

THE COMING NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Open Warfare Welcomed



COME to think of it the open warfare on the labor unions that is now under way ought to have some advantages. For instance, it will discourage hypocrisy and anything in that line ought to make us rejoice. The voice of the pretended supporter of labor unions will not be heard much in the land. "I believe in labor unions, but I want them to do what is right," you know that sort of thing.

To all this there never was anything except pure pretence. "To do right" in the view of these philosophers meant for the unions to take whatever was given to them and keep still. To make any protest was wrong, and as for a strike, at the mere mention of such a dreadful thing the good man was ready to faint with horror. His idea of a nice good union was one that met once a year to discuss the latest styles in pajamas. If it would do that he was heartily in favor of organized labor.

If it comes to a straight-out contest between the union and the forces that desire to destroy the union, we shall hear no more from these platitudinous popinjays. It will be either one thing or the other; men will be frankly on the side of the unions or frankly against them, for this will be a fight for life.

Where will the dear old Civic Federation be then? I guess that grand old bunch will go out of business. Imagine August Belmont and Seth Low in the days when there is a straight-out grapple between the unions and the Interests! No sentiments to the effect that Labor and Capital ought to be friends and march on hand in hand will sound very good in those days, even when attended by these past masters of the art of guff.

For those of inquiring mind the situation existing today in the United States under the capitalist system and that which existed before the Civil War under the slave-holding system bear many curious resemblances. Now, as then, the power is diverted from the hands of the people into the hands of special Interests and now, as then, the struggle is joined between government of democracy and government of privilege.

But one point of coincidence has escaped general attention. Just before the war there was a well defined scheme on foot to extend the dominion of the United States over neighboring and weaker countries. The purpose was the spread of slavery and the strengthening of that institution. The eyes of the conspirators were first cast upon Cuba, which was the subject of the famous "Ostend Circular," by which the purchase or, failing that, the conquest of the island was recommended by the three American ministers to England, France and Spain. Later hopes were pinned upon the adventurer, William Walker, and his operations in Nicaragua.

Walker seized Nicaragua and held it for

two years. His government was recognized by Washington and his representative was warmly welcomed. There is no doubt that if Walker had been successful he would have had the full support of the American slave oligarchy as long as it endured and that slavery would have been forced upon the Nicaraguans.

Something very similar, if more decently shrouded, is going on today. The field is Cuba. We have already seen one fake revolution in Cuba which was engineered by American agents. And now we are promised that another will shortly break out.

Of course, the plan is to supply an excuse by which the United States is to trample upon its pledged word and seize the island. And, of course, the influences at work are American corporations with Cuban interests. They find the Cuban Republic a thorn in their sides. They find that they can only work their full will under beneficent American rule, of, by and for themselves. So they make a revolution to order and appeal to Washington for succor.

Grand old game.



Another Glorious Victory

BY A. M. SIMONS.

Frightened at the storm of protest that was rolling up from every section of the country President Taft has commuted the sentence of Fred D. Warren to a fine of one hundred dollars. Cornered by the expose of the injustice of the sentence, panic-stricken by the rising revolt against judicial usurpation, Taft whines, snarles and blusters in his discussion of the case. Trying desperately to save the face of the government, he retains a comparatively insignificant fine, and fearful lest an opportunity be opened to fight the case further he adds a clause that this is to be "collected by civil process only." In spite of the fact that every step of the case was fought, with the assistance of the best attorneys obtainable; in spite of the fact that the only time the services of attorneys were dispensed with (in Warren's speech at St. Paul) the court itself declared that the legal points raised in that speech were the only ones properly to come before the court; in spite of the fact that it was only when the volume of protest grew so great as to break through the "conspiracy of silence" of the capitalist press, and only when the rising tide of Socialist votes showed that the life of capitalism itself was threatened, that a semblance of justice was secured, Taft sneeringly declares that Warren was trying to become a martyr.

Truly the Socialists of America have made capitalism and its judicial system contemptible.

We Threw the Fear Into Them



MORE than 542,000 votes and have we not thrown the fear into them, my brother? Fred Warren has been made the object of "executive clemency." Fred Warren, who asked no interference with the penalty imposed by the courts, has been set free. Fred Warren, who has fought a long fight and a good fight for the working class of America, has been protected by the Chief Magistrate of the nation from the oppression of the capitalist-owned courts.

More than 542,000 votes.

And now comes the putterer and with his own fat and royal hand overturns the conspiracy which was to throttle free speech in this our country.

It was all very well before, you will remember,—before last November.

Warren had made himself obnoxious to our masters. Warren had built up the greatest organ of protest that capitalism had to face. Warren had irritated Colonel-crazy-horse. Warren had seized upon the dastardly outrage upon Moyer and Haywood and had thrust it into the faces of the plunderers, with the demand that such acts of barbarism and reeking injustice cease.

So Warren was to suffer and the entire movement of which Warren is such a tremendous exponent was to suffer.

The pirates planned it; the press backed it and the courts were just about to carry it out when, more than 542,000 votes were cast for Socialism.

Confronted with that colossal protest lodged by the working class of America against the terrific wrongs of economic political oppression, against the guilty failure of the exploiting class, against the whole structure of greed, corruption and inhuman privilege, our masters felt the thrill of dread, felt the very foundations of their order shaking beneath them.

So Warren, the exponent of this protest, the man who stood in a measure at the head of these hundreds of thousands, has been spared what was planned for him. In panic, in nothing less than panic, the exploiters have hastened to undo the crime which would have brought down in wrath that mighty army of industrially shackled, but mentally emancipated.

Brethren, I ask your pity for this unhappy fat man who fills the seat of the presidency with his globular presence. Pulled and hauled hither and yon, parroting words put into his mouth, signing here, ordering there as he is directed, he is truly pathetic.

He would not have moved in the Warren matter. Nothing could have been further from his mind.

He could not see the significance of 542,000 nor of anything else.

But he was told to get busy and the poor bewildered golf player did what he was told, even to the point of the unprecedented action of pardoning a man who had not asked and did not desire a pardon.

His remarks on that occasion are all that was wanting to complete the victory. They voice capitalist fear and rage and the unfortunate author's own spleen at being forced to do something that with all his puttering soul he hated to do.

They reveal at once the extremity of terror to which the pirates who run us have been put and the querulous spite and blind intoler-

ance of the man who answered the bitter cry of the disinherited with "GOD KNOWS."

"Doubtless his writings are read with pleasure by a number whose views are as wild and as perverted as his," says the putterer speaking of Fred Warren. Yes indeed, Mr. Taft, there is exactly the point. That point struck the capitalist system where it lived. A number, quite a number. More than 542,000.

That's all.



Here is an actual conversation just as it occurred with a San Francisco merchant:

Merchant—Ah yes, business is very bad in San Francisco at present. You see the labor unions have ruined everything.

Unions Ruining Business

Visitor—Have they injured your business?

Merchant—I should say so. They have hurt me enormously.

Visitor—How is that?

Merchant—Why, you see, all my expenses are so much greater than they used to be. I must pay more for clerk hire to begin with.

Visitor—But your clerks do not belong to any union.

Merchant—I know that, but that is only one item of expense that has been increased.

Visitor—What are the others?

Merchant—Rent, for one thing; that is considerably higher. Then all the freight rates have gone up about twenty per cent. That makes a great difference to me. Then money is tight; I must pay a higher rate of interest for it.

Visitor—And you charge all that to the unions?

Merchant—Well, of course not all of it, I suppose, but the unions have ruined everything.

This was a "bright, keen-witted business man," especially noted for his foresight. I give his remarks as typical of his class. In all sincerity he accepted the fantastic notion, that because it was the fashion in his caste to denounce the labor unions, therefore the unions caused droughts, increased railroad rates, increased interest charges, spavin, ring-bone, rheumatism, lumbago and ingrowing toe-nails.

Observe how much the boasted foresight of this class really amounts to, even in their own line of business. It is obvious that this man knew nothing about economics or contemporaneous events; let us see how much he knew about his own affairs.

He was engaged in selling, at retail, several kinds of goods. Most of his customers were the wives of working men. Whenever working men had work and wages, and were in good physical condition this man's business was good. When working men were out of work or suffered a reduction of pay, this man's business was bad. The more money the working class had to spend for comforts as well as for necessities the better for the business of this man. But if the physical condition of the working class and their standard of living should decline this man's business would decline in the same ratio.

But the object of the labor union was to maintain the standard of living of the working class and enable it to buy some comforts as well as necessities and to increase its physical welfare.

What a nation of thoughtful people we are! How readily we perceive the causes of our troubles! Another people might think that when railroad capitalization is increasing four times as fast as the total wealth of the country that fact might account for some part of our misfortunes. But we cannot be fooled in that way. We know that every thing that goes wrong is due to the hellish machinations of the labor unions. Everything. If there is a dog goes mad in Philadelphia it's the labor unions and if there is a cyclone in Texas, why the unions did it. All we need to be happy is to abolish the unions.

This is one reason why any denunciation of the unions meets with the warm approval of so many small business men. With their noses buried in their ledgers all they can see is that wagon-drivers now get \$50 a month and formerly got \$46, and work now ten hours where they formerly worked fourteen. Difference \$4 a week and four hours a day. Down with the unions. They can't see that the prosperity of business depends upon the prosperity of the working class and that if we are to reduce the standard of living of that class we must suffer also a corresponding reduction in consumption, which means in business.

The obsessed retail merchant cannot see this, but he is beginning to see the advance of the "chain" store across the country and the impossibility of competing with that kind of a store, and some of these days he will see the other fact just as clearly—let us hope.

I suppose he might see some of it now if he were not so much taken up with the idea of his class and if it were not for the pressure of the banks upon him. Class tyranny is a great thing in America. Suppose a retail grocer to stand out for something against the dominant prejudice of the rest of his caste—what do you think would happen to him? It is the same way about the unions. The revered leaders of the business world declare that the unions must be abolished and the small fry instantly stick up their heads and shout:

"That's so! They are a menace to prosperity!"

They don't know why, any more than the man in San Francisco.



"It's the good old shell game. Everybody wins. No deception, gents. Kindly note that I take a little pill, Dr. Sherman's Celebrated Specific, and place it under this shell, the Trusts. Now, gents, where is the little pill? Make your bets. Are you all done? Ah, here it is, under this other shell, the Labor Unions. Sorry, gents, you're stung again."

So it goes, that grand old game. And once more the comeon wonders how it happened.

Kindly note, brethren, that at New Orleans a few days ago three union leaders, connected with the Dock and Cotton Council, were convicted in the United States Circuit Court of conspiracy in restraint of trade.

The Dock and Cotton Council is one of the strongest union organizations of the country, certainly the strongest in the South. It has a membership of more than 50,000, including every laborer whose work contributes directly to the shipping of cotton. It has been a source of deep concern to the employers and its union sentiment is deep and loyal.

There is corresponding rejoicing among the masters over what has just happened.

Two years ago members of the Coal Wheelers' Union refused to coal a vessel that was being loaded by non-union longshoremen. Action was started soon afterward against the presidents of the Dock and Cotton Council, the Coal Wheelers' Union and the Longshoremen's Union for interfering with interstate commerce. Today they stand convicted.

And how was this done? It was done by invoking the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, under the provision of which the men were tried.

The grand old game. The grand old swindle.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was a product of the Harrison administration. Its single purpose was to curb the spread and power of predatory corporations. It was drawn and passed with that sole construction in view. It was hailed at the time as the final settlement of the trust question and the instrument which must inevitably restore the principle of competition as the basis of commercial activity.

The Anti-Trust Law remained on the books through the rest of the Harrison's adminis-

tration, through Cleveland's and through part of McKinley's without so much as seeing the light of day. In the meantime trusts continued to extend and increase and rob and wax fat and insolent, according to their nature. At last Attorney General Knox dug among the dusty files for this ancient cure-all and ladled it out to Jim Hill's Northern Securities Company. The Supreme Court rendered a decision upholding its constitutionality. Of course that worked no harm to Mr. Hill, for the Securities Company was only a financial device, but the decision established the act permanently. Since that time it has never been enforced against any trust.

It occurred one happy day to the nimble mind of some clever corporation lawyer, highly paid for perverting the law in the interests of his clients, that the Anti-Trust Law had never had proper attention. Restraint of trade, eh? Why was not a labor union a combination in restraint of trade?

Brilliant discovery, and of inestimable value. Here, in the weapon manufactured for holding up the trusts, was a sandbag where-with the trusts might attack labor, their natural enemy. The club was promptly used and brought about the Danbury Hatters' decision. Now it has been used again and we have the New Orleans conviction.

And after twenty-one years of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which was to put an end to thieving trusts this is the net result.

The act has never been enforced against any trust, for which it was intended; it has been enforced against labor unions, for which it was never intended.

This is the end of our experiment in regulation.

The means deliberately chosen to end the evils of corporation growth are the very means by which the corporations fatten and bulwark themselves; the device invented to check corporation dominance is the very device by which the corporations confirm and strengthen their hold upon the country.

The grand old game.

Of course these things are not calculated to cheer our drooping spirits to any great extent. But we can get some kind of a twisted smile out of the position they put us in.

Comeons!



The Southern Pacific railroad has been good enough to design the constitution for the new state of New Mexico and the character of

A Grand Specimen of the Art

the instrument is enough to make Collis P. Huntington arise from the grave with joy. No new-fangled ideas of progress for the Southern Pacific; no nonsense about rule by the people; no bosh about democracy disgraces this wonderful constitution. It upholds in all respects the good old doctrine that nine-tenths of the people are made to be bossed and plundered and then provides the easy way by which the popular and deserving railroad company can do the bossing and plundering. All power about everything safely landed in the hands of the governor and the legislature and provisions made perfect for the proper control of these officers in the interest of the corporations. No initiative, no referendum, no recall, nothing to interfere with the pleasant games at the state capital, and the right districting of the state arranged so that the railroad can easily get a majority. Above all, this noble document saddled upon the people forever, since the provisions for amending the constitution are so drawn that amendment is practically impossible.

The corporations have not made a better job of anything for many years. It is complete, perfect and admirable and definite organizes the state as a province of the Interests.

I warmly commend it to the attention of the dear old ladies that think we are getting anywhere with our fiddling reforms.

The Humbling of Sarah Ann

By Mrs. Fremont Older

Illustrated by John Sloan



VE been tied to a woman's apron strings as long as I calculate to be," said Hank Abbey. With a celibate's care, he placed his goose-quill toothpick in his waistcoat pocket and then resolutely rested on his cane.

Sarah Ann Topping stopped knitting, raised her spectacles and looked at her boarder.

"Why, Hank, how you talk!"

Commonly he had a voice so gentle that even Jethro who lay on the rag carpet now raised her head as she heard the hostile tone of the insurgent.

"Parson Tucker over to West Milton is always saying, 'Hank, when be you and Sarah Ann coming over to see me?' Of course the parson will have his joke, but I am tired of it. It appears to me it's time for you and me to get married and settle down."

Both Sarah Ann and Hank were eight and fifty, but he looked younger because of his reddish hair.

"Folks plague me to death about it, and are always wondering if we ain't going to make a match of it. If you won't have me you might as well give me the mitten now."

Sarah Ann thought the long speech, breaking as it did a half-hour silence, sounded not unlike the Declaration of Independence to which she had listened the last Fourth of July. Hank's word brought little pink spots to Sarah Ann's sagging, colorless cheeks. Her faded blue eyes widened; her forehead wrinkled; her frizzed gray hair seemed to stiffen in amazement.

"Don't you think you can come it over me, Hank." Her lips met in a resolute downward droop. "No-sir-ee-ee! The man ain't been made that can boss me. I ain't ready to git married—just yet."

Hank Abbey had heard this last sentence semi-annually for the past fifteen years—ever since taking his meals at Sarah Ann's had engendered in him the habit of making her offers of marriage—but he never received it as he did this evening. With desperate determination he opened the green cotton screen door as he retorted, "All right, Sarah Ann, it's your say-so."

"Shut that door," she admonished. "I won't have my house full of mosquitoes."

This was the worst of Sarah Ann Topping. Even attending the Baptist church for more than half a century had not eradicated in her the indirection of a coquette. Hank knew that mosquitoes were but her pretext for keeping him dangling a little longer. Yet he could not tell her so, but in wrathful impotence he recognized the wiles of the woman. That she did try to detain him was heartening, and he went on forcing her attitude as he retreated a step.

"All right, Sarah Ann!" He no longer leaned on his cane. He gripped it resolutely as if on sufficient provocation he would wave it under her nose. "All right, you're the doctor. When you want me to come back you can send for me."

The door closed with an eloquent bang.

"Umph! I'd like to see myself running after any man," returned Sarah Ann, knitting violently.

Jethro Hank Abbey Topping—Jethro was really a female, but Sarah Ann would not change the dog's name because it offended the ears of Samantha Crow, her rival, who lived across the street—Jethro bounded after the rejected suitor. "Jethro!" Sarah Ann sharply called. The dog unheeding walked by the side of the man. Sarah Ann felt that Hank was surreptitiously talking under his breath to the animal. "Jethro Hank Abbey Topping, come here!" This second summons brought the dog to the feet of her mistress, but Jethro in protest beat the floor with her tail.

Sarah Ann never knitted so fast as she did this evening, nor so recklessly. She wasn't a woman to drop stitches, but the succeeding morning she frowned at her work when she found that what she had done the previous evening must be unraveled. That came of knitting in the dark. Her lamp had remained unlighted until she was ready to go to bed. When she scratched a match she said: "I don't care," but she uttered it like one who cared much. As she went to her little bed room off the sitting room where she sat after supper, she smiled. "He'll be back in the morning." It was their first quarrel, but she knew him.



Hank Abbey had Breakfast at the Tavern

Sarah Ann's bed was hard and feverish that night, and she was glad to rise early to prepare the breakfast. She fried ham and eggs, made cookies, hot cakes and pies; enough for two. Then she put on a white apron—the one embroidered with red butterflies which she always kept for afternoon company. She waited—for what she wouldn't confess even to her New England conscience. She served herself ham and eggs, but the food grew cold before her eyes. She took a sip of coffee. Another portion of ham and eggs dried to a crisp in the oven and the plate cracked.

Just as Sarah Ann discovered this kitchen tragedy Samantha Crow appeared. The visitor came ostensibly bearing honey, but in reality to impart information. Sarah Ann received her with scant cordiality. A designing spinster of sixty, who sets her cap for another's suitor must not expect the flower of hospitality.

"Hank Abbey had breakfast at the tavern this morning with some drummers," was the village news.

Sarah Ann replied, as if she were the majesty of calm itself. "I know it. I told him last night I wouldn't slave myself to death for any man. I don't want him to hang around here any more."

Samantha didn't believe it. Hank was the richest bachelor in the village. "I hope Hank ain't running wild," was Samantha's anxious parting offering. "He's such a likely fellow. It would be too bad if he takes to playing billiards."

Sarah Ann took off her white apron, folded and laid it away. Then she put on a large dark blue gingham apron, fed the uneaten breakfast to Jethro and began cleaning the kitchen. Only one with such microscopic eyes as hers could see dirt in that kitchen; but she scrubbed the floor until it was white, and polished her stove until it was like a mirror. Then she prepared dinner, precisely the kind Hank best relished. She took up the *West Milton Clarion* and waited. He didn't come.

Villagers antedate the inventors of wireless communication and Sarah Ann soon knew that Hank Abbey dined at the tavern. Jethro was glad because she had two dinners.

In the afternoon the Baptist Sunday School had a picnic. Sarah Ann remained at home. She didn't

see why she should always take frosted cake decorated with motto candies to be eaten by Samantha Crow and all her poor nephews and nieces. The Crows took very little to donation parties and picnics, but they ate quite as if they gave their full share. They weren't even ashamed of their appetites.

Sarah Ann in the afternoon opened that sacred precinct—her parlor—and moved the horsehair furniture, the marble top table and the black walnut what-not out on the stoop. This was an extraordinary occurrence, for Sarah Ann, like most humble folk, was afraid of her parlor. She was down on her knees, taking the tacks out of the carpet when she received another visit from Samantha Crow who had just started for the picnic.

"You hain't had that Brussels carpet up in five years, have you?"

"Four," corrected Sarah Ann.

"Haven't the moths got into it? My carpets come up every spring. It's pretty warm for house cleaning, ain't it?"

"It ain't ever too warm for me to keep clean, but it's hot work galling round the country," said Sarah Ann, taking out a tack.

"You'll be real smart if you can manage that heavy carpet without any men folks to help you," said Samantha as she went picnicward.

Sarah Ann, unaided, hung the large figured Brussels carpet on the clothes line in the back yard. When Samantha saw her beating the carpet the older spinster remarked that Sarah was as tight as the bark on a tree. This was calumny. Sarah Ann felt like beating something and so she beat carpets. That evening she was too tired to knit. She sat talking a babyish jargon to Jethro, which the dog pretended to understand as she ate the supper prepared by Sarah Ann for Hank Abbey.

Jethro was becoming spoiled. At night she luxuriated on down pillows which her mistress took from her own bed and placed on the couch in the sitting room. Sarah Ann said she didn't care much for pillows. The remainder of the week the spinster passed in cleaning the sitting room, clearly a waste of energy when one considered that she had done the same work in the spring.

When Saturday evening came Sarah Ann rolled up her hair in twice as many tea leads as usual, moistening each little strand with sugar and water. She thought she did this because of the warm weather. Her darling illusion was that people believed her hair curled naturally. Samantha Crow knew better. Hadn't she played with Sarah Ann when both had straight wiry pigtails? In the morning when Sarah Ann took down her hair to go to church she wondered why she was so flustered.

She put on her best summer silk dress—her gray—scalped and puffed and shirred. Sarah had three silk gowns, but like cathedral jewels, they were exhibited to the public only on great historic occasions. When the spinster took her place in her little wooden pew that morning the deacon's wife nudged her husband as the thought occurred to her that Sarah Ann Topping looked altogether too airy for the worship of anyone but herself. Wearing such grand clothes was like flaunting riches in the face of the Lord. She'd be afraid something would happen to her if she put on so much style.

Although during the sermon Sarah Ann looked not at all in Hank Abbey's direction, she knew he was sitting over there to the right with his brother and sister-in-law. She knew, too, that Hank did not once glance toward her. She forgot the sermon, but Hank Abbey nodded a protest to the minister. This showed not only how absorbed he was in the speaker's message, but how rich.

Sarah Ann studied herself that morning in her endeavor to behave real natural. After the service she thanked the minister for his sermon. The Baptist minister preached very long sermons. She shook hands with some of the pillars of the church, but she was certain she did not linger an unnecessary moment.

She had spunk. Besides she was brought up not to be forward. No man could say she had run after him. In going out of the church she and

Hank almost touched elbows; but he went in his direction and she in hers.

That afternoon her reading in the Scripture was not so satisfying as usual. She found herself frequently looking out of the window. She realized what a long day it was when there was no house cleaning to be done. "Jethro," she said, patting the dog's head, "scrubbing floors is dreadful good company."

Three times daily during the summer she prepared a double portion of food, feeding half to Jethro. Sometimes the dog disappeared for hours; returning she would have none of her mistress's supper. Then Sarah Ann knew her pet had been fed by Hank Abbey. She scolded and pretended to spank Jethro. Sarah Ann's spankings always ended in caresses and baby talk. "I'll bet," she said, "Hank hated to have Jethro come home. He always liked Jethro real well."

One afternoon the dog staggered into Sarah Ann's cottage and elevated her back as if writhing in pain. Jethro lay on the cushions and raised her head with a moan. Then she looked at Sarah Ann in a touching, mute appeal for aid. There was a hurried conclave of the neighbors. "I'd like to have the doctor," sobbed Sarah Ann, "but he thinks he's too good to tend dogs. Jethro is too good to have any such old pill peddlers as him. Someone has poisoned my pet I know. Some folks are jealous that I've got such a nice dog. Poor baby! I brought her up ever since she wasn't more than three weeks old, and the smartest little puppy you ever saw and you could carry her in your hands. She was so cunning and grew up to be so knowing. When Hank Abbey used to come here for his meals she would run to meet him and lick his hands and open her mouth for five cents and carry a basket to the butcher shop."

Sarah Ann dried her tears on her apron, and Samantha Crow conceded, "Yes, Yethro was as smart as chain lightning, a dreadful clever dog."

"She wasn't a dog," declared Sarah Ann. "She was human. I lived all alone with her for years. She knew almost as much as the minister and was just as good company. And there weren't no tramps or thieves or murderers in the village because they were all afraid of Jethro. What will the village do without Jethro?"

The tears of Sarah Ann and the prescriptions of the neighbors were without avail. The village was doomed to do without Jethro Hank Abbey Topping. She slept in eternity as though death were the greatest wisdom in nature. Sarah Ann took on some of the calm at which she looked. She tried to drink tea, but instead she gazed at Jethro, who lay on the cushions. Could she have had her will, the spinster would have buried Jethro in the village cemetery and erected for her a monument as high as Squire Auger's; but this was impossible. In her great loneliness the weak woman asked no more than the privilege of always looking at Jethro's grave.

She tried to decide on a burial spot for the dog. There was the marshy lot where the violets first blossomed. There was a fragrant field of white clover. Then there was the spot where the dandelions were deeper yellow than elsewhere. But these lovely places were all too far from her window. If only Jethro might be buried right under that June rosebush in the garden, and not be carried away like a common dog who had no collar and couldn't ask for five cents. Then when Sarah Ann sat at the front window no one would know she was really looking at Jethro. If only she could bury the dog that very night without the knowledge of the village trustees.

She looked at her thin withered hands. They had withered much this summer—and she realized they were not of the strength for hollowing out a grave for Jethro. Thinking of the dog suggested Hank Abbey. She knew he would perform the service. If only Hank, learning of her loss would come to see her. But no, he was too stiff-necked. She guessed it was his age.

She couldn't have done what she did for herself; but her pride died with Jethro. Sarah Ann Topping was still sure she wasn't one of those wishy-washy women whose minds change with the wind. She took the step for the dog. The tall, rigid, drawn, white-haired spinster stood before Hank Abbey's sitting room window. She hoped the neighbors were all in bed. Hank was plainly visible through the windows which she noticed weren't very clean. He needed a house-keeper badly. There he sat in his shirt sleeves with the curtains up. Robbers could see everything that was going on in the house. Sarah Ann thought a great deal about robbers. She looked under her own bed every night.

She took up a stick and gingerly threw it toward the window. It struck the side of the house. Hank looked up from his page and went on reading. She hurled a larger stick at the window. She hoped the glass wouldn't break, but it didn't seem as if she could go right up and knock at a man's

door. She had never done such a thing. It was too bold.

The second missile brought Hank to the door with a gruff, "Who's there?"

She never knew there was a tone in his voice like that. Hank could be real cross she discovered. When he used to speak to her his voice was so different—even that last time. Now Sarah Ann knew how soldiers feel when they face the cannon. They always pretend they aren't afraid, but she guessed they shivered just as she did when Hank spoke: "Well, I swan, if it ain't you."

Even in her grief and agitation she noticed that he pronounced you as if there were no other you in the village.

"Hank," she stammered, "Jethro's dead."

"Oh!" he replied with falling countenance. "It's Jethro!"

"Yes, some poisoners killed her," her words flowed with her tears. "I feel miserable. I can't bear to have Jethro buried way off. She was the smartest dog, wasn't she? And she always liked you. Don't you remember how she used to run and meet you and was always so glad to see you? She used to begin wagging her tail when you was a block away. That's how I knew you was coming."

Hank fell into the melancholy mood of Sarah Ann.

"It makes me sick and miserable, too, to think about it."

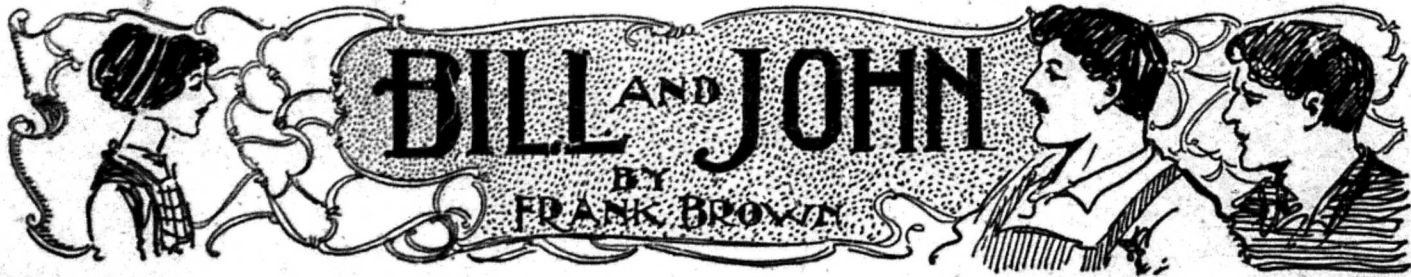
"I'm glad of that," said she. "You won't want Jethro took away. I wish you'd bring a spade and shovel and come right along with me and help me bury her deep under that June rosebush. She's all the company I've had since Ma died, and I want her to be where I can look at her and no one will know."

"Let me get my coat, Sarah Ann." Hank pronounced the name with gentle cadence.

The two old people tiptoed through the main street like midnight malefactors. All the lights in the village were extinguished except those at the tavern and in Samantha Crow's cottage. Sarah Ann often observed that her neighbor spent a sight of money on kerosene. If Samantha wasn't more saving, she'd have to do dressmaking in her old age or go to the poor house.

Hank hung his hat, coat and waistcoat on the fence, but Sarah Ann took them into the house and placed them on the back of a chair. She held the lantern like a Stoic while Hank carefully uprooted the rosebush and proceeded to deepen the hole.

The darkness, the secrecy, her grief and Hank Abbey made it all seem like something in a book. She recalled that in a school reader there was a poem about Sir John—what was his name?—who was buried somewhere at night. She always liked it real well. She wished the Baptist minister or the school teacher would write a poem about Jethro's burial. Perhaps someone would put it in the school reader. Jethro was wrapped in the finest sheet Sarah Ann possessed, one of her grandmother's spinning and weaving. She placed the dog's collar and license in the winding-cloth, and with it all the red geranium blossoms in the garden. Then she fastened the sheet with her best cameo brooch, set the lantern upon the ground and went into the house.



HERE was nothing romantic about either the men or their occupation. They were just two young physical giants who followed the calling of cellar diggers. Reticent, they seldom indulged in conversation even with each other, yet they were inseparable. They lived in the same room, occupied the same bed and were always to be found working on the same job. The excavating contractor who secured the services of Bill and John considered himself fortunate, and wherever they applied for work, a place was always made for them, even if it was found necessary to discharge some less profitable workers; for these two giants would do the work of four ordinary men.

Bill and John had one friend in common on whom they spent most of their money. This was Lizzie Smith, a girl who roomed in a tenement in the next block and who worked in a laundry. She took her meals at the little restaurant around the corner, and it was there she met Bill and John.

Lizzie was a weak little creature who was by no means pretty except for the profusion of dark

"I'd thank you, Sarah Ann, for a glass of water," said Hank a few minutes later in the sitting room. He was just wiping his forehead preparatory to putting on his coat and hat. "Let me get some fresh from the pump," she answered, taking up a pitcher.

"No, I'll go, Sarah Ann. I don't want to put you out."

"Don't you talk," said she. "This is my house, and I ain't got anyone to do things for now." She tried to say, "Won't you have another glass?" but she made a grimace and wept.

The water choked Hank Abbey and he coughed until his eyes were moist. He awkwardly fingered his new silver stemwinder. "I guess some folks is so independent they don't want nobody but themselves." He tried to cough again to account for the tears in his eyes. "But, Sarah Ann, I wouldn't take on like that for a dog, even if she could buy her own meat with nickels."

"Dogs are so much more human than men." She abandoned herself to tears. "I jest can't help it. Jethro never went away but she come right back in a few hours."

"I guess dogs wouldn't never come back either, Sarah Ann, if they was treated like some men."

Sarah Ann seemed not to hear this remark.

"I guess it was my fault. I'm all to blame. I killed Jethro feeding her all the things you used to eat. Maybe mince pie and griddle cakes ain't good for dogs, but I like to make them real well."

Hank drank his glass of water, set down the glass deliberately and said, looking at the ceiling, "Sarah Ann, I thought I'd like to ride over to West Milton tomorrow. It's been quite a spell—fifteen years or such a matter—since I told Parson Tucker you and I'd come over to see him. He's always smiling and looking sly and asking me about it. The other day I sassed him good. I told him I always tended to my own business. We'd come it over the Parson if we'd go tomorrow. If I get the best covered buggy at the livery stable and a stiddy team, don't you want to take a ride? Coming home by starlight will be a sort of a nice wedding tower."

Sarah Ann smiled. "Stars are real nice to look at—when you're with folks. But stars ain't looked like much this summer. If it don't rain I'll go. I don't like to get my gray silk spotted. It cost twenty-two shillings a yard."

It did not rain, and Sarah Ann Topping's gray silk dress worn on a week day told the story to the village. This was confirmed by the fact that Hank Abbey went to the barber shop where he was shaved and had his hair cut and coiled. He spent the rest of the morning in polishing his boots and washing his celluloid collars and cuffs.

When Samantha Crow saw the reunited lovers drive toward West Milton, she took note that Sarah Ann wore white kid gloves, a fresh ruching in her gray silk dress, and a bright green veil.

"Today," Samantha observed to her niece, "Sarah Ann is all primed up to beat everything. Yesterday when she was carrying on about Jethro, much she cared. I knew she meant Hank Abbey all the time. She went down to his house last night at midnight. I seen her, and I don't call it likely. They wouldn't be any women without husbands in this town if they was all that brazen."

hair that crowned her, and the brilliance of her white even teeth when she laughed. Her wages were barely sufficient to pay board and room rent and supply the plainest of clothes. Hence it was to Bill and John she was indebted for such recreation and amusement as she ever enjoyed.

Sometimes, in the hot summer weather, John would take her to a summer garden. Again it would be Bill that would take her to a moving picture show. Sometimes again they would make up a little party of three and go on a steamboat excursion. There was no display of sentiment on either side. Lizzie always called Bill and John her "big brothers;" and if either of them entertained feelings toward Lizzie other than those naturally bestowed upon a sister, they were carefully concealed.

One day, however, a great change came over these young men. Of one accord, they began to neglect Lizzie and save their money. This was first noticeable when Bill informed John that he had concluded to quit drinking. John said he believed he would do the same; so the old beer

bucket, which had always seemed such a necessary appendage to their daily life, was laid away. Then John thought it would be a good idea for them to wash their own clothes.

"This stuff they put in 'em at the laundry to get the dirt out eats 'em up," he explained; so this plan was adopted and, from that time on, hardly a day passed but one or the other found something on which they could economize.

They mended their own shoes, shaved themselves, walked to and from their work when it was possible and in every way reduced their expenses to the lowest possible figure. Each of the men knew that the other was saving money for a definite purpose, but neither would attempt to fathom the other's secret for fear his own would be discovered.

So when Bill saw John come from a real estate office, he asked no questions because he knew that John had seen him come out of a furniture store the evening before. However, after supper one evening Bill surprised John by taking down the old beer bucket that had so long been idle, and going out for a bucket of beer. It was as plain as daylight to John that, at last, the silence was to be broken and secrets were to be divulged.

Sitting upon opposite sides of the little table, the bucket between them, Bill began the conversation: "You must have a good bit of money saved by this time, John," he said.

"I can't have any more than you," John answered carelessly.

"I've often wondered why you got so savin' all of a sudden," was Bill's next lead.

"Your economy caused me to wonder sometimes, too, Bill," John replied while, with a lead pencil, he fished a tippy fly out of the beer foam.

"I'll tell you what, John," Bill said suddenly, leaning his elbows on the table. "I'll tell you my secret if you'll tell yours."

"Agreed," John exclaimed, and each in turn, took a pull at the bucket.

"Well, I was thinking of gettin' married, John," Bill confessed rather timidly.

"That's so? Well, we are in the same boat, Bill. I've made up my mind to do the same."

"You don't say? Well, that makes a little change in my arrangements. I thought maybe you would live with us when we got settled down; but I'm glad to hear you are going to have a home of your own. There's nothin' like havin' a home of your own. I'm getting tired of roomin' houses and cheap restaurants, and we earn enough to keep a family if we just cut this out," and Bill tapped the bucket with his finger.

"Who are you goin' to hitch up to, Bill?" John asked.

"It's somebody you know well enough," Bill answered, after taking another drink. "In fact, you've known her as long as I have and have always been just as good a friend to her as I. You and me has been about the only friends she has had, I guess. It's Lizzie Smith." Bill looked at John to see what effect this intelligence would have on him, but John was busy with the bucket.

"When did she accept you?" John inquired finally.

"Well, you see, I hain't asked her yet. I'm goin' to do so tonight; but there's no danger but what she'll accept, all right. Why shouldn't she? See here," and Bill produced a bill of sale from the furniture store. "Here's furniture for three rooms all paid for, ready to be moved when I get the rooms. I hain't rented the rooms yet, because I'm goin' to let Lizzie have her choice of a flat or a cottage. Accept? Why, look how hard she has to work at that laundry. She fainted at her work twice during the hot spell; she'll be only too glad to give up that work and her hall room for three nicely furnished rooms with nothing to do but keep 'em tidy and cook our meals—but who—" he asked suddenly, his face assuming an apprehensive expression; "who are you thinkin' of marryin', John?"

"Lizzie Smith?" John answered quietly.

"What, my Lizzie!" Bill cried, springing to his feet.

"Why your Lizzie more than mine?" John asked, also rising to his feet. "Didn't you just say that I had been as good a friend to her as you? Hain't I been with her just as much and known her just as long? You hain't asked her, neither have I. You've bought furniture. Well, look here," and John produced a rent receipt from a real estate firm. "Here's three rooms on G— street, a month's rent paid, and here—" producing a small roll of bills tied together by a twine string, "is money to buy furniture. I intended to let Lizzie choose that. You was goin' to ask her tonight; so was I. So Bill, where does your better claim come in?"

Bill had no answer forthcoming. He collapsed into his chair, and began to console himself with the contents of the bucket. John, after thus ending the longest speech of his life, also resumed his seat; but consolation from the bucket was denied him, for Bill had emptied it. The men sat for several minutes in silence. John was the first to speak.

"How are we goin' to settle this, Bill?" he inquired anxiously.

"We won't settle it," Bill replied.

"No?" Who will?"

"Lizzie."

"Your're right," John agreed.

"When shall we go see her?"

"Now."

So, donning coats and hats, the two men left their room, and made their way down the narrow stairway to the street. They had to walk only a block to reach the house where Lizzie roomed. They were both familiar with the surroundings and had no difficulty in making their way up the two flights of stairs leading to the floor where Lizzie's room was located. There was a small back porch on this floor and it was here Lizzie always received her two friends when they called upon her.

Arriving at this porch, the first person they saw was Lizzie herself. That something was wrong was at once evident to the men, for Lizzie had been crying; her eyes were red and her cheeks were wet with tears. They also became aware of another fact—Lizzie was not alone. On the porch with her was a slender young man with a wizened face,

whom Bill and John recognized, from the uniform he wore, to be a driver on a delivery wagon from the laundry where Lizzie worked.

On seeing them, Lizzie's face assumed a more pleasant expression as she came to meet them. "Oh, here's Bill and John, my big brothers," she cried joyfully. "Where have you been so long? I thought you had deserted me altogether," and seizing them by the arms, she led them out on the porch.

"What's the matter? What are you cryin' about?" Bill demanded, looking from Lizzie to her companion, who also seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"Well, you see," she began, blushing and pushing her companion forward, "this is Jimmie Clark, my—my intended." She hung her head for a moment. "You know I've been keepin' a great secret from you boys. Jimmie and me's been engaged, for a year and we've been waiting until he saved up enough money to start house keepin' on, and Jimmie had enough saved, and we were to have been married tomorrow—Oh, we were goin' to invite you boys." Lizzie said hastily, misinterpreting the consternation that had seized the "boys." "We was goin' to surprise you, but—but—Jimmie's Aunt Mary died last week and there was nobody but Jimmie to pay the funeral expenses, for, of course, he couldn't let the city bury her, and it took all the money he had saved, and now we must wait another year," and her tears began to fall again.

"And Lizzie will marry somebody else, and I can't blame her either," Jimmie wailed, speaking for the first time.

Lizzie stopped crying immediately and threw her arms about Jimmie's neck. "I won't do no such thing," she cried "and it's mean of you to say so. I will never marry anybody but you, Jimmie, if I have to wait until the end of my life," and she kissed his wrinkled forehead.

During this little scene, John made an effort to withdraw, but Bill caught him by the arm.

"So you thought you was keepin' a great secret from us, did you? Ha! Ha! Why, we knowed it all the time, didn't we, John?"

"Ye-es," John answered doubtfully, not yet catching Bill's meaning.

"You was goin' to surprise us, eh? Well, we came up here to surprise you, see? Now look here," and Bill presented the furniture bill of sale.

"Here's a weddin' present—furniture for three rooms all paid for, ready to be moved into your rooms when—you get—'em" he added, glancing at John, and thrusting the paper into Lizzie's hand.

"And here is the rooms to move it into," John cried, now entering fully into the spirit of the matter.

"And here is money to start housekeepin' on, which makes my present as big as Bill's and don't you fail to have that weddin' tomorrow, as you planned," and he put into Lizzie's hand the rent receipt and the little roll of money.

With a shout of joy, Lizzie began to hug Bill and John alternately, much to their embarrassment, and to the amusement of some other roomers who had begun to collect. Jimmie tried to follow Lizzie's example, but Bill and John wouldn't stand for that, so they beat a retreat.



It was in Homestead, Pa., on a Sunday afternoon last November. It was a very bleak, cold day. The snow was trying hard to cover the blackness of the ugly town but was succeeding very well. I buttoned my overcoat tightly around me, pulled my cap down well around my ears and climbed the hill to the "consecrated" grave yard.

I had half a dozen names in my mind and was going to look them up in the city of the dead. It never occurred to me that there would be any difficulty whatever in finding them.

When I arrived there my hopes of finding them grew

dim. Hundreds of earth mounds were utterly unmarked by stick or stone. The poorer the people the less the likelihood of a mark and my names though destined to be written in letters of fold in some future time were the names of poor men.

After searching for half an hour I came across the grave digger. He was digging a new grave and he was in it to his shoulders.

I called the roll of names. He shook his head. "No," he said, "I can't say as ever I saw any of them names here, boss."

"How long have you been grave digging, here, brother?"

"Three years, agone."

I called the roll a second time.

"They ain't marked, stranger," he said, "if we go down to the priest he'll look over the books an' tell ye."

Instead, I crossed the road and entered the "unconsecrated" grave yard—a protestant burying ground—whatever that may mean!

"How long have you been burying poor people here, brother?" I asked the unconsecrated grave digger.

"Twenty-three years!" he said with a show of pride.

Before I could ask another question he asked: "Why d'ye say 'poor'?"

It had not been put that way before to him.

I called the roll. "Yes," he said—"them last two I buried—I'll show ye the graves."

Both these graveyards are handy to the great steel plants. Both of them are unkept, wild, disordered. A few ugly shafts mark the graves of the early settlers but the vast majority are the graves of the roasted, mangled, and murdered bodies of the steel works. Pauper graves in Europe have a number—they don't even have that in Homestead—the majority don't.

In July, 1892, was fought the battle of "Fort Frick." P. C. Knox, Roosevelt's friend and attorney-general and H. C. Frick who is now treating cultured Boston to a view of some old masters bought with the blood of the unmarked dead here, were the generals on one side. They sent a small army of armed Pinkertons down the Monongahela river and attacked the men on strike. Labor fired back on the Knox-Frick contingent but when the smoke cleared away six young laborers had fallen in battle and were on this bleak hillside somewhere.

As I tramped over a multitude of unmarked

graves the sexton talked. He remembered the battle. He was digging a grave when he heard the musketry. He dropped his spade and went down to see the fight—then came back to bury the dead. He had a capitalist mind, this grave digger of the poor.

"Mind of it!" he said, "why some undertakers used to bleed the companies—they'd charge anything—I know'd one man to charge as high as \$180 to bury a man killed in there!"

"That was fearful," I said—"how much do they charge now?"

"Oh," he said in a tone of relief, "they've got a flat rate now—when a man's put out in the works they give \$75 that covers all—everything!"

And they "put out" one a day in Homestead!

The steel companies have not yet got a "flat rate" for legs, arms, eyes or hands, but it's coming. Just now the price of a steel worker's leg runs all the way from nothing to a couple of hundred dollars—other items of flesh run in about the same proportion.

"There!" he said, "that's the grave of John Morris."

Morris was one of the first to fall. There was a board put up at his grave and on it was painted in black letters his name but the storms of eighteen years had washed the letters all away. They had rotted the board, too, and it had toppled over in a drunken sort of way.

"A big crowd came to that boy's funeral!" the



A big crowd came to that boy's funeral

sexton said. Not many had gone there since—he did not remember ever having been asked before for the grave and the grave digger had a good memory.

We went over the hill and the grave of Silas Wain was pointed out. The board which years ago had marked the grave still stood there but the lettering was all gone.

"Silas has a brother whos' a preacher," the sexton said; which may have accounted for the fact that a few sprigs of geranium had been stuck in the otherwise desolate, neglected and forsaken grave.

What a scene of desolation—what hopelessness! the cold November wind chilled me to the marrow of my bones but man's inhumanity to man wet my face with tears.

Carnegie, Frick, Schwab, Carey, et al., have all moved away. They are philanthropists—they are building churches and universities; they are doling out alms—alms wet with blood; and the dance of death goes on!

I went down to the works—they were in full blast—great high walls—smoke stacks that blotted out the sky—at every door a policeman in uniform. Shut in that stockade were the slaves of the wheel of labor and outside the churches saying:

"We have piped unto you and you have not danced!"

Labor unions smashed out of existence and the laborers on election day voting for their chains and the soldiers who died in the battle that shocked the civilized world lying forgotten—by whom? By two million union labor men for whose cause they died!

How quickly one's pulse beats—how crushed the heart!

Down beyond the railroad a gang of men had just been released from work—Carnegie's "partners" all of them but they walked as if their shoes were solid lead—backs bent, heads lowered and I watched them furtively turn the corners and seek the places called "homes." How much nobler was "02!" How infinitely nobler to face bullets for a

principle, drop dead and lie buried in a deserted, forgotten grave than to lick the whip that coils itself not alone around the flesh but warps and distorts the soul, the mind, the intellect!

I talked to one of these men—our world passion had not yet touched him! He was imbruted, dumb and soul quenched—a common enough type. As I

IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

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

Synopsis of Previous Chapter:

Jim Titus, an employe of the paper trust, has been sent to blow out the dam of a rival company, and thereby ruin their spring "drive" of pulp wood. He is proceeding up the river for this purpose in a launch loaded with dynamite. He has been forbidden to light a fire or even to smoke and faithfully obeys all orders. His wife, when a girl, had been deceived and deserted by a wealthy hunter, and against her betrayer Titus has sworn vengeance. The chapter closes just as he has gone into camp for the night.

Chapter II.—Fire!

QUICKLY he washed up, squatting by the river bank, and then proceeded to make ready his simple meal.

This was no hard task, for—literally obeying his instructions—he allowed himself no use of fire in any shape or form upon the trip. The condition of the woods, the character of his cargo and mission were not such as to permit of it. So he merely unpacked some bread and cheese, cold coffee in a Mason jar and a hunk of fat boiled pork, topping off with a couple of doughnuts which Luella, by way of super-reining touch, had whitened with pulverized sugar.

These things he ate slowly, contemplatively, sitting on his blanket which he had spread upon the warm sand. His appetite was excellent. Even his troubled conscience could not diminish that. Yet at thought of what Superintendent Preble had said: "And if anybody butts in, drop 'em with your .44, Jim. Dead men tell no tales, and the North Woods are big."—At thought of those calmly-spoken, ominous words, he munched a trifle more slowly.

The Newfoundland nuzzled a big mouth into his lap, hungrily sniffing. Jim stroked the faithful head.

Hain't much t' give you, old pal," said he, "but sech as 'tis, y're welcome!" And extracting from his pack a beef-bone he handed it over to Bill, who retired therewith.

Evening had begun to close into night, the calm, eerie, mysterious night of the virgin forest, before the meal was done. But Titus did not mind. He was in no wise disturbed to find himself alone in the North Woods with darkness falling. The forests were his birthplace and his home. In their heart he felt himself as much at ease as a New Yorker on Broadway. That anything could ever harm him in the wilds, anything unforeseen happen or any contingency arise which he could not cope with, never had occurred to him. Man and boy, he had "logged it" for thirty-odd years. He knew the lumber camps, the landings, the "drives," the rivers and the cataracts of northern Maine as you know our own familiar streets.

The woods were all his friends; each tree seemed a comrade; the forest life an open book to him. That half-superstitious shrinking which the more imaginative, more sensitive nature is sure to feel in the wilderness when day dies and the night sounds, the night fancies begin to assert themselves, was all unknown to Jim. His was less the courage of dangers conquered than the ignorance of dreads unfelt. It had simply never occurred to him that there was anything in the wilds to fear. And that any other man could be afraid, would have awakened in his heart no less wonderment than scorn.

His simple food eaten at leisure in the thickening gloom, Titus sluiced out his tin dishes at the river-side, scoured them with a handful of sand, then methodically repacked his utensils.

Darkness was already at hand. Titus greeted it with a sonorous gape.

"Gee! I'm beat out!" he remarked. "Guess I'll turn in."

He assured himself that all was right with the launch and the boxes of dynamite, then rolled up in his blanket on the sand and lay blinking dully at the stars, which blinked back like a million inquisitive eyes.

Bill, the Newfoundland, sniffed around a bit, then settled down beside his master and buried his muzzle in both shaggy paws.

"Wind's comin' up I call'ate," Titus commented presently. "Shouldn't wonder if 'twould blow some tomorrow. Nor'west. Don't like it no'ow."

Soon thereafter he was snoring in rhythmic ca-

looked into his ox-like face I thought of the words of Markham:

"masters lords and rulers in all lands
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?"

dences, prone on the sand spit, his blanket drawn up, woods fashion, over his shaggy head.

He could not have slept much after midnight—to him it seemed but the briefest of moments—when even in his slumber he became aware that all was not well.

Vague sensations of discomfort penetrated his lethargy; sensations compounded of unusual sounds and physical disturbances; sensations which, though he tried to fight them off, remained insistent and would not be dispelled.

Then all of a sudden he found himself sitting bolt-upright in his blanket, with Bill tugging and yelping at his sleeve. As by reflex action, he groped for his rifle.

But only for a moment. As his eyes blinked open, comprehension smote into his brain. A sullen, feverish glare overshot the sky, all thick with driving smoke-clouds. Wide awake as he had ever been in his life, Jim sprang to his feet. He strode



"I'll get him!" swore Jim

out onto the sand-spit, every sense on the keen quiver with the splendid animality of an unspoiled human creature.

"Uh-huh, that's her, I call'ate!" he assented to himself, as his sharp eyes swept the heavens. "She's went and did it, ain't she, arter all? G! Comin' this way, too. I'd better be a-hyperin', that's what!"

He paced up and down the narrow strip of sand, physically alert to meet and fend every danger, mentally groping for some satisfactory readjustment of his plans. The fact that a huge forest fire was sweeping down upon him, whose only means of refuge and retreat out of that wild land was a naphtha launch freighted with "rend rock," caused him not the slightest uneasiness. His perturbation rose from the possibility that now he might be blocked and find it impossible to penetrate further up the Mattewamkeag toward Tuaine and the Upper Megantic dam.

He had but just sufficient provisions for a week's trip. Any delays, such as a widespread fire might occasion, could easily defeat him; and to return without having done his master's bidding not only went against his grain, but might also cause him to lose trust and favor. Which latter reason to

Jim, with his family to support and winter coming on, was very serious indeed.

He sniffed sharply at the smoke-heavy wind, hoping against hope that his senses might possibly have deceived him; but the evidence was overpowering.

"That's her for sure, Bill," said he, addressing the great dog which fawned, whining uneasily, against him. "She's a harker, too, a dandy! Nothin' else in this heer world smells quite like a forest fire, 'cept smokin' hams in a barr'l with corn cobs, an' this ain't no case o' ham. She must be a-walkin' right smart, too, with this here wind. Well, here's where I light out."

It was a little more than a minute's work for him to roll his rifle in the blanket, throw his dishes into the launch, together with his provender, cast off and shove the boat away. She slid scrapingly from the sand. Bill jumped in, while the man waded out till the launch floated free. Then he cast one long leg over the prow and clambered aboard.

"Wall, I guess we're off agin, Finnegan," he grumbled, as he turned on the gasoline and started the engine. "Hell of a job, ain't it? Wisht I was back home with Luell' and the kids, that's what Ef them big bugs want that other con: any's dam blowed aout, why in Tunket don't some of 'em do it themselves, an' take a little o' the reesk an' upset, in room o' puttin' it all off onta folk like me? Huh, mighty cur'us doin's, I call it, makin' one man do another man's dirty work fer him, same's this!"

While he complained thus dolefully to himself he had set the 5-H. P. engine in motion. The launch began to plow along. Jim headed her upstream, the sharp prow turning a clean furrow. He observed the prospect.

"Slick sight, Bill, ain't he?" he commented. "As a sight, I mean." He cast his eyes across the river-reaches and the sky. "Grand fer to look at, but the most expensivest thing, I reckon, in all creation. Glad I don't own these here wild lands, that's what!"

Quite impersonally, as a playgoer from an orchestra chair observes a heart-wringing tragedy unmoved, so Jim Titus watched the oncoming conflagration, the blood-red waters and the sky.

"I reckon we'll pull through somehow," he reflected. "That is, ef the darned gasoline don't bust up. My Lordy, look a' that!"

The launch, rounding a point, brought him into full view of the flames. Visible between two nearer hills, a whole mountainside of fire was visible, burning as clear as any furnace, with a swift onward, upward slant as the wind fanned it forward through the dry brush and among the resinous dense conifers. Here, there, yonder some brighter flare told him the fire had run at one leap clear to the top of a crisp birch or pine. Firebrands and dry-kye, caught up by the swirl, spiraled through the thick air and fell far in advance of the main line of flame, each blazing missile setting up its own smaller colony of flame.

Over all, the wind drove in thick whirls of greasy smoke, illuminated to a cherry-red, which flung itself upon the waters and painted every wave, each eddy and cross-current with its own lurid hue. Man's most superb pyrotechnics would have sunk, beside that awful and glorious display, to a pin-point of insignificance. Yet Jim Titus felt far more annoyance than admiration or fear.

"Jest my blamed luck," he growled, spitting into the water. "Like's not I can't git through nohow. All this time an' wuk wasted, to say nothin' of no smokin' fer a week!"

Even beside that threatened cosmic destruction, Jim's interests still remained wholly personal. But his woodcraft was sound; for, as he gauged the fire with his keen blue eye, he noted its extent, its trend and menace and a hundred little details that no city-bred man would have perceived.

"She must ha' started somewheres north o' Haystack Mounting," he reflected. At the lick she's goin' she'll probly spread both ways, so's to take me either way I go. Might's well keep on; huh? She can't be much over two miles off, now, way the sparks is flyin'. Look-a-thar, now—them birds! Hear 'em go it! An' all that cracklin' in the bresh. Mighty good huntin' 'bout naow, huh?"

He peered with interested eyes, blinking a trifle because of the smoke up at the birds. Here and there, awakened by the rapidly-increasing glow which they mistook for daylight, they were hopping and twittering, or, taking sudden fright, launching into the air and whirling drunkenly hither and yon with harsh cries.

With the disengaged air of a connoisseur he listened to the various beast-cries in the forest, to the rustlings and crashings of the underwood as the startled dwellers of the wild, each with its own call of affright, broke cover and sought safely riverward away from that one universal and supreme terror of the animal world—fire.

Now and again along the banks a splash told where some creature had taken to the water. A long furrow here or yonder betrayed its course across the stream.

"Gee!" Titus ejaculated, as with a formidable breaking of branches and a tremendous splatter, a cow-moose lunged into the river. She started clumsily across, churning the swift waters into froth. Jim saw quite plainly her clumsy brown withers and ungainly hornless head, which she swung from side to side in unreasoning fear. Around her hairy breast the waters tugged and swirled, carrying her down stream as she swam.

By instinct, Jim reached for his automatic; but he did not take the rifle up.

"What's the use?" he muttered. "Best shot ever I see, but I couldn't do nothin' with her, nohow. Let her run fer it an' git away ef she kin. I think it's a doubt ef she ever sees mornin'!"

A stupefied ground sparrow all but dashed into his face.

"By gary," he added, "it's beginnin' to blow up mighty warm from over yonder, and that's no lie. Sparks a-flyin', too, an' this damn smoke fit t' stifle a feller. I'd better heave to, purty soon, an' see what's what. She's goin' to jump this here river like there wa'n't none at all. An' with fire both sides o' me, I guess it'll be some torrid, all right all right."

"Ef I could only find a wide place, now, I'd anchor up, cover things with wet canvas an' crawl under. Then—huh?—why, w-w-hat's that, now, I'd like to know?"

"Somebody hollerin' or I'm a liar! No critter ever made that noise. Gee! Thar it goes agin!..."

From somewhere in the woods, Jim couldn't tell exactly where, a faint, far cry resounded. Intermittently heard above the strange roar which, low and ominous, now reverberated from the burning mountain, hummed through the heavens and trembled over the long stretches of the river, this cry wailed hoarsely. It was an agonized appeal, vaguely echoing, full of the fear of death—a human cry in that unbounded solitude!

Jim shut off the power and let the launch drift over the flushed and rapid waters, so that he

might better hear. He listened, eager, intent. Of a sudden the cry came again, shrill, panic-stricken.

So long-drawn it was that Jim could scarcely tell when it ceased.

"Somebody's lost in thar, that's sartain," he affirmed. "Somebuddy's yellin' fer help. Gawd! That ain't no moose-call—that's a man! An' I—I gotta git him!..."

Jim stood up at his full height in the launch. He took a full breath into his arching and capacious chest; then, between curved palms he roared forth a formidable bellow, ear-splitting, penetrating. Bill, the Newfoundland, joined him in a long howl, muzzle raised to the fire-reddened sky.

Inarticulate his hail was—just a roar—but Jim knew it would carry; knew it might guide that miserable lost human being riverward; might even save him, if indeed salvation were now possible. As he stood there in the launch, great shoulders thrown back, big hands at mouth, his huge figure sprang into sharp black relief against the hectic fever of the water and the sky. Where the fire-glow played across his face, it brought the woodsman's strong features into prominence and touched his red hair with accentuated ruddiness.

Twice he roared, bull-like.

The distant hail renewed itself, but with a different tone—louder, it seemed, and now instinct with hope.

"He's sure heard me!" Jim exclaimed. "I call late he's off thar nor-west, a piece. Mebbe a bit back from the shore. Right in line o' the fire, too. Probly don't know thar's water here. Ef he did, he'd sure strike fer it. Well, I'm a-goin' arter him, whatever he knows or don't know. No man's goin' to burn up while Jim Titus is araound, now. I'm a-goin' to tell yuh!"

Jim flung on full power. Full speed ahead, the launch was throwing the cleft waters out and away from each slim shoulder, kicking up a tremendous wake as she slid up-stream like a hunted torpedo boat.

"I'll git him!" Jim swore, "or by Gawd we'll all go to hell a-blazin'!"

(To be Continued.)

Amusing the Public

By Emanuel Julius

(Illustrated by John Ruger)



THINGS ain't very bright out," Larry muttered as he laced up his shoes. "Wonder if luck'll turn up today? Gosh, I need it, golly I do."

A slow, heavy step on the stairs interrupted his reflections. Hurrying to the door, Larry listened intently. "Hang it all, it's Mrs. Hutzer and I haven't got the rent. What'll I say to her? Ah, good morning, Mrs. Hutzer, I—I—" "Good morning,"

Mrs. Hutzer replied rather measuredly.

"You—you want to see me?"

"Indeed I do, and it's the rent I'm after wantin'. Have you got it?" she asked, placing particular emphasis on "got."

"I—I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hutzer," Larry replied, unable to hide his embarrassment. "You know, I haven't had an engagement since New Year's Day and that was only a smoker. Brought me only five dollars. I'm going out today to see what I can do. You'll wait, Mrs. Hutzer, won't you?"

"Ah, Larry, me boy, I know yer all right and that ye'd pay if ye had it but ye know, I have me rent to pay, me gas bill and me laundry an' all them there things. How'm I goin' to do them if me people don't pay up?" Mrs. Hutzer asked.

"That's right, Mrs. Hutzer," Larry replied hurriedly. "I know you have your troubles but what in blazes am I going to do? I've got a bad streak of luck just now. You'll wait a couple of days, won't you? I'll see what I can do."

Mrs. Hutzer's kindheartedness forced her to relax and mumbling something about "times is hard fer a widder like me," she hobbled down the stairs again.

"Thank God, she's let me off," Larry said to himself. "But I wish I could pay her, poor woman. She has no cich o' it tryin' to get her rent off us 'professionals.'"

A minute or two later Larry walked to the door

and shouted: "Madge! I say there, Madge, are you up yet?"

"I'll be with you in a minute, Larry," a woman replied.

"Poor kid," Larry said, half aloud, "she's got a hard fight of it. Acting ain't nothing to land you in easy street, that's a sure thing."

Madge—Madge Fullerton was her whole name—came hurrying into Larry's room.

"How are you this morning?" she asked as Larry drew her to him and planted a kiss on her lips.

"Oh, I'm feeling all right, but you know, Madge, things aren't coming my way. I can't get billed to save my life. Don't know what to do."

"Jiminy crackers, ain't it tough, though? Last engagement I had was for two days down at that moving picture place—the 'Oriental' And that was three weeks ago, too."

"Same luck here," Larry added. After a moment's hesitation he said, "and it's all for you Madge, that I'm anxious to get placed. We've been good pals for a long time, haven't we? Yes, and we've helped each other out of some mighty tight pinches, but this is the worst yet. If I get fixed up all right, we'll get married, won't we Madge?"

Madge made no reply.

Breaking the silence, Larry asked:

"What do you say to us trying to get our old 'song and dance' act on somewhere?"

"We can try," Madge answered. "It wouldn't do us any harm to take a trip around and see some agents and managers. We might land for a couple of days somewhere."

"Good," said Larry. "Let's go now. You run down and get your hat and coat. We'll try our luck."

Madge hurried down to her room on the floor below. Soon both were in the street.

* * *

Larry and Madge entered the office of the Broadway Theatrical agency, opposite the Metropolitan opera house, and once more made application for an engagement. They were again disappointed.

"Too many 'song and dance' people around loose these days. Everybody seem's to be doing that," the man in charge informed. "But you might drop in again," said he.

"How about a 'black and white' I can cork up and throw some jokes while Miss Fullerton'll sing

a couple of songs. How'll that go?" Larry asked.
 "Nix on that. Too stale to take with the cr. vds," the manager replied, getting rather impatient.
 "How about imitations?"
 "That's of the past. The people are tired of them. They want something new," was the manager's reply.
 "Well, what do you want?" was Larry's next query.

"We want to make the people laugh. Anyone who can do that makes a fortune. Give them something new and funny. The people want to be amused. They've got lots of troubles and want to forget them. Good morning," said he, waving them aside.



"Good morning," he said, waving them aside

"Well, Madge, we're up against it, aren't we?" he said gloomily, after they reached the street again.
 "Yes," she replied, "but don't worry, we'll get there yet. Don't get blue, Larry. Come, let's go home, for I'm getting hungry. Haven't had breakfast yet, you know, and it's late."

Larry nodded assent and both turned toward Twenty-eighth street, where they lived.

"A little hot coffee'll warm you up, Madge," said Larry, as both entered his room. "Just wait a minute, while I heat some."

"That'll just suit me. How are you going to boil the water?" Madge inquired of Larry.

Larry laughed.
 "Oh, don't worry about that. I don't need a stove. The gas light is good enough for me," said he placing the table under the gas jet which hung from the ceiling in the center of the room.

"What! You're not going to stand on that table to heat the coffee, are you?"

"Sure thing."
 It was now Madge's turn to laugh and this she did uproariously.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a funny one. Gee, but you do look funny standing up there holding that kettle over the gas light! Ha! Ha!"

"He! He! Maybe you think this is fun," Larry exclaimed angrily. "This is enough to tire anybody. I ain't doing this because I like to but because I have to, see?"

"Yes, yes, Larry, but it's funny, though," Madge replied, trying in vain to suppress her laughter.

A few minutes later the water was steaming. Springing down, Larry placed the hot kettle on the table and brought a grip from under the bed. Out of this grip he took a small bag of coffee, two tin cups, a half loaf of bread and four eggs.

"This'll make a good meal, Madge, won't it? My mouth's watering already."

"Hurry up or I'll bite ny name in your face," Madge commanded.

"How'll you have your eggs? Boiled or fried?" Madge preferred the latter. Larry searched about for a square piece of tin on which he intended to fry the eggs. Finding it, he jumped onto the table again. Meanwhile Madge poured a handful of coffee into the water.

Breaking the eggs on the tin, Larry held it over the gas light. Again Madge burst out laughing.

"You do look like a silly, old stupid, Larry. Excuse me, but I can't help laughing."

"That'll do, that'll do" ordered Larry. "Just you spread the table cloth on the table. Believe me, Madge, we're going to eat as though we owned a gold watch."

"Table-cloth? Have you got one, Larry?" Madge asked, looking about.

"The bed-spread, the bed-spread, that'll be our table-cloth. Pull it off the bed."

"Beg pardon, sir. I opes ye'll pardon me, sir," Madge stammered. Impersonating a butler, she pulled the spread off the wooden bed. Shaking it, she stood near the table, waiting for Larry to get off.

Larry, in the meantime, was getting nervous. The piece of tin was rapidly becoming hot. He began squirming when his fingers got the heat that was intended for the eggs.

"We'll be eating in no time, Madge," Larry de-

clared, dropping the hot tin on the chair and blowing his fingers to heal their burns.

Larry moved the table over to the side of the bed, and seated himself on its edge after placing the only chair in the room opposite for Madge.

"Now for the eats," shouted Madge enthusiastically.

"All aboard for Dreamland," hummed Larry, pouring coffee into the cups and keeping time to the song by beating the floor with his feet.

"How about sugar, Larry?" Madge asked.

"Sugar? Do you want to ruin your stomach? I'm surprised at you, Madge. What kind of a boarding school was you brought up in anyway?"

"Well, then, give me a piece of that bread—I mean sponge cake."

"Sure, Madge. Wait'll I get my scissors to cut it with. Believe me, Madge, this is the grub that made eatin' famous."

They continued joking and laughing as they ate their meager meal, until Larry thought of his unfortunate financial condition. This sent a thrill of pain through his entire being. A morsel of bread in his mouth seemed to turn to lead.

Madge, noticing the change in Larry's countenance asked:

"What you getting blue about?"

Larry glanced aside without answering.

"Come on now, Larry, tell me," Madge persisted.
 "Well, I'm thinking of the future. What's going to become of us here in New York? Here's the season half over and no job. I'm liable to do something desperate," Larry replied, a look of disgust coming over his face.

"We'll have to stick until we land somewhere," said Madge, trying to encourage him.

"Stick! Haven't I?"

"Yes, I know, but it won't do you any good to quit. Let's try to think out something new. That's what the manager wants—something new and funny."

Larry smiled bitterly. "New and funny, eh? The people want to laugh, eh? Well, what have you got to offer?"

Madge thought for a moment. Suddenly her face lit up.

"Larry! What do you say of a one-act sketch?"

Larry laughed. "Sketch? Where are you going to get one?"

"Larry, we can get up our own sketch. We can dope it out right here and now."

"Now? What's the idea?"

"Larry, I was thinking that a sketch about two jobless actors would go swell. Take this scene right



"I can't help feeling sorry"

here. If we took all the business out of it and put it on the boards it would go good, I'm sure. Think of the curtain going up with you standing on the table heating some water over a gas jet. Wouldn't that make the cattle laugh? And frying an egg on a piece of tin. That would set them roaring. Just let's take the talk and doings of this last half hour and put it in a sketch and it'll go good, believe me. What do you say to trying? Are you game?"

Larry thought for a moment or two. He slowly realized that Madge was right. He then rapidly conceived new ideas—little things to make the act ridiculous and funny.

"Good! You're right, Madge. It'll go, too, Madge. Let's get to work and lay it out."

* * *

A week later Mr. Lawrence Simpson and Miss Marjorie Fullerton sat eating in the dining room

of the Rialto hotel, in Broadway. They were extravagantly dressed and ate with an appetite that knew no faults.

"I say, Larry, wasn't that a good idea of mine? Took, too, didn't it? We're fixed up fine now, all right, and for a long time, too. Aren't you happy?"

Larry slowly lit a cigar and took a few puffs.

"Yes," he drawled, "we're in soft, but honest, Madge, whenever I think of it I can't help feeling sore."

"Why? What do you mean?" Madge asked in a surprised tone of voice.

"Well, simply this. It makes me feel queer to think that what hurt and pained me in my private life should amuse the public; to think that we'd have to parade our own hard luck in order to make good on the boards."

"Oh, forget it, Larry, forget it."

Who Owns the U. S.

BY JOHN D.

J. Pierpont Morgan, is now in control of resources amounting to \$12,000,000,000 out of a total deposit in banks and trust companies in the country of \$16,000,000,000. This tremendous power is concentrated in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, with \$462,000,000 reserves, New York Life with \$357,000,000 reserves, National Bank of Commerce, \$244,000,000 surplus, First National Bank, \$184,000,000 surplus, Guaranty Trust company, \$150,000,000 surplus, Mercantile Trust company, \$75,000,000 surplus, Equitable Trust company, \$62,000,000 surplus. This makes a total of \$1,734,000,000. Besides this Mr. Morgan controls the United States Steel Corporation with capital and resources of \$1,500,000,000, Southern railway with \$411,000,000, General Electric company with \$80,000,000, besides the Liberty National Bank, with deposits and assets of \$45,000,000, the Chase National with deposits and assets of \$257,000,000 and industrial organizations to make up the difference. In the last financial flurry Mr. Morgan took over the control of the Madison Trust company, which has assets and deposits of about \$15,000,000.

This enormous power does not take into consideration the resources of the allied firms of Morgan, Grenville & Co., of London, and Morgan, Harjes & Co., of Paris. In the amount stated of Mr. Morgan's resources, account is taken of the well known alliance with James J. Hill, who today is in control of more than \$1,500,000,000 of assets, the friendly relation which the banker enjoys with the Vanderbilts and also with the Astors, who practically control the Mutual Life Insurance company.

So powerful has Mr. Morgan become that he has practically become a bugbear in Wall street. Every banker is talking about him. All of the financial editors are greatly concerned about his increased domination of Wall street, and recently the *New York World* said, regarding Mr. Morgan:

"With conditions as they are, no speculator dare engage in extensive operations without the permission of this interest, for fear that his loans may be called without notice, for there are few of the big banks whose loan accounts are not subject to its scrutiny and revision. The ramifications of this situation extend to every line of business that seeks credit, and the menace they carry is responsible for the growing demand for a central bank placed beyond the influence of Wall street, through the control and support of the clearing houses of the reserve cities. Such an institution alone would have the power to check the dangerous tendencies in the metropolitan banking situation of the day, which are rapidly extending their influence to every financial community in the country."

Besides this Otto H. Kann, Jacob H. Schiff's partner in the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., in an address before the finance forum on January 25th, last, said:

"It may be said that every man who by eminent success in commerce or finance, raises himself beyond his peers is in the nature of things more or less of an irritant to the community. It behooves him therefore to make his privileged position as little jarring as possible upon that immense majority whose existence is spent in the lowlands of life, so far as material circumstances are concerned, and who have not drawn any of its great prizes.

"It behooves him to exercise self-restraint and to make ample allowance for the point of view and the feelings of those who have been less favored by fortune than himself, to avoid ostentation or provocation, to be patient, helpful, kindly, conciliatory for he should always remember that his success is in a great measure due to opportunities and qualities which were conferred upon him as a free gift as a favor of providence; that many other men are working and have worked all their lives with just as much effort and assiduous application, just as much self-abnegation as he, but have not succeeded in raising themselves above mediocre and humble stations in life, because they have not been favored by

circumstances and by the possession of those particular gifts which create success.

"He should beware of that insidious tendency of wealth to chill and isolate; he should be careful not to let his feelings, aspirations and sympathies get hardened or narrowed lest he become estranged from his fellowmen, and with this in view he should not only be approachable but should seek and welcome contact with the workaday world so as to remain part and parcel of it, to maintain and prove his homogeneity with his fellowmen. And he should never forget that the advantages, privileges and powers which he enjoys are his on sufferance, so to speak, during good behavior, that the social edifice in which he occupies most desirable quarters has been erected by human hands, the result of compromise, self-restraint and self-sacrifice, the aim being the greatest good to society, and that if that aim is clearly shown to be no longer served by the present structure, if the successful man arrogates to himself too large or too choice a part, if selfishly he crowds out others, then what human hands have created by the patient work of many centuries, human hands can destroy in one hour of passion."

The talk given by Mr. Kahn was on Edward Henry Harriman, but all Wall street figures that the comments quoted were strictures on the alarming economic and political power Mr. Morgan now has in his control.

What makes the situation from a Wall Street standpoint dangerous is that the representatives in congress, particularly from the south and west, are up in arms against the encroaching domination of Wall Street in their territories, and bankers point to the pregnant fact developed by Representative Stanley of Kentucky before the Rules Committee of the house wherein an attack on the United States Steel Corporation claiming it was a combination in restraint of trade said that its charter was identical in every respect with that of the Northern Securities company, which was dissolved a few years ago by the United States supreme court, following a suit brought by the government under the authority of the Sherman anti-trust act. Mr. Stanley quoted the officials of the Steel Trust by saying that the property was organized in like manner with the Northern Securities company, which was primarily organized to destroy competition, and he holds that if the Steel Corporation is innocent under the law, surely Standard Oil and American Tobacco, which cases are likely to be handed down any day, are also. The Northern Securities company (which by the way still continues to send in to the offices of the New York newspapers its annual statements, even five years after its dissolution) had a capital of about \$400,000,000, while the Steel corporation has a capital of \$1,500,000,000.

The best informed bankers say that this looks pretty raw where a concern like the Northern Securities company with less capital by many millions than the Steel Corporation should be prosecuted, while the Morgan steel combine is not molested. They say that our currency and banking systems have made this money power possible and that it is coming to pass that what the money trust, which is another word for Morgan, wishes to develop anywhere in this country, is developed, and what it does not control is delayed in development. Thus they declare we have a money oligarchy with J. P. Morgan, the master, and his power today is greater than has ever been held by any group of men in the history of the United States. Mr. Morgan is 74 years old and is now on the ocean on his way to Paris to apply to the Ministry of Finance to have admitted to dealings on the Paris Bourse, the shares of the United States Steel corporation, the International

A WORKERS' HISTORY OF SCIENCE

BY A. M. LEWIS

Chap. XI. Democritus; Atomic Theory



EMOCRITUS of Abdera, immortal founder of the atomic theory." Such is the estimate of the Greek savant given by Ernest Haeckel.

As a result of the long struggle of the human mind to penetrate the mysteries of the universe and solve its riddles, we have now acquired a considerable body of definitely ascertained truth. In the light of this body of truth we are able to look back over the struggle and see with some clearness the main lines by which we have traveled and recognize the broad highways which led to victory.

It is from the point of view of ascertained truth that we must estimate the intellectual warriors who participated in the struggle. It requires the lapse of time to give the proper historic setting, and men who loom large to their contemporaries, diminish with the passing years and are pygmies to posterity.

Standing like stars apart, are the few men who have contributed an epoch-making generalization, founders of some great department of human knowledge. Only a Newton, a Darwin, a Marx, may enter this inner pantheon. By the common consent of the scientific world, Democritus belongs to this grand category.

Although his observation of "adaptation" in the organic world, and his repudiation of final causes as their explanation, would have won him everlasting fame as a torch bearer of truth, it is his founding of that "atomic theory," which Dalton revived in the modern world, to which Democritus owes his chief glory.

Democritus, like Dalton, conceived the whole universe to be made up of tiny invisible parts—atoms. Leukippos, who also held the atomic theory said: "There are an infinite number of them and they are invisible owing to the smallness of their bulk."

A very remarkable book, "The World Machine," by Carl Snyder, has the following dedication:

"To
THE ALL BUT FORGOTTEN MEMORY
OF
DEMOCRITUS OF ABDERA
(CA. 460-360 B. C.)

"Justly esteemed by Bacon as the weightiest of the ancients.

"Forerunner by a century of Aristotle and Euclid; geometer and traveler, physiologist and polyhistor, path-finder and sage.

"He wrote illuminatively upon almost every branch of natural knowledge, in an Attic praised by Cicero as rivalling Plato's.

"Founder of the Atomic Theory, and first of whom we know, historically to conceive this world and all it contains as a mechanism.

"To his ideas 2,000 years of invention, discovery and research have added much but changed little."

Turning to Snyder's fine chapter on Democritus, we find the following:

The scheme of the world, as it shaped

Harvester company, the Southern Railway company and a host of other railroad and industrial corporations in which he is the dominant factor. This means that he is after the funds of the peasantry and middle class in France, and Wall street predicts that if he lives ten years longer and accumulates as rapidly as he has since the panic of 1907, he will practically be in control of every dollar in the country.

The Rockefellers are very powerful,

itself in the mind of Democritus, was crystalline in its simplicity. The ring upon the finger, the stone steps before the door, the toe of the graven saints under the incessant kisses of the faithful, wear away, subtly, imperceptibly, without that from day to day one may perceive aught of change. The pot boiling upon the hearth, the pools of water in the sun, dry up; their contents disappear, one scarce knows how. Linen, hanging by the shore, before a beating surf, becomes damp; expose it to the heat, it dries again. Evidently the water, the stone image, the metal of the ring, is made up of particles too fine to be visible or perceptible to the touch.

Doubtless the same is true of all matter whatsoever, whether it be "living" or "dead." The grain sprouts, the stalk forms, the flowers or the great oak unfurl, in precisely the same way as the idol's toe disappears, subtly, imperceptibly, elusively. Obviously they are formed by the aggregation, as the others are destroyed by the disaggregation, of exceedingly minute parts. We witness the same process when a lump of sugar dissolves in a glass of water, or when a layer of salt crystallizes out of a pan of salt water when it is evaporated.

When the sugar or the salt disappears in the solvent, how far does the process of disaggregation go?—infinitely? We may take a glass of salt water and mix it with another of fresh; the salt taste grows a little weaker; but it is evenly distributed throughout every drop of water. Repeat the process, though the salt taste grows a little weaker, it is the same. May we keep on doing this forever? By and by the salt taste is gone utterly; but we have only to evaporate the mass of water again and secure all of the salt; none has disappeared.

This passage is quoted at length because it is a masterpiece of simplifying and helps us to grasp the nature of a very profound riddle of the universe.

It is worth several close readings, or still better, a writing out in your scrap book.

The atomic theory, as a foundation for a conception of the universe, has like all great theories, met with much criticism, but it is still, in its main features, the best we have. Without it Newton could probably not have conceived the theory of gravitation. In the hands of Dalton and his successors it became the basis of modern chemistry and enabled us to leave behind forever the alchemy of the middle ages, as the astronomy of Copernicus emancipated the world from the delusions of astrology.

The atom, as its name implies, is invisible. It is also eternal—indestructible. The forms of things resulting from varying mobilizations and arrangements of atoms are transient and constantly changing as the atoms composing the things and giving them their form are re-arranged in new positions and combinations.

We shall deal with the developments of this concept by Dalton, Faraday, Gay-Lussac, Gerhardt, Berzelius, Avogadro and other brilliant chemists and physicists at the proper place.

We shall leave the theory for the present by quoting a very fine passage from the writings of one of the most brilliant of modern physicists, a man whose word carries great weight among his brother savants—Clerk-Maxwell. One easily remembers his happy description of the atoms as "the foundation stones of the material universe."

Natural causes, as we know, are at work, which tend to modify, if they do not destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred and may yet occur in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built—the foundation stones of the material universe—remain unbroken and unworn.

it is true, but they have never been as popular with the moneyed men of the country as is Morgan, and therefore if anything, their influence is on the wane. The Guggenheims are also powerful, controlling today the American Smelting & Refining Co., and a number of other gold, copper and smelting corporations whose aggregate capitalization foots up a total of \$314,000,000.

Hot Cinders

BY E. N. RICHARDSON.

The oft made statement that any man who really wants a job can get one is absolutely true, and I dislike to hear my Socialist friends deny it. Just the other day I read of a fellow who was having some trouble in locating a job when a happy thought (originating in an empty stomach) struck him, and he heaved a rock through a plate glass window. He got a job right away.

So you see it's no trouble to get a job if you go at it right and are not too particular.

"Well, old John has served us well for over 40 years," said the big plow manufacturer, and now that he is too old to work we must take good care of him for the rest of his days."

This is a true incident. The retiring worker was an expert mechanic; for 40 years his employer made a conservatively estimated profit from his labor of not less than \$5 a day.

Figure it out yourself, dear reader, and then drop me a postal card and tell me why it should be necessary for old John to live on charity in his old age?

Any differences that may come up between the republican party and the democratic party is simply over some question of jurisdiction between the Coupon Clippers Union and the Almagated Association of Job Owners.

"Profit thought" is but the logical product of a system based on profit. We have lived so long under such a system we unconsciously look for some kind of a dividend from every kind act we may do; a good act with no connecting link with self is as rare as song birds in Greenland. It is only natural that self must be the most prominent factor in the life of every man under a system in which making a living is the chief aim of existence.

American consumers of the products of the Standard Oil company, have just contributed ten million dollars to the Chicago University.

In a well-worded advertisement, a Pittsburg, Pa., savings bank says, "Nature makes squirrels of us all."

By changing one word this is a true and well put statement of a fact. Capitalism makes squirrels of us all. That is, under capitalism we are forced to hoard our pennies or die in the poor house.

A good many men spend their youth in making sight drafts on the future and their old age in paying for them.

Brown.—What are you doing now, John?

John.—I'm in the manufacturing business.

Brown.—Why, I understood you had purchased a newspaper.

John.—I did, I'm manufacturing capitalist news.

The man who never knows when he is licked never is licked.

The average man who has achieved financial success likes to tell about how he made his first hundred dollars. It would be a lot more interesting to know how he made his last million.

Each generation in part overcomes one form of slavery and begins the creation of another to take its place.

A number of high browed gentlemen constituting the senate investigation committee, after much examination, meditation and consideration have arrived at the significant conclusion that the high cost of living is due entirely to the increased cost of commodities. None but our astute senators would ever have guessed it.

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS

J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.

EDITORS

A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

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

By mail in the United States, \$1 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, 2½ cents a copy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Always Fails in Time of Need

There was one of Russell's editorials for which space was lacking on the first two pages this week, but which is so good and has such a direct application to something else that we want to run it here. This is what he says:

Collier's Weekly calls attention to the interesting fact that the only newspapers in the country that would print a line about the successful suit against Post, the Battle Creek man, were the Socialist sheets.

Collier's gets a laugh from this and takes a fall out of the capitalist press with regard to certain full-page advertisements lavishly distributed over the field by Post containing denials of the charges made by *Collier's* in regard to the Battle Creek food products.

It is no discovery that the capitalist press is venal and that Socialist organs are the only ones that dare to print the news. There is no more obvious, no more sinister development of the times. The masters who coin profits from society as organized are not the ones to overlook the vast machinery for protecting themselves offered by the press of a reading nation.

But there is another side to the publicity situation that is seldom mentioned and strikes deeper than bribery.

The high binders who run us are not content with influencing publications. They are quietly acquiring the publications for themselves.

Within the last two years three of the magazines most prominent for radical agitation have passed into the hands of interests affiliated with the great aggregations of capital that are throttling the country.

One of these was the original distributor in the monthly field of the capitalist peace of mind. Another was carrying on a successful and annoying campaign for a change in the insolent method by which Congress is dominated. All of them had built up large circulations among the politically liberal who are apt to get restless. All of them were financially undermined and so dropped into the hands of the enemy.

Of course, the public has not learned of these dark alley lugging operations. The policy of the magazines has been altered by degrees. Where earnest attempts were being made to uncover specific forms of abuse and oppression in useful and informative articles, matter of harmless purport and vague direction has been gradually substituted.

The process has paid and will be continued. There are but a limited number of publications that constitute any threat to the gentlemen who ride on our backs. The monthlies, weeklies and dailies that are willing to print radical matter are few and far between. But they sometimes make the riding slightly uncomfortable and they are to be absorbed.

The other kind scarcely matter. They are either safe or they can be made safe in any emergency or they are controlled by persons whose sympathies are all with reaction.

Society aspirants, for instance. When has *Collier's* itself ever carried its love of the unvarnished truth to a point where it became disagreeable to "our set"?

This editorial is especially suggestive just now when *Hampton's*, the latest of the magazines to work up a reputation by means of its radicalism, has published by far the most disreputable and most misleading story of the San Francisco and Los Angeles labor situation that has appeared. It was so with the *American* and Mexico. It was so with all the radical papers and the Moyer-Haywood affair.

The COMING NATION is a paper that cannot sell out, that must be true to the working class because it has no other interests and would die the moment it ceased to be true in this respect. So it is that in this emergency the COMING NATION is going to publish the story of the Pacific labor war. It is written by the one man best able to write it, Charles Edward Russell. He spent some time in Los Angeles and San Francisco since the *Times* disaster. During this time so much was he feared by the Merchants and Manufacturers' association that his every step was shadowed by a horde of detectives.

He has written the result of his investigations and, in his opinion, a tremendous crisis now exists on the Pacific coast. The war on union labor which has started there will, if successful, spread throughout the country.

Under the inspiration of the emergency he has written one of the strong

The Despotic Supreme Court

BY A. M. SIMONS

III. How Its Power May Be Taken Away

The despotic power of the Supreme Court of the United States was gained by a sneaking revolution and maintained by cringing sycophancy to industrial exploiters. The only time it dared to straighten the pregnant hinges of its knees thrift no longer followed fawning and its power momentarily disappeared. The uncontested facts set forth in the two previous articles have proven these statements.

It was stated that there was no warrant in the Constitution upon which to base the power so long exercised by the Court of declaring laws unconstitutional. It has been shown that when it was not to the interest of the ruling class to have the Court exercise that power Congress momentarily took it away. This action by Congress in 1868 has been kept a state secret of the "inner ring" that rule and rob the American workers.

It is mentioned in none of the legal text-books—it is taught in none of the schools.

The reason for this secrecy is found in the fact that the action of Congress in taking away the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is specifically authorized by the Constitution.

Here is the section of the constitution defining the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. It is section 2 of article 5, and after defining the cases in which the Court shall have original jurisdiction the section concludes as follows:

"The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, AS THE CONGRESS SHALL MAKE."

Read that over again. Then hunt up a copy of the Constitution and be sure that I have quoted it correctly.

Then try and realize what it means.

IT MEANS THAT THE SUPREME COURT EXERCISES THIS DESPOTIC POWER ONLY BY THE PERMISSION OF CONGRESS.

It means that Congress is supreme in the legislative department of government.

It means that Congress can, at any time, in regard to any law, take away the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

If you doubt this statement, if any attorney questions it, if any authority on Constitutional law denies it, turn to the records of Congress for January 13, 1868, and see where Congress *did this very thing*.

Not only did Congress take away this power of the Court on the one occasion when that Court dared even to suggest defiance of class interests, but the Supreme Court itself by *dismissing the cases affected, recognized the power of Congress to do this*.

Do you wonder that this incident has been suppressed by those who control the organs of public opinion? Are you surprised that it is not told of in the text-books on law or history?

Next week I will point out some things which this knowledge will make possible.

est things that has ever come from his powerful pen. It will appear in number twenty-four of the COMING NATION. It should be read in every union hall in America. It should be circulated by the hundreds of thousands among union men. The only persons who can do this are the readers of the COMING NATION. Will you help to see that it is done?

There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when, what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct and better taste and sense in human life.—Mill on Liberty.

Bless the fools: What would we do if everyone was wise?—Antrim.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try.

—Shakespeare.

The prevailing mode of production determines in large part what is moral and what is immoral, and the ruling class are always the formulators of the code.—Ghent, *Mars and Class*.

Because God, the creator and governor of the universe and maker of all laws, is a loving Father—and not a fiend, fit to rule only in an inferno—he must have so framed the laws which affect mankind, that, if observed, every man, woman and child would be able to earn a really comfortable living and provide for sickness and old age—with a reasonable amount of work.—Albert Griffin.

Scout News

"The two boys, Harold, age 7, and Robert, age 5, sold all the papers in two hours, so I order double this time."—Mrs. Fannie Rawson, Wash.

"I understand that many Scouts sell their papers at factory gates. I sell mine Saturday nights at street meetings."—Ina Lund, Wash.

"I sold all my papers in about thirty minutes. If all my customers buy again this week I'll increase my order next time."—Glen B. Armstrong, Wash.

"I sold my first ten NATIONS in about half an hour. They sell very good. After I get a start I expect to sell more and will have some of those prizes."—John Quigley, Pa.

"I sold eight inside of an hour. I like the work fine."—Eugene Silver, Cal.

"I am getting new customers all the time. Want twenty Appeals and eighty NATIONS this week. We have a new Socialist hall here and the comrades are helping me."—Harold E. Wiggle, Ind.

"I sold my first ten copies quicker than I thought I would. I'll order 12 this time."—Richard Lingren, N. Dakota.

"I have 16 customers now. One moved away and I got a new one."—Rudolph Shorofsky, Pa.

There's no age limit to membership in the Socialist Scouts. In proof of this here's the photo of Comrade Thos. Culhane, of Superior, Wis. He has taken up the Scout work with a will and at last accounts had every business man in his part of town on his list of customers. He will assist in forming a permanent Scout organization in Superior.



Thos. Culhane.

The Socialist Scouts

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

If your boy or girl wants to fight capitalism, the system which enslaves boys and girls, sending them to the factory at the time they should be in school, he should ally himself with the Socialist Scouts. The Scouts sell and distribute Socialist literature, study easy lessons in Socialism and are trained in agitation work. They make 100 per cent on sales of COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and valuable prizes are awarded in addition.

It costs nothing to begin the Scout work. I'll send 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. Many Scouts who began with a bundle of ten papers now have regular routes of 100 and more. A request addressed to "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.," will bring first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list.

A Great May Day Number

For some months the COMING NATION has been making preparations to issue a great May Day Number. We are now ready to tell our readers a few things about it.

We will have an original cartoon by Walter Crane, without doubt the foremost Socialist cartoonist and artist today. There will also be illustrations from some of the leading French artists. Articles and words of greetings have been promised from prominent Socialists all over the world; in short, enough is now promised to make it certain that this number will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted.

This issue will be dated April 20th and will be No. 34.

It is none too early to begin to make arrangements to order this number.

He Remembers Tell City

Longmont, Colo.

I have just finished reading H. G. Creel's "Tricks of the Press," in which he relates an incident that occurred at Tell City, Ind.

I was living at that time within twenty miles of Tell City and reading all the country papers, but owing to the influence of "Boss" Fenn, who dictates the politics of Perry county, did not learn of the relief boat not being permitted to land until I read it in the COMING NATION more than two years after leaving the state. All the papers were filled with stories of the philanthropy of Jake Zoercher and Albert Fenn, but none of them mentioned the truth.

As to Ed. Hawkins, he was promoted to the position of deputy sheriff, for his heroic work in killing the innocent striker, William Dauffer. Later, when my brother was assassinated in the presence of Deputy Sheriff Kelly, who refused to make an arrest, Hawkins was sent to get the assassin. Hawkins was afraid to drive after dark and did not get to the place until eighteen hours after the murder had been committed. Even then he took the trouble to telephone ahead and, of course, found no one to arrest.

This was in Dec., 1908, and although the warrant is still out the man has not been arrested, although he is not thirty miles from Tell City.

One article in the COMING NATION contained more information than I was able to obtain from all the papers published in Perry county at the time the incident occurred. Yours for the revolution.

ROBERT KNIGHT.

(The "Tricks of the Press" has been published in pamphlet form and is for sale by the author for 25 cents at Girard, Kan.)

You can never lead unless you lift.—Edward Everett Hale.

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Six Little Glow-Worms

(This is one of the tales written by Mae Nordau, a very learned man, who wrote the collection called "The Dwarf's Spectacles and Other Fairy Tales," published by the Macmillan company, especially for his little daughter. I would advise all of our girls and boys to read them and you will see that they are a very special kind of fairy tales, that each one means more than just a little story about giants and princes and fairies. I wonder if you can find out what this one means. We'll start this week and finish it next, as it is rather long for one story in our little department.)

DURING the June nights the meadow at the edge of the forest was as merry as a peasant wedding or a country fair. The nightingales sang, the crickets chirped, the plover drummed, the night wind whistled, old May and young June bugs lay in their taverns in the grass, the bushes, and the foliage of the trees, and drank dew till they were full, and even the sober ladybugs, which usually do not lead gay lives, were persuaded to share the lively meetings of the idlers.

As soon as it grew dark, the six little glow-worms that lived in the meadow crept out of their tiny room in the earth and lighted their lanterns so that the place was brightly illuminated by their shining, bluish white light. So, when the revellers broke up at as late an hour as possible, thanks to their living lamps, they found their way as easily and safely as if it had been noonday without striking against roots or stones, or falling into moleburrows.

Not far from the meadow, where there were such gay doings, stood an old castle with a lofty tower. Here lived an aristocratic owl family, with a numerous colony of bats for servants. The mistress of the house, an owl of mature years, was a very learned lady who had one son, whom she urged to study. But the young gentleman was an idler and sluggard, who would rather wander about than learn.

Whenever he could, he stole away from his books and slipped out of the tower, to rob nests, catch birds, or with the young noblemen from the owl-eries in the neighborhood, join in hunting hares and marmots.

This troubled his mother greatly, and she remonstrated earnestly with him.

"The examination is close at hand and you are not preparing yourself. Do you mean to disgrace me by failing?"

The young owl obstinately remained silent and looked sulky.

"Answer me, you unmannerly scapegrace!" cried the owl, angrily.

"What am I to do with you? All your ancestors were lights of learning and members of the academy. You alone wish to remain an idle ignorant blockhead. Are not you ashamed of yourself?"

"It isn't my fault," said the owl nobleman, defiantly.

"Not your fault?" asked the owl in astonishment. "Whose fault is it, then?"

"Why, mamma, do have some consideration," cried the youth boldly. "When am I really to study? During the day, as a member of a respectable owl family, I must sleep, and at night it is so dark in this old lumber room that I can't see a line. I'm near-sighted already. If I must strain my eyes over my books in this pitch-black darkness, I shall be blind entirely."

"What nonsense are you talking," replied the owl sternly. "We have lived here a hundred years and more, and no one ever complained of our home before. They all found it comfortable. On moonlight nights, it is

almost too light and, when the moon doesn't shine, you have our roof cat, by whose eyes you can read easily."

The youth remained obstinate. "Pardon me, mamma," he said defiantly. "There are so few clear moonlight nights that they don't count, and our cat's eyes may have been enough for our ancestors, but in our days of electricity it is no light at all. Besides, we have so much more to learn now than you did in the old times. So either give me some decent light, or don't complain if I cannot prepare for my examinations."

And, without waiting for his mother's answer, the rude youth vanished through the tower window, to amuse himself with his companions in the usual way and let study alone.

The owl called the oldest of her bats and said anxiously: "There is no living with the young people any longer. Hasn't my good-for-nothing son taken it into his head that it isn't light enough here, and therefore he cannot study?"

"Foolish talk, Mrs. Professor," squeaked the bat.

"I know that just as well as you do," answered the owl; "but I must not let him have the excuse for his idling. What shall we do to get a better light for the lazy fellow?"

"Our roof cat—" began the bat.

"Isn't enough," interrupted the owl. "Between ourselves it really is a Jim light, and I wonder whether our eyes are not constantly growing worse because, up to this time, we have been satisfied with our cat's light. We must find something else."

The bat reflected a little while then she said: "How would it do to try glow worms Mrs. Professor? They give a good, steady light, do not heat the head, and are not dangerous on account of fire."

"A clever idea," said the owl "Bring some here as soon as possible."

The bat obediently flew away and hurried to the meadow on the edge of the forest, where the spring festival was in full course. From all the tree tops, bushes and grasses, echoed the notes of fiddles, the sound of flutes and merry songs; everywhere there was dancing, playing and dew drinking, and the little glow worms with quiet pleasure, held the light for these gay doings.

Without troubling herself in the least about the company the owl's faithful servant seized one of the glow worms with her teeth and carried it in a swift flight to the tower, where she put it on a beam. It was trembling in every limb with fright, and in its terror almost let its lantern go out.

The owl looked at the little creature closely and said discontentedly, "This light, too, is not enough."

(To Be Continued.)

About Talking

A soldier's sword; a rifle; a spear; a revolver; a bayonet; a dagger—what are all these things? They are *weapons*, deadly weapons.

A spade; a chisel; a hammer; a mallet; a gimlet; a screwdriver; a saw; a plane; what are all these things? They are *tools*, useful tools.

If we mix together swords and hammers, revolvers and saws, what shall we call them now? They are *instruments*, some deadly, some useful. Now, I am going to talk to you about a little instrument which I have brought with me—but, indeed, I could not talk to you at all without it! What is this instrument?

It is the tongue, the instrument of speech; though let us remember it could do nothing without the help of the lips, teeth, and the roof of the

mouth. Is it a tool or a weapon? It may be a deadly weapon; and it may be a useful tool.—F. J. Gould in The Children's Book of Moral Lessons.

Child Welfare Exhibit

For many months the New York Child Welfare committee has been working to prepare the exhibit now being held in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York City.

The exhibit is intended to give a complete view of child life in New York City, and it makes use of model houses, apartments, furnishings, clothing, play, school life, streets, with photographs, charts, panoramas, demonstrations, moving pictures and pageants.

It aims to suggest reforms by which some of the evils of too much work and too little play, overcrowding in



"LARK BOUND" By Louis Otter

tenement houses; lack of proper food and bad health of children, can be corrected.

Perhaps next week, we can have a story about some one of the exhibits which will interest country children and city children alike, but today you are to study the picture which leads this article and see if you see what it means. Then read what the committee says in its hand book about the group, as follows:

The group shows a strong man and his wife bent under life's burdens. With one arm, the man is striving to help his wife bear her burden, which is joined with his own. To the left an aged man is shown bent under his burden, which is joined with the burdens of the others.

Beneath the burdens and the central figure of the group is a little city child. As yet he is not touched by any visible burden, but his back is bent as if by heavy burdens. He, too, is a burden-bearer—he is bent by the burdens of heredity, environment, pre-natal influences, lack of play, insufficient food, poverty, sorrow, sin and all the economic and social influences which have affected his parents.

Thanksgiving

BY EDNA MOTLEY.

[Editor's Note—Edna's letter came in a little late, but as it is very good, we are glad to print it anyway.]

As all nations have and always have had their days of feasting so it was well and proper that America should have a day of thanksgiving. For this purpose the Pilgrims after their first successful crop set a day for thanksgiving in the early part of the seventeenth century.

The term "Thanksgiving" means more than some realize. Some think that all "Thanksgiving" means is to eat turkey and the like until they are sick, but it means that we should give thanks to God for what we have and trust Him in all things.

We are to be thankful that we can speak as we please and have the freedom of press but we should not be satisfied with the system under which we are living that forces small children to work in factories, never having a chance to get an education, half-starving and half freezing from want of clothing.

We should be thankful that we can help bring about a system whereby children can have an education and not have to work to keep from starving. We should all be glad that we have a press by which we can express our sentiments without being afraid of being killed or imprisoned because we tell what we believe. We should be thankful for our victories in the late election.

I am thankful for my influence in school because some of my schoolmates are becoming interested in Socialism and want to study it. One girl took "Men and Mules" to read so she could find out what Social-

ism is. Another girl who was a very strong Republican, but now she is interested in Socialism and wants some things explained about Socialism which she doesn't understand and she will find out because I believe in telling them all they will stand.

So on Thanksgiving I hope every one of us gave thanks to God for the progress we have had in the work of freeing the working class.

The Story of Writing

While ten-year-old Jimmie is carefully and painfully filling up his copy book in school and Sister Mammie is learning to use that wonderful writing machine, the typewriter, neither one of them thinks that they are the latest chapter in a long long story, whose end has not yet come.

Have you ever noticed how baby Jane with pencil in hand tries hard to make pictures to express herself?

Well it was just that way with the beginnings of writing among the races of men. First they made picture writings on rocks and trees and sent messages to other tribes in this way. We can see this writing by means of pictures among the Indians of this very country.

Then men learned to make certain signs for certain words or sounds. Then after a long, long time they began to separate the words into letters and so came alphabets.

The instruments used in writing have gone through just as many changes.

At first men cut these early characters or signs on rocks and stones. Thus it was in savage or barbarous periods.

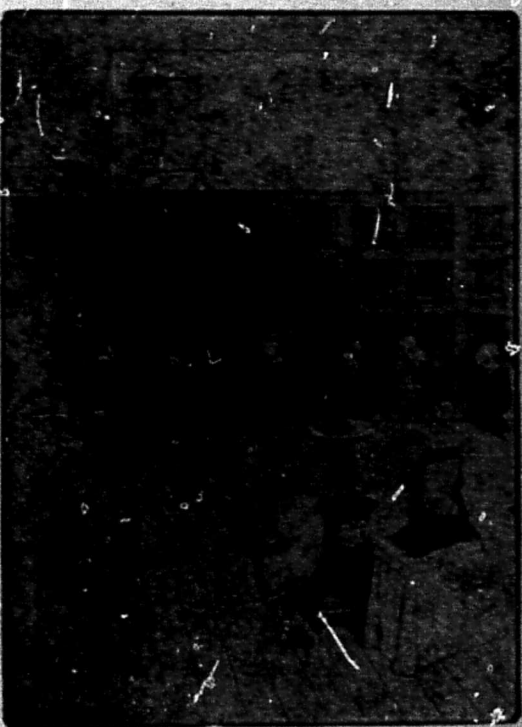
Then some person found it possible to cut with a sharp instrument on wax which was easier and the writing could be erased. This was the common way among the Greeks and Romans.

In the middle ages we see the writing limited almost entirely to the monasteries where the monks with brush and pen colored with great care and written manuscripts.

At another stage, pens were made from goose quills and then the instrument developed into the variety of pens with ink that we use today and the latest achievement among pens, the fountain pen.

Then came the invention of the typewriter which has been a great factor in the business world.

What will be the next step in writing?



EXERCISES IN ELEMENTARY VIRTUE
Drawn by W. Heath Robinson. London Sketch

Juvenile Art

Teacher—Why, Willie, what are you drawing?

Willie—I'm drawing a picture of God.

Teacher—But, Willie, you mustn't do that; nobody knows how God looks.

Willie—Well, they will when I get this done.

Let's go hand in hand, not one before another.—Shakespeare.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN



Little Stories of City Life

BY GRACE POTTER.

No. I

It was a fiercely hot day I walked slowly, feeling very disgruntled that fate had sent me to Boston on newspaper work when the temperature was so unbearable.

Outside a little flower-shop half way up the street I saw a child. She held close about her a big black woolen shawl. Every few moments a small fist went up to wipe her eyes and she was shrinking against the wall of the building next door, the while she looked miserably at the shop-keeper. As I came nearer he muttered something crossly and went inside.

A newsboy came up. "Wha's matter, little girl?" he said genially.

The child drew out from under her shawl two red roses which were beginning to wilt. "See," she said, I bought 'em for my mother. Just a little, little while ago. She was sick. She always wanted roses—" The child's tears stopped her speech.

"Yes," said the newsboy, shifting his bundle of papers uneasily, "then what?"

"She was so sick that I took five cents and bought these for her. When I got home she was dead." The child pulled at her heavy black shawl. "There was a baby born. They told me to take the flowers back and get the money to buy milk. He—" she looked toward the shop door, "he won't give me my money."

Just then the man came to the door. "You get right away from this store," he said angrily.

"Aw, say!" said the newsboy, "why don't you give her back her money? Her mother's croaked and the roses ain't no good now."

"They use flowers for dead people," said the shop's owner. "They always have flowers when folks is dead. And beside they're wilted. I couldn't sell 'em again."

"I wasn't getting 'em for a funeral," said the child. "I was getting 'em so she could see 'em and smell 'em. Now she can't. She's dead."

"I can't help it," said the man. "you go on! I don't want you standing in front of my shop."

The child shrank closer against the wall and cried again.

"They'd look swell," said the newsboy, seeing the man's obstinacy. "if you'd put 'em in the coffin. Her hands could be folded over her chest and the red roses in 'em."

"O, no," said the child sobbing. "She couldn't smell 'em nor see 'em. I must have the money so—"

"Get away from here this minute!" commanded the man, advancing toward them threateningly.

The children walked away together. At the corner they stopped.

"They were so mad I'd spent the five cents," said the girl, "they said it should have bought milk for the new baby."

"Say," said the boy, "you could sell 'em to me!" He pulled out five cents from his pocket and held it toward the little girl with brightening eyes as if it had just occurred to him that he wanted the roses. "Get the kid milk with that. I ain't much on put-

ting flowers on dead people myself."

"O—o," said the child slowly. Her mouth trembled and she looked at him with a faint smile of perfect understanding. "You're good," she whispered handing him the flowers. And wrapping her black shawl about her she turned away down the street.

"Hell!" said the boy under his breath as she disappeared. Then he looked at the roses and jabbed them fiercely in his pocket, heads down. "O hell!" he said again, drawing the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes with a quick motion.

Then he called his papers loud and fast.



Outside the Factory—Twentieth Century

One of the tableaux arranged by Mrs. A. F. Townsend for the Women's Political Union, for the benefit of the Woman's Suffrage Cause

The Four Sunbeams

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasure all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child
on the floor
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright:
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before him would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Afar from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a girl that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellow,
snob,
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we fill to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.
—Selected.

German Women and Politics

The advance made in the organization, politically, of proletarian women and girls has been unusually satisfying. If about 83,000 women had been mustered into the ranks as party members at the time of the last report of party officials, the number at the present moment may be safely placed at 100,000.

When an understanding of politics and political life has once been awakened in the women, it is clear that the next step will be their joining the party. The protests raised by the party against the arbitrary high prices in food products, has been the chief cause of the awakening, especially among the women belonging to the associations for the protection of mothers, widows and orphans.

In order to draw the women members into the work of the party organization and to instruct them in the aims of the party, arrangements have been made for special meetings for the women, with lectures and discussions and the reading of Socialist literature.

It is a matter of great importance to the life of social democracy that not only proletarian men, but also proletarian women be convinced and made into responsible and disciplined comrades



Auntie---Yes, you may have some more, darling, but don't forget there is a pudding.

Tommy Tucker---All right, auntie; I'm saving my neck for that.

The Socialist and the Suffragist

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:
"My cause is greater than yours!
You only work for a Special Class,
We for the gain of the General Mass,
Which every good ensures!"
Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:
"You underrate my Cause!
While Women remain a Subject Class,
You never can move the General Mass,
With your Economic Laws!"
Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:
"You misinterpret facts!
There is no room for doubt or schism
In Economic Determinism—
It governs all our acts!"
Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:
"You men will always find
That this old world will never move
More swiftly in its ancient groove
While women stay behind!"
"A lifted world lifts women up,"
The Socialist explained.
"You cannot lift the world at all,
While half of it is kept so small,"
The Suffragist maintained.
The world awoke, and tartly spoke:
"Your work is all the same;
Work together or work apart,
Work, each of you, with all your heart—
Just get into the game!"
—The Forerunner.

A Voice in the West

BY AGNES THECLA FAIR.

Somehow the West don't recognize
When skulking 'round for gain
The laws mere man has made;
Even the laws from One on high
Cannot make us afraid.
We fear no God, we fear not man
When out on the open plain,
We only fear man in the dark
The voice we love of the pioneer
Who cries aloud for truth—
So different from the harsh shrill tones
Of Greed and its devilish fruit.
We love to ride the western trails
Where breezy zephyrs blow.
For miles and miles the natural sounds
No voice of man to know.
Let us hear the coyotes' howl,
The wild birds sweetly sing,
No voice of God or man
More joy, more happiness can bring.

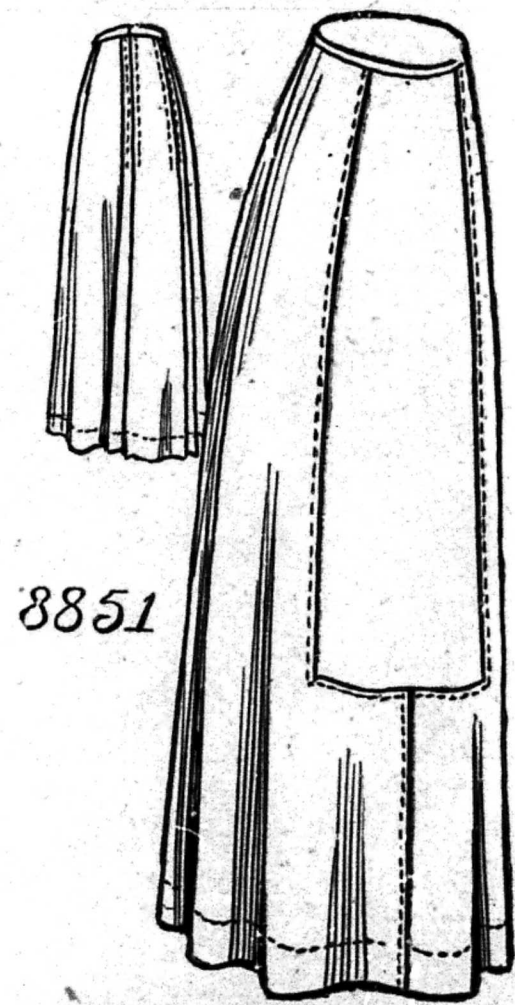
English Suffragettes and Working-Class Interests

Mrs. Billington Greig, one of the most prominent members of the English militant suffragettes, an organizer and devoted champion of the cause, has resigned from the Woman's Freedom league, and in a series of articles, has placed the reason for her action mainly in the fact that the militant suffragettes had gradually excluded the working class element from their ranks.

She declared that the movement, and especially the Woman's Social and Political Union, had edged out the workers by a system of social exclusiveness, ultra respectability, and steam roller methods within the organization itself, denying the right to vote to the members of an organization that was demanding votes for women. She condemned the militant method in that it re-acted and destroyed itself and what it set out to accomplish.

It is only when social movements have receded into past history so that they can be viewed in the larger perspective and without the irritation created by all contemporary disturbance of established conditions, that the church with pride turns around to claim that it was she who abolished slavery, aroused the people to liberty, and emancipated woman.—Prof. Rauschenbusch.

Ah no! Women cannot successfully fill the positions of female postmen. In America they are all male carriers.



A New and Stylish Skirt Model. 8851. Ladies Six-Gore Skirt.—A unique feature of this model is the extension on the side gores. The skirt is cut on close fitting lines, and has the panel effect in the back. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-28-30 inches waist measure. It requires 5 1-2 yds. of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Chiefly About Fighting

BY DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation

IHAVE just returned from a trip through the Lancashire cotton districts, where the cotton mills are working twelve-hour shifts. There is a tremendous demand for weavers at the moment, owing to the emigration to the United States of America of some 3,000 operatives last year during the depression in the cotton trade. As a result between ten and fifteen thousand looms are idle for lack of operatives to run them.

The working classes have short memories. At the moment they are like "the deaf adder which stoppeth her ears," and will scarcely listen to the Socialist propagandist, as they imagine the present boom is going to last for ever. But when the inevitable slump comes, they will once more take the wads out of their ears and listen.

To see the mills, one great blaze of light, looming dimly through the darkness of the early morning was a wonderful sight, but still more wonderful was to see the train-loads of humanity, men and girls, taking off the wage slaves at 5:30 in the cold, foggy morning to their benches, all laughing and talking as though the horrors of the cotton mills were only fairy tales. One operator told me that in some of the rooms the temperature is an even 100 degrees, with the air impregnated with cotton dust, which chokes the lungs and sends the workers to fill the graveyards of Lancashire with "lung trouble."

And when the masters follow the example of the South African mine owners, and introduce cheap yellow labor—what then? "It'll last our time I reckon," said one man to whom I spoke, and left it at that. "After us,—the deluge," said a certain king of France. King and cotton operative join hands in thought, and the operative will suffer the same fate as the king—unless—unless. . . .

A Remarkable Man

One of the most remarkable Socialist leaders in this country is J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., secretary of the Parliamentary Labor party.

I understand that MacDonald is running for the chairmanship of the party at a meeting to be held on February 6th, and that there is a proposal to make the position permanent instead of from session to session. If he is elected, one may look forward to an accentuation of the revisionist policy, of which MacDonald is the British protagonist.

MacDonald, whose parents were Scottish agricultural laborers, holds a singular position in the British movement. His influence is feared by many who regard him as an intriguer and a philanderer with liberalism. He is the *bete noire* of the Social Democratic party. On the other hand, he has a large following in the I. L. P., and in the Parliamentary Labor party, is regarded as an authority upon tactics and a leading parliamentarian, and is an effective speaker. He was born 44 years ago, and has a mass of iron-grey hair, which falls poetically over a face of great strength, his dark, brilliant eyes and powerful jaw denoting the leader, whilst his almost boyish figure is in pleasing contrast.

The Leonine Ledebour

The humbug of the Hague and similar conferences is again shown by the bickering over what is known as the Declaration of London, drawn up by the delegates of the Powers for the use of the Hague prize court and signed

in February, 1909. The Declaration permits the capture of all food-stuffs on the way to Britain in neutral ships, allows the conversion at sea of merchantmen into commerce-destroyers, and admits the principle of the destruction of neutral prizes. All the business interests on this side are quarreling over the provisions of the Declaration, not from motives of peace, but for commercial gain, which after all is the arbiter of peace or war.

I recently interviewed our comrade, George Ledebour, the leonine German, on the continent, upon the whole question of the German attitude in regard to "capture at sea," and the question of armaments generally.

The Germans, he insists, are ready and even anxious to agree to the abolition of the right to capture, but not to limitation of armaments as matters stand. The British, on the other hand, are ready to agree to the limitation of armaments, but not to the abolition of the right to capture. In a word, as he pointed out, the Powers do not care two straws about the ethics of peace, it is only a question of one power overreaching the other in their efforts after the world's markets. For the preceding remarks plainly show that England, with her great navy is perfectly willing to use it in the right to capture—if the other fellows will agree to limit their navies, and so render themselves powerless to prevent legalized piracy upon the high seas.

And, my friends, this is the nineteenth hundred and tenth year of "peace on earth, good will toward men." The nineteenth hundred and tenth year.

Socialism and Equality

No Socialist wants to pull down the strong to the level of the weak, the wise to the level of the less wise. Socialism does not imply pulling anybody down. It does not imply a great plain of humanity with no mountain peaks of genius or character. It is not opposed to natural inequalities, but only to man-made inequalities. Its only protest is against these artificial inequalities, products of man's ignorance and greed. It does not aim to pull down the highest, but to lift up the lowest; it does not want to put a load of disadvantage upon the strong and gifted, but it wants to take off the heavy burdens of disadvantage which keep others from rising. In a word, Socialism implies nothing more than giving every child born into the world equal opportunities, so that only the inequalities of Nature remain.—*John Spargo.*

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.—James 5-14.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing—where there is not beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Clippings and Comment

Is Diaz a Statesman?

John Kenneth Turner discusses the question of whether Diaz is a statesman in the February *Pacific Monthly*.

Viewed by any standard whatever, Turner decides that the question must be answered in the negative. Diaz has certainly not made Mexico a good place for human beings when five per cent of the population are chattel slaves, and where there are none of the modern sanitary improvements, even in the larger cities. Of education, Turner says: "Mexican schools are mostly on paper. There are practically no such things as country schools while towns of many hundreds of inhabitants often have no school whatever."

"Diaz has abolished trial by jury everywhere except in the city of Mexico." * * * "This man lines his own pockets by selling the poor into slavery, by over taxing the weak, by hounding the enemies of the strong." He concludes that at least five other Latin American countries are far more advanced even industrially than Mexico, yet none of these have had a Diaz. Even in the elementary work of keeping peace he has been a failure, since his reign has been one of the most bloody of modern times.

He finally concludes that the reason Diaz has been hailed by Americans as "the greatest statesman of the age" is because "he has made it pleasant for Americans who happen to be in a position to influence public opinion."

"There are some \$900,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico; or these are the figures recently given by our consular general, Mr. Shanklin." These are the ones who have used Diaz and who now praise him, yet in the present revolution many men of wealth, including Madero, who is "a millionaire many times over" are arrayed against Diaz.

British Sickness Insurance

Chancellor Lloyd-George of the British exchequer has made public the outline of his proposed scheme of government insurance against sickness and invalidity which soon will be introduced as a bill in the commons. The main provision of the bill is compulsory insurance against serious sickness and incapacity for work for the whole laboring population of the country whose incomes are below \$800 a year and within the age limits of 16 and 70. At the latter age the old age system would begin to apply. There is to be no selection of risks but strong and weak alike are to have this protection in case of need and there is to be no time limit except the discontinuance of incapacity, the minimum allowance to be \$1.20 a week and the maximum the same amount. The premium to be paid the government for this insurance has not yet been worked out.

Coal Mine Accidents

The federal bureau of labor in bulletin No. 50 by F. L. Hoffman publishes the statistics of coal mine accidents for the last twenty years. In that period the number of fatalities was 29,293, and the rate per thousand was 3.11, which is higher than that of any other coal field nation. The rate varies in different sections markedly, that for the middle western states of the soft coal belt being 2.25 while that of the far west rose to 6.4 in Colorado, and 7 in Washington. In 1908 more than 700,000 men were engaged in the American coal industry. The most important single cause of accidents is fall of mine roof, accounting for 46 per cent of them, while explosions comes second, accounting for 25 per cent.

Sherman Law Against Labor Men

That the strike of the Dock and Cotton Council of New Orleans, an organization embracing 50,000 laborers of that city, was in effect a conspiracy in restraint of trade and therefore a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law is the gist of a verdict against three members of that body found guilty in the federal circuit court, Wednesday. All three of the men have been prominent officials in the labor unions and one, James Byrnes is now state commissioner of labor. Sentences were deferred.

The German Elections

It has been conjectured in several Berlin newspapers that the elections to the Reichstag will take place about the first of May. The Socialists are preparing, so that whenever the government sees fit to announce the election they will be in readiness to overwhelm the government forces at the polls. It is estimated that between four and five million Socialist votes will be cast.

Going After Riot Damages

The United States and Wells Fargo express companies have begun suit in the federal circuit court against Jersey City for damages alleged to have been suffered in connection with the recent riots of the striking drivers. The suits are brought under the riot act, it being held that the city did not suppress the disorders in the streets.

The Reporter's Lament

BY HIMSELF.

I got a story yesterday. It was a yarn that thrilled
Of threatened panic in the stores,
Uncovered fire-traps in scores—
If something isn't done, a bunch of shop-
pers may be killed!
But did they print it?
Naw!
The city editor just giggled.
And gave me the eye,
As a cub fall guy;
How I wriggled!

Today I wrote a column on the traffic in
white slaves,
I told about the local men
Who own the joints and get the yen—
A deacon's in the bunch who likes to tell
how Jesus saves!
But did they use it?
Naw!
The city editor got crusty,
And told me to hop
To the "justice shop,"
Dull and dusty.

There was a "human interest" yarn about
a widow "jobbed"
Of wages for the baby's milk,
The slimy ghoul was smooth as silk—
He runs a big installment-house where
working folks are robbed.
But will they use it?
Naw!
I'd be a chump to even write it!
They'd bring me to book
Maybe give me the hook.
Had to slight it.

A private cop just found a box of paper
caps—a toy.
Where strikers seek a living wage,
To find such "bombs" is quite the rage!
It made me sore to see the editor's unwholy
joy.
But will they print it?
Huh!
The city editor said "Snappy!"
Three columns at least,
For this vulture's feast,
Fat and sappy.

The modern emancipation of the intellectual life began in the Renaissance of the fifteenth century and is not finished yet. The modern emancipation of the religious life began in the Reformation of the sixteenth century and is not finished yet. The modern emancipation of the political life began in the Puritan Revolution of the seventeenth century and is not finished yet. The modern emancipation of the industrial life began in the nineteenth century and is not finished yet.—*Prof. Ranschenbusch.*

In all communities of persons who produce goods for individual profit there exists, necessarily, an antagonism of material interests.—*Ghent, "Mass and Class."*

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.

Berger Demands Age Pensions

A bill which will be introduced in the next congress by Victor Berger, the Socialist member from Milwaukee, proposes that the government pension at the rate of \$12 a month, every wage worker over sixty years of age. In a statement of his intention Berger estimates that the total of persons for whom this pension will be available is about 1,000,000, which means that the law will cost about \$144,000,000.

Socialists in Minnesota

BY L. L. LEH.

N. S. Hillman, the first Socialist state representative in Minnesota cast the first vote in the history of the state for a Socialist U. S. senator. This vote will cause the working people to realize that there is one man in the legislature who is working for their interests and they are going to put more of his kind beside him. Hillman cast his vote for Thomas Van Lear, of Minneapolis, the man that gave the old parties such a scare in the mayoralty campaign, coming within much less than a thousand votes of being elected. N. S. Hillman is active in the work of the legislature. He introduced a measure prohibiting the employment of incompetent locomotive engineers, who had not served three years as fireman or engineer.

Mine Workers' Convention

The United Mine Workers assembled in convention at Columbus, Ohio, passed a resolution by standing vote condemning the Civic Federation as a capitalist institution which had attempted to paralyze the labor movement by hypocritically teaching the untruth that the interests of capital and labor are identical. It is thought that such action will have widespread influence and cause other organizations to take the same stand.

John P. White of Oskaloosa, Iowa, was elected international president of the United Mine Workers of America for the year beginning April 1, 1911. Other officers elected are:

Vice president, Frank J. Hayes, Collinsville, Ill.

Secretary-treasurer, Edwin Perry, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Delegates to the A. F. of L., John Mitchell, Spring Valley, Ill.; Frank J. Hayes, John P. White, John H. Walker, Springfield, Ill.; Tom L. Lewis, Bridgeport, Ohio; Duncan McDonald, Springfield, Ill., and E. S. McCullough, Bay City, Mich.

Making the Rich Pay Taxes

The first step on the part of the Milwaukee administration to secure a more equitable adjustment of taxes was taken last week when Mayor Seidel signed the contract with the so-called tax-ferrets, the Workman and Higgs Co., by which the company is to discover and procure the necessary legal evidence of tangible personal property, which had hitherto escaped taxation or been overlooked, so as to enable the city to collect. The company is to receive 25 per cent of the money collected as a result of their services.

It is estimated that there are about three hundred large owners that will be affected by the operation. The Socialist administration does not regard this ferret system favorably, but it must resort to such means tempor-

arily in order to make the big owners pay. Ultimately the whole taxation problem will be readjusted upon a different basis.

Conservation of Smeltersmen

BY JOHN STRONGWIL.

Some years back I had the supervision of the machinery of a quartz mill in one of our Colorado mining towns. The fumes from the furnaces, lead, zinc and arsenic, and the dust from the ore stamps killed the mill men in from two to three years' work. This led me to invent a system of absorption and filtration to purify the air of the mill and to save the values of dust and fumes that were going up the smoke stack, killing surrounding vegetation and causing sickness among the inhabitants of the town.

The expense of installing my invention would have been \$500, a paltry sum for a great corporation having an immensely profitable business. The board of directors examined my drawings, but concluded there was no money in it, or rather, not enough to satisfy their ideas of profit. When I suggested the saving of the mill men's health I was told that the men's health did not concern the board—labor was plentiful. "The incident was closed."

Later on, in a large city having two trust smelters and one that was independent, the newspapers were making lots of noise about the smoke nuisance of the smelters, declaring that the fumes were ruining vegetation and poisoning the atmosphere of the hotel and residence districts of the wealthy, and that the reputation of the city as a health resort was being destroyed—one million dollars worth of tourist trade was in jeopardy. (Not a word was said about the health of the smelter men.)

With this great alarm cry going out from the newspapers I called on the managers of the three smelters. They all received me very politely, examined my drawings and talked in a friendly way about mining, milling and smelting. The two trust managers gave me no encouragement yet let me down easy. But when I reached the independent smelter I was led to believe that my invention would be installed without delay.

The superintendent, an English professor of metallurgy, with forty years' experience in smelting works, declared after a careful examination of my plans: "Yes, sir, your invention will work all right, there is no doubt in my mind about it." I was elated with joy. "But," he continued (here came the wet blanket that chilled me) "the saving of values although very evident, is not enough to induce us to adopt your plan—we are making enough money, and when not, we raise our charges."

"But," said I, "how about the poisoning of the smelter men?" In answer the superintendent laughed outright: "Why, my dear man, labor is the cheapest thing we've got! There are ten men sitting on our fences ready to jump down and take the place of every man that croaks or dies."

Such is the encouragement and incentive to inventors under capitalism. I have stopped inventing. In the past I have invented a number of machines by which one man does the work of ten. I was frozen out completely and my inventions instead of saving labor were used to displace labor—laborers were turned loose to swell the army of the unemployed. One of my inventions made a fortune for others,

but left me penniless and in debt. I had to be thankful that I saved my hide.

No wonder I was ripe for Socialism. Wayland with his "COMING NATION" of '93 barely touched me when down I came a full-fledged revolutionary Socialist. Capitalism is a vigorous tree very prolific in producing Socialists. And Socialists, too, are prolific—every Socialist creates a dozen more.

Ninety-nine out of every one hundred inventors have had experiences similar to mine. They should turn Socialists if not already so. Let's speed the day!

Getting Right

ELLIS O. JONES

Once upon a time there was a man who determined that thenceforth he would be a useful citizen and an upright patriot.

So, when election day rolled around he started for the polls aglow with virtuous purpose.

On the way he met a friend.

"Against whom are you going to vote?" asked the friend.

"Against nobody," replied the man. "To vote against men and things is a purely negative attitude and leads nowhere. Henceforward I am going to be a positive force for militant goodness in the community."

"I don't understand you, for you have merely uttered a generality unworthy of practical men like us. Tell me more specifically what you are going to do."

"I am going to the polls and cast my ballot for right," declared the man proudly.

"That's a very foolish thing to do," responded the friend not unkindly.

"What do you mean?" demanded the man. "Such a position is absolutely incontestable."

"Oh, of course," admitted the other "it is all right in the abstract, but practical men have nothing to do with abstractions. The whole trouble is that right stands no show at all in this election. Now you are a sensible man and know as well as I do, that one of two evils must win this time. Why not vote for it therefore, and be on the winning side?"

"No," protested the man. "That's what I've been doing all my life and have made no headway. I've resolved to quit it."

"I repeat that you are very foolish. Now listen. You admit yourself, don't you, that right has no chance to win this time?"

"Yes, that may be true."

"Very well. If right is out of the

running, that's the end of it. Under those circumstances, if you vote for right you will merely throw your vote away. Consequently, by thus keeping yourself aloof from the real issue and by failing to vote for the lesser of two evils you merely help to elect the greater of two evils. In that way, you will simply be a hindrance to the very cause you seek to further. Do you follow me?"

"No, I do not."

"What! Do you mean to say you are too dull to understand that?"

"No I mean to say that I am not dull enough," responded the man sadly.

Co-incidence, or Commercialism

BY C. LLOYD

We've just had a church fair in our village and made \$26 at the candy table. Just think of that! Most of the candy was made and donated by Dr. X, our dentist. Yes, doesn't it seem queer for a man to make candy?

That reminds me—my dentist lives in New York. Such a nice man. His niece was telling me about him. She says he makes the most delicious candy, gives away about 80 pounds at Christmas to his friends. Yes, I know, you don't often find a man who makes candy.

When I next saw my dentist in New York, I asked him why the American teeth decayed so rapidly.

"Oh, they eat too much candy," he answered.

A fact. Has anybody here seen a dentist that makes candy?

Senator Aldrich says that he could save three hundred millions a year of the government expenses. Why hasn't he done it?

"I hope that the street car company does not reduce the fares from ten cents to five cents."

"And why not? You can then get two rides for the price of one."

"Yes, but I can only save a nickel by walking."

The slums and tenements of the great cities are social dynamite, certain to explode sooner or later. The only safeguard against such dangers is to plant the multiplying millions of our fast increasing population in individual homes on the land.—Geo. H. Maxwell.

People are not easily persuaded in these times when the world has so many more in it than can find employment, that it is a parental duty to have as large a family as possible.

The Voice of Christmas

HARRY KEMP.

The poem printed below was written by Harry Kemp at the request of Collier's Weekly, for the Christmas number. The editor of Collier's however, returned the poem to Mr. Kemp, explaining that the poet's attitude toward Christmas was too somber and did not coincide with the prevalent popular idea of Christmas.

The editor's idea was that the tone should be more superficial, more of the "jingle bell" variety, setting aside the somber, sacred background of the holiday.

Harry Kemp's poem is nevertheless, in spite of Collier's criticism, a rare and remarkably complete exposition of the true Christmas spirit, and our readers will recognize it as the true voice.

I cannot put the presence by, of Him, the Crucified,
Who moves men's spirits with His Love as doth the moon the tide:
Again I see the life He lived, the godlike death He died;

Again I see upon the cross that great soul-battle fought
Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought
Until it hath become the woof of human deed and thought;

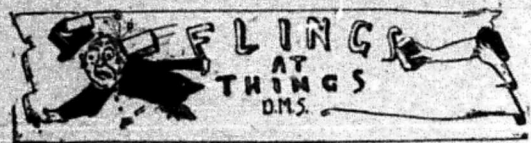
And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morning fill,
His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill
Like some fresh grief from yesterday which tears the heart-strings still.

I cannot put His Presence by, I meet Him everywhere;
I meet Him in the country town, the city's busy square;
The mansion and the tenement attest His Presence there.

Upon the funneled ships at sea He sets His shining feet:
The distant Ends of Empire not in vain His Name repeat—
And, like the presence of a rose, He makes the whole world sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by barren creeds:
About the earth from zone to zone like sunlight He proceeds:
He comes to give the World's starved-heart the perfect love it needs.

The Christ whose friends have played Him false, whom dogmas have belied,
Still speaking to the hearts of men . . . Tho' shamed and-crucified,
The Master of the Centuries who will not be denied!



Catching On

In magazines and wise reviews
And eke the daily press
You run across some startling views
In old familiar dress:
A great discovery is sprung
That causes you to smile
For Socialists, since they were young,
Have known it all the while.

Some wise gazaboo starts to prove
(May no one be annoyed)
That trusts are but a forward move
And should not be destroyed;
Instead of smashing them to bits—
This newer thought is his,
That people should employ their wits
And use them in their biz.

One cries aloud, the common man
Is missing his deserts
He has no finger in the plan
And that is where it hurts:
So from the goodness of his heart
He comes to take a fall
From those who get the better part
And try to grab it all.

What fun it is to watch them grow
And slowly get the cue
That what is so is really so
And what is true is true,
And while we knew it at a glance
And got it plain as day
We're glad to see the world advance
Along the good old way.



Convincing Proof

"You see that large, well-dressed man who looks as though he had never in his life failed to respond to the call of the dinner bell?"

"Yes, what about him?"
"He is a friend of labor."
"What has he ever done for labor?"
"Why he has run for office about four hundred and eighty times."



Rising Above the Source

He rises from the muck and slime,
A humble worker in the ranks,
And after he has served his time
At buying votes and counting blanks
His honors slowly come across
And he becomes a petty boss.

In this position he must stoop
To anything that brings success;
With crafty grafters loop the loop
And save the boodlers from distress,
And as his party louder calls
He braves the legislative halls.

Soon things begin to come his way,
For little favors he can do
For persons who will gladly pay
To have their shady deals put through;
With reckless hand he plays the game
And reaps a certain kind of fame.

Now coming out from all this stench
By hook and crook and scheme and plot
He grabs a place upon the bench
And says what's law and what is not;
He makes decisions pure and strong
And never after can do wrong.



The Difference

"There goes Bill Jones, the roustabout.
That fellow drinks a whole bottle of beer every Saturday night."

"The horrible drunkard."
"And there is old Millionaire Jones. He has three kinds of wine on his table."
"How eccentric!"

Not in Danger Zone

"What would you say if the boss were to raise your salary unasked?"
"There are enough possible contingencies to provide for without worrying over that."

Little Flings

Genius is the ability to inherit money.
A gentleman's agreement is the father of lies.

Three is a mighty big crowd when there is but one job.

Only crazy men will fight over the tariff when no purse is offered.

Philanthropy will fall dead the same day exploitation expires.

One half of the world doesn't care how the other half lives.

A season of low prices will give the farmers something to think about.

Nothing is too good for the man who can get it.

Society doesn't deserve a medal for what it does to the convict's wife and children.

Common sense may be applied to politics, political economists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The man who has lost his money has a hard time getting anyone to listen to his advice to say nothing of his tale of woe.

The "American Sovereign"

(With apologies to the literary executors of O. Khayyam.)

Into the Polling-place, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly, flowing,
And out again, when he has made the cross,
Back to his fruitless, ill-paid labor going.

He, in his youth, did eagerly frequent
Old party rallies, heard great argument,
About the Robber Tariff, and the Trusts,
And came away, no wiser than he went.

With them the seed of Piffle did he sow,
In hopes of some cheap job, helped make it grow,
And this is all the Working class has reaped—
Their efforts help their leaders get the dough.

The Smith and the King

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

A Smith upon a summer's day
Did call upon a king;
The king exclaimed, "the Queen's away,
Can I do anything?"

"I pray you can," the Smith replied;
"I want a bit of bread."
"Why?" cried the King. The fellow sighed:
"I'm hungry, sire," he said.

"Dear me, I'll call my Chancellor,
He understands such things,
Your claims I cannot cancel, or
Deem them fit themes for kings."

"Sir Chancellor, why here's a wretch
Starving like rats or mice!"
The Chancellor replied, "I'll fetch
The first Lord in a trice."

The first Lord came and by his look
You might have guessed he'd shirk;
Said he, "Your majesty's mistook,"
This is the Chief Clerk's work."

The Chief Clerk said the case was bad,
But quite beyond his power,
Seeing it was the Steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The Steward sobbed: "The keys I've lost,
Alas, but in a span
I'll call the Smith. Why, Holy Ghost!
Here is the very man!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! They loudly cried,
How cleverly we've done it!
We've solved this question, deep and wide,
Well-nigh ere we'd begun it."

"Thanks!" said the Smith; "O fools and vile,
Go rot upon the shelf!
The next time I am starving I'll
Take care to help myself."

O Father Abram! What these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!

—Merchant of Venice.

What's the difference, anyway, between a man who is well preserved and one who is pickled?

Freedom of the will is a doctrine that children can appreciate.



The Monday After

BY OLIVER EVERETT.

I was once superintending the construction of a small building, when one Monday morning on my way there, I encountered one of the best mechanics leaving the premises, with his tools wrapped up. His only failing was an occasional "spree," and I knew that did not count with his employer, so I asked him why he quit.

"I won't work under such an ignoramus as that foreman," he answered, "he has no sense."

As I knew the foreman was competent, I inquired what was the trouble.

"Trouble. That blankety blank ass wanted to send me onto the roof to work; and the first thing on Monday morning, why its all I can do on a Monday morning to keep from falling off the earth."



Chalk Marks

BY E. C. WILLIAMS.

"Say, father, I dreamed I was dead last night, and when I got up to St. Peter, he told me I would have to go back and take a piece of chalk to mark each round of the ladder for each bad thing that I had done. So I started at the bottom and began marking as I climbed. Well, I got about half way up and who do you think I saw coming down?"

"Why, son, I don't know."
"It was you, dad."
"What was I coming down for?"
"For more chalk."

A Difference in Color Only

BY E. MAXEY.

I once invited a poor wage-worker to attend a Socialist lecture.

He declined, and began to denounce Socialism.

"Now, I work for a living. Under Socialism how would I get a job, who would hire me I should like to know?"

This reminds me of an old negro of Kentucky in the days of chattel slavery.

His master owned a plantation and some thirty slaves that toiled on the master's farm and raised corn, cotton, tobacco, supplied the master and family not only with the necessities and luxuries of life, but a great deal more.

Hearing of the rich land in the west which Uncle Sam was selling so cheaply to those fortunate sons with money earned in the sweat of others' faces he decided to invest. Accordingly he bought 400 acres of good farm and timber land in Missouri.

He had an old trusty negro named Eben whom he sent out there to fence the land.

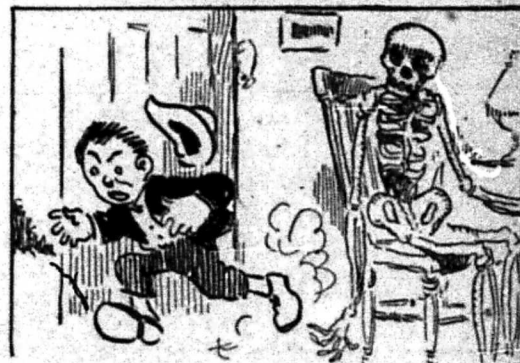
While engaged at this task a "meddlesome" white man came along and thought to try the loyalty of the old slave to his master. "Hello, Eben," he said, "why don't you break for liberty? You are a long ways from your boss, and he could never catch you."

The old darkey looked up from his work with astonishment and reproach.

"Run off and leave massy! My massy who giv me my clo'se, my bread and

meat and my cabin? No sah, you don't know dis darkey."

"Go long mistah, where would I get my libben? Who would keep me? Say mistah, who would keep poor old Uncle Eben?"



Couldn't Fool Him

BY DANIEL SNIDER.

Down in the southern part of West Virginia lived a physician who was very tall and emaciated. He was also very fond of playing practical jokes. The doctor wanted to play a joke on a boy that had been selling him fruit and doing odd jobs for him, so one day he placed the skeleton of a man in his room so that the boy would see it; and then hid himself behind the door to watch the effect.

Johnny came along as usual and opened the doctor's door. But when he spied the skeleton, he suddenly vanished at breakneck speed and for several days avoided the office.

One day as the boy was passing on the other side of the street, with suspicious glances at the doctor's window, he leaned out and called to the boy to come up.

"Aw, you can't fool me with your false face on," Johnny shouted in refusal.



One Bill Short

BY BERT WILLARD.

"One bill short here," said the Freight Conductor to the new Yard Clerk; "no bill for car No. 53222."

The new Yard Clerk looked puzzled. "I-I thought I had them all," he stammered.

"We'll have to set that car out, if there is no bill for it," declared the Conductor as he walked out of the office.

The new Yard Clerk began searching for the missing bill. He looked on his desk and under it; through all the drawer and pigeon holes; through musty old forms, that had not been touched for years; he looked in all the corners, behind the cabinets and under the stove, and was standing dejectedly when the Conductor came back.

"I guess its gone," said the Clerk, with visions of being "canned."

"Well that's all right, sonny," replied the Conductor, with a broad grin; "we have just discovered that car No. 53222 is the caboose."

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"
"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."



The Boss:—"I'm thankful the worker votes for my full dinner pail"

Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WILLIAM MAILLY

The Utility of Social Organization.

From "The Evolution of Personality."

BY EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS.

Each step in the progress of organic life is a new advance in the control of its environment by the organism. A better adaptation is always a freer and more active use of surrounding conditions. The successive development of digestive system, muscular structure and nervous organization, ending in the controlling and directing brain, increases immeasurably in each step the significance of spontaneous action.

An animal that can move from place to place, seek its food and struggle against its enemies, has attained an extensive control of the conditions of existence; and yet even savage humanity is far above this plane. Every invention is an instrument through which the human will reaches out toward the mastery of nature; and indeed the use of tools is sufficient alone to account for the supremacy of man over other animals. Taking only the discovery and use of fire, and the invention of the bow and arrow; these make it possible for man to live on portions of the earth previously uninhabitable, to increase vastly the range and utility of his food, and to struggle against brute adversaries of much greater muscular strength.

It is, however, through association with others, and the development of social organization, that the most wonderful advance in the freedom of the human will is evident. As soon as it becomes possible for man to appreciate the pleasure or suffering of another as in some degree his own, and to realize the interdependence of his life with others, social institutions begin to develop; and these are the most powerful, as they are the most refined, of all tools through which the masterful human will is expressed. The control of brute forces in any civilized society is so comprehensive and universal that we take it for granted, and are not amazed by it except in some unusual step forward.

It is strange what miracles we accept in the routine of our daily lives, with a pride in our power that makes us even forget that indeed they are miracles. Nearly all the material equipment of life is accessible in every center of civilization. We can pass rapidly and easily from place to place, and the events of all the world are told to us on the day in which they occur. The continents are bound together by cables under the sea, the iron fingers of the railway clasp

the lands in one, the lace-work of wires stretches across prairie and mountain, resting on the poles planted everywhere as the universal crucifix of science.

Civilized man, by setting up social organization on a new portion of the earth's surface, is able in a large measure to determine the character of his environment, and to bring to his home the production, not only material, but aesthetic and intellectual, of all the ages of human life. The extension of experience through the heritage of culture makes it possible to extend the relations of the personality in time as well as in space, and thus to share the thought of those who lived long ago, and by participating in the ideals of humanity even in a measure to anticipate the unborn future that is to be.



Finnegan laid down the evening paper with its usual long list of railroad fatalities and coal mine accidents and shoved the box of cheroots across the cigar case to the station agent and dropped the dime in the cash box.

"It seems to me," said Finnegan, "with all the inventive genius there is in the world that the most of these railroad and coal mine accidents could be avoided. Why, a fellow can't hardly pick up a daily paper any more without finding it full of news items about some railroad man getting his arm cut off, foot crushed or of some miner getting his back broke or smothered by gas or something, there certainly must be some way to stop such wholesale slaughter."

"Sure there is," retorted the station agent as he bit off the end of a cheroot and struck a match on the heel of his shoe, "when the men who run the railroads, dig all the coal and do all the other work, get wise to the power they possess and learn how to use it, there won't be any trouble about stopping this daily grinding up of workmen's lives into profits to keep in luxury those who do no work."

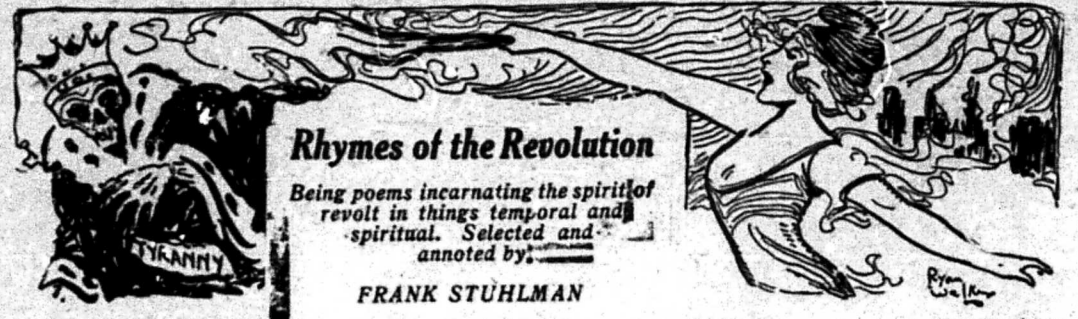
"Meaning of course," laughingly retorted Finnegan, "that Socialism will do it."

"Great head you've got, Finn, you guessed it the first time," said the Station Agent with a smile.

"Let me ask you a question," he continued, "that railroad over there is owned by a lot of Eastern capitalists, why do they own it?"

"Why to make money out of it, of course."

"Yes, they own it to make dividends. In the matter of hauling freight and



NOTE—In the vanguard of the forces striving for a better system there is no more notable figure than Charles Edward Russell. Able, vigorous and unswerving he has commanded the attention of the nation as a most accurate and fearless investigator of corporate lawlessness. Considering the enormous amount of research involved, the quantity and quality of his published work is astonishing. Not only a constant stream of articles on social and economic conditions appear in the periodicals; but he has found time to write an illuminating life of "that marvelous boy," "Chatterton," the poet, a "Life of Charlemagne," a "Life of Wendell Phillips" and a volume of poems.

The following verses are a selection from a poem published in his "songs of Democracy." Says B. O. Flower: "Excepting Edwin Markham, the cause of democracy has no stronger, clearer or truer singer than Charles Edward Russell."

Mr. Russell was the Socialist candidate for governor of New York and made a strenuous campaign with most satisfactory results.

A Little Song for "The System"

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Still have your fling, my masters
Press on your pleasant way,
Heed not if high disasters
May skirt some other day;
You are of the anointed
And we but things appointed
To serve your sovereign will—
To serve and offer from our need
The largess due from need to greed,
Dear lords be blithesome still.

Debauch, debase, bemire;
Load the altars with loathsome dust;
Quench the old sacred fire,
Give over to greed and lust,
Freedom with things forgotten
Faith with things rank and rotten,
Justice halting and cold,
No need have ye for fear or shame
As with your hirelings you acclaim
Always the lordship of gold.

Rot out the heart of the nation,
Control its courts and camps,
Thrust into the highest station
Your smug smooth thieves and scamps
We know, we hope, our duty,
We sodden things and sooty;
Take all and do not spare,
What fault, O lords, have we to find,
We serfs that bear the baser mind?
Thieve on! we do not care.

But the time will come, O rulers,
O lords in fine array,
When we shall fool the foolers,
And turn the pleasant play;
When Force and Fraud will avail not
And the awakened man will quail not
But smite his bond in twain.
What shall you say if he but ask
The reckoning for his long sore task,
And his stolen hours again?

carrying passengers, they give just as good service as they must and no more; in the matter of providing safety appliances and protecting the lives of those who operate it, the owners of that railroad over there and every other railroad, with the courts under their control and the daily press ready to do their bidding, have discovered that nothing is so cheap as human life. It is a lot cheaper for them to kill off a few brakemen every day and pay their widows a few dollars than it is for them to go to the expense of equipping their railroad in a way that would practically eliminate all danger to the life and limbs of their employes as well as passengers. Our insurgent friends insist that the railroads must be run for the benefit of the people, but they can't see that they must be run in the interest of those who own them—if a

few people own them, they must be run for the benefit of those few; if all the people own them, they must and will be run for the benefit of all the people. And there you have it. That's all there is to it.

"Well," replied Finnegan, "It certainly looks as though you were right about it, but it's not just clear to me yet how we are going to get the thing done."

"That's easy," laughed the Station Agent, "put Socialists in power, as they have done in Milwaukee, and they will show how it is done by doing it, and there won't be any fuss about it, no bloody revolution and no panic—it will slide along as easy as a bob-sled going down hill."

Finnegan just smiled and turned to wait on a customer.



Labor—"I made that doughnut, give it back to me."
Capital—"You used my tools to make it."
Labor—"I made the tools also, give me back my doughnut."
Capital—"You are an agitator, now behave or I'll call out the army and make you behave."
Labor—"It's my army, I feed and clothe it."
Capital—"You fed and clothe it alright, but I own it."
Labor—"Well-er-I-er—if you get the doughnut what do I get?"
Capital—"You get what you always got, the HOLE."