

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

BY
Charles Edward Russell

Copying a Fake Reform



If social reform did not waste so much valuable time and if so many millions did not suffer so much because of the needless delays, the reformers would be the most comical and truly amusing body on earth. I see that in California they have warmly endorsed and purpose to demand "A Public Service Commission similar to that in New York," thus exactly parroting the program of the reform brotherhood in Colorado.

To anyone that knows the real history of the Public Service Commission of New York all this is the grandest joke ever known to man.

We have in the country two entirely different aspects of every event in the government and public affairs. The first is the aspect that we give to it in the newspapers and for general consumption. The other is the thing as it really is, which is reserved for the exclusive delectation of correspondents, reporters and the gentlemen on the inside of things.

As a rule, no one looking at the one aspect could detect any great similarity in the other.

Let us illustrate from the New York Public Service Commission.

In 1905 and 1906 there was a very strong and growing movement in New York for the public ownership of public utilities. A new party was organized with Public Ownership as its platform. Aldermen and assemblymen were elected upon it; every assembly district in the greater New York was organized for the new party, which grew amazingly.

Deadly terror fell upon the gentlemen that for many years had reaped colossal fortunes from these utilities. They saw close at hand the destruction of the easiest and surest money making device that man ever possessed. They might even have to get off the backs of the people.

Chief of these frightened gentlemen was Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, traction king of New York.

A gubernatorial election was coming on. Mr. Ryan picked out Mr. Charles Evans Hughes as a handy man and made him Governor of New York.

Mr. Hughes in the Governor's office turns around and obliges Mr. Ryan, his creator, by putting through the Public Service Commission fake.

By means of this device, of which Mr. Ryan himself was undoubtedly the author, all complaints about bad service, excessive charges and the like, made against the public utility corporations were referred to the Commission, where they could be conveniently lost.

But meanwhile having the Commission as a reputed cure for all their troubles, the people's minds were entirely diverted from public ownership, the public ownership movement instantly perished and the whole subject was forgotten.

Which was exactly what Mr. Ryan desired and had planned to achieve.

The New York Public Service Commission has now been in existence for four years.

It has done absolutely nothing except to

spend more than a million dollars a year, order some trifling changes in schedules, catch and suppress the complaints of the plundered and maltreated public, and keep the people from revolt against the fortunate insiders.

Yet the reformers of Colorado and California purpose to copy this fraudulent and worthless institution.

Now, either they know what it really is and where it came from, in which case they are conscious and intentional allies of the corporations doing the corporations' dirtiest work; or they do not know, in which case they are just plain chumps.

There is nothing between for them, because if they don't know they ought to know and they can very easily find out if they will ask two or three questions.

If the reformers in California and Colorado desire to serve the corporations, they would do well to come out from cover and say so. The world can have a measure of respect for

The First Victory

The first victory in the Appeal's contest with the corporation controlled federal judiciary in the Frank Lane case has just been won. Judge Pollock has refused to hear the case in his court. It is, therefore, remanded for trial in the state district court in Crawford county, Kansas, where it will come up for a hearing during the January term. Read carefully the story on page eight of this issue.

the pirates that fight in the open for their plunder. It can have nothing but ineffable contempt for those that use their prayer books as masks for the looters.

Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, the hero of the above episode, has since been made a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Picking Supreme Court Judges

His appointment must have made Mr. Ryan chuckle. All the recent appointments to the Supreme Court bench must have occasioned joy in the breasts of Mr. Ryan and his friends. Look over the list. It is rather astonishing.

Judge Lurton, known as "Private Car" Lurton because of favors he is alleged to have accepted from the railroad companies.

Mr. Hughes of Public Service Commission fame, killer of the two-cent fare bill and foe of the income tax.

Judge Van der Wenter, who gave the decision for the railroads in the lemon rate case.

Justice White, the new Chief Justice. Justice White wrote the decision in the celebrated Macon Groceries case, a decision that has probably been of greater value to the railroad companies than any other handed down in twenty years.

Mr. Morgan must contemplate this list with great satisfaction. He must feel that business interests have nothing to fear from a court so constituted.

But what do you suppose inspired President Taft to the choice of these men?

The decision in the Macon Groceries case was that a railroad company can be sued only

in the jurisdiction in which it is incorporated. That is to say, if you wish to sue the Southern Pacific Company, you must go to Lexington, Kentucky, because that is where the company is incorporated.

Grand!

* * *

Hughes is a justly famed dispenser of plati-tudinous humbug. The other day he favored us with the highly original remark that it would be a terrible thing if the people of the United States should lose their respect for their Supreme Court.

Contempt for the Supreme Court

Oh piffle! Why terrible? Wherein terrible? How does respect for the Supreme Court keep the universe together or provide daily meals, or raise wages or grow crops or maintain the nation or perform any other rational function? How sickening is all this flub-dub! The entire population of the United States might go about filled with an unspeakable contempt for the Supreme Court and the feeling would not make a particle of difference to any human being. How absurd to have these solemn pretentious owls running around talking such nonsense and giving it out as if it meant something! How still more absurd to have the people listening to their empty bosh and calling it great! It was the ability to utter with a smug countenance the sententious commonplaces of reform that gave Hughes all his reputation as a reformer. I know of few facts in American history that are more remarkable.

An esteemed contributor writes to the COMING NATION objecting heatedly to my recent remarks about the futility of the American

Good Men Worse Than Bad Men

College education and its reactionary influence. This gentleman says that many of the most radical and progressive leaders of the day are college men and that the influence of the American university is almost always on the side of progress.

Is it? Well, if it is my observation has been utterly worthless. If I know anything about life in my native land the college-bred element as a whole is the most dangerous we possess.

At all times, brethren, this country is in far more danger from its good men than from its bad.

Its bad men never preach that democracy is a failure and that what we want is a strong centralized government with one man to run it. That doctrine comes exclusively from the good men.

Bad men never talk about the evils of a republican form of government and look yearningly upon a monarchy like that of Great Britain. Such ideas emanate only from the good men.

Bad men never condone crime among the rich, never think there should be one kind of justice for the rich and another for the poor, never think it is dreadful for a hungry man to steal a loaf of bread, but admirable for a traction company to steal a fifty million dollar franchise. Such views are confined exclusively to good men.

Bad men never think of the working class as contemptible. Bad men never scheme to have union leaders hanged for crimes they have never committed; bad men never defend kidnaping; bad men do not believe in pervert-

ing the courts so as to punish those that speak too freely. Bad men do not sit around clubs and talk about "the ignorance of the masses," nor uphold the right of wealth to rule, nor fall to the floor in adoration before the image of Mr. Morgan. All these things are done by good men.

Bad men never tell you that the suffrage is too extended in this country and that what we need is to have it restricted to men of intelligence and property. Bad men never feel that because one has learned and forgotten something about Greek roots one is an eminent person. Bad men never think that because a man works with his hands and serves his time he is, therefore, a contemptible object. All of these triumphs of the superior intellect are reserved for good men and are largely the product of the American university as at present conducted.

That being the case I will take my chances with the bad men.

* * *

There is something very pathetic, anyway, about the facility with which the American people are fooled concerning their leaders and the fidelity with which they cling to their fallen idols. Take the Roosevelt craze for an example. No one need bother about Roosevelt now, for he is down and out, and his influence is not worth attacking, but merely as a curiosity in the study of the human mind, look at this most singular fact that no revelations about the true Roosevelt ever shook for a moment the devotion of the Roosevelt maniac to the image of a false Roosevelt set up in his adoring mind. No other man in American public life has ever been so manifestly and on so many grounds unfit to hold office in a Republic, but to all demonstrations of this kind the Rooseveltian has but one reply:

"We must have a leader, you know."

If you saw a man buying a horse in that way you would say he was crazy. You show him that the horse is spavined, has ring-bone and the heaves, is blind, halt and lame and the man admits all these defects but still declares that the horse is the best, grandest and greatest horse in the world.

"Why?" say you in utter bewilderment.

"Because," says the man, "Dr. Abbott and Jake Riis told me so."

The typical American University never taught democracy as a fundamental article of faith, never taught anything about the degradation of mankind nor

Are Universities Instruments of Evil?

how unnecessary it is, never inspired any student to think of the only object of life that is worth while, never asked any student why in a world overflowing with abundance a majority of the inhabitants have not enough to eat, never inspired any student to care a hoot about the masses of his fellows, never gave a glimpse of the really important problems, never did a thing except to further snobbery and increase the number of snobs. It is the hot bed of snobbery, the bulwark of reaction and the fountain-head of snobbery, and pharasaical and smug-faced reform. It works far more devilry in the community than the ordinary citizen ever imagines and when we come to the show-down with the powers of evil, one of the worst we shall have to deal with is the influence of the American university—as at present conducted.

How can you expect anything else when our universities are financed by Rockefellers, Archbalds, Amasa Stones and Ryans, and when they are conducted by men like old Fog Horn Day and Nicholas Murray Butler? How can you expect anything else so long as Willie can be a member of the Eat a Piece of Pie Fraternity and swell about in his superiority over the Barbs? How can you expect any-

thing else when all his instruction tends to possess him with the idea that he belongs to a class apart from and far above the common herd? How can you expect anything else when all his days he is taught that nothing is worth while except money and it doesn't make much difference how you get it?

Fifty per cent of the young men that every year enter the employment of the Wall Street brokers' offices are university graduates, more than fifty per cent some authorities assure me.

If they went to work for faro banks or to play the piano in a dive, loud shrieks of horror would go up from the element of the good, the superior and the educated. Going into gambling in Wall Street, they arouse no adverse comment. Let us have done with all this hypocrisy. Every observer of life as it is knows perfectly well that in a faro bank the young man would have far less chance of going to hell. Why not say so?

If the American University were anything but an instrument of evil you could no more get one of its graduates into the sordid, wretched and dishonest Wall Street game than you could get him to swim in the burning lake.

The only object of life held up as advisable in our universities and halls of learning is material success. Get rich, win something, grab something from somebody else. Now, as a matter of cold fact and not of theory or doctrine, that kind of success is always a miserable failure.

Here is Mr. James B. Duke, one of the richest men in the world, and according to the university standards, one of the most successful and admirable.

He is one of the commanders of an institution engaged in securing the retail tobacco trade of the United States and thereby augmenting the institution's profits, which Mr. Duke shares.

Mr. Duke has many millions and is getting more. They are of so little use to him that he is now engaged in expending them to build an artificial mountain. He could have bought any number of mountains ready made and of any size or shape desired. There would be no fun in buying a mountain so he is making one—on the plains of New Jersey. It is said that his artificial mountain and the artificial brook that will run down it over artificial waterfalls will cost him about \$30,000,000—a fact that smokers will appreciate, since this great work is built out of their contributions.

A YEAR or two ago General Booth of the Salvation Army announced a plan for the founding of a University of Humanity in which young men and young women were to be taught something about the poverty, suffering and misery in the world, and of course the General's idea of the way these might be relieved.

The wise world laughed at the idea. How absurd! What could you learn in such a school that would enable you to skin your fellow man and get rich?

General Booth's way of abolishing poverty would never get anywhere, but after mature deliberation I am convinced that the subjects he purposed to teach in his school are vastly more important and rational than the intellectual lumber now being piled up in the heads of our young men at most of our esteemed institutions of learning.

It is infinitely more important to know that one-half of the people of the United States are very poor, than to know that in a right-angle triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. When Jack London told the Harvard students about the scenes of terrible poverty that he had witnessed they laughed. If he had told the same story to some savages

I have met in my travels they would have wept. Just as a matter of personal comfort I should prefer to associate with the savages.

Clothing the Hungry Democracy

The present position of the Democratic party possesses elements of humor.

Having been called back to life as the result of a blind revolt against the rotten plunderers of twenty years, it finds itself the Rip Van Winkle of the political arena. Reawakened after a long lapse, when it was apparently not only dead, but gangrenous, it wanders into the halls of State wearing a vacant and bewildered smile.

The places thereof know it no more. It is a stranger in a strange land. The people watch it with curious eyes, having long since forgotten its face, its one time meaning and its vanished significance.

In the expectation of fat feeding when the dinner bell shall ring and patronage fall to its lean and hungry claws, it now casts desperately about for the garments wherewith to clothe itself respectably and sit to meat in public gaze.

Happy thought, there is the tariff. Of course. A very presentable pair of pants should be cut out of the tariff.

By fumbling around the high cost of living some further material may be obtained toward temporarily cloaking its nakedness.

The House Committee on Committees and the revolt against the Speakership should furnish a decent veil for a time.

Denunciations against the trusts, though pretty greasy and threadbare, will supply embellishments.

Behold, then, the rejuvenated totterer, garbed in a heterogeneous collection of worn, revamped and emergency issues, and ready to enter upon the mission to which it has been called.

Poor old pathetic figure.
And hungry—oh, so hungry!

BE wise in your criticism of men in public life. Be sure and understand both sides of what you criticize."—Roosevelt to Harvard students. Do you remember, friends, when the land was filled with a brazen voice that denounced everyone as a liar and an infamous scoundrel who chanced to disagree with one Theodore Roosevelt?

Do you remember, friends, when union labor and other radical leaders were branded undesirables and placed in extreme peril by the violent actions and utterances of one Theodore Roosevelt?

Do you remember, friends, when Socialism was maligned and slandered by a man that lacked the slightest knowledge of its nature or purposes, one Theodore Roosevelt?

"Principles," says Pope, "turn with time."
"Right," says Colonel Crazy Horse.

What have you done about the Warren case?

I cannot see how the man of any radical faith, Socialist or otherwise, can deal squarely with his conscience unless he has in some way registered his protest against this barbarous injustice. For no crime and for no actual violation of the law and for nothing except his opinions and his stand for justice, it is proposed to imprison this friend of humanity. I can see no escape from the conclusion that if we acquiesce in silence we are sharing the guilt of the terrible wrong. That is a kind of responsibility I do not care to undertake, and to keep on good terms with myself, if for no other reason, I want to have a part in every protest that is made.

Register a Protest in the Warren Case.



ONCE upon a time a lot of capitalists owned a club house on a mountain side which had a beautiful echo. There were many fine things about the place, but none to compare with the marvelous harmony of the tones that replied to the least whisper of the club house folks. The capitalists, although they enjoyed their feasting, flirting, wining and reclining, found their most exquisite pleasure in listening to the echo. Often they would sit on the club house porch, with their feet on the railing, and between puffs of their cigars and sips of their champagne, they would whistle, sing and shout to get the echo's charming answer. Especially on summer afternoons they indulged in this blissful exercise.

It made no difference in what direction they called or warbled. The echo always answered with prompt vigor or lingering cadence from the fields and the forests, from the mines, yes, and from the factories. The voices of millions of workingmen united in one grand symphony to delight the ears of the capitalists sitting on the clubhouse porch. Bach never wrote a fugue so correct in its counterpoint nor Wagner an operatic poem with such subtly woven harmonies.

"God is good to us," said the clubhouse folks with emotion, "for he has given us the most perfect echo in the world."

The clubhouse was located in the United States.

Here is a little ditty that the capitalists used to carol and then wait for the answer:

(Fortissimo) Be faithful, honest workingman,
Keep busy every hour;
(Piano) For if you once should stop
to think
(Pianissimo) The boss would lose his power.

Oh, it was fine to hear these words come back, just exactly as they were chanted by the deep-chested musicians.

There were different things written out for different times and seasons (except for hard times, when the echo had a brief rest). For example, in a period of prosperity, the capitalists would intone the following theme, *molto adagio e con affetto*:

The ecstasy of profits now,
Uplifts my very soul;
Thank God, the patriotic mules
Are in each line control.

It was a treat to hear the quavering voices of broken-down, hungry and jobless working people echo that sentiment and never miss a grace note, quite innocent of the personal allusion in the last two lines.

For ordinary occasions the capitalists would give out this stanza to the people, *allegro, giocondo*:

I love to be a wage slave,
Short pay and hours long;
My master says it's good for me,
And maybe he's not wrong.

Chorus—
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! (Ad lib.)

There was one verse sung at festive times—when melons were cut on the clubhouse porch and each capitalist had his face embedded in the luscious fruit—and it went like this:

Hi-lee, hi-low,
Hi-lee, hi-low,
We work the workers,
And take their dough;
Hi-lee, hi-low,
Hi-lee, hi-low,
They like to be robbed yet, so,
They like to be robbed yet, so.

Around election time the echo was tried out with many quaint and cheerful melodies, of which the following is a sample:

Now march up to the ballot box
And keep in power the few;
To think of voting for yourselves
Is wrong, and treason, too.

But it did not matter so much about election, whether the echo answered well on one particular verse, because the capitalists had the people coming and going on several verses. The thing aimed at was to keep the echo educated up to general principles, like this:

(Fortissimo) Identical the interests are
Of moneybags and brawn;
(Piano) The harder sweats the work-
ingman,
(Pianissimo) The greater profits drawn.

This classic bit of poetry was composed by a celebrated professor in a famous college subsidized by a lot of millionaires, and it was written for a baritone voice, *con molto humbuggo*. There were other "cons" in it besides. Unfortunately the composer-professor was robbed of his copyright and died poor, but there is a monument to him still standing in a museum basement among the stuffed owls and pickled jellyfish.

It was a lesser poet, though an excellent contrapuntal artist, who composed the following lyric:

Respect the courts, you men of toil,
Nor get the Freedom bug;
Injunctions else may issue soon
To put you in the jug.

Some of the capitalists thought that such a poem was cruelty to animals and quite an unnecessary threat. What was the use of being pessimis-



tic and reminding the people about unpleasant facts? For the same reason these prudent capitalists did not approve of verses about jails, police, soldiers, strike-breakers, bayonets, clubs, riot guns, etc.

Now on the first day in the 25th year of the reign of the Emperor John D. and of his viceroy J. Pierpont, or shortly thereafter, an astonishing thing happened.

The echo began to go wrong.

The capitalists, sitting on the clubhouse porch with their feet on the railing, noticed that the lovely tones of the echo had lost something of their pristine purity and volume. At first they could not believe their ears. They imagined that because the echo had always, within their memory, been sweet, full and prompt, thus would it continue to the end of time. In fact, their idea of eternity and of heaven was firmly based on the notion

of an everlasting celestial echo.

It was frightful. The sounds that came back when the capitalists whistled or called had an ugly dissonance in them, a muttering and sometimes even a growl. The old familiar airs were marred by discordant notes, as if a brick were laid on the strings of a piano or as if Caruso, when striving for high C, were punched in the stomach. When at a sacred concert on Sunday evening the capitalists struck up
The ecstasy of profits now
Uplifts my very soul;
there came an ominous answer that sounded like

Your days of theft are nearly sped
Oblivion is your goal.
And when the startled capitalists led off with

Now march up to the ballot box,
there was an instant response:
And smash the master class.
By voting for ourselves just once
We'll make the tyrants pass.

Horrified, the capitalists ordered the band to play:
Identical the interests are
Of moneybags and brawn;

But the answer came back, double *fortissimo*:

You knaves who balance lives with gold,
With all your lies be-gone!

The capitalists summoned an eminent scientist and had him study the echo to find out what was the matter with it.

"The acoustics are at fault," reported the expert. "Certain conditions of the atmosphere and of the epoch are responsible for the trouble. The undertones of the working class do not harmonize with the overtones of their masters. The same thing happened in Rome, afterward in England in 1642, then in France in 1789 and in America in 1776. It is a natural phenomenon."

"Good Heavens," gasped the capitalists. "You don't think it will be hard to fix up, do you? It's just a local and temporary atmospheric disturbance, isn't it?"

"Well," admitted the scientists, "they do seem to be having the same trouble over in Europe, especially Germany, England, France, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Russia, not to mention Japan and Argentina, but I hope that the echo will stay normal in this country."

"Aren't there a few Socialist agitators responsible for spoiling the echo?" asked the capitalists. "Can't we kill them or get rid of them in some way?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help," replied the scientist, "because, as I said, atmospheric conditions are responsible and new agitators will arise to spoil the echo in place of the old ones you kill off. Poverty, oppression and the growth of intelligence among the masses, together with the development of the economic system, account for revolutionary changes in echoes."

Acting on the advice of the scientist, the capitalists called together their clubhouse employes, consisting of bishops, judges senators, congressmen, professors and editors, told them of the grave emergency that had arisen and of the necessity for checking the revolutionary trend of the echo from the pulpit, bench, forum, lecture room and editorial sanctum. The employes forthwith began to preach, dictate, orate, teach and write things in the interest of the master class. But the undertones refused to jibe with the overtones. The echo became only the more discordant and rebellious.

"By George, we'll club the life out of that ungrateful echo," exclaimed the angry capitalists. "D—n the acoustics, anyhow."

The effect of clubbing was to make the echo *crescendo* into a sullen roar, "Let's try the soothing treatment," said the capitalists.

So the clubhouse servants began again to scold, argue, plead and beg the echo to be good. They told the people that God had made them to be

the capitalists' echo. That it was natural and right that the many should echo the few. That society would perish without an echo. That there was no use dividing up the harmony of the echo. That it would break up the home if nobody answered the masters' whistle. That human nature liked to echo. That it would be unconstitutional not to echo. That the vested rights of the echo owners must be respected. That maybe in a thousand years society's acoustics would be ripe for dimin-



"The Echo is Coming After Us."

ishing the echo business. That if the people behaved themselves, the masters would institute contrapuntal reforms so that they would not have to answer the masters' whistles and calls more than three times a day.

All was in vain. The echo became unruly, rebellious and revolutionary.

One fine day the capitalists were sitting on their clubhouse porch, and, having consumed several cases of champagne, felt more cheerful and optimistic than usual.

"Let us all sing," suggested one of them, "and see whether the echo hasn't become good."

So they all began to carol the classic hymns about Identity of Interests, Ecstasy of Profits, Joys of Wage Slavery, etc.

A noise like Niagara came back from the fields, the forests, the mines and the factories.

The capitalists jumped up in a panic and looked at one another.

"My God," they shrieked, "the echo is coming after us."

Some of them were half dressed, only having on bath robes and slippers, but none of them waited for anything. They leaped over the porch railing, staggered and fell down the steps, and ran for their lives from the clubhouse, followed by a motley array of their legal, religious, collegiate and editorial servants. Fat and over-fed though the capitalists and their servants were, they covered the ground with amazing speed. Such a sprint was never seen in the world's history.

When the echo, or rather the working class, arrived at the clubhouse, they found it empty except for a mess of champagne bottles and cigar stubs. They cleaned it up some, set it apart as a public stable, and proceeded to establish a Socialist Republic in which echoing was impossible and every human being lived without fear of poverty or misfortune.

The time may come in our own country, when the smiling optimists will be the most frightened and helpless of all, and when the present pessimists will be the only ones who have any hopes to cheer and any clear convictions to guide.

Devices For Prevention of Accidents

By Emanuel Julius

THE conservation of natural resources has been made a great national issue. Some people are at last awaking to the fact that the conservation of human life is a still bigger question.

Compensation after injury is good, but prevention of injury is better. As some one has aptly said, it is cheaper to erect a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom.

European nations have already done much in the investigation and application of means to prevent accidents. It is to a visit to the exhibition of the Dutch Museum of Safety at the Paris exposition by an American that we owe the establishment of a similar institution in the United States. That visitor was Dr. William H. Tolman, now director of the American Museum of Safety and Sanitation, who immediately on his return to this country began an agitation that has borne fruit in the formation of the institution of which he is now the head.

This American institution is permanently established at United Engineering Societies' Building, 29 West Thirty-ninth street, New York city and is still dependent on private subscriptions. Aside from one at Vienna all the other nine in Europe are maintained by governments, state or municipal.

Some idea of the terrible waste in human energy, pain and suffering that this new movement seeks to conserve is gained when we learn that Mr. A. Hoffman, in Bulletin 78, U. S. Bureau of Labor, estimates that there are 500,000 industrial accidents and 15,000 deaths in this country each year.

To this must be added three million cases of sickness during each twelve months, most of which is of a preventable character. The terrible scourge of pulmonary tuberculosis, for instance, is very largely due to industrial, and preventable causes.

This new Museum of Safety assures us that:

A conservative estimate of the loss of wage-earning efficiency every year is \$400,000,000; this social and economic waste is caused by occupational diseases. Industrial poisons, failure to remove dust and noxious fumes, impure drinking water, poorly ventilated and lighted workrooms and general unsanitary conditions.

This statement comes from an organization that has for its trustees such men as Thomas Darlington, former commissioner, health department, New York city; Philip T. Dodge, president Mergenthaler Linotype Co.; Irving Fisher, professor political economy, Yale university; Elbert H. Gary, chairman United States Steel corporation; Edwin R. A. Seligman, professor Columbia university and T. Commerford Martin, executive secretary, National Electric Light Association.

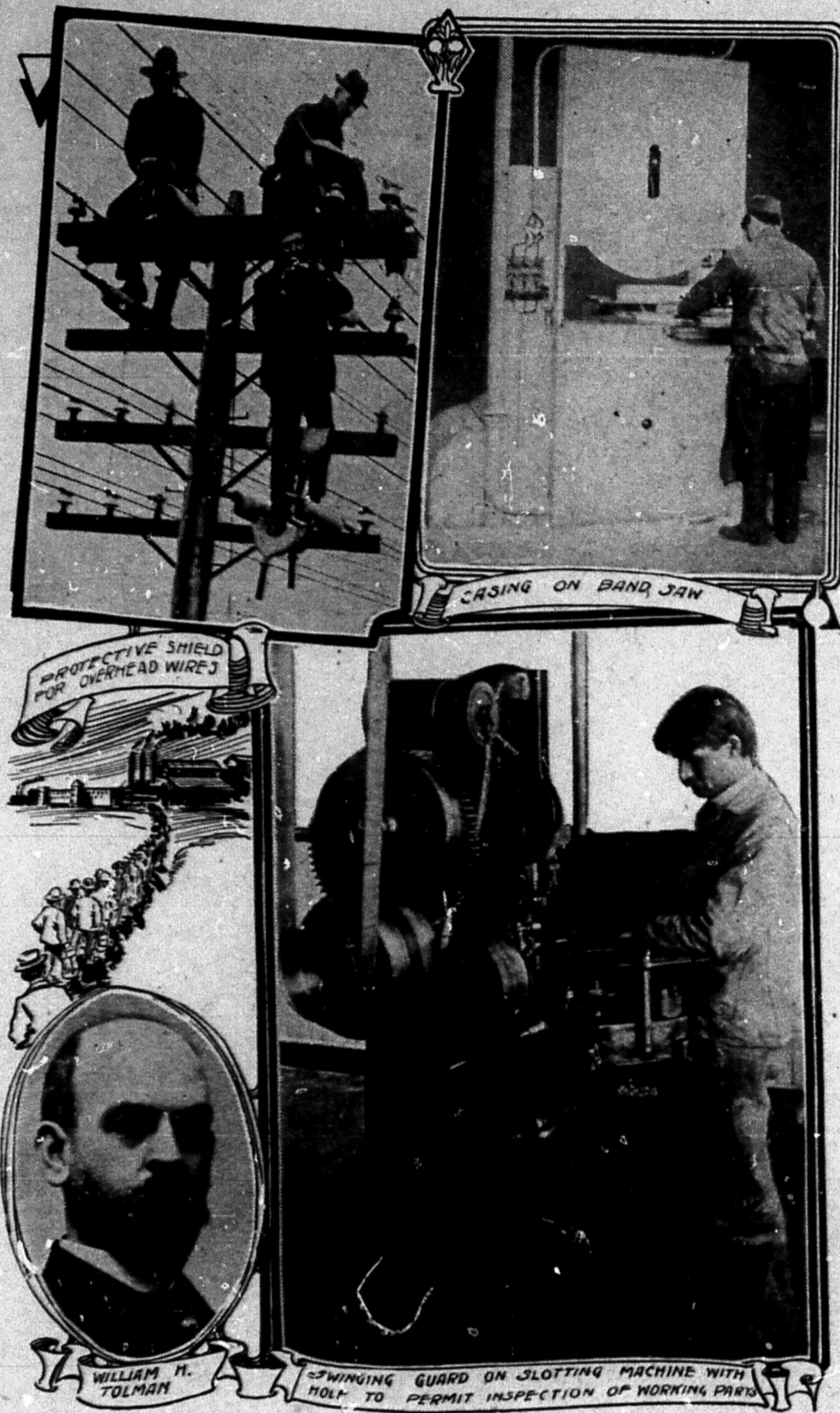
While it is true that capitalists may oppose compensation, they are beginning to learn the value of prevention. They are showing this by subscribing \$800,000 for the erection of a vast structure to house the exhibits of the Museum of Safety. Indeed, it seems as though a greater blame rested on the workers themselves.

Were the trade unionists to demand sanitary and safe conditions of labor they could be obtained with much less effort than the slight increase in wages for which they now make such great efforts.

That the unionists, however, are not wholly blind to the need of such action is seen by the fact that the executive council of the American Federation of Labor has already officially endorsed the work of this museum.

Now, let us turn to the safety appliances. A device, to be perfect, must primarily work automatically. It must enable the mechanic to attend to his work not bothered in the least by any thought of the danger of accident.

According to Dr. Tolman, the sky scraper has taken a terrible toll in human lives, while bricklayers and masons were working on old-fashioned



PROTECTIVE SHIELD FOR OVERHEAD WIRES

CASING ON BAND SAW

WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

SWINGING GUARD ON SLOTTING MACHINE WITH HOLD TO PERMIT INSPECTION OF WORKING PARTS

wooden scaffolds supported by horses and cantilevers. In five years in New York city alone there were 660 deaths caused by falls from new buildings, while 177 deaths were caused by falls from scaffolds alone. Since the introduction of a new form of scaffold that can, under no circumstances, be lowered or raised except by those on it, there have been no fatal accidents where it is in use. In the last two years 319 buildings were erected with its aid, and 8,265 machines were employed, and not a single accident occurred.

The mines of this country cause many deaths. In Europe from one to two miners per thousand are killed. In 1907 H. M. Wilson of the United States Geological Survey, reports that in this country, 3,125 miners were killed, a mortality rate of 4.86 per 1,000 men employed. In other words, for every miner killed in European coal mines, from two to four are killed in this country.

Of all men who die in mines, 90 per cent meet death through suffocation, says Wilson. This waste of human life demands reform. Are these mine deaths preventable? Let us see.

The best safety device to prevent these deaths is a simple machine which generates sufficient oxygen to sustain life for half an hour. That means that while a man is fighting his way out of a mine he is assured of not falling to the ground through the lack of air. Dr. Tolman holds that few miners are killed outright by a mine explosion. He says the gases do the work of death.

This device contains a water chamber and below it a compartment is filled with sodium peroxide. In case of accident a stopcock is touched and the water comes in contact with the chemical.

The oxygen is thus generated and this is passed through the water which cools it. Then it passes to the mouth and nose by means of a mask. A hundred such devices scattered about a mine ensures the lives of those who labor there.

Men entering cellars and trenches may easily be overcome from gas leaks but the Barnum Respirator does not permit such a happening. Fresh air is supplied by pump and hose to an Osnasus cap that fits about the mouth; the pressure inside being greater than that from the outside, keeps out the gas.

A clever protective device for a drop hammer does valuable work. A small lever is made to fit around the dies and is operated in such a manner that it knocks the hand of the worker away from the region of danger before the hammer descends. Even were a man to desire his hand smashed it could be done only with the greatest difficulty.

Wood workers are always in danger of losing hands or fingers. The extent to which this happens is simply appalling. The wood machinery safety device as described by Dr. Tolman is to be found in all the German Museums of Safety, and is in practical use in upwards of 5,000 shops in Germany, where its use has been made compulsory. With the circular cutter head the entire space is filled, so that in case the hands do slip nothing more serious than a mere gouging of the ends of the fingers results. In speaking of this device Dr. Tolman said:

"At the Lodge & Shipley Machine and Tool company, in Cincinnati, the use of this safety device has prevented an accident, which alone paid the cost of the safety device, while the workman kept his fingers where Nature intended them to be. Any employer who fails to make use of a protective device is morally culpable. Apart from the moral hazard, the safe-guarded jointer is more economical, for the workman can now use smaller pieces of wood that were formerly thrown away."

A protective device for a band saw consists of a guard for the upper laid wheel and saw and an adjustable guard along the blade to prevent the fingers of the workman from coming in contact with the blade while it is in motion.

From an expert report made for the American Museum of Safety, it is held that the horrible loss of life at the recent fire in a Newark factory could have been prevented by the use of containers equipped with safety devices for the handling of gasoline or other volatile liquids. Had these inexpensive containers been used twenty-six working girls would not now be buried beneath the ground.

These gasoline containers are made on the same mechanical principles as the safety lamps and lanterns on exhibition at the museum. These safety lamps will not, and cannot explode; they go out if dropped; oil cannot splash (a great danger in other lamps); the oil is kept cold (hot oil causes explosions); the oil is fed from the bottom of the font and is always remote from the point of ignition. Dr. Tolman actually threw a lighted match into the body of one of these lamps filled with kerosene and though I was almost frightened out of my wits still nothing happened.

This safety lamp or font is provided with a raised perforated metal false bottom and a vertical perforated wick chamber, the intermediate space being packed with wool, leaving an open space at the bottom for free oil. The wool absorbs the oil, holding it in suspension, and when the wick is lighted there are always slight drippings of oil into the lower open space whereby the wick continues to feed oil to the flame.

The electrocution of telephone and telegraph linemen is an every day occurrence. Yet, these tragedies could easily be avoided by the use of cheap, rubber shields. A glance at the accom-

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 10)

Tricks of the Press

By H. G. Creel

WHEN a cub starts to work on a newspaper—a cub is a young man or woman just breaking into the business—he is taken before his managing editor and told this: "Your business here is to tell the truth, the strict truth and all of it. If we catch you in ever so slight a deviation from the strict line of veracity, off comes your journalistic head." And they mean it. Practically every reporter starts to work with that admonition.

But now let's see; few newspapers are owned by men or coteries of men who have not other business interests. We'll assume that the publisher of a newspaper is interested in traction stock. And this cub, who has been hired to tell the truth, comes in with a story of overcrowding, or under-heating, or lack of safety appliances on the street cars. Mind you, now, everything a reporter writes is read three times before it goes into the paper. It is read first by a copy reader, next by a department editor and again by the managing editor. If it passes these three people it goes into the paper.

This cub's story comes to the managing editor. He is in touch with the publisher. He knows that the publisher does not wish such a story in the columns. So he promptly lays it aside. And at the close of that day's business he calls this young cub to his desk and tells him, as gently as possible: "In the future put the soft pedal on the traction stories. We can't use 'em. The old man's in it." That's a frequent remark in a newspaper office. "The old man's in this thing." After a few experiences of this sort the cub begins to understand. And the "truth" to him comes to mean: "Those things which do not conflict with the business interests back of my newspaper." He becomes a mental reflection of the economic interests with which his paper is identified. And yet he's hired to tell the truth.

The Case of the Chicago Chronicle.

On the old *Chicago Chronicle* every copy reader's desk contained a list of twenty-two corporations regarding which nothing derogatory could appear in that paper. The publisher of the *Chronicle*, John R. Walsh, is now serving time in Leavenworth prison. He was interested in each of these twenty-two corporations. Among them were three banks. He wrecked those banks. You remember that the crash swept away the savings of thousands of small depositors. The banks accepted money after those on the inside knew they were insolvent. Had the *Chicago Chronicle* spoken, thousands of dollars would have been saved to very poor people. But the *Chronicle* was silent. Yet you know that John R. Walsh, publisher, knew what John R. Walsh, banker, was doing. Practically every man on the Walsh paper knew that the crash was impending. But that was the truth to none of them. It was a business interest back of the paper. It applies to a greater or lesser degree on all newspapers. Remember this in the future. You'll be better able to interpret the stories you read.

Concerning Cartoons Also.

No cartoonist is allowed to draw a cartoon which will interfere with the business or arouse the antagonism of a large advertiser. In his chalk talks John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist for the *Chicago Tribune*, frankly admits this fact.

You remember, in reading your history of the great Moon Hoax of the *New York Sun*. I want to review that briefly so we can compare it with present-day newspaper methods. This was during the year 1835. It was known that Sir John Herschel had gone to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of erecting an observatory. The *Sun* appeared on the streets one day with what purported to be an extract from the *Edinburg Journal of Science*. This stated that by means of a powerful telescope Herschel had found the moon to be inhabited by human beings with wings. Great flocks of them had been flying about. The telescope had also revealed a most intelligent race of heavers. Pictures of these and of moon scenery were published. The story ran through several issues. Thousands of extra papers were sold. As the stages drove into outlying towns they were surrounded by crowds of excited people who refused to disperse until each had paid for and secured copies of the fake edition. This was before the day of cables. The deception was

not discovered until the arrival of authentic advices from Edinburg.

Of course, in our day and age, nothing of this sort could happen. The fast mail train, the telegraph and cable are protection against such gross news frauds. But this did happen during the period mentioned. Now compare it with a more recent trick of the press:

Chicago Tribune's School Lease.

The *Chicago Tribune* occupies school land in the heart of Chicago. By means of an illegal lease, signed at midnight the *Tribune* is robbing the school fund of about \$48,000 a year. When Edward Dunne was mayor of Chicago he attempted to annul that lease. Of course the *Tribune* fought him. Among other things Dunne said that the *Tribune* was not acting in the best interests of the city. To this the *Tribune* replied with a lengthy editorial in which it said:

When Mayor Dunne fills the school board with scare-brains, anarchists and fools, he is not acting in the best interests of the city. When he packs the police department with ex-convicts, crooks and gamblers, he is not acting in the best interests of the city.

Dunne had been a judge on the bench. He thought he knew law. To him this clearly spelled libel. And he actually started suit against the *Chicago Tribune* for \$100,000. But before he'd gone very far some of his good newspaper friends took him to one side and said: "Edward, don't make a fool of yourself." And he asked why. Then they quickly pointed out to him that the offending editorial said: "When Mayor Dunne fills the school board with scare-brains, anarchists and fools; and when he packs the police department with ex-convicts, crooks and gamblers." It didn't say he had done it at all. What it did say was that when he did act in that way—should he ever be guilty of such conduct—he would not be acting in the city's best interests. And Dunne had to agree with the *Tribune*. He dropped the case. The *Tribune* did not go into court. That was a modern trick of the press.

When reading your newspaper you sometimes come across a headline something after this fashion:

STATE BANK CASHIER ABSCONDS WITH FUNDS?

But few of you notice the interrogation point at the end of that sentence. You know that takes all the sting out of the libel—so far as the newspaper is concerned. In reality the paper states something; it can prove in court that it merely asked a question. Here are some samples:

I hold in my hand the *Kansas City Times* for Monday, July 25, 1910. On the first page there are five declaratory headlines—each followed by an interrogation point. I'll read two of them:

HE WAS CRUEL TO CHICKENS?

The *Times* has accused an express wagon driver of cruelty to animals. But not having time or inclination to verify the story, the paper uses the handy little interrogation point. That releases it from all responsibility. Here's another:

THE INTERESTS BEHIND WILSON?

This is clearly a case of libel—if Wilson can prove that he is not backed or dominated by what we call "the interests"—the trusts. But the sentence is clear. There's no misunderstanding its meaning. It states, without a pause, "The Interests Behind Wilson." Again the interrogation point is brought into use and the gentle art of newspaper trickery goes merrily onward.

Here's another from the *Kansas City Star* for Sunday, July 31, 1910:

COAL CONFERENCE FAILS?

As a matter of fact the coal conference between the miners and the operators did not fail. You know positively that on the 31st day of last July negotiations were not even broken off. In the light of later events you know that there was no justification for that story when the *Star* went to press on July 31st. This was printed on the first page. It was sent out to dishearten the miners in the district. It was an old newspaper trick to break the ranks of a union on strike. But to clear itself, to prove to you that it intended no misinforma-

tion at all, the *Star* places an interrogation point after a declaratory sentence.

Dodging Responsibility.

In the newspaper stories you read you frequently come across the word, "alleged," or the phrase, "it is said," "it is believed," "it is reported," etc. I want to read you something else from this same *Kansas City Star*, July 31, 1910. I want you to see that these things are not isolated cases, accidents or typographical errors. They are carefully thought out and published with intent to deceive. This is on the first page, sixth column:

A STRIKE ARMY GATHERING.

Pennsylvania Officers May Be Attacked By Four Thousand.

Greensburg, Pa., July 30.—Following defeat in an alleged plot to draw a score of officers into a death trap early today, it was reported that striking miners near Export were mobilizing an army of nearly four thousand to avenge the loss of one man and the injury of many more in a battle between the deputies and fifty strikers today.

While it was still dark this morning, a vacant building near the mines was burned. It is charged, to draw the officers within range of the glare.

Please notice that this is straight to the point. There are no interrogation points after any of these sentences. All are clear. Now let's see: In the sub-head line which gives the impression that a strike army of four thousand is gathering to attack Pennsylvania officers occur the words, "may be." In the first paragraph we find that this is an "alleged plot" and further "it is reported" that striking miners were mobilizing an army. In the next paragraph we learn that a building was burned—"it is charged" to draw officers of the law to their death. In a headline and two paragraphs we find: "may be," "it was reported," "alleged," and "it is charged." This is the foundation of the story. It is built on these phrases. But I say to you that the reading public is not familiar with this phase of newspaper trickery. Therefore these stories are accepted at their face value. And their face value is false—counterfeit. The incident here related need not have happened—I doubt if it did happen. There's nothing in this story to prove or even intimate that it happened. It could have been made and probably was made out of whole cloth. That, too, was sent out to discredit a strike situation—to "mold" public opinion.

Hitting the Workers.

Here's another from the *Chicago Tribune* for Friday, July 8, 1910. On the first page, at the top of the column under a heavy headline is this:

PLANT WRECKED BY LABOR BOMB.

New Building of International Harvester Company Blown Up; Steel Windows Hurled 300 Feet in the Air.

ROW OF IRON WORKERS.

Material Made in Philadelphia Firm's "Open Shop" Said to Be Responsible for the Explosion.

This story is nearly a column long. It clearly tells how union men are responsible for a dynamite outrage. Any man or organization of men which would resort to such measures ought to be placed where they'll no longer inflict themselves upon society. This must be true of the iron workers' union or the *Tribune* wouldn't say so. This is a big union. It has thousands of dollars in its treasury. It can hire the best lawyers in the land. They can go into court and make the newspaper prove its charges or pay over an immense sum for libel. Of course the *Tribune* is sure of its facts. Let's read the opening sentence:

Sympathizers with union iron workers and sheet metal workers are believed by the police to be responsible—and so on through nearly a column. Ah! you see! They "are believed by the police" to be responsible, accessories before and after the fact, guilty—anything you please. That little journalistic trick, "believed by the police," blocks any successful attempt to make the *Tribune* prove its falsehood. The paper releases itself from all responsibility by putting its own words in the mouth of someone else. All the money of the Rothschilds couldn't get a wooden nickle from the *Chicago Tribune* for the publication of this story which is wholly and absolutely false.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tactics

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation



PROMISED in my last talk that I would give you a resume of election and parliamentary policy so far as the Socialist and labor movement in Britain is concerned. It is something with which you will be faced in the United States soon if you fellows go ahead with the Socialist torch at the pace you have been shifting during the last elections.

But the problem here outlined is not confined to Britain alone—the whole movement throughout Europe is being faced with it in one way or another. The differences between the North and South Germans, the differences, in France, in Italy, and in other parts of the world, all bear upon it.

Revolution or Reformism; Which?

It is our old friend with the Janus head—"Revolution or Reformism." The point is whether we Socialists should at all times and on all occasions go for the throat of capitalism, using tooth, hand and foot in the process, or whether sometimes the best policy is to enter into temporary—they can of course never be otherwise than temporary—alliances with fractions of the enemy in order to beat back other factions, and with the ultimate end of wiping out fraction after fraction until Socialism holds the field—triumphant.

It will be seen at a glance that the question of policy of direct action by means of the general strike, "sabotage" (the destruction of war material, etc.), and the hundred and one other forceful methods of militant Socialism, or of using the ordered progress of parliamentary reform, is only another facet of the same problem. There are many others facets of the central truth at which we are trying to arrive which will readily occur to the mind.

Well that is our trouble in Britain. The way the Britishers (I except myself for I am an Irishman!) scrap over the best means of putting the other fellow down for the count would not disgrace the fair of Ballysloughguthery, where the entire population used to spend pleasant Sunday afternoons in eating one another up like the Kilkenny cats, until nobody was left to tell the tale. And the trouble is that our capitalist opponents are gloating over our "diversions."

The whole business is pitiful, but the game has got to be played, and we may as well face the facts and the music.

Baying the Moon.

Here is the Social Democratic Party, with its battalions nearly twenty thousand strong, wasting a tremendous lot of its magnificent energy and talent in *baying the moon*. They say in effect: "Oh, yes, we are all for the Trade Unionists, we want to work with these two millions of men, but we will only do so upon *our* terms. Before we will work with them for the acquisition of the means of life they will have to declare themselves Socialists first, and if they don't do so—why we will just go on in the sweet old way."

The treasurer of the Social Democratic Party here told me in an interview the other day that he believed the party would be in the wilderness for another ten years at least. Another prominent member of the party told me that he thought they would be in the wilderness for a generation. And these good men seem quite satisfied to face the prospect of another 25 years of beating the wind!

Again there is the hard fact that whilst they are beating the wind they are not making Socialists to the extent which they could do when working side

by side with the trade unionists. The profound mistake which our friends of the S. D. P. are making is their iron adhesion to mere economic formulae, which after all are only the skeleton of Socialism—the warm envelope of flesh and blood which is the temple of its spirit, lies in its humanitarian and its spiritual side. That is the strength of the Independent Labor party, who, recognizing that human beings are not things of iron and steel, but frail creatures for whom no exact code of rules can be laid down, try to persuade, to stimulate into consciousness, in order to bring them under the folds of the crimson banner.

The Problem of Tactics.

In a word, I think it may be claimed for the Independent Labor party that they have solved the problem of tactics by recognizing that before you can convert a man to your views you have in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to first win his sympathy, and you can only do this by working with him, as the I. L. P. has done with the trade unionists. This can be done without abating principle one jot or one tittle and without waiving the right to use direct action methods when they best serve the end in view. The man who today is advocating the general strike for the purpose of stopping war is J. Keir Hardie, M. P., one of the leaders of the I. L. P. It is Hardie also, who has drawn upon his white head so many denunciations from his comrades of the S. D. P., who in his election address placed the following words: "The events of the past few weeks in the Rhondda Valley must have shown you anew that a Liberal government is first and foremost a capitalist government. If the bloodshed—of which the police have been guilty had taken place under a Conservative government, every Liberal platform would have rung with denunciation of the wicked Tories, but because it is the Liberals who are responsible there is a conspiracy of silence in the press." And this is the man who is accused of being hand in glove with the Liberals.

Now I think you will concede that the very essence of generalship is to get your enemy to beat himself. Well, the I. L. P. recognize that in view of the vile selfishness and petty trade jealousy of the capitalist class, and of their constant desire to overreach one another, it is possible to strike right at the heart of capitalism by temporarily allying themselves with one section or the other—and that without abrogating principles in any degree. After all, the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, and flank attacks are often more deadly than frontal attacks. But make no mistake about it, the frontal attacks can sometimes be used to great advantage, and never at any time or under any circumstances must the morale of the fighting men be weakened by a clouding of the vital issue and the inspiration which comes from the greatest ideal in the world.

At the present moment, the elections are nearly over, and the Labor party have two net gains to their credit. I believe that the next parliament will show a great advance in Labor policy so far as parliament is concerned. Even now as I write events are materializing in the arena of parliament which will have far-reaching effects.

The final link in the forging of the bonds of international peace was the giant meeting held at the Albert Hall, when amongst others, Hardie and Macdonald of Britain, Jaures of France, Vandervelde of Belgium, and Molkenbur of Germany addressed the audience of 10,000. Jaures was magnificent—now declamatory, now pleading, now

argumentative. Only those who have come under the magic of his imagery can realize the pitch of enthusiasm to which he whipped his auditors. He is a spell-binder if you want it. But your own Professor W. T. Mills, who represented the United States made one of the best speeches I have listened to in Britain. He is a great favorite with us all.

The German Secret.

I have just interviewed my friend, Herr J. Kottgen, the London correspondent of *Vorwaerts*, the great German Socialist organ, a man whose writings are quoted daily in the capitalist press of the world. It is his belief, and no man is better qualified to judge, that the differences between the north and south German Socialists have been greatly exaggerated, that they will not affect the next German elections, and that in his opinion the Social Democrats of the Fatherland should sweep the country at the elections.

He considers, strangely enough, that the German party is suffering from the dearth of "intellectuals," and he is a strong believer in a leavening of intellectuals in every movement.

The German policy in his opinion has been ideal—the cool, level-headed brainy men who have built up the battalions of Social democracy have done so upon one of the most perfect schemes

of organization the world has seen, and they have above all, he says, recognized the salient fact that no real and fundamental advance can be made in a political movement until the general educational status of the proletariat has been raised correspondingly. That is why he thinks that education and organization must go hand in hand. Revolutions have their uses, but until there is a revolution of spirit a mere impulsive revolution has no lasting effect.

Comrade Kottgen himself is a splendid example of the men who have made Germany the leading Socialist country in the world. He is a tall, handsome and broad-shouldered man, whose clear eyes and confident tones indicate the thinker and the leader.

The Coming Nation.

But I am looking to you, my American brothers and sisters, now that you have taken the bit in your teeth, to pull America to the front of the vast international army. For make no mistake about it, with your mixture of nationalities, with the crossing and inter-crossing of national thought and national genius, you are going, in the time to come to be the greatest country in the world—and further—from your position of splendid isolation and of limitless resources, you one day will set the world on fire with a demonstration of Socialism incarnate.

A WORKERS HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

Democritus Materialism.

(In some way the manuscript for last week's installment of the *Worker's History of Science* was lost. It dealt with the work of Democritus in disproving the theory of final causes.)

Nothing could show more clearly how thoroughly final causes have been abandoned by scientific men, than its use by one of them as an illustration of futility. This passage is remarkably brilliant and should be memorized and pondered.

Snyder says: "The phantoms of Idealism were born in Greece; and though many have embraced, they have proven as barren as the vestal virgins of final causes."

The Idealism above referred to, while it belongs more specifically to the domain of philosophy, has vital implications for science and we shall deal with it thoroughly when we come to it.

This however, may be a good point for the reader to pause and thoroughly impress one vastly important point clearly on his or her mind. We meet so many, even among the educated who have never gotten by this stumbling block, that this warning is imperative, and the student who keeps it now will save untold and foolish blundering.

Idealism is a position in philosophy—which sets ideas above matter. Its opposite is materialism—which says that ideas are the children of matter; are never born until matter is arranged in a certain way.

But Idealism has nothing to do with ideals and only the uninformed are misled by the similarity in spelling. The ideals a man may have as to the better future of society in no way depend on his being either idealist or a materialist in philosophy.

As an actual matter of fact science, which is essentially materialistic, some authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, has done more to develop imagination than any or all of the philosophies.

The classic writers of Socialism, for example, are the most pronounced types of men with social ideals, yet they are materialists almost to a man. Not only are they materialists in science, but they go where the average scientific materialist dares not follow—they carry their materialism into history.

Indeed the complete triumph of the Socialist philosophy is due to the initial boldness and profound scholarship of Marx, who waived aside the accumu-

lated idealist rubbish of the centuries and placed his social theories fairly and squarely on a purely materialist basis.

He still looms a vast and commanding figure in the world of thought because of the magnificent contrast he presents to so many of his timid and cloudy-minded disciples—especially in America—who are never tired of explaining to a crowd of ignoramuses, who only wish to accept Socialism if it can be shown to be in complete harmony with the pitiful trash which in their minds occupies the place of ideas, that they need not accept or respect or even tolerate the materialist theory of Marx.

And now friend reader I may confide that this chapter is really an interlude between the last chapter and the next.

The greatest of all the achievements of Democritus was his anticipation of Dalton's Atomic theory. This is much too important to be given only part of a chapter as it deals with the fundamentals of all science.

It will therefore be the sole theme of a longer chapter next week.

When I see one of these men, poor and friendless—no matter how bad he is—I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes, and wakened in the light of her smiles. I see him in the cradle, listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and the little face is dimpled as though touched by the rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads he has traveled, from the mothers arms to misery and want, and aimless crime.—Ingersoll on "Tramps."

It is through hardships and trials and sufferings that the victories of civilization have been won, and behind every forward movement in the march of mankind there stands a cross. In the words of a thoughtful writer, "Trace back every good thing every noble thing, every sublime and God-like thing, and you will find its origin in want and suffering. It was the only way in which these supreme results could be produced in the world's life."—R. C. Cave.

Christ left us not a system of logic, but a few simple truths.—Haydon.

The Story of Frank Lane

By Fred D. Warren

FRANK LANE is (or rather was) a miner employed at Shaft No. 5, of the Sheridan Coal company. This shaft is located ten miles east of Girard.

On the 10th day of June of last year while engaged in removing lumps of coal that had fallen on the railroad track under the car he was loading, Frank was seriously injured, perhaps fatally. His back was broken in two places—resulting in paralysis of the lower limbs.

The loading apparatus with which the coal was dumped into the railroad car from the head house of the shaft, was badly out of repair, and as a result great quantities of coal fell on the track, making it necessary for Lane to go under the car and remove the obstruction, so that the loaded car could be shoved down the track to make room for an empty. While young Lane was performing this duty under the direction of the top boss an empty was being "pinched down" from the head of the switch by a companion. The hand brake on this empty car would not work on account of a defect in the mechanism. Its speed could not be controlled and in consequence the empty shot down the incline at terrific speed. At the bottom of the switch was the loaded car under which Frank Lane was at work, unmindful of the danger which threatened. His companion shouted—but his voice could not be heard above the rattle and roar of the runaway car. With a crash it struck the loaded car with such force that it, too, was started down the incline, crushing the unfortunate miner beneath the cruel wheels.

When the boy was removed it was discovered that his back was broken and he was otherwise crushed and injured. The wounded boy was taken to the Pittsburg, Kan., hospital, where he now lies with little hope of recovery. If he lives, it is only to be a hopeless, helpless cripple the remaining days of his life.

By merest chance, I heard of this accident—but one of the 600,000 that happened during the year just closed—and I called on the lad at his hospital quarters. I heard from his lips, pale and drawn with pain, the brief details of the accident. I could see him before the accident at his work, hopeful and happy. Because Frank had a purpose in view. There was a vision before his mind that gave strength to his arms and brought a smile to his lips. Over the sea was a gray-haired old mother, who, but a short time before, had bade him goodbye and wished him God speed as he left the home of his boyhood for unknown America.

Frank had reached the new world with high hopes. In this land of opportunity he would make a home for himself and his mother and for the lass, who, with rosy cheeks and love-lit eyes, had promised to wait until he could send for her. There would be a vine-covered cottage, with flower beds and trees and a lawn of green grass. And in the days to come these two would welcome him in the evening when he returned from his work in the mines. There would be a steaming hot supper on the table in the neat little dining room and then there would be an hour's delightful talk about old times in the faraway homeland. And on Sunday morning he would take his mother and his sweetheart to the chapel on the hill; for Frank was a devoted church member, and believed reverently that God looked after his children. This lad was truly thankful for all God's goodness to him—for the strength of his arms, for his splendid health and for his job!

And then the accident!

The dream faded—the cottage be-

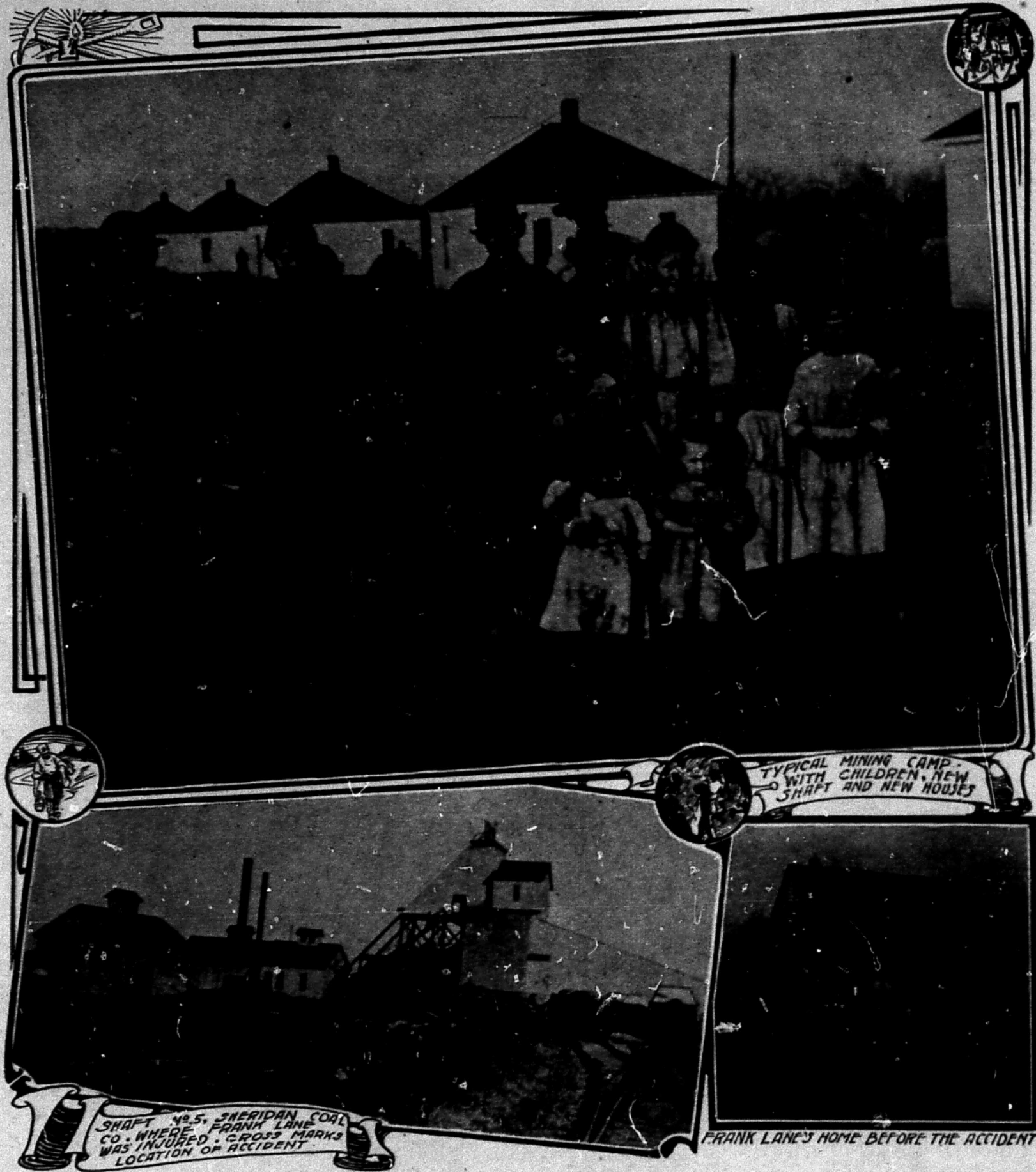
came a memory. He thought of his mother and of the girl that had promised to be his wife with anguish in his heart and a choking sob in his throat.

But a moment before he had been laughing with his companions—drink-

this not been done? Ah! Frank, that question has been asked many, many times by your despairing brothers who have been crushed and mangled as a result of neglect on the part of the Master of the Machine, who has discovered

ter with the money to pay their ship passage.

As I sat by his bedside and heard from those livid lips that story of outraged manhood, of indifference to this boy's sufferings (for be it known no representative of the company had called on this lad after his hurt, save the claim agent, one of those ghouls in human form whose duty it is to stand



ing deep of the air and the sunshine and listening to the song of the wild birds. Now he lay crushed and bleeding.

The wounded boy was tenderly laid on the ground by his companions. He looked with appealing eyes into their startled faces. He read there his fate. He tried to move and screamed with pain. Kind nature came to his rescue and he swooned. When consciousness returned he was in a room filled with the perfume of flowers. A white-capped and white-aproned woman walked silently to the side of his cot and tenderly ministered to his wants.

Then it gradually dawned on this eighteen-year-old victim of a negligent employer that something had gone out of his life never to return. Slowly the events of the past shaped themselves in his mind. He remembered that he had gone under the car to remove the coal that had fallen on the track, because of the defective loading apparatus. How cruel and unjust! A few dollars would have repaired and put it in proper working order. Why had

that human life is the cheapest element that enters into the production of the world's wealth.

Then Frank wondered how it had happened that the car his companion was bringing down the switch had run "wild." He did not know at that time that this, too, was due to the criminal carelessness of another great corporation—the railroad company. The dollars necessary to have properly repaired the defective brake were needed by the managers to pay dividends to clamoring stockholders. Later, he learned how it all happened. At first it was difficult for this simple minded boy to believe that men could be so cruelly neglectful. Then the pain forced him to a realization of his unfortunate condition, a condition brought about through no fault of his own. He wrung his hands in despair. Then he thought of the mother over the sea in that far away land. Then of the waiting girl. Tears came to his eyes as he pictured these two waiting for the letter that was to tell them to come to America—the let-

between the victims of capitalism's greed and the Lords of the Coal Mine) I resolved that the *Appeal to Reason* and its Army should fight this boy's battle, and in fighting this battle we would be fighting the battle of the 600,000 men and women and children who every year fall victims of this Moloch of Capital.

* * *

The First Move.

The following letter will explain itself:

August 6, 1910.

J. I. Sheppard, Fort Scott, Kan.
 Dear Mr. Sheppard: Learning of an accident which resulted in a serious injury to a young man named Frank Lane that occurred at Sheridan Mine No. 5, east of Girard, Kan., on June 10th last, I visited the unfortunate victim at the city hospital in Pittsburg yesterday. From him and others familiar with the case I learned the particulars of the accident. It seems that young Mr. Lane was instructed by the top boss to remove some lumps of coal that had fallen underneath the car that was being loaded at the tippie. This coal accumulated on the track by reason of a defective loading apparatus. While engaged in the work of removing the coal from the track so that the car could be run down to the other end of the switch, an unloaded car was bumped into it with

such force that young Lane was doubled up and his back broken in two places. The man whose duty it was to let the empties down tells me that he was unable to control this particular car because of a defective brake. Hence the accident.

I want you to look into this case and see what can be done towards securing a settlement from the company. You may draw on the Appeal for your expenses. If the company refuses to settle, bring suit for at least \$25,000 and we will fight it to the last court. The Appeal will pay the expenses of this litigation. If the company offers to make a settlement on a nominal basis, which I surmise will not be done, the Appeal will guarantee this sum to the young man so that in the event we lose the case he will not be deprived of the pittance he otherwise would have received.

I understand the company is insured in some sort of an industrial insurance concern which for a stipulated amount agrees to assume all responsibility arising from injuries to employes. This concern no doubt will fight this case to the last ditch with the best legal talent money can buy and we must make preparations for a stiff fight.

I will tell this young man's story to the public through the Appeal. If it were possible to take our million or more readers to his bedside and let them hear from his pale lips, in his broken English, the pitiful story of his struggles in America to make a living for his poor mother back in Finland, of his blasted hopes of comfort and happiness in the new land of "opportunity and wealth"; if I could just make the great unthinking public realize that what has happened to this unfortunate lad might be the fate of their sons, I believe we could break down the combination that exists between the corporations and the courts to prevent the crushed and mangled victims of greed and carelessness from getting the pittance that would enable them to live the balance of their pain-racked lives free from the haunting fear of poverty.

Sincerely yours,

FRED D. WARREN.

Acting under the instructions a suit for \$25,000 was filed in the district court of Girard, Crawford county, Kansas, September 24th, against the Sheridan Coal company and the Frisco Railroad company.

This suit was not filed until after every effort had been put forth to secure from these corporations a reasonable sum for Frank Lane to, in a small way, compensate him for the injuries he had received. The companies, protected as they are by court-made laws which make it impossible to secure damages for injuries to employes, refused to do anything for our wounded comrade. The Sheridan Coal company is insured by the Maryland Casualty Co., an industrial insurance concern, which, for a stipulated sum, assumes all responsibility for accidents and protects the corporation from damage suits. There are no words in the English language that can adequately describe the loathing which I feel for men in such despicable business. But this industrial insurance concern is one of the creatures of capitalism and we must reckon with it. This insurance company employs the shrewdest lawyers that money can buy. They are experts in defending their corporation masters against the helpless victims of greed and avarice. They know all the crooks and turns in a judicial system designed to protect the master and defeat the injured employe.

On October 20th the Sheridan Coal company filed its petition for removal to the federal court at Fort Scott on the grounds that the amount involved was more than \$2,000, and because the defendant coal company is a non-resident of Kansas and the plaintiff Frank Lane a resident.

On December 19th, Judge Pollock, contrary to precedent, and the confident belief of the corporations, refused to hear the case in his federal court, and remanded it back to Crawford county, where it will come up for trial at the January term of court.

Those of you who have been following the Appeal's articles on the federal judiciary know that this is the first time in the history of Pollock's court where he flatly refused to come to the aid of the corporations. Perhaps "there's a reason"—the reason being the 1,000 men from every state in the union who have signed the pledge printed below agreeing to stand back of the Appeal and the COMING NATION in this fight for the crippled soldiers of the industrial army. We need 1,000 more, and I urge you to be one of the second thousand!

* * *

Here is one case tried in Pollock's

court that will show you the kind of justice handed out to injured workingmen and to the widows and orphans of crucified industrial slaves in Pollock's court:

Mrs Emily E. Condon, aged 20, brought suit in the Wilson county, Kansas, district (state) court for \$10,000 against the Fredonia Portland Cement company for the death of her husband who was employed by that concern. The case was transferred to the Pollock court at Fort Scott and was heard on the third day of May, 1909. The evidence showed that Louie Condon, aged 27, a bright, active, vigorous young man, was killed while performing his work in this concern's factory at Fredonia.

The evidence proved that young Condon was compelled to work with defective machinery which caused the accident that resulted in his death. I am writing these facts from a certified copy of the journal entry in this case, which is No. 484 in the circuit court for the United States in the district of Kansas, third division.

This certified record shows that after the widow and her witnesses had testified, that Pollock called the foreman of the jury, W. E. Robinson, to his throne and bluntly told him to sign the following verdict: "We, the jury, in the above entitled case, duly empanelled and sworn upon our oath, find for the defendant, the Fredonia Portland Cement company."

Pollock then wrote in the Book of Tears the following cruel words: "It is, therefore, by reason of the premises considered, ordered and adjudged that the defendant, the Fredonia Portland Cement company, do have and recover of and from the plaintiff, Emily Condon, the costs of this proceeding, to be by the clerk taxed and execution is awarded therefore, and the jury is discharged from further considering this case."

* * *

I am fully aware of the magnitude of the contest we are about to engage in, but that should only increase our determination to win. Pitted against Frank Lane, the crippled and paralyzed miner, on his little cot in the Pittsburg, Kansas, hospital, are arrayed the Sheridan Coal company, the Frisco Railroad company, the Maryland Casualty Insurance company and a century of judge-made laws, denying to work people damages for injuries sustained.

Back of Frank Lane stands the Appeal Army, and back of the Appeal Army stand 500,000 subscribers and back of all these stand 2,000,000 sympathizers ready and willing to do all in their power to aid us in winning this fight.

The case will be fought through all the courts, to the supreme court of the United States, if necessary. But if we are to win this case it must also be fought before the great American jury (the people) that same jury that rendered a verdict of "not guilty" in the case of the Federation officials.

In winning this case we will establish a precedent that will enable us to win in other cases which the Appeal's Legal Defense Department will immediately institute. For, be it known, that this is but the beginning of a far-reaching campaign in defense of the 600,000 Frank Lanes who are injured every year on the railroads, in the mines and the workshops of this county.

This is the test case—the whole plan fails or succeeds with our failure or success in this contest. If successful, then we will extend the territory of our operations to embrace the whole mining and industrial district of southeast

Kansas; then over the entire state; then to Missouri; to Oklahoma; to Colorado; and on and on until we reach into every state where the Appeal Army waves its victorious banner. The winning of this one case means that when a corporation learns that the Appeal's Legal Defense Department has taken

self to pay \$12 in monthly installments of \$1 toward financing this stupendous enterprise which has for its purpose not only the winning of this \$25,000 damage suit for our comrade, Frank Lane, and for his 600,000 unfortunate brothers, but the complete discrediting of the whole judiciary system. As the certainty of this desirable result comes to you, where is the man who will not



FRANK LANE WITH BROKEN SPINE LYING IN HOSPITAL

up the case of one of its victims a settlement just to the injured working man will be quickly effected. It means more than this; once we win, it will force capitalist legislators and the Washington congress to spread on state and national statute books a working man's compensation law that will mean something, in place of the makeshifts several of the states have enacted merely for campaign purposes. And can you think, comrades, of a greater work, than this? Can we serve ourselves and our comrades to greater advantage here and now? And can you think of a more effective way of disabusing the public mind of the unfairness of American courts than to follow step by step through the slimy channels of court procedure, the case of Frank Lane, thus disclosing the methods used in the self-styled temples of justice to protect the capitalist class.

Every dollar awarded by the courts to this boy will be paid to him and to his mother. There will be no attorney's fees and no court costs. The Appeal will bear all these expenses, which, before this case is ended, will reach thousands of dollars.

How We Will Finance This New Campaign.

After you have read this brief outline of what we propose to do I am sure you will be willing to pledge your-

do this small part in this tremendous conflict?

But remember: The Appeal has never yet asked its readers for a donation, nor will we do so in this case. The Appeal has been able to finance its own contests with the courts, to finance the Moyer-Haywood fight, to finance the congressional investigation into the Mexican cases and we will continue this policy. But this campaign against the courts, however, will cost many thousands of dollars—more than the Appeal itself can raise at its extremely low rate of subscription. In order to meet this emergency, we have launched a new weekly magazine, the COMING NATION, the profits from which will be used to finance the Appeal Legal Defense League. At \$1.00 per year there will be sufficient profit to pay all the expenses involved. And so I do not hesitate to ask you to pledge yourself to pay \$1.00 per month for twelve months to carry on this work. For the \$1.00 we will mail to you one yearly subscription card, good for a year's subscription to what is destined to be the greatest weekly magazine in the world, the COMING NATION. The fact that Charles Edward Russell and A. M. Simons, assisted by a corps of able writers and artists, have been employed to do the work on the new magazine is a guarantee to you that as usual, the Appeal will make good its promises.

Comrades, the capitalists and their judicial hirelings will watch closely your response to this challenge.

Will you lend a hand? If so, cut out, sign the following pledge:

Cut Out Coupon and Mail to The Coming Nation

Count Me In This Fight Against the Courts

Here is my pledge to contribute \$1.00 per month (in addition to my work for the APPEAL) for a period of twelve months to the APPEAL'S Legal Defense Department to fight the case of crippled working men and women through the courts. It is understood that I am to receive one yearly subscription card to *The Coming Nation* for each dollar contributed.

ENCLOSED FIND \$..... AS FIRST PAYMENT.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

No.

Do not write in this space

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

An Introduction

Several thousand persons will see this paper to whom the COMING NATION is not a regular visitor.

If you are one of these look the paper over carefully. A great many people have told us that it fills a hitherto empty niche in the structure of Socialist journals.

It is built around the idea that Socialists want the best there is in literature. We believe that the best of these things belong to Socialists and that they can be produced only under the inspiration of Socialism. Even those who have felt the spirit of Socialism have been compelled to curb the expression of that spirit in order to secure an outlet for their writings.

The COMING NATION is a journal of freedom. It is offering to the revolutionary writers of the world an opportunity to speak out the truth that is in them. It does not ask them, however, to starve while doing this. There is need of sacrifices and always will be need of sacrifices in any movement to throw off oppression, but we believe that the Socialist movement of America has reached the point where it will support and maintain a publication that will buy and present to its readers the work of those to whom capitalist papers are already paying good prices. We believe this because we know that the Socialists are already supporting such publications. Pick up any of the so-called leading magazines of America and you will find that its best contributors are those who have most clearly grasped the Socialist philosophy.

So true is this that it has become almost a maxim in magazine circles that the paper that can come the closest to expressing the Socialist idea will be the most popular, yet none of these dare tell the whole truth. All of them are published for profit and have given hostages to the profit system. The COMING NATION wears no such bonds. In its columns will appear the writings of these writers and they will be given the liberty to add just that additional truth denied them in other pages, but which is the cap-stone of the whole structure.

Finally, the COMING NATION is not published for profit. At the present time, as is told elsewhere in this number, the money that may come in, in excess of expense is to be used in fighting the cause of the nearly a million workers that are killed and crippled each year on the battlefield of industry.

The Socialist Scouts

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

Turn to that full page advertisement of premiums for Socialist Scouts in this issue, and see the extra prizes for hustling boys and girls who sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason, and take subscriptions. These prizes are additional to the regular profit of two and one-half cents on each sale. But the greatest prize of all is the Scouts' knowledge that they're advancing Socialism.

Read what other boys and girls say under the head of "Scout News." If

you'd like to join this army of young agitators for Socialism, send your request for trial bundle of COMING NATION's to "Scout Dep't. Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan."

Scout News

My customers will have increased to thirty by New Years. I'm getting along well and am going to win a prize.—Norman Burroughs, O.

I sold all my papers and expect to increase my order soon.—Charles Webber, N. Y.

This is a hard-headed Scotch community but I managed to dispose of all my papers. One man bought two and had one left at the public library—Roy Knapp, N. Y.

I have now six steady customers and I have the promise of more when work begins. I sold six of my last week's papers and my mother gave one to a man who she says is hanging by a thread. He don't know what to do. I hope the paper will set him right. I am only ten years old but I realize what Socialism means. Hoping I can pick up some more customers, I am, yours for Socialism, Johnnie Gore, Conn.

I sold all my papers and will have to have 24 this week to satisfy my customers.—John H. Paterson, Kan.



SAMUEL SPARKS

Scout Samuel Sparks, of Tarentum, Pa., seldom stands with his hands on his hips. He's one of the young agitators who knows how to increase his COMING NATION route. He's doing fine work and setting a mark for other Scouts.

Producing too Much Clothing

While women and children in every great and little city are suffering from lack of sufficient clothing, the following from the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* tells how our present civilization is preparing to meet this need:

Curtailment of production by the cotton mills of New England was informally considered by the Arkwright Club at Boston on Wednesday, and it was voted that unless trade conditions show improvement by the next meeting (to be held shortly), concerted action would be taken to that end. No authoritative announcement has been made of what transpired at Wednesday's meeting, but it is intimated that the opinion was quite general that without a better demand for cotton goods, curtailment would be absolutely essential. The reason is that for some weeks past absorption by the market has been well below the volume of production, resulting in an accumulation of stock in first hands. This has been particularly the case with fine goods. With the raw material ruling high, little, if any, margin of profit remains for the manufacturers, and even this seems to be threatened under existing conditions unless something shall be done to limit the output of the mills. Talk of curtailment is not confined to New England; on the contrary, a number of southern manufacturers are, it is stated, urgent for combined action in the matter.

A mule is rather backward about putting his best foot forward.

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

XII.—RUSSIA

Revolutionary Socialist Party.

The reports presented by the various parties at the International Socialist Congress constitute a mine of information on the working class such as has never been gathered together at any one time before. The *Coming Nation* will publish each week a summary of one of these reports. If these are cut out and pasted in a scrap book, the result will be a reference work on the International Socialist movement of value to any library.

The Socialists of Russia are still divided into several parties. The Revolutionary Socialist Party represents the extreme left wing.

At the time of the Stuttgart Congress the second Duma was in session. In this Duma there were forty deputies belonging to the Revolutionary Socialist Party and the agrarian bill on which the party made its main fight was signed by 104 peasant members of the Duma. This was almost one quarter of the total membership.

This Duma was forcibly dissolved. The election law was so changed as to guarantee a majority to the landlords. Consequently the central council of the party decided to boycott the elections of the third Duma. In this action it stood almost alone, being supported only by the Polish Socialist Party. Nevertheless so effective was the boycott that out of fifty-nine factories in St. Petersburg the employees of only thirty-one voted at all and only a small minority of these. Throughout the Ural region the boycott was also almost complete.

The response of the government to this was renewed persecutions, arrests and executions.

As had been predicted by the Revolutionary Socialist Party, the third Duma was a blind instrument in the hands of the government. It lent itself to all the most reactionary measures, including the crushing of Finland, suppression of the universities and the persecution of the Jews.

The work of the party, being necessarily secret, has been extremely difficult. It has concentrated its main efforts on the propaganda of its ideas among the advanced sections of the proletariat as well as the peasants, and in organizing secret party nuclei bound by various trades to the working masses at large.

The central committee publishes six papers appearing at as regular intervals as possible. Fifty-four thousand copies of periodicals and twenty-two thousand pamphlets and books were distributed during the year ending June 1, 1910. In addition to the periodicals mentioned above, which are issued from outside Russia and smuggled in, twenty-five party organizations publish thirty-seven periodicals within Russia.

Prevention of Accidents

(Continued From Page Four)

panying picture shows one just how these shields are attached to the live wires, thus protecting the linemen from electric shocks.

Shocks to linemen are usually fatal, even though the current may not be very high, for it must be remembered that the men are overhead and as soon as they are shocked they lose their grip on the poles; fall to the ground, and probably die as a result.

From John D. Newman, editor of the *Telephone Review*, the official organ of the New York Telephone and Telegraph company, I got a dramatic description of an accident that resulted in the death of one lineman and the injury of another. These could easily have been avoided had use been made of protective rubber shields.

These terrible accidents happen often but unfortunately little effort is made by the government to gather statistics that would inform the public as to the

extent to which they occur. In this respect we are far behind European countries.

"I'm in trouble," said a pale and worried employer who called at the museum. "I've just lost one of my best workmen, through an accident on our circular saw. He slipped forward onto that saw, which cut him so badly that he lived only a few minutes. What can you show me in the way of a safety device?"

Do you know what that employer paid to protect future workmen? Twenty-five cents for each machine. All that was needed was to place strips of rubber before the machines and so prevent others from slipping onto the revolving saws.

A few of the many other safety devices on exhibition are: a safety window guard device which efficiently assures safety for outside window cleaners; a davit that can lower a life boat in less than a minute; theater doors that open automatically by merely pushing them from the inside; improved life preservers with wood fillings that are lighter than cork; metal guards that protect workmen from machine belting and gas cocks that make it impossible to unintentionally turn on the gas.

At the present time this Museum of Safety is laying particular stress on industrial safety devices but in the near future it hopes to be able to give just as much attention to sanitation. Under sanitation are to be considered water, ventilation, heating, lighting, dust, street cleaning, sewage and its disposal, housing and so on.

The museum plans the erection of an industrial safety laboratory wherein those who have practical ideas may be provided with the necessary means for experimenting and thus possibly secure their materialization.

Dr. Talmon is already at work collecting photographs and charts for the purpose of loaning them out to societies, labor bodies, etc., in order to strengthen the influence of the museum and teach the public the necessity of conserving human life. Free illustrated lectures are also to be delivered before public gatherings.

Just be Glad

BY E. N. RICHARDSON

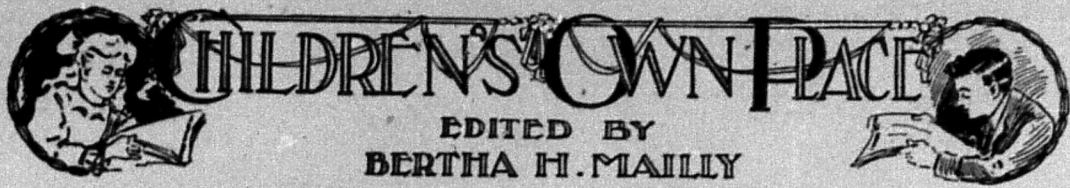
There is no greater duty than—just be glad. We owe it to ourselves, our families and our friends to—just be glad.

I was coming down the street the other day feeling rather glum; the sunshine had specks in it; my mental vision was all cluttered up with shadows of my own creation, then—then I met 'Gene Debs. As 'Gene grasped my hand I could count his heart beats as they kept time with that Song of Humanity which ever fills the great heart of his. This thought message came to me—just be glad. Then and there I promised myself I'd always—just be glad.

When all else fails I'll be glad because I have the glorious privilege of living in the same world with 'Gene Debs, Fred Warren and all the other standard bearers of the social revolution.

As long as nations meet on the fields of war—as long as they sustain the relations of savages to each other—as long as they put the laurel and the oak on the brows of those who kill—just so long will citizens resort to violence, and the quarrels of individuals be settled by dagger and revolver.—Ingersoll.

Independence of thought is what makes for civilization and progress. Believe nothing until you reason it out for yourself and find it to be true and good. Respect every man's belief or unbelief, but do not make it your belief until you are sure it is true and good for you.



EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Do You Believe in Fairies

BY MRS. OSCAR LEONARD



GRANDMA, are there any fairies?"

This perplexing question had been troubling little Grace's mind for some time. At any rate since her sister, Mabel, began reading Grimm's Fairy Tales to her, this question had become important. Grandma was authority on most all subjects, and Grace was determined to get her knowledge from the best source. So, as soon as she spied her grandmother that day, she put the question.

Grandma Evans put down her knitting and smilingly looked up. She had been expecting to hear that question. She had asked that question when she was a little girl, and she had learned to answer it. There was a far-away look in her eyes as she leaned back in her rocking chair. A look as though she were peering back through the years to the time when she had put the same question to her mother. Her answer was "yes." Just plain "yes." She remembered how unsatisfactory that one-word answer seemed. Somehow that answer left a doubt in her young mind. But as the years rolled by and she was called upon to answer the selfsame query to her own children, her mind had become clear on the subject of Fairies. And now she was being called upon again by her child's child to live over the little scenes so precious in her memory.

"Yes, of course, dear. There have always been fairies, good and bad."

The look in the child's eyes seemed to speak out her thankfulness for the assurance that there is a Fairyland; at least the stories about fairy folk were not all made up.

"Yes, dear. Fairies were here long before there were any people. In those times they used to live in trees and in flowers, in the mountains and on the rivers. But they did not remain there. For when the people began to come, they began to cut down the trees for houses, and the flowers that grew here and there were gathered by them to adorn their homes and make life more pleasant. This of course made it necessary for the Fairy Folk to find other places to live.

"At first they were very much vexed. Some of the fairies became very angry and declared they would do whatever mischief they possibly could do to the new race of giants who had come to rob them of their country."

"Were the first people giants?" interrupted Grace.

"No, of course not. But Fairies are so tiny that we are giants to them," Grandma explained.

"Well, at last the Fairy Queen called a meeting of all the fairies. And when they got together, the Fairy Queen laid the situation before them and asked that some conclusion be reached soon if they cared to remain upon this earth. Some of the older fairies, they are the wiser ones, you know, said that there was only one way out of their difficulties and that was as follows: Since the new people who had appeared were increasing in numbers and multiplying so rapidly, and since they seemed determined to take all the trees and flowers and herbs for their use; and since even the rivers from which they drained the water were becoming unsafe for fairies to sail their water-lily boats on, the fairies should all don their Invisible Caps and all in one body take possession of the intruders.

"There arose a great tumult among the fairies when they heard this. They

made such a noise that all the leaves of the trees shook violently and the people, thinking a storm was approaching hid themselves in their houses. Some fairies were for beginning at once, but the Queen Fairy waved her wand for silence. She thought a moment, then began thus:

"It is not quite fair to all of us to try to take possession of these giants before we find out whether or not we can really conquer them. But if you will listen carefully I will tell of my plan. I would suggest that each one of us make himself invisible and enter one of these giants. You will find room I am sure in the hearts and heads of these people. Others take possession of whatever part of them you can find room in, and stay there. I should think quite a few of you could easily find room in one of them. And once you are there you will be safe."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried some of the fairies. And again there was great excitement among them. The good fairies got together and said that since they could go in numbers, they would not mingle with the bad fairies, but would pair off by themselves. But the Fairy Queen overheard all and immediately signalled with her wand for order.

"When they became quiet again, she told them it would not be wise to let the good fairies go off by themselves and the bad fairies by themselves. She ordered that for each good fairy that found room in the heart or head of one of the people, a bad fairy had to be taken in also. After much discussion the fairies consented. They immediately put on their Invisible Caps and paired off, a good fairy with a bad fairy, and soon they were all in the hearts and heads of the people.

"Those who made their homes in the heads are known to you and to me as thoughts, good and bad thoughts. Those in the heart, we call emotions or feelings. Of course the good thoughts and the good feelings are always trying to push out the bad ones, just as the good fairies wanted to get rid of the bad fairies. And the bad ones in their turn do not want to go. Then there is a struggle, and if the good thoughts are stronger the bad ones must go. If you listen carefully, sometimes you can hear them tugging away at each other—"

"Then does the Fairy Queen come and stop their quarreling?"

"You and I and each one of us is the Fairy Queen. We must each determine for ourselves which of the fairies shall stay."

Last Year's Fly

(Continued from December 17th.)

WHEN one morning a strange thing happened. Marie threw the kitchen window wide open, a cool, fragrant breeze blew in, which at first made Buzz-Buzz shiver, but soon gave her new strength and vigor. After some hesitation, she ventured to leave her corner between the wall and the ceiling and fly to the open window—and lo! almost before she reached it, she heard around her the beloved buzzing of her relatives, which she had missed so long. A whole swarm of beautiful, glittering young flies were whirling, dancing, and playing in the sunshine, and Buzz-Buzz, wild with joy, rushed into the circle and with outspread wings, darted from one to another that were nearest, trying to clasp and kiss them, exclaiming in a half-stifled voice: "Sisters, dear sisters! Oh, how glad I am that I have lived to see you again!"

But the flies scattered, circling

around at a distance, and staring at her. Then one cried out, "Who is this scarecrow?" And another giggled, "Look at the fat pigeon," while a third called, "Madam, your wings haven't been brushed today." Then they all laughed.

Buzz-Buzz was puzzled and offended. It was hard for her to stay in the air so long, and she rested on the window-sill, saying mournfully: "Do you none of you know me? I am Buzz-Buzz." And she named many sisters, cousins and friends who had been, young and enjoyed life with her the year before.

But the new generation of flies had no knowledge of these names, and the more Buzz-Buzz mentioned, the more suspicious and unfriendly the young flies became. They buzzed together, "Let us take care. She is a swindler."

"Oh, come! Do believe me!" Buzz-Buzz coaxed anxiously. "I had so many sisters and friends last year. Then we were a great swarm as you are now. And I was the gayest one of all. But the autumn came and they all died, and then the winter followed and I was left all alone, and believed the world had gone to ruin. But now the spring has returned and I see my relatives again, and they are just as merry as ever. I am so glad to see you, why are you so unkind, and keep away, and do not want to own me for your sister?"

The young flies had come nearer, and listened with greater and greater astonishment. They let her go on until her breath failed and she began to cough. Then one fly, with gold and ruby eyes, that seemed to be the sauciest of them all, answered: "Madam, you're talking nonsense. You think us more stupid than we are. We are not to be fooled. What do you mean by last year? Every fly knows that the world began with us. There was nothing before us. And no one ever saw a fly die, unless a swallow or a sparrow ate it. Autumn and winter? Nobody ever heard of such things. As far as flies can remember, everything has always been just as it is now. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for trying to impose upon us."

The others buzzed approvingly, and one called loudly: "Don't you see that she is crazy? Let the silly chatterbox alone, and come back to our dance." They all waved their gleaming mother-of-pearl wings, and buzzed away.

"Sisters, dear sisters!" pleaded Buzz-Buzz, panting for breath but not a fly listened, and in an instant, she was alone on the window-sill, and the others were far away whirling about in the golden sunshine. Buzz-Buzz sat still for a short time, as if she was dazed. She could not understand why her young sisters were so unkind to her, when she had been longing for them all winter. At last she determined to go back to her kitchen and see whether the cricket was awake, so that she could tell her her troubles.

The cricket really was awake, but another cricket had cried, and the two were chirping busily to each other, so when Buzz-Buzz came to the chimney and put in her head, her friend called somewhat roughly: "What do you want here? Don't you see I have a visitor? I've no time for you now!"

Buzz-Buzz, without saying a word, went back to her old corner between the wall and the ceiling, and sat there quietly with drooping wings.

Something had changed again in the world, and it was full of new life. But what did it avail poor Buzz-Buzz.

She had grown old and did not suit this new world. "I ought to have died in the autumn, like all my sisters," she thought sorrowfully, staring at the thin column of smoke

which arose from the fire, whirling upward through the chimney out above the roof, above the house into the sunny air, to the blue sky. She gazed at the floating bluish pillar, and a great longing seized her to mount upward with the smoke, and be borne by its soft, warm breath out into the sunny air, to the blue sky. She crept nearer and nearer. Suddenly she could resist no longer and, with one bound, leaped into the pillar of smoke and disappeared.

She did not know what had happened, she grew dazed, her senses failed, she sank down, and the next moment was a little heap of ashes on the burning coals. She had felt no pain for she was senseless when she fell into the fire.

The cricket in the chimney chirped secrets to the visitor, and outside the open window danced the flies, sure that they would live forever, unless a swallow ate them.—
From Fairy Tales by Max Nordau.
(Published by the MacMillan Co.)

The Fir Tree, the Pond and the Clouds

The glorious setting sun lighted up with its beams a great fir tree which stood on a rocky hillside. Its foliage gleamed a beautiful green and its branches looked as though dipped in fire and shone far out over the landscape.

The tree rejoiced in its glory and thought that all this beauty came from itself and was due to itself alone, so that it became very vain and cried out boastfully:

"Look upon me, you other trees and growing things about me, where is there one of you with such beauty as mine, the noble fir? Of course, I am very sorry that the Creator has not adorned you more."

The sun heard these vain words and was displeased, so that it withdrew its golden beams from the fir tree, and directed them upon a dark pond which lay in deep quiet at the foot of the mountain. And now the fir tree was as desolate and sad looking as before.

But the pond shimmered in little golden waves and reflected the sun in a thousand golden points. But the pond, too, became very proud and thought that it was the source of all this light and made fun of the other bodies of water that lay in the shadow.

Then the sun was displeased again and drew the clouds together and wrapped itself in them and the pond lay again in a deep melancholy gray as before and was ashamed.

Then the clouds began to glow and shine purple and spread themselves out in the sunset heavens while the earth was already deep in shadow. They, too, became a little haughty and cried out: "Are we not more beautiful even than the sun?"

And for the third time the sun was displeased and as it disappeared below the horizon, it took its beams away from the ungrateful creatures of the air, and clouds, lake and trees were folded in the gray twilight until at last night gave over all these vain creatures to forgetfulness.

Morning and Evening

BY MATHEW WARREN.

In the morning I can fancy,
Fairies hiding in my shoes;
'Cause I feel so very dancy,
And the floor, it simply moves.
Walking is so slow and tiresome
That I always run and jump.
And with Father want to do some
Very new and spry stunt.

In the evening I'm so weary:
Once I fell and hurt my nose;
Mother rubbed and said so cheery,
"Stumbling little butter-toes!"
Then I laughed, though I'd been crying,
For she mixes laughs with tears,
And I'm happy without trying,
Even when my bed-time nears.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

Preparing for Work

Woman's National Committee, 180 Washington St., Chicago

The Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party is preparing for an active campaign among the women throughout the United States.

They have prepared a series of twelve monthly programs, which will serve either as a lesson for home study, or for a public propaganda entertainment.

These programs consist primarily of a brief lecture, especially prepared for this work by Anna A. Maley, Woman's national organizer. About this lecture as a center are grouped songs, recitations, and readings, selected from the best Socialist literature. Each month leading Socialist writers will contribute articles upon the subject under discussion, and these will be printed in the Socialist papers.

To assist in this educational work among the women, the Woman's national Committee has prepared special leaflets for free distribution, not only at these public entertainments, but from house to house. Each of these leaflets appeals to a distinct portion of the working class women. One leaflet appeals directly to the girl in the workshop and factory; another to the teacher; another to the housewife, the domestic servant, the woman on the farm, and so on. In this way, hundreds of thousands of women will be reached during the next year.

The subject of the January program is Universal Peace. The leaflet for this month's distribution is entitled, "To the Working Woman." All of the programs will be printed in the *Progressive Woman*, the official organ of the Woman's National Committee.

Every Socialist local is vitally interested in this special campaign among the women. The National Executive committee of the Socialist party is sending out thousands of notices to the party membership, calling their attention to this activity among the women, and urging their hearty support.

Labor's Hope and Power

BY MARY PEARLE

"Work is worship," is the saying of one who was a good authority on the subject.

If this be so, then the working man is in truth the only true worshipping mortal at the great, universal shrine of the omniscient Creator, who, while earth was yet in the innocence of its childhood, ordained this law—"By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

It is entirely a wrong interpretation of this law, and the original text, that one man is better than another, because his hands are soft and white and his tailor-made manhood is better groomed and better fed. Who grooms and feeds him? Who pays his tailor, his butcher, his grocer? Why, certainly, the man who puts his shoulder to the wheel of honest industry and eats dry bread, wears poor clothing and lives in a rented shack.

The rich man, or the pompous overpaid political swindler corners beef, bread, wool, coal, oil, in fact all the necessities of life, and, looking complacently into the face of the Father of humanity, exclaims in proud triumph, "Lord, I thank Thee I am not poor like this other man."

The working man blesses the gigantic robber, buys his bogus butter, smells of his cornered beef and thanks a brother of the earth for permission to toil for him.

He hopes, however, to see, after the next election, a better state of things.

Higher wages, lower taxes and purer, cheaper living.

His system is overtaxed with poor food, hard work and the grinding slav-

ery of the "sweat shop." The poor machine of bone, brawn and muscle is worn out—turning out dollars and cents for the great man, who may become mayor, senator or president as soon as he is rich enough to buy more votes than a less fortunate rival and better man.

If one latent spark of manly independence be still left in the poor slave, the good, pious candidates for office, in the goodness and greatness of their generous hearts, cause beer and whisky to flow like rivers, until the gospel of plenty is preached by hired venders from whisky barrel platforms.

It is an old story: "Like Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright" Oh, working men, my brothers, you can do better, for God and man and this glorious earth, that He has given to the children of men.

"A true republic or Death," they said one to another before the French revolution.

You cannot have a true republic on a whisky barrel platform. You cannot have a true republic without true, honest men. You, yourselves are the backbone of the nation.

A working man ought to be proud and jealous of his manly independence.

God has given him intrinsic worth in his brawny arms. Great thoughts in his soul, that like the foot prints of God hallow all they touch.

By moving in unison to the Eternal music of the Divine Right of Men, the toiling masses may move thrones, and mould a corrupt social system into a grand statue of liberty, purity, and plenty, for ages yet to come.

Oh, noble Working men the Ballot is the key to the Treasure House of God.

A Dress Making Novelist

M. Octave Mirabeau discovered Maurice Maeterlinck. He has now discovered an illiterate French seamstress who is a novelist of genius, Marguerite Audoux. She never learned how to write, she does not know how to spell; but she has written a remarkable book, "Marie Claire." She earned her living with her needle and thread, and in her short intervals of leisure wrote her autobiography. Her sight failing her, she had to give up sewing, and, to keep the wolf from the door, thought of turning her manuscript to account. The late Charles Louis Philippe, himself a novelist, who described the life of the poor with much power, read her manuscript, and advised her, above all, not to try to learn style, but to go on writing as she had before. He took her manuscript to the Countess Mathieu de Noailles, but the latter was "scandalized by the bad spelling," and poor Charles Louis Philippe died when still a young man.

Mirabeau has now taken up the seamstress-novelist, and her novel has just been issued, with an enthusiastic preface by him. I have just read the book, and am amazed by its literary finish. Everyone who has ever read the writing of beginners knows that their overwhelming fault is to say too much. To say just enough is probably the height of art. Marguerite Audoux, the illiterate sempstress, almost reaches it. In her novel, which is just the plain, pathetic, and often tragic account of her own life, she never says too much. To tell a really unvarnished tale is, as every writer knows, the most difficult task of all. If no one has pruned her novel—and we are positively assured that no one has touched her manuscript beyond correcting the spelling—Marguerite Audoux is all unconsciously a successful disciple of Guy de Maupassant. It is said that the Academy of Ten, founded by Edmond de Goncourt, thinks of awarding her its annual prize.—*Boston Transcript*.



A Neat School Frock for Mother's Girl.

8842—Girl's Dress with Side Closing. The practical feature of this model is the convenient, comfortable closing at the side, which will enable the little Miss to help herself in her dressing and avoid the catching of braids and curls in buttonholes "down the back." The design has deep tucks over the shoulders and a straight plaited skirt. The sleeve is of the bishop style with straight band cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Bread.

At noon before I bake I take three good-sized potatoes, cook and mash, adding tablespoonful of salt and one of sugar, adding the water the potatoes were boiled in. Heat this and scald the flour, making a stiff dough. When cool add yeast and set in a warm place over night. In the morning add more flour and warm water, mixing and letting raise again; when quite light mix and make into loaves and let rise and bake one hour in hot oven.

MRS. MARY E. COLVER.

A Good Time Coming

My first copy of the *COMING NATION* came today and I am delighted with it. I used to take C. N. of Buskin, Tenn., years ago and well do I remember how shocked was I when Wayland announced in its columns, "I am a Socialist." My notion of what a Socialist was agreed exactly with my definition then, and now, of an Anarchist. With many others I ceased taking the C. N., but some three years since I began to read the *Appeal*—my son, Geo. H. Eaton takes it—and later the *Chicago Daily Socialist*.

I am just dropping you this note to say "thank you" for the fine articles you are printing in this new C. N. Have been reading the Chautauqua Course nearly every year since 1892 and thus have learned quite a little about Socialism. Two of the books this year—"A Social and Industrial History of England," by Frank Cheney, and "Social Ideals in English Literature" by Vida M. Scudder are full of what Socialists all ought to know and a series of papers on "Democratic England" by Percy Aiden, M. P., in the *Chautauqua Magazine* gives a very clear picture of social conditions among the workers of England.

If I were younger and more active I should be glad to do something more for the cause than just to sit in my cozy corner at home and read the news from the Firing Line. I am 67 and not in rugged health. When Milwaukee elected Seidel it seemed almost too good to be true, but now with the grand results of the fall elections—with Berger a congressman and all the other great gains we have made it looks as though we were "going on from conquering to conquer," as the enthusiastic old Methodist used to say. More power to the workers, say I.

There is a "good time coming, boys," as we used to sing in the "fifties" and "sixties." It is really on the way. It is coming in the only way it can come and be permanent: through the increase of information; the growing intelligence of the working class. Yours for Socialism,
MRS. LINA M. EATON.

Arriola, Colo.

Work.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were
best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer
scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We cannot hale Utopia on by force;
But better, almost, be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction browse and
sleep.
No man is born into the world whose work
is not born with him; there is always
work.
And tools to work withal, for those who
will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

Solving the Servant Problem

It must be a whole lot of fun, judging by the number who volunteer, to mind somebody else's business. The field was supposed to be pretty well occupied and the idea was gaining ground that probably some folks would have nothing better to do than attend to their own affairs, when it was discovered that the housewives of the country must be taught their rights and limitations in employing hired servants. For a time the fear was expressed that no one could be found wise enough and public spirited enough to formulate anything approaching a fixed rule of action. But the need, if it existed, has been met. Someone has announced that no family whose income is under twenty-five hundred dollars a year should be presumptuous enough to employ a maid. And there you have it.

Statistics recently compiled show that less than 18 per cent of the families in the United States employ hired housemaids or cooks. So the servant problem is not one of such engrossing importance as many of us have been led to suppose. Eighty-two housewives out of every one, hundred are not worrying their heads as to how the other eighteen live, whether they "keep a girl" or whether they do not.

The kindly disposed individual has not, except by inference, decreed that every family with the specified income shall employ someone to cook its food and make its beds. If such a rule should be made and enforced, then, it is safe to say, the servant problem would become an embarrassing and perplexing one. The problem is now, as it should be, one of individual needs. Many a family with the stipulated income is without a servant simply because the thrifty wife and the capable daughters prefer to attend to the simple duties of the home. Many a family with less than the prescribed income is forced by circumstances to maintain one or more hired servants. It is a misfortune rather than a privilege.

The intelligent American woman—taken collectively—is neither a snob nor a shirk. She is blessed with too high a degree of intelligence to be made to believe that the performance of the necessary labor in the economical care of the home is degrading. She is training her daughters to the same common sense understanding, because she knows that through it comes independence and a better way of living.—*Woman's National Daily*.

Fireless Cookers

BY MRS. M. E. PLASSMANN

The fireless cooker is one of the greatest conveniences for the woman who must be her own maid-of-all-work. It saves fuel, and anxiety lest food burn, but its chief merit lies in the fact that a six o'clock dinner can be prepared in the morning, stowed away in the Fireless until that hour, and taken out hot, and thoroughly cooked. This gives the housewife some afternoon leisure.

The make I use has metal disks, which, when heated, enable one to roast meats, and bake cake, pie and puddings.

A New Campaign in Oregon.

The suffragists of Oregon are not discouraged by their defeat. They recognize that their failure to achieve success this time was due to the confusion and opposition aroused by the tax paying clause. They are now preparing to circulate petitions for a straight suffrage amendment and in this the Socialists and the trade unions are working with the suffragist organization to secure signatures.

On the Firing Line

A year's subscription is given for each item used in this department. The right is reserved to edit or condense all matter.

Connecticut's First Socialist Official

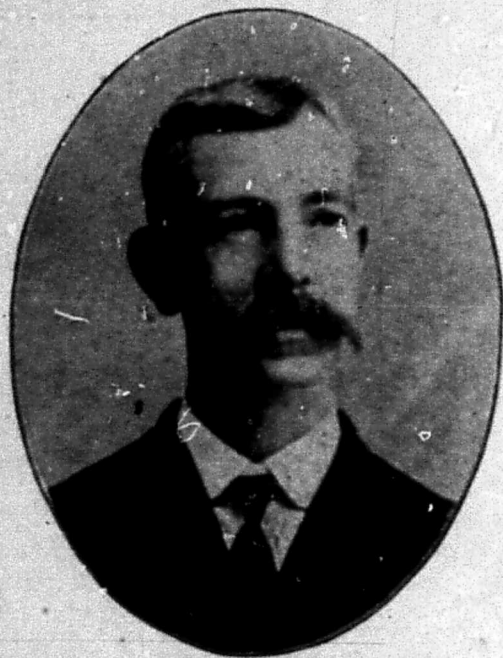
BY EDWARD PERKINS CLARK, State Secretary

In George W. Andrews of Rockville, Connecticut has its first public official elected from the Socialist party.

Some twelve years ago Socialist aldermen were elected by the old Socialist Labor party in New Britain, but this is the first instance of a victory by the Socialist party.

A peculiar feature in this election was the fact that Tolland county, in which Rockville is located, made the smallest percentage of gain in the recent triumphant Socialist advance in the state election, but is the first to report a victory.

Rockville is a part of the town of Vernon, in which 159 Socialist votes were cast in 1908, 181 in 1910 and an average of 190 in the city election alone. The Democrats cast an average of 396 votes in the city election, the Republicans 256 and the Socialists 190.



R. G. ANDREWS

In the state election in the town of Vernon the Democrats cast 868 votes, the Republicans 600 votes and the Socialists 181 votes. In this election the Socialists gained 5 per cent over the state election while the Republicans and Democrats lost over fifty per cent of their votes. The Socialist party increased its proportion of the total vote from ten to twenty-two per cent.

The Rockville local has been on the firing line ever since 1876 and Comrade Andrews is no novice in the movement as he is forty-eight years old and has always been a radical, and for the last eighteen years has been a Socialist. He is a weaver by occupation and an Englishman by birth, although he has lived in this country since 1888.

The chief means used in Rockville for spreading Socialism is the distribution of literature. Every night before election personal work was done in the Fourth ward in Rockville, and Milwaukee tactics were used. A municipal platform was prepared, the most important points of which were—a municipal bakery, ice house, coal and wood yard, also a department and drug store for the purpose of supplying the people at cost with the necessities of life, right of trial for teachers before dismissal, pensions for teachers when superannuated or disabled.

The Socialist party in Connecticut has doubled its membership since June 1st and prospects are rosy for a continued increase.

Any man will fight for a home but nobody wants to die for a boarding house.—*Ingersoll*.

"He that never thinks never can be wise."

A Socialist County Program

BY CARL D. THOMPSON

On the first of the coming January the Socialists will assume control of the county government of Milwaukee county.

Having charge of all of the county offices, together with a majority of the county board, they will be in complete control. The only limitation then will be the state laws and constitutional provisions. It is understood, of course, that within these limitations there is a considerable latitude in which the Socialist reforms may be carried forward. The program has been pretty thoroughly outlined by Wilfred Zabel, the Socialist district attorney-elect.

Among the measures proposed the following are some of the most important ones:

1. Immediate action to be taken toward the unification of city and county governments.

2. The calling of a grand jury to investigate alleged cases of graft in the county and city administrations.

3. A law uniting the police department and the sheriff's office with a single constabulary throughout the entire county.

4. Joint county jail and police station in one building.

5. A law making it a penal offense to use county stationery for political purposes, it being alleged that candidates for re-election use county stamps, paper and envelopes.

6. Civil service for assistants in county offices.

7. Reduction of the county treasurer's salary from \$7,000 to \$5,000 a year, the county board to legislate the number of assistants and their salaries.

8. Establishment of a separate and distinct juvenile court.

9. Out-door bodily exercise daily for county jail prisoners.

10. Abolition of the system whereby the sheriff contracts with the county for furnishing board for county jail prisoners.

11. The establishment of a public printery. This to be done in co-operation with the city.

12. Abolition of fees in the coroner's office and the substitution of a salary therefor.

13. Abolition of fees in connection with the register of deeds office.

14. Changes in abandonment laws whereby convicted husbands may be made to work and their wages turned over to their families.

With the city and county governments both in control of the Socialists, it is certain that both bodies will co-operate as far as state laws will permit in carrying out the general program of public ownership. Many of the measures will require state legislation, and to that end strong committees will be sent to the state legislature this fall to secure the rights required by the city and county to carry forward the various Socialist reforms outlined by the administration.

We are always in these days endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working and we call one a gentleman and the other an operator; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is we make both ungentle, the one enjoying, the other despising his brother and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers.—*John Ruskin*.

Clippings and Comment

Pigs, Babies and Tuberculosis

Another way in which the tuberculosis plague is fostered by capitalism is pointed out by F. C. Welsh in the *Technical World* for January. The continuous moving of America's great population of homeless renters means that once a house has become infected and the constant moving insures that a large per cent will be infected, it becomes a continuous "house of death" to those who enter it. Speaking of the average rented house he says:

According to statistics, the chances are one in seven that it was somebody with tuberculosis. Can you afford to take that chance? Certainly not. Nevertheless, no matter how clean this flat or house which you are about to occupy may appear to be, the chances are one in seven that you are about to run the risk of contracting that greatest plague of modern times, tuberculosis!

There are some other interesting features in this issue. An idea of the rate at which capitalism is invading Mexico is given by Carl Crow's description of a power plant harnessing a water fall that rivals Niagara in the neighborhood of Mexico city. Here a plant capable of producing two hundred and fifty thousand horse power is being built and this power is going over the hills to Mexico city where it is doing all the work of manufacturing and transportation, producing the cheap power that combined with cheap labor is yielding the profits that keep the murderous Diaz in power.

Another significant story in the same issue deals with "The Pork Chop Flyer," the train sent out by the Iowa State Agricultural College to teach the proper care of hogs. Investigation had shown that owing to improper care five million less pigs were born and lived to maturity in Iowa than was possible with proper attention. Regardless of the fact that as many babies are deprived of life each year without a special train being sent to their relief, the Iowa State Agricultural College gave its attention to the pigs. Perhaps it was moved in this direction by the fact that, while wage workers are still so cheap, that no one puts a money value on them, these hogs are worth thirty million dollars, hence the "Pork Chop Flyer," hence greater care for pigs in Iowa. The babies are still dying.

An interesting and probably revolutionary invention is described in this number. It is a means of printing without ink, a device which sends an electric current through the plates and the paper and produces a clear cut impression. It is claimed that greater speed with far less expense can be produced with this invention and that it has now reached the commercial stage.

Investing Surplus Value

That capitalism is becoming choked in its own wealth's mire and more evident each day. A recent number of the *Oriental Economic Review*, has this to say on the situation in Japan:

The Japanese cotton mills are at present suffering as the result of over-production. The stock of cotton yarn carried in the Japanese market was 130,000,000 pounds in 1904, 190,000,000 pounds in 1905, and more than 200,000,000 pounds in 1906, and after. The owners of the mills have been compelled to agree among themselves for the shortening of the hours of work.

J. A. Hobson in the *Financial Reviews of Reviews*, points to the fact that Canada is no longer a great open field for investment, but "has now attained the position which the United States held a couple of generations ago." He then states this

riddle of the Sphinx which confronts modern society:

But if the United States, and then Canada, thus pass from the stage of debtor into that of debtor plus creditor nations, and if one by one the other great areas for our foreign investments, Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, Mexico, Australia, Japan, even India, Russia and China, pass through the same phases, themselves becoming in their turn great feeders of the stream of joint stock capital, what will be the future of investment from the standpoint of the yield of capital? Can the economic system of the world usefully absorb and apply productively the apparently illimitable supply of fresh capital that would be forthcoming under such conditions as we describe?

Cheerful Idiot Still Here

Ambrose Pierce continues to add to the gaiety of nations by his cheerful willingness to expose his ignorance on the subject of Socialism. In a recent number of *Town Topics*, most of whose readers are sufficiently devoid of intelligence to be suited to his line of argument, he trots out some of the objections that can be found on the back page of Socialist books of twenty years ago with the appropriate answers. He even tries to revive that old mummy of the Anti-Socialist, the "want-to-divide-up" objection. He has the brazen effrontery to say that "the plain truth of the matter is that poor live mostly on the rich" and would have us believe that the dearly benevolent rich buy labor power simply because they want to pay out the money to the poor starving workers as wages. One thing is sure as long as such stuff as this can still find a market there will still be literary hacks who are willing to "live mostly on the rich."

Lungs vs. Machines

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

The girls in one of the Chicago telephone exchanges that is located in a particularly smoky and dusty part of the city complained to the manager of the smoke and dust. He cheerfully advised them to forget the smoke and dust and go on with their work, which, having more hunger than money, they did.

A few months later a growing volume of complaints against bad service caused the manager to investigate. He found that the smoke and dust were interfering with the operation of the switchboards. The little brass tags were so gummed that frequently they did not fall when subscribers called. Nor did the grime on the "plugs" with which connectors are made constitute a good medium for the flow of electricity.

When the manager learned what the smoke and dust were doing to his human machines he did nothing. But when he learned what smoke and dust were doing to his metallic machines he wasted no time. He laid the matter before his superiors, with the result that a plant was installed for the filtration, through water, of every particle of air that entered the exchange.—*Pearson's Magazine*.

It takes strenuous efforts to arouse the public. Only spectacular evils are likely to impress it. When it is aroused, it is easily turned against some side issue or some harmless scapegoat. And, like all passions, it is very short lived and sinks back to slumber quickly. Despot governments have always trusted in dilatory tactics. Knowing well the somnolence of public opinion. The same policy is adroitly used by those who exploit the people in our country.—*Prof. Rauschenbusch*.

No nation has died at the bottom, among the toilers; all nations that have died have died at the top, among the spoilers.—*Dr. E. A. Stiner*.

Our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower class.—*Mathew Arnold*.

SOCIALIST SCOUT PREMIUMS

Articles Described on this Page Are Free to Socialist Scouts.

The premiums are wholly additional to their regular profit on sale of papers.

If this page meets the eye of a bright boy or girl not yet a member of the Scout Army he's invited to write for particulars. The Scouts are now organized in the United States, Canada, England and Scotland. They sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*, take subscriptions for both papers, distribute propaganda and are trained in Socialist Party tactics. Many Socialist locals are making honorary members of the Scouts. Ages range from six to sixty years but most Scouts are not over eighteen.

It costs nothing to take up the work of the Socialists Scouts. Upon request a bundle of ten COMING NATIONS will be sent to any boy or girl who agrees to remit two and a half cents for what papers he sells and returns heads of unsold copies. Scouts sell the COMING NATION at five cents a copy.

A letter of instruction, order blanks, return envelopes and other supplies are sent with first bundle. The official Scout badge is sent with second order and a stout canvas bag for carrying papers, neatly printed, is furnished with the fourth order. Address,

**Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason,
GIRARD, KANSAS**

GlascocK Racer

For children from 6 to 15 years old. Has patent three-motion driving device and double handles. Highest grade of construction. Half inch guaranteed rubber tires. Baked black enamel metal parts. Brightly tinted wheels. Finished in yellow and royal blue. Fine exercise in running this racer.

Free when orders for papers total \$5.00.
Sent for 50 cents and 8 yearly Coming Nation subscriptions.
Price \$4. You pay freight from factory in Indiana. Weight, 40 lbs. crated.

Harbutt's Plasticine



No need to ask why these boys are quiet. They're modeling with Plasticine. Plastic work or modeling arouses intense interest and develops inventive faculties. The modeling material in this outfit is soft and pliable like clay, but it does not stick to the fingers and will not soil. It comes in different colors and can be used over and over again. A book of complete instructions and sample designs accompanies each box.

Free when orders for papers total \$2.00.
Sent for 30 cents and one yearly Coming Nation subscription.
Price 90 cents. Appeal pays transportation.

Flexible Flyer

This sled is at once speedy and safe. It is so constructed that it can be steered in any direction while going at full speed. It is large enough to carry one grown person or two children. If there's coasting in your vicinity you'll want the Flexible Flyer.

Free when orders for papers total \$4.50.
Sent for 50 cents and 4 COMING NATION subscriptions.
Price \$3. You pay express from Philadelphia. Weight about 10 pounds.

Barney & Berry Ice Skates for Boys

Tops of cold rolled steel. Blades of cast steel and extra finish. Special shape outside clamps. Tops selected. Full nickel plated. Boxed.

Sizes, 8, 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2, 10, 10 1-2, 11 and 11 1-2 in. Be sure to give size when ordering.
Free when orders for papers total \$2.
Free for two yearly Coming Nation subscriptions.
Price \$1.40. (Appeal pays transportation.)

Barney & Berry Roller Skates for Boys and Girls

Tops of best cold rolled steel. Other parts of best Open Hearth steel, bright finish. Hollow steel rolls. Grain leather straps. Boys' skates extend from 8 1-2 to 11 1-2 inches; girls' skates from 8 to 10 1-2 inches.

Free when orders for papers total \$2.

Free for two yearly Coming Nation subscriptions. (You pay transportation from Girard.)

Price \$1.40. (Appeal pays transportation.)

Girls' Ice Skates, Barney & Berry

Tops of cold rolled steel. Blades of cast steel, polished. Fine quality russet leather heel strap and nickel plated band. Full nickel plated. Blades extra finish. Boxed. Sizes 8, 8 1-2, 9, 9 1-2, 10, 10 1-2, 11 and 11 1-2 inches. Be sure to give size when ordering.

Free when orders for papers total \$3.

Free for 3 yearly Coming Nation subscriptions. (You pay transportation from Girard.)

Price \$1.90. (Appeal pays transportation.)

Girl's Watch

This girl's watch is of Swiss manufacture. The silver case is open faced and handsomely engraved. Stem wind and set. It is very pretty and attractive and good value. Illustration is exact size.

Free when orders for papers total \$4.50.

Sent for 50 cents and 4 yearly Coming Nation subscriptions.

Price \$2.50. Appeal pays transportation.



The Overland

Guaranteed to be superior to any dollar watch on the market. Comes in nickel case. Every watch is run six days at the factory before it is shipped. Stem wind and set. Illustration is exact size.

Free when orders for papers total \$2.
Free for 2 yearly COMING NATION subscriptions.

Price \$1. Appeal pays transportation.



Trick Box

There's a bushel of fun and mystery in this box. It contains 9 separate tricks, easy to perform and all of them mystifying. Any boy or girl six years old can operate them and make the "grown-ups" wonder how he does it. The apparatus is all brightly colored and comes in handsome partitioned box with complete instructions.

Free when orders for papers total \$1.
Free for one yearly COMING NATION subscription.

Price 50 cents. Appeal pays transportation.

Foto-Scope

Post card or picture reflector. This is the latest and best post card projector on the market. It throws a big picture on a screen 4 feet wide. Reproduces any photograph or souvenir post cards, funny pictures from comic supplements, etc., in their original colors. Much better than a magic lantern. Fully equipped with powerful double convex lenses.

Acetylene Gas Foto-Scope

Equipped with special high candle power Acetylene gas burner and hose complete. Absolutely safe and simple to operate.

Free when orders for papers total \$2.25.
Sent for 25 cents and 2 yearly COMING NATION subscriptions.

Price \$1.25. Appeal pays transportation.

Electric Foto-Scope

Equipped with two special high candle power electric lamps. Five feet attachment cord and plug, ready to connect to any electric fixture. If your house is equipped with electric light get this machine.

Free when orders for papers total \$3.
Free for 3 yearly COMING NATION subscriptions. (You pay express from Girard.)

Price \$1.50. Appeal pays transportation.

The Scout

Thin model, number 12 size. Genuine gun metal case. American made watch throughout. Movement is jeweled, lever escapement, finely damaskeened. Gold finished Sun Burst dial. Stem wind and set. Illustration is exact size.

Free when orders for papers total \$4.50.
Sent for 50 cents and 4 yearly COMING NATION subscriptions.

Price \$2.50. Appeal pays transportation.

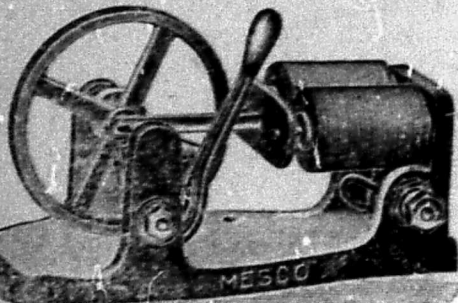


Meccano

Wonderful working models. Develops mechanical genius and is an introduction to the serious study of mechanics. This is the most popular toy and probably the most instructive one on the market. Consists of main parts in machinery—levers, beams, wheels, axels, pulleys, bolts, etc. Can be made into signal towers, bridges, windmills, trucks etc. Models can be taken to pieces and parts used in other models. All parts nickel steel and brass.

Free when orders for papers total \$4.00.
Sent for 50 cents and 3 yearly COMING NATION subscriptions.

Price \$2. Appeal pays transportation.

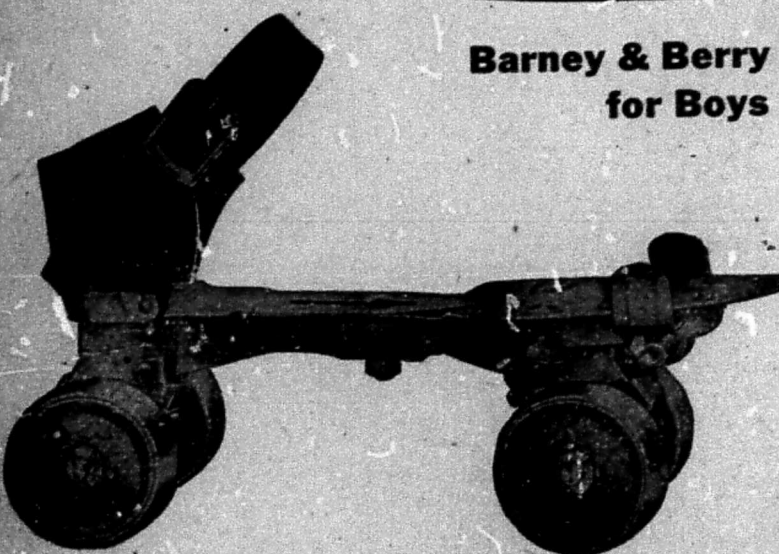
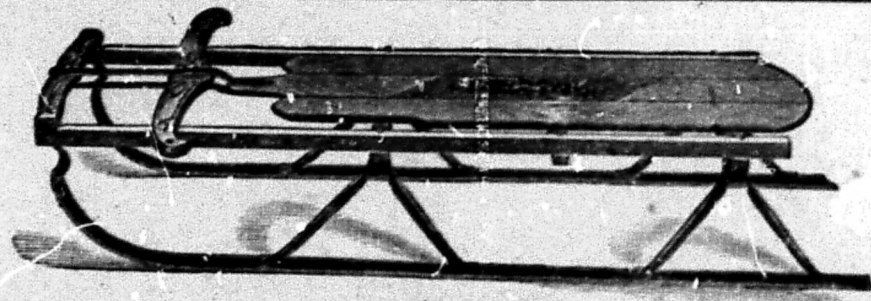


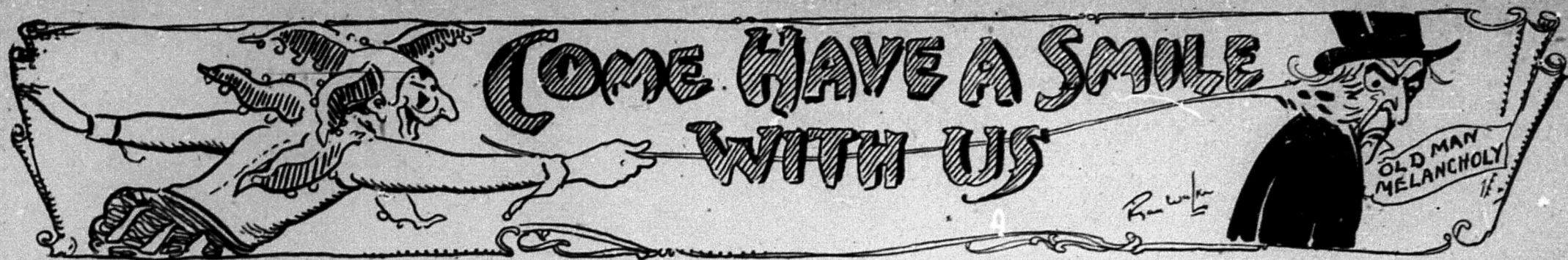
Electric Engine

Will run at variable speeds between 200 and 3,000 revolutions a minute. Both speed and reverse are governed by the controlling lever. Length 4 in. Weight 10 oz. Fly wheel 2 in. Runs on dry battery. Engine can be belted with long string clear across room and number of toys operated in this manner.

Free when orders for papers total \$1.25.
Sent for 10 cents and 1 yearly COMING NATION subscription.

Price 75 cents. Appeal pays transportation.





FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

The Mighty Dollar.

Tie up the growling dogs of war,
The bayonets to hatpins beat,
No longer will the battle roar
Resound through highway and through street,
For Carnegie has paid the price
Of peace with some ten million scads,
And we may keep our wars on ice
And turn our minds to other fads.
Great dreadnaughts in the scrap pile toss,
The guns to gas pipe deftly turn,
The nations will not stand the loss
For they have cash and things to burn,
And let an arbitration court
Appointed by the ruling class
Sift differences of every sort
And solemn, partial sentence pass.



For war is hell, and war must go.
It makes things warm for business guys,
For profits will not smoothly flow
When war is lighting up the skies,
So Carnegie puts on a smile
And to the check book puts his hand
To freely tap his tainted pile
That peace and business may expand.
His right hand moulds the armor plate;
His left hand says it is a shame,
That envy and the master hate
Should still be masters of the game.
Have patience, Andy, keep your tin.
Peace very soon will pitch its tent.
The working class will bring it in
Nor will they charge a single cent.

An Annoying Feature.

"Old Billionrocks says the automobile has but one drawback. He couldn't soil his hands by acting as his own chauffeur and he doesn't like riding with a working man."
"He might have his slave get out in front and lead the monster."
"But he couldn't go fast enough that way."
"That's so, but what would be the difference if he did run over a few chauffeurs every month?"



Explained.

As the judge is human
Though he wears a gown
When they slip him something
Does he turn them down?
Or does he remember
When the case is tried
Where he picked one morning
Something on the side?
Kissing goes by favor,
How does justice go?
Where the man of money
Beckons with the dough,
Yes, the judge is human,
(Oh, you pocket book!)
Just a way of calling
Him a high class crook.

Could Recognize Them.

"Ever meet a holdup man?"
"Yes, I've been associated with several well dressed and honorable business men in my time."



Just as Easy.

We vote a president and such
To private life in double quick
And say, why can't we do as much
For Pierpont Morgan and his clique?

One Haven Left.

If the working class continue with their exactions the capitalists will

take their money and go to some other country."

"Think so?"
"Why wouldn't they?"

"No reason that I know why they shouldn't, and I wish them much joy in their new home, but I can tell them one thing. They will not find all of the conveniences of modern life at the north pole."

He Ought To.

The judge who represents a class,
We wonder, as he holds the fort
If when he meets a looking glass
He doesn't feel contempt of court.

A Modern Dream

BY ELLIS O. JONES

Last night I had a terrible dream. I thought I was engaged in my regular work of getting a living on the floor of the stock exchange. I had just bought a thousand shares of Union Pacific for a two points advance, when I heard an unusual commotion at the main entrance.

I looked and saw a great number of policemen swarming in. Some one at my elbow whispered, "Look, there are more of them." I glanced quickly about the room and saw that every door was filled with bluecoats.

"What does it mean?" I asked of nobody in particular, but got no answer. Meanwhile a hundred or more officers surged forward and began tearing down the posts and other paraphernalia.

Very much excited, I rushed up to



Shook His Club in My Face

one of them and pushed him violently away.

"Here, what are you doing?" I demanded hotly.

By way of reply he grabbed me roughly and shook his club in my face. "Come, none of that," he commanded threateningly.

But I did not seem to be afraid of him.

"Tell me what devilment you're up to," I insisted.

"Don't be so innocent," he retorted with a sneer. "We're raidin' this joint. That's all."

"This joint!" I gasped. "You don't know what you're talking about. This is no joint."

"We'll show you whether it's a joint or not when we produce the evidence," he answered contemptuously.

"What evidence?"
"Why the gambling layout."

"There's some terrible mistake," I protested. "This is a legitimate business, run by gentlemen, not gamblers."

"Tell that to the judge," said he. "I got me orders."

"But we were not gambling. We were trading."

"We're from Missouri," was his slangy retort.

Meanwhile he led me toward the door as other policemen were leading others of my colleagues.

I continued to protest.

"You'll suffer for this," I warned.

"That's what they all say."

"You'll see. This is confiscation. That's what it is—nothing less."

"It's not confiscation to gather in gambling layouts," he replied with assurance.

By this time we had reached the street and he was about to hustle me, like a common criminal, into the crowded patrol wagon.

For a moment he relaxed his hold slightly. I saw my opportunity. Throwing all my strength into a sudden wrench, I broke away and started to run.

Up Broad street and into Wall I

raced with the policeman hot upon my trail. The grim outlines of Trinity church directly ahead of me, seemed somehow to offer safety. As I dashed through the gate, I made a strenuous leap and landed on top of the projecting doorway. From there it was a comparatively easy matter to scramble up the long sloping roof until I reached the steeple. Up the steeple I shinned with the policeman still closely following. It seemed but a moment until I had reached the very top of the spire, but the policeman's agility was little inferior to mine and he was only a few yards below.

I did not know what to do next. As I was trying to make up my mind to jump, I awoke to find myself at the open window. One leg was thrown over the sill and I was leaning far out. In my outstretched hands, as if prepared to fly, I held aloft a toy aeroplane which my nine year old boy had received for Christmas.



They whispered low when Grabbitt died, for he had gear and gold;
They printed lengthy tables that would show his wealth untold—
They told anew the tale of how he earned his first red cent
(Forsooth, they also told of how that coin was never spent.)

But he was dead and laid away beneath ten tons of stone—
That is, his mortal shell of clay; his soul went forth alone,
Went forth without a single thing to make it high and proud,
Because, as we are told, there are no pockets in a shroud.

It came to Peter at the gate, and it could not go in
For Peter had the record straight that totaled Grabbitt's sin.
No legal quibbles could be made, no lawyers were for hire,
And Grabbitt with a grumble had to seek the realm of fire.

Now Grabbitt was not meek or mild—(if you have any wit
You know that in his earthly life he never would submit
Without an argument set forth according to his lights)—
And so he straightway claimed that he had not received his rights.

He sat there on a red hot chair and argued with a vim
That this was neither just nor fair that had been done to him;
At first Old Satan merely laughed and added to the heat,
But Grabbitt still more warmly made the claim that he was beat.

"Tut, tut!" the Old Boy said to him, "you lied and schemed and stole,
And with determination grim you left nobody whole.
Your record is so very bad that even now I must
Keep watching you for fear you get perdition in a trust!"

"That's true enough," old Grabbitt said. "I cheated and I robbed,
My closest friends I deftly bled, acquaintances I jobbed,
But just the same"—he set back upon his red hot perch—
"I gave ten million dollars of my fortune to the church."

"I may have swindled right and left, I may have—and I did!—
But I am not of hope bereft that I'll get off this grid.
Now, look you Mephistopheles, 'tis only right and fair
That I should have my money's worth of what is due up there."

The devil scratched his chin and thought, the devil rubbed his brow.
"You ought to get just what you bought," he muttered, "I allow.
I'll take it up with Peter, too,—tell what you gave on earth,
And ask him how about your old ten million dollars' worth."

The devil always keeps his word, the devil did not wait;
He sent the news of what he'd heard to Peter at the gate.
And Peter checked up all the books, and on the credit side
Found that the claim old Grabbitt made could never be denied.

So Peter sent his answer down; the devil hastened in
Where Grabbitt now was roasted brown, and told him with a grin;
"Who says that justice is not done? For that you paid the price
I'm authorized to give you its equivalent in ice!"

They whispered low when Grabbitt died, they told of what he gave—
The automobiles whizzed to town and left him in his grave.
Ten million dollars worth of ice won't last long at the best
Especially since Satan bought fresh brimstone with the rest!



Readings in Literature

Selected by William Mailly

V. THE POSSIBILITIES OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

From the Introduction to The New Spirit, by Havelock Ellis.

It may not be out of place to point out that while this process of socialization is rapidly developing individual development so far from stopping, is progressing no less rapidly. It is too often forgotten that the former is but the means to secure the latter. While we are socializing all those things of which all have equal common need, we are more and more tending to leave to the individual the control of those things which in our complex civilization constitute individuality. We socialize what we call our physical life in order that we may attain greater freedom for what we call our spiritual life.

The growth of social organization is now beginning to open up possibilities which a few years ago would have seemed Utopian. It cannot remain limited within merely national bounds. It is concerned with the things of which all have a common need, and the interests of nations are here inextricably intertwined. This must sooner or later result in the formation of international tribunals, and this again will have decisive results in relation to war—a method of dispute rapidly becoming antiquated. Twenty-eight millions of men, ready to be put into the field (is not this a suggestive euphemism?) at a moment's notice, in a corner of the world! Take a plebiscite of the adult population of Europe, of whose life-blood these twenty-eight millions are, tomorrow—and what would the regime of militarism be worth?.....

Along another line we may observe the approaching disappearance of war. The wars of modern times have, to a large extent, had commercial causes at their roots. The downfall of unrestricted competition, and the organization of industrialism, will remove this cause of war. In the profoundly interesting movement, witnessed in the direction of trusts and syndicates, we see the natural and inevitable transition to a new era. Like all transitions, it can only be affected with much friction. From one point of view it is the last barricade of capitalism; from a wider standpoint it is the forging of a huge instrument to be taken up eventually by a vast international community who will thus control the means of providing for themselves by methods of simple and uneventful routine.

It will not be denied that some newspapers are directly in the pay of certain interests and are their active champions. It will not be denied that the counting-room standpoint is profoundly influential in the editorial policy of all newspapers, and that large advertisers can muzzle most papers if they are determined on a policy. Not only the editorials are affected, but the news matter.—Prof. Rauschenbusch, Christianity and social crisis.

Thou shalt not kill has no exceptions. It makes no provision for killing in war and working children to death for profit.

We are convinced that it is co-operation and not competition that is to make people prosperous and happy.

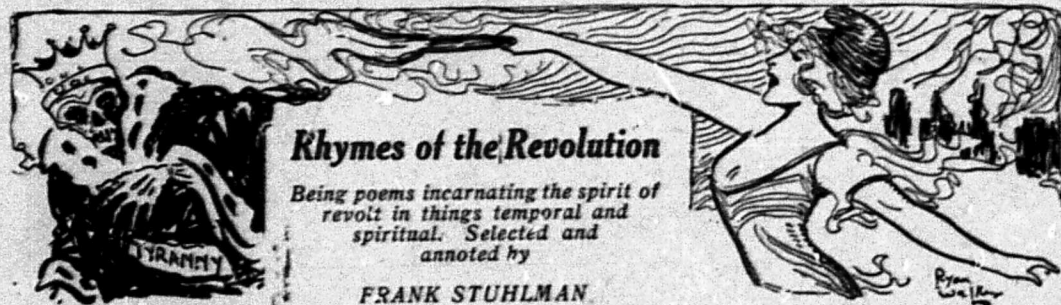
If "Teddy" told some people he was the first man to put salt in the sea they would believe him.

There are two things in this life, for which we are never fully prepared, and they are twins.

As if it harm'd me giving others the same chance and rights as myself.—Walt Whitman.



THE HORRORS OF WAR TOUCH THE SOUL OF CARNEGIE



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

NOTE.—The following lines are from Lanier's poem of wonderful beauty, "A Symphorn." America has produced three great poets, Whitman, Lowell and Lanier. While Lanier's verse lacks the cosmic force of Whitman's and the popular elements of Lowell's, it contains a rarer sense of beauty than that of either of his compeers. Lanier was a native of Georgia and served as a private in the Confederate army, and as a blockade runner, was captured and imprisoned for some months. This impaired his delicate constitution and left him semi-invalid for life. His career was a long struggle against poverty and illness, bravely fought. As a poet the full measure of his genius is not yet appreciated; but time is proving his right to be classed as one of our greatest poets. No man more hated the ruthless cruelty and ugliness of capitalism.

Trade

BY SIDNEY LANIER

"O Trade! O Trade! Would thou wert dead!
The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head;
Of what avail the rigorous tale
Of bill for coin and box for bale?
Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope;
Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope;
When all's done, what has thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"

Yea, what avail the endless tale
If gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedge'd by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous foul air sigh
For outside leagues of liberty.

Where Art, sweet lark, translate the sky
Into a heavenly melody
'Each day, all day' (these poor folk say)
'In the same old year-long, dear long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the
kills,
We sieve nine-meshes under the hills,
And thief much gold from the devil's
bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;
And so do we, and the world's a sty;
And so do we, and the world's a sty;
Hush, fellow-swine; why muzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath no remedy
Say many men, and hasten by,
Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.
But who said once in lordly tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone
But all that cometh from the Throne?
Hath God said so?

Ever Onward

BY E. N. RICHARDSON

"It is good to be here," I said, but
Fate—pointed onward.
"My destination is near," I cried, but
Fate—pointed onward.
"Death awaits, soon I shall rest," I

whispered, but Fate smiled and—
pointed onward.
"But is there no end?" I asked, and
Fate with a gentle shake of the head—
pointed onward.
After a million years my soul awoke;
Fate still smiling—pointed onward.

Around the Dinner Pail

Stories Told While Waiting for the Whistle

The COMING NATION will send a subscription card good for one year for every story accepted for this department. They must not be more than three hundred words long. Every worker knows at least one such story that he has heard at his work. Other people would like to laugh about it, too. Send it in.

Couldn't Fool Him

BY IEE F. HEACOOK

In some of the older communities of the east, the use of the word "shillings" in reference to fractions of a dollar divisible by 12 1/2 cents is still common. This word and the interpretation thereof, was, however, unknown to Fritz, a recent arrival from the Fatherland. When he applied for work at the saw-mill, the foreman critically looked him over.

"Yes," he replied in answer to the request for a "job," "we can use you. come to work Monday morning at 7 o'clock."

"How much wages you pay?" cautiously inquired Fritz.

"Fourteen shillin' a day," responded the foreman.

"Nein. I starve first, before I work by anybody for lesser as vun dollar and fifty cents," declared the immigrant.

He got the job at his own figure.

God working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man;
He made at first, though free and uncon-
fined,
One man the common father of the kind;
That every tribe, though placed as He sees
best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the
rest,
Differing in language, manners or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the
race.—Coveper.