

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Dirty Dollars at Stake



No man can call himself an American or profess the slightest sympathy with the cause of human liberty who does not protest in every possible way against the monumental outrage now being committed by the administration in its war move.



No man can call himself a Socialist who fails to lift his voice vigorously and insistently against the most damnable and insolent aggression of international capitalism upon the spirit of democracy since the Boer war.

No man of any political cast can continue to acquiesce in the republican form of government under which we live without demanding instantly that this brutal, bare faced attempt to use the American Republic as the tool of tyranny and oppression shall stop.

This is the product of our subservience to capitalism; this is the reward for tolerating a pack of greedy wolves as our industrial and political masters; this is the logical outcome of conditions by which we permit popular government in our country to be made a sham and a mockery and allow cormorants, dictators and political harlots to rule us; this is the sure result of our fatal substitution of money power for man power, of plutocracy for democracy.

The United States is to suppress the effort of the Mexican people to overthrow a ferocious and bloody handed czarism. American bayonets are to bolster the tottering throne of a crime-rotten despot. The American nation, which itself wrested independence from a tyrant and set a new mark in the progress of the race at the expense of so many lives, of so much suffering, is to take a weaker nation by the throat and thrust it back into the dark ages.

Why? By all that is good and holy—Why? Because a few men have invested a pile of dirty dollars on Mexican soil.

The workers of America, the toilers who have been robbed of those same dirty dollars, who have seen their brothers and wives and little children crushed and sweated and massacred to coin those same dirty dollars, are now to take up arms and stand guard lest Mexican revolutionists make them depreciate in value.

Dirty dollars are at stake. And we must rescue them.

Is it so, my brethren?
Are we so abject, so helpless, so cowardly, so servile? Are we so completely lost to national dignity and pride? Are we so wholly

deprived of every sense of justice, of humanity, of fundamental right.

Now is the time to say: *No.*
Now is the time to shout from the house tops: *No.*

Now is the time to cram down the throat of capitalism: *No!*

* * *

Meanwhile what were the secret springs behind the movement? It came like a bolt from the blue. A vast body of troops was suddenly set to moving in a most sinister and mysterious manner. The people who furnish those troops, who pay for those troops, had no inkling of the scheme afoot until they stood committed to the club policy against Mexico.

Such things do not come about by chance or impulse. Who demanded it? Who ordered it? Three known elements, that between them direct the chess board of world politics with absolute assurance and certainty.

J. P. Morgan & Co.
The Rothschilds.
The Deutscher Bank.

These are the real powers who held up the hoop and whipped us through. These are the real powers who chose us for the obedient servants of their will. These are the real powers from whom we take our orders, even to war upon a friendly nation.

Lesser powers helped. All the interests that have a share in the billion and a half of American capital invested in Mexico lent their weight. All other interests associated with or controlled by the stupendous influence of the Big Trio put their shoulders to the task.

When this pressure was applied to the administration the administration resisted not an instant.

What would you expect? Our public officers are not used to hesitating upon a step to consider whether or not they are serving the people who elect them. They are not trained to pause over questions of popular approval, the good of the greatest number or theoretical policies of a republic.

They are in office to regard but one thing; the will of the masters. If capital desires a move, if the big business of the country wants a certain service performed, if the gentlemen who pull the wires give the signal—the administration obeys promptly and efficiently.

So it was in this case. International capital was imperilled by the efforts of the Mexicans to overthrow Diaz. Diaz is another of the instruments ruling by and for capital. He or his regime, his political system, is essential to capital. He or his machine, wields the force so necessary everywhere to keep the exploited in order and the dividends rolling in. Consequently Diaz, or his machine, must be maintained.

It marks the lowest ebb the American Republic has yet reached that the Deutscher Bank and the Rothschilds, co-operating with Morgan, should have proceeded so openly and so defiantly to use this government for the catspaw.

Usually, when the United States has had to be manipulated as a piece on the political board rather more finesse has been found necessary.

In the Panama case, with Zelaya, with Davilla, with the Filipinos, at the time it was necessary to keep us from intervening in the Boer war crime, the thing was prepared through careful education of public opinion.

The powers enumerated have absolute control of the sources of news, the news associations and practically the entire capitalistic press. They have usually done us the compliment of exercising this control in advance and working us into the mood where we would stand for their purpose, whatever it happened to be.

But we apparently have fallen in their estimation. Our long serfdom, our crawling legislators, our lackey presidents, our humble submission to the yoke of capitalism have sunk us to the level where they feel free to hustle us about as arrogantly as one of their own pet monarchies. They evidently believe that all vestige of democracy in this country is quite dead and that no concession need be made to the convictions or the inclinations of the people.

Not that the press has been wholly overlooked. It is never overlooked. It was used consistently in the first place to keep from Americans any adequate understanding of the real issue in Mexico and to suppress any lingering enthusiasm for the aspirations of an oppressed people. It is now being used vigorously if unsuccessfully to excuse and condone the movement of the troops—after that movement has been consummated.

But a few years ago they would never have dared to proceed so ruthlessly. A few years ago they would not have dared to trust to shoddy excuses and transparent lies after they had thrust us into their combination. A few years ago we were still to be counted upon for a degree of self respect, of independence, of national dignity.

That time has passed.
To repeat. This is our logical reward.



EVERY angle, every aspect of the entire affair is utterly criminal, utterly indefensible. No sophistry, no smooth apology, can cover any part of the naked evil of the thing. In some small measure it is comforting to observe that scarcely any concealment of the real design

has been attempted. The early excuses of the administration were torn to shreds. Even American credulity has its limits. Since then the true purpose has stood out where all may see and understand.

It is to be either intimidation or war. Either the workers of America are to browbeat the workers of Mexico into abandoning hope of liberty, or the workers of America to cross the border and shoot the workers of Mexico into a proper frame of mind.

We stand openly as the enemies of revolt against Diaz, and the Mexicans, by continuing to revolt, become our victims. Whatever may make us blush for our country, whatever may insult every instinct of a people still nominally sovereign and free, we see the issue clearly joined.

The workers of each country are to be played off against each other to the infinite profit of the exploiters of the workers in all parts of the world.

* * *

Observe the frantic efforts of the capitalistic press to invent a phraseology that will cover

the situation. At the first break of the story the only satisfaction that could be had from the government was "army manoeuvres."

Phrases to Cover Facts

Army manoeuvres, with twenty thousand men rushed to the Mexican frontier, with war ships concentrating near the Mexican coast! Just a little practice expedition, to cost millions in extraordinary expenditure, with ball cartridges served and nearly two-thirds of the military force of the United States massed at one point!

Even a perfectly trained capitalist newspaper could not quite swallow that. Such practiced performers as the poor old *New York Tribune* gagged at accepting such an obvious falsehood. The country laughed at it and the administration advisers had to scurry around after something better.

The next had the advantage of partial frankness. "Military demonstration to protect American and other foreign properties in Mexico." But this opened up a road for criticism. Some few sheets began to inquire as to our rights to "demonstrate" while a nation was fighting for its life with absolutism. A better argument was required.

Then we were fed with the colossal jest about preserving the neutrality of the border. Mr. Knox and others were represented as being highly indignant over tales of a few rifles smuggled through from Texas to the hands of the insurrectos. "What ho," the administration had yelled, "fetch up the soldiers and stand them on the border, so many feet apart, to the end that not even a bowie knife or a cap pistol can be passed over the line." The idea that the United States had found it necessary to patrol its entire southern frontier at enormous expense, to discourage gun running might go down with a nation of school children. But it failed to fill the bill in the circumstances. The more so that the army was massed at San Antonio, one hundred miles from the nearest point on the border.

Finally someone hit upon the Monroe Doctrine excuse. There was the noble afterthought. Since by the Monroe Doctrine the United States guarantees that foreign Powers will be prevented from encroaching upon the various American republics, it, therefore, follows (by this brilliant theory) that the United States must stand ready to suppress all internal convulsions that might endanger foreign capital in said republics.

A more impudent, a more dangerous, a more detestable proposition it would be difficult to frame. If this country, by protecting its weaker neighbors from foreign aggression, thereby acquires the right of aggression itself in suppressing popular uprisings, we stand before the world as the great international bully and autocrat; the pledged ally of despotism, the common bill collector and policeman, and the bulwark of all reaction.

Happily, the suggestion will not stand the test of publicity.

The Monroe Doctrine was never promulgated and never upheld as an instrument in regulating the internal affairs of any country. It never undertook to interfere with political development within the borders of any country. It never was concerned with keeping tyrants in office and clubbing a nation into submission. It never contemplated forlidding revolution and progress wherever the spirit of democracy aroused a nation to protest against absolutism and oppression.

Strange are the changes a century brings. The Monroe Doctrine was inspired by the American Revolution, a generous impulse of our forefathers to assure all neighboring nations of the free chance to work out their own destinies unmolested. It was the protection of a powerful republic extended over weaker ones, that the cause of popular government might flourish and that tyranny might be held aloof.

And here are we now, engaged in welding the industrial and political shackles upon those weaker nations, while the apologists inform us that we are merely meeting the "reciprocal

responsibilities" of that same Monroe Doctrine!

But the apologists have done a poor job of it—Heaven be thanked for small mercies! The various excuses and palliations they have offered have only served to make the facts clearer, to show more baldly the absolutely intolerable attitude in which the administration, at the behest of the masters, has placed our country. There is no casuistry behind which we can take refuge. The significance of this move is perfectly plain. If it goes forward we all partake the reproach. None of us may shirk his share.

International capitalism is using us for its things to enslave and crush a people.

Are we going to permit it?

If we do, bitter shame be upon us. Bitter shame to all time.

And The Putterer in all this?



Consider him a moment, brethren. Consider the part of the man who gave the final order and prostituted our nation to the uses of

Puttering for Renomination

of it?

Was it promise of renomination? Simple souls may wonder what the Rothschilds and the Deutscher Bank have to say about nominations in this country. They need not. Through affiliated interests foreign capital has a great deal to say. Working the game in conjunction with Morgan, foreign capital could dictate the Republican nomination with absolute certainty.

He wants that renomination, does The Putterer. Not that he loves or understands power. His nature is too small for lust of place. Not that his personal preferences would be for the stress and storm of position. But because the unpopularity, the contempt, that have been visited upon him have stung his vanity to the quick. Because he rages under the criticisms of his regime voiced even by a dominated press. Because he has been a fat failure and the people have shown him that they know it. He hungers for "vindication."

Within a week he made two separate exhibitions of himself that effectively measure his personal capacity as a statesman and his future place in history.

He finally cast loose from Ballinger, in retaining whom he had completely discredited his administration. He had clung to Ballinger in the face of universal disapproval. He had held to him with angry petulance. He let him go with an explosion of childish spite. In his public letter he attempted to throw the stigma of the whole land fraud revelation, not upon the criminals, not upon the guilty interests, but upon the press which has given a degree of publicity to the exposures! Where is the calm, impartial, judicial temperament for which this person was touted? What kind of a chief magistrate is this who can neither stand with dignity nor yield with grace?

Almost at the same time he approved the plan which launched the military and naval forces of the United States into warlike demonstration for the cause of capitalism against democracy, of money against a revolted people.

When reasons were demanded, precedents, some show of right or justification he was silent. Speaking for him, since he would not speak, his satellites put forth the ludicrous plea of manoeuvres. In this they flouted the fundamental privilege and the intelligence of every citizen in the land.

And then, when general indignation at the paltering, the obvious disingenuousness, the lying and the shuffling of the administration could no longer be suppressed, when the people demanded that they know the purposes of their government, when certain organs exercised the primitive right to question and examine—then he broke silence in a letter to Diaz in which he inveighed against "un-

founded and sensational newspaper conjectures."

This was his sole answer to the anxious doubts of the people whose paid servant he is supposed to be. Querulous, sullen, vindictive by turns, acting up to monarchical traditions whenever he has the chance, unable to justify himself or to make a square response—what kind of honor will posterity grant him?

Meanwhile, he goes South to play golf.

It is said that he does not "foozle" on the links.

That is just exactly his significance. He "foozles" everywhere else.

* * *

The man believed to be the direct agent of the capitalist powers who are engineering the Mexican move is Senor Jose Y. Limantour, the Mexican Minister of Finance. Since his arrival in New York he has held a veritable court at which some of the most prominent figures in the world of finance have attended, glad to kick their heels in the ante room for hours if they might get word with him.

One significant visitor, who had a long conference with Limantour, was Melville Stone, head of the Associated Press. We know what to expect from the Associated Press.

Another was J. P. Morgan, Jr. Following his visit this statement was given out in behalf of Limantour:

"The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. has long been identified with Mexico as its bankers. That firm and its London and Paris firms were members of the syndicate which conducted the refunding of a large block of Mexican government bonds in Europe last July."

This is pretty plain speaking. We also know what to expect from J. P. Morgan & Co.



TO get money no matter by what means was deemed the true object of life." So says the historian Froude, enumerating the most significant phases and causes of Rome's pitch downward into the pit. Mr. Froude died too soon.

He should have taken a look at the present dollar hunt in America, for that would have eclipsed everything he ever read about Rome.



Advice to Hungry Men

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Hungry men cannot be too careful in their attitude toward their fellows and the institutions under which we live.

In one respect hungry men are peculiarly fortunate. It is not a crime to be hungry. Accordingly it is not only safe to remain hungry as long as possible, but it is a condition of which one need not be in any way ashamed. Hungry men should therefore be contented.

If, however, a hungry man finds that he is no longer able to be contented, he should do nothing rash. He should remember that this country is founded on a law. There are laws by which everything may be settled, by which any man who has rights may get them. While, therefore, it is much more Christian like for a hungry man to be contented, if, after a prayerful effort he finds it to be utterly impossible, let him then have proper recourse to the courts in the manner made and provided therefore. Let him engage counsel and first discover whether or not he has rights. If so, let him have his case presented in a respectable manner. If he fails to get his rights in the lower courts, let him carry the matter up on appeal and let him not stop until the court of very last resort has been encountered.

If the court of last resort goes against him, whether on the law or the facts, whether on a technicality or a poor lawyer, and if he is still hungry, let him not despair. There is always a way out for one who does not abate his courage and his Christian steadfastness.

Above all a hungry man should not try to take the law into his own hands. To attempt to gain food, whether pure or adulterated, whether full weight or short weight, either by overt pilfering or by compromising with immorality or in any other extra-legal ways would be wrong. What sane-minded hungry man would not infinitely rather starve than be wrong?

The Second Death of Her First Husband

By Albert Edwards

ner implied that if you cared to look into it, you would find his name at the head of the list.

Although his head was empty, his tongue was glib. He was ill at ease with men. But he talked fluently

had won the confidence of the old women, and I suppose was the first man they had allowed to come within speaking distance of her. She had no brothers.

It is not often I swear in the presence of my wife, but when the carriage door had closed on us, I said:

"It's a damnable shame."

"Why, Will! What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You don't like Stephan any more than I do. And that girl is a real woman. It is a shame, an outrage for her to marry such an ass."

"You mustn't blame her," my wife said; "she's very young."

"Yes. That is the damnable part of it. That is the crime. A young girl should not be allowed to throw herself away. There is a law against suicide—why isn't there a law against suicidal marriages?"

I had come to like the girl immensely, and the thing hung in my mind. A few days later my wife suggested—in a round-about way, for she knew how I disliked Stephan—inviting them to dinner. I surprised her by making no objections. I don't know when anything has interested me as much as this mismatched couple.

Molly took a great liking to me and in the course of the year we saw a good deal of them. I was constantly expecting her to see through her husband—but she did not. In fact, she seemed to love him more and more. It was hard for me to understand. But you see she had never known any other men, she had nothing with which to compare him—no way to judge him. And I suppose that any kind of a man is a strange, interesting, fascinating sort of a thing for a young girl. Of course, he was too well bred ever to mistreat her in any way. And—up to his limit in such matters—he loved her. But he did not understand the depth and breadth and wonder of her—he did not understand anything vital. Not even to her could he act spontaneously and without pose. Pretense was so ingrained with him, that any real sincerity had become impossible. And all the time I felt that the world was being cheated because her wealth of love was wasted on him—was not going out to a real man.

I think she felt her first shadow of dissatisfaction with the coming of her baby. If there is ever a time when a woman wants real sympathy from her husband it is when the great mystery of motherhood is hovering over her. I think it is during this time that the final alignment between a husband and wife takes place.

I don't suppose that even an old doctor like me can know half what it means to a woman. But if a man really loves, he goes with the woman down into the Valley of the Shadow as far as he can. Stephan did not even try to look over the ledge. He let her go down alone. And this time is also a test of a man's religion. I don't use the word in a sectarian sense. I mean a man's capacity for feeling and believing things which a brute beast cannot feel or believe. I don't care how a man expresses his mysticism. But every real man has it—expresses it somehow. This business of birth is the deepest of all human mysteries. If a man does not sense the holiness of this, there is small hope of his comprehending any divine mystery. Well—when I came I found him downstairs pouring out a little Scotch whiskey—"to quiet my nerves," he said. And then he explained that he had lost a night's sleep.

Molly had to meet the mystery all alone. The loneliness hurt her, but she met it fearlessly.

The baby did not live long. Perhaps I could have saved it, if I had been called sooner—I don't know. Anyhow, although I was too late, I reached her quicker than Stephan. He was over in New York and no one knew where to find him. Death had come quickly—and again she had had to meet it alone. At last we heard Stephan coming and I went out into the hall to break the news to him. For a moment he was shaken into something like reality.



MOLLY won my affection the first time I saw her—much to my surprise. She was the bride of my nephew, Stephan. And I was prepared to dislike any one connected with him. I am fond of my family. They have been people to be proud of—all except Stephan. I always had a sort of mild contempt for him.

The only thing which ever stirred any life in him—woke up any enthusiasm—was collecting stamps. While he was a boy, nobody objected. As the physician of the family I used to protest sometimes, that it would be better for him to be getting some muscles, outdoors, fishing or fighting, or playing football. But none of us took it seriously until he almost flunked out of Harvard his senior year. Nothing was the matter but stamps. He had not developed any of the ordinary vices. He had wasted his time and money in riotous stamp-buying. All that he had to show for his four years at Cambridge was the choicest amateur collection in America.

Well, then the family woke up and put their heads together. If it had been Chinese jade, or porcelain snuff-boxes, or orchids, I don't think it would have raised such an outcry, but stamps, somehow, seemed humiliating. It was decided to pry him loose from his hobby and make a lawyer of him. I am inclined to think now that it would have been better to have given him his way—he had money. And any kind of reality—even stamps—is better than a life of pretense. During that summer after his graduation he was sent the rounds of the family. And each relative industriously used the crowbar until he gave in and swore off on stamps. I would have respected him more if he had defied us and gone his own way.

When at last he was admitted to the bar, his Uncle Gregory took him into his office. The firm name was changed from Bradley, Bradley and Bradley, to Bradley, Bradley, Bradley and Bradley. Gregory is a persistent chap and for two years or more he tried to make a man of Stephan before he gave up hope. Then this nephew of mine settled into a position between upper office boy and youngest clerk.

Stephan was the only one of the family who did not realize his own failure. And his pretenses used to irritate me immensely. Outwardly he imitated Gregory, in dress, in gestures, in little tricks of manner.

I remember one time my wife asked how things were going at the office. He leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs and pulled his hat solemnly, just as Gregory does.

"The first rule of success in the law business," he said, "is not to talk about it outside."

He did not know as much about the business of the office as I did. Another time I remember him at one of my wife's teas trying to impress some of her guests. He was standing up before the fire, his legs well apart, his hands deep in his pockets—a favorite attitude of Gregory's. "I'm Stephan Bradley of the celebrated law firm of Bradley, Bradley, Bradley and Bradley," he said. And his man-



Standing before the pre—his hands deep in his pockets.

ner with women, using ponderous phrases—cribbed from judicial decisions—to hide his dearth of ideas. A friend of mine once sized up Emerson's Essays, "Some of it is fine," he said, "and the rest sounds fine." Stephan's talk sounded fine.

When he returned from his wedding tour, the family was invited to meet his bride. All I knew about her was that she was young, and of a good Southern family. I had pictured her as the chinless, neurotic, blonde kind who would be taken in by his external glitter and smooth talk.

An operation had delayed me the night of the dinner and my wife and I were a bit late. As I am the head of the family, they had waited for us. I took Molly out. As soon as I laid eyes on her, I saw I had been utterly wrong in my pre-judgment of her. She was a fair-sized girl and looked eminently healthy. She had an immense crown of red brown hair—Titian Red, I believe they call it—a faultless complexion and two round eyes, which somehow looked square. At least they looked squarely at you. There was a glint of clear sanity in them—they were the ultimately unfoolable kind. She was only twenty, and very much in earnest. You know the earnestness of youth. And she had a chin, all right, just a trifle too much—an obstinate look. There was no sham nor flippancy about her.

She was a great deal embarrassed—as a bride on exhibit always is—very anxious that we should like her. I did. And the more I talked with her, the more I wondered how that wind-bag nephew of mine had caught her. For she seemed very much in love with him. I decided that it was pure inexperience. She had been brought up in a convent, then toured about Europe a year by two maiden aunts. Stephan

But soon he recovered his pose. He stood for a moment with his brows contracted—he was trying to think of the proper thing to say, what his Uncle Gregory would say—and then he went in to her.

And from these visits of Birth and Death, Molly worked out a philosophy of loneliness. She told me about it at length one day, how in the great moments one is always alone. It made my heart bleed to hear her talk so, for my life has proved the opposite—my wife and I—we have had great moments, of joy and grief—but they have only drawn us closer together.

A few months later Stephan died. Again I arrived too late. It had been one of those insidious, baffling cases, a cold on the chest—then threatened pleurisy—and before the suburban doctor knew it—pneumonia. With Stephan it was hopeless. There was not a sound tissue to him, just soft flaccidness. It was not that he had ill used his body, it was just lack of use—the petty indulgence which takes a cab to ride three blocks. His body—the thing he hung his clothes on—was only a pretense, like the rest of him. He died within two hours after I was called. My wife came over to care for Molly and after a few days brought her home to live with us.

She was horribly broken, convinced that her whole life was over although she was only twenty-one. It was a case for these new psychological doctors. She almost seemed to make a cult of death. She could not find black enough crepe to express her mourning. She centered all that was left of her life about a portrait of Stephan. It was a small thing, almost a miniature, which had been painted only a few weeks before his death. She fell into the habit of sitting by the hour in front of it—almost in a state of coma. It seemed as if she loved Stephan more now that he was dead than she had while he lived.

Everything unsatisfactory about him had been forgotten. She remembered all the good qualities he had, idealized and exaggerated them beyond reason, and invented a lot of new ones he never had had. I nearly lost patience with her once when I overheard her telling about how Stephan had been a martyr to his duty. He had over-worked at the office, had used up all his vitality by incessant application to his law duties, and had been too run down to resist the disease. Of course, such talk was fantastic—childish. Stephan was no more a martyr than a person who dies of drink. But she was bent on making a saint whose memory she could revere.

I often talked to her about her morbid idleness. I have a theory that we must do something to justify our existence here on earth. With her, I felt it was not only a duty to find some occupation—but a necessity. There was no telling what her manner of life would do to her brain. My wife and I tried all sorts of schemes to distract her. The first thing with which I succeeded in interesting her was one of my cases. And at last she decided to study medicine. I jumped at the idea. I was glad of anything which would turn her mind from her grief and the contemplation of Stephan's imaginary virtue. It worked well; at least, as a nurse, she had to give up her mourning.

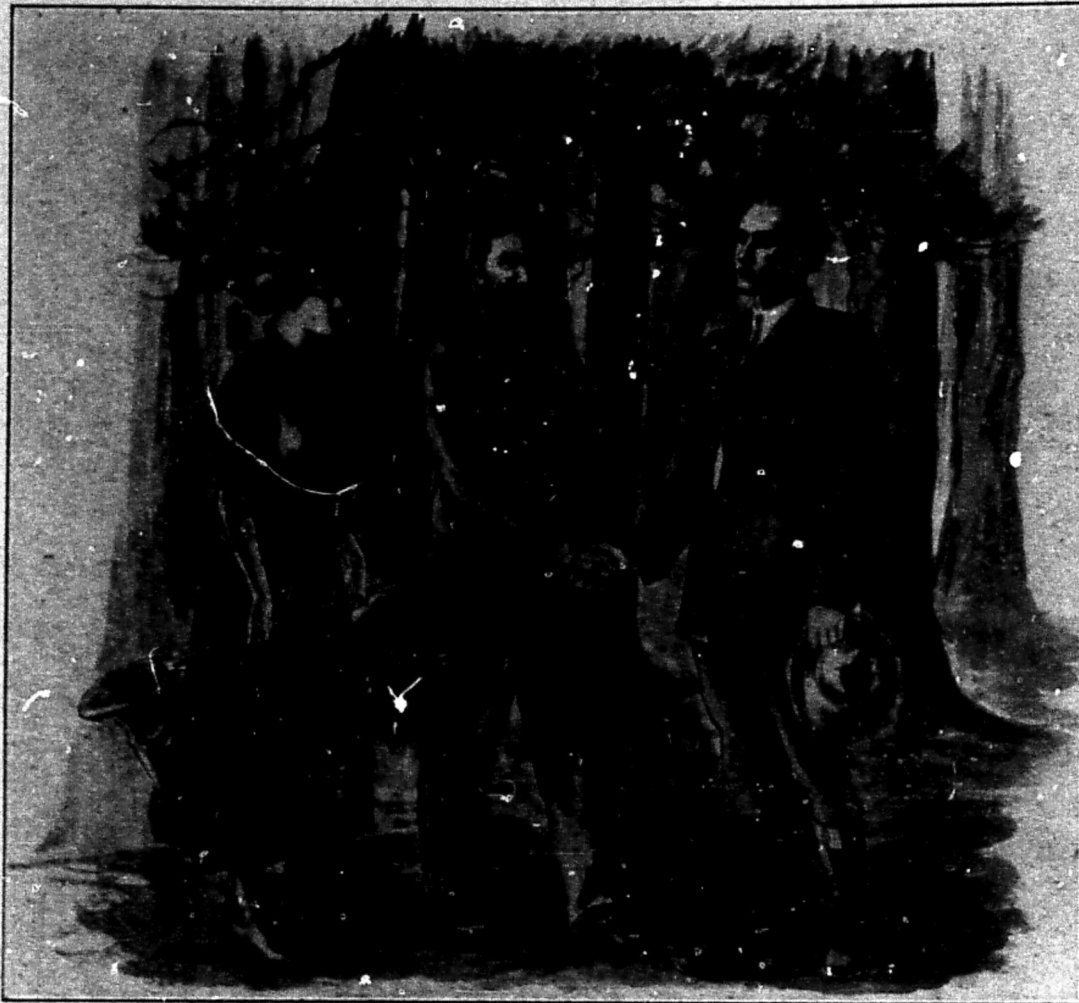
* * *

I'm getting along in life—over fifty. But the younger generation had not pushed me to the wall yet. There is hardly one of my classmates who has stood the pace of city practice. I have kept up by taking my own favorite prescription—rest. You may have heard of my camp up in the Maine woods. Well, I spend six solid weeks there every year. I don't allow a sick person within sight. I get as far away from disease as possible. It is a good-sized camp and I keep it full—the right kind of people, men of other professions. I have a lot of friends to choose from. That camp did Molly no end of good. It was partly the air, and nature—the pines and the trout streams. But even more the companionship of real men and women.

It happened one summer—after Molly had been studying medicine a couple of years—that Fred Brayton was back in America, and, of course, came to camp. He was some sort of a relative of my wife, and a great favorite with us—a fine chap. He had started out to be an architect, had studied in the Beaux Arts at Paris, and then—as he said—he had been caught by the romance of structural iron. It was more fun to build a bridge or a railroad shed, he said, than to plan summer cottages—more of a man's job. He had that full-blooded vitality which made office routine irksome to him in his youth and

he had sought out the more adventurous kind of construction work. He had built some government warehouses for the French Colonial Administration in Madagascar, bridges in China and docks in South America. I have seen few men who so combined outdoor brawn and finesse of spirit.

I remember how he came riding into camp. Molly and I had been off on a butterfly hunt. Suddenly we heard singing—it was the "Preislied" from "Die



All the time looking at Molly.

Meistersinger." And then between the red pine trunks we saw him coming. So much joy was he getting out of his song that he did not see us until I halloed. He vaulted off his horse and shook hands with me—but all the time he was looking over my shoulder at Molly. And when I turned to her to introduce him I didn't blame him for looking past me. It is strange how familiarity breeds a kind of blindness. I had seen her so often in that flannel blouse, short khaki skirt and leggings that she had ceased to make any impression on me. But suddenly I saw as though for the first time with new eyes—his eyes. I remember she made a move with her hand as though to brush away a wisp of hair from her forehead—but there was no stray hair to brush away. I never had a daughter of my own, and am very fond of Molly—so perhaps I am prejudiced. But I never saw a woman look more alluring than she did.

I don't think it took Fred very long to realize what had happened to him. He is the straightforward kind who plays his hand openly. It was not many days before everyone knew he was in love with her. It did not matter whether he was telling stories—his adventurous life had given him a rich stock of them—or whether he was washing dishes or riding to the village for mail—he did it for her.

Molly was startled—a little shocked—at his wooing. She had fallen into the habit of thinking herself apart from all real personal life. She tried to avoid him. But that is hard to do in camp. And, despite her will, I think she found it strange—and sweet—to be loved by such a man. I imagine that Stephan's wooing had been done through her aunts. Fred came to her directly. It never occurred to him to ask my consent—nor anyone's. But she gave him no hope, told him she would never marry again, that she would always be faithful to her martyred Stephan—and a lot more of such talk.

Fred came to me for advice. A contract in the Far East was open to him and he was uncertain as to his right to break into her grief. Perhaps it would be better for him to accept this job and leave her in peace. But his talk with me cleared up his scruples—which seemed to me foolish—and he decided to stick. It was hardly a courtship—more of an argument. He had to persuade her that all her life was not buried in that little Episcopalian cemetery. He had to wake her up to the life before her.

Towards the end of the vacation I took a hand in it. I asked Molly to take a tramp with me and when we had left the camp behind I talked straight out to her—told her just what I thought. I did not speak of Fred, he could speak for himself. I told her that if she kept at medicine, she would make a passable doctor, but that Nature had planned her for a mother. I am not altogether old-fashioned, I believe in the emancipation of women. But I do not think there is anything in all the world more wonderful, more good, than a mother. No amount of

emancipation, nor education, nor votes, will ever open a nobler career to a woman. Inevitably, I see these things from a physician's standpoint. It is not good for a woman to be childless. I told her that I thought her greatest opportunity lay in this way. She had thirty years more of active life to look forward to. And according to my ethics, it was a sin—a blasphemy against Life—to sacrifice it all to Death—to a ghost.

I put it to her as straight as I knew how. But I could not see that I had made any impression.

Brayton followed us back to town and tried to keep up his suit. But she refused to see him. I found out afterwards that she had made him promise to stay away for six months. I would have given up hope and urged him to try to forget it, if my wife had not told me that she was sure that Molly loved him, that only the ghost of Stephan stood in the way of their happiness. I don't know how she knew it, but she has a pretty sure eye for such things. Although she made me promise not to, I told Fred what she had said.

After his six months of banishment, he came back more determined than ever to win her. Night after night—whenever she would let him—he came to see her. It dragged on for several months.

One night I came home rather late and found them in the library. Molly had evidently been crying and he had a sad, most uncertain look in his face.

"Well, Doctor," he greeted me, "at last she has consented to marry me."

"Good," I said, heartily. "Congratulations."

"No, no," Molly cried. "Don't congratulate him. It's wrong. I'm afraid! I love Stephan—I can't stop just because he is dead. It seems awful. I've told Fred this—and told him—a thousand times. But he keeps right on. Do you think it is right, Uncle Will? Oh! what ought I to do?"

She came over to me. I put my arms around her and kissed her glorious hair.

"Molly, dear," I said, "Stephan is dead. And Fred is alive. Mourning is death. Marriage means Life. I am for Life. That's what I've always fought for—that is my profession. Choose Life, Little One, always—you will never be wrong."

She looked up and Fred was reaching out to her. I think she sensed the gift he held for her in his hands. The Voice of Nature—insistent, irresistible—called her. She went over to him slowly and let him kiss her.

It was not exactly a gay wedding. And their life together gave me great anxiety. I remember when they came back to town. They had a sort of house warming—just my wife and I. It was a beautiful home he had planned for her. I have never seen one that pleased me more—until I came face to face with Stephan's portrait. It had a place of honor in her sitting-room.

"Uncle Will," she said, when she saw me looking hostilely at it, "don't ask me to take that down. I can't shut him out utterly. I told Fred I would always want that picture and he consented."

She was a mystery to me those days, but I did not lose faith. Fred was so infinitely the better man. Inevitably she must be comparing him with Stephan every day, every minute—gradually realizing the difference between acts and words, reality and shams. Molly had eyes which saw clearly. Sooner or later the realization must come. But she also had a streak of stubbornness in her. It did not come soon.

Fred came to me one night very much depressed. Some days, he said, Molly was happy and he thought he was winning out. Then again—just when things seemed smoothing—she would have a relapse. The night before he had found her down in her sitting-room, long after midnight, sobbing before Stephan's portrait.

"Sometimes," he said, "she looks at me as though I had forced her to do something dishonorable."

I advised him to accept a contract abroad—get her away from all the old associations. He saw some hope in the idea, and he undertook to build a bridge in Nicaragua. They were gone several months, roughing it in the jungle. But the result was not what I had hoped. In one of his letters he wrote: "The cure has not progressed very far. Once or twice she has forgotten to unpack that portrait—but only once or twice."

When they came back the portrait went up in its old place. Fred lost some of his appearance of abundant health. There were lines in his face, a

drawn, hungry look about his eyes. It was not marriage he had wanted, but her love. He had given up hope of a speedy victory and had settled down doggedly to a long campaign.

At last the time came again when it was necessary for me to see her often. As they lived in town now it was easy for me to drop in frequently between other calls. I set great hopes on the coming of this baby. Fred's character showed up so much finer and truer than Stephan's had. I cannot recount the thousand and one attentions by which he showed her his devotion. Stephan had opened an account for her at a florist's and at Scribner's. Fred busied himself to bring the books she wanted, sought out rare flowers for her pleasure. He let much work he might have had slip so that he would not have to be away from her more than an hour or so at a time.

One morning I found her stretched out in an easy chair sewing at a tiny dress. And as I was chatting with her a messenger boy came with a box from the florist. And as Molly was taking out the great white chrysanthemums her hand found a little box.

"I wonder what Fred has sent me now," she said, as she opened it. And then I heard a little cry of pleasure.

"See," she said, and two great tears shone in her eyes. "It's a thimble. He found a hole in my old one this morning, said I would need a new one for all these little things I must make now. It was just this morning—he must have bought it right away—on his way downtown. Did you ever know anyone so thoughtful—so wonderful—"

She stopped and looked up at Stephan's portrait. It was only a glance and then a deep, quiet light

came into her eyes—as though they rested on a distant horizon. She took off the old thimble and fitted on the new one. And was very silent.

"Well, I must be going now," I said at last.

"Give me a kiss first, Uncle Will," she said.

And when I stooped over her, she put her arms about me and whispered something in my ear.

"What?" I asked.

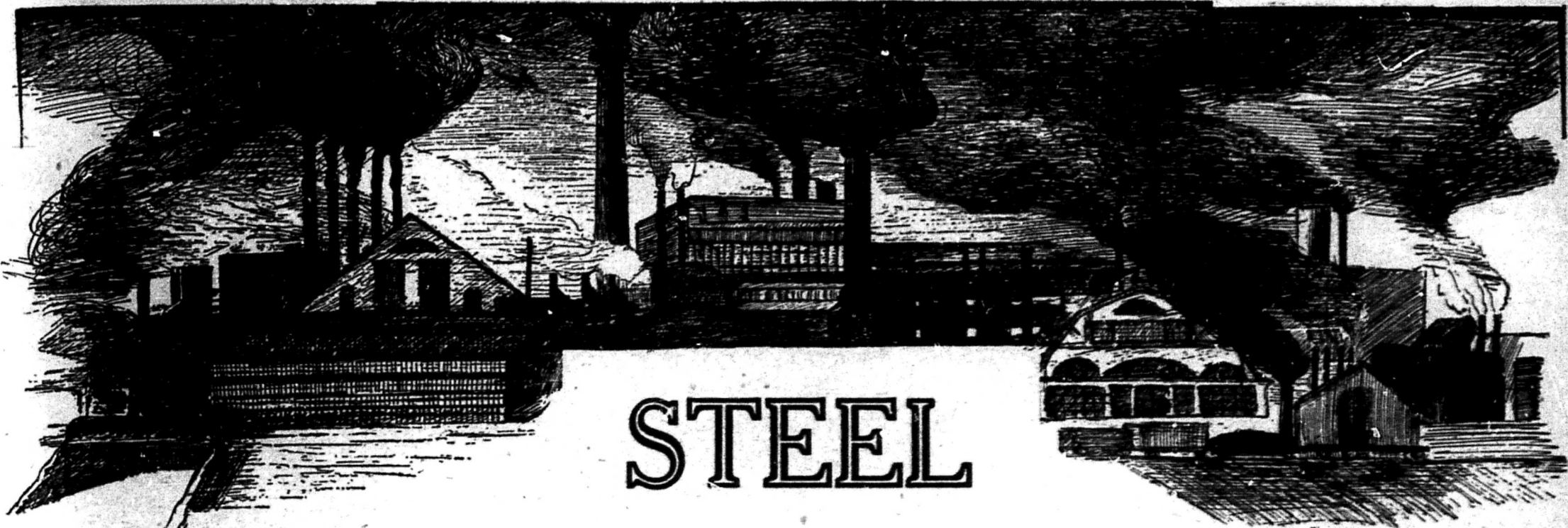
"Yes. Take it down. Put it away for me. We'll be happier—without it."

I did not wait to be told twice. And just as I had climbed on a chair to take it down, Fred came in.

"Doctor," he said sharply. "Don't do anything to distress her now."

"Fred," Molly said, holding out her arms to him, "I asked him to."

I got the picture down quickly and slipped out of the room as quietly as possible.



STEEL

A Drama in One Act by Peyton Boswell

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Dr. David Richards, superintendent of the steel company's hospital.

Kate Richards, his sister.

Samuel Gridley, Superintendent of the steel plant.

Jan, a Hungarian.

SCENE—Dr. Richards' office at the hospital. It is night, and through a large window is seen the furnaces, illuminated now and then by a bright glow.

(Dr. Richards enters; goes to desk. He wears a surgeon's operating gown, with gloves, and over his head gauze is wrapped. He begins taking off the gauze, when Gridley enters.)

Gridley—Hello, Doctor.

Richards—Why—Gridley! How are you? (Rises, advances and shakes hands; returns to desk.)

Gridley—I'm pretty fair. How's the company official carver tonight?

Richards—Worked to death. (Sits again at desk; busy with papers.)

Gridley—Oh, it can't be that bad, doctor. I told the chauffeur to come around for you this afternoon. I hope you had a fine spin.

Richards—Thanks just the same, but I didn't have a fine spin. I kept your man down in front for two hours—thought I was ready to start three times—actually had my hat on once—but every time that ambulance of yours would bring me a new man. If this thing keeps up over there, you'd better change the name from a steel plant to a human sausage works. You've sent me seven men today, and the last one is a pretty mess.

Gridley—That's what I called to see you about. The fellow got caught by a truck in the yards. What's your report on him, doctor?

Richards (fumbling on desk)—His name is John Harper. Seems to be an American. That's unusual. You seldom send me an American.

Gridley—Very few Americans work at the furnaces.

Richards—Well, in this case, I wish he were a Polak or a Hunkie. Mr. John Harper is pretty badly done up. His legs are crushed out of all semblance to a human being's. Both of 'em will have to come off at the thigh (with peculiar inflection) if his life is to be saved.

Gridley—There's no way of pulling him through, doctor, and keeping both of his pins under him?

Richards—It can't be done.

Gridley—Well—er—that's what I came over for—to—er—talk over his case with you.

Richards—It's pretty tough on the patient when you come around to talk over his case with me,

Gridley

Gridley—Why—er—

Richards (Rises, crosses R. C.)—Damn me, Gridley, but you're a hundred times more diffident about a thing like this than I am. You beat around the bush—dodge around the corner—come at the subject indirectly—all of which indicates that you don't relish the job one bit. There's a big difference between your way of going at it and mine.

Gridley—I don't understand.

Richards (sits R. of table, Gridley at L.)—Here is a man who is so badly chewed up that, to save him at all, we must make him a helpless cripple for life. You come along to tell me to (after Gridley's manner)—well—er—not to—that is—just to—let the man die. That's you, Gridley. While I say: Of course; we'll not only let the poor devil die, but we'll help him along by killing him with chloroform. Do you see the difference?

(Enter Jan, who stands Upper Center, respectfully, with his hat off. His arm, heavily bandaged, is carried in a sling.)

Gridley (not seeing Jan)—Yes, doctor, I see the difference.

Richards—Ah! Speaking of poor devils and one of them appears—only this one doesn't happen to be a candidate for chloroform, as is the one in the next room. It's through no fault of your steel company that he isn't, however. He got it in the arm. If he had been standing six inches the other way, no chloroform would have been needed to complete the company's work.

Gridley—Be more careful, doctor. Don't talk about these things before one of the men.

Richards—Oh, Jan here (Jan smiles on hearing his name) has been in America only a month. He doesn't understand a word of English. (To Jan)—How are you feeling today, Jan?

Jan (in Hungarian)—I do not understand.

Richards—Is your arm paining you?

Jan (in Hungarian)—I do not understand.

Richards (crosses to desk)—You see? He's a typical Hunkie. I shall have to wait for Siljacek to interpret. But to return to the fellow in the next room. I am going to chloroform him and do it as cheerfully as if I were giving him a drink of water.

Gridley—Good God! I never could understand you, doctor.

Richards—You don't relish the job one bit, do you, Gridley? There's a wide difference between your way of looking at it and mine. (Gets cigars from desk and offers one to Gridley.) It's a hard thing for you because you can see only the murderous aspect of it. Here is a man whom the company, in its greed for profits, has allowed to be cut to pieces. He's a wreck of a man, but he's got a

good constitution and can be pulled through, with the loss of both legs. But that makes him a cripple for life, hence a possible charge on the company. Therefore, in order to save the corporation's profits, we'll murder him.

Gridley (showing anger)—What's the use of being so damned brutal about it? Or, if you must put it that way, go a little further. Say that the man is an American, and, therefore, likely to stick the company for all he can get; that the record shows he has no relatives to sue if he dies; that when he's dead all we've got to do is plant him and that ends the case. That's the whole thing in a nutshell.

Richards—That's it.

Gridley—But we might go a little further still and say that I despise the whole business, that it isn't my fault but the company's, that if I didn't do it the company would mighty soon find another superintendent who would. Damages paid to one cripple might wipe out two days' profits.

Richards—You've told it better than I could. To you it's murder—murder for money—while as for me—(Crosses up C., watching Jan sway back of table.)

Gridley—While as for you, you're so used to cutting up live men and seeing human beings die, that you think nothing of it.

(Jan, who has been left standing, gives a cry, puts hand to brow and reels, but is caught by Richards, who, assisted by Gridley, puts him in chair, left of table.)

Richards—It was inhuman of me to leave him standing there. He lost two or three pints of blood from the cut in his arm when he was hurt. (Puts hand on Jan's brow, then pulls out watch and feels pulse.) No fever at all. Here's a study for you, Gridley. The suspense of standing there listening to two such important individuals as you and I talk and not knowing what we were talking about, was too much for the poor fellow. Come, Jan, I'll take you over to the settee, where you can be comfortable for awhile. (Leads Jan to settee.) So, Gridley, it is because I am so used to cutting up live men and seeing people die, that I think nothing of chloroforming John Harper. Well, you're wrong. I never see a man writhe in pain but I feel some of it myself, and the death throes of a man affect me now just as they did when I saw them for the first time. No, Gridley, it's my philosophy and the fact that I have none of the old superstitions that leads me to say that the killing of John Harper is not only right, but absolutely justified.

Gridley—Go on, let me hear something of this philosophy.

Richards—Well, I am a thorough-going believer in evolution. I believe that higher forms of life

are only attained through a process of natural selection—in other words, that the fittest survive and perpetuate themselves, while the unfit, and weaker, perish. It is this process that has brought the human race up to its present state. John Harper, poor devil, has failed; he's only a burden to the world, and better off out of it.

Gridley—But it's murder, and murder is prohibited by the laws of God and man.

Richards—Ah, there's where the second part comes in—what I said about superstition. Science has shown me that life and matter are inseparable. What you call a man's soul is no more to a man's body than is the electricity that flows from a dynamo. When you stop the dynamo, the electric process ceases; when you stop the functions of a man's body, life ceases. Matter and force—different forms of the same thing. Now in the case of this man Harper (*goes to medicine chest*), I take this cone, I fill it with lint cotton (*suits act to word*), I take this bottle of chloroform (*takes bottle from shelf and holds it*) and saturate the cotton. I fit the cone over the man's nostrils. As he breathes in the fumes the vital organs become slower and slower in their movements, until finally they cease altogether. The man is dead. (*Puts bottle and cone on table and stands looking at Gridley.*)

Gridley—My God, man, if all people had your philosophy, what would the world be like!

Richards—If I had control of this world, do you know what I'd do, Gridley? I'd make your steel company install safety devices in its mills and I'd make it cease working men twelve hours a day, until they are so dull from exhaustion they can't keep out of the way of danger. I would make it give the poor devils a better chance to survive in their struggle for existence. That's another side to my philosophy.

Gridley—You're a queer bunch of contradictions, doctor. You can justify murder and in the same breath talk like a reformer.

Richards—It's a queer old world, Gridley, and I'm a queer product of it. My philosophy isn't worth much, but still it's all there is worth while for me. But even it wouldn't lead me to take John Harper's life (*picks up cone*) if it weren't for the fact that the man is a miserable, ignorant mill hand, and that, as a hopeless cripple, he'll find his misery doubled and trebled, and that, as his only friend in the world, the best service I can do him is to help him leave it.

Gridley (*rising*)—Then the matter is settled.

Richards—Absolutely.

Gridley (*stopping short*)—Doctor, I beg your pardon a thousand times. Our conversation concerning this fellow caused me to forget something. I signed for a telegram for you a while ago and intended giving it to you first thing. (*Gives telegram to Richards.*)

Richards (*opening telegram*)—It's from my sister. Listen to this, Gridley. (*Reads.*) "Will arrive tonight. Have great news. Don't trouble to meet me. Kate." Now what do you think of that, Gridley? Just like my sister—always the unexpected. (*Walks to desk, nervously, then pauses.*) My sister coming—and with "great news" (*pause*)—just as I am about to take this poor fellow's life.

Gridley (*grinning*)—Why, I thought you were going to chloroform him just as cheerfully as if you were giving him a drink of water?

Richards—Yes, as a physician and a reasoning man, but this coming of my sister (*pause*)—Well, I'll rush through the job before she arrives and have it off my mind. (*Takes up bottle and appliances.*)

Gridley—Let it go until tomorrow, doctor.

Richards—And give the poor fellow just so many more hours of useless suffering? No, I'll do it now. (*Enter Kate Richards.*)

Richards—Kate!

Kate—Dave! (*They greet each other affectionately.*)

Richards—Why, I just now received your telegram.

Kate—I gave it to the porter on the train to file for me—it must have been delayed.

Richards—How is mother?

Kate—Splendid. In good health and never in a better frame of mind.

Richards—Anything special to please her? Oh, yes. You said in your telegram you had great news. What is it?

Kate—Oh, (*hesitating at sight of Gridley*)—my strong-willed brother displaying curiosity like a woman! You are too impatient. I don't intend to tell you for a long time.

Richards—Oh, as you will. I beg pardon, Mr. Gridley—this is my sister.

Gridley—I am very glad to see you, Miss Richards. (*She crosses and shakes hands.*)

Richards—Mr. Gridley is superintendent of the steel plant. If he is not in a hurry, I am going to leave you with him for a few minutes while—while I attend to a very urgent case. Afterwards, Kate, we will have the whole evening to ourselves, and

you can tell me the great news. (*Takes up chloroform and cone.*) You can stay for a while, can't you, Gridley?

Gridley—With pleasure.

Richards—I won't be gone long. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

Kate (*seats herself at R. of table, Gridley at L.*)

—So you are the superintendent of the steel mills. That is very interesting to me because of the fact that at home I am a settlement worker. I suppose you have quite a lot of misery, degradation and suffering among the people who work at the steel mills, have you not?

Gridley—Oh, I suppose it's just about as bad here as any other place, and no worse.

Kate—I should like to stay here a few days and see for myself what the conditions are in a big steel town. Perhaps I can start some sort of movement to give the people better lives.

Gridley (*nettled*)—I'm sorry, Miss Richards, but I'm afraid I can't agree with you as to the desirability of these projects. The people are all right as they are. The introduction of settlement work and such things only tends to make them discontented and creates trouble for the company. If let alone, they're all right. They make steel, and believe me, Miss Richards, that's all they're good for.

Kate—But, Mr. Gridley, aren't they men, and haven't they the feelings of human beings?

Gridley—No—they haven't. (*She rises.*) The most of them are no better than horses or mules, and have just as little feeling. But they are useful to the world—they make steel—if you let them alone.

Kate—I don't think as you do, Mr. Gridley, and I'm glad of it. I shall look over the field while I am here and see if there is anything I can do. (*Walks to window and looks out at the furnaces in the distance.*)

Gridley (*rises*)—I hope you will not undertake anything, Miss Richards. It will only lead to trouble—(*she looks at him quickly*)—discontent and strikes, I mean—and, to be perfectly frank with you, such trouble is all the worse for the men. The steel company can always beat them in a fight, and—speaking from your own standpoint now—it causes them to endure double suffering.

Kate (*coming down*)—You speak that way because your interest is with the company. You do not consider them as men.

Gridley (*turns to Jan*)—Jan! (*Jan comes forward, his hat in his hand.*) Look at this fellow, Miss Richards. He's a Hungarian and he can't speak a word of English. Look at the squat build of him, the low forehead, the heavy jaw. Would you waste your efforts on men of his type? He's good for one thing—to make steel—if you let him alone.

Kate (*crosses to Jan, L.*)—I speak a little Hungarian I picked up doing settlement work. (*To Jan, in Hungarian.*) You come from Hungary, Jan?

Jan (*in Hungarian*)—Yes, miss. I am a Magyar.

Kate (*in Hungarian*)—Your fathers fought under Arpad and Hunyadi?

Jan. (*His features light up and he speaks in proud, ringing tones*)—Aye, under Arpad and under the glorious Hunyadi at Belgrade. It was the Turks—we beat them.

Kate (*turns to Gridley*)—Shall I interpret that, Mr. Gridley? (*He nods.*) I asked him if his fathers fought under Arpad and Hunyadi. Did you catch the spirit of his answer? "Yes," he replied, "under the glorious Hunyadi. It was then we beat the Turks." The battle of Belgrade, Mr. Gridley, was fought nearly five hundred years ago. The Turks had crossed over from Asia and were sweeping everything before them. The Hungarians threw themselves on the Turks, defeated them in a ferocious battle and saved Europe.

Gridley—I don't care what his ancestors did. That doesn't make steel.

Kate—I don't want to tax your patience, Mr. Gridley, but would you like to know why this man came to America?

Richards—M-m—yes.

Kate—To escape the oppression of the rich.

Richards—Humph!

Kate—And that tells the whole story, Mr. Gridley. Since the day when his ancestors fought under Arpad and Hunyadi, he has become a slave to the rich. It is this that has lowered his brow and made his jaw heavy. And you, when he comes seeking a new life, would sink his brow still lower and make his jaw still heavier—in order that you may make steel. (*Jan, who has shown alarm, leaves the room, L. U. E.*)

Gridley—It's not me, miss. I am the servant of the company.

(*Enter Richards, R. U. E.*)

Richards (*meaningly*)—All right, Mr. Gridley.

Gridley—All right?

Richards—Yes.

Gridley (*picks up hat, crosses to L.*)—Miss Richards and myself have had a very interesting talk, but we couldn't exactly agree. (*Crosses to door, Richards follows.*) She is full of these new ideas

and has a desire to do settlement work among the steel workers. I hope you will be able to impress her with some of your own practical ideas, doctor. Good-night.

Kate (*C.*)—Good-night, Mr. Gridley. I have enjoyed our conversation.

Richards—Good-night, Gridley. (*Exit Gridley; Richards returns to Kate.*) Well, Kate, it's good to see you again, old girl. (*Takes both her hands.*) You must stay a long while in Rosedale and we'll be chums like we used to. It'll take you a week to tell me all the news from home, and I'm hungry to hear it. All about the home folks and the old town, and especially all about what my dear old busy sister has been doing. Are you ready now to tell me the great news?

Kate—Not yet, Dave. There's something I want to talk about. Do you hold the same extremely practical views that Mr. Gridley has?

Richards—Mr. Gridley and I couldn't be much further apart in our views.

Kate—I'm glad of that, Dave. He is brutal. According to him, men are no better than mules, to be used for what can be got out of them and treated with no more consideration.

Richards—That is exactly how men are treated in Rosedale, Kate.

Kate—He said that if I did settlement work in the town it would only make the men discontented—that they would strike and would then be beaten into submission by the company. He fairly hurled the word "company" at me.

Richards—That's all there is here, Kate—company. The men belong to the company, body and soul, and are used up by the company the same as it uses up the iron ore. The whole city belongs to the company—the streets, the houses, the men, the women and even the unborn children. The company owns Gridley—and it owns me. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)

Kate—Brother, you have lost faith in everything, haven't you?

Richards—I never had much faith in anything, Kate.

Kate (*lightly*)—But at any rate, you are the same old fighting Dave. (*Goes up to him and puts her arm around him.*)

Richards—Fight? And what's the good of it? It gains nothing. Only one thing can bring relief to these people—death. Kate, Kate, I could tell you things—but what's the use? Keep your faith in human destiny, my girl. Go back to the city and your settlement work. You can do good there, but here the steel company swallows everything—human lives, human hopes and every human faith.

Kate—But, Dave—

Richards—Enough of this subject (*lightly*). My sister has come to see me, and I'm as happy as a lark. (*Takes her hands.*) The great news, Kate, the great news. You've kept me waiting long enough.

Kate—I didn't want to talk before anyone—least of all before Superintendent Gridley. It's about your brother Frank.

Richards—My brother Frank!

Kate—Yes, our big wild brother, who used to be our playmate when we were children, and who ran away when he was fourteen.

Richards—Frank! (*Soft music.*) Can I ever forget him! You were only a little tot then, and he used to carry you around in his arms. I was a lad of nine, and God, Kate, how I used to worship him. He was so bold, so daring. Many's the scrape we've got into and Frank would always get me out of it. But—but, Kate—

Kate—Yes, the great news concerns him. Mother after all these years, has finally got trace of our eldest brother.

Richards—Kate, can this be true?

Kate—It is true. There can't be a shadow of a doubt. She got a clew, then employed trained investigators, who found him. We didn't let you know because we thought you might laugh at us if we failed.

Richards—They found him? Where is he?

Kate—Prepare yourself, my strong-willed brother, for a shock. He is here in Rosedale and he works in the steel mills. That is why I brought the good news in person.

Richards—Here in Rosedale?—working in the steel mills? Kate, are you mad?

Kate—He is here at this very moment. The proof is absolute, for he acknowledged his identity. He is working in the steel mills. Not under his own name, however. He is known here as John Harper.

Richards (*dazed*)—John Harper! (*He slowly turns and walks to R. U. E., then reels back C., takes chloroform cone from table, looks at it with horror pictured on his face.*) Dead! (*Falls over table.*)

(CURTAIN.)

"The government wants the poor people to go forward into battle and shed heroic blood to save the rich people's interests."

Impressions of Italian-Switzerland

By Grace Potter



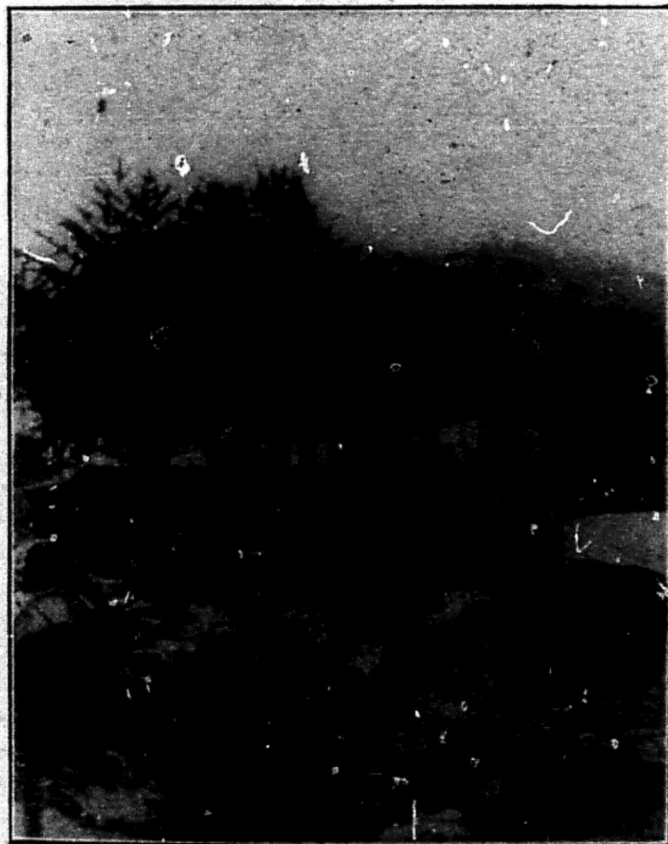
THE "Playground of Europe" is what the guide books call Switzerland. The Swiss call it "The Land of Sorrows." Hundreds of thousands of travelers go every year to Switzerland for rest and recreation. To them the first name is appropriate. The natives endure a death-struggle in order to live, snatching scant earnings from the dangerous slopes of the Alps. To them the second name is the only one known.

There are portions of three nationalities joined to make Switzerland. Parts of France, Austria and Italy are welded into companionship in this little republic of Ticino. The Italian Swiss live in the southern canton, or state, and it is chiefly of their life that this is written.

The cliffs of the Alps are steep and sometimes bare. In many places vineyards are planted on terraces that must be buttressed with heavy stone walls to keep them from falling into the valley hundreds of feet below. Some of the mountain paths are so narrow and steep that not even the trusted mountain donkey can pass through them and all that is carried up and down here must be on human beasts of burden.

In some places whole villages have been depopulated by emigration to America. In the minds of the ignorant peasants America is a fairyland and it is safe to say that at least two out of every three hope some day to come here. Or if they do not hope, they wish. Wages are so low that only the healthiest, strongest, most fortunate ones, can save enough money for passage. The hardest kind of labor, building the dangerous mountain roads, pays one franc and a half a day and sufficient coarse food for the laborer to barely exist on. Or if the laborer boards himself he will get three francs a day. (A franc is twenty cents.)

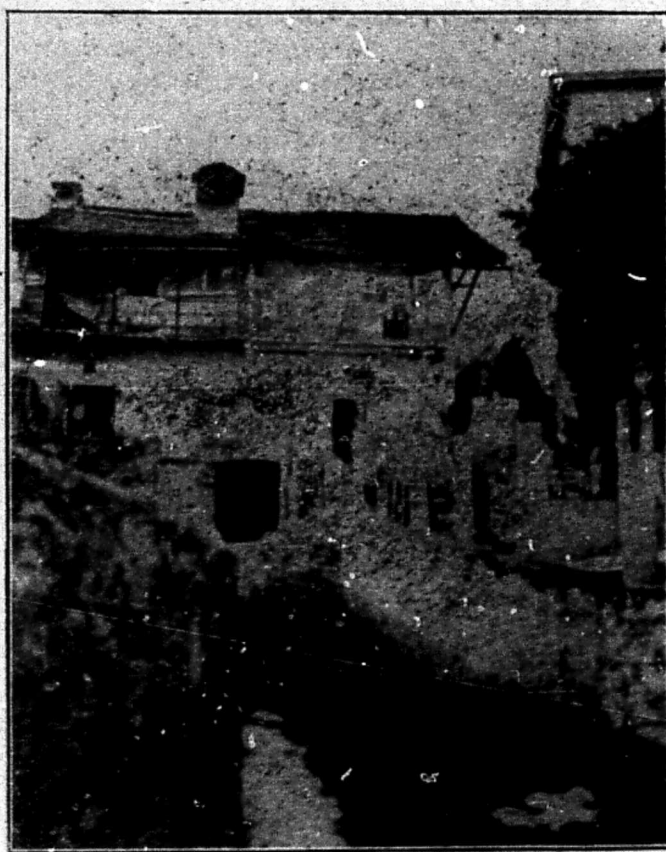
Some of those who work desperately hard all spring, summer and fall, are so depleted nervously that they take to hard drinking in the winter. Some



Washing Clothes in Lake Maggiore

of them sink into such a state of utter hopelessness and despair that they commit suicide in terrible ways, like jumping off the steep cliffs that have taunted them so long. Switzerland has the largest percentage of suicides of any country in the world. There are an unusually large number of dwarfed and deformed people among the Swiss peasants. Some are hideously stunted caricatures of human beings. It has been said that this comes from the mothers continuing the brutally hard work, which is an inevitable part of a peasant woman's life, during all her child-bearing period. No rest or relaxation is ever possible to her.

The mountain land is all owned by the government and rented to the peasants. The tilling of the little farms is left entirely to the women and all the men and boys over sixteen leave their homes early in the spring with herds of cattle, sheep or goats. They go up into the mountains for pasture. A few miles from home each man takes a certain number of animals and goes off by himself. When the grass is all gone in one place he goes on further. For days and perhaps weeks he will not meet another shepherd. And it will be months and months before he can hope to look into the eyes of any girl or woman. This isolation makes the men moody, taciturn and morose.



Typical Italian-Swiss House of the Best Class

At home the women and children are working hard. They get up at about four o'clock and work in the fields till dark.

Every other Thursday is market day. The favored ones of the family go to market. This is one of the great joys of life because here they meet their neighbors and friends and see the tourists, in fact, come in touch with the outside world in the only way the peasants can. Some of them go to market in a donkey cart, but only a few are so fortunate. The walk may be many weary miles, but the peasant will if necessary get up at three o'clock in order to get to town when the market opens at seven.

They carry with them to sell, grapes, fire-wood, maize-cobs, cheese, butter and other farm products. A burden of seventy-five pounds is an ordinary one. This is all in a basket which consists of a few bulging withes fastened to a small board in the bottom, strapped securely to their backs, leaving their hands free. Many of them work on their way to and from market, knitting socks, braiding hats or plaiting straw, according to whatever activity predominates in the little village from which they come. Children as young as six years have baskets strapped to their little backs so that they can carry as much as their young strength makes possible. Old women with their backs bent nearly double have their share. No one escapes work.

In the lake regions of the Alps some of the peasants go to market by water. It is no uncommon sight to see women in the fall loading heavy barrels into a boat. They are taking home supplies to last during the long cold winter, when the first heavy fall of snow will cut them off from the market-town completely. Usually two or three families of women occupy one boat, paying the owner a fee of a few centimes for sharing it with her. After a long row on the lake, during which each woman wields her pair of oars, they will carry the barrels up the mountains to their homes.

The diet is not a very sumptuous one nor is it varied. Though they have herds of animals, the peasants do not eat meat. They sell it in town for the tourists to eat. Though they make delicious butter, many peasants literally never taste it. The best class of peasants have meat and a little butter on holidays. The general menu for them all is like this. For breakfast, black bread and coffee without either sugar or milk. For their noon dinner, bread and cheese, and homemade wine. Their supper is potato soup and polenta, a kind of bread made from corn-meal.

The Italian-Swiss, unlike their relatives in Italy, are never ragged. They are often far from clean, but, although a garment has to be worn, as it often does, for all of adult life, it is patched and repatched till not a vestige of the original cloth is to be seen. The patches will vary in hue, according to whatever was available when they were needed. The sewing is done with extreme neatness and care.

The length of a woman's skirt depends entirely upon how steep the mountain road up to her home is. If the slope is gradual she will wear ankle length skirts. If it is very steep her skirts will come up much nearer her knees. For they must not

drag when she bends forward to run up the mountain, or bends backward to run down.

Run up and down mountains, you ask? Certainly. No woman peasant ever walks up and down the mountains, even with a heavy burden on her back, unless her hands are busy with work.

They do not wash their clothes very often. It is a favorite saying of Lady Bountiful as she sniffs deprecatingly, "The poor might at least be clean!" This is what the Swiss peasants are up against when they want to be clean. They have no water in their houses, nor tubs. They must go to a mountain stream to wash. In the steepest parts of the Alps some of the peasants have to go miles before they find a place where the streams are not rushing with such mad fury that they are impossible laundries. The women get down on their hands and knees at the water's edge and rub their clothes on a flat stone till the dirt comes out. They wash in cold weather, when the only thing that keeps their hands from freezing is the constant exercise. Riding through the mountains in the canton of Ticino in southern Switzerland in a carriage packed with hot soap-stones to keep us warm, I have seen women washing on Christmas day beside the road, in the river.

In the villages under an open stone arcade, communal washtubs are provided with running water. When one sees peasants washing there in cold weather it seems amazing that the architects who designed the place were not thoughtful enough to provide side walls to keep out the driving snow and rain. But the cherubs, blowing their horns in silent music on the arched ceiling above are not cold even if they are unclothed, and all thought in the construction of the place seems to have been content with providing happy graven angels.

When the men of the family return from the tending of their herds in the fall, a great festival takes place. There is feasting and drinking and dancing in which the young and old have part. This gaiety over, the women resume their same hard work and the men take up some special winter occupation. Some of them do carved work. Penholders, pin-trays, bread and milk sets and so forth are done with considerable skill. Some of the boldest among them attempt difficult religious subjects for carving. The crucifixion is a scene which the religious loving Italian-Swiss will carve out in minutest detail, working for weeks and weeks upon what must be sold for a few francs.

Some of the men make mosaic jewelry. It is



Carrying Firewood

constructed from the different colored stones which are to be found in abundance on the mountains. The most intricate patterns of tiny flowers are produced with perfect faithfulness to nature. A bracelet of daisies and rosebuds made by hand, each flower not more than a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, will be sold for three or four francs.

In all but the very best houses it is too dark to work indoors, except on the very brightest days, when it is so warm the doors may stand open. There are few windows in the houses. It costs seven francs extra for each window when the house is made, so that they come to be regarded as expensive luxuries. The houses are usually two stories high. Downstairs the animals are kept. It is not hard to imagine that from a hygienic and esthetic point of view this presents some drawbacks. But the peasants dare not house them in

a separate building if they could afford to do so. On account of the severity of the storms in winter it is often impossible to venture a foot outside without danger of being lost in the blinding snow. Then, too, the warmth from the bodies of the animals helps to keep the house at a more comfortable temperature than would otherwise be possible.

Wood is very scarce and with the exception of a little that may be used for cooking, there is seldom any fire in the house at all. On bright days, no matter how cold, everybody goes out doors to get in the sun. The little porch which juts out from their second story becomes practically the household workroom during the winter. Those who can afford such a luxury have a small pile of burning charcoal. Each member of the family enjoys this in turn, the women slipping their outstretched skirts over it to get every bit of the precious heat possible. They suffer a great deal from the cold, but it is in negative ways, such as general mal-nutrition and stunted undeveloped forms. Pneumonia and colds are almost unknown.

In winter sometimes the strongest young women of the home will be sent with their brothers or fathers to do work in the towns. A really pretty peasant girl was seen in Locarno, one of the largest Italian-Swiss towns, carrying bricks up a steep ladder to the men at work on the top of a building. A girl of eighteen with any claim to beauty was a rare enough sight to draw instant attention. This girl's big, soft, dark eyes, and masses of coppery brown hair made her most picturesque even with a heavy brick-carrier strapped to her back and reaching from above her head to way below her waist. When she came down the ladder without a load of bricks, she stood erect, showing a figure that had somehow escaped the blight of peasant life. When she went up, her carrier filled again, she was bent hideously. She had been working there only a week, she said. It was not hard to imagine that if she stayed a month or two she would probably never walk straight again.

When she saw a tourist making preparations to take her picture she begged in great distress, "Non, non, piacere!" (No, no, please.) The camera was put up. But one of the young men who had been loading her carrier with bricks sprang to her side and made a sweeping gesture to say that the picture could be taken, certainly! He grasped the girl by the shoulders and said he would hold her tight while as many pictures as were wanted were taken. If she struggled too much, he said, he would shake

her. She was his sister. The family needed very much the customary tip which a tourist gives for such favors and the young man was disgusted that the tourist would not take a picture just because the girl objected.

There is only a short time in the lives of the peasants when sentiment holds sway. Utterly separated from each other at the time of year when the little god of love is supposed to get in his most telling work, the fancy of the Swiss youth must per force turn to love, if at all, in the cold, hard winter. Courtship is a fleeting affair which lasts but a short time. If love brings a soft light to a girl's eyes and rose-bloom to her cheeks, if it gives to her lover the first happy outlook upon life he has ever known, it is all too soon a dim half-doubted memory to them both. Affectionate and loving they seem to be naturally, but all this has to be subordinate to the stern task of getting their daily bread. All the spontaneity of youth, all the vivacity of early manhood and womanhood must be sacrificed on the altar of a necessity for food.

The children go to school for a few months in winter and fall. The mountain schools are so crude they seem to be relics of another age. Pushing aside the half-open door, after a knock was unanswered, I went into a small village school one day. The teacher, a sorry-looking peasant woman, was seated at her desk, knitting and counting stitches, with never an upward glance. In their seats, fifteen boys and girls, ranging in age from four to fourteen, were reading in concert from books they evidently knew by heart. No one heard the door open for a moment and I had a chance to see the utter lack of expression of the young-old faces, which, combined with the terrible uni-cadence of their words, made an impression never to be forgotten.

In the small mountain villages about the only well-fed, well-clothed people are the priests. The greatest honor that the average Swiss peasant hopes may befall his family is that one of his sons may be a priest. It is not safe to guess how far the money which the peasant gives to his church might go toward making him more comfortable in material ways. As it is, with no education and a brain so blunted by the exigencies of life that he cannot think, his religion is the only thing that makes life bearable to the peasant.

The blight and doom of their lives seems to be almost lifted from their hearts when they make a pilgrimage of perhaps many miles to a distant monas-

tery. I have seen them come by the hundreds, foot-sore and hungry to the foot of the mountain, where the monastery of The Madonna Del Sasso is. Some of them would crawl up the mountain side on hands and knees, with bowed heads. At each one of the twelve shrines they would stop and pray. When they reached the monastery they would enter for a few minutes' service. They could not possibly stay an hour, for they must reach their homes again that day. But they thought themselves well repaid for their long journey. The grim mask of the peasant face, which relaxes at almost nothing else, does at religion.

There are many shrines in Switzerland. No mountain road is so lonely, no winding path so unfrequented but that it has its shrine and image. A queer custom of mixing religion and business results is evident in such signs as these that meet the eyes of the astonished tourist, "Beer-house to the Virgin," "Wine-cellar of the Blessed Trinity," "The Inn of the Holy Ghost."

When a great danger threatens a family, like a death from sickness or a threatened landslide, they will pray and make a promise that if the danger passes they will have a religious picture painted on their house. A vow made at such a time is always kept. On many of the houses in southern Switzerland, these coarsely executed but realistic pictures remain year after year, mute evidence to all who pass that at some time prayer for mercy was made by the occupants or former occupants of the house. When the house chances to burn down or any accident befalls it, the picture is duplicated elsewhere. The peasants believe that otherwise the curse of heaven would follow. Only storm and time may dim them.

The paintings are sometimes of scenes from the bible, showing Christ or the disciples, or the Virgin and Child. But sometimes they illustrate the answer to the prayer sent up in their great trouble. A whole family may be seen fleeing from a forest-fire or from a landslide, or a gaunt disease-racked invalid may be seen stretching up thankful arms to heaven as he leaves his bed. The paintings are life-size and the peasant-artists who do them make up with a variety of vivid colors for any other lack.

To the newcomer these pictures seem hideous. But later they grow beautiful. They are one of the few things, pathetic as the fact may be, beside monasteries and shrines and churches which, in the mind of the peasant, go to make "The Land of Sorrows" a little less sorrowful place in which to be born and live and die.

Wall Street and the Law

By John D.



hell with the law—I'm judge here," said the late Judge Peterson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., when a certain decision of his was criticised some twenty years ago. That's what Morgan and Rockefeller say today. They obey the law, even a mandate of the Supreme court only when it is profitable for them to do so.

Two cases are fresh in mind to illustrate with what contempt Wall street treats court decisions whose fiat the people must obey. Take the case of the Northern Securities company. Here is a four hundred million dollar railroad merger, which was ordered to dissolve in the spring of 1904 by the Supreme court and which is still doing business at No. 32 Nassau street, New York city.

This company grew out of the contest between the Hill-Morgan and the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb interests for the control of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The Northern Securities company was organized to hold the stock of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, which retained their joint control of Burlington through the exercise by the Hill-Morgan board of directors of their right to retire the Northern Pacific preferred stock, of which the late E. H. Harriman had secured a majority. The attorney general began at once an attack upon the merger as a combination in restraint of competition and through a succession of legal steps involving enormous expenses to the stockholders of the several corporations, finally won a decision from the highest court ordering the dissolution of the Northern Securities company, the liquidation of its assets, etc., and the return of the shares of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern to the original holders.

The decree was carried out in terms to suit the court in so far as the return of the securities went, but the Northern Securities company has never been completely liquidated, and under date of January 10 of this year an annual statement, signed by James

J. Hill, president, was mailed to the stockholders of the company. This report showed that among other equities the company owned Chicago, Burlington and Quincy to the value of about three million dollars, from which it yearly collects dividends of 8 per cent. Wall street is of the opinion that there is no intention of ever carrying the liquidation further, and points to the fact that the original purpose of the suit to destroy the control of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads as parallel and competing lines by a single Wall street group was not accomplished nor was their joint control of Burlington ever impaired. "Jim" Hill is still the dominant factor in these properties and their affairs are still being directed from a single office in the Mutual Life building on Nassau street, New York city.

It will be remembered that this suit was brought in the Roosevelt administration and when the Supreme court handed down its decree ordering its dissolution a great shout went up that was acclaimed around the world that Roosevelt had won a tremendous victory for the people. Now, as a matter of fact, there are many points in the Northern Securities case and the case of the American Tobacco and Standard Oil companies now up before the United States Supreme court, which have a good deal in common. Wall street says that if the Northern Securities company controlled by the Morgan-Hill interests can ignore, as they have in this instance, the fiat of the highest tribunal in the country, why cannot the Rockefeller and Ryan interests, which control the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies respectively, do the same? Bankers and brokers generally see no difference and state that even in the event of a decision unfavorable to these corporations they will still continue to do

business, and they point to the fact that never in the history of the court has a decision been handed down that threatened property rights, and that is all that Wall street can reasonably ask for.

The other case is that of the Farmer's Loan and Trust company, which is controlled by Standard Oil with a capital of one million dollars, undivided profits of over six million dollars, and deposits of \$118,000,000, and which has in its directory such men as William Waldorf Astor, Percy A. Rockefeller, James A. Stillman, son of the former head of the National City Bank, Frank A. Vanderlip, now head of that institution, and Moses Taylor Pyne, one of the richest men in the United States.

This company had a charter granted to it in 1822 under the laws of the state of New York, which permitted it to transact business only in the United States, but in 1905 the company organized several branch offices throughout the continent, in direct violation of the law, and continued to do so until the close of last year, when the charter was changed to conform to the law.

That's the way it is in Wall street. Every business day of every year, the banks, trust companies and other financial institutions violate a crop of laws and as a matter of fact, James Stillman, when president of the National City Bank, the largest in the country, told the writer years ago that the banks could not do business without ignoring the law.

Every banker, broker and business man generally laughs at the decisions of the Supreme court. That fossilized bench, chosen by Wall street interests, was to obey us and not we, it. The trust magnates are in possession of the land and they argue that everything else in this nation is subject to the interests that control these essentials.

Wall street will never obey the law, in my opinion until the people organize so as to take away from these business privates, the resources that they have; without them we are very weak and they strong and powerful.

In the Great North Woods

By George Allan England

Synopsis of Previous Chapter:

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Above the Dam.

In silence, Saltonstall ahead, Jim closely following, the two men made their way back to the cabin where the half-prepared explosives lay.

With monosyllables Jim directed the capitalist, who tremblingly obeyed. In ten minutes all was ready.

"Tote the things down to the boat, now," ordered Jim.

This done, the two men loaded the launch.

"Now git in!" Jim grunted.

When the millionaire had obeyed, Jim motioned him to a place in the stern beside the dynamite-cartridges with their ugly black lengths of fuse. He whistled to the dog, which came at command and took its seat beside him. Even the dumb beast seemed to feel hostility toward the stranger, and to prefer not to come nigh him.

Jim cast off and shoved the launch away. He started the engine, sweeping a broad curve over the lake's surface toward the dam. His big chest still heaved with the vehemence of his recent rage and present hate. Saltonstall already seemed the calmer of the two. Years of dissembling had left him the power to recover quickly from any shock—a power that more than once had been of value to him at the gaming-table or on the exchange.

There lurked something disquieting in his sullen obedience without words, in the shift and play of his observant eyes, the pallor of his face. He removed the handkerchief from his head. Under his sparse hair showed a long purplish welt where Jim, the night before, had hit him with the pail to save the dynamite.

"I don't jest like his looks, by gary," Jim told himself, taking a glance at the fellow. "But ef he means mischief, he'd better go easy. I've handled wuss than him, an' done it hard, too. Don't cal'late no snipe like him is a-goin' fer to git around Jim Titus, not so's you'd notice it none!"

But now the dam lay near at hand, and Jim's thoughts were inevitably drawn to the immediate problem before him.

This problem had been left to his own ingenuity, as an old-time, practical woodsman. By dint of some reflection, Jim had solved the somewhat complex conditions involved. Chief of these was the task of getting the launch safely out of the lake after the explosion; and this had cost Jim more thought than any other.

"I can't leave the launch at the wharf, or along shore, very well, an' then take time to come back to her an' git away," he decided. "An' the *batcau* would be too slow, what with the rush o' water that's bound to foller. If the launch once gits grounded, I can't never save her.

"No, the only way I kin see is to touch off the charges, an' then hyper down the lake, full-speed. Gimme five minutes afore the explosion, an' we'll git fur enough so we kin make the Mattawamkeag outlet all right."

Such had been his reasoning, with much mental effort and slow groping for details. As a matter of fact, Jim's plan could not have been bettered by a theoretical expert. Even his idea of sticking to the old-fashioned fuses instead of employing a battery and wires to explode the charges was well-taken. Fuses would leave no trace, no clew; wires were bound to do so. Unlettered though Jim was, he had the native shrewd intelligence of the great, slow, resourceful, all-producing proletariat. What he undertook to do, he did—and did it right.

Now, as the launch came near the scene of operation, Saltonstall uneasily shifted his position, coughed nervously, then asked:

"I say now, my good man—"

"Don't you 'good man' me, you rat! I'm Mr. James Howe Titus, with a big T, an' that's my name, savvy? Now, what d'ye want?"

"Why, just this." And Saltonstall raised his voice above the burr-r-r of the engine. "What do you intend doing with me? Because, you know, it's in my power to—"

"Power Heli!" Jim swore. "Don't you talk about



He aimed a terrible blow

power t' me! Huh! I'd as soon be scart of a pesky milk-adder as of you. But as fer what I'm a-goin' to do with ye, wall, if it'll ease yer mind any to know, why I don't mind tellin'."

Saltonstall leaned forward. His vulpine face, wicked even in its immaturity, keen and supremely cruel, took on new and harsher lines. Exhaustion, sleeplessness and the recent siege with panic added their quota to the ugly look. In this ragged and unshaven wreck, who (among the man's fashionable friends in Manhattan) could have recognized the immaculate "Holly" Saltonstall?

"Go on!" he breathed in tremulous tones.

"Wall," Jim drawled, "it's jest this way. I'm a-goin' to take ye back home with me, like I'd take any curio, an' let Luella see ye as you be now. If ever she thought she cared fer you, I cal'late just one look at ye, along o' my story how you left yer pardner to burp in the woods—which ye'd set afire with yer fool ignorance an' boozin'—I cal'late that'll fix her all right. I'll take ye to her. Then I'll turn ye loose, you cur. An' you'll have jest one hour to git out o' town, Comp'ny er no—"

"You'll never do it!" flared the capitalist. A dull flush mounted over his ashen face.

"Won't hey?" All right—you wait an' see," Jim answered with ominous curtness.

The colloquy died there, leaving the woodsman impassive, while Saltonstall had acquired a new look, as cruel and venomous as that of a rattlesnake prepared to strike. The murder in his heart could not restrain itself from reflecting itself in his lean visage.

But now they were close to the dam, over which in an irregular sheet—here thin, there thick and strong—the overflow of the great artificial lake was broadly thundering.

Part of the lake water found its exit down the natural channel of the Mattawamkeag; but enough flowed over the dam to cause a magnificent display, as from the apron, twenty feet below, the floods dashed and flung themselves furiously out upon the rocks of the enormous glen which formed the birthplace of the Upper Megantic.

Among the piled-up boulders and huge granite slabs clung Norway pines and stunted birches, perpetually dripping with the spray of the falls, while on either hand the rugged banks rose to join the

banks which to north and east bounded the lake.

Had either man been in a receptive mood for scenery, as they came close to the crest of the mammoth deluge, their souls must have been filled with awe and wonder. But hate and anger had banished any thought of nature. In the magnificent waterfall, one man saw only a thing to be destroyed, for his masters' greater profit and their competitors' undoing; the other observed nothing save a means whereby a human life, the woodsman's life, might be easily and quickly swept away to death.

"Look sharp, thar!" Jim commanded harshly as the launch, drifting in with the current, thudded gently against the dam. "Hand me one o' them catridges an' I'll start this here show. I'm tired of it—want t' git back home an' have everythin' over with. Quicker this biz is finished, better it'll be."

Saltonstall obeyed in sulky silence. He handled the explosive with an exaggerated, ludicrous care, as though he feared his very breathing might detonate it. Jim had to smile, despite his scornful anger, as he took the stick and pressed it firmly home between two logs.

"Nother one!" bade he, drawing the launch slowly forward along the crest of the dam. One by one he placed the sticks, each provided with its long queue of fuse. The millionaire, meanwhile—pale, watchful, attentive—alternated between extreme nervousness and a certain hidden exultation. His plan was already fully formulated, his vengeance ripening.

At last all the charges were placed. They bristled along the crown of the dam like a battery of small cannon.

"Now we'll set em off, an' then we'll beat it fer home," announced the woodsman in matter-of-fact tones. "All you gotta do is shove the boat along the dam, steady an' even, while I light up. We kin do it in two minutes. The fuses will burn five. That'll give us plenty o' time to git away. Mind how you do it, too. Ef anythin' goes wrong, it'll be your funeral same's mine. No funny biz, you hear me?"

The Newfoundland, stretched in the bottom of the boat, whined uneasily. He seemed peculiarly affected, as though his beast-mind had some pre-science of evil. But Jim paid no heed.

He only busied himself with the work in hand. Carefully he adjusted the engine, set the feed, the spark and lubrication just right, and laid the heavy starting crank on the bottom beside the fly-wheel, so that at one single throw he could start the launch.

Then, cutting a long section of fuse, he struck a match and calmly lighted one end.

"Ready, thar!" he announced. "Shove 'er along!"

Although alert and watchful, he betrayed no uneasiness. Saltonstall, on the other hand, was trembling. He looked sick with fear and with some other and more poignant emotion. Yet he did not hesitate, but pushed the boat slowly along the dam, grasping the rough beams and logs with slender, nervous hands. Once or twice he cast a keen glance at the big starting-crank in the bottom of the launch.

"One!" announced Jim, triumphantly.

He applied the spitting flame to the long black fuse of the first cartridge, which began to smoke and sputter, casting a greasy vapor up into the calm pure morning air. The men heard a slight crepitation, as of a guttering candle-wick.

"Two! Three!" said Jim. "Four! That's right. Shove on, you. Five! Six! A leetle faster, thar. Seven! Keep goin'. Eight! We'll be through now afore you know it, an' started for Sebouis whar you kin see your mills fer the fust time an' Luella fer the second!"

At this, Saltonstall's ugly, sardonic smile slightly curled his pallid lips. But he made no answer.

A minute passed.

The boat had now fronted the whole dam, along the top of which rose a score of fine smoke-curls, all hissing and spluttering in concert.

The sight, fascinating in its stupendous possibilities, drew the millionaire's eyes, full of terror, pregnant with treachery. Thus to see the actual working-out of the decision reached in secret at that half-forgotten board-meeting filled him with a shrinking yet a fascinated dread. For the first time in his life he was realizing a millionth part of what his dividends, his bursting coffers and his overflowing luxuries really meant in human toil and risk, and in the destruction of others' property. For the first time, plans, schemes and speculations were

translating themselves, for him, into terms of actuality apart from gold.

Yet there was little time for analysis. Now had come the moment for action—action of the sharpest, most energetic kind.

Jim, snatching up the crank, fitted it to the pin. He flung the wheel over, with a grunt of strong exertion.

The engine waked to life. Foam creamed out at the stern. The launch shuddered, gathered way, and swept diagonally out from the dam at a rapidly-accelerated pace. Crisp echoes of the rapid-fire exhaust barked back from the steep shores.

"Hooray! We're off!" Jim shouted as he swivelled on his seat and grasped the steering-wheel. "Now fer home an'—"

The words were never finished.

For Saltonstall, cursing, snatched up the crank. With it in hand he leaped on Jim; he aimed a terrible blow at the man's head.

Calculated to land just back of the ear, to crush the life out in one second, it barely missed. But Jim, startled, had half-turned to meet it.

This was all that saved his life, for the blow fell on his temple, which was partly protected by his bushy hair and old felt hat.

Even so, the shock numbed him. Yet he staggered to his feet and threw his arm up to defend his head. He reeled back into the little space between the gasoline-tank and the steering-seat.

Saltonstall shouted another and a fouler epithet. He swung the iron for another blow, hoping this time to give the death-stroke. But he had reckoned falsely. For all at once, behind him, came a rush, a loud-mouthed baying. Then the bulk of the great dog hurled itself upon his back. It unbalanced him, it bore him down on Jim, who—

striking blindly and at random—caught him a savage back-hander across the eyes.

The starting-crank, wrenched from Saltonstall's grasp, spiralled through the air. It fell, plash! into the waters of the lake.

A formidable tumult rose; a strange, three-cornered fight. Human cries, curses and execrations mingled with the dog's deep barking as the animal tried to throttle the struggling millionaire.

All this uproar, mingled with the noise of the launch, rolled away across the lake and broke in echoes on the hills. The unguided boat staggered drunkenly and veered with an erratic course in a great arc which threatened to bring it back toward the dam and those now-thickening coils of smoke.

Then, of a sudden, Jim "found himself."

He got a hand-grip on Saltonstall's throat. Half-rising he flung the man clear across the engine. The would-be murderer of him who but the day before, had saved his life, the one-time betrayer of Jim's wife, struck heavily, head and shoulders, against the stern-seat.

A moment he struggled to rise. Then he collapsed and lay quite still.

Jim stood staring, panting and dazed. But all at once he became conscious that something had gone wrong. The engine no longer was under power. Saltonstall's body, hurled across it, had bent the projecting spark-plug of the forward cylinder and had severed the connection.

One second, the significance of this failed to dawn on Jim. Then, with a glance at the rapidly-burning fuses, he understood.

"Gawd!" he choked.

He bent over the engine.

"One cylinder's all right, anyhow," he thought, with greater swiftness than ever before in his whole life. "Mebbe I kin start that again!"

He looked about him for the crank. But—then he remembered. It was gone!

Out of his way he kicked the huge dog. He jerked open the tool-drawer and pawed out the biggest wrench. Unmindful of the slow trickle of blood that now was crawling down his face from the cut on his temple, he adjusted the wrench to the shaft-pin.

But it would not hold. It slipped away, when he tried to fling the shaft over. His big knuckles dashed against the floor-boards, with the effort, laying the skin back in deep gashes.

"No—use!" he gulped, standing up again. The fuses, he now saw, were more than half consumed. The launch lay not two hundred feet from the dam. Even should the detonation spare their lives, they must be swept over and down the gulch with the impending rush of waters. What to do?

Jim fought off the panic terror that sought to capture him, and tried to think.

"The oars!" cried he. "Mebbe that's time enough yit, to row ashore!"

But his staring eyes perceived no oars. With bleeding hands and ghastly face, whereon the terror-sweat of imminent death was already starting, he dropped to his knees. Under the seats he pawed. Oars there were none.

Then he remembered.

"Oh, my Gawd!" he groaned. "I left 'em in the bateau! Hey, you!" he shouted at the unconscious millionaire. "Git up, you! We gotta swim fer it!"

Over to the man he sprawled. He shook him by the shoulder till the man's teeth clacked. But Saltonstall only groaned and babbled jargon.

"No use!" croaked Jim, hoarsely. "'Tain't no use. But I kain't leave him to—"

(To be continued)

Organized Labor and the Earthquake

By H. A. Crafts



THE year 1906 opened with wages fairly high and few idle men in San Francisco. With the end of rainy season in March all things pointed to a more than ordinary active year in the building industry.

Then came the earthquake and the great fire, left behind five square miles of ruins where there had formerly been almost solid blocks of buildings.

I was fifty miles south of San Francisco in San Jose when the shock came. Here the earthquake was even more severe but the horrors of a conflagration were not added.

I started immediately for San Francisco, had to walk the last ten miles and reached the Valencia street depot just after noon, and there I saw in



In the heart of the burned district today

the distance a great wall of flame leaping and roaring southward from Market street.

Past me surged a constant stream of humanity. Some were fleeing in vehicles of various kinds, but

As a part of the war upon the unions of the Pacific Coast the capitalist press has been fed to repletion with stories of how organized labor "held up" San Francisco after the earthquake. While the story of how this extremity of a people was exploited by the owners of real estate, the street car corporation and the employing class as a whole, has been kept carefully in the background, every effort of the workers to gain a larger share of the wealth they were adding to society has been hailed as an effort to rob the victims of the earthquake. This story tells for the first time the truth about the attitude and the actions of the unions that speak louder than even newspaper rumor in this time of a great crisis.

the great mass were on foot, men, women and children laden with all kinds of household goods, pet cats, parrots, etc.

They wandered on, dumb and dazed, not knowing where they were going, and many of them not seeming to care. Hundreds of tired women and children were huddled on the ground in the open, expecting soon to be driven onward by the advancing flames.

There were few sounds of complaint; these people were of the laboring class very largely, and they were more accustomed to terror and hardship; they were Stoics.

That night and for several nights those people lived in the open. Of course those whose homes had not been destroyed opened their doors to the sufferers, but only a small percentage could thus be accommodated.

Many died from the effects of the shock, from sickness, hunger and exposure.

Then came the great relief movement, organized labor taking a most prominent part. In an interview with O. A. Treitmoe, secretary-treasurer of the California State Building Trades Council upon this very subject, Mr. Treitmoe said recently:

"The first action taken was to establish headquarters, and send out bulletins requesting all needy and destitute persons to come and register in order that they might be given relief.

"Next, the carpenters got busy, building shacks to house the homeless. Many had lost their tools in the fire, but finally these useful articles came pouring from the neighboring towns. Tools were also shipped from distant points. Los Angeles sent two car loads in a hurry.

"The plumbers were also set to work repairing broken gas pipes, sewer pipes and looking after the sanitary work.

"Not less than four hundred plumbers worked for four weeks without thinking about whether they were going to get any pay or not; and many of them never did get any pay for this work. The

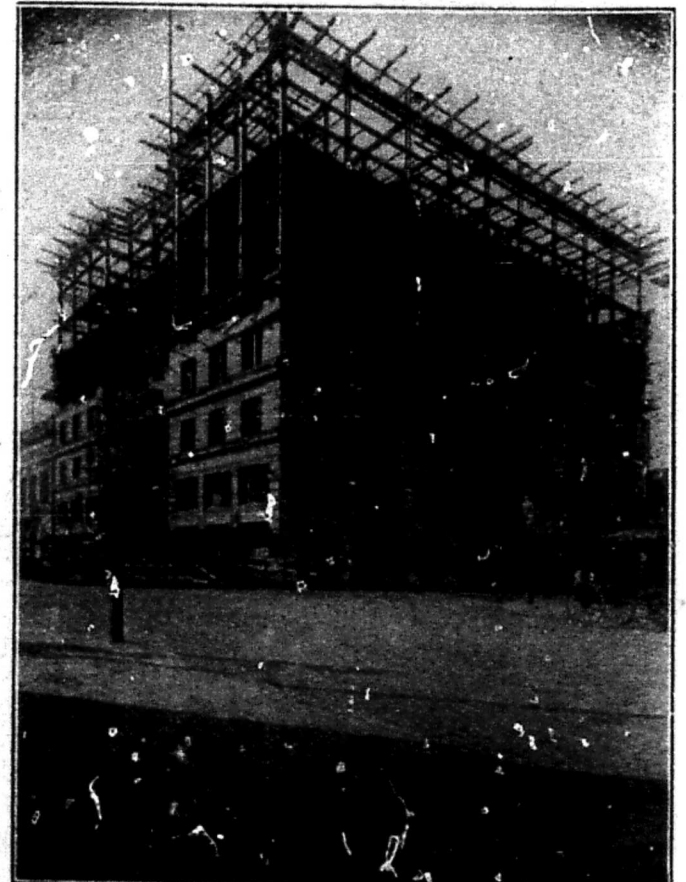
great bulk of the labor at this period was voluntary.

"The chimneys all over the city were largely put out of commission by the shock of the earthquake and people were not allowed to make fires in their furnaces, stoves and ranges. So the bricklayers were put to work building bake-ovens in vacant lots in order to bake bread for the hungry and starving.

"Stoves were set up in the streets and there the family cooking was done. On Pacific avenue you could see millionaires' and artisans' wives cooking side by side.

"The catastrophe was a great leveller, not only of buildings, but of social lines. We never knew there were so many good people in San Francisco.

"In the bread line also you could see rich and poor awaiting their turn to be served. There was no money entering into the proposition, and conse-



Typical Frisco rebuilding scene

quently no preference was shown to persons.

"But means of relief came rapidly. Organized labor outside of San Francisco literally turned their treasuries inside out to help the distressed brothers

in the stricken city. They not only sent money, but food, clothing, tools, furniture, bedding, etc.

"The outside labor unions also sent representatives along with their contributions to see that they were properly bestowed.

"There was no disorder excepting on the first day when the military essayed to control the movements of the refugees.

"On the second day there was a great revulsion of feeling. It was a feeling of grim determination taking the place of blank despair.

"The third day it was better still; now to a feeling of determination was added a feeling of hope, and already the thoughts of the people were turned to that dearest wish of all—to rebuild the city.

"One week after the disaster the Building Trades council held a meeting in the basement of P. H. McCarthy's residence, and passed resolutions suspending all trade rules governing wages, and agreeing to assist in rebuilding the city on the same wage rates as had prevailed before the earthquake.

"But in pure relief work there was no question of wages; the men simply took the chances.

"Next, the banks opened and money began to flow again in the regular channels. Then followed a mad race for profits, and there was a reign of greed and gouge. That went along two months when the members of the building trades found that rents were being doubled and trebled on them by the landlords.

"The cost of living was also increased from thirty to forty per cent. Then as a matter of necessity the trades advanced wages, the advance ranging from 50 cents to a dollar a day. But even with this advance workmen found themselves with less ready money on Saturday night than before the disaster.

"And we have found it necessary to maintain the increased rates of wages ever since.

"The demand for mechanics was greatly increased and some of the contractors were paying more than the minimum rate of wages in order to have their buildings finished and ready for lease at the earliest possible moment.

"Large numbers of wage earners came into the city from abroad, and these were welcomed into our unions. In many lines of trades there was a shortage of help and in such cases we got into communication with organized labor of the great eastern cities and a supply was secured.

"The burned part of San Francisco soon became like an immense ant-hill. At the high tide of the rebuilding period there were not less than 150,000 men engaged in all lines of reconstruction.

"Then came an ebb in the tide, and the labor market was found to be largely over-supplied. Something had to be done to relieve the condition of unemployment. Arrangements were made with contractors to work one set of men three days in the week and another set for three following days. In this way much suffering was doubtless averted.

"In all, over two hundred million dollars have been expended in the work of rebuilding and we have as good, if not a better, class of buildings than can be found in any city in the country.

"It has been charged that the cost of rebuilding San Francisco was high in consequence of the high rate of wages demanded by organized labor. That charge is not true, as can be demonstrated by the cost of the new annex to the Mills building. Willis Park, the consulting architect in the construction of the annex stated in an address before the Building Trades council that the old Mills building was built at a time when mechanics were working ten hours per day and at wages that were only about fifty per cent of the present wages, and that the building cost in erection 37½ cents per cubic foot; while the new annex cost only 31½ cents per cubic foot, and it was built right after the fire when the cost of material was at its highest.

"The reasons for the lower cost of the more modern building is to be found in improved methods of construction, and the greater efficiency of workmanship.

"During all the period of active rebuilding there were no labor disturbances worth mentioning. As a rule all disputes arising between employes and employers were adjusted in a very few hours, in council, before anything like a crisis had occurred on a building."

The Reporter's Scoop

By Emanuel Julius

It was only after the greatest difficulty that George Lash managed to pull himself together and decide to return to the office of *The Morning Star* in the hope of being reinstated on its staff of reporters. Approaching the city editor's desk Lash was greeted with a frown.

"What do you want?" gruffly asked Smith, for that was the city editor's name.

Lash then stammeringly asked, "Can I go to work today?"

"Not on your life!" shouted Smith. "I've tolerated you just as much as I can stand and it's just about time to call a halt. You've done good reporting, Lash, but I can't rely on you. You and booze don't go well together. Whenever I sent you out on a big story you fell down altogether or you let the other papers beat us on some big point. But no more of that—you booze-histers have got to go. As for the money that's coming to you, go down to the cashier and get it, then beat it for good. I'm through with you."

"Well, can't you give me another chance, Mr. Smith? I promise you I'll never take another drink as long as I live. Put me to work, won't you? I'll make good," Lash persisted, but his pleadings availed him nothing. The city editor was determined.

Seeing that there was no hope of being assigned, Lash slowly trudged his way toward the cashier's desk where he received the few days' wages due him.

When Lash reached Park Row he decided to visit some of the editors of other papers. They all knew him and each, in turn, rejected his offer to work.

The next and following days told the same story. None would have him. Dejected and with but a few dollars in his pockets, Lash returned to Smith.

"What! Back again?" Smith asked, giving Lash but a glance and then returning to his work.

"Yes, and I want you to place me, Mr. Smith," replied Lash anxiously.

"Sorry, Lash, can't do it. I'd like to, but I know what'll happen. You're unreliable and that's saying a whole lot."

"Mr. Smith, if you'll only give me another chance I'll stick. I'll get back into my old form for good, you can wager your bottom dollar on that. Give me an assignment now and I won't fall down. If I do, fire me for quits. That's fair, isn't it?"

Smith stopped working and looked Lash over from head to feet. He saw that the young man was in earnest.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Smith, after a moment's reflection. "I'll give you another chance."

"Thanks, Mr. Smith. That's all I ask of you," was Lash's excited reply.

"But," and here Smith spoke with emphasis; "if you fail me, you're done for, understand?"

"Yes, but don't worry. I'll land the goods tonight."

* * *

As Lash withdrew he realized that his chances for success were very slight indeed.

Smith had unmercifully assigned Lash to a story that had puzzled every newspaper man in New York for two days.

The facts in the case were few. Senator Wilbert had been shot dead. His assailant was dying in the Bellevue Hospital. She was unknown. Who she was, where she came from, her motives, were a mystery to the police. Not a clew could be found that would enable one to learn a single thing about her.

The tragedy, it goes without saying, had caused a sensation. Column on column of matter had been printed. At last, the reporters all gave up the hope of discovering the identity of the dying young girl.

And it was up to Lash to unravel this mystery. "If I fail, it's my finish," muttered Lash to himself. How can I expect to find that girl's history out? It certainly is a puzzler."

Lash decided to first hurry up to the hospital. After boarding a Third avenue elevated train, he mentally reviewed the whole happening as he rapidly neared his destination. The more he considered the case the less he felt able to succeed. But the thought that his livelihood depended on the outcome spurred him on.

Lash entered the hospital and was directed to the ward in which the girl was to be found. Soon he stood before a door which was guarded by a policeman.

"What you want?" the officer hoarsely asked.

Lash presented his reporter's card.

"Oh, you think that you can find out who that girl is, eh?" was the officer's next question.

"Well, it's up to me to try, anyway," Lash replied.

"Ain't much chance for you. A good many others have given it up," was the policeman's remark as he opened the door and admitted Lash.

He saw that there were but two in the room—a physician and the girl.

Lash quietly approached the bed. The girl, he saw, was unconscious. Looking intently at her beautiful face, Lash almost fainted.

"My God!" he muttered to himself. "Can it be true?"

A second glance convinced him—she was Grace Fullerton, of Pinetown, New York, who he once hoped to marry and the only girl he ever loved.

The shock was terrible. As Lash gazed on her lovely countenance he paled and seemed about to fall. It was only after a supreme effort that he was able to regain his normal senses.

As he stood there looking at her he thought of those bygone days—a picture of his up-state life

passed before him. He recalled the day they parted after a petty quarrel and how he left the village to forget her. Though he never had heard of her or met her since, yet he could not forget her. Always, always did he think of her.

Presently the girl's eyes slowly opened. She was regaining her consciousness. With a painful gasp she saw and recognized Lash.

"You—y—you," she whispered softly.

"Yes, speak, tell me—"

"I—beg y—you—swear—please—never tell who I am. Swear," she implored.

Before Lash could reply, she lapsed into unconsciousness again.

An hour later she was dead.

* * *

When Lash reached the office of *The Morning Star* he was met by Smith.

"How'd you make out?" Smith asked. "Find out who that girl is?"

Lash's face was pale and he trembled perceptibly. "Yes," was his reply.

"What!" shouted Smith. "Do you really mean it?"

Lash slowly nodded his head.

Smith's joy knew no bounds. "Anyone else know?" was his next query.

"Not a soul," was Lash's brief reply.

"Good, we've got all the papers scooped. You've made good, Lash, you're your old self again. Hurry up and write the story. By the way, what's her name?"

"She's dead and you'll never know who she was. I've quit the job."

True Liberty

Liberty! Glorious word! Meaning not merely the absence of the grosser oppressions of kings and aristocrats, but the full freedom of personal manhood—the right to use and develop and enjoy all the manifold faculties, powers, qualities and opportunities so bountiful bestowed on man.—*John Swinton*.

Men often conquer difficulties because they feel they can. Their confidence in themselves inspires the confidence of others. When Caesar was at sea and a storm began to rage, the captain of the ship which carried him became unmanned by fear. "What art thou afraid of?" cried the great captain; "thy vessel carries Caesar!" The courage of the brave man is contagious, and carries others along with it. His stronger nature awes weaker natures into silence or inspires them with his own will or purpose.—*Samuel Smiles*.

All men are entitled to a portion of the soil; and inasmuch as the soil is necessary to life, therefore, all men are as much entitled to a portion of the soil as to life itself. —*Free Soil Party 1852*.

Let me make the superstitions of a nation and I care not who makes its laws or its songs, either.—*Mark Twain*.

THE COMING NATION

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A. M. Simons. Chas. Edward Russell.

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In the Next Issue

J. Kenneth Turner has written a story based on the heroism and martyrdom of some of the Mexican revolutionists. He calls it "Osoro, Bandit," and it is a story to touch the hearts and fire the indignation of every reader against Diaz and his American assistants under the American flag.

"The Cry of a Child," by William Maily, is a fiction story that will not only hold attention from the beginning, but will carry a lesson, and that without any preaching. Illustrated by Tula Stevenson.

H. A. Crafts will have a description of some of the remarkable drainage and irrigation work that is being done in California. It is illustrated by some splendid photographs.

The Russian article, by Edgar White Burrill, was crowded out again this week but we expect to have another installment next week. There are four more installments, and they grow in power with each number.

The Socialist Microbe in Washington

BY WILL A. ROBINSON.



SOCIALISM is a contagion; it is distributed by microbe organisms. Like most other microbes, the Socialist microbe develops in stagnant places, corruption-ridden countries and decaying organizations.

The Socialist microbe is usually visible to the naked eye. It appears as a white, flat, rectangular, sheet-like object in its first stage of development, and afterwards becomes dotted with curious black figures, interspersed with occasional red ones of larger size. After these peculiar black and red markings have developed, the microbe takes on a compact, folded form and is ready to start out on its mission of inoculation. The black and red spots on the microbe are known to be the danger spots, being the protoplasmic or life substances by which the victim is inoculated.

The Socialist microbe—unlike the ordinary microbe, does not use the elements as media of distribution, but is carried about on moving bodies, for example mail trains. Upon reaching places suitable for its work, the microbe unfolds and assumes its original sheet-like form. The work of infection then immediately sets in.

In the United States, the chief breeding place of the Socialist microbe is at Girard, Kans. After years of unsuccessful effort to swat the microbes in that place, the health authorities have thrown up their hands in despair and are now administering to the infected victims and those liable to infection. Antidoxins, paradoxins and antiseptics are being used, while some have reverted to alternate doses of quinine and croton oil. Still others like Dr. Taft, have turned "medicine man" and are treating the epidemic by incantation. By these methods the doctors hope to hit upon some means of at least holding in check the Socialist microbe scourge.

To illustrate the ravages of the microbe within specific periods, the case of the Lake Chelan territory, Washington, is pointed out. Six years ago a lone school teacher of that locality who had been accidentally inoculated sought

Call Off Diaz' Watch Dogs

BY A. M. SIMONS



ALMOST three-quarters of a century ago the chattel slave power felt the need of expansion. The need for more land on which to grow cotton on which to employ the ever-increasing army of slaves demanded more territory. The American army was then massed on what was then the Mexican frontier, and when the "military manoeuvres" were completed a great section of what had once been Mexico was added to the United States.

Soon this territory was filled and the cry was raised for the annexation of Cuba, the remainder of Mexico and Central America. But the owners of wage slaves captured the government after four years of civil war and for a time there was no need of expansion.

Thirty years after the Civil War, free land disappeared in America and the pressure for markets in which to dispose of the ever-growing surplus of the wage workers once more aroused the cry for a new market. Again, we heard of the need of interference in Cuba. Then came the Spanish-American War, and when it was ended the Philippines, Porto Rico, and other far-distant possessions, had been added to the dominion over which the profit seekers ruled.

The relief has been but momentary. Capital, disregarding boundary lines, has pushed into Mexico. Making use of the brutal despotism it found there, it has fattened upon a slavery worse than ever blackened the cotton belt.

Against this despotism the Mexican workers threatened to revolt. They did revolt. They were pressing on to victory. Their existence as an organized body of belligerents had been recognized, perhaps unintentionally, by American army officers. Then, suddenly, we hear of new army manoeuvres. To feed the spirit of jingoism and militarism, and maintain the tottering, bayonet upheld throne of Diaz, American troops were once more rushed to the Rio Grande. The agreement made when Taft and Diaz shook hands is now being fulfilled.

The movement of the American troops was at once followed by the declaration on the part of Diaz that "no quarter" would be given to rebels. The American army is thus being made the assistant in a savage massacre of men who are fighting for liberty.

It is useless to appeal to those having charge of the troops, in the name of decency. It is useless to quote to them the traditions of this nation, or to point to the fact that, when the revolutionary army was but a handful of ragged, starving outlaws hiding in the morasses of the Carolinas, or shivering around the camp fires at Valley Forge, they were saved from crushing defeat by the interference of France and Holland.

The only thing that masters of the American government fear today is a threat at their own power. The only thing that will recall the troops from Mexico is a threatened political and economic uprising against capitalism on this side of the Rio Grande.

It is for the Socialist party to lead in such an uprising. Let every Socialist local, and every union, pass resolutions and forward them to Congressman Victor L. Berger to be presented at the extra session of Congress, which will take place in another week.

Let every Socialist circulate a petition demanding the recall of these watch dogs for Diaz and send it to the same address.

If this is done, and the first Socialist Congressman to enter the American Congress, can step upon that floor as the attested mouth-piece of a half million workers demanding that American troops shall not be used to round up the liberty-loving workers of another country for massacre, then these troops will be withdrawn the day that Congress meets.

to wreak vengeance upon some of his enemies by turning loose among them some Socialist microbes obtained from Girard. Thereupon his enemies denounced him as an educated damphool and anarchist. However, that did not prevent the microbes getting in their deadly work. The sufferers organized into a group of thirty-three and put one of their number into the official position of councilman with the ostensible purpose of further infecting the populace; it should be borne in mind that once affected, the very nature of the victim undergoes a change, the mind becomes so polluted that instead of ostracizing himself, as is usual in such like affections, the victim sallies forth among the populace, spreading the germs broadcast, and inoculating whomsoever he encounters, much to the discomfort of the health authorities.

Health officers everywhere claim that by the free and prolonged use of incantations, as recommended by Medicine Man Taft, they have made the farmer immune from the Socialist microbe, but the statistics of the pest

house at Chelan, disclose the fact that its inmates are largely land-owning farmers and orchardists. In very deed, the hour of seven in the afternoon of Saturday has been set especially aside so that the farmer victims can take treatment on their Saturday visit in time to get home before dark.

Considering that Chelan is but a small village forty miles from a railroad and surrounded by a sparsely settled country of only a few square miles in extent, the ravages of the Socialist microbe have been appalling notwithstanding the short time that the deadly Socialist microbe has been getting in its lively work.

The great struggle of the ages has arisen from the increasing assertion of rights by the oppressed of mankind. The oppressed have always been productive workers. The oppressors have invariably been those who were not productive workers, i. e. who contrived to live through the efforts of the productive workers.

—D. H. Maxwell.

Scout News

Please send me supplies. I have twenty-two regulars now and hope to get more. We have the *Daily Socialist* lecture course here. We hope to have Debs here in the near future. The population is 3,028 and we have 17 per cent of the total vote.—Harris H. Smith, Ohio.

When the weather improves I can sell double this number. I have a walk of a mile and a half to the small town of Whittlesy and just now the snow is drifted so I can hardly make it.—Frank Ruffner, Ohio.

I was well pleased with the papers. They sold quite easy. I expect to take more after while.—James M. Hartley, Michigan.

Please send each week twenty-five NATIONS and twenty Appeals. I also wish you to send me scout bag for coupon enclosed. Papers selling fine. Sold twenty-two NATIONS Saturday night in about one hour and a half.—Arthur C. Goyet, California.

I just got through selling the COMING NATION which I did without difficulty. I could sell more if I only had them. For next week send me twenty copies of COMING NATION.—Erick Moes, New York.

Please send me some order blanks and a sack to carry my papers in. I am doing all I can. Will win in the long run.—Joe Baccok, South Dakota.

I have received my papers and they sell like hot cakes. My dad says that after the men get stirred up they will be Socialists. My letter is getting long so I must quit.—James M. Hartley, Michigan.

My oldest boy embraces the opportunity of acting as Boy Scout for the Appeal and COMING NATION with much enthusiasm for his new job and says he will have a jolly time selling his favorite Socialist papers. "You bet I'm not scared to tell 'em I'm Socialist," he said. Hence I hope his bravery will meet with as much success as the mighty cause merits, though I am bound to say this is a terrible dead town as regards "clean politics".—Theo. Lystad, Minnesota.

I am doing fine. Got all my NATIONS sold at the greatest speakers' meeting ever held at Bartlesville.—Warren F. Moore.

I received your papers and had no trouble to sell them. I sold six papers in a half hour, and the rest the next evening. I will order twenty papers this time.—Herman Solek, Pennsylvania.

Please send me ten COMING NATIONS. Sold my first order all right. I have been elected an honorary member of Local Merrill.—Floyd Howell, Oregon.

Please find enclosed third order. I am only eleven years old. I have sold the papers and like the work. Yours for the COMING NATION.—L. Roy Ferrier, Washington.

Of my bundle of ten copies all sold evening of the tenth. Please send another bundle of ten for next three weeks under usual conditions.—Milton R. Vose, New Hampshire.

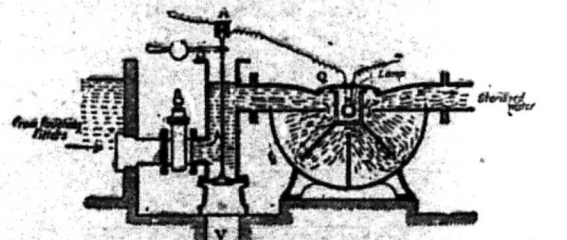
I received my paper bag and am very much pleased. I and my bag are having great success.—Kyle Simpson, Indiana.

Our lately organized local is going to back a boy in selling the COMING NATION and Appeal on the streets. I have secured a Socialist boy, will give him a start and later turn the whole business over to him. He's 16 years old. Send him papers for the enclosed remittance. As soon as I have this lad properly going will start another and gradually cover the whole town with Socialist literature. It's going to be a big success.—William Utech, Fla.

Purifying Water by Rays of Light

It has been discovered that the ultra violet rays of light, which are not visible to the human eye, are deadly to most forms of bacteria.

The illustration given herewith, taken from the *Engineering News*, shows how this fact has been utilized in a very



SECTION THROUGH THE APPARATUS TO STERILIZE WATER BY ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS USED AT MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

practical manner. By the passing of the water to be sterilized in close proximity to a lamp so arranged as to give off these ultra violet rays, it has been found that all the bacteria are destroyed.

The city of Marseilles, France, is now installing such a plant.

"There are many historical precedents for the 'malice' of reform. When Christ drove the money changers from the temple He probably was accused of 'malice.' The axe which decapitated Charles I was edged with 'malice.' The poinard which Charlotte Corday plunged into the heart of Morat was pointed with 'malice.' The pen with which the Declaration of Independence was written was dipped in 'malice.' The guns that were fired at Bunker's Hill were loaded with 'malice.'"

"In almost every period of time in the world's history, so we today are inclined to cannonade our benefactors in their lifetime and cannonize them in death."

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story the Needle Told



LITTLE maiden sat busily sewing in the great arm-chair behind mother's sewing table. The sewing basket was heaped with bright colored threads and the floor and table were covered with scraps.

Spring, just passing by the window, cast a bundle of bright rays into the room, so that the busy little hands were quite flooded with the light and the needle between her fingers gleamed brightly.

The little girl stopped in her sewing and looked thoughtfully before her. But listen! Just as though the sun had awakened a hidden life, a little, thin voice suddenly sounded. It was the needle that began to talk.

"Hard, hard work," it sighed, "on such a beautiful day, too. Stitch, stitch! And yesterday I had a very hard time. I became quite hot—stitch, stitch! A waist to be made for mother, and a shirt for father, and today the same old story.

"Have you been long in service?" asked a deep voice. It was the thread, that slowly followed the needle.

"Only a week—stitch, stitch!" answered the needle; "but I wish I had stayed home."

"Where do you come from you pretty little thing?"

"From far, far away. Oh, I've lived through a lot in my life. My life story will scarcely interest you, stitch, stitch, but perhaps I'll feel a little more cheerful if I tell it to you."

"You have called me a pretty little thing" began the needle, "and indeed my figure is very graceful—stitch, stitch! See how I glisten in the sun! But would you ever believe I was once gray, old and homely?"

"Go on, you're joking," said the thread.

"No, I'm not," asserted the needle. "At first I was—stitch, stitch—a pierce of gray wire, that was cut off from a great roll of wire in a machine, with a lot of sisters that all looked like me, I lay in a great dusty box, in a gloomy factory, where many machines roared and rumbled. It wasn't nice a bit there, so we were very glad when we were taken away. But now just think where we were put—"

"Well?"

"Into a great fire. A giant man looked at us through a big glass, put us into a ring and shoved us into the most terrible heat. We screamed with pain, but no one listened to us. At last the man took us out again and whirled us so fast with an iron that we became quite stiff."

"You poor thing," said the thread and hitched a little closer to the needle.

"But that wasn't enough. Then we went to the grinder's. There we were put between two hard stones that gave us two sharp points on either end while the sparks flew all around. If we had only had those points when they put us into the fire—"

"Then what next?" asked the curious thread.

"Then they gave me a pretty white band like a silver girdle, around my body. I didn't mind that, but next we went to the stamper's and there, before we could help ourselves, great hammers pounded us and there, just where the silver girdle had been, we were beaten all broad and thin. I lost my senses and when I recovered, we were in the hole-making department. There were many girls and these, I thought, must have kindly hearts. But before I knew it a hand grasped me, pushed me into a machine, and this machine pierced me—Oh, horrible—so that I thought my last hour had come."

"I never should have thought," said

the thread, "that girls could be so heartless."

"I was very glad," went on the needle, "when they packed us in cases and an old woman took us away off through the city into a miserable little street and up into an old, gray, dirty house. In a dark room which smelled of straw, rancid oil and little children, sat an old man with bad eyes and a wooden leg. And a couple of pale, hungry-looking children were there. But they all handled us gently and after stringing us on thin threads, brought us back to the factory again."

"I can tell you that my heart beat fast, and my foreboding was correct. I had scarcely arrived when a great hand seized me, and—crack—I was broken into two parts. Every needle became two needles. We certainly were astonished, but the man didn't pay the slightest attention to us. One, two, three, and over the grindstone, and there we were, our heads smooth and round as though freshly shaven. Then they put us into hot oil."

"Into hot oil!" screamed the thread, and gave such a start that it broke.

"Let me forget the pain of this. Worse is to come. Then a big ugly man stuck us into a drum, under which a bright fire burned. Help! help! we cried, but it was of no use. When we were half dead, they took us out, wrapped us in rough cloth, sprinkled sand and oil upon us and gave us to the polishing mill. There for days we were rolled and pressed and kneaded between great rollers. That was a time! We became so hot and there was such a terrible dust, almost suffocating! But when we came out, we were silver-clear and beautiful. Then quick, a sawdust bath, then a petroleum bath, then another sawdust bath and then to the packers. They sorted us, heads to heads, counted us with a machine, packed us in folded papers and then piled us up in cartons. Many cartons were placed in one case, the case carried to the railroad and then to a great city. I lay in a great store for many days until one day a young woman bought me and now I am here—stitch, stitch!"

"And you are getting lovelier every day through the work you are doing here."

"That is true. Seventy people worked to make me and give me this polish; but the finest polish I have given myself. Do you like me this way. Oh, Thread?"

"I guess I do," laughed the thread and they took hold more firmly and made a great jump through the cloth.

—From the German of O. Ruehle, in *Der Gleichheit*.

Launched

A little bark just launched upon Life's ocean,
Like hound from leash rejoicing to be free;

Beyond the bar beating in wild commotion,
Lie the dark billows of a troubled sea.

Stay, little bark, and take this note of warning,
Learn from the wrecks that lie upon the bar;

Trust not the night. Wait till the light of morning
Shows where the rocks and danger channels are.

Then with the dawn of Youth still hanging o'er you,
See where the depths and where the shallows lie;

Sail out and with the future all before you,
Fear not the tempest of its threatening sky.

Sail out and let Truth's compass ever guide you,
Let it direct, Truth's way shall be the best;

Take with you Love, let Love remain beside you,
Seeking your haven in the sunlit West.

—D. Jackson in the *Young Socialist*.
Glasgow, Scotland.

Johnny Armstrong bought a calf,
Smith—retailer—got one-half.

The packer made a lot, 'tis said,
And Johnny ate it—now he's dead.

A Novel School

There are many different sorts of schools now-adays for various sorts of deficient children, for the cripples, the blind, the mentally deficient, the deaf and dumb. One novel kind there is with a little different method of teaching those not only deaf but even those hard of hearing so that they can enjoy conversations as well as other people.

The method used in this school in reading is the lip movements of the persons talking. The pupils become very skillful in this and they have to be very quick at it, too, as you may guess, for the usual movement of the lips and mouth in average speech takes just about one-twelfth of a second.

Sometimes the pupils learn to read lip movements in three months; others take a year. They are taught to get the impression of the sentence as a whole.

At a recent entertainment in this school, competitive tests were given of rhymes, dialogues and finally a "little scene from "Alice in Wonderland," the scene of the Mad Hatter, was played to the great amusement of both the seers (the pupils) and the visitors. Of course not a word was spoken aloud.

So you see that while lip reading can never take the place of good ears, yet it can almost perform miracles.

Leo Deutsch---Revolutionist

He is a very simple man, gentle and quiet in his ways. When I met him in New York a few weeks ago, it was hard to believe that he was the hero of four remarkable escapes from the prisons of the czar of Russia. Leo Deutsch is not old in years, only 55, but he shows in his face the effects of his life of struggle.

But he is not without hope, in spite of the saddening condition of Russia since the failure of the Russian revolution and the light of a dream and faith in its fulfillment shines forth from his clear eyes.

I wish all of the children who read the COMING NATION could see him and feel the little thrill in their hearts when they say, "This is really a man who is not afraid of tyrants and who can believe and dare and do without flinching."

When he was only 18 years old, Leo Deutsch became a revolutionist. That is 27 years ago and since then he has never stopped for one moment preaching the social revolution and the coming of the Socialist commonwealth. Since then he has escaped twice from Siberia, where the political enemies of the Russian government are sent and twice from massive prisons in Russia. This is the story of his first escape from prison. It happened when he was 19 years old, hardly more than a boy, you see.

It was decided that he should try to make his escape from the bathhouse, which was not connected with the prison. After securing permission to take a bath, Deutsch went out, accompanied by three soldiers. One stationed himself outside by the window; the other stood by the door, and the third entered the bath with Deutsch. It seemed that it would be impossible to escape without risking being struck down by a bayonet or bullet.

When Deutsch entered the third room, which was the steam room, he found there two of his comrades. Without speaking to one another, they motioned to him, indicating the place where they had prepared everything necessary for his escape.

Deutsch came out to dress himself. The soldier was waiting for him in the first room. He put on his underwear, and under the pretext that he needed a pail of water for his feet, he went back to the steam room, where he found the things hidden in a corner by his comrades. Dressed in civilian clothes, he came out and walked past the soldier who was waiting for him.

"Our eyes met," says Deutsch in his account of his escape, "and I felt a

shiver through my body. But that lasted only a moment. I soon found myself at the door, where another guard was standing, and I had to look at him as I passed him. 'Any one coming out of the bath would look at him,' I thought as I did so. My knees were bending, and still I had to pass by the third sentinel, who stood by the window. I did not look at him, but after I had passed him it seemed to me that I aroused his suspicious and I was anxious to start to run. I had to make a great effort to control myself and walk.

"There were but few pedestrians on the street. At a distance I recognized my comrade, who was waiting for me. Will I be able to reach him? I felt my strength was failing. How hard it was to restrain myself from running! No, I could not hold out any longer, and I quickened my pace. When I came up to my comrade I cried in a frightened voice: 'They have discovered that I escaped, they are running after me. Quick, let us get a cab!' But unfortunately there was no cab in sight. We started off on foot. Finally we noticed a cab; we waved our hands; the cab came up to us, we boarded it and drove off. But the poor horse hardly moved its legs. So we paid the cabman and walked. Another few blocks and we were at my comrade's house. I heaved a sigh of relief. I was free."

Maple Syrup Days

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

The sap is swiftly mounting
In the sturdy maple trees,
There's just a hint of springtime
On the softly lifting breeze,
For the syrup's in the maple—
And we'll choose the biggest trees!
Set the brace and bit to working,
Then fit the little spile,
And when the bucket's on it
Just watch the sap-drops smile!
See them slowly, slowly gather,
Dripping down into the pail—
Don't you wish you could go with us
Down to Chestnut Dale?
Where we boil it in big kettles,
And then cool it in the snow,
Or press it into cakes to sell
Down in the town below?
For the sap is swiftly mounting
In the sturdy maple trees,
There's every hint of springtime
On the softly lifting breeze!

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The Superwoman

BY DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation

This article is for the women only. You men can just "get off the grass," or the earth.

I promised many moons ago that I would write something for the women, that I would play for them a sort of "Hands across the sea," with my pen, after Souza, the March king. That I would connect up my American sisters and those of the old country, let each know something about the other, and finish up with a "Pilgrim's Chorus," sung in unison. Selah!

The movement, like the home that is womanless, is a dead thing.

Glory Hallelujah! Even the men are beginning to find it out.

The Woman Spirit

In the giant machine of social reform which, thundering along the metals appointed for it by the power behind, gathers way, and sweeps out of existence all those primeval beasties that clamber hideously across its path, one hears the deep-seated throbb—the divine pulsation of the "woman-spirit."

It is that spirit which turns the mechanical product of male genius into a thing of life—into a thing of illimitable potentialities.

Look at the sweep of the irresistible, progressive phalanx here in Great Britain. Twenty years ago and it was a thing of cogs and wheels, with the power and the soullessness of the machine. Today, with the leaven of the women who are pouring into its ranks, it is a living, breathing entity, with fire and power, and love—all enmeshed. It is resistless as the Mills of God. It is the Mills of God.

Here again we must take a big perspective, my sisters. We must remember that outside our beloved Socialist army there are women who, dimly sensing the light, are insensibly being carried into those ranks. In Britain, one may divide the women into three classes.

(1.) The reactionaries. (2.) The progressive women. (3.) The advanced women.

The first class are those women who oppose all reform, who band themselves into leagues like that of the Women's Anti-Suffrage league, and who stand for things as they are. The second class includes those masses of women who, either not understanding or not knowing for what Socialism stands, are yet desirous of securing political representation by the vote, of destroying the barriers between the sexes which tradition and ignorance have erected, and, generally, of improving the conditions of the people. The third class is of course that of the Socialist women, a class which is being recruited each year by many thousands of women, and at an ever-increasing ratio of progress.

Votes for Women

The great driving force of the woman's movement in this country practically dates from the time when, some few years ago, the Women's Social and Political union, by militant action, forced the vote right into the forefront of the parliamentary arena. Before that time there were of course many earnest women who were fighting as individuals for the advance of the women's cause, but "Votes for Women" has undoubtedly been the standard around which the feminist movement has materialized. And make no mistake about one thing. Until militant tactics were employed, nobody ever knew that the women wanted the vote. Some of the older and "constitutional" societies, who wanted to make the omelette of the vote without breaking eggs—such as the National Union of Women's Suffrage societies, of whom the guiding star is

Mrs. Henry Fawcett, L. L. D.,—had been working for twenty or thirty years without arousing public opinion.

While we are on the question of the vote it is well to get the hang of the chief societies. The W. S. P. U. mentioned above, is the society associated with famous Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, Christabel, whilst the Women's Freedom league, under the generalship of Mrs. Despard, is a breakaway from the Women's Social and Political union, owing to the demand of those who broke off to elect the executive by the vote of the whole body, instead of having a dictatorship like that of the W. S. P. U. In the ranks of this last named society are to be found chiefly women of the upper and middle classes, whilst the Freedom league claims to recruit itself principally from the masses of the working classes. The two societies, however, maintain the most friendly relations, and have together led those forays against the house of commons which electrified this country two or three years ago. Both these societies are working for the vote "on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men."

Then the Adult Suffrage society, working for the vote for all women and men who have reached the age of 21, without any property or other qualification, embraces both men and women in its ranks. It has, however, had the wind completely taken out of its sails by the formation of a powerful association working on the same lines, known as the People's Suffrage federation, to which are affiliated 27 trade unions and branches, 66 branches of the Women's Co-operative guild, 126 branches of the Independent Labor party (Socialist), 44 trades and labor councils and 73 other leagues, councils, etc. The chairman and both the secretaries of this federation are women, and women are playing the leading part in its development and administration, and, needless to say, although the federation, like the other societies mentioned, is non-party, taking into its rank Socialists, Liberals and Conservatives, the men and women who are the leading spirits are, in nearly every case, Socialists.

Powerful Societies

Amongst the women's societies, outside those devoted to the franchise, may be mentioned the powerful Women's Co-operative guild, with its five hundred branches and a membership of 25,600 and the Women's Labor league. The former is a self-governing organization of working women connected with Industrial Co-operative societies. Two of these women have seats on the central board of the Co-operative union, 44 on Management committees, and 314 on educational committees. It strongly supports the enfranchisement of women the position taken up being that, as it is mainly composed of married working women, the guild could only be satisfied with a measure which would enfranchise this class of women.

Of the Women's Labor league it is sufficient at the moment to say that it is a Socialist organization, working hand-in-hand with the Parliamentary Labor party, and recruiting its ranks largely from the Independent Labor party (Socialist). I have just interviewed one of its leaders, Miss Margaret Bondfield, for the women of the U. S. A., and will return to the subject of its activities when I give the interview.

Space forbids me to do more than mention organizations with such vast ramifications as those of the International Council of Women, which has for its object the providing of a means of

communication between women of all countries, the National Union of Women Workers, the Women's Local Government society, of which I spoke in a recent article, and the Working Girls' Clubs Industrial association, which seeks to improve the physical, mental and moral status of working girls. There are a hundred and one other societies, which I shall not forget in future articles, though I must not pass on without referring to the Domestic Servants' union, of which every moving spirit is a woman!

Now, ladies, I want you to notice one or two significant things.

The Dear Duchess

In the first place, there is a great move amongst the professional women—doctors, artists, nurses, etc.—towards the Socialist ideal. Even the women of the fashionable clubs, like the Sesame and the Empress, the most exclusive clubs in London, have been touched by the prevailing spirit, and they have invited Socialist men and women to come and lecture or debate. Quite recently in a lecture at one of these clubs I found seated in front of me, a duchess, a dozen or so of assorted aristocrats with handles to their names, and any quantity of the people who "sit below the salt" in the ranks of the upper-ten! And these women, in spite of their usual vacuity and frivolousness, showed by their questions that they were learning, though they are hardly worth powder and shot. Still, it shows the trend of the time.

Then, even in our own movement, until recent years, women were welcomed into the ranks in a more or less "tolerating" fashion by the men. We have changed all that. Today our best speakers, writers, and propagandists are women. We are proud to have them, and we are determined not to let the land of the Stars and Stripes or any other country on God's fair earth produce better women or more efficient women than the British Socialist movement.

And these are the Superwomen, the women of the future.

The Yard of Asparagus

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.



An asparagus bed, when properly planted, will last for a quarter of a century and produce good crops every spring. One hundred plants, set in a block, of one square rod, should supply an ordinary family with plenty of green tips,

for home use, and give extra roots and seeds for sale to others. The young sprouts possess medicinal virtues, make a good spring tonic and are always in demand in the market places, in city or country. The bushy stalks, covered with red berries, make nice clusters of ornamental shrubbery, that renew every spring, without transplanting.

A few years ago I noticed a front yard walk bordered by asparagus, and was curious enough to call at the house, and interview the owner. I met two old people, natives of Scotland, who had brought up a large family, of sons and daughters, and were enjoying the fruits of their former years of toil. In answer to my questions, the man informed me he had planted ten cents worth of seed, in rows along the front walk, and, for many years, had been cutting and selling asparagus tips, worth from \$75 to \$100 a year, from that border of annual shrubbery.

The story of that one man, and his wife, will be sufficient to tell of the value of asparagus. They had used the sprouts in the old country and were anxious to have some for relish, every spring. The best spot on their little garden and orchard tract, was in the front yard. There a walk, extended from the porch to the road gate. The man dug up the soil with a spade, filled in barnyard litter, and planted the seed, in rows the same as flower seed, about two feet apart, leaving the

plants stand about one foot apart in the row.

No crops come from asparagus for the first three years. Of course roots can be bought and the time of one year saved. But, it is better to sow the seed. There are several varieties, for instance Conover's, Colossal and Palmetto are the favorites. One ounce of seed should give about four hundred plants. The seed can be bought, at stores, and from seedsmen, for 75 cents a pound. The man I am telling about planted Palmetto, the green sort, and cultivated the land flat, cutting the sprouts just below the surface, using a sharp, long-bladed butcherknife.

The town grocer sent a wagon out every two or three days, during the spring and summer, to pick up fruits and vegetables for shipping to the cities. His wagon stopped in front of the Scotchman's door, and hauled away the asparagus. The owner had nothing to do with bunching, boxing or crating. He received eight cents a pound, in early spring and four cents a pound, later in the season. The money paid his taxes and left a balance of more than half a hundred dollars, for spending as the family desired. The yard was beautified, plants and seeds sold to many neighbors, fresh asparagus cut for home use, and divided among friends, and cash returns, amounting to \$75 to \$100 a year, were results from ten cents.

Asparagus tips are sold in boxes or bunches. Some markets prefer the tips, or sprouts bleached. In that case, it is best to plant the Colossal variety, and throw up dirt around the beds in ridges, similar to those prepared for sweet potatoes. The white stalks are obtained by growing them under the ground and cutting as far back, in the soil, as possible. As a general rule the city markets want such asparagus put in small boxes, so that the stalks can be taken out and weighed for each customer. The green varieties are often tied in bunches of one pound to two pounds, the growers using twine or raffia for tying.

The cultivation of asparagus consists in keeping the surface soil stirred, clean of weeds and as fertile as possible. Top dressings, of barnyard manure, always bring good results. In olden times the plan of growing asparagus was a secret, held by the gardeners to royalty. A cloak of mystery was always thrown about the plant and only the very wealthy could afford the luxury of asparagus tips. That gave rise to the idea that deep trenches, filled with various things, had to be dug, and a great expense incurred before any results could be obtained from asparagus.

The modern method of growing asparagus removes all doubts and mysteries. The land is plowed or spaded as for ordinary crops. Rows are furrowed out, about three feet apart, to the depth of six to eight inches, and asparagus roots, one year old, are set in the rows, two feet apart. The earth is gradually filled into the furrows, and, by the time the plants are ready to supply tips for market, the surface of the bed is flat. Growing from seed consists in sowing the seed in early spring, the same as radishes, and keeping the weeds down and surface cultivated. The asparagus seed do not germinate quickly, and sometimes it is advisable to soak them overnight in tepid water, before planting.

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Flings at Things

D. M. S.

A Puzzle

One man a dozen men will boss
Or make a hundred come across,
Instruct them when to start or quit
Or tell them to get up and "git,"



One little wizened, homely runt
Has only to get up and grunt
To make a thousand men afraid
They'll join the out-of-work parade,

You'd think he gobbled men alive.
How else could anyone so thrive?
But no, you'd have to guess again,
He eats the food of other men

TOLD AT THE NOON-HOUR



HIS POINT OF VIEW

BY MOLLIE METZ.

On a recent visit to relatives and friends in southern Oklahoma I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S., two ardent Socialists and earnest workers in the local.

"Haven't we had a splendid time!"
"We sure have," replied Uncle Johnnie with a beaming smile.

BOOMERANGS

BY ALGOT JOHNSON.

A rich man's son had the habit of taking his lady friend out for a ride along the country road.

On one occasion he drove by a corn field where a boy was cultivating corn.

"Yes, replied the boy, "we planted the

Lost Interest

Where are those brave New England souls
Who fought and bled and speeches made,
And went serenely to the polls
And voted boldly as they prayed?

Just as Easy

"I'd be for Socialism but for one thing."
"Only one?"
"Yes, it isn't practical. It won't work."

Dragged In



They had a monkey dinner—
Society was bored.
Don't blame the monkeys, not a one
Went of his own accord.

Wouldn't Stand for It

"He is robbing Peter to pay Paul."
"Peter who?"
"Well, not Peter Grosscup, rest assured."

Fair Prospect

When Morgan owns the magazines
And all the avenues of news,
Controls the heavy thought machines
And feeds us nothing but his views



The agitators slinging ink
And making timid men afraid
Will find their trade is on the blink
And they may have to grab a spade.

But things might have a darker hue
For when he owns the shooting match
And tells his writers what to do
The thoughtless public mind to catch,

Little Flings

The steel trust would tolerate Taft
as its head for about two minutes.
How are we to elect good men to

office when capitalism doesn't make them?

Milwaukee business men feel disgraced to live in a town without graft.
Much of the dirty work is done by the machine right now.

Lorimer's defense is that there are others.

Who Was the Joke On

Bill Smith of Buckingham, known to everybody around because of his genial disposition, was in Cabery Saturday.

Smith—"Come to Buckingham, Colthurst, and run our bank."

Colthurst—"I can't do it, Smith, I ain't got the money."

Smith—"It don't take money, only wind."

Colthurst has been trying to figure ever since whether the joke is on him or on the bank.

—Cabery, Ill., Enquirer.

"God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful; but God's patience with ill-natured saints is a deep mystery."

"What will posterity think of us when they find the number of interest-bearing bonds we've handed down?"

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.—
Sir H. Watton.

eternal bow-wows. Those dangled foreigners can live on black bread and thrive on bologna sausage, all they want is a 'job,' they work too cheap.

"Yah," interrupted Fritz, "I tell you vot prings us here is dot pursuit business—but after a week's chase, ve wants more of der happiness in de envelope when it comes mit a pay-day. Now dot

vos Dutch yet—vot you tink?"
"Oh darn the Dutch!" exclaimed Shorty. "They are a menace to the interests of the country."

Advertisement for Riverside Nursery, Winter Hill, Mass., listing various flower seeds for 10¢.

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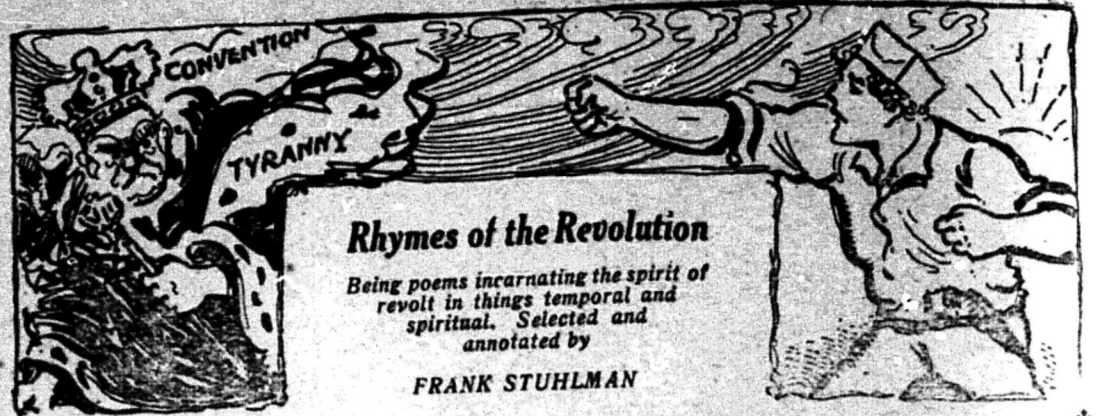
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Rhymes of the Revolution

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

A Mess of Pottage

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

NOTE—"A Mess of Pottage" is another of Ernest McGaffey's striking poems of revolt. The spectacle of a people with the ballot in their hands submitting to exploitation by the money-masters, fills him with the indignation expressed in this burning poem.

Ho! miner, down by the deadly damp. And for what is just e're you change to dust,
 Ho! sailor, far at sea, Strike, when you do strike, Home.
 And toiler, bent under midnight lamp, Is this where men are free?
 Do you hold the reins, yet wear the chains, Great God, that this should be!

Will you sell your right for that so cheap. Which men have misnamed life?
 Rouse, laggards, up from your sodden sleep, Leave sister, mother, wife;
 There's a noise of drums and something comes, Incarnate, huge with strife.

For a birthright fair is each man's claim, Live and let live as well;
 And who so yields it flaunts his shame As black as the gates of Hell;
 And the clink of gold where Honor's sold Is the sound of Freedom's knell.

Turn, then, on your so-called masters, As the Vandals did on Rome.
 Rend arch and broad pilaster And level each spire and dome;

For the land is rotten with pillage, Its rulers bribed with gold;
 In city and town and village The hearts of the crowds grow cold.
 And the careless laugh and the reckless quaff Where tales of greed are told.

Do you toil, and where is your garden? Do you suffer and in vain?
 Do you bear like beasts of burden The yoke of the Lords of Gain?
 By God, indeed, you are slavish seed And worthy their disdain.

Bind, then, your arms 'round the pillars tall That balance the halls of State;
 And strain till they break and clashing fall, Mere stones at the world's wide gate;
 And among them lie, if you needs must die, Borne down by a Sampson's fate.

Democracy

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

It is perhaps too soon to decide conclusively whether or not democracy is a failure, and yet no democracy has been a perfect success. Rule by the people is laudable if the people want the right thing. In each community, of course, there are large numbers of people who are sensible enough to want what we of the better classes think they ought to have. These could safely be trusted to cast ballots and to take other reasonable liberties with the political machinery.

On the other hand, undoubtedly, there are thousands upon thousands who are so unwise in the selection of their needs and comforts, often greedily demanding what the better classes have and are better able to enjoy, that it would be dangerous to place them where they could get those things legally. That's the weak point in a democracy. A democracy is all right if it is not carried to extremes.

If every senator who got his seat without bribery of some sort were to stand on his head there wouldn't be much of a performance.

Socialism and Tyranny

Socialism points out that the next stage of economic evolution will be the co-operative ownership and operation of industry. There will be no personal advantage in the possession of private property, as such ownership will have lost the power to take the fruits of others' labor. Hence there will naturally be no need of laws to "protect the rights of private property." Under such conditions all the disagreeable features of government would disappear. Government would simply become an administrator of industry. This does not mean that it would be a gigantic "boss" saying to this one "do this" and to that one "go there." On the contrary, as is happening even at the present time under the manifestly imperfect forms of co-operation existing in the midst of competition, the directing function, the superintendence of industry would constantly grow less and less.—4. M. Simons.

"Did you know that it cost \$99,660 of our good money to hold a whitewashing investigation of Secretary Alger, who left the cabinet July 19, 1889? What was the cost of the Ballinger investigation?"

Workers History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

Pliny

With the passing of Aristotle begins the decline of science. Lord Bacon claimed, and was long credited with being, the founder of the inductive method—the method of gathering facts and basing conclusions and generalization on the facts.

Giordano Bruno, however, anticipated him in this, nor was the Italian the only one. Aristotle clearly understood and advocated the inductive method. The trouble was he rather rarely practiced it.

This was chiefly due to the absence of the necessary facts. This absence of facts was the chief weakness of Greek scientific thought. The theorizer and the fact gatherer are the necessary complements of each other. Either alone is helpless.

The superior accuracy of modern science is due to the great army of men who have toiled in the accumulation of vast masses of facts.

Aristotle's failure to accumulate the necessary facts is as nothing compared to the loose and slovenly labors of the Roman general who is generally regarded as Aristotle's successor in natural science.

About a hundred years ago—at the beginning of the nineteenth century—Pliny the Elder was greatly over-rated and was by many considered the greatest naturalist of the ancient world. A more careful reading of his works led to complete abandonment of this claim. The claim was founded chiefly on his having written thirty-seven volumes of natural history, most of which has been preserved.

A closer examination of these works showed that he added nothing to Aristotle. He was mainly a compiler of the ideas of others, a collector of anecdotes and fables.

The Alexandrian school, which came between Aristotle and Pliny, did much for mathematics and geography but next to nothing for biology.

Classification is of great importance in science, and the classifications of Lin-

naeus were in themselves sufficient to make him a place among the immortals. Aristotle also was a great classifier, but he kept his classifications on the sound basis of the plan of organization of the animals classified.

This caution was thrown to the winds by Pliny. His classifications were based on the most flimsy and valueless differences; differences of abode of animals—whether they lived in the air, on the earth or in water.

Thus Rome utterly failed to hold scientific thought to the standards set by the Greeks. Gradually there came that utter stagnation in science, which led to the dark ages.

This decline took the form of a complete desertion of the only possible avenue to scientific progress—the investigation and interrogation of nature.

Instead of going to nature for their facts and getting them at first hand, it became the fashion to take facts which were supposed to have been taken from nature by previous writers.

The works of Aristotle came to be regarded as the great store-house of facts and nobody seemed to trouble themselves by testing these facts by nature.

As nature is the source and the only source of science, science died out almost completely. And, as we shall see, more than a thousand years later the rebirth of science was marked by a return to the direct interrogation of nature.

Evidently something is wrong when a quarter of the population, largely from lack of employment, receive poor relief at some time, while a large and increasing area of fertile land is passing to grazing or lies practically idle.

—Bolen—"Getting a Living."

The great ones of the world have taken this earth of ours to themselves; they live in the midst of splendor and superfluity. The smallest nook of the land is already a possession; none may touch it or meddle with it.

—Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.

Liberty



As We are Made to see It



As it really is