

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

The Railroads Got the Plum



THE press, which is always right on the job, has generally suppressed a tremendously vital report just issued by the Commissioner of Corporations at Washington. It is a document loaded with trouble in every line and must have caused considerable uneasiness among our masters by reason of its plain speaking if it had had the slightest chance of being widely circulated.

Fortunately, as I said, the press was on the job. You can count on it for such things. It is dependable at such emergencies. Which is the chief reason why the gentlemen who run us are able to sleep soundly o' nights.

The report lays bare the situation in regard to the lumber supply. Forty years ago the greater part, three-fourths, of the timber now standing was publicly owned. It was part of the national inheritance, in which every citizen participated, a guarantee of plenty and cheap material with the least reasonable care at the hands of government. At present this magnificent public fortune has dwindled to one-fifth of the standing timber. The rest has passed into private hands forever.

What should we say of a guardian or trustee who allowed an estate in his charge to melt away in like manner? Could we find a pillory tall enough for him or damnation sufficiently black? While we have entrusted our affairs to our elected servants each successive administration has been busily engaged in permitting fraud, theft and misappropriation until nothing is left but a fragment.

And who has had the fat plum from the pie? The railroads.

Never stop to ask, dear children, who has the best of anything in this country at present. Always answer up briskly—the railroads—and you'll always be right.

Of all the breathless, stupendous, monumental grabs ever conceived or perpetrated nothing distantly approaches the grabs of the Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific Railroads. Their vast land greed we are more or less familiar with. Now we have their doings in terms of timber.

Together with Weyerhaeuser, the timber "king," they own 238 billion feet.

The Commissioner's investigation covered 80 per cent of the remaining timber. Of this he found that one-half is held by 195 owners, "many now inter-related." The meat of his discoveries he puts in the following significant causes for the high price of lumber:

1. The concentration of the dominating control of our standing timber in a comparatively few enormous holdings, steadily tending toward a central control of the lumber industry.

2. Vast speculative purchase and holding of timber land far in advance of any use thereof.

3. An enormous increase in the value of this diminishing natural resource, with great profits to its owners. This value by the very nature of standing timber the holder neither created nor substantially enhances.

Observe, "this value the holder neither created nor substantially enhances."

We will acquit the Commissioner of any intention of framing a Socialist battle cry, be-

cause it would be a pity to bring down additional wrath upon him and he will probably get his in due season. But he has done just that. He has supplied a peculiarly simple and striking demonstration of the things Socialists have been yelling about for years.

The owners of the enormous timber fortune of the country "neither created nor substantially enhanced" that fortune by their own efforts. But they hold it and they wring its inflated value dollar by dollar from the workers.

The timber lands were acquired by huge, unnecessary and indefensible grants to railroads and other corporations and by the grouping of hundreds of small purchases. Of course, the law stated that individual holdings should be of limited extent. But that was a very slight obstacle. Dummies and speculators worked the trick without let or hindrance. The basis of monopoly having been laid, prices were forced up out of sight. All very delightful and very clear.

Next time some doubter hurls at you the hoary superstition about wealth being the reward of merit and intelligence counter with this little revelation provided by the Commissioner. The high price of lumber makes a direct appeal to every worker. You can show the dullest skeptic how it reaches him through rent or home installments.

The amount of merit and intelligence necessary to the man who draws wealth from timber lands is just exactly the amount required for the man who gets his hand into your pocket and frisks you of your watch.

And he can be totally lacking in manual dexterity.



A charge frequently brought against Socialists, as well as against radicals of lesser shades, is their alleged leaning toward confusion of individuals with issues and the introduction of personalities into disputes. It is held that the calling of names never helped convince anyone and that attacks upon this or that man, in the wide view, are small shot.

Thus, to wax wroth at Rockefeller, or Morgan, or Ryan or any of a few thousand over-gorged capitalists may be said to be a waste of energy. To denounce Cannon or Aldrich or Lodge or Depew or The Putterer or any of a few thousand time-servers may be termed a very narrow method of approaching a great problem.

The system, social, industrial, political, that gave these men their peculiarly sinister characteristics and significance is the true point of attack. The conditions that have produced capitalist oppression and its instruments are the matters deserving of reproach.

I think no one will deny that this general statement is unassailable. The men themselves are men, therefore, no better and no worse than any other men. Whatever is evil or contemptible or dangerous about them results from the parts they have learned to play in the capitalist scheme of things. Individually they are undoubtedly worthy of affec-

tionate regard. Nor are they to be held responsible for the iniquities they support and further. If they should all cease to exist at the same moment it would not alter the situation a hair's breadth.

Good.

At the same time the wholly human impulse to direct criticism against these men springs from something deeper and better founded than a purely primitive desire to leave 'arf a brick. There is a much more logical defense for the introduction of names into radical agitation than lies in the instinct to grab a blackthorn and whack somebody's head.

No idea was ever made popularly comprehensible by the use of abstract terms. Abstract terms never have made and never will make a dent in the general mind. You and I and John and the rest dodge quickly when somebody swings on us with a solid column of esoteric dope, presenting for our distinguished consideration an involved lucubration on the whichness of the what. Under the table for ours. That somebody can agitate his notions till he is blue in the face, but he gets none of our attention.

But if the idea is framed up in what approaches the dramatic form, which gives us a picture and a one-syllable explanation, we will listen. And having listened we are very likely to think, though goodness knows we will squirm away from that as far as we can.

An idea, then must be dramatized, must be thrown into a shape that brings out the forces and elements of a conflict through the actions of persons. We are interested in persons. We are not at all interested in theories. But a theory may very readily be made convincing and comprehensible if shown through the medium of persons in action.

So it is with political and industrial agitation. The natural, the inevitable, the only possible way of approaching the wrongs and abuses of the system is by using the individuals who are the necessary physiognomy of the system.

Capitalists and politicians are the products of the system. That being so, let them appear on the public stage as the representatives of the system. They are the supporters and conscious adherents of the system. That being so, let them stand forward as the champions of their cause and be counted. They are the beneficiaries and active operators of the system. That being so, let them be labeled as the enemies of democracy and of labor without shuffling of terms.

Surely there is no more real or more thrilling struggle than that which liberty has waged against oppression and injustice since the dawn of history. But we follow and interpret that struggle by conflicts between class and class, between nation and nation, between believers and non-believers—men. Every step of it is intensely dramatic and no step is separated from the human element. Ideas, systems, theories are joined in battle, but no contest is clear or interesting unless we can sense the living men involved and can visualize the issue.

Thus, if we light upon Senator Root and say that he is one of the most dangerous men in public life today; a bitter reactionary; a marvellous, deep, cunning brain used consistently to aid the power and the growth of capitalism; an invaluable servant of the interests; a sly foe of democracy in every form—if we recall his activities in the past and speak of him as Tweed's lawyer, Whitney's lawyer, the skillful manipulator of Metropolitan and the evil genius of New York traction affairs—if

we name him as the ablest adviser in the secret councils of the oligarchy that now rules us—if we do these things we are open to no charge of wanton and unnecessary mud-slinging.

We have no quarrel with Senator Root or with anyone else. We regard Senator Root with perfect equanimity. We regard all other adherents of and beneficiaries by existing conditions with absolute charity. Our bitterness is all for the system that produced them. None for the individuals themselves. They are as truly victims as are we. But—we are certainly within reason and truth when we insist upon identifying them and revealing them in the parts they play.

To nourish any personal spite or resentment against a figure in politics or affairs is to fall into the old trap of the "good" man and the "bad" man, a remnant of barbarism and superstition. There are no "good" men, no "bad" men. There are only men. But in the present situation it is of the utmost importance to know the things that each man represents, to identify him.

Ultimately the slave driver, the capitalist who coins the lives of little children, the owner of death-trap factories, the manager of crushing corporations, the millionaire who fattens on crime, disease, prostitution, insanity, pauperism, misery, suffering, the politician who bulwarks all these things, will have disappeared. Not because the men themselves will be done away with. But because the opportunities to play such parts will be absolutely closed.

Ultimately such men will be Socialists and will turn their talents to the service of all. When that time comes there will be but one motive in the drama of the public stage and the action will then lie in the unselfish efforts of every individual to make himself more valuable to the whole social body.

In the meantime, while we are waiting, the Socialist movement is big enough for everybody. I hereby extend an invitation to Senator Root, Mr. Ryan and Hinky Dink to come on in. The water is fine.



No one is likely to be confused by the skillful denials regarding the scheme now under way to drive radical publications into bankruptcy and the hands of the reactionary interests.

Taft After the Magazines

It is a cheering thing to remark that The Putterer has cleared the situation himself and assisted to an understanding of the matter.

Incidentally, brethren, we may perceive that it is a helpful thing to have this same Putterer around. He is really of great assistance. He has a very short temper, has The Putterer, and when he's mad he makes breaks. Whenever it is necessary to bring him to a function in an equable frame of mind to exhibit a Justly Celebrated Smile those about him take good care to keep out of his hands any criticism or unwelcome bit of news. The exhibition he made of himself in the Warren case is an index of the unfortunate scene he is apt to start when aroused. At such times he lets things slip. Thereby he is valuable.

It now appears that he got up on his ear about the magazines and let it be understood that he would fight them to a finish. In other words, he committed the administration to putting through the increase in postal rates which would bring ruin to the few independent publications of general circulation that still occasionally trouble the masters. Which simplifies the issue a whole lot.

The reactionary press is making use of the ancient war cry regarding the postal deficit in its attempt to bolster The Putterer's purpose. It is pointing out with a perfectly straight face once more that the postoffice department is run at a heavy loss and trying to pin the cause on the magazines.

This well worn drivel of a deficit is familiar to enough Socialists, who have had it thrown at them repeatedly as an argument against

government ownership, "Here we are again." The deficit.

The answer is universally known and the trick will deceive no one. The railroads create the deficit. The railroads rob the treasury. The railroads get the shortage in swollen postal rates. The railroads have soaked up the postal service as a colossal graft. Aided and abetted, of course, by the express companies.

Ever happen to sit on a pile of mail bags while a railroad was arranging its mail contract on the basis of weight carried? They are very uncomfortable at such times. Anvils, dictionaries, bar iron and horseshoes make the bags so sort of bumpy, you know.



There is no need for anyone to fly off the handle in regard to the efforts being made by the American Federation of Labor to restrict

No Bar on Immigration

immigration. The Federation is acting for what its officers believe to be the interests of the American working class. The motives and the dignity of the organization are to be respected.

As to the movement to restrict, grave objections will occur to many liberal minds and will undoubtedly call forth resistance in the Federation itself.

The proposal to place difficulties in the way of men and women who, like our own fathers and mothers, set out in search of refuge from political oppression or religious intolerance will not find any very hearty echo in the popular heart.

Daughters of the American Revolution to the contrary notwithstanding, an American is anyone who meets the simple requirements of residence or of birth. There can be no class, no stratum, no body of persons more "American" than another. Any attempt to make "Americanism" a matter of degree and graded superiority must combat the fundamentals of our national existence.

Bound as we are in the toils of capitalism, oppressed by a perfect capitalistic oligarchy which wields full political and industrial power, we are still immeasurably more fortunate than the older countries. Here, at least, we get along without military service, without the name of kings, without the abject forms of monarchy, without cossacks, except during strikes. Here, at least, we have a public school system, even though it be skillfully managed in the interests of the masters. Here, at least, we can head off destruction of the freedom of the press by determined action. Here, at least, the power is ready to the hands of the people whenever they shall choose to take it. Here, at least, is full religious liberty and little religious prejudice. Here, at least, in spite of denied opportunity, we are under less industrial pressure than the crown-trodden hordes and hopeless victims of Italy, Croatia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia.

These things are passionately desired by millions of people in the darker corners of Europe, as they were desired by our own ancestors. Millions may be disappointed. Millions may find that they have only exchanged one kind of tyranny for another as terrible and pitiless. But that gives us no right to close our gates.

I say right, for if ever there was a nation with a mission it is ours. We hold our country in trust for the wretched of all lands. We began and have continued as the great experiment of humanity in racial interfusion. However, we may have departed from other high principles to that we have always clung. If we turn from it we shall have abandoned the thing that has made America the ultimate hope of democracy.

No bar on immigration.

* * *

Senator Depew and Lodge lead the opposition to the election of Senators by popular Vote. What chance would either of these estimable lackeys stand under the scheme?



IDE not your light from men." This is no sermon, but a statement drawn from the big work that certain brethren have been doing. You and I swear by Socialism. We believe it, we feel it, we know it. It answers to us for the best and the highest. What aid do we lend it?

Some of us cast our votes, some don't. Some of us talk to the neighbor, some won't take the trouble. Some of us are active party members, some would rather stick by themselves. Some of us distribute literature, some never made the experiment.

Nothing else has been so definitely established as the fact that every Socialist can make Socialists with a little effort. The time is ripe. The people are ripe. Whenever they are given an opportunity to learn what Socialism means they seize upon it. The comrades of Milwaukee, of Minneapolis, of Columbus, of scores of other cities and towns, have proved it.

Don't hug your Socialism to you as something you can't share. If it means anything to you it will mean just as much to the neighbor.

Get busy!



When Congress and Mr. Taft come to consider the claims of New Mexico and Arizona to Statehood on the basis of the Constitutions

"Acceptable" Constitutions

adopted by the respective communities we will have a situation well worth watching. New Mexico, being completely in the grip of the Southern Pacific, produced one of the neatest little pocket arrangements for facilitating railroad domination that could be whittled out by railroad lawyers. Its Constitution is eminently satisfactory to the interests. Said the president of the Constitutional Convention recently. "I think New Mexico will be admitted to the Union before Arizona. In New Mexico all the business men voted solidly for the Constitution."

Arizona, on the other hand, asserted the Western spirit of democracy which has been the source of much chagrin of late to the plunderers. It brought forward a remarkably radical Constitution which "was not acceptable to many business men," according to the same authority.

Now what?

New Mexico, being obedient and docile, will probably be allowed to enter the fold as a good, a faithful servant.

Arizona, to hazard a prediction, will be left in outer darkness until she repents her sins and devises a yoke wherewith she can be handily driven.



That rattling sound as of dry husks in a wind was the Constitution being waved again at Washington by Senator Root. It is coming in for strenuous treatment nowadays.

* * *

At a dinner given by Mr. Morgan each guest found a neatly bound copy of the Constitution at his plate. Morgan and the Constitution forever! (Loud cheers.)

* * *

"Pea-eyed, pin-headed and putrid-tongued infinitesimals," said Representative Macon, speaking of certain New York editors. Now, Robert, that's no way to play the game.

* * *

Bailey's defense of Lorimer moved another Hon. Gent to tears. We can sympathize with the lachrymose Senator. The spectacle of Bailey, that white Galahad of the political round table, mourning that anyone should seek to exclude an associate because of corrupt election, would make an elephant weep.

All for the Cause

By Albert Edwards

Illustrated by John Sloan



THE gloom of an early Russian twilight hid the details of the room. But light from a great arc-lamp in the street without, streaming in through the dormer window, awoke unexpected glows in the polished samovar on the table, and illuminated the face of the man opposite me. Rodin would have been pleased with that face—a broad, strongly modeled Russian face—the lesser lines lost in the shaggy

white beard and heavy shock of hair.

All the afternoon long he had been telling me stories of "Underground Russia." His life had been full of stories. As a boy in the university, he had known Kropotkin, had been a member of The Circle of Tchaikovsky. His middle life had passed in the prisons of Siberia. And now, as a matter of course, he was dedicating his declining years to the same cause.

There are Russian names—unknown to us foreigners—which deserve a place side by side in history with those of our Paul Revere, our Patrick Henry, our Wendell Phillips, our Lincoln. It was with the lives of these men that his stories dealt. We were interrupted by the entrance of a young man. My host greeted him with unusual affection and for many minutes, in a far corner, they talked earnestly and rapidly, in whispers. Once when the young man lit a cigarette, the flame of his match revealed his face. The features had a fine Semitic cast, but his fair hair and beard—it was too dark to catch the color of his eyes—spoke of the north. The delicate long hand with which he held his cigarette belied the rough workingman's blouse he wore.

When he left, the old man paced the room a moment in silence, with that earnest abrupt stride of those who have been long in prison.

"Here's a story for you," he said turning to me suddenly, "A story of romance, and of bitter disappointment—a painful story, too painful to tell, if it were not for the glorious ending."

He strode up and down a moment more, then refilling his glass of tea from the samovar, he sat down again where the light fell full on his face.

"Our Russian nobility," he said, "Are not so frequently degenerate as in western Europe. As a rule they lead a life like that of an English squire. They die from over eating sometimes—not often from vice. But when I was young there was a family which was notorious. There was a bar-sinister in their escutcheon—a bar of imperial purple. The evilness of that family was proverbial. Mothers used to frighten their children with that name.

"So our circle of revolutionists in Moscow was not a little disturbed when a son of that house sought to join us. I remember well the surprise with which we met the first suggestion of his name. For weeks we discussed little else. One after another we met him, and it was impossible to doubt him. He was giving up everything—more than most of us had had to give—a brilliant career, a life of wealth and splendor. He turned what money he could get into our treasury and earned his own living. It was a poor living, as he had never been taught to work.

"He gave us all his energy, and gradually our first distrust wore off. The more our faith in him grew, the more he proved his worth. He was a born conspirator, fearless and tireless, like the great cavalry general from whom he had descended. He had only one weakness—a lack of patience for study. Books alone could tire him. He cared little for theory and nothing for our discussions. 'My field is action,' he would cry. 'Give me something to do.'

"He was like a general—content to leave the rights of the case to the diplomats, interested only in the actual campaign. And at this work we had no one who could equal him. He rose rapidly to a leading place among us. We called him 'Mars'—he was our god of war. I have never seen anyone who could approach his calm indifference to danger—his superb dash when the moment for action came.

"Several times he was arrested, but always managed some spectacular escape before the police could fix his identity. To them as to us he was known by his nick-name, 'Mars.' And the price on his head increased from day to day.

"At last came that attempt to blow up the Tsar's train as he returned from the south. It was the first of Mars' plots which failed. And as you know it came within a hair's breadth of success. Well, the police caught six of our comrades after that, and one of them turned—he could not bear up under the torture and told all he knew. It would have been fool-hardy for us to have remained in Russia after that. I did not want to go, but our



In a far corner they talked earnestly and rapidly

comrade had a harder time persuading him. He begged and begged to stay and yielded only to the unanimous decision of the group.

"We had a desperate time getting past the spies and police to the frontier. But after certain adventures we got across and in due time joined our friends who were in exile at Zurich.

"There was a young Jewish girl studying music there in Zurich. She came from a wealthy and very orthodox family in South Russia. It was a proof of her exceptional strength of will that she had succeeded in winning their permission to study abroad. But life held nothing for her but her music and by sheer force of her ambition she had won."

The old man stopped in his narrative, his face clouded up with bitter thoughts.

"Ah! That is the crime of our government!" he broke out fiercely. "It breaks in on the life of the individual, warps and twists us hopelessly—makes normal development impossible. This girl was a genius! I know something of music. She was destined for great things. If her life had been free she would have added greatly to the wealth of the world's beauty. Thoughts like these—thoughts of what some of us might have accomplished if they had let us alone—that is what makes us hate our rulers.

"You know what Gershuni said to the judges who sentenced him to death—'History may forgive you for shedding our blood, but never—never—will it forgive you for forcing us—who love peace—to shed blood!'

He was silent some minutes before he took up again the thread of his story.

"At Zurich they had arranged a concert for the benefit of the poor Russian students—there were many of them, very poor. She played. That is how they came to meet.

She was a wonderful woman. Few have seemed so beautiful to me as she did that night—and—well—never have I met a woman whom I honor more. It was a strange chance which mixed our fates. She had been brought up according to the old Jewish tradition. She knew nothing of politics nor revolution, only her music—till we came.

"It was glorious the way they loved each other. He had about him the glamour of a hero, we, who knew him, almost worshipped him for his bravery; and she—there was such a richness of youth about her—such promise in her eyes. There was no long courtship, no doubtfulness. Of course her family would have objected, objected to him

as a gentile and above all as a revolutionist. But this did not restrain her.

"Let them read the service of the dead for me, if they will," she said, "To me it is a new life—the glorious resurrection."

"They were married almost immediately. On the mountain side, looking down over the Zurich sea, they found a secluded chalet. And this home of theirs became a place of refuge for us fugitives—an oasis in the desert of our exile. Hardly an evening passed when some of us were not with them. We would sit out on their balcony, watching the splendor of the night on the water below, drinking tea and talking. We talked endlessly—for what else can exiles do?—talked of our comrades who had fallen, talked of those who were still at work, but most we talked of the time which was to come—the great hope which held us. And if the inaction galled us, she soothed us with the wonder of her music. When we were discouraged with the long waiting, she would find some stirring harmony to raise our faith again.

"And from our talk she learned of the revolution. She absorbed our enthusiasm; depth of character and devotion were natural to her. She neglected her music to read history and economics. And before a year had passed she was as true a comrade as any of us. What a fountain of inspiration she was to us in those dreary days of exile.

"I will never forget the solemn sweetness of the days when the baby came. We were as much excited about the event as the parents. And our enthusiasm when the news came down that it was a boy! It was our baby. What fierce discussions we had over a name for him! And the brave plans we made for him! He was to be the first president of the United States of Russia. We elected him unanimously to that high office two days after he was born. We were willing to postpone the revolution—or at least run the country on a provisional government—until he came of age. They were great plans we dreamed for him. We had been fighters, he was to be the great pacificator. Russia would have need of him, when the fighting was over. No one who saw us playing with the boy, and dreaming over him, could have believed that we were revolutionists—with prices on our heads. It was an idyllic life, while it lasted. The end came suddenly.

"I will never forget it. It is the blackest of my memories.

"A comrade and I, filled with anticipation of a pleasant evening, climbed up the steep snowy path to their home. The glory of that red, winter sunset is burned into my memory. But one look at her, when we entered, told me of trouble. She sat there by the fire with staring, tearless eyes, the baby strained close in her arms. He stood apart, looking out through the window at the paling red of the dying day. How all the details still live in my mind: Before we could speak he turned on us without greeting and spoke in a hard, scoffing tone.

"Gentlemen," he said, "We had best finish as soon as possible. I have here a letter from my father. He has persuaded the Tsar to pardon my youthful indiscretions. I am offered a commission on the general staff, provided I sever connections with such disreputable people as you—and return humbly to the fold. If there was a revolution in Russia today, if there was hope of making one, I would treat this letter with the scorn you doubtless think it deserves. I have done what I could for your ideas—and we are defeated. Inaction kills me, smothers me. I cannot lead this death-life of an exile. I cannot sacrifice all my life to a dream—a dream already broken. They offer me action—a chance to live! I have decided to accept my father's offer. You need not try to tell me what you think of me—I know better than you can say yourselves. Good-bye."

"We stood there dumbfounded, awkward, not knowing what to say. Then he broke into a fury—losing the cynical tone he had at first.

"Why don't you go?" he shouted, "What are you waiting for? Do you want me to promise not to tell your secrets? Good God! Do you think I'll betray you? Damn you! I'm not as low as that. Go! I say Go!"

"So we turned and left. She had not looked up at me once. It was dark as we stumbled down the path to the city—the light had gone out of the sky—dark and cold. Those were bitter days for us, who were at Zurich, for we all loved the man and it is not often that one of ours turns back.

"A letter came to me from her—a pitiful letter. This thing which had been a fad for her husband, a mere love of excitement and adventure, had sunk deeper in her. She was the steadfast kind who cannot go back. She had no blame for his action.

wrote only of how it affected her plans. She could be of no service to the cause by breaking with him at once and staying in Zurich. And he could have taken the child from her, such was the law, so she had decided to go with him to Russia, hoping to save the boy. She ended by saying that we could always find her, she would be ready if needed.

"I do not know how the long years passed for them in their new life. I think she always loved him—in a way—she is not the kind who changes easily. And he must always have loved her. If you knew her, you would understand what I mean—how impossible it would be to forget to love her. But whatever the outward form of their lives, beneath it was tragedy. She could never respect him any more, the child, there was a deadly duel between them for the soul of the boy. It must have been a strange life they led in his palace. He was a man of action always, and he rose rapidly—I suppose he had some joy of his success, but it must have been a bitter hard life for her.

"I did not see her again, nor hear from her directly, until I came back from Siberia, three months ago. And then I found her, recognized her at once, in spite of the twenty years which had marked us both. I found her at the 'Party headquarters,' a member of the Moscow committee. She lives still in the palace with her husband. But she does not speak to me of him, nor of her life there. Some sort of an agreement she has forced from him, for every day she comes over here in the workers' quarters to the committee rooms.

"And her husband, I often wonder about him, in all his gold lace and high position. What does he think of his life? Often he must remember the old days with longing. The days when he had all her love—when we all loved



I have decided to accept my father's offer

him. There were only a few hundred of us then—now—now there are hundreds and hundreds of thousands, in every village there are comrades. And I think that often he would give it all—his gold lace and successes—to be back, to get once more a look of respect from her eyes. I suppose he has mistresses to distract him—but often he must be hungry for the old Zurich days—the chalet over the lake—her full fresh love. Poor devil!"

The old man fell again into voiceless meditation. His head sank down onto his arms. The memories of the old days had him in their spell. The realization came upon me certainly that he too had loved this woman. The silence became painful and I recalled him from his reveries with a question.

"And the son?" I asked. "What happened to him?"

He sprang up joyfully, the prison pallor left his skin, and the marks of the heavy years. His face was young again.

"Why," he cried, reaching his hands across the table to my shoulders, "that was the boy! That is what makes the story worth telling. His father put him in the corps de the pages to train him for court service. But before he was eighteen the boy was expelled, revolutionary books found in his mattress. His father sent him abroad to escape the contagion. But he ran away from his tutor and came back—to his mother. He's been in prison, too. He was amnestied after the great strike. And now—well it would be indiscreet to tell the business that brought him here."

He who lets the world or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation.—*Mill on Liberty.*

Fred Long—By Joseph E. Cohen

One evening several years ago, a well-attended meeting of the Typographical Union of Philadelphia was engaged in transacting some business of vital importance. The Organization Committee, through its chairman, Ernst Kreft, the man acknowledged to be the brains of the trades union movement in Philadelphia, made a report favoring the waging of an aggressive campaign against the notoriously "unfair" *Record*. The recommendation seemed to meet with general approval and was about to be carried when a member arose, was recognized, and poured forth a stream of argument and eloquence against the suggestion of the committee. He moved to substitute *Inquirer for Record*. This was accepted and so began the campaign against that paper.

The man who worked this change in the sentiment of the union was Fred W. Long.

Fred Long's ability was not unknown to the union. Quite the reverse. Ever since he began sticking type—when not yet out of his teens—his interest in the labor movement was of the deepest, and his untiring energy quickly brought him to the front. Scores of times his eloquence was called forth to present the claims of the tailors before congressional committees, before committees of employers, and before other unions. But the above occasion was the last time that Fred Long of the old days was heard on the floor of the union. The disease which was destined to carry him off had already attacked him.

Only once again after that did Fred rise to the standard he had set for himself. It was about a year later when, leaning on a cane, he met in debate a single-tax warhorse. The single taxer was insistent to be told "how the Socialists would make the change" they desired, and Fred covered the question from many angles. Then he reached his climax. He explained how, when it was proposed to increase the speed of the locomotive to sixty miles an hour, the mossbacks threw up their hands in horror over the fear that the passengers would not be able to breathe. Fred showed how this

objection had been overcome by the train's "creating its own atmosphere." Similarly with the apprehension entertained over the work being done by "sand hogs." There, again, the situation "created its own atmosphere." In the same manner—Fred's resonant voice rang out like the peal of a mighty organ—in the same manner "the Socialist movement creates its own atmosphere."

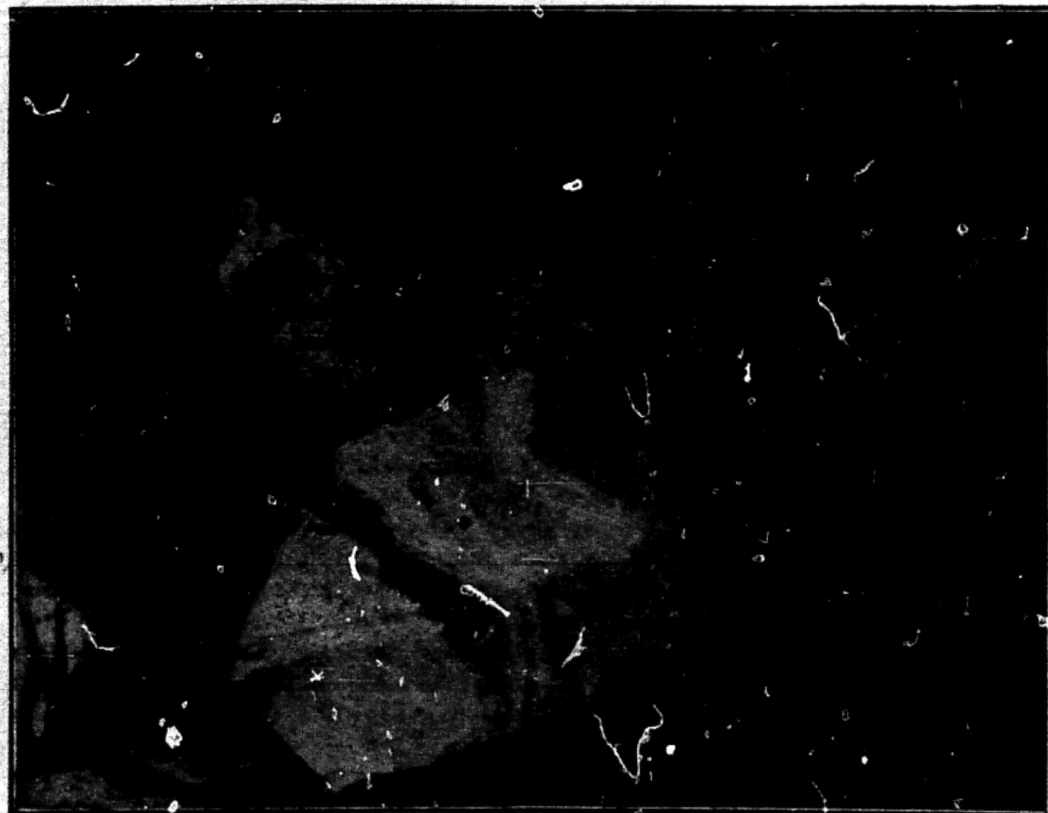
Fred Long's voice! Ed Kuppinger, another veteran who is no more, used to say that when he came within a block of the old Labor Lyceum and

carried in it the breath of the North, the message of the old sagas, as clear and true as you have it in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea" and Charles Rann Kennedy's "Winter Feast."

Fred Long was a printer and accumulated his fund of knowledge and wisdom while earning his livelihood at the case. Ben Hanford used to thank the introduction of the linotype for having, by ousting him, offered him the leisure to cultivate his mind. Fred, too, had been a hand compositor on the newspapers, and was one of the city's "swifts." The operation of the machine he never studied. Instead, he drifted into commercial printing. But he was also a very exact proofreader. While at his desk, just prior to the eight-hour strike in 1905, the last time Fred was able to work at the trade, his employer made a wager that the book of several hundred pages which Fred was proof reading would not contain more than three typographical errors. He won the wager.

Yet that was a time when Fred was suffering paroxysms of pain. He sought his bed as soon as he reached home, often without taking a bite of supper, only to toss restlessly from side to side, until the morning sun brought another day.

Fred Long began his career in the labor movement in Chicago. He held important offices in his union, in the city central body and the state federation all at the same time, in his early twenties. He was one of the moving forces in the eight-hour agitation in that city in the 80's, and always entertained the profoundest affection for the labor leaders of the day, except Louis Lingg. Dyer D. Lum he highly respected. But if one lesson of that experience seared into his consciousness more indelibly than another, it was the futility, amounting to madness, of the anarchist tactics with reference to the labor movement. His attitude toward anarchism was not unlike that of Marx toward Bakunin. The memory of the Haymarket affair, when he himself was jailed in the wholesale charge of "conspiracy,"—when he fought to the last for the un-



Fred Long in his last illness

heard an unusually loud sound in that direction, he knew it was Fred Long making a speech.

While Fred Long was of Irish extraction, his ancestors had crossed the strip of water from Norway to northern Ireland in the early times, and in their veins the Norse blood was still evident. There was hardly a trace of the Norse in Fred's physiognomy, and he was rather below the medium in stature, but, in his prime, his majestic voice

happy men who were hanged—that memory was ever fresh with him. Not a month before he died, he turned with disgust from an advocate of industrial unionism, the principle of which strongly appealed to him, turned away because this man fraternized with anarchists in his work.

Fred was essentially the warrior. His understanding of the conflict in society came at first hand. The important thing to him was to take your place on the side of liberty—and fight. He grew impatient with the element in the movement that is forever discussing what to do—and doing nothing but that. The principal trouble with the Socialist party, when talk about "what's the matter with the party" was rife, is that "there are not enough of us," he declared. In short, he was the very antithesis of Hamlet.

Still Fred Long was a thinker of rare range and quality. Happier than that, he was a creator, a creator even of methods of expression. It is safe to say, as unusual as it may sound, that in the countless number of occasions he was called upon to shed light upon some question, he never repeated himself, he never twice told his thought in just the same way. It appeared as though, running through his stock of mental goods, were the threads of his past views, joining them together as clearly and distinctly as the goods themselves. And you had but to hint at a subject, to lead him to make an edifying contribution from his immense storehouse. Yet he was, above all, the entertainer. It was impossible for him to grow stale and tiring. What Ghent has said about the old days on the newspapers, was equally applicable to Fred Long; to know him was "a liberal education."

The thing that animated Fred Long's utterances was his wit. That, too, was of a high order. And, when it is all said and done, it is doubtful if the gods can confer a greater gift upon those they elect than a sense of humor. For this is no less than the capacity to treat the grand concourse of men and events in their normal size and proportion, and, for oneself, to pass with poise and serenity through the mortar of life when ground by the pestle of bitter experience. Of such a nature was Fred Long's wit, that after some weeks at a hospital, altogether to his detriment, and when quite weak, he spent an hour regaling his hearers with his recent trials, and did it so as to convulse them with laughter.

Fred Long's main concern was to Americanize the movement. Thoroughly imbued with the Marxian spirit—and just because of it—he deemed it of the highest consequence to reduce Socialist thought to terms comprehensible to the average American. So well did Fred know his Marx, that one day, when Algernon Lee was prevented by illness from delivering one of his series of lectures on economics, and Fred was called into requisition, upon an hour's notice he took up the subject at the point Lee had left it and carried it to that set for the next lecture.

But the highest tribute that Fred ever paid and everyone will know to whom this refers, was that "this man will be known as the Abraham Lincoln of wage-slavery."

Fred considered the English language the finest spoken, and could never muster up considerable enthusiasm for the literature in any other. The Russian school of writers he never cared for. He scoffed at the excitable note in French authors. Nietzsche he read before there was a cult by that name in this country. His eyes sparkled when he went in for Shaw, but he never interested himself in the other European dramatists of that school. This will show how he felt toward the foreign masters.

Shakespeare and the Bible he knew intimately. At one time he memorized the whole of Hamlet. Mr. Dooley he heartily enjoyed and he reveled in Dickens. He once recalled some verses of Thomas Dekker on "Sweet Content" which he had not seen for twenty years. And Bobby Burns he loved best of all. Reciting "Death and Doctor Hornbook," "Holy Willy's Prayer" and "Tam O'Shanter," Fred was at his best.

Of the broad field of learning which Fred had resolved to explore, he knew all the bounds, the crannies, the high places and the low. Possessed of an intensely active and alert mind, he was not only forever absorbing what of value to him came within his ken, but he assayed it, and put it away in the proper urn of his memory, to be recalled at will. And his mind remained whole long after his body had wasted away. But when this faculty, which amounted to genius in Fred Long, and which makes of man the paragon of the animals, overreaches itself; when the desire to live and create new thought strains the last ounce of the physical being; when the imperceptible zone that parts the known from the unknown is passed, and the brain begins to churn chaos, then fortunate it is to have death intercede and softly draw the curtain. So it

was for those brother spirits of the workers' cause, Ben Hanford and Fred Long.

Ben Hanford looked upon Fred Long as his beloved teacher. Both were of that period when the labor-displacing effect of machinery was right before one's eyes, and when to many of its adherents Socialism meant "class struggle, class struggle, class struggle,"—hand to hand encounter, so to say, with no quarter asked or granted. Socialist literature then dealt almost entirely with economics and the theory of the class war, translations for the most part of Marx, Engels and Kautsky. The newer school of thought, on historical materialism and tactics, let alone the American product, was still in the making.

It was the day of the agitator, when Socialism was a by-word and when such men as Fred Long gave the best that was in them, three and four times an evening at that many street corners—and when the usual form of entertainment provided by the audience consisted of bouquets of overripe fruit and vegetables, embellished with brickbats.

Fred Long, like Ben Hanford, fought his way up from the bottom, where the dirt is thick and the silver lining to the cloud often hidden, and some of the dirt and passion of the fight came up with him and clung to him. He was a full grown man,

with all the strength and weaknesses of a man. And because of all of that, he sang the song of the toiler in a voice rich and human, and could dream new dreams and see the east aglow with the coming dawn.

What kept Fred Long alive in the six years that torments of pain was racking his body was his faith in the mounting tide of Socialism. He eked out the days to learn whether the counting of the ballots brought fresh victories. When the tidings came of the triumph at Milwaukee, he let out a whoop of joy that startled the neighborhood. And his one sore regret was that Ben Hanford did not live to know of it.

To those who were close to Fred Long, or who entered the larger circle swept by the radius of his influence, he will never be forgotten. To those who knew him his life was a worthy deed upon the altar of freedom, and they would say with James Russell Lowell:

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time.

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. While in camp for the night he is surrounded by a forest fire. He starts in the launch up the river through the blazing forest, and rescues a man who is fleeing from the fire.

Part II.—Nemesis

Chapter V.—At the Goal.

ED glowed the morning sun through the still smoky air—though the fire now lay miles behind—as Jim Titus steered his craft through the shallow outlet of the Mattawamkeag and headed up Lake Tulane toward the Independent Pulp company's dam at its farther end.

A sorry-looking party in an even sorer boat! From the hull of the launch irregular ugly patches of paint and varnish had been scorched away. The woodwork, fore and aft, was pitted with innumerable burns, and the tarpaulin was pockmarked with charred spots. Only



His handkerchief bound about his head

the engine, sturdy and impenetrable, had successfully withstood the recent baptism of fire.

Jim had suffered much. His face and neck were blistered, his eyes bloodshot and squinting. His leather jacket had resisted the hail of brands, but his shirt and trousers were burned through in a score of places.

The stranger, too, had fallen far from his one-time high estate of a correct and dandified nimrod. Few of his city friends would have recognized him as he crouched in the stern, as far from the boxes of dynamite as possible. Complete disorder of mind and body had taken possession of him. His once trim hunting suit hung soggily to his long frame. Grime and dirt liberally bestreaked his face, which had assumed the color of putty. About his head, ruffling his hair into a sort of absurd cockatoo-crest, his fine linen handkerchief was bound. This, soaked in river water, somewhat eased the pain of the clout that Jim had been forced to give him.

For the most part he kept his eyes shut and mumbled to himself like a man utterly "all in" with fatigue and discouragement. Past thinking or caring, he let matters take their own appointed course. Occasionally he sighed deeply, or carried a thin hand to his brow. But word he spoke none.

Jim, holding his still unlighted cob pipe firmly in set teeth, pushed the launch steadily on across the surface of the lake.

"Slick, ain't it?" he reflected as he glanced abroad over the waters, which—now that the wind had died away—lay like a sheet of tremulous quicksilver bathed in drifting mist. Darting birds flecked the surface. A bass leaped, not far off, and fell back in the midst of spreading rings.

"Hmmm!" grunted Titus. "Seems a 'tarnal pity to spile all this, don't it? When I git through up here, won't be no lake ner nothin', an' all fer what?"

He reflected a moment on the curious situation which forced him, a nature-lover, to destroy one of Maine's fairest lakes in order that a powerful lumber company might hamper and perhaps wreck a less active rival by spoiling its "drive" next spring.

"Mighty cur'us doin's, seems like," he concluded, "but it ain't fer me to say. Biz is biz, I reckon, an' that's all thar is to it."

With a born woodsman's love for all the free and unspoiled beauties of the wild, he let his glance roam to the bluish mountains whose outlines seemed as though suspended in the still and liquid mirror. His eyes greeted the golden path of sunrise over the shining watery plain. But of these things the stranger took no heed. He only groaned and rocked himself in despairing misery.

Jim frowned at him with displeasure. Still in his heart rankled scorn and contempt at the man's weakness, at his desertion of the injured hunting mate; with anger at his unwarranted act in throwing overboard the box of dynamite.

"All-fired pindlin', ornery cuss he is, ain't he?" thought Jim. "Dunno as I ever seen one any wuss. Wall, he's here, anyhow, an' I gotta see him through. But I won't be sorry fer to part with him, that's no lie."

The stranger, blinking, raised his bandaged head. "Oh, I say, my good man?" he feebly spoke.

"What y' want?"

"I—I can't quite seem to understand things yet."

(Continued on Page Seven)

Welfare Work and Why

By Hyman Strunsky

and a more intelligent employe will do more intelligent work." Here is the one exception that proves the rule,



II.
THE Socialist dislikes the Welfare Work because it is effectively bettering the condition of employes in mines, mills, factories and stores, and thus interferes with their theory of revolution. They lose no opportunity to plainly declare that they do not want amelioration or reform, but revolution. Anything which helps labor conditions under the present system of industry but defers their hour of triumph.—(Ralph M. Easley, Chairman Executive Council in the National Civic Federation Review, Nov. 15, 1909.)

Thus has a very prominent and very able official of the National Civic Federation tried to explain the Socialist unsympathetic attitude toward Welfare-Work. Mr. Easley has but to look at the platform of the Socialist party to see that Socialists are in favor of improving the condition of the working class. If he follows the activities of the Socialists he will find that they are the first to demand concessions from the employers, assist strikers, advocate better factory laws, object to child labor, and rush to the side of the workers whenever they are struggling to effect an increase in pay or a shortening of the hours of toil. Whether improved labor conditions will hasten or deter the Social Revolution is a subject worthy of discussion, but out of place at the present moment. What is important right now is to know that Mr. Easley's explanation does not explain; that he does not face the Socialist attack squarely and does not answer it correctly.

The Socialists do attack Welfare-Work but not because it tends to improve the condition of the laboring class. Inasmuch as it does this they favor it. They attack Welfare-Work because they see in it a scheme to break unions and to rob the workers of the only weapon left them to protect their interests and fight their battles. Also, the Socialists maintain that Welfare-Work is not prompted by a sense of philanthropy but is accepted because it is profitable, because it is "Good business," and because it "Pays."

An Antidote to Unionism

Welfare-Work keeps employes from uniting. This is one of the most serious charges against it and is corroborated not by "Demagogic labor agitators," nor by hot-headed Socialists, but by prominent manufacturers who have tried and have found it an efficient antidote to unionism.

Winton C. Garrison, chief of the bureau of statistics of New Jersey, in a carefully prepared report for the department of social economy of the Louisiana Purchase exposition, gives a detailed account of Welfare-Work in his state and the effect it has had on trade unionism. He gets his information from well-known manufacturers, whom he quotes.

The Baker Printing company, Newark, N. J., concludes its report as follows:

"A congenial condition of affairs exists in all departments, notwithstanding the fact that the composing room employs men affiliated with a labor union. The board of directors of the company decided, several years ago, that, as the stockholders were owners of the business, it was not necessary for them to join new unions as they came up. The only union in existence at the works at the time of the incorporation of the company was a local of the National Typographical Union, whose members are still employed in the composing room."

The Camden and Philadelphia Soap company, Camden, N. J., says that its men never felt the need of a union:

"The results are, we have never had any trouble between ourselves and our employes, who are and always have been faithful and remain with us. We have employes who have been with us for the past twenty-seven years. Under these circumstances, neither our employes nor ourselves have ever felt the need of any form of organization."

Leaves It All to the Loss

The Celluloid company of Newark, N. J. has been so "kind" to the workers that they feel no necessity of forming unions. The report says:

"The operatives have learned from experience that everything necessary for their welfare, moral and material, can be secured by loyal co-operation with their employers and without forming alliances outside of the industry in which they are employed."

The employes of the Crescent Pearl Works, Vineland, N. J., have no friction with the company:

"In the discussion of matters relating to their interests, the men are always met a good half way, and consequently, no friction of any kind with the firm is ever permitted to obtain even a starting point. There are neither strikes nor threats of strikes, and the workmen seem a happy and contented lot."



The employes of the Crocker-Wheeler company are also a contented lot: "The employes, it may be said, are as a rule, contented and show appreciation of the advantages which they enjoy, and a serious nature have ever occurred in the works."

No Strikes

The Ferris Brothers company, Newark, N. J., have never had any "disagreeable experiences," such as strikes, etc. "It is profitable in the mere money sense, because the generous and courteous treatment accorded the employes has earned their sincere gratitude and called forth the best they are capable of doing in the interest of their employers. Discontent in any form is utterly unknown; no strike has ever occurred among the operatives of this firm and the results which elsewhere are too often sought by treatment bordering on severity and repression, are here realized through co-operation between employer and employe asked on lines of kindness and reciprocal loyalty."

In the W. D. Forbes company, Hoboken, N. J., no influences of any kind are permitted to disturb the amicable relations that exist between the firm and its men: "The relations of the firm and its employes are very cordial, and no outside influence of any kind is permitted to disturb the harmony existing between them."

The employes of the Gibson Iron Works company, Jersey City, never strike: "It is scarcely necessary to add that the employes of this company are a contented lot of men, and that there has never been a strike among them."

It Pays

Chief Garrison is especially impressed with the report of the Sherwin-Williams company, Newark, N. J., and he eulogizes it in the following language: "That the plan has now been in successful operation upwards of twenty years is the best possible proof of its having met with an appreciative and loyal support from the employes, for whose benefit and betterment it was originally adopted. The sentiments of the company regarding the results produced, and the lofty view which it takes of the responsibility devolving upon employers, cannot be better set forth than by quoting the two concluding paragraphs of a letter of theirs addressed to the bureau and which accompanied the statement from which the facts from the foregoing article are drawn. These are the paragraphs and it is questionable whether more true kindness of spirit, together with broad, practical but thoroughly humane business sense, could be infused into the same number of words:

"The care and the improvement of the animate machinery is at least as important to the manufacturer as the care and improvement of the inanimate machinery.

"The three most important matters for attention should be health, morals and education; because a vigorous employe can do more work, a conscientious employe can do more conscientious work,



an exception which is in itself a confession. The National Cash Register company, embittered by the "impudence" of its men in striking after all the "benevolence" shown them, stamps the employes as ungrateful wretches and sends out a warning to their fellow manufacturers. The report reads: "Reference is made in the company's communication to the National Cash Register company, of Dayton, Ohio, and the belief is expressed that its experience has discouraged many employers who contemplated a similar policy to an extent that can hardly be credited. The company did almost everything that human ingenuity could devise for the benefit of its people, but in spite of this, directly some labor agitator came along and organized them, they went on strike for the most unwarranted reasons and treated their employers as if they were their most personal enemies."

The Exception

"There is practically no large employer of labor but who is aware of the circumstances of the case, and many who had laid various plans to establish some of the features that the National Cash Register company had out in operation gave up the idea entirely on account of the strike in Dayton."

Not only does the National Cash Register company complain that in spite of welfare work "some labor agitator came along and organized the workers" (!) but it also admits that "many who had laid plans" to establish similar features "gave up the idea entirely on account of the Dayton strike."

The Cost of Friendly Relations

When Miss Gertrude Beeks, head of the welfare department of the National Civic Federation, was asked why unions don't thrive where Welfare-Work is instituted, she said that the men are so well treated that they don't feel the need of any.

Is not a disregard for unionism on the part of

tions?" It is too late in the day to prove that trade unionism has promoted the standard of labor, has reduced hours and increased wages, and has brought about more satisfactory conditions in the life, progress and education of the working class. This could be proven by scores of individual industries which have thrived on organized activity, were it necessary. But it is not. The National Civic Federation knows the value of trade unionism to the workers, and Mr. Easley in the same edition of his official review admitted it. He says: "Organized labor has long been struggling to improve the condition of the laboring masses. For this end it has struggled not only alone and unaided but against general opposition of employers, individual and organized, and against the misrepresentations of prejudiced critics when, in fact, it deserves the friendly co-operation of them all."

Mr. Easley even quotes President Taft in support of his statement—the man, who, judging merely by his injunction record cannot be classed among the enthusiastic friends of labor. Mr. Taft said: "Time was when everybody who employed labor was opposed to labor unions, when they were regarded as a menace. That time, I am glad to say, has largely passed away, and the man today who objects to the organization of labor should be relegated to the last century."

Friendly Relations and Ways

It is hard to tell the direct effect "friendly relations" have on wages for the reason that its decline or rise depends on more than one given condition. Also, government reports being prepared by "devils who cite scripture for a purpose," the figures are arranged in a manner to make direct proof impossible. However, some things can be learned by inference. The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics, made to the general assembly of Rhode Island and Providence at its January session, 1906, gives some interesting figures.

The report boasts of the Welfare-Work inaugurated by some of the corporations. Those who get elaborate description are the Gorham Manufacturing company, "the largest silver manufacturing house in the world," the Laultils Home Laundry, the Peace-Dale Manufacturing company, the Rumford Chemical Works, the Wanskuck Worsted company, the Coronet Worsted company, and a number of department stores at Providence, such as the Boston Store, the Calender, the McAuston, the Traup company and the O'Gorman Department Store. The workmen of Rhode Island are fairly well organized and the report gives a list of all the unions in the state and the various locals in the cities. But the employes of the houses mentioned are not organized.

The report also shows reductions of hours and a decided increase in wages from the year 1894 to 1903. But the figures are given for organized trades only, the unorganized trades are left out!

The reason New Jersey and Rhode Island are chosen here is not because these two states happen to prove the Socialist contention but because they are the only ones where Welfare-Work has reached an extent sufficiently effective to be included in official statistical reports.

Welfare-Work Versus Unionism

But it is not necessary to go to government reports to show that trade unionism increases wages. Scores of organized industries will testify to this. But several years ago the bakers were an enslaved miserable lot, working in germ-laden cellars from sixteen to twenty hours a day for eight and ten dollars a week. The organization of the International Bakers and Confectionary Workers' Union lifted that trade to the standard of a decent livelihood and gave it an endurable work day. Several years ago the East Side of New York was a vast, miserable sweat shop. The organization of the United Hebrew Trades has lifted the exploited victims, in spite of a steady influx of immigration, from a doleful condition of continuous never-ceasing drudgery, to the dignity of a union work-day and a union wage.

In spite of the existence of a Garment Trade Committee in the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation, the conditions in that trade had been in a most deplorable state previous to the great shirt-waist makers' strike of 1909. It took 30,000 energetic, self-sacrificing and determined strikers, and a nine weeks' war to effect an increase in wages and a regulated work-day. The same can be said of nineteen other industries for whom the United Hebrew Trades fought and won general strikes during the last year.

To repeat in the case of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, that organization twenty years ago practically dictated the wage scales and working conditions in the steel and iron mills of this country, but it is now shorn of power and membership mainly through the profit-sharing scheme inaugurated in recent years by the

steel trust in permitting and encouraging its employes to purchase very limited quantities of stock in the corporation.

Unorganized trades command no wage and Welfare-Work is designed to prevent organization. There is not a more exploited body of men than the New York Traction employes. While the wages for union carpenters are \$5 a day, for steamfitters \$4.50, for plasterers \$4, for plumbers \$4, for bricklayers \$5, for printers \$5, the traction men work for \$2.50 and work from ten to twelve hours a day, with one Sunday off in three weeks!

But the Interborough company insists on Welfare-Work, maintains an Employees Association and pays the operating expenses. Several attempts at organizing the men have been foiled by the Interborough, which insists on "caring for the necessities of its employes." Says H. H. Vreeland, former president of the New York City Railway company: "From my own experience with a very miscellaneous lot of men numbering about 15,000 in the city of New York, men gathered from all quarters of the country and of all nationalities, I have abundant proof that firmness, tempered with an intelligent sympathy for their necessities, works wonders."

The "wonders that it works" are grossly in evidence on the dividend books of the Interborough and on the pinched faces of its men.

Department Store

The same "intelligent sympathies for the necessities of employes" work equally "wonderfully" in mercantile houses. There is hardly a department store that does not boast of Welfare-Work in one form or another. In a pamphlet written by Miss Gertrude Beek, entitled "Welfare-Work in Mercantile Houses," the writer eulogizes the system in the following language: "The distinctive characteristic of the Welfare-Work of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, is to be found in the pervading spirit of the place. To have the several thousand employes, intelligent, loyal, happy and progressive has been the company's primary aim. Just dealing with the employes has established relations of genuine friendliness."

"About three thousand five hundred of the five thousand employes of R. H. Macy & Co., New York city, patronize its lunch room daily. The employes' lunch room occupies a large space, of which one portion is partitioned off for the men. It is possible to buy all the appetite demands for eight cents. . . .

"In the Philadelphia establishment of John Wanamaker, emphasis is placed on commercial education. The young people in the store are organized into three classes which, united, are known as the John Wanamaker Commercial Institute. These classes typify a systematic effort to meet responsibility for the future of the junior employes. A 'Women's League' composed of a large number of the women employes, was organized for social and educational purposes."

"The George B. Peck Dry Goods company, at Kansas City, Mo., maintains a lunch room for employes in charge of a competent man and woman, with a force of assistants. An abundance of wholesome food is served at the lowest possible cost. The store is equipped with an ample number of wash rooms. There are provided also lockers for the employes' wraps. . . .

"In the establishment of Bloomingdale Bros., New York city, Welfare-Work has been developing continually since the formation of the firm, thirty years ago. Its distinctive feature is the education of employes with a view to their promotion in accordance with demonstrated merit."

Miss Beek quotes a representative of the Siegel-Cooper company, New York city, as follows: "Ever since the firm of Siegel-Cooper company, New York, started, we have made a special feature of doing something for our employes; but it is only within the last few years that the subject has been given special attention. Ours is the first of the large department stores in this country, we believe, to adopt Welfare-Work systematically."

Other merchants are quoted and an elaborate description is given to the benefits system, "educational" work, clean lockers and wash-rooms, recreation camps and the hundred and one details that go to make up the "intelligent sympathies in caring for the necessities" of the employes.

Friendly Relations and Morals

But how do the saleswomen of this country fare under the "intelligent sympathies" of their masters? What has the "benevolent" Welfare-Work system—so prevalent in department stores—done to elevate the trade, increase the pay and shorten the hours of labor? What measures have the philanthropic employers taken to enable the women to earn an honorable livelihood in return for the many hours of toil? A young, pretty, vivacious and intelligent girl—qualifications required by the trade—

the workers too heavy a price for "friendly relations" cannot subsist on clean lockers and lectures on "loyalty." She needs wholesome environments and enough money to buy food, shelter and clothes. Does she get these?

Just how far the "sympathetic intelligences" of the employers have gone in caring for the "necessities" of the saleswomen is well known. The miserable condition of the poor girls has found its way into the novel and onto the stage. It has called forth the sympathies of the social reformers and brought tears to the eyes of the well-meaning social settlement workers; it has been made the subject of editorials; it has been described in magazine articles and condoned from the pulpit. The "sympathetic intelligence of the masters has cared so much for the "necessities" of the girls that their condition is now regarded as a national calamity verging on moral degeneration and physical collapse.

Says the Woman's Trade Union League in an appeal issued before Christmas to those who would help to organize the saleswomen of New York: "The average pay given for this hard toil in our department stores to the girl behind the counter ranges between five and six dollars. True that in some departments, like that of cloaks and suits, it rises to \$10 and \$12, but in others it falls as low as \$2.50.

"But the sum agreed is not always that received by the sales-girl. Scarcely a week passes that she is not fined for tardiness—an hour's wages for every five minutes no matter whether there was a delay in the traffic or what else happened; ten cents for every missing locker key; five cents for every spoiled pad, and twenty-five cents for every stolen rubber stamp, which the girls frequently snatch from one another. These sums often amount to fifty cents or a dollar a week. On the remainder the girl is expected to live, dress neatly and present a general prosperous appearance."

Just how many of the girls manage to do this is not told. The Woman's Trade Union League, in its womanly regard for the unfortunate girls, maintains considerate silence on this unavoy phase of the salesgirl's life. But others have written on the subject and the truth is out. The managements of many department stores frankly advise the girls to get "some gentleman friend to help them."

This much for "friendly relations," their influence upon unionism and the sequent results on conditions in trades, hours of labor, pay and morals. This much for Welfare-Work and what it does to keep the employes from uniting in independent, militant organizations for the protection of their own interest. This much for the reasons for taking an "intelligent interest in caring for the necessities of the employes" found to be so wonderfully valuable by a representative exploiter of labor. This much for Welfare-Work and its cost to the laboring class. The advantages of Welfare-Work to the employer, how it increases efficiency, promotes faithfulness, fosters subordination, afford opportunities for spying—a full explanation of the "wonders it works" will be given in the concluding article.

In the Great North Woods

Continued from page 5.

But you'll get me out of this somehow, won't you?"

"I reckon so. Why, think I'm a cannibal, do ye? Goin' to eat ye aliver!"

The other snickered weakly.

"I've got your promise," he replied. "I'll see that you don't lose anything by it, my man. When will you take me out to—to civilization?"

"Meanin' how?"

"Why, back to some place where I can connect with a railroad, you know?"

"Can't say fer sure. Mebbe in a week or some sech a matter. Y'ain't in a hurry, be ye?"

"Lord, yes! Can't you start at once? Today? Tomorrow, at latest?"

"That depends. Got some work t' do, ye here, first."

"Work?"

"Uh-huh. Don't you know what that is?"

"Why—er—of course. What kind do you mean?"

"Never you mind, mister. You'll see soon enough. Till that's done, here we stay, savvy?"

"How much are you getting for it?"

Jim stared. Then he made answer: "Why, my reg'lar day's pay, o' course. One-fifty per. Why?"

"Just this," offered the stranger, sitting up with a semblance of activity. "You leave it till later, and take me out right away, today, and I'll give you one hundred dollars, spot cash."

Titus laughed.

"What?" he exclaimed, and bent as though to adjust the engine. "What? An' leave—?"

"Two hundred, then!"

"Nothin' doin', mister! No use offerin' me money. Fust place, ef I didn't do as I'm told by the comp'ny."

I'd git the G. B. Second place, I never tackle a new proposition till I'm plumb through with the old un. Third place, ef I done as you say, how could I go back home an' face Luell' an' the kids, what? Huh! Couldn't even look Bill, that, in the eye, could I, Bill?" he addressed the dozing Newfoundland in the bottom of the launch.

"No," he concluded. "Money'd come mighty handy, that's a fact, with winter nigh, an' all, but—nothin' doin'!"

The stranger relapsed into a discouraged silence. Then presently he murmured to himself:

"Good heavens! Have I got to put in another week in this infernal country after—what's happened?"

Jim paid no heed to him, but devoted himself to the navigation of the launch northward through the lake. Anxious, he, to reach the dam at the earliest possible moment and get to work, before by any chance his presence might be discovered there. Though armed for a fight, if necessary, with a retainer or two of the independent, he preferred to do the job quietly and neatly and to make a clean get-away. He had not the slightest intention of letting this man in any way interfere with his plans.

After awhile the hunter spoke again.

"How much," asked he, "is this—this dynamite worth a box?"

Jim pondered. "Oh, mebbe ten dollars, mebbe 'leven. Why?"

"I'll give you five hundred for the three boxes, money down!"

Jim flushed angrily.

(To be continued)



Funeral Cortège of Paul Singer, Socialist Member of the Reichstag
Number of mourners Estimated at 300,000

The New Orleans Crime

By Gordon Nye



E. E. Swan

The history of the American labor movement is replete with acts of lawlessness committed by the capitalist class and their hired lackeys in a vain effort to crush the resistance of the workers, to destroy their unions, and to render them to a state of helplessness.

Today we have James Byrnes, who was president of the Dock and Cotton council of New Orleans in 1908; E. E.

Swan, president of the Longshoremen's Benevolent and Protective association at the same time; and Philip Pearsaw, then president of the Coalwheelers' union, convicted in the United States circuit court of conspiracy to restrain foreign trade, in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

At a meeting on December 27, 1907, of the council, which was then composed of 72 delegates from the thirteen unions, an order was passed at the request of the longshoremen, notifying the coal wheelers that they were not to coal vessels belonging either to the Central American Steamship company, Vaccaro Bros., or Oteri Bros., inasmuch as the owners had employed non-union stevedores.

In 1907 the Central American Steamship company of New Orleans employed non-union stevedores to handle the cargo of its vessels.

It is evidently the determination of the government and of the capitalist class, who control it, to use the Sherman anti-trust law to sand-bag labor unions into submission to their dictates, for this is the second time that this law, originally designed to curb the trusts, has been used as a club to attack labor.

We all remember the Danbury Hatters' decision, and now we have the New Orleans conviction.

In order to understand the case it is necessary to give a brief outline of its history.

Thirteen labor unions concerned in the handling of New Orleans shipping were united in the Dock and Cotton council at the time of the commission of the offense charged. Of these unions one was the Coal Wheelers' local, and another the Longshoremen's association.

Subsequently in February, 1908, a vessel, the *Habil*, owned by the Central American Steamship company, docked at New Orleans. Its cargo was handled by non-union stevedores, and at once the union coal wheelers were instructed not to coal the ship for its return journey. They carried out their instruction and after a day's delay the ship owners

signed a contract to employ only union stevedores in the future.

The action of the cotton council in passing the order (at the request of the longshoremen) notifying the coal wheelers not to coal the vessels belonging to the three firms, was declared by the court, in the recent trial, to be a boycott and in violation of the Sherman act.

The indictments grew out of the order issued by the council to the Coal Wheelers' union not to coal



James Byrnes

the steamer *Habil*. The court held that the council in issuing the order conspired to restrain inter-state commerce in that the coal for the *Habil* was in transit from Pennsylvania to Louisiana; and to restrain foreign commerce in preventing the sailing of the vessel to Central American ports.

The court dismissed the first charge and upheld the second, and upon the flimsiest evidence the accused were convicted.

It developed at the trial that while 72 men were known to compose the Dock and Cotton council, and the entire number had been indicted, it could only be proven that seventeen of these attended the

meeting at which action against the three firms was taken. By order of Federal Judge Grugg the jury was instructed to acquit all but these seventeen.

But there is the crux to the whole disgraceful affair. When the council instructed the union wheelers not to coal the *Habil* for its return journey, the wheelers left the dock peaceably. *There was no strike declared against the steamship company.*

The steamship company, before the *Habil* docked, had refused to sign the contract to employ union longshoremen, therefore the cotton council called the coal wheelers off, but decided not to bother the company as the matter was of small concern. Furthermore, there was no action taken to picket the dock or to prevent other men from coaling the steamer. All the union did was to call its men away, and leave the steamship company to coal its ship the best way it could until the contract was signed.

In other words the Dock and Cotton Council declared by majority vote that the steamship company, who unloaded its vessel with "scab" labor, should not use union coal wheelers to coal its ships.

I have repeated this fact because it is the essential feature of the controversy.

Our capitalist exploiters are loud in their industrious yelling for the "open shop," for the right of labor to sell its hire to whom it pleases, where it pleases, and for what it pleases. This is exactly what these men decided to do. They declared they did not care to work for this certain company, and they quit. They did not inaugurate a boycott; they did not conspire to prevent the ship from sailing. They simply exercised their right to quit, as our capitalist exploiters have insisted for so these many years they had a right to do—and for this they were convicted.

Another feature of the case is the fact that the crafty judge, in his so-called "interpretation" of the constitution and the laws instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. I interviewed two of the convicted labor leaders and they both were emphatic on this point. They declared, "the judge instructed the jury to convict us."

These convicted men are unable to explain how, or why, they were found guilty of the charge. That they were stunned by the verdict is putting it mildly. There was absolutely no evidence to prove that they violated the laws. They simply exercised a right, guaranteed them by the constitution, and for doing this the judge instructed a jury to convict them.

So long as the organized workingmen of the nation tamely submit to outrageous court decisions like the New Orleans one, our capitalist stands in no need of a big army. The courts can do all that is required very neatly, very smoothly and very cheaply.

Let us go to the court and listen to some of the arguments in the New Orleans case.

Mr. Luzenburg, the counsel for the labor leaders,

contended that restraint of trade did not imply a temporary interruption or interference, such as he declared was caused by the refusal to coal the *Habil*. "Wasn't this a boycott," demanded Judge Grubb. "Didn't the council attempt to interfere with W. G. Coyle and company who had the contract to coal the ship from carrying out its contract with the steamship company."

"I think not," answered Mr. Luzenberg. "The men had agreed not to work for certain companies, but had not attempted to prevent others from doing so."

"But didn't the council order the men not to work?" asked the court.

"Yes, but the men agreed to it through their representatives," said Mr. Luzenberg.

"I don't see what difference that makes," said the court.

The plea of Mr. Luzenberg, that the coaling of a vessel was preparation for commerce and not commerce itself, and the interference with it could not come under the inter-state and foreign commerce laws, was then taken up.

"I know you do not want to take up the time of the court needlessly," broke in Judge Grubb. "I am firmly fixed in the opinion that anything which interferes with the sailing of a vessel is an interference with foreign commerce. I think the agreement not to coal the *Habil* was conspiracy to interfere with foreign trade."

This is the kind of court decision that insults common sense!

According to the ruling of the court the union laborers were monopolistic conspirators because they refused to work with non-union laborers. That proved them enemies of the republic. Therefore they had to be indicted and convicted.

Thomas Jefferson was in a position to speak authoritatively for Americans when he said that he considered abuse of power by judges one of the greatest dangers in our country. He said that over and over.

His fears are justified when we see a modern judge enjoining a number of citizens from enjoyment of rights guaranteed to them under the constitution.

Yet another feature of the case, which should be of interest to the laboring men. New Orleans has five daily newspapers and not one of these was brave enough to utter one word in defense of the convicted men. Capitalism and its courts can knock down, break up, and even pour sand into the ears of labor unions, and there is never a word said by our "free and patriotic" press in their behalf.

This is wrong. But just so long as the working classes buy these spineless papers, just so long will they be treated with contempt by the press at large.

The Sherman anti-trust law, under whose provision the men were tried and convicted, was written on the statute books during Harrison administration.

The single purpose of the law was to "bust trusts." It was drawn and passed with the one idea of giving the "little fellow" a chance, and was to restore the principles of competition as the basis of commercial activity.

In the twenty-one years of its existence it has never harmed a hair on the head of any trust, and they are more bloated and more oppressive today than ever before.

One bright morning a shrewd corporation lawyer conceived the idea that a labor union was a combination in restraint of trade. Why not use the old dusty and moth-eaten "trust buster" to smash labor unions

It was promptly placed into action and brought about the Danbury Hatters' decision. Now it has been used again, and we have the conviction of three New Orleans labor leaders.

The law has never been enforced against the combinations for which it was intended. It has been enforced successfully against labor unions, for which it was never intended.

Do you realize Mr. Organized Workingman, that your unions, so necessary to protect you from wage reduction and from the tyranny of your masters, are today in danger of being practically annihilated by the corrupt hands of the courts.

Don't you remember what happened within the last few years in Colorado, in Idaho, in Nevada, in Alaska, and in Alabama—and what has now happened in New Orleans

Everywhere we have the blacklisting of workmen, the importation of strike breakers, the enlistment of private armies of Pinkertons, the calling out of the soldiery, the declaration of martial law, the suspension of habeas corpus and jury trial, the imprisonment of union officers and "agitators"—at the command of a military dictator, the provoking of "riots" in order to give the authorities an excuse to massacre the strikers.

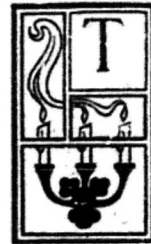
Do you know that these things have been done under the orders of democratic governors and

courts, just as well as by the order of republican governors and courts.

Everywhere the courts are declaring labor laws unconstitutional—wiping off the statute books the laws for employers' liability, the laws of factory inspection, the laws against child labor, the laws against blacklisting. And now they rule that it is unlawful for you to quit work at your own free will and decide that your employer may recover three-fold damage from you, if you do these things.

Yet the corrupt courts have the temerity to ask you to respect the integrity of courts, which render such iniquitous decisions.

Civilization
 BY DESMOND SHAW
 British Correspondent Coming Nation



ELL, here we are after three days—"hell for leather" at the labor party conference, not very much "forrader" than when we went there. But things have happened.

In the first place the party pledge has been thrown overboard—that is to say, in future, no parliamentary candidate will be expected to sign the constitution.

This was agreed by 1,050,000 votes to 306,000—Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson (treasurer of the party) advocating its abandonment and Keir Hardie and the independent labor party strenuously urging its retention.

A New Departure

With the technicalities cut out, this means that newcomers like the miners, many of whom are liberals, will find it more easy to sit with their comrades who are more advanced, will place the labor party upon the same basis as the liberal and tory parties, which, having no constitutions, do not ask their men to sign anything, and, what is perhaps the crux of the whole matter in the minds of MacDonald and Henderson, makes the party a freer agent altogether.

Time will tell, but what the I. L. P. were afraid of is anything that many tend to become subversive to the independence of the party.

It was decided by a unanimous vote to make a great effort to cut the halter of the Osborne decision from the throat of Demos by demanding its reversal from the government. From interviews I have had with leading members of the party, I gather that there is a certain fear as to whether a complete reversal will be granted, though something may be given as a sop to Cerberus. But, however that may be, it is quite certain that Premier Asquith's offer to give the trade unions power to make voluntary levies for political purposes will be rejected with scornful unanimity.

Some of you may say: "But if Demos wants political representation surely he will pay for it voluntarily." To which I reply: "That is not human nature, my friend, and there is a lot of human nature about Demos—if each man could be dead sure that every other man would pay his whack, we should get the money all right—but who can be sure of any such thing?"

No, there is no use in the government trying to "sell the dummy" by offering power to make voluntary levies—the levies will have to compulsory or nothing

A Socialist Church

I have at various times referred to the all-embracing character of the British Socialist and labor movement—how men and women of every profession and every grade in society are coming in to help in the battle for social redemption.

One of the most remarkable clergymen in the movement is the Rev. Lewis Donaldson, vicar of St. Mar's, Leicester, whose church is, as he said to me, "turned into a temple of the living God." by having Socialist meetings held in its precincts, with our literature for sale in the body of the church itself, to the glory of Socialism and the scandal of the "unco' guid."

Behind the altar of the church is one of the most striking series of mural paintings in the world, typifying in seven panels "The Travail and Tragedy of Labor," "The Curse of Mammon," "The Redemption of Labor by Love," "Labor Freed From Its Shackles," "The Triumph of Labor," and in the center, a wonderful presentation of Christ as "The Apotheosis of Labor." Donaldson is an earnest single-minded Socialist, whose church is cheek by jow! with one of the poorest neighborhoods in Leicester, which, in certain parts, has one of the high-

est death-rates in the kingdom. The high-churchmen on the one hand and the nonconformists on the other are rapidly being leavened with the spirit of the New Testament from the outside, and are seeking the kingdom of heaven on earth through Socialism—the only road.

The Nightmare of Civilization

The unemployment nightmare here is giving us the shivers. Like your own incomparable Taft, statesmen like Arthur Balfour are much more concerned with the virtues or defects of the Schenectady putter than with the sufferings of the people. But the very deuce and all is that it is almost impossible to get the unemployed, invertebrates as they are, with out hope and stamina, to demonstrate. Last Sunday for instance an unemployed demonstration was organized in connection with the opening of parliament—and a beggarly two hundred marched in the procession, whereas in London alone we must have over 100,000 out of work.

Tower Hill, where so many statesmen have lost their heads, is the venue of the unemployed meetings which are held each Monday. I was speaker last Monday, and found in front of me a beautiful collection of living rags, with a fringe of sneering, narrow-chested, white-faced clerks, out for the lunch hour. I don't know what the American clerk is like but his British brother is the outside-edge of polite Hooliganism. These black-coated gentry imagine they are a cut above "the dirty trade unionist," and up-to-date we have been only able to enroll less than 5,000 in our clerks' trade union. Yet, any night you walk along the Thames embankment, you will find out-of-work clerks "dossing-out" under the stars of heaven. I wonder what the angels think of it all!

Here is something which should pull up anything short of a drunkard, a lunatic or a statesman with a round turn. In order to be quite sure of my facts I went and interviewed Harry Orbell, of the dockers, and a member of the executive of the labor party, who has recently been making one of the most thorough investigations of the number of dockers out of work, in view of Mr. John Burns' statement that things were pretty flourishing amongst these men, and he found, after going through the figures with a fine tooth comb, and covering the ground from London bridge to Gravesend, that at the moment there were not more than 13,000 employed out of 100,000 engaged in loading and discharging vessels, in the metropolis. That will do to go on with.

But there is something nearly as bad to chronicle. In a recent conversation I had with Jimmy Sexton, the secretary of the Liverpool dockers, he told me that they had a permanent 15,000 unemployed all the year round out of a total of 25,000 men. How do they live? I give it up.

If Christ Came to London

Listen, ladies and gentlemen.

Some little time ago in order to learn something first hand of the misery of the unemployed, I spent a night on the Thames embankment. The embankment is the national doss-house for the dregs of capitalism.

My legs were wrapped in two pairs of thick stockings and two pairs of trousers over that. My body swathed in sweaters and coats, all ragged but warm. I had a good big meal before I took up my position on my particular seat, with two males and three females as my companions for the night—I speak of their sex, for God knows they had nothing else to distinguish them by.

One of the girls had syphilis of the nose, which was half eaten away—but perhaps it is not the correct thing to speak of disease of the blood. However, let it go.

Every now and then one of the poor wretches would drop off to sleep, only to be roused by the police patrol, with a shaking and a "Now then, wake up!" for, God save you kindly, fair ladies, in this Christian country you are allowed to sit on the embankment seats only so long as you do not go to sleep—that luxury is not permitted.

As for me, I did not sleep—the vermin which had crept to my more tender cuticle saw to that all right, and the frost did the rest.

Some of my companions had covered themselves with old newspapers to keep them warm—newspapers are very heating you know—but I with stout woolen garments lost all feeling in my lower limbs by 3 a. m., the rime thick on the muffler around my mouth and throat.

The Last Hope

And the girls. Work it out for yourself. Ten degrees of frost—anaemia—blood disease. The wind off the river. The cold, unblinking stars. A ghost-fog creeping up from the northeast. No food—no hope—nothing left.

But there is always the river.

THE COMING NATION

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Efficiency in Agriculture

When Louis D. Brandeis before the Interstate Commerce Commission exposed the wastefulness of private railroad management, the press suddenly awoke to a new phrase—"industrial efficiency." This testimony was based upon the investigation of a new class of "experts" who study the minutest details of production to discover how each unit of energy may be made to produce the greatest possible result. One of their greatest triumphs was in ascertaining to an ounce just what was the most effective load of dirt a man could raise on a shovel and just how that shovel could be most effectively grasped and how many times and with what motions a man could raise that fixed weight to a certain height in an hour.

It is claimed that these innovations result in an increase wage, but the industrial history of a hundred years and more, shows that under capitalism in a very short run, this increased production passes out of the hands of the workers.

In another field this same idea has been widely exploited. For two decades tremendous efforts have been made to spur the farmer on to greater production.

For that purpose a most extensive work of education has been carried on by state and national governments. Experimental farms, institutes, correspondence courses, traveling libraries, special trains and free advice of specialists, with a tremendous distribution of free literature, are some of the methods used to secure this end.

In agriculture, as in the industrial field, the bait held out is an increased return to the worker. In both cases this increased reward will be momentarily reaped. Just how much either farmer or wage worker will continue to keep depends entirely upon the collective power to resist exploitation. Individual resistance, in either case, will end in the increased product being nearly all seized by those who own the essentials of production and distribution.

The Socialist, realizing these facts, welcomes them and sees in them an upward step toward a better society, with a more nearly complete control of the material environment. At the same time he urges that this progress be accompanied by a collective determination on the part of the producers to retain the increased production and regain that which previously has been taken from them.

The scientists, who are daily creating new miracles in the field of agriculture, who make whole fields of crops to grow where none grew before, are unconsciously bringing closer the day when a co-operative system, in almost complete control over its environment, will secure to each of its members a better, fuller life than man has ever known before.

While capitalism still continues, there is an opportunity, for a few at least, to gain greater pleasure in life by utilizing the knowledge of improved methods of producing crops from the soil. Many of the readers of the COMING NATION, even in this landless day, still have access to little patches of ground and from a number of these have come requests that we place this knowledge, of how best to cultivate this land, at their disposal. Arrangements have been made for a series of articles by Joel

Our Despotic Supreme Court

BY A. M. SIMONS

Today the Supreme Court is unwavering in its toadyism to the ruling class. Therefore, that class is firm in asserting the supremacy of the court.

Here is how a representative of the ruling class spoke when the Supreme Court showed even a hint of having a backbone. The quotation is from a speech in the Senate of the United States on January 28, 1868, by Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, later secretary of state under Arthur. It will be noticed that he clearly affirms and boldly announces that the Supreme Court derives its power from Congress, something which all of the text books on law and all of the orthodox histories carefully conceal. The measure which he was then advocating and which took certain legislation from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court became a law and the court never denied its validity. Here is his statement:

But, further, the constitution on its very face, in giving jurisdiction to the supreme court, gives original jurisdiction in only two classes of cases. First: "In all cases affecting ambassadors, or other public ministers and consuls;" and second, cases "in which a state shall be a party." The constitution provides that in all other cases stated in the foregoing clause of the constitution, "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."

Therefore, congress can by the express words of the constitution except all appeals under the reconstruction acts. They have a perfect right to do so, and need only re-enact the words of the constitution in doing so. The supreme court have in several cases decided that congress had a right to limit their appellate jurisdiction and to regulate it just as they see proper. In the opinion of Chief Justice Taney, delivered in a case decided in the year 1846, to be found in 5 Howard, page 119, the Chief Justice says:

By the Constitution of the United States the Supreme Court possesses no appellate power in any case, unless conferred upon it by act of Congress; nor can it, when conferred, be exercised in any other form or by any other mode of proceeding than that which the law prescribes.

Chief Justice Marshall, in 1816, in a case reported in 6 Cranch, page 312, expressed the same doctrine; and so did Chief Justice Ellsworth, in 1796, in a case reported in 3 Dallas. I will read the language of Chief Justice Ellsworth in that case:

The Constitution, distributing the judicial power of the United States, vests in the Supreme Court an original as well as an appellate jurisdiction. The original jurisdiction, however, is confined to cases affecting ambassadors and other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party. In all other cases only an appellate jurisdiction is given to the court; and even the appellate jurisdiction is, likewise, qualified; inasmuch as it is given "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Here, then, is the ground, and the only ground, on which we can sustain an appeal. If Congress has provided no rule to regulate our proceedings we cannot exercise an appellate jurisdiction; and if the rule is provided we cannot depart from it. The question, therefore, on the constitutional point of an appellate jurisdiction is simply whether Congress has established any rule for regulating its exercise.

There is perfect power in Congress to take away the whole jurisdiction, and it follows that it can regulate that jurisdiction in any way.

The time has come to exercise that power and to wipe out this despotism of straw tyrants that was created by stealth, maintained by subserviency and defended by suppression of the truth.

Shomaker, the first of which will appear next week. These articles, written by a practical gardener of many years experience, who also sees the wider social significance of the thing he handles, will, we believe, be read with interest.

Scout News



HARRY JOHNSON.

This little Scout lives in Tacoma, Wash. He is 5 years old. His father writes that he sold 15 NATIONS in 3 hours and will try to repeat the feat every week. Harry's parents are social rebels and of course the little Scout wants to agitate. His cat is the only playmate he has not tried to convert.

Trial bundle sold like hot cakes. Send me 15 a week.—Rosa Bigler, Calif.

When I sold my first bundle of COMING NATIONS on the streets, I asked people if they wanted a paper. If they said no I told them it was a Socialist paper. Then I didn't lose any chance of selling a paper because it was a Socialist paper, since if they were opposed to it they had already said no and if they were not opposed to it I sold them because it was a Socialist paper. Another girl helped me this week.—Frances Lowrie, Ill.

My papers sold fine. I hope to come in for a larger number next time.—Earl Dinmore, Colo.

Am increasing my order. One man looked at my badge and said: "Here is the beginning of the Socialist Scouts in this town. Where will it stop?" "Not till we get

Socialism." I answered and he bought a paper from me.—Daniel Thomas, Jr., Pennsylvania.

Sold my first ten NATIONS in about an hour and a half. Am increasing my order this time.—Earl Cavanaugh, New York.

Sold my 20 papers in about 30 minutes, so will increase my order to 30 for this week.—Spencer Bowman, Wisconsin.

Have received my Trick box and am well pleased with it.—Kyle Simpson, Indiana.

Sold nine papers and gave one away. By hustling this week I can sell 20, so send me that many. I was thirteen years old the fourth of the month and finish the grade school this term.—James R. Ristine, Jr., Missouri.

Received my Scout badge and think it is fine. I wear it. Some of the school boys try to make sport of me, but I wear it just the same.—Clarence Vestal, Montana.

I have found the work very interesting. Nearly every one I speak to wants one.—Eugene E. Silver, California.

I can't increase my order every time, but a fellow has to have some patience. I am plugging away where people hardly know what Socialism is.—LeRoy Gens Ohio.

Had good luck with first bundle. One man gave me a quarter and another gave me 10 cents. I'm going to work for a Glascock racer.—Edgar Wright, Oregon.

Socialist Scouts

Mottos "The Appeal Is Mightier Than the Sword."

Any boy or girl with a moderate amount of ginger in his composition can make pocket money, earn valuable premiums and carry on a fine agitation for Socialism by joining the Socialist Scouts. The Scouts are at work in every state in the union and in most foreign countries where English is spoken and read. They form a great international movement that any child may be proud to belong to.

Scouts sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive premium coupons besides. These coupons are redeemable in watches, ice and roller skates, picture machines, electric engines, sleds, wagons and numbers of other toys.

It costs nothing to take up 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 to return heads of unsold copies. If you know of a child who is interested tell him to address "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.," and bundle of papers, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

The Critical Moment in Mexico

Events are moving to a stupendous climax in the Mexican revolution. The victory of the insurgents, unless interfered with by outside power, is certain. The conflict of interests within the ranks of American investors in Mexico makes such interference difficult. The power of the associated press has been used to suppress and distort the facts from the field.

Americans and Mexicans who have shown sympathy with the cause of revolt are threatened with imprisonment. The greater portion of the United States army is on the field to enforce that threat. The government that owes its existence to a Lafayette, a Pulaski and a Baron Steuben, and a host of other liberty loving men who came to its assistance in the dark days when it was struggling for birth, now is wielded in defense of a tyrant more despotic, more murderous many times over than any that ever sat upon the throne of England in colonial times.

The only voice raised in protest against this action of America is that of labor. That voice is speaking with a most emphatic sound. The San Francisco labor council, and labor and Socialist bodies throughout the southwest, have rallied to the support of the insurgent cause.

This has only added heat to the hate of the ruling class, and they now seek still further to deceive the great mass of the people as to the facts there. In the midst of this confusion and falsification the COMING NATION has secured the one man most competent to put before the people the truth in all its phases concerning the present situation. That man is J. Kenneth Turner, who, far more than any other one man, has exposed conditions in the despotism to the south. He writes directly from the camp of the insurgents, in close touch with all the leaders of the revolution, and in the next number of the COMING NATION will tell what he knows and what every man and woman, Socialist or non-Socialist, who has even a glimmer of the love of liberty in his or her mind, will want to know.

He has taken a series of photographs, which are the only ones taken, or ever can be taken, of the fight which has so far progressed. These photographs, showing the insurgent forces in action, their leaders, the scene of battle, the dead and wounded in themselves tell a vivid story supplementing the text. These pictures are copyrighted, and, therefore, the only place in which the truth about the Mexican revolution, up to the present time, either in word or picture, can be obtained, is in the columns of the COMING NATION.

The circulation of that issue will be the strongest blow that can be struck for the Mexican cause. It is for the readers of this to say how many readers there will be of the next issue. Call upon your news dealer to see that he is supplied. Purchase a bundle for sale or distribution by your own efforts. Enlist the co-operation of your Socialist local or union.

Bundles of ten or more will cost two and one-half cents a copy, and orders must be sent quickly that we may know how many to print.

Cheer O!

A. R. THURLOCKE.

When the leaves strew the tracks and the rooks eye the plough.

And the wind tries a tune on the bones of the year.

First a sigh and a sigh, then a creak of a bough,

And a shake at the oak-leaves dry and sore.

Then the redbreast peeps with a bold black eye.

And a much ruffled flank, and a neck all awry—

If the rest are all done, then at least he will try

A brave, sad song, for winter!

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

Socialist Women Demand Vote

BY MAY WOOD SIMONS.

Hundreds of Socialists and labor men and women, followed by suffragists and their friends, forming a splendid procession marched through the streets of staid old

Katherine Stevens. Boston Common, where once a woman was hung for free speech. They held their way toward the statehouse with the gilded dome and circle of brilliant lights.

The procession halted at Park and Beacon streets and forming in a compact mass listened to the Socialist speakers. The occasion of all this was that the evening of February 23d had been set for a hearing on the bill for woman's enfranchisement introduced by the Socialist women.

The Socialist women of Boston have been the first Socialist women in the United States to draw up their own bill asking for an amendment to their state constitution giving women the vote. They have been the first Socialist women to present their bill to the legislature, secure a hearing and make the speeches in support of their measure.

Fortunately for the Socialist women of Boston, Representative Morrill, Socialist, is a member of the legislature. In January Representative Morrill presented the woman's bill, the third bill to go before this session of the legislature. Every detail, not only of the bill, but of the hearing and the demonstration was planned by the capable and determined little group of Boston Socialist women.

was Mrs. Sue Ainslie Clarke, member of the Boston City Central Socialist club, president of the Boston Woman's Trade Union League and able writer and speaker. She described concrete conditions among working women that made the ballot imperative for them. No better exponent of their conditions could be found, for Mrs. Clarke has spent years in close study of the effects of industrial life on women, and the law makers listened with close attention as



Mary Mason

this earnest speaker made her plea for the working women.

Mrs. Clarke was followed by H. Moderwell, Harvard student, member of the Harvard Socialist club and of the Socialist party of Boston. Mr. Moderwell made a strong theoretical argument for the enfranchisement of women.

When the Socialists had presented their arguments, the remonstrance led by R. Saunders representing the anti-suffragists made the usual objections against the granting of the ballot to women.

While the hearing was in process the procession reformed at the close of the open air speaking and marched to Ford Hall. To this hall those who had spoken in the hearing came immediately and repeated the speeches they had made before the legislative committee.

This piece of work done in Boston might be done anywhere. There were just six women on the committee that formed the bill, arranged for the hearing and the open air demonstration. To be sure they had the hearty support of the men of the Socialist party of Boston, of the Socialist representative, Morrill and of their state secretary James Carey.

On this committee of women were Dr. Harriet Raasch, able physician and acting financial secretary of the City Central Socialist club of Boston; Charlotte K. Kruesi, formerly a fellow at the University of Pennsylvania; Elizabeth Goldstein, a stenographer; Mrs. Samuel Levenberg, wife and mother; Mary Mason of Watertown, a successful music teacher and Mrs. Katherine Rand Stevens, author and busy wife of a physician.

When the suffragists of Boston learned of the activity of the Socialist women they asked to be permitted to participate in the procession and marched in the parade that formed at 14 Park Square, the Socialist headquarters.

This splendid piece of agitation carried on by the Socialist women of Boston has not secured the vote for women in Massachusetts yet. That vote may not be secured until many such demonstrations are repeated but it has given new life, greater strength and self reliance to the Socialists, both women and men, of Boston.

Night Work of Women

Mrs. Florence Kelly in a speech on "Night Work Among the Telephone Girls," at the New York State Consumers League, drew a parallel between the bill making it illegal for any male under 21 years of age to carry messages between the hours of 10 p. m. and 5 a. m. and the present law fixing the age required for girls employed in night work at 16 years.

There is no reason, she said, why girls should not be as well protected as boys. Resolutions were passed asking that the national child labor committee and the state child labor committee cooperate to investigate conditions of telephone night work, and that the department of labor be asked to investigate conditions of night work for girls in general.

It was further announced that the league intends to support changes in the law relating to the employment of women and children in mercantile establishments so as to restrict women's labor to six days in the week and to extend the law regulating the employment of minors in factories to adult women as is the case in Ohio.—*New York Sun.*

Waking Song

BY MATHEW WARREN.

Waken, waken, Baby Blossom,
Open wide thine eyes so blue.
Are thy little petal lashes
Closed by fairies with the dew?
All thy flower-garden's calling,
Is our blossom coming soon?
We are drooping just to see her,
On this summer afternoon.

Waken, waken, Baby Blossom,
Mother fond is waiting here,
While the tiny sprites of Napiand
Tarry with her Baby Dear.
Say good-bye to them and hurry:
Playing time is nearly gone;
Mother's arms are waiting for thee
And shall hold thee close ere long.

Der Partners.

Der Kaiser, mit his partner, Gott,
Dey rule der vorid, mit shell and shot,
Und in der planning, like as not,
Der silent partner's Gott.

There is many a self-made man, who
is no credit to his maker.

It is safer to trust the Lord than
some of His people.



8865. One of the Season's Smart Blouse Effects.

Ladies' Waist and Tucker

There is a sense of being "in turn" at all times when one has blouses of the right style, and the style here shown is most appropriate. It is made with body and sleeve in one, and provided with a "tucker" that may be omitted if the blouse is used for a dressy occasion. Net, voiles, crepe de Chine and other soft materials, combined with silk or lace, will develop this design effectively. Or, cashmere, poplin, cloth or velvet may be used. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and 1 5-8 yards for the tucker for the 36-inch size.

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

Welcome Growth of Socialism

Dear Sister Socialists:

I often think of the scattered members of the great Socialist family and how fine it is that we have a paper that voices our sentiments without "fear or favor," as does the *COMING NATION*. It is not so very long ago since the very first Socialist pub-

lication was printed in America. It rejoices my heart to read of the grand work that is being done all along the line from New York to San Francisco, and from Texas to Canada. How glad I am that Sumner Rose, of Biloxi, Miss., at last sees some fruits for his years of labor!

Socialism is coming. It is surely on the way. We mothers and sisters don't want to be unprepared for it, so we must read and study so we can take an intelligent part in the improved government when it comes. Every busy mother should read something worth while every day. I know how busy you are. I've been right there; a farmer's wife with all that implies and yet the days are very few in my long life when I have not read something. I early taught my babies to let mother's book or paper alone, when I read as I held them.

I find much to interest and instruct in the *COMING NATION*. I read every word of it and if some of it doesn't suit you younger ones I am sure the woman's page itself does, and we can come there and see what our sisters are doing all over the world.

Some of you do not have the right to vote as we women do in Colorado, and you may think it is not necessary to inform yourselves on political matters, but you can't be very strong Socialists without seeing that the men need our help to bring in the Co-operative Commonwealth—the "good time coming," when every one shall get a square deal.

Then it really rests one to learn about the forward movement; it takes our minds off our worries, and sometimes we can see more clearly how to adjust our personal difficulties after we have read how some one has achieved success in large affairs of general interest.

History, biography, science, yes, and good fiction, help to build strong characters. If I may I will tell you sometime of the interesting work a few of us have done in reading the Chautauquan course.

I hope to see some letters from women Socialists in this page and if Mr. Editor will let me I'll come again and bring my knitting next time.

(MRS.) LINA M. EATON.

Arriola, Colo.

Home Helps

Good bread is the staff of life in most American households. To make it at home begin by preparing yeast as follows

Peel, mash and beat two medium size boiled potatoes, add, a little at a time, flour and warm water until you have used two cups of water, and two-thirds cup of flour, beating the mixture while adding these. Add heaping tablespoon of salt, and two of sugar, and start with half a cake of dry yeast the first time. Place in a warm place to rise. When twelve hours old it is ready for use.

For the bread use one cupful of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, to each quart of flour, and warm water to make a firm dough. Two quarts of flour makes four loaves of bread.

Flour differs so much that no rule as to amount of water to mix can be given. After mixing, dust board with flour, and knead the dough twenty minutes, keeping board dusted with flour. Grease pan, return dough to it, grease dough all over, cover with a cloth and a board, and set where it will keep warm, but not hot.

When light and spongy, stir down, and let rise again. Then form into loaves, let rise and bake in an evenly-heated oven from three-quarters to one hour, according to size of loaves.

When making yeast again, start it with a half cup of the old yeast which has been kept cool after the first rising.

With good flour, anyone can make good bread by the above rule.

When mixing doughnuts again try this rule. Dissolve one cup of sugar in a scant cup of sweet milk, add two unbeaten eggs, a good pinch of nutmeg, and two teaspoons (heaping) of baking powder, sifted with about three cups of flour. Mix and add enough flour to make a smooth dough. Cut into shapes and fry in hot olive oil, or whatever fat you use for cooking.

When making hot cakes try mixing the melted fat or oil in the dough instead of greasing the griddle. Better cakes with less trouble are the result.

Corn-meal mush is easier made by wetting the dry meal with cold water, then adding the boiling water, in sufficient quantity.

In these days no matter what a man has or what a man makes it is worthless to him if he can't sell it at a profit.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected.—*Johnson.*



Harriet L. Raasch Charlotte K. Kruesi

The bill reads:

To provide for an Amendment to the Constitution striking the word "Male" from the Qualifications of Voters.

Resolved, That article three of the articles of amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth is hereby amended by striking out in the first line thereof the word "male"; and that said amendment being agreed to by a majority of the senators and two-thirds of the members of the house of representatives present and voting thereon, shall be entered on the journals of both houses with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and referred to the general court next to be chosen; and that said amendment be published to the end that if agreed to in the manner provided by the constitution by the general court next to be chosen and approved and ratified by the majority of the qualified voters, voting thereon, it shall become a part of the constitution of the commonwealth.

Article of Amendment.

Article three of the articles of amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth is hereby amended by striking out in the first line thereof the word "male."

While the open air speaking was going on in Beacon street a part of the Socialist and labor women and men, as many as could be admitted, entered the chamber of the state house where the hearing was to be held. Already a great number of anti-suffragists occupied seats in the committee room.

The first speaker for the Socialists

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Durkie's Money-Garden

A STORY FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE

DURKIE and mamma went to make a visit to grandma and grandpa. Grandma and grandpa lived on a farm. Durkie's home was in a city.

Durkie wanted papa to go, too, but he said he must stay at home and earn money to buy bread and butter and shoes for Durkie. So mamma and Durkie went off on the train and papa stayed at home. And Durkie cried just a wee, little bit when the cars started and left papa standing on the platform throwing kisses to her.

Durkie's real name was Gertrude but everyone called her Durkie because that was the way she pronounced her name when she began to talk.

Grandpa and Uncle Will were making a garden. Durkie had never seen anything planted till then. She asked many questions and grandpa told her she might have a piece of ground and some seeds and make herself a garden. She spent many happy hours digging in her own dear little garden with the tiny garden set grandpa gave her.

It seemed strange to think that one of those tiny, round seeds would turn into a crisp, red radish; and that pretty yellow grain of corn would some day be a tall stalk with ears of corn growing on it!

Grandpa was setting out a new orchard, too. One day he let Durkie plant an apple tree no taller than she was. He told her about the sweet blossoms that would make the tree look like a snow-drift every spring, and the red apples that would grow on it after the blossoms were gone.

That set Durkie to thinking.

One day she came in with a very red face, took off her sunbonnet, sat down in her little chair and leaned her head against grandma's knee.

"Durkie's tired," said grandma laying her hand on the little girl's damp curls.

"Yes, I is tired, but I don't care," said Durkie. "Papa won't have to work any more to get money."

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked grandma.

"Durkie's been and made a money garden," said the little girl.

"A what?" asked grandma and mamma at the same time.

"Why, don't you know?" asked Durkie, very much surprised.

"I took all the nickels and dimes and pennies in my bank and planted them way down deep. And after while they'll be big trees, and when the flowers come off there'll be money hanging all over the trees; and poor papa can come to grandma's and he won't have to work to buy shoes for Durkie!" and poor little Durkie gave a great sigh, for she was very tired.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said grandma. "Where did you plant the money, dear? Come and show us."

Durkie took them first to one place and then another. She was not sure which was the place, but she said it didn't matter because after a while the money trees would come up and they would all know then.

She had to be told that money does not grow on trees and the poor little girl could not keep from crying.

Grandpa and Uncle Will did a great deal of digging, but not one of the dimes or nickels or pennies was ever found; but grandpa gave her just as much money as she had planted, and he took her to town and bought her a new doll and she soon stopped grieving about her money garden.

Her papa laughed when he heard about it and then he winked hard as if

he had something in his eye; and then he gave his little girl the hardest hug he had ever given her in her whole life!

Years afterward, when Durkie was a big girl—she must have been nine or ten years old—she learned how money is made. You know there are different kinds of money. The metals they are made from comes from different kinds of mines. Durkie's papa took her to see a silver mine. The mine was just a big, deep hole in the ground. Durkie said it was like going down an elevator shaft in a big building in a city. They went down in a kind of cage, down—down—till she thought they never would stop; so far that she was afraid and held tight to papa.

There was what she called "halls" opening from the shaft in different di-



Miners Drilling at Streak of Ore

rections. Other people called them "tunnels." Miners were at work there with picks and shovels digging out rock that had gold and silver in it. Some men made holes in the solid rock with drills. They put gunpowder in the holes. Afterwards the powder would be exploded and break the rock into pieces just as a fire-cracker is broken to bits when you light the string or fuse that is fastened to it. There is a fuse for every hole with powder in and when the holes are all made and filled with powder, the fuses are lighted and the men run away till their rock fire-crackers go off. They cannot come back for some time on account of the dust and smell of gunpowder. You know that whenever gunpowder is used accidents are liable to happen. You know or have heard of accidents that have happened just from using firecrackers.

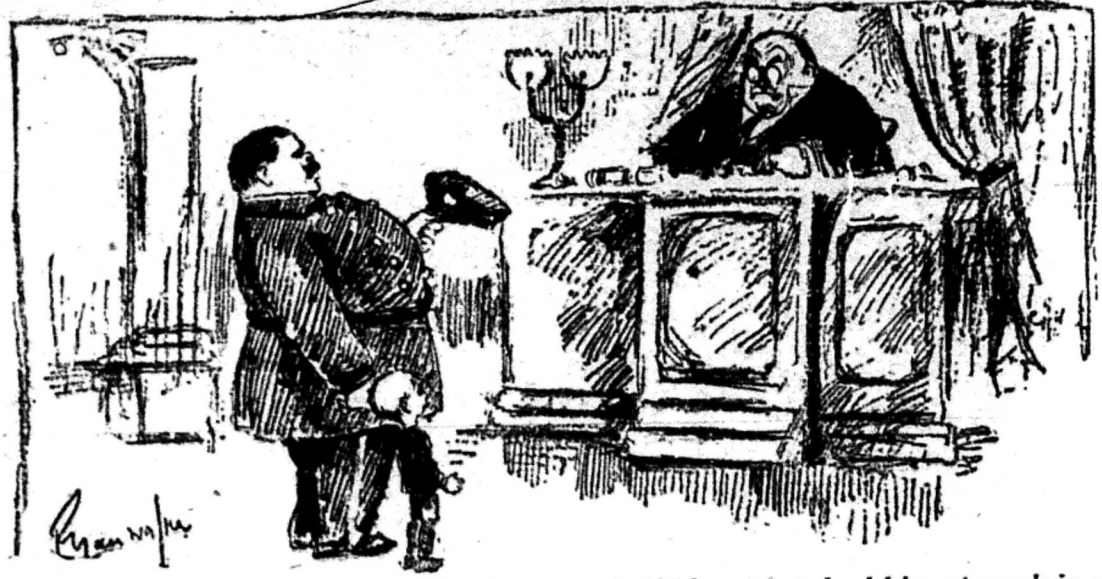


Miner at Work; Vein Ore

Many miners have been killed and injured because of using gunpowder in the mines.

Drilling holes into solid rock is very hard work. If you don't believe it, just try it some day. Perhaps your father will show you how it is done. It is dark and damp in the mines, and many miners suffer from rheumatism. Others have what is called "miners' con-

Childhood Under Capitalism



Judge: What! Playing ball in the streets! If his parents had him at work in a factory he would not get into mischief

sumption." It is caused by the bad air and rock-dust.

The miners had queer candlesticks with sharp points that they stuck into the walls of the tunnel. Some of their candle-sticks are made to wear in their hats or caps. You know if plants do not have sunlight, they will die, or they will not be strong. The men who work in the mines cannot have much sunshine and that is very bad for them.

After they left the mine, Durkie's papa took her through the mill where the rock or ore is crushed, and through the smelter where the silver is separated from the rock. It goes in as rock and comes out in silver bars, or bricks. But it would take too long for me to tell you about what she saw there.

Her papa could not take her to the mint, but he told her how the bricks of silver are taken to the mint, rolled thin and cut into round pieces, something like the way your mother rolls out cookie dough and cuts out cookies; and how the round pieces are put into a big machine that stamps what Durkie called the "pictures" on them—wild Indians, Miss Columbia in her liberty cap, and the eagle and others.

"You see, Durkie, darling," said her father, "the people who really make the money—who do the hardest, most dangerous work—have the least money. The miners wear poor clothes—you did not see any of them 'dressed up,' did you, dearie? Their families live in poor homes, and their food is not of the best. Fruit and vegetables and milk are generally very expensive and hard to get, in mining camps.

"But you will usually find that those who own the mines and machinery do very little work; or, at least, they do not do hard and dangerous work, and they have plenty—good clothes, good food and good homes.

"This is not right. People who will not work and who do not do useful work should not have all the good things while those who work hard at useful work have barely enough to live on. But the idlers will take the biggest share of the money and everything else as long as the workers will let them. When the workers make up their minds not to let them do this any more, the idlers will have to 'get busy' for there are many more workers than idlers.

And when that day comes, we shall have Socialism."

Sixteen Miles From a Railroad

Dear Editor:—

I live on the banks of the Columbia river, and sixteen miles north of Wilbur, our nearest railroad station. I am fourteen years old and am in the seventh grade. Our school house is two and a half miles from here. There are sixteen scholars enrolled.

I am the only one that goes from our house. I have three brothers and a sister, all older than myself, who are going to high school in Wilbur. As my mother is dead, I keep house for father and go to school too.

I intend to go to school until I graduate and then go to college. I wish all the boys and girls who get a chance would do so.

Father takes both the *Appeal to Reason* and the *COMING NATION*. I enjoy reading the children's page in the latter.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Clark, Wash.

MAE SCHEIBNER.

Little Talks With Coming Nation Children

Keeping Promises

If I fling a stone into the air, I expect it to drop. If I place my hand near the fire I expect to feel warmth. If I sow a seed in good ground, I expect to see a plant.

If I buy a concert ticket for seat No. 44, I expect to find this seat reserved for me when I go to the theater.

If your uncle says to you, "Tomorrow afternoon I will call for you and take you to the circus" you will eagerly expect him. And if he doesn't come you will say angrily, "Uncle didn't keep his promise."

So a promise is something you expect to be fulfilled, whether it is nature that promises, or a man that promises or a little child.

But before we make a promise we ought to think.

Once upon a time a crawling tortoise wanted to reach a higher place in the world, so he promised that if any bird would show him the glories of the air and earth, he would reveal a store of precious stones in a cavern. He didn't know where there were any precious stones and spoke thoughtlessly.

But an eagle heard him and gripping him with his talons, soared high in the air; and the tortoise saw the golden clouds and the cities of the earth.

"And now where are the diamonds?" asked the eagle.

But the tortoise couldn't keep his promise, so the eagle was enraged and let the tortoise fall upon a rock and ate him.

Then if you make a promise you ought to keep it in spite of difficulty.

There is an old Roman story about Regulus who was taken prisoner in a war with Carthage.

The rulers of Carthage said to him: "Go back to Rome and if you can persuade the citizens and Senate of Rome to make peace with us, you may remain there. If not, you must promise to return here."

Regulus promised. He went back to Rome and embraced his wife and little children. But the Senate of Rome would not make peace, so Regulus returned to Carthage and was put to death. He kept his promise, although it was hard.

But above all, be careful of making foolish promises which ought never to be made. Such promises, if they are made are better not kept.

Once upon a time a king had a splendid feast, and because a dancing-girl pleased him, he cried in his excitement: "Bravo! Well danced. Ask whatever you will and it shall be given you."

Then with a courtesy the maiden said: "Give me the head of John the Baptist in a dish."

The king was shocked, but because he had promised, he sent a soldier to behead the Baptist. His promise was foolish. It would have been better for him had he not kept it.

So think carefully before you promise and when you have promised something you can perform, KEEP IT FAITHFULLY.

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.

Maurer in Pennsylvania

BY EDMOND MCKENNA.

The Pennsylvania state capitol is the Mother Church of Graft.

Its high priests of the black faith capitalism have made the constitution the infernal rubrics of their plunder creed. Its cardinals of crimson shame still the sea of social strife with the malignant oils of bribery. In its corridors morose monks of mammon chant their thieves' litany. Its worshippers are wet-kneed in a pollution they call politics. In this marble mouth to hell, honesty is shackled and honor shorn of both her wings.

Socialism has entered here, wide-eyed and unafraid. It has come a weary



James H. Maurer

way; through a desert of selfishness; through a sea of sorrow; through a mire of misery! through a wilderness of woe. It has come to impeach the divine right to create and perpetuate wrong. It has come to preach peace in halls that echo the jungle-cry of political rapine; and to those that labor and are heavy laden its tones are sweeter than the camel bell that tinkles when the weary caravan rests by the city gates.

Here Socialism stands alone in a boundless contiguity of graft and leads the purple testament of bleeding labor's fight.

Alone among Hessians of finance whose consciences lie buried in the bills that bought them.

Alone among vices' novitiates and victims whose eyes covet the public purse to feed their red, pulpy, squat desire.

Alone among unctious philanthropists, who with one hand publicly put a penny in the urn of poverty and with the other stealthily take a dollar out.

Alone, among owners of men who have looked so long into furnace mouths that now their babes' pale lips seem coral.

Alone among mine owners whose slaves in hurried dalliance delve in un-sunned deeps.

Alone among dispensers of charity whose hollow hearts are colder than forsaken birdsnests filled with snow.

Socialism's lone representative at Harrisburg is James H. Maurer of Reading, and he is not so much its representative as its incarnation. He feels with its senses, thinks with its brains and works with its hands. He is a man of large revolutionary thirst, but his deals march calmly, his soul never spits froth nor sings in fever. His blood is the ripest juice of class revolt. He is full with

the philosophy that makes hope scientific and to him comradeship is a thing devout.

Maurer is a tough, rugged, square-built type of working class man, of what is known as medium height. He was born April 15, 1864. His father dying when he was six years old, he early learned the common sorrows of the poor. Newsboy at seven. Machinist's apprentice at sixteen, day worker since, complete his simple annal. When a little older than sixteen years he was initiated into Washington Assembly, Knights of Labor. He came to the Socialist party from the Socialist Labor party in 1901. For thirty years working class progress has been his religion.

In Maurer's district as elsewhere, the work of building up the party to its present power has been long and arduous. It is only a few years since the peoples' reply to the Reading Socialists' pleadings was as faint as the faintest answer that echo makes. Now it is a shout of encouragement and applause. Contrary to the general expectation, Maurer has not been ignored in the legislature. He has been put on eight of the most important committees of the house; namely, labor and industry, corporations, railroads, pensions, library, constitutional reform, retrenchment and printing.

The first bill he introduced was one to repeal the law creating the state constabulary. His next an initiative and referendum bill, based on the Oregon law. A workingman's compensation act, perhaps the most revolutionary measure ever put before an American legislature, will be presented this week. A bill to take the appointment of factory inspectors out of the governor's hands and to make the office an elective one is nearly ready. A bill to pension the blind and a measure to abolish the inhuman eviction and trespass law, under which the striking miners and their families in the Cumberland coalfields, are suffering so grievously, are in course of preparation.

Jailed for Criticizing Murderers

H. C. Tuck, editor of the *World*, published at Oakland, California, has been sentenced to ninety days in jail for having criticized the police for murdering a daughter of the working class. Such a statement reminds one of the days of the French Revolution and their *lettres de cachet*, and the story of the whole affair reads like a page from Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities."

The police of Oakland, in common with those of nearly every other city, have a practice of arresting members of the working class and throwing them into jail without making any record of the case. In Oakland this is called the detainee system, in Chicago it is simply referred to as locking up without "booking." In all such cases the victims are subject to the abuses of the police, to sweating, to the "third degree," and any other outrage that the brutal trade of man handling may have inspired in those having charge of the victim.

The police of Oakland arrested Lizzie Wolgethan on suspicion of having some knowledge of an incendiary fire. No charges whatever were ever preferred against her, however, and the police now do not seem to pretend that she was guilty of any crime. There is not the slightest charge against her character in any other way. She was arrested, no charge placed against her, but was thrown into a foul cell, refused the services of a physician, and her father

and other relatives denied access to her. After two days of this confinement, her corpse was carried from the jail and turned over to her family.

The *World* published a cartoon charging the chief of police with responsibility for the murder and told the story of the crime. The editor was then arrested for "mis-demeanor libel," which charge made it possible to have him tried by the police courts under the control of the persons who were attempting to suppress his paper. Naturally he was convicted and is now serving a three months sentence in the Oakland jail. The cartoon which led to his imprisonment was reproduced by him immediately after with the single change of striking out the face of the police official and inserting a question mark, in the form in which it appears on page sixteen of this issue.

If it was thought to stifle criticism by jailing the Socialist editor, a big mistake was made as the exposure of and the indignation at the system by which members of the working class can be imprisoned without warrants and murdered in secret is rising to a volume which would never have been possible had not the editor of the *World* been so prosecuted and persecuted.

The Making of a Socialist

BY FRANCIS MARSHALL ELLIOTT.

A personal recollection of how it was accomplished.

ONE bright October day some fifteen years ago the subject of this sketch was a passenger upon a railroad train on the plains of western Kansas.

His temporary occupation was that a political spell binder for the grand old democratic party. A campaign was then in progress and he was on the pay roll of the national democratic committee as a public speaker.

Upon this particular occasion he was traveling from one appointment to another, when an incident occurred that was destined to change, not only the political course of a lifetime, but to remold and reshape the course of at least one human life itself.

As the train came to a stop at a small station, a sunburned farmer, gray and grimed, came aboard; he carried across his arm a roll of papers. Slowly he passed down the aisle of each car, leaving in the lap of every passenger a copy of the paper which he carried.

I shall never forget the impression which flitted across my mind as this son of the soil approached my side, no more than I shall ever have erased from the tablets of my memory the events which followed. What was the message which he carried? What impelled him to his task? His mien was not that of a man employed for sordid pay to perform the task which he essayed. Rather did he appear to be performing a work of love for his features were suffused with a serious smile, a smile, not of mirth, but a smile of pleasant, joyous, eager, anticipation. I have seen such a smile upon the face of a mother as she ministered to her child but seldom upon any other human face.

As he silently laid his offering upon my knee he passed beyond my ken forever, for at the approaching station he left the train and I never saw him again.

Slowly and curiously I opened the sheet before me. In garish black letters appeared the words *Appeal to Reason*. Glancing hastily down the column my eye caught in many places the word *Socialism*. The term bore no more meaning to me than if it had been a Chinese character. College graduate, though I was, editor and attorney-at-law, as well, and political orator of more than state wide reputation, yet I must confess that Socialism and I were

as complete strangers theoretically and in fact as though one or the other had never previously existed.

Suddenly I saw the gentleman who occupied the seat immediately across the aisle crumple his paper, tear it in pieces and with an audible oath stamp it beneath his feet. With the shame of a thief I thrust my own copy beneath the folds of my coat. Such is the tribute which ignorance pays to smug respectability. If the contents of the sheet were such to arouse the profane ire and indignation of the well dressed, prosperous, and evidently intelligent gentleman across the aisle, then surely I could not afford to be caught openly defying the conventions by coolly perusing the paper in public!

But I had a consuming curiosity to know the cause of the gentleman's ire and so I concealed and retained my copy. That night after filling my engagement, I sat in the privacy of my room at the hotel and scanned the contents. As I read my wrath too arose; time after time I flung the sheet upon the floor. My cheeks flamed crimson as I placed my own ignorant construction upon paragraph after paragraph of that publication. It was an attack upon the very citadel of society. It sought to undermine the very foundation of human government. Nothing appeared to be safe from the profane pen of this editor. At last my indignation knew no bounds and I did a thing for which I have never ceased to be ashamed.

I called for pen and paper and in the righteousness of my new born wrath I wrote J. A. Wayland a letter in which I abused him to the limit of my vocabulary; I suggested that his paper ought to be suppressed and its editor hanged or driven to seek the companionship of beings as politically depraved as himself, if such existed anywhere upon this earth, which I very much doubted.

With much mental relief I consigned my letter to the mails and quite forgot the incident. Imagine my unadulterated surprise, when, upon reaching my office some weeks later, to find awaiting me, a letter couched in the politest of terms, acknowledging receipt of my letter and congratulating me upon the evidence of my awakening! "It is only a matter of education" the letter pursued; "Once upon a time I was as rabid a republican as you now appear to be a democrat. The only difference between you and me, politically, is that I have arrived and you are on the way."

The letter concluded by stating that under separate cover the writer had sent several pamphlets which he invited me to read after which he would be pleased to hear from me again. I read—and I never made another political address for two years. Meantime I wrote J. A. Wayland a letter of abject apology and asked him to forward to me any books or pamphlets of which he knew relating to the new philosophy. Within a month a box containing more than forty volumes arrived; it contained every thing from Plato's Republic to Sir Thomas More's Utopia; and from Karl Marx's Capital to Bellamy's Looking Backward! Oh, it was a furious feast to set before an intellectually hungry man; and I devoured it. Not in one mighty gorge but slowly and with reason and in meditation did I absorb that feast. I had not proceeded far before I realized the magnificent size of the hiatus which represented my economic and political knowledge.

At the expiration of two years I was an acknowledged and confirmed Socialist; as the years have passed my convictions have met confirmation ten thousand times. In every way at my limited command I have sought to serve the cause. Nor have I ever forgotten to daily bless the unnamed, unknown angel in disguise who, "casting pearls before swine" brought to my unwelcome attention the philosophy of hope and achievement for all the children of men.

What's in the New Books

"The Chasm" By Geo. Cram Cook. Stokes Company. Cloth, 379 Pages. \$1.25.

In this book the plot, based upon "the inevitable triangle" of two men and a woman, is given new life and interest by "the chasm" of the class struggle which yawns between one of the men and the other with the woman.

Marion Moulton, the daughter of a rich manufacturer of Moline, Illinois, around which, and the neighboring cities of Rock Island and Davenport, the scene of the first half of the book is laid, comes back from Europe to convince her father that she should marry a Russian nobleman, Theodor De Hohenfels. Imperious and headstrong, she meets her father's opposition and prepares to overcome it. With the daring which has made him a master of industry, she discards many of the ordinary social conventions and has little of the pride of caste. She meets with Walter Bradfield, her father's gardener. Bradfield is a Socialist, self-educated, with a virile grasp of things, and strength of character absent from those with whom she has been meeting in her own class. He does not preach Socialist sermons to her, but the reader of the conversations will gain an insight into social philosophy which would not be gained by the reading of many treatises on the subject. Just as Walter and Marion find themselves drawn together, De Hohenfels appears on the scene, having come from Russia in pursuit of his expected bride. In the first battle for favors the chasm is too wide to be bridged and De Hohenfels marries Marion and takes her to Russia.

Then the scene shifts to that country. We are brought into contact with the Russian revolution. Marion finds herself attracted by the revolutionists in whom she recognizes spirits kindred to Bradfield and to her better self. Once more the struggle across the chasm begins. This time within the family. De Hohenfels, a liberal, with empty sympathy for the people, is crushed between the forces of reaction and the revolution and to save himself forfeits one by one the impulses that might have led him into the struggle for at least a bourgeois liberalism. Then comes a time when Marion is forced to choose between her husband, now grown indifferent and unfaithful to her as well as to all that has ever been best in him, and the cause of the revolution with the lives of her friends. She chooses to cast in her lot with the revolutionists and De Hohenfels divorces her.

Of her experiences in the underground world of revolt, her meeting there with Bradfield who has come to Russia with the double purpose of acting as newspaper correspondent and helping in the revolution and the final outcome, it is not the function of a book reviewer to speak, as the finding out of how these things worked out is a pleasure of which the prospective reader should not be deprived.

It is a book with a mission and also with a strong plot. It is doubtful if any stronger novel has come from the presses in recent years. Its strength lies in the fact that the writer has made his situations and characters picture the story which he has to tell, including the moral. He never finds it necessary to introduce speeches, editorials or monologues to carry the moral which he wishes to convey.

We have no hesitation in saying that of all the so-called Socialist novels that have been published in this country The Chasm is by far the strongest, most thrilling in plot and clearest in the philosophy that underlies its words. The

author is a member of the Davenport local of the Socialist party, and as this is his first novel there is hope of much great and good work from his pen.

New Socialist Play

An original play, dealing with political conditions and the rise of the Socialist party, entitled "The Servant of the People," written by Phillips Cheynoweth, a member of the junior class at the University of Wisconsin, was presented by the junior class at the Fuller opera house in connection with the junior promenade, February 18th.

The cast is as follows: Elmer R. Block, Champaign, Ill.; Clarence Cudahy, Milwaukee; Alice Ringling, Baraboo; Fannie Browne, Madison; Floyd Carpenter, Marion; William A. Kierzman, Eau Claire; John Fraser, Jr., Milwaukee; Frank D. Hayes, Janesville; Arthur G. Zander, Milwaukee.

The new drama club, recently organized at the University of Wisconsin to encourage the production of the best plays, gave last week a successful performance of Materlinck's "The Intruder," as the first of a series of performances of the higher type of drama.



Leaving the work house to become pensioners. Effect of the Old Age Pension Law in England.—The Sphere.

Clippings and Comment

Volume two of the report on the condition of "Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States" has just been issued as Senate Document number 645. This report, which is to make 19 volumes, promises to be one of those great store houses of information revealing the dark side of capitalist society that will remain buried in great libraries, save as now and then an investigator will dig out portions of it and bring it to the knowledge of the people.

The second volume deals with the manufacture of men's ready made clothing. This industry employed in 1905 137,190 workers. In spite of the fact that its product is rapidly increasing in recent years with the application of electric power and the almost complete disappearance of domestic production of clothing, yet the number of employes has decreased from 144,926 in 1890 to the figures just given. In other words, while the value of the product has increased, the number of workers has grown smaller, thus proving that there is an actual displacement of labor by the introduction of improved machinery.

The shop workers have by far the best conditions here. Wages are higher the hours are shortest, and there is some sort of associated resistance to exploitation, yet even here the average wage of adult males is only ten dollars and fifty-two cents per week, and the average yearly earnings only about five hundred dollars.

But a great portion of the clothing is produced in homes. Here the factory has been carried into the living apartments and the home, as such, ceases to exist. Concerning the hours in this industry, the report says:

Because of long periods of idleness when they can earn nothing these women make the most of the busy season when it comes, and when plenty of work is to be had the combined labor of the whole family, all day and often at night, is utilized. They take as many garments as they can possibly secure, and then work unrelenting hours, and strain to the utmost to complete their tasks.

These periods of intense work alternate with other periods of the most horrible, haunting toil of hunting for work, since the average employe in this trade has only 210 days' work per year. In a great majority of cases the husband and father is working in some other line of industry, but even with

his earnings the average combined income of the family is but \$515.00.

Just how completely the factory has supplanted the home is shown by the statement that "almost all the finishing was done in kitchens and bed rooms." One is not surprised in view of these facts that, "as a class the home workers visited in New York are anaemic, poorly nourished individuals, living in overcrowded apartments in the most congested sections of the city. Homes lack everything in the way of furniture but the barest necessities. Rearing large families in the most depressing surroundings, the women give their entire time to their 'finishing' work and household duties. * * * * Nothing could be added to or taken from these homes to increase their squalor. One is not surprised that the homes are dirty most of the time—the surprising thing is that they are ever clean, and that these tired women take time Saturdays or Sundays to 'wash the house.'"

The murderous character of such conditions is vividly conveyed in the observation that "a rosy, robust home finisher was never encountered in this investigation." A more vivid idea of the inhuman long hours which must exist is gained by this statement in regard to wages: "About 5 cents an hour is what can be earned by a good worker. A home finisher's business in life is finishing, and the conditions of labor are such that, even though she remains in her own home while at work, her necessarily constant attention to her work renders her children practically motherless."

The report notices that "the labor union advocates the abolition of the home work," but it also finds that "thus far the union has not been strong enough in the clothing industry to enforce the demand for the abolition of home work."

Perhaps the portion of the report that will be most apt to produce results, since it will come directly home to a wider circle, are those pages which tell how sweat shop work is a means of transmitting disease to the entire population. There are twelve pages given to the illustration and instances discovered by the investigators of the production of goods for the general market in homes where there were cases of infectious diseases. "It was learned

that doctors who will agree to conceal diseases from the health department are the most popular with garment workers."

The report notices that this great industry arose out of the Civil War. At the beginning of that war the government had a factory employing between eight and ten thousand workers for the manufacture of uniforms. This factory and the system of government production was not extended. There were too great profits open for the private production of shoddy uniforms and the exploitation of the workers was turned over to private industry. Between 1875 to 1880, the great flood of immigrants coming into the cities afforded a source of labor power which was seized upon and led to the further development of the industry. In this period also came the beginning of the introduction of machinery. From that time to the present the great feature of the industry has been the steady growth of machine production, the increase of product and profit, the decrease in the number of employes and the growing misery of the workers.

Socialism in the French Army

Jules Guesde, one of the famous leaders of the Socialists of France, made the following declaration in the course of a speech delivered at a meeting of the Socialist party local of Bordeaux, France:

"We (the Socialists) are finding incalculable assistance among the soldiers of the French army, an organization in which the bourgeoisie places its last and principal hope; officers do not wish to play the part of being the defenders, not of the nation, but of the money bags of certain individuals; numbers of the soldiers remember that they are proletarians. The bourgeoisie can no longer count on the army, as a whole, for support; tomorrow the army will desert the bourgeoisie and the pitchforks of the peasants will rise with the bayonets of the soldiers in successful revolution."

Congress can not much longer remain willfully blind to the truth, and the truth is that the vast majority of the American people are taxed without justice for the benefit of a small number, and the burdens of the lazy rich are borne by the patient shoulders of the working poor.—Hon. McDermott.

"The truth is always the strongest argument"—Sophocles.

Living Upon the Young

By Oscar Leonard

Then next I heard the roar of mills;
And moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld,
Were little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows were
pale,
Their eyes were sad and old;
But by the labor of their hands,
Greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voices
"Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these,
So have ye done it unto me."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHILD labor is essentially a capitalistic institution. In its greed capital has not and will not stop at anything. It will rob the little children of their childhood as readily as it will take away the mother from her children and put her in the mill, shop, factory or even mine. It is all a question of profits, of dollars and cents. If the labor of the child can be bought cheaper than that of its father or mother, out goes father or mother from the factory and in comes the child. And so the problem of child labor is closely allied to the problem of unemployment. These like all other problems are essentially problems of capitalism which must be solved and shall be solved by those most concerned—the working people.

Now let us see how vast this problem is in the United States. Out of a total of 9,613,252 children between the ages of 10 and 15 inclusive, in the United States in 1900, there were at work 1,750,178. In other words 18 per cent of all children of those ages were driven early to the wheel of labor. These children were placed at a disadvantage. They will never grow up into complete manhood or womanhood. Their bodies and minds will never be developed to the fullest extent. Here is what H. H. Horne, Ph. D., in his *Philosophy of Education* has to say about putting children to work at an early age:

It is only an all around development of the whole nervous system during the growing period that is surety of an integral individual and an all around education which men praise so much. What a rude violence is done nature's gifts when children are taken from primary and secondary schools and made to become winners of bread for the family! Or when children are cast upon their own resources in the big world.

The Chance of the Children

What chance for all around development have these boys and girls who at the age of ten are compelled to work? I am not talking now about children under ten who work. We have no figures dealing with them. Nor is the actual number of children at work less than two million as shown by the Census figures. The figures are extremely conservative. The Census Bureau says so. Still even conservative figures show us that in 1900 there were close to two million children between the ages of 10 and 15 at work in this country. The new census figures which will probably not be ready for general consumption for a couple of years will undoubtedly show an increase in the number of working children. The increase between 1880 and 1900 was about 3 per cent. I venture that the first decade of the twentieth century will show a much larger increase. The increase will probably be in children working in mines, shops and factories. At present there are 1,061,971 children engaged in agricultural pursuits. The rest were engaged in all other occupations enumerated by the census.

Girls in the Mines

Of all children engaged in gainful occupations 142,105 were 10 years of age; 158,778, were 11; 221,313, were 12; 268,427, were 13; 406,701 were 14 years old, and 552,854, were 15 years old. These figures show that over 17 per cent of all working children were under 12. By sexes the working children can be divided as follows. Boys 1,265,411; girls, 485,767, or 72.2 per cent and 27.8 per cent respectively.

Of all girls who worked in 1900 over

42 per cent were less than 14 years old. The percentage of boys under 14 was a fraction over 46. Now if we look at the children employed in occupations exclusive of agriculture we have a total number of 588,207. Of these 409,721 are boys and 278,486 girls. Or almost 60 per cent boys and 40 per cent girls. Of these children 186,358 are between the ages of ten and thirteen.

Of these children quite a number are employed in rather dangerous occupations. Nine thousand of them are engaged in mines and quarries. Among these are 39 girls. Remember all these children are not over 13. Why should a girl of 10, 12, or 13 be allowed to work in a mine or in a quarry? If 39 are allowed to do it, a double number will be allowed and if a double number is allowed, why not allow girls to take the places of the boys, if they can be gotten to work for smaller wages? This is the manner in which capitalism does its work of destruction.

Let us now turn to the servants and waitress class. We find a total of 49,461 children between the ages of 10 and 15 earning bread in these pursuits. This time the number of girls exceeds that of boys, there being 39,862 girls and almost 10,000 boys. Why any girl between 10 and 13 should be allowed to work as a servant or as a waitress is hardly explainable except on the grounds of social recklessness. If we look at it from the purely physiological point of view, we find that girls at so early an age are injured for life by exacting work. Says George M. Kober (M. D., chairman District of Columbia Child Labor committee in the *Annals of American Academy of Political Science* (March, 1906):

Physiologists have long since demonstrated that the muscles of the average child attain only at the age of 13 a certain amount of strength and capacity for work. Up to this time the muscular fibers contain a large per cent of water, and in consequence are very tender and immature. As a consequence of this imperfect muscular development it is not surprising that we find such a large percentage of children engaged in workshops, factories, or even writing desk or merchant counter, develop lateral curvature of the spine and other muscular deformities, not to mention their general predisposition of rickets, tuberculosis and other pulmonary diseases.

Murder of Morals

Not only are we burning the candle at the wrong end by permitting nearly 40,000 girls to work as servants and waitresses before they are even the age of 14, but we are placing them in a position where very few will keep their moral well-being intact. At so early an age a girl easily falls victim to the hyenas in human form with whom she comes in contact as a result of her occupation. From this class probably a large percentage of the 50,000 girls who are yearly swallowed up by the mire of vice houses, are recruited. Statistics show that the largest per cent of prostitutes come from the servant and waitress class.

Another dangerous industry, dangerous to health, is the textile industry, which employs 26,774 children between 10 and 13. Of these, nearly 12,000 are boys and over 14,000 girls. In other words the spindles are weaving not only cloth, but they are weaving into the cloth the lives of almost 27,000 boys and girls under 14. These children grow old before their time. Their lungs are filled with lint and their lives are blasted forever. They become wrecks and go on the human scrap heap while the son and daughter of the employer is yet at the golden age of growing man and womanhood.

I have only touched upon two or three of the occupations of these children between 10 and 13. It remains for me to add that they are found in almost all occupations enumerated by the census. It is admitted even by the census bureau that the problem of

child labor lies particularly in this age group, "which includes practically all child breadwinners enumerated by the census whose employment is justly regarded as a grave evil and a menace to the welfare of the nation, and on the other hand probably includes comparatively few whose employment is entirely unobjectionable."

Why the Children Work

Let us now have a glimpse at the child labor problem as it exists for various groups of people—negro, white, native and foreign born and others. Of the 1,300,178 children between the ages of 10 and 15 at work in the United States, 851,002 are native white—both parents being native. Of the native white children, one or both parents are foreign born, 293,210 are engaged in bread winning. Of the foreign born white children, 97,944 work at all occupations. Of the 1,290,484 negro children between 10 and 15 years of age, 516,274 or 40 per cent are engaged in gainful occupations. Most of them are at work in the southern cotton fields and quite a number in other occupations. Of the Indian and Mongolian children of the ages mentioned above, 5348, or a little over 15 per cent, are bread winners.

Now that we have an idea of the child labor problem in the United States we naturally desire to know why so many children are sent to work. Of course the answer that we can readily give is: poverty. But for scientific purposes it is best to be specific as far as possible. As Socialists, we always do and always should try to have a sound basis in all our investigations and assertions. Let us see what various persons who have investigated the matter have found. Dr. George B. Mangold, associate director of the St. Louis School of Social Economy, in his splendid book on child problems places the causes of child labor mainly under five heads: avarice of parents; desire of the child to work; greed of employers; modern industrial conditions; indifference of the public. All five causes to my mind can be reduced to one: the present economic system. It is this system which makes people avaricious because the spectre of poverty stares us all in the face. Independence being measured in dollars and cents, it begets in the child a desire to work that he may be "independent." The present system makes for greed of employers and gives this greed the best opportunity for exercise. The same system makes it possible for a few to turn the industrial conditions and machinery into a curse to all the rest. And the indifference of the public is also traceable directly to the economic system under which we live as its motto seems to be: "Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The children seem to be hindmost when they should be foremost.

Low Wages the Cause

In a personally conducted investigation by John Spargo of the cause of child labor in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, he found out of the 213 cases investigated, 123 or 57 per cent were a result of low wages of the father. The others were indirect results of poverty. For a detailed table of the cases see Spargo's "The Bitter Cry of the Children" (page 145).

All other investigations prove the same thing. Low wages of the father send children to work at an early age. The census bureau admits that the economic conditions of the parents are responsible for child labor. And the census cannot be suspected of being partial to the laboring people. Of

course, it is generally understood that rich people do not send their children to work. Like all other burdens this, too, is a burden which falls upon the poor. The anguish and heartache it creates for them can not be set down in figures. You can not give the emotional side of any problem in figures. You can get some idea of the misery to which the working people are subjected even in so prosperous a country as the United States. But even then the idea is a faint one as compared with seeing these working children. Spargo has seen a little Italian girl of four at eleven o'clock at night helping her mother make artificial flowers. As the little head drooped every few minutes the mother would touch her gently saying

Non dormire, Annetta. Solamente pochi altri, solamente pochi altri. (Do not sleep, Annetta, only a few more, only a few more.)

Annetta would be but a unit of the vast throng of working children. The figure one would be employed to represent her. Can that figure represent the harm done to this child by keeping her at work at eleven o'clock at night? Can figures give the ache of the mother's heart as she kept her little one from going to sleep?

And when you think of the thousands of children, who, like Annetta, are robbed of their childhood by greed, you can not help feeling that the working people of this country have a problem before them which they must settle along with so many other problems. These children are flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood. We must not wait for philanthropically inclined persons to do for our children what we should do for them. Nor is there any reason why we should stand by and allow ourselves as a nation to live upon our young. Animals aid their young. Savages allow their young to play that they may grow into strong men and women. Shall we drive our young into dark mines and noisy factories and thereby take from their fathers the possibility of earning bread? This is precisely what we have been doing. We have allowed greed to change the maxim of the Lover of Men who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," we have allowed organized greed to change this saying into: "Come unto me little children that you may suffer and that my wealth may grow even as your health is destroyed."

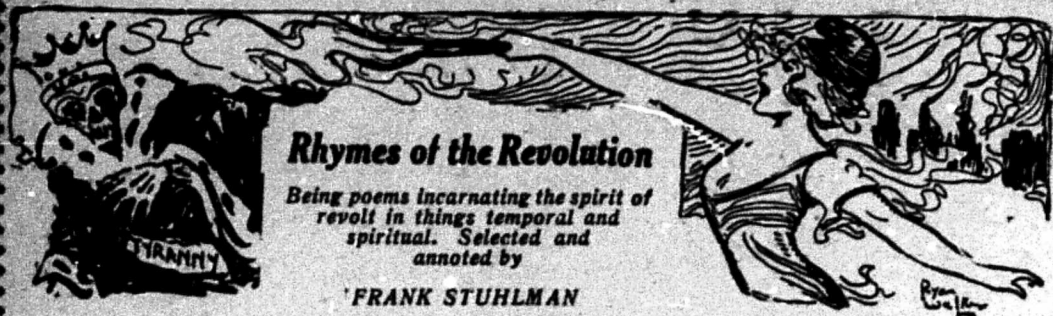
The Transformation

No revolution ever rises above the intellectual level of those who make it and little is gained where one false notion supplants another. But we must some day, at last and forever, cross the line between nonsense and common sense. And on that day we shall pass from class paternalism, originally derived from fetish fiction in times of universal ignorance, to human brotherhood in accordance with the nature of things and our growing knowledge of it; from political government to industrial administration; from competition in individualism to individuality in co-operation; from war and despotism, in any form, to peace and liberty.—Thomas Carlyle.

I agree with the Socialist writers in their conception of the form which industrial operations tend to assume in the advance of improvement, and I entirely share their opinion that the time is ripe for commencing this transformation and that it should, by all just and effectual means, be aided and encouraged.—John Stuart Mill.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

There are people who are so afraid of doing wrong that they do nothing.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Society

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

NOTE—W. D. Howells, "the dean of American letters," is a world figure in literature and a believer in Socialism. Besides his two distinctively socialistic "Altruistic" books, "Annie Kilburn," "A World of Chance" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," all are illumined by the light of Socialism. Mr. Howells has said: "I first became interested in Socialism when I heard Lawrence Gronlund lecture in Buffalo. Through his address I was led to read his book, 'The Co-operative Commonwealth.' Afterward I read 'The Fabian Essays.' I was greatly influenced by some tracts by William Morris. The greatest influence came, however, through reading Tolstoy. As to Socialism in America, one sees it advancing all about him, yet it may be years before its ascendancy. On the other hand it may be but a short time. An episode may change history. A turn here or there and we may find our nation headlong on the road to the ideal commonwealth."

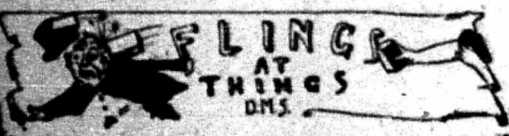
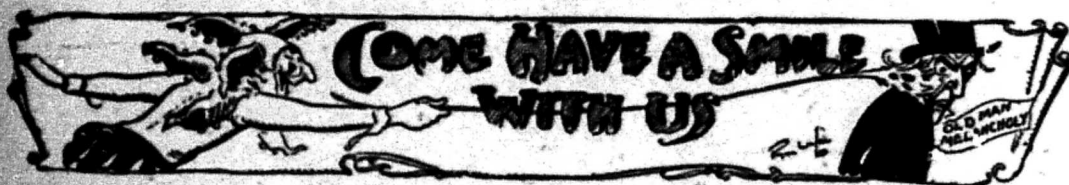
Mr. Howells is, also, the author of some very fine poetry, which does not receive the attention it deserves. The following is a graphic picture of the society that revels in frivolous pleasures upon the crushed lives of the workers.

I.

I looked and saw a splendid pageantry
Of beautiful women and of lordly men.
Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain,
Where poppies and the red anemone,
And many another leaf of cramoisy,
Flickered about their feet, and gave their stain
To heels of iron or satin, and the grain
Of silken garments floating far and free,
As in the dance they wove themselves or strayed
By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed,
Or curtsied to each other, or else played
At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid
In their delight; and all so high and proud,
They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

II.

I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head,
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore
For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before
The revellers above them, thronged and pressed.



The Mystery

There isn't any wonder
That places man in check.
All willing nature under
His magic bends the neck;
How subtle or how cunning
No odds to them he gives,
He has things trained and running
Save those by which he lives.

The strong and stubborn forces
Of water, each and air,
He puts them through the courses
And makes each go its share;
With daily toil and struggle
He piles his trade or art,
Then lets some loafer juggle
Away the better part.

With want, whose clutches rattle
Forever at this throat
Why should he have to battle
And always be the goat?
When he might after shaking
Old customs from the shelf,
From things of his own making
Proceed to help himself?

The world with all its treasure
Is waiting idly by
For him to take its measure
And every want supply;
He has the force of numbers;
The way by seers is shown
To rouse him from his slumbers
And come into his own.

Provided For

King Manuel is to receive a pension
of \$100 a day."
"That will be a great relief to him."
"Yes, he will not have to go to work."
"I do not know that work was on his mind, but he won't have to marry an American heiress."

Unselfish

When men are burning as with fire
And fume around and fuss and fret
To save the country they desire
To save it for themselves, you bet.
They cry aloud for honest men
The state through rocks and shoals to steer
But you can bet a bran new ten
They want an office, never fear.
For every great reform they stand,
The leader, brave and true and strong,
Who dares to take the office and
The salary that goes along.

But, is there nothing good in sight?
Just simple work and dues to pay
They lose all interest in the fight
And as an Arab fade away

The Just Judge

Once there was a Just Judge who
sat all day on a hard bench. It was
not a comfortable seat but the Just
Judge was not one to shrink from



MURDERED!

And This in Oakland, "The One Bright Spot."

For publishing this cartoon with the face of the Chief of Police of Oakland in place of the interrogation point, J. C. Tuck, State Secretary of the Socialist Party of California, was sentenced to three months in jail.

a duty. Besides he was drawing a salary for sitting there. True it was a small salary. It hardly sufficed to keep his wife in sealskin sacks and his son in automobiles.

A Great Philanthropist came along and he had compassion on the Just Judge. So the Great Philanthropist brought him a nice soft cushion and the Just Judge said he was much obliged.

The Great Philanthropist also said to the Just Judge, "Judge, you are working too hard, (for his hours were from ten until four) you need relaxation. Come with me for a hunting trip in my private car. It will not cost you a cent."

And the Just Judge said he would be tickled to do so, particularly as his salary went along whether he worked or not.

Now it came to pass after some months that the Great Philanthropist was sued for a large sum of money by a Common Working man, and the case came before the Just Judge.

The Common Working man had never given the Just Judge anything save one small vote.

Without going into the merits of the case, for you will find if you follow such cases that is not necessary, we will give the reader three guesses as to how the Just Judge disposed of the case, also how much he fined the Common Working man.

Universal Application

"I hear your ma licked you this morning."
"She gave me a terrible whaling."
"I shouldn't think you would stand for it."
"How could I help myself?"
"Get out an injunction."

A Hot Shot?

R. D. P.

Since the rebellion started in Mexico the poor marksmanship of the federal soldiers has been brought to notice in more ways than one.

When Col. Robago was marching to the relief of Juarez, the city recently besieged by the rebels, he camped one night near a large ranch. His troops were in need of provisions. Col. Robago approached the ranchman asking if he could purchase a beef. A deal was made and an eighty year old Mexican in the employ of the ranchman was instructed to lead the beef to where the federal soldiers were camped.

A young officer was ordered to shoot the animal. He drew forth a pearl-handled gun, took good aim, fired, and hit the animal in the foot. The old man

informed him that that was not the place to shoot the animal to kill it.

"You shoot it," said the officer, handing the gun to the old man.

The old man took the gun raised his arm, fired, and the beef fell dead.

"You are a good shot," said the federal soldiers.

"No, not very," replied the old man, "but there are some boys up in the mountains there that are," he added.

The federal soldiers felt the truth of his remarks several days later when they had an encounter with some of those "boys up in the mountains."

Short on Geography

BY JOHN ALLEN.

"Some of the bosses haven't as much 'book-larnin', especially of the geography brand as they'd like us working mutts to believe," remarked the veteran tank-builder, who has built water-tanks along a dozen lines of railway.

"My home is in Chicago and a couple of years ago I had been working off and on in spare time for the boss in a planing mill. When he wanted me, he'd send for me or come to my home to let me know.

"At this particular time, I had just left town, to work on a line of tanks up in the state of Maine.

"Where's Tom?" he asked my wife as he stopped at the house to pass me the word.

"Why, he's gone to Portland, Me., to work," my wife replied.

"Well, when he comes home to supper," said the boss, "tell Tom that I want him to come to work for me in the morning."

Nursery Rhymes, Revised

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like an apple full of seeds;
And if upon the seeds he'll bite,
He soon concludes that all's not right,
Just so 'twill be with you and me.
We must decide that we will see
To right the wrongs we daily find,
Improve conditions for mankind;
Let us clean up this world of greed.

Wealth

Several millions men,
There in the field and fen,
Look! they are striped and grim,
Sturdy of voice and limb,
Painfully now, they toll
Into the sullen soil;
Staffing the hills and meads,
Planting the silent seeds,
Into each streaming face
Glides the hot sun apace,
You in the thoughtful guise,
You with the dreamy eyes—
Why do you labor so?
Where do your earnings go?
"A goodly part to the rulers that form the
the powers that be;
A modest part if lucky, for my family and
for me;
And all the rest for the splendors that
fringe the river and sea."
—From Will Carleton's "City Ballads."