

THE COMING NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Patient, Long-Suffering, Hopeful Americans



WE HAVE about finished with the roundup of new senators and various earnest publicists will shortly begin taking stock of them with wealth of wearisome details.

There have been the usual scandals, the usual charges of legislators bought and sold, the usual shade cast upon the body which has just renewed itself as a private protective committee to Holy Business.

It is all very ordinary and uninspiring.

The crop is average and the humblest observer knows its quality offhand before the publicists get a word off their chests.

No one need waste a moment in wondering whether we have drawn, by the will of high heaven, a lot of "good" men or a lot of "bad" men. It will shortly appear that they are what their predecessors were, servants of the capitalist system and defenders of privilege.

The only question that awaits settlement is the exact degree of servility to the masters, of understanding concerning the interests of the plunderers and of blank ignorance concerning the needs of the people that distinguishes each individual.

The breed is quite familiar. All that remains is to learn the markings.

Meanwhile there is something wonderfully pathetic in the never failing trust with which the popular eye is turned upon each figure that steps into the political arena. Americans are truly the most patient, long-suffering and hopeful nation on earth. Betrayed again and again, suffering time after time from the treachery of their pledged champions they have not yet lost faith in the rotten system that makes such betrayals and such treachery inevitable. They go on, year after year, looking up to the new leader, forgiving and forgetting the shame of the old, abiding in the simple faith that things will be better now.

"Lo, another man is risen," they say. "He is not tainted with the evil of ancient crimes. He comes to us with clear voice, clean hands and lofty brow. Give thanks. The time of political harlots is overpast and here is one, here indeed is one, who will fight our battle and work for our good."

The feeling back of this ever springing hope, let us say, does credit to the popular heart. Surely it can not be cankered with pessimism when it turns cheerfully to the members of each new administration with undiminished confidence. Surely it holds a deep rooted kindness and goodwill when it is always ready to believe that juggling a name reverses habits.

Having been smitten on one cheek the people turn the other, and so repeatedly.

The senate has been shown, has shown itself, in many a demonstration, for a troop of lackeys, destitute of knowledge or sympathy or honesty toward the vast, pressing problems of social and industrial mismanagement. Besides the general charge, always true, that it never turns a hand to abate poverty, crime, insanity, disease, slums, ignorance, injustice, oppression, disenfranchisement, child labor, adulteration, starvation, pauperism, it has been smeared with specific charges of venality, of

sordid greed, of cheap trickery. It has lost, in many a crisis, all shadow of its prestige and its honor.

Once more, in spite of all, the people stand ready to hail its regeneration and rehabilitation, to turn the cheek.

Charming trustfulness.

And yet—the scriptural injunction says nothing about what may happen after both cheeks have been smitten black and blue.

Signs are not lacking that something very startling is apt to happen some day to the smiting power.

There is an awakening abroad that is opening the minds of men beyond this primitive simplicity.

It is well to have faith, truly, faith in the ultimate triumph of decency and righteousness.

But meanwhile the suspicion grows that the trouble lies with conditions that permit the smiting and that the smiting will go on until those conditions are removed.

Men are beginning to see that officials chosen to direct government on the existing system can not be otherwise than treacherous to the people; that officials representing a favored few must always serve those few; that officials placed to support capitalist supremacy must always operate against the interests of the toilers and the exploited; that officials brought to power by the dominance of the trading class must have trading class instincts, motives, intelligence and morality.

Men are beginning to see that the question of the senate's corruption and inefficiency has nothing whatever to do with "badness" or "goodness"; that, like all present public bodies, it is what capitalism, its creator, makes of it; that the personality of the senators is of no more importance than the color of their hair while wealth controls the country.

The senate can not be "reformed" by scouring around after "good" men to replace the "bad" men.

As long as government is an instrument to further the interests of property and the welfare of privilege its bodies will pay no heed to the needs of the oppressed masses.

As long as government exists to bulwark wealth, exploitation, dividends, its bodies will be deaf to the clamor of the poor, the wretched, the disinherited, whose sufferings are an essential element in the formula.

As long as government is a matter of upholding the right of the few to get more, its bodies will know little and care less about the right of the many to get enough.

As long as government is built upon the basis of the dollar its bodies will work for the dollar and sell themselves for the dollar.

These things are becoming more evident and the day hastens when the smitten cheek will no longer be turned aside and when the people will raise mighty hands in their own defense.

* * *

In the large view, of course, it matters not a rap which man goes to the senate and which man stays at home.

That is the logical attitude toward all present officials.

We can know without examination that all

are equally useless and equally inept as regards any issue of real importance.

But, being wholly human, we have a very natural curiosity as to just how useless and inept each of the newly chosen senators will show himself to be.

If the publicists assist us speedily on this point we shall be duly grateful.



I observe that our dear friend Cabot slipped through after all. It will be said of him in after years that he wept his way back to

Washington. Probably that will be the only thing said of him, before his whiskers are lost in the mists.

He got up on a public platform and wept.

So now he's going back.

In some ways perhaps it was as well. You know, brethren, there is a vast o' consolation in the thought that the more bitterly reactionary and more hopelessly stupid are the capitalist tools in office, the better you can demonstrate capitalist failure.

The real obstacle to progress is not the open opponent but the smug hypocrite. The real menace is the roaring, brass band, platitudinous faker who can make a loud noise about "high ideals," "American rights and liberties," "wicked trusts" and "honest men in politics." Such a one as Roosevelt or Gaynor or Hughes is always more dangerous than a dour, thick-hided, unpretending servant of privilege like Aldrich or Depew or Hale. For such a one is sometimes able to get away with it among a lot of easy going folks who like to be buncoed.

And Henry Cabot Lodge is not such a one. Dear me, no.

He never told people how he loved the poor workingman. He never sprang reform war cries. He never worked the radical bluff.

He is merely a crawling and obsequious valet to the pirates, and he never poses as anything else. He is content to brush corporation coats and press corporations pants and say, "Thanky, sir"

Incidentally he is eminently dull and foolish and is continually falling over his own feet and making a spectacle of himself.

He will continue to make observers of the senate very weary through his share in the activities. And by so much he is valuable.

He is going back to Washington.

The tears did it.



The express companies are up to some edifying tricks. Having made a show of concession to the striking employes in and about

New York they are now working to deprive the men of every shadow of advantage. By organizing clubs for them.

These clubs are to combat unionism and every man who joins one thereby allies himself with the company against the union.

By this simple means the companies know just where they stand, what men to favor and what men to lay off and get rid of.

Also the game is now to offer a week's annual vacation to employes who will work overtime without pay.

As overtime for a year usually means the equivalent of three or four weeks' pay the beauty of this scheme is at once apparent.

The men who accept this lovely little ar-

Express Companies' "Yellow" Unions

rangement are "honest, faithful, loyal," and the rest of it. The men who don't are "disaffected."

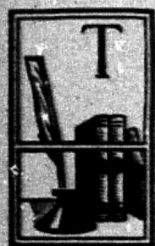
On top of this slimy trickery two of the companies have the unparalleled impudence to file suit against the municipality of Jersey City for nearly half a million dollars damages on property alleged to have been suffered during the strike.

Could anything equal the brazen nerve of these bandits?

Great institutions—the express companies.

How long before people get tired of these particular parasites? They live by performing at extortionate rates a function that naturally and admittedly belongs to the government. They have no shadow of an excuse for continuing to exist. They are among the worst offenders in wholesale bribery and corruption. They maintain themselves only by constant buying off of agitation and legislation. They are the boldest and the greediest of the tribe. When will the people kick them into oblivion by taking over the express business?

How long?



TO THE observer one of the most instructive things in regard to our present plan of government is the manner in which debate is conducted in the two houses of congress upon utterly trivial and unworthy subjects.

The gentlemen who are sent there are hired to undertake the settlement of questions of the gravest possible importance. Of course they don't undertake the settlement. But that is what they are there for. In any view it is a serious responsibility to represent some hundreds of thousands of persons in the councils of the nation.

Being met to conduct business they frequently pass the hours of work in verbal fireworks and horseplay that would shame a gathering of school boys.

To cite one instance; an appropriation for army horses being recently demanded the honorable gentlemen wandered off into vapid ululations to great length upon the habits, appearances, beauties, food and ancestry of the horse while the affairs of the session halted. Each hon. gent. who fancied himself as an orator was moved to rise to his feet and uphold his proper state as the only true habitat of the horse in polished periods and winging tropes.

All this had nothing to do with the appropriation but it offered an opportunity to waste valuable time in light amusement and to further the prevalent notion among elected servants of the people that they are superior and favored beings, entitled, like the gods on Olympus, to find employment in laughter when not squabbling among themselves.

An evening newspaper in New York used to print daily a column of the guff handed out by our eminent statesmen about nothing whatsoever. But the giveaway was too brutal and the practice was stopped.

* * *

There is no need of deluding ourselves into the belief that the Socialist movement has any considerable support at present in Japan. Facts as to obstacles in the way of Socialism are important and should be squarely faced.

The chorus of protest from many radical sources over the sentence of death passed against Kotoku, the Japanese agitator, and his associates, has led to a vague impression that there is a considerable organization in the Sunrise Kingdom looking toward the co-operative commonwealth.

The fact is that Japan has been scarcely touched by liberal political sentiment of any kind and that far from nourishing a Socialist propaganda it is the stoniest of ground for republican or even union labor ideas.

Japan is an anomaly and a contradiction. Philosophic deductions based on the experiences of Western peoples can not be applied to her. She offers the phenomenon of a coun-

try making swift strides in industrial, material, capitalistic development, with extreme poverty and misery among the people but with hardly a trace of working class feeling. Resentment and resistance can not be said to exist as proletarian impulses in Japan.

It is well to remember concerning Japan that she has dragged herself out of the Middle Ages by main strength to swim in the race for national and commercial supremacy in the East. Her people, so far as social and political feeling goes, still grope in darkness.

Kotoku and his followers need have held but few radical opinions to bring down the penalty upon them. Radicalism is not understood in Japan. There will probably be many such martyrs before the people are brought abreast the time in thought and inspiration.

The Japanese have no democratic sympathy, in spite of the wretchedness of the masses. They have but one faith, one religion, one interest—patriotism. And their patriotism means upholding the Emperor and pushing Japan as a world power. They are the true fanatics.

With great difficulty during a visit to Japan I induced an intelligent artisan, a bronze worker, to talk through an interpreter in answer to certain questions.

"Are you happy? Are you contented?" I asked.

"I have two sons," he said. "One is in the army."

"But are you satisfied?" I demanded, thinking he had misunderstood. "What would you like to do or to be?"

"Oh," he said, when this had been pounded, "I would like to fight in another war sometime before I am too old."

Japan is rapidly becoming the perfect competitor in the capitalistic struggle for world market. Her government, a compact group of exploiters, is behind every move made by Japanese interests outside the country. She is aggressive, avid, cunning, unswerving, and for the present, absolutely sure of peace at home.

Kotoku was a beginning. There is a long road ahead for liberalism in the country he sought to awake.

The railroad business as conducted in this country at the present time is a crooked business. Being essentially dishonest it compels

Moral Decline of Railroad Enterprise. men otherwise straight to do crooked things in order to hold their jobs. Men that in all other respects are perfectly upright will

go on the stand and swear black is white if the railroad company they work for demands that they should do so. This sort of thing is familiar to all persons that have followed the Inter-State Commerce commission hearings. I have often heard such persons puzzle over it as a thing inexplicable. As a matter of fact, it is not at all strange. A man employed for years in a crooked gambling house, or the headquarters of a confidence game, cannot be expected to maintain very high ideals of morality. In spite of himself his virtues will be undermined by the very atmosphere he breathes. The railroad business as at present conducted is essentially crooked. Men that are employed in conducting it must necessarily do crooked things; either they do them, or they cease from their employment.

These facts should be borne in mind to extenuate the recent revelations about the testimony cooked up by certain railroad companies to influence the Inter-State Commerce commission. The campaign for rate increase is on; the companies must increase their rates if they are to continue the pleasant game of issuing securities for the profit of the insiders; the cooking of books and the preparing of false records are necessary adjuncts to this campaign. Why should we wonder at false reports presented as testimony before the commission? Most of the railroads cook their books and falsify their reports anyway. From

how many railroad reports can you gather the idea that the property is practically bankrupt? Yet such is the case in regard to more than half of the railroads in the United States.



KNOW of nothing of greater importance at this stage of our progress toward democracy and enlightenment than continual emphasis upon the real conditions governing the spread of "news" through the press.

An untrammelled, untainted press is essential to political and social advance. A subservient and venal press, delivered over to the agents of reaction and the exploitation, is the most powerful weapon in the hands of the oppressors.

The class for whose benefit the present system of government and industry is supported has been alert to the vast opportunities thrown in its way by the demands of a reading public. Capitalists, monarchists, reactionaries understand fully what a bulwark to their interests is offered through a control of the sources and currents of information.

In this country the Associated Press is the chief instrument of this mighty power. An institution whose sole apparent mission is to supply the news and nothing but the news to the most influential newspapers, it appears in a harmless guise and works its tricks under a specious appearance of neutrality and truthfulness.

You exercise no more than elementary caution when you distrust any story under an Associated Press line that deals directly or indirectly with the conflicting interests of toilers and masters. You show yourself no more than "wise" to the game when you discredit any such account involving the worldwide struggle between democracy and privilege. The facts may be set forth with a show of fairness and impartiality. Of course. That is necessary to the purpose of the manipulators. But you are safe in allowing a wide margin for coloring and distortion.

The Associated Press was long since annexed by the dominant interests for keeping matter away from public knowledge that might tend to arouse the resentment of the exploited or encourage those of liberal and progressive tendencies.

The high sign here is to get down on your knees and bat your head against the floor three times.

Papa Knows Best What Labor Wants

The National Civic Federation met a few days ago. The N. C. F., good folks, is an institution which everyone is expected to hail as the grandest product of divine inspiration. Everyone, I say, but particularly workingmen. It is the accredited and accepted medium through which the toiler and his driver become as one, the official agent for reconciling labor and capital to their respective parts in the scheme of things. You can easily perceive what a grand affair it must be.

And so it is.

It places a paternal hand on the head of labor and tells it to be a good boy and take what papa gives it because papa knows best.

At one of the sessions Andrew Carnegie (that great friend of labor) and Theodore Roosevelt (that other great friend) who was pried out of oblivion for the occasion, spoke from the same platform. On what? Why on a new discovery of the N. C. F., that there ought to be some kind of compensation for injured workmen. The N. C. F., you will notice, proceeds leisurely, as befits such a majestic body.

The N. C. F. also advocated its own brand of arbitration in labor disputes.

Labor is apt to look somewhat askance at the kind of arbitration that the N. C. F. desires to force with the approval of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller and others.

The Man That Casey Killed

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The House of Bondage," "What Is Socialism?" etc.

Illustrated by Tula Stevenson

IN the old days when they chained a prisoner, they wrapped the iron rope about his waist, dropped the loose end from the middle to the ground and attached, to that end, a heavy metal ball. The prisoner could not run away; if he wanted to walk he had to pick up the ball and carry it—and at all other times the strain of the weight fell equally upon all the links of the chain.

In these days they have chained the newspapers that were once supposed to be free. About the waist of the press they have wrapped the iron rope of an organization forged in the furnace of necessity. They have dropped its loose end from the middle to the ground and they have attached, to that end, the metal ball of Money. The modern prisoner can't run away; the new ball is so heavy that the prisoner cannot even lift it and walk—and the strain of the weight falls at all times equally upon all the links in the chain.

This is the story of a last link. All stories should be true and some should be fact: this one is both.

The railroad, you must understand, had decided to increase its capitalization, and, as this literal making of money entails a trifling initial expense, the railroad was touchy. Hodder, the head of that department-store which is honored by bearing his name, protested, a little too loudly, that the road was discriminating against his mail-order department, and the road, when the new capitalization was ready, retaliated by shutting upon him the portals of the new capitalization's ground floor. Wherefore Hodder, who had been counting upon enlarging his fortune by first acquiring, and then unloading several blocks of the new capital, felt the need of saving what he could not create and withdrew the daily full-page advertisement that he had for five years been running in *The Globe-Express*.

The owner of that palladium of our liberties sent for his managing-editor.

"Mr. Fealy," he said, leaning back in his leather upholstered chair and not attempting to check the perpendicular furrow of trouble that ploughed its way between his iron-gray eye-brows, "we shall have to retrench."

The managing-editor was a man that had learned when not to ask questions by a long reportorial training in the brutal art of asking them.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Where," asked the owner, "would you advise me to begin?"

The managing-editor, like all managing editors, thought that the best place to save money was in the Local-Room. He said so.

"I'll drop Gilson," he said.

"The City Editor?"

"Yes, sir. He's too expensive and too easy. Casey, who's been his assistant for six months, can do Gilson's work on half Gilson's salary."

"Um," said the owner. "He will also have to reduce the staff."

"Casey can cut it in half," Fealy reassured his employer, and, by a raise of a few dollars' wages here and there, save us almost all the salaries of the men that go."

The owner nodded. It would be necessary, he cautioned, that the men be dismissed gradually and apparently for cause: confidence must not be shaken. Then he talked about reductions in the other departments until he had arranged for retrenchments nearly equalling the former income from the Hodder "ad."

"And one thing more," he concluded: "Of course we can't give you that promised raise of salary now until the paper's in a better financial condition. That's all. Please ask Mr. Trimble to come down to me with the proofs of his editorial in commendation of the railroad's new stock-issue; he never puts his case strong enough."

That is the way that Casey came to be city-editor of *The Globe-Express*, and Casey made good.

Rarely have city-editors worked men harder than Casey worked his small and constantly diminishing staff. He had to do it, and he was of the cheerful philosophy that whatever is worth doing at all unpleasantly is worth doing as unpleasantly as possible.

Not that Casey was a bad man. On the contrary. He went to church regularly and gave to the poor.



It was Their Their Ultimate Calamity

It was well nigh impossible for him to deny a street-beggar, and he made it a rule to print in each issue of *The Globe-Express* at least one "heart-story"—something to give his readers a clutch in the throat, even if they did forget it five minutes later. In fact, on his emotional side, Casey had donated so much room to sentimentality as to have none left for sentiment.

But Casey couldn't help himself; he was, though he never guessed it, one of the links in the chain. He was underpaid and overmarried. His family had increased out of all considerate proportion to his income, and, although he liked Fealy, who lived next door to him and had first put him on the paper, he saw no way of meeting his expenses save by doing so well in his own job as eventually to usurp Fealy's. That was the way, as Casey saw it, that a good God had made the world, and Casey was too religious to think of combatting the providential plan.

So the new City-Editor—he was a giant of a man with an absurdly snub nose, gimlet eyes and a moustache of the color and texture of a scrubbing-brush—was resolved at any cost to acquit himself well in the eyes of his employers. He devised the plan of discharging here and there a man making twenty dollars a week and adding all that man's work to the tasks of a retained unfortunate at the small cost of a dollar's raise to the latter's salary. He reduced the wages of all his copy-readers and fired all the women-reporters. Then, when a new haul became imperative, he hired some boy fresh from college, who said he "only wanted to get experience" and could "live with his folks."

However, though Casey detested the intelligent workman, no one knew better the value of intelligent work. It was, therefore, necessary that he retain the services of one or two reporters more or less fitted for their tasks, and these he found could be kept just as cheap as the rest of the staff, provided he gave them a large dose of fear today and a judicious pat on the back tomorrow: the only mystery about them, for Casey, was that they did not seem able to exhaust their bodies without exhausting their brains.

On one miserably wet and chilly day—the worst day of that autumn—Casey came down to the office at noon in excellent spirits. His flaccid face almost beamed, the lids did not droop so heavily as of old

over his shifty eyes, and his dank hair somehow failed to make his mask-like countenance wholly cadaverous. Things were going better. He liked bad weather; nobody had told him he looked ill; he had managed to pay the interest of the mortgage on his house; he had just seen the business-office figures proving that he was running his department on less money than it had ever before been run, and he had received a hint to the effect that his friend Fealy was almost certain soon to lose the managing-editorship. Consequently, Casey's bearing toward his men was overflowing with a cordial generosity—of praise.

He sat down at his desk at the end of the long, disordered City Room and began to make out the assignments for the day. There had been a time when the details of this work were done by an assistant, but that was before the railroad had increased its capitalization and discriminated against Hodder—before the mighty Hodder had withdrawn his "ad." Man by man, he called the reporters to his side and sent them forth to the courts and keyholes to batten, badger and pry.

"Draper!" he called.

A frail, pale young fellow—scarcely more than a boy—leaped, startled, from the farthest desk and shuffled to Casey's side.

He had a sensitive face, worn in the mill of the eaves-dropping trade, but not yet hardened by it. His blue eyes, though restless and frightened, were intelligent, and his lips, though strangely compressed, were emotional.

"How are you?" asked Casey heartily.

"Tip-top," replied the lad, whose whole figure belied him.

"That's good, for we're going to have a full day. I've got some corking assignments for you, and, if you land 'em, they'll make an impression down stairs. We have word from the railroad that the company's thinking of abolishing the grade-crossing on Elm Avenue. Go

over to the road's offices and see Colonel Murdock about it. We're pretty close to them, you know, through rooting for their recapitalization. If the report's true, ask the Colonel for us, to hold back the news for a few days, so's we can come out advocating the plan and then, when it's announced by the road, score it down as due to the enterprise of *The Globe-Express*. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put it nicely, you know. Tell him we'll do whatever he wants, of course, but that we'd take it as a favor of him."

"Yes, sir."

"I give you this because I know you're diplomatic and can handle it if anybody can."

"Thank you."

"Well, see that you don't talk to anyone else about it. Then drop over to Councilman Byrnes' office and get a strong denial from him of this rumor that the road's using money to get its freight-siding up Larch Street. Byrnes is the road's man in councils, you know."

Draper nodded.

"On your way down get the list of ribbon-winners at the horse-show—Neville's going to write the introduction—and drop into Court No. 7 for the end of the Vanastrem divorce-case: Fogerty'll do the snap-shooting, and you can get the morning-session from the evening-papers. Then take a little run across the ferry and see if there's any story in this cutting-affray and pick up an interview on home-rule, to please the Irish, with this Member of Parliament who's registered at the Grendon."

"All right." Draper smiled wanly and, in a trembling hand, took the bunch of clippings and written memoranda that Casey held out to him.

"And don't waste time," concluded Casey. "I want all the afternoon stuff in early for the bulldog"—that was a technical term of respect applied to the first edition, printed early and dated late, for the paper's farthest out-of-town subscribers—"and we're going to have a full night of it. All afternoon copy has to be on the desk by five-thirty."

He gave the reporter a friendly slap on the back that nearly sent Draper to the floor.

Sammy Burton, who was a cynical veteran, was seated at Draper's desk, swinging his long legs, when Draper feverishly hurried back to it.

"What's the row?" asked Burton, without remov-

ing the cigarette that drooped from his thin olive face.

Draper was thrusting some folded copy-paper into one pocket and, with a free hand, groping on the chair for his always missing hat.

"Row?" he smiled. "Just the opposite. Old boy's as happy as a king."

Burton grunted suspiciously.

"Hum," he said. "Wonder what rotten deal's up now. He hasn't given you that raise he promised you two months ago, of course?"

"No; but he told me yesterday he'd try to fix it up next week."

"Yes. That's what he said last week and the week before. And the week before that. Got another cigarette? Neville gave me this one, and it's rotten. No? Sorry. What are you on?"

Draper had found his hat and was now arranging his memoranda in their proper order.

"A bunch of stuff," he answered. "One gum-shoe job, two interviews, an end of the horse-show, some knife-play over the river—one thing and another. Got car-fare?"

Burton raised his eyebrows in amazement at such a question.

"The day before pay-day? What do you take me for? You've got to get it somewhere, though." He paused and looked at the thinly, shabbily clad boy, already in reality a work-made invalid. "It's such a rotten day," he went on. "You mustn't think of going out in this rain without—"

"Mr. Burton!"

It was the raucous voice of the City-Editor that called, and Burton, with as much acuity as his

his day-off, when he got one, was too tired to do much of anything but doze.

He was, indeed, almost always tired now. He had no speed in his feet, no spirit in his style, and he dreaded this, because he knew that upon the combined quickness of his mind and body depended his wretched living.

It was the bells, however, that worried him most—the bells and the lights. The former had once been telephone-bells, and night and day they rang in his ears; sometimes they were so far distant that you had to strain every nerve to hear them, and the next instant they would crash upon you like a heavy blow inside your head—but they were always there. The lights were the dazzling incandescents by which you write in the Local Room; they go out and flash into life again with the most amazing regularity—the other men do not notice it at the same time you do, but they know it is going on, though nobody likes to talk about the phenomenon.

Yet Draper loved *The Globe-Express*. He even referred to it with pride as "his paper" and he still believed that Casey would sometime raise his salary, when he might be able to buy a new jacket for his wife and some sort of an overcoat for himself against the rain that was now trickling down his trembling back and the wind that was slashing at his shoulders. It was this loyalty and the faith inherent in it that enabled him to tramp, more tired than usual, through the miles of glistening city streets until he had "covered" everything upon his list, doing, as was at present necessary, the work of three men, and it was the same force that, in the evening, bore him, supperless, through a half-dozen other assignments.

One "story" in his night-work took him within a half-dozen blocks of his boarding-house and graciously gave the grateful boy the chance of five stolen minutes with his wife.

The dark stairway was heavy with the rancid odor of greasy meals. The old stairs creaked loudly under his heavy feet. The climb was to the top of the house and made him cough. But at its end, through an open doorway in a narrow room that looked out upon a smelling alley—a room with a three-quarters bed, a stationary washstand, a decrepit bureau, one battered trunk and a wall-paper fairly obliterated by age and dampness—in that room sat, "making over" an old walking-skirt, the large-eyed, hollow-chested girl that was his wife.

She looked up with a little cry.

"Billy!" she said, and came to him, her arms open. Draper laughed, and his laughter ended in a cough.

"Look out!" he cautioned. "I'm pretty wet."

The miserable gas had been so bad that she could scarcely sew by it, but her wide eyes of true concern at once saw his condition.

"Wet?" she echoed, as, regardless of the water, she held him tight. "You're soaking! Here!" She began to unbutton his coat. "You must sit right down while I take off your things."

"What for?" asked Draper. "There's nothing to change to."

"Oh!" Her low voice was heavy with long disappointments. "Then you have to go back?"

"Of course I do. I was just going by and ran in to see if you were all right."

"But you can wait till I take these things down to the kitchen. Mrs. Rumsey will let me dry them there."

"Not much. I can't stop five minutes."

"You must!"

"No." Draper shook his head. "I can stand the wet for a few hours more. You see, we're short-handed now at the office, and we all have to do our best."

The girl tossed an indignant head.

"Then why doesn't Mr. Casey hire some more men?" she demanded. "Goodness knows there's enough of them out of work."

"You don't understand these things, dear."

"Do you?"

"Why, yes—and anyhow, it will be better soon."

"Of course! That's what they've been saying for six weeks—and meanwhile they've been working you to death!"

Draper smiled sagely.

"It's just the hard times," he explained, and then, because he could explain no further: "How's the skirt going?"

She held it up, close to the blue gas-flame—a worn remnant of a skirt.

"Splendidly," she lied. "I've cut off the hem and bound the bottom of it, and I have all this extra material for the torn places. By the time I'm through with it, nobody will be able to guess that it isn't nearly new."

"Good." He bent and kissed her. "Now I must run along."

"But, Billy—" She looked at him with lips that she could not keep from twitching.

"Yes?" he said.

"You—you'll try to get home early tonight?"

"Just as early as I can."

"But you have been on late-duty for nearly every night for the last week, and you've been back at the office each day at one o'clock. They surely ought to let you off early this once."

Something in her tone clutched him.

"Any particular reason?" he asked.

"Look how wet you are!"

"Is that all?"

She walked to the window and looked out at the alley, its rows of ash-cans and slop-buckets illuminated by the blue light of a sputtering arc-lamp.

"Promise me you'll take off your coat as soon as you get there."

"I promise."

"And put it near a radiator"

"I promise."



Draper tried to peer into the City Editor's face

"And sit near the radiator yourself—and put your feet on some newspapers while you write."

"Sure I will. I'll take good care of myself. Don't you worry."

"And Billy—" Her voice broke.

"Yes, Lou?"

"Billy, you'll ask Mr. Casey about that raise, won't you?"

At the question she turned to him and he saw her face.

"Why, yes, dear," he said. "I—of course, I will. What's the matter?"

She came to him and put her arms again around him.

"I'm going to have a baby," she said.

This thing which should have been their crowning happiness—it was their ultimate calamity. He held her tight, he kissed her lips and eyes. He tried to laugh and failed. He tried to comfort her and failed in that, too. And then they cried a little together and wondered whether they could checkmate destiny and beat their frail wings against the bars of their cage. It all ended in Draper's discovering that he had lost a golden quarter-hour, and in his precipitate return to the office.

His "copy," a little poorer than usual, was, however, safely on the reader's desk when Casey returned from a late dinner at the best hotel in the city which charged him nothing because it valued the "mentions" he could give it in the paper.

Draper had been shaken with a chill. He was still as cold as death, and his head was uncommonly heavy. The bells had been ringing loudly and the lights were at their accustomed tricks. He approached the city editor's desk with the timidity which characterizes the most impertinent reporters when they talk to their master.

"Mr. Casey," he began; "my stuff's all in, and I've been on late duty for four nights lately without any time allowance next day. I'd like to get off a half-hour early tonight."

Now, it happened that Casey had just heard a piece of news. The railroad and Hodder had concluded a truce. Hodder had several friends in the board of directors. With some of these Hodder had formed a firm of building contractors for construction work—about the practical details of which none of them knew any more, or needed to know any more, than to Hodder—and this firm the directors would, naturally, assign a vast deal of the railroad's contracts. They had even just decided to vote, as directors, that the road should complete its new terminal and that they, as contractors, should be paid well for building it. This would



It was the bells that worried him most

self-assurance would permit, strolled away to answer it.

Draper sidled to the elevator and was shot to the ground floor. There a great gust of wind and rain bellowed upon him from the swinging doorway and seemed imperatively to toss him against the wall. Ahead he saw the concrete highway glistening with water. It spurted from the descending hoofs of cab-horses and was squirted, as if from a hose, by the wheels of hooting motor-cars. On the pavements it fell, leaped back about the rubber-swathed ankles of the trooping passersby and struck again to gather in tricky pools that formed in the depressions of the sidewalk. The wind was blowing a gale. Draper hesitated and shivered. Then, having no umbrella or water-proof, he buttoned his shabby coat about his thin chest, thrust his red hands into his trousers' pockets and, with hunched shoulders, dragged himself into the street.

He was a very young man and, until a few months before, had been a comparatively strong one; but he had never been able to spare the time to learn a trade and, as he had once been cursed with a facile pen, he was driven into the newspaper business as the sole means by which he could immediately keep body and soul together.

Moreover, on the supposed strength of the promises of *The Globe-Express*, he had, a year earlier, been silly enough to marry. Not that he was married, for though Draper loved the fatigued young girl that attempted to be his wife, and though the young fatigued girl loved him, the exigencies of the business permitted them no married life deserving of the name. The reporter could rarely get to their boarding-house before two in the morning; he slept until noon, had to be at work an hour later and on

certainly mean that *The Globe-Express* would recover the Hodder advertisement. The astute Casey had telephoned as much to the paper's owner, and, as the paper's owner was just beginning to feel the pressure of a pinch that had been administered to him when he bought a little of the burden involved in the unloading of the railroad's recent recapitalization, the owner had intimated to Casey that, if the city editor could continue keeping down his departments' expenses and could extend the thrift to the other departments, he would be given the job at present held by his friend, Mr. Fealy. That meant that he would be able to pay off his mortgage. Whereas, the way that prices were going up on all the food hauled to town, anything short of Fealy's job would soon mean that, in spite of his previous large advance in position to the city editorship and small advance in weekly salary, Casey must soon borrow more money. Casey was, therefore, at once jubilant and economical.

He looked at Draper with an unctuous smile that made his mustache bristle more than ever like a scrubbing brush.

"Oh, Draper," he said, laying both his hands on the reporter's thin shoulders in the friendliest manner possible. "You're just the man I wanted to see."

Draper's heart fluttered. His reward, it seemed, had come at last!

"Yes, sir," said he.

"I can't let you go just yet," pursued Casey, "because you're too valuable. I've got something for you."

"Yes, sir."

"Something that I don't feel able to trust to any other man on the staff."

He beamed on the reporter.

Draper thought that the proper time had come to strike. His pallid face flushed a little. He straightened his aching body under its wet clothes, and he stifled a cough.

"Mr. Casey," he stammered, "I'm not feeling very fine tonight, and I don't believe I ought to stay—really. And—and I was wondering if you were any nearer a position in which you could give me that raise."

Casey heard him with visibly waxing amazement. The corners of his mouth were now screwed downward, and his eyes snapped.

"Listen to me a minute," he said. "I have just got a tip on a big beat. The railroad's going to build a new terminal, and that means millions of dollars to this city. You're the only man on the staff that can confirm the rumor, because you're the only man that can make old Colonel Murdock talk—you got him across this afternoon on that Elm avenue crossing story. I want you to run around to his house and see if he'll let us print this terminal yarn."

It was a "run around" of two miles through a heavy rain.

Draper mustered all his courage. He did not think of himself, but he thought of his wife and of the child that was to be. Two spots of red were now burning on his prominent cheekbones, and the rings under his hot eyes had deepened. His head, recently so heavy, became suddenly light. But the habit of submission is strong.

"Mr. Casey, I—I can't," he faltered. It might cost him his job.

The city editor was electrified.

"Can't? What do you mean?" He was not accustomed to the phrase.

"Well," stammered Draper, "I've done three men's work today and I'm tired out. I'm all in. I'm—I'm sick."

It was a pitifully inadequate description of his plight, and he knew it, but his head was spinning too wildly for coherent thought.

As for Casey, who had not yet even learned that the surest way to write badly is to have to write for a living, how could he be expected to understand? The man born for worldly success is a man that can believe what he wants to believe and reject whatever interferes therewith; Casey was marked for temporal achievement and decided that whose made illness an excuse for shirking toil must lave, at bottom, some less worthy reason.

"Rot!" said he succinctly. "Look here, if you can't do your work, Mr. Draper, there's lots of men who can do it just as well and for half the money. You ought to know that."

Draper's stiff lips were contorted into what he believed to be a smile.

"Have they families?" he asked.

"That's no business of mine. If you got married, that was your mistake."

"It was a mistake I made on your promises."

"What's that?" Casey's voice grew thunderous; public discipline always had a good effect on the rest of the staff, and the reporter, to whom no man's affairs are private, cannot expect privacy in affairs of his own. "What's that? I'd have you

(Continued on page 14)

IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

A TALE OF PERIL AND ADVENTURE OF HUMAN PASSIONS
AND GREAT ATTEMPT IN THE WILDERNESS
BY
GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Part I.—A Turn of Fate



AL that long superheated August afternoon the Consolidated Paper Company's launch had plowed its smooth furrow up the Mattawamkeag. On either hand slid past dense walls of tamarack, spruce and fir, behind which the mountain-silhouettes, bluish with a peculiar haze, seemed to keep pace with the boat's own steady progress. The air lay heavy, dry, oppressive. All was so quiet that the rapid "Prrrut-put-put-put!" of the motor-boat seemed an impertinence; for by rights no other sound should have intruded on the tense silence save the yawl of an occasional cat-bird, the rippling roulade of a wood-pecker or the shrill "Whit-whit-whit" of a teeter-tail running along the rocky margin of the river.

"Looks might kind o' dry an' tindery up this way," mused Jim Titus at the wheel. "Never seen the water so low. Danged bad thing, seems like, a-strippin' off these here woods fer pulp, the way they do. Few years, an' there won't be nawthin' but jest bresh an' popple an' peasly little second-growth stuff that ain't wuth a snow-flake in Hell. Jeems Rice! There's somethin' wrong somewhar. These new-fangled ways, doggone 'em, I don't like 'em! No, ner this here job I'm on now, not by a jugful. Do I, Bill?"

His Newfoundland dog, curled on the grating astern, cocked one bloodshot eye at Jim and flopped a slow tail. Then he went back to sleep again, trustful in the man's care.

The engine began to cough and sputter irregularly. Titus bent to regulate it. As he straightened up again, his blue eyes fell on the cargo of the launch, securely stowed under the seats that ran along the sides—four small stout wooden boxes of blasting-cartridges. No mark or sign indicated that they contained dynamite. On the contrary, they were carefully labelled "2 Doz. Cans XXX Sausage."

"Huh!" grunted the woodsman. "Nice job t' send me on, ain't it? Blow out Upper Megantic Dam so as to dreen Tulame Lake an' spile the Independent Pulp folks' drive in the spring. Say! . . . By gary, when ole Preble called me in the office, there an' tole me what they wanted me t' do—!"

He broke short off with an indignant head-shake. The memory of that moment was bitter to him still, even though he had been three days on the trip. Preble, the "super" at Aroostook Mills had without mincing words given him his full instructions, told him the raid must be concealed under the guise of an ostensible hunting-expedition, bidding him go alone, and made him understand that either disobedience or failure to keep the secret would involve instant dismissal, together with loss of the pension Jim was hoping to win in another six years' service.

"They sure had me," Titus reflected angrily, every fiber of his honest soul revolted at the task before him. "Knowned I was prob'ly the most experienced woodsman they could find. Put it right plumb up to me. What could I do? When a man's got a wife an' kids, like me! . . . But it's a damn dirty business, jest th' same. I don't like it nohow. Glad when it's over, that's what."

He frowned angrily with black brows at the lying labels on the boxes, at his hunting-gear and rifle stowed beside them, and at the bone-dry woods that skirted the winding Mattawamkeag.

"Huh! Can't even smoke my pipe fer a week!" he concluded morosely, even this petty annoyance adding fuel to the fires of discontent that smouldered in his rather slow but fundamentally honest intelligence. Like one in the doldrums he shook his bushy red head, then fished a burnt old corn-cob from the pocket of his leather jacket. He thrust the stem into his mouth, clamped a square jaw on it and stroked at his long moustaches as with a certain satisfaction he sucked at the empty reed. A great smoker, Jim. But "Orders is orders," thought he, and obediently refrained.

His mind reverted to his leave-taking from home, the little shack far away on the outskirts of the mill-settlement at Sebouis; to the kids, the tired yet faithful wife, Luella, who had prepared him for the secret get-away by night. Luella he was glad to reflect, knew nothing of his real mission.

"An' that's a danged good thing, too. Jest as well the women-folks ain't wise to all that's goin' on in business. Mebbe they wouldn't sleep so sound, o' nights, ef they *did* know!"

"Luell!—thar now, that's a good womar fer any man. Allfired lucky I was, t' git her; heap sight

too good fer me! Think so when we got hitched. Tank so now, an' allus will."

He swung the wheel over, to guide the launch around a sharp bend of the stream, and squinted calculatingly up at the westering sun.

"Yes," he mused on, "though I cal'late some folks think I sure made a missdeal. But that don't fret



Jim Titus

me none. I don't look at things their way, that's all."

He squinted critically at the oil-cup of the forward cylinder, then gave the milled nut a turn.

"Let 'em talk," he grumbled to himself, nodding his head for greater emphasis as though to convince the gaudy Norway pines and ragged-barked birches past which the motor was rapidly carrying him northward. "Let 'em rag-chew as much 's they's a mind to. That don't fret me none! What ef some slick Noo York boy, ef yere a-huntin', did git around her when she was nubbut a young 'un, as ye might say, an' stampe her with his promises, an' then skip aout? Leave her to drag home like a wounded robin, by gary!"

"Huh! She wa'n't none t' blame, was she? B'lieved him, I reckon. Why don't folks lay th' blame whar it belongs, I'd like ter to know? Whar, by Gawd, ef ever I git my chanst, it will be laid? Laid damn good an' hard, too!"

"I figger she's paid all that ten times over, yes, an' a hundurd times. She's all right, that gal is! She's ben a danged good woman t' me an' she's give me the finest kids in 'Roostick Caounty, er I'm a hoss-thief. Let folks yawp. They don't josh me none, so long's it's to 'emselves. But they'd better not say one word to her face, ner mine, or by crimus—!"

He bunched his fist and complacently regarded it; a hard, bony fist, all ridges of sinew, brown and hairy and tremendous. At sight of it, he nodded approval.

"Say, that's a mighty slick persuader, ain't it?" he queried softly of himself. "G! Ef ever I should happen fer to come up with that Noo York sissy-boy! Ef ever I do!"

Silence fell on him once more. He sat meditatively at the wheel, the smokeless pipe nodding slightly as his lips worked beneath his drooping sandy moustaches. Idly he watched the cleft V of waters at the prow. This week-long outting, far up into the all but untracked Maine wilderness was, after all, not intrinsically unpleasant after the "whistle-in and whistle-out" monotony of the Aroostook Mills. Had it only been a real vacation, instead of the sneaking errand he knew it to be, all would have been well with Jim's soul.

For Jim was a big yet simple man, content with little, patient and long-suffering, never questioning

the established order and, like so many million more, wishing only for a little fatter pay-envelope, a little shorter hours of toil. He seemed as though roughed out on broad lines, with few details about him that were more than merely sketched. His smooth, wide face, somewhat prominent eyes and unwrinkled forehead tokened no very deep powers of mind, yet in him lay a certain strength beyond the mere latent powers of that large-framed body whose slightly stooped shoulders and heavily-muscled arms seemed exaggerated by the loose folds of his open-throated flannel shirt. A big man, more heart than brain, with whom instinct often took the place of reasonings. A man such as only the Great North Woods can produce. Such as not even years and years of grinding factory-toil can ever quite destroy.

The afternoon wore itself interminably away; the August sun began to creep unwillingly to bed among the western ranges, and long purple shadows, descending from those heights, softened the woodland tones, enveloped the River, transmuted every color to some sombre tint. Here, there, in coves and

valleys and beneath the rocky banks, the monotonous of evening began to manifest themselves.

Jim Titus, still at the wheel of the northward-throbbing launch, cast his eyes over the scene, with less appreciation of its sober beauties than a practical sense of camping-time at hand, of supper and thereafter sleep.

"Well, Bill," he addressed the dog, "I reckon we'll tie up now, purty soon, huh?" Intently he scanned the river-banks. Gee, but I'd like all-fired well to find a beachy place," he added. "Nothin' like a beach fer a good camp. But the ole Mattawamkeag's pow'ful rocky up here. Mebbe I'll hev t' tie to some tree er other an' lay on the soft side of a ledge."

On and on he kept, less with hope of finding a suitable place than through unwillingness to abandon anything he once had set his mind on.

"Hmmm!" he exclaimed at last. "That looks somethin' like!" as the boat swung round a shoulder of rock, bare save for a few scraggly-rooted pines. Beyond these, he saw a tiny confluent stream, where a sand-spit made out into the river, rising gradually

to the dry undergrowth of the forest behind.

"Here goes!" cried Titus, heading the launch inshore. Just before the prow touched sand, he snapped the current off. The boat imbedded herself firmly with a soft, gritting swash, and little waves ran rippling on either hand, along the banks.

Titus jumped out, trifle stiffly—for the long ride had cramped his muscles—and whistled to Bill. The big shaggy beast plunged overboard, waded ashore, lapping the clear waters, then shook himself vigorously. Jim, meanwhile, bent a line to the forward chock and made it fast to a spruce root some twenty feet away.

Then he went aboard again, cared for the engine and put on its canvas cover. He tossed his camp-kit on shore.

"Good place, bully!" he commented. "Reckon as how I'll do some tall snoozin' here, tonight, ef nothin' don't happen."

Lucky for Jim's peace of mind, indeed, he could not foresee what that same night held in store for him!

(To be continued.)

Child Welfare Exhibit in New York

By Grace Potter



THE Child-Welfare Exhibit opened in New York City January 18, to last three weeks. If there is any latent humor in the idea of holding such an exhibit in a building where the practice of war is taught it was not manifest at the great Seventy-first Regiment Armory on 34th St., at the corner of Park avenue.

The Exhibit's scope is a large one. It aims to show child life in all its real phases in New York City. It aims also to show something of the ideal child life. It declares in the plainest words, on huge placards, that a child has a right to the best we know for him. And that we are robbing the child if we don't see he gets the best. In view of the fact that members of the committee who developed the Exhibit were all of them so-called conservatives, this statement is the more interesting.

The exhibit is certainly a graphic one, in all that may mean to a 1911 affair. It shows by charts, photographs, models and lectures, how the children of New York eat, drink, sleep, play, study, work, get arrested, fall ill, are cared for and die in the great metropolis. More, it shows this by moving pictures. And it shows it by the New York school children who are a daily feature of the great exhibit. They sing folk songs and dance and play games.

A monster reproduction of Louis Potter's masterpiece in marble, "Earth-bound" is at the entrance of the Armory. In this group Woman, though she is herself more crowded upon by earth-cares than either her young mate on her left or the figure of Age or Experience on her right is shown to be the one who most protects childhood from bondage.

In the vast assembly room, stretching over a space of 45,000 square feet, are booths ranged along the two sides and farther end. The surrounding galleries seat 2,000 people and are utilized during the lectures which are a daily feature.

Booths with a demonstrator in each one are given over to the separate committees who have prepared the material and data concerning each subject.

The Homes of Labor.

The Homes committee has several booths. They deal first with the housing situation and home conditions in New York. Pictures show the slum tenements. A three-room flat, furnished at a retail cost of \$100 shows how a laborer's home might look, if fitted up by the aid of the skill and training of mind and eye of some of the best domestic scientists in the country, aided by such an artist as John Alexander. A child's play room has been fitted up by Louise Brigham, the living fairy god-mother to all childhood, who made herself every bit of furniture in the play-room. Her book on Box Furniture published by the Century Co. was written when she lived by her own choice in one of the worst tenements in New York City and was driven nearly to desperation to find ways and means of helping boys and girls create something out of the nothingness of tenement-house opportunities.

In a booth, devoted to Dress For Children, are found the lowest estimates of what it takes each year to clothe a boy or girl from babyhood up to sixteen years. The estimates are given both for home-made and ready-made garments.



Little Mothers in New York, taking care of their babies in the only nursery they know, the street.



These babies play and eat in the streets all day while their mothers are at the work-shop.



"Wharf Rats" under the bridge on the East River at 12th St.

Under each year's placard, bearing the names of the garments, their number and cost, are neat piles of the real things. The ready-made were bought in New York stores. The "home-made" were cut out, basted and sewed into final usefulness by the children in New York schools.

As to the thoroughness with which these fabrics have been investigated before being offered as models, Mrs. Mary Schenck Woolman, head of the domestic art department of the Domestic Science school of Columbia university, has had students working for two years, choosing what materials to buy and what colors; then washing, drying, ironing them and otherwise testing them to find out their durability and general desirability.

"The poor cannot wear wool," Mrs. Woolman says, "they can't afford it. They can wear only cotton, dress-goods in black and white checks, in browns and in certain dark blues. These will not fade by sun or washing."

Big charts, in brief words tell mothers how to test goods, in various ways.

Laborer's Children Must Stay Young.

"The lowest estimates," Mrs. Woolman declares, "were made on a basis of \$800 as a father's yearly wages: Out of that it is fair to spend not more than \$42 per year on the children's

clothes. This will buy fairly good clothes for three children all under six. No man on such a salary should have more than three children. And they must be under six years of age. No, I know children won't stay under six very long, But the father must get his wages raised. Or else he shouldn't have had the children."

In another booth was shown what happened to the indiscreet fathers who failed to get their salary raised and whose children were stubborn enough to grow older than six. Pictures of child life in the tenements are shown in faithful photographs. Little ones are shown poorly clothed, poorly fed, in the dark and filth of crowded rooms, working in many cases at home-sweated industries. One picture shows a room with a mother and her five children all working on blue forgetmenots. The children range in age from three to fourteen. They sit about a table pulled up to a bed upon which the smallest are huddled for lack of chairs. Even the baby is working for its living. Or rather for its death. Because cold figures on a chart nearby will show you that these children deprived of clothes and light and air and food and joy die at a rapid rate as against decently cared-for children.

Blinding Child Workers.

There are wonderful pictures in color showing the different stages in the production of the lovely long fluffy, black plumes which fashion bids women wear this year on their hats. Tiny knots have to be tied in each tendril of the feather. Deft weary baby hands under the tutelage of strained baby eyes do this sort of work in the dingy tenement rooms. After this work for several months the eyes give out. Sometimes the girl or boy gets cured of the eye-trouble at a hospital. More often they do not. They go blind. A picture shows a blind child groping, with fear-huddled shoulders as the newly blind do, after the work on a nearby table. "This child will never see again," says plain type at the foot of the picture.

Many other branches of home-work are shown and the terrible conditions under which the little slaves work are clearly brought out. One woman and her two girls, both under twelve, by working eighteen hours a day—yes, eighteen—make between them \$3.60 a week. They finish pants. One day a photographer went in to take a picture and the youngest child, seven, was fallen in the corner, sound asleep. In her hand was a pair of pants on which she had been working.

Mother Goose is paraphrased on some of the placards and many a father and mother will never again touch a warm pink foot to tell the story of "This little pig went to market" without remembering the hideous rhymes on some of these exhibit placards. Here is one.

"This little girl went to a sweat-shop
This little girl made flowers at home,
This little boy had only coffee for breakfast,
This poor child had none.
This baby girl cried, 'I'm hungry, I'm hungry'
All day long."

How wrong food and insufficient food make children sick, how lack of enough clean air to breathe does so too, even the dullest will know surely after passing the booths where these facts are set forth without garnish.

Children Injured at Play.

A special "Street Booth" is given over to the ills that come from children playing on the crowded streets. The influence of children used to criminal ways, the crowds of strangers in-

tent on business, passing vehicles, all are depicted as against the street being a good playground. Accidents are liable and life-disfigurement common among the children of the tenements due to their having no place suitable for the little ones to play in. Requests have been made in some of the most congested districts that certain streets be closed to traffic altogether, or during certain hours at least, so that the children could have unrestricted use of them. The street committee indorses this plan heartily and sets it forth here for propaganda.



This naughty boy is selling papers without a license

In a Eugenics exhibit, which consists almost entirely of placards, extending the height of the entire wall, parents are told that the indiscriminate bearing of children is wrong. Here is the most conspicuous placard:

WELL TAUGHT PARENTS

The transmission of the sacred torch of hercity undimmed to future generations, this is the most precious of all the worths and values in world.

THE CHILDREN

Begin at the beginning. Let fathers, mothers, teachers give the children true ideas of the origin of life and thus anticipate and overcome distorted debasing thoughts and associations. The children of today are the parents of tomorrow.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Give them a chance for a natural and happy mating through abundant and wholesome recreation and social life. Teach them true and lofty ideals of love and marriage and family life.

Many People ask what the title of the booth means and they are referred to the following:

A BETTER CROP OF BOYS AND GIRLS. This Is What Eugenics Means.

What makes for health in children is tabulated. What makes for disease is recorded too. The far-reaching effects of venereal disease are pointed out. Gonorrhœa is said to be responsible for most of the blindness in infants and many of the surgical operations which women undergo. Syphilis is said to effect at times every organ and tissue of the body, including the bones.

As one leaves this booth the words loom up:

NO CHILD CAN BE WELL BORN IF THE PARENTS SUFFER UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS

- 1. Lack of Nutrition
- 2. Overwork
- 3. Fatigue
- 4. Worry
- 5. Excitement
- 6. Poverty

The laws of the city in regard to child labor are quoted in a booth designated "Work and the Child." Children cannot work till they are over sixteen. Then they can get their "working papers." Newsboys must have a license to peddle their papers on the streets. No girl under sixteen may sell papers at all. But there are many photographs illustrating how this law is violated all the time. In big groups of newsboys it is de-

clared only a few can be found who have such a thing as a license. Small girls of ten are shown selling papers without molestation under the "cop's" very nose right on Broadway. These slum babies laugh at the law according to all the evidence and statistics that the Child Welfare Exhibit shows. The good people seem to think they have quite got at the root of the matter when they advise one on a solemn placard:

GOOD CITIZENS WILL ONLY BUY A PAPER OF

- 1. A cripple.
- 2. An old person
- 3. A boy with a badge (a license).

Begging, which is such a prominent feature of child-life in New York has not been neglected in the collection of photographs shown. Little ones taken out by their grandparents add pathos to a plea for money. Kiddies begging for transfers at the exit of "L" stations are shown in industrious groups.

It is perhaps needless to say that the pious traction gentlemen of New York have made it a crime for a child to receive a transfer from a grown person who does not want it and dispose of it to one who does. The financially-minded youth of New York at one time had worked up quite a flourishing business and sold transfers for two cents. Later prices were cut to a cent and at last had to be given away with a newspaper. Even gathering the youngsters into court has not entirely stopped this.

Little Gardens for a Few.

All that is done to help ameliorate bad conditions has its place, too, at the exhibit. The "Little Farms" which Mrs. Henry Parsons started six years ago in the Dewitt Clinton park are illustrated by models. Dolls half an inch high with sunbonnets or caps on according as they represent small Eves or Adams are shown digging in mimic gardens. "Each child," says the demonstrator, "has a plat of ground 4x8 feet and grows there seven different kinds of vegetables"

"How many children can be accommodated at DeWitt Clinton park?" the demonstrator was asked.

"Five hundred," she declared. "There are two thousand children on the waiting list, however, and on this account we have two crops a year. This gives half of the children a chance. No one who has not seen the little ones at work can realize how they love gardening."

"But," gasped a spectator, "many of them never get a chance at all."

"No, that's true," said the demonstrator. "But we are advocating gardens on the roofs of tenements now and we hope before many years to see them in every block of the congested districts of the city."

"Won't that be lovely for the s'ums?" murmured a well-known millionaire's wife as she swept out to her motor car.

Insufficient Medical Inspection.

Medical inspection of New York's school children is graphically portrayed at the board of health's booth. The camera has caught the doctors in the act of hunting for adenoids, tuberculosis of the lungs, weak eyes, bad teeth and wobbly spines.

"My mamma had to take me to a clinic 'cause the school doctor found I had adenoids," spoke up a boy among a group of school children who were at the exhibit one day.

This seemed such a good opportunity that the reckless demonstrator smiled encouragingly at the little boy, and with her mind's eye on the interested people nearby, she asked the child, "What happened at the clinic?"

"We had to wait three hours," said the child, "before the doctor could look at me. And there was so many sick people there that my mamma caught diptheria. She's in the hospital now."

The demonstrator did not question any further.

The Children's Court has a booth where the work they do is set forth. The work done in New York is compared by photographs and tabulated statistics with that accomplished in other cities. Our court is said to be "dirtier, dingier, more crowded and less efficient than many other cities." We have no probation officers paid by the city. Many cities have scores. Chicago has thirty-five. Denver is, of course, given the palm.

No "Child Criminals."

"Are all the child criminals tried there?" asked a man pointing to a picture of New York's Children's Court Building.

"We recognize no such thing nowadays as a child criminal," said the attendant. "The child delinquents are tried there." Plans for a new court building are under way and efforts are being made to have this in a big court given over entirely to children. A school, a hospital, a beautiful detention building and a big park to play in are included in the suggestions.

The careful scientific work done by research at Columbia University Domestic Science School in regard to child feeding in poor families deserves an article by itself. This in passing.

Food for a child of eight will cost fifteen cents,



Child with her Grandfather, Begging

including his breakfast, dinner and supper. This is what the kiddie may have (Try it on yours, if you have one, and if he asks for anything more or anything better say the magic words "Columbia University!" into his ear and if he is ever growing up to be a "desirable citizen" he will subside at once.)

For a Child of Eight.

BREAKFAST.		DINNER.		SUPPER.	
Mush ..	3-8c	Pea Soup ..	2 1-2c	Milk Toast	2 3-4c
Top Milk ..	1 1-8c	Croutons ..	1-5c	Rice Pud-	
Milk ..	1 1-2c	Onions ..	1 1-5c	ding ..	1 3-4c
S. Prunes ..	1 1-2c	(boiled)			
(4 or 5 may		Potato ..	2-5c		
be given)		(baked)			
Toast ..	1-5c	Cookies ..	3-5c	Milk ..	1 1-2c
Total 15 cents.*					

*Lest any reader be so little trustful of these statistics or the report of them as to try to add these fractions and get "15 cents" for an answer let me admit that you can't do it. There is a fraction of a cent over 15, and I cheerfully take the blame upon my shoulders in copying the figures wrong. It is probably in the supper item of rice pudding. It seems a fearful estimate—that 1-3-4 cents! Probably I assumed an additional raisin in that extravagant pudding. Apologies to Columbia!

The New York Child Welfare Committee to whose credit the present exhibition is due has worked for two years planning it. The committee contains such names as that of Helen Gould, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, besides others less known to social ranks. Mr. Walter L. Hervey, who is chairman of the Administration Committee, and his wife, Mrs. W. L. Hervey, who belongs to numerous committees, have done more than any other two people to bring it to its present success.

When plans were first made two years ago, it was not known how much time or money would have to be spent nor how far-reaching would be the educational advantages of such an affair. Over \$70,000 has been used and the services of some of the best-known doctors, lawyers and educators in the country given free in gathering illustrations and data. It is now hoped to put the Exhibit on a permanent footing. Plans are being made to have it housed in special cars and sent all over the United States.

Perhaps if that is done the answer may be found to this question which the Child Welfare Committee is fair enough to give big space on a placard that extends from the floor nearly to the ceiling. It is under the head of Remedial Measures and reads:

ALL CHILD LABOR MUST BE ELIMINATED FROM THE TENEMENTS. HOW SHALL WE DO IT?

- ?
- ?
- ?
- ?

A Heroine of '49

By Frank Stuhlman



LAST evening I went over to my neighbor, Max Becker, the old German Socialist and music teacher, for the purpose of returning a volume of Karl Marx which he had loaned me. The old man, his broad brow wrinkled with thought and study rather than age, was smoking his long pipe on the porch with an open book in his hand.

"Good evening," he said, in the measured accents he always used in speaking English. "Has thou converted been?"

I laughed. "I did not need this monumental work to convert me. I was persuaded, by the knowledge of the misery wrought by the present system, before I understood the philosophy of Socialism."

"It is well," he replied gravely, "as our proverb says, 'when through the heart the head is reached.' But have a seat, comrade," and he pulled a comfortable chair beside him. "And a pipe? *Nein*, I forgot you use tobacco not. *Himmel*, what pleasure you miss! When the old wound grumbles" (for he had "fought mit Sigel" and carried a Confederate ball in his knee as a souvenir of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley) "nothing gives comfort like the old pipe."

He closed the book and held it toward me. "I have this book been reading. A good book. A brave girl. What devils they must have been to have burnt the sweet child! *Ach!*"

I glanced at the title. It was Mark Twain's beautiful life of Joan of Arc. "Yes," I replied, "a brave girl. But her spirit is dead. No woman now would do as much for king or country."

"Say not so, *mein* friend," he said eagerly. "Twice have I in my life seen such. Not for king but for the peoples, the peoples—a better cause, ha! I with *mein* own eyes these women seen. The lilies of France, what were they? But the old red flag, that for the blood of humanity stands, that was more noble, yes!"

"Tell me," I said.

He carefully emptied his long pipe and commenced:

"Of one I know not much. For one hour only did I see her. But the spirit that in the Orleans girl was, possessed the *fraulein* that day."

I knew he was going back to the stormy days of the revolution of '48 and '49 when he, a Heidelberg student and disciple of Struve the Socialist, had taken part in all of that gallant struggles for liberty by the German people.

"You know," he continued, "I in the '48 was with Colonel Ludwig Blenker, a brave soldier, yes! I was with him when he failed at Landau and at the triumph at Worms. That a great day was. And in all the battles to the end at Rastatt. But now at the beginning I will relate. We went into the Palatinate to make the uprising spread. But the invading Prussians too many for us were—five men to our one. We kept falling back and back day after day until our hearts were sick. One day we came to Kirchenbolanden where the people some barricades had built of dirt and sandbags. 'Here we fight,' said the Colonel. And we trained our small artillery as best we could. The Prussians at our heels were, and soon their guns were the balls in our defenses shooting and we sending them back with good interest. *Ach*, it was a brave little fight. For five hours we hold them off, but it is going very bad with us. The Prussians were coming over the barricades when a young woman, beautiful as a sun-maiden, right up on the barricade springs and a blood-red flag waves over her head.

"The bullets around her fly like the hail in a storm. It seemed as if the angels shielded her for not one touched her person. We swept them back from the barricade and their artillery fire fiercer grew. And the *fraulein* her flag waved in defiance. A bullet cut the slender staff of the banner and it dropped the breastworks outside. *Gott*, like a lightning flash she was over the side, under the murderous rain of bullets and the flag saved. And as she wound it round her cried, 'I want no better shroud.'

"How we cheered and begged her to down come. But, *nein, nein*, she stood wrapped in the red flag like the goddess of revolution. Now the Prussians come for a great onslaught. We our guns fired for the last time for our powder was gone. It them in fragments broke and while they re-forming was she orders were to retire. And the Colonel had the brave girl from the barricades tear away and carried her by force with us and she sobbing as if her heart would break because she could not see the red flag conquer or in its folds die. Her name? Yes. It was Matilda Hitzfeld. I never saw her again. A great soul, a great soul!

"But it is not of her so much I know. It is of

the wife of Colonel Blenker I most can tell. All through I rides as his aide. And Blenker's wife? She was an Odin's daughter, sure, who, like an Amazon could ride, and like the western sharpshooters that with Sherman was, could shoot.

"There was not a man who Blenker followed but who would for her died a hundred times. For all, she would the Prussians pick off she the kind heart had and much care she would our wounded boys give. And ever at the head of the troops at the Colonel's side, she would ride on the march or in the battle the same. *Ach, Himmel*, she a fine soldier looked in the uniform of the Army of Freedom, as she rode astride of her great black charger with the pistols in her belt and from her cap a long red plume that mingled in her glorious hair that was the color of ripe wheat!

"On the proud day when we into Worms rode the people brought wreaths and garlands of flowers and on her horse's neck they hung them and on the saddle bows. And, yes, they called her Liberty's Kaiserine. I saw the tears her blue eyes fill and she bent down and a baby from its mother took and said, 'O, my people, I love you all like this, like this,' and she the little one covered with kisses.

"The people at this were like mad in the worship of her. They trampled on each other for only her saddle cloth to touch. What a day, what a day!

"After that the tide turned. The cause was sinking to rise not again. Through treachery we defeated was at Waghausel. From thence came misfortune after misfortune. Broken with discouragement the proud Army of Freedom retreated with an overwhelming Prussian force ever pursuing. The whole army was hurrying to our city of refuge, the fortress of Rastatt. And always at the head of our corps rode Blenker and the Odin's daughter, his wife.

"For two days our retreat was in peace made. On the third, while through a long defile passing between high and rugged hills, a sudden turn brought us face to face with a regiment of Mecklenburgers and Prussians, who were there waiting for us, our retreat to cut off. Boom, goes their guns and of our brave boys many go down, a score maybe. And then a volley from the small arms they pour into us. Our ranks stagger and break. Many the steep sides of the hills were trying to climb. It was a confusion time. I think we all *verloren* will be and to pieces will be cut.

"'Thunder of hell,' roared Blenker, 'trample the slaves of the tyrant down. Forward, men of Baden.' A spent ball struck him on the helmet and the Colonel in his saddle reeled, stunned and dazed. A panic was upon us. It seemed as if we all would destroyed be.

"But, *Gott* be thanked, for the Colonel's wife! 'Max,' she to me commands, 'hold Ludwig in the saddle up, that he fall not.' She take from her belt her pistol and fires at the Prussian commander. Down he goes with a bullet in his heart.

"She the red plume from her hair takes and it over her head waves. 'Comrades,' she cried, like a silver trumpet her voice was, 'are you coming to Rastatt with me?'

"The great black charger leaped ahead. At that every man of us a paladin grew. Ten thousand devils could not us have stopped. 'For Freedom and Liberty's Kaiserine, we one mighty shout gave.' *Mein Gott*, it seem as if that cry would reach the ears of that liar and traitor to the people, King Frederick William, in his palace at Berlin. We poured upon the Prussians like the Rhine in the spring floods which nothing can withstand. I rides by the side of the Odin's daughter. One arm I hold Blenker in the saddle with and with the other I strike and strike with the sword. We was drunk with the battle-madness, *ja, ja*. The king's forces broke—they ran and the field was with bodies covered, their dead and ours. The next we into Rastatt entered, that proved a prison to be as well as a refuge.

"So, *mein* friend, you see that the Orleans Maid is not yet dead, but sleeps till the time for its awakening comes."

"And after Rastatt?" I asked.

"Then the dark days: We are crushed. Some of us escaped to Switzerland—to England—to America. Some under strange flags fought; some the bitter bread of poverty and exile did eat and some the brightest and best were murdered in cold blood. A sham trial, a death sentence, a detail of soldiers, a volley and the spirits of the comrades I loved, Jansoc and Neff and Dortu and many others went to the place made for free souls to dwell. *Gott* rest them."

The old man gloomed in silence and a tear stole down his rugged cheek.

"Well," I said, "you lost in Germany, but Blenker, Sigel, Schurz and many more of you helped Freedom win its great war in this country."

"Comrade," old Max said impressively, "Freedom's war was not won. The conflict that race-

slavery put away was but a skirmish in the great struggle 'twixt old systems and the new.' I am your poet Lowell quoting. The striking the chains of the black man off was but an outpost won before the great battle in the Armageddon valley. Times change and the great evil new forms take. The old tyranny and the new slavery is in capitalism combined. The perfect peace and the supreme freedom cannot be born until that destroyed is. I am an old man. In two wars have I for freedom fought. Now there is not much more that I can do; but with all the power that in me is will I work to capitalism abolish."

"Amen," said I.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

The Sacrifice of Toil to Art
FROM "WHAT IS ART" BY LEO TOLSTOY



Death Mask of Tolstoy
From London Sphere

For the production of every ballet, circus, opera, operetta, exhibition, picture, concert, or printed book, the intense and unwilling labor of thousands and thousands of people is needed at what is often harmful and humiliating work. It were well if artists made all they required for themselves, but as it is, they all need the help of workmen, not only to produce art, but also for their usually luxurious maintenance. And, one way or other, they get it either through payments from rich people or through subsidies given by government (in Russia, for instance, in grants of millions of roubles to theatres, conservatories and academies.) This money is collected from the people, some of whom have to sell their only cow to pay the tax, and who never get those aesthetic pleasures which art gives.

It is all very well for a Greek or Roman artist, or even for a Russian artist of the first half of the century (when there were still slaves, and it was considered right that there should be), with a quiet mind to make people serve him and his art; but in our day, when in all men there is at least some dim perception of the equal rights of all, it is impossible to constrain people to labor unwillingly for art, without first deciding the question whether it is true that art is so good and important an affair as to redeem this evil.

And therefore it is necessary for a society in which works of art arise and are supported, to find out whether all that professes to be art is really art; whether (as is presupposed in our society) all that which is art is good; and whether it is important and worth those sacrifices which it necessitates. It is still more necessary for every conscientious artist to know this, that he may be sure that all that he does has a valid meaning; that it is not merely an infatuation of the small circle of people among whom he lives which excites in him the false assurance that he is doing a good work; and that what he takes from others for the support of his very often luxurious life, will be compensated for by those productions at which he works. And that is why answers to the above questions are especially important in our time.

What is this art, which is considered so important and necessary for humanity that for its sake these sacrifices of labor, of human life, and even of goodness may be made?

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.

Practical Personal Propaganda

BY J. A. WAYLAND

Believing that nine men out of ten would associate themselves with the Socialist movement if they understood it, I have adopted the following method of reaching their intellect:

Selecting twenty men, mostly under thirty years old, I proceeded in December to loan them a copy of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," in cloth. I have taken pains to speak to them about it as often as possible. To keep their minds on the subject, and, when they had read the book, to talk to them about it. Then I gave them "A Co-operative Commonwealth," by Gronlund, also in cloth; I have followed this up with other books, depending somewhat on the trend of mind I find them in after reading what I had loaned them.

I keep the name, age, occupation and other data concerning each one on a slip of paper the size of a postal card; on a line I put the date I loan each book and opposite that the date of its return. These I keep in an envelope in my pocket and look over them sometimes thrice a day to see who has had a book long enough to read it, or who ought to be engaged in a conversation—never neglecting any of them a week. These slips not only keep track of my books, but they also keep me familiar with the characters and enable me to turn the conversation in the right channel. One could not remember twenty people and what they had read in any other way.

In two months some have read only one book, but most of them have read three and are becoming very interested, two having induced their neighbors to read what had so interested them. I have had to take the books mostly to their houses and leave with their wives and try to say something that will induce her to read. "Looking Backward" has appealed to most of the wives and gives them an idea of what we are trying to establish. Of late six of them have brought their books back to the office and desired others.

When any shall have read six or eight different books, I cease to keep them supplied, but lay aside their cards (not destroy) and take up some other persons in their places. By retaining all these cards, I can at any time in the future know what to give them to read, or can tell to what extent they are educated, should such knowledge be desirable.

I believe I can give forty people a pretty thorough economic education in this way within two years, and they will not be half-baked Socialists, but will thoroughly understand its philosophy. I make this as much my business as my work in the office, though it takes but half an hour a day.

So far I feel that I have accomplished more this way than I have in the last five years by the sporadic, unsystematic methods of hit-or-miss propaganda. I don't try to talk it into them, but let them read it for themselves. Of these we ought to get active workers out of one-half and they in turn will make forty more before another election.

No one is so poor or ignorant that they cannot do this kind of work. The only capital that is needed is a nice cloth-bound copy of four or five books and keep them shifting from one of these readers to another. If you will take four young

men and get them to reading you will aid in making the economic revolution for which we are all hoping. Will you try it—not next month, but NOW?

Charles H. Morrill

Socialist Representative, Haverhill, Mass.

The legislative record of Charles H. Morrill of Haverhill is an indisputable argument in favor of the support by workingmen of Socialist candidates. Morrill was the only legislator from Haverhill and vicin-



ity, who supported labor legislation endorsed by the unions, and his "strike advertising plank" was the only labor law enacted by the legislature. Under this law the capitalists are unable to secure the desired number of scabs in case of strikes, and several manufacturers who violated its provisions have been fined one hundred dollars.

Morrill supported all progressive legislation, whether introduced by Socialists, democrats or republicans. He fought for equal taxation, for laws attacking the cause for the high cost of living, for lower gas and electric rates, for the public ownership of railroads, and a great many other progressive measures.

Representative Morrill secured a favorable report from the committee on labor upon his bill to allow the governor and council to expend \$100,000 for additional work for the unemployed upon the state highways in times of industrial stress. But the republican attorney-general ruled it unconstitutional and the monopoly-controlled senate killed it. The senate also killed a bill of Morrill's to investigate the necessity of permitting cities and towns which desire to do so, to provide free meals to school children.

In addition to the above he introduced bills or constitutional amendments providing for the initiative and the referendum on questions of the municipal ownership of lighting plants, fuel and ice plants, street railways and three cent fares.

He introduced direct nomination and legislation bills, old age pensions, the income tax, a resolution favorable to international peace and arbitration, the punishment of railway officials as individuals responsible for violation of the law, bills for the preservation of the health of the worker. In every way, and by every means, Representative Morrill sought to further the interests of the working class.

Against Injunctions

The following resolution was introduced by Franklin H. Wentworth, Socialist member of the Salem, Mass., city council, and carried, by a vote of fourteen to nine, with one member absent, but was laid on the table by the board of aldermen:

Whereas, Whenever a court arrogates to itself power to issue injunctions never contemplated by rules of equity, and in violation of constitutional and statutory law, or assumes the right to issue injunctions for purposes of enforcing criminal law, it departs from the domain of property rights and unwarrantably invades the domain of personal rights; and

Whereas, Such court by such proceeding becomes not only sole judge of the law, but of the fact also, and, if those enjoined are declared guilty of contempt, prescribes the extent of the punishment; and

Whereas, Free speech is endangered when judges presume to specify by arbitrary decree the circumstances under which citizens may speak to one another in the public streets; and

Whereas, Freedom of the press is always insecure when and where freedom of speech is regulated by arbitrary decree; and

Whereas, The right to jury trial is invaded when alleged abuses of free speech or free press may be punished without the intervention of juries; it is therefore

Resolved, by the City Council of the City of Salem, That orderly liberty demands that the nature of lawlessness shall be defined, not by judges, but by legislatures; and that the facts in particular cases shall be determined, not by judges, but by juries; and it is further

Resolved, That writs of injunction as now issued and enforced in labor disputes are violations of the constitutional rights of citizens, and that suitable state and national legislation should at once be enacted to check the usurpation by the courts of powers outside of their constitutionally prescribed functions; and it is further

Resolved, That our representatives in the Massachusetts legislature be advised of the fact and contents of this resolution.

Sharpening Swords for Labor's Throat

BY COVINGTON HALL

Newspaper comment is generally favorable to the bill introduced by Senator Penrose for the placing of the national guard of several states on the federal pay roll. Under the terms of his measure, state guardsmen who attend drills forty-eight times in a year, or perform equivalent duty, are to receive 25 per cent of the pay of soldiers in the regular army, and officers below the general staff are to receive 5 per cent of the pay of staff officers in the regular army. This means to all intents and purposes, the outright nationalization of the state troops, bringing them under the hand of the federal government and at the same time insuring such an advance in their efficiency, by reason of their closer attention to the drill, as to make of them a thoroughly reliable reserve.

This paragraph appeared in the Houston, Texas, Chronicle, January 5, 1911. A few days before there was a news dispatch in the same paper stating "that the military authorities suspected the Pennsylvania miners of importing rifles and that they were devising means of preventing it and seizing the arms already in," without considering that the "sacred" constitution is supposed to confer on all the people the right to keep arms. It seems that the workers are not of the "people" and have no right even to defend their lives against the "Plunderbund."

According to the clipping Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania is the tool that sponsors the law by which the capitalist class intends to Diazify this "great and glorious country" and the few remaining liberties of the people. Nationalize the militia as is here intended, and we will have a praetorian guard in this country, compared to which Nero's would be insignificant.

The average militiaman is above all, a "patriot," and "patriotism," as old Dr. Johnson observed, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." All the viciousness and none of the virtue belongs to the militia, because the regular soldier joins the army for pay, expecting to be sent away to fight other armed men, while the militiaman never expects to be sent anywhere except to summer vacation camps and to pose as a real soldier.

He never expects to fight anybody except unarmed miners and other workingmen, for which heroic service he is allowed every license and is patted on the back as one of our "best citizens."

Not a day passes without some attack on the rights our fathers declared to be "inalienable." But rights depend upon our power to defend

them for rights were never granted, but like privileges, they are always taken. This is a law for classes as well as for individuals, and unless the working class of this country wakes up it will find itself facing loaded rifles at every street corner in the hands of the much vaunted militiaman.

Everywhere throughout the country, the capitalist class and its henchmen are beating the tom-toms of patriotism, seeking to glorify militarism and to invest the courts, and especially the supreme court, with a divinity, a halo of sacredness and inviolability.

Nor is this new plan of nationalizing and paying the militia, the end of the matter. The Young Men's Christian Association is busily engaged in the "boy scout" business, organizing and preaching into the minds of children the infamous creed of murder. It is aided and abetted by the political branch of the Knights of Columbus in this desperate attempt to carry "peace and good will to men" and they mean to do it, even if they have to bring it on the points of the militia's bayonets.

The cause of this feverish military activity lies in the approach of a tremendous world-wide industrial panic in which the capitalist class must face a working class, that is beginning to thrill with the spirit of social revolution. As many men and boys as possible must be taught to be "loyal to their employers, obedient to their superiors, their country, their president, and their God." To shoot to kill without reasoning why, without questioning the "Christian men" that will give the order, even though that order mean the murder of their parents, their brothers and sisters. The infallibility, the sacredness of the supreme court must be pressed home, otherwise the "National Guard will be turned loose until the supremacy of the capitalist is acknowledged."

That the opposition on the part of organized labor against the militia has already accomplished much toward discouraging the plans of the government and has brought down the standard at which the militiaman was once considered is reflected in the report of E. M. Weaver, chief of the division of the militia, to the chief of staff at Washington.

Weaver reports that the preachings of patriotism have no effect and that the only practical solution of the problem is to make the militia a force for the national defense and thus overcome the opposition of the unions. As a result of this opposition Weaver reports that there has been but a very slight increase in the militia in the last year. He recommends uniform national laws for the entire body of militia, thus making it part of the regular army.

Demands of Canadian Farmers.

At a recent convention of prosperous farmers of Canada at Ottawa the government was asked to assume ownership and operation of terminal grain elevators, to control the chilled meat industry, to force a reduction in railroad rates and to build and operate a railroad to the Hudson Bay. They also asked for reciprocal free trade with the United States in all agricultural industries, a lowering of the duties on all British imports by one-half or amounting to free trade with the mother country and offered to face direct taxation if necessary to make up the revenue lost under the proposed tariff regulations. Replying to an address from the farmers, Premier Laurier said he might be educated to believe in the government ownership of railroads but feared he could not be persuaded to favor the operation of them by the government. Instead of seeking government elevators he thought they should seek more and larger canals

THE COMING NATION

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J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Organize the Socialist Scouts

More than for any other section of the workers, Socialism fights for the children. Its greatest benefits will come to those who are now in childhood.

Thousands of children are coming to know this. They are anxious to help bring the day when there will be no children in the mills and factories, when all can be in school or playing under healthy, happy conditions.

From the day that the Socialist Scouts was first suggested there have been requests that some form of organization be arranged that would enable the young to work for Socialism and to work together. Now we have a plan by which this can be done.

The very best sort of work for Socialism is the distribution of literature, and a child can hand out a leaflet or sell a paper or book as well as a grown person. Nor will such work, unless kept at for too long in any one day, injure the child. Right now we want to say that we hope no Scout will be forced by the need of money to work at selling papers longer than he enjoys the work, and when you enjoy work it is play.

The COMING NATION is now ready to suggest a plan of organization with qualifications for membership that make it possible for every one who really wishes to join to become a member, and yet which makes it certain that only those who really want to work will belong. The membership is not confined to those who sell the *Appeal to Reason* and the *COMING NATION*. We know there are other Socialist papers and books and pamphlets that are doing splendid work for Socialism, and if a boy or girl is selling any of these he or she can become a member of the Socialist Scouts.

The Socialist Scouts are going to be a great force for Socialism. They are going to do much to bring about a better day.

If you know any boys or girls who want to belong to this new organization send their names at once to the Scout Department of the *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan. Of course, if you are a Socialist boy or girl yourself you will send your name and address.

The full plan of organization will be worked out shortly. In the meantime we want the names of all those who are willing to join. Look over the following qualifications for membership and see how many names you can get.

SCOUTS' PLEDGE.

I give my word of honor that I will do my very best:

1. To defend the cause of the working class at all times.
2. To be true to my fellow-workers under all conditions.
3. To do all in my power to bring the day when the workers will rule and enjoy their full product.
4. To hasten the time when there will be no children compelled to go without the things that are necessary to health, happiness and the attainment of honorable manhood and womanhood.

SCOUTS' RULES OF CONDUCT.

A Socialist Scout is loyal to the workers and their just cause. He will stick to them through thick and thin.

A Socialist Scout will never take the place of a man or woman on strike.

A Socialist Scout will never vote for a system of society that robs the workers of their product; that causes unemployment, poverty, and slums; that sends children hungry to school; that does all these

The Despotism Supreme Court

II. What Happened when it Opposed the Ruling Class Interests.

BY A. M. SIMONS



HAT the supreme court of the United States is the most powerful governmental body in the world few will deny. That this power was obtained through a sneaking usurpation by defeated politicians was shown in these columns last week.

No ruling class has desired to deprive the supreme court of its dominating position because it has always used its power in the interest of ruling classes. There is no other reason. It has retained its power because it has been a faithful lackey. Its strength, its power in government is in exact ratio to its supineness before the industrial rulers.

Once, and only once, during these long years of usurped power has the court shown any signs of independence. Mark well what happened then. Because that happening was of greatest significance it is omitted from the course of American history in our schools.

After the civil war the great capitalists who had grown rich on military corruption desired certain legislation effecting the former Confederate states. No lawyer today denies that this legislation was in flagrant violation of the constitution. Indeed, some years later, when these laws were no longer desired by the ruling class, the supreme court declared most of them unconstitutional.

When these "reconstruction" laws were enacted the capitalists were very much interested in their enforcement.

When a case to test their constitutionality was about to be carried to the supreme court it was rumored that the dog-like subservience of that body might be violated and the laws declared unconstitutional.

Let me emphasize again that everyone now admits that these laws were unconstitutional.

Next note what happened when the lackeys in gowns showed signs of independence.

On the thirteenth day of January, 1868, congress passed a law *taking away the jurisdiction of the supreme court in these cases.*

The supreme court dismissed the case?

Next week I will tell why the supreme court did this. I will show not only that it gained power by stealth and maintained it by cringing subserviency, but that even these things would not have prevented its overthrow had they not been accompanied by a universal suppression of the facts which will next be told.

things in a country where there is abundance for all and plenty of willing workers ready to prepare the raw material for use. Until a Socialist Scout can vote he or she will do all they can to induce those who can vote to cast their ballots and influence against such a system.

A Socialist Scout will always try to help a fellow worker who is in trouble.

A Socialist Scout will do all he can to help in the circulation of Socialist literature. He will read this literature and learn to understand it, and will know that only by spreading the knowledge which is contained in Socialist books, pamphlets and periodicals can the present capitalist system be undermined and a better society substituted.

CLASSES OF MEMBERS.

Associate Scout.

A boy or girl who has declared his or her desire to help in the work of Socialism, has signed the Socialist Scout Pledge and who has done the following:

Read the Socialist Primer or had it read to him. If over 12 years old he will memorize the "The Red Flag" on page 52 of the Primer. (This book is furnished free by the APPEAL TO REASON.)

Distributed or helped distribute not less than twenty pieces of literature in his neighborhood.

Memorize, completely, number seven of the "Ten Rules of Life" on page 31 of the Primer.

Active Scout.

A boy or girl who has fulfilled the requirements for the degree of Associate Scout and in addition has:

Attended at least three Socialist meetings, indoor or open air.

Read at least two Socialist books other than the Primer.

Helped in meetings or in distribution of literature at least three times.

Sold not less than one dollar's worth of Socialist literature.

Comrade Scouts.

Boys or girls who for any reason cannot sell literature or assist in distribution and older Socialists who may be willing to assist in forming Scout organizations may become "Comrade Scouts," but can not hold office in any Scout organization until they shall at least have qualified as "Associate Scouts."

Man is so weak that he looks upon his own selfishness as a virtue. To him a rascally shrewdness is enterprise and greed is ability.—*Opie Read.*

to violent means in order to defend its dignity and outraged rights.

And when a government resorts to suppressive measures by right of superior strength it is perfectly plain that it no longer has confidence in its own stability and justice.—Fabra Ribas in *PHumanite*.

Scout News

I sold all my papers. I received my official Scout badge o. k. I have two signers on my customers card and will get more.—Ralph Carpenter, Mo.

I sold my first ten copies easily and will increase my order to twenty copies the second shot out of the box.—Kenneth Spencer, Mich.

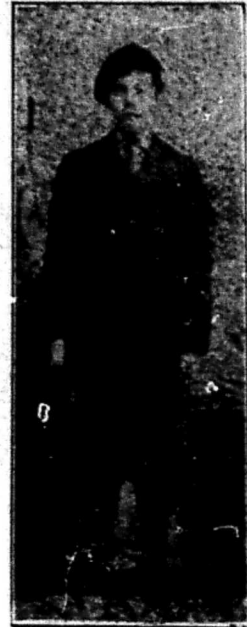
I sold twenty-two of my papers in about thirty minutes.—Edward J. Bartholic, Colo.

Yesterday I was elected an honorary member of Local Anderson, Gee, but I'm proud of it.—Fred Torrence, Anderson, Ind.

I sold all of my papers. As this locality is largely antagonistic to Socialism I will have to begin with only a few copies. But I'll overcome their prejudice in time. This is a tiny village of about twenty homes.—Elizabeth Duvall, Md.

I don't know if my selling NATIONS had anything to do with it or not, but a local has been started here and we're going to get Debs.—John T. Ingram, Ga.

I got the first bundle of the COMING NATION Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. I did my work and went to the city and sold all my papers. The title helps to sell the paper because when I ask them to buy a COMING NATION some say, "The COMING NATION?" They have never heard of it before.—Isabelle Rice, N. J.



CHAS. BROPHY.

Scout Chas. Brophy, Nanty Glo, Pa., stood still just long enough to have this picture taken and then hustled on with his bundle of NATIONS. He has caught the Pennsylvania fever for Socialist agitation and he's giving it to others. The plutes would quarantine him if they could.

The Socialist Scouts.

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

The Socialist Scouts have now become a recognized factor in Socialist agitation. Numbers of locals have made honorary members of the Scouts and are helping the boys and girls in many ways.

Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable prizes in addition. It costs nothing to begin the work for I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Some Scouts who began with a bundle of ten now have as many as 100 regular weekly customers.

If this meets the eye of a bright boy or girl who'd like to try the work without expense to himself, a request addressed to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan." will bring a bundle of ten, letter of instruction and prize list.

Before slavery was abolished in our country, there were millions of genuine Christians, honestly willing to see and do the right in other matters, to whom it seemed a preposterous proposition that slavery is incompatible with Christianity. To them it was a necessary and fundamental institution, like the family or the school. Today there are very few Christians who realize that it is a crying wrong to hold land idle for speculation in cities where men's lungs are rotting away, overgrown with tuberculosis bacilli for lack of air; few who realize that it is a flat denial of Christianity to take advantage of the needs of your fellowman to buy his labor cheaply or sell him your goods dearly.—*Prof. Rauschenbusch in Christianity and Social Crisis.*

Every bank that lends its deposits is simply speculating with other peoples money (which is what nearly every defaulter begins by doing.) No matter how plausible the pettifogging, the facts remain that deposits in banks are "trust funds"—placed there for safe keeping; that the banker who uses trust funds as his own, appropriates other peoples property; and that, when he fails, they are the losers.—*Albert Griffin.*

The politician's idea of a safe and sane man is one who can be controlled.

Socialism and Turkish Government

The military tribunal at Constantinople, according to the *Levant Herald*, has definitely decided to refuse its consent to the formation of a Socialist party in Turkey. A report appears in the *Stamboul*, that the newspapers, *Erghatia* (the Workingman), *Monahede*, *Alafranca*, and *Youha* have been suppressed, first two for printing articles hostile to the government, and the last two for publishing offensive caricatures.

Finally, it is reported, that the publishers and one of the editors of the Socialist newspaper *Ichitirak* have been arrested and that the police are searching for the other active members of the Socialist organization of Constantinople, because of the Socialist propaganda which they are spreading in the population centers of the city.

Such rash proceedings are surprising on the part of a government that pretends to take a liberal attitude. Such action might have been expected under the regime of Abdul Hamid, but is to be deplored under the new regime which was so full of promise for the interests of humanity and civilization.

But the Turkish government errs grossly when it believes that it can prevent the spread of our ideas and teachings in the Ottoman nation by coercive measures against the Socialist party and press. On the contrary, such arbitrary and provocative ruling will only serve to give more strength and consistency to the revolutionary Socialist spirit. It will only have itself to blame if a great party which could live and grow perfectly well in law and order, has to resort

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Lillian's Letters

Lillian Rides Through the Tube

Dear Mamma:

I am coming home! I suppose it seems a very long time to you that I have been gone and I suppose it would to me, too, only I have had such a good time and I have seen so many interesting things. I haven't told you about half of them, but I will when I am home.

Auntie says she is very sorry I can't stay and be her little girl, for we were awful good chums, but I guess she won't be so very lonely, cause Uncle Jim is coming home soon. I think it was pretty good of you not to have me come home before when there are so many things at home I ought to be helping you do, but I guess you know how little girls enjoy visiting.

Auntie said yesterday: "There is one thing that you must do, Lillian, before you go home, and that is to go under the river through the tube." You see, mamma, New York is like on the end of an island and people have to get across to other places like Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken to live and to do business. And Auntie says that so many people have been coming to New York to live and work in the last ten years that they just had to put more bridges across the river and then that wasn't enough, they had to put tunnels under the two rivers on the two sides of New York for street cars and trains to go through.

So then auntie took me to the new Pennsylvania railroad station, the finest station in the country, she said. It looked pretty nice, all quiet on the outside, with long columns all along the front of it, just like those teacher in school used to show us pictures of on the old Greek temples. Then we went inside and it was so big and high. I said we could pretty near put our whole town in it. You never saw anything like it, mamma, dear. And in the centre part where it was like great, big halls crossing each other, there were very large maps on the walls up near the ceiling, maps of different parts of the world, all colored lovely blue and brown, much nicer than our maps in school.

Then down stairs through the railing we could see the trains all ready to start, just like horses in their stables. It was all so clean and nice. I asked auntie if it was just opened and washed up that morning, but she said it was washed every morning that way and that there was no reason why everything in the whole city couldn't be just as clean and lovely as this and she said it would be when people made up their minds that they wanted it that way and liked clean, lovely things better than ugly dirty ones.

Then we went down two flights of stairs and took a train for Long Island. It was a train run by electricity and pretty soon it started off and really, mamma, I wouldn't know I was anywhere, because you couldn't see anything except a gray wall sliding along and a sort of gray ledge beside the train. Auntie said that ledge was for men to step upon when a train came along and it would save many lives of workmen who have to examine the tracks to see they are all right for the trains.

A little after we started, mamma, my ears felt so funny, kind of stuffed up. Auntie said that was because we

were dipping down under the river and it was the pressure of the air which was different from the air up above. She said that when the men were digging the tunnels, they used to suffer terribly and get sick from it and sometimes they died. These working men were called sand-hogs and she said if these men had not done this unpleasant work, and suffered we should not today have these nice tubes to ride through.

It didn't seem more than a minute until my ears stopped hurting and we were out on Long Island going along in the country just like any ordinary ride.

There was a nice old man on the car, just behind us. He was visiting New York from Chicago. We got a little acquainted, because we came right back together, and he said he never thought he'd see such a wonderful change in traveling. And he said that by the time I was as old as he, there would be just as many more wonderful things and probably by then this wonderful tube would be quite old-fashioned and perhaps not used any more. There would be something better.

Weil, mamma, dearest, I'm glad I was in New York so long, but I'm gladder still that I'm going to see my own dear mamma and all the others so soon. With a kiss until I see you, lovingly your daughter,

LILLIAN.

A Winter Industry

Many industries occupy only part of the year. Such are called "seasonal" industries. Farm work is a seasonal occupation. So is the picking of fruits and the canning of them. So are some kinds of building. So is the gathering of the ice harvest.

The ice which makes it possible for the city dwellers to have fresh food and some comfort in summer time must be cut and stored in winter.

Formerly and even somewhat today, many little ice-claims are staked out by single persons, on our rivers of the northern states, a little ice-house put up and the work of cutting and storing the ice done by the owner of the claim and a few neighbors whom he can hire.

But more and more, just as in all other industries, the great trust is getting possession of all the best lake and river supplies and with the best of modern machines for cutting and scraping the ice and with large groups of workers which are sent to the ice-cutting districts for just this season, the great ice companies are able to put the price of ice high and keep it there so that many people in the hot cities are obliged to go without ice in summer and many babies die for the want of it.

Now, doesn't it seem, children, that anything that is so important to the health and comfort of all the people ought to be managed and owned by the people themselves? Don't you think that it could be done just as easily and just as well as the postoffice is managed by the government? And the ice would be cheaper, too.

Why Father Didn't Shoot.

There was a chicken to be killed for Sunday dinner at the Cranes'. Mr. Crane did not like to wring its neck. Likewise he shrank from severing its head with an ax.

"I have it," he finally decided; "I'll shoot it." So, armed with his trusty gun, he took the chicken to the woodshed. Little Robert, anxious to be in at the death, followed. By and by, Robert's mother, hearing no sound, stepped to the back porch and called,

"Robert, hasn't your father killed that chicken yet?"

"No," Robert called back: "It won't get in the way."

Some Puzzling Questions.

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it?—When he folds it.

What letter of the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe?—The last.

What is that from which you may take away the hole and yet there will be some remaining?—Whole-some.

If a man who is carrying a dozen glass lamps drops one, what kind of a worker does he become?—A lamp lighter.

Why is a fishmonger never generous?—Because his business makes him sell fish (selfish).

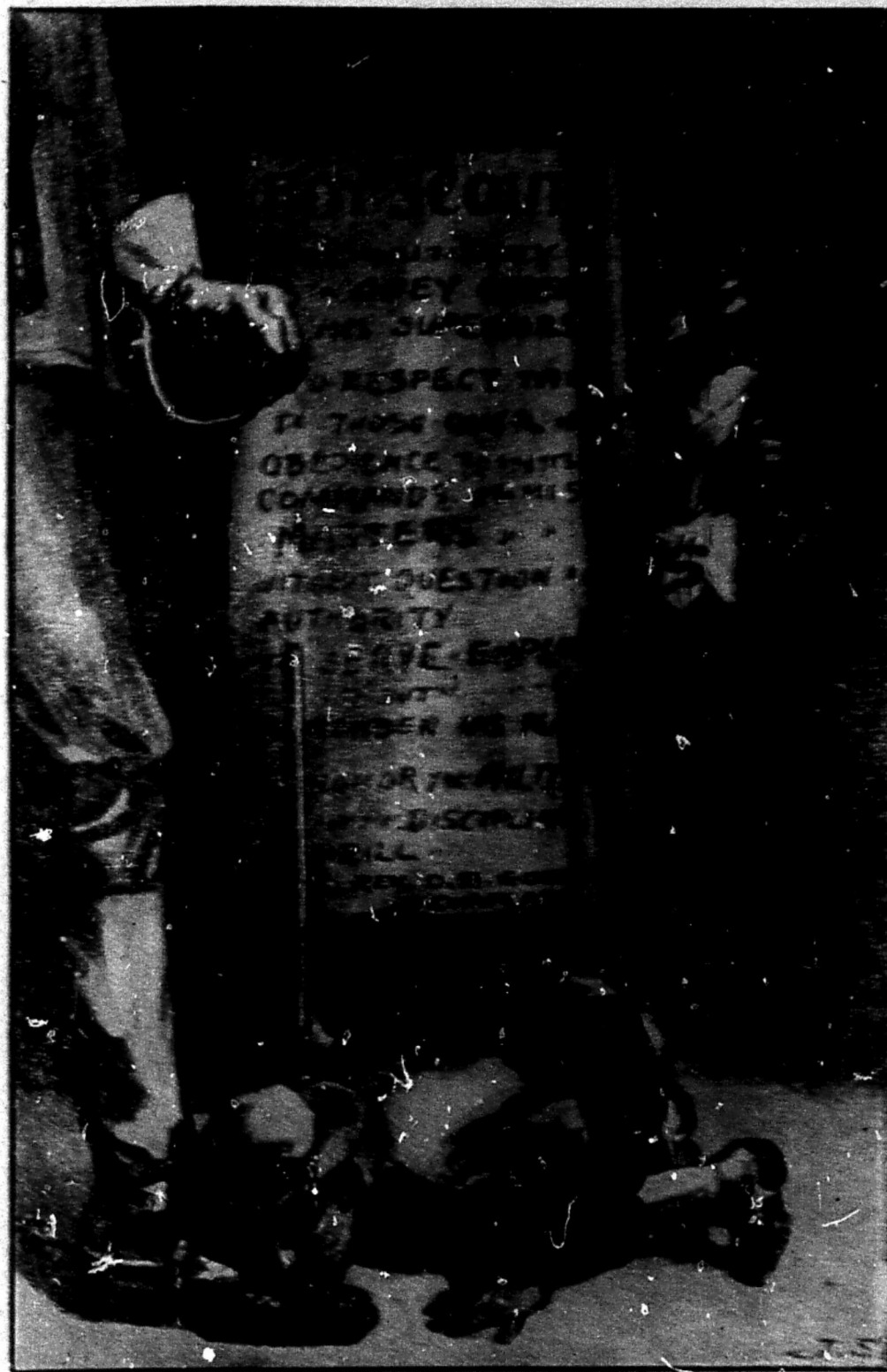
When Opportunity Knocks.

A New Jersey farmer, whose farm is near a school for boys, was greatly annoyed by the depredations of the youngsters. Finding two of the boys helping themselves to his choice apples, he ushered them from his premises, ably assisted by the toe of his boot.

The following day he found the same boys loitering in the vicinity of his orchard fence.

"What you young scamps hangin' round here for?" he shouted. "I told you yesterday what you'd get if I caught you on my land again."

"Yes, sir, we remember," explained the spokesman. "We didn't come for apples this time. We came to ask you to join our football eleven."



—From "War; What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick.

Training for Slaves

Boys who read the COMING NATION! Are you Scouts? And which kind of scouts are you? Are you Socialist Scouts or do you belong to the others, those who are being drilled and trained by army officers so that when they grow up, they will be quite used to handling guns and who have learned so well how to obey the military command that they will not hesitate to shoot on order.

Do you understand what the picture above means? It is taken from a book called "War; What For?" written by Mr. George R. Kirkpatrick, a book which shows how wrong and unnecessary war is.

You see the boy in the uniform of a Boy Scout of America kissing the boot of the soldier? Well, that's all. That is what the Boy Scouts of America are really being trained for, to love the uniform of a soldier and to long to be a soldier.

Mr. Kirkpatrick says in one place in his book: "An innocent little fel-

low who has been drilled for several years to forget that he has a brain and a will of his own, drilled to obey all orders instantly—such a boy at the age of twenty will, of course, automatically and stupidly obey any order—no matter how vile—even the order: 'Fire! Charge', though the enemy, the target, the little silk-mill girls ten or twelve years old who must toil a whole week for \$1.50, and are out on strike for a dime more per week, and while out on strike are starved into being 'riotous'."

Or will you be the Scout that believes that the true patriot is the man who makes useful or beautiful things for the use of all men and women and children, who would rather hear music than gunshots, who would see justice done to the women and children who toil, and who would be a fearless defender of his brother of the working class all over the world.

Which Scouts will you be, boys of the COMING NATION?

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

Universal Peace

BY THERESA MALKIEL



Why in the world has your committee selected Universal Peace as the first subject on its list of lectures? asked a woman comrade the other day. Have we not more interesting, direct, and necessary subjects to consider?

It is well that the Woman's National Committee should have started its course of lectures with Universal Peace, for woman's original subjection dates back to the beginning of war.

To go back to the first stages of development in the human race, we find that war for the protection of the primitive objects of private property was directly responsible for the establishment of man's predominance, and his tyranny over woman.

In the measure of increasing possessions, and the necessity of their protection from an encroaching neighbor, physical force, or warfare was necessary. Man had long been the hunter, hence a good fighter. This quality he now used to advantage, his position thus becoming superior to that of woman, who was the homekeeper, the primitive manufacturer, the child breeder.

"The men," says Frederick Engels, "seized the reins also in the house, the women were stripped of their dignity, enslaved, became tools of men's lust, and mere machines for the generation of children."

"Let us imagine history without war," says Carl Heinzen, "or the weaker sex capable of engaging in war, and the entire position of woman is changed in an instant."

The great Woman's Rights man knew what he was saying, for if we follow history we see that woman suffered most amidst the war-like people. Her position among the war-like Greeks was indescribable.

What was the chief work of history up to the nineteenth century if not war?

The entire process of social evolution, from savagery to civilization called for physical strength, for the power of defense that resulted in wholesale murder, a distinction ascribed to man alone, and in whose glories woman had no share. It is this—her incapacity to kill which has always been used as a chief argument against her enfranchisement.

Even today the warrior's trade is held in high esteem. With some persons, it is the constant dread of war that constitutes their chief argument against equal rights of men and women.

The masculine mind is still under the influence of the past, the day in which the privilege of citizenship carried in its wake duties which only masculine strength could perform. If we scratch deep under the skin of nearly every opponent to woman suffrage, we will find at the bottom that it is the thought of the past public life, so full of coarseness and violence that is alone responsible for his opposition.

Referring still to the past—whatever the causes of war may have been, it was woman, and woman most of all, who suffered to the fullest extent the consequences of carnage and bestiality. The bereaved mother's heart bled more deeply than did the fatal wounds of her dying son.

Men may have won and conquered through war, but woman was always the loser. While the murderous profession of man was glorified, the achievements of women, and they were not few, did not count at all.

As we turn the pages of history, and follow the progress of evolution, we find that wherever physical force has given way to mental development, where nations have risen nearer to the higher human being and farther from the beast, there the position of woman has risen also.

The more cultured and humane people become, the more they abhor the predominance of one class over another, and the more do they realize that liberty and equality cannot be established among classes as long as it does not exist between the sexes.

It is chiefly for the realization of sex equality that women should take a deep interest in Universal Peace. "The abolition of war," predicted Carl Heinzen, "would be the liberation of women."

The enfranchisement of women in one country, while the women of other countries are still without this right, does not mean the liberation of sex. Liberty, whether expressed in woman's enfranchisement, or in the abolition of wage-slavery, stands in close connection, not only with all other developments of its own lands, but is dependent upon an equal development in all lands. Not until a country can rest assured that its progress and achievements will not be molested by some other power, can it consider those achievements worthy or permanent.

So long as sons glory in militarism just so long will mothers remain of secondary consideration in shaping the destiny of their children.

So long as domination of man over man, and of nation over nation holds sway, just so long will last man's dominion over woman.

So long as working men of one land are persuaded to murder their brother working men of another land, for no other reason than the gain for their masters, just so long will the cloud of human slavery hang over the race.



A Splendid Model for General or Dressy Wear.

8864. Girl's Dress with side closing. Prunella in a pretty shade of red, with black satin bands, will make up this design most effectively. For dressy wear, poplin, cashmere, velvet or silk would be appropriate; linen, lawn and other wash fabrics are likewise suitable. The fronts are full below the round yoke and at the waistline the fulness in front and back is gathered beneath the belt. The skirt falls in graceful plaits. The closing is at the side. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6-8-10-12-14 years. It requires 1-2 yds. of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

The Pensioners of Peace

BY EMMA CLARK KARR.

Millions and millions of dollars
Are paid in pensions each year,
To bearers of death to our nation
When war reigned in carnage and fear
Then why not pension the mother
With sacrifice unsurpassed?
She beareth not death to our nation
But life that forever will last.

There is never a human being
That touches life's starting goal
But that anguish beyond expression
Hath pierced some mothers' soul.
With no inspiration of glory
Alone in her hour of need,
Down deep in the darksome valley
Her timorous steps must lead.

And how many graves are greening
How many are white with snow
That the proud procession of nations
May steadily onward go?
Then, silence! ye carping critics
Not words will avail, but deeds.
No race from the earth can perish
That harks to the mothers' needs.

Then give her a sure subsistence
And respite from heavy toil.
Let her close her eyes from the viewing
Of scenes that would dwarf and soil.
And give her moments of leisure
For learning and beauty and mirth.
She will bring forth the noblest nation
That ever hath graced the earth.

It is not that the heart of a woman
Has changed from its yearnings of yore
But she shrinks from giving existence
To prey for the wolf at the door.
Then pay a tithe to our mothers
Of the debt that will never cease,
Let them share in their country's bounty
As pensioners of peace.



SYLVIA PANKHURST

English Suffragette, now lecturing in this country

Professional Women and Socialism

BY MAY WOOD-SIMONS

Women in great numbers have entered the professions. They have become doctors, journalists, actresses, artists, teachers and lawyers. To many women this has seemed an escape from the slavery of the housewife.

The professional woman has first been obliged to take a long and sometimes expensive course of education before she could enter her profession. This is especially true of the doctor and teacher. When the professional woman begins her work she imagines that she will find in it some degree of liberty, that she is in a way removed from the class of the wage earning women and has the power to make independent choice in her work.

Examination of facts shows that this is not true. The journalist must, first of all, just like the factory girl, find an employer. If she secures a place on the staff of a city paper or a magazine she finds that these papers are run in the interest of the great vested powers, that they are the organs of political machines and that in order to retain her position she must write her articles and color them to please her employer. She starts with the belief that she can find expression for her individuality only to discover that she must force her eyes to see from the point of view only of her employer. She is not a

household slave, but she is another sort of a slave just as truly as is the woman who works at the factory.

It has been difficult for the professional woman to feel that she is in the same class as the wage earning woman. She holds aloof from united action believing that a salaried position places her on another plane. Take, for instance, the woman physician. Often her practice takes her among the well to do. She may feel that her employment depends on these people. She must bow to their will and accede to their demands. Is she independent? In no profession is the competition fiercer than in the medical profession. Perhaps such a woman physician has ideas of hygiene and public health, but she soon finds that she is handicapped at every turn in her efforts to put any of these into action. The doctor, more than almost any other class of professional women, must realize the effects of a system of society in which the few control the means of life of the many.

The actress believes, perhaps, that her profession is not on the same basis as that of the shop girl. But she cannot work unless she is able to secure a position through some agency. Unless she is a star she must accept the salary her employer stipulates. She must please a fickle public, and, if the play is a failure, run the risk of finding herself out of work in a strange town. She begins her work with high ideals of wishing to interpret the best in life for the people, only to find that her work is confined to a narrow round of commonplaces. Wherein does she differ fundamentally from the factory worker.

The teachers make up another class of professional workers. They spend many years in preparation for their work. Then they find their profession already overcrowded and the wages below those of a good stenographer, or janitor. They also work for an employer. They have absolutely nothing to say about their work, its course of study, and little about the methods used. They are put in charge of fifty or sixty children and eight years of the work leaves them almost as much nervous wrecks as are the housewives. As conducted, her work makes her narrow in her own outlook, all because she has no power of self-expression, and is too worn with the work to be able to grow through outside study or contact with other phases of life.

Socialism would make it possible for women who do this kind of work, the teacher, artist, doctor, actress, journalist, to have the power of self-expression. They would not be merely echoes of those who employ them. They should be sure of wage according to the merit of their work. They would be freed from competition in their professions that today destroys any possibility for anyone to do her best, and makes even the artist a commercialized worker meeting the demands of a freakish public.

There is a common interest between the working women, whether wage earners or professional workers. Too long, because their patronage has depended on the capitalist class, our professional women have failed to recognize this common bond although all have felt the oppression of the present system.

"Socialism stands for all that is best in science, in literature, in the social life, in the home life." These are from words uttered by a professor in one of our largest universities to his class of graduate students. The time has come for the professional women to investigate their truth.

Pamphlet issued by Women's Committee, Socialist party.

"Though beaten back in many a fray
Yet never strength we borrow,
And where our vanguard rests today
Our rear shall camp tomorrow."

To Lovers of Liberty

BY C. N. DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation



HEY tell us on this side that you Americans think yourselves the greatest things that have happened since time was, that you can do all the cleaning-up that is necessary in your own particular stables, and that you won't take any interference from any darned Britisher in shoe leather. Very well. Now we understand where we are, and I am going to risk it and ladle out talkee-talkie in bucketfuls. What a wonderful perspective one gets from the outside of things to be sure!

Well, to start in right away. The half-baked, pigheaded Britisher, with all his blushing sins thick upon him, has been watching Uncle Sam over the road and has been sizing things up.

He watched the pretty little murder conspiracy which had for its object the hanging of Moyer, Pettybone and Big Bill Haywood. He watched the police methods down in Columbus. He watched the Fred D. Warren strangle hold. Now he is watching the baiting of the Trade Union Bull at Los Angeles.

All The Progressive Forces.

And the fat-headed, pulp-brained Britisher, whether he be a Socialist or merely a "Progressivist" has reached the conclusion that unless all the progressive forces in the States put their shoulders together, and at once, America is going to stink in the nostrils of all lovers of liberty throughout the world, as the most tyrannous, bureaucratic, and repressive country on God's fair earth.

Pretty strong—eh? "Strong." I tell you that the resources of the English language pale their ineffectual fires before the devilish work that is going on under your very noses—though some of you won't scent the fire until the flames are singeing your whiskers. You can't see the wood for the trees—a common national complaint in all countries, but we here in Britian say to you that the whole devil's cauldron is plain to those who have eyes.

Shall I tell you what we see?

The Conspiracy of Vileness.

In the first place we see quite plainly that there is a deliberate conspiracy on foot amongst those who sit in high places to destroy, gradually if you like, but "to destroy" the most elementary rights of a civilized people. These tyrants who mark themselves in the tinsel and motley of office, in the insanity of personal ambition, and in their vile reaching after power, will, as surely as the sun rises over New York tomorrow morning, throttle the press, until it becomes, as it is rapidly becoming, the paid instrument of tyranny, prevent free speech and make the profession of Socialism and of all progressive thought, a criminal offense. Look to it in time.

But, you say, the people's cause is winning. Have we not killed Theodore Roosevelt? Are not the masses revolting against the trust octopi? Has not the Socialist vote increased by leaps and bounds?

But the reply is obvious. Roosevelt was killed not by the advance of thought amongst the masses of American people but by the boss interests which he had offended; by his political stupidity—Roosevelt is a mixture of child and lunatic—the people are revolting, but their revolt against the trusts has not yet risen above the threshold of consciousness; and the fact of the Socialist vote increasing will drive, so

sure as fire burns, all the reactionists into one camp to settle the best means of cutting the throat of the Socialist child ere it can grow to manhood.

The Political Cosmos in Travail.

Listen. Has it not struck you that exactly parallel happenings in the political world are going on both in America and Britain. Here, as I have shown, the old parties are breaking up; liberalism and conservatism—like republicanism and democracy—have had their day. The liberals and conservatives are uniting into one solid body—the republicans and democrats in the States are also at the beginning of the road which leads to the great anti-Socialist party of the U. S. A.

Now is your chance. Strike before these political dodgers can put their evil heads together and crush you by their united battalions—smite them hip and thigh whilst they are still separated into two parties—and take the initiative by forming yourselves into one great united Socialist and labor party to stop the first tiny breach in the dyke of American liberties.

I believe, rightly or wrongly, that in the U. S. A. there are thousands of decent-minded women and men who still call themselves republicans and democrats, who are sick to death of the most corrupt politicians on earth, who today are looking about them to see if there is no abiding place from the tempest of corruption and political rotteness, and who, if they are appealed to, will unite themselves whole-heartedly with the Socialists of the United States on a common platform to demand liberty of thought, honesty in politics, and the abolition of poverty.

Remember that many of these people hate Socialism only because they do not understand it—they hate the word and not the principle. They think it is anti-religious—show them it is the truest religion in the world. They think it means the breaking up of the home—show them that it means the making of happy homes. They think it means free love—show them that it means free love only in the sense that it means the love of each by all and of all by each. They are waiting. Send them the message.

A National Liberty Campaign.

And what better opportunity can you desire than the opportunity of cases like that of Fred D. Warren, and of the Los Angeles trade union auto-da-fe. Use them to start a great national campaign for liberty—sound the tocsin throughout the States, and let its rumblings be heard even across the seas in sleepy old Europe.

Make your appeal as broad as the ocean. Make it to all lovers of liberty, whether they call themselves republicans, Socialists or democrats, or whether they are unattached to any party.

Do it, but **DO IT NOW!**

THE ROLL CALL OF NATIONS

XVI. Belgium

The number of affiliated members of the Socialist party of Belgium at the end of December, 1909 was 185,316, making up 963 groups including co-operative and benefit societies, trade unions and political groups. The membership shows a steady and strong increase.

The resources of the central committee are very limited mounting to

about 20,000 francs per annum, of which about half is used as assistance during strikes or industrial crises.

Election laws in Belgium are so calculated as to give all the advantage to the conservative classes, allowing extra votes to tax-payers, land-owners, etc. The total Socialist vote is figured at 482,241. This number represents slow but sure progress. Thirty deputies and seven senators were elected by the Socialists in 1909.

Eight hundred and fifty municipal officials have been elected and have done much to further working class legislation.

Four national newspapers with wide circulation are issued by the Socialists and there are about 142,000 copies of the daily papers printed and circulated.

The central committee of Belgium have established a Socialist school with one weekly meeting in 1908 and two in 1909. The best theorists and militants discuss there the questions which are most important and necessary for the education of the young people who have joined the party. The example set by Brussels has been followed at Ghent, Huy and Liege, where classes have been instituted.

Annual congresses are held for the purpose of discussing questions of moment to the country and to decide the attitude to be taken by the Socialists. At the time of the annexation of the Congo, the Socialists congress adopted resolutions strongly protesting the proposed annexation. At another time resolutions were carried against a new military law which proposed army re-organization, and additional military expense.

An extraordinary congress decided against individual participation in the government without the consent of the party and the labor international.

The trades unions of Belgium are increasing steadily in membership. The number of members affiliated with the trades union commission of the labor party and of the independent trades unions amounted to 72,000.

The number of members of trades unions, who take part in the class struggle, was 125,943 in 1908. Extraordinary unemployment in 1908 caused a temporary decrease in the membership. The unions are progressing toward modern trade unionism whose object is to concentrate the forces of the organized proletariat against the combined forces of the employers.

The federation of co-operative societies is steadily gaining more and more ground in Belgium. In December, 1909, it comprised 174 societies with a membership of 140,730 and a paid capital of 1,902,266 francs and seventeen centimes.

Co-operation in North Dakota

L. J. LARSON

Co-operation seems to be contagious at Voltaire, N. D. A great many co-operative enterprises have been organized, and with profit to the stockholders. The farmers own the town site. The former owner, who was a non-resident and cared only for the money that he could get out of the lots, put exorbitant prices on his property. It was, however, taxed at his own figures, so he was soon ready to sell. The farmers organized a stock company with T. E. Tostenson as president and J. M. Colter as secretary, and bought him out.

Wanting a telephone they organized a company with shares, \$25.

No one can hold more than two shares, which entitles one to a phone though each one must pay his share of the running expenses. They are renting phones to the people in town; in time this income will pay the running expenses.

The elevator men paid what they pleased for grain so the farmers or-

ganized a stock company with Fred Schmidt as president and S. I. Knutson as secretary; shares, \$25. No one can hold more than eight shares. Last year a dividend of 20 per cent was declared and in addition they had received a higher price for their grain. The other elevators now pay one to two cents above market price, yet they are able to get but little grain.

Not wanting to swell the coffers of the insurance companies they organized the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company. The assessments were three mills in 1909, two mills in 1908, four mills in 1907 and one mill in 1906.

The farmers wanted a building in which to meet, 30x60, with a full basement. The contractors wanted \$3,500. The farmers thought that this was too much so they organized a stock company, hired men to do the work and superintended the work themselves. They saved a thousand dollars on the building.

When they held a farmers institute recently they met in their own hall, brought their families and a picnic dinner. The basement contains a dining room, kitchen, two cloak rooms and coal room. Here the children played and had a good time while their elders were entertained and instructed upstairs. When noon came all repaired to the dining room. Meanwhile the orchestra furnished music. They all stayed at the hall, no hanging around grocery stores, pool rooms and livery barns.

It will be interesting to know that many of these farmers raised fine crops of corn this year. It will also be interesting to know that they wanted such subjects discussed as corn and clover growing, dairying, silage and rotation of crops.

It will not be easy to estimate the independence and sense of power that this successful co-operating will develop in this and other communities. Let us strive for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

What's in the New Books

The Tongues of Toil, by Wm. Francis Barnard. The Fraternal Press, Chicago, Ill.

Certainly if the fact that any cause breaks into poetry, is a sign that it has torched the heart of the people, as has been said, then Socialism is certainly stirring the depths. Today the poetry of the world is shot through with the impulse of Socialism. This collection of verses is filled with the fire of revolution. It takes its name from the opening selection and the first verse breathes the spirit of the whole work:

"Do you hear us call from a hundred lands,

Lords of a dying name?
We are the mer of the sinewed hands
Whom the earth and the seas acclaim.

We are the hordes which have made you lords,

And gathered your gear and spoil,
And we speak with a word that shall be heard—

Hark to the tongues of toil!"

The author sweeps the whole world of international revolt. The second poem is to Francisco Ferrer, and a little later he tells in ballad form the story of Margaret Martenez, one of the martyrs of the Mexican revolt.

The book is one to keep at hand and read as the mood strikes one; there are poems of encouragement, of enthusiasm, and others that voice the misery of labor.

Mandy—"Why does that Wall street feller hang around the waterin' trough all the time?"

H'ram—"He says it makes him think of home, only we've got a different way of waterin' stock from his'n."

Mme. Curie and the Institute

BY JEAN LONGUET

Pre-eminently inclined to an unrestrained and all pervading stateism (which has nothing in common with Socialism as the ignorant bourgeois pretend), France has succeeded within the last three centuries in establishing as official institutions the various groups of the (self-styled) most eminent representatives of the principal branches of human knowledge.

These institutions are the five Academies, united in the *Institut de France*. The oldest of these and the most famous is the French literary Academy.

The French Academy was founded in 1635 by Richelieu. It comprises sixty

quainted with the famous scientist, Pierre Curie, and worked faithfully as assistant in his laboratory. When Curie was prematurely snatched from Science by an accident at the age of forty, his wife, as *L'Humanite* wrote, knew how to bear her sorrow in the most fitting manner, by continuing her husband's work.

Mme. Curie succeeded her husband at the Sorbonne—that old and glorious University of Paris. She conducted a course there, which attracted learned men from all parts of Europe.

Mme. Curie, like her lamented husband, is not only a great scientist, but also a free spirit and in the first rank. With her husband, she was a member of the French National Association of free thinkers, and both of them in the rare moments of leisure, which their absorbing scientific labors allowed them, often manifested their sympathy for International Socialism.

But when the Academy of Sciences appeared disposed to receive Mme. Curie, and the physics section favored her admission, the defenders of old traditions raised a violent protest. The opposition was particularly strong at the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles lettres, where an old ultra-reactionary lawyer, M. Betolaud, commenced a veritable crusade against the invasion of the Academies by the "weaker sex." It was declared that the question could not be settled by the Academy of Sciences alone, but that it must be submitted to a joint meeting of the five academies. It was necessary for the *Institut de France* as a whole to decide whether women could be admitted to its bosom.

Meanwhile the most ridiculous objections appeared in the bourgeois press; the members of the *Institute*, in great official ceremonies were bound to appear in embroidered uniforms and bearing a sword, a vestige of ancient customs. How could a woman wear the uniform and carry the sword?

However, the *Institute* gathered in full assembly to wrestle with this grave problem: should a woman because she is a woman, be excluded from the Academy, although having all the requisite qualifications for admission.

M. Betolaud offered a resolution that the *Institute*, "without claiming the right to compel the various academies to bend to its decision, believes that there exists a tradition which it would be wise to respect."

The first part of the resolution was passed by a majority of nine-tenths of the members, the number present showing many absentees. The second part, by a vote of 88 to 52. Such a decision, according to the opinion of M. Darboux and Gaston Dounier of the Academy of Sciences, advised against the admission of women, but left the final decision to the Academy of Sciences, which was to meet shortly after.

Lucky for the old gentlemen of the *Institute* that they did not have to deal with the terrible English suffragettes and Mme. Parkhurst.

The moral may be drawn from such a situation in the *Institute* that it is once more apparent that mysogony and reaction go hand in hand. Engels and Bebel declared long ago that the final enfranchisement of women is closely bound up with the triumph of Socialism; and it is quite probable today that the admission of women to the *Institut de France* will not come before the abolition of the hireling. The strong minority that supported the proposal is, however, a sign of the times.

The Man Casey Killed

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

know I don't own this paper and can't pay fancy salaries. If you don't want to take this story, just say so."

"But I'm sick."

"Oh, hell!" The city editor sneered. "I'm an old hand in this business. I've been all through it, and I know all the excuses that there are. If you're not tough enough for newspaper work, get out of it; but don't try to fool me. Take this story or not as you choose."

The bells were clanging away in Draper's ears, and the lights danced up and down over the city editor's desk; but the reporter was as yet outwardly calm, he could not believe that Casey was in earnest.

"Do you mean," he asked finally, that if I don't do this I'm fired?"

"I mean that if a man can't do his work, I've got to find somebody that can."

The bells smashed and the light went out. Draper leaned far over the desk and tried to peer into the city editor's face.

"Very well, Mr. Casey," he said slowly, "I'll cover the story if it kills me."

And he staggered out.

"I didn't know Draper drank," said Casey reflectively. "Hope he's sober enough to land this story. Ring for a messenger, Mr. Peters. And tell Mr. Fealy I'll probably want two columns more on the first page of the city edition."

Out in the open Draper steadied himself a little. It was raining even harder than it had rained all day, and the wind cut deep; but Draper splashed doggedly along. For two miles he trotted through the silent streets where the few shimmering lamps half lit the glistening pavements and left in total darkness the long rows of hundreds of silent homes in which tired men slept.

He got his story. He ran back to the office and wrote it. He had caught the last edition and beaten the town.

Burton, his desk mate, was waiting for him, and they started home together. They had, however, to stop at the nearest hospital.

The next day Draper was reported sick, and on the following, things went badly without him. On the third the situation remained unchanged, and again on the fourth. At one o'clock of the fifth day after Draper had taken ill, Casey, when he had called Burton to the city editor's desk and given him a string of assignments, casually remarked:

"Poor Draper must be really sick. I'm sorry he had to go out again the other night."

"Yes," said Burton, recklessly lighting a cigarette in the august presence. "But he isn't sick now."

Casey's brow darkened.

"Why don't he come to work then?" he cried.

But Burton was not to be frightened; he had just been promised a job on a rival sheet. He merely looked wise.

"I say, why don't he come to work, then?" Casey repeated.

"Can't," replied Burton smiling pleasantly.

"Can't? What d'you mean? Why can't he?"

"Fact is, he's dead."

Casey turned rather gray; his fingers drummed vaguely on the desk, but he did not speak.

"Yes," continued Burton. "Thought you might like to know about it. Nipped that last day, he was. Died this morning in his wife's arms in the charity ward of St. Mark's. Pneumonia. I was there. By the way, would you like to know what he said the last?"

Casey seemed to be looking, hard, for something among the clippings on his desk—something he could not find. He didn't answer.

But Burton was on a mission of vengeance. He laid his hand on Casey's shaking shoulder. There was a pause. Then Burton spoke:

"He was conscious. I wonder what he could have meant. He said, 'Remind Carey that I told him I'd do it if it killed me.'"

Burton threw away his cigarette and strolled out to his last day's work on

the *Globe-Express*. Casey sat silent for a moment, still looking at the clippings on his desk, and still not seeing them. Then he shook himself.

"Mr. Peters!" he called in his old voice of authority. He must continue giving out assignments. "I've got to get the managing editorship," he inwardly reflected, "and if I'm ever to make good I'll have to forget about this. After all, it wasn't my fault."

And Managing Editor Casey has forgotten; he has forgotten because he was right in his conclusions; it wasn't, after all, his fault.

The railroad, of which Hödder is now one of the directors, is said to be considering another recapitalization.

Parcels Express Company

We are going to have a parcels express in this country. The magazines are beginning to realize this fact, and, therefore, it is a good story. Albert W. Atwood in the *American* writes on "The Great Express Monopoly." He shows that the express companies starting without any capital and never paying any in, each have reached a position where their stock amounts to from ten to forty million, paying dividends all the way from four to twenty per cent.

Since these figures represent nothing, they mean nothing. On actual investments made, the profits would reach a percentage that would be almost incalculable.

Allan L. Benson in *Pearson's* strikes straight at the question under the title "Fooling the People About a Parcels Post." He recognizes that "The United State government is and always has been controlled by a few rich men. These men have used and are using the government to enrich themselves at the expense of the rest of the people." He tells the voters "that your chief shortcoming is that you don't speak on the only day that you can be heard—election day."

As is frequently the case with powerful industrial combinations the express companies exist and maintain their position in violation of law. Section 181, revised statute of the United States reads as follows:

Whoever shall establish any private express for the conveyance of letters or packets, or in any manner cause or provide for the conveyance of the same by regular trips or at stated periods over any post route, which is or may be established by law, or from any city, town or place between which the mail is regularly carried, or whoever shall aid or assist therein, shall be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

A subservient supreme court said that when this law was applied to express companies a "packet" meant a bundle of letters but when a post-office employee stole from a package of merchandise and quoted the same law, the judge said it was foolish since everybody knew that a packet meant a package and the letter carrier went to jail while the express company went on making money.

All this while, the express company and the political and industrial forces that they control, have, in plain language, treated the people as if they were fools. The people have been told that a parcels post was undesirable, uneconomical and unnecessary.

Think of it—we have entered into agreements with forty-three nations that have their parcels post to receive and deliver in this country; we are permitting the Philippine government to establish a parcels post; we have agreed to receive in this country big packages at low rates for delivery abroad; but we ourselves have no such rights among ourselves. We must not only pay tribute to the express companies but we must believe that it is good for us.

If the American people only knew their power; if they only knew their power! If they would tear off their party labels and vote as they talk at home among their neighbors, they could push this country half a century ahead at the next election. Every body knows something is wrong, but almost every body votes the thoughts of those who make the wrong.

Shall we never vote for ourselves?

Tommy's Mother—"Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie Bjones?"

Tommy—"Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time."—*Philadelphia Record*.



Mme. Curie

members. The Academy of Sciences was founded next by Colbert, minister to Louis XIV, in 1666. It is composed of 66 members and is divided into eleven sections—geometry, mechanics, astronomy, geography and navigation, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, rural economy, anatomy and zoology, medicine and surgery.

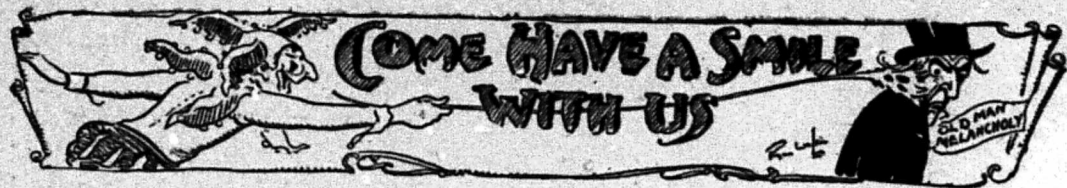
The other academies admitted to the *Institute* are the Academy of Fine Arts, including painting and sculpture; the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles lettres, historical science, comparative philology, oriental, Greek and Roman antiquities; the Academy of moral and political sciences, philosophy, ethics, political economy and general history.

Admission to each of these academies is only by vote of the members. This explains why all of the Academies with the single exception of the Academy of Sciences, have remained centers of conservatism and inveterate reaction. The presence of a Socialist, Anatole France in the French Academy, is explainable only in that he is the greatest writer in France at the present moment. Moreover, Anatole France had not yet shown his sympathies for Socialism at the time he was elected to the Academy.

No woman has ever been admitted to any of these academies. So it is that France glories in such names as Mme. de Sevigne, Mme. de Staël and Georges Sand without their having been considered by the French Academy as candidates for membership. It is also true that it would never admit Moliere, because he was an actor, nor Balzac nor Zola!

The Academy of Sciences has always exhibited greater liberality, and when the question was raised there some months ago, of admitting a woman, because she was a great scientist and in spite of the fact that she was a woman, the proposition immediately won many and influential supporters. It was a question of admitting Mme. Curie, the first woman that had been admitted as professor at the Sorbonne in the University of Paris; Mme. Curie, who in 1892 in her doctor's thesis, revealed the discovery of radio activity, thus opening the way to the wonderful discovery of radium by her husband a few years later.

Mme. Curie is of Polish origin. Studying at the Sorbonne she became ac-



Discontent

BY ELLIS O. JONES

The Police Captain was playing dominoes with several of the reserves when the telephone bell rang violently.

"There is a crowd of discontented men down here," said a voice in answer to the Captain's hello.



"I wish you would send the reserves down right away."

The reserves went down with a rush, found the discontented men, gave them a good clubbing and returned to the station house.

They had hardly resumed their game when the telephone bell rang again.

"That crowd is still here," announced the same voice. "Your medicine was apparently ineffective for they are just as discontented as ever if not more so."

"All right" said the Captain, "I'll fix them this time."

Again the reserves hurried down. This time, however, they gathered the crowd into patrol wagons and hustled them off to jail.

About midnight the jailer sauntered into the office of the Police Captain.

"I don't know what's the matter with those fellows," said the jailer. "They're more discontented than when you brought them in."

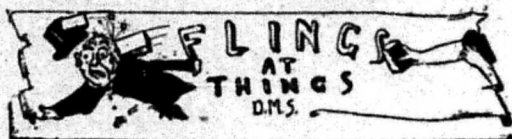
"I can't help it," rejoined the Captain impatiently. "Those fellows want the earth. If they aren't satisfied with what I have already done for them, I'll quit trying. I've done enough. But," he added philosophically, "that's always the way; the more you do for people the less they appreciate it."

He is the best physician who is the best inspirer of hope.—Coleridge.

Don't make excuses. Make good.



To Wise for Socialism



The Painless World.

King Chaos rules our social life
And is it any wonder
That it should be a mass of strife
With blunder crowding blunder?
A hodge-podge as a work of art,
A senseless, hopeless jumble,
Without a rudder or a chart
For its unsteady stumble.

Each working out his simple plan
Regardless of his neighbors
Mistrusting every other man

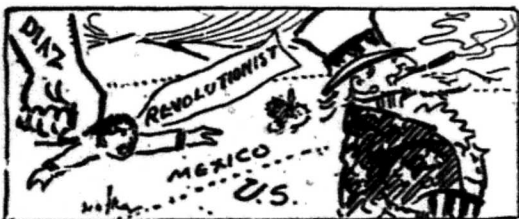


As toward success he labors,
Nor are his fears of folly born,
For each in turn would rend him
And trample down his vine and corn
And to the poor house send him.

With all the progress we display
It's sure a pretty kettle
If there is not a better way
These problems, wide to settle.
There is a shorter straighter cut,
I venture the assumption
And we could find it would we but
Employ a little gumption.

Quite Provoking.

"I'll never speak to him again."
"What did he do?"
"Foreclosed a mortgage on my house."
"Why, the nasty, mean thing."



Unheeded.

Up to this land of liberty
Where all men are in theory free
From Mexico there comes a call
To help them break a tyrant's thrall.
And do we rise and break our necks
To help them liberty annex?
We do not, I am pained to say
Because, foresooth, it might not pay
And why should we an effort make
If not a dollar is at stake?
We've got ours, as they say in slang
And other people can go hang.

Great For Him.

"Hear about that step toward Socialism?"
"No, what is it?"
"Postal savings banks."
"Fine business. The man who hasn't a dollar to deposit won't lose it."

Making it Plain.

"You heard them howling for the full dinner pail."
"I did that. And weren't they sincere?"
"Sure they were, but they got the terms a little mixed. What they wanted was the full bucket shop."



Some Problem.

By electing Taft again
We will roll in wealth and plunder
When ye all are wealthy then
Who will do the work, I wonder.

Opportunity.

Oh Carnegie, if you are not
A jester, playing us a trick,
Here is a method, Canny Scott
To bring us peace in double quick,
With blowholes fill your armor plate,
Inspectors pay, that they may wink,
Then horrid war would have to wait
If every blessed ship should sink.

But why suggest the thing to you?
You practiced it in days gone by
The trick is not exactly new;
Of blow holes you have not been shy.



A Christmas Check

BY LEE F. HEACOCK.

Al Ryan, the hospitable flint glass-worker of Lockport, N. Y., and formerly organizer of the Socialist local at that place, was being congratulated by the boys at the glass factory.

"Yes," said Al, "My uncle out in Tiffin is mighty good to me. The day before Christmas he sent me a check for \$100 just as a little Christmas gift."

After the usual congratulatory comments had been duly made all around, Al added:

"Yes, he certainly is a fine old fellow. In the postscript of his letter containing the check, he said:

"Dear Al, if you manage to get this check cashed please send me four dollars. I need a pair of shoes."

Unwilling Subscribers

L. B. KUNDTS

"I am taking names for the census," said the Enumerator, to an aged German couple in a Pennsylvania country town.

"We don't vand it," protested the lady.

"This is not a case of 'don't want.' You must give me your names. The law says so."

After having finished his questions, without any more remonstrance from the couple, the census-taker expressed the hope that they understood fully what it all meant.

"Ach, ya," answered the woman doubtfully; "but I don't tink it's ride for us to tage a baber, wat we never saw pefore; do you, Jake?"

"Naw, and maybe we can't read it, nieder."

Waiting for the Flies

C. E. LARRABEE

At a certain sardine packing establishment on the coast of Maine, the superintendent had offered one of the men fifteen cents an hour for cleaning up the cutting room, if he

You did it but to aid the cause
And not your profits to increase,
With putty covered up the flaws,
To bring us universal peace.

Little Flings.

Time is money only when you can cash it.

Lives of great men remind us of some things we do not mention in polite society.

Capitalism may be digging its own grave but a little help would not go amiss.

Emperor Billy better be cushioning himself for the bumps.

It takes a printer to smell a rat.

Those who assert that judges are human may have to prove it.

Limericks of Labor

J. W. BABCOCK.

A worker named Abraham Hexus,
Got a dollar a day down in Texas;
Tho' he couldn't half live,
To his boss he would give
His vote—now shouldn't that vex us?

There was a fat creature named Taft,
Who believed in a system of graft,
His cure for our woes
Was merely, "God knows";
Quite plain to a person not daft.

There is a nery young fellow,
"Plain people," often does bellow;
His name rhymes with worst,
Who will hit on it first?
He publishes papers quite yellow.

A woman who lived down in Maine,
Of her form, was exceedingly vain,
She got scared at a cat,
(In her switch was a rat)
Stubbed her toe, and thus wrecked her train.

The interest you have in men here indicates the treasure you have in heaven.

would make a fast job of it, and twelve and a half if he took his time about it.

The employe preferred the latter. The cleaning and scrubbing had to be done every day, in order to prevent the flies from breeding maggots in the refuse and scales.

The cleaner sat down, calmly smoking his pipe, and once in a while would get up and scrub a small space. Then he would return to his chair and his pipe.

"George is a good one," remarked one of the packers. "He waits for the stuff to turn into flies and fly away."

Who Got the Quail?

E. C. WILLIAMS

Two Irishmen went out hunting and bagged two rabbits and a quail. The argument as to who should have the quail lasted until bedtime and they went to sleep with the dispute unsettled.

The next morning, one of the Irishmen said that he had dreamed that he had gone to heaven in a basket.

"Well," said the other, "I dreamt that about you, too, and got up and ate the quail."

The Alum Remedy

J. CLYDE PRYOR

The water works in a certain eastern town are under private control and use a large amount of alum in filtering.

The high cost of living had seriously affected this community as well as all other parts of the country. An employe of the waterworks, while conversing with a friend, was asked how he managed to make both ends meet, since he worked only half the time.

"Faith," he answered, "the alum in the water here has so puckered up me stomach that the cost of living has been reduced one-half."

Moral: Try alum.

Subbubs—Why don't you build one of those \$1,500 bungalows I see designs of in the Woman's Own Journal?
Subbubs—I can't afford it; I've only got a little over \$5,000.

The American people can govern themselves—and do it well. They fail only because they do not really try.

The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke.



Uncle Sam: "What do you fellows do in this short session of congress?"
Statesman: "Oh, jest set around and think."
Uncle Sam: "Is that all?"
Statesman: "Oh no; sometimes we jest set."—E. W. Kemble in Harper's Weekly.



Nurse can look after the child but mother must care for the dog

What Causes War

BY JOHN M. WORR

If the cause of genuine human freedom ever demands it, we Socialists will shoulder our guns and get in line.

But we are in favor of universal peace just the same. And we are in favor of the only economic measures that can insure universal peace.

Every war has an economic cause.

Under the present capitalist system, the industries of each nation are owned by a few capitalists. They hire wage slaves to do the work. Modern machinery has made the productivity of these wage slaves enormous. The capitalists pay them as wages on an average just about enough for them to live on and raise their children. As this is only a fraction of the value of their labor, it naturally follows that they are able to buy back only a fraction of the product. The capitalists and their retainers are unable to consume all the balance. Consequently there is a great surplus that has to seek a market abroad.

Every civilized nation is in this same condition. Every civilized nation is therefore constantly on the lookout to preserve its markets abroad, to secure new ones if possible and also to gain or retain opportunities for the investment or surplus capital.

Right here lies the cause of all recent wars.

Here lay the cause of the Spanish-Cuban war.

Here lay the cause of the Spanish-American war.

Here lay the cause of the Philippine war.

Here lay the cause of the China-Japanese war.

Here lay the cause of the Boer war.

Here lay the cause of the Russo-Japanese war.

Every one of these wars was fought for the purpose of gaining or retaining foreign or colonial markets, and gaining or retaining opportunities for the investment of surplus capital.

Here also lies the reason why all the nations of the world are at swords' points.

They are all maintaining immense navies for the sole and only purpose of gaining and retaining foreign mar-

kets and opportunities for investment.

Socialism will abolish war because it will put an end to the fierce contest for foreign markets and investments.

When Socialism is established, the men and women who do the necessary and useful mental and manual labor of the world, will receive the full value of the product. They will consume the product themselves. If they are not able to consume it all, they will shorten their hours of labor and not produce so much. As a matter of course they will exchange products with other nations, each nation getting those things which it desires for use. But they will have no occasion at all to engage in a scramble for foreign markets or investments.

Therefore, when all nations are socialized, the cause of war will be gone.

The navies can be placed in the Socialist museum.

Some people have scoffed at us because of our opposition to war. They have contemptuously declared that our expectation is utopian.

But, when the cause of war is once realized, it is easy to see that Socialism will remove that cause, and that, therefore, the abolition of war is a certainty instead of an idle dream.

The Socialists have already made their influence felt in preventing war.

When Norway withdrew from Sweden the capitalists of Sweden wanted to force her back into the alliance, because the two nations combined could exercise more power and influence in foreign affairs—that is, in the gaining and retaining of foreign markets and opportunities for investments. But the Socialists of Sweden declared that they would refuse to fight against the workingmen of Norway. And, as a very large proportion of the workingmen of Sweden are Socialists, the capitalists were compelled to abandon the war project.

Likewise, when France and Germany got into trouble over Morocco, because French and German capitalists had money invested in Morocco and wanted markets there, the French and German Socialists were unanimously of the opinion that the workingmen of France and Germany had no quarrel with each other and that it would be folly for them to help

their masters, the capitalists, to fight with each other over markets and investments. Without a doubt, it was their influence that caused the two nations to settle the question peaceably.

So the Socialists have already prevented war to a considerable extent and prevented the shedding of a vast amount of human blood.

It is useless for the capitalists to enter into a war, unless they can foment hatred among the people, so that they will go forth and fight the battles, while the capitalists themselves keep at a safe distance.

For the capitalists never fight battles. They may not be invincible in peace, but they are certainly invisible in war. They always stay at home and rake in the money while the workingmen spill each other's blood.

When the workingmen are not foolish enough to consent to do the fighting, the war has to be called off.

As fast as the Socialists become more numerous, war will become less frequent.

When the Socialists gain control of all the nations, war will cease altogether.

We will then have universal peace.

We will then realize Tennyson's dream of a federation of the world. As August Bebel predicts, there will be a world parliament, formed of the representatives of all the civilized nations, which will regulate international relations and render them more and more stable.

(Sent out by the Woman's National Committee.)

Defined.

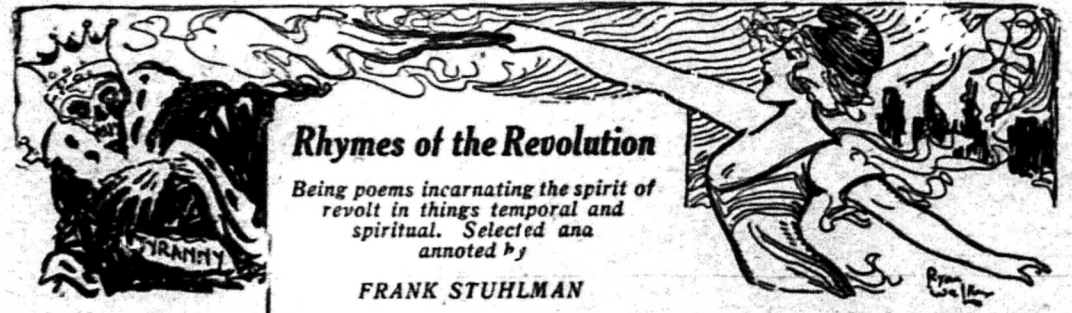
Knicker—What is a swarming hole?
Bocker—A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.—New York Sun.

Grim and Work

"The chief in our office has his own way of getting out of the office force the very best that there is in them," said a broker's clerk. "One of the first things I was requested to do after I got a job there was to be photographed with a seven by nine grin on my face and put one of the pictures in a conspicuous place on my desk. All the other fellows had also been photographed wearing their broadest grin. The boss insisted on it. He maintains that every time a man gets out of sorts and is likely to insult his best friend because of a general mental and moral slump one look at that smiling phiz of his acts like a tonic. It shows him what a first rate fellow he can be anyhow when the spirit possesses him and he tries his level best to live up to his picture.—New York Sun.

There is a mighty unrest in this republic of ours. It is aroused by the lawless acts of the money power in countless relations. The failure of the courts to give swift justice and the long delays in making promised reforms have had part in creating this dissatisfaction. All wise men recognize that this discontent is on the whole, justified; that the wrongs cried out against are real; that relief must be given. Wealth is too concentrated. The necessities of life are cornered and bartered in by conscienceless merchants.—Rev. M. P. Boynton.

Labor that does not engage the mind has no dignity, else the ox and the ass are kings in the world and we are younger brothers in the royal family.



Note:—This poignant little skit is of the tragedy of prostitution enforced by Hunger and Want, the two concomitants of Capitalism. "How many women," asks Eugene Wood in a recent COMING NATION, "would walk the streets of shame if every one of them were entitled to food, clothing and shelter?" The verses are from "Under a Fool's Cap," Songs by Daniel Henry Holmes, one of the great brotherhood of unrecognized geniuses. This little book was rescued from oblivion and published in part in that beautiful little magazine of treasure-trove, "The Bibelot," of Portland, Me. Mr. Holmes used as texts some little verse of nurse-y rhyme and from that wove a fabric of beautiful verse. Some are whimsically tender, some graceful and fantastic as elfin music with a touch of pathos that goes straight to the heart and two of them, "The Old Woman Under Hill," and "Margery Daw" touch the note of grim tragedy.

Margery Daw

BY DANIEL HENRY HOLMES

See-Saw! Margery Daw!
Sold her bed to lie in the straw.
Was she not a dirty slut
To sell her bed and live in the dirt?

And yet perchance, were the circumstance
But known, of Margery's grim romance,
As sacred a veil might cover her then
As the pardon which fell on the Magdalen.

It's a story told so often, so old,
So drearily common, so wearily cold:
A man's adventure—a poor girl's fall—
And a sinless scapegoat born—that's all.

She was simple and young, and the song
Was sung
With so sweet a voice, in so strange a
Tongue,
That she followed blindly the Devil-song
Till the ground gave way and she lay head-
long.

And then; not a word, not a plea for her
heard,
Not a hand held out to the one who had
err'd,
Her Christian sisters foremost to condemn,
God pity the woman who falls before them.

They closed the door for evermore
On the contrite heart which repented sore,
And she stood alone, in the outer night,
To feed her baby as best she might.

So she sold her bed, for its dally bread,
The gown off her back, the shawl off her
head,
Till her all lay piled on the pawnshop's shelf,
Then she clenched her teeth and sold her

And so it came that Margery's name
Fell into a burden of sorrow and shame,
And Margery's face grew familiar in
The market-place where they trade in sin.

What use to dwell on this premature Hell?
Suffice it to say the child did well,
Till one night that Margery prowled the
town,
Sickness was stalking and struck her down.

Her beauty pass'd, and she stood aghast
In the presence of want, and stripped, at
the last,
Of all she had to be pawned or sold,
To keep her darling from hunger and cold.

So the baby pined, till Margery, blind
With hunger of fever, in body and mind,
At dusk, when death seem'd close at hand,
Snatched a loaf of bread from a baker's
stand.

Some Samaritan saw Margery Daw,
And lock'd her in jail to be upon straw;
Not a sparrow falls, they say—Oh well!
God was not looking when Margery fell.

With Irons girt, in her felon's shirt,
Poor Margery lies in sorrow and dirt,
A gaunt, sullen woman untimely grey,
With the look of a wild beast brought to
bay

See-Saw, Margery Daw!
What a wise and bountiful thing, the Law!
It makes all smooth—for she's out of her
head,
And her brat is provided for. It's dead.