to bend his energies to one point, education. Although he is scoffed at and ridiculed by his schoolmates for being a Socialist, yet his badge, with the inscription, "The *Appeal* is mightier than the sword," won't come off.

Why Not Militancy Here?

PART of the American suffragists read the report of the doings of the militant suffragettes in England with enthusiasm, and glory in their courage. Others read it with distress and disgust, and writhe under the huge crop of anti-suffrage editorials that each fresh outbreak of militancy calls forth from the American press. But American suffragists of every shade of opinion are unanimous in their belief that militant methods—in the sense of illegal and violent methods—are not called for in America.

Why is this? Not because there is any essential difference in American and English human nature; but because the violence in England arises out of a peculiar situation such as does not exist in America, and could hardly come about here.

The English militants are trying to break their way through a tangle of red tape which has obstructed them for the last 40 years. To imagine a parallel case in this country; suppose that Congress could give suffrage to the women of the United States by a simple majority vote. Suppose that for 40 years a majority of the members of congress had professed to be willing to do it. Suppose that bills to this effect had passed their preliminary stages over and over again, at first by small majorities, later by very large ones; the last time by a majority of 110. Suppose Speaker Cannon and his predecessors had for 40 years refused to let the bill come up for final vote in congress. Suppose the women of this country had carried agitation of the ordinary kind to its extreme length, holding 20,000 public meetings a year, many of these surpassing in size the meetings of any of the men's political parties, and one of them being the largest public gathering ever held for any political object in the world's history. Suppose Speaker Cannon still remained obdurate, and not only refused to let the pending woman suffrage bill come to a vote, but declared in substance that he would never let any suffrage bill come to a vote except under such conditions as would make it almost impossible for it to pass. If we had had 40 years of this sort of obstruction in congress, and saw no peaceable way of getting around it, Mr. Cannon might quite possibly be mobbed.

The English militants, whether rightly or wrongly, believe that the surest way to break down the obstruction of the Cabinet which has so long held back their bill like the key-log in a jam of timber blocking a western river, is to mob the Cabinet ministers. They are doing it not out of hysterical emotion, but because they have come in cold blood to the conclusion that it has to be done. Many of them are women gently bred, of high social position, and recognized as being in all other respects women of the highest character. It is not to be supposed that such women enjoy assaulting statesmen and serving terms in prison at hard labor. No doubt they hate to do it as much as any American women would. Whether they are right or wrong, they are acting upon conscientious conviction, and their courage and self-sacrifice ought to command respect. When Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky during her visit to the United States was remonstrated with on the physical force tactics of some of the Russian revolutionists, which had led them to imprisonment, exile, and death—often a death of torture—at the end of a long discussion she said, with one of the few sparks of temper that she ever showed, "We do not do it for our own pleasure."

Some people call the violent suffrage demonstrations peculiarly womanish. In our grandfather's time, a bill widening the suffrage for Englishmen was held up for a little while by the House of Lords after it had passed the Commons. An Archbishop who had voted against the bill was upset out of his coach, and was rescued with difficulty from an angry mob. The castle at Nottingham was burned. Three prisons, the customhouse and 42 private dwellings were burned in Bristol alone, and there was widespread rioting and bloodshed.

The women's bill has been held up for 40 years. The violence which they have used has undoubtedly been exaggerated and distorted; the cablegrams about the militant doings, for years past have almost all proved to be twisted, and the twist is invariably to the disadvantage of the suffragists. But even if it were all exactly as reported, it would not be a circumstance to what the men did.

At the great Albert Hall meeting the other night where $40,000 was contributed for the suffrage cause, Israel Zangwill said: "Women throughout this whole long fight have wrought fewer casualities than the motor car containing Mr. Asquith's detectives."—A. S. B. in *The Woman's Journal.*

They also steal iron and build public libraries.

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Brother at the Christmas-Tree

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

"MAMMA!" Mamma!" called Dollie long before she reached the door. "Can I go to Sunday school?"

"Can I go to Sunday school?" echoed Brother.

This was such an unusual request that Mamma was puzzled.

"Everyone that goes to Sunday school every Sunday from now till Christmas will get a present on the Christmas tree and every one of the girls is going to get a doll!" explained Dollie.

"And the boys is going to get knives and drums and sleds and skates and guns!" added Brother.

Kate stopped in on her way home from school to explain matters. Kate was one of the "big girls." She was nearly fourteen. Dollie's mamma had bought milk from Kate's mamma ever since they had lived in that town and Baby Blossom could not remember the time when Kate had not brought the milk for her supper. Kate was a winsome little maid with friendly brown eyes and the longest brown braids you ever saw. She was a wise little woman, too, for her age or Dollie's mamma would never have let her take Dollie and Brother to the Christmas tree.

The children had not attended Sunschool many times. There were many good reasons for this state of affairs, the chief reasons being that the children rarely had decent clothes to wear; then Dollie always made a fuss if she couldn't put a nickel in the box "like the others did" and there were many times when Mamma could not spare the nickel. Just now, Dollie and Brother both had shoes without a sign of a hole in any place and Dollie had a bran new dress that hadn't been made over!

So after some coaxing and hard thinking Mamma said they might go. She had been looking over her accounts and knew how little there would be to spare for Christmas presents for the little ones. She knew from sad experience just how much money was needed to pay rent and buy coal and necessary food and clothes during the dull months of the long winter. In that part of Idaho the snow sometimes lies on the ground for more than five months.

* * *

Christmas Eve came. It was a beautiful night, but O, dear! it was cold! Dollie said the world looked "like a frosted cake." The snow paths all over town were like ditches and you could just barely see Brother's and Dollie's little heads bobbing along above their sides. The snow creaked where one stepped on it and you could hear people walking for blocks away. Now and then the sound of sleigh-bells was heard and the sound of laughter and merry childish voices.

Mamma wrapped them up warmly and went over her instructions in regard to what they must do in case of fire, told them to be good children (for about the twentieth time as mammas always do), kissed them goodbye and then they and Kate went out into the nipping cold night. But Dollie and Brother didn't care—for they were going to their first Christmas tree.

It was too cold to take Joe Bryan and Baby Blossom—so Mamma said—but Kate suspected there was some other reason as well. Mamma watched them as long as she dared keep the door open—then she closed the door and sat down in the lonesome room and cried.

* * *

The tree was all that Brother and Dollie had imagined it—covered with presents, lighted wax candles of green and red and pink and blue and yellow, shining ornaments, strings of white popcorn and red cranberries and silver and gold tinsel—and Santa Claus himself helped take the presents from the tree and called off the names of the owners. Pearl Johnson got the *loveliest* doll! It was almost as big as Blossom, and had real hair and eyelashes and went to sleep when Pearl laid her down. (Pearl's papa was rich and none of the girls in her class liked her because she was so "stuck up" and made fun of poor children.)

Dickie Brown got the best sled there. (His father owned a mine and Dickie was the worst boy in school.) The preacher's boy got the pair of skates that Brother was just *sure* must be meant for him. He had always wanted that very kind of skates, and he had dreamed of finding just such a pair in his stocking more than once since the first ice that would bear his weight.

At last all the best presents had been taken from the tree and many a little heart was sore and filled with envy of the more fortunate children. All that had come Dollie's way was a sack of candy and nuts and a 10-cent doll, while Brother had a sack of goodies just like Dollie's and a little plaster horse that wouldn't last a live boy an hour.

Brother hadn't got a "square deal" and he knew it—which is more than some boys know that are years and years older than Brother!—and he was going to let folks know what he thought about it, too,—and that also is more than some of the gray-headed boys know enough to do! And as Dollie said, "When Brother was mad, he was *mad!*"

He was sitting on a front seat. He got up slowly and stood on the seat. Dollie tried in vain to make him sit down. She made all sorts of motions and whispered as loudly as she dared. "Brother, sit down! You know what Mamma told you."

But Brother paid no attention. He made two or three "false passes" as boys do when they want to take good aim, then threw his sack of candy and nuts at poor, old, unsuspecting Santa Claus! It struck the astonished old fellow right in the face!

"You ain't nothin' but an old fake and a liar!" shouted this terrible boy. "They told me you said if I was a good boy you'd bring me a lot of things I wanted. And I *was* a good boy. (You can just ast my teacher and my mamma and see!) And you never brought me nothin' but a 5c bag of candy and nuts and this daggoned old plaster horse!" and Brother dashed it scornfully to the floor with such force that the poor little plaster horse was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Go to her, Bud!" yelled red-headed, frecklefaced Micky Horan who hadn't got anything to speak of either. And Brother went on encouraged.

"And you brought Tom Jones a sled and a pair of skates and scads of things and his papa's got lots of money to buy him things, and he ain't as good a boy as me either, or Micky Horan, either!" shoulted Brother. "He sasses his Mother and kicks his sister and picks on boys that's littler than him. You give all the best things to the rich folks kids—and—it—ain't—no—fair!" and Brother broke down and cried bitterly.

By this time poor Kate had reached the little rebel. She was greatly embarased and Dollie was in tears.

"I'll take you straight home!" said Kate sternly, "and you can't ever go to another tree!"

"I don't want to go to any more like this!" wailed Brother. Some folks laughed, some looked sorry, and some said someone ought to give Brother a good, hard spanking.

A big, jolly looking miner, a Swede, with rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, went up to where Kate was trying to quiet the little boy." Leave him to me, Katie," he said. "You take the little girl home and I'll take care of the boy."

He pulled the little fellow's stocking cap over his ears, lifted him to his shoulders and strode out of the room, Brother looking defiance at the people below.

* * *

"Oh, Mamma!" sobbed Dollie when she and Kate reached home. "Brother nist acted *awful!* He sweared and frowed things at Santa Claus and made faces at him! An' I was so *shamed!*"

Kate explained: but before she had finished her story a terrible clatter was heard at the front door—the sound of sleigh-bells, and the neighing of a strange sort of horse, and a little voice like Brother's calling: "Gee! Haw! Whoa there!"

Dollie ran to open the door and there sat Brother on the loveliest red sled you ever saw! It was so long that Mamma herself could almost have ridden on it "bust-belly," as the children said.

The big miner with the red cheeks and merry blue eyes was the horse and Brother was driving him. Another smaller sled for Joe Bryan followed, "hooky-bob" fashion. Horse and rider staggered into the house with a load of bundles.

"You have a brave boy here. Mrs. Dorsey, and one to be proud of!" said the blue-eyed giant. (And Dollie gasped.) And Mamma took Brother in her arms, bundles and all, and hugged and kissed him.

Everything Dollie had ever dreamed of possessing was in those bundles—dolls, dishes, a stove, a bureau, and a pair of skates. Tied to Joe Bryan's sled was—a—rocking-horse, such as Joe Bryan had ridden only in dreams; and Baby Blossom had not been forgotten either.

* * *

"And there ain't no real Santy Claus, is there, Mr. Good Man?" asked Brother somewhat later, sitting on the big miner's knee, his mouth so full of taffy he could hardly talk.

"Yes, little one," said his new friend soberly, "there *is* a Santy Claus, but not the kind most folks tell their children about. The real Santy Claus has a big family. He works all the year and makes his wife and the poor kids work, too. His children are, most of them, half-fed and half-clothed—and they work the year round making the things that boys and girls like; and when Christmas comes Santa Claus takes nearly all they have made and gives it to rich people's children and his own have nothing. He gives plum pudding and mince pie and fruit cake and turkey to the children of the rich and his own children have dry bread for their Christmas dinner. He gives the biggest and best dolls to the rich little girls who have more than they know what to do with anyhow, and keeps the 10-cent dolls for his own.

"He must be a peach!" said Brother scornfully.

"Sure he is!" said the blue-eyed miner "I'll tell you all about him some other day." And he did.

Maybe you children can guess who the *real Santa Claus* is. His name is Mr. W*****g**n. It takes ten letters to spell it. Can you guess what it is, children?

WORTH REMEMBERING

"I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states are and henceforward shall be free." Abraham Lincoln.

On January 1, 1863 Abraham Lincoln issued the celebrated Emancipation Proclamation, which ordained, in the words given above freedom for the colored people of the United States who were held in slavery. It did not put an end to the civil war, but it showed the country the real issue of the day. That issue was worked out to the bitter end in the great war. An end was put to chattel slavery, that is, the right to buy and sell human beings in the open market.

But while you are thinking about this great proclamation, don't forget that a slavery just as great was left behind and is still with us today, and that is, wage slavery.

Almost all people seventy-five years ago were so used to chattel slavery that it did not seem wrong. Only a few farseeing men and women knew how wrong it was and battled to overthrow it.

Today people are so used to wage slavery that it does not seem to them wrong. But there is a host of men and women that grows larger every day who do see and these men and women, yes, and many children, too, are determined to put an end to wage slavery just as surely as chattel slavery was abolished. Are you going to help?

Are You Going to Resolve?

Then make a good big resolution—not just a little everyday resolution to keep your bureau drawer in order, or get your lessons every day or smile pleasantly when mother asks you to go on an errand; but make up your mind to do something worthy of the great times we live in and of the great changes that are going on about us.

Resolve to learn to think things out for yourself, to find out the truth of things, and when you have found it out, to be not afraid to speak it

As a single thing that you can do in the real things of today resolve to join the COMING NATION Scouts, and get all the grown-ups to read all the stories in the COMING NATION about the workers and their struggles. Be good scouts while you are about it and join the right kind of scouts. Next week I'm going to tell you something about the other kind of scouts and what the difference is

Our Christmas Customs

We have taken a little bit from the the customs of many other nations to make up the American Christmas.

The Christmas tree custom comes from Germany; Santa Claus with his pack and his habit of slipping down chimneys (long since forgotten in the tenement houses in New York), hails from Holland; to hang a stocking on the door is borrowed from the little French and Belgian children; while "Merrie Christmas" was the old English greeting.

But I am afraid that we have more than enough ourselves of the habits that are bad; the habit of making men and women, boys and girls work overtime to sell and deliver goods at that season; the habit of encouraging the giving of presents that more profit may come to the man that sells them; the habit of letting poor people starve all the year around that they may be thankful for one square meal on charitable terms on Christmas day;—but why go on with all these bad habits? I am afraid these may be found in all other countries as well and the little best that we can do is to resolve that we shall give the best strength and effort there are in us to work so that for everybody "every day'll be Christmas by-and-by."

An English boy went to visit his two Scotch cousins during his summer vacation. His breakfast every morning consisted of plain oatmeal, and he got very tired of it.

"Say, Jack," he said, "don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Jack turned to his brother. "Eh, Tom," he said, "the lad thinks it's Christmas."

Puzzles

Answer to last week's puzzle: CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas Spirit

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

AN afternoon suburban train pulls out of Chicago, crowded with Christmas shoppers.

The ladies are scrupulously neat, well tailored and properly hobbled, and their faces, expressionless, but carefully massaged, show soft and round under silk veils. The little girls, self-conscious in huge hats, and coats of mink or pony fur, and boots of undressed kid, glance about to see what impression they make, then fall into discontented reflections, remembering the $50.00 dolls, far handsomer than any they are likely to get. The well groomed boys count their change with gloved fingers, estimating what it will come to, with the gold piece Uncle Jack always gives at this season. The fathers, who have as yet no idea what has been planned for them to give Aunt Maria, or Cousin Jim (who already have everything one can think of) still linger in the mahogany offices, occupied with the ordinary affairs, or visits, of successful business men, and well prepared to foot the bill for this "annual Xmas racket."

As the train moves on the ladies glance at the headlines of the evening papers, where they read that the Garment Workers' strike is still on, with 75,000 people suffering cold and slow starvation in a protest against sweatshop conditions and wages. At their clubs some of them have contributed a dollar to the "Milk Fund" for babies, because the babies cannot be blamed, whatever one may think of strikers. They would have liked to give more, but with a $14.00 doll and a $16.00 "Model toy town" yet to buy for the children, funds are running low. However, they indulge in the sentimental wish that at this Christmas tide every poor family might have a good dinner, and here and there one of them resolves to send her children with a Christmas basket and old clothes to a "Settlement" for a "worthy poor" family. Then they relax comfortably, to discuss the servant problem, complaining that, in spite of a house full of relatives, the cook insists upon going all day Thursday, because Sunday, being Christmas, they cannot get off as early as usual.

These ladies and children will be met at the station by autos, and driven through beautiful streets to spacious homes, where warmth and light and luxury await them. The parents are proud that their loved ones are to eat turkey dinners and sleep under eiderdown quilts and that is the dominating feeling in the holiday air.

Such are the Christian families.

Let us turn from this comfortable picture for a little while, and contrast it with the life of the Jews, the agnostics and even the atheists in the "slums" not a half hour away from this suburban scene.

Through these wretched streets now winds a strong and splendid procession with banners borne aloft, on which we read these mottoes:

"Not for ourselves, but for our weaker comrades."

"For workingmen everywhere, and for all time."

It is a procession of "Sympathetic Strikers," thousands of men and women, buoyed through weeks of loss, anxiety and deprivation, by the exhileration of standing by other thousands of workers, whose wrongs had heaped up, past bearing.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A SYMPATHY STRIKE

Let us come to the working people for once, not to teach, but to learn, not to offer an annual Xmas dinner, but to beg for quickened hearts and the courage to suffer for others. For "is not the life more than meat"?

* * *

Mrs. Jacobson hurries down some slippery, rickety steps, her baby under one arm and a heavy basket on the other. Through a narrow court she passes to a rear tenement and gropes upstairs through pitch black halls to the fourth floor rear. She does not pause to knock as she has made this trip many times for the Isaacs today—first to bring her shawl for the crack in the outside wall and a bag of coal for the empty stove—next with the clothes-line to dry the boy's waists.

Now she is expected with food for supper, for there is no longer any mother in this kitchen. Mrs. Isaacs who was buried yesterday was the wife of the chairman of a union, and although her shoes were bad and her coat was thin, the family of a chairman is the last to ask for "strike benefits." And that is why Mrs. Jacobson brings the coal, and half of her week's strike rations, without question, and takes up the extra tasks of cleaning for Isaacs and his boys. Mrs. Jacobson is a widow with six children of her own, but the oldest girls are skilled workers and their shop has "signed up." Monday they will get the first pay, and then they must help the rest to win.

There will be no Christmas tree in the fourth floor rear, but there will be fellowship, between the Isaacs and the Jacobsons.

* * *

Next, let us consider the Biontis—they are Italians and anarchists, a combination seldom known.

At the various Strike Food Stations, among the huddling, patient, waiting figures, torn between shame and need, we shall often see half-starved, coatless men and women who ask aid, not for themselves but for a neighbor or a "boarder."

"He no want eat notting," Mrs. Bionti is explaining with wild gesticulations of distress and many incomprehensible Italian ejaculations.

This little woman's skin has not been carefully massaged. Her skirt and head scarf are not immaculate. But out from her troubled, appealing eyes yearns infinite tenderness, and between the lines of hardships and anxiety on her face shines a soul, unquenchable. Her husband, who speaks even less English than his wife, keeps excitedly showing his union card and reiterating: "Millk, Millk."

"But you have no baby, Maria?" says the chairman of the milk committee.

"Wanta de millk for scab," she replies. "He no want eat notting."

And this is the story, which explains that sentence:

Antonio Bionti was faithful on picket duty, week in and week out. Once the "boss" had imported strike breakers from Rochester and among them was a poor, ragged Hun, desperate from long, fruitless job-hunting. Antonio had found him difficult to convert by peaceful methods as he was unable to understand even the word "scab." But by some means which was not disclosed he had finally "persuaded" the strike breaker to quit work for the struck firm.

Then, later, had dawned upon Bionti, the unpleasant realization that the Hun had not only no job, but also, no home, no food, and no friends. Therefore, Antonio and Maria had decided to let bygones be bygones, and to invite "the scab" to add himself to the already large number of "boarders." This impulse came rather late, it seems, for the new lodger proved indifferent to any luxury, except a bed. This he took to gratefully, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

"The scab no want eat notting," Mary repeats with pathetic remorse. As she and Antonio go off with the milk and promise of a doctor, to do their best with the embroidered wedding pillowcases and the blue quilt, to make amends to their brother, the Hun, it might be a good illustration of the text: "If thy brother trespass against thee, forgive him."

* * *

And shall we venture to the prison gate, for still another lesson? Here we shall find it:

Poor, cowering Silvitch has been brought out of the lockup for trial. Silvitch hails from Kishinef, and brings with him hideous terrors, born of indescribable outrages witnessed there. Happening to be caught in a sudden "rush" of police upon a so-called "mob," he is now before the magistrate with a dozen other strikers, his cowardice so conspicuous that he becomes the butt of his companions' jests.

"We'll all hang sure," predicts one drawing an imaginary rope around Silvitch's shrinking neck.

"Siberia, at the least," says another, with rolling eyes.

Whereupon the wretch falls upon the floor at the judge's feet, ghastly white, and groveling, screams for mercy.

Suddenly, through the midst of the laughing crowd, a little figure makes her way, and Magdalina Dousek, a pretty Bohemian girl who has just been discharged after false arrest, pushes to the front.

"How you mek to laugh?" cries she, angrily. "Please, I shall pay?" And from the end of her head scarf, with awkward fingers, she unties her last two dollar "strike benefit" and offers it to the judge, in payment for the release of the pitiable Russian Jew.

* * *

Where then shall we go to see a revival of the true spirit of Christ? To the exclusive homes of the prosperous, who celebrated Christmas with Holly wreaths and orchids, or to the shanty of the despised "foreigner"?

"I was an hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Judged by such tests as these, we must grant that our sisters and brothers of the working class should be our teachers; we must admit that in this Christmas season, we have much to learn from the Jews, the agnostics and the atheist among the striking garment workers of Chicago.

My Uncle Isie

I wasn't much on politics,
Till Uncle Isie ran
Upon the Socialistic plank
To be our Congressman.

My maw—well, what *she* thinks don't count,
And paw—he's a mugwump.
But Uncle Isie knows his mind—
And he is ist a *trump!*

Yes, Uncle Isie I am sure
Knows more 'an all the rest;
He stands right up and says he's *sure*
At Socialism's best.

So I've turned Socialistic too,
And holler all I can—
"Hurrah for Uncle Isie! He's
The one for Congressman!"

Today my maw explained to me
If Uncle Isie won,
He'd have to pack his trunk and go
Way down to Washington.

Since then I haven't hollered much,
My throat feels kinder queer—
I think I'd almost ruther keep
My Uncle Isie *here!*

I think I'd ruther someone else
Would be our Congressman;
Some other body's Uncle'd go
Way down to Washington.

A WIDOW'S MITE

But then—if he *don't* win *this year,*
Next time I'll holler *more;*
An' every time I holler
I'll be stronger than before.

Until at last I'll be *so* strong
My throat'll stop feelin' queer,
An' I'll stand very straight and give
A great big rousing cheer

For Uncle Isie—as he boards
The train for Washington!
'Cause I have always known that he's
The one for Congressman!

—Buddie.

What Is Wind?

"Wind," wrote a little boy in his composition book," is air when it gets in a hurry."

The General Election

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation

The Labor and Socialist tide is, I think, again on the turn and the results of the Municipal and Parliamentary elections to date show that, on the whole, "the movement" is justifying its name.

By accident the Municipal and Parliamentary fights came on almost at the same time, and, whatever may be the case with you, the Municipal Elections are not necessarily a criterion of the Parliamentary Elections. People in Britain still appear sometimes to take two entirely different views upon local affairs and upon national affairs. Here is a table which will show you the results of the last three years' Municipal fights:

	1908. Net.		1909. Net.		1910. Net.	
	G.	L.	G.	L.	G.	L.
I. L. party...	29	32	25	17	25	14
Soc. Dem. ..	7	12	6	4	5	1
Trade U.	6	32	24	11	25	12
Undefined Soc.	3	2	..	..	1	..
	33 NetL.		23 Net G.		29 Net G.	

In analysing the above, it must be remembered that the I. L. P. candidates all run either under the I. L. P. banner alone, in which event they stand as Socialists, or under joint Labour and I. L. P. auspices, when they run under the title of "Labour." The words "undefined Socialists" defines itself, whilst the Trade Unionists, many of whom are confessed Socialists, are those candidates adopted purely as Labour candidates, and put forward under Trades Union auspices alone, and have been included under the "Trade Unionists" head.

Nobody appears to be able to give satisfactory explanation of the divergent opinons upon local as opposed to national elections. In London for instance, in the past it has happened that when the London Borough Councils (i. e., the local authorities for administering local affairs) have returned "progressivists" (a term which includes, generally, all those who are moving towards the collectivist ideal) the London Parliamentary constituencies, as they nearly always do, returned Conseratives. On the whole, however, our advance locally means our advance nationally.

At the moment of writing, so far as the Parliamentary elections are concerned, 298 members have been elected out of the 670 who form the British House of Commons. The Liberals and Tories appear to be about level so far as net losses and gains are concerned, but the Labour party has a net gain of one seat to its credit. Whitehaven, the great colliery district of the north has been won for Labour by a coal miner who opposed Col. A. Jackson, one of the "don't care a continental" breed, or as they are called here—the "Haw-haws."

The Parliamentary constituency of Battersea, which I fought against John Burns, Cabinet Minister, has returned him with an increased majority, the Socialists only polling about 500. However, the comrades regard the securing of even this number of votes for a man running as a Socialist, against the most strongly entrenched Cabinet Minister in England, as satisfactory, and the daily papers have been flooded out with photos and news pars, of our doings. In two days alone we held about 30 meetings, in one of which we broke all records for the constituency, and we believe that if we can get 500 votes in a seven-days' campaign against a man who has sat for the constituency for seventeen years, and that without any organization or outside help, the seat can be won for Socialism at a future election. The seat has never been contested before by a man running as a Socialist.

Victor Grayson in an adjoining constituency in London only polled a miserable 408 votes, and that after the most tremendous efforts almost the whole movement concentrating upon his constituency. This is in extraordinary contrast to the great fight he put up when he won Colne Valley against overwhelming odds. But London is not Yorkshire, is excessively conservative, and difficult to fight. Then Hyndman the veteran has gone down badly at Burnley, where he stood as the only official candidate of the S. D. P. in Britain. His previous poll was lowered by over 1,000 votes.

This is a terrible blow to the S. D. P., who, up to the present, have been unable to get a single man into Parliament, and in my opinion justifies my criticisms of a policy which has divorced them from Labour. However, I will write a *resume* of Election Policy in my next article.

The aggregate of votes for all parties has been much lower during this election, only 78 per cent of the electors going to the poll as opposed to 86 per cent in the January General Election. At present 190,596 votes have been cast for Labour and Socialism as opposed to 228,684, for the same seats in January, but the two orthodox parties also show considerable reductions.

Yet, on the whole, the results to date indicate, as I said, that the tide of the movement has turned again in our favour.

The lowest poll recorded is that of twenty-two by a candidate who ran under the auspices of one of the Votes for Women "constitutional" societies—that is, one of the tame variety who regard force as unladylike. I hope they like the result.

There is not space to write upon the extraordinary dimensions which the Votes for Women movement is attaining. I must say that in my fight at Battersea the hundreds of women thrown into the constituency worked for me like the splendidly-mettled women they are. I have reason to believe that some very daring schemes are about to be put into operation by the "militants" in order to bring the government to its knees, whether Liberal or Tory, and they are rapidly making politics impossible for the politicians. The women have done more to strip Parliament and the people in it of "the dim religious light" with which it is surrounded, than any other force—not excepting even the forces of Labour and Socialism.

I will see whether in my next talk with the readers of the COMING NATION I cannot give you some idea of the way in which the feminine leaven is leavening the whole lump of British politics.

Tolstoy on Revolution in U. S.

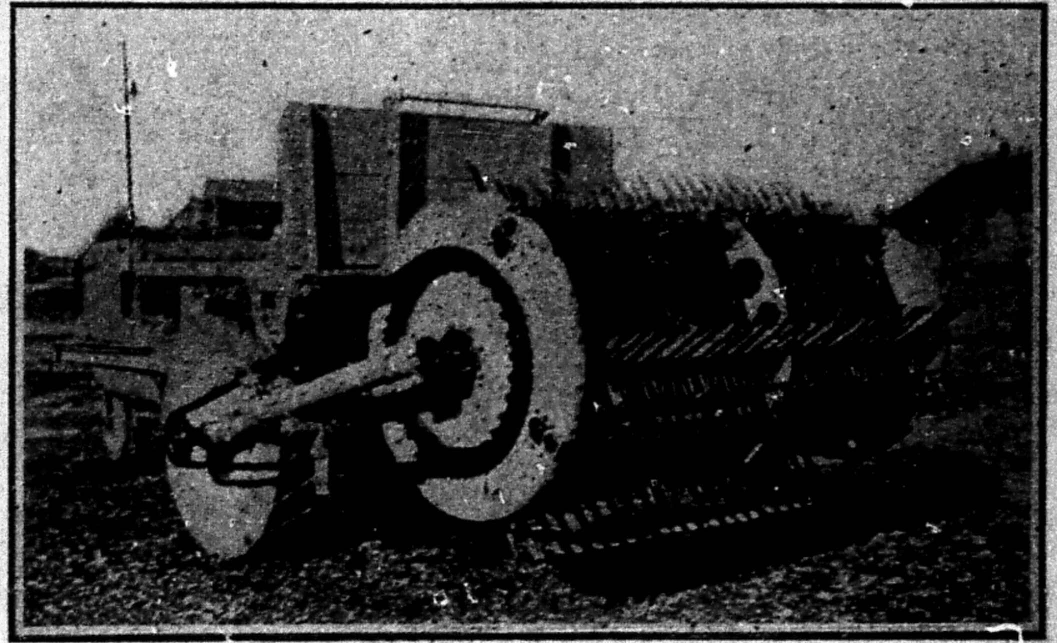
"Is it true," was one of Tolstoy's questions to an English visitor in talking about conditions in America, "that there are men in the United States with as much wealth as they say?"

The reply was in the affirmative and Tolstoy then asked: "What religion do these men profess?"

His visitor told him he believed they were all Christians. Tolstoy remained silent for a minute or two, then remarked:

"I think the social revolution will break out first in the United States."
—*New York Sun.*

And the right of a man to labor and his
right to labor in joy
Not all your laws can deny that right
nor the gates of Hell destroy.



A New Motor-Driven Plow

All over the world the problem of the mechanical cultivation of the soil is being attacked. A Swiss inventor has approached the problem from an original point of view as the accompanying cut will show. This machine goes back to the principle of the hoe. A revolving drum driven by any sort of motor is attached to the rear of a vehicle. This drum is covered with projections which till the ground and propel the vehicle at the same time.

"Such a combination," says H. E. Miller in the *Scientific American*, "permits a strip of great breadth to be hoed to any depth desired, with the minimum of energy necessary, because the car, instead of meeting resistance to its movement, works itself forward by the action of the drum and the hoes. For this reason the car itself can be made very light and requires a comparatively small motor, whereas, it leaves the field thoroughly worked to any depth required, ready for sowing. This machine is worked by one man.

Each machine is supplied with a number of sets of tools, varying according to their application; and it may be especially mentioned that dry farming, according to the method originated by Mr. Samuel Campbell in the United States, which is almost universally known today, can be admirably performed by employing this machine.

With one man to operate it and with a gasoline consumption of two to three gallons per hour, the following work is performed by the machine:

	DEPTH Inches	OUTPUT A. per hour
As peeling machine...	3 to 4	1 to 2
Hoeing machine	6 to 8	½ to 1
Hoeing machine	8 to 10	0.45 to 0.90
Hoeing machine	10 to 14	0.40 to 0.80
For very hard and heavy ground where plows and motor traction are unfit to do any work	6 to 8	0.40 to 0.80

Studying these figures, it must be considered that the machine renders the soil ready for sowing, and it hauls any roller or sowing machine attached to it, when performing its work.

Progress in France

"*L'Humanite*" recently contained some interesting figures relating to the Socialist party in France. The figures were given by the party secretary, Dubreuilh, in the course of a report to the National Council on the position of the party.

During the last twelve months this has risen from 57,977 to 68,950; an increase of nearly 11,000 as compared with 2,000 the year previous. In the electoral field the party progress is revealed by the increase of the party vote from 877,999 to 1,106,047; that is an increase of 228,048 votes or an augmentation by 20 per cent at the last general election over the previous one. At the same time the party forces in Parliament were increased from 54 members to 75. At the cantonal elections also, the party has achieved a similar measure of success, the party candidates elected being now 149.

Some three years ago, or thereabouts, "*L'Humanite*," the central organ of the Socialist party in France, was, we remember, in difficulties, but a strenuous effort was made to pull through the crisis, and the figures recorded by Dubreuilh show that the famous daily journal is now very much alive and flourishing. In Paris alone the average sale during the summer of this year was 41,000, and even during August and September—which are about the worst months in the year for the newspaper press—the circulation never fell below 36,000. In France generally the circulation is steadily rising. Taking the average daily circulation of the journal, we find that during the months of July, this was 106,000 and in August from 90,000 to 95,000. During the great railway strike, when special editions were rushed off the press, the figures reached 220,000. At the present moment the daily circulation has reached an average of 115,000. "*L'Humanite*" being the organ of a militant and growing party, its influence is of course much greater than its circulation would imply.

As regards the financial condition of "*L'Humanite*," it is estimated that the profits for the year will amount to 25,000 francs, or roughly $5,000.

The Grey Deceit

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

Grey is the arch of the sky
As it bends to the rim of the ocean
Grey are the waters wide
With their restless surge and motion;
Grey are the swift winged birds,
As they sweep o'er the foaming billows
And grey are the grim war ships
Which old ocean safely pillows.

And it seems all grey from
My window ledge,
Save a band low down at
The water's edge,
Where the sky blood red like a
Gleam of hope
Hath cast a glow on yon
Anchor's rope.

And the grey of the war ship
Grim and cold,
Blends into the waters,
Fold on fold,
And its presence there
Is lost to view
In the neutral tints
Of grey and blue,
While the thoughts keep pulsing
Deep and strong
This grey deceit, Oh, Lord! how long?

In the tiny life of the ground
And wood
The colors blend and it—
Seemeth good,
For a loving care hath planned
It so,
That the lives in safety dwell
And grow.

But this grey deceit, as it
Lies in wait,
Like the wolf of want, full of
Stealth and hate.
'Tis an ugly sight we yet behold
Who value blood far more than gold
And the old war ship,
In its hodden grey,
As it hidden lies,
In the dusky bay.

With its waiting freight
Of chains and gyves,
Reflects the hue of its victims' lives
They are hodden grey,
Like the cloud and wave,
And they each one sit
At an open grave.

And the dull grey sky with
Its crimson bar,
As it shines beyond
The waters far,
Like a splash of blood
On a wave dyed red,
God grant it be not upon
Our head.

Big-Tooth and the Cave People

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

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CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued from Last Week.)

OF our wanderings in the great swamp. I have no clear knowledge. I have no idea of how long we were in that vast everglade, but it must have been for weeks. For untold ages it seemed that we were wandering, endlessly wandering, through a dank and soggy wilderness, where poisonous snakes struck at us, and animals roared around us, and the mud quaked under us and sucked at our heels.

I know that we were turned from our course countless times by streams and lakes and slimy seas. Then there were storms and risings of the water over the low-lying lands; and there were periods of hunger and misery when we were kept prisoners in the trees for days and days by these transient floods.

Very strong upon me is one picture. Large trees are about us, and from their branches hang gray filaments of moss, while great creepers, like monsterous serpants, curl around the trunks and writhe in tangles through the air. And all about is the mud, soft mud, that bubbles forth gases, and that heaves and sighs. And in the midst of all this are a dozen of us. We are lean and wretched, and our bones show through our tight-stretched skins. We do not sing and chatter and laugh. We play no pranks. We make plaintive, querulous noises, look at one another, and cluster close together. It is like the meeting of the handful of survivors after the day of the end of the world.

How we ever managed to cross the swamp, I do not know, but at last we came out where a low range of hills ran down to the bank of the river. It was our river emerging like ourselves from the great swamp. On the south bank, where the river had broken its way through the hills, we found many sandstone caves. Beyond, toward the west, the ocean boomed on the bar that lay across the river's mouth. And, here, in the caves, we settled down in our abiding-place by the sea.

There were not many of us. From time to time, as the days went by, more of the Folk appeared. They dragged themselves from the swamp singly, and in twos and threes, more dead than alive, mere perambulating skeletons, until at last there were thirty of us. Then no more came from the swamp, and Red-Eye was not among us. It was noticeable that no children had survived the frightful journey.

I shall not tell in detail of the years that we lived by the sea. It was not a happy abiding-place. The air was raw and chill, and we suffered continually from coughing and colds.

We could not survive in such an environment. True, we had children; but they had little hold on life and died early, while we died faster than new ones were born. Our number steadily diminished.

Then the radical change in our diet was not good for us.

We got few vegetables and fruits, and became fish-eaters. There were mussels and abalones and clams and rock-oysters, and great ocean crabs that were thrown upon the beaches in stormy weather. Also, we found several kinds of seaweed that were good to eat. But the change in diet caused us stomach troubles, and none of us ever waxed fat. We were all lean and dispeptic-looking. It was in getting the big abalones that Lop-Ear was lost. One of them closed upon his fingers at low tide, and then the flood tide came in and drowned him. We found his body the next day, and it was a lesson to us. Not another one of us was ever caught in the closing shell of an abalone.

The swift One and I managed to bring up one child, a boy—at least we managed to bring him along for several years. But I am quite confident he could never have survived that terrible climate. And, then, one day, the Fire People appeared again. They had come down the river, not on a catamaran, but in a rude dug-out. There were three of them that paddled in it, and one of them was the little wizened old hunter. They landed on our beach, and he limped across the sand and examined our caves.

Poisonous Snakes Struck at Us

They went away in a few minutes, but the Swift One was badly scared. We were all frightened, but none of us so much as she was. She whimpered and cried and was restless all that night. In the morning she took the child in her arms, and by sharp cries, gestures, and example, started me on our second long flight. There were eight of the Folk (all that was left of the horde) that remained behind in the caves. There was no hope for them. Without doubt, even if the Fire People did not return, they must soon have perished. It was a bad climate down there by the sea. The Folk were not constituted for the coast-dwelling life.

We travelled south, for days skirting the great swamp, but never venturing into it. Once we broke back to the westward, crossing a range of mountains and coming down to the coast. But it was no place for us. There were no trees—only black headlands, a thundering surf, and strong winds that seemed never to cease from blowing. We turned back across the mountains, traveling east and south, until we came in touch with the great swamp again.

Soon we got to the southern extremity of the swamp, and we continued our course south and east. It was a pleasant land. The air was warm, and we were again in the forest. Later on we crossed a low-lying range of hills and found ourselves in an even better forest country. The further we penetrated from the coast the warmer we found it, and we went on and one until we came to a large river that seemed familiar to the Swift One. It was where she must have come during the four year's absence from the horde. This, river we crossed on logs, landing on the other side at the base of a large bluff. High up on the bluff we found our new home—a cave most difficult of access and quite hidden from any eye beneath.

There is little more of my tale to tell. Here the Swift One and I lived and reared our family. And here my memories end. We never made another migration.

There is one thing of which I must speak before I close. It must have occured during the time we lived in the high, inaccessible cave. I remember that I wandered far in the forest toward the east. There I came upon a tribe of Tree People. I crouched in a thicket and watched them play. They were holding a laughing council, jumping up and down and screeching rude choruses.

Suddenly they hushed their noise and stopped their capering. They shrank down in fear, and quested anxiously about with their eyes for a way of retreat. Then Red-Eye walked in among them. They cowered away from him. All were frightened. But he made no attempt to hurt them. He was one of them. At his heels, on stringy bended legs, supporting herself with knuckles to the ground on either side, walked an old female of the Tree People, his latest wife. He sat down in the midst of the circle. I can see him now, scowling, his eyes inflamed, as he peers about him at the circle of the Tree People. And as he peers he crooks one monstrous leg and with his knarly toes scratches himself on the stomach. He is Red-Eye, the atavism.

(The End.)

Fame's Sweet Illusion

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK

At last, at last, At Last.

The longed for occasion, the day, the hour, the minute was at hand. I had "arrived." Success adorned my brow. Fame's mantle nestled upon my shoulders.

Nimbly my fingers raced over the immaculate paper, swiftly and smoothly the pat phrases flew from my pen. Nothing irksome about this writing, nothing difficult, 'twas a pleasrure, a recreation.

Vaguely I realized that I was the greatest writer of the age, that each edition was exhausted long before another could be printed. Thousands of printing establishments were operating night and day to supply the demand. With my pen, I was furnishing employment for a million men and women.

And this was fame, fame, fame.

A special mail service with twelve deliveries an hour brought requests from hundreds of magazines that I send them some little thing, *anything* from my pen.

Every five minutes my secretary would go to the door and inform the crowd of editors in waiting that it would be impossible for me to grant them an interview, their efforts were unavailable.

It gave me much pleasure to thus ignore them. My soul was filled with a secret exultation. I laughed sardonically.

Ha! Ha!

For years I had endeavored to gain audiences with these selfsame editors. Representatives of all the great metropolitan newspapers had called for interviews, requesting just a line each, but all were refused. To my great joy thousands were turned away daily.

A long line of photographers with their cameras awaited the opportunity to gain a snapshot of "The Author at Work."

I had wealth galore. My royalties amounted to thousands of dollars a minute and I had not time to count the lucre.

I was happy; oh, so happy.

This, though, was not sufficient. I would not be immortal until I had endowed libraries, founded colleges, served as a dummy director in countless corporations, gathered costly antiques of doubtful birth or hunted harmless animals abroad.

Imbued with generosity, I advanced with firm tread to the door which was opened by two butlers in uniforms glistening with diamonds.

To the waiting throng of humble editors I made a brief address. As the words fell from my lips they were eagerly seized upon by hundreds of telegraph instruments and transmitted to publishers all over the world, while countless stenographers were busy with pencils and pads; cartoonists, caricaturists and photographers were perched in trees, on fences and the roofs of adjacent houses, all sketching *me*.

Returning to my private office I was rudely intercepted.

Some one was offering me a ten million dollar check for a two minute interview. When I reached out to grasp it my hand encountered something hard and cold.

It seemed like a bedpost. . . . It felt, unmistakably like a bedpost . . . *It was a bed post.*

I sat up and rubbed my tired eyes and saw the same old soap-box and oilstove, the same empty cupboard and my frayed garments lying near.

That was all.

Mr. Smith was reading aloud from a magazine about the size of China's population. The article stated that every fourth child born into the world was a Chinaman. Little Carmen, the third child in the family, looked up and exclaimed: "O mother! Our next baby will be a Chinaman!"

Professor (returning home from visit): "Aha! Your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his umbrella this time. See!"

His Wife: "But, Henry, when you left home you didn't take an umbrella."
—Boston Transcript.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, "who put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Perhaps it was," replied the little girl, "but kicking her shins was my own idea."—Youth's Companion.

A Socialistic Nightmare.

When conflicts blur the light of day
The beauty of creation
I close my eyes in mental fray.
And long for "COMING NATION.

When Teddy Bears and lyons roar;
When vicious teeth are grinding,
Me thinks that I the devils see
In form of understanding.

When comrades cry in "strong appeal"
To crush the preying monsters,
I see them all beside my bed
In haste to shake my bolster,

I wake, and lo, my nightmare gone,
I see in fond vibration
The minds that thought the hands that wrote
The lines in COMING NATION.

Come Have A Smile On Us

I'd love to be a bloated financier,
Or by law, I'd like to be his only son:
I'd like to be appointed overseer
Of Indian lands, to manage just for fun.

I'd like to build some railroads for the people:
I'd love to give away some monuments:
I'd like to tower financially, like a steeple:
I'd like to charge and c'lect enormous rents.

If I could only steal some man's invention;
Or could handle U. S. coal and timber land;
Then I'd try for office in the big convention:
I'd rule the country with an iron hand.

I'm qualified for any high position:
I'm dishonest—I could persecute or steal:
I'm hard-hearted and have got the dispo-ition
To turn the deaf ear to the poor's appeal.

I'd like to spend about ten million dollars
For art that's worth about ten-hundred cents:
I'd like to build a knowledge-box for scholars,
To teach the boys and girls to have NO sense.

Ah, how I'd like to squeeze the little fellow!
How I long to see him grind his teeth and moan:
I'd like to twist the thumb-screws till he'd bellow;
And I'd laugh with glee while ousting him from home.

I'd want to own a pew in some fine church then,
And on Sunday I would go in there and kneel;
And pray to God for prosperity for all men;
For the more they got, you see, the more I'd steal.

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

A Solved Riddle.

What want we then? A brighter day,
More leisure and a bit more pay,
A venue from the workshop hell
That we may have a breathing spell,
A measure of the larger life,
Some time for children and for wife,
A respite from the ceaseless fret?
You bet.

And is that all? Well, its a part,
The faint suggestion of a start;
We'll mention, growing bold and strong
Some others as we jog along,
Until at last—You'd never guess—
We'll take the earth and nothing less,
On that our heart is firmly set,
You bet.

And will we sit around and nap
Until it tumbles in our lap,
Or say "Oh fiddle, what's the use
The owners never will let loose?"
Or shall we stiffen up our spunk
And tell them to disgorge a chunk,
In language anyone can get?
You bet.

News to Them.

"The rich are much happier than the poor."

"They would be except for one thing."

"What is that?"

"They don't know it."

Found His Level.

The man on horseback didn't come
As prophets said he would,
He found the riding on the bum,
But still, the walking's good.

"Has the judge been seen?" carelessly asked the indicted trust magnate.

"He is all right," replied the lawyer.

"Is the prosecuting attorney fixed?"

"That has been attended to."

"Then as our cause is just and our witnesses are high-toned crooks there is no reason why we should not go to trial."

The Old Style Statesman.

One election has departed;
Far ahead the next is set;
What's the use to be downhearted?
For the people will forget.
They might tear our limbs asunder
Could they only spread their net
As they gaily pluck the plunder.
But they'll mighty soon forget.

Issue then the broad injunction,
Send the working man to jail,
Courts and bosses in conjunction
Over unions must prevail.
Two long years till they can reach us
Or a ballot protest bring ;
And the placid past should teach us
They will stand for anything.

In Monopolyberg.

"What time is it fellow?"

"Just five-thirty."

"Is your watch right?"

"To a second."

"I suppose it regulates the sun, moon and stars."

"Not in this town, boss."

"What does, then?"

"The factory whistle."

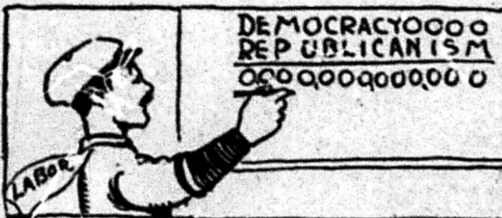
Worth Seeing.

Labor is a giant,
Large of frame and pliant.
When it finds how strong it is
There will be some funny biz.

Little Flings.

Honor is not all inclusive. It is class conscious.

Forward guaranteed receipt for heading of the Socialists to Kaizer Bill and receive reward.



Nothing from nothing leaves a democratic victory.

Thick-headed judges don't realize that they are the ones who are on trial.

History is getting over the trick of repeating.

See Who He Is.

Not a soul in jail must languish,
It's a classy joke and swell,
Causing neither pain nor anguish
Nor suggestion of a cell
While the law enforcer wiggled
With a dislocated jaw
Brought in by excessive giggles.
When a banker breaks the law.

Supply and Demand

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Once there was a Meat Magnate who was very rich, but who was anxious to become richer.

Whereupon he called his superintendent to him and told him to raise the price of all grades of meat one cent a pound.

"Do you think it is safe?" asked the superintendent.

"It isn't a question of safety," replied the Magnate. "It's purely and simply a question of supply and demand. Almost any political economy will tell you that."

"But what if the people object?"

"Then raise the price two cents."

"Would that also be supply and demand?"

"What's the matter with you Perkins?" demanded the Magnate. "I hired you to take orders: not to catechise me or argue with me."

"Very well, sir. I was thinking only of your interests, sir. You know the people are getting restless, sir, and I am commencing to think that that supply-and-demand business is a little played out."

"Nonsense. The people are ignorant and besides I can depend on my editors and my political orators to keep them quiet."

"What makes you think the people are so ignorant?" asked the superintendent.

"I don't think it. I know it. The people actually like high prices, for they believe high prices make prosperity for them as well as for us."

"But don't forget the meat boycott," suggested the superintendent.

"And don't forget that we made money out of it."

"And don't forget the indictments."

"No, I don't forget the indictments and somebody will pay well for them yet, but it won't be I. In the meantime, don't forget that I haven't gone to jail."

"And don't forget the election," pursued the superintendent.

"Election! Bosh! What will that amount to? It will be like all the rest. I don't fear an election when the highest ideal of a people is to 'stand pat' no matter what happens to them. We have the people lashed to the mast, as the slang phrase puts it."

"Beware the wrath of a free people." warned the superintendent.

"Free people! That's good. They are with their freedom as the old fashioned housewife with her front parlor—they think so much of it, they don't use it."

"There may be something in what you say, sir."

"Of course there is. And say, Perkins, while you're at it make that a three-cent raise all around. Supply and demand absolutely requires it."

"Very well, sir."

* * *

Time went on and finally election day rolled around. On the day after election, the Magnate summoned his superintendent.

"What's the latest news of the election, Perkins?"

"The law of supply and demand seems to have got in some very good work," replied the superintendent.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the country has practically gone democratic, something akin to a landslide. The demand for democrats greatly exceeds the supply of republicans."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. The Socialist vote has nearly doubled."

"Um, ah! The deuce!" rejoined the Magnate. "That is worth thinking about. Very interesting indeed. I say, Perkins."

"Yes sir."

"I think it would be wise to make a substantial reduction in the price of meat."

"I really don't see how we can do it," objected the superintendent. "You know there has really been no change in the supply and demand."

"Oh yes there has. There is an increase in the demand for low prices which is very likely to affect the supply of dividends."

The station agent handed Finnegan some change for a cigar and a package of tobacco, and in doing so dropped a nickel on the floor.

"I guess I must be one of those fellows Jim Hill was talking about the other day," said the station agent, as he reached for the coin.

"How's that?" asked the Grocery Clerk, who was standing by the showcase lighting his pipe.

"He says American working men are too careless with their money," laughed the S. A.

"Wonder what he meant by that?" asked Finnegan.

"I don't know what he meant," replied the S. A., "but for once Jim was sure enough right, right as a rabbit."

"Well, let's have it," said Finnegan, who knew that the S. A. was simply playing for an opportunity to unload something he had on his mind.

"For instance," said the S. A. "I read in a financial paper the other day that the Standard Oil company had paid its stockholders seven hundred million dollars in dividends since 1881 and—"

"I don't see what that's got to do with American working men being careless with their money," interrupted the G. C.

Finnegan smiled and winked at the S. A.; the G. C. never failed to take the bait.

"Well, I do," resumed the S. A. "It's got a good deal to do with it according to my way of thinking. American working men created the Standard Oil company, they made the wells, they built the pipe lines, and the tanks, they put it in the tanks and barrels, they load it on to the cars hauled by the railroads run by working men, they drive the tank wagons that deliver the oil to the consumer; in fact, American working men produced this seven hundred million dollars and then calmly stand by and let those who never produced a dollar of it get away with it. Yes, indeed, Jim Hill is right, American working men are alfired careless with the wealth they produce. Although I don't suppose Jim meant it just that way."

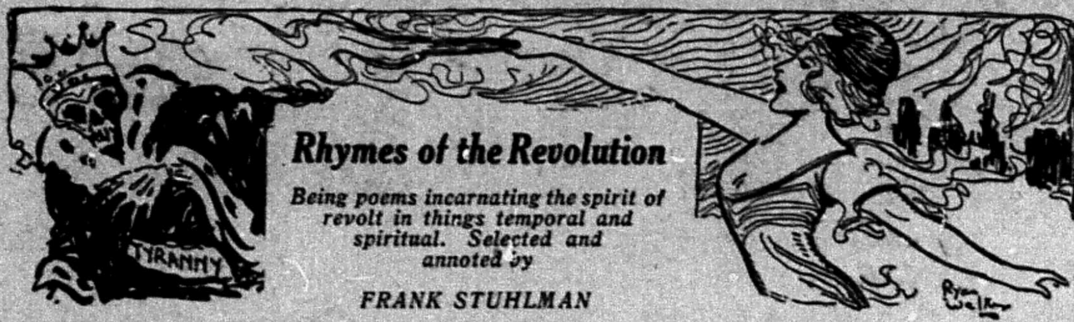
"Oh, pshaw!" said the G. C. as he picked up the evening paper and walked to a seat on the other side of the room.

Speaking Literally.

"I want to learn to make jelly," said the newly installed housewife. "Is it hard?" "Oh, Lord, no, mum!" replied the cook, with supreme pity. "It's soft."—Judge

Friend (to interesting invalid)—"Never mind, dear, you'll soon be better. Remember, it's only the good that die young."

Interesting Invalid—"You've got it the wrong way. You mean it's only the young who die good."—*Illustrated Bits.*



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the spirit of revolt in things temporal and spiritual. Selected and annoted by

FRANK STUHLMAN

Note—In the awful slaughter that followed the downfall of the Commune of Paris in 1871 the only bright spot was the cheerful acceptance of death by these "Christs of the barricates," the communards. They were truly men and women "who knew how to die." This poem tells of one of the brave woman hearts who were martyred for the cause.

Edward King, the author, (b. 1848, d. 1896) was a noted newspaper correspondent. Was in Paris during the siege and the following days of blood. He was the author of several books, poems, essays and novels. The two best of his fiction are "Joseph Zalmonah," a powerful presentation of the sweat-shop evil; and "Under the Red Flag," a tale of the Paris Commune.

A Woman's Execution

Paris, 1871

Sweet-breathed and young,
The people's daughter,
No nerves unstrung
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends,
You'll love us better,
Make us amends:
We've burst your fetter.

"How the sun gleams!
(Women are snarling)
Give us your beams,
Liberty's darling!

"Marie's my name,
Christ's mother bore it.
The badge? No shame:
Glad that I wore it.

(Hair to the waist
Limbs like a Venus);
Robes are displaced:
"Soldiers, please screen us!

"He at the front?..
That is my lover;
Stood all the brunt,
Now the fight's over.

"Powder and bread
Gave out together;
Droll to be dead..
In this bright weather!

"Jean, boy, we might
Have married in June!
This is the wall? Right
Vive la Commune!

SOMEDAY HE WILL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

Let Us Be Alive

BY J. HOWARD MOORE

I LOOK along the ages. I see peoples rise and fall and rise and fall through the long, slow-heaving centuries to come. I see also, finally, peoples rise who do not fall. They are the Race Immortal. They lay hold on the secrets of longevity. They survive by the superiority of their genius. They live on and on. They add achievement and glory to achievement and glory, but die not. They approximate gods. They are exponents of that Divine Civilization for which the eyes of Poets and Prophets have always longed.

We, who live today, who rob and eat each other and are so bold and pitiless about it, are, in that distant time, dust, as we deserve to be. We have played our little parts. We have dreamed our little dreams, and had our little day. But we have made a specialty of the wrong things. We have closed our eyes to the poor. We have not pitied. We have not loved. We have not universalized. We have bowed down to bloody altars. We have made wrong respectable. We have stoned and ignored the Prophets. *We have passed away.*

More than anything else, I think of the future of this world. By twilight waters in the dying day, often I sit long hours at a time, dreaming of the world to be. I think of the ages and ages and ages and ages that are to come and go on this earth and of the vast and unimaginable changes that will be wrought by them. I think of the time when we of this generation shall have passed away and been forgotten in the riot and displacement of the everlasting years, and only the antiquarian delving in the musty tomes of antiquity even knows that we ever existed.

Sometimes, in our ignorance, we boast of the progress we have made, and of the knowledge, culture, and art which we as a race today display. But, O, it is because of our littleness. It is the vanity of Adolescence. What will the knowledge, culture, and art of today amount to fifty or a hundred thousand years from now?—*or a milloin years from now?* They will be so far away and so rude and childish that they will not even be considered.

O, the shining and sublime career that lies before us as a race, and which no one understands or dreams of today! O, great, ineffable, and divine future. I pray you to pity those poor, miserable, ungifted generations of nothings!

We should be more eager to move along—more eager to escape the everlasting disgrace that hangs over our time. No one is so little entitled to space as the infant who stands lisping that "this is the best of all possible worlds." Without eyes and soul and understanding is he who sees no wrong in this mal-wrought world of our.

Let us be alive. Let us be liquid. Let us be young. The old atrophy because they cease to flow. Let us be loyal forever to those blessed banners that flutter everywhere in the airs of this age—the banners of those who strive for a better world. Even if we do the very best we can, there will probably not be over a dozen or so out of all those now poisoning nostrilfuls in North America who will escape being considered as "back numbers" 200 years from now.

Evolution

Yesterday it was the little store, competing with other little stores

Today it is the consolidation of little stores for the purpose of making a few people on top enormously rich.

Tomorrow the vulture of capitalism will be kicked off the top, and the store will be owned and operated by the people for the common good

—ARTHUR YOUNG.

Every wage earner's crust is in peril while a hungry man stands idle near, able and anxious to perform the same service equally well. Wage earners may well stand with uncovered heads in presence of the man out of a job. He it is who fixes the price of a day's work. He is the labor king.—L. W. Kiplinger.

I call that man idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.