

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

J. A. WAYLAND,  
FRED D. WARREN, Publishers

A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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No. 30, New Series. Established Apr. 30, 1893

Girard, Kansas, April 8, 1911

Price 5 Cents

\$1.00 a Year

## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Sprinkling With Rose Water



ONE of the most pathetic features of our present industrial situation is the ever springing hope in the breasts of certain radicals that real progress toward improvement can be made without disturbing the foundations of the existing capitalist order by sprinkling rose water over our troubles.

One of the most convincing proofs that reconstruction of the entire industrial system must speedily be effected is offered by the absolute inability of the present system to yield the relief demanded by the sufferings of the workers.

Reformers make able and eloquent pleas for nice little changes, enlist support among the liberally inclined and take their hack at mitigating the evils that press upon us. Their efforts, when not merely ludicrous, end always and inevitably in failure. Any serious move to alter the graver abuses of the present system come in due time slap against the stone wall of entrenched capitalism.

Capitalism is capitalism. The decorators may fuss with it to the end of time, tint its ugliness, sprinkle it with cologne and strive to make it fair seeming. Its nature remains untouched. As long as it endures it will be and must be the same bulwark of injustice, oppression, inequality and special privilege.

Those radicals who still cling to a faith in the efficacy of the perfume treatment must have had a rude jolt from a recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York.

Many trade unions and a number of philanthropists made a concerted effort to get through some kind of mild legislation that would allow a degree of liability on the part of employers for industrial accidents. In New York, as in other States, the ancient wrong against labor wrought by the "contributory negligence" and "fellow servant" rules had been perpetrated as part of the jurisprudence of the community. It was the desire of many kindly souls to lessen the horrors growing out of these barbarous doctrines.

After long agitation they obtained a legislative commission which examined the subject and reported in favor of a few readjustments. The legislature was induced to enact the recommendations.

It was decreed that certain occupations, such as work on railroads, tunnels, scaffolds, electric wires, elevators and bridges, were inherently dangerous and that the employers in these trades should compensate their injured workmen. Recourse was not to be had to contributory negligence and fellow servant rulings.

This was all very well. The reformers rejoiced. They had won their concessions in the most approved conservative manner of solemn conclave and windy discussion. Certainly they had accomplished nothing very violent or revolutionary. They had merely attempted to lessen a notorious evil, an abuse surviving from the dark ages. They were content.

At this juncture along comes the Court of

Appeals, in a unanimous decision, and sidewipes them one with the grand old Constitution.

Of course. When all else fails—the Constitution. When children cry—the Constitution. When labor revolts—the Constitution. When a club is needed—the Constitution. We know it of old and we are like to have it ground into us many times—the Constitution. The Infallible, the Ever Reliable, the Universal Remedy, warranted good for all threats against general capitalist well being—the Constitution. Only a dusty old parchment when the oppressed and the disinherited appeal for its ministrations, the most potent of aides when the masters have need of it.

Federal Constitution, Fourteenth Amendment, not to speak of the State Constitution, Article I, Section 6—depriving the employer of his property without due process of law.

"We entertain an earnest desire to present no purely technical or hypocritical obstacle to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which it must be conceded reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished," said the court in its most paternal and classic style.

But—

"Under our form of government courts must regard all economic, philosophical and moral theories, however attractive and desirable they may be, as subordinate to the primary question whether they can be moulded into statutes without infringing upon the letter or spirit of our written Constitutions."

And—

"The right of property rests not upon philosophical or scientific speculations, nor yet upon the commendable impulses of benevolence and charity, NOR

### Property Versus Natural Justice

YET UPON THE DICTATES OF NATURAL JUSTICE." There we have it. Down to tacks at last. Few pronouncements, from the bench have possessed such virtue of frankness.

"The right of property does not rest upon the dictates of natural justice."

Let us extend thanks to the New York Court of Appeals for that word, the pithiest and most comprehensive comment of recent years upon capitalist civilization. Property is sacred. It is not concerned with human rights. The lives of men cannot weigh against it.

Efforts to mitigate ferocious industrial tyranny, to ensure some degree of safety for toilers, to prevent their maiming and slaughter, to lessen the greed and cruelty of exploitation must fail. Property must not be taxed for the limbs it lops off, for the cemeteries it fills. It must be free to absorb the blood of labor, to gather the fruits of labor, to thrive on the defenselessness of labor.

It must be protected, risking nothing. For property is inviolable, while a man is only a germ of protoplasm destined to work or to be crushed as the best interests of property decree.

Where does this leave the reformers? And the radicals who have hope in the reformers? What comfort is left the trades unions who pushed the reform? And the philanthropists who aided them?

Once more there is a clear demonstration that the present system holds no chance of

amelioration for the wretchedness of the workers, that misery and suffering and injustice are essential elements in the capitalist formula, that intolerable working conditions have a dollar value to capitalism in themselves and that dollar value is greater than life value.

Once more it is made perfectly evident that the capitalistic system cannot be reformed, cannot be reconstructed, cannot be disinfected with rose water.

Once more we have the plain issue: Capitalism, with all its hideous wrongs complete—or the entire destruction of Capitalism and the erection of a new system.

The decision of the Court of Appeals ranks among the most significant developments of modern times. It has put an end to all specious promises of reform legislation for the workers in New York. Since the Federal Constitution was invoked by a unanimous bench it is certain that it has put an end to all such promises in all other States. It will undoubtedly be upheld by the Supreme Court.

There is no refuge to be had here in an attack upon the court. The court simply enunciated a necessary capitalistic view in the clearer language toward which earlier decisions have been tending.

The provision against taking property without due process of law was of course never incorporated in the Constitution as a fundamental and essential guarantee of the property right or as a cardinal principle of our government. It was a defense against official persecution and illegal seizure, as general and remote as the provision that trials shall take place in the State where they are committed.

That the Court of Appeals should have erected it finally as the palladium of capitalistic liberties is merely the climax of long distortion which has been proceeding by insensible degrees as the judicial branch of a capitalist system has stretched our law to meet the needs of that system.

"If such economic and sociological arguments as are here advanced in support of this statute can be allowed to subvert the fundamental idea of property, then there is no private right entirely safe, because there is no limitation upon the absolute discretion of legislatures and the guarantees of the Constitution are a mere waste of words."

So says the court. Nothing could be less equivocal. We are up against the stone wall of capitalism.

Here is your Constitution. If you don't like it, what are you going to do about it?

The only answer at hand, the only answer possible is offered by Socialism. The Socialist party, alone of all parties, demands in its platform that the Constitution be made immediately amendable by a majority vote. The Socialist movement, alone of all movements, denies that a system which puts property above "the dictates of natural justice" is the right system or a tolerable system. The Socialist theory, alone of all theories, is that the sacred thing is man, not property, and that the only essential guarantees are those which assure "natural justice" to every human being in all his relations to all social, industrial and political institutions.

"The right of property does not rest upon the dictates of natural justice," says the courts. "The right has its foundation in the fundamental law. That can be changed by the people, but not by Legislatures."

A very significant phrase. A very suggestive phrase. It can indeed be changed by the people. And the people are very likely to exercise their privilege in a somewhat rude and sudden fashion. When they get through

things that do not "rest upon the dictates of natural justice" will have to voyage forth into space.



Observe also the result of the campaign waged by the reformers to bring about some change for the better in the child labor horrors in Indiana. Any attempt to check the frightful rapacity which leads capitalism to coin the bodies and brains of little children develops an instructive situation.

### Child Labor and the Reformers

Child labor is one of those matters for which capitalist sophistry fails to furnish an excuse. The people, bound to the tense struggle of life under capitalism, blinded, deadened, brutalized, are easily lulled to quiescence by shallow catch words. If a measure can be veiled by the press in smooth phrases, if a crime can be palliated in plausible periods, the tendency of the great majority is to leave it to the tender mercies of the thimble riggers. The public, under present conditions, generally lacks the leisure, the opportunity or the impulse to examine into the vast complication of industrial affairs.

But the question of child labor is too simple, too naked, to admit of veilings and apologies. All the rose water ever sprinkled cannot make it tolerable.

When child labor is threatened its supporters and beneficiaries are called into the open. They must stand up and fight for their right to kill souls and bodies of the most helpless; they must defend their method of stunting the mental and physical capacity of the next generation, of inflicting permanent injury upon the race; they must definitely argue for the privilege of making imbeciles, criminals, prostitutes and consumptives by the batch.

And this is a notable thing, for a clear, straightforward issue is one of the rarest of phenomena in the maze of shuffling lies in which we constantly grope.

Indiana had been very backward in child labor legislation. In several states laws have been obtained, not, indeed, abolishing the damnable institution, root and branch, but lessening some of its more vivid cruelties. In Indiana but one unimportant measure of protection had been vouchsafed the children of the poor against the avarice of the employers—children under fourteen years of age were not permitted to work in factories.

After years of work, of agitation, of strife, of bitter opposition, the reformers got their bills before the legislature.

Instantly the employers were in arms. They came up to the capital with their lobbies and their lawyers, their backers and their bank rolls. They were there to see that child labor was maintained. And maintained it was.

One provision of the reform bills was the abolition of night work for children under sixteen. It was hotly contested. The glass manufacturers declared that night work was a fine thing for boys. It was all they could do to suppress the superabundant health and spirits of their own child employes. They drew a picture of night work in the glass factories that would have made a saint in paradise gnash his teeth.

"Why," said they, "the boys sing so loudly at their tasks that the neighbors complain, being unable to sleep for the joyful chorus."

In spite of this touching plea for childhood's happiness the measure went through.

It was next proposed to limit the weekly working hours of children under sixteen to forty-eight. The indignation of the employers knew no bounds. What? The eight-hour day? Outrage! First thing you know the labor unions will be demanding its themselves.

So for their benefit a neat little joker was inserted in the forty-eight-hour provision, "Except with the parents' consent," in which case the little victim was to be allowed to work fifty-four hours.

Hell rings with laughter at such a manoeuvre. What chance has a family, forced to send its children into the factory to scrape a bare

living—what chance has it to withhold consent to the fifty-four-hour week? What hollower farce could be played than the request of consent by the factory manager who holds the family in abject slavery?

But the real triumph was won by another joker even more insolently conceived. Farm labor and domestic service were exempted from the operations of the reform act as a matter of course. Even the reformers expected that these two occupations would be favored. It was too much to ask, they admitted, that the agricultural and domestic employes, forming such a large total in the population and being for the most part individuals of small means rather than corporations of large means, should be forced to dispense with the services of little children for stated hours each day.

By the insertion of a few words in caucus at the last minute the canning industry succeeded in getting itself included in this exemption.

It was a neat stroke for the canners, worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars to them. Not only did they dodge the new reforms, but they dodged the former regulation which forbade the employment of children under fourteen years of age at any time and which they had previously had to obey. Alone of all factory industries of the State canning escaped the mild prohibitions imposed by the reformers. And in addition it obtained a rescinding of an even more primitive reform which was enacted twelve years ago.

The net result for the reformers was legislation which did not reform and which actually permitted one of the large industries of the State to reintroduce child labor conditions long supposed to have been abolished!

So much for the reformers in Indiana.

What is the use of doddering about with these kid-glove amateurs, these silk-stocking philanthropists? They never achieve anything. They cannot achieve anything. Very excellent and generous souls they are, no doubt, but after every credit has been allowed them for their admirable intentions they remain as a drag, an obstacle and a weariness.

They never get at the root of the matter. They never get beyond the idea of making capitalism be good. They never advocate any real changes. They are true friends of capitalism, seeking to tint its ugliness, to cover its hideousness with leaves and banners, to make it sweet smelling.

They could be ignored if they were not such a persistent source of trouble in checking popular radicalism. While they raise their clamor about details, while they create a diversion for the liberally inclined who think with half a brain, the strength of capitalism increases, the evils of capitalism gather, the poor become poorer, the rich become richer, poverty increases, crime increases, disease, insanity, pauperism, ignorance, inequality, injustice, oppression, brutality increase.

No true advance toward a solution can be made as long as these cologne sprinklers can get a hearing. No remedy will be forthcoming until the people brush these buzzing pests aside and stretch forth a mighty hand to destroy the whole rotten fabric of capitalism that not one stone of its structure may be left upon another to show where it stood.



### The Cat's Paw



It is perfectly well known to all observers who have an opportunity, however slight, to get at the meaning of events that scarcely any move in the vast world game of politics is taken without the direct command of the big money powers.

When the move occurs there is usually a carefully prepared mask of ostensible purpose behind which the real purpose is secretly accomplished. The cable syndicates, the news associations and the press are manipulated to

keep the real purpose hidden and the ostensible purpose prominently displayed.

It is not often that a bold step, such as the administration has taken against the Mexican revolutionists at the behest of the world capitalists, is accomplished so openly, so insolently, with so little pretense and sham. The traditional method in this case would have been to work up a popular frenzy in this country against the revolutionists by false accounts of atrocities, of murdered Americans, of tortured women and children, of savage barbarities until public approval of a warlike demonstration could be obtained. In the present instance the demonstration was made first and the campaign of jingoism is now being operated in belated justification.

We may hope some day to get at the real activities behind the scenes that preceded the peremptory order to The Putterer to throw the military force of the United States upon the border.

We may base this hope on the fact that we are beginning to get at the real activities that preceded the last great international capitalist crime—the suppression of the Boer Republics.

A remarkable book has just been published by Sir William Butler, acting governor and high commissioner of Cape Colony during the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the South African War. He shows beyond any shadow of doubt that that war was the result of a deliberate capitalist conspiracy, endorsed by the rulers of Great Britain. With exact care and historical accuracy he piles up the proof that for years it had been the purpose of the big money powers and their tools in office to force the Boer Republics into war. He establishes permanently what has been generally believed that the republics were picked out as victims and that nothing they might have done could have saved them from their fate.

One brief extract will give an illuminating detail of the vast plot by which financiers in counting room brought on the slaughter of tens of thousands of men and added billions of debt to the burden supported by the English working class:

The Cape Journals had noticed one morning in their usual style that the mayor and municipal council of Cape Town had carried without opposition a strongly worded resolution condemnatory of the government in the Transvaal, but a day or two later it transpired that the resolution had not even been presented to the council and when it was presented, the presenter was found to be the only member in its favor. The end sought was to get the falsehood at once on its way to England, and trust to the twenty days' start the cables would have in misleading the public opinion at home before any refutation could overtake it.

This, of course, illustrates but a minute detail of the sinister game played by the masters. It was necessary to excite the British public to a pitch where patriotism would appear to demand the war and where recruits would come forward as food for powder. The thing was done, we know how well. The diamond mines and the South African markets were gained by the capitalists, the boilers of Great Britain found graves on the veldt and one more gigantic crime was chalked up against capitalist civilization.

Possibly there is some man now behind the scenes in the present Mexican demonstration who will be sufficiently informed and sufficiently honest to let us know some day exactly what took place at the White House while the world capitalists were giving The Putterer his orders and preparing to use the United States to pull their Mexican chestnuts out of the fire.

It would be good reading. If the author could give us an authentic picture of a President of this republic taking instructions from the emissaries of J. P. Morgan & Co., the Rothschilds and the Deutscher Bank we should be bound to regard it as one of the greatest contributions to history.

What some sculduggery of a vitally interesting kind went on is certainly obvious.

The public debt of the United States:

1793	.....	\$ 80,352,624
1812 (Second war with Great Britain.)	.....	45,209,737
1816	.....	127,334,933
1835 (War with Mexico.)	.....	37,513
1851	.....	62,304,796
1857 (War against slavery.)	.....	28,699,831
1866	.....	2,773,236,173
1891 (Spanish War.)	.....	1,546,961,695
1904	.....	2,304,697,418

Time for another boost.

# P O W W E R

BY BERTON BRALEY



DECKER woke up smiling. It was the smile of a full fed cat who had devoured a large family of succulent mice. That sort of smile, is all right for the man who wears it, but scarcely the most engaging kind for the beholder. However, there were no beholders.

When sleep first lightly lifted itself from Decker's heavy lids, he could not exactly analyze his satisfaction. Something had occurred which gave him reason to smile, he recalled, but his drowsy brain would not immediately reform the image. He knew that he awoke satisfied with the world—Ah! the World, he remembered now. Not the World, but *his* World.

For it was *his* world, absolutely. Every wheel that turned, every soul that toiled, did its work for him. How those billionaires had cringed and wilted in his presence the night before when he had made it plain to them exactly how they stood. He chuckled, for it truly had been amusing to see and hear these masters of the world quaveringly assent to his every word—a word backed by his demonstrated control of the wealth of the globe.

Patiently, cunningly, by daring, by stealth, by craft and by force, Decker had made ready for last night's coup, and now he was supreme, as he had planned to be; master of all men, overlord of even the swollen plutocrats who, up to last night, had divided the industrial and financial—and thereby the political sovereignty of the world among them.

For governments, Decker knew, were mere forms and fetiches, blinds to deceive a people who must not be allowed to see the naked power of capital, which had long operated the puppet kings, presidents and dictators of various continents. And where a dozen strong hands had controlled this mammoth power until now, Decker alone had grasped it all.

"Old Jove himself was no more powerful than I," he whispered, staring through half-shut eyes across the great chamber at a painting of that deity in council. He might have compared himself to one even greater than Jove, except that somewhere deep within him he feared to blaspheme a power in which he believed that he did not believe.

Lazily he reached for the button that would summon his valet and as he pushed it, he smiled again that smile of the gorged beast of prey.

Simpkins did not come at once. This was strange, for Simpkins was always a perfect servant, who never made mistakes. Decker was slightly irritated, but he more or less patiently pushed the button again. Simpkins he knew, slept always in the small room just without his own door, and this paragon of servants must, for once, have overslept.

There was no response to the second ring. Decker began to lose patience. He rang steadily for three minutes. Then he shouted: "Simpkins?"

When the silence closed about his angry bellow, Decker snorted and reached for the telephone on the table at the head of his bed. He put the receiver to his ear and waited. The instrument was dumb. He yelled "Hello" thunderously, and he noticed that the usual vague but vibrant hum of a telephone wire was lacking. Evidently the line was out of order. He would have it looked to. That the bell which summoned his valet and the telephone which reached all his estate and the outside world—*his* world, he remembered again, with satisfaction—

should both be out of order argued that some mechanic was confoundedly careless. He would have the fellow fired.

For a bachelor of forty, who has been for years of indolent bodily habits, and used to the ministrations of an incomparable valet, to get out of bed in a cold room—for the room was cold—and wake his valet, does not tend to increase his amiability. John J. Decker was not amiable at all when he banged his valet's door open and prepared to land

closet and put on his dressing gown. He couldn't find his slippers.

The bathroom, into which he walked, was cold and the chill which shot through him as his bare toes touched the tiles was unpleasant. He thought, involuntarily, of the little child, with pitifully thin shoes, whom he had seen standing on the cold pavement in the city the night before. It must be uncomfortable to wear such thin shoes on a stony pavement. Doubtless the chill could be felt right through the soles. Well it was *his* world, now; perhaps out of his sovereign graciousness, he would provide charity for such as suffered thus.

Almost cheerfully, soothed by the thought of this noble resolve, Decker turned the warm water faucet and stepped into his bath. He stepped out again, hastily, and with a yell. The water was icily cold. He let it run for five minutes, and it merely grew colder. He tried the shower and it was no better. His cheerfulness vanished. Wrathfully, but without dignity he pattered to the closet, dug himself up a business suit and put it on, though he had difficulty in providing himself with a tie and collar because he did not know where Simpkins usually kept them.

Clothed and in an evil mind, Decker strode out through Simpkins room into the upper hall. He gave the push-button of the automatic elevator a vicious jab, but the elevator, three stories below, refused to ascend.

"Howells!" he shouted.

"Perkins!" he half-shrieked, when Howells failed to respond, and "Hawkins!" he barked, at his failure to arouse either of the other foot men.

The house—which was, he noted, very cold—echoed in a hollow fashion to his voice, and no one came. As he started down the stairs, his hand touched the electric radiator and the steely chill of unheated metal explained the coldness of the hall.

He rushed through the corridors, the dining room, the music and drawing rooms, the kitchen and everywhere about the house. He knocked at and then thrust open the door of his secretary's room, to find that chamber in disorder, and his right-hand man gone. He shouted, he banged on doors, he trotted about like an aimless child, he fretted and fumed and swore, but he found no sign of life in his vast castle until one of his colliers thrust his cold nose into his master's hand.

He was getting frightened—in fact, he *was* frightened. That a man's whole household should thus without warning disappear, and a man wake up to find himself alone and cut off from communication with the world, was a circumstance to upset the calm even of a man who was—as he recalled with a jolt—*master* of that world. It was against all the probabilities of the universe, but it was true. He objected to this in-raction of the rules of the universe by other people. He himself had succeeded largely by breaking the rules, but that was the divine right of the great, not the privilege of the ordinary fellow.

Snow had fallen in the night and the walks outside had not been cleaned. The huge stable, the garage and the aeroplane shed, appeared as deserted as he felt in the house. He plunged out doors to tramp about a bit. He wanted to learn the cause of this tremendous practical joke if he could.

All he learned was little. His horses were gone, and from his automobiles, and his aeroplanes the spark plugs were missing.

"They needn't have bothered to take those out,"



It was an unusual experience to carry up one's own wood

upon Simpkin's with all the weight of his displeasure, and most of his avoirdupois.

But there was no valet upon whom could be visited either displeasure or force. The room was empty, the bed badly tumbled, as though there had been some sort of a struggle. The master of the world was troubled. This silence about him was most appalling—and he was shivering in his thin pajamas.

He rumbled his hair thoughtfully, but though he was alarmed, he refused to allow himself much perturbation. He would not get excited about a little thing like the disappearance of a valet. It ill became the master of the world to feel or exhibit emotion. Nevertheless the master of the world was wildly wondering about his situation as he pattered to the

said Decker to himself. "I can't run any of the confounded things myself, anyhow."

Somebody had apparently planned to maroon him in this estate of his while they got back the power he had wrested from them. He had no doubt that Horgan was the instigator. Horgan had certainly been restive during that meeting. Yet it was hard to believe that Horgan could have thus planned and executed such undertaking in so short a time, and he was absolutely certain that no one knew, before the meeting, of the coup Decker had planned.

Whoever had brought the thing to pass, Decker had to admit to himself, was a great man. He felt a secret admiration for the man who could thus carry out a conspiracy. Here he was, tied up on his own bit of ground, one man in a wilderness, stripped in a night of the means of transportation and of communication. He had no servants to aid him, no telephone to talk through, no autos, horses or aeroplanes to travel with, and the roads leading from his house were almost blocked. He had wanted to have his castle isolated—and it surely was.

Hunger assailed him when he returned to the house. The icy air was too inhospitable, however, and before he began the hunt for food he made search for wood to use in one of his grates. It was an unusual, but not such an unpleasant experience to carry up one's own wood to the grate, he decided, after he had built and started a fairly workmanlike fire; but the satisfaction of the job was not enough to still the cravings of his appetite. He left the hearth and began his quest of food. Compared to his cupboards, old Mother Hubbard's were loaded with luxuries. He found not a bone.

Decker grimaced at this. Though master of the world, he couldn't get anything to eat. His servants had not only left him, they had left nothing else. But he'd be hanged if he intended to starve or to give up. He would show his enemies. They might be making cataclysmic havoc on the stock

market, but the minute he could get where his hand was on the levers the little cataclysms of his foes, would be swallowed up in a cataclysm of his own which would make them realize what trouble and disaster and ruin truly were.

It might be ten miles to the village, but he'd walk it if the drifts were six feet deep, and he'd hire a special train and land in New York to blow the pygmies who sought to balk his will clean off the earth he owned. It was by getting out of tight holes that everyone thought too deep for him to emerge, that Decker had become master and he would climb out of this as he had all the others.

Under the fat that lack of exercise and too much good living had put upon him, Decker nourished still a vitality and a strength that few men could boast. He rummaged the house for a sweater, a short quilted jacket, and a pair of hunting boots and thus equipped for the fray with winter, he gave a whoop like a boy and fairly jumped into the deep snow that blocked his path to Deckerville. For a mile or two he wallowed in the snow with something akin to joy in his own fitness, despite the years he had been living softly, but when that first flush of vigor was gone and he began to flounder in the drifts, and his breath began to come pantingly, and each of the hunting boots weighed a hundred pounds, he longed for some one to disregard the "no trespass" signs which he had put up, and drive into his private road to rescue him. He scanned the sky for some low flying aviator who might see him and pick him up; that aviator would be a decidedly lucky man, for Decker was not in a position to haggle about the price of passage.

There was no such help; Decker had to push and trudge and leap and stumble and flounder his way to the village, and it was a very weary man who sank into the nearest chair at the door of the little village hotel late that afternoon.

When he had recovered a little of his breath and

a portion of his strength, he sat up, straighter and looked for the clerk. Evidently the clerk was not in the room, for his usually smiling face and cringing form were missing from behind the counter. Decker glanced about the office, and noted that it seemed filled with strangers, lean, stern faced men whom he did not recall as residents of his village. They lacked in the deference and awe ordinarily occasioned by his presence in town.

"What's the matter here? Where is the clerk?" he demanded, loudly.

One of the men who had been reading a paper looked up casually and volunteered: "Clerk's quit."

"Quit, eh!" Decker shouted, in his worst manner. "Well, where's the new clerk?"

"There isn't any," replied the stranger, and returned to his reading.

"Look here, fellow," began Decker, more insufferably than ever, but the man shot a glance over the edge of the paper of such quality that the blustering millionaire at once changed his tone. He realized that this was not the sort of "common person" he was used to meeting. He moderated his tones and altered his form of speech: "I beg pardon," he said, "but would you mind telling me why the clerk quit?"

"He struck," the workingman replied.

"Well, where is the manager?"

"He struck, too."

"The cook?"

"On strike!"

"Why are they on strike?"

The workingman looked at him smilingly.

"Your name is Decker, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, that is why you don't know about this strike; and with that the workman turned again to his paper. There was nothing very abrupt or discourteous about his act, but he made it very plain that the conversation was closed.

(To be concluded)

## Collecting Taxes in Russia

By Edgar White Burrill



**T**HE words "collecting taxes in Russia" do not convey at all the real situation; for taxes instead of being collected are extorted at the point of the bayonet. The peasant must pay or die. And even if he pays, he must often starve; for after he has sold for a song his hard-earned crop, he must frequently get rid of nearly all that he owns besides in order to meet the exorbitant demands.

In the remote provinces of the interior, instead of the armies of secret spies, shadowing and arresting men and women "suspects" by the tens of thousands, and herding them, like cattle, in crowded, filthy dungeons; instead of those other armies of stationary guards and wardens worse than brutes, beating and torturing and shooting these innocent prisoners; instead of these armies of the cities, there are the equally disastrous armies of minor officials, escorted by numerous soldiers, periodically bleeding the peasants to death. In these districts there is no need for a warfare by massacres; this is a more secret and sinister battle.

It has been shown elsewhere how the prisons of the cities are infinitely worse than ever before, crowded as they are to three times the number held even in 1905, and holding in many cases four hundred per cent more persons than their intended capacity. This has been admitted officially. There was no such over-crowding when George Kennan went through the empire nineteen years ago and told of the terrible conditions then. Now, as a result of the congestion, the prisons are hot-beds for typhus and scurvy, and healthy prisoners are frequently

forced to remain chained to the dying victims of disease, there being no accommodations for the latter in the hospital wards.

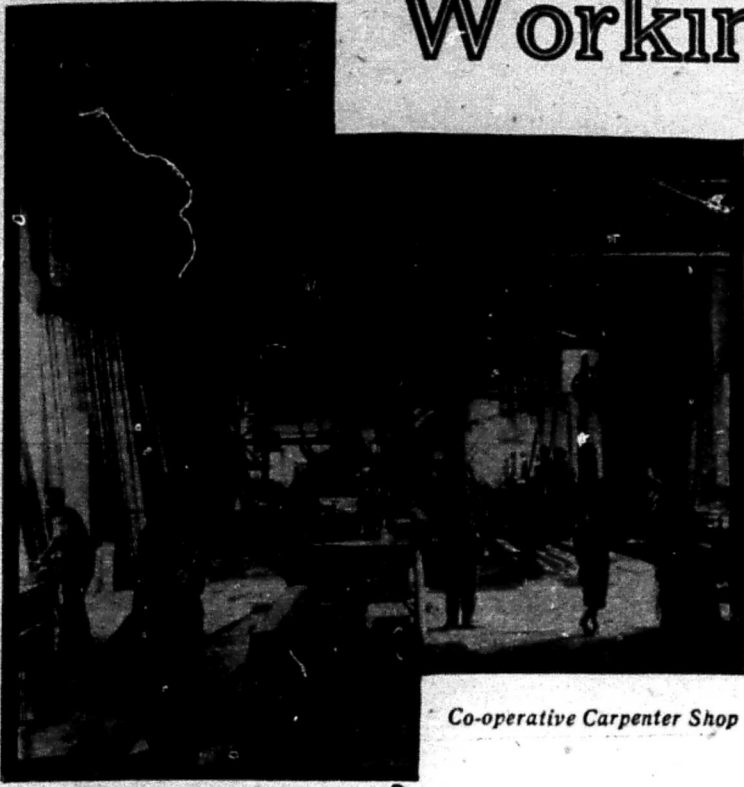
But the conditions are little better in the open country. Here among the peasants the pitiless columns of the tax-collectors have left as wide a devastation in their wake. In the interior provinces it is estimated that more than 700,000 peasants and workmen, unable to pay the impossible levies, have been thrown out of their homes, every scrap of their belongings being sold for tax arrears, at ridiculously low prices; and they are now forced to wander, idle, starving, homeless, over the desolate steppes. They had not been able to pay the taxes previously because of the failure of their crops the summer before. This was the case in the two provinces of Smolensk and Minsk, which were visited by the writer in 1909. It is true of many others. Yet M. Stolypin ordered the arrears to be collected by resorting "to all measures the governors of these provinces might find necessary." They carried out his instructions most drastically, flogging the peasants in great numbers, selling their grain, their stock, farm buildings, and all—the entire earthly possessions of each family bringing only from one to three dollars—thereby compelling them to become outcasts and vagabonds.

Here are four typical cases, all carefully verified, of the pitiless methods of the police to instill respect for the government tax agents: In the village of Demianovka, the chief of police ordered four peasants, one of them seventy-five years old, to be brought to the manor-house and flogged. After being given over one hundred strokes apiece, they

went home in a cart on all fours, unable to sit or to lie down, and covered with blood. In the village of Mayanovo, the village police and one hundred Cossacks went from hut to hut, flogging every one, including women and little children, and carrying off all they could lay hands on. Four of these peasants were afterwards sent to a hospital half dead, and scores were wounded and permanently disfigured. In Trahaniotovka, the peasants, unable to raise half enough money from their crops to pay the taxes, began to cut down part of the adjacent forest, hoping thus to sell the wood and obtain the necessary sum. Saharoff, the deputy head of the district police, who came at the head of a considerable police force to stop them, had nearly every person in the village flogged with iron rods and the even more terrible *nagivas* (a whip of knotted cords), and arrested five leaders. These five men were then tortured and sent to prison, where they are now reported to be in a dying condition. In the government of Kieff, some peasants who objected to the home-robbing methods of the "punitive expedition," were sent to the local prison. There a slight fire broke out during the night; they were suspected, were beaten till their bones were bared, and then shut up in unheated cells. That night another fire broke out, and the wretched prisoners were again beaten till they gave information of the real culprit—a girl of twenty. This girl received five hundred strokes, dying the next day in terrible agony.

(Continued on page 10)

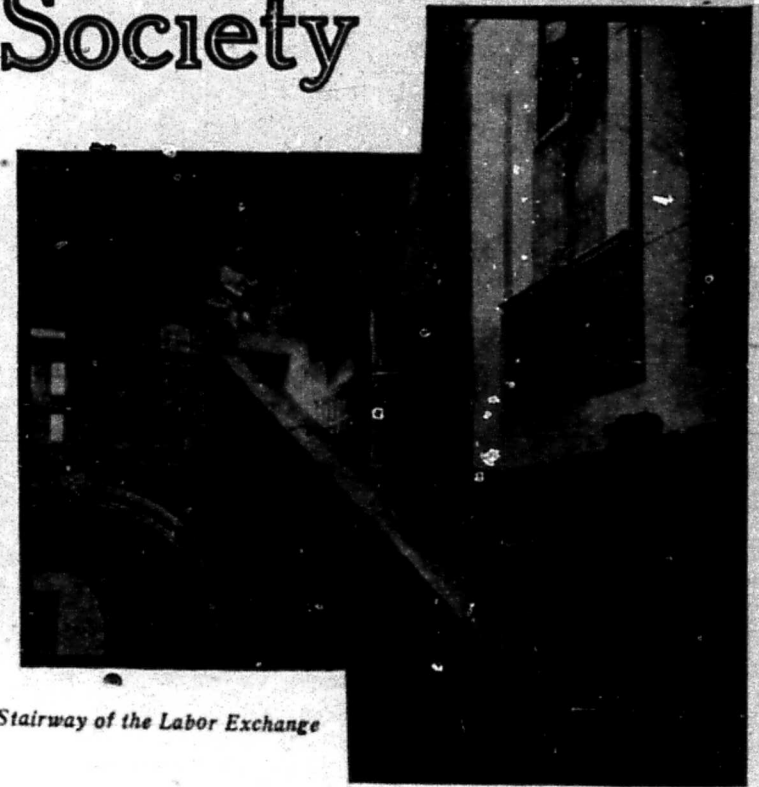
# Working Out a New Society



Co-operative Carpenter Shop



Railway Bridge constructed by Co-operatives



Stairway of the Labor Exchange

## By Odon Por

**T**HE provincial administration of Reggio-Emilia, one of the most fertile agricultural districts of Italy, has recently been conquered by the Socialists. On the one side this means the end of twenty-five years of continuous, methodical agitation and preparation. On the other side it is the beginning of a new era of positive, constructive work, based on the physical and mental foundations laid during that twenty-five years.

A quarter of a century ago reaction ruled without dispute in this section. The working population were completely beneath the control of their exploiters. Socialist propagandists were persecuted, and the first Socialist organizations arbitrarily dissolved by the authorities. The peasants were kept in mental, as well as bodily, slavery by the land owners. Bound by a host of feudal traditions, which no one dared to violate, the workers toiled on unresistingly, ignorant of their legal rights or of the possibility of any revolt.

These few pioneers of Socialism kept on at work. They were undaunted by any obstacles. They set about building up a proletarian consciousness from the very foundations. Just how fundamental their work was, is learned when we know that they first had to teach the peasants how to read and write. To do this they established evening schools. In these the workers obtained, not only the elementary essentials of knowledge, but the first dim beginnings of a social consciousness.

The ruling class felt the threat which these gropings after intelligence portended. They did not yield their ruling position without resistance. There were defeats as well as victories for the Socialists in the long battle. Whatever the immediate result, the militant minority never grew discouraged. Today, they see, as a result of their efforts, the proletariat of Reggio-Emilia the dominant, moral and political power in the provinces.

The mute slaves of yesterday have not only enforced the rights and liberties which belong to them, but of which they had been defrauded under the old regime. They went further and created new rights which their political control and their economic power will now enable them to enforce.

### Socialists in Control

The Socialist party controls twenty-eight seats in the provincial administration against twelve which were retained by the clericals. They gained this victory through the support of the economic organization which they had created. With this central government in their control, they can strengthen and enlarge existing economic organizations and add many new ones. By the use of the power which they now possess, in the Socialist spirit, for the benefit of the collective whole, they can bring still wider masses of the people to their banner.

They are now in a position to carry out their program of municipalizing public services, together with the production and sale of the necessities of life. Previous attempts in these directions have been met by the united resistance of the middle and upper classes. While these controlled the provincial administration, Socialist ideas made slow progress. To be sure, as has been pointed out in previous articles, many things were done even before the government was captured. Now, with fourteen cities and the provincial administration under Socialist control, their plans can proceed almost unhindered.

The ever increasing cost of living is due in no small degree to the speculation of private capitalists and inequality in distribution. In many localities the municipalization of the making and selling

of bread, meat and milk has brought about a decline in the prices of these products at the expense of parasitic middle men and the exploiters.

The mass of the people are at last beginning to grasp the point upon which the labor exchange of Reggio-Emilia has insisted for years. This is that an even greater tribute is, in many cases, paid to middle men and speculators than to the industrial magnate, and that there are two antagonistic interests in every worker; one interest as a producer seeking to extract the greatest value from a given position and the other the interest of the consumer. Hitherto lazy and resigned, exploited without resistance, under present conditions the workers of this district have found that whatever they gain by organized resistance in their unions is taken from them by the horde of middle men. Organization is not only to get more directly, but to make the additional income bring more pleasure and to reduce the energy which must be expended to obtain a living.

### Producing to Suit the Consumer

The labor exchange of Reggio-Emilia is trying to subordinate the distribution of goods to the consumers and to organize all industry from the point of view of the consumer. To do this it proposes to bring the eighty thousand people, directly dependent upon an affiliated organization, into one body of consumers. It proposes to put all the vari-



Central Store of the Federation of the Co-operatives at Reggio-Emilia

ous proletarian productive organizations upon a basis fixed by the organization of the consumers and to regulate the activities and the earnings of the co-operatives of production in reference to the needs of the co-operatives of consumption which will represent the whole working population as a collective body.

The whole idea may be summed up as a proposal to subordinate production to consumption and to manage the production of goods in the interest of the consumers. The organizers of this movement are not blind to the practical difficulties in their way. Nevertheless, they are concentrating their efforts in this direction with the certainty that every step gained will bring to them the sympathies of greater and greater masses of the population. With the increased governmental power in their possession they can organize and protect the interests of the consumers by uniting the existing distributive co-operatives to a chain of municipal activities.

The provincial administration has control over the construction of public works, including road and bridge building, river regulations, irrigation works, trolley lines and railroad building. Henceforth all these works will be planned with little consideration

of the interests of the few big land owners and the industrial capitalists. They will be carried out by the co-operatives of labor who will do the work directly, retaining all benefits for the workers, and, at the same time, with less cost to the governmental body.

### Education by a Socialist Government

Provincial administration also has much power in educational matters. The clericals, who have hitherto been in control, did not seek to extend culture or increase the number of schools. They sought rather to keep the population in ignorance. They were especially neglectful of the mountainous districts of the provinces from which they drew their strongest support.

The Socialists will use the political power to further the enlightenment of the backward elements of the provinces. They will drive the clericals from their last stronghold, and give the entire population a common cultural unity.

The provincial government has one other very important function, which, under the direction of the Socialists, may be of epoch making significance. It possesses directly many thousands of acres of the most fertile land, and has the right to direct the public management of the land owned by the different municipalities, and, to a certain extent, of the great tracts of land owned by charitable societies. Hitherto, with a few exceptions, in the Socialist municipalities, these fields have been leased to speculators, always at a very low rate. These then sub-leased them, or worked them directly, with most wasteful and exhausting methods.

The Socialist administration is abolishing this graft and renting the farms to the co-operatives of the farm workers. In so doing, its enemies cannot accuse them of favoring a special class, since the co-operative farm benefits not only their own members, but also the community at large.

### Co-operative Farming

In the "Story of the Red Province," previously published in the COMING NATION, the value of co-operative farming was fully described. A few additional details may well be given here since they serve to bring the importance of such work more clearly to view.

The few co-operative farms in the province of Reggio-Emilia arose almost spontaneously in 1903 in response to the imperative necessity of the labor organization to meet the problem of unemployment.

Of the 160,000 adult men and women of the province, 90,000 live directly from the cultivation of the soil. Of these 90,000 people, 47,000 are farm laborers. These do not live upon the cultivation of the soil and have long periods of idleness.

The workers clearly saw that this unemployment was not due to over population, or lack of territory available for cultivation, but to the poor methods of culture followed by the peasants and tenant farmers, and finally, to the technical incompetency of the land owners. The unions of the farm laborers set about remedying these deficiencies through co-operative cultivation. One union leased about 750 acres from a Socialist municipality and began to put its ideas into practice.

The result of the first year has justified the claim of the unions. They have not only improved the condition of the soil and increased the output of the farms by modern methods of cultivation, but in so doing they have given employment to a great many more workers than was possible with the system of private cultivation, and by successful experiment stimulated the activities of other unions. The following year several similar co-operatives were founded, not only in this province, but in other

provinces throughout the country, and the number of co-operative farms has gradually increased every year since.

#### Increased Agricultural Production

In looking over the books of some of these co-operatives in Reggio-Emilia I found that they had been able to greatly increase the productivity of the soil. For instance, the co-operatives of Brugneto produced about fifty dollars for every hectare (2.47 acres) in 1907, but in 1908 the same fields produced eighty-four dollars per hectare. The co-operative of Campagnola increased the yield per hectare from fifty-six dollars in 1907 to seventy dollars the following year. The co-operative farm in Novellara in 1909 employed 165 laborers, a total of 8,500 work-days, or an average of fifty-seven days each. Since this labor was largely additional to their regular work, which, on the average, amounts to not more than 150 days per year, it will be seen that the result was a considerable addition to the income of each worker.

In 1909 the agricultural co-operatives of Reggio-Emilia paid out 500,000 dollars in wages to farm laborers, and made a considerable net profit. At least two-thirds of this amount was paid out on account of the more intensive cultivation, and was thus a clear addition to the social product as well as to the wages of the farm workers.

The success of these collective farming enterprises is principally due to the excellent technical management. They do not divide their fields into small individual lots, but cultivate the whole collectively. Expert farm laborers, or a committee of laborers elected by the assembly of the members, has charge of the technical management of each farm. The director of the Federation of Agricultural co-operatives is a university graduate. The workers called him to this position because they realized that with his wider opportunity for study and practical experience he is more fit to judge the various and complicated technical and legal problems which arise in such a vast federation. The workers bring an enthusiasm to their work for the Federation that is wholly absent from private enterprises. In time of threatened flood they worked incessantly, night and day, without pay, in the building of dams that saved their collective property.

#### Summary of Results

These co-operatives have accomplished much more than was ever hoped for. They have eliminated the profits of the tenant farmers. They have given employment to large numbers previously unemployed. They have done this partly by the introduction of better technical processes, partly by the extension of the fields to be cultivated, and partly by a generous division of labor through which short shifts were given to many workers instead of long shifts for a few.

They have done far more than this. The workers have themselves been transformed by their work. While they were the hired hands of the peasants and the land owners, they remained almost entirely unskilled. They knew nothing of a wider relation between the various factors of production, and very little of the technical and business side of agriculture, while they had slight interest in the quality of the work done.

The new collective labor has brought a sense of responsibility, a knowledge of wider relations and a close interest in the results which has turned their attention to the technical and economic problems connected with their work. When they assumed collectively the functions of the land owners and the tenant farms, their enterprise became everywhere a nucleus of collective progress. They developed a public opinion which insists upon intensive cultivation of all farms, even those in the lands of private owners.

These results have been so clear and so common that many scientists, in no way connected with the Socialists or co-operative movement, including one man who is now minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, have recognized these co-operative farms as the beginning of an economic and social transformation. The scientists were particularly impressed with the contrast between the farm worker, who, but a few years ago, was merely raw labor power, and the enthusiastic member of the co-operative farm, who not only does his work with a new and almost marvelous precision and rapidly, but who has become inspired throughout with a new spirit. These observers have defined this new attitude of the workers as "the new poetry of work."

Participation in these collective enterprises brought home to every worker the recognition of the fact that through co-operative activity the whole of society must be transformed. They drew from their work not only a new personal dignity, based upon the fact that they felt their social ideal materializing around them, but it also aroused in them a new social consciousness and a spirit of the enthusiastic propagandist.

Collective farming in Italy has come to be something more than an excellent remedy against unem-

ployment. It has become a platform upon which to struggle for the re-organization of society.

Hitherto the greatest obstacle to these desires has been the determined refusal of the land owners to lease their farms to farm laborers. Now the Socialist administration having control of the governmental power may, without alteration of the present laws, procure large tracts of lands for a long period of years for the co-operatives. It can also assist them to overcome another hindrance which prevented a more rapid development. The government can now advance them the necessary capital for starting new enterprises.

Thus we see all the different branches of the movement—the unions, the co-operatives and the political party reinforce each other and bring material and moral strength to the working class in preparation for the final battle. These activities create among the workers a capacity for carrying on the affairs of production and this, not alone for their own immediate benefit, but also for the general benefit of society, for if social progress can be measured at all, it must be by the standard of an increased production due to more scientific organization of the material and moral factors of production, and not by the greatest possible exploitation of the bodies of the workers.

### The National Conscience

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

Now and then the expression "national conscience" is heard, but nobody ever explains what it is.

What is a national conscience? At first blush the thing looks easy, for everybody knows what a nation is. A nation is a collection of people all of whom salaam to the same organized set of politicians. And everybody knows what a conscience is. A to tell them what is right and what is wrong. They act according to their judgment, not according to their conscience.

And so with a nation. Nations recognize no superior. At any given moment each nation is posi-

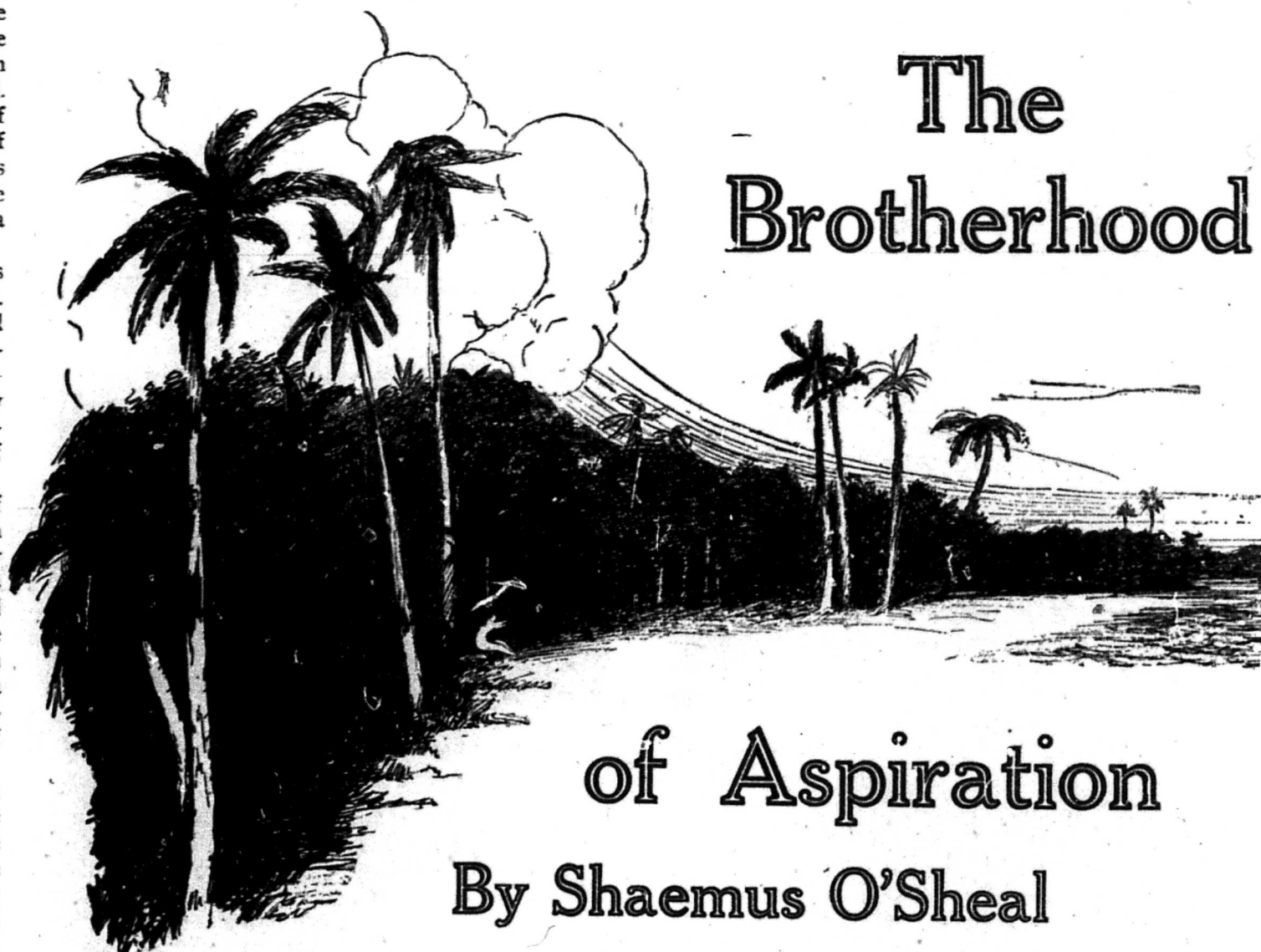
tively and indisputably the best of all nations, past conscience is that obstacle which prevents you from doing something desirable, because somebody else has told you it is wrong.

In view of these facts, is there any such thing as a national conscience? Probably not. Individuals have consciences because individuals are divided into classes or caste. These classes are always of two generic kinds: Those who are authorities in their respective fields and those who recognize the authority of the others. The authorities always provide the consciences of those who recognize authority. The lower the class the more receptive of authority are they. Men in authority, such as lawyers, preachers, politicians, kings and potentates of all kinds have conscience to a minimum degree. Considering themselves superior persons they do not allow others or present. It is a law unto itself. It exists in and for itself. It recognizes no authority except its own politicians. Therefore, a nation has extreme difficulty in acquiring a conscience. So long, for instance, as America recognized allegiance to England and was not a nation, so long as it recognized the divine right, big stick and other traditional obstacles to independent movement, America had a very nice conscience. With the Declaration of Independence, however, we reduced our conscience at least 75 per cent. Something like a conscience seemed to remain in the Monroe doctrine, but with the acquisition of "our island possessions," even that remnant has disappeared. The Philippines now have a conscience which prevents them from throwing off our benevolence, just as Canada is still conscientious in her dealings with King George, but this is because the Philippines and Canada are not nations. They are dependents. They are told it would be wrong to writhe and so they are quiescent.

Nations may be diplomatic, politic, shrewd, arrogant, cautious, calculating, conceited, what you will, but conscientious never.

There is a higher law than the constitution

—W. H. Seward.



# The Brotherhood

## of Aspiration

By Shaemus O'Sheal

*Little brown brother on some coral isle  
Over long leagues of the sunny world from me,  
Nakedly, joyously riding over the waves  
To bring home stores of fish to her you love,  
Whose lithe brown limbs and firm brown breasts  
are yours*

*In the long hours of starlight and of rest—  
I, who can never see you, nor but guess  
Dimly at all your strange free passionate ways,  
I who am one of this insatiable race  
Whose souls gigantic build impossibly great  
And sink and dwarf beneath what they have built—  
I who have not your freedom, sun and wave,  
Limbs naked to the winds and passions frank,  
Who have instead the elaborate gloze of the arts*

*And myriad guards against the stings of life,  
And yet am not so joyous—Brother, I,  
Across the world, across all time, across  
The incredible guif of custom, greet you now,  
You and your Love; and she who is my Love  
Greets you with me, because in spite of all,  
We know, we feel, we thrill to feel that we  
Are one indeed in that which only matters,  
That aspiration which began in night,  
But yearns and burns and will set upward always  
Thru dark and doubt and sin and our despair,  
Until some perfect day shall be attained,  
Sunlit with wisdom; then shall love be winged,  
And understanding perfect, and divine  
Free energy shall build the house of peace.*

# THE RACE IN THE RUNNING

BY  
ALICE SPENCER GEDDES



THE twentieth century race—the race that kills—is on. Every man, woman and child is in it—somehow. (Except those restrained in jails and asylums and the sick-abled; and they don't count.) They have to be in it. Their names are entered early.

## Single Entries—the Girl

Here is a girl who qualified the night she graduated from the high school.

Along with considerable many others, I was invited to go to her home ahead of time and fall prostrate before the gorgeousness of her graduation dress. She stood in the center of the parlor on a spread-down sheet. I estimated that on her person, as she circled around for the admiration of the assembled relatives, she represented about one-fifth of her father's income for the year. Her dress was of white silk net over taffeta. Drawn through the net—as her mother proudly informed us—were fourteen dozen yards of baby ribbon. The lace that edged the ruffles measured twenty-four dozen yards. Her petticoats were profusely trimmed with lace and insertion. Her stockings were silk. Her slippers and long white gloves were suede.

Her father—late home from the city where he had delayed to buy flowers for her—joined the group. The bedecked young woman had no sooner glanced at the flowers than she threw them on the down-spread sheet. "Sweet peas," she cried, "When every other girl is going to carry roses." She hurried from the room to hide her tears of vexation and disappointment. But she recovered in time to go to the hall in a carriage, brought for her by a boy in her class. Her family trailed along on foot.

That girl had been thrust into the race so suddenly, by her mother and three hired seamstresses, that she had let go her hold on perspective. And she never found it again. Because, unfortunately, that boy who brought the carriage had money—and she married "into" it. (That is the expression, isn't it when a young woman joins herself for life to a bag of gold. She married "into" money.)

## Single Entries—the Boy

The boy with the bag of gold was the son of a self-made man. A plebian man, self-made by means of (dreadful to relate) *soap*. Yes, *soap*. Not even toilet soap, scented; but common, unrefined, bright yellow *soap* with which the washwoman reddens her swollen hands.

He and the girl—four years later and two days before the date set for the wedding—went to the senior dance at Harvard. They were trying to make their way through the crush out into the yard, when a man in cap and gown stopped them to introduce his father and mother.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the father. "Aren't you the son of Matthew Carterson, the soap man?"

"Some distant relative," replied the youth and changed the subject. The boy knew that the girl knew, but even that knowledge could not force him to admit that his father was a self-made *soap* man; a man who tucked his napkin through the upper buttonhole of his "vest," and persisted in reiterating, "I done it." The girl was not shocked at the repudiation. It did not seem to her that he could afford to admit it. She would hesitate some, herself, to acknowledge her own father, who dealt in a blood purifier.

The boy, like the girl, entered the race early. He qualified in his freshman year, when his father agreed to give him annually, as a personal allowance, \$5,000.

On class day, the boy had a "spread." He hired,

for twenty-four hours, a furnished house on Craigie street. The color scheme of the house was not to his liking, so he summoned a corps of decorators who replaced the dark hangings with delicate draperies of white and yellow, festooned with smilax, orchids and roses. A band of fifty pieces and an orchestra of one hundred pieces alternated in furnishing the music. The chef—sent for from New York—with the assistance of innumerable cooks and waiters, kept the small tables constantly supplied. Valets, maids and various sorts and kinds of flunkies standing around everywhere gave an atmosphere of unadulterated wealth to the whole affair.

To a group of us, who were looking on from the recess of one of the windows, the father said: "I suppose Mat is happy now. But somehow I



Mentally he was defective

can't enjoy it. I keep thinkin' of how many hungry children this \$10,000 would feed."

Yes, Mat was happy. And he carried it off beautifully. For he was a "gentleman," immaculately groomed, manicured and massaged. He knew just how to carry it off, because he had been born after his father's primal struggles at hard-work were over, and he possessed all the ease and the grace that come so naturally to the "second generation," when that generation has the somewhat questionable advantage of spending the money it did not earn.

## Double Harness Entries

They married. This boy and this girl. And they carried the bag of gold between them.

The wedding was ultra-ultra; a churchy-receptionary; flowery-satiny; cut glass and silvery; orchestry-ushery wedding. A great big lark of a wedding; a rice, confetti, old-slipper frolic to which were invited as much of the general public as the church and the home of the bride could contain

without suffocation. A joyous frolic which ended in a sudden stillness when the carriage rolled away carrying in it two extremely tired and excessively embarrassed young people who for the first time wondered what in their new relationship they were going to find to say to each other; what this tremendous change in both their lives was going to do with them. It seemed strange that they had never thought of that in the exciting days and nights that had gone before; days of luncheons and linen showers; nights of theaters and balls.

No one had ever taken the trouble to tell these two runners in the race that the rules for double harness entries were different. No one ever thought of hinting such a thing. It seemed to this girl and boy that they had gone through all the needful preliminaries. The courtship was quite proper with its announcement dinners and congratulatory "teas." The solitaire ring was entirely adequate with its blaze of rainbow colors. The minister had said the usual words—the wedding march was played. At the reception, there was nothing lacking. Everything was perfect, don't you know?"

And yet—in that shadowy carriage, in the grip of the reaction—they both realized that there was something they had forgotten. It was not the bag of gold. The boy had that—as of old. It was only the awakening they had forgotten. That was all. The girl discovered it first, but she silently postponed facing its illusions until after the honeymoon. But once settled in her new home, she and the awakening were face to face. She had packed away her crumpled tulle, her crinkly satin, and her faded orange blossoms. She was a thousand miles away from her father and mother. Her boy had changed into a man; a man absorbed all day long, off down town somewhere, with "stocks and pars and margins," whatever those might mean.

There were no more cuddlings in the parlor, with the lights turned low. No more whispered nothings about blue eyes, curls and dimples. Instead, of an evening, there was a big, huge masculine creature in the arm-chair—in the full glare of the wedding present lamp on the table—reading baseball. At least, the girl supposed it was baseball, for she could see on the open newspaper, a picture of a man with a bat. She had on her prettiest of pretty dresses—the one he liked her in the very best of all. Her hair was piled high and was fluffy—just as he often said—

But she absolutely will not cry. Of course not—so soon. She will read as he does. But she doesn't want to. Not

a little bit.

## The Baby Strapped to the Saddle

By and by, the "little one" came. The layette was imported from Paris. The bassinette was lined with lace that cost many dollars a yard. Everything was as delicate and as dainty as the bag of gold could buy.

He was the most beautiful Matthew Hurlbert Carterson ever was. Just all pink and white. His eyes were blue as the skies. His dimples were deep-set and puckery. Take him for all-in-all he was about the most perfect baby I ever looked upon. That is, the most *physically* perfect baby. Mentally, he was a defective. He is three years old, now, and he has never yet shown any signs of intelligence. Everything except eating, sleeping and breathing passes him by. An extra special specialist has pronounced the decree that, after years of training by experts, the boy may be able to ply some trade with his hands; some purely mechanical trade like basket-

weaving which calls into use only the brain cells of instinct and habit—traitors of vision hewers.

"Why—why is it?" sobbed the mother to me. "He has everything to live for. Why—why must it be?"

"Dearie," said I, "Have you ever heard of Eugenics?"

"No, I don't think I have," she answered. But I wouldn't have named him Eugene, anyway. It's such an old-fashioned name."

#### The Final Heat

But the boy has heard of Eugenics. He has made it his business to find out about it. He has discovered, what nobody thought to tell him, that parents who are related and come from the same tainted stock, seldom produce other than defective

children. He and the girl are cousins and they come from the strain that for the past two hundred years has been in the habit of contributing at least one person from each generation to an insane asylum as a life tenant. He knows now why there will never be any intelligent Matthew Carterson, 3rd.

He has given up "stocks and pars and margins." He has traveled in his private car out to Cold Spring Harbor, where the Eugenic laboratory is. He has stayed there weeks at a time, studying this science of the improvement of the human race by better breeding. He has established three homes for defective children and has installed in each one of them as many attendants as he had at that class day "spread." Everything that can be done to make those thwarted lives more endurable, he is

doing. He has no longer any interest in the twentieth century race as it is in the running. He has dropped out. His life-work is laid on another track.

The mother came to see me the other day. She came in her largest touring car. In it were four sole-leather trunks.

"May I have them brought in?" she asked.

"Certainly," said I, although I was somewhat dubious as to the meaning of this sudden deluge.

"They are clothes," she explained. "A whole lot of evening clothes. I can't bear to give them away—and I can't have them around. And—well—you see—at least. Keep them for me. I can't wear them. I—I just can't."

So, she too is out of the running.

# The Savarkar Affair

By Jean Longuet

European Correspondent COMING NATION.

The International Board of Arbitration at The Hague has just decided that the revolutionary Hindoo refugee, Damodar Vinayak Savarkar shall not be surrendered to France. This decision has aroused lively criticism in the European press. The decision is interesting to Socialists in more than one aspect.

First of all because it affects the respect of nations as to the right of asylum for political refugees, a right that is of great importance to the Socialists and respecting which the Chicago Socialists gained so decisive a triumph in the Rudowitz case two years ago.

Second, because agitation in this matter has been from the very beginning the work of Socialists. It is due to the Socialist party of France especially, that the Savarkar case was brought before The Hague Tribunal.

In fact, when Savarkar escaped from the English steamer, *Morea*, by swimming to the harbor of Marseilles, where he was captured a few moments later by the Anglo-Indian police and carried back on board the *Morea* with the aid of a French gendarme, M. Pesquie, the first to protest in France were the Socialists. Following the campaign carried on in *L'Humanite* by the writer, and following the intervention, on his initiative, of Jaures before the minister of foreign affairs, M. Pichon, the latter informed the French ambassador at London of the affair and it was finally decided that The Hague Tribunal be called together.

The jury was composed as follows: President, M. Bernaert, a well-known Belgian statesman; Judges: M. M. Gramm, a Norwegian juriconsult; de Savornin-Lohman, a former Dutch minister; Louis Renault, a renowned French international juriconsult and professor at the University of Paris; the Count de Dusart, an English jurist enjoying great credit at Lincoln's Inn.

France appointed Professor Weiss of the University of Paris to represent her before the Tribunal and England appointed Mr. Crowe, a very clever and cunning barrister.

The personal and political friends of Savarkar charged the writer, Jean Longuet, to defend Savarkar's interests, and as far as the Tribunal would permit, to present before it the arguments that would work to his advantage.

The Arbitration Court opened on the sixteenth of February in the temporary quarters assigned while the palace, due to Carnegie's millions, is being completed. The petty mysteriousness, and the intention of the Tribunal to conform to old diplomatic prejudices in conducting the session, was immediately evident when it was decided first, that no attorney for Savarkar would be permitted to appear, since the Tribunal could recognize only the representatives of sovereign states. Second, that all argument should take place behind closed doors—beyond control of public opinion and the press—in the clandestine way pleasing to disciples of Metternich and of Talleyrand.

The arguments in the case were accordingly heard behind the hermetically sealed doors of the little hotel of *Princegracht*. The *memoires* that I had prepared in the name of Savarkar were simply presented to each of the members of the Tribunal and the official French and English jurists. I dare say they caused some impression.

In the *memoire*, after having recounted the past life of Savarkar, young law student, twenty-nine years of age, a native of the highest hindoo caste, the *Brahmin-Chitpavan*, and his militant activity in the revolutionary movement since his twenty-second year, I exposed the circumstances under which he had been arrested in London, March, 1910, on his return from a trip to Paris, accused of plotting against the British government in India, preparing an insurrection, and finally "complicity in murder." This last accusation had a very fragile basis, founded



Damodar Vinayak Savarkar

only on the fact that a British official in India, a Mr. Jackson, had been killed, in December, 1909, at Vasik, the native town of Savarkar, near Bombay, with a revolver which a traitor to the Indian party declared to be one of twenty sent to India by the young Nationalist agitator to aid the revolution.

The decision to transfer Savarkar to India had already been effected by a complicated procedure at London. His friends had fought energetically to have the case tried in England, since the greater part of the evidence presented had been gathered in London, at the "India House," where Savarkar

resided from 1906 to 1909, together with other Indian law students.

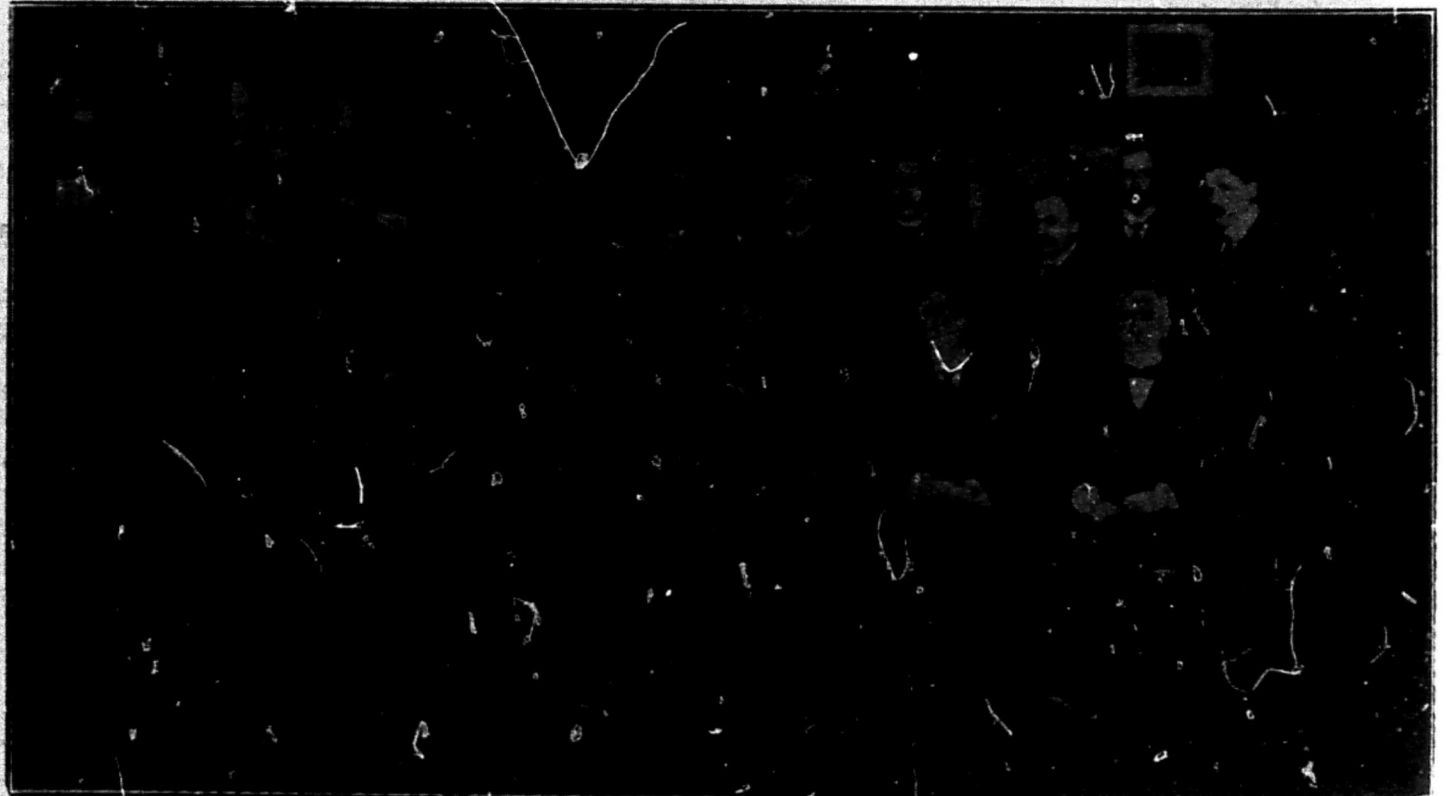
Finally the "King's Bench" decided that Savarkar should be transferred to Bombay to be tried, but not until one of the judges, Lord Coleridge, had spoken bitter words on the legality of the procedure and the abnormality of the new laws of exception, which had in India, "incontestably suspended some of the most essential rights of the British subject."

It was after this decision that Savarkar was brought on board the *Morea* and escaped several days later to the harbor of Marseilles, in the manner already told. From the careful investigation of the circumstances of the escape, where the episode took place, it has been incontestably proven; first, that the political Indian refugee, Savarkar, had been captured on French territory at Marseilles by Anglo-Indian police and forcibly carried back on board the English ship; second, that while admitting that the single representative of the French authorities present, a brigadier of the maritime gendarmes, Pisquie, had taken part in the arrest on the quay at Marseilles, his role had been inconsiderable, wholly of a secondary nature, limited so to speak, to a passive compliance with the activities of the Anglo-Indian police; third, that, even though this decidedly secondary support be given the value of an acquiescence, it could not in any degree involve the French authorities, the Brigadier Pisquie being simply an agent executrix; fourth, the assistance given the arrest by Pasquie was vitiated in its very essence by the fact that the gendarme was intentionally placed in error as to the real quality of the fugitive, as much by the instructions he had received to watch for "maritime deserters," as by the cries of "thief, thief," raised on the bridge of the steamer *Morea* by Savarkar's jailors.

Unfortunately, to these elements of incontestable fact, must be added others concerning the preliminary role of the French authorities, which was uncovered in the official documents exchanged between the two states, but which had been carefully kept from the public and even from Savarkar's lawyer.

Even before Savarkar had embarked at Southampton, the British authorities having learned that the Indian revolutionists had thought of releasing him in the harbor of Marseilles, communication had been established with the director of Public Safety, (chief of the national police) in France, and he

#### Savarkar's Judges



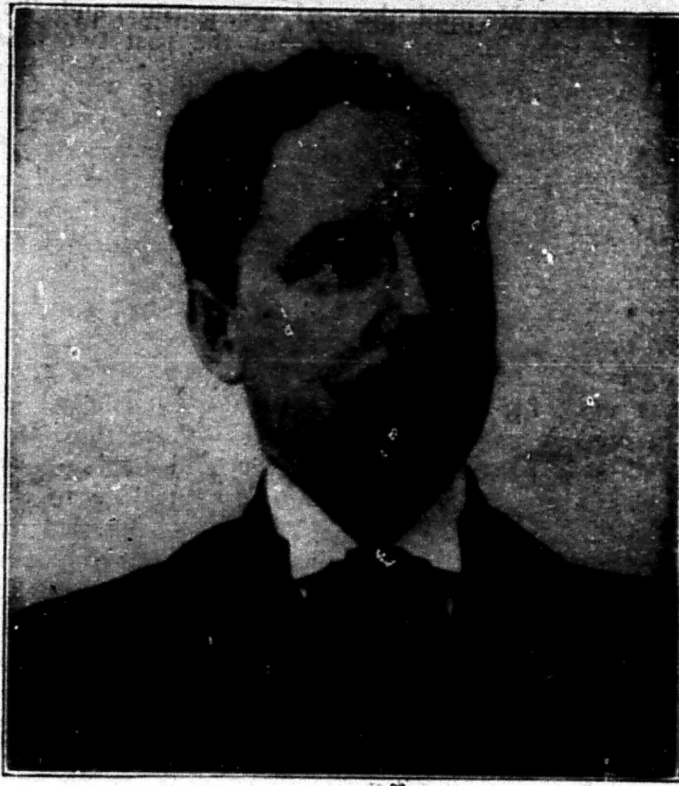
Seated, from left to right: De Savornin-Lohman, Holland; L. Renault, France; Bernaert, Belgium; Lord Dusart, England; Gramm, Norway. Behind M. Bernaert: Professor Weiss, France; M. Crowe, England; the others are English and French officials.



with the duplicity of the police of all countries, immediately hastened to take measures to prevent the escape of the Indian refugee.

The prefect at Marseilles, the central commissaries, and the gendarmes received orders to watch the *Morea* and the quay at the Marseilles port. Paris assured London that all precautions had been taken. Under these conditions it could be sustained that the French government had renounced in advance the obligation to give Savarkar the benefit of the right of asylum, and that the claim of the French minister of foreign affairs was in contradiction to the attitude of the minister of the interior.

Nevertheless when The Hague Tribunal based its decision not only on this preliminary attitude of the French government, but also declared that Savarkar had been taken on the eighth of July on French territory without fraudulent tactics, it did not take into consideration the incontestable fact that the Brigadier Pisque had been deceived by the Indian police as to the real nature of the refugee, whom he had taken for a malefactor under common law. He would doubtless not have left him in the hands of the police of the *Morea*, had he known the real facts. He would have taken him before a magistrate and then public opinion aroused would not have permitted Savarkar to be returned to his persecutors.



Jean Longuet

The Tribunal supposed, as one of its members avowed naively to Troelstra, leader of the Dutch Socialist party, that the French government had submitted the affair to the Tribunal simply to embarrass itself of the loud protests of the Socialists and to cover itself before public opinion with the judgment of the arbitration court.

In this way a deed was done that was absolutely contrary to the traditions of France and especially of England and the United States in the matter of the right of asylum for political refugees, a deed that will make all the supporters of international reaction rejoice. A little while ago, in the "Black Douma," a reactionary deputy of the "black hundred" dared to demand that Russia conclude a treaty of extradition with all the great powers in order to seize dangerous refugees that have escaped to London, Paris and New York.

"Caveant Consules!"

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

The greatest glory of a free-born people is to transmit that freedom to their children.—Howard.

# Demands Upon the American Conscience

An address at the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City December 18, 1910.

## By Alexander Irvine

ONE of the most remarkable things in history to me is the long suffering patience of the poor, of the oppressed. When Dickens wrote his "Tale of Two Cities" he spoke of fifteen hundred years that the French people had suffered patiently. When Victor Hugo wrote his great masterpiece, *Les Miserables*, he spoke of the same

thing. You remember how the old conventionist tells the good Bishop. "A cloud has been gathering for fifteen hundred years, Monsieur, and it broke," and it was a blessing to France. The Bishop did not wholly agree with him, but that is how it happened.

But there comes a time occasionally in the long suffering of the poor when by the merest accident that suffering ends, or the patience of it ends. In this country, with fully a hundred millions of people, surely we do not need history to repeat itself. Surely we do not need to wait for some great cataclysm, some social upheaval, some social accident, that would throw the whole gear out of kilter.

Do you remember how the French Revolution was precipitated? May I tell you in a word—remind you in a word, rather? Louis XVI. came into the Chamber of Deputies and he imagined that he was still master of the state, and when the deputies did not receive his address very gracefully, for they felt that patience was no longer a virtue, Louis XVI. put his hat on, a sign of disgust, displeasure, and all his retainers followed him as he left the king's seat and marched down the aisle. And somebody in the gallery shouted, "Hats off!" and the king was startled.

But there rose in that Chamber of Deputies a man who was to be the force, the concentrated force, of all suffering Frenchmen and women and little children, and the voice of Mirabeau said, "Hats on, everybody!" And the Chamber of Deputies rose like one man. It was their voice, and they put their hats on; and then Louis XVI. knew that the foundations of his throne had been shaken, and then French aristocracy knew that the proletariat at last had found a voice; and they were sorry they had not begun sooner to look after their conscience, in the feeding of the poor and the regulation of the social life and remedying the evils and the horrors of French life.

Surely nothing like that need ever happen in this country. I do not anticipate it. However, I do not think that we need to learn history over again.

Where shall we find the American conscience? It was a far tenderer voice than mine and a far more poetic temperament than mine that said, "The times are ripe, and rotten ripe, for change." Why are they? Because they are out of joint; because there is something rotten in Denmark; because there is a great mass of inarticulate feeling that is just beginning to find voice, just beginning to speak; and it is going to speak very loudly, and its tone may not be very pleasing and what it says may not be very gracious. Shall we wait for that?

Now I want to take two or three questions and very briefly review them, to show you what I mean by the immediate demands upon the American conscience.

Here is the question of American childhood; the

little children of the nation, who will be the citizens of tomorrow; the men and the women bearing the burdens of industry tomorrow. We want them borne manfully, womanfully, intelligently, and how are we going about it?

Surely you do not need to be told how we are treating little children in this country. There are at least a hundred societies, all over the states and territories and in the great cities, interested in the life of the laboring child. Their publications are multitudinous; they have piled up volume after volume; and fifty years before there was any society thinking and writing about the life of the laboring child in this country, one of England's greatest statesmen had spent already forty years thinking of the little child, the little children of England. The Earl of Shaftsbury had spent the greatest part of his life speaking to the conscience of England about her little children, of how, in her mad rush to become wealthy, in the mad rush of her master minds, her master men, to get money, to get luxury, to get comfort, England had forgotten the little children of the poor. And her great masters could not be forced to think of that.

Well, now, when must we expect, or need we expect, accomplishment to follow knowledge? We know that all over this country little children, who ought to be in school, are in the shops and in the factories; particularly cotton factories, and when they were banished out of New England they went south, but the same man owned them, and we have, to speak conservatively, a million little children, who instead of being in school and at home are wage laborers.

There is an immediate demand now, irrespective of party, irrespective of church; there is an immediate demand now for the American people, in their mad rush to be wealthy, to stop and think of the stunted lives of little children. They are to be the mothers of tomorrow and the fathers of tomorrow and we want to give them a fair show.

Poets and painters and prophets have painted for us, they have carved in marble for us, they have sung in song for us—Jesus and the little child on his knee. The churches, all over the world, have that picture; they love it; it is the tenderness of the Master, Jesus. But are we church people—and I include myself, of course—are we church people not perfectly content to have the mere picture presented to us, when the nasty fact underneath our noses is that we are destroying the lives of the little children, by putting them out to make capital, to make profit, to make dollars out of their little lives when they ought to be at school?

Well, I will not say so much about the little children as I will about the babies, the babies under one year of age. I had in my hand this morning a volume of four hundred pages, the proceedings of a convention of physicians, philanthropists, investigators, wondering how we are going to prevent infant mortality. They said that a hundred thousand little babies under one year of age in this country died every year, and largely because of malnutrition; 15,000 of them died in New York

City. The doctors say the milk is bad and the poor people cannot pay for modified milk. The doctors who have been discussing this thing say the tenement house is another cause; dirt, congestion, malnutrition; all sorts of prenatal maladjustments; and some of our philanthropists have been deciding how long the mother need be away from her work to give birth to a child.

Do we want to conserve life, or would we rather conserve trees? Is a baby worth as much as a slice of a forest? And to whom shall we look for the advocacy of the little child that cannot speak for itself, whose mother cannot speak, whose father is a dumb piece of some machinery; to whom shall we look for the championship of these little ones? Who will be a Gifford Pinchot for the children? Who will call a great convention of the men who make our laws, who will stop the president of the United States and say, "Little children shall not be murdered?" Who shall do that?

Do you care? How much do you care, that there are mothers who cannot bring up their children? Do you care that in this book it says of the Israelitish mother that she "laughed at the days to come?" Why did the Jewish mother laugh at the days to come? Why? Because back of her and the coming of her boy, of the coming of her girl, stood the Jewish commonwealth, stood the solid Jewish church, and the Jewish church could go into politics without anybody criticising it; and it was the whole thing.

Now, if I could stand up here and say of the American mother, "The American mother in 1910 laughs at the days to come," I would be a very glad man. But neither the Jewish mother, nor the American mother, nor any other mother, can laugh at the days to come in the chaos of modern social life for they know not what day or hour somebody will wreck a chain of banks, somebody will smash the financial order, somebody will have a run on Wall street, and the whole thing go into chaos, and bank presidents commit suicide, and depositors stand up all night around the block, waiting and hoping that perchance when the morning dawns there will be something left for them. No stability, no assurance of the future.

To leave the little children and speak of another helpless class in American life: I don't believe that in the jail system of Russia—and we usually think that is the worst—I do not think that the jail system of Russia is quite as bad as the jail system of the United States. For we have said in America, all of us—none of us can be excluded; you can't stand up and say it is this man's fault or it is that man's fault; I speak collectively—we of the United States have said, "Now, as long as you are in here, we are going to make money out of you," and in all the jails of the southern states, they very largely run the machinery of their government by hiring out the prisoners to the corporations. And it is very easy to be a convict in some parts of this country, exceedingly easy—and it depends somewhat on your color, too.

But the jails are full. I don't speak from books or reports in this case. Four years ago I worked as a laborer for the Tennessee Coal & Iron company. I went into the stockades where the Tennessee Coal

& Iron company work their convicts. I had worked in their free camp, and then I wondered how they treated their convicts.

I imagined that I was of the ordinary type of American citizen, I thought I knew something about prisons and prisoners, but I declare to you that I had never up to that moment discovered that they treated prisoners in American jails as they did three hundred years ago in medieval times; stripped them naked and beat them with a cowhide until their backs were cut and bleeding. This one particular state, the state of Alabama, made three-quarters of a millions dollars out of her convicts in one year, and that ran the machinery of her government a long time.

Now let me tell you, so that you need not think that I am the most critical of that system of treatment of prisoners in jail, the prison physician of that particular stockade that I was in told the state of Alabama, in his annual report, that it would be more humane to tie a rope around the necks of prisoners and take them out and shoot them—and he was a southern man—than to treat them as they were; put them in a place eaten up with tuberculosis, half starve them, and then put them down into the bowels of the earth and force them, on this mere pretext for food, to produce five tons of coal a day.

I did not believe a thing like that existed in this country. It exists in nine-tenths of the southern states. And don't let me appear to believe or appear to say that that is a southern question; not at all, for I discovered that every batch of convicts ill-treated in the south had a northern financial connection somewhere or other. It was not a question of sectional treatment, of the south or of the north. It was a question of money, purely. These men had to produce wealth, and they usually produced it for northern men, and that is the condition under which they produce it.

Not only is the whipping a thing that ought to appeal to the American conscience in the twentieth century, but the contract labor system by which a contractor, largely by the influence of political pulls

with the state authorities, gets the contract to have his clothing manufactured in the prison, or his shoes, or his machinery, and then they work the convicts to the very limit. Life is of very, very small moment there. I think at this moment of one jail that I saw in the city of Baltimore. The city of Baltimore has the only Roman Catholic Cardinal in this country, and the Cathedral is a very unpretentious building with a very low dome; and about two or three blocks from the cathedral is the state penitentiary of Maryland, built as a monument to the warden, after twenty years of the most brutal work that I have ever heard of in my life or ever read of. He makes crime pay, makes it pay well, in the Maryland penitentiary, in the very heart of Baltimore, next door to the cathedral, a rival. He is said to have expressed the desire that every man coming into Baltimore harbor could see the cupola of the penitentiary as he came down the ship.

I leave that class of helpless citizens, men who have violated the canons of our laws, and take another class, not of helpless citizens, but of our citizens that are what they are because of what conditions are.

I hold the view that Victor Hugo held concerning his wonderful character Fantine; I hold the view that our social order produces on the streets of our great cities, through economic pressure, through economic maladjustment—produces and perpetuates—that species of human being. We church people will support an open door, a home for these people, but we are not likely either to give our money or our time or our energy to preventing Fantine from going on the streets. Now we say that the social order, the social order that is cruel to the little child, that is cruel to its working class—perhaps unconsciously so—that is cruel to its womankind, that is cruel to its prisoners, we say there is something the matter with it.

I tell you what I think is the matter with it. I think that a right thinking citizen, of course, is the salt of the earth; a man who isn't thinking for himself; a man who is fighting the battle for his

brother; a man who is content not to be successful; I think that kind of a citizen is the salt of the earth; and I think the world is rotten just where the salt of the earth has not been thoroughly rubbed in.

Now I am not going to ask the church to enter into a political program or to join a political party. I want to announce to you, as quietly; as gently, as I possibly can, that the only class of people, the only political party, that has taken all these churchly things unto itself, bears a name that to most of you I apprehend is what the Christian name was in the Roman Empire in the first fifty years of our era. It is what the name Universalist was a hundred years ago in this country. It is what the name Unitarian was two hundred years ago in this country—misunderstood, and what was understood of it was not very kindly received.

In the Socialist party, rubbed into its program and the passion of its very soul, is the liberation of the little child and the liberation of woman and kindness to the criminal and a fair, square show to the producer of wealth, and that is our program. We are not saying, "Lord, Lord," but we are working mighty hard to bring his kingdom to pass; and all we ask of you good people is, treat us fairly, squarely, and if you want to obviate the work that we are trying to do, then I invite you, in the sacred name of God, to get after the things I have been speaking of and you will put us out of a job.

How absolutely delighted I would be to have the church of God get up and take my propaganda from me and do it itself! How gladly would I lay down my arms and say, "Well, lo and behold the church of God has awakened!" and I do not need to cry like Kingsley:

"Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?  
Dark, dark night, wilt thou never, never wear away?  
Cold, cold corpse, in thy death sleep lying,  
Thy reign is past, thy passion o'er, but not thine  
Easter day.  
"Peace, faint heart; though the night be dark and  
sighing;  
Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself hath lain;  
Weep, dear heart, above thy bride low lying:  
Thy tears will wake her frozen limbs to life and health  
again."

## Collecting Taxes in Russia

(Continued from page 4)

The effect of such brutal treatment is far-reaching. The girl children of starving peasants become prostitutes in the cities, increasing the vicious conditions that already prevail there. The peasants themselves, constitutionally weakened, are rendered unfit, not only for military service in time of war, but even for further work as farmers. Then, when driven from their homes, they seek positions in factories, and add to the congestion of labor already existing, although few of them can survive such a change of occupation. But in spite of all this, the system of taxation must be made ever more severe in order to meet the demands upon the government: by the secret police for more and more funds; and it is the office of the agents' provocateurs to convince the government of the necessity for these funds. The whole process, then, continually undermines the empire; and it is always the peasant upon whom the heaviest burden falls.

One of the most pitiable results that accompanies such inhuman levies is the toll paid by the bodies of young girls. When the peasant, having paid his taxes, thereupon faces poverty and starvation, he seeks to bring in additional income by setting his children to work in adjacent towns. Factories there will generally pay more than could be earned in the fields, and so the parents let their girls go. It is always the pretty ones that are wanted, and they are usually so unsuspecting that deception is easy enough, provided the agent from the "factory" is at all clever. But sometimes the parent, desperate with hunger, will let the girls go, knowing the probable outcome.

The scandal of this white slave traffic makes our own seem insignificant. Yet a large part of the importation of human beings for the "red light" districts of some cities in the United States finds its origin here. Many of the girls, however, are shipped to cities as distant as Buenos Ayres and to resorts in Europe, the traffickers in bodies using Moscow and Warsaw as centers of supply.

Many of the victims, of course, are consumed by the establishments in the Russian cities themselves. The number of prostitutes thus created is enormous. In the city of Warsaw alone there are registered 55,000 "unfortunates," out of a population of 750,000. Of course, their ranks are swelled by the large numbers of city women and girls who are left without support when male members of the family are kept in prison week after week as "suspects." On the boulevards of Warsaw one sees soliciting done on a larger scale than in any of the

streets of Paris or London. There is an unending line of miserable women of all ages, and even girl children, ready to accost the passer-by, in order to obtain the wherewithal to live. After twilight this procession of body-lenders begins. It continues uninterruptedly till past two—a torrent of starving, beseeching femininity.

It must be remembered that the Jewish problem also vitally affects this matter. Besides the recruits from over-taxed peasant-villages and from unprovided city homes, the "unfortunates" include many innocent Jewish girls who must proclaim themselves prostitutes in order to obtain passports admitting them to universities and schools. In Moscow, for example, they must be thus inscribed upon the municipal registers, and thereafter subjected to the indignities of official visits and "inspections." The same regulation applies to working women, who must be similarly recorded in order to gain their daily bread legitimately. Many thus sacrifice their honor to gain an education or an honest livelihood.

The Jews generally are subject to many special taxes, over and above the usual levies. The Jew merchant must pay continually blackmail money in order to remain in business; and a Jew peasant has no chance at all. In Ekaterinoslav province there are 47,000 Jews. Of these, 31,000 must pay blackmail to the authorities each month. This gives them immunity from interference by government officials, from raids on their homes, from molestation of their business, etc. In Vilna, 40,000 of the 176,000 Jews pay blackmail. Besides these direct and semi-direct levies there are the authorized taxes and dues prescribed by the government. In 1904 in Ekaterinoslav alone, the Jewish merchants paid out over a million roubles (\$500,000) in blackmail money. In Odessa, 4,000 out of 7,500 are thus bled. In Kharkoff, 4,000 out of 8,500 pay. There are altogether 4,400,000 Jews in Russia, not less than 1,900,000 of whom are compelled to pay these ruinously unjust levies.

That the perpetual mal-administration in the matter of all taxes is having its weakening effect upon the empire even now can be shown in many ways. Upon the peasants whose food supply is thus over-reduced, the effect was ominously perceptible even at the time of the war with Japan. Their weakened constitutions could not stand any such unusual strain. Before the war was half over, more than 200,000 Russian soldiers had died from disease or had deserted, leaving but 250,000 at the front. Although it was asserted at this time that the Czar

could still muster 3,500,000 men to send to the front, as a matter of fact, he was unable to remove any of his standing army from the provinces, where they were stationed for fear of local outbreaks; and at the most only 300,000 were dispatched, or less than ten per cent of the estimated number.

Many of these few recruits were physically unfit at the start. In order to obtain them at all it was imperative that armed force and midnight surprises should be used. This was accompanied by many riots. The men were treated as prisoners and guarded by troops from the regular standing army until they had been locked into railway carriages and covered vans. Even then it was deemed expedient not to provide them with any arms until after they had nearly completed their journey, at Lake Baikal in Siberia. Almost all of these reserves were half-exhausted before they reached the firing line, half starved, undersized, and wholly miserable, and many times, diseased and dying. Naturally such soldiers had no respect for their officers, and there was no attempt at discipline, the men swarming from the train at every halt, robbing and begging from the inhabitants in order to get enough to eat, and sometimes murdering those who refused them aid. Then they were rounded up like cattle again, and driven back into their compartments until the next stopping place.

Another effect of the break-up of the peasant's home by war levies and continued over-taxation is the concentration in the nearest cities, not only of kidnaped girls, but of men as well. Leaving their unprofitable fields, whole families flock to the factory towns, clamoring for work. This adds to the labor difficulties in the industrial centers. Constantly in fear of violence in the factories, some of the authorities have given orders to strip and search all employes before they start work. This searching is always done by male overseers, even when the employes are young girls.

But the systematically tax-wrung peasants are not fitted to stand toil indoors at machines. Often exhausted workers, no matter how faithful they may have been, are discharged. Many times this premature incapacity is due to the long hours of labor, for with plenty of men in the market, the employes do not care about killing time-schedules. Before the famous strike, fourteen or fifteen hours a day was required of employes at the Putiloff Iron Works of St. Petersburg, which employ thirteen thousand hands in the manufacture chiefly of cannon and machine guns. The sky about these works is blackened with the smoke of innumerable chimneys, and one

is deafened at the very entrance gates by the roar of great machinery. How can the simple, country-bred peasant, enfeebled as he is, hope to endure this ominously man-made atmosphere? Yet here can be seen the gray, emaciated faces of the half-dead wretches, badly clad and almost starving, waiting by the factory gates for a chance to earn enough for a day's food. But wait: of this miserable, frost-bitten throng, only those are even temporarily hired who have the requisite bribe money for the gate-keeper and policemen. This fee sometimes takes the last hoardings of the poor peasant, but there is no alternative. As a rule he has not even that all-essential tip, and must wander around the streets until arrested by the pitiless police.

There is no likelihood that the pressure of taxation will be lessened. For, working hand and glove with the tax collectors are the *agents provocateurs*, as they are called, who make it their business to provoke violence of all kinds. These men are part of the secret police service, and as such they seek to have more and more of the public money lavished upon them—the money extorted from the peasants by taxes. But in order to secure these large appropriations, they must demonstrate the need of their own services. Hence, to afford activity for the large army of government detectives, these secret agents stir up riots and murders. They involve young and inexperienced men, peasants whenever possible, in various plots and then cause them to be arrested by their fellows, the secret police proper, who thus attain promotion and receive handsome money rewards. The tax-collectors, in turn, are obliged to keep up their extortions so that the government may have enough of these bonuses to go around, and that it may make further appropriations to all branches of the secret service.

The story of Azeff, the arch-conspirator and spy, is typical of the system; yet his was only one of the many counter-plots that succeeded in impoverishing the peasants and at the same time in undermining the revolution. It was these, perhaps as much as the actual slaughterings, that were an important factor in the great defeat, and they still constitute one of the greatest strangle-holds the government has. Azeff, it will be remembered, was for sixteen years the leader of the people, specifically of the social revolutionaries, and was the chief organizer of acts of terrorism, including the murder of the minister of the interior, Von Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius and others. But all the time, it afterward appeared, he was playing a double part, being in reality a secret spy, a paid agent of the Czar's own clique. With the connivance of the secret police themselves, Azeff killed these men, who were the Czar's most powerful supporters, sacrificing them in order to retain without suspicion his important place as spy in the center of the Social Revolutionary party.

Such official treachery seems incredible to us, but diabolical duplicity even worse than this is a common weapon of the rulers in Russia. Azeff and his followers were even allowed by the secret police to import into Russia revolutionary literature printed abroad, much of it coming from the Chicago headquarters, where there are now eighty of the Czar's special spies watching all refugees; they were allowed to organize workshops for fabricating bombs, being supplied with money to do so; and to organize, but of course to "discover" and avert at the last moment, plots against the Czar himself. Even "escapes" of the incriminated but unsuspecting agents were organized, when it was necessary for the secret police or for Azeff to spare some active fighting leader, only to hand him over later to a court martial to be hanged in twenty-four hours. In order to insure extra appropriations for this devilish work, a special paper was printed for the particular perusal of the Czar giving highly colored accounts of the activity of the revolutionists and of every arrest made, so that the Czar should be confirmed in the impression that the maintenance of the state of siege was necessary. He would then cause further grants of money to be made to them. Forged letters purporting to be from the revolutionists were placed under his pillow, under his dishes at table, in his coat pockets—all done to intimidate him still further and show him the indispensability of the repression regime. Thousands of men have been sacrificed every year in this way, merely to provide these *agents provocateurs* and their allies with plenty of money.

When Azeff's treachery became known for a certainty, many people, then bereft of all hope, committed suicide. One of them, a Russian girl in Paris, left this pitiful letter: "If this man, our leader, whom we trusted, is a spy, whom then can we believe? Our faith is gone. How can we continue to trust, or even to live?"

And Azeff, though the chief, was not an exception. The system includes hundreds just as base. Here are two others: In February, 1909, at a court martial in Vladimir, it was proved that Lieutenant-Colonel Zavarnitsky, head of the secret police there, had

sent threatening letters, revolutionary proclamations, drawings of bombs, and even real bombs, all purporting to come from "revolutionists," to each of the authorities, including himself; and upon this false evidence had caused wholesale convictions of innocent men. At a trial in Cracow, a prominent lawyer admitted that in Russian Poland he had several times seen *agents provocateurs* condemned to death for murders they themselves had organized, and that he had known them to be liberated afterward, and to appear as government witnesses in other trials. Maxim Gorky's book, "The Spy," is not an exaggeration. It tells the truth about this shameless system. These facts are so common in the Russian daily press that they have ceased to excite comment there; but for us, it seems well-nigh impossible in this enlightened age that such things should be carried on as a governmental policy.

With such traitors as Azeff for leaders, with equally unscrupulous officials having unlimited power over the life and liberty of all citizens, and with innumerable hounds of spies and wardens and tax-collectors, is it any wonder that the revolutionists, the members of the party that stands for progress, decency and reform, are being slowly choked to death?

One may search modern history in vain to find a parallel for the medieval barbarism of this black land. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition grow pale in comparison. Four or five years ago the people of Russia had some hope of relief; but now the government is tightening its hold upon the peasants at every point, crushing out what little organization they had already effected and sucking the life-blood from their defenseless homes. Special punitive expeditions are still being sent out to collect all arrears of taxes, the commanders of such expeditions being given full power. The minister of the interior in the most stringent way insists that these arrears be made good at once, even to the repayment of famine loans. In his own words to the governors of the provinces, he says: "It is absolutely necessary to take the most decisive measures to recover the famine debts, not only because this recovery would give the possibility of granting further loans in case of a future failure of crops, but still more so because it would produce a moral impression on the peasants."

But as a matter of fact all moral influence seems to have disappeared in Russia. There has spread abroad a feeling of utter contempt for human life; habits of vice and violence are encouraged on every hand. The situation is darker than it has ever been. All restraints and decencies of civilization are removed, without which there can be no development, either individually or nationally; and, worst of all, humanity the world over is menaced by this festering sore.

## Philosophers

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

"Are you the philosopher of whom I have heard so much?" asked the young man.

"Perhaps so," replied the elder man. "Many people have called me a philosopher, but that's nothing. Who is not called 'philosopher' by some one now and then?"

"True enough," responded the young man, "but to be called a philosopher now and then is not to be a real philosopher. A real philosopher is something different."

"A real philosopher is something terrible, my son," rejoined the other.

"Surely you are jesting," vouchsafed the young man.

"Surely I am not jesting. A philosopher is one who loves knowledge for its own sake, but knowledge by itself is nothing. It must be put to use for the benefit of mankind."

"That may be true," admitted the young man, "but as I understand it there is a place in the world for those who discover knowledge as well as for those who put it to use."

"Quite right. There is a place for scientists as well as for artists and artisans. But you should not confuse scientists with philosophers. Scientists love knowledge for the use that can be made of it. Philosophers, on the other hand, consider utility beneath their contempt. Accordingly they become scholarly snobs refusing to have anything to do with knowledge that is useful. They become so aristocratic and fastidious that the only knowledge worth their consideration is unknowable knowledge."

"It is very strange. It is paradoxical," mused the young man.

"You are right. It is a perfect paradox. These men who affect philosophy begin by wanting to know everything, spend their lives looking for that which cannot be known and end by knowing nothing."

## Good Returns From Onions

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

Onion growing is one of the best ways for getting returns from the soil. The crop holds third place among the truckers' profit-givers, in the United States. The yearly output amounts to about fifteen million bushels. That means an increase in the circulating medium, equal to probably ten million dollars, the direct result of a combination of soil, water and fertility applications, in the hands of men and women. One Oregon onion grower told me that he bought a farm for \$40 an acre and began raising onions. When his crops returned five hundred to seven hundred dollars an acre, the selling price of the land went up to seven hundred and fifteen hundred dollars an acre.

The story of the onion goes way back into the mysteries of ancient times. The bulb has always been held as a food for man and his family and as a medicinal agent of great value. In the hot countries travelers carry onions to eat at certain times to prevent thirst. Every old-time physician recommended onion poultices for various aches and ills of the human family. In modern days the uses of onions have multiplied and we, as a nation, import about one million, five hundred thousand bushels every year to supply the demand.

Any good garden soil will produce onions of marketable size and flavor. There was a time in history when people thought onions would not grow and mature anywhere except in the rich river bottom lands. Now onions are grown on sandy soils, clay soils and everywhere that gardens are cultivated. It is best, however, to plant onions in clean land, where there are no surface grasses and weeds to disturb the young plants. New soil, reclaimed from sagebrush, timber or prairie, gives good crops of onions. In the irrigated sections of the west, the first crops after placing the land under irrigation, should be onions and potatoes.

There are several varieties of choice onions. The Danvers probably takes first place on most city markets. The Weathersfield is an excellent seller. The Silver King is at the head of the white family. In the last few years the Brown Australian has taken a step forward. It is a most remarkably solid onion and yields heavily. The Bermuda has the record for producing the largest crops, growers having harvested nearly eighteen tons to the acre. When you consider that 56 pounds make a bushel, and the grower generally gets an average of one cent a pound, you can figure out that some men make big money from onion crops.

Onions may be grown from seed, sown in the field or garden, or from sets, or buttons, purchased at the seed stores. It is customary to sow four pounds of seed to the acre. That costs probably \$1.00 a pound. The work of cultivation, except in thinning and weeding, is done by horse and plow, or by hand plows and weeders. I use the hand plow, costing me three dollars.

The new method of onion growing consists in transplanting from seed beds and cultivating as any other crop. Seed is sown in small beds or boxes in early spring. When the plants are four to six inches high, they are taken up and set in rows eighteen inches apart, the plants being four to six inches apart in the rows. That insures a more perfect stand, better tubers and more uniformity in size. For a small patch it is best to mark out furrows with the hand plow, drop the plants in the furrows, leaning the tops upward and covering with the plow, that also fills the furrow.

The best crop of onions I ever harvested was grown from sets. I made furrows with the hand plow about eighteen inches apart, put in the sets, four to six inches in the row and covered first with leaves and then with soil. The onions were pulled and bunched and sold fresh in the spring. A small plot, planted in this manner, brought cash returns equal to \$1,000 an acre. I purchased the sets from a dealer, but the following season had my own sets by sowing seed thickly and allowing the young onions to ripen during August. They were kept over and planted the next spring.

Western onion growers market their bulbs in ordinary centals or grain bags. The onions are pulled from the ground, thrown into rows and left for a few days to dry. Then the tops are cut off, the onions graded and sacked and shipped to market. Prices range from one to two cents a pound to the grower. Many of the best onions are kept and set out in the spring to produce seed. There is always a good demand for choice seed and many hundreds of acres are devoted to that one occupation. For the man, woman or family, having a small piece of land that can be used for cropping, the onion offers an exceptionally good investment.

# The Coming Nation

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

By mail in the United States, \$1 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, 21-2 cents a copy.

Stamps must be inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The COMING NATION assumes no responsibility for manuscripts or drawings sent to it for examination.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## Vision of the Future Earth

BY SILAS HOOD.

I am looking into the future and I see a nation not having one case of poverty—not one.

I see a race of men and women perfect morally, perfect mentally, perfect physically.

In that new world I see hundreds of millions of happy smiling faces of men, women and youths.

I hear the merry laughter of children, the songs of birds and the chirping of squirrels, the huntsman's bullet and the shedding of blood is no longer a dread. The spectre of apprehension has long been unknown to man and beast.

This new earth is a garden of bloom, beauty and plenty; of music and song—a jewel crowned by man's skilled handiwork.

On all sides I see harmony of thought, harmony of action, harmony of relation, harmony of intention. I see cultured ladies and gentlemen, without exception, who would scorn to accept a service they would not be willing to return in kind.

\* \* \*

And there are some things I do not see. I do not see one hovel, or one woman or child at work in any mines, mills, factories, offices or fields. The twentieth century spectacle of disorder has been supplanted by model places of industry and million-acre farms and the world's work of the production of material things is being easily and speedily done by the harnessed forces of nature, automatically, un-manned by men.

\* \* \*

Neither do I see one case of tuberculosis, typhoid, nor any of the other and all preventable ills which now inflict the earth. Health there is universal and the secret of longevity is discovered. Life is everlasting, and life is as sweet as it is long. All of the emotions of this superior life are positive, the negative emotional destroyers of the electrons of life having been lost in the revolutionary uplift. Death and disease are unbelievable and unknown in this harmony of soul and flesh. Music is everywhere, its harmonious force being a recognized life builder. The constitution of the cell and the ultimate unit of heredity is no longer a problem, and life is a mystery no more. Man knows what he is, whence he came, and what his destiny.

\* \* \*

Prisons, jails, soldiers, police, warships, insane asylums, charitable institutions, cathedrals, hospitals, cemeteries, monuments, morgues, slums, saloons, courts, dirty streets, shoddy clothing, intemperance, brothels, politicians, bankers, grafters, money profits, millionaires and mendicants, and all the other ulcers of so-called present-day civilization are forgotten history in this new world. The record of all such evidence of riot had long been consigned to the shelves of antiquity. In place of all this the face of bountiful nature is dotted with spacious homes, magnificent public buildings and palaces of industry whose harmony of design and color is in perfect contrast with the bestiality of those things now seen in our modern Coketowns and Pittsburgs in the shape of hideous sky-scrapers, industrial dun-

geons, crowded business blocks and rows of houses unfit for use or shelter.

\* \* \*

And not one cloud of smoke do I see. Neither stacks nor chimneys adorn the buildings and the culm piles, once resembling great wounds in the earth, are now gardens of roses. It no longer is necessary to mine an ounce of coal. The forces of nature equipped by the genius of man now furnish light, heat and power without the aid of flame. A new world of scientific progress I see wherein the twentieth century laws of physics have been revolutionized. The energy of the sun is believed to be forever and forever enduring and that instead of a constant disintegrating mass it is a never ceasing dynamo or a mass of constant dynamic energy which forever keeps itself and the rest of the solar system in perfect equilibrium and harmonious relation.

\* \* \*

In this new world, life is a joy, not a brutal struggle; life is pleasure not discomfort and strife. There I see life with art and life with industry. Life without joy there is known to be savagery, and life without art is known to be brutality. In art in this new world I see the complete expression of man's joy in his labor. The struggle for existence has long been dead in the dust of ages. It is unthinkable amidst such harmony of thought. Really great problems are being solved and their achievement is sure. And on and on through all the centuries and centuries new and greater secrets are wrested from nature and are moulded into the beauty of life.

Ah, what a perfect race of men I see. I see a race so perfect as to be incapable of an impure thought to say nothing of committing an impure act.

I see man in this new world without envy without malice, without vanity, without jealousy, without hatred, without impure desire, without grief and without fear.

I can also see the observance of a code of ethics so different from the modern standard, that many things we now regard as wrong are there recognized as right; and many deeds we now accept as right, are known to be wrong. Truth is enthroned and superstition is a corpse of forgotten time.

I see before me a new world ruled by science, genius and love.

\* \* \*

I can also see traces of twentieth century cities in the way of parks, boulevards and squares, but not one statue of a war hero or a philanthropist. There are figures of poets, composers, scientists and other benefactors of human progress, but the statue of but one nineteenth century statesman is preserved. Lincoln is the name I read.

But the earth is dotted with the statues of another figure. It is the figure of a man with bushy hair and bushy beard. The living representative was a Jew as was the carpenter of Nazareth. There are four letters on these innumerable works of bronze and granite. The first letter of the group is "M" and the last of the group is "X." The inscription showed that this man lived and died in the nineteenth century. That posterity was indebted to him is manifest, and that his life work was recognized is equally sure.

\* \* \*

I see but one race amidst the bloom, beauty, music, work and song. Man there is of one color—white—the blacks and mongolians in the new environment having been assimilated by the more perfect expression of evolution centuries before. One language is spoken and each and all are citizens of the earth. There is neither Jew nor gentile, Mohammedan nor Buddhist—the race is a unit—it is one.

And does this ideal world contain a race of satisfied men and women? Is the mind of this most perfect expression of the great law of nature content? No, the human mind there is not content and the proof is there that it never will be as long as the world survives. Scientific activity is constant and is en-

couraged and applauded by the collectivity. The rearing of a more perfect edifice goes successfully and unceasingly on and on. Discoveries have been made of which we had not dreamed and grains of what our scientists believe to be gems are discarded as ballast. The greatest triumphs with—not against—nature are won. And still man found more wonderful glimpses of natural truth. The mind of man in this new world is constantly striving for higher, greater and better things. Man having been permitted to become so perfect morally, mentally and physically ever strove to make the world brighter than he found it. To seek to master the higher and nobler problems of life is the incentive that is moving this new world.

\* \* \*

If man should ever reach a plane of complete satisfaction and content the world would go back into the night. But do not fear. Human nature is all right; it is not even partly wrong. We do not have to change human nature. It is the one certain powerful force in speeding man on toward the heights of truth and justice, and he will not—he cannot fail. With this powerful force completely attuned there is nothing impossible for the human mind to attain if it is right that it should be attained.

And that new world I see is coming as surely as it has a right to come.

\* \* \*

And we students of philosophy who can see the coming of this new life that is to be, and who enjoy the majestic picture of the future so generously, have no more right to the privilege of this glorious vision than have you. Seek and learn. The proved treasures of man's master mind are for you as well as for those who have sought and found. The world is here for you to have, to hold and to enjoy. We are pleading with you. So come. Come!

\* \* \*

Why is it that I can see this vision of the splendor of a future life on earth and you cannot see it?

It is because I am—but I'll not tell you. It might offend you, and perhaps you would not understand. But you who are really class-conscious and have studied life from the right point of view will understand and will know what I am.

## Is It Absurd?

The following headed an article in the Times the other day:

**BOY GETS \$12,000 FOR A LEG**  
Son of an Employee of J. P. Morgan Wins a Verdict Against a Contractor.

This ought to be very encouraging to all the sons of the employees of J. P. Morgan. What matters if the only name mentioned in the headline was that of a man who had nothing whatever to do with the case? Magnates must be advertised and newspapers must toady.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it.—Chas. Macklin.

But war's a game which were their subjects wise kings would not play at.—Cowper.

Cherryville, N. C., Feb. 18, 1911.

The COMING NATION, Girard, Kan.  
Dear Comrades—I have just finished reading February 18th issue of COMING NATION. It gets better with each issue. I like it better than any other magazine I ever read. I would give a dollar a year for Charles Edward Russell's editorials.

I don't think I ever read a poem that stirred me like Berton Braley's "The Everyday Hero."

I believe, in a recent issue, you invited us to make suggestions for the improvement of the magazine. I have read the Saturday Evening Post, Hampton's, Cosmopolitan, Pearson's and numerous others, but I have no suggestions to make.—The COMING NATION suits me to a "T" as it is.

In my opinion when you went to press with No. 23 you had about struck what they call a "happy medium." It is the best balanced magazine I ever read. I have never written to a magazine about its literary make-up before, but I thought I would write and tell you how I appreciate the COMING NATION.

To sum up: It is the best magazine for a working man that thinks, that I have ever seen. Sincerely V. Q. STROUP.

## Socialist Scouts

There is not a neighborhood in the United States where a boy or girl cannot make at least a dollar or two a week and not work more than an hour or two a day. This can be done by selling the COMING NATION. This paper now has as good writers and artists as any paper published in the country, and it has a great mass of things that no other paper will publish.

The COMING NATION will help any boy or girl to start a route. It will supply them with a sack for holding papers, a badge to help them advertise and any other matter needed. It will also give full plans on how to work up a route so that success is certain. You don't have to pay a cent to find out whether it will work. Just tell us you want to try it and we will send you ten copies and if you sell them you can remit two and one-half cents apiece.

Address Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

## Scout News

I sold my papers and I gave one away. I have six customers and think I will get more the next time because I am just starting out. I would like to have more order cards. Please send me my coupons if I am supposed to get some. Please send me ten papers each week till the dollar is exhausted. With best wishes from a Socialist Scout—Paul Zentgraf, Ohio.

I am ten years old and I am going camping this summer after trapping skunks, minks, etc. There are five of us. Well I am doing very well with my papers for this town. I have got started with them so it is not so hard.—Charles Seltz, Ohio.

I received my first bundle of COMING NATIONS yesterday and soon sold out. I will also get ten Appeals this time. I go to the meeting every Saturday evening with father. We are organizing a Scout Club as an auxiliary to our local with dress parade suits of white capes, leggings and red caps, and wooden guns.—Walter G. Lloyd, Utah.

I thank you very much for the canvas bag. It is very convenient to carry my papers in all kinds of weather, and is a good advertising proposition, and my papers sell more readily. So don't fail to send all twenty-eight papers to me.—Ralph Morris, West Virginia.

While reading the COMING NATION in a train coming home from high school a young man sitting next to me asked if I were selling them. He bought one and said that he was just becoming interested in Socialism so that when he saw Editor Chas. Russell on the front page he thought that that was the man for him.—Saul Lerner, New York.

I am getting along fine with my papers. I do not order more because work is getting dull and we think there is going to be a strike.—William Coutts, Vt.

I am getting customers every week. I have twelve now. I like the work well. Hope to increase my number next time.—Earl Cavanaugh, N. Y.

I sold my NATIONS in one hour and a half. The mines are not working very good; most of them are shut down. After I get more customers I expect to increase my order. The NATIONS sell fine and I like the work. I sold my first NATIONS in a half hour.—Dennie McGrath, Ind.

The feeble howl with the wolves, bray with the asses and bleat with the sheep.—Roland.

**25 NEW DESIGN POST CARDS 10c**  
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# CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE

EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

## The Story the Window-pane Told

"Oh, dear, I wish I could go out to play," said Jane Brown, with little nose flattened against the window-pane, as she tried to peer through the water streaks left by the rain that came plugging down the glass. "Or else," she added, "I wish I had some one to tell me a nice story."

"O, I can do that," said a little tinkling voice close to her ear. "My story may not be so pleasant, but it's true and very interesting to me."

"Do go on," said Jane. "I don't know who you are, but I never heard such a curious little voice. If I were not so wide awake I should think I were dreaming of a fairy."

"I am a sort of a fairy, Jane, and when I have done my story, you shall guess my name. Not of flesh and blood and bones am I, but of sand and soda and lime, all mixed together and thrown into a great tank over a terrible furnace. Many men worked in many places to get these parts of me together and when the terrible heat began to melt then I was all a part of a flowing mass."

"After seething and boiling for some time, the red-hot mass flowed under a little bridge into another tank, and here boiled more and more and became clearer and clearer. Then into a third tank I flowed with the great mass and ran down through little holes in the bottom of the tank into a box, leaving a scum of dirt behind and myself quite clear and clean."

"Why, whatever can it be?" said Jane, puzzled.

"Just a shapeless, melted mass I was part of, but through one of many holes along the wall of the tank I was in, came a long, long stick. The stick pushed into the mass until it gathered up a big lot of it and then was pulled out through the hole."

"Then began such a time. I was worked and rolled on a big hollow block and then a man who held the other end of the hollow stick in his mouth, began to blow through it."

"If I had had a head it certainly would have grown quite dizzy, the way the man would first blow and then whirl, the stick and then blow again and then whirl it until it was a great hollow ball about a foot and a half through."

"It must have been a foot-ball," guessed Jane.

"But they never gave me a moment to rest or cool off," tinkled the voice, for another man heated me over another furnace and still another took the long tube and swung me in a circle in a long, deep pit, so that I gradually became longer and longer. I thought the heating and the swinging would never stop; if I had had a stomach I should certainly have felt ill."

"You certainly are a strange fairy. But you can not be a foot-ball, or you would have quite burned up in all that heat."

"Well, the treatment I received then. They blew out my end, they heated and cut me off from the tube, they ground down my rough edge with a diamond, they split me open and laid me in half in a terribly hot oven, so that I could do nothing but faint and fall quite flat and finally I was taken to another furnace and then gradually cooled until I was a beautiful, flat, clear sheet of—what do you think, something that lets the light in and keeps the cold out, that shelters you from rain and snow."

"If you had seen, Jane, the place I came from, the terrible heat, the little boys working in it as well as their fathers, the long time they had to work, you would be very thankful to all those people that worked that you might be warm and comfortable today while you stand watching the rain."

"O, I know now," said Jane. "You are the window-pane. I always did love

you, you nice, cool, white window-pane. And when I look through you at the sunshine and the beautiful grass, I'll always think of those men and boys who worked so hard for me."

## Little Talks with Coming Nation Children

Do you remember the little letter recently printed in our corner, children, written by little Victorius Manutello, in which she said that she believed that "the world is my country?"

I wonder now if any of the older boys and girls can tell me any of the things that are happening these days to make us feel that way?

The human race is a real Aladdin and has a very wonderful Aladdin's lamp. The lamp is being used very steadily and every time it is rubbed, something wonderful happens. It has been rubbed ever since the people lived in caves and up in trees.

A rub long, long ago, and men learned how to make fire. Another rub and women began to weave cloth. About a hundred and fifty years ago and a few rubs made great factories start up, made railroads and steamships start to carry goods all over the world in a short time. Then the telegraph, the telephone, the use of electricity, the wireless telegraph machine and there you are. All come from rubbing that wonderful Aladdin's lamp. Now what do you suppose it is?

Why, of course. Many of you know inventions, or better, perhaps, the genius that can create inventions. That is the Aladdin's lamp of the world.

Now can you think of any of these inventions that bring all the peoples of the world together and make them feel like one race?

The other day a man invented an improved telephone that will carry on conversations between many persons using the same wire, and will even let you telephone any where in the world just as easily as though it were in the same city. Do you think that will help to bring nations of the world closer together?

What do people generally do when they invent something very wonderful? Now this inventor has done something very different and very unusual, because he wants his invention to be for the use of everybody. What would you do if you invented something that could be of great service to people, like this wonderful telephone?

Suppose you write to the "Children's Own Place," THE COMING NATION, Girard, Kansas, and tell us what you would do. And then a little later I will tell you what this man did.

"At present half the members of our union are walking the streets looking for jobs. Hungry men are willing to take chances to get bread."

This is what a member of the Bricklayers' union said when he was asked why bricklayers did not refuse to work on a building that is not properly protected to keep the men from falling, and otherwise hurting themselves when working on it.

He meant that there are so many more men who want to work than there is work for them, that they will risk being killed in order to get some work to do.

Just think of that! After all the multitude of inventions to make life comfortable and pleasant and healthy, working men cannot only not be protected while they are working, but they can't even get the chance to work in risky jobs. It seems that all the inventions have not helped very much, doesn't it?

But they could help, oh, so much, if it were not that the men who employ the workmen want to make just as

much money as possible out of them and don't care very much what happens to them, since they can always get more.

We want to keep the Aladdin's lamp, but we want to change things so that all people are made happy and comfortable by inventions. B. H. M.

## Snowdrops

From the black desolate earth,  
Wet with the tears the hopeless months  
have wept,  
Come signs of the great resurrection—  
birth,—  
First fruits of them that slept.

Wrapt in fair vestal white,  
Yet not disdaining tinge of earthly  
green,  
Behold how meek they bend and shun the  
light,  
As trembling to be seen!

To lowly hearts and wise,  
Their fragile beauty speaks with prophet  
breath,  
Of that great miracle whereby doth rise  
Life out of seeming death.

Still let us hold them dear,  
Above the fragrant blooms of sunny May  
Believing that when their frail buds appear  
Is Nature's Easter day.  
—Brenda, in the Young Socialist.

## Not All to Blame

Aunt Lucinda had missed an apple pie, and, suspecting her small nephew, reproached him.

"I didn't think it was in you, Willard," she said, sorrowfully, "I knew that sometimes you were naughty, but I didn't think it was in you to act like this!"

"Tisn't all in me, either," so Willard made swift excuses. "Half of it is in Dorothy."

## The House the Carpenter Built

This is the Tree of the forest.

This is the ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the Woodman, who, every one knows,  
Wielded the ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the tree of the forest.

This is the Log—to the river's side  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the Forest.

This is the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the wheel that went whirling round,  
Turned to the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

These are the Saws which, with buzzing  
sound,  
Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
ring round,  
Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,

Wielded the Ax whose heavy blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

These are the Boards, so straight and long,  
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,  
Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
ring round,  
Turned by the river whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodsman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose heavy blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Carpenter, skillful and strong,  
Who planed all the Boards so straight and  
long,  
Cut by the saws which, with buzzing sound,  
Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
ring round,

Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the house with its windows and  
doors  
With timbers and rafters and roofs and  
floors,  
Which was built by the Carpenter skillful  
and strong  
Who planed all the Boards so straight and  
long,

Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,  
Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
ring round,  
Turned by the River whose flowing tide  
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the family—all are here—  
Father and mother and children dear,  
Who live in the house with windows and  
doors,

With timbers and rafters and roofs and  
floors,  
Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful  
and strong,  
Who planed all the Boards so straight and  
long,  
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing  
sound,  
Were moved by the Wheel that went whir-  
ring round  
Turned by the River whose flowing tide,  
Carried the log that was rolled to its side—  
Rolled by the Woodman, who, everyone  
knows,  
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows  
Cut down the Tree of the forest.  
—Anon.

## Best Place for an Eye

A school teacher, pressing home the lesson of the varied position of the eye in different animals, asked of the class: "Now, children, supposing you could have but one eye, where would you choose to have it?"

Small Jimmie spoke up promptly, "If I could have only one eye, I'd have it in the end of my finger, so's I could poke it through a knot-hole in the fence and see the ball game any time I liked."

## If We Do Our Duty

We hear the cry for bread with plenty  
smiling all around;  
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for  
man with fruitage crowned,  
What a merry world it might be, opulent  
for all and aye,  
With its hands that ask for labor, and its  
wealth that wastes away!  
This world is full of beauty, as other  
worlds above;  
And, if we did our duty, it might be full  
of love.  
—Gerald Massey.

## From up in the Mountains

Mountainhome, Idaho, Feb. 27, 1911.  
I am a little girl nine years old. I live six blocks from school. My teacher's name is Miss Cipp. I am in third grade. A class.  
My mamma takes the COMING NATION and Progressive Woman, and papa takes the Appeal to Reason and the Rip-Saw. I went to the Socialist local last Sunday. I have never heard Comrade Debs speak. I have joined the Junior Chiming Club. It is a fine club I think. I am going to have a program on my birthday, the nineteenth of April. I will be nine years old. I am your loving comrade,  
ELIZABETH SMITH.

## Dad is a Socialist

Dear Editor:  
I saw the letters in the COMING NATION and I thought I would send you one. Well, I am a little girl of nine and am on the stage. My Dad is a good, strong Socialist. He takes the Appeal to Reason and the COMING NATION. He takes a lot of other Socialist books. I travel all over and have met many Socialists. I have shook hands with Debs at a Socialist meeting. It was at the time he had a horrible cold. I think the Children's Own Page is very nice and I appreciate it very much, only wish there were more.  
Goodbye, from ELIZABETH CHALLISS.

The people once belonged to the kings;  
now the kings belong to the people.—  
Heine.

"Time may be money, but the average man would rather give you two hours' talk than lend you a quarter."

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# The Keepers of the Seas

BY DESMOND SHAW  
British Correspondent Coming Nation

With the exception of the recognition of the right to live, there is no problem of such vital import to proletariat in Britain as the problem of naval armaments. The British navy is a terrific engine which not only absorbs the flower of Britain's young manhood, but so long as the question of naval supremacy is on the tapis, national thought upon matters of social regeneration is deflected and Socialism thrown back.

## Tigers and Their Claws

The great navy debate upon estimates in the House of Commons the other day, at which the Liberal Machiavelli, Sir Edward Grey, Cabinet Minister, said that the British government was prepared to consider Mr. Taft's suggestion for arbitration, as outlined by him in his address to the New York Peace Society on March 22d, showed up in glaring colors the insincerity not only of Taft, but of all the capitalist governments who breathe "peace" when there is no peace, and the fact that each tiger of capitalism is waiting to see the other fellow draw his claws first, before pouncing. It is all a great International Lie.

It is a commonplace to say that the burden of armaments is breaking the backs of the workers, but it is no commonplace to point out that there is a steadily growing hostility amongst the masses of organized workers in Britain—and they are the tail that wags the unorganized body—against the fratricide of International war.

Where such haziness of thought exists it is well to set out the only three possible attitudes upon armaments by Socialists:

1. The Tolstoyan attitude of non-resistance.
2. The repression of naval and military estimates, and the stimulation of international solidarity by propaganda.
3. The Herve doctrine of sabotage, or the destruction by the sailors and soldiers of war material, and, if necessary, the shooting of officers *en dernier ressort*.

It is today generally conceded throughout the Red International that the first and third are impracticable, whilst the second is being generally adopted, though it is only right to point out that there is an increased feeling that the General Strike as a war preventative should be used in conjunction with the second policy.

## The Labour and Socialist View

The overwhelming mass of Socialist and Labor opinion in Britain is in favor of the second policy, though a few of our comrades such as Robert Blatchford, editor of the *Clarion*, and H. M. Hyndman and Harry Quelch of the Social-Democratic party, whose good faith no one for a moment questions, favor an increase of armaments in view of what is known as the "German Menace."

Amongst naval men themselves, there are two schools. On the one hand, you have ex-Admiral Lord John Fisher, the strategist, insisting that the British Navy is strong enough to hold its own against any other two powers, and on the other Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the bull-dog fighter, who, with our Comrade Blatchford, is firmly convinced that Britain is in imminent peril from Germany and that her blue water forces must be materially strengthened. It is only fair to Blatchford, Quelch and Hyndman to state that they think Socialism in Britain would receive a setback in the event of a successful German invasion. Hence their attitude.

It is not generally realized that with the tremendous increase of ship and gun-powder, with the corresponding cost, the time is rapidly coming when further construction will be impossible

owing to impending national bankruptcy.

Take the following comparisons of the "Thunderer," one of a group of super-Dreadnoughts, which was recently launched by the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury—presumably in the name of the Prince of Peace—with earlier ships of the Dreadnought type—

	Thunderer	Neptune	Dreadnought
Length, ft.....	580	540	520
Beam, ft.....	83½	85	82
Displacement, T. 22,600	19,900	17,900	
Horsepower ....	27,000	25,000	22,000
Armament ... x 13.5in	x 12 in	x 12 in	
Broadside, lbs. 12,900	8,740	7,000	
Heaviest shell... 1,250	850	850	
Thickest armor, ins. 12	10	11	

## Sea Monsters

These monsters cost about \$10,000,000 (£1,800,000) each, can be sent to the bottom by a single torpedo, and their construction is calling into being flotillas of submarines, the cost of which tends rapidly to increase. The three German battleships laid down in 1908, however, cost \$12,500,000 each. The total cost may be gathered from McKenna's speech, when the First Lord of the Admiralty said, in the course of the debate: "We have taken as a reasonable margin thirty Dreadnoughts as against twenty-one German ships. The twenty-one will be delivered in the spring of 1914; our thirty will be completely by the same date. But we can give no pledge of any reduction (after that date) until we are assured as to what the development of foreign navies may be."

No wonder one of the M. Ps. ejaculated: "Oh, God, how long!"

The debate showed that there is a strong Radical sentiment against any further increase in the estimates, the Labour party also putting the case for the proletariat in unequivocal terms, and cheering to the echo Sir E. Grey's assertion that "if two great nations were to make it clear to the whole world that under no circumstances were they going to war," the effect for peace would be startling.

I have just returned from an inspection of the naval Training Ship "Mercury," lying near Southampton, and from conversations with naval men there and elsewhere I am more than ever convinced that the time is ripe for organized propaganda amongst the men of the navy. We may as well recognize that all government rests on force, and when the proletariat refuse to fight, war will cease—and not before.

## The Navy for Socialism

It will interest you, our American comrades, to know, however, that propaganda has started amongst the navy men in Britain. On the 19th of July, 1908, I held what I believe was the first Socialist meeting ever convened for naval men in the British Isles. It took place at Dover, and we had a fine audience, though it is against the Regulations for either soldiers or naval men to attend political meetings. I may say that hardly a battleship, cruiser, or torpedo boat destroyer puts to sea today without some Socialist literature under their decks, and I have recently been informed by a Torpedo Instructor and other naval men that Socialist ideals are making very rapid progress indeed throughout the navy. It is even asserted that one or two of the captains are Socialists. All this is giving our faint hearts courage and paving the way to the Co-operative Commonwealth. Men in the service are hedged off from the conditions of ordinary labor, and interference is more or less difficult, but agitation has greatly improved the lot of the British seaman of recent years.

There are two very different careers possible in the navy—one for the man who does not rise above the rating of Able Seaman when he is paid about \$3 a week and free rations, with 7s a week pension at 40; the other for the man

who gains higher raising, successively of Leading Seaman, Petty Officer, and Chief Petty Officer, with prospects of promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer, Commissioned Warrant Officer, and even Commissioned Officer. For these higher ratings the pay is as follows:

Leading seaman ....	12.10 to 14.	a week
Petty officer .....	18.08 to 21.	a week
Chief petty officer ..	23.04 to 28.	a week
Warrant officer ....	£100 to £164	a year
Commissioned W. O.	£192 to £219	a year
Commissioned officer.	£237 to £275	a year

The pensions given to Chief Petty Officers reach a maximum of 18s per week, those of Warrant Officers £120 a year, Commissioned W. O. £150 a year, and Commissioned Officers £200 a year.

The great difficulty of propaganda in the Service arises from the fact that the Government catches its "food for powder" young, as most of the personnel join about 6 years of age, with the result that habits of "discipline" and awe for authority are inculcated into the young idea, which is trained to shoot and to forget the wrongs of the proletariat from which it springs.

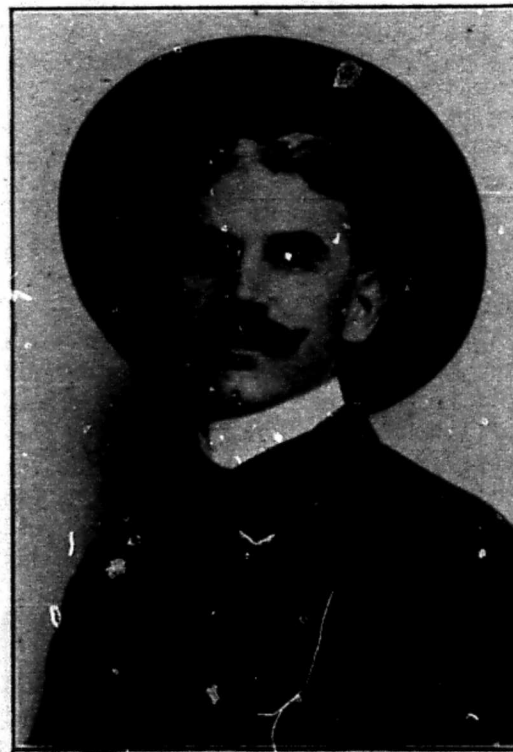
But the movement grows—it grows. A number of the ex-naval men in charge of the "wireless" stations are Socialists, many of the stokers and engineers in the bowels of the battleships also follow the Red Flag, and the next ten years should show a tremendous advance in the Socialist ideal throughout the ranks of the Keepers of the Seas.

## Frank E. Wolfe

BY CLARA A. BLOCKER.

Frank E. Wolfe is at the tender age of forty, and has been in the Socialist movement for twenty years.

At the youthful age of fifteen he was supporting his mother and family, working as a telegraph operator. Two years after this he became active in organizing the Order of Railway Telegraphers. When he was nineteen he received the position of train dispatcher, being



Frank E. Wolfe

the youngest in the United States. This was a position of the greatest responsibility, for upon his ability, diligence and faithfulness depended the safety of many lives.

While in that position he succeeded in organizing all the railroad employees where he was employed. When the discovery was made of his achievement his employers called for his individual scalp as a vicarious atonement, but did not discharge any other employe, and the system remains solidly union until this day.

But Frank E. Wolfe found he was blacklisted and could only secure employment by assuming another name, and within a year on another railroad he had succeeded in his system, secretly organizing another road in the south. This time the officials put spot-ter on his trail, and so effective did they work that his railroad career came to an end though he traveled all over the United States as a free lance organizer.

Through the Commercial Telegraph

system and the Associated Press service he entered the newspaper work 12 years ago and has been employed on some of the largest newspapers in America.

Mr. Wolfe came to Los Angeles eight years ago and has been in the newspaper work ever since. He was three years city editor of the Los Angeles *Herald* and some length of time magazine editor of that sheet. Through his efforts as magazine editor he built that paper up from a weak, ineffective sheet to one so powerful that two years ago it brought about the recall of A. C. Harper, mayor of Los Angeles and his entire cabinet of grafters. The *Herald* became known as a broad liberal sheet and its editorials were so markedly advanced that the Socialists and workers of Southern California gave it their support. Its subscription list increased from 2,000 to 300,000.

In the spring of 1910 General Harrison Grey Otis took control of the *Herald* and insisted on the removal of Wolfe because of the Socialistic editorials he had been writing for three years.

Since that time the power and influence of the *Herald* has been on the wane. But the life long propagandist is making equal headway with working men in the shop or with the scientific sociologist in the salon.

While in the newspaper work Wolfe organized a university and taught the principles of Socialism to the employes. So successful was he in this effort that every employe on the paper where he worked became a Socialist. Mr. Wolfe believes in the quiet steady growth of evolution, and in teaching the principles of Socialism he always bears in mind what is most helpful and useful to his fellowman at that particular stage of his experience.

As a propagandist Frank E. Wolfe is a peer. Given from one to a half dozen inquiries he has an audience worth while. After presenting some strong points from N. A. Richardson's introduction of Socialism and Industrial Freedom and the story of Bellamy's Water Tank he is ready for subscriptions to the *COMING NATION* or some other paper. And almost invariably his listeners go away Socialists.

A most important commission has been assigned to Wolfe and two of his co-workers; that of watching the work of the state legislature at Sacramento, Cal., for the Socialist party. They propose to turn the searchlight of publicity on that body as never before and to make it certain that the workers know the truth concerning its actions.

## Labor's Answer

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

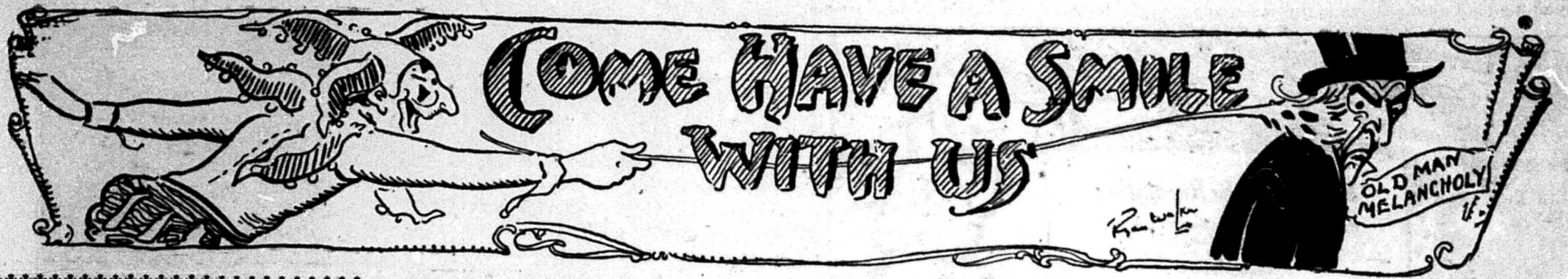
"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;  
When Mammon sits enthroned,  
And he who tells of a world for all  
Is driven forth and stoned.  
For there's little of claim or friendship's balm,  
Or joy of a kindly deed,  
Where man is sold for a price of gold  
And bound in the chains of greed!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;  
When the battle for work means life,  
And men must tear at each other's throats  
By the law of the club and knife.  
For they gather slight yield of the forge  
and field,  
Or spoil of the mine and mill,  
And the pittance of each but helps to teach  
The fear of his brother still!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;  
When the millions shout, "How long?"  
And the armies rise at the masters' will  
To keep their kingdom strong.  
For the rifles flash, and the Maxims crash,  
And the gleaming swords descend;  
And woe they bear to the hearts that dare  
Their birthrights to defend!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;  
When the peoples drink salt tears,  
And feed on their hearts, that throb with woe  
And break with the cruel years.  
For the children cry, and their mothers die,  
And the fathers droop with care,  
And curse each day in a dumb dismay  
Till the night comes with despair!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;  
When the whole world reeks with war  
By the soul of man that awakes at last.  
What peace do you clamor for!  
Come a noble fight; 'tis a fight for right;  
We are ready to our last breath!  
There shall be no peace till our wrongs  
may cease,  
Though we battle to the death!



**Flings at Things**

D. M. S.

**Resigned**

If parting is sweet sorrow  
As said an able gent  
We ought to feel cut up a deal  
Since Ballinger has went,  
But somehow we can't feel that way  
To any great extent.

He was a lovely fellow,  
At least so it appears,  
But wicked folks poked cruel jokes  
At him for several years  
And even said that he was like  
That animal with ears.



And so he packed his baggage,  
But what do you suppose?  
He packed his grip to take the trip,  
His collar and his clothes,  
And left his reputation—  
A lulu, goodness knows.

And he has gone and left us,  
Tears patter on the ground,  
But cheer up, men, perhaps again  
His equal may be found.  
There will be others like him  
As seasons roll around.



**Fine Example**

"I don't see how you can prove that the government is only the executive committee of the ruling class."  
"Prove it by the president."  
"Did Taft say so?"  
"No, he did so."

**Some Topic**

"They talk Socialism now everywhere you go."  
"Depends on where you go. I have just been to a bankers' convention."  
"And weren't they discussing it there?"  
"No, just gnashing their teeth."



**Protecting Himself**

"No, I aint for suffrage," replied the heavy checked young man who imagined he was being mighty cross to the questioner.  
"Don't your wife and your sisters know as much about politics as you do?"  
"That's the trouble. They know a blame sight more. Do you think I am going to have them gloating over me?"

**Modernized**

The ancient idols crumble  
And old ideas fade,  
And thus the Declaration  
Reposes in the shade,  
For independence cometh,

A blessing to the ones  
Who have the nerve and numbers,  
The powder and the guns.

All men are free and equal  
The words inspired declare  
That we so long have cherished  
With reverence and care,  
But what are words on paper?  
Not worth a river clam.  
A nation has to prove it  
You bet to Uncle Sam.

**Little Flings**

If Taft were not so dense he would be brighter, if possible.  
Capitalism knows no country lines. It needs patriotism only to exploit.  
All revolutions should take out a license first at Washington as did the patriotic and successful revolution that made Panama.

We are a civilized bunch all right; Individually and collectively we can lick anybody who says we are not.  
Boo for Ballinger. Not boo hoo.  
Capitalism is a course worker.  
Berger won't be lonely all alone.  
Madam, beside King George your husband is handsome. Is that any consolation?

Which will be the next lucky city to surprise the world by going Socialist? Why don't we lick the world and be done with it

**Titianesque**

They were discussing a certain authoress at dinner and a well-known critic raised a laugh by remarking,



**How Mike Got a Job**

W. D. HOAG.

An Irish lad left old Ireland and came to New York, where he got a job. He wrote to his brother about the wonderful city and the good wages; so he also immediately packed his collar-box and in due time arrived in New York.

The second day, the new-comer decided to go straight to the mayor and get a good job. The mayor met him cordially and after hearing him, said that he would first have to test him by giving him three questions to answer by nine o'clock the next day. If he answered them, he would surely get a good job.

"You must tell me the correct number of stars; the exact weight of the moon; and last, what I am thinking of."

The next morning at nine punctually, the young Irishman appeared before the mayor and was again cordially received.

"Well," asked the mayor, "have you got the answers?"

"Shure," said Mike; "there are 96-423,430 stars. The weight of the moon is 100 pounds, four quarters; twenty-five pounds to the quarter."

"Pretty good," said the mayor, "but now what am I thinking of?"

"You think I am Pat. But you're mistaken; I'm his brother Mike."  
He got the job.

**A Minny Mystery**

BY MILLIE M'MANUS.

Old Man Whipple had a private monopoly on the delivery of milk to the homes in a certain progressive little city of the Mississippi Valley, and it has

"Well, her hair's red, even if her books are not." The mild young man in the corner made a mental note of the sally for future use, and at another dinner party shortly afterward he carefully guided the conversation into literary channels. Fortunately, someone mentioned the desired name, and he triumphantly called out, "Well, she's got red hair, even if her books haven't."

Restaurantier: "Before removing the soup-plates, always ask each person if he would like any more."

Waiter: "Very good, sir."

Next day, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, the waiter inquires:

"Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left."

**Nursery Rhymes Revised**

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.  
Our friend, Old Kriss Kringie, used to live single,  
But he took to himself a smart wife.  
And now to the tingle of sleighbells jingle,  
Old Kriss leads a fast double life.

Charley Warley had a cow,  
Full of disease from tail to brow,  
Open the gate; let her go through  
She's good enough for me and you.

There was a little maid who wore her hair  
in braids,  
With a string beneath her chin, just like  
a stocking.  
She wore them to a ball but they came off  
one and all,  
And the language that she used was simply  
shocking.

Peg, Peg, with a wooden leg,  
Her father was a miller;  
He threw a biscuit at her head,  
If it struck it would have killed her.

**Grafting on a Small Scale**

BY OSCAR HEDIN.

Bill, a western miner, tells the following story of how his pardner Hank got in wrong with the company.

"Well, you know, Hank and I was out starting a new mine. I was a-drilling, Hank was puttin' in a new charge and he was a rammin' and a rammin' and a rammin', when all of a sudden that charge went off quick as lightning, taking Hank up with it. When I came to my senses Hank and the crow-bar was still agoin' up. He looked like a dog away up in the air, then like a bird, then like a fly and then, poor Bill was out of sight.

"I looked over at the office and there was the timekeeper at the door timing Hank on his way up, watching to see if he'd bring the crow-bar back, I suppose. I looked up and saw Hank on his way back. In about half a minute Hank arrived and started a rammin' and a rammin'. He had been away just a minute, five seconds and a half.

The next day Hank was docked for the two minutes, and warned for trying to steal the company's tools.

**There's a Reason**

GEORGE NEUBERT.

The western man and the Michigan man were spending a few days together in the village where they had been school boys together. The town had grown, and was prosperous, with rich farm property and imposing factory buildings.

Riding along the road, they saw a rusty and dilapidated machine lying in the ditch.

"Thought the people in this vicinity were exceptionally industrious," said the western man. "But look at that machine. An expensive one, and yet these industrial people leave it here exposed to the weather."

"Well," answered the Michigan man, "that machine is a roadmaking machine, and it belongs to the people. That's why it is neglected."

"Oh, I see, these people have the industry and intelligence to work hard for others—for corporations; but they haven't the gumption or common sense to work and take care of their own property."

The buckboard jolted along over the miserable road between the rich farming lands.

**To Be Immune**



Boy—Watcher scared of; the cop?  
The pursued one—Yep. I stole a crust o' bread.

Boy—Aw, stop your hixing. Just make a noise like a trust maguate, and you're dead safe.

**Life Too Short**

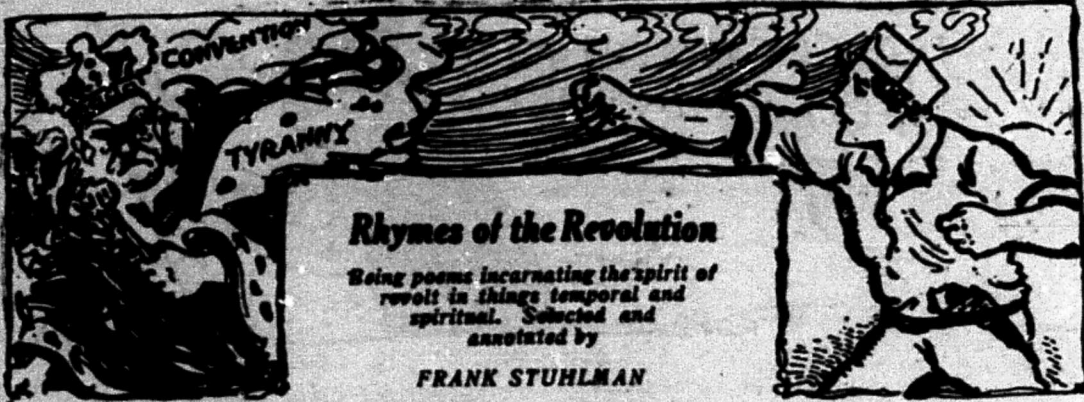
First Martian—Why are the Earth's inhabitants making all this fuss about cost of living?

Second Martian—Well, it's a labor question. You know, men have always had to work in order to live, don't you?

First Martian—Well, what of it?

Second Martain—Why, now they have to work so much in order to live, that life isn't long enough to do it all!

—The Worker, Brisbane, Australia.



**Rhymes of the Revolution**

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Among the most forceful poets of the Revolution is Harry Kemp. He writes not from imagination, but from the heart and experience. From the bitter cup of poverty that our wicked system forces to the lips of so many, he has received his knowledge. He knows what it is to be turned hungry from the "Christian" door and stand in the weary breadline at midnight in our great cities. His virile, vital poetry is the voice of one who knows the crushed heart of the suffering and, also, of one who has seen the vision of the spirit of Truth. His poetry has something of Kipling plus the humanity that is so sadly lacking in the Englishman's verse. "The Hypocrites" is a page of an "Inferno" as Dante would have written it in modern days. He has the rare quality of compressing a volume in a short poem. The following poem appeared in the American Magazine and for the Easter-tide I know of no more spirit-stirring poem as an appeal for a higher understanding of Christ's gospel:

**To Christ**

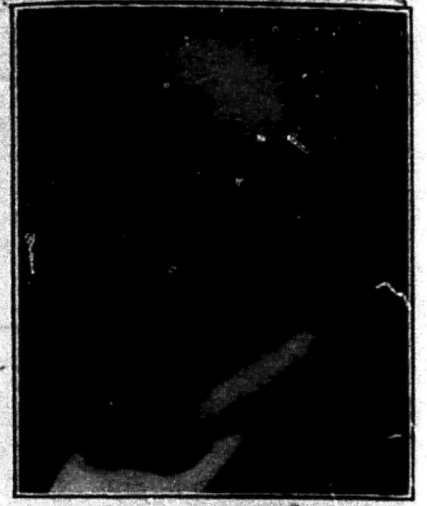
BY HARRY KEMP

Oh Jesus thou art mocked by folk on every side  
Who roll along the avenue in carriages of pride;  
They have great windows, paned with gorgeous-colored glass  
From which the simple sunbeams take on splendor as they pass  
To be noticed much of men, to Fashion, not to thee,  
With voices proud they chant, and bend the ostentatious knee.  
Through all the week their hearts and prayers are not thine;  
They make thy cross of agony a social use and sign.  
They quarrel with a state more weak in arms than they,  
And, ere the war, for victory they kneel to thee and pray.  
To thee, the Gentle One, who little children loved—  
They kneel to thee in prayer, furious-hearted, iron-gloved!  
And all the wrong they do, if naked in thy sight,  
Were dark enough to make the day as black as moonless night.  
Thy little ones they lock in factory and mill.  
They pray: "Thy kingdom come, O Christ," but clip their coupons still.  
They give a college gold, but still evict for rent.

They steal a dollar and in charity return a cent.  
Nailed to the cross art thou, nor wilt thou cease to die  
Till all the world puts off the mask of the commercial lie.  
Alas, time agony hath grown an hundredfold!  
They nail thee to a jeweled cross with cruel nails of gold!  
Oh, thou art not the God of tyranny and hate,  
Nor didst thou bid that in thy courts these cursed legions wait;  
Thou wert compassionate, and with the poor didst walk;  
It was not in thy heart to bruise a lily on the stalk;  
No house of stately dome sheltered thy humble head,  
But in the simple fishercot thy fingers broke the bread;  
Nor didst thou in a bed with gold-fringed covers die—  
They nailed thee to a Roman cross and reared thee up on high;  
No hired skill hadst thou to lengthen every breath,  
But with a thief on either side they left thee to thy death.  
And yet when Honor's gold and Chastity is priced,  
Such dare to name themselves as ones who follow thee, O Christ.

had read some modern work on the subject.

"The past history of man lies in no heroic or golden age, but in one struggle out of savagery." Of the origin of language he says, "Nature impelled them to utter the various sounds of the tongue, and use struck out the names of things." Of the early struggles of primitive men he says, "Man's first arms were hands, nails and teeth and stones and boughs broken off from the forests, and flame and fire, as soon as they had become known. Afterward the force of iron and copper was discovered, and the use of copper was known before that of iron, as its nature is easier to work, and it is found in greater quantity. With copper they would labor the soil of the earth and stir up the billows of war. . . . Then by slow steps the sword of iron gained ground and the make of the copper sickle became a byword."



Robert G. Ingersoll

ence of opinion as to what progress really is; that many denounce the ideas of today as destructive of all happiness—of all good. I know that there are many worshippers of the past. They venerate the ancient because it is ancient. They see no beauty in anything from which they do not blow the dust of ages with the breath of praise. They say, no masters like the old; no religion, no governments like the ancient; no orators, no poets, no statesmen like those who have been dust for two thousand years. Others love the modern because it is the modern.

**Readings in Literature**

SELECTED BY WILLIAM MAILLY

**Labor the Foundation of Progress**

From Robert G. Ingersoll's Lecture, "The Ghosts."

Man advances only as he overcomes the obstructions of Nature, and this can only be done by labor and by thought. Labor is the foundation of all. Without labor, and without great labor, progress is impossible. The progress of the world depends upon the men who walk in the fresh furrows and through the rustling corn; upon those who sow and reap; upon those whose faces are radiant with the glare of furnace fires; upon the delvers in the mines, and the workers in shops; upon those who give to the winter air the ringing music of the axe; upon those who battle with the boisterous billows; upon the inventors and discoverers; upon the brave thinkers.

We should have gratitude enough to acknowledge the obligations we are under to the great and heroic antiquity, and independence enough to believe what they said simply because they said it.

With the idea that labor is the basis of progress goes the truth that labor must be free. The laborer must be a free man.

The free man, working for wife and child, gets his head and hands in partnership.

To do the greatest amount of work in the shortest space of time is the problem of free labor.

Slavery does the least work in the longest space of time.

Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

Slowly but surely man is freeing his imagination of these sexless phantoms, of these cruel ghosts. Slowly but surely he is rising above the superstitions of the past. He is beginning to rely upon himself. He is beginning to find that labor is the only prayer that ought to be answered, and that hoping, toiling, aspiring, suffering men and women are of more importance than all the ghosts that ever wandered through the fenceless fields of space.

From the surplus produced by labor, schools and universities are built and fostered. From this surplus the painter is paid for the productions of the pencil; the sculptor for chiseling shapeless rock into forms divinely beautiful, and the poet for singing the hopes, the loves, the memories, and the aspirations of the world. This surplus has given us the books in which we converse with the dead and living kings of the human race. It has given us all there is of beauty, of elegance, and of refined happiness.

I am aware that there is a vast differ-

**The Workers' History of Science**

BY A. M. LEWIS

**Lucretius**

Man has always taken himself very seriously. He usually placed himself at the center of his systems of thought. Things close to him shared the elevation as the friends of the elected candidate rise with him to public office.

Thus the earth, because it happened to be the dwelling place of man, was raised to first place among celestial bodies. It was set in the center of them all. It sat still and serene as a monarch on his throne while all other bodies, especially the great sun, moved around it like courtiers and satellites. Such was the astronomy of Ptolemy the Greek, which held its ground over a thousand years largely because it harmonized with the story of the creation of the sun after the earth, and merely to serve the earth in the capacity of a lamp, which is related in the Babylonian legends of the early Hebrew scriptures.

Not until Copernicus did we learn how insignificant a speck of dirt our planet is and how readily it dances at the beck and call of its solar master.

These discoveries have not discouraged human egoism and man still persists in regarding himself as the most important item in the cosmic scheme. And it is well this is so. The universe itself has small regard for us or anybody else and the ancient and comfortable belief that we were the special favorites and protected children of some great power in or behind the universe is disappearing just in proportion as science advances.

And this again is well. It answers the pragmatic test, for surely a race will go farther and achieve more if it

knows it must depend on its own efforts than if it calmly waited for some highly-problematical being to do things for it.

And thus it came to pass, that man, absorbed in self-contemplation, established a science of himself. As one great writer points out it would have been just as easy to have a science of the dog or a science of the horse; but he reserved the honor exclusively for himself and created the science of man—anthropology.

This science of man has several sub-sciences. Among these, for example, are ethnology and archaeology. Archaeology deals with the early life of man—chiefly prehistoric. It examines his first buildings and monuments and attempts at writing.

Archaeology inspired a vast army of workers, the Scandinavian countries being conspicuous through the great labors of Thomsen, Nilsson and Warsaae. These splendid laborers classified the prehistoric period of man by the material he used for his implements, in the following order: an old stone period, a new stone period, a period of beaten copper, a period of bronze, and a period of iron. And they arrayed a vast mass of facts drawn from all parts of the world to establish this chronology.

This is all modern enough, but it all comes up when one reads that great poem, "The System of Nature," by the Roman poet Lucretius.

Lucretius banished the gods and held that man and nature constituted all reality. But his chief fame rests on his ideas in anthropology. Here he writes with an amazing grasp and clearness and as though by some miracle he



Orders from Wall Street