

THE COMING NATION

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A. M. SIMONS
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, Editors

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

An Opportunity for Congress



We are shortly to see how the Sixty-second Congress, in special session, means to handle the Mexican outrage. Surely it is not too much to hope that among all these Representatives there will be a few with sufficient spirit to challenge the right of international capitalism to throw this country into

war against a struggling democracy.

Surely a very moderate degree of radicalism need be attributed to a man elected to office under a republican form of government who gets on his feet and raises his voice in sharp and insistent protest against the infamous attempt to use the United States to bolster a tyrant.

It is perfectly plain that the American people do not want this thing. Owing to careful censorship and a dominated press they have never become sympathetic toward the efforts of the Mexicans to end czarism and oppressive exploitation. But at the same time the professional inciters to false patriotism, the jingo, the boosters of war spirit, have brought forth absolutely no popular response.

Any considerable move of the army or the navy is usually watched with intense interest by the American public. Any suggestion of a possibly serious complication involving this country has usually received breathless attention. As a people we tend toward martial inflammability.

But up to the present the popular pulse has stirred very faintly over the Mexican situation; the popular attitude has remained cold and distrustful. War prophecies, tramp of armed men, blaring reports of special correspondents, photographs of transports and regiments, of tents and manœuvres, of guns and generals, have awakened no enthusiasm. Newspapers have discovered, to their vast astonishment, that elaborate preparation for stories from "the front" have attracted no interest; that no one has turned a hair over their shrieking headlines and their rampantly military tone.

The cheap attempt to play upon public sentiment through the alleged capture and mistreatment of American citizens in Mexico has been equally without result. It has been generally doubted or discounted. It has not induced a single street gamin to shout "T' hell with Mexico."

Every move made by the administration has been received with universal suspicion. Since the first order went out The Putterer, his subordinates; the reactionary press and the capitalistic element have played this game alone. The support they looked for has not come. The demand for blood they counted upon has not developed. Unless a more determined, more violent and more skillful press campaign is soon developed their opportunity will have disappeared completely.

Meantime there is a magnificent opening for some few representatives with a shred or a pretence of democratic feeling among them to kick the insides out of the whole colossal crime. There never was a more vulnerable foe, a broader target, than the present administration now offers. It has no defense. It

has not even invented a defense. It stands forward as the dull, docile instrument of the big money powers of the world.

A straightforward attack, vigorously directed upon this monumental blunder from any source would have instant approval and support from the people.

This would be the speediest and consequently the most acceptable method by which the administration could be made to drop the whole damnable business. Let us hope it will develop.



It is frequently the true Socialist attitude to shrug a shoulder at the various varieties of error committed by a capitalistic regime. It

Threatened Militarism

is often the part of the Socialist to stand aside and watch complacently while capitalistic civilization piles up the score against itself. It proves itself a failure and brings on its own day of reckoning. The Socialist seldom has a direct interest in the policies adopted by a capitalistic government since he seeks to strike below the foundations of that government.

But the issue in this instance is too important, too significant and too sharply drawn to admit of indifference. International capitalism plans to hurl the working class of America against the working class of Mexico, to its own enormous profit and strengthening.

It threatens the American proletarian movement with the greatest of all dangers—militarism.

It proposes for the United States, where Socialist thought is beginning to awaken, that greatest of all curses, that blackest of all wrongs, that surest of all agents for darkening minds and setting back the emancipation of man—war.

It contemplates the destruction of the spirit of democracy and the ultimate revolutionary right of every people to determine how they shall be governed.

It has set about hanging new fetters upon the toilers and the exploited of the world.

Let no Socialist think he can shift responsibility in this matter. Let no Socialist think it concerns him not at all whether the money powers are able to work their will upon Mexico or not. Every Socialist should do his utmost, by talk with the neighbor, by public protests, by letters to Congressmen, by all possible means, to emphasize popular hostility to the designs of the administration. Every Socialist should welcome any effort toward forcing the withdrawal of the troops and the discrediting of The Putterer.

* * *

There have been complaints of late that the National Guard is not as popular as it should be. We are even told that it is falling rapidly in general favor. Adjt.-Gen. Verbeck has gone so far as publicly to bewail the passing of the American military spirit and

Blessed Lack of Military Spirit

compile ten reasons for the present unhappy state of affairs with regard to the militia.

For this, much thanks.

If it be true, as the Adjutant General as-

ures us, that the National Guard is declining through lack of military spirit I can imagine nothing so well calculated to cheer the pessimist as that same bit of information.

The discouraging thing these many years has been that the National Guard was endured and perpetuated.

Workingmen long since discovered that the militia was singly maintained as a weapon against them.

Young men of the middle class long since accepted the organization as an instrument by which their class could hold the toilers in subjection.

The National Guard was long since clearly defined. Citizen soldiers were to be used to suppress citizen strikers. Capitalism, as usual, was to play the well to do against the disinherited and bulwark itself behind bourgeois hatred of the proletariat. And we were naturally led to suppose that this bulwark was being strengthened, since it still towered above us.

Comes the Adjutant General now and tells us, not so.

"We have no military spirit now. We never did have any till the civil war aroused us. We have had none since."

The Adjutant General thus makes his moan. We hear him with the utmost complacency. We hope that he has the proper dope.

May he have no reason to correct his very welcome opinions.



WHEN the civil war broke out in this country foreign interests had millions of dollars invested here. England did no more than show a disposition to recognize the Confederacy and by that much offer support to the dominant capitalistic institution in the United States at that day—slavery.

Instantly the North was in flames. The resentment of the abolitionists knew no bounds. The Federal government was ready to declare war against England the instant she extended such support. There is not the slightest doubt that war would have followed if recognition had taken place.

Suppose that England had massed 20,000 troops along the border of Canada while we were in the midst of that bitter struggle against entrenched privilege.

Wouldn't we have been pleased to hear that she was simply engaging in "manœuvres"? Wouldn't we have been tickled to know that she was simply "preserving the neutrality of her frontiers"? Wouldn't we have been quick to believe that she had no purpose of invasion or intimidation?



It is frequently remarked that the only visible difference between Republicans and Democrats in the noble work of misgovernment is the difference between efficiency and non-efficiency.

When the former get their feet into the trough they are always wise enough to huddle close, stand fast and drink without undue noise. When the latter are on the job bedlam breaks loose, system vanishes and the squealing of eager mouths ascends to high heaven.

Republican misrule is ordinarily quiet, circumspect and harmonious. In the grand and

Foolish as Well as Crooked

good work of loot, in the sacred cause of graft, all minor dissensions are usually covered with a decent veil. Democratic misrule frequently gets out of hand, gives itself away and plunges rampant for the prize.

No better illustration of this ancient fact is to be found in the recent news than the persistent failure of the New York Legislature to elect a United States Senator.

A great many New Yorkers, who know no better, still nourish a prejudice in favor of seeing their State represented at Washington according to constitutional provisions. Of course, they are really much better off without that second Senator. When they get him it will mean only one more special committeeman of privilege, one more lackey of the interests, one more source of capitalistic legislation. As long as they are deprived of him the chance of further shame, treachery, trickery and venality traceable to New York's representation in the Senate is just fifty per cent under normal.

But a great many of the voters of New York are so ill advised as to wait eagerly upon the hatching of that Senatorial egg. After more than two months they were still waiting, and beginning to develop a grievance. A Legislature that confines its achievements to the selection of a capitol barber during more than sixty days of session does not commend itself to these anxious souls as an able body.

Republicans, it is safe to venture, would never have made such a misplay in New York State politics. They would have taken their orders peaceably and proceeded to unanimous choice of some dignified political harlot amid enthusiastic cheers. It has remained for the Democrats, newly returned to power by slender majorities, to begin their days of fat feeding by advertising their incompetency and destroying at an early date that pathetic trust and confidence which the people invariably extend to a new regime.

It is not as if any discoverable issue were involved. Boss Murphy, faithful servant of Thomas Fortune Ryan, ordered the election of one Sheehan. Other politicians, faithful servants of the Pennsylvania Railroad and allied interests, declared for the election of one Shepard. And there the matter hung. Both men were tarred with the same corporation brush. Tweedledee or Tweedledum, take your choice.

Undoubtedly the warring elements will finally come to a compromise and make a choice. Possibly by the time this is in print the proud state of New York will have its dearly wished Senator. And he is quite certain to approximate this high ideal set by Speaker Frisbie of the Assembly; "a man who will truly represent the conservatively progressive sentiment of our great State, one who is right on the great questions of the day, one who will safeguard the interests of agriculture, of business, commerce, banking, railroads and labor with equal fidelity."

A paragon, to be sure. A "conservative progressive" who is "right on great questions" and will uphold business with one hand and labor with the other. Can he be found? Leave it to the Democrats. They are the boys to find him, if it takes twenty times two months.

The sad part of it all is that they have already passed up their chance. It is too late. With their usual stupidity they have bungled their game. If they had made haste about their valiant conservative progressive safeguard, hurried him into office and gone discreetly about the work of tapping the treasury and selling out to the corporations at current rates all would have been well. The dear, good, long suffering people would have forgotten all about their activities until the biennial harvest of scandals and exposures came around again.

At present the dear people are sore. The Democrats have allowed no one to forget. They have paraded their non-efficiency and made a public display of it. Surely it is one degree worse than a crook to be a crook and an idiot at the same time.

A young woman who handled \$500,000 in the course of a year for a New York firm drew for that work a salary of \$19 a week.

Market Price of Human Beings The young woman found that she could not live as she wished to and support her parents in the comfort she desired for them on said salary. There was no way to get more salary.

So she stole money from the firm.

The outraged firm has her safely behind the bars and society will shortly rejoice in a nice, long sentence of imprisonment against the guilty wretch.

This, of course, is as it should be. The menace will be removed from our midst. A number of years will be taken out of the woman's life. Her parents will probably go to the poorhouse. The firm will feel that it has had vengeance. And our present civilization will be gloriously justified all around.

Meanwhile listen to the reported remarks of a member of the firm:

"I do not consider \$19 a week too small a wage for a woman who is handling \$500,000 a year. Yes, we would have paid a man more, but that is the market value of a woman's work. We could have got thousands of women who would have done as well for that amount or less."

Again:

"We pay the current market price for labor. It is true that the labor of women is about the same in quality as that of men in the subordinate positions, but supply and demand control the price. It is a fact you can't get away from that you can get a woman's labor cheaper than a man's."

The position is unassailable. There was no reason why this firm should pay more than other firms for specified labor. And like all firms it bought its labor as cheaply as it could.

Capitalist logic, capitalist conditions, capitalist punishment and a capitalist crime.

On the basis of our present system there is not one flaw to pick in the whole argument.

But consider a moment. Conceive a system bent not upon profit-making but upon happiness-making. Conceive a system based not upon the dollar but upon men and women. Conceive a system in which success is not a matter of the largest balance sheet but a matter of bringing the maximum of light and health and culture to every human soul.

I know this will sound madness to you, Mr. Non-Socialist, if you have never looked beyond the conventions that bind us all to the weary money chase. But shake off those fetters for an instant and erect in your own mind an imaginary system where the sole purpose of society, of government, of industry, of every individual will be the serving of the race instead of the piling of much gold into heaps.

With such a premise in view return again to the case of the youngwoman who goes to jail for robbing her employer.

Would it then be necessary for anyone to steal in order to have comforts for oneself and one's parents? Would any insufficient wage then be paid? Would bare living then be enough for a human being? Would there then be a market price for labor scaled to the lowest sum on which life may be supported? Would there then be a difference between the rewards of men and women for the same labor? Would women, or men, then drive wages down and ever downward through fierce competition for the right to work and live? Would supply and demand, thus swollen profits for an employer, then control the price? Would a prison for an erring individual then constitute society's sole attempt to rectify the error? Would civilization then commit the crime of darkening a life to atone for a mistake it had permitted to creep into that life?

If these questions seem worth while you should examine into the movement that proposes to answer them all in the negative; that

proposes to bring about that change of system; that proposes to work for the end of crime, cruelty, starvation, insufficiency, ignorance; that proposes to set humanity above property—Socialism.



The express companies, from their own point of view, are making a tactical error in goading their employes to repeated strikes.

Better to Plunder Quietly "Recreation clubs" fostered to combat the union, discrimination against strong unionists, studied insolence and injustice dispensed by subordinate officials, are making conditions of wretched pay and overwork absolutely intolerable. Another bitter struggle impends.

If the companies were really wise they would make sacrifices to keep their employes in the favored labor class. Their business is not one that can endure any very great amount of publicity. Safety for them lies in laying low, keeping their men quiet, operating silently and plugging their outrageous graft for all it is worth.

A highwayman does not advertise his movements any more than he can help. A pick-pocket does not give the neighbors any more details of his profession than he can well avoid.

If the express companies persist in bringing general attention upon themselves by labor differences they thereby hasten the day when they will be choked out of existence.

Very simple demonstration will convince any mind that the express companies are simple, unpretending bandits; parasites upon commerce; unnecessary, cumbersome, inefficient; exacting arrogant toll for service that railroads and the postoffice should perform. Very little argument will show the public that the express companies exist on sufferance; that they have grown by buying off obvious legislation which would destroy them; that they have no essential function to fulfill; that they have fattened on bold corruption; that they are wholly artificial creations for stock trickery and universal robbery.

In these piping times when government ownership and parcels post are being talked of so widely the express companies would consult their own interests by keeping very dark.

Oblivion gapes for them.



Joe Bailey offered his resignation from the Senate when that body voted to admit Arizona with its radical constitution. Before anybody had a chance to get action he withdrew his resignation.

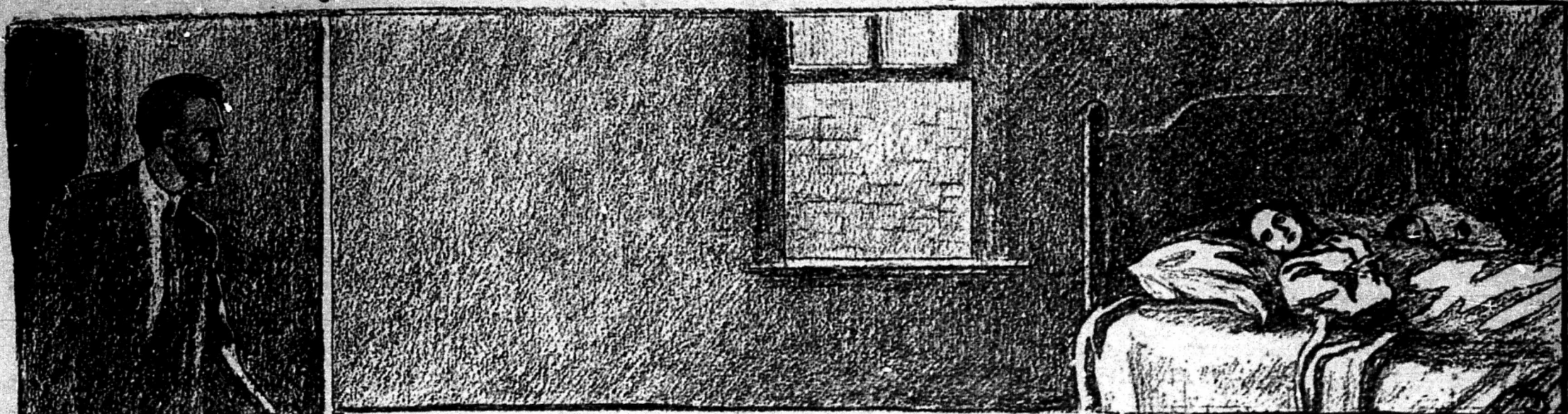
Joe should have some regard for those of us who have weak hearts. Sudden joy followed by rapid disappointment is exceedingly dangerous.



Bryan dined with Dr. Woodrow Wilson a few days ago. Undoubtedly the exact spot where the Doctor will get the knife slipped into him is now neatly charted in *The Commoner's* politico-anatomical tablets.



Most of our distinguished Senators are connoisseurs of shoe polish. It is to be hoped they will have an opportunity to attend the coming coronation where they can taste the brand used by the British aristocracy.



THE CRY OF A CHILD

By WILLIAM MAILLY

It was no use, Dawson had to give up in despair. The afternoon was on the wane and yet he had accomplished nothing. One noise after another had made toward disturbing him in his work—the raucous “line-up” man, the itinerant bawler of popular songs, the German band, the vender of needles, matches, soap and other household essentials, and, worst of all, the steady crying of the baby next door—all these had a cumulative effect which ended in distraction. It was absolutely impossible for the exasperated Dawson to concentrate his thoughts under such conditions.

It will be judged from this that Dawson was trying to write. He was. What made the situation more acute was the promise he had given to deliver his “story” next morning, and there were two cogent reasons why he should want to keep that promise: A very much-needed check was waiting for his product to be delivered; and a long-sought for chance to “break into” the magazine field was at last presented to him. He had received a rush order—something about a certain great public event just then attracting general attention—and the editor wanted to be “in the swim.”

To Dawson, young, ambitious and practically penniless, this was an opportunity not to be neglected. He knew he was being tested. He had, by his persistency, plagued this particular editor into giving him this commission. Persistency, he had learned, counted frequently for more than ability in the race in New York as a “free lance.” And now, all because of the distracting interruptions, and especially that infernal squalling filtering through the thin partition, he had wasted much good time. He had heard that baby before, but never as loud and nerve-racking as now.

A single room in an uptown East Side tenement was Dawson's abode. Here he could measure his needs by his purse, and here he could work, free from the prying of curious acquaintances and in seclusion with his own anxieties.

Long had he struggled with the second-hand typewriter, but to no avail. The constant wail of that baby, with variations from a sob to a screech, would not down. It got on his nerves, like the rasping of a file, and put his thoughts to rout. Star after start had he made, only to rip the sheets from the machine, until the floor was littered with shreds of torn and crumbled paper.

To make matters worse the humidity in the July atmosphere grew denser and more oppressive. He had tried closing the door in the hope of shutting off the penetrating wail, but this had only stopped the current of air coming from the open windows. The room became torpid as the afternoon flashed into it. The sparrow that lit on the window sill seemed to gasp for breath and to be too stupefied by the heat to fly away again.

Across from the room, at the end of the street, peeped the corner of a little park, looking singularly green and inviting. And since it was no use trying to work any longer right at that moment Dawson decided to yield to the temptation and seek solace in the shade. Perhaps when he returned later the baby would have mercifully gone to sleep.

As he locked the door behind him he noticed that the door of the room from whence the baby's crying came was closed, and as it was a rear room

overlooking a court the thought came to him that it must be pretty hot and stuffy in there. This thought lingered with him as he descended the stairs, and was followed quickly by another thought which made him pause.

“There must be some reason for that kid's crying so persistently. Wonder what can be the matter with it. Crying comes naturally to a kid, of course, but not such a continuous performance as this. . . . I believe I'll investigate. . . . Or should I? . . . Won't I be butting in? . . . Anyway, here's a go.”

He retraced his steps. At the door of the rear room he hesitated again and it was not without some resolution that he knocked gently. There was no response. The baby's crying kept steadily on. He knocked again, but harder than before. This time he thought he heard a soft “come in” and he felt of the door handle. The door gave to his pressure. He entered.

That curio odor which comes of sickness greeted his nostrils as he stepped in. It chilled him, warm though the air was. Then he saw first of all lying on a bed near an open window a woman with a baby—the crying baby—in her arms. She was young,

medicine bottles among a few toilet articles told the story of ill health. Sordid and miserable was the whole outfit.

Without questioning the woman, whose mute eyes followed him in mute appeal, Dawson went to the cupboard and drew back the faded curtain. Nothing was there but a few more fishes—no food nor a sign of food. He glanced involuntarily at the woman and as he did so her blood-shot eyes filled with tears.

Somehow all reserve dropped from Dawson. He stepped to the bed and took the cup from her hand.

“Pardon me,” he said, “I'm from next door. I heard the baby crying a long stretch and thought I'd look in. I've got some milk in my room that I'll bring in to you. Don't try to talk. You don't have to.”

In a moment he had brought in the milk—only a little, a half loaf of bread, the remainder of his morning meal. With a resourcefulness that made him wonder at himself afterwards, he lit the little gas stove and placed the milk in a pan upon it. While it was heating he got a newspaper from his room and chased the flies out through the open window. Then he bethought himself and got the window screens, bought but recently at a second-hand store, from his own room and placed them in the windows.

He broke the bread into the milk and while the woman supped, he found a rag and, wetting it, wiped her brow and dampened the baby's heated skin. And the baby, soothed by the refreshment, gradually ceased its crying and quieted down. Then Dawson proceeded to straighten out the bed-clothes—and all this without the slightest feeling of embarrassment and with no word from the woman, who seemed to accept it in the spirit she saw it was offered.

When at last the baby had gone to sleep and the mother had finished her meal of bread and milk, she murmured her thanks.

Dawson's face flushed and his brown eyes looked troubled. He fanned her vigorously with the newspaper.

“That's all right, now,” he said. “I'm only sorry I didn't think to look in before. But I was too busy trying—but, never mind that. If you are going to talk, tell me what I can do for you.”

She tried to smile her gratitude. She was rather a good-looking woman, or would have been if she had been well, thought Dawson.

“You're real good, sir,” she said, “but Sam will soon be home—and—he'll tend to me.” The anxious look came back into her eyes. “He's been gone all day. I've been expecting him. Usually he comes home early . . . when he doesn't find anything to do. . . . Perhaps he has got something. . . . I'm sure he has or he'd be here. . . . Oh, I hope he has. . . .”

She bit her lips to keep back the tears. Dawson remained silent and kept on fanning. In a moment he began to talk again. It seemed to relieve her and Dawson offered no protest.

“I've been sick for a month . . . since the baby came.” She clasped it to her convulsively. “Sam has been out of work for four. . . . He was one of the first turned off, when the shops began cutting down. He was not as strong as the other men and they always keep the best, he says. He's only had odd jobs since. We had only been married a year, and got barely settled. The little money we had was soon gone. All our friends were nearly



He Tiptoed from the Room

with a white, wan face and sunken cheeks, with eyes staring and hair unkept, her mouth open, dry and drawn. She was a sick woman, that was plainly evident. The knotted bed covers were eloquent of her ceaseless tossings to and fro. The baby, was a wee thing, terribly emaciated looking. Its head seemed abnormally large, compared to the small body. The hand that clutched the mother's breast was a very tiny hand indeed.

Pity leaped into Dawson's heart as he saw that poor, pained face and the thin body showing its sharp outlines under the bedclothes. Whatever embarrassment he had felt now fled before that set look of suffering sharpened with despair. He did not stop to see what was wanted. The dry lips, the empty cup on the chair by the bedside—that was enough. He filled the cup with water from the tap over the sink in a corner and gave her to drink. She tipped the cup to the child's mouth ere she drank herself. Dawson glanced stealthily around the room.

Barely furnished as his own room was, this one was barer still. A table, the one chair by the bed, a bureau, a couple of boxes, on one of which was a gas stove, a few dishes beside the sink, a curtained closet—that was all. On the bureau empty

as bad off, too, and they couldn't help us. . . . Then we hated to ask for help. We had to move here to save rent and baby was born here . . . in this place. . . . Our last money went for doctor and medicine . . . and baby has been ailing ever since . . . and somehow I haven't been as strong as I should. . . ."

Dawson stopped her. Her fever was mounting. Something rising within him and tugging at his heart told him he could not listen longer.

"Say, look here," he exclaimed. "You lie still here and try and get some sleep, and I'll—well, I'll—never mind—just you wait—"

He thrust the newspaper into her hand, filled again the cup on the chair, grabbed an empty medicine bottle, and rushed out. He had to get out of there; he could not bear to remain and listen to words that pierced him to the heart.

It was only when he reached his own room that

"Dawson's my name, mam," said that individual, still standing with his arms full of parcels.

Sam came forward, with the same awkward manner. He was a young man, but worry had given his face—a somewhat weak face—a look of age which did not belong there. He seemed uneasy and uncomfortable. His clothes were shabby and worn, his shoes down at the heel. All this Dawson noticed with the eye of the man who has trained himself to observe details at a glance.

"I'm sure I'm obliged to you, mister," said Sam at last. "I just got home a few minutes ago. I couldn't make it sooner. I was told to wait for a man, and I didn't want to lose my chance at a job. And I got it, too." His apologetic tone merged into one of triumph. "I begin on Monday. It isn't much, sort of clerk in a coal yard, but it's better'n nothing."

His wife smiled and nodded encouragingly. Dawson, recovering his self-possession, congratulated them heartily.

"And now, here's these things," he said, "you'll need them until you get started. You can't live on wages until you get them, you know."

"Thank you, just the same," responded Sam, "but I got some things. I—I—borrowed some money on the strength of my new job. I—I—met an old friend and he— We can get along for awhile, can't we Bessie?"

Bessie acquiesced cheerfully from the bed. It was wonderful how Sam's home coming and the good news had brightened her up and put new color into her cheeks. Even the baby, snuggling close down beside her mother, seemed to radiate more confidence and to find no occasion whatever for crying even a little bit.

"Bessie's ever so much better," explained Sam, "and I'm going to get the medicine bottle filled, and then clean up a bit."

"Well, I'll be going," Dawson said, and then, looking at the things still in his arms, "You'd better be taking these. I've no further use for them—not just now, at any rate. And I have some medicine. Appears to me, though, if you don't mind my saying so, that grub's the thing she needs most—not to mention the kid. Here, fix up this piece of steak." He deposited his parcels on the table and turned to go. But here Bessie interfered and pleaded that he stay and help them eat, and he consented.

In a moment they were all quite at home with each other. Dawson had off his coat, and was helping in the cooking line like one of the family. For the time being, his work was forgotten. Now that he thought of it, he was sure he was hungry also. Bessie became quite lively and chattered on with that absence of reserve characteristic of working people, when they feel at ease. But Sam was quiet, so quiet that Bessie teased him, until he warned her not to overdo herself and become sick again.

They had brought the table up near the bed and were about to settle down to the meal, which seemed quite a luxurious one, with the steak and potatoes and coffee and other things, when through the open door they heard the noise of ascending footsteps and of men's voices.

Sam started uneasily and Dawson saw his face grow white and his hands tremble. Something impelled Dawson to rise and go quickly to the door. There were two men at the head of the stairs when he reached there. One of them was a policeman; the other was a citizen, a stout, heavily built man, plainly much excited. Instinctively, Dawson stepped outside the room and closed the door behind him.

"We're looking for a man named Sam Britton," said the officer; "they say he lives here."

"I know he lives here," blurted out his companion, his face working convulsively, his hands twitching, "and I want to find him. He's a thief, that's what he is. He stole—" Dawson interrupted him. Over the bannisters he could see several strained faces peering curiously up and their owners listening intently.

"Hold on," admonished Dawson, "there's a sick woman in here. Keep cool. Here, step in here a moment."

He half pushed, half pulled the man toward his own room.

"No, you don't," expostulated the man, "you can't fool me that way. You do your duty, Mr. Officer. I don't know this young fellow. He must be a pal of that damned faker."

The little crowd below stairs pressed upward a little closer. The policeman hesitated.

"Hold on a minute. I don't care about going right into a sick woman's room without knowing its all square," he said, "we've got to be careful, we have. There's enough complaints being made already against us fellows. You want to be sure of your man before we butt in here. Let's hear what this young fellow's got to say, anyway, Mr. Dobbins."

Mr. Dobbins filled up with fresh rage. "Say, didn't I fetch you along to make an arrest? What

right have you to listen to this stranger? I'll report you—I'll report you, that's what I'll do."

While he was thus fuming, Dawson had succeeded in getting both men into his own room. But before he attempted to talk, he asked to be excused for a moment. When the irate Dobbins again protested Dawson assured him he would not close the door, so that they could watch the entrance to the other room. He just wanted to say a word to the sick woman, who was waiting for him.

He thrust his head inside the door of Britton's room.

"A couple of friends of mine just called for a few minutes. I'll be back directly."

In that moment's glance he saw Sam sitting at the bedside, clasping the young woman's hand, his face white and haggard, his eyes starting with fear and terror. The wife was chiding him, evidently assuring him she was well and that there was no danger for her. Plainly she misinterpreted her husband's actions.

A swift look of intense relief flashed over Sam's face as Dawson delivered his message. His hand relaxed and he sprang to his feet quite cheerily. The young woman smiled back her satisfaction.

"Don't wait for me," added Dawson, "go ahead and eat. Don't let that steak get cold."

He did not feel near as confident as he looked when he again faced Dobbins and the policeman.

"Now, look here," began the latter, "this is very unusual—"

"Well, I should say so!" broke out the impatient Dobbins. "What's the meaning of all this tomfoolery? Who the hell are you, and what have you got to do with this case? You're not the man I want to see at all. And—"

"First of all," broke in Dawson, calmly, "I'm going to ask the officer to leave the room for a few minutes. I've got something to say to you personally, Mr. Dobbins. Besides, it doesn't do any good to let that crowd out there hear everything.



He had to give up in despair

he recollected that he had no money worth considering. Only a few cents, enough to carry him over until the morrow, for he was really at the end of his resources. He ruminated in comical amazement as he stood gazing at the pitiful collection of pennies in one hand and the medicine bottle in the other: "I'm in a nice fix to help anybody, I must say. . . . Here am I up against it and yet trying to play the good Samaritan act. . . . But I've got to do something. . . . What a brute I was not to think of going in there before. That's what comes of belonging to New York's exclusive set. Don't talk to your neighbors—they might contaminate you."

Finally, out of his bewilderment he could think of but one thing to do and his mother's picture looking at him from the top of the shabby bureau gave him that thought. He must pawn the watch she had given him when he had left the little Pennsylvania town to come to New York to become a great journalist—it was the one thing he had managed to retain from among those not actually essential to his work.

"She wouldn't mind, would you, mother?" He addressed the picture and the kind face seemed to smile back at him. "Besides, she need never know anything about it. I'll get it out first thing after I get that check—when I get it."

He dared not stop to think of his delayed article. He was surprised with what a light heart he badgered with the pawnbroker over the watch. But he had to let it go cheap, and by the time he had done his shopping, after considerable puzzling over what good he should buy, nearly an hour had flown. He sprang up the stairs of the four-story tenement despite his bundles, nearly falling over some children in the dark hallway as he did so. He entered his neighbor's room, without knocking, only to stop short on the threshold with a start.

There was another man there now, sitting with his coat off by the bedside. Dawson guessed it must be Sam.

The man arose awkwardly, as the wife explained. "This is the young man I told you about, Sam. He came in to help me, the baby cried so. I—I—don't know his name."



He addressed the picture

I think the officer could very well tell them to go away. Then he can wait down on the street for us."

"Well, I like your nerve!" cried Dobbins. "First, you get us in here and then you coolly ask the policeman to get out and leave me alone with you. It looks like a plant to me. While we're fooling in here you're giving that sneak thief a chance to make a get-away, that's what you're doing."

"Look here, officer," Dawson appealed to the policeman, "if I play any trick on you, I'm willing to go with you to the station house myself. All I want is to have a talk with you, Dobbins, and if you're not satisfied, and you don't get your man, and you want to go further, why, you get me, that's all."

"That sounds fair enough to me," said the policeman. "I'm not stuck on this job, anyway. If there's a sick woman with a baby in there—I think we ought to go slow. Besides, you admit yourself that all the evidence you have on this fellow you're after was that he was in the office just before you missed the money."

Dobbins growled. "Oh, well, have it your own way, but it's a damned funny way of doing business, I think. You wait outside for me, and don't you go away until you see me or I'll report you, blast me if I don't. I'll have you broke, that's what I'll do."

"All right, sir, I'm willing to risk it. I guess this young fellow is on the level."

Osoro, Bandit



By J. Kenneth Turner



If they had been carrying picks and shovels on their shoulders, instead of guns almost any observer would have set them down as mere Mexican laborers on their way to the day's work. All night a silent file of zigzagging shadows, they had been stealing south from the Rio Grande. Now, as the dawn was turning the desert a ghostly gray and the invisible sun was painting a thin golden ribbon upon the crest of the long ridge to the eastward, they filed out of a ravine between two gaunt hills, laid their weapons together on the ground, and went to gathering mesquite for a fire.

Coffee made, they squatted, chalo-like, in a circle about the heap of dying embers, munching cold sandwiches, warming their numb fingers and gulping down great quantities of the stimulating beverage, black and unsweetened, out of huge tin cups which, insufficient in number to go around, they passed from hand to hand.

They were twenty in all, varying in color from the near-white of the faintly crossed European to the deep bronze of the pure Indian. Among them was an air of keen excitement but half suppressed. They spoke only in monosyllables, avoiding one another's eyes, but stealing side glances about the circle as if to divine whether or not the worm of doubt had begun to corrode the minds of their fellows.

Only one of the twenty looked squarely into the faces of his companions. He was a broad-faced, broad-foreheaded man in the early thirties, smooth-shaven, curly-haired, slow moving. His eyes were wide apart, light brown, and so frank and unwavering that, meeting them, one forthwith was smitten with a sudden conviction of the unworthiness of his own soul. He was looking from one to another of his companions, not suspiciously, but sympathetically, as if he sensed the uneasiness of their minds and would share with them his own unbounded faith and courage. He was their leader, Osoro—their leader, not, however, by virtue of self-appointment or formal election, but by common consent. Always was he sure which way was right; and the others, also being sure that his way was the right way, implicitly followed him.

Breakfast over, the party rose and took up their weapons. There were not guns enough to go around, and some of those were sorry affairs. Of the fifteen rifles, but four were modern repeaters; eleven were army Springfields of the old style, picked up because they were cheap. Two members of the little band were armed with shot-guns only, three, including Osoro, with pistols only. But four had cartridge belts. Except for the guns and the belts there was no equipment whatever, no knapsacks of provisions, no food except that which had already gone into their stomachs, no water except that which had already gone into the coffee pot, now dead and abandoned upon the lifeless ashes where the fire had been.

As the twenty took up their weapons, the sun tipped the eastern mountains and out of the fleeting shadows of the plain rose an adobe town.

"Trigo!" whispered one.

"Trigo!" confirmed Osoro, "Happy Trigo! To be the first village to resound with the battle cry of Liberty!"

The bold, confident words worked an instant transformation in the others. They crowded forward eagerly, gripping their guns and looking into one another's faces with shining eyes.

"Viva la revolucion! Viva! Viva!" broke from their lips in chorus.

It was a ridiculous cheer. It had been a ridiculous speech—in view of the numbers and appearance of the band. And even less were they an army in training than in arms or dress. Seven were editors

and college graduates. The remainder were laborers of the border country—who had been lured from their tasks by the propaganda of the ones who were editors and college graduates. Only one of the twenty had ever been under fire; five had never discharged a firearm in their lives. Not one had the aspect of the soldier. Like their leader, the eyes of all were kind, their faces full of sweetness. By nature they were not fighters; they were dreamers.

"Comrades!" cried Osoro, and his voice was clear and unwavering, like his eyes. "We are the spark—the spark that shall set the nation aflame. Trigo is asleep; we shall waken it. The nation is asleep; we shall waken it. The soldiers cannot fight us; they are our brothers. The people will flock to our standard; the tyrant shall be overthrown; the slaves shall be free; in all our beloved country not one shall be left who is hungry or cold, not one so poor that his wrongs shall not be righted. We are the spark—the spark!"

They shouted their *viva* a second time. Their faces which by right should have appeared haggard from the night's tramp and the loss of sleep, glowed with the white fire of an exalted purpose.

A long blast of a bugle came faintly across the plain from awakening Trigo. The man on the hill-side glanced at one another quickly.

"The soldiers!" exclaimed one; "they are coming to meet us."

"They have seen us. Or some spy has sent the word ahead," declared another.

"It is all the better," remarked a third. "We shall recruit them here and when the army of the revolution marches into the town it will be much larger."

"Ah! We shall grow fast—very fast," asserted a fourth his voice vibrant with enthusiasm.

Two companies of infantry left Trigo and started directly toward them. Without counting them, the little band knew exactly the strength of those two companies. Idealists as they were, they could not doubt the folly of engaging in battle with two hundred and thirty well armed soldiers. And yet at sight of the superior force they made no move to run away.

They had reasoned it all out. Had not Osoro made it clear to them again and again with his unflinching logic? The common soldiers were conscripted to the last man. They were not fighters by choice. Some had been conscripted because of their subversive doctrines. They were not even loyal. They would shoot only as long as they felt the prick of an officer's sword in the back. They were prisoners as completely as if they had been confined in a penitentiary. To them the revolution could mean nothing but a friend come to beat in their prison doors and set them free. How, then, could they fight their deliverers? How could they do aught but turn upon their jailers, overpower them, join the revolution, and march on with it, freeing their comrades in the next town and the next?

Such was the theory. Looked at in the mass, the soldiers themselves, their glittering rifles, all held so stiffly at shoulder, their bristling bayonets, the straight, even ranks, the perfect step, all projected the impression, not of walking humanity, but of a huge walking machine, a deadly machine, unthinking, indiscriminating, trained by discipline to respond only to the men who habitually operated the levers and the pulleys.

But the watchers did not see them in the mass. They saw them only as individuals, as half starved human beings more unfortunate than themselves and as much disposed to revolt. They longed to clasp their hands and tell them that they were free. They longed to remind them of the millions of others who were not yet free, and to fire them with the passion of emancipation. So inspiring was their purpose, so big and beautiful their ideal, that, like

wine, it intoxicated them. So confident were they of success that, for a moment, they were almost moved to throw away their weapons and go forward with empty, naked hands.

When the body of soldiers had advanced a short distance from the town, it divided, one company making a wide detour, apparently to come up through the pass at the rear, the other loitering awhile, then marching slowly forward. The rebels moved back a little way to the top of the hill, where they found a natural redoubt behind a scattering of red volcanic rocks.

The company marching directly toward them spread out in skirmish line and when a third of a mile distant they started a scattering fire.

"Ah! they are afraid," cried Osoro, exultantly. "They shoot from afar lest the soldiers hear the cry of the revolution and echo it. Shoot. Pick out the officers. When they are thinned out the others will come to join us, even though they may not hear our voices."

But the attackers continued to advance and to fire as they did so. "It is so much the better," said Osoro. "We may not need to kill so many of the officers. Now—altogether—*Viva la revolucion! Viva! Viva!* The cry went up, clear and strong. The little band waited, breathless, for the reply. It came, but instead of the blessed *viva*, it was a flock of steel-jacketed pellets, which spat against the rocks and sang like hissing serpents about their bobbing heads. One of the twenty let fall his rifle, swayed and sank to the ground, clutching at his chest. "Jesus!" he whispered, "I shall not live to see the day of Liberty!"

Again, clear and strong, they gave the cry of the revolution, and again waited, breathless, staring into one another's black eyes. Still again the answer was a flock of singing bullets. The attackers were very close now. A second member of the party, a soft-faced youth not yet out of his teens, crumpled up on the ground, an ooze of brain and blood upon his forehead. A third dropped back with a gasp, clutching one of his shoulders.

"There are too many officers!" groaned Osoro. "We must shoot them faster—faster."

Suddenly came a shout from behind their backs and the steel-jacketed messengers were spitting against the rocks all around them. In the excitement they had forgotten; the second detachment of soldiers had come up from the other side. They fell, one after another, some of them pierced by a dozen bullets.

"The poor fellows—they do not understand!" panted the leader of the army of the revolution. "They know not what they do!"

The soldiers swarmed over the top of the hill from both sides, shooting, prodding, killing. When the harsh-voiced colonel in command shouted the order to cease firing, but two of the original twenty were on their feet. They were Osoro and an old man with snow-white hair.

The leader was covered with wounds. One arm hung useless, shattered by a Mauser ball. Blood flowed from one shoulder, where a soldier had stabbed him with a bayonet. His neck was cut, there was a gash in one cheek and dirt upon the other, where his face had come in contact with the earth in his fall. A blow on his forehead had closed one of the clear, unwavering brown eyes. His clothing was torn to tatters. He had seen his comrades killed—all but one of them. And yet his trust in human nature, if it may be called that, his belief that the rebel in the despised and maltreated Mexican soldier must in the end assert itself, had not left him. As they dragged him roughly down the hill, he thought not of his wounds, but struggled with his parched and swollen tongue in order that

your face intently. They describe in horrible detail how each criminal was captured. The momentoes are fatiguing, but the tiresome explanations are revolting. But now books are produced containing photographs of Revolutionary murders, of rooms blood-stained, of rumpled bodies, demolished furniture and improvised weapons. The exhibit becomes sickening; but there is no escape. They impress it upon you how impossible it is for an accomplice to escape the toils of the secret police. The Bertillon measuring system is explained in minute detail, including the new feature of photographing the criminal from above, the victim being stretched flat upon the ground with muscles all at rest.

It is now past noon, and two more tedious hours have been consumed. A vision of cool lawns far removed and free from spying scrutiny comes to taunt you. At last the chief is ready. It is possible that you may faint from the bad air, the prolonged strain, and the lack of food since early morning; but you are glad to go.

The real ordeal is going to begin. The guard leads the way out-doors again, through a cordon of sentries with guns ready for instant action, into an inner courtyard. Two massive gateways, with soldiers at each, confront you. Beyond is a finely furnished office, guarded at each door by more soldiers, all belted with heavy revolvers and sabres; the masonry walls are two feet thick; the windows, opening on to a patrolled inner courtyard, are protected with iron pane-holders. Through another heavy door-way, into a large, quiet room where sits at a polished mahogany desk an immense figure of a man in uniform. He sits at his ease, and behind him, vigilant but nonchalant, stands your friend Bourjinski, his most trusted lieutenant. This is the Terror of Moscow, the local fire-and-sword of the czar.

A long and skillful cross-examination now begins. You are tired from the long siege in the archives, and weak from hunger; but the endless questions, always polite, always penetrative, continue; and frequently the chief turns to his lieutenant remarking, "Monsieur ——— mentioned that fact to you yesterday, did he not?" And both of your accounts must correspond in the minutest particular.

This "third degree" inquisition lasts three hours and a half. When it is over, you emerge with your interpreter, weak and nervous. But the chief has shaken hands with extreme cordiality, promising to send Bourjinski and a special inspector to meet you in front of the Boutyrki fortress and take you from there to visit the murderer's prison in another part of the city.

Late in the afternoon the visit to the Boutyrki is over, and you are standing in the hot, dusty street in front of the big gate of the stockade that surrounds the fortress. By virtue of the chief's orders the criminal prison is now to be opened for you after hours. But Bourjinski does not come. The heat is still excessive. You step across the street to telephone. Yes; he left some time ago to meet you there. A half hour passes. Then you take a droshky to the other prison. Col ———, the prison-master, receives you warmly. He is so sorry that the prison is just now being repaired, and no one can see it. But M. Bourjinski told us to come, and the chief gave his permission. Well, he of course did not know of these alterations. But, surely all the prison is not being repaired at once? Yes; unfortunately, the entire place is being overhauled. But the inspector must have known of this then, and he said nothing at all about it! It was quite unexpected. But surely all the prisoners are not engaged in this work; it would be possible

to see some of them? No; they are all busy; it would not be safe.

Even a handsome tip-brings no more satisfactory answers. You drive somewhat angrily back to the jail to find Bourjinski and get an explanation. Leaping from the droshky to enter the patrolled yard, you are suddenly confronted with the muzzle of a loaded rifle, the bayonet almost touching your coat. The guide salutes hurriedly, and starts around the corner. He reconsiders, and leads you to a rear entrance. Again you are within that terrible morning room; but now the place is empty. Then a detective come busily in.

"Is M. Bourjinski here?"

"He went out on a case an hour ago."

"Did he not go to meet us?"

"I do not know; he did not say."

"Will he be back tomorrow morning?"

"No; not until Monday."

"Is the chief here?"

"No."

"Will he be at liberty later?"

"No. He will be too busy to see you."

"May we see Bourjinski on Monday?"

"No; he will be unable to talk with you then."

"Oh."

It is then suggested that the American gentleman has seen sufficient here; that there is little more in Moscow that will interest him; that a good express train leaves for St. Petersburg in the morning. Instead of acting on the polite advice, you leave at once on the night train for Warsaw, where, thanks to your increasing acquaintance with the suavity of Russian methods, the same sort of program takes place, but in about one-sixth of the time. The one remedy for red tape is red roubles, but occasionally even that fails.

A Beggar Story

BY JOSEPH RAND

BEGGARS from time immemorial have been subjects for innumerable tales and anecdotes, their pranks ever affording a constant supply of amusement to mankind. There is none so low in the intellectual ladder but that has a choice tale or two to tell of them. On the other hand, they have been a fount of inspiration to a large number of great writers. Many a famous novelist has chronicled with delectation their roguish doings.

Le Sage tells a story of a beggar who had made a fortune at the trade and who had to dispose of a marriageable daughter. Like a prudent parent he was on the lookout for a son-in-law who would be able to provide for the material well-being of his child. A young beggar, who had been a soldier and had lost an arm and a leg in battle, presented himself to the father as a suitor for the young lady's hand. The old beggar, eyeing the young one with scorn, addressed him thus: "I marvel much at thy impudence. Thinkst thou that with the dowry I give my daughter I cannot get her a husband who will be able to provide for her better than thou canst? Know thou, of the impudent face, that I have a man for her that is so crippled that he must perforce creep on the ground like a reptile and whom even a Jew must pity?"

Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, tells a story of how a party of tourists riding past a gypsy camp accidentally killed a gypsy child by running it down with their automobile. To appease the frantic manifestations of a bereaved father, one of the tourists threw him a gold florin. A few minutes later the tourists saw all the elders of the caravan, led by the erstwhile inconsolable father, with children in their arms, crying out, "Run these over, too."

The various traits of beggars have been variously commented upon. Lamb speaks of the nobility of beggars; Burns, of their democratic proclivities; Hugo, of their longevity; Shakespeare, of their regal table-d'hôte; and my grandmother, of their being, by divine dispensation, a sort of premonition of the state into which shiftless young men may drift.

The records of the grim humor of beggars in fiction are at times surpassed by the ironical amusement which beggars afford in reality.

Some time ago I saw a beggar coming out of a shop. By his satisfied air I judged that he must have been the recipient of liberal alms. And with what apparent pleasure he regarded that stump of an arm of his! With what affection he coddled it! I even thought that he chuckled to it. A learned economist seeing the beggar and viewing him, undoubtedly, as a sociological phe-

nomenon, would pronounce the lopped limb to be the beggar's most valuable economic asset.

Often, however, beggars make themselves disagreeable by their impertinence and inopportune begging.

One day I had to go to a place to reach which I had to pass the Bowery. I was dressed in my gala attire and was accompanied by a young lady. No sooner were we on that famous thoroughfare, when a beggar (and a more dilapidated piece of humanity the rookeries of Chatham Square never gave forth) approached me in this fashion: "Hey, sport, gimme five cents and tell me where's the five-cent hand-in-hand restaurant."

Now, I am a member of a labor union and a member of the Socialist party. I am steadfast in my belief in the theory of surplus value, and never took any stock in the Jevonian theory of value. I am firm in holding to the theory of the class struggle, and I never flirted with the heresies of revisionism; and as to economic determinism, it is the foundation of all my sociological theories. I even hold with the modern school of ethicists that good manners are a flag that the ruling classes flaunt in order to show their superior social standing. Yet I felt abashed, in the presence of the young lady, at the beggar's insolent familiarity. My ire was such that I felt like punching him.

Had the fellow approached me in a hypocritical manner and asked me for five cents for some coffee I should have given it to him without much ado and would even have said to him, "My man, both for economy and for your health I should advise you to go to a saloon where you can get free lunch with your drink." Had the fellow approached me and said, "Mister, gimme five cents and tell me where's the five-cent hand-in-hand restaurant." I should willingly have done so, although it is extremely unpleasant to show a knowledge of such unsavory institutions on such an occasion. Yet I could have explained to an intelligent young lady that one cannot help knowing of such places in a city like New York.

The fellow was assuredly a villain, and I resolved to pay him like one. I gave him the five cents, but like Milton's Satan, I did good only that evil might come of it. In short, I directed him to a higher-priced place, in the hope of embroiling him in trouble by his not having enough money to pay for his food. As I saw him make for the place I directed, I felt hopeful that I should be avenged.

Several months after this incident, as I was on my way to read up something on Professor Ward's theory of egalitarianism, I heard some one calling



A Husky Person

out after me. On looking around I saw a person standing on the door-step of a restaurant and beckoning to me. I approached and found myself in the presence of a husky person wearing a fancy red vest with a gold chain, thick enough to be a shackle, running across it.

"Doncher know me?" he asked. Going inside, he beckoned me to follow. He then took a seat at the cash box, and I stood up against the counter.

"I haven't that honor," I replied to his question. "I'm the feller," he began again, "that asked you for a nickel and to tell me where the five-cent joint was, and youse sent me to this place."

"Yes," I answered, "I remember now and am sorry that I misdirected you."

"Aw, sorry nothin'! I own the place now," he retorted. I certainly felt sorry then that I had misdirected him.

"And how did you come to own this place?" I questioned, "when the last time I saw you, you were penniless?"

"Well, I'll tell youse how," and he began telling his story, stopping only to take his breath and the money from the outgoing diners.

"I goes to the place youse tells me to. I orders my grub, and when I finishes I wants to give the boss me nickel. The boss, he gives a sort of growl and says: 'Five cents more please!' I tells him I'se busted and has only a nickel and

gives him plenty explanations. The boss says, 'I needs a dishwasher; take the job if youse is busted.'

'I takes the job, and what makes me stick to it is that I gets sweet on Maggie. Maggie's the cook, youse know.'

'Maggie's the genuine article. There's nothing counterfeit about Maggie. Ever since I works in the restaurant I hates counterfeits. We has all kinds of counterfeits—counterfeit meat, counterfeit bread, counterfeit gravy, counterfeit pudding and counterfeit chickens. It's the same with the women. They got counterfeit complexions, counterfeit teeth, counterfeit shapes and counterfeit manners'

'Maggie's got her own rosy cheeks that looks like strawberries in a swell joint, and them rosy cheeks among women are as rare as a royal flush in a honest game of poker.'

'Maggie's got her own teeth, which youse couldn't knock out with a sledge-hammer. Maggie's figure is like a set of car tracks; it needs no paddin'.

'One day when Maggie was slapping the balls round for the hamburger steak, I tells her of the triboolations, the way they says in the mission house, I undergoes for her.'

'I'd not expect it,' says Maggie, and the blush that she gave looked like a dish of stewed tomatoes of the finest quality.'

'I further tells Maggie if me case is hopeless I'll quit the job for the job is not for a gent like me.'

'Nope,' says Maggie, 'your case is not hopeless.'

'Then she tells me the old guy feels a kind of tender for her and she will ask him to give me a waiter job. The next day I gets the waiter job'

'The waiter job was a lead-pipe cinch. Those nickel tips come in handy when a man makes up his mind to marry. Most of the guys were chuck-a-block in giving tips, but some were slow like molasses, and one guy would sooner jump off Brooklyn Bridge than give a tip. I gives him an extra portion of butter; but no tip gives he. I gives him a double portion of meat; but no tip from

him. I makes his bill less, but no tip. I was for picking a quarrel with him and givin' him a piece of me mind, when the next day he comes in, in a big overcoat. I says to meself as I helps him to take off his coat, 'Them fellers in the mission house knows what they'se talkin' about when they says, 'The meek and lowly shall inherit the earth.' If I'd got in a tiff with this guy I'd never get a nickel from him, and I'd never had this opportunity.'

I laughs to meself how I'll make the guy cough up a nickel as I helps him put his coat on. The man wasn't born yet who would refuse a tip when youse puts his coat on for him. I treats the guy nicely, just to tease him more. I feels a kind of good as I sees the guy becoming glum. 'Old sport,' I says to meself, 'figure another nickel in your pocket, and if youse got some love for Maggie youse 'll buy her flowers for the nickel.' When the guy gets through, I rushes over to him and grabs his coat. Although it was freezing out, he says, 'The weather is too warm for a coat, I'll carry it on my hand.' I watches the guy when he goes into the street, and sure enough he puts his coat on. It wasn't fer the nickel I felt sorry fer—it was to think of the smile on the feller's face when he got outside.'

A couple of days later Maggie tells me a secret. She tells me the old guy, the boss, is a bachelor, and told her that when he dies he will will the place to her.

'In a couple of days still later I marries Maggie, and in another couple of days the old guy cashes in.'

At this point his narration was interrupted by one of his patrons.

I looked about me, observing the place and the persons dining. My attention was soon diverted, however, by a woman just entering, who was making rather free in the place.

She was of a short, stocky figure, but of giant dimensions in girth and bust. A pair of tiny blue eyes and a short pug nose stuck in a mass of blood-shot flesh were all that was to her face. An added charm to her beauty was a double

chin that made her appear as neckless as a fish.

She walked into the kitchen; she took hold of her dress and was flipping backwards and forwards the fold of it, undoubtedly trying to imitate the grand sweep of the society dame. Though her walk had the grace and nimbleness of those of an elephant, yet on the whole she seemed in her bespangled satin dress like a pig dressed for the circus. Later, when I heard a grunt from the kitchen, I was pretty sure that it was her voice.

Py this time my host was ready to talk with me again.

'Did youse see that woman that went into the kitchen?' he asked; and, nudging me confidentially, 'Can youse guess who it is? It's Maggie. It's the jewel of me life.'

This made me think of the old adage: 'That there is no disputing about tastes.'

'Youse see,' he began again, 'when the old guy cashed in he willed the place to Maggie; and when I marries Maggie, Maggie gives the place over to me, so now I'm the boss of the place.'

Then I asked him whether he was in the liquor business also; for I saw scores of bottles of various brands of whiskey on a shelf behind the counter.

'Nope,' said he, 'it's me and Maggie experimenting for the genuine article. Folks can never know if anything's genuine or not these days without experimenting.'

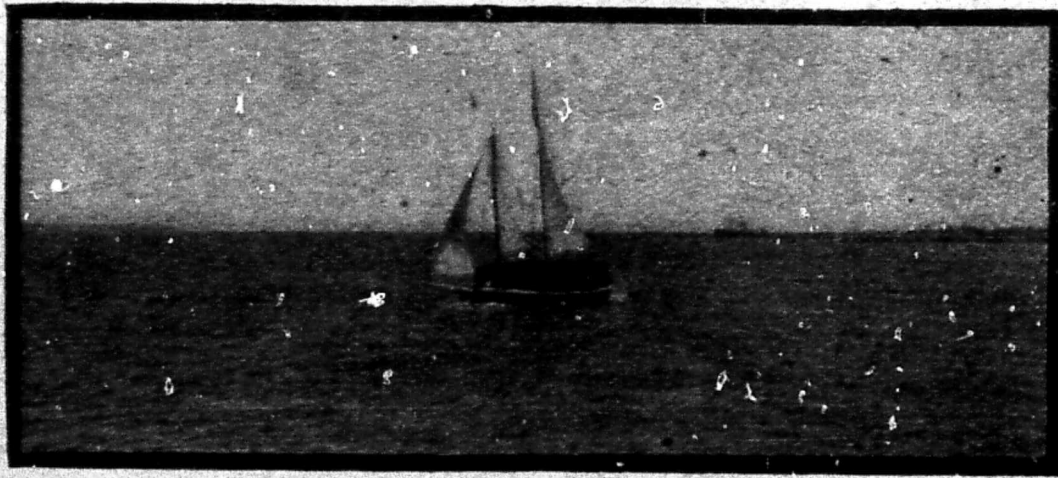
I wanted to take leave; so I felicitated him on his success, admonished him as to his conduct in his prosperity, and quoted for him the elegant couplet from Pope:

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, therein all the honor lies.

'Yep,' says he, 'I fills my place as a restaurant man as good as the president fills his place, and if youse are busted youse can depend upon me. Youse can always have the dishwasher's job.'

There I abruptly left him. The fellow was positively disconcerting. But, anyway, I consoled myself with the thought, and that for more than one reason, that the young lady who accompanied me the first time I met him was not with me this time.

Farming in the California Tule Lands



A load of hay from the Tule Lands, Levees in the Distance



By H. A. Crafts

FOR ages the marsh or "tule" lands of the Seltas of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys have been of little use, save as they furnish feeding grounds for ducks. Yet beneath the two or three feet of water that normally covered them is a deep layer of almost boundlessly fertile soil.

Reclamation by the ordinary individual farmer of lands so buried beneath a sheet of water is manifestly impossible. Only great corporations or many individuals in co-operation could successfully accomplish such a task.

The method of reclamation consists in constructing levees around a tract and then pumping out the water. By these simple means, which require an expense of energy that has made Holland synonymous with patient toil, these lands can be made into marvelously productive farm gardens.

Much of these lands are already divided into large tracts by deeper channels or "sloughs" which form navigable highways to market. The dredges move along these sloughs scooping up from the bottom and depositing on the bank the material that is to form the levee. Such a levee ordinarily rises to about eight feet in height and is from sixty to a hundred feet wide at the base, tapering to ten or fifteen feet at the top.

As the levees grow they settle into the soft "tule" land upon which they rest so that many times a

dredge must pass over the same ground three times before pumping can commence. Even then the settling process never entirely stops, and it is necessary each year to repeat a portion of the dredging process to keep the levees at the proper height.

Great centrifugal lift pumps raising from 10,000 to 50,000 gallons per minute perform the work of removing the water from the enclosed area. The total expense of this process is usually about \$20 per acre, but when it is completed the land is valued at from \$75 to \$100 an acre.

Nearly every variety of garden, farm or orchard crops can be raised in great abundance on these lands. The usual crops are potatoes, onions, asparagus and celery. Over 30,000,000 bushels of potatoes, one-fourth of California's entire crop, is produced in the San Joaquin valley, and these with the remaining three-fourths that reaches the market is controlled by a single Japanese, who has been thoroughly assimilated so far as grasping that fundamental principle of American business, monopoly, is concerned. On these lands is found a single asparagus farm of 1,700 acres, the largest in the world.

For the small farmer these lands offer little hope. Heat and malaria make the life of the worker short. Consequently this territory is handled largely by great commercial firms who hire Asiatic labor.

A further obstacle to individual control arises from the fact that floods have often broken down the levees and whole districts have been recaptured

by the sea and river. Only a complete social control such as Socialism alone can provide will make it possible for these great stretches of fertile soil to be cultivated with an advantage to the workers.

Another Step Forward

ELIAS O. JONES.

Mr. George W. Perkins, in a recent speech, urged a "more broad, humane union between capital and labor in which each shall meet the other half way."

That appeals to us all as eminently fair. Half way is always an attractive rendezvous, but the next thing is to locate it on the map so that the most casual stranger can find it.

In order to do this, several other points must be considered. First, how did capital and labor get so far apart. Second, which way are they going? Third, what will happen if they do meet?

We may assume from Mr. Perkins' remarks that at least they are not going in the same direction. When they meet, therefore, will they stop or go sidewise or match pennies to see which shall take up the other's direction? What part of the distance has capital already traveled? What part has labor?

Mr. Perkins may be helping, but the problem is still complicated. The advantage of the half-way idea, however, may be seen by restating an old problem thus: What would happen if an irresistible force should meet an immovable mass half way?

Socialist
News
by
Photograph



1. Victor L. Berger on right, who will take his seat in congress next week, talking to Mayor Seidel. 2. Antonio de P. Araujo, who has just finished a two years' term in Fort Leavenworth military prison for activity in the Mexican Revolution. 3. Dr. D. A. Amoss and family, alleged nightriders.

Farmers Victorious in Court

In the recent trial at Hopkinsville, Ky., of Dr. D. A. Amoss, who was charged by the tobacco trust with having organized and led the Night Riders, the organized farmers scored a decisive victory by securing the unconditional acquittal of their champion. Since the Hopkinsville raid, December 6, 1907, the agents of the trust scoured the state for evidence with which to convict Dr. Amoss, but bribed witnesses and perjured testimony counted for nothing in the presence of a court that was pledged to justice and a square deal. Thousands of tobacco growers attended the trial and at its conclusion jury and spectators united in a demonstration in behalf of the man the trust tried to convict.

Dr. Amoss is a native of Kentucky, a typical son of the south, and has little use for the instruments and intrigues of modern commercialism. When the tobacco trust began to pinch prices of tobacco to the point where its production was a waste of time on the part of the farmer he with others decided it was time to act. Tobacco growers' associations were formed and when mere organization failed to affect the trust and its agents Night Riding commenced. After the trust had lost millions of dollars of property and Kentucky looked like it had been swept by a cyclone high finance in the east capitulated.

A Patch of Horse Radish

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

If you have a small tract of land, and expect to live on it and make a home, plant some rhubarb, asparagus and horseradish roots. If your ground space is limited to only a few rods, give room to at least one rod each for the crops named. They will stand for a generation, come again every spring and gladden the hearts of young and old. There is health and strength in the plants, and satisfaction

in having some roots to exchange with neighbors, for flowers, bulbs and other plants. And, the root crops do not require much attention to produce results.

Horseradish is wanted everywhere and only a few people ever think of growing it for even home use. It sells for from eight to twelve cents a pound, for the roots, and the supply seems far less than the demand. I walked over a small patch of common horseradish, owned by a gardner, and talked with him about its possibilities. He stated that the acre in horseradish brought in more money every year than any other crop holding the same space of soil. He sold the roots to pickle factories, and estimated the cash returns at \$750 to \$900 an acre, annually.

The plan of the market gardener, and that I have adopted, for horseradish growing, is simple and easy to follow. The soil is plowed and put in condition for common garden crops. Furrows are made, about three feet apart, and small roots are set, little end down, about one foot apart in the rows. Such little rootlets can be bought of any nurseryman, or plant dealer, or grower, for about one dollar per hundred. It is best to plant them late in the spring, say in May, in most sections. The roots will form, and be large enough for use, during the autumn and winter.

Here is what one man did with horseradish. He was a painter and had a small homesite, bought on the installment plan, the land comprising two lots, fronting 25 feet each, and extending back 150 feet. For twenty cents he bought some small horseradish roots, and set, in the moist, sandy soil, in front of the house. The plants grew to enormous size, and rooted well the first season. The next spring the roots were taken up and cut into many pieces, and transplanted. That winter, the city market demanded horseradish, at 13 cents a pound. The painter dug, and carried with him, on the cars, sacks of horseradish, weighing about fifty pounds. He sold almost \$100 worth of roots, a sum equal to ten per cent on his investment.

There are two varieties of horseradish—the common and Bohemian sorts. That coming from Bohemia is known as Nuremburg, or Maliner Kren. It grows much like parsnips and attains great size.

Horseradish should be planted in a spot where it will stand as a permanent crop, for it is a hard plant to destroy. Every little rootlet left in the soil grows and continues coming right along year after year. And the plants should not have any stable manure. It contains nitrogen which produces excessive foliage growth. Some gardeners prefer clay soil for horseradish. My experience proves that it will grow almost anywhere, and under all circumstances, but of course it responds well to generous treatment.

Socialist Defenders of Freedom of Speech at New Castle, Pa.



White, Hartman, Warren, McKeever, McCarthy.

The four Socialists, who are seen in the above picture with Fred D. Warren, were prosecuted for seditious libel last year, and the jury disagreed. It was generally understood at the time that the case would be dropped, which it doubtless would have been had the Socialists been willing to have kept quiet. They continued their agitation through the Free Press, of which they form the staff, and the case has again been called for trial for the 20th of this month.

In addition to the original case, Charles A. McKeever, S. L. Flanagan and F. M. Hartman have been cited for contempt of court because they published an exposure of the class character of the court before which they were to be tried.

Fred D. Warren took part in a public meeting in their defense at the time of the previous trial, and wrote a letter which was published in the Free Press, and which is now quoted as a part of the contempt in the latest prosecution.

Socialist Progress in Texas

BY NAT L. HARDY.



THE bulk of the growth of the Socialist movement in Texas has taken place during the past two years; the membership having doubled during 1910. There has been considerable popularity of Socialist thought for several years but real organization and systematic work has just gotten under headway. Owing to great diversity of local conditions and the existence of continual strife within the organization it was found necessary to establish an autonomous form of organization early in 1910. The new constitution was suggested by Thos. A. Hickey and drafted by W. J. Bell and adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the membership. It embodies what is known as the Texas program and its main points are as follows:

1. The local and county autonomy, giving each local and county organization full authority in all matters pertaining to them alone, the state organization acting only in matters affecting the state as a whole or the unorganized portions. Local troubles and problems are settled locally, without involving the entire state movement, as was so often the case under the old plan. As the counties are the most important political divisions of the state so the county organizations are the most important divisions of the party. The state dues are divided equally with the county organizations where there is a properly bonded secretary. The forming of these self-governing county organizations and the division of the dues among them results in the distributing of the work and the power of the state office, so much to be desired.



W. J. Bell

2. The abolition of all committees and conventions (excepting those required by state election laws) giving the rank and file the full governing power through the initiative and referendum, allows the secretaries, the only executive party officers, to perform their duties without the interference of irresponsible committees, and with direct responsibility to the party membership.

3. The adoption of all platforms and the nominating of all political candidates by direct vote of the membership.

4. The restriction of the incumbency of party officers to two terms of one year each, preventing the construction of machines and bureaucracies.

The object of Socialist party organization is to do the will of the majority with the least possible friction and the greatest possible concentration of energy. It has been our experience that contrary to time-honored beliefs, committees thwart both objects and retard rather than facilitate democracy. We have found that in nine cases out of ten the committee members, not having the time or the opportunity to inform themselves on party matters, keep

the state secretary and party membership under a constant cross-fire of ill-timed motions, meddling with matters that should be settled locally, assuming authority that is not theirs—or else they degenerate into a mere machine controlled by one man; or, what is equally bad, divide into factions and the state organization is ground to pieces between the upper and neither mill-stones of their contentions.

In a modern business establishment the owners or stockholders retain entire control but place the business details in full charge of a manager without subjecting him to the interference of meddling committees. The work to be done is outlined to him and he alone is held responsible for the results. The Texas Socialist party is organized on a similar principle. The rank and file are the owners; they elect their county and state managers (secretaries), outline their duties in the constitution, give them full charge of the routine work, limit their tenure of office and subject them to recall and their acts to referendum. They are directly responsible to the membership and if faithful and efficient service is not rendered the rank and file know just who is to blame. In the case of committees it is difficult to fix the responsibility.

This plan has been of untold value both in restoring and keeping peace and in giving the membership a greater personal interest in party work.

The 1910 campaign was one principally of organization. There was no great display of political fireworks, but an immense amount of good solid work was done. Local charters were issued at the rate of one per day and the vote gained thirty per cent.

The state secretary, E. R. Meitzen, who has been in office since January, 1910, has conducted a state-wide campaign along the following lines:

From eight to twelve speakers were on the road throughout the year. Wherever possible they were kept in a county for weeks at a time. This has become known throughout the state as the "schoolhouse campaign idea—a most effective method of reaching the farmer.

Of next importance were the seventeen encampments, lasting from two to six days, under general direction of the state office.

This is also a most effective method of reaching the farmer and giving him a good education on economics. There is always a variety of able speakers that present the question from many points of view three or four times daily. Perhaps the Socialists themselves reap the greatest benefit. Some of the most prominent men and women in the American movement have spoken at Texas encampments.

Almost all of the fifty odd organized counties conducted vigorous campaigns and demonstrated that they were able to take care of themselves. The following extract from a letter written by County Secretary Rigby of Hardin county, which contains no large cities, is a good example of what is being done in many counties: "Literature distribution was our main work. However, we used Comrade Hickey to good effect for fifteen days just before the election. We used the mails some but most of the literature was handed out by the comrades, usually on Saturday. For fifty dollars we had the *Appeal to Reason* sent to one thousand names for ten weeks prior to the election and every voter was supplied with the state platform as well as with several leaflets gotten out locally." Other means of county propaganda were: Schoolhouse campaigns, regular Saturday distribution of *Appeal* bundles, and in some places co-operative cotton patches supplied a generous fund for the campaign. One small country local, for in-

stance, gathered two bales from a five-acre field which netted them over a hundred dollars. A much larger number of locals will take up this plan this year.

Finally, a strong effort was made to secure a fair count of the vote. The appointment of election judges and watchers was secured where possible; but the distribution by the state office of fifty thousand "fair count" post-cards did more to put a stop to the work of election crooks than anything ever tried.

Since the election the work has not abated but there has been a decided tendency to change from speaking to literature as a means of agitation. Only four speakers are now being routed by the state secretary, while elaborate plans are being perfected for the organization of a cohesive, though autonomous, state-wide literature army, to be known as the "Texas Socialist Scouts" that has for its object the "Milwaukeeizing" of Texas. Each volunteer scout signs an enrollment pledge to cover a certain territory with literature at least once a month. Cards for assignments, reports and the classifications of voters are being designed to suit Texas rural conditions and a monthly state propaganda leaflet on the order of *The Next Step* will begin publication on March the first and will be especially

said by some to be middleclass and reactionary, are flocking to the Socialist movement here. The Texas farmer makes a militant, revolutionary Socialist.

The new form of organization has proven a success in every particular, and nothing could persuade the comrades to go back to the old way of committees, centralization, conventions, party rows and clumsy methods. While its greatest results have been to restore and keep peace and harmony in the ranks, great benefits have been derived by making "each comrade feel like he is in direct touch with the work and that everything is not to be done by somebody away off in another part of the state." That is the way one county secretary put it.

The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.—Shakespeare.

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 Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet.
 You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.
 Order 3 or More Today
H. MENDES, The Smokers' Friend
 440 Meigs Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



E. R. Meitzen

designed for the southern farmer. As it will be the organ of the scout movement it has been appropriately named *The Scout*. The state secretary fully expects to have at least three thousand scouts at work by the end of 1911.

Comrade Debs has just finished a tour of Texas and his speeches have given a wonderful impetus to the movement here.

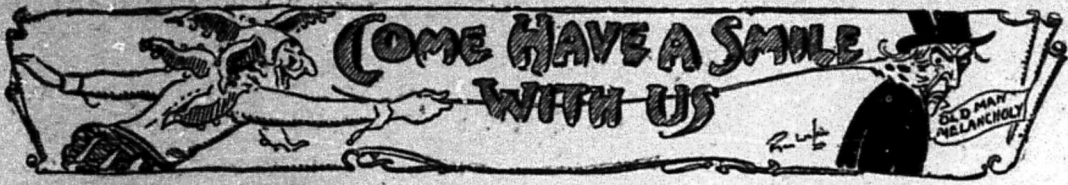
Although no opportunistic tactics have been employed to coax them, it is wonderful how the farmers, who are

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EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY
 C. F. Norton, Kansas, says "make me spot cash price on 100 machines quick." W. H. Barnhouse, Iowa, reports, "machines unusually successful, will take this county." W. H. Nance, Mo., writes, "will take this county while I have the chance." INVESTIGATE—don't stop until you know all about this amazing proposition. You can make this money, easily

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 A new invention—nothing else like it. OPERATES ON NEW PRINCIPLE. Washes clothes automatically, without work or power. Takes place of high priced washing machines. No rubbing—no chemicals. Will not harm finest fabrics. You can be doing other work while clothes are washing. Made of genuine burnished copper, consequently cannot rust or spoil clothes—never wear out. No wheels, knobs or handles—nothing to get out of order. Cleanest, most sanitary way to wash clothes. Each machine guaranteed. Every woman wants one of these machines—can you imagine a quicker way to make money than to supply this enormous demand? We want a thousand AGENTS, SALESMEN and MANAGERS—hurry and you can secure one of these positions.
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Flings at Things

N. M. S.

His Occupation Gone

I seen a bunch of rummies With their shovels in their mitts A watching engine dummies In a cellar throwing fits, The engine, small and sassy Tossed a ton at every throb Oh, the work was something classy But it spelled for them no job.

In them good old days now dying, Or perhaps already dead, Then the shovel stiff by trying Could pull down his daily bread.



But with engines in the cellar That a half a ton can throw Can you tell me how a feller With a shovel, has a show?

In the winter circumstances In the guise and form of snow Gives him, if he waits his chances, Labor for a day or so, But a heavy excavation Puts his shovel to the bad And it means a long vacation For the pick and shovel lad.

Still Following

"Man is clearly the creature of his environments." "That may be true of weak-minded ones, but the strong man will rise superior to them." "Is that so? Suppose you give me an example." "The man with the flying machine. Won't he rise above his environments?" "Not much. He will take his environments right with him."

A Mystery

What would you guess if some wise gent To get a little office, spent Three times as much as it would bring? To you would that spell anything? Or would you know without a guide That there was something on the side?

Our Head Moulder

The sword may be mighty, it does have a way Of making folks notice, observe and obey, But one insignificant, undersized pen Does more toward the guiding of women and men.

The press is, in figure, the pen multiplied



To double and treble its influence wide. What way does it hit us or cause us to think When J. Pierpont Morgan is buying the ink?

With muck-rakers muzzled and learning to munch On fodder from Wall street, that gives us the hunch That something is rotten in Denmark or Rome Or maybe in some quarters closer to home.

J. Pierpont will not or my gamble I lose Give orders to print all the Socialist news.

And that which is printed will be, you can bet, All garbled and twisted before it is set.

No, he is not ready, it's fair to suppose, His plans and his purpose in print to disclose, If we're from Missouri and want to be shown We'll have to depend on a press of our own.

Economic Necessity

"As a matter of fact man is vainer than woman." "Is he, really?" "Silver threads among the gold don't make much of a hit with him. As soon as he sees the first gray hair coming he hikes for the drugstore and gets a bottle of hair dye." "You are mistaking vanity for necessity. The minute a gray hair shows nobody will give him a job."

Little Flings

A grouch is the prerogative of the boss. Teddy is in disfavor now, but he may look good when they want to fool the workers again. Some senators were honest enough to confess that Lorimer was no worse than the rest of them.



Talk about having it rubbed in. Workmen make the automobiles and then have to be run over by them. Tomorrow may never come, but that doesn't say there will be no hereafter for those who draw dividends from child labor. A class judge can never be a just judge. The vote buyer is a saint. The vote seller is a crook. Classes even there.



Riley—Oi see a lot o' these bust developer advertisements in the papers. Can yez tell me what it is an' what it's for? Casey—That Oi can. 'Tis a dope them bank an' thrust companies do be after takin' almost continually nowadays.

She—So you're staff artist on the Daily Whirl? Why, I never see your name on anything. He—Oh, I haven't got that far yet. They just let me make the cross to show where the accident occurred.—Chicago News.

Kindly Landlady (to the new boarder)—How did you find your bed, Mr. Inlate? Mr. Inlate (taken aback)—Oh, dash it, madam! I was not as bad as that.—Tit-Bits.

More Limericks

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK There once was a worker named John, When a strike at the mill, was on, Went to work as a scab, For the boss, to keep tab, And now he's the scorned of the town.

A Mind Reader

BY J. L. PETERS.

Otto Schneider, some time baker of Berlin, but latterly of East St. Louis, is possessed of an irascible temper, a stout strap and an incorrigible son, Louis. A few days ago Louis was detected in a piece of unusual deviltry and the old German proceeded to give him a dose of that once popular medicine, "strap-oil." But Louis came of revolutionary stock, and, while he did not strike back, he favored the old man with a ferocious scowl after the first two or three blows, which brought forth this outburst: "So, young feller" (whack, whack, "you schpitt tobacco-schpitts in mein breadt" (whack, whack); "for why you look so mad, huh?" (Whack, whack.) "I know vot you're t'inkin'" (whack, whack). "You're t'inkin' damn your old fadder. Now I hit you for dot." (Whack, whack.) "You just t'ink it again vunce!"

Not Worth Stooping For

Lured to America by glowing reports of its prosperity and that twenty-dollar gold pieces were scattered about the streets for anyone to pick up, Emil, a Swede, finally succeeded, in getting a job at a dollar and a quarter a day, but not before he had landed in the "bread-line." Emil, however, wrote to his brother and induced him to leave the old country, with the old story about the twenty-dollar gold pieces. When Gustav arrived, he of course had his eyes open for the gold and happened to spy a twenty-five-cent piece lying in the street. Gustav smiled and proceeded to find his brother. After the first affectionate greetings, he told Emil about the silver he had seen. "Why didn't you pick it up?" asked Emil. "What was the use, answered Gustav, "I'll wait till we get to the twenty-dollar gold pieces."

Advertisement for a job: 'Do YOU Want a Job Like HIS' with an illustration of a man driving a car. Text includes: 'If You Really are Ambitious, Want to "Get Ahead," Become an Automobile Expert. Hold a Job that's a Cinch, have short hours and earn from \$35 to \$40 A WEEK'.

A Socialist Watch At an Anti-Trust Price

Large advertisement for Burlington Watch Co. featuring a pocket watch illustration. Text includes: 'A Magnificent Watch for Socialists Only', 'The Genuine Burlington Special', 'The Fight is On!', 'Special Offer to Socialists', 'No Money Down', '\$2.50 a Month', and 'Write for the Free Watch Book'.



Rich Americans have already secured fine positions from which to witness the coronation of George V.---News Item.

The Boxers' Union

BY DESMOND SHAW

British Correspondent Coming Nation

LAST week Mr. Hugh D. Macintosh, the famous boxing promoter, sent me an invitation to see the battle between Lang, the Champion of Australia, and Sam Langford, the American negro, at the Olympia, London, and as I watched the terrible little black earn the sum of £3,500, excluding the picture rights, within half an hour, I thought of the great rank and file of second-raters, both here and in the United States, who are exploited, body and soul, by the fifth-rate promoter, with his flash smile and flash diamonds. And then I thought of the Boxers' Trade Union, and smiled a contented little smile.

Is Boxing Brutal?

"But," I can hear some of you say, "boxing is so brutal."

But I answer:—"What has that got to do with it?"

Incidentally, I might point out that in the opinion of millions of decent, thinking men, boxing is regarded as a perfectly legitimate livelihood, is looked upon as developing self-control and physical stamina, and, generally speaking, as being, under proper restrictions, a desirable pastime.

A few of us put our heads together some months ago, and determined to start a Union, the idea originally coming from the brain of Mr. John Murray, the Editor of *Boxing*, an organ with a circulation approaching a quarter of a million.

I have helped in the organization of the waiters, of the domestic servants, and of the clerks, and I do not mind acknowledging that, up to date, the boxer has proved the "cussedest" of the lot to round-up into a Union. But we

have accomplished the impossible, and today the Boxers' Union is on the high-road to success, with a constantly growing membership, that includes some of the best men in the profession.

We held our first meeting in July last, when we informed the world of "Fistiana" that our objects were, generally—

To protect the professional boxer from the unscrupulous promoter.

To act as an employment bureau, and assist *bona fide* promoters to find the best men for their contests.

To secure a minimum wage for the boxer.

To raise the *status* of the art by securing its recognition as a legitimate profession.

Now look at the result.

Treated Like Cattle

At the time we formed the Union, the whole boxing business, with the exception of those contests conducted at the National Sporting Club and by first-class men like Mr. Macintosh, had fallen into disrepute. Matinees were being run at the music halls by wily promoters, who literally skinned the unfortunates who fell into their clutches. Many of the men received half a dollar for a six-round contest. They were treated like cattle. Even when the promoter arranged a fair remuneration before the show, he would approach the men as they were stripped ready to enter the ring and say, "Sorry boys, but I have such a rotten house, I can only give you half a guinea each." This, with a house packed from floor to ceiling.

These exhibitions were rapidly degenerating into mere slogging spectacles, where the men were expected to fight, not to box, and any tendency to refuse to "mix it" resulted in the poor

devils being taken out of the ring and sent away without any payment whatever. Men entered the ring half-starved, and unfit to take part in a butter-patting demonstration, much less the strenuous game of the 24-foot circle.

I myself have seen a middle-weight in a hall on the south side of the Thames put down to the boards five times, through sheer weakness and rise in a dazed condition before the expiration of the fatal ten seconds. I have known a man to be knocked out three separate times on the same afternoon and at different halls for a total reward of three dollars.

In these contests science had no place, and the "exhibitions" became mere butcheries.

The pittances offered by the promoters would only tempt men into the ring who were unskilled, and to whom a twenty minute butchery at half a dollar a time seemed preferable to starving quietly at home. And many of these men were married and with families.

I asked one man, with a good name in the ring, why he took three shillings for a strenuous bout, when he said, simply:

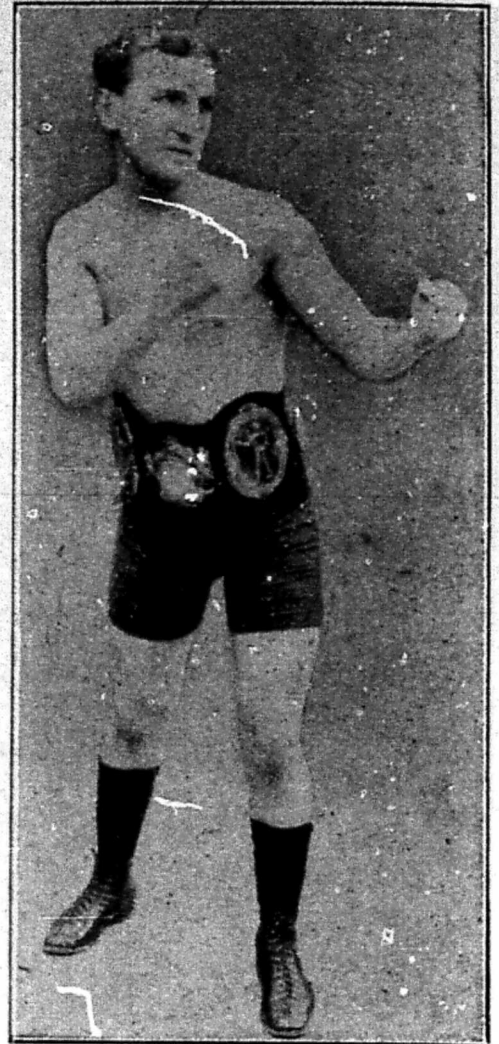
"Well, you see, sir, I had not had any food, and I wanted something to eat."

That was before the union sprang into existence.

In the Ranks of Labor

Well, the fighting men have had enough of it. Like the music-hall artists here, they have put their heads together and have come to the conclusion that they must have a living wage, with something over for a rainy day. In a word, they have joined the ranks of organized labor, and I hope before another year to see them represented at the Labor Party Congress.

Last, but not least, our French boxing comrades across the channel have formed their own Trade union. Negotiations are now on foot for an exchange of fighters from either side, and for a great International rally of French and English fighting men. This International understanding may lead to great things. With the French revolutionary spirit and *verve* and the British gift of organization, there is nothing that we may not accomplish.

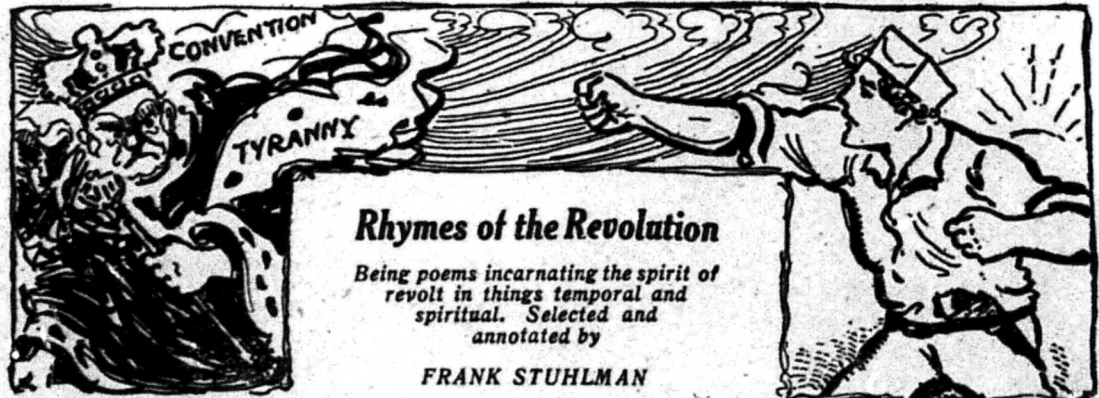


"Young Josephs," President of the Boxers' Union

It only now remains for you Americans to set the ball rolling on your side. You have many champions and ex-champions who are with us in spirit. Battling Nelson, ex-light-weight champion of the world, is, I believe, a Socialist. If he would take up the matter its success would be assured. Then there is our own Jack London.

The Socialist Fighting Man

The men on this side are absolutely united upon obtaining better conditions, and it is interesting and delightful to see how these great hefty fellows, who, in ordinary life, are like babies for helplessness, are beginning to find their feet, to develop the spirit of solidarity, and in some cases are joining the Socialist movement itself.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Note—This week two short poems by the master of American literateurs, W. D. Howells. Although Mr. Howells' poetry is but a small part of his published work, it is marked by a quality of distinction and a spirit of humanity that leads to the wish that he would give to the world more of such notable verse as is given in the following selections:

Two Poems

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A Vision

Within a poor man's squalid home I stood
The one bare chamber, where his work-worn wife
Above the stove and washtub passed her life,
Next the sty where they slept with all their brood.
But I saw not that sunless, breathless lair,
The chamber's sagging roof and reeking floor;
The smeared walls, broken sash and battered door;
The foulness and forlornness everywhere.
I saw a great house with the portals wide
Upon a banquet room and, from without,
The guests descending in a brilliant line
By the stair's studded niches, and beside
The loveliest of the gemmed and silken rout
The poor man's landlord leading down to dine.

Capital and Labor

A spiteful snow spilt thru the bitter day
In little stinging pellets gray,
And crackling on the frozen street
About the iron feet,
Broad stamped in massy shoes
Sharpened and calked for winter use.
Of the hugh Norman horses, plump and round,
In burnished brass and shining leather bound,
Dragging each heavy fetlock like a mane,
And shaking as they pulled the ponderous wain
With wheels that jar the ground
In a small earthquake, where they jolt and grind,
And leave a span-wide track behind.
And hunched above the load,
Above the company's horses like a toad,
All huddled together
Against the pitiless weather,
In an old cardigan jacket and cap
Of mangy fur,
And a frayed comforter
Around the stiffened chin, too scant to wrap his purple ears,
And in his blinking eyes what had been tears
Rut that they seemed to have frozen ere they ran—
The company's man.