

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Who Profited in Los Angeles?



THE explosion of another bomb, or supposed bomb, in Los Angeles has been followed by the handing down of indictments against three men, names not given, in connection with the earlier disaster in the building of the *Los Angeles Times*. Upon the occurrence of the *Times* explosion every paper in

the country that presents or pretends to present the news, printed some version of the reports sent out by the Associated Press and the Los Angeles correspondents of the larger publications. These reports, almost without exception, put the affair up to the union labor element of California in a manner that damned that element in the minds of the majority of uninformed readers.

Subsequently vast sums were expended, or were said to have been expended, by the employers of Los Angeles to trace some connection between the explosion and the unionists. Whether or not these efforts were directed by men who believed in the truth of their allegations cannot be said. Certainly superhuman efforts were made to pin the outrage on someone, on anyone, connected with a labor organization. And the result is three blind indictments, with outstanding rewards of nearly \$50,000 for the apprehension of these mysterious criminals. All this has gone out to the country in a shape that has blackened union labor.

The second supposed bomb attempt was apparently made against a firm which has had labor troubles. When it happened, the press was instantly flooded with accounts that were plainly and openly colored with anti-unionism to a vicious extent. The whole situation was sharpened. The guilt of union labor was accepted as a point fully established, and in that way the country has learned of it.

Mark how the whole dark affair has worked to the infinite harm of labor and the infinite advantage of reaction. No development of recent years has been so unhappy in its effect upon the sentiment toward unionism. Meanwhile the unionists of Los Angeles have been doing their best to discover the cause and nature of the explosions for themselves. There was more than a suggestion that the *Times* disaster called for careful and unprejudiced examination. It never received it. The unionists were frustrated at every move. They were hampered, insulted and flouted and their offers were received with open hostility. And the public, which had been so industriously informed that unionism was responsible was kept in complete ignorance of its indignation and its protests.

I would like to make a few suggestions. Is it not true that the employers of the Coast form the country's most aggressive and unscrupulous group of union labor opponents, with the possible exception of those in Colorado? Have they not shown themselves ready to go to any extreme to crush unionism? Have not these two alleged bombs aided them enormously? Is it conceivable that such events could possibly have any other result?

Is not this plain to the most dull and criminal mind?

To come plump with a fair question: In the absence of any shred of proof up to the present are not the employers of Los Angeles at least as fully open to suspicion as the unionists of Los Angeles?

I think it will appear so to any even mind not overbalanced by disingenuous press reports or colored by the hatred of unionism so industriously taught by the dominant interests.



Ordinarily, the remarks of Mayor Gaynor, of New York, are of no especial importance to the public except as indications of his peculiar personality. A man

### Honesty in Capitalist Politics

governed entirely by prejudice and personal animosities, strange, shy, hard, he breaks out frequently in curious ways. Thus far he has not so obsessed the general mind that his manifestations call for great attention. But a recent utterance of his should be pondered. It strikes me as the most extraordinary statement made by a public official in many years.

Mayor Gaynor has been upholding the attempt of the Interborough to extend its subway monopoly to the new lines which New York has long demanded. That was to be expected. For that he was picked out by Messrs. Ryan, Morgan and Belmont. He has made many bitter answers to protests raised in sundry quarters where the bedevilment of the traction situation has awakened tardy resentment. Among them is the following:

"The people of this city will not be prepared for municipal ownership until they become sufficiently educated and honest themselves to elect competent and honest officials and thus have honest government all the time. When we look about and see the dishonesty and graft which exist now we cannot wish to add thereto by putting the operation of our railroads in official hands."

Just read that over and see how it impresses you.

Aside from the characteristic reservation in his own favor implied by the words "all the time," Mr. Gaynor's deliberate opinion is that the people of New York cannot choose honest and competent officials. By his second sentence he extends his view, since he has already exonerated his own administration, to include other cities, by implication the whole country.

We are informed by the Mayor of our metropolis that we are incapable of self-government.

Since this utterance, avidly seized upon by certain reactionists, a most amazing story has come to light which has been coupled with Mr. Gaynor's words and has given rise to many melancholy reflections.

More than four hundred voters of Adams County, Ohio, have pleaded guilty to selling their votes for money at the last election and more than twelve hundred citizens are under indictment on that charge.

In the cynical view, Mr. Gaynor has thus received startling and unexpected confirmation of his slur upon the American people.

It is fat material for reaction. Men who sell their votes are surely unfitted for self-government, and dishonesty at the polls strikes even deeper into the theory of the republic than dishonesty among public officials.

If it be true, as Mr. Gaynor says, that collectively we are neither sufficiently educated nor sufficiently honest to run our affairs, then all progress since the days of absolutism is denied. If it be true, as has been said, that Adams County, Ohio, has uncovered a condition common to most counties in most states, then what shred of defense remains for popular government?

To be quite logical in such a dilemma we should have Mr. Gaynor and a few others among our Only Honest Men select a monarch, Mr. Morgan for choice, and speedily reconstruct the forms of our government on the lines of France before the Revolution. To be quite consistent, all who cherish a faith in democracy, in brotherhood, in the ultimate triumph of happiness and goodwill and decency through bringing the people to their own, should stand as liars and false prophets. We should return to complete serfdom, let our masters rule us without a murmur and await some distant miracle by which we might become "sufficiently educated and honest" to resume a part in running things.

Where is the flaw?

It lies very close to Mr. Gaynor, though we can scarcely expect him to see it. It lies in the capitalist system which put him in his position and which he serves.

Our political faults exist not because of popular rule, but in spite of it.

Our political errors come not from too much democracy but from too little.

Rotten politics can be traced every time to rotten business. There is no more obvious lesson in the history of the last fifty years, in which capitalism has unfolded to full flower.

Granted that we have dishonest officials. Granted that we "look about and see dishonesty and graft." The cause rests with privilege which has distorted and made a mock of popular rule; privilege, which has left nothing but the shell of the republic; privilege, which places those officials in power and then bribes them or pulls the secret strings of their mechanism for its own purpose; privilege, which has a system of exploitation to maintain and money wherewith to buy the maintenance.

The class of greed and oppression which capitalism has developed and which now interposes between the people and their government is solely and wholly responsible.

The instinct of the people is true and clean. Blindly, stumbling on the path, they have groped their way through the ages toward their great destiny. It is not merely unlikely that they should turn back or long be checked—it is impossible. We cannot give the lie to evolution itself.

Conditions such as Mr. Gaynor speaks of and such as have cropped out in Ohio are symptoms of a disease which will be cured. And the cure is Socialism, which is merely our modern name for democracy.

If one-third of the voters of a county have been untrue to their destiny it proves nothing except that by so much the interests have blurred and dimmed the clear sight of the people. If one-third of our whole electorate should be shown venal, there would be no ground for despair. It would prove nothing except that the disease had eaten so far into the body of the community.

When the people own and direct their own

industries there will be no special privilege. Without special privilege there will be nothing to bribe for, and so no bribers. Without bribers there will be no bribe takers. Without self-seeking there will be the good of all.

Evil conditions are frequently discouraging, but always easily understood.

The baffling play of partisan politics, the shameless stealing and looting among corporations, the high-handed extortion of illegal opportunities, the pitiless gouging and exploitation of the workers, the exaltation of the dollar, the piling of monstrous fortunes and the degradation of labor, these results and concomitants of capitalism have bemused and misled some of the nation. But they cannot be laid to democracy. They have grown in spite of democracy. Ultimately they will be abolished by democracy.

Those who fall are no reproach against the world's great cause. They are the sacrifice to the specious teachings, the sordid ambitions, the low, grasping selfishness of a capitalistic organization of society. Born to the capitalistic idea, "Get wealth—no matter how," these individuals are the pathetic victims of the system, victims industrially, politically and mentally. They shall yet be saved. The Spirit of Liberty looks down upon them and murmurs, "They know not what they do."

Indeed, they know not.



A recent comedy sketch put on with great success at Washington, so productive of capital political farces, deserves transcription in these columns.

*Scene: the Department of Justice. Slow Music. Enter stealthily a band of conspirators in black mustaches and dress suits, Members of the Bathtub Trust.*

*First Conspirator:* Cur-r-r-ses! The plot is discovered. We are ru-u-ined!

*Second Conspirator:* We will be wiped out.

*Third Conspirator:* Cleaned out.

*Fourth Conspirator (gloomily):* Washed out is the proper word.

*Fifth Conspirator:* Yet pause, I have a plan!

*All:* Plan?

*First Conspirator:* Hist!

*All:* Hist! (They whisper apart. Enter R. Attorney General Wickersham who stands observing them haughtily, arms folded.)

*Third Conspirator:* Soft! He comes! (They huddle back of the First Conspirator fearfully.)

*First Conspirator (advancing):* Greetings, Avenger of the Law. You see before you those bowed down in deep contrition. Look upon our sorrowful countenances and read therein the abject regret that wrings our hearts—

*Fourth Conspirator (aside):* Floods is the proper word.

*First Conspirator:* Good men and true citizens are we and our souls are heavy in us that we have fallen under the damning eye of suspicion. In token whereof—

*Attorney General:* Well?

*First Conspirator:* We desire—er—indeed we have brought our checkbooks for the purpose—to pay on the nail the amount of our fines, in full confession.

*Attorney General:* Hah! Villains! Do you dare propose such a composition with me? (Dashes forward, gesturing violently. Conspirators shrink in cowering group, L.) But you are in my power! (Snatches from the wall a huge blunderbuss labelled "Doc Sherman's Anti-Trust Sure Shot.") With my trusty weapon I will bring you low. Imprisonment! Imprisonment for all! (Starts to ram a brief into the blunderbuss.)

*First Conspirator:* Foiled again! We will be ru-u-ined!

*Fourth Conspirator:* Soaked is the proper word.

*All:* Cur-r-r-ses! (Exit hurriedly in a body, L.)

The audience applauded wildly as the curtain fell.

Did you hear that doleful sound spreading upon an awe-struck land a week or so ago? Did you feel the broken accents of sorrow plucking at your heart strings? He wept! Yes—

### Poor Little Cabot Wept

boohoo—that was it. Our Cabot was weeping! Oh sadness ineffable, oh dreary, weary hour, that ever we should have lived to see it. Henry Cabot Lodge, the Featherduster of the Commonwealth, wept salt tears.

He stood upon the public platform and the drops trickled down his nose and bedewed his silky whiskers while his audience sniffed and reached for hankies. Seldom, if ever, has Boston beheld such a heart-rending spectacle.

He was defending his record—between sobs. The clouds are lowering thick about that devoted head. Certain unmannerly persons, strong in numbers, have somehow taken the notion that he has served long enough as the fawning lackey of the Interests in the Senate. Certain rude citizens have presumed to say that he has earned a retirement from his unremitting, obsequious and faithful attendance upon the forces of Privilege. Such ingratitude was enough to make a cow weep, let alone our dear Cabot.

So he defended his record. He reviewed his career. He gave his stand on every measure that he conceived to have been of any importance. And he proved all over again, what we all knew before, that he has never been anything but an obstacle to progress, a time server to the corporations, a feeble, pompous reactionary and a misrepresentative. The only fresh material he produced was the tears. At the risk of appearing rude and unmannerly oneself, one might dwell reflectively upon properties commonly attributed to that eminently vulgar vegetable, probably unknown in Massachusetts, but familiar to more barbarous regions—the onion.

In conclusion I am reminded of the dulcet syllables of J. Gordon Coogler, the Sweet Singer of South Carolina:

"Farewell, sweet milk-white dove, farewell,

"This parting gives me pain;

"To think perhaps I ne'er shall see

"Thy gentle form again!"



I would fain claim consideration of the arduous labors of that noble and exalted personage, his grace (I hope that's right) the Duke of Norfolk, Earl

### Second-Hand Raiment at Coronation

Marshal, of England. The rest of us have a chance to knock off work and forget our troubles once in a while. Not so the noble Duke. He knows no prescribed hours of toil, nor may he find surcease in the traditional glass of beer. On his devoted shoulders is piled the full weight of responsibility for that grand occasion, the coronation of George V. Here is a hint of the vast task he has undertaken, an extract from one of the many important decrees recently issued by him:

"The dress worn by peeresses consists of a kirtle of crimson velvet, bordered all round, with a narrow edging of miniver scalloped in front, plain otherwise. The kirtle, which may be fastened down the back or the front, opens from the waist, widening gradually down to the ground. It may also be gathered back in three festoons, each tied back with a bow of gold tinsel. The sleeves should be about nine inches long and have two narrow rows of miniver, below which are five lappets varying in lengths, the outer one three inches, the inner one, one inch, each edged in a similar manner with miniver. Peeresses may wear white lace sleeves below these lappets. The petticoat should be white or slightly cream colored, with lace, embroidery or brocade, in accordance with the taste of the peeress. The brocade must be of gold or silver on the petticoat as it would not be correct to introduce any color. Robes and kirtles worn at previous coronations may be worn at the forthcoming coronation."

Isn't that good of him? A kindly soul, the

noble Duke, so far as his harassments will allow. The sentence last quoted should endear him to those few ancient families who have been unable, thus far, to restore their grandeur with American dollars.

Meanwhile our sympathies go out to him. We are led naturally to hope that no peeress will upset the affair by introducing any color on the brocade of her petticoat underneath the kirtle edged with miniver. What a shocking calamity that would be to the noble Duke, to be sure, and how seriously it would interfere with such a joyful affair as the coronation of another king, in the twentieth century.

I wonder what will be the prescribed garb for Whitechapel women. Scarlet kirtles and gold tinsel, do you suppose?



THE members were gathered in the club a few nights since for the purpose of inspecting a recent addition to our furniture of which we were justly proud and which had just been moved into a comfortable place by the fire. It was a chair, specially constructed on lines laid down by the club and of enormous proportions. The legs had been reinforced to sustain a great weight. The upholstery was softly padded to allow the utmost comfort to the occupant.

Mr. Beveridge created a diversion as we stood about in admiring silence by springing to the chair and uncorking one of his best orations. "The lofty ideals of American patriotism—" he began in impassioned tones. Just at this point our porter, a tall, flabby man with a cauliflower ear, reached up and caught the Grand Young Man by the back of the collar. After lifting him down he carried the orator to the gymnasium and placed him in front of a hot air machine. While so engaged he murmured a rude and cryptic phrase which, so far as I was able to understand its vulgar syllables, signified that "having once departed hence it is all too seldom observed that they ever retrace their course"—a sentiment, I may add, which caused Manuel and others of our distinguished gathering acute distress.

We were once more examining the chair when a noise drew our attention to the window. Outside, with his nose pressed against the pane, was a man of exceeding fatness. The smile for which he is celebrated had gone from his face. He looked as if someone were sticking a pin into him from behind. He gazed at the chair by the fire with mingled anguish and longing. Suddenly he was heard to wail dolefully, "I will, I will run again," as one repeating a hard-learned formula.

We were still staring at the apparition when another interruption occurred. The Sultan, I regret to say, has a very lively sense of humor. He suddenly burst into loud shrieks of laughter and it took some time to suppress him. When we turned again the face at the window had disappeared.

From "Evenings at the Down and Out Club," by Little Rollo Abbott.



The day of the tragic explosion in the yards of the New York Central Railroad in the heart of the metropolis some ill-advised newspaper reporters turned in to their offices certain suggestions concerning the possible presence of dynamite. Speculation on that line lasted no longer than it took the frightened officials to get to the telephone.

And yet it is common report in every newspaper office in New York that the railroad has stored vast quantities of explosives on its premises. It has been rumored again and again that the size of these stores violated city regulations. The story has made the rounds repeatedly, with additions concerning public officers who were perhaps not overlooked. And the New York Central has always been able to suppress it. In the face of the terrific disaster it had the power to turn inquiry aside once more.

# A Paper of Tobacco

By Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by  
Tula Stevenson



*I can see him going back into the shadows of the past*

**T**HE occasional yarns of my friend, George Barton, do not so much open windows into the past, as remove me, his devout listener, to some coign from which I get new and illuminating glimpses of the world today. What, for instance, is more universal than the friction between cocksure father and worthy son? Even such impersonal affairs as England and the United States were not exempt; even contemporary politics—

However, I do not set down George Barton's story of his first paper of tobacco so much because it is a commentary on an everlasting altercation, but it struck me as a good story in itself. So we may dispense with problems and get busy with George.

Says George: "I mind well my daddy's big ox-strap—the strap he used to buckle their breechin' together with, so's they couldn't swing round when he hollered at them. They'd do most anything to git away when he hollered. I don't blame 'em; I would too. Many's the time I've had that strap laid acrost me. It had a buckle at each end. Sometimes he doubled it. Doubled it—see?—so's both buckles 'ud come at the business end!"

He smiles sweetly, as if at the pleasantest of recollections, and shakes his big head so that his white hair is scattered about his temples like snow. Carefully he removes the cover of the air-tight stove, casts a sly glance at his tight-lipped little wife who is sewing by the light of a glass lamp some paces away, and softly he spits black tobacco juice into the crackling blaze. The fire roars approbation as, with another sly glance at his unconscious wife, he slips the cover back into place.

Outside the Berkshire winter is howling as if enraged to find this light and warmth disputing its right of eminent domain. But George Barton's father built the house; and he built it with the knowledge of Berkshire winters in his heart.

"Well," say I, after a decent interval of silence; "that sort of a strap must have made some impression!"

"Oh, not so much!" He is gently indignant at the idea. "Why, when I was eleven or twelve years old, I was as big and husky a boy as you ever see. I wouldn't a-felt any ordinary wallopin'. An' Roger Barton never did nawthin' 'thout he had good cause."

No, he never did; readily admitted. Roger Barton was a just man, a punctiliously just man. I know it from the many stories of him I have heard, no less than from what I see of him reflected in his son.

"Did I ever tell you," asks George, looking up suddenly above his clasped hands, "how I learned to chew tobacker?"

"I wish to goodness you'd never learned," puts in Mrs. Barton, with sprightly emphasis. "It's a dirty habit, and I don't care who does it!"

"Well, maybe it is," he admits perfunctorily; but I've got an awful lot o' satisfaction out of it. An' it never seemed to bother me, nor nobody else, very much."

"We-e!" says Mrs. Barton, "I've no doubt you'd have been a great deal better off without it."

"There ain't no way of tellin' now," says George, putting, as usual, a logical end to the argument.

"Nasty stuff!" retorts Mrs. Barton, getting in, as invariably, the last word.

"But how did you come to learn?" I ask.

He leans back in his old hickory chair and meditates his reply. I can see him going away from me, far back into the shadows of the past. There is always a splendid perspective to his stories.

"Why—from my dad!" he announces abruptly. His face is lit up as with a sudden pleasant discovery. "Sure—from my dad! It was when I was about sixteen years old, back about sixty-five years ago."

He shuts his right eye and turns up the right corner of his mouth, sure sign of an arithmetical calculation.

"Let's see, that's about fifty-four years,—ain't it?—before I began to live on borried time."

It is a favorite conceit with him to speak of his years since three score and ten as "borried time."

"It was in the winter, an' I was goin' to school. I used to set before the fire of evenin's an' study my lessons for the next day. All that place there—" He points to a five-by-seven wooden panel behind the stove. "All that place there was one big fireplace. We kep' it full of birch logs. Berkshire means birch-country, I reckon you know? There used to be a lot more than there are now; and bigger ones."

Well, there I'd set, studyin' by the light of the fire. No candles, mind ye. An' mother, she'd set on one side, knittin' or darnin', an' father'd set in the middle, an' the other five young uns—I was the oldest of the bunch—'ud be stuck in around between us.

"Roger Barton never said much of evenin's, nor took much notice of anything. There he'd set, chewin', chewin', and lookin' into the fire. He 'peared to git a lot o' solid satisfaction out of it. I used to think he was the greatest man that ever lived; an' I got the habit o' watchin' him an' wonderin' what he could be thinkin' about. Finally I concluded he wasn't thinkin' 'bout anything; he was jest enjoyin' sittin' there an' chewin' that tobacker, like a cow enjoys layin' and chewin' her cud. "Dad," says I one evenin' to him, "give me a chew, will you?"

"He looks at me a long time, an' I could see I'd made considerable of a mistake."

"Did you ever take a chew of tobacker, George?" he asks pretty soon, very quiet.

"No, says I; an' it was the truth."

"George," says he, "ef I ever catch you chewin' tobacker, I'll take the ox-strap an' I'll double it," says he, "an' I'll whale you within an inch of your life. Remember that!" says he.

"Well, you know how boys are. The minnit he said I couldn't, I wanted to ten times worse than I ever did before. Every evenin' I could see him settin' there, chewin', chewin'. An' you ain't got any idear how satisfied an' comfortable he looked, neither."

"I'll tell you how I got my first chew of tobacker. There was a bran' new little machine in the store at Baird's Corner. You put in a penny, an' you got out a little wad o' twist, just big enough for a chew. It was awful stuff. They'd never a-sold it if everybody wasn't interested makin' the little machine hand it out. Well, I sneaked over to the store one day an' stuck in five pennies an' got out four wads o' tobacker. One o' the pennies didn't work, an' I was afraid to tell old Baird about it for fear he'd tell my father."

"Say—I thought that tobacker was about the worst stuff I'd ever set my teeth into! It never made me sick; I reckon I could a-eat a stew o' ten-penny nails in them days 'thout noticin' it. Put I sure didn't fancy the taste. Ef it hadn't been for

my dad, I reckon I'd a-throwed all the stuff away, an' never touched it again. But there he was, every evenin', chewin' away so peaceful an' proud an' contented. So I kep' at it, an' pretty soon I got to like it. I got so I was chewin' nearly all the time; even when I was at school, like as not, I'd have my cud tucked away in one corner of my jaw.

"All the boys then, an' the girls too, was chewin' this here spruce gum. There was a man teacher then, name of Wilson. Well, 'bout fifty times a day, Wilson'd come to somebody an' hold out his hand an' say: 'Gimmy that gum!' Then we'd spit it out in his hand, an' he'd throw it in the stove, an' tell us to stay after school an' take a lickin'. I could chew my tobacker with 'bout as little sign as you could think of; but one day he caught me."

"George," says he, holdin' his hand under my mouth, "gimmy that gum!"

"Ain't got no gum," says I.

"George," says he, thout movin' an eyelash, "open your mouth, from which only falsehoods proceed," says he, "an' gimmy that gum!"

"Well, maybe it was because I was scared, an' maybe it was from force o' habit; and maybe it was because I always had my share o' the Old Nick in me. Anyways, I opened up my mouth an' let that big, black cud drop in his hand."

"He let out a yell, an' near had a fit. He used to do some preachin' as well as

teach school, an' he was easy shocked.

"A boy o' your age," says he, chewin' tobacker! I wouldn't a-believed it ef I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! Leave this school at once!"

"An' that evenin' he drove up an' told dad about it."

"I was just finishin' the milkin' when dad showed up. He had the ox-strap in his hand, an' I was so scared I nearly fell off the stool. But I didn't let on how scared I was."

"George," says he, "do you happen to recollect a little promise I made you 'bout what I'd do to you ef I ever caught you chewin' tobacker?"

"Scared? I was so scared my stomach like to rose up an' hit me in the nose. But I never let on."

"But dad, I says, 'you didn't catch me. It was old Wilson that caught me."

"I hardly knew what I was sayin'; but it seemed to taze him right in the solar plexus. He stood an' looked down at me for quite a spell."

"All right, George," he says, pretty soon, an' went away."

"For 'bout a week after that it nearly made me sick to look at a piece of tobacker. But there was dad settin' before the fire, evenin' after evenin', chewin' away, chewin' away."

I begun to take a chew now an' then myself. Soon I was chewin' harder'n ever. Then my supply run out, an' when I went to the machine to git some more, old Baird stopped me.

"None o' that, young man," says he. "I promised your father to look out for you. You're too young to chew tobacker."

"Well, it looked as if they was sort o' conspirin' against me, an' it got my dander up. I was bound I'd have more tobacker. The nearest town was nine miles, and we kids didn't get there once in six months, especially in winter. I didn't see where I was goin' to git any more chewin'—lessen I borried it off the old man."

"I found where he kep' his stock; it was down cellar on top of a big hemlock beam—ten or a dozen packages. I took out three or four, opened 'em by steamin' 'em over the tea kettle, took a couple of chews out of each one, and then sealed 'em shut as near as I could like they was before."

"I felt pretty cute after I done that, and I done the same thing whenever I needed tobacker. I got to chewin' in the evenin's, too. I'd set up so's the fire-light could fall on my book, holdin' it close up to my face, an' chew, an' chew, an' chew, just like my dad, 'thout ever readin' a line."

"But once I got int'rested in one of the stories in that old reader we used to have, an' I forgot to watch out. Dad must a-seen my jaw movin'. Anyway, first thing I knew, he had me by the wrist."

"George," says he, "at last I've caught you chewin' tobacker!"

"I'd often thought what I'd do ef I was caught like that; an' I swallered that cud quicker'n a wink."

"Why, dad," says I, "I'm not chewin' tobacker!"  
 "George," says he, "I been watchin' you; an' I'll put in ten extra licks for that lie. Open your mouth!"  
 "I opened 'er up. He turned my face round so's the fire could shine in my mouth, an' looked in. Then he run his finger round inside my jaws. Course, there wasn't any tobacker. Maybe he suspicioned I'd swallowed it; maybe he saw there wasn't any way of provin', absolutely provin', that he'd caught me chewin'. Anyway, pretty soon he went back to his chair 'thout sayin' another word. All evenin' he seemed to be sort o' watchin' me. Maybe he was expectin' me to git sick. But I didn't. Tobacker never did seem to hurt me, anyway.

"Well, dad says to me, 'bout a week later, one Saturday afternoon: 'George, I guess we'll go over to the nigh mountain an' git some poles. I'll take the oxen an' the bob, an' you can take your steers an' the light sled, if you want to come along.'

"I was considerable tickled at that. Dad had give me those steers, an' I had broke 'em myself, an' I was always glad of a chance to show how well I could handle 'em. Boys are like that: let 'em show off a little, an' they're glad to work. Roger Barton knew that. I s'pose I did 'bout twice as much work as a dozen of the boys that live around here now do, all put together; but it never worried me half as much as their chores 'pears to worry them.

"There was a new snow on the ground, an' I set off with my steers, singin' at the top o' my voice, an' chewin' tobacker to beat the band. The old man came behind, because his oxen was slower'n my steers; an' mighty proud I was to leave him further behind, too. We'd gone maybe a mile when he called out to me to wait for him. I stopped my steers, wonderin' ef he'd broke somethin', an' did an Injun war dance on the runnin' board of my sled while he came up.

"He drove his oxen up alongside my steers, 'thout lookin' at me or sayin' a word, got out over the front end of his bob, an' begun to unbuckle the big strap that held the breechin' of the oxen together.

"Well, there simply ain't no words in no language to tell half o' what I felt. On a sudden, I minded me o' that new, white snow; an' I hadn't been thinkin' of anything but my steers; an' I had been spittin' free and plentiful right along!

"I looked back along the road. 'Bout ten feet behind my sled, right beside the track of it, there was a big, brown stain of tobacker juice, plain as the nose on your face, in the new snow! When I looked at dad, he was doublin' up that big strap an' watchin' me close.

"He come over to my sled, an' got up on the runnin' board; an' stood there, lookin' down at me. I was standin' up too, an' I was pretty tall for 'ay age, but still he had to look down.

"George!" says he. "George! What are you chewin'?"

"I noticed, all of a sudden, that my jaws was workin' like a hay-tedder with a run-away hose! But I didn't try to stop 'em. Sometimes a man's feelin's will sort o' turn a double flip-flop: when he ought to be scared to death, he's cool's a cucumber. It come to me that I was in for the lickin' of my life; but I didn't see no way to git out of it, an' I wasn't goin' to make any fuss. I just didn't feel like makin' any fuss. It was a good deal like I felt that day in The Wilderness, when the Johnny Rebs. got round our wing.

"I put my hands on my hips an' looked at dad.  
 "Well, dad," says I: "Well, dad, ef I'd been chewin' tobacker as long as you have, I reckon I'd know the juice when I seen it!" says I.

"Then I stiffened up for him to have somethin' solid to git a-hold of when he grabbed me.

"Say—it's curious how Roger Barton used to take things. Things you'd think 'ud make him murderin' mad like's not 'ud just make him think; an' things that didn't 'mount to nothin' 'ud make him murderin' mad. He thought a lot more'n he ever said. Maybe, after all, he used to do a lot o' thinkin' when he sat before the fire, chewin', chewin', 'thout hardly a look for anybody.

"He stood there lookin' at me exactly like he used to look at the fire. Maybe it 'as a minute before either of us moved; an' I was the one that moved, at that. I had to do somethin' to keep from gittin' scared.

"Well, dad," I says, 'ef you're bound to give me that whalin', you might as well git it over with, so's we can go along after them poles. But I'll tell you one thing, Roger Barton," I says, beginin' to git my dander up, "you won't stop me from chewin' tobacker—not ef you skin me alive!"

"He 'peared to come out of a study, an' looked at me hard, as ef he'd never seen me before. But still he didn't git mad.

All of a sudden, he reached his hand into the pocket of his sheep-skin coat. He brought out a paper of tobacker. I could see the marks of my fingers on it where I'd got it dirty tryin' to seal it up



Stood there lookin' down at me

again, after I'd took out a couple of chews.

"Take that, George," says he; "an' when you need more, my son, I'll give you the money to buy it.—But ef I ever catch you foolin' with my tobacker again behind my back, I'll whale you within an inch of your life!"

"I guess," says he, goin' back to his oxen and beginnin' to buckle on that big strap; "I guess," says he, slow-like, "any boy that can swallow a cud o' tobacker an' 'pear to enjoy it, ain't goin' to be hurt by a little chewin'. But you want to be temperate; an' you want to spit more," says he.

"You know, it's funny how a thing like that will strike a man. For much as an hour afterward, I was all of a tremble; my han's was all—"

"We-ell," cheerfully interrupts Mrs. Barton, recognizing anti-climax, or at least prolixity, "for my part, I think it would have been a good deal better if he had kept the tobacco and given you the whaling!"

"Maybe so," admits George, after we have had our little laugh. "But there would a-been a good deal o' hard feelin's; and it wouldn't a-made me quit chewin'—no sirree!"

"Oh, pshaw!" says Mrs. Barton. "You're just about the limit.

## The Militia of Christ

BY JAMES ONEAL



NCE more is society to be "saved" from the assaults of the Socialists. This time it is "The Militia of Christ" that proposes to combat "error," to rout the envious, and to confound the modern rebels who, like Jack London, stand, crowbar in hand, rocking our civilization, and look for the day when it will topple it over.

"The Militia of Christ!" What a sinister meaning has the second word in the tragic history of labor struggles. Automatic machine guns mounted in the streets of the capital city of Ohio is the latest example.

The latest anti-Socialist organization had its beginnings at the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor, in 1909, when the fraternal delegates from the Federation of Catholic Societies formed a temporary organization of the catholic delegates representing various unions. At this meeting a committee was appointed to confer with Archbishop Glennon in St. Louis. The committee met in February, 1910, laying their plans before Glennon and a program was outlined for the next convention of the A. F. of L., which met last November. The committee left for their homes after kneeling to receive "for themselves and their work the blessing of the church."

The convention of the A. F. of L. in St. Louis last November found the fraternal delegates of the Federation of Catholic Societies on hand. The convention was invited to attend a solemn high mass at the church of St. Lawrence O'Toole on Sunday, November 20th, when Arch-bishop Glennon preached the customary sermon against Socialism. In the evening the catholic delegates of unions represented at the convention assembled at the clubhouse of the Knights of Columbus and the "Militia of Christ" was born.

The following list of officers and directorate as it appears in the "Catholic-Columbian Record," of December 16th, includes many men who are prominent in national and local unions:

### Officers.

President: P. J. McArdle, Pittsburg President Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.  
 Vice President: John S. Whalen, Rochester. Former Secretary of State for New York.  
 Second Vice President: Peter W. Collins, Springfield, Ill. Secretary International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.  
 Recording Secretary: Thomas J. Duffy, East Liverpool, Ohio. President National Brotherhood of Potters.  
 Executive Secretary: Rev. Peter E. Dietz, Oberlin, O.

### Directorate.

John Mitchell, New York City. Civic Federation.  
 James O'Connell, Washington, D. C. President International Association of Machinists.  
 Dennis A. Hays, Philadelphia. President Glass Bottle Blowers.  
 John R. Alpine, Chicago. President Plumbers and Steam Fitters.  
 David A. Carey, Toronto, Canada. Chairman Toronto School Board.  
 Rhody Kenehan, Denver. Treasurer state of Colorado.  
 Michael J. Hallinan, Brocton, Mass. Boot and Shoe Workers.  
 James Creamer, Richmond, Va. Vice President Virginia State Federation of Labor.  
 John Moffitt, Newark, N. Y. President Hatters of North America.  
 T. V. O'Connor, Buffalo. President Longshoremen.  
 John Golden, Fall River, Mass. President Textile Workers.  
 Frank Duffy, Indianapolis, Ind. Secretary Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

The same journal informs us that the object of the "Militia of Christ" is the "defense of the Christian order of society and its progressive development." This "order" is capitalism. Sixty years ago it was black slavery; in the middle ages it was serfdom, and the church never came into conflict with any of these "Christian orders."

The "Militia" will rest on "Christian philosophy." we are told, and the "legacy of tradition" as voiced by the late Pope Leo XIII and his successor, Pius X. This propaganda will be carried on "by means of syndicate letters to the catholic and labor press;" the "advocacy of Christian principles in trade unions," and the support of various reforms.

The "Catholic-Columbian" gives samples of the "propaganda" that is to be injected into the unions through the "Militia" members, a crusade which can only stir up hatred, bitterness, suspicion, and division, and thus play into the hands of the capitalist powers that would wreck organized effort.

Several columns are devoted to special articles against Socialism, the writings ranging from the day-nursery type of fifty years ago to the crafty mendacity of hired Socialist baiters. One writer is shocked that Socialists should believe "that it is wrong for us to use the labor of others, or to exploit it for individual benefit." How this frank utterance of the sweatshop code escaped the blue pencil of the editor is a mystery. It should be referred to the officers and directorate.

A number of writers exhibit the "Christian propaganda" by charging that the home, marriage, and religion would give way to barbarism, free love and lust. Frank Duffy, of the carpenters, quotes the "infidel," Herbert Spencer, against Socialism, and for once "infidelity" struts proudly with the ancient curse removed.

The workers who have sacrificed for years to build up their unions have had to break down prejudices of race, nationality and creeds. Now a sinister influence is organized as an "inner circle" in the unions to promote a "propaganda" of hatred and suspicion along religious lines. Pinkerton spies are serving as a "militia" in this very work; now a "Christian" brigade adds to this destructive influence!

There is better work before you gentlemen than indulging in slander. These Socialists have wives and daughters as pure as yours and their family life is above reproach. They see the daughters of the poor dragged down to hell by this civilization which you bless with the title of "Christian order."

Yes, better work to do. For example, many of your faith are prominent in the councils of Tammany hall. That organization has been repeatedly charged with organizing and profiting from the vile traffic of "cadets" who lure working class girls to their doom. Not "free love" but enforced lust and a commercial traffic in girlhood. Have there been any excommunications of associates in this atrocious crime?

Finally, the organized workers may look for the "syndicate letters" and other "propaganda" in their journals. While this work of reviling Socialists and Socialism goes on, the Socialists will repeat their work of the past; raising over \$5,000 for the garment workers on strike in Chicago; fighting the battles of the shirtwaist strikers of New York; fighting for the release of kidnaped labor leaders; fighting the return of refugees to Russia and Mexico; opposing divisions of race, nationality or creed whether fostered by Pinkertons or others, and always in the forefront of every vital struggle of labor while you sow your dragon's teeth of hate.

# The New York Volkszeitung

By William Maily

the principal officers of the union. No strike was ordered but the union called for a boycott by the organized workers. Six days later the bosses capit-



THE history of the New York *Volkszeitung* dates from the inception of the modern phase of the working class movement in America. To write that history in full would be to record the development step by step of the German labor organizations in America to their present assured position of unquestioned power and substantial security, and to relate indirectly the origin and rise of the Socialist political movement itself.

The *Volkszeitung* is now thirty-three years old. It was born at a critical moment in the industrial life of the nation. For five years, following the panic of 1873, economic depression had lain heavily upon the land and working class conditions were ghastly and intolerable. The trades unions had been battered to pieces and their power rendered almost absolutely impotent. The German unions had suffered with the rest. The undisciplined spirit of discontent and revolt that conditions had gradually fostered among the workers had flamed out in the railroad strike centering at Pittsburg in 1877 and found manifold expression in industrial centers throughout the land.

That year ended disastrously for the workers. In New York a great strike of cigarmakers, ably conducted and supported with unexampled loyalty and endurance, failed miserably. The conviction began to gain ground that something more than industrial organization alone was needed, and that the attainment of political power was the chief means of betterment of working class conditions.

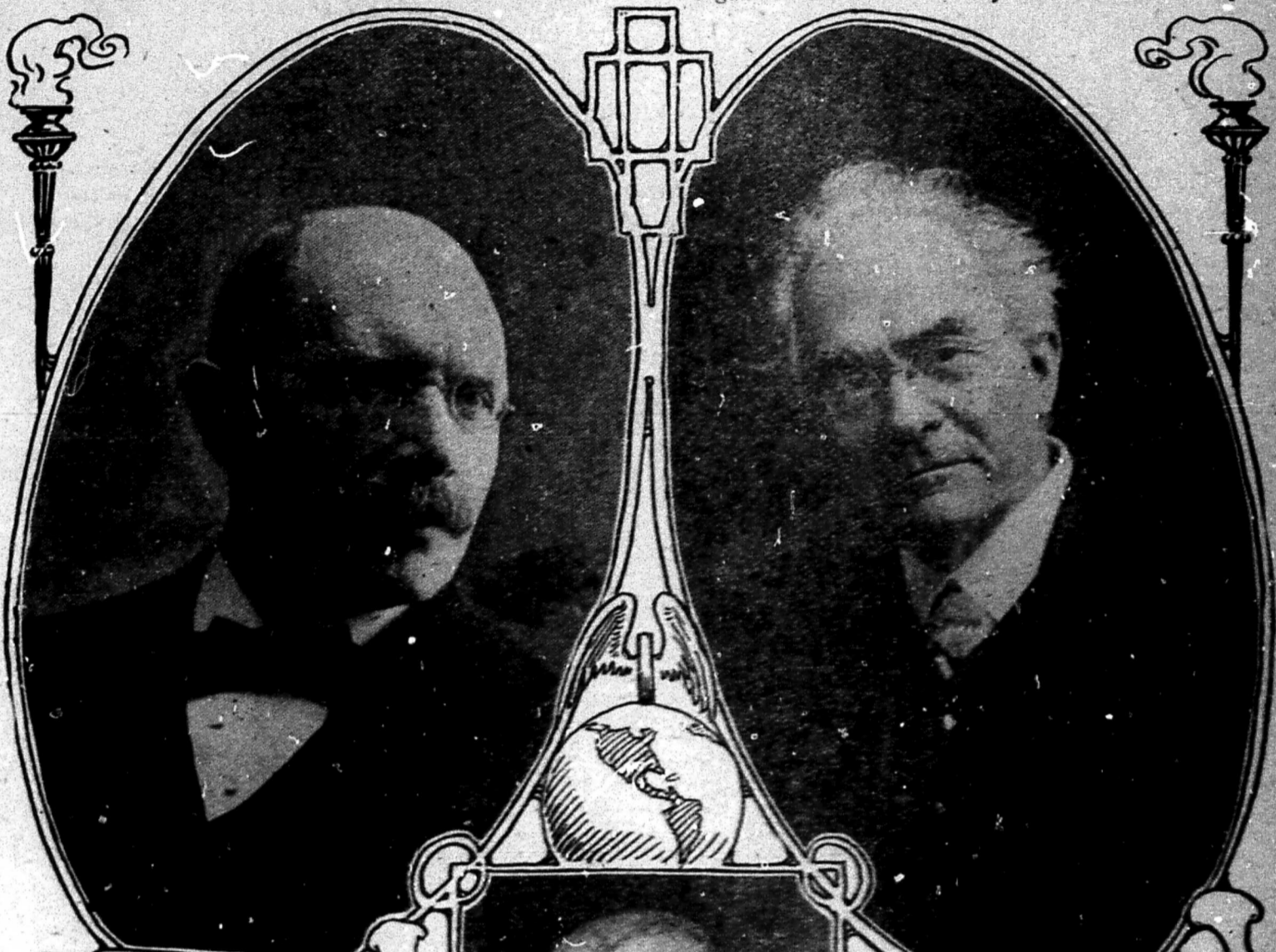
In 1871 the General Board of the old *International* was removed to New York and from then on the Social Democratic movement was represented always by one, sometimes by two German weekly papers, and at times by English weeklies. One of these German papers was *The Voice of the Workers* (*Die Arbeiterstimme*), which acted as the official organ of the Socialist Labor party in the United States, and of which Alexander Jonas was editor. This later became the *Volkszeitung*.

Meanwhile German daily papers sprang up elsewhere. *The Forerunner* (*Der Vorbote*) in Chicago was the most important, and later became *Die Arbeiter Zeitung*. *Das Tageblatt* appeared in Philadelphia, and the German workers of New York determined not to be left behind. They had extraordinary difficulties to contend with. The cost of publication was higher than elsewhere, the public expected a better quality of newspaper, and the New York *Staats Zeitung*, the capitalist daily, with its unlimited resources and a monopoly on the German reading public, left little to be looked for from advertisements. Another German daily of some standing had been forced to suspend because of the competition of the *Staats Zeitung*.

After much anxious deliberation as to ways and means, \$2,000 was obtained in pledges, with \$1,100 actual cash in hand. It was clear, even to the most uninitiated and enthusiastic, that with a weekly expense of about \$900 as the cost of an edition of 5,000 copies, the total with which the *Volkszeitung* started, would last little more than a week. A reading public had to be guaranteed and to get this volunteer workers, numbering 278, undertook a house to house canvass of the city to secure subscribers. At last 4,000 subscribers were obtained and at a great meeting of Socialists, on motion of Jonas, it was decided that the first issue of the *Volkszeitung* should appear on January 28, 1878. And it was born on that date, with 5,500 copies as the first issue.

The scarcity of Socialists who were also journalists made it difficult to organize the editorial staff, which finally consisted of Alexander Jonas, editor-in-chief, Adolf Douai, associate editor, Robert Degen, city editor, who later became and still remains managing editor, and John Schaefer, labor reporter. A lot of young and inexperienced people acted as reporters and two professional writers, non-party members, received good salaries—on paper—and got whatever they could and were thankful for it.

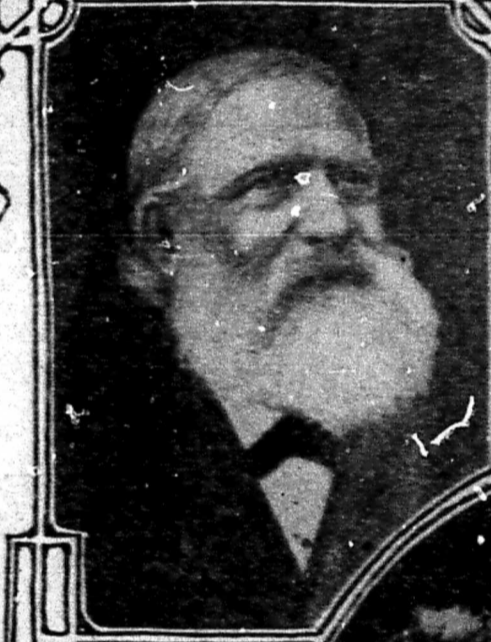
Sections New York and Brooklyn of the Socialist Labor party were the original owners of the *Volkszeitung*. Everything was decided by majority vote and the business of the paper was conducted by a board elected by them. Later, incorporation was effected under the name Socialist Co-operative Publishing Association, and members of the sections were admitted by taking out a five dollar bond;



HERMAN SCHLUETER  
EDITOR, N.Y. VOLKSZEITUNG

ALEXANDER JONAS

afterward new members were voted upon by the association. Members of sections New York and Brooklyn of the Socialist Labor party are still admitted to membership under certain prescribed legal conditions. A constitutional provision forbids any dividend on profits being declared but provides that all profits shall be devoted to agitation.



DR ADOLPH DOUAI

The paper, as might be expected, had a stormy existence from the beginning. The finances were, of course, the source of the greatest trouble. The editorial and office force got what they could and that was very little, and the printers left 20, 25 and even 33 per cent of their wages standing to help along. Every worker that had a couple of dollars to spare loaned them and all sorts of fairs and concerts were given—and are still being given—but the *Volkszeitung* has cleared off all its debts, it is more prosperous than ever and its circulation, four times as great as at the start, has always, even in the worst times, kept a certain stability. The weekly issue, *Die Vorwärts*, has a national circulation and the Sunday issue is noted for the excellence of its fiction and its musical, literary and dramatic reviews, as well as for its reports of the labor movements all over the world.

The *Staats Zeitung* fought the new paper bitterly, not through its columns, for after the first mention in two lines of the appearance of the *Volkszeitung* no word was printed about its rival, but through the distribution of the paper, and many conflicts were the result. At last the *Staats Zeitung* came to see that its tactics were useless and resigned itself to the inevitable.

From the beginning the value of the German Socialist daily was felt by the workers in New York of all nationalities and trades. Early in 1880 there was a lockout of the piano workers which was won and William Steinway, the leading employer, said that "the workers have in the *Volkszeitung* an organ with which we employers have nothing to compare."

Then followed an investigation into conditions in the New York breweries which resulted in the foundation of the present National Brewery Workers union by the formation of Brewers' Union No. 1. The bosses who had been getting the brewers as they landed at Castle Garden, united in discharging



SERGE UND HELENE VON SCHENITZSCH 1895

ulated, the discharged men were reinstated and all the union demands granted.

The *Volkszeitung* followed up this victory by exposing conditions in the bakeshops and Douai's descriptions aroused the bakers to a strike which took place on May first, 1881 and was surprisingly successful. The list of the bosses who settled filled a whole page of the *Volkszeitung*. An anti-rent agitation the same year prevented a threatened raise in rents and from then on there was a long series of strikes in which the *Volkszeitung* took part. Its first ten years were admittedly the most influential in its history, for through it dozens of unions were formed and inspired with the spirit of Socialism, thus laying the sure foundations of the powerful German labor movement, the movement which has always given so generously to Socialist propaganda and supported, morally and financially, every important, critical struggle involving working class interests.

No great crisis in the American labor movement

but has felt the influence of this German labor movement and the Volkszeitung, the organ of the movement has been the chief instrument in furthering this influence. During the Haymarket affair in Chicago, the paper stood steadfastly by the condemned workmen, and the American Railway union and coal strikes of 1894, the steel strike of 1901, the anthracite strike of 1902 and the Moyer-Haywood trial (to the expense of which the German and Jewish labor organizations of the country contributed more than any others) are but the most notable of the many industrial conflicts which the Volkszeitung has played a valuable part.

But the political education and organization of the working class has also received attention and the Volkszeitung has been a potent factor in its development. From 1877 to 1880 the Socialist Labor party had a strictly Socialist ticket in the field. From 1880 to 1886 tickets were only placed in the field in certain districts, the party being too weak to cover all districts. In 1880, however, the question of who should be supported in the presidential campaign came up. The troubles of 1887 had caused the capitalists to call for a government of the strong hand, and General Grant was expected to give such a government.

In order to unite the workers on an independent labor platform a convention of the Greenback party was held in Chicago to nominate a third presidential candidate. The Volkszeitung advocated the participation of Socialists in this convention on the ground that "there were some honorable elements in it striving for true working class politics and that Socialists do not make a group distinct from the fighting proletariat but should use every bona fide movement for their propaganda."

This position caused differences among the various revolutionary elements, differences that had a decided influence upon succeeding events. But the Volkszeitung contended that this was the logical action to take at that time, as it served to introduce Socialism among the English speaking workers of the nation.

Then came the national eight hour movement which culminated at Haymarket Square in Chicago in May, 1886, to be followed by the orgies of blood which marked the frantic reaction in Milwaukee and other cities. In New York, a Judge Barrett sentenced participants in a union boycott on a music hall to prison for two and a half years. The Volkszeitung defied the judge and cried "On with the boycott." The boycott went on and as a result more men were arrested and sentenced daily. A flood of rage was turned loose upon the Volkszeitung and its editor, Jonas. Judge Barrett declared himself in court that he had instructed the district attorney to bring criminal charges against both paper and editor. A great protest demonstration

held in Cooper Union caused Barrett to become less belligerent and lighter sentences were imposed thereafter.

But this incident had a political significance not anticipated by politicians. The workers of New York were aroused to independent political action. The United Labor party came into existence. Then followed the famous campaign of Henry George for Mayor, supported by the Socialists. The Leader, an English daily paper was started on October 19, 1886, with Louis Post as editor. After George's defeat, came the state convention at Syracuse at which the Socialists were rejected, the speedy collapse of the new party and the hanging of Parsons, Spies, Fischer and Engel at Chicago on November 11, 1887. The Leader suspended publication at the same hour.

The Socialist Labor party resumed its independent political activity. In 1892 its first national ticket was placed in the field. In 1891 the Socialistic Co-operative Publishing Association and the Socialist Labor party united in publishing The People, as the official organ of the party, with Lucien Sanial as editor to be later succeeded by Daniel De Leon. The People was really successor to The Workingmen's Advocate, founded at New Haven, Conn., in 1883 and later moved to New York in 1889.

Differences between DeLeon and the Volkszeitung over questions of policy and tactics culminated in what has been called the "revolution of July, 1899," which split the S. L. P. and eventually led to the unity of the anti-De Leon faction with the Social Democratic party into the present Socialist party.

If the continued existence of the Volkszeitung has been due to the loyalty and devotion of its working class supporters, its influence has been due in great measure to the work of its editors. Some of the ablest German journalists have been members of its editorial staff during the past thirty-three years and it has never been without the best ability. Its first editor-in-chief, Alexander Jonas, is still an editorial writer, his service to the paper being interrupted only by trips abroad and illness. He is known as the veteran of the New York movement and he exhibits today a surprising mental and physical vigor for his 77 years. He is as eloquent a speaker as he is brilliant as a writer. His work has been sufficiently indicated in this article.

Herman Schlueter has been editor-in-chief since 1892. Schlueter was in prison two years in Germany for his Socialist activity, then was expelled from his native country, and later expelled from Switzerland, where he was on the editorial staff of the Social Democratic party organ. He came to America in 1889, and he cannot even yet return to

Germany without risking imprisonment. He is the author of two authoritative works, "The Origin of the German Labor Movement in America" and "The Brewing Industry and the Brewery Workers Movement in America."

Serge G. Schewitsch, the first editor of the Sunday Volkszeitung, returned to Europe years ago and he now resides in Munich. A striking personality, he was very popular while in New York, both as speaker and writer. His wife, who accompanied him here is known to fame as Helene Rackovicza, for whose sake Ferdinand LaSalle fell in a duel.

Until recently Julius Vahlteich, who was associated with LaSalle, in the founding of the German Socialist movement was Sunday editor of the Volkszeitung. He resigned to revisit Europe, where, as a Social Democratic veteran, he has received a warm welcome. He was succeeded by Ludwig Lore, who has brought youthful vigor, exceptional ability and much erudition to the work. Ludwig Jablinowski, one of the first reporters, is now city editor and Henry Stahl, formerly general secretary of the Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Society, is also a member of the staff.

The Woman's department, under the editorship of Mrs. Meta L. Stern (Hebe) has for the past five years done a splendid work in educating the German working women.

Dr. Adolf Douai, first associate editor; Julius Grunzig, a brilliant musical and dramatic critic; Paul Lossau, a very able journalist, Jacob Franz, for years also editor of the Brewers Journal; Carl Schneppe, whose talented daughter Lore married two years ago; John Schaefer, the first labor editor—all these who contributed to the upbuilding of the Volkszeitung in the days of stress and struggle, have all passed on. The veterans are becoming fewer with the years. Among those remaining may be mentioned William Koenig and John Nagel, the latter having been president of the association for fifteen years. Frederick Krafft is the present business manager. The Co-operative Press, which does most of the printing for the Socialist and progressive labor organizations of New York, and the Socialist Literature company are offshoots of the association.

The Volkszeitung has had a momentous career, but its usefulness is by no means ended. That usefulness has really only begun in a certain sense for with the passing of the old generation there is the new generation to whom the Volkszeitung must address itself and in whom must be perpetuated that knowledge of Socialist principles and that indomitable Socialist spirit which made possible the beginnings of Socialism in America and gave initial impulse to the work of working class emancipation which we are now about to see bear full fruition.

# Tricks of the Press

Post vs. Corey.

**U**P in Battle Creek, Mich., lives C. W. Post, president of the Citizens' Industrial association and of the Postum Cereal Food company. At the very time that Corey was trying to divorce his wife—at the identical moment when the newspapers were crying so loudly against his attempted wrong to a faithful wife, Post did divorce his wife and marry his stenographer. And you didn't hear a word about it in the newspapers! Of course, the labor and Socialist press carried the story, but bear in mind that I'm talking about big newspapers, the Capitalist press. Now why do you suppose they were silent upon this matter? Because the Postum Cereal Food company spends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in advertising with the newspapers. And I say to you that because of this advertising the entire Capitalist press has muzzled itself upon a record as black as the middle pit of Hades.

I hold in my hand the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle for Tuesday, July 10th. You'll notice here on the back page an advertisement covering something more than a quarter page. It's entitled "Mob Coddling by Congressman." This is one of Mr. Post's anti-labor union and anti-Socialist adver-

By H. G. Creel

(Continued from last week)

tisements. This is hush-money paid to the newspapers.

The Rudowitz Case.

And perhaps you think the editorial columns are sacred. Maybe you think they cannot be bought and sold just like the advertising and

news columns though at a higher price. Let's see. You remember the case of Christian Rudowitz, the Russian refugee, imprisoned at Chicago by order of the Czar. He was wanted for public execution in Russia. His fate was to be a warning to other Russian revolutionists. This man took part in the fighting for freedom for his people. The Cossacks put down the rebellion and Rudowitz escaped to this country. In these United States we boast that we have an asylum for politi-

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FOUNDED APRIL 21 1844—OLDEST DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE STATE OF ILLINOIS—OFFICES 117, 119, 121, 123 MARKET STREET SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR—NO. 275 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1909—16 PAGES PRICE ONE CENT

# GUARD TAFT FROM SOCIALISTS

**2 KILLED IN FIRE—LOSS \$500,000**  
Other Men Are Reported Missing After Wabash Rail-

**MRS. CHAPIN 'ONLY DRUDGE'**  
Wife Testifies Husband Called Her to Work and Gave Little Money for Household

**HOPKINS 55; PAIRS CUT THE VOTE**  
Only 156 Members Answer the Roll Call on the Thirty-

**FLANERTY GOES TO MINORS**  
Former Box, Pittsburg and Boston National Pitcher Will Be Premier Twirler for Kansas City

**Crowd Crying for Jobs Attempts to Start Demonstration and Police Interfere**  
Mr. Hiltbeck was accompanied from Chicago by Fred W. Upton, who is mentioned for a place in the Taft cabinet.

cal refugees; that anyone who has fought against tyranny elsewhere may find a haven within our boundaries. But, like "freedom of press," this is a theory only. The czar wanted this man. He was arrested and ordered returned to Russia.

A National Political Refugee Defense League was hastily formed. At its head were such people as Jane Addams of Hull House, Raymond Robbins and other men and women of national reputation. Notwithstanding this the great *Chicago Tribune* fought that case from start to finish. It said that Rudowitz was a common criminal. That there was nothing of a political nature in what he had done. It ridiculed the men and women who were trying to save him; demanded that he be returned to Russia and publicly shot—and that at once.

#### Russia's Rule of American Press.

And this was the reason: Follow this: The *Chicago Tribune* is owned by the McCormick family. The McCormick family owns the International Harvester Trust. Russia is the largest buyer of harvesting machines outside the United States. Why, so strong were the trade relations between the two countries, that a few years ago a member of the McCormick family was appointed ambassador to Russia. And so, in order that trade relations might not be disturbed, having in mind the sale of a few more machines, the great *Chicago Tribune* exerted its powerful influence to have a Russian George Washington put to death by one of the bloodiest tyrants in history.

The only bright feature in the whole thing is that the *Tribune* failed. But the intent was the same. Here, then, was another instance of how the business interests dictate the editorial policy of newspapers. I could give you a thousand.

#### Doctored Financial News.

Most newspapers have financial editors. I want to show you an instance of how accurate is the newspaper's financial news when it conflicts with the business interests or the advertisers back of the newspaper. The *Chicago Tribune* for January 12, 1909, carried a full page advertisement elaborating upon the excellency and accuracy of its financial news columns.

To begin with I think it's fairly well established that we had a panic during 1907 and 1908. Most of you have a very vivid recollection of it. Yet if you'll search the files of most of the big newspapers, the *Chicago Tribune* particularly, you'll be amazed to find that the word "panic" was not mentioned all during that time. On the contrary, you'll find long stories of "Sunshine" movements and the direct lie, day after day, that the financial and industrial situation "is improving." It was worth a reporter's job to write the word "panic" into his copy. When the papers wished to be particularly severe upon the system which fosters and creates panics they allowed reporters to say "hard times," but "panic"—never. This was a conspiracy to keep the knowledge of an actual panic confined to a few financiers and "captains of industry." They knew the situation and profited by it while many of you foolishly believed the papers you read, invested here, bought there, and when the banks closed down and issued scrip you were caught—and the other side sat back and laughed at the way their newspapers trapped you.

At any rate, when the panic came on the Chicago newspapers one day carried what purported to be an extract from that week's report of the R. G. Dun Mercantile agency. Regarding three industries it said that—

The furniture factories of Michigan were loaded with orders.

The steel mills of Pennsylvania were running overtime.

There was a call for more laborers on the docks at New Orleans.

Two days later I got hold of the actual Dun report for the week. Regarding these three items it said that—

There was a dearth of orders in the Michigan furniture factories.

The steel mills of Pennsylvania were running short time.

The New Orleans docks were crowded with idle men.

I was managing editor of a Chicago newspaper at the time. I sent two reporters to the office of the local manager of the R. G. Dun Mercantile agency. They laid the two reports before him.

"Did you know this?" they asked.

"No," he replied.

"Is the newspaper report true?"

"No. It's a lie."

"What do you intend doing about it?" they asked.

"Nothing," answered the agency manager. "We don't care how much the newspapers lie about us so long as they all tell the same lie."

And then he gave his reason. He said:

"See here, young men. Our service costs sev-

eral hundred dollars a year. If the merchant could get an accurate commercial report from the columns of a two-cent newspaper he would not pay our price for the service, would he?"

That was clear and of course the reporters answered no.

"Well, then, that's the reason," said the manager. "The more frequently the public is misled through the financial columns of the newspapers the better we like it. But when they lie about us we do want them to all unite upon the same lie."

Some of you small business men investigate that. See if I'm telling the truth.

#### The Headline Artist.

Headline writing is an art in itself. On every newspaper are men whose duty it is to write the sentences which head every story. This is the largest type in the paper, is the most important, and is supposed to tell the gist of the story underneath. I've a gem here that I picked up in Chicago. This is the *Chicago Daily Journal* for February 11, 1909. It was written for a purpose—to be seen and read at a distance. Look at it:

#### "GUARD TAFT FROM SOCIALISTS."

The beautiful part about this that while the headline runs clear across six columns the actual story of "guarding Taft from Socialists" occupies just sixteen lines, date line and all. A line shows where the Socialist story leaves off and the paper launches into a description of "balmy spring weather." This is the typical newspaper anti-Socialist story. It's six columns wide and an inch deep.

Such headlines are gotten out to be read from the newstands. They catch the eye. Even if you don't stop and buy a paper the impression is made on your mind. You go on your way convinced that Socialists attempted to do the president bodily harm and were foiled in the attempt. As a matter of fact this incident did not occur. I've corresponded with many people in New Orleans and none of them know anything about it. It's a fake, pure and simple.

#### Cook, Peary and the Newspapers.

How many of you lost your tempers over the Cook-Peary Polar controversy? That was a newspaper trick, pure and simple. When Dr. Cook returned with his story of having discovered the Pole he was known in practically every newspaper office in America as a fakir. It was never intended to take his story seriously. But the man claimed so much that it was seen that the reading public, would buy millions of extra papers. So his story was published with the understanding that after its novelty had worn off his true record would be given and his tale torn down.

Before this time came, however, Peary appeared with his claim of having reached the Pole. And this introduced complications. Before leaving for the north, Peary had arranged with a firm of publishers that in event of the success of his expedition they were to have exclusive rights to his story. The *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune* were the two great newspapers with exclusive right to publication. The *Associated Press*, the *United Press* and the various news associations were left out in the cold on the Peary story. This was their predicament: If they told the truth about Cook it would mean that the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune* would soon have the newspaper business of the country. So instead of tearing down Cook's story they began a frantic and successful effort to keep him before the reading public as the great and only discoverer of the North Pole.

They did this when they knew the man was an impostor. If you will turn back in the files of your local papers to the time I mention you'll find the *Associated Press* dispatches and all the news agencies upholding Cook and elaborating upon Peary's unsportsmanlike action in refusing to allow another white man to go with him to the Pole, drawing from this the conclusion that he did not reach the Pole. The local newspapers knew no better. They had to print what was sent them. In some parts of the country supporters of the different claimants exchanged blows in their arguments. At least three murders were committed in the heat of discussion upon a matter conceived and engineered by a tricky press and known by that press to be false.

#### The Story of Tell City, Ind.

Tell City is a little manufacturing town on the Ohio river, not far from Evansville. There are a number of small furniture factories in the place and the population is almost wholly working men and women. At the time of which I speak, about three years ago, the town was ruled by two men, Jacob Zoercher, the mayor, and A. P. Fenn, a democratic boss. These two, with the other factory owners, were members of the National Association of Manufacturers, a beneficent organization which maintains news bureaus to "educate" the public and is composed of "business men in politics."

You know that through that valley the Ohio river

has a habit of overflowing in the early spring. It did so at the time of which I speak. The waters arose to the second story windows. The laboring population lived in the lowlands because the factory owners owned all the land and kept the elevated portion for themselves. So when the floods came the working people were driven back onto the hills out of town.

A call for relief was sent all over the country. Help was sent—and in plenty. And because Tell City was the most severely devastated portion of the valley, the relief boat was sent there first. This boat was laden with food, clothing, medicines and bandages. It carried money, physicians and nurses. It was met at the improvised dock by Fenn and Zoercher who refused to allow it to land. They turned it away. They said to the relief party: "We'll take care of our own laboring people. Go where you're needed. We'll provide for this situation."

#### Capitalist "Charity."

The boat left. Then Fenn and Zoercher sent word to the shivering workers up on the hills. This was the message: "If you people really need relief come down here and prove it. Clean out our factories—all the factories of Tell City—and do it for nothing."

Bear in mind that the waters had begun to recede. They went down rapidly. But when they were at their height they had, of course, broken the window panes and covered the factory floors and machines with slime and mud. The machines were unworkable in that condition. Some one had to clean them. Of course the people who owned them could not be expected to soil their hands with Ohio river mud, so the working people had to clean them. And then these men and women, literally starving, came off the hills and went into the factories.

Men and women waded through water knee deep to get to their former places of employment. Mind you, this was in March. Chill winds blew through the shattered windows. Heat was out of the question. So men and women worked all day long in their water-soaked garments with March winds playing upon them. Some of them died. Some did not. In return for their labor they got their pitiful allowances of food, an occasional garment, what medicines were given them—and no money. Yet all this and more had been sent them in abundance.

This condition and others brought about the formation of a federal union in Tell City. All of the working people in town went into one labor union. Three days after its formation came a lockout in all the factories in town. The working people were told to go out and stay out until they were willing to give up their organization and return as individuals. It was thought that they would soon starve into submission. But there's a big farmers' union all through Kentucky and that part of Indiana. These farmers began to haul wagonload after wagonload of provisions into the town. They gave it to the locked out men and women. It became evident that the starvation plan wouldn't work.

#### Murder.

One Friday evening four men were standing talking on one of the corners of the main street. This coterie was approached by Ed. Hawkins, the city marshal. He told them to "scatter." One of the four was Hawkins' cousin. He laughingly said: "Why Ed, you're crazy. These fellows are not even talking strike." Without another word Hawkins drew a revolver from his pocket, fired into the crowd and struck Wm. Dauffer in the abdomen. Dauffer screamed, ran to his home and fell senseless across the threshold. His wife and children were at supper.

From this point on I want you to notice organization. I want you to see how perfectly every incident fits into every other incident.

Hawkins was arrested charged with assault. He was a poor man. He did not own his home. Tell City residents told me he had never been known to have as much as \$100 on his person at one time. When he was arrested he pulled \$50 in cash from his pocket and went his own bond.

But Dauffer was lying wounded at his home. Union officials appealed to Dr. Wm. Cluthe to attend him. He refused. His son, Dr. Frank Cluthe, also refused. They had in mind the turning away of the relief boat. They knew better than to interfere with the plans of the National Association of Manufacturers. Dr. Hargis was then appealed to and he, grabbing his instrument case, led his informants a foot race to Dauffer's home. He arrived too late. Dauffer died the next morning—at two o'clock.

When Dauffer died, Hawkins was re-arrested, charged with manslaughter. He pulled \$10,000 in cash from his clothes and paid his bail! And he was a poor man. But he had an organization behind him.

(To be continued.)

# The Leather Factory

By Elliot White

**T**HE production of leather belts, straps, packings, parts of shoes and similar commodities, is an important industry in itself although less well known than shoemaking proper. The Graton and Knight Manufacturing company, of Worcester, Mass., is alleged to have the largest and best equipped plant in the world for tanning hides and manufacturing them into belting, etc. As its factory furnishes an unsurpassed opportunity to study the processes of the industry, and the conditions confronting the workers engaged in it, the readers of the COMING NATION will, it is believed, be interested in an unvarnished report of a visit to the plant, and of subsequent investigations regarding wages.

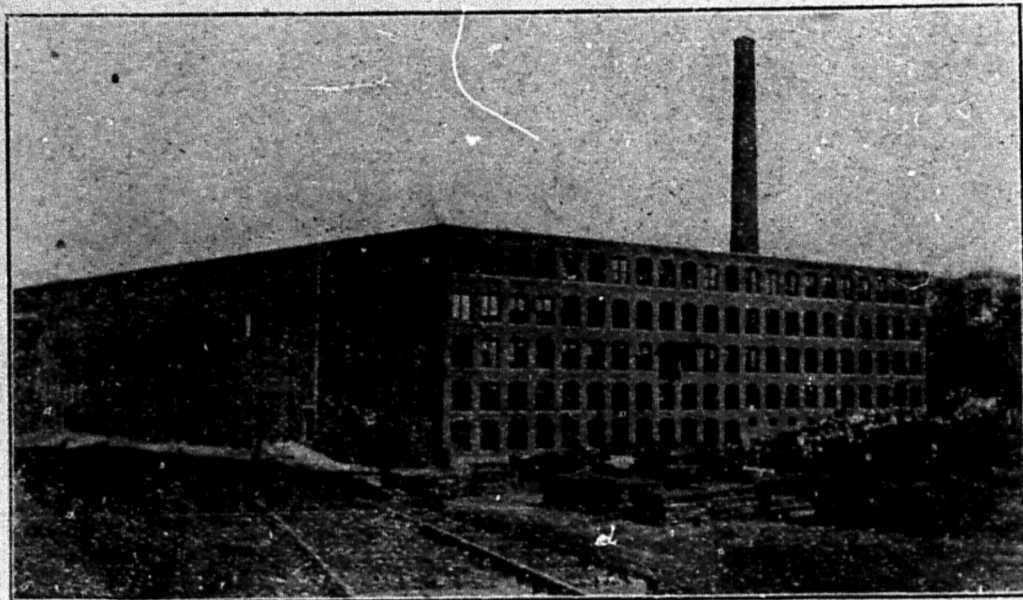
This company was established in 1851, and now has branches in eleven other cities. Its first tannery, built in 1867, with a capacity of a few hundred hides a year has been enlarged until its present capacity is over 200,000. The firm has an excellent name at home and abroad; its belting is guaranteed free from ingredients for quickening processes or increasing weight, and carries the promise that it will be replaced without cost if defects in material or workmanship develop, when it is used under proper mechanical conditions. This is willingly stated here, as the writer wishes to do ample justice to his article.

The factory office is so pervaded by the smell of leather that the many clerks and typists at work at desks and machines, might be the grownup family of the "Old lady who lived in a shoe."

The guide leads the visitor first to the cellar where the hides are stored as received raw from western packers. Here in the gloom extend long ramparts of the hirsute, folded skins, foul with dried blood, dirt and rags of flesh adhering to the inner surface. And although they are rubbed thick with salt, their odor is a repulsive mingling of tainted meat, rancid grease and wet hair. The crystals of rock salt that strew the floor crush under foot like the granular snow in the woods of late March. But these evil-smelling barricades are the valuable "protyle" or original matter, for the whole factory's activity.

The leaching-vats are next shown, in which the tanning solution is compounded from oak-bark and a peanut, from South America, called "algarrobilla." Yellowish harm lies in thick ridges on the churning contents, as on the malt liquor in brewery vats and sluices are rushing with the foaming product they convey, that smells like a raspberry mash, and shows dark-ruddy in the hue under the froth like some "symp of iron." The floors all about are slippery with a thin mire, on which the workers sometimes lose their footing and take "headers" into the huge baths. One of the vats freshly emptied, discloses a mound of coffee-brown mud of the macerated bark, strewn with the peanut-shells; even the bungs from the barrels of acid are stranded on this sodden beach, where they were cast in to make sure the last drop of liquid was sucked from them. So economical is modern industrialism in extracting the uttermost molecule of worth and work, from sources animate, or inanimate, in its seething caldron. I ought to have asked whether the workers who fall into the vats have to be boiled or compressed to get back the juice they soak up.

Taking up again the career of the leather, the visitor is next shown



Leather Factory of Graton & Knight, Worcester, Mass.

workers at the loathsome task of unrolling the hides as they come slimy and reeking from the storing cellar, and stamping each with a stencil number; it seems that resolution must fail the men to handle these detestable, hairy aprons, as though from an abandoned Indian camp soldiers were compelled to collect putrescent scalps that the braves had torn from their victims' heads.

If less repulsive, yet reaching almost the extreme of racking toil, is the employment of the "fleshers," who receive the hides from the stamper, lay them inner-side up over sloping "washboards," on which they purge them of the adhering remnants of flesh by means of two-handled scrapers. Never must one of the instruments, under dire penalty, be allowed to cut into the skin beneath, for all the back-breaking speed. The plunging motion of these workers, with vehement downward thrust and abrupt recover from the loins, incessantly repeated, must make the ten-hour day extort from the physique a terrible expenditure of vitality. As the visitor looks back along their platoon, the galvanic salam and retreat of all the shoulders, and the passionate outreach of arms, suggests the desperate strife of miners ever snatching at some false lure of gold or jewels in endless dross. But what of some great common anger or demand for redress of social injustice that might seize such toilers, and send them, hoarsely shouting, from their tasks, brandishing the twin-handled scrapers? The French revolution scenes assume a new vividness from such an imagination. About the base of the fleshers' boards grow mounds of the sodden gobbets from the skins, which boys with barrows wheel away to tanks and lay down with lime, to be sent later to glue factories.

The hides are next shaven clean of their hair by being passed under a corrugated roller, that ranges over every part till the last wisp is removed, the heaps of drenched hair that collect under the rough barbering being saved to be later steam-dried.

Now the denuded skins show bluish lines like the beautiful veining of marble on the compact pale tissue, and after being dipped in a water-tank they are drawn forth gleaming like some limp halibut. Then they are nailed with copper brads (to prevent blackening), to 8-foot staves, and hung side by side snugly as the folds of closed accordion bellows, in square tanks of tanning solution, to be moved from time to time to stronger baths.

The great room in which the hides are thus soaked is long and low, with the filled tanks floored over by the closely packed staves, while

the unoccupied ones are covered by boards that sway to the tread of the workmen, and spurt up between their edges tobacco-hued jets of the liquid beneath. Here two men are drubbing a pile of wet skins with flat-headed hammers, to reduce wrinkles—rude "beauty doctors"—with echoing thwacks as of giant beavers' tails. This odorous, spacious hall of the tanks is a veritable treasure chamber, for the rich worth it contains, like a warehouse of teas or silks.

At this point it happened for the increase of the writer's store of useful information that the superintendent of the factory was introduced to him by the guide. In answer to a question as to the nationalities of the workers in the tank-room, the superintendent replied that the factory puts together those of as many varying tongues as possible. "This prevents labor troubles," he continued re-assuringly—"unions have tried to get hold here, but we've broken them up right away; when a union does get in, it dictates what it wants."

In answer to the writer's question as to wages, the superintendent chatted on pleasantly, "these men are 'piece-workers'; where they used to be paid by the week they earned about \$10, but now they can make \$12" (i. e., in a week of 58 hours); but they are not allowed to go to the limit, and are permitted to earn no more than about \$12; we don't want them to kill themselves, after they have had experience and have become valuable to the company. The skilled men in other departments can make \$15 a week. Once a workman here went fifteen feet out of his regular path and stubbed his toe on a beam; he went to the company doctor for a while, but got tired of it, and treated his toe himself with kerosene; he got blood poisoning and we settled with him for \$300 rather than have trouble fighting."

After removal from the tanning solutions, where they remain about three months, the hides are hung in drying rooms and then stretched on frames to insure an even surface. The workers who fit these frames rival the fleshers for speed and expenditure of muscle power. They seem goaded to their labor as if with pronged forks. Come and look at this roomful of 'piece workers,' you who boast of the equitable conditions of work in New England factories, and see to what a pitch of racking, frantic overstrain men are lashed by the fear of hunger and vagabondage, and the pitifully eager hope to make more than a bare living for their families! At this ten-hour day wrestle with unwieldy wood and iron, stubborn screw-handles, and the titan tough hands of leather these men might

be ship-wrecked, naked sailors on a storm-swept beach, battling without respite, for life itself, with some species of gigantic, clattering-limbed crabs.

At the next stage remaining bulges or ridges in the hides are smoothed by so-called "jacks" that thrust forward rollers on the end of mechanical limbs, in exact suggestion of the impatient pawing of a halted horse. This process also burnishes the leather until it displays beauty of grain and color, from pale russet to deep chestnut and violin browns, like panels of a costly wainscot.

Keen rotary knives next cut the leather slabs into strips of varying, mathematically exact widths, and such as are to be joined to make belts are tapered at the ends by another machine, so that they can be fitted at answering faces into one long band. The glue employed for joining them is of secret composition, and has been evolved to such strength that it is claimed that a belt will often break before giving way at the glued junctures.

An Italian workman shows me a callous on one of his palms as large as an almond, from grasping thongs of leather which he must draw through an iron "knot-hole" to polish their edges; he says the metal is kept hot by the friction "as if the steam was on." The operators called "buffers" shave exceedingly thin layers from strips that retain some superficial fault. Their knives have a remarkable double edge, forming a "U," visible only to the closest examination, which when kept at the acme of sharpness renders it possible for the blade to be thrust almost flat along the leather, and without catching or gashing to remove crisply a layer as thin as some delicately woven, veil-like cloth. One of the buffers shows a callous of toughness almost to match the leather he manipulates, on the first joint of each thumb, from rubbing against the work at every knife-stroke.

And now behold at this bench where he is sorting leather scrap, a specimen human product of modern industry—an ancient wreck of a man with a tousled gray brush of hair, ashen stubble on his hollow cheeks and peaked chin, and with sunken, emotionless eyes encircled with red lids. The veins stand out sharply on his slow thin hands, and the fingers move stiffly as though half-frozen, among the fragments that heap his table. The vest that hangs on his bent back is split at nearly every seam, and sewn together on one shoulder with coarse twine. Pointing to this forlorn piece of driftwood from the industrial maelstrom, my guide tells how generously the company treats its old employes—when they "have worked well" and have reached 65 years of age, they may choose between retiring on a pension of \$9 a week, or may remain in the factory and receive the same wage as when their age-limit was passed, with no objections to their work, no matter how slow. Compared with the treatment accorded the outworn employes of many other establishments this is indeed liberal, but what a commentary it supplies on the fundamental wrongs of the profit system, when such a rified husk of humanity is exhibited with pride as the last end of one who has "worked well" for, and been "generously treated" by it! What possible doubt can be entertained that when once the workers disperse their own ignorance of economic truth by resolute study and thought, they will rise in their resistless strength to supersede



such a system forever by one in which men shall be esteemed above gain of money?

In the finishing room the completed belt, hard to the knock as a table-top of burnished wood, is stamped, rolled into a compact coil, and brushed and oiled on the edges. Before leaving the plant the visitor is shown the chemical laboratory, where tanning solutions are being tested on tiny pieces of hide, as in a Lilliputian factory; tanning fats and leather ashes are shown under glass covers like viands in a railway restaurant, and scales that can indicate the weight of one's name written on paper are protected by glass cases, like fragile lillies of polished brass.

I depart physically magnetized and tingling from the energy and efficiency manifested in all the operations I have witnessed. Like some amazing, almost miraculous healing by medical skill, seems this adept transformation of the animal skin from the hirsute, malodorous and foul hide-condition, to the polished and coiled belt, ready for shipment and exactly adjusted to its future environment in productive industrial service.

Would that the time might hasten when the same delight and inspiration will be felt in true social distribution, as is now kindled by the efficiency of socialized production of commodities! If I have not already shown that this is as yet far from possible, even in a factory which has a reputation for "good" treatment of its workers, in a city above the average for consideration of employes' "welfare," the further details which I must add may suggest the extent to which iniquitous exploitation can be introduced under the concealment of a reputation for fairness.

In September, 1908, a gentleman called an "adjuster" (reported to receive a salary of \$5,000 yearly), made his appearance in the Graton and Knight factory. He announced to the workers in the department where "counters" (for stiffening the backs of shoes) are made, that the company had decided to inaugurate a new system of piece-work in this room. He talked as though he were presenting each of them with a heavy cash bonus, but at the end of the first week of the new plan, one of the men, who has a wife and five children, and was before earning between \$12 and \$14 a week, cleared the superb sum of \$2.20 for the 58 hours! Another man in this department earned \$6.35 in two weeks. A Polander (whom the company would probably have called "stupid"), was said by his fellow-workers to have received for his week 55 cents!

The men were desperate, but their efforts to lodge complaints were unavailing for some time, and the new "adjuster" was well on toward earning his salary after a few weeks of the new system. The worker with the family of six finally intercepted the wage-maker and declared his inability to live on such a pittance; the salaried gentleman answered, "Come around next week and we'll see what can be done; my auto is waiting for me at the door";—and so he departed.

On Sunday, September 20th, I imparted these details to a large audience of men, from the steps of the Worcester City Hall, speaking under the auspices of the Socialist local. The next day an employer of labor in the city, a non-Socialist, told me a boy 16 years old had lately applied to him for work in his shop; asking the boy where he worked before, he replied, "At Graton and Knight's" and to the inquiry why he left, the boy answered that his mother "pulled him out," because he worked 58 hours and was paid 47 cents!

could not have better been guarded by those whom the company "furnished employment"! Before the next Sunday I was told that the foreman of the counter department angrily addressed his men to this effect: "You fellows have got to stop blabbing about your wages all over town! It was talked about from City Hall steps last Sunday what you have been getting"! But I also learned that the wages began to advance at once, so that there was something to score for the persistent Socialist method of spreading plainly before the people the facts of industrialism under the present system of production for profit.

The explanation which the "agitator" adds to the facts of the advantages of a system of co-operative production for use and not for profit, has not as yet in the Massachusetts cities taken vital grasp upon a majority of the voters. But the time is fast approaching when it will, and great is the surprise in store for New England reactionaries! And although Mrs. Graton, wife of an officer of the leather corporation, gives liberally to philanthropic causes, especially to a club for boys in a poorer district of Worcester, even such generosity (and I say it without sarcasm), acknowledged at its full value and "good-heartedness" will not be a permanently accepted as a substitute for justice in this or any other "conservative" city.

**Father Lyman, Teddy & Co.**

Alice Spencer Geddes

For a person with a sense of humor, it would be a side-splitting experience were it possible for such a one to hide behind the door of that sanctum-sanctorum in the Outlook offices. That sanctum of oriental rugs mahogany furniture and desk fittings of carved ivory. Ivory from elephant-ticus mammals; from the reptilian, pestilential, deadly African jungle.

To hide behind the door and listen to the Reverend Father Lyman and the great T. R. as they compile the spiritual and temporal laws of the universe. It would be very funny to watch Father Lyman as he filtered the Almighty's decrees to clear them of any non-doctrinal tendencies they might have gathered from contact with scum of independent thought. Or to watch the great T. R. blue-pencil everything but the platitudinous platitudes which could be made to mean anything the prevailing public sentiment demanded they should mean.

That office is a gentleman's office. To be sure it is. There is no hammering on iron; no whirring of machinery, no noxious vapors from sizzling poisons. Of course not; nothing so plebian as that. The air is clear and refreshing. Just the right amount to the cubic centimetre. Strange, isn't it that men and women should actually prefer to work in vitiating air, to sleep in inside rooms without a door or window?

"The Almighty does not sanction it," says Father Lyman. "The republican platform explicitly states that every man has the right to the pursuit of liberty and happiness," adds the great T. R.

Chorus: Father Lyman and the Great T. R.  
 We are not to blame.  
 We both say the same:  
 There is no need to fight  
 When each man has the right  
 To stand up in his might for all his right.  
 We had just as soon he would—if he only could.  
 But he can't—and we'll see that he shan't."

To err is human! to forgive is charging that somebody has done something to you which you didn't like and accompanying the charge with the confession of your inability adequately to punish the offender, preferring in many cases to throw him off his guard so that at some future date, you will give him his deserts in a much more decisive manner.—Ellis O. Jones.

**A WORKERS HISTORY OF SCIENCE**  
 BY A. M. LEWIS

**Chap. VIII. Democritus---Biographical**



WHEN the mighty Xerxes marched to Thermopylae with his Persian hordes, he called at an Ionian city of Abdera, now in the possession of Turkey, at the top of the Aegean sea. The city was famous and prosperous and he was there entertained by a private citizen. When he departed, as a mark of his appreciation of the hospitality extended him, he left some magi or wise men, for the instruction of his entertainers' sons.

One of these sons must have proved a remarkable pupil for he was none other than Democritus, who in the estimation of certain capable judges became the greatest thinker of antiquity, Aristotle's generally accepted claims being carefully considered and dismissed.

When he had learned all the wise men had to teach him, he took his share of his father's estate in cash and spent it all in visiting every corner of the then known world. He studied the priestly lore of Egypt and Chaldea and returned in middle life, the best informed man of his day, but utterly penniless.

He lived to be about a hundred and spent much time in his later days reading aloud from his great work, Diakosmos, in the public square. Diogenes Laertius gives a list of seventy-two of his books—all of which have been lost.

Eucken says that Aristotle copies from Democritus page after page and gives him little credit. Mullach thinks that Aristotle owed to Democritus a good deal of the reputation, he gained for vast learning. Aristotle was not the only one indebted to the Abderan. Cicero tells us that Epicurus borrowed bodily his physical theories and his philosophy from Democritus; and spoiled what he borrowed and gave no credit at all. Falstaff boasted he was not only witty himself but also the cause of wit in other men. And Democritus appears to have built many reputations for wisdom beside his own.

Of two things he was especially proud—his travels and his skill in geometry. He says

Of all my contemporaries, it is I who

**Do You Know Why?**

J. A. WAYLAND

How do you know your party is right?

How does your republican neighbor know his party is right?

How does your democratic neighbor know his party is right?

Have they both studied political economy?

If both the old parties are right, haven't they had years of control enough to demonstrate it?

Why do they dispute about conditions and right and wrong if they are both right?

If conditions are right, why do we have law makers meet and try to adjust matters?

Can you make right any righter?

If the laws can prevent the rich from extorting great profits from the poor, how comes it that the extortion is yet complained of?

Do you find any better laws for the people in a republican state than in a democratic state?

Has any law ever passed that stopped the trusts from extorting from the common people?

Are the trusts not stronger today than at any time in the history of the nation and of trusts?

Could any law protect the people that did not take away the power of owners of industries to set the price on wages and the price on goods put on the market?

have traversed the greatest part of the earth, visited the most distant regions, studied climates the most diverse, countries the most varied, and listened to the most thinkers; there is no one who has surpassed me in geometrical constructions and demonstrations, no not even the geometers of Egypt, among whom I passed full five years of my life.

Heraclitus, because of his dark and obscure style and his somewhat melancholy spirit was called the weeping philosopher. Democritus laughed so heartily at the follies of the world, he became known as the laughing philosopher. Some thought his laughter indicated madness and sent for Hippocrates to cure him. But Hippocrates after seeing him went away smiling and speaking of the charm and fascination of his discourse.

Democritus had an encyclopaedic mind. He began his chief work by saying: "I am going to write of everything," and almost fulfilled the promise.

Prof. Carl Snyder, in his admirable summary, says of Democritus:

Aristotle, we know, left a work on some of Democritus' theorems, and there were few philosophers in antiquity who did not write for or against him in some way. He seems to have been abreast, if not in advance of the astronomy of his day; he writes on the planets, the Map of the heavens, the Great Year, and much else. He was a geographer, and wrote a treatise on that and on Navigation by means of the Pole-star. He was learned in physics. We read with especial interest of a work on the Magnet, others on Rays of Light, on the Clepsydra, or water-clock. He was evidently fond of music and poetry for he left treatises on Rhythm and Harmony, on Song, on the beauty of the epic poems, on Homer. He counted himself a critic in matters of art, evidently, for he wrote on painting. He must have been a physician for he left a book on Fever, another on Diets, or the Opinions of a Physician; another on Prognostics, another on Pestilences, another on the Right Way of Living. We find another on Agriculture, and Causes Affecting Seeds, a book on Tactics, and Fighting in Heavy Armor, possibly not his, a discourse on History, a book on the Principles of Laws, a discussion of the Calendar, another on Colors.

He writes on Pythagoras, whom he seemed greatly to admire; he gives a sketch of the Disposition of the Wise Man, an essay on Cheerfulness, a number of others on Ethics and similar topics.

He was a zoologist and an anatomist; it was said he practiced dissection, and we find a work on animals. He was a psychologist, and we find an essay on Mind, and another on the Senses. We have a glimpse of his penetration and his knowledge in his ideas as to the seat of mind.

Aristotle had no conception of the truth; he fixes it in the heart. A hundred years before Democritus had found in the brain "the monarch of the body."

Democritus did two great things. He refuted final causes and anticipated Dalton in the Atomic theory. These will be the themes of coming chapters.

Can you think of any form of oppression that does not include the taking away from labor of the things labor produces?

If you got the full value of all you produce in what other manner could you be oppressed?

If the rich, or those who believe in private hands, make the laws, do you think they will make laws unfavorable to private hoarding?

If they did that, what use or reason is there for the common people to have votes?

What good would votes do for the common herd if the others wanted laws in the interest of the majority who work?

Did you ever read a work on political economics?

If you haven't, you don't know enough to vote for your own interests.

The vast majority of men adhere to their established institutions, not because they admire them, not even because of any positive prejudice in their favor, but because they dread the unknown. They cling to any tolerable certainty for certainty and custom's sake and when they break loose from their accustomed order it is a vehement presumption that their present state is not only imperfect but intolerable.—Frederick Pollock, History of Science of Politics.

## THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS.

J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.

EDITORS.

A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

By mail in the United States, \$1.00 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, including equal number of copies of Appeal to Reason, 2 1/2 cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## How Do You Like It?

The COMING NATION has now been published long enough for its readers to have obtained an idea of the sort of paper we are trying to give them.

Many improvements are still being worked out. More, and as far as possible, better writers and artists are being secured. Arrangements for special articles that take time to work out have been made. In general we can promise you that for a long time to come there will be a steady and fairly rapid betterment in the character of the paper.

We believe that the result so far has been very satisfactory. Recent issues have set a new standard in Socialist journalism. Never before has any Socialist paper been able to place before its readers fiction, illustrations and special articles equal to those to be found in the most expensive magazines. We would be glad to have any reader compare recent issues of the COMING NATION with any magazine published. We believe that since Socialists are now doing the best writing that is being done in America, that they should be able to do this in a Socialist publication, where they can speak out the full truth that is in their minds.

So much for the plan of the COMING NATION. Now we want to know what you think of the result so far, and most of all we want to know how you think the paper could be improved. Nearly every reader likes some features better than others. Some would like new features. Some have ideas that would be of great value in forming such a paper.

We want those ideas that we may make a better paper. We want to know the criticisms that are made of the paper when two or three or more Socialists are gathered together.

Will you not take the trouble to write a letter telling just how you think the paper could be improved? Please be specific. Say just what you like, and especially just what you do not like. Of course it will be impossible to follow all suggestions. Many of them will be exactly opposite, but just as soon as we can find out what is wanted, we will supply it if we can.

Address all letters containing suggestions to "Editor COMING NATION, Box 75, Girard, Kansas," but do not send any other letters to that box number.

## The Socialist Scouts

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

The Socialist Scout organization offers an opportunity for any boy or girl to get a thorough training in agitation work, push the party propaganda and make money while doing it. The Scouts are not confined to the United States but are actively at work in Canada, England and Scotland as well. They sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. In addition to their regular profit of 100 per cent valuable prizes are offered for all boys and girls.

It costs nothing to start the Scout work. A bundle of ten NATIONS will be sent to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what

papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Boys and girls who try the work like it and continue it. If there's a youngster in your home who'd like to take up the work without expense to himself tell him to address a request to "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan." A letter of instruction goes with the first bundle.

## Scout News

"I have twenty-five pledges from people who will patronize a Scout at their residences once a week. I have also secured a boy to act. I believe we can make it stick. As soon as the boy shows ability to carry on the work I'll turn the whole business over to him."—W. G. Luper, Cal.

"I am getting more customers every week and expect to have a large route."—Nathan Goldberger, Ohio.

"I sold the first ten in about an hour and a half. I like the work fine."—Overt O. Owens, Mo.

"I have increased my circulation from ten to thirty in about five weeks. When school is out I expect to go to a hundred."—Fred Torrence, Ind.

"Send me ten more NATIONS for last week. I did not have enough. This is the first time I was ever so busy. They came with \$1 bills for me to change."—Samuel Sparks, Pa.

"I have twenty-five regular customers and nearly as many irregular ones."—Alex. Bisno, Ill.



Scout Paul Mack

Paul Mack, of Delta, Ohio, is pushing the work in a way that many older Scouts might envy. He goes on the theory that the people of Delta need the COMING NATION and sees to it that they get what they need. He's a loyal young comrade and knows why he is a Socialist.

## Harmony of Interests

The Manufacturers' and Shippers' Association of Indiana has discovered provisions in the child labor law which, according to their view, need amendment. This impartial body, looking to the interest of many families, object to the provision that a child may work only after it has attained a certain age. At the same time they do not wish to be regarded as opposing the law.

The unselfishness of the organization is evident from the statement of J. E. Frederick, of Indianapolis, that many families were deprived of proper livelihood, in other words were in danger of starvation, be-

cause the little children were not allowed to work. Frederick declared, moreover, that the association did not object to the provisions of the law which prohibit children from working in unsanitary conditions. Nor was there any objection to the compulsory education law, except, perhaps, in the season when school was not in session.

Mr. Kimbrough of Muncie, former state senator, agreed with Fredrick in all particulars. Resolutions were adopted to influence the legislature to pass the proposed amendments. Also to instruct the legislative committee to amend the statute so as to give the railroad commission power to suspend rates, pending an investigation of their reasonableness.

The employers' liability law was also discussed and it was decided to instruct the legislature to endeavor to protect the interests of the Employers Association. Preparations to appoint a committee for the work at the coming legislature were completed.

Special effort is to be given to keep the present "contributory negligence" clause in the liability law. The meeting ended with a banquet and bright assurances for the future interests of the employers.

## Bread at Cost

BY W. R. SHIER.

Cheaper, cleaner, purer, better, more nutritious bread!

That is what every purse and every stomach in every city in America is demanding.

We want bread that contains only the most nourishing ingredients.

We want bread that is made under the most sanitary conditions.

We want bread at a price that is reasonably close to its cost of production.

Furthermore, we want bread that is made and delivered by men who are paid union wages.

That is a large order. How can it be filled.

## A Municipal Bakery.

On the outskirts of Budapest, the capital of Hungary, is a large, handsome building that does not look in the least like a factory.

In this building a hundred thousand pounds of bread are made daily under the most modern conditions.

All the rooms of this building are lighted well, ventilated well and kept scrupulously clean.

The walls are painted a light color, so that dirt can be immediately seen and removed without delay.

Not only this, but every employe on entering the building each morning must remove his clothing, place it in a locker, take a shower bath and don pure white linen before setting about his allotted task.

Again, instead of the dough being kneaded by the arms of toiling, sweating men, it is kneaded by magnificent machinery.

After being baked scientifically in huge ovens, the loaves are placed in dust-proof wagons and delivered to customers at cost price.

Is this, then, a philanthropic institution we have been describing?

No! It is a business enterprise, embarked upon by the citizens of Budapest, not for the purpose of "making money," but for the purpose of obtaining clean, wholesome, nutritious, unadulterated bread for themselves and families.

The city went into this business upon discovering that the private bakeries were fraudulently supplying the people with the poorest sort of bread at most extortionate prices, bread, too, that was manufactured in filthy shops under disease begetting conditions.

The people of Budapest own this magnificent plant, and yet they have not paid a cent for it. In fact, it has

paid them instead of them having paid for it.

Amazing? Not at all. Here is how it worked out.

The initial capital was borrowed, not raised by taxation.

Then, after meeting all expenses, including the cost of maintenance and manufacture, the wages of employes, the interest on the debt incurred and the repayment each year of one-fiftieth of the principal, the city found that it could make and market bread at one cent per two-pound loaf less than the prevailing price.

It did so, and the private bakeries to save themselves improved the quality of their bread and reduced its price.

But they cannot compete much longer against the municipal bakery, the capacity of which is being increased to eight hundred thousand pounds a day.

This is a fair example of municipal Socialism, of an industry being run for public benefit instead of for private profit.

Socialists everywhere stand for public ownership, not in order to shift taxes from the big property owners onto the consumers, but in order to improve the service, better workshop conditions, raise wages and lower prices.

And as a means to this end they advocate working class administration of the government.

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 ♦♦♦♦♦ What's in the New Books ♦♦♦♦♦  
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*Socialism and Success. Some Uninvited Messages by W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Co.*

"To the Seekers of Success." The author says that the things that are called success under capitalism are scarcely worth seeking, but there is another success that is worth having. "It is the success which scorns poverty; or which, though sensible of its pride and pain, accepts it unflinchingly in its quest of higher things."

In his word to the reformers he tells them that it is not because the Socialists oppose reform that they sometimes oppose reformers, but rather because the reformers do not obtain reforms. They have been working for several generations with conventions and organizations backed with powerful resources, yet six billion dollars are paid out annually for charities. There has been little or no increase in wages as measured in purchasing power during the last twenty years and what increase did come was in the organized trades with no thanks to the reformer. More are killed upon the railroads and in industry than ever before. more women and children are in the ranks of wage workers, and the farmer is deserting his farm to take up the manifestly miserable conditions of the wage worker.

"To the Retainers," is a scathing indictment of those who speak through the organs of public opinion in defense of the present ruling powers.

Perhaps the one that has attracted the most attention is that addressed "To Some Socialists" where he uses all the power of sarcasm, argument and denunciation against that demagogic politician element that has crept into the Socialist movement and would seek to exploit the phrases and the methods of capitalist politicians by setting up artificial distinctions and arousing prejudices against education and ability.

The last two essays, "To Mr. John Smith, Workingman," and "To the Skeptic and Doubters," are more along the lines of the regular Socialist propaganda.

# CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

## Uncle Runs for Mayor

BY DONALD A. KAHN.



Fred, away at college, had announced his advocacy of Socialism we would have thought very little of it. Fred always was more or less of a revolutionist. But Uncle William, of all people! Mother accused him of joking when he told us that he had joined the party; father remarked that there was no fool like an old fool, especially a bachelor. As for us girls, we at once dubbed him "Uncle Anarchy."

Uncle William is such a perfectly peaceful, quiet sort of a man. And he isn't sour on the monied class, either. Being the partner in a woolen mill he is really a capitalist himself. Always liberal hearted, was Uncle William, even before he joined the Socialist party. He ran his factory on a profit-sharing plan, organized summer excursions for his employes, and provided free coffee for their noon lunches. You see, favoring the working class and being in a receptive mood, when someone sent him a Socialist newspaper and he read the party program, they "got him."

Uncle was never a parlor Socialist; he was a worker. Every Thursday night he attended the Socialist locals, not as a mere spectator, but as one of the leaders. We used to joke him about it most shamefully but he only smiled and suggested that we read Karl Marx. He was so earnest in his plea that I did get the "Capital" book out of the public library one time. But it was terrible—mathematics, chemistry and all the languages, dead and alive, mixed together with long words. I took it back right away and drew out one of Mr. Chambers' novels, instead.

One evening, after the local, Uncle came home looking very sober. He joined the group around the fireplace, and said hardly a word. Usually he jokes. It was bound to come out sooner or later, so he told us and got through with it. He had been nominated for mayor. He said that he had tried his best to refuse the nomination, but that they had insisted that he was the one man for the place. I thought that mother was going to burst into tears of mortification, but instead she compressed her lips and maintained a dignified silence. Uncle is mother's brother, you know. Father just threw back his head and laughed.

The news soon spread around the family. Someway Uncle William's brothers in Iowa heard about his nomination, and addressed all of Uncle's letters: "Honorable William Abernathy." Mr. Jackson, our friend in Chicago, sent Uncle a fine silk hat and a big, gold-headed cane. It's considered quite a joke to be nominated for office by the Socialist party—you're always able to be so sure that you will never be elected.

The local had Uncle go 'round to the different halls making speeches. We girls went with him two or three times, just for the fun of it, and he really did quite well. We didn't think Uncle had it in him. He outlined the reforms he would put through when he was elected, and they really sounded very nice, although the "when I am elected" was awfully funny. One thing I was surprised at: Uncle never said a single word against the other two men who were running for mayor, and they were real bad men, both of them—regular grafters, father said. One of them was the

mayor running for re-election, and the other owned a gambling house.

We all had a great laugh one night when we opened the evening paper—all but mother; mother looked very offended. One whole page had been used to advertise Uncle. In the center was his picture, and around it "twenty reasons why this man is going to be the next mayor." We never found out until long afterward that one of Uncle's friends had put it in the paper for a joke.

When election time came around of course Uncle was very busy. Although he was certain he wouldn't be elected—there are only about fifteen Socialists in our town he worked with all his might. He conducted a clean campaign; he didn't buy any beer or kiss any babies. But he made lots of speeches.

On election night we girls arranged a kind of a home party for Uncle. It seemed cruel to us, his running for office that way, in the face of defeat, and we intended to show him that even if the voters did turn him down that someone thought a great deal of him, and that we girls regarded him as the best Uncle in the whole world. We arranged it as a surprise. We figured that the election results would all be in by one o'clock, and that just as soon as Uncle came back from down town all discouraged over his defeat he would find the pleasant surprise party.

It seemed an awful long evening, waiting for Uncle. Ten o'clock, then eleven, then twelve, then twelve-thirty. Mother was reading her ladies' home paper, father the *Tribune*. We girls just sat and talked about one thing and another—you know how three girls can talk, when they haven't anything else to do, or when they have. Finally it got to be one o'clock. I started to ask father whether it wasn't time Uncle was coming home when I noticed that he had dozed off. Mother, too, was napping.

I thought I would go to the front door to see if I couldn't spy Uncle coming down the street. Just as I reached the vestibule I noticed a strange glaring; then there was the sound of those horrid clickey things, and of tin horns. Father had awakened, and was at my side. The crowd outside gathered right in front of the house. There must have been thousands of them. Mother hobbled to the front window and pulled down the blind. I tell you mother was irritated—although she had opposed Uncle's candidacy she didn't approve of this method of ridiculing a defeated nominee. I think mother was beginning to feel a bit sorry for Uncle William.

We girls didn't know what to think, so we went back to the library. Father followed us—father is rather timid. Outside they were yelling Uncle's name, and crying "Speech!" We were all walking around nervously, when the back door latch clicked. It was Uncle William.

"Oh, Uncle William!" began Jennie. "There's an awful crowd out in—" But with a wave of his hand Uncle William interrupted her.

"My child!" he reprimanded, "have you no respect for the municipality's highest official? Honorable, Uncle William, if you please!"

"William, you don't mean—" exclaimed father.

"Just that!" affirmed Uncle. "Elected!" Father took his Honor's hand, we girls kissed him, in turn, on both cheeks; and mother—well, mother looked more offended than ever, but I'm sure that in her heart she was really glad.

## The Fairy Thieves

AN OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was an old farmer who was sorely bothered by the unsettling of his barn. However straight he laid his sheaves over night on the threshing floor for the next morning's flail, when morning came, all was topsy-turvy, higglety-pigglety though the door remained locked.

Resolved to find out who played him these pranks, he couched himself deeply one night among the sheaves, and watched for the enemy. At length midnight arrived, the barn was lit up as if by moonbeams of wonderful brightness, and through the keyhole came thousands of elves, the tiniest that could be imagined.

They immediately began their gambols among the straw, which was soon in wild disorder. He wondered,



but interfered not; and at last the fairy thieves began to busy themselves in a new way, for each elf set about carrying the crop away, a straw at a time with astonishing activity, through the keyhole, which resembled the door of a bee hive, on a sunny day in June.

The good man was already in a rage at seeing his corn vanish in this fashion, when one of the fairies said to another in the tiniest voice that ever was heard:

I take, you?

He could contain himself no longer. He leaped out, crying:

The foul fiend take ye.

Let me get at ye!

With that, they flew away, so frightened that they never disturbed him or his barn any more.

### Intellectual Limitations.

Parents know lots more than us,  
But they don't know *all* things—  
'Cause we catch 'em lots of times,  
Even on little small things.

One time Winnie ask her Ma,  
At the window, sewin',  
What's the wind a doin' when  
It's not a blowin'?

Yes, an' Del, that very day,  
When we're nearly froze out,  
He ask Uncle *where* it goes,  
When the fire goes out?

'Nen I run to ask my Pa,  
That way, somepin' funny;  
But I can't say ist but "Say,"  
When he turns to me an' say,  
"Well, what is it, Honey?"

James Whitcomb Riley.

### A Writer of Fairy Tales

How would you like to be able to write a fairy tale? One, as fine, I mean as Bluebeard, or Jack and the Beanstalk, or Cinderella? No, fairy tales are not out of date. Every child loves a fairy tale as much as ever and every grown up whose heart is still young in spite of what the rough old world has done to him, loves a fairy tale.

I think it must be the finest thing in the world to write a story that children shall love and shall keep on loving for one age after another. One dear man, whom we children know as well and love almost better than his stories is

Hans Christian Anderson. Another one whose stories we knew by heart long before we ever heard his name, was a man called Perrault.

Charles Perrault was secretary to a king's minister in France but still he loved all little children, of the poor as well as the rich and about them he said:

"I am persuaded that the gardens of kings are made so great and spacious that all children may walk in them." (Of course he had not gotten quite so far as to see that there ought not to be any kings at all.) So he kept open the gardens of the king that children might play in them. Of course a man like that would know how to write fairy stories for children.

It is almost three hundred years since Perrault was born and now they are putting up a monument to him in the gardens of the Tuileries, now no longer the king's gardens for here is no king of France, but the people's own, and this monument shows him, not as a great lawyer and architect, which he was, but as a writer of fairy tales for children.

The monument will show Puss in Boots directing a group of little ones at a round game. In the midst of them will rise the bust of Charles Perrault, author of the "Sleeping Beauty," "Red Riding Hood," "Bluebeard," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," and many others.

Perrault was an old man when he began writing these tales but he knew what the children loved, all the magic and the mystery and the wonder of stories which *might* be true.

### Another Thanksgiving Letter

November 22, 1910.

Dear Editor:

Papa read to me in "Children's Own Place" that you want the little folks to write to you. So I asked Mamma to write a letter for me. I am nearly seven years old, but I can't write very good yet.

I am a Socialist, too, because my Papa is.

We live away up in the mountains, nearly nine thousand feet high and I have no playmates at all now, except my baby sister, and she just tears up what I make. But we are going to move to Rockwood for the winter, and I will go to school there, and have two little girls to play with.

We don't always have turkey for Thanksgiving, because we can't get them here, and we have to send away off for them, but this year we are going to have one, for the company my Papa works for is going to send one. You said for us to write about Thanksgiving, but that is all I can think of.

From your little friend, CYNTHIA,  
Rockwood, Colo.

### The Railway Train.

EMILY DICKINSON.

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its side, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while,  
In horrid, hooting stanzas,  
Then chase itself downhill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then punctual as a star,  
Stop—docile and omnipotent  
At its own stable door.

### PUZZLES.

Answers to last week's puzzles:

I.

Floral enigma:  
MORNING GLORY.

II.

Acrostic:  
STOVE.

It Was This Way.—"I suppose the father gave the bride away."  
"Not exactly. He gave a million away, and threw her in."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

# ESPECIALLY WOMEN

## The Ignorant Woman

BY GRACE POTTER



"HAT'S that yellow flag for?" asked the Ignorant Woman.

"It's a 'Votes for Women' flag," explained Miss Rank. "I'm a suffragist. Only men vote here. Women can't vote. But

we have a great movement going and it won't be many years before women can vote, too."

"O," said the Woman, "does it take years to teach women to vote?"

"It isn't that," explained Miss Rank, "the men won't let us go to the polls."

"Won't let you?" the Woman puckered her brow as if puzzled. "Do they beat you when you try to go?"

"Why, the very idea!" said the other excitedly. "I guess not! American men treat women with respect. Every one knows the American men are just lovely to women."

"How do they keep you from voting, then?"

"They say we mustn't" said the suffragist.

"Oh, and you agree with them?"

"No, no. We say we want to and we think we should. But if they say we can't—?" It was rather hard to make this Woman see. "They won't count our votes." There, that should explain the matter!

"Indeed! Then you always vote because you think you ought, but they refuse to count them? Why don't you count them yourselves?"

"No, no, you go too fast. We don't always vote. But a woman did somewhere once. It was probably in Kansas or Jersey or some place like that. And then she had it up in court—"

"Her vote?" asked the Woman patiently. "Did she have her vote up in court?"

"Not her vote. She had a test case made of whether they should count a woman's vote or not, so it would be a help to the movement and a precedent, you know."

"How was it decided?"

"Well, I can't remember about that," Miss Rank said. "But there are records about it in libraries. And we go to libraries or ask our officers when we want to know."

"Why don't you count your own votes?" suggested the Woman.

"We did once. We had the Suffrage headquarters which were up on Madison avenue, near 125th street, as our polling place. We didn't think the East Side women would come way up there, you see. And that was before we knew that any other women were Socialists. You'd think that the sweat-shop women who don't get any holidays except election day and Christmas wouldn't have bothered to come and vote. And spend two car-fares, too! For they are always talking about car-fares. But they did come. And Socialist women from everywhere else in the city, too."

"And when the ballots were counted?" queried the Woman, eagerly.

"Well, I was coming to that. The Socialists got the most votes. We don't have voting any more."

"But the candidates you elected them?"

"Why, that was a mock election," said Miss Rank. "It did seem funny to have to have to explain such simple things! When we found that the Socialists were elected we didn't say much about it and we told the reporters not to give it much space. Now we just hold meetings and propaganda. Have you heard about our parade?"

"Does the law say women shall not

vote?" asked the Woman as she rose to go.

"No, it only says that criminals and idiots can't vote."

"Good-night," said the Woman and she seemed to be laughing about something. "I may be around to your meetings sometime."

"Yes, do come!" said Miss Rank cordially. "Good-night."

## Women's Advance

The status of women in all branches of the world's work can be no better illustrated than in the compilation of the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, now in the press. At a dinner given in London in honor of the part women had taken in the production of the new edition Miss Janet Hogarth, head of the staff of women contributors, recapitulated the great work accomplished by women during the last thirty-five years, in education, scholarship, literature, travel, sociology, science, philosophy, medicine, history, music and art, as represented in the Britannica. Women had been capable before of flights of scholarship and science, but had received no recognition.

The following is a quotation from Miss Hogarth's speech at the dinner: "What does this wide range of feminine activity prove? It proves that into the last four decades women have compressed the work of four centuries. In 1875, when the ninth edition was beginning, there were as yet no women's colleges at Oxford, and only two very small and one might almost say experimental institutions at Cambridge. Today you do not ask about a clever, well-informed woman, 'Was she at a University?' You are surprised if you find that that she was not.

"In 1875 women had only just got into the postoffice, now they are there in their thousands. They are even in that most conservative of all institutions, the bank of England, and there are sixty women in the bank now. Women clerks indeed are everywhere, they have practically the monopoly of secretarial work, they are bookkeepers and accountants in all the great shops, but twenty years ago where would you have found a woman in the counting-house of a great business concern? Seventeen years ago there were no women inspectors of factories. Today, if she will forgive my saying so, Miss Adelaide Anderson is both a power and a terror in the land.

"Or again, take the profession of journalism. Twenty years ago you could count women journalists on the fingers of one hand. Today the women are everywhere, even in Printing House square, though, if rumor tells the truth, they had to slip in there by a stratagem.

"With the exception of the law and the Established Church, which remain close corporations, women have become such a recognized part of the professional world that when the editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica came to consider the question of repeating the old heading 'Women's Professions' in the new edition, he saw at once that it would look just as absurd as a heading 'Men's Professions' and that if you were going to write the history of women you might as well write the history of the world.

"With the exception, therefore, of some sketch of their education and of the laws protecting women (we do still want a little extra protection) and that vexed subject, which I will most carefully refrain from mentioning, women are not treated in any special place in the 'Encyclopedia

Brittanica, just because they are treated all through the Encyclopedia Britannica. Their interests, their work and their present place in the social scheme are so completely on a level with the interests, the work and the place of men that it is impossible to treat them separately. And this one fact is the strongest possible testimony to the enormous advance in civilization made by all the English speaking peoples in the last 40 years."—*London Weekly Times*.



A Practical Outfit for the Busy Woman.

8763—The busy housekeeper will not fail to recognize in the accompanying illustration a most attractive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work. The front is cut in Princess style, and fits close to the figure, and a prettily shaped bib extends out over the shoulders in a manner very becoming. Figured percale was used for the making, but gingham, linen and Holland are suggested. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. The medium size will require 4 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the apron with 1 5-8 yards extra for the cap and sleeves. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

## A Mean Scheme.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are going to wear a mixture of red, brown and yellow puffs?"

"For one evening only," replied the bride. "I had these made from the various locks of hair that my husband had on hand when I married him. The original donors will all be at the ball tonight."—*Woman's National Daily*.

## Mme. Curie and the Institute.

The question of admitting women to the Institute of France, which has raised considerable controversy among the members of that exclusive body, has been settled by a vote of 88 to 52 against their admission.

The question was raised by the appearance of Mme. Curie as a claimant to the honor, because of her famous discoveries and research in the realm of science, and above all, her discovery of radium.

## A New Experience.

A child who lives in the suburbs went shopping to the city for the first time with her mother. She had never been in an elevator before.

"How did you like it?" said the father. "Why, it was so funny, papa," answered the child. "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."—*Selected*.

## Progressive French Women

Less militant than the English suffragettes, the French feminists march steadily forward. Women doctors, pharmacists, dentists and barristers, cabwomen, airwomen and women bill posters have all lost their novelty.

The women architects of America and Russia have had hitherto no French sister, but Mlle. Trelat has established a new record by qualifying for the exercise of this profession. She is, it is true, the daughter and granddaughter of eminent Parisian professors of architecture.

The learned assyriologists of the Institute and College de France were somewhat surprised to notice a golden-haired graduate at their severely scientific lectures, but Mlle. Genevieve Acloque, standing fifth on a list of thirteen, has been officially received as "archiviste-paleographe" and will probably find employment in connection with some of the great public libraries.

Mlle. Marie Leneru's "Affranchis," produced at the Odeon, has been received in flattering fashion by theatrical critics. Mlle. Judith Gautier's election to the Academie Goncourt and Mme. Pierre Curie's candidature for the Academy of Sciences are two signs of the times which are perturbing the conservative male section of the institute, and they once more raise the question of the admission of women to the Academie Francaise itself.—*New York Sun*.

## Equal Suffrage in Maryland

Woman suffrage for Drummond, Montgomery County, Maryland, is an assured fact. Drummond is a live village, and is one of the most attractive of Washington's suburban towns. Its affairs are managed by the Drummond Citizens' Association, and at a recent meeting of the Association it was voted to admit women to membership which will mean that after January 1st, the women members of the association will have just as much say in managing the affairs of the town as any man member.—*The Woman's Journal*.

## Women Voters Convention

Ex-Governor James H. Brady, of Idaho has issued the call for a convention of the women of the five enfranchised states to form a national organization of women voters to help the women of the east and south in their efforts to secure the ballot.

His call is as follows:

Whereas, on Nov. 8, 1910, the electors of the state of Washington voted a constitutional amendment giving the women of the state the right of suffrage, making five states west of the Missouri river that have placed this God-given right in their hands, I, James H. Brady, governor of the state of Idaho, and chairman of the advisory board of the Washington campaign committee, believe the time has arrived when the women of the west should extend a helping hand to their sisters in the eastern and other states in securing the ballot.

I hereby call a convention to be held in the city of Tacoma, Wash., on Jan. 14, 1911, for the purpose of organizing an association of national scope of the women voters of America. And I hereby appoint, with full power to act on all matters coming before the same, and hereby respectfully request the governors of all the states where women have the right of suffrage to appoint, one delegate to said convention, with authority to organize a national association.

The governors of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have appointed delegates.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt suggests that the new association form a committee "who would furnish reliable facts concerning woman suffrage in our enfranchised states, and who would be able to give the lie to the innumerable false statements which are continually current."

Mrs. Catt also invited the convention to appoint a fraternal delegate to the congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, to be held at Stockholm, Sweden, next June.

# The Scab in Britain

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation



THE National Free Labor Association—God save the king!

"The National Free Labor Association," has a fine, bold, sweeping sound—hasn't it. A sort of "Rule Britannia—Britons never, never, never shall be slaves—God Save His majesty and be condemned to the mere people" tone, with a touch of the American scream eagle in it, and more than a dash of Rooseveltitis.

## A Gin-Sling Sunset.

At 2 a. m. I was strolling down Kingsway, when something hit me between the eyes—a sort of red upper-cut—and when I came out of the swoon I saw before my face a sweet thing in crimson, something like a sunset after half a hundred gin-slugs, which called upon the men of England to resent the action of the liberal government which had "given every appointment to Socialist leaders parading as trade unionists, and insolently ignored, snubbed and neglected the twelve millions of non-union workmen, who have thus been sacrificed on the altar of trade union hatred."

The proclamation went on to point out softly that these trade unionists "have bowed the knee to anarchy," and the government behind them "have legalized the boycott and the picket, and have allowed the Socialist element of the trade unions to foment strikes, which have caused lock-outs, broken up homes and driven thousands of wives and children into the workhouses."

The dainty little concoction was signed by W. Collison, general secretary, and had another line in sunsets underneath which informed the world that these scabs demanded "Freedom to get employment where we like, with whom we like, and for what wages we like." But it is the employers who "like."

There you have in a nutshell something which has sprung into being within the last year or two for the purpose of smashing trades unionism and it has the blessing of all the sons of Belial who masquerade as decent citizens. But the bait is not taken freely, for the British workingman is beginning to wake up and the scabs upon whom they depend for support would sell their own mothers for a trifle.

## The Breach in the Dyke.

This question of blacklegs is becoming more and more a problem demanding instant solution. Just as you are in the states, we are plagued here with scabs, and I shall not readily forget how their imported English blacklegs broke the great Hamburg shipping strike some time back. It is so hard you see to keep within the law and yet use effective preventive measures. Further, there is a move on here amongst the employers for the purpose of declaring picketing illegal, and I shall not be surprised for one if the whole question is raised before the courts. They are determined to stifle all opposition, to wipe out free speech and to muzzle the press. We do not forget the Fred Warren case here and we are anxiously watching the United States to see whether a national campaign will not be instituted, irrespective of party, for the purpose of plugging the first breach in American liberties, which may easily widen into a roaring torrent that will tear down the walls of your constitution. It is a case of "now or never." What are you going to do?

## King Manuel of U. S. A.

Lawks-a-nussy! Manuel has broke

out again. The papers state that there is a royalist plot in Portugal, and that young Noel is ready at a moment's notice to take up his "great" destiny. So far as I can gather from my Portuguese friends, all that he is likely to take up, is half a pound of lead if he attempts to return to his native land. Monarchies have had their day in Europe—though I should not like to say that the U. S. A. may not try the king experiment in the future. At different times I have tried to show you America as we see it here, but the thing that astonishes us most—sets us looking nine ways for Christmas—is the way in which you free-born Americans, sturdy republicans, and monarch haters, swap your heiresses for titles, play the flighty popinjay at your swell weddings, and, generally speaking, love a lord as no other nation on earth. Then the doings of your Four Hundred make the smart set here turn green with envy. Well Manuel is looking for a throne, and now that Theodore is one of the "down and outs" you might send him an invitation.

## The Big Drum.

Heaven alone knows what is going to happen here over the military business. The streets are full of Boy Scouts—I see you have started the man of war incubation game in the states—the sound of the trumpet is heard in the land, all the little village conservative clubs are hotbeds of militarism, and the Powers up above are beating the big drum and twanging the lyre. They are using the statement of the German "Tagblatt" which, calculating on the basis of the recent census, states that Germany is able at the moment to send the colossal number of five millions of men into action. I tell you the situation here is getting rather too lively to be pleasant, and I am dead certain that when the next conservative government comes into power a determined effort will be made to introduce conscription into Britain.

The most alarming factor is that you have a liberal like Lloyd George who was always supposed to be a "Little Englander, standing for a small navy and army, telling the great Paris daily *Le Matin* that his Budget "provides ten million pounds more for the navy than was asked only a few years ago, and that the liberal government intend having a navy which will give England an incontestable superiority, and no sacrifice will appear too heavy for the assurance of that superiority."

Talking about navies, we have been inundated with the crews of the U. S. A. fleet here in the capital, and you may be interested in a comparison of your fighting men with those of the British navy.

## The American Seamen.

Well, in the first place, the American seaman has, generally, a much more slip-shop, devil-may-care air than the British sailor. The men I saw slouched a good deal, had not that air of alertness and "cleanness" which their British brothers possess, and altogether had not the *morale* which is looked for here as a matter of course in the navy man.

I stayed at the same hotel with some of our American friends, and their language was as blue as the sea—the language of many of them that is to say, for of course there were exceptions. There were many complaints about their behavior, and I understand that in Paris similar protests were made.

On the other hand they looked keener and more intellectual than

the men of the British navy, and a never-failing source of wonder was to see the extraordinary difference of type.

The outcry against the aliens is assuming formidable dimensions, thanks to a great press propaganda. You will have seen how a bomb factory has been found in East London, and every effort is being made to force on the arming of the police and the institution of the passport system for foreigners.

In this amazing country there is no prejudice against men of color or against English Jews, but there is a sort of underground feeling against all white aliens, as such. The yellow press is harping on this string, and producing a lovely discord, but the question is rapidly assuming national proportions.

## An International Understanding.

It is not impossible that an international strike of Dockers may be seen in Europe before the New Year is out. Negotiations between the French and British Dockers are far advanced and I have just interviewed Sorgue, the woman emissary of the Frenchmen, who has just left for Belgium. She tells me that she "has had a great success;" that bodies like the London Trades Council, etc., have shown a lively interest in the French direct actionists, and have even passed resolutions demanding the release of Durand, the secretary of the French colliers, who is at present under sentence of death "for inciting to murder," though I am assured that the wretched man had nothing whatever to do with the business.

Sorgue professes to see a great advance in Britain towards direct action, and believes that the workers here are tiring of the slow advance through parliamentary reform. She concluded, rapturously, "*Et bien, mon ami, nous verrons ce que nous verrons.*"

But with all deference to Sorgue, the Britisher, stolid man that he is, will continue to rely chiefly upon the crutch of parliamentary reform, whilst lapsing every now and then into violent risings like that of the Welsh strike.

## THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

### XIV.—NORWAY.

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

## The Political Movement.

Norway has a thoroughly democratic constitution with a one chamber system, strong parliamentarianism and practically no royal right of veto. Every man over twenty-five years of age, not receiving government relief, has the right to vote whether a tax-payer or not. In 1907, women were given the same suffrage rights as the men, due largely to the efforts of the Socialists, but also with the aid of the other parties.

The re-election system, if none of the candidates gets at least half of the votes at the first election, has resulted in the alliance of parties hostile to the Socialists at the second election in order to shut out the Socialist candidates. Such methods prevented the Socialists from gaining more than one additional representative at the last election, although the vote had doubled since the 1906 elections.

In the town elections, six Socialists were elected by a total vote of 48,000, and in the country districts, five Socialists were elected with a total So-

cialist vote of 42,500, making the Socialist vote of the country 90,500 and a representation of eleven members in parliament.

The work of the Socialist fraction has shown good results, and has moved and successfully carried through many measures for the benefit of the workingman.

At the municipal elections in 1907, 873 Socialist municipal councillors were elected. In the local boards, the Socialists have worked for the improvement of the schools, for free school books, for the first of May as a school holiday, for an eight-hour working day, for the municipal ownership of tramways, etc.

The Socialist press publishes eight daily papers in Norway, three papers, three times a week, seven papers twice a week, three weeklies, one semi-monthly, two monthlies and one quarterly; a total of twenty-five, with a total circulation of about 65,000. The sale of pamphlets for Socialist agitation is large and steadily increasing.

The number of dues-paying members of the party was 27,500 in 1907, of which 2,000 were women, and in 1909, 26,500, of which 2,500 were women.

## Trades Unions.

The membership of the trades unions of Norway has in later years been rapidly increasing. In the different conflicts with the employers, the organized workers have shown solidarity and self-sacrifice, proving that the understanding of the necessity of organization is rapidly growing among the workers. The federationists and societies are united in a central organization, with a total membership of 47,155 in 1908. A momentary decline in membership occurred in 1909, on account of the extraordinary dues, that had to be paid to the general strike in Sweden. However in 1910, membership had almost recovered the average rate of increase.

## The Plough.

From Egypt behind my oxen with their stately step and slow Northward and East and West I went to the desert sand and the snow; Down through the centuries one by one, turning the clod to the shower. Till there's never a land beneath the sun but has blossomed behind my power.

I slid through the sodden ricefields, with my grunting hump-backed steers, I turned the turf of the Tiber plain in Rome's Imperial years; I was left in the half-drawn furrow when Coriolanus came Giving his farm for the Forum's stir to save his nation's name.

Over the seas to the North I went; white cliffs and a seaboard blue; And my path was glad in the English grass as my stout red Devons drew; My path was glad in the English grass, for behind me rippled and curled The corn that was life to the sailor men that sailed the ships of the world.

And later I went to the North again and day by day drew down A little more of the purple hills to join to my kingdom brown; And the wharves wheeled out to the moorland, but the grey gulls stayed with me Where the Clydesdales drummed a marching song with their feathered feet on the sea.

Then the new lands called me Westward; I found on the prairies wide A toll to my stoutest daring and a foe to test my pride; But I stooped my strength to the stiff black loam, and I found my labor sweet As I loosened the soil that was trampled firm by a million buffaloes' feet.

Then further away to the Northward; outward and outward still (But idle I crossed the Rockies, for there no plough may till!) Till I won to the plains unending, and there on the edge of the snow I ribbed them the fenceless wheat fields, and taught them to reap and sow.

The sun of the Southland called me; I turned her the rich brown line, Where her Parramatta peach-trees grow and her green Mildura vines; I drove her cattle before me, her dust, and her dying sheep, I painted her rich plains golden and taught her to sow and reap.

From Egypt behind my oxen with stately step and slow I have carried your weightiest burden, ye toilers that reap and sow! I am the Ruler, the King, and I hold the world in fee; Sword upon sword may ring, but the triumph shall rest with me! —Will Ogilvie, in the *Spectator*.

## 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.

### First Socialist Victory, Mississippi

BY SUMNER W. ROSE  
Socialist Member Biloxi City Council

The Socialists of Biloxi, Miss., cast a record-breaking vote in the recent city elections in that district, more than doubling the vote cast at the last election and electing a representative to the city council from the First ward.

The story of the Socialist struggles leading up to the recent victory dates back to the time before there was a Socialist party in Mississippi: in Biloxi. Like Milwaukee, nothing has been won except by hard work. Before the organization of the party in Mississippi, which took place in 1904, there were Socialists in Biloxi, who talked on Socialism, circulated literature and were the good-humored victims of the usual mockery and the rebuffs that the Socialist cause has met with in all parts of the world.

Before 1904, Sumner Rose traveled over southern Mississippi lecturing on "Poverty; Its Cause and How It Will Be Cured." He carried a phonograph with him to provide music and attract the crowd.

In 1904 the party was organized, and over 400 votes were cast for the Socialist candidates in the presidential election of that year. Most of these were from southern Mississippi. In Biloxi, eighteen Socialist votes were cast.

In 1906, the Socialists put up a city ticket in Biloxi, but polled only ten votes. In the presidential campaign of 1908, however, the Socialists cast 1,058 votes. This set things going and today Mississippi is fallow ground for Socialist argument.

Biloxi is and has always been the heart of the Socialist movement in Mississippi. Ward meetings have been held constantly. The *Appeal to Reason*, the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, and other publications have been circulated in house to house distributions. The desire of the Socialists has been to acquaint the reading public with the fact that they had a good and large list of publications to offer. This had its effect.

We have constantly challenged our opponents to debate and have promptly answered all aspersions against Socialism appearing in the old party press. The Socialists have always gone to the help of labor, organized or unorganized, in its battles with capital, an action which has helped enormously toward the recent Socialist success.

Two years ago, the Socialists took up the fight against the Mississippi street-tax law, which allows the moneyed-man to escape with a tax of three dollars, and assesses the man without money, six days work. This tax has been fought through all the lower courts, and will be brought before the federal courts. The story of the fight has been circulated through the south and has always been reported as a Socialist fight. It is true that the fight has been kept up mainly by the Socialists, but a number of liberal men of the other parties have come to the aid of the Socialists financially, and are still helping. Local capitalists are cursing the "damned Socialists" that would overturn a "good old law" that no one ever thought of questioning before.

The Socialists have denounced government by injunction in every center where this new form of tyranny was prevalent, and have challenged lawyers, judges and marshalls to deny

that "government by injunction" is a form of anarchy. The Socialists have stood for the rights of labor at all times, whether the organization was socialistic or not.

We have not forgotten the farmer. In fact, in the south at the present time the farmer is the easiest man to reach. He will travel many miles to hear a Socialist speech, when frequently the workingman of the town will not enter the hall, for fear of losing his job. And he can not be blamed for this, since very often he has no union to back him. He must either please the boss or get out.

This state of affairs has been done



Sumner W. Rose

away with to a great extent in Biloxi, and men do not fear the bosses as much as formerly. We have taught them that fear, ignorance and superstition are the three greatest enemies of man.

Two years ago Biloxi polled thirty-eight Socialist votes; this year with a two-third poll, eighty-two Socialist ballots were cast, or about 25 per cent of the total. With the proper amount of effort there are a large number of towns in Mississippi that would do as well.

If sufficient funds were available to make the right kind of a canvass, there would be a strong possibility of electing representatives to the state legislature at the next state election. However, with hard work, the Socialists hope to come in with banners flying.

### The Intercollegiate Socialist Society

BY H. W. LAIDLER, (ORGANIZER, N. Y. CITY)

The second annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society held in New York city on December 29 and 30, 1910, was attended by delegates from twelve out of the sixteen undergraduate chapters of the society and the two alumni chapters as well as by fraternal delegates from a large number of unorganized colleges. The colleges represented by delegates were Harvard; Clark College, Mass; Yale; Columbia; Barnard; Cornell; C. C. N. Y., afternoon and evening; N. Y. Dental Colleges; University of Pennsylvania; Meadville Theological School; University of Michigan. Reports were also read at the convention by the organizer from the chapters at the University of Wisconsin, Stanford University, the University of Washington, Marietta College and the Kansas State Agricultural College. Representatives from Wellesley, Trinity, Mt. Holyoke and N. Y. U. Law School, stated the plans of the groups about to organize chapters in those

institutions. Reports were made as well by the New York Alumni Chapter, with its 140 members, former students in colleges and universities and by the Washington, D. C. Chapter.

Other groups for the study of Socialism also exists in the University of Rochester and the University of Oklahoma, and definite promises of the organization of study groups during the spring have been received from students at Brown University, R. I.; Baker University, Kansas; the University of Colorado; the American School of Osteopathy; Amherst College and the Union Theological Seminary, while correspondence concerning study groups have been held with students at the Universities of Kansas, Minnesota, South California and Leeds (England), Princeton, Wesleyan, Tufts, Adelphi, Colgate, Middlebury, Valparaiso and others.

Resolutions of protest against the conviction of Fred Warren and of Dr. Kotoku, and a spirited debate between Harvard and Cornell delegates concerning the best methods of reach-

ing the college body, were features of the session. In the afternoon John Spargo gave a most enlightening lecture on Socialism.

The final meeting of the convention was the dinner held Friday night at Kalil's restaurant, 16 Park Place, which was attended by nearly 350 men and women, representing seventy colleges and universities in America and abroad. Dr. Albert Sudekum, Socialist member of the German reichstag, Mrs. Florence Kelley, well known in labor legislation, Franklin H. Wentworth, Socialist councilman of Boston, Miss Elizabeth Dutcher, active in the Woman's Trade Union League, and Upton Sinclair (chairman) were the speakers. The subject was "The Place of College Men and Women in the Socialist Movement."

The attendance at the convention was over twice that of last year, and is a strong indication of the advance of the movement among collegians. The headquarters of the society are in the Tilden building, Room 902, 105 West Fortieth street, New York city.

## Clippings and Comment

### Ten Years' Conquest of Disease.

The *World's Work* for January is an anniversary number and traces the progress made during the last ten years. Perhaps the most striking article in the series is that telling of the ground which has been gained in the warfare with disease.

The germ of tuberculosis has been traced to its lair, and so far as medical science is concerned this scourge has been conquered. It now remains only to remove the economic causes that perpetuate it.

Whenever the community becomes intelligent enough to vote the money for taking every known case of tuberculosis out into the country and keeping it there until cured and at the same time preventing the infection of others—then the days of consumption will be numbered, and its years may be counted upon the fingers of the two hands.

The relation of certain insect pests to other diseases has been discovered and again only a question of money maintains these insects and the scourges for which they are responsible. The common house-fly "is probably the leading cause of the spread of typhoid fever, with its 35,000 deaths per year in the United States; as well as responsible for nearly half the summer diseases of infancy, with their 50,000 deaths a year." The mosquito, rat and hook-worm are other pests that carry death with them and can and will be exterminated when society chooses to turn its energies in that direction.

The discovery of the organism of syphilis five years ago has already resulted in the discovery of what promises to be an immediate and complete specific for this most terrible of human diseases.

Medical and surgical science have provided the tools with which to fight disease. Only an unscientific and class-ruled social system stands in the way of the application of these tools to the preservation of human life.

### Divorce in the United States

That "we are a nation disgraced in the eyes of the world as a people holding the marriage bond in contempt," is the statement of Rheta Childe Dorr in a discussion of the problem of divorce in the *Forum*. "According to the census of 1900 there was one divorce to every five

hundred of the married population." This general breaking up of the home is not confined to any one section of the country. "Louisiana with its large Catholic population, Mormon Utah and Unitarian Massachusetts furnish similar figures."

Nor are these divorces traceable to the loose laws of a few states. "Less than twenty per cent are migratory." Neither does it appear that divorce is always an accompaniment of hasty marriages since "the statistics show that the average marriage ending in divorce endures from seven to ten years."

About two-thirds of all American divorces were granted for desertion. . . . Seldom does it appear that a change of marital partners is the object of the divorce. Divorced persons in the United States remarry not much more frequently than widowed persons. . . . Very few divorces were contested. . . . You can hardly escape the suspicion that the great majority of American divorces are separations by mutual consent.

Since "two-thirds of all divorces are granted for desertion, the home, in two-thirds of all instances, was already broken up." The author offers the following suggestions as to remedies and conclusions:

The solution of our divorce problem lies in securing a better relation between men and women in every department of life. It is an anomaly in this republic that there should be any distinctions on account of sex. It is absurd that women should receive lower wages than men for equal work performed or equal service given. It is unfair to deny women their share in public housekeeping. It is unjust to tax them and at the same time refuse them citizenship.

American women are as well educated, as intelligent, as moral, as conscientious and within their opportunities, as efficient as American men. Once this is fully recognized; once the last vestige of sex prejudice and sex contempt vanishes from custom and from the statute books; once the same standard of morals is recognized in society as it is in the law; once it is made at least as easy for women as for men to earn an honorable living; once marriage on absolutely equal terms is made possible—no moral or physical advantage on the side of the husband, no parasitism allowed on the part of the wife:

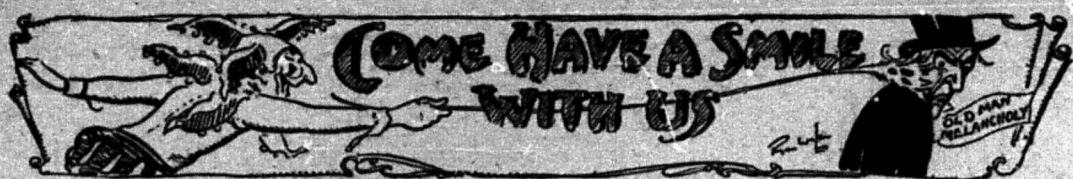
Then it will be perfectly safe to attach a divorce coupon to every marriage certificate, with permission for both parties to tear it off at will.

The prevailing commercial opinion is that which justifies the methods under which one's wealth is gathered. It is doubtful if any bias exists at the present day that acts with more blinding power upon men than the bias associated with their money income. There is scarcely any rich source of pecuniary profit for which the average citizen will not find ethical justification.—Brooks, *"The Social Unrest."*

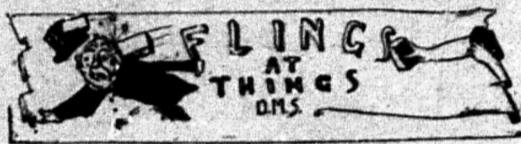
Professor—What charming children! They are twins, I presume?

Fond Mother—Yes.

Professor—And—er—are they both yours?



A UNION OF GREAT INTERESTS

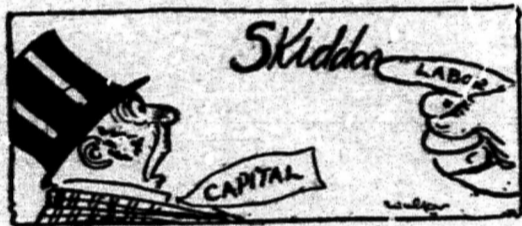


The Ohio Argument.

Neigro for Ohio, of cash purchased vote
Where old party statesmen are thicker
Than blind pigs and places to moisten the throat

a complaint to make as an individual, but I cannot meet a committee as a matter of principle.

"Your office is on the fourth floor, isn't it?" asked one of the men.
"Yes, but what of that?"
"Too far down to the sidewalk."



Some Day.

Some day the working class will stand
Erect, with banners wide unfurled
And they will take the works in hand
And it will be a different world.

So Willing.

So long as you struggle along for the boss
And worry and hurry and fret you;
For him with the best that you have, come across;
He'll let you.

Our Institutions

BY ELLIS O. JONES

It is customary to speak of living under our institutions. We say the "institutions under which we live," as if our institutions were a kind of bed-spread or despot or what-not.

To say the "institutions over which we live," would of course sound strange, but would it not be much better after we got used to the sound of it? At first sight this may seem to be an unimportant matter, but doesn't it really mark the difference between two antithetical states of mind?

Is not the suggestive subconscious influence of idioms enormous? Does not the use of "under" in this connection have its origin in the days when we believed that institutions were a divine gift rather than the product of human ingenuity and subject to change without notice?

But while we now theoretically scout the idea of Jupiter and his band of merry-makers, in practice our inertia keeps us often to the old ways. While we assert, for instance, that the constitution is subject to our will, we proceed as if we were subject to its letter. While we boast that our presidents and legislators are public servants, we proceed as if they were public rulers. While we chant our liberty, we do nothing to show it.

Would not the use of the word "over," therefore, as suggested herein tend to correct this aberrated perspective by keeping constantly before us important facts which we are ever in danger of forgetting?



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the spirit of revol: in things temporal and spiritual. Selected and annotated by

FRANK STUHLMAN

Take Heed

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 1844-1890

Note—John Boyle O'Reilly was a 19th century manifestation of the warrior-bard of the golden era of ancient Erin, who roamed the world with a harp that sung of love and beauty or a war-hymn for free men and a sword that was ever ready to strike for right.

Not gold but souls should be first in an age
That bows its head at the Sacred Word;
Yet our laws are blind to a starving wage
While guarding the owners' sweat wrung hoard.

Take heed of your civilization, ye
On your pyramids built of quivering hearts;
There are stages like Paris in '93,
Where the commonest men play most terrible parts.

God made the millions to serve the few,
And their questions of right are vain conceits;
To have one home that is safe and true,
Ten garrets must reek in the darkened streets.

Your statutes may crush, but they cannot kill
The patient sense of a natural right;
It may slowly move, but the peoples will,
Like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.

"It is not our fault," say the rich ones.
No; 'Tis the system of a system, old and strong;
But men are the makers of systems so,
The cure will come if we own the wrong.

Take heed of your progress. Its feet have trod
On the souls it slew with its own potions;
Submission is good, but the order of God,
May flame the torch of the revolutions.

It will come in peace if the Christ-word lead:
It will sweep in storm if it be denied;
The law to bring justice is always decreed;
And on every hand are its warnings cried.

Beware with your classes. Men are men,
And a cry in the night is a fearful teacher;
When it reaches the heart of the masses,
They need but a sword for a judge and a preacher.

'Tis civilization, so they say,
And cannot be changed for the weakness of men.
Take care; take care! 'tis a desperate way
To goad a wolf to the end of his den.

Take heed, for your juggernaut pushes hard;
God holds the door that its day completes;
It will dawn like a fire when the track is barred
By a barricade in the city streets.



The silver tongued orators blazon the hills
And drop a few hints in the valleys
But what were their efforts compared to the thrills
When cold, clammy cash holds the rallies?

Had Met Them.

"Senator Snoozer, do you intend to vote for that gas bill?"
"Certainly I do, I can't stand it to see the gas company lose money."
"But think what you promised your constituents."
"That's all right. I know my constituents better than you do. Fortunately they can take a joke."

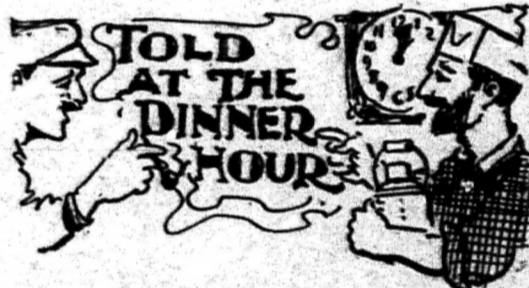


What They Voted For.

As legislatures play their part,
Pass measures or revivw them
The common people, bless their heart,
Will get what's coming to them.
Though it may be a trifle sore
Beneath their well worn collar,
They're getting what they voted for
And why then should they holler?

No Chances.

"Why didn't you come with your grievances to me as individuals?" said the agrieved boss to some of his men on strike. "I would have been glad to have heard any one who had



Tasted Like Money

BY LEE F. HEACOCK.

Some of the frugal folk living along the Erie Canal are reaping a harvest through keeping boarding houses for the accomodation of canal workmen.

Among the boarders at one such place, kept by a penny-scrimping female of the old New England type, is a quaint old Irishman, fond of his pipe, his bowl and the good things of life, among the last-named being butter.

With growing exasperation, the good wife watched him consume slab after slab of this one time necessity, now becoming a luxury among the working class. At last, in high indignation, she exclaimed: "Mr. O'Toole, do you realize that butter is now 42 cents a pound?"

"Shure, ma'am," replied O'Toole, with a glimmering twinkle in his eye, which belied his seeming oversight of the hint, "'Tis well wort ut." And he helped himself to another slice.

Long and Short Boards

BY JAMES S. WALTERS

A green young country boy who had "hired out" as a "carpenter" to a building contractor with a strike on his hands, was much impressed with the instructions he had received to clean up and make use of the short ends of boards and studding.

"Jump in and finish up laying the floors, using up every scrap of flooring," he was told and for several hours the work proceeded without a hitch.

In the afternoon the contractor

found him pacing the floor, scratching his head and eyeing uneasily the new supply of sixteen-foot flooring which he had not yet touched.

"You see, it's this way," he explained. "If them long boards was too short, I'd just splice 'em, and they'd be o. k.; but I don't know how the dickens I'm going to do it with them long 'uns."

With a few trite remarks on the cussedness of strikes and the bone heads of scabs, the "boss" introduced him to the cross-cut saw and he learned what to do when a board is too long.

Their Private Property.

"Sorry I can't be with you old man, I've got to see my tailor this afternoon about a new suit," exclaimed one perfect gentleman to another.

"That reminds me that I ought to call on my shoemaker, my boots are getting frightfully shabby."

"By the way, who is your hatter now?"

A laboring man who heard this fragment of conversation dropped his shovel and started to put on his coat. "What's the matter, Bill?" asked the boss. "Are you quitting?"

"No, I just thought I would knock off work this afternoon and drop around to see my shovel maker and my overaller. I'll soon be needing a new outfit."

Little Flings.

There must be corresponding misery in a world in which charity is the greatest virtue.

Soft pedal on the muckraking. Someone has been heard from.

If we will possess our souls in patience the trusts will let us know in due time who is to be our next president.

Cats and dogs may breed disease but let's abolish the sweat shops first. One Socialist in a legislature is a mighty big lump of leaven.

Readings in Literature

Selected by William Mailly

THE RELATION OF THE DRAMA TO THE COMMUNITY

From "The Playhouse and The Play" by Percy Mackaye

What, then, is the reasonable and fitting esteem in which dramatic art should be held by the community? What potential qualities does the drama of its nature possess for the reverence and esteem of the public?

The drama is peculiarly an art for the people; it epitomizes the hearts of millions in an individual; it is capable—as no other art is capable—of summing up and expressing the vital conflicts and aspirations of a race; the scope and gamut of a nation's consciousness. It has power to rekindle the past, to foreshadow the future of mankind, by moving images which impress their form upon the plastic present. In essential dignity and power to inspire, it has the same rights to the reverence of a people as the spirit of religion, to which it is akin.

The drama of the ancients had its origin beside the altars of their gods; enacted upon a hallowed stage, it expressed the aspiration, joy and passion of a people. The modern drama had likewise its origin in the popular heart of religion; under the arches of mediaeval cathedrals, it bodied forth to the multitude images of heaven and hell; under its charm, the rude mob was refined, the garlic-eating crowds were moved to pity and awe and sympathetic delight.

These times have passed away, yet neither the nature of the drama nor of humanity has changed. Today as in every age, the drama remains the elemental art of man, and as long as humanity remains sacred to humanity, so long will the drama demand human reverence. Because of this elemental capacity, the drama, more than any other art, may express man's passionate joy of life, whereby its works are felicitously called plays.

The playhouse, then, is properly the house of the joy of life, dedicated to the genius of aspiration. The function of a temple is its only legitimate function.

William Morris

BY A. J. GARDINER

It would be idle, but not uninteresting, to raise a discussion as to who was the greatest of the Victorians. The rival claims of Browning and Tennyson, of Carlyle and Ruskin, Dickens and Thackeray, Watts and Burne-Jones, Meredith and Swinburne would offer a field for a conflict as entertaining and as fierce as anything since the battle of the books. It is not improbable that such a conflict would provide a surprise like that of the battle of the north inch at the end of which Hal o' th' Wynd, the lowly smith, alone stood erect over the fallen chieftains. It is not improbable that the victor would be none of the obvious champions; but a jolly knight, robust and brown-bearded, his eyes sparkling with fun and good humor, his face tanned like that of a country squire, his hair tumbling in great waves from his broad brow, his name William Morris.

Certainly he would be the victor if greatness of spirit and variousness of achievement were the final considerations. There were greater writers, greater artists, greater thinkers, perhaps even greater craftsmen, than Morris; but there was no greater man. He carried with him an atmosphere elemental and cleansing. When you saw him you thought of the Vikings and the heroes of Norse legend; when you heard his great, joyous laugh the sky seemed to widen and the earth seemed to grow more

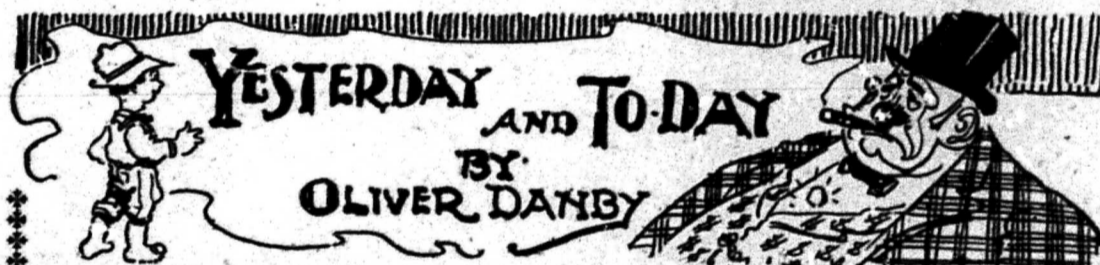
pure and fragrant; when you listened to his radiant talk the pettiness of life seemed to fall magically away and you passed out into a world of high adventure and chivalrous purpose. Life at the touch of his presence became a noble and splendid thing. The woods of the world were full of song, the highways echoed with brave and generous deeds, the air thrilled with the spirit of love and good fellowship.

No category could contain him. He took all life for his parish. He was the most prolific poet of his time but his poetry seemed only the overflow of his full life and not the life itself. He wrote prose romances as lightly as another man might go into his garden and cull roses. He built up a great business and through it created a new and beautiful tradition of domestic art; he recovered the lost art of noble printing and gave to the world a heritage of beautiful books; he could paint a picture as easily as he could turn a verse; he could engrave a wood block as easily as he could make a speech at a street corner. And behind all this astonishing versatility there was the sense that the man was greater than anything he did; that the spirit was finer than the accomplishment.

His Socialism was only the expression of his exuberant passion for the joy and beauty of life. He revolted against the squalor and sordidness of the age of commerce and machinery into which he was born and his mind took refuge in the world of mediaevalism and romance, of chiv-



UNTIL THIS MONSTER IS DESTROYED, CAPITALISM CAN NOT BE REACHED



Let your imagination wander back  
To the Boy of Yesterday;  
And see the cunning little pranks  
The fellow used to play.  
Draw on your memory for a scene  
Of a country home and a fishing stream  
And see if you experienced this—  
If not, you missed a world of bliss.

Picture a barefoot little man,  
Sturdy of build with coat of tan;  
Feet all calloused and cracked, you know;  
String tied round a big sore toe:  
Stone-bruise on a black little heel;  
Back so sunburned that 'twould peel:  
Breeches old and dirty shirt:  
Hands all bruised and covered with dirt;  
Scars on legs from cut and scratch:  
Place on seat that needed a patch:  
Pockets stuffed with corks and strings,  
Fish-hooks, tops, and other things:  
A stubby nose, and two bright eyes  
Always looking for cakes and pies:  
He knew every corner and nook on the farm—  
Fishing-hole, swimming-hole, stables and barn:  
Happy and free, mischievous but good;  
And I'd gladly change places with him if I could.

But look at that wonderful fellow now—

The Boy of Yesterday!  
And see the cunning little pranks  
The rascal now will play.  
His home is not a country scene;  
And he catches fish, but not from stream.  
Gold is his God, and Men his Prey.  
He's changed a bit since Yesterday.

Picture a tricky, scheming man,  
Sturdy of build, steady of hand;  
Conscience calloused, no feeling, you know  
Log-chain fastened to bundle of "dough":  
Character black as a nigger's heel;  
He will rob you, job you, swindle and steal:  
Clothing fine—diamond in shirt;  
Hands just the same—covered with dirt:  
Scars on record from cut or scratch;  
Reputation sadly needing a patch;  
Pockets stuffed with stocks and things  
Which bring in money when he pulls the strings:  
A heavy nose and two sharp eyes,  
Always looking for innocent guys.  
He knows every secret and trick in the game.  
Every coal-field, oil-field, from Texas to Maine;  
He is always worried, not charitable or good,  
And I wouldn't change places with him if I could.

alrous deeds and noble craftsmanship, and out of it he fashioned the palace of dreams with which he sought to refresh the tired hearts of men, to give them a new inspiration, to point them to a new goal. He himself took a modest view of his task:  
Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the Ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

What is morally wrong can never be made politically right.—Burke.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade.—Emerson.