

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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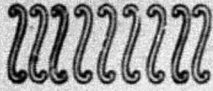
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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

The Counting of the Masters



PERHAPS, brethren, we are prone to underrate the intelligence of the enemy. Perhaps, since money-grubbing is so stupid and greasy we are likely to think its followers cannot be very wise about anything and therein make a dangerous error. Anyway, the skill with which the Coast Defense scare has just been thrust upon the country is calculated to make us all sit up and think. What the Interests desire above all other things is to divert attention from economic conditions and from the arrangements by which the Interest gentlemen fatten themselves at the nation's expense. So long as they can keep the public from thinking they can hope to retain their places on the public's back. To divert general attention from essentials what could be a better device than to have an official report on the defenceless state of the country suddenly suppressed for fear Europe may learn how easily a hostile fleet could descend upon our coasts and capture everything in sight?

The well-trained press instantly breaks into clamor. It is shown that we haven't a gun nor a fort nor an army nor anything to fight with. Public men express the most pessimistic opinions as to the security of anything unless we begin at once upon a vast system of fortifications. The wild-eyed advocates of a greater navy, always insatiable, shriek aloud upon their favorite theme and the war fever sets in at the top pitch.

The next appropriation bill is to carry millions for new armaments.

All this sweetly illustrates the utility of the Carnegie Peace Fund, upon the heels of which it follows close.

Do you hear any of these war maniacs saying anything about the nation's enemies at home that are real and veritable?

Not one. The whole push is busy screeching about foreign enemies that exist only in imagination.

To minds of this order, I suppose it is useless to review the facts about the tuberculosis death lists, more appalling than those of any war; about the increase of poverty, the growth of the slums, the inadequacy of our schools, nor any other pertinent and actual condition. The only subject that appeals to them is the hobgoblin of war. Millions for armaments, but not one cent for tuberculosis.

Meantime, if the gentlemen on the inside continue to work the scare hard enough they can keep the people from talking very much about the increased cost of living.

About this I have a little suggestion. If it is so tremendously important to have coast defenses the gentlemen that are yelling for them ought to be willing to do their part in the glorious work. I favor the forming of a regiment of coast defenders composed exclu-

sively of the editors that are always sounding the alarm. Their well-known patriotism will doubtless make the service a joy to them and they will receive the suggestion with enthusiasm. Then I favor a law that every Congressman that declares the country to be at the mercy of any invader shall be conscripted into the army for six months. If in addition we can have a little school to which statesmen can be sent to learn the origin of war and the simple way to avoid it, I think we can go quietly about our business without creating any more armament bills for the workingman to pay.



There is one phase of this subject that is still more ominous.

Do you notice from time to time a recurrence of the Japanese war scare? Today I was reading in a newspaper the letters of naval officers that privately assure their

Watch the News From Japan

friends of Japan's hellish intentions against the Philippines. Just before that it was some hideous design of Japan against Alaska.

These things do not happen accidentally in a controlled press.

I beg to suggest to radicals and Socialists and other persons not believing in murder, that they observe diligently the news in regard to Japan.

Just at this time when the tendency at home is toward economic inquiry and when people are beginning to learn something about the monstrous System that is saddled upon their backs, nothing could be so useful as a war to the gentlemen that ride us.

None of the riding gentlemen would get shot in it. Only workingmen would lose their lives.

None of the riding gentlemen would pay the cost of a war. Only workingmen would have the privilege.

None of the wives of the riding gentlemen would be widowed. None of their children would be orphaned. Only the wives and children of workingmen would suffer.

War, therefore, is never dreadful, except in a remote, sentimental and platitudinous way to the gentlemen that ride and that also direct the affairs of the nation.

First fact.

And the second is that the swift industrial development of Japan is beginning to be very uncomfortable to these gentlemen. Already Japan has excluded from the Orient more than one of our admirable Trusts.

Wait until she begins to tackle us upon our own shores. At this very moment I believe she can lay down steel rails anywhere west of the Rockies for less than the Steel Trust. Wait until she begins to do it. Wait until Japanese steel begins to come in and fill the contracts.

On that day it will be strange if a race riot does not break out in San Francisco, or a Japanese boy be reported stoning an American, or the flag be insulted in Yokohama, or something of the kind, certain to fire the American heart with patriotic frenzy and start the war mania on its way.



WATCH for it. You will see it. Here in this country we are thoroughly subjugated to the trusts. Japan is the only danger to them. It is striding along gathering all the markets of the Pacific. Collision with our masters is inevitable unless our masters can agree with Japan for a division of the world's booty. When the collision comes and the streets are filled with madmen shouting for war, how much then need the Interests fear the progress of economic agitation?

* * *

Here is the real danger. None of the flapped lists of the Peace Society will lift a hand or say a word against it, now nor at any other time. That way, profits lie. Because who are the mouthpieces of the Peace Society and the Carnegie cult? Men like Elihu Root. And where do these men come in? As attorneys for the Interests. And where do the Interests come in?

Steel Trust and Coast Defenses

They would furnish the munitions and cop off the money.

Well, then, was there ever in this world anything so funny as fumbling Carnegie and his fumbling donation to the Cause of Peace?

The very men that will spend Mr. Carnegie's Peace fund are the men employed to further war.

At this you can imagine the devil letting out a whoop of laughter fit to make the volcanoes rattle.

Yet it is quite true. Take this Coast Defense scare we were speaking of a moment ago.

Who will get the fat contracts to provide the armament demanded because of this scare? The Steel Trust.

Who will rake off the profits from it? The Steel Trust.

Who are to spend the Carnegie Fund? Well, look over the names and see if you can discover many that are not connected in one way or another with the great financial or business Interests, that in turn are dependent upon the central Interests that own the Steel Trust.

After that vaudeville seems tame. As one final suggestion on this subject let me advise you to watch carefully the newspapers that are engaged in pushing the Coast Defense scare.

If you can find one that is not hitched up with the steel Interests, let me know. Thus we are governed and this is the reason for it.

Some philosophers aver that every people gets the kind of government it deserves. Heaven above, but we must have been terrible offenders to deserve in any way the rotten brand of government we are getting now!



WHEN business is a little dull in the steel trade, the Secretary of War obligingly booms it for Mr. Morgan by raising the Coast Defense bugaboo. When Mr. Morgan and his friends the Guggenheims desire to rake off the riches of Alaska the Secretary of the Interior is on hand to help.

When Mr. Morgan desires to further exploit the exploited New Haven railroad the

Attorney General helps him by withdrawing the government's suit.

When Mr. Morgan desires to boom his Honduras loan and his Chinese loan the President of the United States kindly boosts them in his annual message.

Who rules America?



In the light of these facts I dearly love to sit in a smoking car and hear some characteristic ass braying about the grandeur of conditions in our beloved land or to read in the *Outlook* some spicy guff about triumphant democracy in America. Now and then one of this cheerful school gets what is coming to him. The other night on a transcontinental train, in a crowded buffet car, a blatant young person read from a newspaper an item about a gift from John D. Rockefeller to some hospital and expatiated loudly upon the goodness, sweetness and lovable qualities of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, who, he assured us, "always made such good use of their money."

A quiet man in the corner looked up suddenly from the magazine he was reading and said:

"How would it do for men like Rockefeller and Carnegie to stop causing disease?"

After that for a long time nothing was heard but the roar of the train as it leaped from one unsafe rail to another until George, the waiter, put his head in the door and said, "Will any other gentleman have anything?"



RESIDENT DIAZ understands this country perfectly well. When his supremacy is threatened by a revolution, he gives a seven-page advertisement to the American newspapers. Whereupon they unanimously declare that the revolution is a failure and Diaz is not only the greatest man that ever lived, but certain to rule forever.

And still there are some persons in this country that question whether we have a free press. How strange!

Yet let us be perfectly accurate in all our statements. The American press is not free in the sense that you can get it for nothing, but you can buy it any time for a good big ad. In that sense it is free as the air. You bet.

The City of Pasadena, California, is one of the grandest places on the continent.

Every American citizen should go to Pasadena and explore it under the direction of Mr. Ballard, the competent town guide. Pasadena is the home of more than two hundred millionaires. It is perfectly grand.

As you go about admiring the houses of our princes of industry you should learn how each one made his money. That will fill you with admiring thoughts and give you additional pleasures as you stand in the street and rubber-neck over the hedge at the roses, fountains, geraniums and grottoes.

Pasadena is strong on architecture. Mr. Ballard will truthfully inform you that no two of the happy homes of our millionaire nobility are alike. After a time you are quite ready to admit this fact as you wend your way, wondering what kind of houses Bedlam would erect if it were turned loose upon the job.

The object of the Pasadena millionaires has been to spend their money. It is an object that has weighed grievously upon them and in some cases, I should say, has undermined their intellects.

One gentleman has copied an Italian villa near Naples, reproducing the garden and all. Another has imitated a Greek temple. An-

other has been good enough to give us a replica of a Mohammedan mosque. Another has turned to Japan. Three have reproduced English country houses. Seventeen have favored us with imitations of the Italian renaissance and six with imitations of French villas. One gentleman has striven conscientiously to satisfy all tastes by beginning with German renaissance, putting in a dash of colonial and ending with Moorish. Some have gone in heavily for exotics and strange plants and trees. Some have artificial fish ponds and caves and mazes, all imitated and reproduced from something abroad. One gentleman in the beer line has spent millions on a vast garden, a feature of which is an artificial brook that turns a mill, and the mill is a reproduction of some mill in England. Another of the fortunate has a house with gold door knobs and gold hinges. This seems to be the only original thing in Pasadena. Nobody in Italy or England ever thought of such a grand and useful device, which is, I am sure, a credit to our native ingenuity.

I asked what the owners of all these splendors did with their possessions, but the resulting information was meagre. It appeared that many of them did not come to Pasadena at all; they just owned houses there, and covered them with gilt and things, or built them in the manner of Greek temples, because that was the proper thing to do and they must keep up with the procession of the millionaire order. But they didn't live in their temples and mosques and things. They just built them. Some millionaires occasionally lived in Pasadena, of course, but it didn't appear that their grottoes, towers, ferneries, sunken gardens, fish ponds, artificial brooks, water mills, gold hinges, gilt trimmings, trained monkeys, English butlers, and other accessories afforded them any particular satisfaction. One native offered to bet that ninety per cent of the noble residents had never been inside their own gardens and couldn't tell one artificial brook from another.

Nevertheless, Pasadena is a grand place and full of instruction to the inquiring mind. Some persons have wondered about the great American grab game whether it were worth while. You sail in and wrest from your fellows the bread they need and you don't need; you duck and dodge and twist and lie and scheme and evade or break the laws that you prate so much about; you help to make poverty, slums, destitution and disease; you help to create a condition, in which the majority of mankind must live in darkness and insufficiency while you have a useless superfluity; you steel your heart against every decent impulse until it becomes dead and cold and all the joy of life dies with it. You trample upon other men and ruin them and outwit them; and at last you join the sacred ranks and become a millionaire. What for?

Well, here in Pasadena you can see what for. So that you can have a house with gold hinges and gold knobs or reproduce an English water-mill or construct a sunken garden that you never look at.

Great, isn't it? Seems so reasonable as an object of life.

* * *

And now if you will just step from Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena to any one of the 260 rotten, stinking, filthy courts of Los Angeles and see how the people live in them, and in what conditions, you will, I am sure, be filled with complete admiration for the present organization of society and understand how sweet are its blessings.

"There is no poverty out here, you know," says the complacent, well-fed, Los Angeles man, riding comfortably upon the backs of the populace. "It's of no use to tell us about slums; slums are confined to eastern cities."

Yes? Well, I had not noticed that. My impression was that California, the state of overflowing abundance, the world's granary and orchard, contains some of the worst pov-

erty to be found on this earth. In spite of the optimistic opinions of my Los Angeles friends, I am still of that opinion.

But don't let anything of that kind disturb you. Think of the sunken gardens and the artificial water-falls!



Two weeks ago in these columns I made some inadequate reference to George R. Kirkpatrick's extraordinary book, "War—What For?" Since then I have

Never Mind the Critics

observed that the sissy boys and mental perverts that write the bulk of the literary criticism in America have discovered that they are not pleased with Mr. Kirkpatrick's style and are, therefore, favoring him with some of their ponderous and dull animadversions.

Suppose we take a look at this. Anybody that knows anything about George Kirkpatrick knows that he is a master of English and could have put forth his book in about any style he might care to adopt. If he had so elected he could have turned out essays on "War" couched in dignified and classic phrases of the most fashionable type. Doubtless if he had so desired he could have written his book in the dull, juiceless and atrophying manner habitually praised by the sissy boys. He might even by a supreme effort have killed his book by making it stupid enough to win their good word.

But having a great message on a great subject he deliberately chose so to frame it that no reader could possibly escape the terrific import of every word in that message.

Therefore, he has written a book that will last instead of one that the junk dealers will collect, as they collect all the favorite works of the sissy boys. "War—What For?" will be studied and referred to when butchers are using the polite essayists to wrap meat in, and when by no shred do the library heroes of the Miss Nancy school hang upon the human memory.

But, anyway, I congratulate Mr. Kirkpatrick. He has won the hostility of the worst judges of literature in the world and that is an achievement worth while. For some years I have watched these literary invertebrates and their futile work and I have never yet seen a book fail if they could only be induced unanimously to condemn it. I know of no safer guide to good reading than to copper the criticisms of the jelly fish that pose as our foremost critics. If they say anything is bad you may be sure it is good; if they say it is very bad go right out and buy it because it is something you will want to read if you are more than nine years old and do not play marbles nor smoke cigarettes.

And the best possible advice one can give to young writers is to study carefully what the sissy boys like and strive conscientiously to get as far as possible from anything like that. This is the sober truth. Run over the writers in America that have the largest audiences. Alfred Henry Lewis, Arthur Brisbane, David Graham Phillips, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Robert Herrick, and you will find that every one of them is consistently damned by the critical fraternity of slush. Turn next to the writers that are praised by the silly billies and you will not find those whose works are sold otherwise than by the pound.

The moral is if you want an audience write so that the *Atlantic Monthly* will be horrified. If you want to write for paper stock consult the reviewers.

If you care to get this in condensed form inquire about Robert Herrick's latest book. Without a dissenting voice the sissies smote that on the wrist and it was not only Herrick's best book, but has proved to be his best seller.

Why didn't the critics like it? Why, for the same reason they do not like "War—What For?"

It handed out eternal truth instead of a flabby imitation of Walter Pater.

Bernard Shaw's Secret

C. N. Desmond Shaw



A QUEER devil—a whimsical devil—a funny devil. He is desperately in earnest—he does not believe a word he says—fool—a genius. A madman—a Mountebank—a magician. Most of the inhabitants of these islands have at one time or another taken a hand at the game of “explaining” Bernard Shaw. He has been explained in every little coterie of Fabians and Social Democrats. He has been explained in the drawing-room and the kitchen. He has even been explained in Parliament.

And not a single one of his explainers has guessed Shaw's secret. But Shaw knows it. So do I.

I am disclosing his secret from a sense of duty in order to save forty millions more, or less, of astonished and mystified Britishers from wearing themselves to death in an effort to unravel the tangle of Shaw's psychology, thus distracting them from the business of running the Empire.

I have watched Bernard Shaw closely. Have spoken from the same platform with him. Have talked to him and at him. Have stayed with him at the same hotel. Watched him eat and drink. Know something of the way in which he sleeps. And I believe I have fathomed his secret.

In the first place I would ask you to notice with me certain characteristics of this man, who is interesting in the way that all things unhuman are interesting.

The Darling of the Gods.

The first thing that strikes you about this Mephistophelean Puck, this darling of the gods, is the way in which he flouts all the rulers of the earth-game. The ordinary human being when he wants to convey anything says what he means. Shaw, with diabolical intuition, says exactly the opposite to what he means to convey, and conveys it. The language of the man-in-the-street is to the point; the language of Shaw is tangential and paradoxical. He will prove with equal facility and at any given moment that black is white, that Anarchism and Conservatism are one and the same thing, that he is not a Socialist, and that he is the only Socialist. He has an uncanny capacity for balancing uncertainty on airy nothing. He is a juggler in phrases, with a diabolical quickness of brain in manipulating the colored balls of his words, until he stands, god-like, framed in the halo of his verbal pyrotechnics. He is the only man alive today who can show that, underneath, good and evil are one and the same thing. He has mastered the secret of the gods—knowing good and evil to be one.

Some twenty years ago he showed this devilish capacity in his own peculiar fashion at Willis' Rooms, where he lectured on “The Fallacies of Anarchism.” A few devoted Anarchists turned up to support their theories, but Shaw, who then had all the serpentine qualities which he possesses today, after first making them swallow their own words, covered them with his slippery eloquence, and proceeded to assimilate them with that delightful ease which distinguishes his intestinal mentality from that of ordinary humans. Just about this time he contributed an article to the Anarchist paper, “Freedom,” in which he advocated vigorously the theories of Anarchy, absorbing its opponents with the same bea-constrictor-like ease with which he had at Willis' absorbed its votaries. When some of the “fool-people” asked him to explain the apparent discrepancy, he replied with that fatal facility of his that the lady who edited the journal was a particular friend of his, and that when she asked him for an article he felt he could not refuse to give her one after her own heart!

I remember some two years ago, when speaking from the same platform as Bernard Shaw at the Queen's Hall, watching him as he glided on to the platform with that sinuous way of his. The moment he appeared there was a buzz of conversation and then a burst of laughter.

His Nameless Fascination.

There was something uncanny about that laughter, something weird; it seemed to be the laughter of human beings who sensed something in their midst which was not of them. It was for all the world as though a snake had got in amongst a flock of birds, which, staring at it in helpless fascination, held their heads on one side and chattered with horrid eagerness before deglutition.

And then, when he opened his lips to speak, he was greeted with a howl of delight that was appalling. “I am in earnest,” he asserted in response to the howl—and, “to give the devil his due,” he is always desperately in earnest, though it is his fate never to be believed. A sibilant whisper came from the pit, “When are you ever in earnest?” which was



followed by another burst of derisive laughter. The sorrows of Satan.

Then there is that dominating characteristic of his. He regards himself inevitably, and absolutely without affectation, as a sort of god-like human to whose genius and judgment all men must bow. He considers this as natural as the Master of Evil himself would consider it if he visited the earth in human guise. His isolation is magnificent, his assumption of supreme intelligence is sublime, whilst there is a sort of fatality about it which transcends criticism.

Many years ago, when Bernard Shaw was a clerk in a firm in the City, which was running “cute” Yankee notions, he ran into Champion, the well-known agitator, and a friend at the corner of the Bank of England. He opened the conversation with the assertion that “I am the only genuine Socialist in Great Britain.” When his friends asked him, not unnaturally, where they came in, he said, “Well, it is like this, you fellows. Your Socialism fits you like a suit of ready-made clothes, but mine fits me as if it had been made for me.” There was nothing more to be said.

And then his modesty. It is staggering—colossal. He is the most immodestly modest being alive on the planet today. I have heard him make some terrific assertions to an audience in his own dazzling fashion, who promptly demanded proofs. “Proofs?” he said, “you don't understand—I am not arguing with you, I am telling you.” And yet Shaw is at heart absolutely modest, for there is nothing conceited about omniscience.

His Blasphemy and Greed.

Then again, his blasphemy is entirely his own—not shocking, but euphonious and pleasing. It would deceive the very elect. He speaks about the Supreme Being as though he had known Him from the beginning of time. His intimacy with his Creator is appalling.

And his creed is simplicity itself. “There is but one Faith, the Faith of the Fabians, and their faith is in Bernard Shaw.” It is beautiful and elevating to see Shaw presiding over a meeting of the Fabian Society in their temple at Essex Hall. There is a curious twinkle in his eye—a sort of understanding smile—a kind of tolerance of his deification. He is the sun around which the satellites revolve and from which they derive their being and motion.

The Case of H. G. Wells.

Mad men have occasionally—very occasionally—tried to challenge his supreme power in the Society. There was a dare-devil named H. G. Wells once. Something happened—after it had, there was no Wells—only a smell of brimstone. It is a fearful and wonderful sight—a blasphemous sight—to watch the Fabian Jove in the seats of the mighty with the lesser deities grouped around him on the heights of Olympus. All eyes are turned on the Master. If he sneezes—he has been known to do so—every eye is fixed upon him frantically to see what it may portend. If he opens his lips to speak, a premonitory shiver passes through the dreamy young men and women as though the Delphic Oracle were about to give voice. If, in his madness and misery, some misguided human ventures to challenge the divine utterance, he is met with a cry of horror and execration—after which the body is removed.

They tell the story that Satan walked into Simpson's, the well-known eating house in the Strand, one day. The head waiter asked him, deferentially, “Would you like a roast, sir?” “Roast be d—d,”

replied his Majesty, “I am sick of roasts. Give me some fruit.”

Which reminds me. Have you ever seen Bernard Shaw eat? He abhors roasts, and, in fact, never touches meat under any circumstances. He is practically a life-vegetarian, and takes an unholily delight in mashing up all his vegetarian stuff into a pulp on his plate, and spooning it down without the intervention of knife or fork.

“He abhors roasts.” That Simpson story. I wonder—I wonder.

Satanic Saintliness.

His saintliness is overwhelming. It is unnatural. It is Satanic. He has not a single redeeming vice. He has never tasted stimulants; tobacco he detests—he has a particular dislike to smoke in any form, and he clothes himself in the swaddling clothes of a blameless life in the shape of Jaeger garments. He even goes to rest, I have been informed upon excellent authority—that of the maid who looked after his room when he was staying in the Midlands—in a sleeping bag, like an Egyptian mummy in a sarcophagus. In his early days in the Socialist movement he was the despair of his brother Socialists. They regarded him as inhuman, where really he was unhuman. He was a man who never drank, never smoked, never ate meat, and never swore—his objection to the words “d—n,” “devil” and “hades,” being significant, not say pathetic. There is some hope of a man's reformation if he has been a sinner—but the case of Bernard Shaw was hopeless, for there was nothing to reform.

One man in disgust addressed him thus: “You don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't swear—what do you do?” Shaw replied quite pleasantly, “I? Oh, I spit.”

It has been his fancy to plumb the depths of misery, for nothing in the world will convince me that Bernard Shaw need ever have starved if he had wished to avoid starvation. And that for a very good reason. For some years after he had cast his bread upon the waters of journalism, and before he got his first regular berth as musical critic on the “Star,” it was his whim to pass through the poverty phase, during which time he got to know all sorts and conditions of men.

G. B. S. and the Tramp.

Take his meeting with a weary Willie in the Strand one night. Shaw came along clad in evening dress, his loose opera cloak lined with flame-colored silk—I believe it must have been flame-colored—floating magnificently around him. Awed by his air of prosperity, the tramp begged him for a penny for God's sake. Shaw stood in the middle of the pavement, to the intense inconvenience of the passers-by, placed his fingers delicately inside each pocket of his coat, which he turned out one by one, then went through his waistcoat, and finally reversed the pockets of his trousers, without unearthing a farthing. Touched by the sight, the scaramouch fished out a penny from somewhere and implored him to take it for the love of Heaven. Shaw took it.

They tell me that his face was irradiated by that rare smile of his, which is full of a haunting tenderness, as though a lost soul had smiled at a glimpse of Paradise. I believe I can guess of what he was thinking—can you?

His resolutions are paradoxical and illuminating—devilishly illuminating. They really need no support in the way of speaking—they are self-explanatory. In his early days in the Socialist movement he proposed the following resolution at Toynbee Hall, in London: “That the workingman is useless, dangerous and ought to be abolished.”

And his wit is diabolical. There is always a tang in it that hangs on the palate. It is always sardonic and mordant. When his “Arms and the Man,” the first of his stage successes, was produced, there was vociferous applause accompanied by loud calls for the author. From the gods came a solitary hiss, which cut the air like the swing of a sword. Shaw's stiff acknowledgments to the audience changed into an attitude of interested attention, and looking up at the gallery with a gentle and deprecatory smile he said: “I quite agree with you, my friend, but what are we amongst so many?”

Millionaires and Murderers.

That is the wonderful thing about this man. His extraordinary human sympathy. It is the sympathy of the man who knows all things, and, therefore, forgives all. He has it for the millionaire and for the murderer. To the former class he has addressed a pamphlet pleading with them to secure happiness by joining the Socialist party, and in regard to the latter class, equally select, I can vouch for the following:

Last year a Russian, whose relations had been gradually dwindling for some years through the

kindly efforts of the Russian police, decided that in the eternal fitness of things the proper course was to remove a few of the gentlemen in question. Having done so in workmanlike fashion, he fled to London, and being anxious to proceed to another part of Europe, his friends set about collecting the necessary funds. Someone suggested Bernard Shaw as an improbable possibility. He was written to and responded with a handsome donation accompanied by the following note: "Dear X—, —Why should I be called upon to export this interesting young murderer? Is there no scope for his particular talent in this country?"

Here, again, his superhuman indifference to such trifles as mere murder.

George Bernard Shaw is today regarded as one of the greatest living dramatists and writers. He is a being of almost demoniacal mental agility. He is looked upon with feelings akin to reverence by thousands of men and women, though no one ever heard of a man or woman loving him. They are afraid to love him.

Not a Creator.

But, in spite of all that, in spite of his tremendous reputation, the fact remains that he is not a creator. He is a synthesist. The power to create is only given to a different order of being. What Shaw does is with uncanny ingenuity to collect the threads of other men's thoughts and ideas, pass them through the loom of his imagination, showing an astonished world the inner meaning of those ideas in the completed pattern. He has accomplished in the realm of art what Herbert Spencer did in the realm of philosophy. He is the supreme provoker of thought—the master-magician who brings reason out of chaos. He stimulates, he shocks into consciousness. If you doubt his capacity to create, ask any of his admirers for what he stands, and not one of them will be able to answer coherently. They will be perplexed, they will hesitate. He is not a creator.

If you want further proof that he does not create, it can be taken from plays like that of "Misalliance," where Shaw makes his characters talk like human phonographs, with a hard, metallic and unnatural brilliance. It is as though he had conjured up the demons of paradox from the lower regions, who, in their wizard-play with phrases and ideas, strike sparks at every utterance, until the whole atmosphere of the play becomes one of unholy glamor under the wonder-working of the intellectual gamin behind, who controls his automata so unceasingly. Analysis—synthesis—and the powder-play of paradox—yes; but creation—no!

Look at the face of the man. Look at it, I say. In it there is a touch of the satyr—of Lucifer dethroned; a suggestion of something that is at once piercing, and menacing, and sorrowful. It is the face of a man who is bloodless, passionless—without desires, without feeling as human beings understand the word. It is the face of a pleasant devil, of a whimsical devil, of a kindly devil. But above and beyond all it is the face of something that has no soul.

And that is Bernard Shaw's secret—he has no soul. But who ever heard of the Devil having a soul?

"Mac"

BY JOHN SPARGO.



John Spargo

"Mac" was a navy. That fact will explain to the wise and learned why he was generally known as "the wee Scotch navy."

To all others it will be necessary to explain the dislike of the genuine, old-fashioned English navy for simple nicknames. The ordinary laborer is content with such makeshifts as "Mike" for Michael

"Dick" for Richard, and the like, but not so the navy. He delights in the invention of more picturesque substitutes for the names bestowed—if we may credit the church ritual—by godfathers and godmothers. In other words he is an artist.

Dressed in corduroy, elaborately decorated with big, white buttons, his trousers tightly gartered below the knees with leather straps, he is a far more

picturesque figure than the mere laborer, whom, he it confessed, he despises.

His speech, too, is picturesque. Until you have heard a group of "padding-can rangers" yarn and curse and quarrel you can have no idea of the picturesque possibilities of English speech. The London cabby, and his rival, the East End coster, are dull, drab, commonplace lispers compared to the navy.

Perhaps the nomadic life he leads gives his speech its picturesque quality. Rarely does the navy spend more than a few months together in any one place. Excavating for railroads, docks, reservoirs, and similar public works, the term of employment is not long at best. Frequently it is cut short by a drunken spree, a fight, or a mysterious warning coming "down the line" that a "fly-foot" is on his trail on account of a "job" for which he is "wanted."

At such times the navy gets his "back time" and "ooofs it." With a tin "billy" to carry liquid refreshment, and some bread and cheese in his capacious pockets, or tied up in a red bandanna handkerchief, he is nearly ready. All that he requires besides these are, pipe and "baccy" and, of course, his spade, polished like silver by constant and faithful use. He sleeps anywhere he can; by a sheltered hedgerow, under a haystack; in a "crummy doss house," or crowded "padding-can."

In the "doss house" and the "padding can" he is at home. He is almost certain to meet old cronies, with whom he has worked or tramped somewhere before, and if he is hard up he is about equally certain to get his immediate wants supplied—food, beer, "baccy" and bed are temporarily assured by the freemasonry of his calling.

Quite as likely as not, the navy on tramp will thus meet with his best friend. And it is quite as likely that neither of the friends will know the other's name. Each of them may have had so many names that he has long forgotten the first, the only original and genuine one, and there are too many dangers of betraying your friend under such conditions.

If a navy happens to hail from Devonshire and to be thin and tall, his natural nickname will be "Devonshire Slim," but it is quite possible that some perverse person, aiming, no doubt, at a subtle form of humor, will make it "Devonshire Fatty." The thin, tall man from Liverpool is named "Liverpool Long Pot," and his closest pal would know him by no other name. "Humpnose Link" is a Lincolnshire chap whose nose has been broken, "Shorty Kent," is a six-footer from Kent; "One Lamp Cork," is an Irishman with one eye; "Barnstaple Ginger," is a red-haired man from Barnstaple.

It would be easy to compile enough navy names of this kind to fill a volume, and to prove that the navy is an artist in his line. He has real creative genius. Who else could fasten upon a friend such a name as "Three Stump Stutt," just because the friend stammered and had lost part of three fingers, and fasten the name on him so securely that it would be known in every padding-can and doss house in the land?

II.

Now you will understand why the Scotchman who stood six feet two in his socks, and would have measured another six inches if his work-bent and twisted body could have been straightened out, was known to the navy world as "The Wee Scotch Navy." So the police knew him, and so he was advertised whenever he was to speak to navvies. He was a pioneer Socialist agitator.

Not being a navy, I could never call him by the familiar title and keep a straight face. So, having learned that his proper name—or, at least, one of them—was MacWhortle, Samuel MacWhortle, I called him "Sam," at first, and then, later on, "Mac."

When first I met "Mac" we were booked together for a propaganda meeting in a rough neighborhood. Nine consecutive Sundays the meetings had been broken up by hoodlums, the speakers beaten and the "platform"—a chair—smashed. On the tenth Sunday we faced a howling, blood-thirsty mob. There were half a dozen comrades, "Mac" and myself. My knees trembled from fright and fear.

But, like a good navy, "Mac" could fight. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, spat vigorously upon the palms of his hands, and then announced with a roar that we were to hold a meeting, that "the kid"—meaning myself—would speak and that anybody coming closer than six feet of the platform would be obliged to fight.

Of course, the challenge was accepted. Without a trace of passion, in cold blood, "Mac" fought his man. Full twenty minutes they fought, hand to hand, and then "Mac" stood over his fallen foe asking calmly "who's next to try? Who's next to try?"

Then a strange thing happened. The vanquished one rose, and wiping the blood from his face, shouted, "There aint again' ter be no next, Matey.

We'll keep 'em mum, we will, Gawd strike me if we don't! Set the young un agoin' an' damn the man wot lets out a peep!" The battle was won. Never after that was a Socialist meeting at Hawley's corner disturbed.

III.

"Mac" was a born orator, but he was almost absolutely illiterate. And, like many uneducated public speakers, he had a habit of using big, unfamiliar words. He was fond of the word "statistician," for example, which he always pronounced "statistikun." In a single speech he would use the word a hundred times or more.

"Statistikuns tells us that there are five million people in England who are starving," he would thunder with a delightful Scotch "burr." Five minutes later he would raise the number to ten millions. Then it would be twenty millions, and before he got through he would exceed the population of the United Kingdom!

"Mac" lost much of his liking for the word "statistician" when, for fun, I gave him a longer word. It was "sesquipedalian," a word which Disraeli had used in the House of Commons, bantering Gladstone and mocking his pomposity. To "Mac" that word was a treasure, a gift from the gods!

"Dirty, sesquipedalian, bloodsuckers and parasites!" he would cry, referring of course, to the capitalists. "Labor is like Jesus, crucified between two thieves, Lazarus on one side and Dives on the other, and the bloody work is done by the sesquipedalian capitalists!" I heard him tell an audience one day, sadly mixing his Biblical lore, but triumphantly rolling out his talismanic word.

Once, at a meeting in Glamorganshire, he was interrupted by a local political henchman, a fellow who measured almost as much as "Mac" himself. I knew what to expect as soon as I saw "Mac's" contemptuous snarl, and his long, bony forefinger poised in the air like a lance. He hissed out the phrases in which he sought to express his scorn and loathing: "You sesquipedalian vampire! You sesquipedalian capitalist lickspittle!" he shouted, while the crowd cheered him on and his victim, pale and trembling, cowered.

On the way home I spoke to "Mac," praising his speech, but remarking that it was very funny to hear big Davè Owen called an eighteen inch vampire. "I called him nothing of the kind!" declared the indignant "Mac," and it was not without difficulty that I made him understand the word, which comes from the Latin *sesqui*, one and a half, and *pedalis*, from *pes*, a foot.

Then we rolled on the soft grass, both of us choking with uncontrollable laughter. "And I thought all this while 'twas a good cuss word!" cried "Mac" at last.

IV.

"Mac" was a genius. I discovered the fact after years of constant association with him.

"I'm tired of this stump speaking," he said to me one day. "'Tis time for me to give regular lectures, like you and Hyndman, and Quelch, and Hunter Watts and the rest of you. What do you think of it?"

"Good idea," I replied.

"Well, then, you'll have to write the lecture for me, old man."

I wrote the lecture. It was entitled "What Shall We Do to be Saved?" and "Mac" learned it by heart. He did it remarkably well, too, rarely deviating a word from the manuscript, and putting all his energy into the delivery.

Then I went to London for a time. It was nearly a year before I saw "Mac" again. He had blossomed out as a full-fledged professional lecturer. He had a neatly printed list of lectures, containing nearly twenty quite attractive titles. Evidently "Mac" was making prog. ss! When I saw him I congratulated him upon his lecture list and he seemed pleased.

"But, tell me 'Mac,' who wrote all the other lectures for you?"

"Mac" was dumfounded, shocked, angry. For a moment he did not speak, then he exclaimed reproachfully, "And you've known me all these years, too! You might have known that, even if I'm no scholar, and can't write lectures, I've got a devil of a genius for inventing titles for the old one!"

Poor, dear old "Mac"! He was one of the most loyal and devoted soldiers the movement had in days when it demanded both service and sacrifice. He worked hard and faithfully when laborers were few. There are many more learned Socialists than "Mac," but there are none more sincere, more faithful, more courageous.

Love and honor to his memory!

An Interview With Vladimir Bourtzeff

By Jean Longuet

Special Correspondent Coming Nation

quences, opposes the total and equitable clearing-up of the scandal?"

"What would be the essential questions raised in

"What is this secret document?"

"It is the official report drawn by a high police official a few hours after the attack in which von Plehve perished. He had gathered it from the incoherent utterances of the terrorist Sazanoff, who was himself severely wounded by the bomb thrown at Plehve. Sazanoff had repeated incessantly the name of Valentin Kouzmitch, which was, as the



HE press of the world has been filled for two years with the story of one of the most dramatic episodes of that most dramatic of nations—Russia. I refer to the Azeff case. One fine or rather one gloomy day in January, 1909, it was discovered that the military engineer, Evno Phillipovitch Azeff, one of the most mysterious and formidable of the terrorists and head of the famous "Fighting Organization," had been an agent of the Russian government since the very beginning of his revolutionary career. And this spy, this "agent provocateur," had taken part in all the most widespread plots against the very highest Russian officials, including those by which such men as the prime minister, Von Plehve, and Grand-duke Sergius, has lost their lives. The news was received with stupefaction in revolutionary circles.

This exposure was due to the infinite patience and wonderful tact of Vladimir Bourtzeff—the "Sherlock Holmes of the Revolution."

When the excitement caused by this extraordinary affair had subsided, and Lopoukhine, the police agent who had given Bourtzeff the information concerning Azeff, had been sentenced and exiled, and after the sensational demands for an investigation had been made to the Douma by the Socialist deputy, Progrovsky, and the Liberal deputies, Maklakov, Milyoukov and Raditcheff, the affair seemed to have been entirely hushed up.

Azeff returned to his masters and went into hiding, in order to avoid the reproaches of the friends and relatives of those that he had sent to prison or to exile in Siberia. It seemed that he would escape his merited punishment, and live the rest of his ignominious life in tranquility, ease and luxury.

But Bourtzeff was on the lookout. He recently made an emphatic statement in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to the effect that the villain he had unmasked and the government that protected its hireling should not be left undisturbed.

I found Bourtzeff at Paris in a large well-lighted apartment on the boulevard St. Jacques, which has always been the center frequented by the numerous colony of Russian refugees in Paris. On the tables were scattered copies of Bourtzeff's journal, the *Common Cause*, in which it is his desire to unite the various fractions of revolutionary opinion in one united movement against autocracy.

I inquired of Comrade Bourtzeff whether he hoped to reopen the Azeff case.

"My dear comrade," answered Bourtzeff quickly, "for my part it has never been closed. A crime, or rather a number of crimes, have been committed. A high official of the imperial police department, planned an entire series of murders. He is denounced by the revolutionists that he betrayed and that took part in his acts. All the details of his guilt are known. Everything that is necessary for an investigation and a trial is at the disposition of justice. And, nevertheless, nothing has been done and nothing is being done to bring the criminal to trial."

"There you have the Azeff affair in a nutshell. Not alone the department of justice, but the government itself is preventing a trial. The highest representatives of the government have united with the criminal and are protecting him against the opinion of the entire world."

"But," I asked, "how can any one hope to ever bring Azeff to trial, when he has such powerful protectors?"

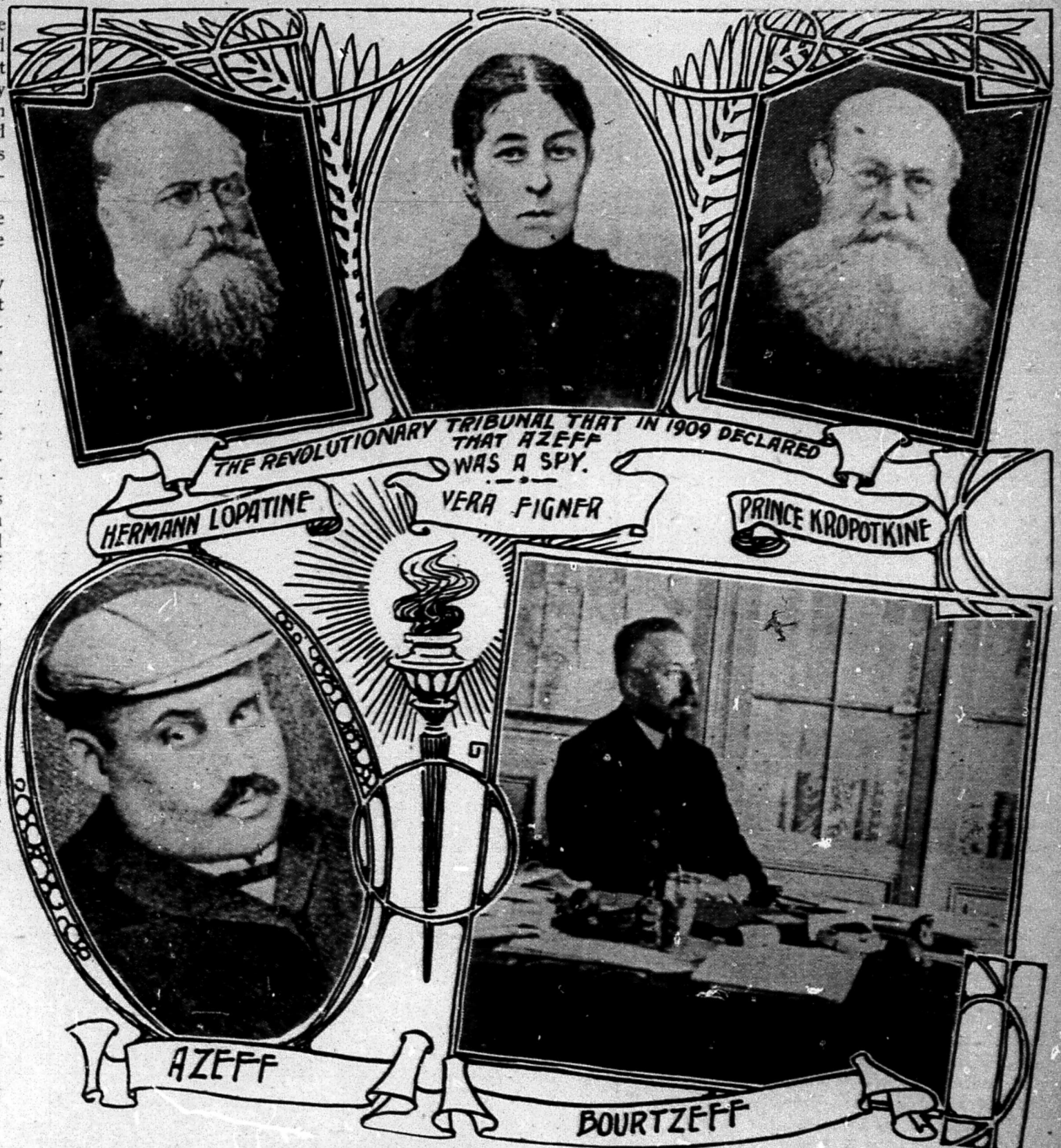
"Even in Russia," he answered, "public opinion counts for something. The question has been put before the people today. The press of Russia is demanding the trial of Azeff as the unavoidable end of a scandal that has lasted now for eighteen months. It is my firm belief that it will be sustained by the opinion of the entire civilized world."

"But do you not believe that it is too late to hope for such an outcome?"

"For a long time I have predicted that the Azeff case will parallel the Dreyfuss affair. This did not reach its culmination until many years after it had opened. Dreyfuss was sentenced in 1896; 1898 was the year of the first Zola trial, and not until 1905 came the vindication and the glorification of Dreyfuss and Picquart."

"I am utterly convinced," added Bourtzeff, "that the Azeff affair is not finished, that its solution is very near and that it is destined to cause a great uproar and will bring about the same consequences against czarism, that the Dreyfuss affair caused in France against militarism."

"Is there not in Russia at the present time, as there was formerly in France, a sort of contra-truth party that through fear of political conse-



such a trial?" I asked of our sagacious Russian comrade.

"They would be clear and to the point: Why had Azeff, in the service of the Imperial police and paid at the rate of 60,000 francs a year to betray the terrorists and foil their plots, allowed the murder of the Minister of the Interior, von Plehve, and the Grand-duke Sergius?"

"Why did not Russian officials who knew that Azeff was at the head of the terrorist organization, and who had even placed him there to foil organized treason, arrest Azeff after the assassination of Plehve, which it was his obligation and duty to prevent—and which he had planned?"

"They will answer perhaps that at that time the government as well as the terrorists themselves were deceived by the traitor."

"That is probable, but his guilt can no longer be doubted or ignored. Why do they hide Azeff in mysterious asylums, why do they make it a state secret and make themselves his accomplices?"

"During the great debate that took place last year before the Douma, M. Stolypine declared that he had no proof of the guilt of Azeff as a terrorist and that consequently there could be no possibility of bringing his subordinate to justice. Will this not be their answer again?" I asked.

"No, no!" Bourtzeff answered decidedly, "because there is now at the Ministry of the Interior at St. Petersburg, a secret document which completely destroys the pretensions of the prime minister; and I have proof of its existence. His assertions moreover are indefensible in the presence of hundreds of witnesses who have seen Azeff at work as a revolutionist."

police were well aware, the revolutionary pseudonym of Evno Azeff. In his delirium Sazanoff spoke of this man continually as the organizer of the plot in which the prime minister met his death."

"Is there no other document to support the proof of the active participation by Azeff in the murder of Plehve?"

"There certainly is. There remain the notes of the chief terrorist, that took part in the murder with Sazanoff, the famous Boris Savinkoff, who has just published his memoirs in Paris, in which is revealed in detail the part played by Azeff in the preparation of the plot against Plehve. The following is one of the suggestive details, found in the memoirs:

"In a moment of despair, the conspirators had decided to abandon the plot against Plehve. It was just at that moment that their leader Azeff intervened and persuaded them to give up their decision and to resume preparations for the plot with more boldness than before. These are the words that Azeff used in his exhortation: 'You ought to be ready to go to any extreme. The entire "Fighting Organization" may perish to a man. But nothing ought to discourage us. If we have not enough men, we must find more. If we need more dynamite, it must be made. But we must never abandon work that we have once taken up. By any means, Plehve must be executed.'

"Savinkoff adds that in this instance as in many others, Azeff galvanized and regenerated the organization of the terrorists."

While Bourtzeff was talking of these things with all his energy and passion, one felt that in this courageous man, all will was concentrated toward the attainment of his end.

Tricks of the Press

By H. G. Creel

(Continued from last week)



Faked cut of "Averbuch, the Athlete"

HERE'S something else: You remember the killing of young Averbuch in Chicago. He was murdered in the home of Chief of Police Shippy. You were told that Averbuch was an anarchist; that he went to Shippy's home armed with a knife and a gun; that after a desperate personal encounter Shippy succeeded in shooting the anarchist, but not until the Chief had been severely wounded with a knife.

I saw Averbuch as he lay on a slab in the Cook county morgue. He was a boy, twenty years old. A consumptive. Emaciated. Shippy was a man six feet two inches in height, of splendid physique. He was an athlete trained in the handling of men. The idea of that consumptive boy successfully attacking Shippy was screamingly ludicrous. But Shippy had killed his man. First he boasted there would be no investigation. Then it was learned that young Averbuch was a Jew. There are powerful Jewish societies in Chicago. They demanded an investigation. People began to ask questions. It became evident that there would have to be an inquest. Shippy didn't dare go before a coroner's jury with the facts as I've related them to you. His story of a sickly boy overpowering him in a rough and tumble fight wouldn't hold water. And he knew it. Everybody else in official Chicago knew it. Then the newspapers sprang to his assistance.

Faking Pictures.

The *Chicago American* for March 18, 1906, published a picture of "Averbuch the Athlete." This was published to be introduced at the inquest. It shows a man with tremendously muscular forearms. At the time this appeared in the Chicago papers Frank Gotch, wrestling champion of the world, was in the city. I compared these measurements with those of Gotch. He had no such muscular development as is here shown. To carry out the proportions, this boy's hand would have to be the size of a ham. His arm is one-half the width of his body at the shoulders. In all the history of the world there never lived a man so wonderfully developed as this one.

The inquest was held. The *Jewish World* summed up the case when it said that only God and the Shippy family knew what happened in that house—and God wasn't called to the inquest. But this photo had been circulated in the newspapers before the inquest. Public opinion had been "molded." Shippy was cleared.

I want you to look carefully at this photo. And remember, it's a fake. Some additional lines have been drawn to help expose the fake. If you look closely you'll see that the arms have been made larger than the photo showed them originally. This is done by retouching. Fully a third has been added to this boy's arms. All that you see below the lines I have drawn has been added. The picture is "doped." It is not truthful.

That is the evidence which cleared Shippy. It enabled him to go free long enough to resign as chief of police, skip the country and stay away until it was safe to return. Men have been hung on similar "evidence." You could be hung on such evidence. This is a photograph in a capitalist newspaper—the kind you read.

Fakes Always Possible.

Say, a lot of you nodded your heads wisely when I said the newspapers of today couldn't repeat the Moon Hoax of 1835. Look at that picture again and see if they can't. They can. And they do. And you're the people who furnish the funds by which they do it.

In the future don't be too sure about the pictures, the photographs, you see in the papers. Look for the motive behind them. You'll learn something.

You remember the shooting of Mayor Gaynor of New York city. You know he was shot in the back of the neck. You know nothing of the sort. The *Chicago Tribune* for Wednesday, August 11, printed a picture of the wounded mayor

with the blood streaming down his face. Then he must have been shot from in front and not from behind. The type stories tell you one thing and the pictures tell you another.

Another thing: You know that the assassin of the mayor was an Irish-American named Gallagher. He was rather a portly individual. He could not be called a tall man. You know these things. You think you do. You've read them in the papers. Well, here's something the people of New York city read in the *New York Journal* on the day of the shooting:

The Mayor was sitting in his cabin at the time. A tall man, with a mustache and appearing to be about fifty-six years old, came along. He stopped and looked at the party as though he were gazing out of curiosity at the Mayor.

Then the man suddenly drew a revolver and fired. He was within two feet of Mr. Gaynor at the time. The bullet struck the Mayor in the temple and he toppled over into his wife's arms.

Why you've been reading out here that the mayor was on deck when he was shot; this says he was in his cabin! Your papers told you he was shot in the back of the neck; this says the bullet entered the temple! Your best information is that Mayor Gaynor's secretary caught him as he fell and that his wife had to be telephoned to rush to St. Mary's hospital to see him; this says he toppled over into his wife's arms!

Who's being flim-flamed? You or the New Yorkers? You don't know. Who got the truth about the shooting? You or the people of the east? You don't know. What accounts seem the most likely? You—don't—know. What capitalist newspapers can you believe? Where can you get the truth in a paper published for profit? You don't know.

And, yet, for years you've been reading some capitalist newspaper, swallowing everything it told you for gospel truth.

Taft and the Appeal to Reason.

Several months ago I was in Washington, D. C. While there I called at the White House. President Taft received me in the Blue Room.

He consented to pose with me for a picture, I offering him a copy of *Appeal to Reason* and he with his hand extended, accepting the paper.

Now every one of you knows that's a blamed lie. And yet I ask you to see the evidence of the camera. There's the scene exactly as I described it. Remember, please, that the camera does not lie. It reproduces only what was directly in front of the lens at the moment the shutter was released. There's no mistaking the figures. The famous Taft smile is playing all over the features of the president. I look rather scared but who wouldn't, under the circumstances? The picture is true to life. You workingmen who voted for Taft and have since been invited to visit him at the White House will recognize the Blue Room, too. You can't deny that photograph. You've got to believe it. And yet you know the scene did not transpire. You positively know that Taft would not pose in the White House for a picture with a Socialist, extend his hand for a copy of the *Little Old Appeal*—and smile about it. But consider the facts. I was in Washington. I did go to the White House. I was seen to enter. I was in the building plenty long enough to have had this picture taken. Then when I tell you that something happened while I was in there, when I show you a photograph of it—what are you going to do?

This is another instance of tricky photography. This is a composite of two photos. It's crude. I intended that it should be crude. I want to prove to you that it's a fake. You'll notice first, that the president's outline is dimmer than mine. As compared with mine, his linen is soiled. Now look for his out-stretched hand. It's hidden behind the paper. A skillful photographer, such as the one who worked on the Averbuch picture, could make the outlines of equal strength. He'd brighten up the president's linen to look like mine. And in a way so natural you'd never know the difference, he'd show the Taft fingers grasping the *Appeal*. He'd make this whole picture so life-like

that you couldn't detect the fake unless you were forewarned. Look at the picture again. You'll see that Taft's right arm falls unnaturally. This same photo artist could paint the right arm in a natural position. That, again, would tone up the picture. I tell you by the time a tricky newspaper artist finished with that photo you couldn't tell it from genuine.

Faking a Strike Photo.

During the strike of the meat wagon drivers in Chicago, it came to my attention that eleven photos were made into one. This composite photo showed a caravan of meat wagons being driven through the streets of Chicago. It was six feet apart, they carried revolvers in their hands. Midway down this caravan a wagon was overturned and a dozen or more men, with union buttons prominently displayed, were jubilantly sticking knives into the heart of a scab. There was no more truth in that photo than in this one.

The Chicago newspaper didn't dare put that picture in the city editions. It was destined for the "bull dogs." Do you know what a "bull-dog" is? A "bull-dog" is a newspaper printed at twelve o'clock, noon, today and dated six o'clock tomorrow night. Every great newspaper publishes its "bull-dog" or out-of-town editions. That's what country subscribers get. Weekly newspapers or monthly periodicals don't claim to be up-to-date in news matters and frankly admit that their editions are printed in advance. But the dailies profess to give you the news of today—today. As a matter of fact, most of the papers for out-of-town readers are dated twenty-four hours ahead. Into these "bull-dogs" go columns and whole pages of stories the papers wouldn't dare put on the streets of the cities in which they are published.

Molding Public Opinion.

The great papers and the press association deliberately send out this sort of stuff. Your papers here print it with malice aforethought or in good



The First Stage in Faking a Picture

faith, it makes no difference. They print it. And bear in mind that the press is the great educator.

It "molds" public opinion. That's your opinion. It's your mind that the owners of the newspapers and the press association are playing with.

If you want to make the average publisher get up on his hind feet and paw the air, just intimate that there's any connection between his business and editorial offices. With a spurt of indignation he'll prove you a fool a dozen times over. I want to give you a few instances.

You remember a few years ago when Corey, the steel magnate, was trying to divorce his wife and marry the actress, Mabelle Gilman. Surely! You all remember that. And you know how every paper in the country championed Corey's wife. You remember how they excoriated the man, denounced divorce and upheld the "sanctity of the home." Yes! Well to the initiated, it was significant that the Steel Trust, of which Corey was head, spends not one cent in advertising with the newspapers. They had nothing to lose by telling the truth about Corey and his marital escapades. And had there been any thing to lose, the interests back of the newspapers would have forced them to remain silent upon the subject of Corey and his actress.

Now some of you don't believe that. And I'm



The Finished Fake

real pleased that you don't. That gives me a good chance to prove it to you. (To be continued)

Financial Review of the Year

By John D.

(The writer of this is one of the best known and most authoritative writers on financial subjects in this country and speaks from a close inside knowledge of the matters concerning which he writes. —Editor.)

squeezed out of the various systems dividends in many instances would soar.

Industrial corporations have had a gigantic year as regards earnings and returns to stockholders. During January interest and dividend payments will total \$27,000,000, an increase of \$27,000,000 over 1909, and a new high record for the month. The increase was due to increased rates, extra disbursements, resummptions of dividends and initial declarations. These conditions took place notwithstanding the reaction in business since last July, which brought with it but few reductions or deferred payments.

During 1910 the Standard Oil company paid out in dividends \$40,000,000 on its capitalization of \$100,000,000, making a total from 1881 to date of over \$700,000,000. The company has paid more to its shareholders in that period than any other corporation now existing. The United States Steel corporation also reports that it will earn about 13 1-2 per cent for 1910 on its outstanding common stock of \$508,495,200.

The American Tobacco company controlled by Thomas F. Ryan, has paid out about 30 per cent on its \$220,000,000 capital, and the American Snuff company, which it controls, 27 per cent on its \$23,000,000 capital outstanding.

The International Harvester company, a Morgan property has paid 15 per cent on its capital of \$140,000,000, the Armour company admits that it earned net last year 29 per cent, the Distillers trust has had a record year and its prosperity has been shared by the American Sugar Refining company, the American Beet Sugar company, the American Telephone & Telegraph company, the Central Leather company, the DuPont de Nemours Powder company, and even the United States Playing Card company, which only last week increased its dividend rate from an 8 to a 9 per cent basis.

Railroads have not lagged behind the industries, especially the coal roads. Lackawanna paid in 1910 20 per cent, Lehigh Valley 10 per cent, and the Jersey Central and Reading 10 per cent and 6 per cent respectively.

The banks and trust companies have enjoyed also a stupendous year. Their earnings have been tremendous and dividends and bonuses have established record breaking paces. As an evidence of just how these institutions fared during the past year, the First National bank and the Central Trust company of New York City, both controlled by Morgan, are submitted as samples. The first named has paid its stockholders anywhere from 10 per cent to 100 per cent per annum during the past decade and only last week the Central Trust company presented President J. M. Wallace a Christmas gift with a bonus of \$50,000, besides disbursing about 100 per cent in dividends the past year to its stockholders.

Wall Street has received advices from the mail

order firms of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, to the effect that 1910 was the banner year in their history. Earnings for Sears, Roebuck foot up a gross total for the year of \$70,000,000, which after paying running expenses, etc., leaves a net profit of \$9,000,000, which is equivalent to 30 per cent on its outstanding common stock. Montgomery Ward have also had a business during the past year of like proportion, and both corporations look for 1911 to run up even heavier totals.

Foreign capital is looking to America for its investments because of the fact that in England consols, which are equivalent to our government bonds, have fallen to the lowest price in 69 years, due to the agitation carried on by Lloyd George regarding old age pensions, etc., and the labor troubles in France, political unrest in Russia, Turkey, Portugal, Spain and Brazil have caused the capitalists of these countries to look to America for a market for their funds. All of the visiting foreigners tell the writer that while they do not know much about our political troubles, they have no fear for the soundness of our investments.

Savings banks have also a great deal of money to invest and the trust companies, national banks and other financial institutions must sooner or later, according to financiers, come into the Wall Street market to invest their funds.

So financiers and bankers generally feel very optimistic regarding conditions and the outlook for the next year. Some few have been concerned recently about the labor situation, but that, too, is passing away, and they now feel that with the settlement of the engineers' troubles, the resignation of George W. Perkins from the Morgan house to further develop the profit sharing schemes of J. P., which work out so splendidly to the capitalists that the labor question is now easy of solution. Some few railroad officials are talking of retrenching during 1911, the Steel trust has temporarily laid off thousands and some other corporations have either discharged or cut down their forces the past few months, yet Wall Street bankers cannot help feeling that the whole scheme is to serve as an object lesson to congress and the state legislators who are baiting the railroads at the present time.

Regarding the labor situation, it might be well for the readers of the COMING NATION to know that for the first time in the history of Wall Street bankers are divided on the question as to whether it is a good idea to have a poorly fed working man on the payrolls of the various corporations at any wage, while on the other hand some think that the best and most persistent dividend producer is the well fed and well nourished individual worker, and since Wall Street cares nothing after all but for dividends, this view is permeating the quarters of some of the most prominent and influential financiers and bankers of this country.

Wall Street says that no matter what view you take of the situation the district is bound to be prosperous during 1911 because they see nothing on the horizon at present that threatens to wrest from their control the economic resources of the country, and they fully realize that as long as their ownership of these essentials are tolerated Wall Street is absolute master of the situation.

The past year has been a very profitable one as far as Wall Street is concerned, despite the dullness that prevailed on the Stock Exchange.

Bankers and brokers generally look for 1911 to start a big industrial revival and expect that the year will be a good one from every point of view. It bases this conclusion on the following: Congress will not be a factor until next December, and therefore the talk about revising the tariff will not be much of a factor during the year. Crops have been large, over \$9,000,000,000 of new wealth being garnered, and the cotton crop was also heavy, exceeding 1909 by 1,000,000,000 bales, thus adding \$300,000,000 new wealth to the south. Money the world over is as easy as an old shoe and the United States has a trade balance at present in its favor. Then again the supreme court is absolutely committed to letting Wall Street alone and its decisions regarding the tobacco and Standard Oil companies, which are to be handed down during January are expected to be favorable to those companies. The Interstate Commerce Commission is likely to allow some increase in freight rates, if not all that is asked for.

As a matter of fact, Wall Street begins the new year better buttressed as the money center of America than ever before in its history. All of the so-called baiting on the part of the legislators has not taken from Wall Street any of the things it controls, and it still retains its splendid economic position. The most important decision handed down during the year to protect its interests was that of the past month in the famous Temple Iron company and which George F. Baer ("divine right" Baer) says is a great victory for the anthracite interests of Pennsylvania, and which should settle for all time the public clamor regarding the right of the producers and transporters to control and fix the price of coal in this country.

Financiers told your correspondent that this was a magnificent precedent and was one that would likely have an important bearing on the trust cases now before the supreme court, and also on the suit praying for a dissolution of the Union and Southern Pacific systems, both of which are dominated by the Harriman interests.

Wall Street knows further that it has the supreme court of the United States at its beck and call, and it continually points out the fact that that tribunal has never rendered an anti-property decision in its history. Regarding the court the *Financial America*, a Morgan organ, figures that Chief Justice White and Associate Justices Holmes, Hughes, Lamar and Lurton, who are a majority, are absolutely conservative. This puts the court, in the opinion of the organ quoted, both as from a legal and financial viewpoint as to where it may be expected to put a check on extreme radicalism and result in the interpretation of the laws along conservative lines.

So Wall Street is not concerned as to what the court will or will not do in the future, and aside from controlling it, Wall Street is always anxious about two other things—the first, dividends, and the second cheap labor. Regarding dividends in 1909 the railroads of the country paid out about \$450,000,000, which compares with \$386,000,000 in 1908, and \$97,000,000 ten years ago. This amount was disbursed on a heavily watered capitalization, since railroad officials figure that if the water was

The Bread Line

By Elias Tobenkin



A CUP of black coffee and a roll is not much, but it brings every night between 1,000 and 1,500 men in front of the Bowery Mission, over the door of which hangs a small electric sign, "Bread Line, 1 a. m."

"The bread line," said the Rev. J. G. Hallimond, superintendent of the mission, "has come to stay until the system which denies work to men who want to work goes."

It was not a ironic coincidence but through an established custom that the bread line this year opened at 1 a. m. Thanksgiving morning. Long before the appointed hour, hundreds of men, in thin summer clothing and ill fitting shoes thronged the Bowery. By midnight several policemen came on the scene and began to form the men in line. At first they stood in single line. As the crowd increased, a double line was formed. About a quarter to one there was another onrush of men and two additional lines each a block long were quickly formed in the side streets.

For a man who has been tramping the streets all day long, shivering from cold, and who with the fall of night was waiting and yearning for the smell of the coffee, which he was to get six or seven hours later it does not take long to gulp down the cup of hot black liquid. Accordingly, at half past one, thirty minutes after the first cup of coffee was served in the Mission basement, the last knot of men left the big warm room and walked out into the night. Where did these men, at this late hour of the night—for 1 a. m. is somehow fixed in our minds as night—go? Here is where they went:

A few, a limited few who happen to "stand in" with certain saloon-keepers on the Bowery went to the rear doors of the saloons, sat upon a chair and putting their head down on the table slept the few hours until daylight. The rest, the great majority of the 1,000 men who were in the bread line, took to the bridges—New York has plenty of bridges—and there they found shelter from the wind to some extent and dozed away the few hours till the opening of the saloons. Still others have a monopoly on trucks, ice wagons, hallways, and in these they sleep till the first break of day when they get up, rub their eyes so as to appear wide awake and begin their daily search for work.

This scene of Thanksgiving morning is repeated every morning during the winter, until Easter when the bread line is put out of commission until the following year. During the coldest nights an old man now and then drops dead in line while waiting his turn to get to the coffee and roll. Even younger men frequently faint from cold and weakness. Now and then a man at the head of the line, in sight of the steaming coffee and the warm roll, will willingly give up his place to some old or weak man in the rear of the line, for chilled through and hungry as this man may be, he can easily tell when a man is even more chilled through and hungrier than he is. Gladly he relinquishes his place to his more unfortunate brother and waits for his cup of coffee and roll toward the last.

Who are these men in the bread line? How did they get there? What is their future?

The Bowery mission has facts and figures on this subject open to anyone interested. It is on these facts and figures that the answers to these questions are based.

In the first place these men are not



THE BREAD LINE

what they are commonly supposed to be. They are not hobos and idlers and drunkards and good for nothings, though there is here and there among them a hobo and idler and a drunkard and a good for nothing. Nor are they "ignorant immigrants" and "undesirable foreigners." They are Americans, from American stock, from American homes. The great majority of men in the bread line are of the class who "have people," either parents or wives and children somewhere in the United States, and nearly always a goodly distance from New York. They are outcasts only insofar as modern industry has chosen to make outcasts of them, by denying them the chance to work.

According to figures compiled by the free labor bureau conducted in connection with the Bowery mission 95 per cent of the men in the bread line are men who are looking for work and cannot find it. At least 75 per cent of all the men in the bread line nightly are men who come from the far West and North and South. Nearly every one of these men hopes that this is going to be his last winter of unemployment, that next year he will be able to get back to his parents or wife and children and resume once more the normal life he led before he ever knew the Bowery and the bread line, a life from which he has been cut off through a strike, through the shutting down of the factory in his particular town, through some other form of unemployment. The bread line has been in operation five years and during this time the character of the men in the bread line has changed to a remarkable degree. Originally the bread line was established more in order to help the physically incapable with a meal. Today the men in the bread line are men capable and willing to work, but who can find no jobs.

"Look over these cards," said Mr. James Torrey Hunt, manager of the Free Labor Bureau of the Bowery mission. "These cards tell their own story. These are all names and occupations of men whom you saw in the bread line last night. They registered with us to get jobs."

The cards were a surprise in every respect. In the first place there was not a foreign name among them—all American names. In the second place nearly every one of the men had some kind of a trade below his name. There were machinists there and carpenters and electrical workers and bookkeepers and stenographers among these applicants for work. Here and there one ran across a name below which the occupation was given as "commercial cor-

respondent in German, French and Spanish."

Only few of these men expressed a strong preference for their particular trade. The rest were willing to take "anything," any kind of a job so as to earn their bread honestly and respectably, so to get on their feet again and be able to write to their people once more. But even "any kind of work" is not to be gotten, because any kind of work wherever it is found can best be done "by ignorant foreigners who work cheaper," whom their employers can grind down without the least twinge of their conscience.

"It may sound strange, but it is true, nevertheless," said Superintendent Hallimond of the Bowery Mission, "that the real American is at a disadvantage when it comes to getting employment. The foreigner is preferred. The other day we got in here an order for 200 men. The order evidently came to us by mistake. It should have gone to some other employment agency, not ours. We telephoned at once that we would have 200 men on the job in three hours. We picked the choicest of men from a crowd of over a thousand and sent them down. But not one of the men was given work. He did not suit. Why? Because the company wanted Italians. They can be handled like cattle with a clear conscience apparently while an American somehow could not be handled that way. At least this is the only explanation I can give for the refusal to employ these 200 men."

"I say again and say most emphatically," Superintendent Hallimond said, "that the bread line will be an institution with us so long as conditions will be such that a few men, a few money kings, can throw millions of people out of their jobs at will. Why we are in a ridiculous position here. We come to preach to these men to be good and faithful when they are actually half starved, when they are half crazed because they have parents and families thousands of miles away from New York that they have not written to, that they cannot and will not write to, until they can tell them something about themselves, until they can tell them that they have work, that they see light and hope ahead of them and not the Bowery and a cup of black coffee and roll in the bread line."

But the men in the bread line according to those familiar with the unemployed of New York are not the only victims of modern industry with its reckless waste of life. There are on the Bowery in New York 50,000 men and boys out of work and wasting away

their lives in squalid dens known as lodging houses, it is estimated.

Some of these men can find no work because they are too old, because they have gray hair, and American industries somehow have a tacit understanding that a man who has gray hair belongs to the scrap-heap. Others cannot find work simply because there is no work to be had, because unemployment is on the increase all talk of prosperity to the contrary; because unemployment, a large class of men and women looking for work, is becoming one of the established rules and institutions of modern industry. Still others are unfit for work. Job hunting for six months or a year, with the unsettled, unsteady and precarious existence that they are forced to lead put them out of tune with the world physically, mentally, morally. To get a job these men must first of all be dressed half way decently. They must be fed. They must be given medical treatment in many cases.

Divert for a moment from the serious considerations which the bread line inspires, the great economic and industrial problems that it raises, and merely look at the men in line and you are faced with a spectacle as strange as it is pathetic. In the three blocks over which the bread line extends you can see all of the United States. A man from the West instantly recognizes the western youth or man. A man from the South can pick out the Kentuckian and Georgian, no matter how shabby his clothes, how strangely grown his mustache and beard are. You can pick them out by their speech, by their look, by their gait.

The story of these men is hard to get at. Men who have families whom they love, but to whom they do not write because they don't want to expose their own helpless condition, their humiliation, to their dear ones, are men who will not talk about themselves to a passing stranger. Still a few of these stories were gleaned.

A man of 40 from a middle western state came into the office of the Bowery mission and wanted to know if they could not get him a job. He was a machinist. His name he would not give, for he had a wife and children, a daughter of marriageable age. Did he write to them? No. What was the use? It would only break their hearts still more to know how he was suffering. How did he get to New York? Well, it was this way: In the machine shop where he worked in his home town he was not earning enough to meet the needs of his growing family. A friend of his had a job on the subway in New York. He wrote to him that he could get him a job in New York which would pay more than his job in the western town paid.

To improve his condition he came to New York. He did get a job on the subway, a job that paid better, but lasted only a short while. Then he looked for another job. The other job he got likewise was not permanent. He was postponing the bringing of his family to New York until he got steady employment. But steady employment is a rare article in American industry now. Shifting from job to job he frequently ran short of funds to buy a meal with. Still he managed to keep away from the Bowery until this last time. Now he is down and out. If he does not find a job he "will give up."

What he meant by giving up one could read in his wild, despairing eyes.

"Oh, cut out this gag," was the impatient answer which a youth of twenty-two gave in reply to the suggestion that it was "the lure of Broadway" that brought him to New York from a Kansas farm. "I have heard this dozens of times. You people out here think that the farmer out west is a king and that if a farmer boy comes to New

A WORKERS HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

Chapter VIII.—Advice to Students



AS CHAPTER six, dealing with Democritus was lost somewhere between my pen and the linotype machine, Democritus becomes a virgin field and we shall begin with him anew next week.

And now, friend reader, if you are not filing this paper or clipping these chapters, let me give you a word of advice. You will do well to begin a scrap book, cut out and paste in many of the fine passages I shall quote from time to time from the greatest thinkers who ever handled a pen. And before I close this chapter I will recommend a method still better.

One of the sure evidences of a good book or a good lecture is frequent quotations. It is only the ignoramus who objects to this on the ground that the speaker or writer is giving other people's ideas instead of his own.

This history is intended for the benefit of readers who are obliged to resort to self-education, in the absence of other opportunities, and I shall frequently diverge from its subject matter proper to give you some of the most valuable secrets of that process. I left the public school at ten years of age so badly equipped that it would have taken me twelve solid hours to write out this chapter with a pen, and only one promising trait—a passion for reading which devoured every book that I could lay my hands upon. I have never attended any school of any kind since.

The man who disparages book-learning is always a fool, and his advice about education is of less value than the breath he exhales in its utterance. When you approach any field of research what you want to know is, what has been discovered and given to the world by the best brains that have labored in that field?

In my early lecturing days I used to clip a quotation from a magazine, which I could afford to so mutilate, and paste it on my notes. But a quotation from a valuable book which was usually borrowed from some library, I was obliged to write out. I learned by this comparison of the two methods of the great value of writing things out. When I came to read a clipped quotation I found often that it did not say just what I had thought it said and I was sorry I had not examined it more closely. But I never had that disappointment with written-out quotations, because the act of writing brought out any weakness in time to discard it, or

any unsuspected strength in time to get its full force and make the best use of it.

Therefore, I say, if you wish to raise your intellectual life to its highest power, a still better method than clipping will be, to open your scrap book and write these coming quotations out with—not a pencil, but a pen.

And now I am going to give you a passage for your first trial. I shall take it as a favor if, when you have written it out, you will, while the pen is in your hand, drop me a line by letter or postal card, care of The Coming Nation, Girard, Kansas, telling me whether or not it seemed to have helped you in any way. I am putting some labor into this history and at the expense of much other good work I could be doing and I should like to know whether or not I am helping enough people to justify these proceedings.

I select the following passage, because it has an important bearing on our study of the Greek period of science history. It is from Sir Michael Foster's "History of Physiology."

"What we are is in part only of our own making, the greater part of ourselves has come down to us from the past. What we know and what we think is not a new fountain gushing fresh from the barren rock of the unknown at the stroke of the rod of our own intellect; it is a stream which flows by us and through us, fed by the far-off rivulets of long ago. As what we think and say today will mingle with and shape the thoughts of men in the years to come, so in the opinions and views which we are proud to hold today we may, by looking back, trace the influence of the thoughts of those who have gone before. Tracking out how new thoughts are linked to old ones, seeing how an error cast into the stream of knowledge leaves a streak lasting through many changes in the ways of man, noting the struggles through which a truth now rising to the surface, now seemingly lost in the depths, eventually swims triumphant on the flood, we may perhaps the better learn to appraise our present knowledge, and the more rightly judge which of the thoughts of today is on the direct line of progress, carrying the truth of yesterday on to that of tomorrow, and which is a mere fragment of the hour, floating conspicuous now, but destined soon to sink and later to be wholly forgot."

And now, friend reader, take up your pen, write out the above and let me know what you think.

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

XIII.—FINLAND

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 of value to any library.

In the period commencing with the year 1907, Russian reactionists began the movement to wipe out the results gained by Finland in the revolutionary year of 1905, and to proceed further to the complete annihilation of Finland's autonomy and all the rights and liberties of the Finnish proletariat, granted to it in 1809

the Socialists in check and to aid Stolypin's regime.

The Socialists in the diet passed a resolution of mistrust against the Finnish bourgeoisie senate for having voted 20,000,000 marks for Russian military expenses and for having allowed police persecutions of Russian refugees on Finnish soil. In retaliation the czar ordered the diet to dissolve.

The new diet in which the Socialists added to their strength, kept up its policy of remonstrance against the imperial ukases limiting the powers of the diet. It was again dissolved and in the new elections the Socialists stood still stronger than before. They had obtained 39.8 per cent of the electoral vote, and showed open opposition to Russian measures of suppression. The diet united in opposing the military tax, and was dissolved for the third time.

On the convening of the fourth diet, in which the Socialists won eighty-six seats, the czar's *coup d'etat* was put into execution. A manifesto was issued destroying the Finnish constitution and placing Finland under the legislation of the imperial douma and the council of Empire. Finland became a province with four representatives in the douma and one in the council, and the Finnish diet merely a provincial body.

The diet rejected the manifesto and the measures relative to the military tax, and at the closing of the session stood in direct opposition to the Russian government and the douma, which had supported Stolypin's action. The diet declared that Russian legislation applied to Finland meant servitude or social, political and intellectual bases.

During the first three years of its existence, the diet had accomplished a great deal of important legislative work, although it was constantly kept in check by the aggressive policy of the Russian government. It was kept busy protesting and petitioning against imperial anti-constitutional encroachments.

Among the laws which were drawn up and voted was the law on bake-houses, establishing an eight-hour day, additional pay for overtime, and an increase in wages; an agrarian law protecting the rights of the agricultural population; a law on labor protection, mainly a child labor law and a limitation of the working day; a law on compulsory education; and laws drawn up but not yet sanctioned such as the anti-alcohol law; the municipal electoral law, granting suffrage to man and woman after the age of twenty-one; a law on accidents to laborers, a bill on labor inspectors, compulsory cultivation and forestry. The bourgeoisie group in the diet was forced to take a position in regard to many other bills of equal importance introduced by the Socialists.

The Socialists have been the energetic champions of autonomy and liberty and are recognized as such by the laboring people of Finland. The proletarian masses and the small land owners have entrusted the Socialists with the defense of their interests. The proof of this is in the stability and the increase in the number of votes given them at each succeeding election.

The Socialist press is very firmly established. There are four dailies and eleven newspapers that appear three times a week; three journals and three party papers published in Swedish. A great number of the standard Socialist works have been translated into Finnish and are at the disposal of the workers.

There is a strong Socialist women's and young people's movement. The program of the young people's unions is the same as that of the party, with

(Continued on Page 13.)

York he comes here to see Broadway. Well perhaps some do. I did not.

"The railroads and the commission men and all sorts of swindlers have got farmers in our section of the country by the throat. My father is hardly making both ends meet on his farm. What was there for me to do but to go to a city and look for work? Work, the desire to get to something, that is what brought me to New York. As for the bread line. I would work 24 hours for twelve hours' pay, for any kind of a wage, only to be able to earn my own meals, my own living. But where am I to get work? I am searching for it hard, as hard as a decent man who wants to escape the breadline can. Write home? I have too much self-respect for that. I must fight it out here. I must get to something here."

And somehow one felt that this man, this particular youth, will get to something, in spite of the Bowery and the bread line and the atmosphere of hopelessness and despair and bitter indifference all about him.

But what about the others in the bread line, the thousands of other old, young and middle-aged men on the Bowery? What is their future, what will they get to?

The superintendent of the Bowery mission, judging from his past experience and observations, answered this question as follows: "Many of the middle-aged men in the bread line with mature minds will eventually work their way out of the Bowery, and out of New York. They will get back to their people and to their homes after some time and a great deal of suffering."

"Of the younger men a great proportion will before long land as apprentices to criminals and thieves. In the lodging houses where they live there are always men on the lookout for them, men who are themselves too well known to the police who will turn them into pickpockets and by degrees into greater and more reckless criminals to work for them. The large and ever-growing number of young men that fill our prisons will testify to this."

"As for the old men—Potters' field is ahead for practically all of them."

The pizvalence of the old man in the bread line brings to light another hideous feature of American industrial life. Years ago an old man, when he could no longer earn his livelihood, starved with one of his sons or daughters. Poor as his sons or daughters might have been they always had enough to keep their old father from becoming a beggar or a burden upon charity. Not so today.

Of the old men on the Bowery, in the bread line, many, in fact the great majority, have sons and daughters. But they don't stay with them. This is not due to the capriciousness of the old men or ungratefulness and meanness of the children. The old men are not capricious; the children are not mean. But they are poor. The children of the old men, who are in turn fathers of families, do not earn enough to keep their own families from starving half the time. And the old men feel that in spite of the love they bear to their sons and daughters and their sons and daughters bear to them, they must not stay with their children, they must not take away the bread from the mouths of their grandchildren. These King Lears, who are driven under the bare sky not by their children, but by industry, by the system which pays starvation wages to the young and leaves the old to die in the streets like dogs, are the most pathetic figures in the bread line.

"Rebels against the old order have ever been the heralds of progress."

Idle, starving men can not be patriotic. No man cares for a flag under which he can not get a job."

"The soldiers of progress have lost battles, but never lost a war. The human race has never taken a backward step."

THE COMING NATION

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

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Expose the Contemptible Courts

The federal courts are the bulwarks of class rule.

They are the first resort and last refuge of plundering power. They paralyze progress. They deal the stealthy strokes that stupefy every strong strike. They leap like unleashed curs when privilege calls.

They wield their daggers from behind apparently impregnable battlements of appointive, life-tenure positions, gained by fawning for the crumbs that fall from corpora-tion tables.

They have usurped the authority they wield, in defiance of the law they pretend to interpret.

By slimy stealth and cringing cunning they have gained a position of greater power than any military dictator ever seized by violence.

They have throttled representative government by insinuating themselves into a place above elected legislators and executives.

The council of nine that sits upon the supreme court bench at Washington is as much more powerful and dangerous than the council of ten that once held bloody and profitable sway upon the banks of the Mediterranean as America is greater than ancient Venice and modern capitalism more complex and comprehensive than ancient feudalism.

Press, platform and educational institutions have sought to hedge these judges about with that counterfeit sanctity that has always shielded tyranny. The "divinity of kings" has been replaced by the "sacredness of the courts" in the ritual of class rule.

To tear this phase-formed halo from these usurping tyrants is the first step to their overthrow. It is the first step toward democracy.

Until these judges are exposed as the puerile puppets of class rule that they are, their character as the tools of class rule and robbery cannot be seen and destroyed.

The courts of America are contemptible and dangerous to liberty. That contempt must be made known that it may be expressed and the danger removed.

The Socialist Scouts

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

If your boy or girl wants to add to his pocket money and carry on effective agitation for Socialism at the same time, have him write the Scout department for particulars. The Scouts have a real, live organization and are making themselves felt in the class struggle.

Scouts sell the *COMING NATION* and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. In addition to their regular profit on each sale there are valuable prizes. It costs nothing to start the work. A bundle of ten *COMING NATIONS* will be sent to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for what he sells and return heads of unsold copies.

Talk it over with your child. If

he's interested have him drop a line to "Scout Department," *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas," and papers will be sent him at once. A letter of instruction goes with first bundle.

Scout News

"I sold two on the 22d and went to the Socialist local meeting the next night and sold them all in five minutes. I could have sold more if I had had them."—Cecil Mayo, West Virginia.

"We are doing fine. We expect to put out another Scout after the holidays and will make things sizzle."—H. W. Bottomstone, Pa.



Earl Benjamin

Up in Niles, Michigan, Scout Earl Benjamin is pushing the *COMING NATION* in a way that convinces the people he's in earnest about Socialism. That white button on the lapel of his coat is his Scout badge; the red ribbon does not show in a photograph.

The Red Bank (N. J.) Register, a republican paper, carried this story on the first page, Dec. 28, 1910: "Albert Gordon, one of Red Bank's brightest newsboys, has been appointed one of the official Scouts for the Red Bank Socialist organization to sell the *Appeal to Reason* and the *COMING NATION* in this vicinity. Young Gordon has received his official badge and wears it with honor. Last week he did not have enough Socialist literature to supply the demand and he has doubled his order for this week. The Red Bank Socialists say they don't care so much about getting votes for the Socialist party, but they do want people to know the real aims of Socialism. They say that every man is a Socialist at heart and that when people know what high aims the Socialists have the Socialist principles will be generally adopted" (How many other Scouts have managed to "break into" the capitalist press?)

1850---1910

BY J. A. WAYLAND

For forty years before the rebellion the slave masters of the south dominated the government. Although there were but 348,000 of them, they dictated the candidates for congress and senate, not only of the democratic, but of the whig party as well; they named the supreme judges, the members of the cabinet and the public policies of every administration. They used the government to harass, persecute and imprison agitators against chattel slavery.

Today the Red Book of American capitalists contains but 18,000 names, but each is far more powerful than any dozen slave masters, and they have representatives in every state, congressional and county convention of both old parties, and they have heretofore dictated every candidate for congress, senator and cabinet minister; they have named every supreme circuit judge; they use the government just as did the slave masters with an eye single to their financial interests. Of late there are some revolts in the old parties and a few men have been elected in spite of

them, just as was done in 1852-4-6-8, before the final overthrow of the slave oligarchy. Today these capitalists are the directing force that harass and malign and persecute and imprison those whom their gold cannot buy.

We are today, in regard to trust wealth, in the same relative position as were the republicans of the fifties to the slave power.

And the future holds just as momentous events as did the future then, and the great majority today are just as unconscious of it as was the majority then. They thought they could control the slave interests and limit it to its original territory, but Lincoln exploded that idea in his Peoria speech when he told them that this country would either be all free or all slave—that neither side would be satisfied until their views controlled the whole of the nation. That the ideas of slavery and freedom were opposites, and one or the other had to perish, that compromise would never settle the question, but would only intensify it.

That is just as true today. The men who own the trusts will never be satisfied so long as there are properties they do not own. They will by the very nature of affairs, try to expand their business and with the power that great capital and the ability to hire the best talent gives, the little capitalists will have no chance at all against them.

Either all business will be absorbed by the trust interests of the people will have to absorb the trusts.

There is no middle ground, for each side will work to capture all the trade and dictate the government. One interest or the other must perish, just as it did in the slave matter.

The trust interests today are working to absorb all the business in every line, just as the slave power was trying to extend its territory for the purpose of making more profits. Every day the weaker of the small industries are passing into the hands of trust interests. The smaller the group of great capitalists the greater army of money they can throw against any small detachment of small capitalists. The contest is unequal. The little fellows must perish. Eighteen thousand men now control almost the entire business of the nation. They do not own the most of the property, but they control it, by controlling the markets through which all products must pass.

As I have said many times in the past twenty years, you are going to have monopoly, whether you will or no, whether it is right or wrong. It is a question only of whether you will have private monopoly for the benefit of a few or public monopoly for the benefit of the whole people.

If you do not settle this by open and frank discussion, through the peaceful channels of legal enactment, you will settle it by the same processes that settled the slave oligarchy. For it is going to be settled, and settled in the next ten years. And it can never be settled against the interests of the whole people except that a great standing army is used to keep them subjected, denying them the right to agitate and vote.

It can only be settled, finally, no matter by what means, by the people owning and operating the industries in their interests, and then there will be no need of armies and navies and suppressions of free speech and press. It cannot be settled any other way, any more than could chattel slavery, for so long as private ownership of industries exist there will be a conflict between the owners and the workers and the public that buys their goods.

By wisdom now you may save much of the horrors that portend in the future.

Working Class Slavery

BENJAMIN HANFORD

For you workingmen to supply yourselves and wives and children with food and fuel and raiment and shelter, you have got to have money to get those things, haven't you? In order to get money, you workingmen have got to have wages haven't you? In order to get wages, you workingmen have got to have jobs, haven't you? Now, do you workingmen own your jobs, or does the man who owns the shop own your jobs? All of you who think you own your jobs, go up to your boss tomorrow morning and tell him that job is YOUR job and not his job—and see how long it is your job. The man who owns the shop owns the jobs. But you can't live without jobs. And you don't own your jobs. And as long as another man owns that thing without which you can't live, that other man owns you. And if another man owns you, you are not free men, you are that other man's slaves, I care not what flag floats over you. Now, we Socialists propose that you men who do the world's work shall own the shops and mills and mines and tools and things with which you work and then you will be free men, and you will never be free men until that time.

The Main Cause of Inequality

ADAM SMITH.

The difference of natural talents in different men, is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause, as the effect of the division of labor. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature, as from habit, custom and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor play-fellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance.

No nation is capable of pre-eminence in any noble sense that degrades one major part of its citizens by bestial and preventable poverty. It is therefore by a purely national spirit that Socialists are compelled to concentrate on the economic problem of the distribution of wealth. In so doing they necessarily find themselves loosely allied with such of the poor as are awake to their condition; but their appeal is likewise to the patriotic rich as well. If ever there was a national policy, Socialism is surly it.—*The New Age.*

What! is our social ladder planted, then, with its feet in the hell of misery and poverty, its top rising to the false heaven of inane luxury and hypocrisy, and the type of man held up to admiration and imitation who works his way up, over others' shoulders, from Lazarus to become Dives?—Walter Crane.

We who believe in Socialism will never hoist the white flag. If it takes as many lives to build Socialism as it took diatoms to build the Andes, we will not turn our heel.—Robert Blatchford.

Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.—*Plato.*



EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Lillian's Letters

Lillian Sees a Fire in New York
Dearest Mamma:



We had such a fine time all the week between Christmas and New Year's. It seemed as though I never could even get time to read the lovely book you sent me, 'cause I had to try my new roller skates and there was a party in that Socialist Sunday School I told you about where we had an awful good time.

But there was one thing happened, Mamma dear, that made me very sad. It was real exciting, too, and if there hadn't been any hurt to anyone I would have enjoyed the excitement. Auntie was reading a story to me one afternoon, all about a little Esquimaux girl, when all at once there was a noise like a Fourth of July cannon and Auntie jumped and said: "There, that must be either an earthquake or else it's an explosion."

We sat quite still for a moment and then we put on our hats and went out, cause we heard the fire engines go past and we knew there was a fire. We hurried after them about two blocks and then they stopped, where do you think, mamma, right in front of the house where Mary Valesky lives, my little friend that worked in the five and ten-cent store.

We couldn't go very near, 'cause the policemen wouldn't let us, and there was an awful big crowd on the sidewalk with us and we could see the people in all the houses in the block were excited, because they were all hanging out the windows. There was just a little smoke coming out of one window, but the firemen with their funny hats were running in and out and carrying up hose. It seemed like a lot of fuss when there was only a little smoke, but Auntie said a fire in a tenement could be an awful thing if it got much start.

I was worried about Mary and I pulled a policeman's arm and asked him if he knew her and if she was safe. He said he guessed so, and just then, the firemen came out of the house carrying something all wrapped up. And what do you think, Mary came running out after them and she ran clear across the street. She didn't see me but I just grabbed her and I kissed her I was so glad she was safe.

Then she told me about the folks where the fire started. That was the father the fireman carried down and was going to die that very morning. His little girl was very sick, too, with the scarlet fever, and his other little girl had to wait on them both and she was lighting the gas stove and some paper caught on fire. I asked, "Where was the Mamma?" and Mary said she had to go to the insane asylum at the week before.

Then Auntie said, "Oh, look, girls! How the smoke is creeping along!" And you could just see it coming from the roof of the next house and then of the next one, too. And then it came out all strong and the firemen stood up there in all the smoke and chopped and chopped with their axes. I thought they would burn up but auntie said they knew what they were doing and although they were among the very bravest of all the workers. They would not be careless unless they had to save lives. And pretty soon, after the hose poured water a long time, the smoke got less and auntie

said it was all right and the fire would soon be out. So we went home and Mary went with us for over night, because their home was all smoked and wet.

I wouldn't like to be a fireman, Mamma dear, would you?
Your loving daughter,
LILLIAN.

We Will Up and March Away

CHILDREN'S ACTION SONG.
(Tune: "London Bridge.")

Here we gather in a ring,
Here a garland fresh we fling;
Flowers are we just blooming,
Blooming together.

Chorus.

We will up and march away,
March away, march away;
We will up and march away,
Marching all together.

Good folks, all, a word with you,
What a world to bring us to!—
We shall make the world anew
Boys and girls together.

Chorus.

We are children, but some day
We'll be big and strong, and say,
None shall slave and none shall slay,
All shall work together.

Chorus.

Hand to hand how far we reach
Each for all and all for each:
Thus we play, and thus we teach—
Hearts and hands together.

Chorus.

Now our clasping hands we raise,
Holding high a crown of praise,
Crown of hope for better days,
Nations linked together.

Chorus.

Forward stepping row by row
Waves of freedom on we flow,
Singing, shining as we go,
Comrades all together.

Chorus.

We will up and march away,
March away, march away;
We will up and march away,
Marching all together.
—J. Bruce Glasier, in "Socialist Songs."

Patience

A Parable
BY F. G. FOSTER

On the top shelf of a florist's shop lay a little seed, quite a tiny seed it was. Its coat was very dusty and it looked shriveled up and tired. I think it must have been forgotten, it had lain there for such a long time unnoticed. It is hard lines being forgotten, especially when you're wanting to do things in the world. The little seed was one of those and he felt sad. "What use am I lying here?" he complained; he had said this a hundred times.

Near by stood a geranium, a gorgeous but motherly old plant. She had been watching the little fellow for some time.

"Don't be impatient, little seed," she told him. "Your time will come presently; it always does." And she smiled that kind, wise smile that only mothers have.

"It's very well for you," answered the seedling, "with everyone to admire you; look at your splendid leaves and thick stalk and your purple flowers; you've everything to make you happy, but I—"

The little seed was very disconsolate.

One day it rained; the fierce drops beat upon the roof outside, and the wind shook and rattled the window frames—it was a hurricane. A tiny stream of water forced its way through the rafters, trickled along the ceiling and fell near where the seedling lay; it crept round about it till the little parched thing swam in a pool of water. Oh, how it sucked up the precious liquid! And how sweet it tasted after the long wait.

The draught refreshed it, and by and bye a tiny shoot with two little green leaves burst from its side. The

florist noticed the wisp of green peeping over the edge of the shelf; he took it down, smiled and said—"H'm!" then he placed it in a pot and set it where the sun shone through the glass window of the shop.

The shoot grew bigger and bigger. It grew taller and lovelier even than the purple geranium. Leaves and blossom came to crown its stem; it learned that it was a rare and valued fuchsia, and felt proud and happy in the knowledge.

One day they came together again, the fuchsia and the geranium.

"I'm glad you've grown beautiful, little seed," said the elder plant. "The chance always comes if we wait." — From the *Young Socialist*.

Susan and the Spider

JOHN WELCOTT ("Peter Pindar.")
From the *Young Socialist*.

"Come down, you toad," cried Susan to a Spider
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
And warton swinging by his silken rope;
"I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;
You're now upon some murder, I presume:
I'll bless thee—if I don't, say I'm no pope."

The Spider, blest with oratory grace,
Slipp'd down, and staring Susan in the face,

"Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in that heart?
O barbarous, lovely Susan, I'm amazed!
O, can that form, on which so oft I've gazed,
Possess of cruelty the slightest part?"

"Aren't you a murderer?" gravely Susan cries;
"Aren't you for ever busy with that claw,
Killing poor unoffending little flies,
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?
Don't you on pretty little pigeons cram?
Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"

"That's very true," quoth Susan, "true indeed;
Lord, with what eloquence these Spiders plead!
This little rascal beats a grave Divine."

PUZZLES

A Correction.

In the COMING NATION of December 31st, the answer to the previous week's puzzle, the one so finely illustrated by Ryan Walker, was given as *Christmas*, when it should have been *Socialism*. I suppose some of you were a little puzzled but now if you will look back at your Christmas number you will understand it.

I.

Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in sailor, but not in tar.
My second is in mast, but not in spar.

My third is in spoil, but not in mar.
My fourth is in Venus, but not in star.

My fifth is in shake, but not in jar.
My whole is the cosiest thing, by far.

That's seen in winter in house or car.
What is it?

II.

Flower Enigma.

My first walks dewy meadows,
And with her rosy fingers
Opens the eyes of sleepy flowers
As lovingly she lingers.

My second's a shining vision,
Men risk their lives to win it,
Yet often find, when in their grasp,
No satisfaction in it.

My whole climbs every skyward,
It loves the morning dew,
Uplifting cups of purple,
Fair pink, and white, and blue.

—Selected.

From a Farmer Girl.

As my papa is a reader of the COMING NATION and I was reading the letters I thought I would write to you. Well I am a little girl ten (10) years old and I live in the country on a farm. I live about a mile and a quarter from school. I have a sister she is three years older than I. She is going to write to you, too. My papa reads the COMING NATION, *Appeal to Reason* and did read the *Arena*. Well I shook hands with Brother Fred D. Warren and I heard him speak in Kokomo. He is great on Socialism. I was with my papa and mamma. Well, this is all for this time. Goodbye.
DESSIE ZIMPLEMAN.
Fulton, Ind.

The Story Teller

Once upon a time there was a little boy by the name of Hans. He loved to think out all sorts of stories and to tell them to his little playmates, just as they occurred to him, merry, sad, warlike or peaceful. And his playmates always listened to him gladly. But at the close of the story, as soon as the children had recovered a little from their astonishment, some one always came up to Hans and asked, "Who told you that story? Where did you learn what you told us?"

But Hans never knew what to answer to these questions. He had never given a thought as to how he had happened to think of these stories. So it worried him to have the children tease him with these questions; but one day when he was feeling good he answered:

"The birds told me that secret!" Another time he said: "The wind sang to me about it!" and again: "An ugly frog related the story to me."

But his friends wouldn't believe this at all and the next time he answered them in this way they called him a liar and ran to other people and cried: "Hans is a great liar; he is always telling us lies." When Hans heard these accusations, he wept bitterly and protested that he was no liar.

"Well, if you're not lying," answered the children, "go with us and show us the place where the birds tell you your stories, or the winds or the ugly frog."

Hans was all confused by these demands and answered that it wasn't any certain spot; and he would never tell them anything more if they would only leave him in peace. But the children insisted that he should go with them and threatened to beat him if he didn't mind.

Then Hans said:

"All right. Come along," and he went with them into the forest. But his heart was very sad, and he was silent while the children chattered and giggled and laughed behind his back.

So they came to the forest. After wandering about for a long time Hans stopped before a deep, black swamp. An ugly frog was peeping out from it and looking at Hans with its curious eyes. But the other children did not see it at all. And over the dark swamp a mighty beech tree spread out its branches; among the branches a bird sat and sang and greeted Hans. But the others did not understand the greeting. And the wind seized with invisible fingers the branches and shook them so that there was a great sound and rustling, but the others did not hear it at all.

"Oh, do you hear it, do you hear it?" cried Hans, overjoyed; "do you hear the singing and the sounds and the rustling? How beautiful! How beautiful! I have never, never heard it so beautiful!"

But the children saw and heard nothing; they thought they were being made sport of by Hans and became very angry. One of them gave Hans a push so that he fell into the deep, black swamp.

But as the boy sank in the black water and did not appear, suddenly the children heard the most wondrous sounds from the swamp, and the birds sobbed upon the beech tree and out from the branches music sounded. The sounds were so beautiful, that their hearts became very sad and they ran away. But behind them stronger and stronger sounded the music until it filled the whole forest. —From the German of Walter Kornick.

Bed Time.

When the golden day is done,
Through the golden portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.
—Robert L. Stevenson.
From a *Child's Garden Verse*.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

Women and Children in Industry

Almost every report on the number of employed workers in Germany, shows an increase in the number of women and children, that have been impressed into the ranks of the workers. Although the statistics for the year 1909, bore signs of the prevailing depression and unemployment the number of women and children employed in the various trades, nevertheless showed a strong increase.

The number of women factory workers in Germany in the year 1910 gives a total of 1,351,880. Of these 156,263 are girls between fourteen and sixteen years of age, and 5,376 girls under fourteen. It is to be noted that the number of girls between fourteen and sixteen has increased while the number of boys has remained the same. Of girls under fourteen years of age there is a decrease in the number of only seven, while the decrease in the number of boys amounts to 508.

Over a third of the women are employed in the textile trades and over a fifth of the entire number in the clothing industry. The remaining are scattered in divers occupations; garment workers, cleaners, meal workers, in food preparation, paper industry, stone and earthen ware and as machinists, and tool makers.

Statistics show that 18,145 women are working in the mines and foundries, for which women are surely least fitted. The smallest number, 490, is employed in the building trades.

It appears that female labor increases with the growth of the unions and is so much sought after by employers, because it is a cheaper means of exploitation. From this fact it is apparent that the women workers must give their support to the labor unions and must unite with them in order to establish a uniform wage scale for the same work, whether performed by a man or a woman. By remaining unorganized they are furthering the exploitation of their fellow workers and aiding the efforts of profit-hungry capital.

The Socialist women of Berlin have organized twenty-three public meetings as demonstrations for a more efficient system of protecting children. These meetings were held, because the number of children employed in the factories had continued to increase in spite of the measure passed January 1, for the protection of children.

According to the reports of the official inspectors, 12,062 children of both sexes under fourteen years of age were working in the factories.

At the recent meeting held in the city of Berlin, resolutions were drawn up as follows: That no school children, or children under the age of fourteen shall be employed at any kind of labor whether in factories, house or out-door work. That children between the age of fourteen and eighteen shall not be kept at work longer than six hours a day, and that an obligatory continued course of instruction shall be established for both sexes. Further, a more rigid enforcement of the child labor law.—*Berlin Vorwaerts.*

Midwinter.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow.
Athwart the hill-tops sear and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.
—Trowbridge.

Many a man can not make up his mind whether he wants to be a rich sinner or a poor Christian.

Little Frances Sweet, Heroine

BY JACK BRITT GEARITY

This is a page torn from the Book of Life of the children of the poor in the richest city of the richest country under the sun, a story of the heroism of a little child of New York's miserable, vile slums.

The deeds of the heroes of war are told in song and story. The virtues of charity are sung in sermon and editorial. But of self-sacrifice and beauty of the "little mothers" of the working class one seldom hears a word.

So it was in the case of little Frances Sweet, child of our teeming slums.

She was a mother, sister and comrade to all the vast horde of kids in First street. She knew their wants, and understood their needs. A little child herself, she heartily entered into the spirit of all their games. She settled all their baby quarrels. She bandaged their petty wounds, and comforted them in their awful griefs.

And all the kids of First street loved their "Little Mother."

Frances led them in their play. She was a guardian angel over them. She cared for them while poor mothers toiled in stuffy flats. She nursed them while mothers went forth to toil. She was a mother to all the kids while their mothers toiled for bread and clothes and shelter for the little tots.

As they romped in the street, her loving eye watched over them. When they tired of playing in the dirty street, or traffic became too great for their safety, she led them to the roof of the tenement house where she lived. There the kids could play to their hearts' content without fear of being trampled to death under horses hoofs.

So the days passed, days of loyal service to her little comrades, for this devoted child.

One day as a group of children were playing on the roof, one of the babies climbed to the edge. The infant was in danger of falling headlong to the street far below. Little Frances rescued the baby, but lost her balance and pitched head foremost to the street six stories below.

The broken little body was carefully taken to Bellevue hospital, and the doctors worked desperately hard to save her life. While she was conscious her one thought was of the poor little kids. Never a word of complaint crossed her lips. Never a cry of pain. Only whispers of love for the kids. The very last words she spoke were:

"Poor little kids! What'll they do now?"

Frances Sweet, eight years of age, and "Little Mother" to all the kids on First street, is dead. Like thousands of her kind, our little sister was a victim of our stupidity, and the prey of greed for profit. With her passing the world has lost infinitely more than halting words of mine can tell.

This beautiful child was murdered, and we are as guilty of her murder as if we had pitched her off that high roof, or had thrown her under the hoofs of mad horses. We are guilty of murder because we have placed profit above human life, and rent for landlords, above playgrounds for kids.

Come, let us see your hands! Ah, yes, they are dripping red dripping with the blood of little children. And our hands will drip with the blood of babies until we remake every city and give the kids playgrounds in the sunshine. Our hands will never be clean

until we give to the kids everywhere playgrounds filled with green grass, beautiful flowers and singing birds.

My head is bowed with shame, my heart filled with pity and my soul stirred with indignation when I think of the death of Frances Sweet, "Little Mother" of the vast horde of kids in First street.

Oh, for the city of the kids!



A Smart Costume Effect.

8844-8746. Here is a model both chic and simple. It will readily appeal to the business woman, or home dressmaker, who likes good style and simple lines. The waist may be developed with or without the yoke facing. The skirt shows a plaited front panel, with inverted back plait. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-28-30 inches waist measure. It will require 9 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each in silver or stamps.

What's the Matter With Us?

BY JOEL SHOMAKER

What is the matter with the people of the United States?

We are a peculiar people. Our farms are productive. Our orchards are fruitful. Our gardens are full of plenty. There is an air of prosperity. Banks are filled with money. Yet we have the spirit of unrest.

We are a wasteful people. Our forests are being destroyed. Our natural reservoirs are filling with earth. The springs and wells are closing their water fountains. Birds are disappearing. Insects coming to rob the fields and orchards. And we fail to check the daily loss of wealth.

We are an extravagant people. The cost of living is higher today than at any time since the war. We are issuing more bonds in city, state and nation to get money to carry on the government. Our people live beyond their means and die in debt. But we do not stop the rush.

We are a criminal people. Our prisons are filled and our criminal courts working overtime. We select juries because of incompetency. We employ lawyers, for defense, because of their reputations for evading the law. Our convictions are less than in any civilized country. Money is used in purchasing expert and other testimony. Still there is no relief.

We are an insane people. Our asylums are crowded with men and women. The inmates lose reason because of the unequal struggle for existence and the burdens being greater than they can bear. They worry over man's brutality to man and death

claims them as maniacs. Do we try to prevent?

We are a sad people. We collect great sums of money to send away to convert heathens while infidels tear down our home structures. We work many schemes for erecting tuberculosis hospitals and continue operating unsanitary offices and factories that cause the victims. We expend millions in fancy balls and dress displays while the poor are starving. We cater to class distinction and create feuds. Who files an objection?

We are an hypocritical people. Money is wasted in building magnificent church towers. The churches are used as society parlors for the rich while the saloons are made to do duty as the club rooms for the poor. Men and women gather the cloaks of righteousness about them on Sunday and are clothed in the skins of wolves during business days. No one says nay.

We are a lazy people. We sit idly by while sin and death enters our homes, offices and churches. When called to account we simply groan and say what is to be will be if it never comes to pass. Our moral fences are down and humanity gates opened because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Who dares attempt making a change?

We are a cowardly people. We see political corruption everywhere and let it pass as a matter of course. We build battleships and equip battalions of troops and neglect American citizenship. Our votes would change the situation. What change have you noticed?

We are an ancient people. We stand up and proclaim political principles long since dead, because of changing industrial conditions. We boast of the works of our fathers that do not apply to the present day necessities. Many things are just in the position they were one hundred years ago for the reason that we do not progress on the right lines. But who dares forget the past, live in the present and build for future?

Telling the Truth.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, Ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other!

There is something irrational in great wealth. There is no due proportion between wealth and needs nor between wealth and deserts. Rate as high as you please the service which capitalists have rendered in economy of production, still you cannot say those millions that are rolling up while a man is abroad or hunting on his estate are fair. There is something insane in the situation. There may be some fortunes clean—I don't know—but the majority of great fortunes are unclean. The taint of what theologians call original sin is in them.—*Dr. Felix Adler.*

At Philadelphia in 1850 where a Pacific railroad convention was being held, Joel B. Sutherland advocated a national railroad, and as if by inspiration, pointed out the evils that would result from private ownership. "No man living" he concluded, "ought to have the power of building this road vested in him and his heirs—nor should any company have that grant made to it."

Griggs—So Owens has taken up banking, eh! What bank is he in?

Briggs—Oh, no bank; he's just banking on marrying the rich Miss Hoggenheimer.—*Boston Transcript.*

The world will never be driven to God by advertising the devil.

As soon as we begin to feel angry in argument we are no longer arguing for the sake of the truth, but for ourselves.—*Carlyle.*

Pitmen, Policemen and Politics

C. N. DESMOND SHAW

THE holocaust of three hundred and forty-one human beings in the Pretoria coal pit, Lancashire—the worst colliery disaster in England since 1866—is only one more link in a dreadful chain. With the Whitehaven entombment still fresh in our minds, the time has come in the opinion of many labor men, to have an investigation into what amounts to a national scandal. For these "accidents" are either preventable or they are not. Accusations have repeatedly been brought against the niggardly nigger-driving mine owners, stating that with the resources of modern science it is possible to properly ventilate the pits and safeguard the lives of men engaged in the perilous task of "gutting" the earth.

The Souls in the Scales.

From my own experience of colliery proprietors, and it has been a close one, I can vouch for the fact that these men have, as a rule, neither hearts to be touched nor souls to be lost—like the gold-lechers they are, they find that the souls of men weigh lightly in the scales against the golden counterpoise.

But these men must be taught their lesson. They must be compelled either to spend sufficient of their ill-gotten gains to keep their mines safe, or they must surrender them to the nation—and we are nearer the nationalization of the coal mines than many people are aware.

At the Pretoria pit it was the old story—a rumbling of the earth, a great ball of fire and smoke shooting to the heavens, and then the detonating roar of the explosion—and underneath. Underneath the bodies of what had a moment before been living creatures of flesh and blood—charred, discolored, burned out of all recognition. And above "at grass," the women and the children, waiting for those who would never return.

But who cares for a few hundred poor devils of miners. There are plenty more where they came from.

Now, there is another fine game on here. The "statesmen," who have as much thinking power as a bull elephant that is "must" and has run amuck, are trying to introduce the passport system into Britain, with a view to tracking down "undesirable aliens." This in view of the fact that two or three "cops" have "got the bullet" in a hunt down the East end of London, where it swarms with Russians, Poles and Jews.

U. S. A. Cop Through British Glasses

They are arming the police with a new revolver (hitherto the British policeman has gone unarmed), and we quite expect some of your New York methods here before long. For when all is said and done the cop is the same the world over—half stupid, half cunning, and wholly official. Oh, there are exceptions, I know—the exceptions that get into the papers under such headings as "A Brave Policeman," "Gallant Rescue by Man in Blue," etc., etc., but as a whole the cop is always on the scent for graft, can generally be "squared," and is frequently a menace as well as a protection to society. In my "all-night peregrinations" in the metropolis I have absorbed a fearful and wonderful knowledge of the genus. The artist has shown his view of the American cop, in the accompanying sketch, and has based it upon the statement made at the Bal Tabarin dancing hall in the Tenderloin district of New

York by a notorious "king of the apaches," who said in the most casual manner, to the *Daily Mail* hustling correspondent: "See here, mister, I guess the crooks are under the protection of the 'king' and the 'king' is under the protection of the cops." Sounds well doesn't it, from the Land of the Free?

I see that Charles Edward Russell, whom we all read here with much interest, has been flaying the *Guardians* of Liberty in the U. S. A. to a frazzle upon their non-recognition of the new Portuguese republic. Well on this side of the pond the *Daily Denial*, alias the *Daily Mail* has burst out with "The Future of King Manuel, Oxford First, Portugal Afterward." Manuel it seems is quite confident that the poor, deluded Portuguese will be asking him to come back for the love of heaven and be their guiding star, so until that time comes he is going to Oxford university where he will employ his time "in training himself in scholarship and diplomacy and all the arts of statecraft." In other words, and not to wrap it up, he is going to train himself good and hard in the game of lying. You know they might have added the place of his destination after Portugal—I mean the last resting-place of all liars.

At the moment we are all giving thanks and making a joyful noise with our mouths because the elections are over. You know the result—after all the hustle and bustle—all the lying and hard swearing—all the flusterbation and general bedevilment—the Great Historic Parties are "as they were"—the Radical coalition having gained one seat.

I have been interviewing various public men upon the political situation for you Americans. They are all agreed upon the one point—that the election was fought purely and simply—if an election can ever be said to be either "pure" or "simple"—upon the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. Well Asquith claims for the liberals and their allies that, being returned with the same majority as in the last parliament, the country has decided to give the gilded ones of the upper chamber the notice to take their clothes and go—in other words the "kybosh," or "knock-out."

The Hoof and Tail Men.

But it is when we come to the nasty details that the politicians I interviewed were beautifully vague, and cheerfully elusive. It was then they all showed the cloven hoof and the horned tail. One man says: "Of course, my dear sir, as a liberal I would refer you to Mr. Asquith's pronouncement at the Albert hall, for enlightenment upon the way in which he proposes to deal with the veto." A conservative says: "The house of lords can withstand all assaults, and the liberals are not in earnest in their attack, which was only a snare to catch the voting bird."

Finally, I asked Mr. Benjamin Riley a member of the executive of the independent labor party. He said: "My opinion is that although the liberal leaders at the beginning were not in earnest in their cry of 'Down with the lords,' they have raised a storm they cannot allay, and now will be forced to attempt to destroy their power." When asked as to whether he believed there would be another general election at the end of 1911, as many people seem to think, he replied: "No, I think the liberals will stick to their majority of 126, and will keep in office as long as they can—but they have got to face the music and make



America through British Glasses—Graft

a real attack upon the upper chamber."

Well we shall see, but I for one shall not be surprised if Asquith & Co. find some way to wiggle out of the fight with the lords, upon some technical point. They do not want the abolition of the watch-dogs of property and privilege, that is certain.

The following are the totals of votes cast for the various parties at the election:

Unionist (conservative)	2,410,049
Liberals	2,276,445
Labor and Socialist	368,976
Irish Nationalists (Redmondites and O'Brienites)	132,094

Out of the 368,976 votes cast for labor and Socialist candidates, only 6,596 were polled by candidates running as Socialists, which shows pretty clearly that the labor policy is the only effective one at the moment. Of course, in some cases, as in that of Battersea, where a Socialist took the field, the labor party did not propose to run a candidate.

Labor returns with a net gain of two seats, which is a really excellent result upon so low a poll. The reason for the lowness of the poll was due to the fact that it was found impossible to trace all the removals, the election being fought under the old register, and this hits a party like that of labor much harder than the

capitalist parties with their unlimited financial resources.

Peaceful "Persuasion."

The best election story is the following, of which a friend was the delighted witness. At one of the polling booths in a London constituency, where there is a large Irish colony, the sacred calm which pervades such places was broken by I regret to say blasphemous language which turned the air a beautiful cerulean blue. Out of the *melee* came the following slightly hurried conversation: "Phat, ye omadoun, ye ungrateful blackguard, that I gave a shilling and two drinks to, won't you be persuaded—" smack, thud—"O' Hagan's our man, I tell ye." There was the sound of some thing dragging on the floor, and a stalwart Irishman entered pulling after him the almost senseless body of a fellow-countryman, whose face had lost all traces of humanity. The big man threw his burden heavily against the polling urn, and said, with the air of a man who has done his duty: "Well, bhoys, I think I have persuaded him—but faith I'll wait to see how he makes his cross."

And it took only half a dozen of the boys in blue to remove him from the holy of holies, to his extreme disgust.

Capitalism and the Home.

BENJAMIN HANFORD.

We are noting today on every hand a marvellous public solicitude for the preservation of the family. Beautiful, idyllic pictures are painted of the family group within the sacred walls of home around the shaded library lamp in the atmosphere of art and music—and the Socialist is bitterly censured as the iconoclast who would ruthlessly shatter all this idealism. But we who are working for Socialism know that the vast majority of the workers have never known such a home in all their history. We know that the home of the worker is a barren place in which every refining influence is purchased at a sacrifice. The working-class home is too often only four walls; only a sordid shelter afforded to collective discomfort.

Brave soldiers have died on the battlefields and holy martyrs have gone smiling to the fagot and the sword, but the children of their murderers have erected monuments to their memory.

All thinkers have, at times, rejected as absurd, propositions and ideas they afterwards found to be entirely sound.

The devil-doctrine seems to have been common to all barbarous and semi-savage peoples.

Gloomy and begrimed though the wage earner be, let magnates make their obeisance before him, for the impalpable scepter of political power waits invisible within his enclosed hand, ready to become real in his grasp. Today inquires, "What shall we do with our unemployed?" but tomorrow may ask, "What will they do with us?"—L. W. Keplinger.

Roll Call of Nations

(Continued from Page 9.)

special accentuation on free thought.

May the first is observed as a holiday throughout the country by complete cessation from work. Up to the last demonstration this international holiday has passed without incident in Finland. At that time, when in solemn meetings, energetic protests were passed against Russian violence, the police attempted to interfere in several places. It was then that the first trial for high treason occurred, following a May Day meeting held in Wiborg.

It is a great deal more like living to be able to whistle at your work in the country, than to be driven to work by the whistle in the city.—*Farm Journal*.

What do folks mean when they talk about tainted money? Guess most of them mean 'taint theirs.

Clippings and Comment

Tariff Protected Slaves

Rhode Island is, of all states, a "tariff made" state. Its workers are all in protected industries.

"I have heard it estimated," said Ida M. Tarbell in the *American Magazine*, "that three-fourths of the population are dependent upon textile mills alone." Yet in spite of the fact that each tariff bill declares that protective duties are for the benefit of the workingman, only twenty-five per cent of Rhode Island's population own their homes.

The average weekly earnings for 58 hours in cotton factories in that year were: For the carding room, \$7.80; for mule spinners, \$12.92; for speeders, \$10.62; for weavers, \$10.38. In the woolen industry the picker received \$8.00, the woman spinner \$7.25, the man spinner \$12.91, the weavers \$15.34.

Naturally their lives are short. "At the age of fifty-five they are unfit for labor. So generally are the homes robbed of



A Cotton Worker's Home

the mothers that all over Rhode Island is the custom "to close the morning school session at eleven thirty that children may get home in time to put up the dinners for those of the family who are in the mills."

With mothers working and staying in the mills infant mortality becomes staggering.

There is nothing more pitiful in all this beautiful world than the interminable rows of little graves in the cemeteries of the factory towns. Hundreds of them, if marked at all, are only numbered, no name, no date, nothing but a number to identify them, and perhaps a rude wooden cross.

The homes in which these slaves of the factory are housed are such as would disgrace the worst slums of a great city. Some of them have become notorious as breeders of tuberculosis.

Wendell Phillips and Labor

Wendell Phillips was almost the only one of those who fought vigorously against chattel slavery who continued on in the struggle against wage slavery. Charles Edward Russell tells us in *Success Magazine* that "he alone perceived that the abolition of African slavery was only one gained battle in a long war fare; he wanted to go on with the rest. Wage slavery was as truly slavery as chattel slavery and as much a thing to be abolished."

He looked out upon the world and saw that everywhere the toilers, who were the sole creators of wealth, were the bottom of the social scale. They created wealth for other men to enjoy, but of the wealth they created they received very little. In consequence of this arrangement, steadily becoming more oppressive to them, they lived in insufficiency and under conditions that made health, intelligence and progress impossible among them. He saw that the population was injuriously affected in every country the majority; that as their economic condition declined, the national vigor would be lowered; that the chattel slavery against which the Abolitionists warred was only the result of a system that less frankly enslaved workingmen everywhere.

As a result he soon found himself as thoroughly hated by the ruling class as he had been in the days when he first attacked chattel slavery. When the war closed he was the most popular of men and could have had most any political position he wished, but when he joined with the working class and wrote into the platform of the labor reform convention at Wooster, Mass. in 1871 these words, "We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator

of wealth, is entitled to all it creates," he found himself once more an outcast.

With a kind of smiling sadness, infinitely moving, he used to refer to himself, as "that ishmaelite" and once he wrote that his home was a sleeping car and his only attendants were the brakemen and porters.

The Human Drift

Under the title of "The Human Drift" Jack London has in the *Forum* one of those tremendous sweeping and powerful articles that he knows so well how to write.

"The history of civilization is a History of Wandering, Sword in Hand in Search of Food," is the text from which he starts. He shows how great waves of humanity have drifted "from east to west and west to east, from north to south and back again" across the continents and islands through ages.

One of the first upward stages in evolution was when man "made himself better devices for killing than the old natural ones of fang and claw."

"He killed to make room and as he made room ever he increased and found himself crowded, and ever he went on killing to make more room." The figures of those who have fallen by war, by flood, famine, pestilence and murder reach almost inconceivable sums.

More destructive of life than war, is industry. In all civilized countries great masses of people are crowded into slums and labor ghettos, where disease festers, vice corrodes, and famine is chronic, and where they die more swiftly and in greater numbers than do the soldiers in our modern wars. The very infant mortality of a slum parish in the East End of London is three times that of a middle class parish in the West End. In the United States, in the last fourteen years, a total of coalminers, greater than our entire standing army, has been killed and injured. The United States bureau of labor states that during the year 1908, there were between 30,000 and 35,000 deaths of workers by accidents, while 200,000 more were injured. In fact, the safest place for a workingman is in the army. And even if that army be at the front, fighting in Cuba or South Africa, the soldier in the ranks has a better chance for life than the workingman at home.

War itself, the old red anarch, is passing. It is safer to be a soldier than a workingman. The chance for life is greater in an active campaign than in a factory or a coal mine. In the matter of killing, war is growing impotent, and this in face of the fact that the machinery of war was never so expensive in the past nor so dreadful. War equipment today, in time of peace, is more expensive than of old in time of war. A standing army costs more to maintain than it used to cost to conquer an empire. It is more expensive to be ready to kill, than it used to be to do the killing. The price of a Dreadnaught would furnish the whole army of Xerxes with killing weapons. And, in spite of its magnificent equipment, war no longer kills as it used to when its methods were simpler. A bombardment by a modern fleet has been known to result in the killing of one mule. The casualties of a twentieth century war between two world-powers are such as to make a worker in an iron foundry turn green with envy. War has become a joke. Men have made for themselves monsters of battle which they cannot face in battle. Subsistence is generous these days, life is not cheap, and it is not in the nature of flesh and blood to indulge in the carnage made possible by present-day machinery. This is not theoretical, as will be shown by a comparison of deaths in battle and men involved, in the South African war and the Spanish American war on the one hand, and the Civil war or the Napoleonic wars on the other.

Not only has war, by its own evolution, rendered itself futile, but man himself, with greater wisdom and higher ethics, is opposed to war. He has learned too much. War is repugnant to his common sense. He conceives it to be wrong, to be absurd, and to be very expensive. For the damage wrought and the results accomplished, it is not worth the price.

Just as in the disputes of individuals the arbitration of a civil court instead of a blood feud is more practical, so, man decides, is arbitration more practical in the disputes of nations.

And still another change is coming in human affairs. Though politicians gnash their teeth and cry anathema, and men, whose superficial book-learning is vitiated by crystallized prejudice, assures us that civilization will go to smash, the trend of society, today, the world over, is toward Socialism. The old individualism is passing. The state interferes more and more in affairs that hitherto have been considered sacredly private. And Socialism, when the last word is said, is merely a new economic and political system whereby more men can get food to eat. In short, Socialism is an improved food-getting efficiency.

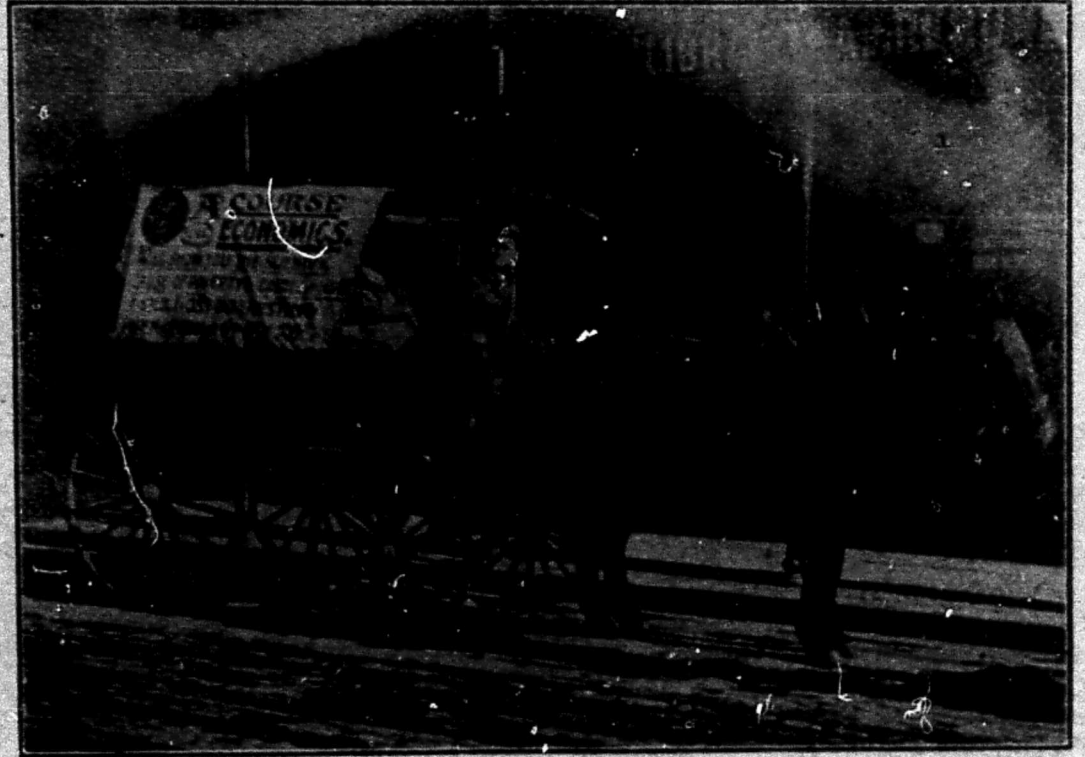
He seems to think that even Socialism will be confronted with the Mal-

thusian law and will be forced to fight new dangers and new methods of killing. Finally, "man, the latest of the ephemera, is pitifully a creature of temperature, strutting his brief

day on the thermometer. Behind him is a past wherein it was too warm for him to exist. Ahead of him is a future wherein it will be too cold for him to exist."

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.



A Louisiana "Red Special."

With this wagon and a camping outfit, which he carries inside, Leon F. Chanute is canvassing the city of New Orleans and the surrounding country. He has taken hundreds of subscriptions for the *Appeal to Reason* and other Socialist publications and distributed great quantities of literature, and announces his intention to continue at work until the Co-operative Commonwealth comes.

A Socialist Alligator Hunter

BY NAT. L. HARDY

The Socialist movement in Texas has many unique characters among whom there is one alligator hunter that deserves special mention. J. S. Sons, of Matagorda, Texas, gets the pelts whether it be plutes or alligators he goes after. On one trip recently he killed two hundred and forty alligators and he has been equally successful in his work for Socialism. Speaking, hustling subs for the *Appeal* and other papers, distributing literature and in many ways helping the cause. Failing in his efforts to organize a local of Americans he went after the Mexicans, speaking their language fluently, he has recently organized two large locals among them. One at Matagorda with twenty-three members and a Mexican branch in Refugio county of twenty-two members, the latter branch is composed entirely of Mexican fishermen.

He made himself so obnoxious to the large land owners and employers of Mexican laborers that a few days before the election while on the boat on which he lives some one on shore took three shots at him evidently thinking it would intimidate him into inactivity on election day, but they had not reckoned with the caliber of the man. On the morning of November 8th, Comrade Sons opened an office opposite the polling place and announced that he had "Fair Count" cards for distribution; the result was that the Socialist voters signed these cards thus forestalling any plot to count out the Socialist votes. Seeing that their former attempt had failed to quiet the "old man" the day after the election someone fired three more shots at him while he was on his floating home. He immediately took his rifle and went ashore, but the cowardly would-be assassin had fled and was nowhere to be found. He is going ahead with his agitation work as if nothing had happened. The world needs many more with the spirit of J. S. Sons, the alligator hunter, who also hunts the plutes.

Socialists in Milwaukee Legislature

The Wisconsin legislature is now in session with thirteen Socialist members. With this added representation there is some hope that many of the bills that have been introduced by the Socialists year after year will be taken up and passed. The fear of even more rapidly increasing Socialist representation may lead to the consideration of some of those laws, among which is one to permit the state to operate grain elevators and to carry on all other lines of business not properly subject to county and city control. This broad measure is necessary as a foundation for introducing any laws looking to extension of state industrial activity.

One reason to believe that Socialist measures will receive more consideration this year is drawn from the fact that a large number of measures previously introduced by Socialists have been rushed in by non-Socialists this year in the hope of stealing the Socialist thunder. Among these is the one for home rule in cities and industrial insurance for workingmen. It is practically certain that the first of these will be carried as all parties are pledged to it, and its passage will untie the hands of the Socialist administration of Milwaukee and make possible the carrying out of the things that they have planned.

They are the blazers of the way who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep a seeker from his chosen goal; but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough he can attain.—Herbert Kaufman.

A certain egotist should be buried face downward, so that the more he scratched, the closer he would get to the place he ought to go.

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.



FLINGS AT THINGS

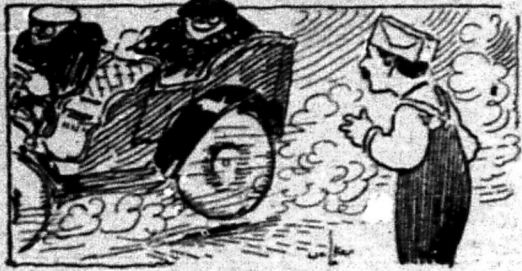
BY D. M. S.

The Crazy Age.

When future ages take a squint
At this, today, in which we live
When plain the records lie in print
A merry ha, ha! they will give,
It will be hard to understand
How people claiming to be 'bright
For such a jumbled mess would stand
With power at hand to set things right.

They'll say their ancestors were s'ite
A lot of ever-blooming chumps
Since they were willing to endure
So many different kinds of bumps,
Yet all the while were satisfied
That they were truly, on the square,
The grandest people, true and tried
That ever happened anywhere.

Yes, they will call these days of ours
The cruel and the crude old time
Above whose wreck their new age towers
All free from misery and crime,
And they will wonder how so long
We managed for this age to stand
Since in the reign of woe and wrong
We had the ballot in our hand.



Seems Strange.

Those working men who autos make
Should in their task have pride;
I wonder why they do not take
Their family for a ride.

Every Little Helps.

The part we play in passing through
Is such a tiny one,
It is so little we can do;
So much that might be done;
In evolution's working out
A minor role we take
Nor may we, though our hearts are stout
On it impression make.

And yet with others, of our kind
Some hundred million strong
We might assist the forces blind
To push the thing along;
If each his little lamp will keep
Well polished, trimmed and bright
The whole in one majestic sweep
Will journey toward the right.



Chance to Be Famous.

"The great scientist is looking for
The germ that causes poverty."
"Will he find and squash it?"
"He will if he looks in the right place."
"Where would you suggest?"
"At the ballot box."

Talked Like One.

"How is your patient, doctor?"
"He is a very sick man."
"What seems to ail him?"
"Everything. Appendicitis, ingrowing
toe nails and a lot of other things."
"Then he needs an operation."
"Well, I wouldn't put it as strong as
that, he might sometime, but not now."
"What are you going to give him
then?"
"A few sugar-coated pills."
"Doctor."
"Well?"
"You talk like a democrat."

Little Flings.

Coming events cast their injunctions
before.
No, the tobacco trust will not turn
over a new leaf.
As Taft doesn't know enough to be

president, what a fine judge he would
make!

Teddy won't believe it without an-
other knockout.

If private secretaries were to go on
a strike, many of the millionaires
couldn't find their way about.

Sees the Point.

The plutocrats though dull on jokes
Must almost split their side
To notice how the working folks
At voting time divide



In Actual Life.

"Hello," said the city party halting
before a man in overalls, "Where is
your automobile?"

"My what?"
"You are a farmer aren't you? All
farmers have automobiles."
"Oh, I am only a renter. We are
thankful to get grub at our house."

Family Advice

ELLIS O. JONES

The land is filled with newly elected
officials, many of whom have not yet
taken their seats. The time is fit-
ting, therefore, to give them a little
fatherly advice.

Greeting: Remember that it is
your duty to watch over the inter-
ests of the whole people. You are
not elected by any single class. While
legislating for the optimists, do not
forget the pessimists. They are both
entitled to what they wish. There
are many conservatives in the land
who want things to remain as they
are. They should be accommodated
by all means. At the same time do
all you can to accommodate those who
wish the country to go forward.

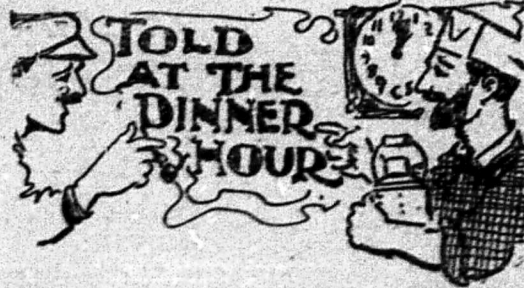
Railroad rates should be kept up
for the benefit of thousands of rail-
road stockholders and down for the
benefit of the shoppers and passen-
gers who use the railroads. Prices
in general should be as low as possi-
ble in order that the people who
buy commodities may get along easi-
ly. At the same time, prices should
be as high as possible in order that
those who sell goods may make
large profits and thus flood the land
with prosperity.

It is clear that employers cannot
be successful if they are required to
pay exorbitant wages. See to it that
wages are put down to the lowest
notch. But do not forget the inter-
ests of the laboring man. How can
he subsist if his wage is not ample?
See to it, therefore, that he gets
all he demands.

So on throughout the entire na-
tion. Do not take sides. Even
though the interests of two classes
are directly inimical, it is your duty
to see that both are satisfied. If
you will follow this advice, there will
be no limit to your popularity and no
question as to your re-election.

"John," said his wife, "I have lots of
things I want to talk to you about."

"That's good," answered Mr. Spend-
ers; "generally you want to talk to me
about things you haven't got."—*Buffalo
Express.*



The COMING NATION will send a sub-
scription 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.

The Jack Knife Carpenter

BY LEE F. HEACOCK

Old man Elderkin was a scab-carpen-
ter of the type known among the trade
as a "jack-knife carpenter," indicating
that he could drive a nail with reason-
able safety for his fingers; but was un-
skilled in the branches of the trade re-
quiring technical knowledge. On one
occasion he took a contract to build a
set of stairs, which, with his innocence
of either theoretical or practical knowl-
edge of the subject, was no mean task.

Board after board, the stationery of
the trade, was covered with the stag-
gling, desperate figures with which he
strove to meet the problem. Finally,
he went to the owner of the house.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "As I figure
it out, there will be just eleven full-
sized steps and a little one. Would
you rather have the little one at the
top or at the bottom?"

On another occasion, Elderkin had oc-
casion to use a ten-foot pole. He did
not own one of that length, but did
however, have one measuring twelve
feet. At length, he sat upon the plan
of sawing a foot off each end of the
twelve-foot pole, which, he thought,
would solve the problem. Then, as he

noted the figure "11" at the end of the
pole, he exclaimed: "Wall, by canopy
the dinged pole is a 'leven-footer at
that."

Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK

There was an old lady whose last name was
New,
She had so many children that she didn't
know what to do,
Of names they were lacking (It took quite
a few)
So the last one she christened "Nothing
New."

To market, to market, to buy a bum bun.
Home again, stung again, market is done.

There was a packer had a cow
And he had naught to give her.
The cow was sick in her stomach,
Gizzard, lights and liver.
Sick some other places, too.
So the packer found—
But he sold her to the retailer
At seven cents a pound.

Truthful Teddy stood on a wall,
Toothful Teddy had a great fall,
All the Repr. machine and all their best
men,
Could not make Teddy President again.

For This Relief

S. A. VANBUSKIRK

Suggested by one of Charles Edward Es-
selle's Editorials.

For this relief much thanks Oh! Lord!
The big stick's laid away
The tide's gone out and the wind's gone in
His hole at Oyster Bay.

Much thanks, that on the daily page,
T. R. does not appear
Nor the Pullman platform bombast
From Big Tooth in the rear.

We thank thee that the Teddy bears
Have grown so blooming cheap,
Their wool's more economical
Than from protected sheep.

We thank thee that the strenuous one
Has met his Waterloo
He'll never come back from the Isle of Elb
He has gone with the fog and the dew

We thank thee that this rontebank
Of blood and thunder mold
With his Falstaffian methods
Has gone to storage cold.

"Did you ever see a millionaire who
got his by following the advice he gives
to ambitious young men?"



BY LIDA KECK WILLIAMS.

Oh the hands that hold it up—the Upper Crust—
The horny hands, the hairy hands, the hands begrimed with dust,
The hands with straining muscles, and the hands of skin and bone,
And the reddened hands of women who are facing life alone.

Oh the hands that hold it up—the Upper Crust—
The mouldy crust, the sugared crust, the blackened crust of lust,
The crust of pride and privilege, and the crust of fleeting fame,
And the crust where moths are singeing at a candle's luring flame!

Oh the hands that hold it up—the Upper Crust—
The patient hands, the honest hands, whose work is true and just,
Does the Crust that rests upon them its madness ever stop
To reflect on what its fate would be if those brave hands should drop?

Readings in Literature

Selected by William Mailly

THE NECESSITY OF AGITATION

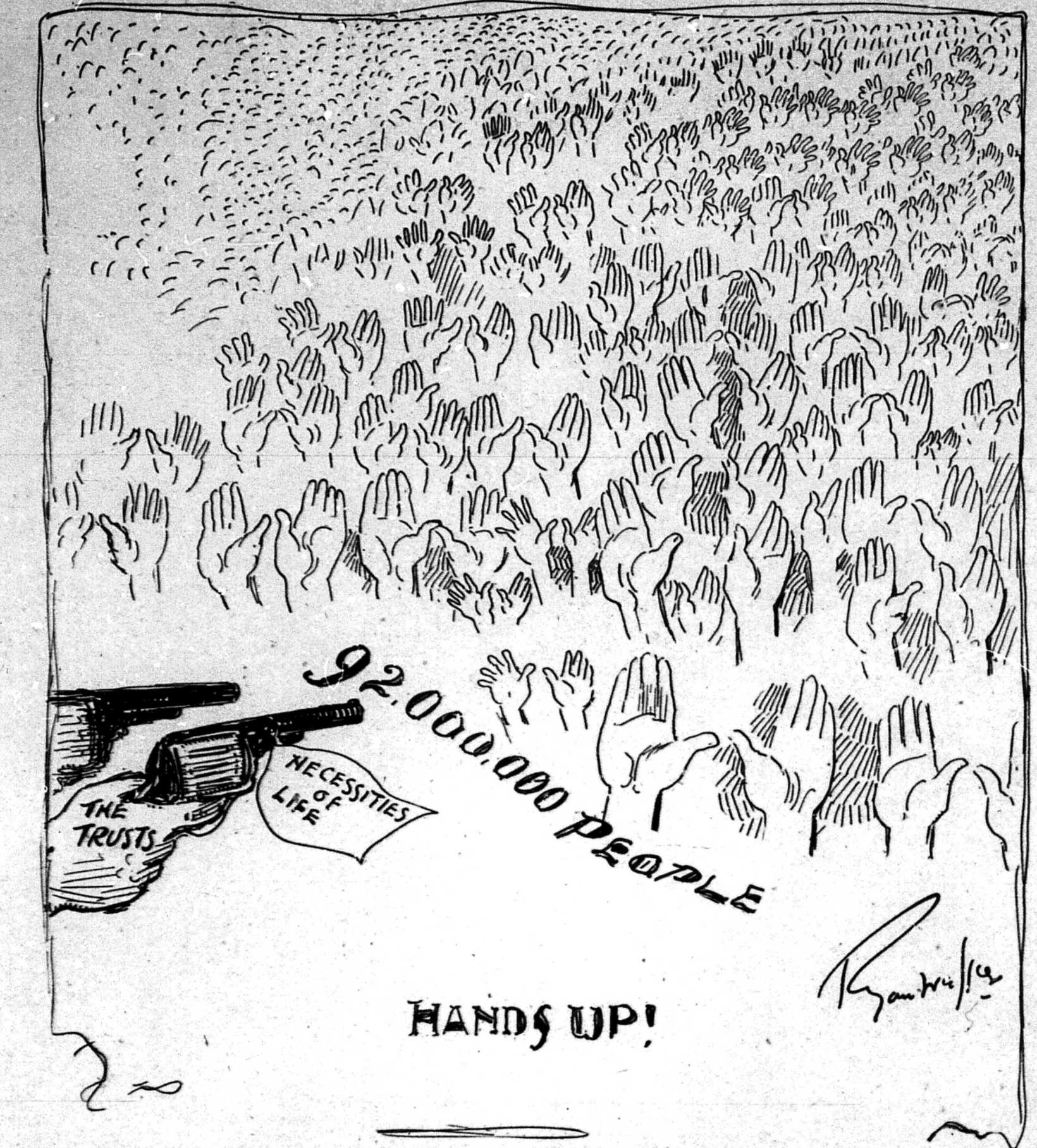
Free Speech on "Public Opinion" by Wendell Phillips, January 28, 1852

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice. A crazy sentimentalism like that of Peter the Hermit hurled half of Europe upon Asia, and changed the destinies of kingdoms. We may be crazy. Would to God we would make us all crazy enough to forget for one moment the cold deductions of intellect, and let these hearts of ours beat, beat, beat, under the promptings of a common humanity! They have put wickedness into the statute book, and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the capitol. That is my faith. That it is which turns my eye from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of whigs, from the millions of democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent—turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that is heard against bad laws. I recognize in it the great future, the first rumblings of that volcano destined to overthrow these mighty preparations and bury in the hot lava of its full excitement all this laughing prosperity which now rests so secure on its side.

All hail, Public Opinion! To be sure, it is a dangerous thing under which to live. It rules today in the desire to obey all laws, and takes your life. It rules again in the love of liberty, and rescues Shadrach from Boston Courthouse. It rules tomorrow in the manhood of him who loads the musket to shoot down—God be praised—the man-hunter, Gorsuch. It rules in Syracuse, and the slave escapes to Canada. It is our interest to educate this people in humanity, and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and the humblest individual that makes up our numbers. Each man here, in fact, holds his property and his life dependent on the constant presence of an agitation like this of anti-slavery. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty: power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of today outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. The hand entrusted with power becomes, either from human depravity or *esprit de corps*, the necessary enemy of the people.

Only by continual foresight can the democrat in office be prevented from hardening into a despot; only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity. All clouds, it is said, have sunshine behind them, and all evils have some good result; so slavery, by the necessity of its abolition, has saved the freedom of the white race from being melted in the luxury or buried beneath the gold of its own success. Never look therefore, for an age when the people can be quiet and safe. At such times despotism, like a shrouding mist, steals over the mirror of freedom.

The Dutch, a thousand years ago, built against the ocean their bulwarks of willow and mud. Do they trust to that? No. Each year the patient, industrious peasant gives so much time from the cultivation of his soil and the care of his children to stop the breaks and replace the willow which insects have eaten, that



We are suprisc... that one irain robber can hold up a coach load of passengers. That is nothing. Think of Capitalism holding up 92 millions of people every day.

he may keep the land his fathers rescued from the water, and bid defiance to the waves that roar above his head, as if demanding back the broad fields man has stolen from their realm.

In the Days of Pharaoh

BY L. P. HEACOCK.

According to an ancient papyrus dug up by Prof. Phuzzyphiz near Memphis, Tenn., the following reasons were given by some of the captive Hebrews for "knocking" the proposed flight from the captivity into the Promised Land:

- First—The Egyptians couldn't find anyone else to do the dirty work.
- Second—It would destroy incentive.
- Third—The "best people" in Egyptian society were a unit against it, and only the agitators wanted it.
- Fourth—The publishers of the "high class" magazines all thought it impractical.
- Fifth—The people in the brick making business had a right to a "reasonable profit." Their interests were identical.
- Sixth—What would be the use of inventink brick-making machinery?
- Seventh—It would break up the home and cause their places of worship to be abandoned.
- Eighth—The idea was a "foreign doctrine."
- Ninth—God had intended them to be slaves, for, there they were!
- Tenth—Everything would go to the everlasting ding-bats if things didn't go on in the old-fashioned way.



If you're game to fight with no end in sight and never a band to play,
 If you're fit to toil with no hope of spoil and the tolling itself for pay,
 If you'll bear the irk of the thankless work of making the dream come true
 If you'll march along through a hooting throng that bellows its oaths at you,
 If you'll learn to meet each new defeat with the gritty old grin of yore
 And lift your lance in a new advance with hardly a chance to score,
 Then you're just the breed that we sorely need; you're one of our kith and kin.
 So get the swing of the song we sing and join in the march—fall in!

We promise no loot to the young recruit, no glory or praise or fame,
 No gold you gain in this long campaign—but plenty of jeers and blame,
 The quarters are mean and the rations lean; the service is harsh and grim
 The war is on from dark to dawn, from dawn to the twilight dim;
 But there's ever the cheer of a comrade near and the touch of his sturdy arm
 And his help in call if you faint and fall where the harring foeman swarm,
 If you scorn reward for the fight that's hard, if you'd rather be right than win,
 Just get the swing of the song we sing and join in the march—fall in!

If comradeship of heart—not lip—is more to your taste than cash,
 If ancient frauds and thiel gods are idols you long to smash,
 If your patience breaks at the honored fakes that the palsy priests have decked,
 If you're not content till the veil is rent and the temple of lies is wrecked;
 Then your place is made in our stern brigade that never can halt or pause
 Till the war is done and the fight is won—the fight for the human cause,
 So take your place and our step and pace in spite of the old world's din
 And get the swing of the song we sing and join in the march—fall in!

