

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Checking Congressional Results



THE day of the Sixty-first Congress is over and that of the Sixty-second is at hand. Checking up advance through the chief instrument of our government, where do we find ourselves? Taking stock for the season just closed, how do our accounts stand? Fair questions. We have in our country a vast and growing preponderance of misery and poverty. Half the population, one American citizen out of every two born to the opportunities which we regard with so much pride, is hopelessly submerged in the class of the "very poor." A mind not versed in the casuistry of capitalistic society might reasonably regard that simple fact as of some slight importance.

What has the Sixty-first Congress done toward alleviating conditions that condemn the half of a nation to nether darkness?

We have in our country a smoothly working system of capitalistic concentration which is steadily bringing all lines of industry into a few hands. Enormous fortunes, such as the world has never seen before, have invested unparalleled power in a few individuals, responsible to nothing under God, who absolutely control government, commerce, industry, and the lives of ninety per cent of the people. To the simple observer this process would seem worthy of some little attention.

What has the Sixty-second Congress done toward checking the sequestration of wealth and the enslaving of the toilers?

We have in this country hundreds of thousands of little children, deprived of all light, all happiness, all comfort, enfeebled in body, stunted in brain, crippled, starved, blighted before they are formed; whose weary lives are bound to the fearful treadmill of factory toil. These children, each of whom is made, we are told, in the divine image, never can know what it is to have enough to eat, enough to wear, never can know how to laugh or be merry, never can learn the things that make life worth while, never can be well or strong or bright or good or fair or in any way partake of the birth rights of human beings. The untutored mind might be pardoned for wondering whether these matters might not legitimately be considered as constituting a deadly menace to the race and the nation.

What has the Sixty-first Congress done toward abolishing the horror of child labor?

We have in our country a division of government which has arrogated to itself the supreme authority above the people, above the structure of the Republic, a force completely subservient to the masters, operating against democracy, justice and liberty. It is unchecked, backed by an army and viciously reactionary. An impartial student of affairs might think that such a danger called for some slight attention.

What has the Sixty-first Congress done toward breaking down the judicial oligarchy and restoring popular sovereignty?

What has the Sixty-first Congress accomplished in any way that can be called a service to humanity or an honest attempt to deal with the tremendous problems that crush upon us?

What has it done to lessen crime, disease, prostitution, pauperism? What has it done to meet the crying needs of the unemployed? What has it done to compensate the victims of industrial despotism? What has it done to stop the slaughter of men and women and children defenseless under iron conditions of labor? What has it done to protect the maimed, the aged, the starving, the leavings from the cruel pressure of competition? What has it done to end war? What has it done to lift the future above the present? What has it done to promote education, decency, health, sufficiency? What has it done to check inequality? What has it done for democracy? What has it done for man?

We can write one word across the page in answer.

Nothing.

The Sixty-first Congress has done nothing that bears the slightest relation to human progress. It has doddered about with capitalistic measures to settle questions of capitalistic policy one way or another. It has monkeyed with details of the capitalist system, trying to decide whether to use green with yellow stripes or pink with a streak of blue. It has played the game for the masters from the day it went in to the day it went out. No act of its life became it like the leaving of it.

And now we have the Sixty-second Congress.

This Congress would be an exact repetition of the one that went before if it were not for a single important fact. It includes in its membership a Socialist, a man pledged to the issues that are vital to the workers, the disinherited, the unfortunate. For the first time in American history Congress will hold a man whose sole interest and sole purpose is to compel attention to the interests of humanity.

Comrade Berger, we salute you.

The move of the Interstate Commerce Commission in heading off a general increase in rates is bound to be no more than a temporary

check upon the rapacity of the railroads. Serious as the matter seemed to be at first, heartfelt as was the first wail of Wall street, the money interests had already copped the bet and the discreet lamentations of the capitalist press now hold no note of despair.

There is the Commerce Court, you know. This neat little device was manufactured for just such a contingency, and others of the same kind that might tend to the discomfort of the railroad highbinders. There has never been any logical excuse for a Commerce Court, except in the logic of railroad piracy. It will be expected to justify itself forthwith.

At the time when the new, powerful appellate body was called into being by Congress everything connected with the plan was carefully obscured. The public never gained more than a vague, confused idea that in some way a Commerce Court was needed to aid in controlling the railroad situation. Warnings uttered by some of the more radical legislators never reached the general ear. In the way which has proved successful so often, the seed was planted, the measure quietly nourished

and the electorate never suspected what had happened until it was handed the perfect fruit in the shape of a nice, juicy lemon.

Even the gentlemen who manage us have not attained perfect wisdom. They discovered by experiment that the Interstate Commerce Commission was a mistake. The Commission, though possessing little actual power, was still capable of making itself a nuisance and it unfortunately came about that some of the Commissioners developed stiff necks. Some such instrument as a Commerce Court, for reviewing and reversing orders of the Commission and throwing additional difficulties in the way of shippers became necessary.

So we have the Commerce Court.

There is a suggestive timeliness about its recent creation in view of the railroad rate decision. Imperfect and finite as the minds of the managing gentleman may be, they apparently had no difficulty in forecasting said decision and preparing for it. It would be ascribing to them no undue degree of sapience to suggest that they knew the applications for increased rates would be refused by the commission and the Commerce Court, already indicated by their general needs, was hurried into existence to meet this particular peril.

The exact value of the new body remains to be demonstrated and the country will have an excellent chance to observe such a demonstration if the Commerce Court takes up the rate case.

It is sufficiently clear, meanwhile, that the railroads must find a way, either through the Commerce Court or some other device, to break down the refusal. They are forced to regain freedom to fix rates as they desire.

With an average yearly increase in capitalization of nearly one billion dollars, all water, with their billions of securities already outstanding, largely water, with the insistent demand for additional income to meet payments on additional water; with equipment steadily running down under the crippling weight of water; with pyramiding graft of subsidiary and construction companies, all requiring dividends; with the rising clamor and discontent of underpaid employes—they have small choice.

If they are to continue to exist as private enterprises, more properly, as a private enterprise, they must increase their earnings.

If they are unable to increase their earnings they can no longer meet their obligations.

And the only answer is government ownership.

* * * *

I see no escape from this issue. Either the railroads must be given letters of marque that will allow them to extend their monstrous plundering or they will have to be taken over by the nation. This is the perfect evolution of capitalism. When the development of private greed can go no further business falls into the hands of the nation.

Among the beneficiaries themselves there are some who already accept the alternative and look forward to nationalization. In certain quarters kind words are being said for government ownership. It is being soothingly suggested that perhaps, after all, an acceptable solution might be found in such a move. Earnest individuals who pride themselves upon their liberal views, and who cut their coupons at regular intervals, are waxing quite eloquent over the thing.

Isn't that nice of them?

But I wonder whether they are well advised.

They are patronizing that particular radical suggestion, of course, on the theory that in

taking over the railroads the government will assume dollar for dollar the entire outstanding indebtedness of the railroads and that they, kind souls, will exchange their stocks and bonds for a perpetual mortgage on a grateful nation.

They have a pleasant vision of a generous public shouldering a wrecked and exhausted railroad system, together with its vast accumulation of watered securities, the debris of unnumbered melon parties.

The dream of a golden time when sham debts contracted by the monumental lootings of billion dollar criminals will be recognized as legitimate claims upon the toilers of America forever more.

I wonder.

When the railroads are ready to surrender it will probably be a question of purchase of some kind, unless capitalism forces the people into actual rebellion in the meantime.

But is that purchase to include the gigantic burdens, created by thievery, legacy of gamblers and extortionists, under which the railroads now stagger?

I wonder.



The spectacle of organized societies of women pleading before a legislature against the granting of woman suffrage must of itself

"Interests" and Anti-Suffrage

constitute an immensely more powerful argument than any they could present in words. An infant chewing its own toe or a small boy kicking himself on the shin is the only parallel that suggests. Possibly "anti" campaigns are planned with just this point in view.

That a woman will expend railroad fare to the State capital, give a week of her time to hanging about committee rooms and finally put forth valuable breath for the sake of libeling herself and her sex would be merely inconceivable if it did not actually happen. At a recent hearing at Albany not one but dozens of women went through these motions.

It is an obvious suggestion that individuals who so misdirect their energies are induced either by the chance for self-advertisement or by the feminine impulse to disagree gustily.

But haply the matter goes further.

The influence of women of the trading class is deadly reactionary. Women who enjoy a sufficiency are almost universally subject to the bacillus of social ambition. Men of the trading class, bourgeois, average retainers of the present order, are frequently open to conversion to the proletarian movement. Their wives and sisters, almost never. Who can measure what a force for greed, oppression and corruption lies in the women of the capitalist strata with their cold selfishness and their clamor for gain?

Perhaps an explanation for such a phenomenon as the "antis" is to be sought here, regarding them as representatives of a conscious effort to bolster the existing system and to stay the advance of democracy.

Meanwhile the women who count, the women of the working class, are inarticulate. They have no railroad fare, no time to waste in jollyng legislators. They are bound to the problem of running families on the starvation basis of wages under capitalism.

Back of the "suffragette" and the "anti" with their wordy war, the flurry of silks and satins, the bickering of fashionables, is the woman in the three-room flat who has to spread the meager slice of life with the thin contents of the pay envelope.

Some day, out of the dilettante tumult, this woman will get her franchise and the household will be able to swing two votes for the destruction of industrial slavery.

And then, silks and satins of all shades, look out!

* * *

"Roosevelt Speaks in Chicago."

Let's see—is that the former New York Police Commissioner? Goodness. Is he still around?



When it came to facing a strike by all the engineers and firemen on sixty-one railroads the gentlemen that conduct our public transportation for private greed climbed down and granted the increase that was demanded.

If only one or two or three of the railroads had been involved the gentlemen would have laughed and enjoyed the easy victory.

But sixty-one roads all at once was too much.

If the men on sixty-one railroads can stand together for a common cause and win what they want, how would it be if the men in sixty-one industries were to stand together similarly?

Think that over and see where it leaves you.



You often hear it said by the unthinking that a man will not yield full service in his employment unless he either is forced to or

Incentive to Labor

is spurred by the incentive of reward. All of our helpful friends who come rashly to the fray against Socialism make use of that

ancient slander upon themselves. I have a friend who is in charge of the advertising for a great publishing house which puts out a number of magazines.

This man's job is absolutely safe. No one is trying to take it away from him. No one stands over him with a club. The firm is perfectly satisfied with the amount of work he does. His is a one-man position and the firm is content to keep it so, for the policy is chiefly directed to circulation. No demands are made upon him for additional results. He draws a large salary. He expects no raise.

And yet this man is working himself without mercy to increase the showing of his department. He passes sleepless night mapping campaigns. He is never satisfied with what he has accomplished. He sacrifices his own time, his comfort, his money to find new ways in which to benefit the firm.

There are thousands of such men. They are all yielding full service, more than full service, without either being forced or being spurred by hope of reward.

If you ask one of these men, "Why?" and can get him to analyze his motive he will come back with the remark that he is actuated by "loyalty to the house."

Exactly.

Loyalty of service is one of the strongest and most common human traits. It springs from natural impulses in every man who has not been so rushed and maltreated by unjust conditions that no sentiment is left in him but that of resentment.

And instantly this question comes; if a man can be moved by "loyalty to the house," loyalty to a cold, soulless, merciless machine which exists only to make profits, loyalty to an impersonal, selfish, paper made corporation—if he can give loyalty here, how much more certain he is to give loyalty to the community if he knows that his efforts will contribute directly to the Common Good and that he is increasing the welfare of all instead of pouring money into the pockets of a few!

I wonder.

* * *

Delegate Wickersham was seized with the desire to spread his ideas all over Representative Mondell's map during debate in the House, the latter being a conservationist while the former was only a conservative. A pity. If the House loses its ancient dignity what has it left? Gentleman in the front row suggests that it might go home in an empty pork barrel.

* * *

Democrats are jubilant these days. So would you be if you had been wandering in the cold, cold world for sixteen empty years and suddenly came upon a hot lunch carelessly left on a door step.

The blood-red flag of Socialism has come in for some interesting publicity of late.

The Red Flag to the Front

A professor at Rochester, N. Y., stated in a lecture that the red flag was broader than the flag of any nation and represented a deeper truth. The shriek that went up from Rochester could have been heard at Land's End. The horizon in the direction of Rochester was obscured by a horrendous cloud, caused by the dust where frantic eminent citizens were running around in circles. The fountains of the deeps of Rochester were broken up.

Don't you see what that awful professor had done? Why, he had insulted the American flag. Yes, sir. He had as good as said that the American flag was a back number and unworthy of respect. Yes, sir. And he had taught his hearers to admire the emblem of violence, rapine and sedition. Vast was the indignation of Rochester. The professor's official scalp was instantly demanded to decorate the post at the war dance of offended patriotism.

Well, they held an inquest over it and with infinite pains the professor repeated just what he had said before some twenty-four times hand running. After a while it began to percolate and the eminent citizens of Rochester dimly glimpsed that there was such a belief extant as the brotherhood of man and the unity of human blood. This was sufficiently dreadful, of course, and they were not at all sure that the professor ought not to be sent to the Dry Tortugas for the rest of his life. But some degree of calm was restored.

The second incident occurred in New York. It has been the cheerful theory of the police in our metropolis that the display of the red flag constituted a crime, that all who followed it were criminals and that it should lead to arrests wherever shown. The theory would not have mattered so much if it had not been followed up with the peculiarly exasperating and outrageously brutal stupidity in which the police excel.

Comes now none other than Mayor Gaynor, who, I submit, was almost the last person that might have been expected to set the matter straight. In a very remarkable message to the board of Alderman he was at some pains to outline the Socialist doctrine with fairness, deny it according to his lights and point out that it constitutes a perfectly lawful propaganda. He explained the symbolism of the red flag, rebuked the police and stated that their interference would be stopped. Of the Socialists he said:

They chose the color red for their emblem, not to signify that they favor violence or the shedding of blood, as the unintelligent suppose, and as actions of those in official authority often lead people to believe, but for the purpose of typifying the common brotherhood of all men of all nations through the same red blood which flows through the veins of all, and to the end that all war and violence shall cease. Let the fundamental rights of all on which free government rests be denied to no one. Those who want to work changes peaceably through the ballot box have the right to do so. They may let light in on them. As John Stuart Mill says, that which seems the height of absurdity to one generation often becomes the height of wisdom to the next.

There is hope in all this. When two such communities as Rochester and New York receive public instruction in the same month on the significance of the red flag and the teachings of Socialism things are looking up. When a man like Mayor Gaynor is willing to extend fair treatment to Socialism and Socialists from his official seat it means something.

To misquote Bruder Jasper, the world do move!



The House Chamber is to be remodeled to make room for increased membership and we get the startling news that the desks will have to be taken out. Anxious question instantly occurs as to where the Hon. Gents will now put their feet. This might not seem important in some places, but a body that thinks with its feet needs to be tender of them.

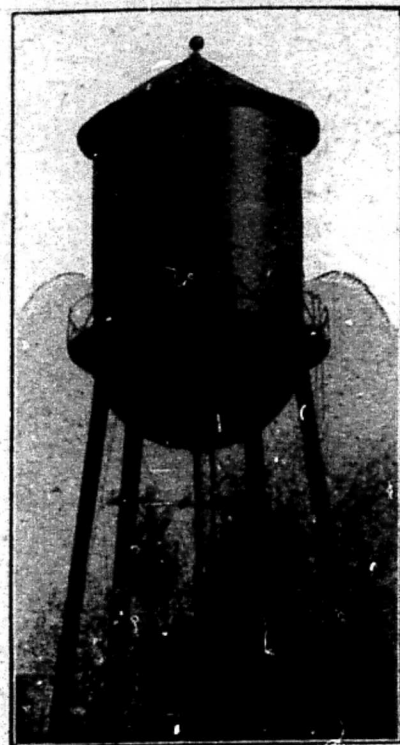


Insurgent army at Mexicali with Red Flag

Revolution in Mexico

By J. Kenneth Turner

Photographs copyrighted, 1911, by J. Kenneth Turner



U. S. Soldier watching operations from water tower on American side

Two and one-half years ago I looked upon the most melancholy sight that I have ever seen or expect to see. Today—and yesterday and the day before that—I have been looking upon the most inspiring sight that I have ever seen or can expect to see. The thing that I saw two and one-half years ago was slavery of human beings such as could never have been surpassed in its horrowing details in any age. The thing that I saw today was an army of earnest men armed with rifles bent upon abolishing that slavery.

While the word "revolution" has come to have a blessed meaning to the Socialists of the world, the word "war" has fallen into quite another class, and rightly so. Socialists have been taught that war is but one of the more bloody ways which Capitalism has of swindling the toilers.

But here is a case where war is something else. A great French radical has recently said that the only excusable kind of war in this day and age is insurrection. The war in Mexico is more than insurrection. As far as Lower California is concerned, at least, it is insurrection to bring about the Social Revolution.

I do not here need to go into a discussion of the various grades of revolutionists who are fighting in Mexico. The most conservative of them all would abolish the slavery, and to me, who have seen the slavery, that is enough. There are others who are fighting to abolish, not only slavery, but every other form of class oppression. Such are the Liberals—the revolutionists here in Lower California.

No Race Lines

When I am mingling with those men with rifles and the light of win or die in their eyes I can never realize that they are fighting to make only one nation better, and I am sure that they are not. There is a negro in that little army, and the others do not draw the color line on him. There are Americans, but they are not of the sort that call Mexicans Greasers. There are Germans. There are Russians. There are Englishmen. There are men from almost every country. But they are brothers, none the less. They know what they are fighting for. I am proud to say that the most ragged and unshaven of the men whose hands I have clasped during the past three days knew something of "Barbarous Mexico."

The revolution in Lower California differs in some aspects from that in general in other parts of Mexico. Here the movement originated almost entirely on American soil. Here the percentage of foreigners is far the largest.

Lower California, because of its isolation and its sparse population, was the only part of Mexico where the seed of agitation had not been sown. But because of its isolation it is a section into which it would be impossible for the government to rush additional troops. Moreover, because its military forces were small—some 450 regular soldiers and 100 rurales—and were divided, one-half being at each extreme end of the peninsula, it was a section capable of capture by a comparatively small aggregation of men and guns.

It was for these reasons that, while Guerrero was fighting his heroic way toward Casas Grandes, and before Alanis had launched his force of Liberals

into northern Chihuahua, the Liberal party was working out a plan to seize Lower California. Once in their hands, they planned to use it as a great recruiting camp for Mexican refugees and to employ the territorial moneys to buy guns and ammunition to send to interior points, where they are the one thing needed to complete the overthrow of the Diaz system.

January 27 a small body of men smuggled sixty Springfield rifles and 9,000 rounds of ammunition across the line opposite Holtville, in the Imperial valley, and the following night, twenty-two strong, they marched upon Mexicali, a border town just across from Calexico and the chief settlement on the eastern side of the Sierra Madres.

Socialists and Union Revolutionists

The commander of the expedition was J. M. Leyva, a native Mexican and a delegate from the Building Laborers' Union to the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles. Second in command was Simon Berthold, an American citizen born of a Mexican mother and a German father, a Socialist for twelve years and a member of the Appeal Army. One of the leading spirits was Fernando Palomares, a native Mexican who led a strike of the Industrial Workers of the World in San Diego a year ago. All but one or two of the others were Mexicans, all members of the Liberal party and nearly all members also of the I. W. W. An American was John B. Bond, of Los Angeles, an Industrial Worker of the World.

A force of ten rurales were stationed at Mexicali and the little band of revolutionists expected that there would be a fight. But their coming was a complete surprise and they captured the town with practically no opposition. Three of the rurales surrendered; the others escaped to the United States in their under shirts. The mayor and the customs officials were taken into custody. The only resistance offered was by the jailer and one of the merchants of the town. The jailer had two Liberals under lock and key and when the party outside heard the click of his gun one bullet through the door put an end to him. The recalcitrant merchant was arrested and compelled to pay \$285 for his release.

Collecting Funds for Revolution

Other moneys that were collected were \$500 as a ransom from the mayor, and a few dollars from the customs house, making \$1,000 in all. How badly that money was needed! The insurgents know now that they were too lenient. They could have collected \$10,000 from the Diaz officials here as easily as \$1,000; and if they had they would now be in possession of the fort of Ensenada, the capital of the territory.

The jail doors were thrown open and nine of the prisoners voluntarily enlisted in the ranks. The few rifles that were captured were piled in the streets and recruits were called for. In a few hours the army of the revolution had increased to forty men.

They were forty, but on the other side of the Sierra Madres was a force of 300. Perhaps the 300 were already on the march toward the narrow



Company C, U. S. Cavalry, in camp at Calexico

defile known as the Picacho Pass. It was a nervy move, but the rebels marched to meet the larger force, hurrying forward in the hope of reaching the Pass first and getting the advantage of position.

They reached the pass first and there for ten days waited for the army of the government. Governor Vega's scouting parties were all about; two men sent away to a ranch never returned and it is supposed that they were captured and shot.

But Vega was afraid to attack. Only when the rebels were without either salt or sugar or coffee, and were low on other provisions, did they fall back to Mexicali for more supplies.

As soon as he discovered that the pass had been abandoned, Colonel Vega marched through it with 110 men, 90 of them regular soldiers and 20 ranchers who had been picked up and forced to serve on the way. Vega was compelled to leave soldiers in Ensenada and Tia Juana for fear of uprisings in those towns.

The First Battle

It was about noon of Wednesday, February 15, that the Federals were sighted from Mexicali. The first firing occurred at Little's ranch, five miles out, where the Federals came upon four insurgent scouts. In this skirmish Captain Jimenez, leader of the small rebel cavalry company, was killed, and two other insurgents wounded. Colonel Vega put his impressed ranchers between his regulars and the scouts and one of them, a boy of 18, fell wounded. The wounded insurgents escaped on their horses, and the elated Vega, thinking that he was chasing the whole insurgent army, pushed after them.

Mexicali is bounded on the West, South and East by New river, which travels in a crescent from the international line on the West almost to the same line on the East. Along this crescent the Liberals had dug trenches and when the Federals arrived the men were in the trenches.

"Viva Porfirio Diaz!" shouted the Federals, commanded to do so by Vega. "Viva la libertad!" replied the rebels, out of their hearts. And with that the battle began.

The entire Federal command was in the fight. On the other hand, while the armed insurgents now numbered 75, the brunt of the battle was borne by some thirty young fellows directly opposite the point of attack. While these boys knew how to shoot, most of them had never before heard the bullets whistle about their ears. Yet not one showed the white feather. United States army officers viewing the battle from the Calexico water-works tower counted sixteen Federals who fell on the firing line. Two insurgents whose zeal moved them to expose themselves unnecessarily, were killed in the trenches.

Sundown saw the Federals retreating in disorder, leaving three dead and two dying behind them. Vega was wounded in three places, probably fatally, and at least a dozen others of the runaways carried wounds.

As this is written, five days after the battle, the insurgents are just beginning to learn how badly they whipped the enemy. Arriving at the Little ranch, Vega stole fresh horses and fled to American soil for safety, crossing into Mexico again only when he neared Las Juntas, where he arrived on a stretcher with but five soldiers remaining out of his 110.

Guns, Not Recruits, Needed

The insurgents are remaining at Mexicali, recruiting and preparing to march across the mountains upon Ensenada. Today they have 105 rifles and a fair supply of ammunition. As soon as they have 200 rifles they plan to take the field for offensive operations with a majority of them. As to recruits, that is the least of their problems. Recruits are being turned away every day and still there are thirty-five men in camp without guns.

I do not believe that the revolution in Lower California is going to be put down. Before it can be put down, many good and brave men must be killed, for the motto here in Mexicali is win or die. They are not soldiers of fortune. They are not bandits.

There are thousands of chickens running about the back yards of Mexicali, but I have the word of Berthold that neither officers nor men have had a chicken. The chickens belong to the people who own the backyards; the revolutionists are eating beans.

Fly the Red Flag

They are neither soldiers of fortune nor bandits. They know what they are fighting for. They fly the red flag. If the rest of Mexico were quiescent Diaz could put several thousand soldiers into Lower California within a few weeks and crush them while they are weak. But Diaz cannot spare many of his soldiers, if any, and they are growing strong.

Barring one thing, I predict that the revolutionists will be in complete control of the upper half of Lower California before the first of April. Here they will recruit and fortify and prepare. In case the revolutionists are defeated in other parts of Mexico, they can retreat upon Lower California through Sonora and make their stand here. If they lose out in the rest of Mexico entirely and can maintain themselves here, as a last resort, they can secede and set up an independent national government and demand recognition by foreign powers. They will at least win a part of Mexico.

Though the worst come to the worst, these things are possible. If the worst does not come to the worst, still the control of Lower California will be an important thing indeed in the further prosecution of the revolution.

This control seems assured, as I said, barring one thing. That one thing is interference by the United States government. The rebels may win anyhow; it depends upon the degree of interference, for that interference has been going on all the time—and is daily becoming more and more pronounced.

Diaz has been unable to crush the revolution here, so he has called upon Uncle Sam to help him, and Uncle Sam has responded willingly.

U. S. Aiding Diaz

Let us enumerate some of the things that American officials, especially Federal officials, have done unfairly to play into the hands of Diaz here at Mexicali.

Immediately following the taking of Mexicali Sheriff Meadows of Imperial county swore in fifty special deputies to patrol the boundary line and prevent any person from crossing to join the insurgents. As it is not an offense against any American law for a Mexican to go home to engage in a revolution, though he carry a gun with him, Sheriff Meadows was overstepping his authority, and in every instance where he arrested men or turned them back from the line he was guilty of unlawful detention, which is a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment in the State of California.

A few days after the outbreak 110 American soldiers arrived at Calexico to supplant the Meadows patrol. Captain Babcock established a pass system and ordered the detention of any person attempting to cross into Mexico without a pass. As it is not an offense against any American law for a person to cross from the American side to the Mexican side Captain Babcock was—and is—exercising an authority not granted under the civil laws.

January 11 Captain Babcock promulgated a stricter order still, prohibiting insurgents from crossing the line into the United States under pain of arrest and prohibiting the purchase or transportation of any supplies of any sort that might be intended for or fall into their hands. The previous order was designed to prevent the revolutionists from securing recruits or arms. This one was designed to starve them out. As this part of Mexico received practically all of its food and clothing from Calexico, this order, if enforced for a long enough time, will be successful.

"I am here to enforce the neutrality laws," Captain Babcock told me.

"But it is no violation of the neutrality laws to haul provisions across the line to the insurgents," I told him.

"I admit it," he said, "but these are my orders."

"I propose to test this thing by taking a wagon load of supplies across myself," I told him.

"You'll be wasting your money," he declared. "I'll stop you."

"I don't know how you're going to do it," I said.

"But I'll do it anyhow," he persisted. "I will not permit any person, an insurgent or a non-insurgent, a resident of Mexicali or anyone else, to carry provisions across that line."

"Still I'm inclined to test it and see how you'll stop me," I said. "What will you do? Will you arrest me?"

"No, I won't arrest you."

"Will you shoot me?"

"No, I won't shoot you."

"Then how will you stop me?"

Superior Force!

"I'll simply have enough men there to prevent you from crossing. It will be a matter of superior force."

You are at perfect liberty to say that you tested the matter to the end, and that was the result."

Superior military force! Authority exercised in violation of civil law! For what purpose? And why?

But another instance or two before coming to that point. During the battle of February 15 five Federal *impresados* deserted and crossed the American line. Captain Babcock gathered them in, disarmed them, and gave them the freedom of the city under a parole order that was merely nominal. The same day, after the battle, an insurgent, Fernando Palomares, one of the officers, was overcome by fatigue from continued duty and fell in a faint. He was brought to the military hospital in Calexico for treatment, where Captain Babcock held him a strict prisoner.

I called upon Captain Babcock and he admitted to me that this Mexican had exactly the same rights to a parole as the Federals, and he promised to parole him. He then sent all the way to Los Angeles to bring United States District Attorney McCormick to Calexico to see if he could find any legal grounds for prosecuting Palomares. McCormick decided that he did not want Palomares, and admitted to me and to others that it is no crime for a Mexican either to go home and fight in the revolution, or to take refuge on this side when sick or deserting. In spite of this, that night Captain Babcock set the five Federal deserters entirely free and sent Palomares to El Centro to be locked in the county jail "as a prisoner of war."

Please do not discount my statements. I assure you that I am not overstating the facts.

Why this distinction? But there is another thing or two to say.

"Please Move Over"

February 17 Captain Babcock addressed a note to General Leyva, suggesting that he move at least two miles out of Mexicali to obviate possible injury to Americans in Calexico in case of a second battle. It was a polite but very plain threat to drive them out if they didn't get out. General Leyva politely

suggested that Captain Babcock follow the established rule which obtains under such circumstances—to address himself to the commander of the attacking forces, not of the defending forces, since it is the former which decides whether or not there shall be a fight. When the Nicaragua insurgents were bottled up in Bluefields last year, did the United States ask them to get out of town? Or did it forbid the government party to attack?

There are other things. Mexicali is without lights. February 17 the electricity was turned off from the American side of the line. Mexicali is without water. That same night the water system was put out of commission from the American side, so that today the insurgents are drinking the water of a ditch. This ditch is likely to go dry any hour, as the company which regulates the flow in it have been ordered to turn off the water entirely. How much direct influence the government has had in turning off the water and the lights I do not know. It is not admitted that it has had any. But it is easy to understand that if the United States government were willing to violate its own laws to starve out the Mexican revolutionists, it would also be willing to afflict them with thirst.

Southern Pacific and Diaz

Finally, the United States government has given permission to Diaz to send troops into Lower California over the Southern Pacific railroad. It has ordered the Governor of Arizona to permit 200 Mexican troops to buy arms, ammunition and supplies in Yuma, the Sheriff and Mayor of Yuma have been notified and it is said that the arms, ammunition and supplies are ready for the soldiers when they arrive.

There is an excuse which the State Department is offering for this action, and no flimsier excuse was ever invented by a political buccaneer since the beginning of time. It is said that the Colorado irrigation dam is in danger of being blown up by the rebels, that it must be protected, that the ship-

(Continued on Page 14)

United States Troops

Calexico

California

Feb. 11, 1911

8862 Berthold

Commanding Insurgent Forces
Mexicali

Sir:

I have the honor to inform you, that my Commanding Officer has ordered me by telegraph to enforce the following:

1. No American or Mexican Insurgent will be permitted to pass the border between United States and Mexico, either armed or unarmed.
2. The Insurgents will not be permitted to purchase any arms or supplies of any kind in the United States.
3. Any Insurgent crossing the border will be taken into custody and disarmed.

4. Copy of telegram from General Bliss enclosed. I shall enforce the provisions of this telegram very strictly.

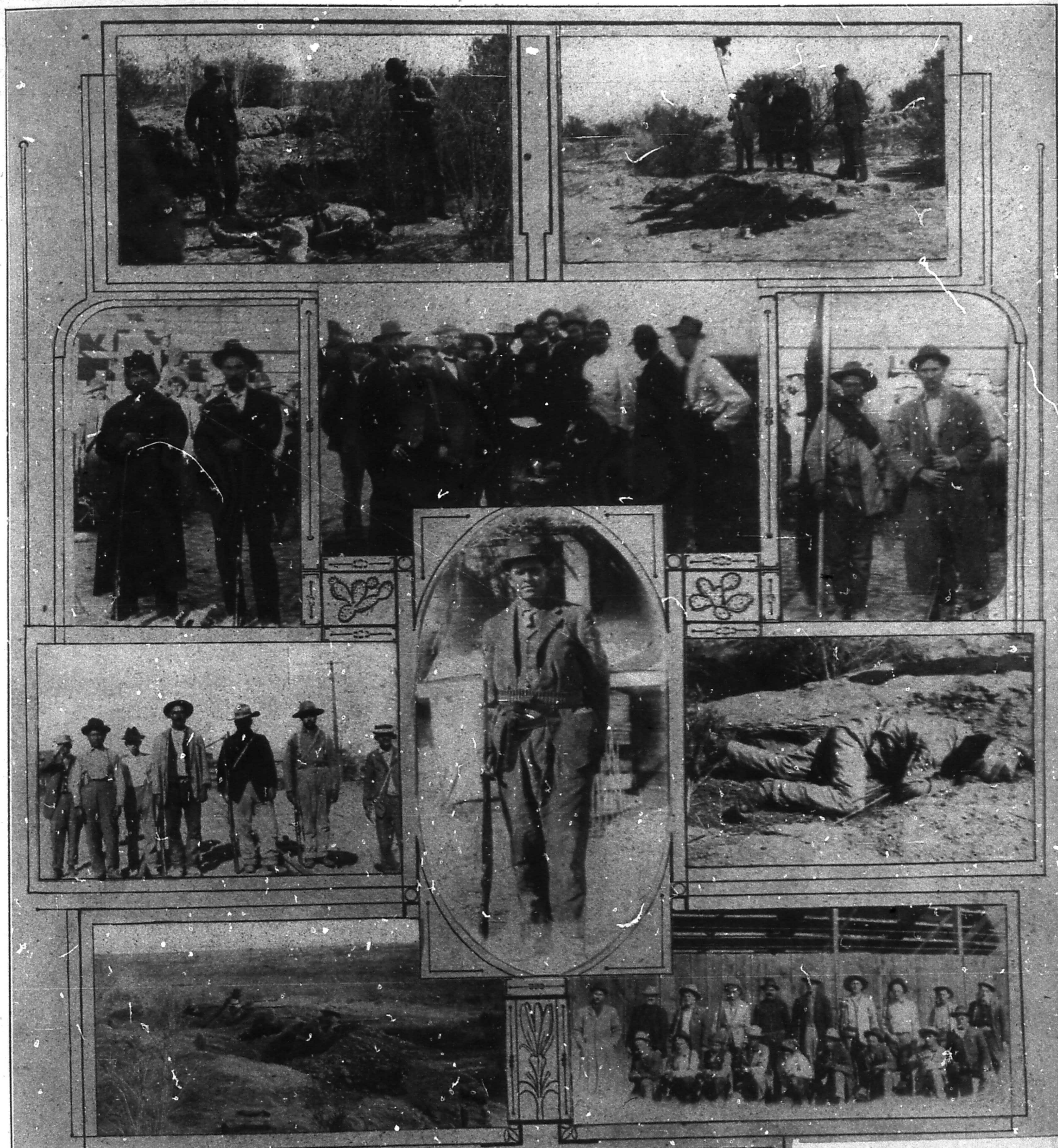
Very respectfully

Orvad J. Babcock
Captain, 1st Cavalry
Commanding.

The above letter, by the fact that it addresses the commander of the insurgents officially, constitutes a recognition of a state of war by the United States Government. In that it forbids the insurgents to come to the United States it constitutes an invasion of the right of asylum. It is incontestable proof of the fact that American troops are giving Diaz help in the crushing of the revolution.

Scenes in the Revolution in Lower California

Photographs taken by the author, John Kenneth Turner
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Reading from left to right:
 1. Federal soldier killed in the rout of Col. Vega; insurgents in possession of the field.
 2. Federal soldier killed in battle of February 15th.
 3. Capt. E. O. Moran and J. M. Leyva, general in command of insurrecto forces in Lower California.
 4. General Leyva receiving \$500 in ransom for Lieut. Gov. Terrazas, the mayor of Calexico, taken in the capture of Calexico by the insurgents.
 5. Standard bearer, Pedro R. Caule and Capt. Will Stanley.
 6. Group of insurgents patrolling railway.
 7. (In center) General Simon Berthold, second in command of the insurrecto forces in Lower California, German-Mexican parentage, American by birth; for twelve years a member of the Socialist party and a member of the Appeal Army.
 8. Federal soldier killed in unsuccessful attack in Mexicali, February 15th, by the

government troops; note ragged condition.
 9. Glimpse of the insurgents in trenches on the firing line opposite point of attack by federals in battle of February 15th.
 10. Rifle squad of I. W. W. members of the insurgent army in Lower California: Capt. W. Stanley, Cleveland, Ohio; Privates: A. Guschewsky, Russia; Fred Niles, Los Angeles; J. B. Bond, Los Angeles; Adolph Schrank, San Francisco; W. MacDonald, Calexico; N. Mortensen, Denmark; Fred Heath, San Francisco; Pedro R. Caule, Sonora, Mexico; W. Boone, San Francisco. Lower row: A. B. Holland, Los Angeles; Jos. Schenerling, Portland, Ore.; John Dorfman, Redding, Cal.; Thos. Palme, Los Angeles; "Lone Wolf," San Francisco; J. A. Parks, Yuma, Cal.; William Kerr, Yuma, Cal.; Santiago Salazar, Monterey, Mexico; Francisco Castillo, Michoacan.
 11. (At bottom) Company of insurgent army on the way to trenches following report that federals had been sighted; two days after the first engagement. Note red flag



Welfare Work and Why

By Hyman Strunsky

Photos by the Commonwealth Edison Co.

commercial company. In short, it should mean real co-operation between stockholders, managers and employes.

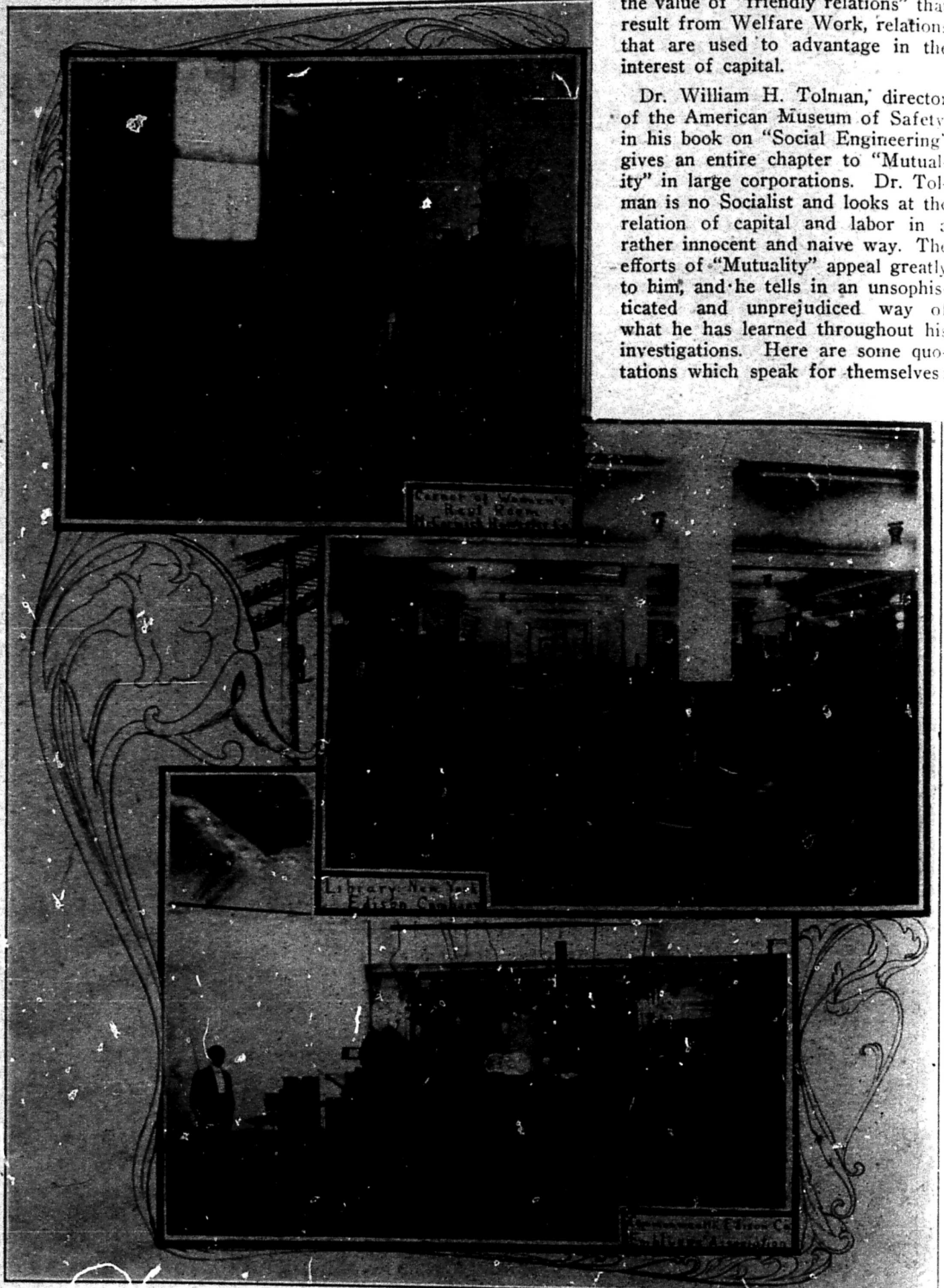
"The company has been criticized by managers of other companies for making the plan above outlined too liberal and attractive. It has been said

employes throughout the organization are vying with one another more and more to improve their respective branches of the business. This means profits for the stockholders, means extra compensation in various ways for the employes, in short, it means co-operation that is real, and that is beneficial to one and all."

To make sure of obtaining these profitable results, the company offers a contribution of \$50,000 a year to the employes' association on condition that 75 per cent of the men employed belong to it.

More than efficiency and more than "fostering the interest of men at their work" is the value of "friendly relations" that result from Welfare Work, relations that are used to advantage in the interest of capital.

Dr. William H. Tolman, director of the American Museum of Safety, in his book on "Social Engineering" gives an entire chapter to "Mutuality" in large corporations. Dr. Tolman is no Socialist and looks at the relation of capital and labor in a rather innocent and naive way. The efforts of "Mutuality" appeal greatly to him, and he tells in an unsophisticated and unprejudiced way of what he has learned throughout his investigations. Here are some quotations which speak for themselves:



that the plan will be too expensive to the Harvester company and that their cost will be very large. There is no doubt of the truth of this criticism as far as the cost goes.

"No concern has ever put out plans that involved the application of so large a percentage of their profits to pure philanthropy. It has no intention of passing around a hat full of money, that employes might help themselves. It went into these enterprises in a purely business spirit—believing that the plans would so knit its vast organization together would so stimulate individual initiative, would so strengthen and develop the esprit de corps of the organization as to make it possible for the company to increase its business and its earnings—and with the spirit of being willing to share this increased success with its organization.

"So far the company has every reason to congratulate itself on the result. In all parts of its business, at home and abroad, in the office force, in the factories, in the sales department, everywhere, the average interest of the individual in the business is greater than formerly. The saving of the waste here, there and everywhere is noticeable. The em-

"The Mutual Benefit association among the employes of the Cleveland Hardware company was suggested to the men by the company, but is run entirely by the employes. The company in promoting this work made a donation of one hundred dollars in cash to give it all the encouragement possible. When the association was first started all the men were urged very strongly to join it; of course none of them were forced to do so. Now each employe is asked whether he is willing to join the Mutual Benefit association; if he says no, the company has reserved the right to hire a man who is willing to join it, and in this way has kept up the membership."

The Value of Personal Interest

A personal interest and a friendly attitude are valuable in a "business way." They offer excellent opportunities of spying on the men. Dr. Tolman continues:

"One member of the firm takes more than a special interest in this society and for a year has been associated with the visiting committee, thus going into the homes of a number of employes. Aside from giving him a very good idea of the home life of

WHEN Mr. H. H. Vreeland, former president of the New York City Railway company, said that a "sympathetic regard for employes works wonders," he knew what he was talking about. The capitalists are beginning to realize that kindness pays, that the old time lash of the slave holder is to be thrown away and that pretended sympathy for the workers will do more to promote industrial efficiency and greater productivity of labor. The modern employes, the ingenious "captains of industry" of today, recognize that the prime object of commercial activity is not to torment human beings, but to get from them as much profit as possible. Whatever will make men work more willingly, whatever will result in a larger output, whatever will lead to steady uninterrupted work becomes the more efficient method in dealing with employes.

Welfare Work is the "sympathetic regard" that "works the wonders."

It Promotes Activity

George H. Webb, commissioner of labor of Rhode Island, begins his report on Welfare Work by assuring the manufacturers that it pays. He says: "Mankind, at least that portion of it which has to do with horse flesh, discovered ages ago that a horse does the best service when it is well fed, well stabled and well groomed. The same principle applies to the other brands of farm stock. They one and all yield the best results when their health and comforts are best looked after. It is strange, though these truths have been a matter of general knowledge for centuries, that it is only quite recently that it has been discovered that the same rule is applicable to the human race. We are just beginning to learn that the employer who gives steady employment, pays fair wages, and pays close attention to the physical health and comfort of his employes gets the best results from their labor."

Henry R. Towner, president of the Yale & Towner Manufacturing company, known in the commercial world as the makers of the Yale locks, whose "model shop" at Stamford, Connecticut, was built at an investment of \$225,200 and is being run at an annual expense of \$45,437, justifies what would seem superficially viewed a heavy expenditure in the following words:

"In round figures, the foregoing statements imply an investment for the above purpose of about \$100 per employe, and an annual expenditure of about \$20 per employe. While admitting frankly that this expenditure, both fixed and current, is 'good business' because tending to increase the efficiency of labor and the contentment of employes it can with equal fairness be stated that, if limited strictly to business requirements, these outlays, both fixed and current, would largely be reduced, probably one-half but the excess over what is necessary represents, on the one hand, a voluntary contribution by the employers to the welfare, comfort and health of the employe, and on the other hand, a substitute or equivalent to the employe of a direct contribution to an insurance or pension fund, because serving indirectly a similar purpose by increasing the earning power, by prolonging the activity, and thus augmenting the potential savings of the employe."

A crude and pathetic example is given by Nicholas Paine Gilman, in his book, "A Dividend to Labor," when he speaks of the luncheon furnished to the women employed by the National Cash Register company at Dayton, Ohio. He says: "The company figures that the luncheons given to each girl costs three cents and that the woman does five cents more work each day (!) it holds to be a paying investment."

Profit Sharing Pays

One of the warmest advocates of profit-sharing is George W. Perkins. In his address made at the last meeting of the National Civic Federation, in his capacity as chairman of the financial committee of the International Harvester company, a corporation that employes over 30,000 workers, he pointed out the advisability of dealing kindly with labor, from a business point of view. He said:

"On the other hand there should be no sentimental philanthropy about this great question. It is purely a business question. Profit sharing, pensions and the like, from a pecuniary standpoint, are profitable for a business and also for its labor, or for neither. No American, worthy of being called a man, wants something for nothing.

"If profit sharing means anything, if providing for old age means anything, if caring for those who become ill or injured in the service means anything, it should mean the fostering of the interest of men in their work, whether that work be sweeping out the office, shoveling coal or presiding over a great

the workingman, in which he is very much interested, he thinks that it has been a benefit in a business way. The officers who have been on the visiting committee for the last year are two assistant foremen in different parts of the factory and an old German, who is to some extent the banker of the employes, advancing them money on their salaries. *The member of the firm has found very often after spending a Sunday morning in company with these men at their homes that he has found out more about the different employes and the inside working of the factory than he could learn the entire week in his regular position. One of the firm says that this knowledge very often is used to good advantage in dealing with the problems that come up during the week.*

Be sure that no "undesirables" will enter the association. Matters have been so fixed that no one but those approved by the employers are eligible. Dr. Tolman tells us:

"The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company's Foremen's Association was organized March, 1903, for the object of fostering social gatherings for mutual benefit in forming acquaintance with one another. Among the means to this end are the holding of meetings at which some official or officials of the company are invited to be present and address the members; the holding of smokers and an annual banquet.

"The membership is composed of foremen, inspectors and chief clerks connected with the shop force of the company. An application for membership must be made through the general foreman of the section with which the applicant is identified; in case the applicant does not come under a general foreman, his application must be made in writing to the board of directors. *All applications must be approved by the board of directors before applicants can be admitted to membership.*"

Must Be Desirable

At the International Harvester company one must also be in good standing before reaping the benefits of the firm's "benevolence." In the foregoing address mentioned Mr. Perkins said:

"There was offered for sale last July, at a price below the then market value, 12,500 shares of preferred stock and 15,000 shares of common stock. In addition to the regular dividends, there is allowed a bonus of \$4 and \$3, respectively, on each share of the preferred and common stock, each year for five years—the only condition being that a man must be in good standing in the company's service during each of these years, having his stock and must either have paid or be paying for it."

Just what "good standing" in the company's service means, Mr. Perkins did not explain, nor did he say how an activity in time of strike, or too ardent an interest in union matters would affect the standing of a workingman.

The Edison Electric company of Brooklyn is more outspoken on the subject. On December 13th, it made known a profit sharing and old age pension scheme in which an annual distribution of \$40,000 was promised in dividends and \$25,000 in pensions. The conditions being that "an employe loses all claim to his "share" if he is discharged for misconduct, or leaves the company without giving a month's notice." Also "the provident committee intrusted with the management of these funds reserves the right to withhold the whole or any part of the profit from particular employes."

This plainly aims at strikes and at employes who make themselves particularly obnoxious by directing them. In case of a walk-out the men will have to give the company thirty days notice, sufficient time to gather an army of strikebreakers, and run the risk of being discharged for "misconduct," a term easily applied to men bold enough to put up an organized front and make "unreasonable" demands.

Every profit sharing scheme and old age pension is worded in phraseology that allows loop-holes of escape for the company and rivets with greater firmness the shackles on its men.

Here is a sample taken from the Gorham Manufacturing company which is typical:

"Employes whose records are satisfactory to the company will, if disqualified for work on account of age or permanent ill health, be eligible to pensions under the following age limits and terms of service; seventy years of age and twenty-five years continuous service, sixty years of age and thirty-five years' continuous service, sixty years of age and forty years, continuous service. When the company shall have been satisfied that the man is entitled to a pension," etc.

It is not sufficient to have worked twenty-five, thirty-five or forty years, but at the end of these years the company must be "satisfied that the man is entitled to a pension" and "his record must be satisfactory."

Old Age Pension Shrewdest of All

The old age pension is the shrewdest of all the schemes designed to keep labor in subjugation—and the cheapest. It is the shrewdest because at

the surface it is a charitable promise to pay money to a man at a time when he no longer performs any labor, but keeps him unconsciously at the highest pitch of working efficiency for an entire lifetime—from twenty to sixty, or an equally impossible proportion! It is the cheapest, because the average working life of the American is estimated at about twenty and the exceptions are so very few that no company assumes any great risk in making old age pension promises. At the International Harvester company, until last August, out of 30,000 workmen, there were only three pensioners! But commerce assures itself against any risk. A workman may, in spite of poverty, toil and mishap, be "tough" enough to reach old age, hence the conditions. He needs not only be seventy years old, but there must be twenty-five years of "continuous and satisfactory" service behind him. He needs not only be sixty years old, but he must have entered the company's service at twenty!

In promising old-age pensions the capitalists are exploiting a dreary, depressing psychology. The bugaboo of the workman's existence is the fear that he may live. Old age, like a heavy club hangs over him and darkens his life with threatening apprehensions. What indeed if he should live beyond a point of usefulness to the boss? What if life should persist after the power to enrich others will have gone? How fill the gap between the workshop and the grave?

Comes the shrewd "captain of industry" and settles the problem. "I will give you a pension," he says, "provided—" And here he makes his provisions.

What will be the psychological effect of this promise on the men who are ten, fifteen and twenty years in a company's service? Will they enter a union? Will they dare to make demands? Will they insist on their rights? Will they resent imposition? No. Cowering beneath the fear of old age they will do their utmost to establish "a satisfactory record."

Educational Value

The educational value that Welfare Work has on employes is not the least of its advantages to the employers. Many of the corporations have auditoriums and lecture halls and in some cases the company furnishes the lectures. It is not necessary to infer that labor topics are carefully excluded, a glance at one program will furnish direct and convincing proof. The last report of the Medical and Sociological Departments of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company gives a list of the popular lectures held during the season 1909-1910. Here are the subjects treated:

- Passion Play at Oberammergau.
- Church in Mining Camps.
- Problem of the Book of Job
- Nathan the Wise.
- Settlement Work.
- Patriotism.
- Elijah.
- Physiology.
- Venice.
- Grand Canon.
- Hawaiian Islands.
- The Mosquito.
- Historic Boston.
- Alaska.
- Hernia in Railroad Employes.
- Spiritual Progress.
- The Stranger Within Our Gates.
- Travel in Europe.
- English Cathedrals.
- Cliff Dwellers.
- Life of Christ.
- Christ in Art.
- Sunday School Methods.
- Man's Religious Duty.
- The Scholar's Equipment.

- Comparative Religion.
- Birds and Animals of Colorado.
- Value of Music.
- Genuine Religion.
- Ring Story from Lessing.
- Social Teachings of Jesus.
- Recent Excavations at Puye.
- Tuberculosis and School Children.
- Value of Our Foreign Immigrant.
- Life of St. Paul.
- Tendency of Social Reform.
- Italian Life.
- Prodigal Son.

- Men in Sunday School Work.
- The Sword of Goliath.
- The Pancreas.
- Rest.
- Dudley Buck's Music.
- The Church and Social Service.
- Archæology.
- School Sanitation.
- Indians of the Southwest.
- Immortality.
- Fraternity.
- Influence.
- Tuberculosis.
- Typhoid.
- Egypt.

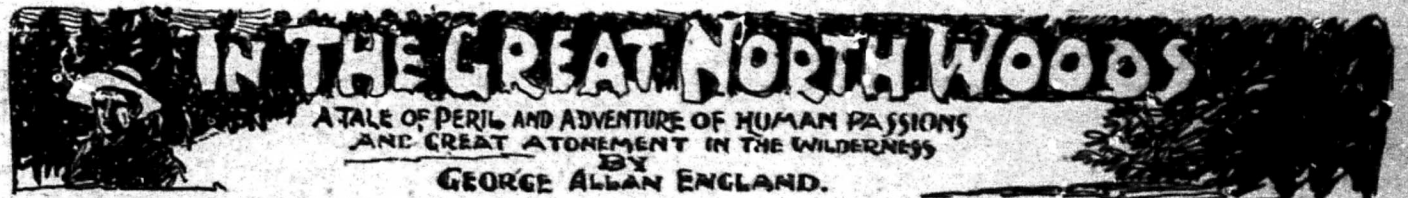
In addition to this educational value there is the personal influence that comes of close conduct with the men. "Jollyng" is a function altogether too effective to be excluded in the effort of getting the upper hand in the fight with labor, and Welfare Work brings about many meetings, social gatherings, picnics and festivals during which the employers press the "horny hands of labor" and speak the amiable words which enhance and strengthen friendly relations.

Summing Up

What becomes of Mr. Easley's imputation that the Socialists attack Welfare Work because it deters the social revolution by improving the condition of the workingmen? It is true that the Socialists want a revolution, that the return of one fraction more of the product which is stolen from the workingmen will not silence the clamor for a just system of production and distribution. But Welfare Work does not return the stolen products. It no more feeds the workmen than the farmer feeds the earth when he sows the seeds which result in an abundant crop.

But neither do the Socialists attack Welfare Work because it yields a greater profit to the employers; this is expected under the present system of scientific exploitation. The real reason for the attack is because this is done under cover; because the robbery is not committed in the open, but under the ambushing of pretended friendliness; because Welfare Work destroys unions and deprives the workers of the only weapon left them to fight their battles; because it affords opportunities for spying on the men; because it fosters knavery by putting a premium on "good records;" because for a vain promise of profit-sharing it buys the heartfelt interest of the workers and causes them to toil more willingly; because for a pitiful promise to be fed in old age it buys a man's life-long endeavors and faithfulness; because it robs men of their manliness and reduces them to weaklings, too scared to insist on their rights, too humiliated to present a bold front.

The workingman has grown. He is still naive and unsophisticated but he knows enough to form unions and listen to Socialists. The capitalists realize that to keep him in ignorance is impossible; also, that it does not pay. Modern industry requires skill and skill comes with intelligence. How to enlighten the workingman without awakening the slave in him is the problem. Welfare Work is an attempt to solve it.



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 rescues a man fleeing from the fire and takes him along to the dam.

"Say!" he snarled. "You shet up, thar! You're gittin' too damn nigh bein' a real temptation, see? Ye're welcome to grub an' transportation an' half of all I got, here, but you sure gotta quit buttin' in on comp'ny business, savvy? Now cut it out!"

The stranger, at last convinced that he could in no wise budge the woodsman's determination, and fearful lest insistence might result in his being set ashore in the wilderness, sullenly desisted. And for a long time the silence was broken only by the barking staccato of the launch.

At length the long and narrow lake came to an end; and now the dam lay close at hand.

Across the stillness of the morning air a low, steady droning bespoke the sheeted fall of waters upon the apron of the dam, whence it bounded, dashing into froth, down along the tortuous rocks of the Upper Megantic. A spumy toss of vapor, shifting with protein colors as the now strengthened

rays of the sun smote it, bespoke the force and depth of the fall.

"Here we be!" cried Jim, suddenly. He stood up to take a comprehensive view of the situation. "Ain't been here in four years, but I reckon I know the lay, all right. Thar's the dam, right ahead, see? Thar's the other company's old wharf, right this side. An' that shack yender, is all that's left o' the camp they useter have up here. Well, I'm darned glad to git here, an' that's a fact!"

The hunter opened tired and indifferent eyes. His head ached dully. Hunger and exhaustion and a bad case of "nerves" were telling on him severely. Gladly would he have given ten thousand of the five million dollars which other men had made and he had reaped, to see (that instant) the meanest, dingiest railway station in Maine. But that was not to be. Here, for once in his life, he envisaged a situation whence a check could not extricate him.

"Is—this the place?" he listlessly inquired. "Thank God there's no further to go! Forest, mountains, wilderness everywhere! Ugh! I hope you'll finish up whatever it is you've got to do, at once, and start back at the very earliest moment!"

Jim only grunted. He felt considerable annoyance at the man's unsympathetic mood, at his evident distaste for the woods which were (to him) old and tired friends. Though Jim was no keen analyst, it seemed to him that a man whom he had rescued



The Russian Pilate

By Edgar White Burrill



WHEN the Czar of all the Russias was planning to visit Italy's monarch, the Socialist party of Italy issued a manifesto urging the whole nation to join in a demonstration against him. The words of that manifesto were not veiled in any vague or gracefully diplomatic terms when Emperor Nicholas was referred to as a "great and bloody tyrant." Comparing him with the Spanish king, whose execution of the "modernist" teacher, Ferrer, was causing such wide-spread condemnation among the liberal parties of Europe, the declaration said, "he is a thousand times more ferocious and more dangerous to civilization than King Alfonso, who is only a semi-responsible instrument in the hands of the reactionaries and Jesuits." This stirring appeal to the Italian people closed with these words:

Let us show the Russian emperor our immense exaltation. . . . On the day of the arrival of the emperor let us meet together for a great manifestation of sympathy and fraternity with our oppressed Russian brothers.

Complacent America does not see the force of such an appeal, and puts it all aside as only another manoeuvre of the "anarchistic" organizations of Europe. Neither do Americans appreciate the wave of popular protest which swept England and France at the announcement of the reception to be accorded Russia's despotic monarch by their respective heads. Few of us even asked the question, What makes these other Europeans so hate the Czar?

The answer is simple. These nearer peoples have a more adequate conception of the shameful national outrage which the Czar, through his supporters, has been perpetrating since the revolution of 1906. The American people do not know the real state of affairs in Russia.

The actual rulers of Russia today are the Secret Police. It is always the Chief of the Secret Police who signs the final papers for the investigating foreigner who desires permits to officials buildings; it is always the Secret Police officer who returns salutes of the street police, of local civil officials, of soldiers, and even of a general of the army, all the latter being his inferiors and thus saluting him first. The Secret Police are supreme; and they it is who play directly into the hands of the red-taped, red-handed bureaucrats and nobles who rule the Czar himself. He is as powerless as they are, a prisoner of his own regime. As a puppet to visit the capitals of Europe and make a show of peace and national welfare, he may serve; but as a ruler and a reality for power, he is a degenerate; he does not exist.

The Duma itself was proved ineffective, a device to fool the rest of Europe and trick us into believing that the mere form of parliamentary government means that the Russian people have at last gained real representation. Except for airing certain facts of misrule, the Duma can still do little more than protest, and these protests are too often officially ignored.

The incompetence of the Czar can be more fully appreciated when it is known in what a state of abject terror it is deemed expedient to keep him. Since the Hague conference, which was manoeuvred by his ministers chiefly to add prestige to Russia's requests for further foreign loans, he has been in constant fear for his life. And because, forsooth, the police could not find enough plots against him, he felt that they were not vigilant. Consequently, to reassure him, Kleigels, the succeeding Prefect of Police, manufactured threatening letters, intercepted them, and laid them before the Czar. He also concocted several sinister proclamations apparently written by famous Terrorists, and caused them to be found by Nicholas.

was not enough. The ingenious manipu-

lator's next move was to take up a couple of tails between St. Petersburg and the Tsarskoe Selo palace, and notify his Majesty five minutes before train time. It is a fact that the hysterical monarch wept for joy at the St. Petersburg station, where he was about to board the train, because of the ability thus displayed by his protectors. Henceforth, M. Kleigels made it a point to "save" the Czar's life at least once a week, thereby obtaining for himself extravagant presents and honors.

He even went so far as to undermine the Commemorative church at Tsarskoe Selo, make excavations in the pillars, and construct an ominous network of electric wires leading to a biscuit tin which he had buried beneath the Emperor's throne. Just before an important anniversary ceremony he disclosed this "infernal plot" to Nicholas, who promptly fainted, but who thereafter regarded his Prefect as his perpetual savior.

The whole policy of the most powerful bureaucrats has been to convince the Czar of the hatred of the people for him, and to suppress the first suggestion of any liberal tendency in their Sovereign by throwing him into a state of extreme nervous terror. General Dragomiroff of Kief said of him, "He is scared at everything, frightened without a cause." It is little wonder that with such an abject weakling for ruler, a brute like Von Plehve should have been able to crucify Russia at pleasure.

It is well to consider for a moment just who this man is who tries to rule 152,000,000 souls. The hereditary history of Nicholas II. makes anything but a pretty record. In the first place his very title, Czar, or Tsar (spelled formerly C'sar), is only a corruption of the Latin, Caesar; and to this pretentious designation his ancestors had no real claim. As a matter of fact Nicholas II. is not even a Romanoff, as he proudly asserts, but actually the descendant of diseased Germans. This whole Dynasty of Degenerates, as one writer calls the rulers that followed, a dynasty in which the present Czar forms the last link, dates, not from the Norman king Rurik, who in the tenth century conquered part of Russia and usurped the title of Caesar, nor from the Muscovite Romanoff of 1613, whom Nicholas seeks to claim as his ancestor; but it begins with the pure German Duke, Peter Ulrich of Holstein-Gottorp-Oldenburg, who succeeded the children of Peter the Great, in 1762.

Thus it is that the empire is still dominated by German methods, merchants, and masters. One may still hear in southern Russia, among the Ruthenians, this melancholy remark: "Oh, for the old rulers, the good Czars! They, at least, were Russians!"

The founder of the present dynasty, Peter III., married the German Catherine when she was fifteen; but some years later he became so repulsive to her because of his continuous alcoholic dementia that she hired conspirators to murder him. Catherine the Great, who thus fell heir to the throne, is notorious as a moral monster, notwithstanding the fact that she had fine ideas for Russia and attempted to carry out Peter the Great's policies. At any rate she still further Germanized the empire by founding Ekaterinoslav, Ekaterinobad, and other cities called by her name, to which she invited German immigrants in large numbers.

It is worthy of note also that it was she who called together the first Duma, an assembly of representatives which did nothing except talk, and the members of which she therefore sent home very soon; she likewise abolished all torture during her reign, either for obtaining evidence or confession; and moreover, while not abolishing serfdom, she did make a free man of every serf who married one of the girls in her great founding homes—a fact which may poetically justify her own illegitimate es-

capades with the various fine-looking giants of her pet regiments.

Paul I., who came next, as the legitimate son of Catherine, was a victim of early cerebral decay and epilepsy; and after exercising his power, between fits, to such an extent that he managed to commit more monstrous political and judicial follies than even Russia could stand, he was suppressed, in favor of Alexander I.

This ruler inherited not only epileptic weakness, but also a tendency to absurd mysticism, most disastrously evident still in the present incumbent of the imperial seat. It was this Alexander who, unable to beget a legitimate heir, according to one of his own ministers, "added at least eight hundred bastards to the population of Poland." He became at length unbearable to his court circle, and promptly "died," of a "certain fever" which is still conveniently chronicled on the imperial reports as afflicting many prominent political prisoners today.

The same signs of decadence were manifest in Nicholas I., whose general incapacity culminated at Sevastopol. He died mysteriously and suddenly.

Then came Alexander II., the Great, who is to be praised for liberating the serfs, at least technically, but who lacked throughout his reign the necessary executive ability, great idealist though he was, to carry out his reforms. He was styled by his friends "the whimpering Czar," being dominated by impractical dreams, and surrounded by a coterie of brutes invested with absolute power. He was assassinated.

The next Czar was Alexander III., the father of the reigning monarch. To the catalogue of already over-abundant hereditary taints, this man added the ill-starred gift of tuberculosis. His moods alternated between extreme depression and violent passion. Trembling with emotion, he first announced to the Family Council that he would promulgate the constitution signed by his father just before the latter's murder, "because he shrank from the formidable task of governing the nation by himself." Would that he had been possessed by backbone enough to have stood by this declaration! But the next day, under the machinations of von Plehve, who was even then on the watch to become the real dictator of the empire as minister of the interior, he changed his mind, vehemently asserting that the "Nihilists" must be suppressed first and that "his divine duty commanded him to maintain the immutable principle of autocracy intact, whatever happened." Thus began the golden age of the present corrupt bureaucracy.

And now we come to the ultimate product of these centuries of degeneration; the present Czar is the climax of this accumulation of hereditary infection. One of his military instructors declared openly that "Nicholas II. would have been exempted from military service for insufficiency of intellect in any country, by any army doctor." Yet this man, childishly incompetent and pitifully blighted at birth, attempts to determine the destiny of the largest empire of the world. Only a great compassion can prevent our wishing that such a man might at once be interred beside his inglorious ancestors.

It is a pitiful thing to hear still at rare intervals among the peasants the old optimistic proverb—"All will be changed when the Czar comes," or "When the 'Little Father' hears of this, he will help us." The poor, frightened monarch is easily intimidated by his skillful manipulators, into doing whatever will best serve their ends. The welfare of the people is his last thought. In fact his own words and deeds have proved him again and again to be foolishly hostile to the people's simplest efforts for freedom. He shattered their faith when his troops fired upon the deputation of petitioning workmen on the 22d of

January, 1905, and though he has tried since to regain their trust, they cried with one voice on that day, "There is for us no longer any Czar."

A few days after that Bloody Sunday, the united protest of newspapers all over the world made him realize his terrible blunder. But even then he was not concerned with the ruthless way his soldiers had shot down unarmed, innocent people; he realized that he was in danger of losing foreign prestige in case he should want to borrow more money immediately. So he tried to rectify the error by summoning a delegation of the workmen to his palace. But General Trepoff fearing that there would be some of the number who might clamor for vengeance for their murdered comrades, prepared a company of his own spies, dressed as workmen, and sent them instead. As one writer puts it, "His Imperial Majesty received them graciously, and freely forgave them for having escaped the bullets and swords of his soldiers on January 22, but cautioned them not to do it again."

These dummies then left to spread the news of his magnanimity among the people of Russia and among the foreign newspaper correspondents; but some of the populace discovered the imposture, the spies were forced to flee for their lives, and the touching accounts of this beautiful scene of reconciliation, when the august sovereign deigned to

receive his humblest subjects in his own palace, were slightly spoiled.

Another example will prove the Czar's sanctioning of "repression" tactics: A woman named Semonova, in a cell at St. Petersburg with eleven other women, was sitting on the window-sill, when a soldier outside without any warning and with no provocation raised his rifle and shot her dead, barely missing others also in the crowded room. So great was the public clamor after this incident that the soldier was eventually tried—and of course acquitted. The newspapers echoing the general opinion were indignant. But one day when this man's regiment was ordered out on parade his name was called. A letter from the Czar was then read, announcing a reward of ten roubles (\$5.00) to the soldier for having so nobly done his duty!

While it is true that many affairs like this are grossly misrepresented to the Russian ruler, it is equally certain that he knows specifically about much that is going on, and that he acquiesces and tacitly encourages the general policy of repression, torture, and massacre. As the traditional autocrat he at any rate becomes responsible for the whole regime of governmental crime.

The only way in which he can escape this responsibility of his "divine right" to rule is to abdicate; and this he will not do, even though time has proved him again and again not only hopelessly in-

competent but even intellectually morbid and morally degenerate. His own opinion, uttered before Prince T.—two months after the dissolution of the first Duma, clearly fastens the blame upon his own weak shoulders. These words absolutely contradict the manifesto which he had issued to call this body together: "I believe that Russia can run for twenty years more without a parliament, and I shall do all I can to guide my country back to where we were before the October manifesto." He has displayed criminal weakness in the historical crisis of his country; he has failed miserably to lead his people to freedom.

The real secret of his ability to still keep a hold upon a large part of his subjects lies in the fact that he is their religious head as well as their secular Emperor. For the preservation of the regime, it is necessary for the ruling clique to retain their clutch upon the State church. As long as the Czar remains the head of the Russian church, so long he will maintain this double grip upon his people; for they cannot revolt from his political rule without blaspheming him as their religious superior. And the last thing to give way in the human heart is religious faith. Thus it is that the bureaucrats stimulate this two-fold allegiance at every opportunity, and it is because the Jews do not serve him in this way that they are being persecuted from the land.

The Children of Karl Marx

By John Spargo



WHEN one remembers the passionate love of children which was one of the most pronounced characteristics of Karl Marx, the story of his own family seems all the more tragic and distressing. In the summer of 1843 Karl Heinrich Marx and Johanna Bertha Julie Jenny von Westphalen were married. After a brief honeymoon, they went to Paris, where, in 1844, their first child, a daughter, was born. They christened the child Jenny, after her mother.

The name of this child is connected with that of the great German poet, Heine, by an interesting story, which doubtless had some foundation in fact, even though it is impossible to vouch for all its details. Heine was on very intimate terms with the Marx family, and was accustomed to confide to them his troubles, especially to Mrs. Marx, who was his ardent admirer.

One day, when little Jenny was about three months old, Heine, so the story goes, called at the Marx home and found Marx, Mrs. Marx and Helene Demuth, their nurse, in tears. The baby was seriously ill; a physician had been summoned, but was slow in coming. Heine took in the situation at a glance, it is said, and declared that the child must have a hot bath. What is more the great poet prepared the bath with his own hands, undressed the baby, bathed it, and, so the doctor declared, saved its life!

Of the four daughters of Marx, Jenny, the first born, was the only one to attain motherhood. She married Charles Longuet, a Socialist, famous for his activities in the Paris Commune. He was also one of the leading spirits of the "International." Their son, Jean Longuet, is a prominent French Socialist. He is one of the editors of *Humanite*, the leading French Socialist daily paper.

Jenny Marx was her father's favorite at all times, because of her resemblance to her beautiful mother. She died in January, 1883, and there is every reason for believing that her death greatly hastened that of her father.

In September, 1845, after the family had moved to Brussels, having been expelled from France, the second child, also a girl, was born. They christened her Laura. She is the only child of Marx now living. She is the wife of Paul Lafargue, the famous French Socialist philosopher and wit, and has herself written many Socialist poems and sketches of a high order.

Concerning these two daughters, Mrs. Marx wrote to her friend, Mrs. Weydemeyer, in 1861:

Although I must fear that you will take me for a rather conceited and weak mother, I will give you a description of these dear praiseworthy girls. They are both exceptionally good-hearted, of generous dispositions, of truly amiable modesty and girlish purity. Jenny will be seventeen years of age on the first of May. She is a most charming girl, making quite a handsome appearance with her dark, shining, black hair and equally dark, shining, soft eyes, and her brunette creole complexion with its acquired healthy English tints. The pleasant, good-natured expression of her round, childlike face makes one forget that she has a stub nose, which is perhaps not beautiful in itself, and it is a real pleasure when she speaks to observe the friendly mouth with its fine teeth.

Laura, who was fifteen years old last September, is perhaps prettier and of more regular features than her older sister, whose direct opposite she is. Although she is just as tall as Jenny, as slender and delicately formed, there is something lighter, brighter and more lucid about her. The upper part of her face may well be called beautiful, with its waves of curly hair of chestnut brown,

her sweet, dear eyes of changeable greenish lights that burn like triumphal fires, and her finely formed and noble forehead. The lower part of her face is less regular, being less developed. Both girls possess rosy, blooming complexions, and I often marvel at their lack of vanity, for I remember very well that the same could not have been said of their mother at a certain tender age!

At school they have always carried off the first prizes. They are perfectly at home in English and are quite ad-



vanced in French. They are able to read Dante in Italian and also know a little Spanish; the German language seems to give them the greatest trouble; although I take every means in my power to prevail on them to take a German lesson now and then, my wishes do not always find obedience, so you see that respect for me and my authority are not very great. Jenny's special talent is for drawing, and the best ornaments in our home are her crayon drawings. Laura was so negligent about drawing that we had to deprive her of

this instruction, as a punishment. She delights in practicing on the piano, however, and sings charming English and German duets with her sister.

The third child, born in Brussels in 1847, was a boy. He was christened Edgar, after his uncle, Edgar von Westphalen, who became a Prussian Minister of State. Weak and sickly from birth, this boy seems to have inherited something of his father's great intellectual power. It is said that when he was four or five years old the little fellow presented a strange appearance, having a remarkably large head and a very frail, undeveloped body. He died in London when he was nine years old, and was buried in the graveyard of Whitfield's tabernacle.

Toward the end of June, 1849, Marx and his family moved to London, where he was to spend the rest of his troubled life. There, within a month, the fourth child was born, Heinrich, so named after his father and his paternal grandfather. The parents were terribly poor at the time of the child's birth and for long afterward. Often there was not enough to eat, and more than once did the child's lips suck blood from his mother's flattened, famished breasts. Early in the Spring of 1852 the poor infant died.

The fifth child, a daughter, christened Francisca, was born in 1851, and died the following Easter. So poor was Marx at this period that when this child came there was no money to get a cradle, then considered so necessary. And when the poor little one died there was no money to buy a simple coffin for it, until the mother in her desperation managed to beg it from a friend, a French exile who lived near them.

In 1856 the sixth and last child, Eleanor, was born. She lived to be forty-two years of age and played an important role in the international Socialist movement. Up to the London International Socialist Congress, 1896, where she was a conspicuous figure, she was generally active in international congresses, alike as a debater and official translator. She was in some respects the most brilliant of the three Marx children who lived to maturity. As a lecturer and debater she had few equals in the English Socialist movement, and her literary gift talent was far from small.

The story of her unhappy union with the late Dr. Edward Aveling, and her tragic death, by suicide, in 1898, is too well known to need repetition here.

No Freeman; No True Art

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

"Follow the chain of the slave," said Emerson, "and you will find the other end upon the wrist of the master." So it is today and so it will be forever; there can be no haven of refuge and no palace of art for anyone—only strife and failure for all—until the fact of human brotherhood is granted, until the truth has been pounded into our sluggish minds, that there can be no soul-life for any man until it is for all, that there can be among us neither political virtue, nor social refinement, nor true religion, nor vital art, so long as men, women and little children are chained up to toil for us in mines and factories and sweatshops, are penned in filthy slums, and feed upon offal, and doomed to rot or perish in soul-sickening misery and horror.

THE COMING NATION

PUBLISHERS
J. A. Wayland. Fred D. Warren.EDITORS.
A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

A Feast for the Future

We feel that our readers ought to know some of the good things that are in store for them in the pages of the COMING NATION

In addition to the Italian Co-operative article described elsewhere on this page a series has been written by Eugene Wood, which will run for several weeks. We believe that this is the best thing Eugene Wood ever wrote. He says he wrote it because he couldn't help it, and because it was something he wanted to say, and we know of no better reasons for writing anything than these.

He writes under the title of "The Big Change," and gives his idea of how the revolution is happening and is going to continue to happen. Those who remember "The Cop on the Corner" need only be told that these articles are even better than that. There is a laugh at least in every paragraph and a keen point behind the laugh. They will be fully illustrated and we believe will make one of the best pieces of propaganda that has ever been put out in the English language. We read them through and enjoyed every minute of the reading and felt sure that our readers would want to know that they were coming as soon as possible.

There is some good fiction in prospect. Berton Braley has written a story that tells how Socialism might profitably come. Whether you believe he has found the method or not you will enjoy the story. It will be illustrated by John Sloan.

This number marks the anniversary of the death of Karl Marx, and we meant to have devoted it exclusively to his life and work, but just as Marx always preferred a revolution in fact to one in a book, so we believe that he would rather that the Socialists of today would tell of the revolution that is going on rather than tell of the life of the man who had most to do with starting that revolution, so we have given first place to Turner's story of the Mexican Revolution. Rumors come from Mexico that already there is a split in the ranks of the revolutionists. Madero is denounced as a traitor who has sought to turn the spirit of revolution into conventional bourgeois channels. If this is true, the little group of fighters in Lower California have an even harder struggle before them than appeared at first sight, and certainly deserve a recognition of their heroism and devotion to the cause of a real revolution.

More About Italian Co-operatives

Few things published in the COMING NATION have attracted so much attention as the articles by Odon Por on the remarkable co-operative movement in Italy. These appeared in the first weeks of the paper's existence and there have been many requests for additional information.

Next week this request will be gratified. This time it is the wonderful organization of the Milan workers that is discussed. This co-operative is one of the largest contracting firms in the world.

The unions of that city having organized industrially, then proceeded to take over one by one the functions of the capitalists and today they are building whole streets of workingmen's dwellings

Our Despotic Supreme Court

BY A. M. SIMONS

Getting Under the Hide

Every well conducted newspaper has one editorial writer whose business it is to furnish a supposedly humorous editorial each day. But this editorial has other uses than that of merely amusing the reader. Whenever the remainder of the editorial staff find themselves confronted with a proposition which demands discussion, upon which it is impossible to say anything from the paper's point of view, it is handed over to the humorous editor.

It is his task to avoid argument and leave the impression with the reader that the whole matter is a joke. In the next column we have an example of how this is done by one of the best of these writers. The reader will note that no attempt is made to refute or deny the statements made in the COMING NATION. The editor of the Sun knows better. As the great defenders of the supreme court, the editors of this publication are undoubtedly familiar with the facts set forth in the COMING NATION, and as the defenders of that court, one of their tasks is to keep these facts from becoming known. This editorial is one of the means by which they seek to accomplish it.

If the voters of America knew the truth about the supreme court, its method of obtaining and maintaining power, and how easy that power could be taken away, that institution would not last beyond another election. The Sun knows that the supreme court is a bluff, and it would have you believe that any attempt to call that bluff is a joke.

Hoping to contribute still further to the amusement of the Sun staff the following letter has been sent:

Having read your editorial on the "Despotic supreme court" in the issue of February 23d, I feel reluctant to deprive you of the opportunity of further enlightenment and enjoyment which the editorial expresses and I am therefore sending under separate cover, not only "those two previous articles," but also some others containing articles on the same subject.

Since it was a good orthodox republican who first discovered the facts which I have set forth, and since my position was endorsed by the republican party in its halcyon days, I feel sure that the Sun will hasten to give its readers the benefit of the important information contained in the aforesaid articles.

Yours very truly,
A. M. SIMONS.

constructing mammoth sewers and in general carrying on the work that has hitherto brought great profits to the possessing class.

What has been done in Italy can be done here. If the workingmen of the United States would follow the example set forth in these articles they could largely control their conditions of employment and avoid much of the exploitation that they now suffer.

A special effort should be made to place this number in the hands of union men.

If the state owned all the land it would get an enormous income in rent, with which, after abolishing all present taxation, it could do wonders for its citizens, in education and social betterment of every kind.

"It will always be true that they who would have freedom must themselves be continually able to maintain it."

The Despotic Supreme Court

New Nationalism has started a new paper, a weekly we infer, out in Kansas at a town of the name of Girard. It isn't great on general news, nor does it pretend to be. Avowedly for labor unionism, it spurs on the unions and illustrates possibilities, not with stupid woodcuts and electrotypes, but with pregnant narrative and poignant epigram.

At present THE COMING NATION, for that is its prophetic name, devotes itself to "the despotic supreme court" and to prescriptions for its suppression. As it is still young, though apparently not struggling, we infer that the publication is already hitting the high places with vigor and precision, for it begins its "feature" editorial, issue of February 11th, with these triumphant words:

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

Would that we had those "two previous articles" before us at this moment; not to be sure of the facts, for they are of course unquestionable, but to know the harrowing details and be done with it forever. Incidentally we should like to be sure on first hand information of the length, depth and breadth of that "sneaking revolution" and the revolting details of the "cringing sycophancy" that put marrow in its bones and ichor in its arteries.

Alas! We cannot have everything in this disappointing world, and must do our best with what we get and make the most of this statement in the "feature" editorial:

It means that congress is supreme in the legislative department of government. It means that congress can at any time in regard to any law take away the jurisdiction of the supreme court.

This refers to the constitution of the United States where it says:

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.

And it explains in much lower case type, not to say in hoarse and hollow tones, that it is now only necessary to obtain control of congress in order to regulate that despotic tribunal which stands between the Hon. SAMUEL GOMPERS and his modest and altruistic aspirations. To the substitution of his jurisdiction for that of the despotic supreme court THE COMING NATION will devote its passionate vocabulary. —New York Sun.

Every permanent improvement of the soil, every railway and road, every betterment of the general condition of society, every facility given for production, every stimulus supplied to consumption, raises rent. The land owner sleeps, but thrives. He alone, among all the recipients in the distribution of products, owes everything to the labor of others, contributes nothing of his own. He inherits part of the fruits of present industry, and has appropriated the lion's share of accumulated intelligence.

—Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers.

"The rungs of the social ladder are too often a succession of lies about life."

Scout News

Sold all my papers. This is a republican town but you send the wads and I'll do the shooting.—Clifford Thompson, Ohio.

Received papers alright and sold them all in one evening.—Emma Remtle, Pennsylvania.

Am getting more customers and go to

the Socialist meetings every Wednesday night now.—C. A. Skinner, Pennsylvania.

This is a very small place. I have four steady customers and sell the rest on the streets. My six-year-old brother helps me.—Isabelle Rice, Rhode Island.

I sold four papers yesterday and am going to do as well today. Mr. Miller says I am doing fine.—Jesse Courtney, Alabama.

I am a little boy nine years old and have to do my scouting after school and Saturdays. But I can sell at least ten every week.—Clifton Hendrickson, Oklahoma.

We have a good Scout here and will keep him going alright. His name is Clarence Eberhardt.—J. E. Tilley, local secretary, Illinois.

My father and several friends help me to get new customers but most of the people ask me for the papers themselves. I have done pretty well so far.—Eva Gold- denberg, Massachusetts.



Marvin Bracken

Scout Marvin Bracken is carrying on the Scout work in his home town of Vincennes, Ind. He has a Socialist newsstand and disposes of quantities of literature each week. He writes some highly interesting letters to the Scout department. Watch for them. They're well worth reading.

Socialist Scouts

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

If the Socialist Scout organization is not at work in your town you should speak to some boy or girl about joining. It's pleasant, healthful work and gives youngsters the best of training for Socialist agitation.

Scouts sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and earn valuable premiums in addition. It costs nothing to take up the Scout work for I'll send a bundle of ten papers to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard Kans.," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

THE MAGYAR

A STORY OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

Why the Book Was Written

A few years ago a New York magazine sent me to the mines and stockades of the south, to study peonage. Four articles were published and two were rejected. The material rejected, seemed to me the most important. I was told that the only way to make the truth known was to palm it off as fiction "Write a novel," they said.

The reception given my book "From the Bottom Up," in the United States and throughout the British empire encouraged me to accept the publisher's suggestion. In the spare time of a year, I wrote "The Magyar." One of the leading men in a large publishing house spent three days with me going over the book. He unqualifiedly accepted it, but the firm turned it down. There were two objections to it—two major, and some minor objections. First, it had a minor character, objectionable to the majority of the officers of the firm—all of them southern men. This minor character is a negro gardener, whose cardinal sin, is that he speaks perfect English and is decent!

"You assume," said a member of the firm, "that because a negro is educated, he is therefore moral." I tried a second firm and they accepted my black man, but objected to the Socialist trend of the book as a whole. "It is too radical," they said.

Why the Book Should Be Published

I have published more articles on peonage than any man in the United States. I have made a study of this modern form of capitalist slavery, I became a peon to do it. An inside view of the horrors of the stockade has never been written. In "The Magyar" I am writing of what I saw with my own eyes. This in itself would not justify the writing of a novel. A novel, to me, is a good story, well told. The story must be big enough to carry on its back the propaganda without being burdened with it. My hero is a preacher, who goes through hell and fights with devils. He loses everything but his soul so far, so good, but my hero is a Socialist, and thereby hangs a tale—a tale of rejection.

Why the Author Becomes Publisher

There are several reasons. The first may be said to be Hobson's. "From the Bottom Up," was written as a contrast to the life of John D. Rockefeller. It sells for one dollar and fifty cents a copy. That puts it beyond the reach of Socialists. I have urged again and again a cheaper edition, but as long as it is a good seller the higher price will prevail. My share of the price is a ten per cent royalty. "The Magyar" will be as good a book in type, paper and binding as "From the Bottom Up," and will sell for one dollar.

Brains and a lead pencil have been sufficient for me hitherto. Now I need money. To place the order I need one thousand dollars. To raise this amount I will issue a "Believer's Edition" of one thousand. These copies will be numbered, autographed and mailed post free to the first one thousand names sent in and accompanied by a one dollar bill or money order. This notice is inserted as a paid advertisement in as many Socialist papers as I consider worth while. It is a business proposition.

Address the author at Peekskill, N. Y.

ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN

What Diantha Did

Woman as Man's Teacher

BOOK REVIEW BY MAY WOOD-SIMONS.

What Diantha Did, By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Charlton Company, New York, 250 Pages, \$1.00, cloth.

Women who have struggled with the household problem and they are legion, will appreciate the last book written by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "What Diantha Did."

Few people, probably no woman, has looked more carefully than has Mrs. Gilman into the conditions that surround the "belated industry" of house-keeping, and while her former works have been in the nature of sociological studies the present volume is a lively bit of fiction.

In brief the story is that of Diantha, a young California girl who finds herself the fiancée of a young college man interested in scientific work, who is compelled to carry on a grocery store to maintain a family of sisters who feel that in some inexplicable way, it is a disgrace for a woman to earn her own living.

Diantha, who has a genius for doing house work in the easiest and most efficient manner, announces her intention of going away to earn her living and is opposed by her lover and family.

She is firm, however, and not only goes to work but secures a place as housemaid with a Mrs. Porne who is herself a worker, an architect. The description of the skilled worker, Mrs. Porne, attempting to do her own housework and carry on her profession at the same time will appeal to many women who have tried the same thing and found that they usually made a failure of both under the conditions of present house-keeping.

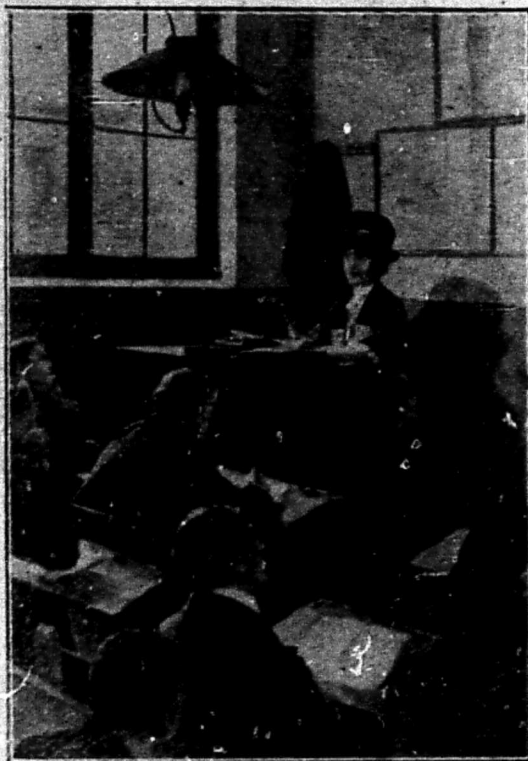
Diantha finally attracts the attention of a group of broad-minded women who invite her to address a woman's club on the housekeeping problem. She does so and creates such a discussion that the club is rent asunder. The young Mrs. Weatherstone becomes the leader of the radical wing of the club and the firm supporter of Diantha in her plans to found an establishment in which food can be prepared and delivered to families at a reasonable cost thus putting the preparation of food for the table on the same basis as other modern industries.

There is also founded a training establishment where those who wish may fit themselves for doing work in households, working at certain fixed hours, like other craftsmen, and returning to a pleasantly appointed home after the day's work.

Diantha has much difficulty in convincing her obdurate lover that, even after her plan has succeeded, it is not something decidedly out of place for a woman to earn her livelihood. She finally marries him only on condition that she may continue her work and proves herself none the less a good wife and mother because of her occupation that takes her for a few hours of each day to her place of business.

It is only while on a foreign journey when her husband finds that everywhere her work is known and considered of scientific value that he finally admits that she has proven her case and that she has not been belittled by participating in solving the question that today haunts so many thousand women.

Mrs. Gilman has made clear that the home is not necessarily based on the proposition that every wife and mother should be cook, nurse, laundress, scrub woman, baker and seamstress combined, but that these things can be far better done, most of them at least, in the same manner that other industries are conducted. She also maintains the thesis that the woman with a work of her own in life is nevertheless a good home-maker and a good mother.



Mlle. Rozenberg, appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction to the chair of Philosophy at Lakanal College at Sceaux, lecturing to a class of men students.

Swedish Women Councillors

The women of Sweden entered into their newly gained rights in March last, by the election as town councillor of Dr. Valfrid Palmgren, the candidate of the conservatives, and Miss Gertrude Mansson, Social-Democrat.

The municipal elections in the provinces are just over, and they have given the brilliant result that Sweden has now thirty-five women town councillors.

It is a matter of great interest, both for the countries where women may be elected members of municipal councils, and for those that have not yet granted this right, to see to which parties the newly elected women belong and what are their professions.

Most of the new town councillors are teachers, and they are highly appreciated, not only for their pedagogical work, but for having devoted themselves to their task as overseers of the poor and as members of boards of education.

Owing to the political situation, it is quite natural that most of the women elected belong to the Liberal party—i. e., eighteen of them. Three were elected by the Social Democrats. In three cases the women put up their own candidate.

The town of Gefle has now three women town councillors, one representative of each party. At Falun the conservatives and liberals have each their representative, and so it is at Umeo. Thus it seems as if the northern provinces of Sweden were the most in favor of equal rights for women.

Pensioning German Widows

What has become of the widows' and orphans' fund is the problem now confronting the widows of the workingmen who have given up their lives in the service of capital in Germany.

The bourgeois parties, at the time when prices on the necessities of life rose to unheard-of figures, attempted to appease the working people with a promise of a widows' and orphans' insurance fund. The measure should have gone into force in the year 1910. When the time was up, however, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, at a setting of the Reichstag, declared that the project was a "beautiful dream," that could not be realized because the proceeds from the land-tax imposed for that purpose, was not sufficient.

High prices and above all those on bread and meat continued in force. A

measure for a widows' and orphans' relief fund, that was plainly a mockery, provided relief for invalid widows only, that is to say, for those who had lost two-thirds of their working strength.

By this provision 90 per cent of the widows are shut out from any benefits

Waking

BY KATHERINE PYLE.

I dreamed I lay in a little gray boat;
The sail above was gray;
Out, out to the sea from the dreamland shore
I was drifting and drifting away.

The dreamland shore was growing dim,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And the dream-child, too, was fading away
Who had played all night with me.

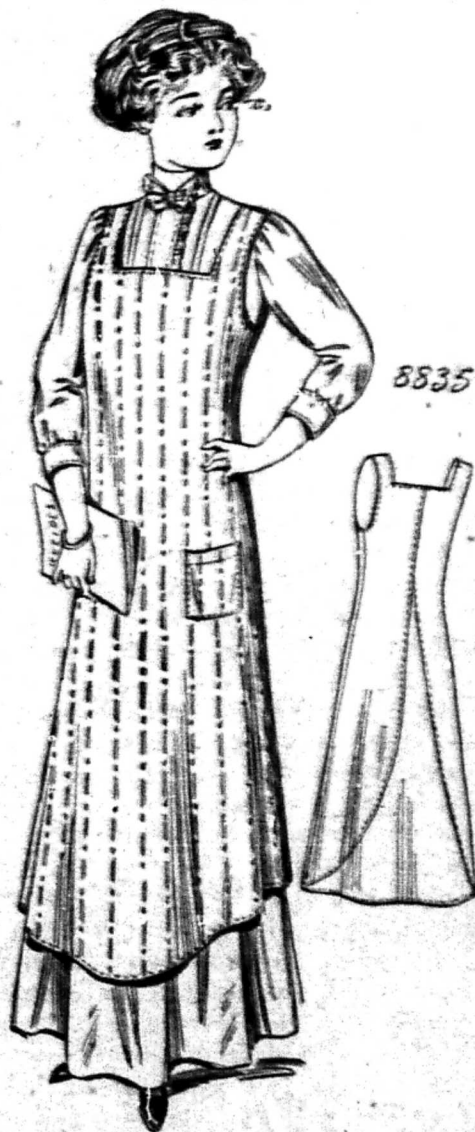
The dream-child waved a shadowy hand,
And wept to see me go.
"Farewell, farewell," I heard a cry,
"You are going to wake, I know."

And then I saw the shore no more—
There were only the wind and me,
And the little gray boat, and the lonely sky,
And the soundless dreamland sea.

My boat ran up on a smooth white beach,
And faded away like smoke,
And the beach was my own little nursery bed,
And I opened my eyes and woke.

So often now when I'm going to sleep,
I wish I could find once more,
The place where the little gray boat is moored
And the dream-child plays on the shore.

But in dreamland none can choose their way,
Or find their friends again;
And the little dream-child by the dreamland sea
Will wait for me in vain.



Ladies Apron with Panel Front

8852. A Good Apron Model. This design has two special good points: i. e., the deep, convenient pockets and the panel front, which is cut high over the bust, and this affords good protection. The apron is easy to make and will give satisfaction with its ample skirt, and natty appearance. Gingham, lawn or cambric may be used for its development. It requires 6 1-4 yards of 27-inch material for the medium size. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

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

A Point in Law

A prominent lawyer of Miami recently received a call from a colored woman. "What's the trouble?" inquired the lawyer.

"It's about mah ole man. He's cahyin' on high wit' a lot o' no-count gals, he is, an' sum'n's got to be done!"

"Do you want a divorce?"

"Go 'long, man. Divorce, nuffin. 'Think I'se gwine to gin him des what he wants, an' low him to go sky-shootin' round wif dem gals? Not on yo' life, mister lawyer, I doan' want no divorce; what I want is a 'junction."

Day of Intensive Farming

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

Intensive agriculture introduces a new era in the social, economic and industrial history of this country. It brings to light many of the hidden possibilities through intelligent handling of soil, water and sunshine; for producing family food necessities, and creating new ideas in the minds of individuals moved by the "Back to the Soil" campaign. It marks an important national uplift along the lines of preventing waste and extravagance and prohibiting congested conditions in industrial centers.

The man with a little farm, rightly tilled, by the application of correct methods, in intensive cultivation, gets better returns than his forefathers did from many times the acreage. That fact stimulates the desire for farm life, in the minds of thousands who would be unfitted for industrial demands were they to enter the wage-fields and attempt to take positions, filled by men and women having years of experience in the work. As such it is a welcome epoch in the varied stages of nation-building.

But there is something more than mere money-making in the intensive cultivation of the soil and the consequent changes taking place in city and country. For it comprises the opening chapter in a volume of great proportions, chronicling the advent of a higher educational condition, on the farms and in the cities of industry. There is life, peace and contentment in personal superintendence of the workings of nature. Men and women take delight in watching the growth of plants and flowers and noting the stages of development from the seeds or bulb to the fruit.

Intensive farming appeals to the membership of a family, whether the area cultivated be an acre or a few boxes in the backyard. It unfolds a world of progress, and illustrates, by living object lessons, the many virtues of active life, in the workshop and the home and garden. It is better for every family to have a garden of vegetables, or flowers, even though it occupy but one square rod, than to spend idle time in the company of vicious men or women, lounging about questionable resorts.

An old man of the east, called his son to his bedside, just before the boy started to the west, with shaking hand, he grasped the arm of youth, and gazing intently in the face of his son, he said:

"My boy, you are going to the unknown west. You will be among strangers. Sometimes you will get hungry and seek food and shelter. When you are hungry and tired and seeking rest and food, in the house of a stranger, look at the windows. If there are flowers in the windows you will meet good people. If the windows are bare and no flowers are in sight, keep away from that place."

So, intensive agriculture has brought the flowers.

How Long

How long will men kneel down to pray
For God to rule this world today,
And then go out and vote for one
Who's always on the side of wrong;
How long forget the Golden Rule
They all have learned when young at school;

For sake of office be a tool
For others; Lord, how long?

He—Would you be satisfied to give up your present beautiful home and live in a little white cottage?

She—I might, if there was a little, red automobile hitched in front of the door.—*Montreal Star.*

Poverty and idleness and ignorance will abound so long as men are homeless.

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY



"The Piper" at the New Theater, New York, Act II (inside the "Hollow Hill") with Wynne Matthison as the Piper, entertaining the children

The Piper

AN OLD STORY AND A NEW PLAY.

Once upon a time there was a city in Germany which was overrun with rats. Dear me, I believe that you are going to interrupt me and say, "Oh, we know that story, it's so old." But just have patience, children, and listen to the rest. It's an old tale and, of course, you know the rest, how the piper, all in his motley rags and with his sweet-toned pipe charmed the rats away and then the stingy old burgomaster and the other respectable citizens wouldn't pay the price they had agreed to, because of course a piper was only a poor fellow and couldn't make them hand out the money.

Now, the piper was a good fellow and liked to oblige people and help them out of their troubles, but when he saw how mean and stingy the citizens of that town were and how having a little money just spoiled all their sense of fairness, he thought that something must be done.

So when all the respectable citizens and the mean burgomaster had gone into the church to say mass and pray for their souls, which they had need to, goodness knows, all the little children in the town came crowding around the piper, because they had learned to love him and his pipe while he had been charming away the rats and they teased him to play to them. And then the piper saw as in a vision that if these dear little children had to remain with the sordid, mean citizens all their lives they would have no chance at all to have beautiful lives and beautiful thoughts and joyous freedom.

Shall I go on, children? Because I saw all this story that all children love anyway put into a beautiful play on the stage of the New Theater, New York, and the piper was a dear lady named Miss Matthison, all in the colored clothes of the piper, who I am sure has the love of children and the love of freedom in her heart, and I saw so many dear children in the play with her.

Well, then, as they teased him the piper had this vision about the children and he lifted the pipe to his lips and the little children all began dancing around him and the piper danced ahead of them and he danced and they danced all away into the distance.

Where do you think he took them? Into the heart of a mountain and the sunshine came down upon them through a hole in the mountain and the piper piped to them and told them stories and gave them a beautiful rainbow to hang in the sunshine and play with.

Now the dearest of all the children

to the piper was a little lame boy. But the lame boy's mother also loved her little boy and was so lonely and frightened about him that she came searching for him and meeting the piper in the forest begged to have her child back again and told the piper how all the mothers' hearts in the town were break for their children.

But the piper did not want to send the children back, for he knew that he could make them much happier with him, giving them freedom and good times and beautiful things. But then he made up his mind to take the children back and chance the sadness and loneliness, having changed the hearts of the fathers and mothers so they would not be so cold and selfish. So while the parents were sorrowing, back came the piper and after he had told the parents how wrong they were toward him and toward their children, he lifted his pipe to his mouth and played the sweet tones that the children loved so well. Then, as we listened we heard the rush of the little feet, then the chatter of the sweet voices and into the market place the children rushed, each one going to his parents, who wanted them so much to come back.

And the piper brought even the little lame boy that he loved so well back to his mother, who was dying of grief for him. And the piper thought that the lesson they had learned would change all the parents' hearts.

What do you think about it, children? I wonder if they would change so very much so long as they could pile up money that way.

But wouldn't you like to have heard the piper's sweet note that he played on the pipe and have seen the rainbow that he gave to the children to play with?

(This play was written by an American woman, Josephine Preston Peabody, Mrs. Marks, and won the Stratford (England) prize, a very great honor.)

Abie's Dream

BY F. M. G.



BIE SIMPSON lived in a part of a big city where the tenement houses were high and the streets narrow and dirty. Abie's father made coats, and he used to bring home stacks of them to work on at nights. After supper the lamp would be

lit over the sewing machine and both father and mother would work, the father at the machine, the mother with her needle. Many a night Abie had been lulled to sleep by the hum of the machine. Sometimes he wished his

father and mother could talk to him, but there seemed to be nothing in their world but coats, coats, coats.

"Go to bed, now, mein little son," said Abie's mother one night, as she saw the child's head nodding over his book, "go to bed now, and see that you will have a beautiful dream."

"I shall dream that we live in the country where I can see cows and pigs. And maybe then you don't work at night no more, ain't that it, mother?"

"But what for shall we not work at night," said the father, "it is better to work at night than to have no eats."

"Ach," sighed the mother, "but that is hard. Well, go to bed, now, Abie, anyhow."

So Abie went to bed, and the machine wheel hummed, and its needle made noises that sounded like "t-z, t-z, t-z-z-z-z-z," and after a while he was fast asleep.

Then a funny thing happened!

Abie found himself down in the street! Not a soul was there but himself, though it was broad daylight.

He saw a push cart on the corner and some others in the street—he was quite sure of that—but where did they go? He rubbed his eyes and said: "Aw, it's the fly cop chasin' them, that's what it is," and ran around the corner to see where they went. But there was neither cop nor push carts to be seen. And what was the matter with the houses? They seemed to be fading away. Then the sidewalks began to grow wider, and the street stretched out until it was three times as wide as it was before, and both sidewalks and streets were as smooth and clean as a table!

"Aw," said Abie to himself, "I know what it is, it's movin' pictures. But ain't it nice when the street looks like this."

Then new houses began to come in the places where the old ones had been on both sides of the wide street—all pretty houses—and Abie could see people in them. Pretty soon some children came out of one of the houses.

"Don't he look funny?" said one of the children, "I wonder where he came from."

"My name's Abe Simpson, an' I live right here on this street. You needn't make fun of me, you're only movin' pictures," retorted Abie.

At this all the children laughed, and though Abie pretended to be very brave he was almost crying when a Big Boy came along. The children ran up to him and began talking all at once:

"Isn't he a funny looking boy?"

"Where could he have come from?"

"He doesn't live around here."

"He says he lives right on this street."

"He called us movin' pictures."

As soon as Big Boy could get a chance to speak, he said, "All of you keep still and let me do the talking." Then he took hold of Abie's hand and said: "Now, little chap, tell me all about yourself and where you really did come from."

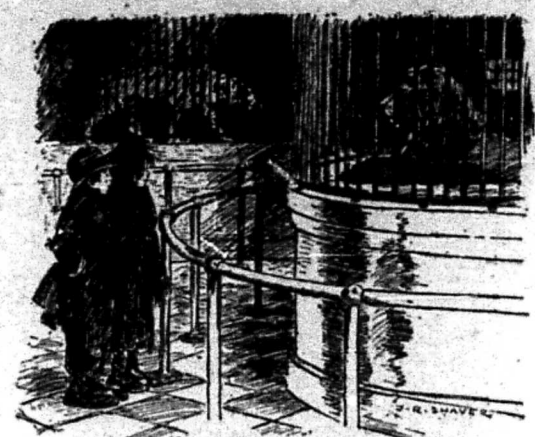
"Why I live right here," said Abie, "115 Adams street, an' my father's name is Isaac Simpson, an' he makes coats, an' my mother helps him, an' we live three flights up, in the back, an' you have to be careful, 'cause the top step is broke."

"Oh," said Big Boy, "now I begin to understand. Run along and play, children." Then he said to Abie "This street used to be called Adams street, and I believe there was a big tenement house at 115 where a lot of people lived. But we don't have that kind of houses any more. Don't you think these houses are much nicer than the kind you used to live in?"

"Sure," said Abie, "if only I could find my father and mother."

"Well," said Big Boy, "we'll look for them. But first wouldn't you like to see how the houses look on the inside?"

"Are they real houses," said Abie. "I thought they was movin' pictures, like I saw in the show once, 'cause I saw the old houses tumblin' down, and the sidewalk get smooth and broad, and the street stretch out and all the push cart men chased."



"THE LIONS ONLY GETS ONE MEAL A DAY."
"YES, BUT THEY GETS IT REG'LAR."

—Harper's Weekly

"Yes, they're real," said Big Boy. So they went into one of the houses. There was no little dark holes in it, like the room Abie went to sleep in. Every room had big windows, through which air and sunlight could come. And every little boy and girl had a room for himself, with a little white bed, and a bureau, and rugs on the floor and pictures on the wall, and chairs and table. And in every house there was a big play place for the children, and a music room and a room where people could dance. And Big Boy told Abie about the concerts in the music room, and the dancing, and that the children and the fathers and mothers all danced and had a good time.

"Gee!" said Abie, "wouldn't I like to dance. Only my father an' mother couldn't; they wouldn't have the time." Then he turned suddenly to Big Boy and said: "Ain't there no sewing machines?"

(To be continued)

His Conscience.

A teacher defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong."

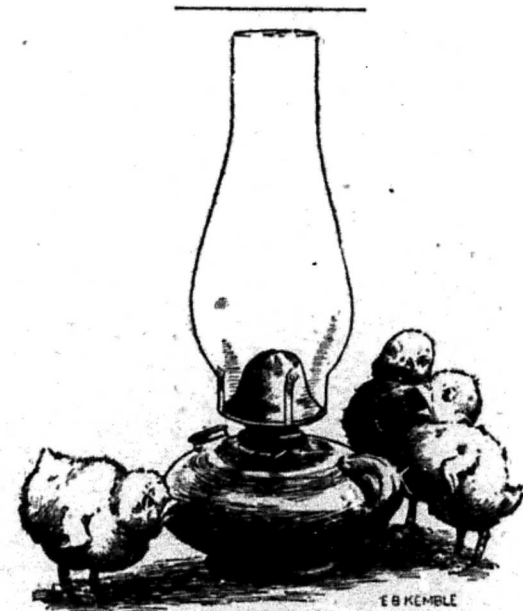
"Oh, yes," said a little lad at the end of the room. "I had it once last summer after I had eaten green apples."

Unnecessary Noises.

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He's not hitting at her," replied the mother. "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"



THE INCUBATOR BABIES

"SAY, KIDS, WHAT'LL YER BET THAT AIN'T MA?"

—Harper's Weekly

Davey Also Asked

Little Davey Sloan is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

A Pi-ed Verse

(Rearrange the letters of each word and you will have a stanza of poetry by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.)

Morf rteest nad raqsue, morf hihl nad leng
Fo hist stav rwohl feebor ym rood,
I ehar het aretd fo rachgimn mne,
Het tapnet remais fo het roop.

Bumbledom

BY DESMOND SHAW
British Correspondent Coming Nation



THE death of Sir Charles Dilke removes the most extraordinary man in the present House of Commons I have at many times been brought into contact with Sir Charles, chiefly as a member of the executive of the Adult Suffrage Society, for he was a living encyclopedia upon the franchise as he was upon nearly every phase of British political life.

He was a well-built man, above the middle height, with an air of quiet "comprehensiveness" which filled one with absolute confidence in his ability. His short beard softened a somewhat austere face, marked by the strokes of the lash of fortune, who surely has rarely treated any man so mercilessly as she has treated Dilke.

A Ruined Career

He was a man who was regarded with certainty by everyone as the future premier of Britain, who in his red republican days made a most brilliant debut in Parliament, but who in a few short years was flung into the pit which Puritan England reserves for those who have broken the eleventh commandment—that of "Thou shalt not be found out." Though indeed the terrible Crawford divorce case in which he was cited as the co-respondent, was probably a lie and a miscarriage of justice from beginning to end.

Sir Charles Dilke was the greatest living authority upon parliamentary procedure, and the Labor party and the Socialists of the country generally owe much to the unselfish way in which he placed his vast knowledge at their disposal.

His anticipation of political events was uncanny. One of the members of the present house told me that exactly eighteen months ago he was speaking to Sir Charles, who said: "My chance for the cabinet will come true in two years—not in the present liberal government, nor in the next, but in the one after that." And sure enough the liberals have been returned to office twice within the period named, though no one could have foreseen it at the time he spoke, and whether Asquith would have given him his chance or not in the present government is a secret forever buried in the grave of the past.

It is interesting to note that in a recent interview Dilke confessed himself a Socialist.

A Common Platform

The one common platform upon which all parties meet at the present time is the platform for the "Abolition of Poverty." Unconsciously we are permeating the thinking men and women of the orthodox parties with the leaven of Socialism, and as you may like to borrow a leaf from our book this is how we manage it, or rather how the women, who after all are the diplomatic sex, do it.

The women have formed local government associations in various districts—the association being non-party. Having formed the association in any particular district a series of lectures upon "A Municipal Program for the Prevention of Destitution," for example, is announced, invitation being sent to all the M. P.'s and municipal councillors of the district irrespective of party.

The lecturer is usually some national authority upon poverty, etc., such as Mrs. Sidney Webb, D. Lit., her husband or some other well-known person who forthwith proceeds with the cunning of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove to indicate the Socialist solution of poverty, unemployment and poor law administration—only the word So-

cialism" does not as a rule appear on the programme.

The British Poor Law "bangs Banagher." It is the most asinine, cussed, ornery beast that ever was.

Red Tape Officialdom

In the first place it is entirely palliative and not preventative. It ignores completely and with the shortsightedness of red tape officialdom the human being who is on the verge of starvation and says, "Get busy in getting destitute—then dear brother, or sister, we will talk to you."

Quite recently one poor devil who had reached the necessary depths of destitution, received two months hard labor in jail for refusing to go into the work-house. No wonder. If you have ever been in an English work-house with its stonebreaking and its "skilly" you will prefer the embankment hotel as a resting place.

In this fool's paradise, the moment you accept poor law relief, you are deprived of your vote, for to be poor is a crime. The law says, "Be poor and we'll shove you into jail and deny you political representation—get rich—honestly if you can—if not, dishonestly, but get rich."

What the poor law should do is to prevent, not to wait for the disease of poverty to run its course before taking action. In this country one-third of all the blindness arises from neglect, through lack of means in the first three days of infancy. Those boys and girls are literally blinded by poverty.

The administration of the poor law takes weird forms in this country. For example, the great idea of all local authorities is to keep the rates down to the lowest possible figure so that the damnable meanness of the middle classes may be pandered to, and so that the officials may be returned to office year by year. In Gloucestershire it is the custom to actually give the "sundowners" or tramp a trifle in order to induce him to go over the border to the next workhouse!

The Minority Report

The whole object of the recent minority report of the poor law commission is to establish a national control for the whole problem of poverty and unemployment to abolish the poor law and Bumbledom, root and branch, and to prevent destitution, not to relieve it only. The funds to do this to be provided by a grant from the Imperial Exchequer and be met by a super-tax upon the rich, by which we could increase the income tax receipts by a cool two hundred million pounds per annum.

The present parliament is likely to have its hands full with the home Rule question. Evidently there is an understanding between the government and the Irishmen and if Asquith does not toe the line this time we shall have a pretty little Celtic inferno in the British chamber.

Talking about Irishmen, I heard an excellent story last week about the author of the "Red Flag," Jim Connell, and Joe Biggar, the Irish M. P. who played so prominent a part in the historic Parnell commission, when the great Charles Stuart, like Dilke, was sacrificed upon the altar of the Nonconformist Conscience.

The Man who Wrote the "Red Flag"

Jim is a huge man, who wears the most aggravating red tie in London and with the most accurate knowledge of street fighting in Europe. Biggar was a little man with hunched-up shoulders and a squeaky voice.

It seems that the redoubtable Jim had been expelled from the London Central branch of the Irish National league, for some misdemeanor but turned up se-

renely again at the next branch meeting, puffing enormous volumes of smoke from a "nose warmer."

Everyone eyed him askance but no one liked to say anything until little Biggar said querulously in his high-pitched apology for a voice, "You must leave the room, Mr. Connell, you know you are not wanted here." Jim's only reply was to turn his back on his audi-

ence and to thrust a great poker into the heart of the coal fire.

Again the little man repeated his warning.

Jim took his pipe from his mouth, vomited forth a mess of smoke, and said with grim significance:

"You just wait until this tarnation poker is hot!"

The meeting hastily adjourned.

Clippings and Comment

Beware the Revolution

Frederick Townsend Martin has discovered that a social revolution is pending. He writes of this discovery under the title of "The Passing of the Idle Rich," in *Everybody's* with a vigor and virility that is absent from those to whom this knowledge is not so fresh.

He specifically disavows being a Socialist, although he does it in connection with some sentences that show that he has not even a glimmer of an idea of what Socialism means, since he speaks of it as an "arbitrary distribution of wealth which would end with a re-portionment of wealth and a re-assignment of the forces of wealth into the hands best qualified by nature to hold them."

He discovers, and quotes with many italics the figures which many Socialists have used, and a few have learned are not wholly reliable, to the effect that "the average employe in this country produces each year \$1,280 of wealth," and "out of this amount of wealth he gets \$437."

He discovers that this exploitation, and however inaccurate it may be, it does not overestimate the degree of exploitation, results "in the piling up of wealth in the hands of men who do not work." He finds that in speaking of his own class, that of the capitalist, "we can no longer blind ourselves with ideal phrases, nor drug our consciences with the out-worn boast that the workingman of America is today the highest paid artisan in the world."

"Instead of emancipation we have welded about the necks of the people the chains of industrial slavery."

Most remarkable of all, for one speaking from his point of view, he discovered that not only his own class, but the workers also are awake to a knowledge of these conditions. Speaking of the rich he says:

I know that very rarely did I hear the question raised as to the permanence of the conditions under which we lived within our social barriers. . . . When the nineteenth century closed America worshipped great wealth. It sanctified its possessors. It deified the hundred-millionaire. In five years' time America has learned to hate great wealth. Plutocracy is disgorging; but public opinion is relentless.

He finds that the rich are now reading Socialist literature and are crying out that this country must have a "Marius, a Pitt and a Peel. Before long it must get one or all of them or it will surely breed a Danton and a Robespierre."

After deciding that "America then is a Plutocracy," he discovers the methods by which this plutocracy is maintained.

It is strange to me, and it has always been strange to other men who have studied these things, that the interests of a plutocracy can be so long maintained, for a plutocracy, of its very nature, is the weakest possible form of government. It lives either by force or fraud. It lived in Rome before the days of Marius by force alone; and the lower orders of Rome were slaves. It lived in Paris, before the Terror, by a combination of force and fraud; and the lower orders of France became fendish brutes. It lives in America by fraud alone; and what may we say of the people of the nation who permit it to live?

But the people are stirring. Not yet in definite organization—but stirring. The line of political cleavage, along which the mighty rift must be made has not yet been clearly marked out. Perhaps one may find the first faint tracing of it in the rise of the insurgents in the last session of Congress. From what I have learned of the sentiment in the powerful Middle West, which more than any other part of the Union represents an average of the people of the United States, I am more than half convinced that this is true. If it be so, many things may happen within the next few years, and there may be very good reason indeed for the widespread uneasiness in the plutocracy. . . . Only the morally

and intellectually deaf cannot hear the sound of the call of the people. It sweeps from the plains of Kansas in the breath of the rustling corn; it swells from the hills of Montana in the thud of the drill and the rising and falling of picks in the mines, it whirs from the looms of the South and the North, where child slaves earn the bread of labor; it moans from the lofts of New York, in the voice of the slaves of the sweatshop; it shrieks from the forges of Pittsburg, the charnels of Packington, the terrible mines of the mountains of coal.

Yet, after all, his conclusion, at least so far as this article, which is one of a series, is concerned, is the old reactionary one that we must have a leader and he shakes this threat before the master class.

And presently some man, some strong man of the people, will hear the clear, unmistakable call of Destiny to its chosen. Can he help but heed? History supplies the answer. Go read it, you who rest secure within your flimsy barriers of self-interest, self-confidence, and gold.

God Bless Our Enemies

If there was any doubt about Socialism continuing to grow in Milwaukee, it has been settled by the appearance of a new paper in that city. This organ is known as *The Cardinal* and proudly announces that, "Our creed and politics are anti-socialistic." Only the "preliminary edition" has as yet appeared, but this number is enough to make certain of the value of future editions to Socialist propaganda. To be sure, most people, with even ordinary ideas of common decency, will scarcely want to see the paper in their families, since it has placed itself at once on the side of the most foul element produced by capitalism.

On the first page it sneers and ridicules the efforts of the Socialist administration to close up the white slave traps that have been working under the name of hotels in Milwaukee, and on the last page it has another disgusting comment on the preparation to utilize the "Shandain Mansion" for a maternity hospital.

It bewails the fact that "worship has become perfunctory and the cold storage religion of today does not concern itself with political problems," and some one, with a gleam of intelligence, has discovered that the reason for this is that "wherever a minister has the courage to voice from the pulpit a protest against political bribery and corruption, some few holder, more powerful in the congregation than he, quickly shows the preacher that he had better not get gay."

The rest of the paper, that is not occupied with plate matter, is filled with quotations drawn from Goldstein's book and the worn-out slanders that have done duty as anti-Socialist argument for a half a century.

An idea of the general knowledge on the part of the editor is gain from the fact that a very hasty examination revealed that no one connected with the paper even knew the names of the prominent Socialists. Here are a few examples of names just as they were spelled. No prizes are offered to any Socialist who will identify the individuals in question: LaFarge, Moulkenbuhr, Guedse, De Ville and Simmons.

We hope the Socialists of Milwaukee will show a proper appreciation of these efforts on the part of their friends, the enemy.

"When you get plenty of kicks you know you have touched the bottom and made the bell ring."

In the Great North Woods

Continued from page 7

from certain and appalling death at risk of his own life might at least show some scintilla of interest in this important work of his.

The boat, its power cut off, glided with diminishing speed up to the weather-worn wharf. With a scraping thud it came to rest. Jim worked it along toward the shore with the boat-hook. Then he clambered out upon the rotting planks, made the launch fast, and despite his weariness and hunger began operations.

"Come, git holt, you!" he commanded, pointing at the boxes of dynamite. The Newfoundland scrambled out with joyful barkings.

"Eh?" inquired the stranger.

"Pass them cases up to me."

"Why, man, I wouldn't touch them for—"

"Pass them cases!" roared Jim with sudden anger. "You damned lily-livered dude, you gotta earn yer keep while ye're with me, savvy? Git busy, now!"

CHAPTER VI—A Taste of Reality.

THE stranger roused to action by the big fellow's tones, and now at last realizing that he was up against a proposition where neither argument nor social superiority could avail one penny's worth, scrambled to his feet.

With a grimace of utter disgust and no small fear, he began passing up the various tools, the supplies, and last of all the wooden boxes.

Jim, despite his anger and contempt, had to grin at sight of the gingerly manner in which the wealthy man handled these.

"Don't like 'em a mite, do ye?" he ejaculated. "Kind o' scared they'll bust, what? Huh! They won't hurt ye none. Say, ef you'd been bangin' round amongst sech things, an' machinery, an' Lord knows what-all, as long's I have, you wouldn't mind 'em no more'n as if they was kittens. Here; that's right. Heavy? Shucks!"

The boat at length unloaded, Jim and the stranger carried their impedimenta up to the shack, along a path which must at one time have been commodious, but was now thickly overgrown with hard-hacks, scrub-pines and clinging berry-bushes. The thorns hooked and tore at their clothing. At every step the dried undergrowth crackled and the soft pine-spills sprang elastically underfoot.

To Jim all this was pleasantly familiar, a happy change from the roaring tumult and the acrid fumes of the paper-mill at Seboois. But the hunter viewed it only with chagrined distaste.

"Don't look much like she useter, here," Jim informed the other. His temper, quick and fiery, had already cooled, and he was growing communicative. "We had a big camp here, onst," when I worked for the Independent, he added, as they reached the shanty. "Big camp an' a big crew o' lumber-jacks. Everythin' lively an' in good shape. But now—she's all to the bad. It makes me feel pow'ful sorry, I vum. to think I gotta put the finishin' touch to her. But orders is orders, an' the ole dam's gotta go."

He checked himself, with the sudden recollection that he had been ordered to divulge his errand to no man; but second thought assured him that at last no way existed to conceal the fact.

"Spouse I've gotta tell you, now," he added slowly, eyeing the hunter with a puzzled air.

"Tell me? What?" listlessly answered the other, setting down his burden on what had once been the porch of the camp. The dog, meanwhile, quessed eagerly sniffing hither and yon among the trees.

"Why—well, never mind, for a while, anyhow," Jim answered. "You'll find out, soon enough. Come on, now, we'll wash up an' feed."

The stranger waited, without initiative. Plainly he had not yet recovered from the recent experience with fire and the close call in the rushing current. Jim unpacked a bar of coarse soap and a towel. Then he went down to the lake. The hunter followed.

On a little beach that extended south from the wharf, Jim peeled off his coarse shirt. He stood there, stripped to the waist, a rugged, hard, virile figure of a man—unbeautiful yet dominant. He knelt, and sluiced with sparkling water his head and chest and arms.

"Go on!" cried he. "Ain't you goin' t' clean up?"

Gingerly the other made ablution. They both dried on the same towel. At this democracy the city man pulled a wry face, but held his tongue.

"Now, grub!" Jim directed, wriggling into his shirt again. And so it was. Sitting side by side on the shack platform, with the dynamite at hand and the dog pawing for scraps, they partook with contrasting appetites of the soggy white biscuit, the beans and cold coffee.

Jim smacked his bearded lips; but the other had hard work to crowd down the coarse food. The woodsman's best sallies fell flat. A dozen times the talk-begun by him drew no enduring colloquy.

"Never mind," thought Jim. "He's kinda pickid, yet, from what he's went through. Mabbe he'll git loosened up, some, arter a while. Hope so, anyhow. Danged lonesome havin' a 'tarnal dummy 'round."

Breakfast over, they washed the two tin plates and cups, each his own. Jim mentally vowed that, though he would share and share alike with the unsociable guest, he "wouldn't do no waitin' on the critter, nohow."

He left the man sitting on the wharf, and took a stroll to look over the situation before going actively to work.

Bottom-upward in the alder thicket near at hand he discovered an old woodman's *bateau*—an old craft, long and thin, with sharp high bow and stern, something like a Gloucester dory yet built for very different work, for rough doings among white water, over rapids and in log-packed rivers. This he turned over and dragged down into the lake.

Oars there were none. Somebody must have stolen them. But Jim merely took the launch-oars, then straddled aboard and shoved off.

The *bateau* he found, were reasonably tight. Quietly he rowed down along the leafy shore in the direction of the dam.

"She seems to be in purty fair shape, yit," he commented, as he slowly passed it in review. "Crown's kinda shaky in spots; plank out here an' thar; but she'd stand a long time to keep this here lake safe, with a little fixin', ef she didn't simply have t' go."

"I sure hate this job! 'Tarnal good times I've had up here when we had a full crew under ole Mont Wing, yardin' our million an' a half, all right, ef we ever cut a stick. But all that's done fer, now. The comp'ny's bound t' do up them Independents, an' that settles it, I reckon. The ole lake's gotta go!"

And with sage cogitations he rowed back to the wharf, drinking deep into his cavernous lungs the life and glory of that crystal, revivifying morning air.

He found the stranger still sitting on the planks, idly poking with a stick at a colony of red ants.

"Wall," Jim remarked, resting on his oars, "I callate it's about time t' git busy. Never handled dynamite y' say?"

"No," gloomily replied the hunter.

"All right, never too late to 'arn," retorted Jim with cheerful intonation. "Shouldn't wonder ef you'd make a right smart lad with it. Y' look light-handed enough, an' that's a fact. It's good stuff to be kezerful with. Say! One time, up to Milan Corner I knowed a blacksmith that thought he'd have some fun with a little piece. Put it on his anvil an' hit it with a four-pound hammer, jest to hear th' bang."

"He never did hear it, though. 'Cause why? Shucks! They found his head cut back o' the meetin'-house horse-sheds. The hammer never showed up at all. An' it took a hull day to fix the smithy roof. I'm jest tellin' you so's you'll go easy on throwin' my catridges round."

The stranger shifted uneasily.

"For heaven's sake, man!" he exclaimed. "Come on, let's get at work, whatever it is, and have it over with. Do you want to drive me crazy with your infernal talk?"

Jim grinned.

"I'm with ye!" he exclaimed, leaping ashore.

He led the unwilling man back to the shanty again, stalking boldly through the tenacious briars, his huge bulk scorning all opposition, while the stranger picked his way carefully and tried to shield his pale face with outstretched hands.

When they reached the platform, Jim took a screwdriver from his kit and handed it to the city man.

"Go on," said he, "Let's see you open one o' them boxes."

The stranger shrank, a moment, but Jim's gaze was compelling. Gingerly he applied himself to the task. One by one he drew the screws, in clumsy fashion. Jim, unpacking fuses and percussion-caps, favored him with an occasional glance of supervision.

"Thar!" he exclaimed approvingly. "Fust rate, I vown. Wouldn't ha' hought you could ha' done it. Now, the other two. Say, I'll 'arn you somethin' yit, mister; I'll make a fust-rate workman outa you, afore I'm done. Ain't never used yer hands none to speak of, have ye?"

The stranger shook a sullen head, as he worked at the second box. Jim looked at him with not unkindly eyes. In his heart he pitied the miserable weakling, so lost, so miserable, so far from his environment of wealth, ease and luxury where no exertion was ever necessary beyond the mere signing of a check. To himself thought he: "Huh!

Easy to see he ain't never had no chanst. Mebbe 'tain't his fault, after all!"

Jim watched him work. When all three boxes were lidless and the ominous rows of cartridges exposed, the hunter looked up.

"What are you going to do with them?" he inquired simply. "You—ah—oughtn't to enlist me in this undertaking without giving me at least some idea of what I'm to do."

Jim nodded affirmation.

(To be continued.)

Revolution in Mexico

(Continued from page 4)

ment of Mexican soldiers is limited to 200, and that the soldiers are allowed to enter only under the agreement that they will not be used in offensive operations, but may fight only on the defensive.

Of course, the rebels have no more idea of blowing up that dam than they have of blowing up Signal Mountain. The dam is sixty miles to the Eastward and the rebels do not expect to go near it until they have subdued the rest of the territory. If the dam needed protection, they would be perfectly willing to protect it themselves. Like the chickens, which are good to eat, the dam, which is not good to eat, belongs to someone else and will not be molested as long as its owners remain neutral as far as operations on Mexican soil are concerned.

To fight only on the defensive! Who can imagine Diaz, harassed as he is, sparing 200 soldiers to protect anybody's dam?

Martial Law to help Slavery.

While everything is ready for the soldiers, so far they have not come. It is daily expected that they will leave Juarez and travel over American soil from El Paso. Meanwhile, their probable arrival is working strongly to the detriment of the revolution. If it were certain that they would not come Leyva and Berthold would now be marching upon Ensenada, and there is not the slightest doubt that they could take it before the demoralized army of Vega could be gotten together again.

Thus the threat of the 200 soldiers is a hindrance. If they come and line up along the dam with the apparent purpose of protecting it only, still they would be a hindrance, for their presence would be a constant threat of attack and Mexicali could not be left with a garrison of fewer than 100 men.

Such is the situation. When United States District Attorney McCormick of Los Angeles admitted to me that Captain Babcock, ostensibly here to enforce the neutrality laws, was carrying out a program entirely beyond the authority of those laws and in violation of them, he took refuge in the statement that Babcock was acting within his rights, as he was acting under military orders, which were arbitrary and might with impunity exceed the civil laws.

Which is admitting what is the literal truth—that, though not proclaimed as such, Southern California is under martial law. *The military department of the United States government is manufacturing and enforcing laws which may seem to it most effective for putting down the Mexican revolution and the citizen, American or Mexican, who suffers has no recourse to the courts of his country.*

Otis, the Times and Diaz

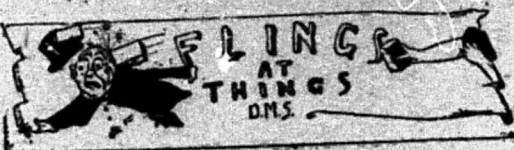
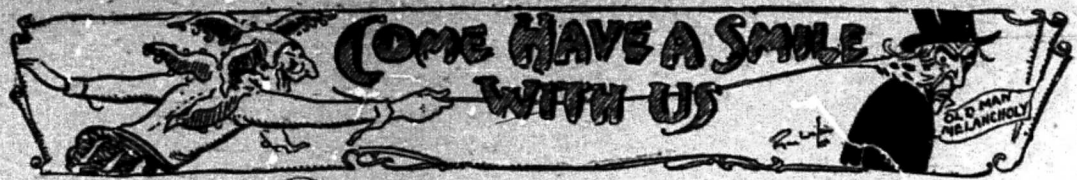
Again and finally I come back to the question: Why?

The answer is—General Harrison Gray Otis of the *Los Angeles Times*—the Southern Pacific Railroad—Wall Street.

General Harrison Gray Otis, the most notorious journalistic defender of Special Privilege in the United States, and the best American journalistic friend of Diaz, owns the C-M Ranch, located a few miles East of Mexicali and consisting of more than 1,000,000 acres, which he secured from Diaz presumably in exchange for press agency work to be done through the Otis newspapers. When General Bliss, commander of the Department of California, who formulated the orders under which Captain Babcock is acting, started on his tour of inspection of the border a few days ago, he was met at Los Angeles by General Otis, with whom he entered into a consultation. On the trip to Calexico, *General Bliss and General Otis traveled in the same private car and General Bliss wrote his orders with Otis literally at his elbow.*

Otis is a close financial and political ally of the Southern Pacific. The Southern Pacific owns the company that turned off the lights and water from Mexicali.

Wall Street—But what's the use of saying more? You know the rest of the story. Who dominates the United States army? Who is trying to maintain chattel slavery at the point of the bayonet? What are the American people doing? Is there any such a thing as the American people, anyhow?



The Good Old Way

For simple suckers free of guile
The politicians lie in wait
To shed on them a winning smile
And be their little candidate,
They see the red election date
And very suddenly they note
The sucker is a man of weight
And then they tell him how to vote.

Disinterested they appear
And working for their country's good,
But most of them are out, we fear
To saw a little private wood;
They want to have it understood
For all that's wise and great they stand
And if the cautious voter should
Insist they'd bow at his command.



Oh, yes, their little line of talk
Is very pleasant in advance
But oh, for money, marbles, chalk
The voter's other name is pants
If they can only get a chance
To give their schemes an easy birth
They'll join the merry, merry dance
And quite forget he is on earth.

Good Old Times

"What are votes selling for in your neighborhood?" asks one politician of another on a casual meeting.

"About three dollars."
"They are dirt cheap at that. Not a one can we buy for less than five."
"It is a shame the way the necessities of life have gone up. We used to be able to buy perfectly good votes at fifty cents a head."



Action

In the struggle that's impending
Are you bending brother dear
All your energies and sending
All forbodings to the rear?
Let me whisper in your ear
That the end is drawing near
The free booters and the looters
Something drop will shortly hear.

Knew One Thing

"So you are joining the back-to-the-land movement."

"You bet. I am going to get close to nature, raise my living as an honest man, enjoy the sunsets and purchase an automobile."

"A fine farmer you will make. Did you ever see a farm?"

"No, but I have seen lovely pictures of them."

"I'll bet you couldn't tell a steer from a colt."

"Oh yes, I could. I know a sure sign."

"Well, what is it?"

"A steer is like an old party politician. It has cloven hoofs."



A Crooked Tale

There was a crooked man
He went a crooked mile
To get a crooked dollar
To swell his crooked pile
He bought a crooked judge
To win a crooked case
And the smile was like a rainbow
Upon his crooked face.

Pathetic Case

"Bilkins has his nerve with him. He asked for a raise twice in one week."
"Did the boss fire him?"
"No, he is a merciful man. He simply had him examined by an insanity expert."

More Coming

Are you lonely, Manuel,
There pretending all alone
To a battered mouldy throne,
There are discords in the tune,
Do not fret, my little man,
Other kings will get the can
You'll have company pretty soon.

Little Flings

When the campaign against the courts gets headway some big magazine will take it up and claim all the credit.

Reciprocity will only fool a part of the people a part of the time.

Once there was an honest lawyer. But he never got to be a judge.

The American woman, we read, is bossed by her servants. Presumably the servants are not American women.

The Socialist vote doesn't have to eat a cucumber to double up.

Pierpont Morgan has but one head and one stomach. Reports as to the number of hearts he has vary.

George Gould has lost one of his railroads but he knows better than to advertise for it.

Nearly Ready

"Hurry up, Tommy!" called Mother from down-stairs. "We're late now. Have you got your shoes on?"
"Yes, Mamma—all but one."

The Hatchet Protests

"It seems to me," the hatchet said, Quite time this little farce was dead About the cherry tree.
The tale oft told in prose and song About a boy who once did wrong Assisted, please, by me.

"Now truth is strange in many ways, And telling stories never pays, As proved in that old tale, And so I cannot understand Why this old tale spread o'er the land, And caused my fame to pale.

"I'm sure if Georlie ever chopped The tree before his father stopped His son's rude forestry, He must have used a rusty axe, With many long and strenuous hacks Which, please, excuses me."
—From the New York Tribune.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—French Proverb.



CHAPTER XIV. Aristotle—Natural History.

We will begin by translating "Natural History," of which Aristotle is the acknowledged founder, into its modern name—biology.

Biology really begins with Aristotle, and as biology will occupy a high position in the history from now on, we will at this point consider its scope and nature.

Biology is not a specific or limited science, but a wide field of human knowledge which includes many specific sciences within its range.

Bio means life and ology the science of it; biology is therefore the science of life. We generally speak of life as organic life—because practically all life is organic. By organic life we mean the life of creatures who possess organs.

Our belief that practically all life is organic is reflected in our custom of speaking of the inorganic and the organic as meaning the same thing as non-living and living.

At the bottom of the scale of life are one-celled creatures, the protozoa, who can hardly be said to possess organs, but recent investigation has revealed even here, a complexity not at first suspected.

Biology divides at once into two great kingdoms—animal and plant; zoology and botany. Biology includes all the sciences that deal with physical life as distinct from psychology, which deals with mental life, and sociology, which deals with social life.

On the other side, biology deals with the organic as distinct from physics which covers the inorganic and deals with the motion and properties of matter.

Democritus, the great predecessor of Aristotle laid the foundations of his fame in physics with the atomic theory.

Empedocles did the same with his theory of the indestructibility of matter. Both these thinkers ventured into the field of biology but only with hazy

speculations, not at all comparable to the painstaking observations of Aristotle.

Aristotle made many crude blunders but he must be judged by the state of scientific knowledge in his day. And biological knowledge was about non-existent.

As he himself says; "I found no basis prepared, no models to copy.... Mine is the first step, and therefore a small one, though worked out with much thought and hard labor. It must be looked at as a first step and judged with indulgence."

It is remarkable that he should have had the penetration to classify the sponge as an animal while Agassiz in the nineteenth should blundering place it in the vegetable kingdom.

We will close this chapter with the following from Professor Locy; "He (Aristotle) made extensive studies of life histories. He knew that the drone bees develop without previous fertilization of the eggs (by parthenogenesis); that in the squid the yoke sac of the embryo is carried in front of the mouth; that some sharks develop in the egg tube of the mother, and in some species have a rudimentary blood connection resembling the placenta of mammals. He followed day by day the changes in the chick within the hen's egg, and observed the development of many other animals. In embryology also, he anticipated Harvey in appreciating the true nature of development as a process of gradual building, and not as a mere expansion of a previously formed germ. This doctrine which is known under the name of epigenesis, was hotly contested in the eighteenth century, and has a modified application at the present time.

"In reference to the structure of animals he had described the tissues, and in a rude way analyzed the organs into their component parts. It is known, furthermore, that he prepared plates for anatomical figures, but, unfortunately, these have been lost."

Both in Same Boat

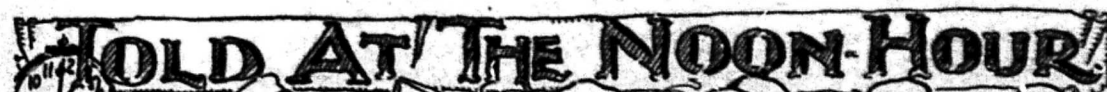
The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress,

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him round no more."

"My son?" replied the mistress proudly. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's Day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yas. I knowing yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yail sax time since T'ankriving."

—Life.



Getting Wise

BY H. G. CUPPLES.

Bellingham went dry last election. It was a great surprise. As a result of agitation by the Ministerial Association a million dollars' worth of property was confiscated by political action, putting to flight the advocates of the Carrie Nation direct-action-with-a-hatchet stunt.

In addition to restoring the primeval desire for things forbidden it enlivened public discussion. An ex-saloonkeeper, out of a job and more interested in Socialism than ever before, butted into an argument between a Socialist and republican with the stunning question:

"But where are you Socialists going to get the money to buy out the trusts?"

"Where did the preachers get the money to buy your saloons?" countered the Socialist.

"Well, they just voted us out," responded the saloonkeeper. "And come to think of it," he continued, "if you Socialists want to do the same to the preachers, the trusts and the whole caboodle, call on me. I'm your friend."

Open Shop

BY JOHN MAYO.

Most of the chewing tobacco used in the east is cigar and stogie clippings, commonly called "scrap." There are two kinds of scrap, that which bears the union label and that which does not have the label. In the shop where I work, one of the journeymen was calling the apprentice-boy for chewing scab tobacco and explaining to him why he should always buy everything he could that had the union label.

Imagine his astonishment when the apprentice-boy answered:

"Look here, Bill, I don't chew scab tobacco. I just get a package of union tobacco and a package of scab tobacco, mix them together and call it Open Shop."

A Satisfactory Toothache

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."



MY LADY *By Peyton Bonwell*



My lady sleeps—
 And as she lies in slumber wrapped,
 On softest couch, in riches iapped,
 A murmur creeps
 Confused and low
 Far up to where her casements glow
 Above the drudging city's moil:
 The tramp of countless thralls of toil,
 Ascending, sweeps
 To where my lady sweetly sleeps.

My lady wakes—
 And as she throws her casements wide
 The glorious sun, in zenith-pride,
 Her chamber takes;
 Sweet silence reigns,
 No toilsome note her ear profanes,
 For all the trudging crowd has flown
 To darkened nooks of mud and stone:
 No discord breaks
 The charm when as my lady wakes.

My lady shines—
 And as in glittering gems bedecked
 She moves among the earth's select
 And dines and wines,
 No vulgar throng
 Elbows with her the way along,
 For they the night must slumber through
 To gain the strength to work anew
 For what entwines
 My lady as she gayly shines.



At Last The Modern Nero Trembles

Humanity.

It's the bad that's in the best of us
 Makes the saint so like the rest of us!
 It's the good in the darkest-curst of us
 Redeems and saves the worst of us!
 It's the middle of good and badness,
 It's the tangle of tears and gladness,
 It's the lunacy linked with sanity,
 That make and mock humanity.

—Arthur Stringer.

Lives of poor men oft reminds us
 We could make our lives the same
 And departing leave behind us
 Overalls with union name.

Psalms "23."

The politician is my shepherd; I shall not
 want for anything during his campaign.
 He leadeth me into the saloon for my
 vote's sake. He filleth my pockets with
 good cigars, my cup of beer runneth over.
 He inquireth concerning my family, even
 unto the fourth generation. Yea, though
 I walk through the mud and rain to vote
 for him, and shout myself hoarse, when he
 is elected straightway he forgetteth me.
 Although I meet him at his own house he
 knoweth me not. Surely, the wool has
 been pulled over my eyes all the days
 of my life, and I shall dwell in the house
 of a chump forever.

A little thieving is a dangerous part,
 But stealing largely is a noble art;
 'Tis mean to rob a henroost of a hen,
 But stealing millions make thieves gentle-
 men.

—G. F. Kinchart.

Gradual, peaceful, evolutionary So-
 cialism (not sudden violent and revo-
 lutionary) is evidently coming to pass
 to a considerable extent, as intelligence
 increases, and is favored in all the lead-
 ing nations by the wisest and most
 patriotic citizens. This degree of So-
 cialism is a march in society's rise in
 civilization, a march required in nature's
 great plan of evolution as truly as was
 the earlier passage from tribal Social-
 ism to individualism.—Bolen—"Getting
 a Living."

Socialism is coming to be the very life-
 breath of the intelligent working class,
 but if all the members of all the social
 and literary clubs of a city were ex-
 amined on Socialism, probably two-
 thirds would fail to pass. Many are
 still content to treat one of the great
 elemental movements of human history
 as the artificial and transitory misbe-
 havior of a few agitators and their
 dupes. — Prof. Rauschenbusch-Christi-
 anity and Social Science.

Readings in Literature

SELECTED BY WILLIAM MAILLY

A Talk to Workingmen

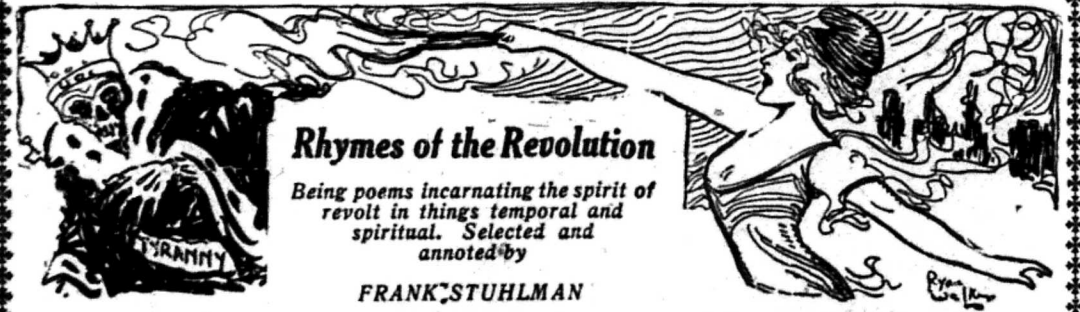
From Felix Holt, the Radical, by Geo. Eliot

I suppose there is hardly anything
 more to be shuddered at than that part
 of the history of disease which shows
 how, when a man injures his constitu-
 tion by a life of vicious excess, his chil-
 dren and grandchildren inherit diseased
 bodies and minds, and how the effects of
 that unhappy inheritance continue, to
 spread beyond our calculation. This
 is only one example of the law by
 which human lives are linked together;
 another example of what we complain
 of when we point to our pauperism, to
 the brutal ignorance of multitudes
 among our fellow-countrymen, to the
 weight of taxation laid on us by blama-
 ble wars, to the wasteful channels made
 for the public money, to the expense and
 trouble of getting justice, and call these
 the effects of bad rule. This is the law
 that we all bear the yoke of—the law of
 no man's making, and which no man can
 undo. Everybody now sees an example
 of it in the case of Ireland. We who
 are living now are sufferers by the
 wrong-doing of those who lived before
 us; we are the sufferers of each other's
 wrong-doing; and the children who
 come after us are and will be sufferers
 from the same causes.

Will any man say he doesn't care for
 that law—it is nothing to him—what
 he wants is to better himself? With
 what face will he then complain of any
 injury? If he says that in politics or
 in any sort of social action he will not
 care to know what are likely to be the
 consequences to others besides himself,
 he is defending the very worst things
 that have brought about his discontent.
 He might as well say that there is no

better rule needful for men than that
 each should tug and drive for what will
 please him, without caring how that
 tugging will act on the wide-spread net-
 work of society in which he is fast
 meshed. If any man taught that as a
 doctrine, we should know him for a
 fool. But there are men who act upon
 it; every scoundrel, for example,
 whether he is a rich, religious scoundrel
 who lies and cheats on a large scale,
 and will perhaps come and ask you to
 send him to parliament, or a poor,
 pocket-picking scoundrel, who will steal
 your loose pence while you are listening
 round the platform.

None of us are so ignorant as not to
 know that a society, a nation, is held
 together by just the opposite doctrine
 and action—by the dependence of men on
 each other and the sense they have of
 a common interest in preventing injury.
 And we workingmen are, I think, of all
 classes the last that can afford to forget
 this; for if we did, we should be much
 like sailors cutting away the timbers of
 our ship to warm our grog with. For
 what else is the meaning of our trades
 unions? What else is the meaning of
 every flag we carry, every procession
 we make, every crowd we collect for
 the sake of making some protest on
 behalf of our body as receivers of wages
 if not this; that it is our interest to stand
 by each other, and that this being the
 common interest, no one of us will try
 to make a good bargain for himself
 without considering what will be good
 for his fellows? And every member
 of a union believes that the wider he can
 spread his union, the stronger and
 surer will be the effect of it. So I think
 I shall be borne out in saying that a
 workingman who can put two and two
 together, or take three from four and
 see what will be the remainder, can
 understand that a society, to be well off,
 must be made up chiefly of men who
 consider the general good as well as
 their own.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

Note—The late James Jeffrey Roche was born in Ireland, educated in Prince Edward's Island and came to Boston in 1866. Upon the death of John Boyle O'Reilly he succeeded to the editorship of The Boston Pilot. The titles of his books comprise a "Life of O'Reilly," "Story of the Filibusters," "Byways of War" and several volumes of verse. He is one of the best of American balladists and the mass of his poetry is in that form and sings of heroic deeds. The following is, perhaps, his best poem.

We are the hewers and delvers who toil
 for another's gain,
 The common clods and the rabble, stunted
 At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least
 brow and brain.
 What do we want, the gleaners, of the
 ye have led astray.
 What do we want, the neuters, of the
 If crime and poverty ever be links in the
 honey we have heaped?
 bondsman's chain?
 What matter if king or council, or presi-
 dent hold the rein,
 If crime and poverty ever be links in the
 What careth the burden-bearer that lib-
 erty packed his load,
 If hunger presses behind him with a
 sharp and heavy goad?
 There's a serf whose chains are of paper;
 there's a king with a parch-
 ment crown;
 There are robber knights and brigands in
 factory, field and town.
 But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord
 of wage and rent;
 And the baron's toll is Shylock's; with
 a flesh and blood per cent.
 The seamstress beads to her labor all
 night in a narrow room;
 The child, defrauded childhood, tiptoes
 all day at the loom.
 The soul must starve, for the body can
 barely on husks be fed.
 And the loaded dice of the gambler set-
 tle the price of bread.
 Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and
 robbed him of learning's light;
 But his sluggish brain is moving, his
 sinews have all their might.
 Look well to gates of Gaza, your privilege,
 pride and caste.
 The giant is blind, but thinking and his
 locks are growing fast.