

# THE COMING NATION

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

A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

A. M. SIMONS  
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL } Editors

No. 31, New Series. Established Apr. 30, 1893

Girard, Kansas, April 15, 1911

Price 5 Cents

\$1.00 a Year

## COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Everybody Distrusts Taft.



LOSE observers everywhere have been astounded by the manner in which the American people have received the attempt of the administration to save Diaz by force of arms. To reactionaries few phenomena of recent times have proved more discouraging, to radicals few phenomena more enspiriting, than the absolute failure of The Putterer to obtain support for his "manœuvres."

The nation has remained cold, silent, distrustful. Patriotic twaddle, skillful play upon racial prejudice, pomp and circumstance of military demonstration—all the stops by which the powers of exploitation have been accustomed to play upon the public have been tried and have brought no response.

It is a notable fact and a most heartening one that the popular attitude has been one of almost solid opposition to suggestions of war or intimidation. Pleas of threatened American interests have fallen upon deaf ears. Reports of violated neutrality have aroused no indignation. Since The Putterer obeyed his orders and set the army in motion he and his followers have done the dirty work of international capitalism alone.

Never was a fat fooler placed in a more ridiculous and critical situation. Never was a globular puppet left in a more absurd and indefensible light.

Just before the assembling of the special session, which has been his bugbear ever since he plunged into the Mexican fiasco, he was able to perceive dimly that he had made a monumental error. The chilly hostility with which the people sat watching his abject game percolated finally through the tough fiber of his intelligence and sent a shiver of apprehension into that little soul. In panic, in nothing less than panic, he straightway began his crawl.

Complaisant members of the committees on military and foreign affairs were hastily summoned. Complaisant correspondents were brought upon the scene. And a story was planted whereby complaisant newspapers were to forestall the threatened attack by liberal legislators when Congress should meet.

It was announced to the expectant scribblers that the reasons for sending the army south (innocent designation) had been submitted to various Senators and Representatives and were entirely satisfactory. Much was made of this incident in the reactionary press, which issued solemn warning that all criticism of the "manœuvres" must henceforth be regarded as deliberate and vulgar effort to manufacture political capital. Senator Stuff and Representative Guff had been taken into the confidence of the White House. The explanations for which the people have waited and waited in vain had been imparted to them secretly. They were pleased to give those explanations their unqualified approval. Consequently all queries, all doubts, all curiosity must now be frowned upon as vicious intermeddling with the designs of royalty.

All of which goes to show that The Putterer has had the scare of his life. Only a man frightened out of his wits would have con-

ceived that such a petty trick could present a bar to inquiry and investigation.

He may well be alarmed. Even at the behest of the big money powers he dare not launch the army upon Mexican soil with popular sentiment dead against him. He cannot go forward. To go back would be a humiliating confession of weakness, an admission of all the charges of subserviency and evil motive that have been brought against the administration.

If he is to escape in any fashion from his embarrassment one of two things must happen: either the speedy settlement of the Mexican revolution or some complication drawing the American troops into actual warfare which could be distorted to excuse aggressive tactics.

Meanwhile the people understand his monstrous blunder fully. No amount of shuffling and dodging on his part can blur that understanding now.



These dear, good, kindly reactionaries—what would we do without them? They cheer the drooping spirit, they start the enlivening chuckle, they add the touch of humor to the drab monotony of existence. When action lags they are ever ready to skip into the ring, flap their ears and chortle "Here we are again."

### The Gambols of Mr. Kirby

It is Mr. Kirby, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, an eminently respectable body of eminently respectable exploiters, who cavorts about the sawdust for our present entertainment. He has a bladder at his foot which represents for the purposes of his stunt the initiative, referendum and recall. Merrily he disports himself, kicking the bladder hither and yon.

"There is nothing seriously wrong with our form of government," says this playful person. "It has brought forth the greatest, the grandest and the most prosperous nation the world ever knew and has proved that its framers were men of master minds who knew how to construct a government that would protect its people against their own fallacies."

As a humorist the honorable president would be hard to beat. Few persons know more about the wretched conditions under which labor is employed in this great and grand country. Few have better opportunities to observe the abject misery to which the

majority of workers in this most prosperous nation, where eight-five per cent of the people are either poor or very poor, have been reduced. Few, decidedly, have a better chance to observe the operation of our form of government under the direction of big business. The merry quip about protecting the people against their own fallacies has a rare depth of irony coming from such a source.

Another gambol is as follows:

"Why, the greater part of the people cannot intelligently select suitable men to represent themselves, much less legislate for themselves."

Taken in conjunction with his jest about the grand and great government framed by master minds this, I aver without fear of contradiction, is a scream.

The master minds formed a great and grand government which happened to be a republic, and the president is for it—yes, he is—not. The people, being a lot of pumpkin heads, should give thanks that there is a small minority of capitalists who know what is best for them. What the waggish president admires is not the great and grand form, but the great and grand distortion which permits a favored few to run the rest, absorb the fruits of the earth, select suitable men to represent themselves and make a mockery of popular rule.

Speaking of Oregon he gets this off:

"After nearly ten years of experience with the system there can be found many people who think it ideal, but they are the unstable, visionary and discontented classes . . . the sober-minded, conservative and thinking classes will tell you that their laws and their constitutions are as unstable as water . . . and that sooner or later they will discard the new form for the old."

A gay dog is the honorable president. The unstable, visionary and discontented are all persons unwilling to accept their humble lot as the befooled victims of capitalism. The conservative and consequently the thinking are all beneficiaries who, like the president, desire unfettered political control to further capitalistic absorption. Many may think well of initiative, referendum and recall, but they are the submerged portion of the populace and their masters will presently take their single defense from them whether they like it or not.

Come on, Kirby, give us some more. It's hot stuff.



The terrible factory fire in New York which cost the lives of a hundred and fifty workers, most of them young women, is one of those occurrences that rebuke comment. The mind recoils before the dark tragedy and deep paths of the disaster, finding texts and discourses merely futile and trivial in presence of such a reality.

The significance of the happening is clear to all. Insufficient protection for the workers inevitably brings about such a catastrophe at intervals. The relentless system of capitalism exacts its toll from those who toil. In its customary operation it absorbs lives only by slow degrees, grinding the bodies and minds and souls of its victims into dollars by approved process. When a cog slips the rate of absorption is suddenly accelerated and so many toilers are exterminated outright.

It is the familiar result. As long as we tolerate a civilization which places dividends above men and women, as long as we will endure working conditions based upon maximum profit instead of maximum safety and

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comfort, such wholesale murders must continue to appal and to stun us. It is another of the old lessons which we have learned so often and which we must learn and learn again until the working class of the country wearies of it and gives the word to stop.

If these poor girls have hastened by their deaths the day when their brothers and sisters awake to accomplish the emancipation of labor they have accomplished more than most the word mongers since the beginning of time.

If their fate spurs labor on to stretch out mighty hands in its own defense they will have contributed more to the progress of the race than all the rest of us put together.



ONE phase of the fire protection situation in New York, completely overlooked in the empty investigation which followed the recent disaster, is of value to the thoughtful. It is part of the duty of certain firemen detailed by the department to inspect safety apparatus and escape arrangements in buildings where numbers of persons work or gather.

These inspectors are frequently intimidated into neglecting the service they are sent to perform.

In this way:

The fireman finds the owner of the building and demands to be taken over the premises that he may report whether or not the law has been complied with. The owner objects. He declares he has complied with the law. The fireman asks to be shown. Then the owner lets him understand that if he persists charges of attempted extortion will be made against him at Fire Headquarters.

What is the fireman to do? Firemen in New York, as elsewhere, are faithful public servants performing dangerous and difficult tasks with honesty and zeal for small pay. Most of them, no longer youths, must look to the department as their only sure source of livelihood. Meanwhile a fireman is only one member in a large force. Charges of attempted grafting preferred against him by a property owner will be considered and he will be in very grave danger. Even if he clears them suspicion will cling to him as long as he remains.

It is quite apparent what must happen. Many inspectors refuse to take the risk and the property owner is not molested. Cases where firemen have lost their places through insisting upon performing their full duty are known to every man in the department.

The features of the disaster which were brought out by the investigation presented nothing new or surprising. There were the same indications of faulty fire escape construction, narrow stairs and doorways, rotten hose, stand pipes without water, overcrowded rooms, precautions against theft of goods to hinder hasty exit. The suggestion of locked doors seems not to have been borne out by the facts. They might as well have been locked, so difficult of access were they to the panic-stricken workers.

The fire chief recalled that he had constantly predicted the tragedy and he took occasion to give warning that it might be repeated any day in any of hundreds of buildings in New York. He spoke of the difficulty of obtaining adequate legislation to cover safety devices and the energetic opposition of property owners and architects.

Meanwhile the various authorities and officials concerned passed the responsibility along, one to another, in the usual way. Apparently no one was to blame. Generally, no one is to blame.

\* \* \*

What's the use of safeguards? Property can be insured against destruction by fire. Human lives are taken by an "act of God"—and there are always plenty more to be had. Labor is simply labor, you know, and costs nothing but the hire.

\* \* \*

Property is the sacred thing. The courts have decided that humanity does not weigh

against it, that its right is not "derived from the dictates of natural justice."

\* \* \*

Where is the criminal when a big fire takes place and lives are lost?

The building is as much of a fraud as the builder can make it. The safety appliances are as few and as poor as the owner can find a way to install. The work rooms hold as many workers as the employer can jam in. The interior arrangements provide against possible theft as fully as the watchful manager is able to devise.

Where is the criminal?

The builder has to skimp because other builders skimp. To get contracts he must compete and take his profit wherever he can get it.

The owner has to hedge on every item of expense, join associations to fight new fire protection laws, bribe or intimidate inspectors, dodge every regulation involving expense, in order to get an adequate return on his investment.

The employer has filled the floor with machines and huddled his workers in inadequate quarters that he may produce his goods as cheaply as possible.

The manager has to see a potential thief in every employe because employes get starvation wages and if goods disappear his job must pay for them.

Where is the criminal?

The builder, the owner, the employer, the manager, the fireman who doesn't inspect, the manufacturer who supplies rotten hose, the alderman who kills a safety ordinance for a price—all these are estimable men, kindly men, good husbands and fathers. They are of no different mould than the rest of us. They do not love murder. They have no lust for blood. They are not monsters. They are no worse and no better than other men.

Where is the criminal?

In each case if the particular individuals were not involved some other set of individuals would be involved, to the same degree and in the same manner.

Who is the criminal?

Capitalism.

The system that makes the builder skimp, the owner dodge, the employer drive, the manager suspect, the fireman neglect, the manufacturer misrepresent, the alderman sell.

Consider for a moment the vast and utter folly of society that has erected and continues to maintain such a set of conditions. Consider the pathetic blindness and inadequacy of a civilization that depends upon such perversions of our common human nature.

Why should men be forced to do wrong? Why should they have to wallow in the muck? Why should they find it necessary to smirch their souls? Why must they have a share in the deaths of their fellow beings?

Is it not perfectly plain that a system which presupposes every man to be a brute and a savage and makes it a matter of self-preservation for him to injure someone else must be absolutely damnable and intolerable?

Is it not clear that a system inseparable from fraud, deception, theft, distrust and selfishness has too long cribbed and confined the race?

Is it not evident that any conception of the destiny of man as above the destiny of the hyena must look to the sweeping away of the entire structure of capitalism from the face of the earth?

Capitalism killed the hundred and fifty.

Capitalism is the criminal.

Capitalism is always the criminal.

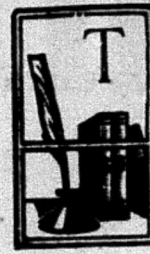
We are going to end it.

\* \* \*

Senator Bourne is credited with the remark that he has been able to discover but a single point in the public career of the President which might be taken to indicate a sympathy with democracy: an early speech in which he favored popular election of United States Senators. Which goes to show that no prod-

uct, though apparently perfect and consistent, is without its flaw.

\* \* \*



THE members were gathered on the veranda of the club house the other day basking in the warmth of spring when King Manuel, one of our spryest little recruits, suddenly jumped to the rail and sighted through his opera glasses. "Attention," he said. "One approaches." All the members flocked about in eager curiosity. Down the road arose a cloud of dust which drew rapidly nearer. Presently we descried the sprinting figure of an aged gentleman in uniform keeping a good lead on a vulgar-looking person in vanquero rig who was chasing him with a hoe.

We were all naturally pained to observe the plight of the superior gentleman in the uniform, particularly since his pursuer was clearly a representative of the lower orders. The fugitive was evidently headed toward our refuge and the doors were opened to receive him. In my next report I hope to announce a distinguished accession to our membership.

Soon afterward Manuel climbed to the cupola and reported a strange figure on the golf course. This was a large, fat man who swung repeatedly at a little ball labelled "Renomination." The fat man fozzled at every stroke and while he waited for a new stick to be handed him after each failure he cast agonized and despairing eyes in the direction of the club house.

From Doings of the Down and Out Club, sequel to Evenings at the D. A. O. Club, by Little Rollo Abbott.

\* \* \*

Could you say that an eminent Putterer is now "bunkered" hopelessly on the Mexican sandpile? Or that he has lost his game beyond redemption at the Rio Grande "hazard"? Something like that.



LOOK here upon this picture—and on this." Who was it that the Peace Society set its seal upon as the hope of international concord? Who was it that waxed so eloquent over the cause of international arbitration? Who was it that recently set the British to hand clapping over his plea for harmony between nations and got a bouquet for it from the House of Commons?

This is he who wantonly, viciously, seeks to throw an armed force into a sister republic, denying the fundamental right of every nation and the dearest right of every republic. This is he who at the lifting of capitalism's finger sends a cloud of bayonets whirling against an enslaved and struggling democracy. This is he who undertakes to redeem dirty dollars from the failure of the Diaz regime by the expenditure of the lives of American workers.

Truly a great friend of peace.

Truly a great figure for history.

\* \* \*

The Democrats, after three months of squabbling, have finally got together and chosen a Senator from New York, Justice O'Gorman. One is tempted to recall the remarks of old Sam Johnson about a woman's preaching:

"Sir, it is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

\* \* \*

Who will be rose water radicalism's next victim? Champ Clark is an inoffensive person incapable of assuming Uncle Joe's diabolical guise. Meanwhile middle-class discontent has to have a target.

\* \* \*

There is a fly in the ointment, a rift in the lute and a drop of wormwood in the draught—which is to say, Berger.

\* \* \*

It's that good, old army game.

Everybody wins—except the nation.

# P O W W E R

BY BERTON BRALEY



(Concluded from last week.)

**D**ECKER swallowed once or twice, and his face grew red. He wished the deferential village folk were there to give him some sort of a civil and enlightening answer. Suddenly he caught sight of a familiar face; it was that of Collins, whom he remembered as the editor of the village paper, a viperish little sheet which Decker had suppressed because Collins refused to cut out his "socialistic preachments." He turned to the man whose livelihood he had taken away, and appealed to him.

Decker wanted to jump up and down and yell at these men, so calm, so cool and so utterly unmindful of his own greatness and might, but they did not look like men who would be very patient at harsh language, and he, therefore, was silent, though the effort almost resulted in an explosion.

As his inward wrath seethed, he noticed the telephone on the opposite wall and immediately conceived a plan. He would call central and perhaps summon aid before the gang could stop him. He sidled along the wall, then sauntered across to the instrument, and took down the receiver. But he hung it up again, for it was dead. With a malevo-

hand and foot, and in the meanwhile stocks must be going to smash; panic and wreck and ruin ruling the exchange. He rushed back to the hotel.

"I'll give one hundred thousand dollars to any man who will get me out of this hole into the city," he announced, as he strode into the office.

Nobody even lifted his head.

"I'll give a million dollars," shrieked Decker, driven frantic at the impassiveness of the group, and waving great handfuls of bills in his hand.

"Tell him to put all that green stuff back in his pocket and sit down," one of the group observed, casually, "he's too noisy for my nerves."



"Ah Horgan," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you."

"Collins," he said.

"MISTER Collins," corrected the person addressed, shortly.

"M—Mr. Collins," the billionaire stammered, realizing, with an inward jolt, that if he had been deceitfully courteous he would have addressed the man that way in the first place. "Mr. Collins, can you tell me where the clerk and the other employes are? I feel certain there is some misunderstanding. I own this hotel and if they were dissatisfied I could doubtless make it right with them."

"Mr. Decker," the former editor responded, "the clerk has gone away and will probably not return. We are in charge here just now."

"You!" ejaculated the master of the world, "how's that?"

"The committee of ten placed us here," Collins explained.

"Who the devil is the committee of ten and what business have they in running my affairs?" roared the billionaire.

"You will know in good time," Collins said, as though talking to a petulant child; "you will know in good time."

lent glare at the circle of men who occupied the office and who were in no way disturbed by his actions or his glare, he stalked out, rushed to the telegraph office, which was deserted; to the aeroplane station and to the railroad depot. They were all locked, vacant of life, and looked cheerless and cold. There was no one in the garage down the street, and the livery stable and all the stores seemed to be closed up as though for a Sunday. Even in the postoffice, which he remembered as a place usually thronged with people, there were neither clerks nor loungers. The village was a shell, devoid of movement or life.

Decker had been called a lion of finance, but he was a caged lion now. Caged within the confines of a little village of which he owned every stick and stone, he, John J. Decker, billionaire, master of masters, owner of all means of transportation, controller of all industry and dictator of all government, unable to get in touch with the great world which he owned, was trotting up and down the streets, vainly trying to make his mastership felt. And he couldn't do it. These robbers or cut-throats or whatever they were had him practically bound

"What does he want to leave here for?" asked one of the men of Collins, as though Decker could not speak English.

"What do you want to go out of town for?" Collins repeated.

"To tend to my business interests," Decker replied.

"He says he wants to tend to his business," Collins informed the group.

There was a roar of laughter. The roomful of men shouted and danced and slapped each other on the back and laughed, and whenever one of them repeated "He wants to tend to his business," the turmoil broke out afresh.

"Damn you for a pack of insolent dogs," he shrieked, hopping up and down in scarlet-faced rage, "what's there funny about that?"

The laughter ceased. Collins, white, his face set menacingly and fire in his eyes, stepped up to the burly billionaire. "It's very funny, indeed," he said, and there was a metallic ring in his voice, "but a man who calls his fellow men dogs is not fit to hear the joke. You will get down on your knees, Mr. Decker, and you will beg our pardon for the insult you have just given us."

Decker looked around at the stern faces. Then the Master of the World got down on his knees, admitted that he was a boor and a bully, and in humble fashion told these workmen that he was sorry he had insulted them.

"But," he changed his tone as he rose to his feet, "while I know that I was wrong to fling epithets at you in such fashion, I still can promise that you will pay dear for this foolery. What can it benefit you? Why not help me, so that I can attend to my business?"

"Because," Collins explained, gently, "you have no business to attend to."

"No business to attend to!" Decker cried. "Why man—"

"Nobody," Collins interrupted, "has any business to attend to. They are all—"

The shrill whistle of a train was heard, and Decker burst for the door. He would escape this mob and get to the city or somewhere on that train. Evidently all communication was not cut off. He was fearfully tired from that ten-mile fight with the snow and the strain of the afternoon, but his heart was singing juba within him as he stumbled up the steps of the station platform just when a two-car special slowed down and stopped. From that special alighted the twelve men who had been masters of the world until he had taken the supreme sovereignty for himself by that coup of the night before. He knew they hated him and he had no love for any of the twelve, but he could have embraced them all, even Horgan, who led the little procession. He had suspected Horgan of this plot, but he knew now his suspicions were unfounded. Here was Horgan, and here were the eleven others, representing safety, sanity, security in a world that had suddenly gone mad.

"Ah, Horgan," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you. I want you and the others to help me clean out a mess of pesky scoundrels who are trying to bulldoze me here. I hope you brought a heavy guard along; we'll need it."

Horgan only smiled wanly and looked down at his hands, which were linked together like those of a common crook. His eleven companions were similarly tied. Behind them, leading a small band of stalwart and determined men, was a woman. With a start Decker recognized her as some one he had known, but he could not quite place her. Ah, now he had it; she was that little stenographer who had been discharged by him a few years before because she would not carry out some of his most ruthless orders. He recalled that she had denounced him in a high girlish voice, and then had dropped out of his ken. Now she was leading this little group. She had matured; there was much of the sweet girl-iness of old about her, but her face was that of a woman who had fought her battle unsheltered and among men, and had gained their strength without losing her loveliness. There was a lure in her walk, her form, her poise, but the eyes were luminous, purposeful, daring—almost the eyes of a man—at all events the eyes of a seer, a dreamer and a leader.

Fascinated, he followed the procession, after it had passed him, to the little hotel. The woman had not seen him, apparently. As they entered the office, every man jumped to his feet and saluted the woman, with a zest and sweep of the arm that robbed the gesture of any hint of perfunctoriness. Their enthusiasm began to infect Decker. Here was a woman for a man like himself, he thought; a woman who could help a man rule the world; she thrilled him.

"We'll wait here," she said, "until the carriages are ready to take us out to Mr. Decker's place."

Decker felt himself seized by the arms and plumped into a chair.

"Mr. Decker has saved us that trouble, Miss Rutherford," he heard one of the men say. "He has come to the village for the conference."

The luminous eyes turned upon Decker and the thrill spread to the billionaire's very finger tips. He knew that this was the one woman for him, and whatever her mission, he determined that he would get her as he had got everything he went after.

But had he? This afternoon, for example, he had got nothing but jeers and laughter. Of what avail was his money when people would not take it, his power, when he could not use it? He wondered if this woman had planned the whole thing. She looked as if she could do it, but surely not for gain—only for a Cause. All the more reason he wanted her. If she could make him, master of the world, into a little fuming, fretting person at whom a little knot of ordinary workmen had chuckled, she could make him greater than man had been before or would be again. Perhaps they would be the founder of a race of supermen—his mind was racing madly through mighty dreams—perhaps—

She was talking. He liked her voice, but he hadn't noticed just what she was saying.

"—And we have come to you to demand—not ask

—that the world shall belong to the people who toil in it, not to the robbers who loot it. Your industrial, financial and political power must be abdicated. Your tyranny must end, and we, the workers of the world, have come to you to announce its end."

Miss Rutherford's voice was low, vibrant, compelling. She was speaking to him; telling him, the



He wondered if this woman had planned the whole thing

Master of the World, what he must do; MUST do. Not imploring or begging, but commanding. Commanding the Master of—well, Master of what? Decker's mind told him that he had been master of nothing since morning but his own two legs and arms, and not master of his own temper. He said nothing and listened.

She went on, glorified in her own fervor. "We have borne the gigantic burden of plutocracy, of industrial despotism long enough, and we shall free ourselves by simply laying it down. We have found ourselves at last and the world emperors shall be of the people, not over them."

She paused, and Decker, released from the spell that the woman had thrown over him for the time, made his answer.

"Excellent oratory," he approved, "but what does it all lead to? You come here with your committee of ten—for I presume that is what this visit means—and demand of Me, Me, the master of all industry and all capital, that I shall abdicate, give up my hard won power, and let the rabble rule the world. How can you demand anything? Who are you and what power can you invoke, equal to mine? I am ruler of the world. Through the massed might of dollars, the cold metallic mastery of gold, the concentrated power of cash, cash, cash. I can turn the armies of the world upon you and crush your little band or your vast mob by merely saying the word. What warrant have you to question or to brook such power, my power?"

Decker was finding himself. His speech was not bravado, it was only a statement of cold, hard facts, as facts had been accepted in the world aforesaid. There was conviction in his voice, in his manner.

"Your power!" cried the woman, with a laugh that Decker found strangely attractive, "your power? Why man, you have no power. You are just one man in a world of men. Your power! What is it, or rather, what has it been? A power based upon the willingness of men to work for you, or rather, upon their need to live and to work for those who could give them the means to live. A power compounded of the servility, the avarice, the timidity, the ignorance or the misery of men. A power that means nothing and is nothing when men are no longer to be made to work for you. Alone you are

a little biped strutting in the wilderness, a quarry for the first wild beast that chances to be hungry. There's your power—a breath blows it away!" and Miss Rutherford blew a bit of fluff from her jacket sleeve.

Decker felt the magic of the woman's voice and the force of her argument, but he still smiled.

"You continue to speak excellently," he said, "but just what has it to do with me?"

"It has just this to do with you," the woman said, "that where you had power of that sort you have it no longer. When you arose this morning there was no one to help you, to answer your call, to get your breakfast, to take you across the country. Your house was cold, your phones dead, your larder empty and your means of egress, save for your own two legs, blocked or rendered impotent. We had looked to all that—" Miss Rutherford included the committee of ten in the motion of her arm, "though except for your secretary and your personal servant, every employe on your place was loyal to the great cause and aided in the preparations for the strike. For a world strike is on and in all the universe which has been humming with industry for the vast profit of you and these—" she jerked a finger toward the group of manacled financiers—"not a wheel is turning, not a man or woman or child is doing any work which will profit you. It is a peaceable strike of the toilers of the world."

"Is this true about the strike, Horgan?" Decker asked.

"At midnight last night," Horgan replied, "every wheel in New York stopped, every light went out, every form of work ceased. About other cities I know nothing, for this committee of ten, which manacled us—as an object lesson to you, by the way—has control of the means of communication. I take it that what this young woman says is quite true."

"What of it?" demanded Decker. "Are you fellows going to quit like curs. I'm not. Personally, Miss Rutherford," Decker turned to her, "I would not threaten a woman, but as a despot or tyrant or what you choose, I warn you that you may put me in irons or kill me or lay me in prison, but troops and navies and bloodshed will follow. You cannot upset the old order in this way."

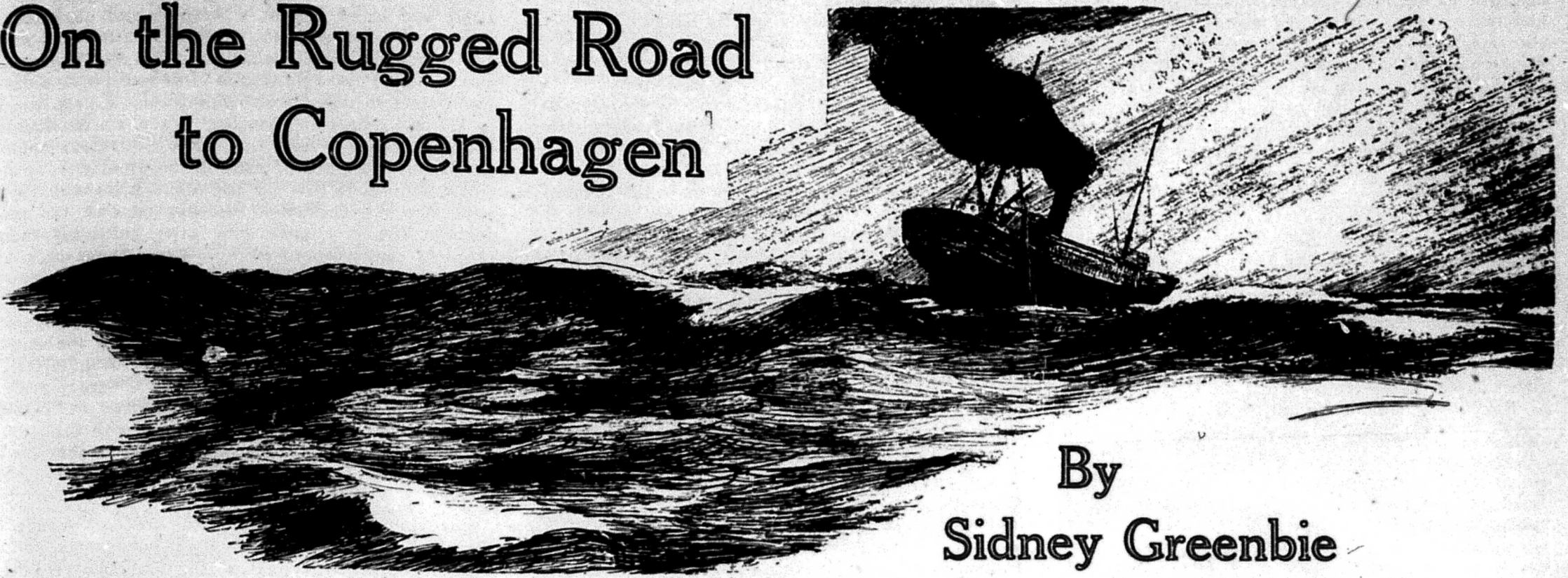
"We are upsetting nothing," Miss Rutherford calmly maintained, "but we are wiping out certain old injustices and wrongs. The troops and navies are largely with us, but let us suppose they were not. What of it? You cannot drive men to work unless they choose to go. When the world lays down its tools no standing army can make it pick them up again. How is an army fed and clothed save by the workers? The workers strike—where is your army's sustenance? We are not fighting, we are simply quitting. Can you compel us to work? Can all your presidents and kings and queens and other governmental puppets make us work? and unless we work, where is your power? Gone. Unless we work, where is any man's mastery? Gone. We are not working."

"As you have gone ahead by stealth and craft and bribery and cunning to secure your power, we have gone ahead to undermine it. As you have combined industries we have combined the workers in vast but secret state, national and international councils. We have disarmed your suspicions by seeming to fight among ourselves as you and your sort used to disarm our suspicions by seeming to fight among yourselves. And on the night that you were strong enough to seize all power we were strong enough to break it. The power you had was that we had given you and now we have taken it back again. The world strike is on, and we, the committee of ten, representing a billion toilers, demand our own. The earth is ours and we shall take it, using the very forms you so cunningly built up for your own profit for the profit of all. If you give in to us we can give you place and power to direct others for the good of all, but if you choose to fight us, you will find the world a wilderness and a bitter wilderness for one man with only his two hands and feet. This is a world union, and you will be the one man who tries to scab on the universe. What's your choice?"

John J. Decker, master of the world, restrained an impulse to hurrah. He was swayed by the woman's oratory, and he knew she spoke truth. After all, he thought, he had not truly enjoyed serving only himself, perhaps the service of his fellow man would bring a new and sweeter thrill. And this woman—who had brought his world tumbling about his ears—was worth all the service and loyalty and toil a man might offer her in token of his devotion. John Decker had lost Power and found Love. It was not with the scowl of defeat, therefore, but with the smile of victory, of fraternity, that he said, "I give in."



# On the Rugged Road to Copenhagen



By  
**Sidney Greenbie**



ON the third of June, my brother and I bade good-bye to our people who seemed to think it the last time they were ever to see us. And well they might, for with us we were to have but a small tin-type camera, a few dollars' worth of supplies, and a small sum that a midnight prowler left us because it was in a check. Our neighbors in the outskirts of the suburb, Jamaica, were all astir about our proposed venture. A petty thief, thinking that we would have our little savings, heaven knows how much he imagined we'd have with us the night before our leaving, considered it best for him to relieve us of them, and thus stop our thoughtless venture. But he failed.

It was a little Hudson River steamer that gave us the first push and landed us at Albany. From Albany we took to the road and stopped in a quiet place to try the camera. The days prior to our departure were so full of excitement and necessary arrangements that the matter of the camera was left to the last. To our dismay, the instrument which we bought second-hand, did not work well. Try as we would, it did not bring out a clear picture. So we reached Glens Falls. There we met some comrades, and were advised to go to a man who had handled such things before. This man immediately traced the defects and repaired it. Jubilantly, we started out to earn what we could from the village folk. The weather was bad, the intermittent rain and low-hanging clouds darkening our hopes and foreshadowing our future.

Since we could not work, we determined to see. The large International Paper Mills are grouped there, and a word to the superintendent as to our purpose, gave us a pass to the mills, and we saw the process of making paper—and also that of destroying character and manhood.

Our plans were for a walking trip, and now that our direction lay toward the north, we crossed the Adirondacks, stopping at villages to earn the price of the next days' fare. From Crown Point, on Lake Champlain we took the train for Montreal, feeling for the first time that we were away from "our own country." At Rouse's Point, the train stopped for immigrant inspection. The inspector looked at us, in our tramping garb and then asked us, "What is your occupation?" "Students," we replied. He went away apparently satisfied. We did not say "revolutionists."

## Tending Cattle.

England must have meat. Canada finds it profitable to feed England. The Canadian Pacific sees that she is well paid for transporting the live-stock. The Captain of the steamer and his immediate associates do not surrender their services for nothing. Even the pilfering employment shark grows fat. But the cattle and the cattlemen live for the slaughter only. They are the beasts of prey and the beasts of burden. And of the two which shall I decide upon as having better conditions. It must be the cattle, for did not our foreman say, "The cattle must be fed"? Yes, the men serve their masters, serve the cattle and then have to serve themselves.

The steamship "Mount Temple" of the Canadian Pacific Line sailed on Sunday morning, June the 12th. We signed on as cattlemen, after paying the shark five dollars each for the opportunity. If this had been during the winter, they would have paid us twice that amount, but it was summer. People who wish to cross but cannot pay their passage are given the opportunity to earn it. Let us see if we really earn it.

The ship was to leave at 3 a. m., so we were told to stay on board all night. Resigning ourselves to

our self-imposed torture, we "climbed" into the bottom of the ship and sought the sleeping chamber. A chamber, indeed. Twelve iron bunks were neatly packed into this room. There were two port holes for ventilation. Those who slept on the upper six bunks gently stepped out upon a long, rough, wood table, as long as the six. This was the dining room that I just called a chamber. You'll pardon me, it was both, and all but for a solid partition, there were very nearly three means of accommodation. The third would have been a lavatory, but it was less than a pig-pen is a parlor.

## Feeding the Cattle.

Three a. m. The bustle common to ordinary industrial pursuits brought us out on deck. An hour later, the calling of the cattlemen raised an additional din. We climbed through a door immediately at the side of the door of our chamber and passing the kitchen where our food was prepared, we found ourselves in the cattle hold. The cattle nearest could look right into the cuisine, apparently for inspection.

Two aisles lead down the entire length of the ship with cattle facing the aisle. There were six hundred, and so closely packed that when one lay down, the other was compelled to stand.

When the word was given the men formed into a chain, and buckets of water dipped out of wooden barrels were passed from man to man, and thus each ox was watered to his heart's content. When this was finished, the haying commenced. Hay was kept in bails which had to be broken open and distributed to the cattle. The aisle was narrow and passing with two bundles was sometimes difficult. Especially painful was the shaking of the hay, loosening it up for the cattle. We had no forks, and some no gloves. Prickers pierced our fingers so it was almost unendurable. But the foreman cheered us, saying we could "pull them out when we had nothing to do." But sometimes we couldn't and pus collected.

But it was not the work that was intolerable. Nor did we mind getting our feet drenched when the ship began to rock. A farmer boy considers the feeding of stock almost a pleasure. But the farmer boy leaves a decent clean bed and a cheering, palatable breakfast before he goes to his work and comes back to decency after he has done his best for his cattle. He does not live with them. He sits to a clean table and is served by a loving mother. What was our lot? How were we paid for our efforts?

## Men Feeding Themselves.

Each cattleman was registered as having received a soup-plate, a cup, a knife and a fork and a spoon. After he took it from the office, he was responsible for it, morally and physically. If he didn't wash it, it wasn't washed. One of the cattlemen took a tin pan, another, another, and, crawled through the hole to the kitchen. The dirty cook, in appearance and in tongue, threw some food into them, food that if decently handled might have been digestible, and the dejected cattlemen made their way back to where we sat waiting. And here the disgusting part began. Each grabbed as best he could, using his own utensils for repeated attacks on the victuals. The table was covered with greasy water, but we ate.

This was in our compartment and we were only twelve. There was another, with more bunks, but no table. I looked in one day at meal time, and saw them sitting in dark corners, on baggage, some bent over, on beds, their plates in their hands, a miserable, unsightly lot, to be sure. The sailors, in whose favor the law is a little more rigid, lead a life not to be envied by the worst of landlubbers.

Each crowd was given rations for a few days. These consisted of a tin of granulated sugar, mar-

made, and that which even now almost turns my stomach—margarine butter. Complaints were heard if we took more sugar to sweeten our "tea" with, for a certain amount was put into the whole kettle.

And now I come to the part we suffered most. An act that would bring to his feet in revolt a decent man, and one to which a sick horse would not respond, beat him as you may. The three days on the St. Lawrence were tolerable, but then we reached both storm and ocean. My brother, another U. S. man and I worked under one foreman. It was Wednesday morning, and we had just had breakfast, in lieu of which I ate some white bread with margarine. While feeding the cattle, we struck a heavy gale. The ship began to rear and plunge. My head began to swim. I went away, finding myself sea-sick. Not many minutes later my brother came with a call from the foreman to stop playing and get to work. I came back, but could hardly stand. Soon my brother was in a like condition. Soon others submitted to the rolling of the ship.

## "The Cattle Must be Fed."

I shall tell the tale in but a few words, the words of the various foremen, "The cattle must be fed." What were the feelings of human beings? What was the agony and disgust of sea-sickness, when cattle must be fed? Did not one foreman jab a cattleman with his pitchfork trying to stir him to his "duty"? Were we not howled at and cursed at because of our neglect of "duty"? And yet, were not the foremen themselves told, "The cattle must be fed"? Yes, the order had been sent down from on high, from a power that knows no mercy, from a power that delights in the groans and agony of men, for it grows fat on them. "Pain, torture the flesh and souls of men until they sweat enough so that I may bathe." Yes, you who revel in wealth and power, you are bathing in the sweat of men. Your luxury is as unclean as ever sweat was thought to be.

For four days we did not touch a morsel of food. Nor did we sleep in our bunks for the remainder of our voyage. The pain and nausea of the life here was counteracted by the noble character of one who is now roaming the world in search of life and health. Wherever one goes, he will find sweetness and beauty. Even here. A young artist, suffering from consumption of the bones, was with us. The grandeur of his character will stand out as a sharp contrast to the ignobleness of everything connected with that voyage. I hope that the world will be no less kind to him than he was to us. Not that he added to our material well-being, but that he diffused a gentleness and strength of beauty that weakened the foulness of the ship. Like "The Spirit of Solitude" he now wanders o'er the earth and has left me just as the Arabian maiden portrayed by Shelley in his lofty lyric.

What was to be our compensation for this suffering and degradation? We were to have free passage back, but on the same ship on its immediate return voyage. Now, who is fool enough, who lacks the proper common sense, who is so hard pressed that he would do this work and have but a few days' stay when he reached the other side. That is the scheme. But, comrades, I saw one who was—I saw a few who were, I very nearly saw myself do the same when I looked upon the streams of wretchedness that flowed on every street of the world's largest city. Those that did, did so at the prompting of the filial beatings of their hearts, they were not fools. Their mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers were still dear to them. They still yearned for one of those fond caresses that do not come to them from the same sources that their pittance of a wage comes. One poor wretch, whom I will not do the

injustice to describe, worked on a farm in Canada and twice a year worked his way to and fro for a two days' look at his no less wretched sisters and brothers. And just another word. In order to get around the wages act, we were paid a shilling, 24 cents, for which we had to sign a lengthy slip, relieving the company of its obligations.

I shall never forget that most horrible night when the foulness and hardness of our bunks drove us onto the hatchway in between the cattle. Here we spread some hay and stretched ourselves. The wind moaned drearily and fiercely around the poles of the ship. The storm raged and roared and tossed and sighed, seemingly trying to wrest itself from the grip of a few insignificant little animals who have discovered its weakness and are determined to conquer. Every now and then, a shower of coal and dust fell in upon us from some mysterious place above. Ofttimes we were thrown across the hatchway. To all this was added the lowing of the cattle.

#### Tramping on the Continent.

I shall pass over London with a sigh. "The People of the Abyss" have not yet risen, nor have their "lordly fellow worms." When I see a large city, I cannot help thinking of the pitcher of green peas I once set to soak for cooking. They remained in the water all night, and when I found them the next morning, they had all swollen to twice their size. Not a few, but all—all had drunk of the water in the pitcher—even to the very bottom. Though there was a limited amount of water in the pitcher, all shared it alike. Of course, that does not mean that all should divide up, but think of how it is with society. One is swollen with opportunities he can never fully utilize, while most of his fellows remain only dry peas.

Before docking at London proper, the ship stopped at Deptford. The horror of that scene will never cease paining me. Though dawn had hardly spread over London, the cattle were driven by hooting, howling, semi-Indian men. One could scarcely re-

strain a shriek of pain as he looked upon the bewildered, hesitating beasts as they stepped upon the gang-plank and out upon the last scene of their lives. No more would they stand and blankly stare at a sunrise or set. They had come to London.

We spent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in rural England, about 19 miles from London. Its picturesqueness is common to all readers of English literature. It was as a protest to London that we wished to flee from it and into the open country. From the little village of Ruislip, we walked to Windsor, where the King's castle is, and at Eaton, where Shelley first suffered the torments of ignorant pedagogues and schoolmates.

#### No Escaping Poverty.

While sitting on the roadway on our way back, a sweet little boy approached and asked the way to Harrow. I would hardly have taken him for ten years of age. He said he had been wandering from early morning, looking for work. Father, a printer, had died in Canada; mother ill; the oldest of five. Said he had asked for work at haying, but was turned away. He even had told the people he had had nothing to eat all day, yet they would give him nothing. He was afraid to beg, for fear of being arrested. Very polite and tender. With tears in his sweet blue eyes, he felt we sympathized with him. He had worked for a rich family cleaning the motor car, trimming the lawn and tending flowers. A week ago they dismissed him and went to the country.

Poor, tender little child. 'Tis blasphemy to even say you told the truth. Your innocent face and tear-stained eyes, your backward glance of gratitude as you passed into the distance burn into my heart and leave it scorching and sore. Our sympathy is worth something to you, I am sure, but you who are gluttoned in this world think of what our little mite meant to him. Think of this child in misery. Damned be the world if such things go unended. But the world is damned enough when such things are unended, it needs no worse damnation. I could have

taken you in my arms, you who were ragged, yet clean, and loved you as a templed and neglected flower. But you were too much of a little man, so I pressed your hand, which in turn was resolute and earnest. I asked no God to bless you, for no God would dare to desert who could bless. I hope you passed on stronger and happier. I, too, am stronger, but not happier. And this, after I rushed from London to find peace of mind in the country.

Not desiring to take the trip home again with the same ship, we decided to use our pass as far as possible. The very same ship, after unloading the cargo of cattle, is washed with warm water to remove the manure, and filled with rows of iron bunks in place of the stalls. No wooden partitions are erected, but strips of canvass are stretched and that leaves one side of the entire length of the ship for men and the other for women. Long tables, similar to that we had in our "room," are placed between and the ship is now ready to cross the channel and reload at Antwerp. We went with them to Belgium, and had a companion night to the one before portrayed.

#### On the Continent.

Our foreman told us that on the previous voyage, these bunks were occupied by 1,400 immigrants, and I shall not retell his tale of the filth and vermin that squirmed among these people. Your own sense of decency will lead you to conclude as to the conditions that might arise from the hoarding of fourteen hundred people into a previously dirty, cattle hold. It may come within the letter of the law, but must we not question the propriety of the law? Does it not leave us in a state of hesitation and perplexity as to whether such laws ought to be tolerated, even though they are laws. But England wants people in Canada, and so she gives them that amount of leniency under the law, so they may migrate as cheaply as possible.

[Continued next week.]

## The Evidence of the Bones

By Wilby Heard

Illustrations by Tula Stevenson



JOHN MCGORDY had won the title of being the meanest man in the Dakotas. And anyone in the neighborhood for longer than four settings of the sun, was already well enough informed to know more than to hire out to McGordy, at any price. He never dickered over a few dollars more or less, per month, for he had no intention of paying his man anyway. But there is a set of men known as the "Hobo Class," and the green-horns in this class, McGordy would prey upon. If such an individual chanced upon McGordy's premises, he was sure to get a "good job" contracted for one year.

And so it was toward the end of a certain July that a tramp stopped for a drink at McGordy's well, and was accosted by John himself with: "Fine day, stranger, where bound for?—Lookin' for work are ye? Well, you have struck it right, all right, this time, begosh. I am on the lookout for a good chap myself just now. Harvest time is coming down mighty sharp on us this year, and I've been so god darn taken up with hayin' and such, that I scarce could draw my breath let alone lookin' for the right sort of help.

"I'm a bachelor, you know, which makes it all the harder on a fellow. I never could find time for courtin' begolly; I left that to them as hated work, ha! ha! Get out, you d—beast." This, accompanied by a hard, swift kick, was to the poor, hungry-looking dog that had come to sniff at the feet of the stranger. This faithful creature knew his master too well to wait for a second addressing, and so slunk away with his tail between his legs and his head bowed low, as if expecting a stone or a block of wood to follow the kick and cuss.

The tramp's eyes followed the dog sympathetically for a second and the expression on his face plainly showed that he had learned through experience the feelings of the dog. Then he turned his gaze on McGordy, sized him up, and said, as a bitter smile crept to the sides of his well set mouth: "I guess I will take the job." The bargain was struck at three hundred dollars for the year and board; and the tramp went to work that very day after a hurried dinner.

As a rule McGordy's cruelty—to his workers had the effect of the latters' breaking the contract after a month, or two at the utmost, and McGordy would have the excuse he was looking for: "No pay due the man who breaks his agreement," and there it



A tramp stopped for a drink

would end. But this tramp was a "sticker." Neither the farmer's reputation, growling, swearing, nor scanty food, and poor bedding could make the tramp show any sign of disappointment, and the farmer soon found that his every effort was in vain.

Harvest including the threshing season came and went, snow covered the ground, but the tramp still clung to his contract. McGordy and his "help" became the talk of the country grocery, postoffice, hardware store, blacksmith's shop, and wherever else there was a hot stove around which corn-cob and "chew-terbacker" patronizers could find place to settle. Nor were the women folk in need of a subject for discussion that winter. In fact, many another worthy bit of at any other time excellent gossip had to content itself with living one short hour or so; for be it what it might, it would serve for no more

than a clue, an introduction, or mere stepping stone to the topic of "McGordy and his hired man."

Farmers made it their business to stop when passing McGordy's house, and do their best to draw the hired man into conversation, but were greatly disappointed, for they could not succeed even in getting him to remove the pipe from his mouth. He was never mean or snappy; on the contrary, he always had a smile and was the first to do the greeting. But he could find no time for "chinning," for he was always taken up with work, and goodness knows, one had plenty to do when working for McGordy.

Not a few of the other farmers tried hard to take the tramp from McGordy, for they saw that there was much work to be got out of him. Higher wages were offered him, but he would only shake his head and slyly wink his eye as he declared that he had to wait till his year was up and see whether McGordy did not wish to rehire him. And besides he thought that he almost had enough of that district and felt as if he'd like to foot it elsewhere.

The tramp proved a lover of solitude to such an extent that even the most jolly gathering during the winter season socials had less enticement for him than a pipe. And when he was coaxed away from home he would so manage it that he was always listening to others, or speaking on things not concerning himself. Even Fay Stenson, the fairy school ma'am, to whom all young men loved to talk of self, could learn no more from the tramp than that he meant to teach McGordy a lesson. But all agreed that he seemed to know everything, for he could talk interestingly on anything, and it was plain that he had an aim in life which he was determined to, and would attain.

That the tramp was able to control McGordy as no one else ever could, became evident to all, and gossip informed them both that the neighborhood believed the tramp to be some sort of a hypnotist, and it must be in some evil manner he held sway over the farmer. McGordy, himself, seemed to believe the charge true, and the tramp finding it work in his favor made no attempt to change the farmer's mind.

Spring work was over, the slack season was on, and McGordy was nearly frantic with rage. Gladly would he have paid the tramp for the time he already put in if only he could have got that hired man to leave him then. But there was no way to make him break the contract, or leave before his year was up. McGordy came home drunk one Saturday night and demanded that the tramp roll out to take care of the team, which the tramp calmly

refused to do. Next day a fight ensued, the tramp had his eye blackened by a bolt with which the farmer struck him. "Now," thought McGordy, "he will go and be glad to do so with whatever money I will give him." But it was not so, for the tramp stayed on.

The year ended up on a Wednesday. The tramp demanded his entire earnings and got a check for the full amount. The tramp cashed it on the following day and that was the last seen of him in Verbray township.

When it was learned that the tramp got all his money, the whole vicinity sighed for relief, not for the tramp's sake, but because it felt relieved at his departure. For the county had long decided that he was a close relative of the devil, if not the Old Nick himself. Especially was that idea strengthened when McGordy announced that the tramp left with the circus which performed in the town that Thursday.

With the departure of the tramp fear went too. All tongues were loosened, and the informers at the feminine gatherings had many a strange tale to tell. The majority of housewives admitted that whenever they had an evil dream the tramp was sure to have a part in it. Widow Scathers told how in one of her dreams she saw the tramp murdered by a man who had his back toward her. And as if to add to the mystery McGordy became a different being—he just turned himself inside out. Seldom, if ever, was such a change witnessed in a person. He gave up drinking altogether, stopped his gruff and vulgar language, stayed at home except when pressing affairs compelled him to leave, and when through, he would rush back at break-neck speed. His neighbors suddenly found him to be a paragon of perfection. But few cared to have any dealings with "the man under the devil's spell."

He greeted all in kind and friendly manner; but it was noticed that whenever anyone referred, in the slightest, to the tramp, McGordy would grow restless, silent, turn pale, and change the subject immediately. And if that were not possible, he would break off abruptly and find an excuse for rushing home. At last McGordy could not be got to leave his premises at all. He hired a married couple to run his farm, and he kept to his room when not working in the field or about the house. He paid his help monthly, and a good cash wage at that. He always kept the door of his room locked when in or out; and at night there was ever a light burning on his table, the window-shade down. No living soul besides himself was allowed to enter it; he even did his own cleaning and bed making.

He had nothing but kind words for his live stock, his horses were spoken to as though they were sensitive human beings; even the stray cats and dogs found in him a friend. As time went on his face grew thin, his cheeks sunken and sallow looking; while his eyes took on a stare of fear. Every muscle was strained to the utmost, showing that the man was ever on the alert, as if expecting to see or hear something that might turn his blood to ice. The township laid all the blame on the tramp.

It must have been some fifteen years later, when the whole county was shocked by the report that McGordy had confessed to the killing of the tramp. The news spread like wildfire, and before two days passed everybody could recall something that would help to convict the now half-crazed old farmer. Widow Scathers recalled another dream in which she saw the tramp lead poor McGordy about with a rope around his neck, and poor McGordy was doing all sorts of queer stunts, things which made her shudder even now. And for added proof, she with no mean emphasis, repeated the dream in which she saw the tramp murdered. She knew that the murderer looked like McGordy, but did not dare say so then. She was now looked upon by the more unfortunate dreamers, as the prophetess of the day.

McGordy's confession in his own words was: "It was on the night after the tramp left me, I could not sleep. I tossed about for hours without a sign of rest in view. My restlessness was caused, I admit, by the fact that I proved so easy to that tramp. I felt like kickin' myself for payin' out so much money, and without a protest. At last I could stay in bed no longer, the night was warm, and I dressed and walked up and down my room for several moments. Then the devil must have been with me for certain that night, or else why did I take my gun with me? But I did, begosh, and went out into the yard. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when I saw somethin' prawlin' about the barn door. I made out the outlines of the tramp and demanded of him what he came there for. I was sure he had come to steal a horse or two; he had often told me that my King Dan was well worth stealin', and the thought flashed on me that since he had come to rob me, it was not so wrong of me to rob him. As he made no answer, I called again, but he only got down on all fours and tried to frighten me by makin' queer and uncanny sounds, at the same time hoppin' off towards the road like. The thing uppermost in my mind

was that he was escapin' with the money, and that he would return for King Dan; and, therefore, before I knew what I was about, I threw my gun to my shoulder and fired. He uttered one weird cry, the strangest I've ever heard in all my life, and fell dead in his tracks. For some moments I stood as if turned to stone, then I realized what I had done, and that there was but one way out of it which was to bury the man before it could be discovered, and carry the secret to my own grave.

"I begged of God for mercy, took my gun back into the house, picked up a spade in the shed and stole up to the man I had murdered for his money." As McGordy reached this part of his confession, he paused, shrugged his broad shoulders now rounded by care and age, knit his brows and shook his head, gazed blankly about the room as if in doubt of something, sighed and then continued: "But what gets me, begosh, is that the tramp had a fur coat on. I made no attempt to remove it, for I thought it best to bury him as he was. I tried to lift him several times, but found him too heavy, and had to roll him down the hill into the slough, and there among the tall grass I felt assured that no one would find him. I dug his grave, shoved him in, threw the earth back and went home. I went to bed, and, strange to say, fell asleep at once, nor woke till high noon next day, with a severe headache. As I lay there, I thought the whole thing a dream, a nightmare, which every fact would prove. But as I began to dress I realized that it was all too true. There were my clothes besmeared with blood, I looked at my gun and found the empty shell. I went into the yard and midway between the house and barn I found the tramp's peculiar pocket-book. I put the purse into my pocket, walked past the barn and came to a pool of hardened blood. And down in the slough was the newly-dug grave with the sod carefully placed over it."

McGordy gave to the officers of the law the empty shell, the purse and the bloody clothes he had guarded all these torturing years; then he took them to the slough and pointed out where the body was buried. It was found that badgers, coyotes and foxes had often resorted to the place, and removed many of the bones. Still enough were gathered to convince the jury that McGordy was guilty of murder, and sentence was passed—a life for a life—the farmer was to be hanged. The verdict was a surprise, as the harshest punishment expected was life imprisonment.

When McGordy heard the verdict, and was asked what he had to say, he surprised the court by denying that he had killed the tramp. "The tramp," said McGordy, "never had a fur coat, and as to the purse, I now recall that he mentioned the loss of it fully two months before he left." The tears came to McGordy's dull eyes as he went on with his plea for

life. "I swear by all I hold dear, by all I keep holy, that I did not kill him for his money, but out of sheer fright, for I was too excited to reason on anything. The confession I gave is what I feared the neighbors would say of me. And I brooded over this fear till I really believed it myself. I am not pleading for the few natural years remaining to me on earth, the law cannot take much from one as old as I; but I do want to remove the stigma I put upon my name." Naturally his story was not believed, for the bones of the tramp were there to belie him. When he saw the contempt on the faces about him, he realized that he was being considered a coward who hoped to save his neck by lies. It was too much, he broke down, and had to be carried to his cell, where he later again admitted his guilt.

Some there were who worked, half-heartedly, for the old man's pardon, but as the hour of doom drew nigh, his hope, as well as the hopes of those who worked for him, rapidly vanished. It was the night before the execution, the little town was asleep, when the late passenger train pulled up. A man, well dressed, who appeared to be a person of note stepped to the platform. He inquired for the residence of the judge and declared that he must be taken there at once. Nothing more could be learned from him, and on offering a goodly sum, a lad of fifteen, a friend of the night operator, who was still about, took him there.

An hour later the little town jail was all in commotion. The judge was there, and the stranger with him. The sheriff was handed a reprieve postponing McGordy's hanging. And before the sun made half its course the county knew that the tramp had returned, proving thereby that he was still much alive. The last one to be convinced that it was the real tramp, and not his ghost, was old man McGordy himself.

After the bones dug up were again examined, the truth of the tramp's story was assured. The facts were that the tramp really went off with the circus; and what McGordy killed was a young gorilla which had broken away as the animals were being taken to their cages at the next stopping place. The proprietor thought it best to keep the matter quiet as long as the public did not learn of the fact, as he feared it would cause him much trouble and loss of business. As to the gorilla, he felt sure it would be killed before he could regain it. The tramp learned of the case through an old newspaper handed him by a friend to whom he had but lately told the history of his tramlife, and how on one occasion, he had taught a cranky farmer a lesson.

About four years later he received official notice that McGordy had died leaving to him, the "tramp," all of his property as a reward for saving his life.

## A Fateful Decision

By Morris Hillquit



THE Court of Appeals of the State of New York has rendered a decision declaring unconstitutional a certain recent law for the compulsory compensation of workers injured in the course of their employment. The decision was reported in the newspapers and briefly commented upon editorially. Then the subject was quietly dismissed. The public at large did not seem to attach much importance to it, and even in Socialist and labor circles the event did not create a very profound impression. And still the decision is one of most far-reaching significance for the working class of the country, and it may not be exaggerated to say that it is likely to have a determining influence on the entire course of social development in the United States.

The most significant feature of recent parliamentary activity in modern countries has been in the domain of social legislation, and the vital part of this is beyond a doubt the subject of Workmen's Insurance.

State support in sickness, compulsory compensation for accidents or old age pensions have been introduced in most countries of Europe and colonies of Australia, and it is these institutions, more than any other factor, which make modern proletarian life at all bearable.

In the United States, the intensity of labor is greater, and the struggle for existence acuter than anywhere else in the world; the American industries exact the most appalling toll upon the lives and

limbs of the employes, and the American workers are used up in their work with frightful rapidity. The skilled mechanic is superannuated at the age of fifty years, while the unskilled laborer finds it difficult to secure employment at the age of forty.

But with all that the United States is the only one of the civilized countries of the world which has not adopted a single form of social insurance for its workers. The situation is so anomalous that even the inert masses of the American workers and the confused minds of the middle-class reformers could no longer remain indifferent to it.

Within the last few years a general agitation was set on foot for a measure approaching the idea of social insurance—an act for the compulsory compensation of all workers injured in the course of their work. The need of such an act is particularly crying because the present law governing the liability of employers to injured workers is a piece of the most antiquated barbarism and absurdity. It is full of involved technicalities, all operating against the worker, requires tedious lawsuits, and affords no guarantee of payment in the end. It is safe to say that in 90 per cent of the cases the injured employe remains without any indemnity, and in the exceptional cases when he recovers compensation, it is as a rule ludicrously inadequate.

The Compensation Act which has just been annulled by the New York Court of Appeals was the first attempt to remedy this monstrous wrong. It was a very pale and timid attempt. Its operation

(Continued on page 9)

# The Land of Compulsory Famine

By Edgar W. Burrill



**A**T FIRST sight it would appear that the main cause of the annual food famine in Russia is the lack of adequate grain elevators. While St. Petersburg has better storage facilities than any other port, yet even there the service is so limited that the bulk of the wheat cannot be stored or even received for immediate shipment. This means that the peasant, who cannot himself afford even small storehouses for the product, must sell his harvest at once for whatever it will bring, and that, because all the peasants are in the same predicament, consequent flooding of the market forces the price down to a very low figure.

It must be remembered that not only does the peasant derive his sole income from crops, but that he must always sell through a brow-beating agent, who fixes his ruinously low rates arbitrarily. As a result, the peasant must often sell his entire output to get sufficient money to meet the pitiless extortions of the government tax-collector. But this necessity will leave him helpless and hungry even before the long winter has begun.

Now it is evident that if the farmers of Russia had the same advantages in the marketing of their grain that are enjoyed by American farmers, there surely would be some grain; for if the peasants could hold back a part of their wheat instead of having to market it at once, they would have some hope of better prices later in the season. This is the method of the more independent American farmer, who will not sell if he thinks he can command a higher price by retaining the bulk of his supply; and thus in America there is a tendency to prevent undue depression in prices at the time of harvest.

## Poor, Ignorant and Unorganized

Of course the Russian peasant not only is too poor and too deeply in debt as a rule to be able to provide any accommodations for holding the product of his harvest, but also he is too unorganized to appeal effectively to his masters. There is little capital invested in such business by those Russians who could afford to build capacious elevators, for the simple reason that they can make more out of illegitimate business, such as official graft, than they can out of honest industrial investments. So the peasant must export his crop at once or it will rot on the ground. On the other hand, the few cash buyers of wheat are afraid to purchase large lots because of these same difficulties of storage and because of the excessive freight charges for transportation. In order to make much profit they are obliged to offer the peasant as little as he will take; and he, in turn, must take almost anything, because of the government compulsion through its insistent tax-gatherers. Besides, the uneducated peasant, unlike the American farmer with his active market and established public quotations, is usually quite ignorant of what constitutes a fair price for his products; he must sell for whatever he can get. But even with elevators put in by American and English capital, even with improved American agricultural machinery, the core of the trouble would still not be reached, we must look deeper for the cause.

The grain famine of Russia occurs every year. When it is extreme, as in 1906-7, it affects thirty million souls. When it is comparatively light, as in the "bumper crop" years, of which 1909 was one, there are still the same conditions of misery and hunger for many of the people, because the government then insists more cruelly than ever that the past taxes must be paid; so that, even if the poor peasant has enough to more than pay his taxes for the current year of prosperity, he must still get rid of his entire harvest as quickly as he can in order to meet the indebtedness of past poor years. The result, when winter comes on, whether crops are plentiful or not, is the same exhaustion of food in whole villages, the same tearing up of thatched roofs to feed cattle and horses, the same housing of two families in one hut so as to use the neighbor's hut for fuel.

## Hibernation or Starvation

Then the relief kitchens are opened; but they fail to relieve the situation adequately, for their limited means were never meant to cope with such wholesale hunger. Some of them, realizing that with their insufficient supply of food they can feed properly only a part of the people, prefer to keep alive all of the people by serving one meal every two days. Then one has to witness the appalling spectacle of a whole community lying flat on their backs for forty-seven hours at a stretch, huddled around their meager stoves, inert and half-asleep, so as not to use up an atom of surplus energy. Week after week, month after month, this goes

*Russia is one of the greatest wheat exporting countries in the world. It is also a country in which a large proportion of the population are constantly on the verge of starvation. Hundreds of thousands of wheat growers and their families starve to death each year.*

*The Russian Government and the capitalism upon which it is based is the cause of these periodical famines.*

*The producers of wealth starve because a ruling class takes away their profit. Just how this is done is told by Prof. Burrill in this article which is one of a series on conditions in Russia.*

*Others will follow in early numbers.*

on, till at last the long winter is over. Added to this struggle to maintain mere vitality is the frequent misery of parents deserting their children, unable to feed them and equally unable to watch them starving to death. Often the older children are sold to infamous "agents" so that the parents may buy more bread for themselves.

This is particularly true in the case of young girls who find a ready market through the kind offices of foreign procurers, who always do a thriving business after the harvest seasons, among the famine-stricken villages. The parents are easily deceived, and usually the girls, too, by the promise of "work" in a neighboring town or city, where a "factory" is about to begin operations. Often cash is offered as a pledge of good faith, and that generally clinches the bargain. The father sets off at once to procure the bread, and the girl goes off to "work," never to be seen again.

The peasants, desperate for food, sell not only their children, their ploughs, wagons and all implements so absolutely necessary for the future maintenance of their homes, but they even sell their own labor for years ahead. Their resulting condition is worse than a merely nominal serfdom.

## Return to Serfdom

It takes only seventy-five cents (one rouble and a half) to feed a man for a month; but the government will not take steps to contribute even this pittance. In times of severe famine it is common to find appeals worded like the following, printed by the Red Cross committee, which at such times of calamity is the only savior the people have: "Whoever donates one and one-half roubles saves a man from starvation for a month." But in spite of these efforts to aid the poorest classes, the peasant often has to borrow money to live on for another week. This money is always loaned at exorbitant rates of interest, often as high as two hundred or four hundred per cent. In the village of Bugulma, six peasants borrowed one hundred roubles (\$50) from a local priest, giving him in return the use of six acres of land, practically their entire farms, for sixteen years. All this money was used for immediate needs. When it had been eaten up, they were worse than the penniless serfs of a former generation.

More than this, each famine renders the peasant unable to buy seed for the next year's crops. He has no money, no reserve grain, no implements, no resources of any kind. The wandering tribes of Tartars, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, and Bashkirs, who are too immobile to come under the ban of taxation, make a business of buying up the cattle, horses and farm implements of starving peasants and selling them in adjacent towns at a huge profit. They can buy for a song from the desperate owner, and once gone, the peasant will find it difficult ever to get back his hard-earned tools and horses.

Such a system cannot fail to impoverish the country and to weaken the empire economically until it culminates in an industrial revolution. More than all, however, it breaks down the peasant's initiative, destroying his incentive to work and his desire to live, making existence for him but a bestial hand-to-mouth struggle for food.

## Eating Hay

In the Buzuluk district, a conference of seven priests, appealing to the Red Cross, said: "There is no bread for the people, nor fodder for the cattle. The peasants are picking over the hay they have gathered for their horses—little as it is—and are extracting for their own use spears of grass called goosefoot. In a few weeks even this will be gone."

Now there is plenty of land, if it were divided, or even irrigated, properly. And in good years

there is even now plenty of grain for the empire. But whether the crops are large or small, Russia attempts to export a considerable amount of her harvest, badly needed internally though it always is. The government should cease the persecutions by the tax-collectors and allow the peasant to keep at least half his supply, making sure that he gets a fair price for the part that he does sell. If this were done the amount of money received by him would be greater than what he now obtains from his whole output. Again, he would be left in a state of mind and body to make good in a single ensuing year more arrears of taxes than he can pay in a lifetime with such needless pauperizing as now goes on. A little economic and humanitarian foresight on Russia's part would thus amount in the end to more, even in dollars and cents, than she can extort by the present pitiless system. Then, with grain elevators to accommodate a partially stored harvest, with wise and merciful tax-gatherers, with a government interested in irrigation and in the proper apportionment of land, the inevitable civil war might be averted. But when conditions go from bad to worse because of a corrupt administration's lack of responsibility for its large agrarian population, the land for the necessarily larger crops will be taken eventually since it cannot be bought.

## Lords Live in Luxury

The owners of the land today generally live outside of Russia. Fattening on the private revenues that they receive from their tenants, who are the sons of former serfs, they squander money in Paris and Ostend and on the Riviera, while their dependents starve. They do not even contribute to famine relief funds as a rule, the peasants themselves giving their mites to help their worse-off neighbors. Large tracts of land, to be sure, are sometimes offered for sale, at exorbitant prices; but peasants who are starving have no money to buy. They have to mortgage themselves for years to come any way to obtain even a small strip of land, often miles from their home, for which a lifetime of constant toil will not pay.

The government, related by many ties to the landowners, is not in sympathy with any propositions for reform along economic lines. It is, in fact, secretly hostile. Prof. Hertzstein, one of the most expert economists, a man versed in all the difficulties of the agrarian problem, was undoubtedly murdered at the instigation of certain high officials. An invaluable member of the faculty of the University of Moscow, he had given his best years in trying to suggest remedies for agricultural Russia; and when the first Douma assembled, his advice had been of inestimable service. Three hours before he was assassinated, a paper in Moscow controlled by the government, printed a full account of "the mysterious murder of Prof. Hertzstein near his summer home in Terioki, Finland." But Prof. Paul Miliukoff, unable to believe the report, sent a messenger to Finland to verify it and found that the deed had but just then been committed. Yet the official account of it had appeared several hours earlier! When his own paper appeared next morning with a statement of these significant facts, it was at once seized by the police.

## Governmental Assassination

Thus the government destroyed the one man whom the educated Russians trusted to steer them safely to port over the stormy seas of the agrarian difficulty. That the government has organized various other political murders has been abundantly proved elsewhere. There is the case also of Prof. Rochkoff of the same university, a distinguished publicist, a man of international reputation as a writer on economics, ranking high among Russian educators, who was convicted of participating in the secret propaganda of the Social-Democrats, and exiled to Siberia. It was shown in the Douma on the ninth of June, 1909, that Premier Stolypin not only knew who were the murderers of Prof. Hertzstein and where they were, but that he had no intention of prosecuting them. This was shown by M. Gegechkori, a Social-Democrat, to be true in other cases as well. When these men finally were brought to trial, it was found that they were members of the special secret police, acting under the protection of the Czar himself.

Under such conditions it is not surprising that we find a system of graft carried on by the government even in the relief measures. The flour dispensed by the committee to starving peasants has been shown to be greatly and harmfully adulterated. The difference in cost between this impure mixture and the unadulterated grade is pocketed by those higher up, to be expended by them on women and champagne.

A peculiarly flagrant case of such corruption was



found in the very headquarters of the Red Cross Society itself. Not only were the regular Red Cross funds brazenly misappropriated during the war with Japan—the Grand Duke Sergius, as head of the administration committee, receiving the largest share of the spoils—but a large per cent of the all too inadequate appropriations set aside at that time specially for the famine-stricken peasants was pocketed by the assistant minister of the interior. This was brought to light in January, 1907.

In the effort to make as little go as far as possible, the relief committees are even instructed to serve meals only to young and to the very old, or, in other words, to those who are most unfit; while the workers and able-bodied citizens, equally unable to procure the means of sustaining life, are left to shift for themselves. This example of mismanagement and misdirected energy is fairly typical of the whole system which compels the peasants in the first place either to starve in order to pay their taxes, or, failing to do so, to be driven from their sold-out homes to die from exposure.

The government itself does not attempt to organize relief expeditions to famine-stricken districts. Worse than that, it strictly forbids the private organization of relief. Late in the year 1908 the minister of the interior sent out a circular ordering all the branches of the famine-relief society known as Pirogoff's Society to be closed, on the pretext that the central bureau of this society had not complied with the formalities.

#### Men and Beasts Dying Together

That the peasant should not, for economic reasons alone, be compelled to sell his crop for taxes, and Russia cannot afford to export \$200,000,000 of cereals annually, is evident when we read the confidential report of the medical service for 1909. "The consumption of bread (for at least 130,000,000 of the population) is habitually some 30 per cent below the quantity physically necessary to preserve the vital force of an adult." But while the peasant himself is enfeebled mentally as well as physically by insufficient food, the condition of a similar underfeeding of animals is responsible for a falling off in the meat supply.

There has been an alarming diminution within the last twenty years in the number of available cattle. The decrease for cows is 50 per cent, for sheep 71 per cent, pigs 87 per cent and horses 20 per cent. Meat is therefore scarcer each succeeding year, in spite of the increase in the population annually, over and above the death rate of 2,500,000. This means that the Russian peasant, deprived of his own crop of cereal foods, cannot find any substitute, and is therefore being systematically starved out.

If the government would even take payment for its exorbitant taxes in the shape of grain or would dispose of the grain for the peasant through agents who would not fleece him for their private speculation, there would be at least a temporary remedy. But this the government will not do, demanding cash inexorably in every instance. To meet this demand the peasant, remote, isolated and ignorant as he is, must submit to an industrial as well as a political despotism. He must also pay indirect taxes to the government whenever he buys certain other necessities, such as sugar, oil, matches, etc., which are subject to heavy duties.

#### Taxes Cause Famines

These heavy taxes make it impossible for the peasant to improve his land, and consequently another famine is inevitably soon precipitated. According to the report of the Provincial Assembly of Saratoff, in one of the richest districts of that province, the gross revenue, from surplus wheat, etc., sold, was, in 1903 a year of plenty there 5,120,000 roubles (\$2,560,000). Of this, 53 per cent had to be paid in taxes. This left 8.55 roubles (\$4.28) per head for buying a year's supply of all necessities except food—clothing, boots, lodging, household furnishings, tools, implements, fuel, stock feed, debts, interest on debts, books, etc. In a year of great plenty, \$4.28 for twelve months is not a hopeful allowance.

It is this terrible taxation which brings the people to an appalling state of wretchedness. More than half they earn must always be paid in communal taxes; in territorial dues of farming out of forest preservation, etc.; in state imposts of direct land taxes and treasury payments in redemption of lands; and in duties on spirits, tobacco, matches, oil, sugar, etc.

The revenues of the empire are thus built up on a foundation of famine. How long the peasants will continue to submit to this is an open question. Tolstoi, their great but passive leader, thought that it would take twenty years more for them to organize sufficiently to make an effective protest. But now that his restraining hand is gone, more impatient and more speedy methods may ensue. A revolution is sometimes a preferable short-cut in evolution.

But one thing more remains to be mentioned in explaining how the peasant is kept in continual want. Next to the exhausting famine-producing taxes lev-

ied by the government, are the semi-official extortions by the Russian church. The so-called Christian religion of Russia takes altogether too much money from its downtrodden people. To understand fully how this is done, one must first appreciate the singular position held by the Czar. He is not only head of the Russian empire, but also head of the Russian church. He is a religious dictator as well as a political pope, and in this double role he becomes a sort of imperial God to the people. Allegiance to the orthodox religion necessitates a political allegiance to the same head, and the easily intimidated peasant often dare not sympathize with the revolutionists, who seek his emancipation, for fear of soul-damning excommunication from the church. This combination of theocracy with bureaucracy is Tsardom's trump card for holding the peasant in subjection; for any dissent politically becomes equally an act of religious desecration, an infidelity to the divinity of their sovereign pope.

The priests, therefore, can easily insist on frequent fees for the support of the church on the ground that failure to pay shows hostility to the government. For the good of his body, then, menaced continually as this is by the secret police with their tortures and their dungeons, rather than for the good of his soul, the peasant must contribute.

But the "support of the church" amounts very largely to a bestowal of bodily comforts upon the higher clergy and in the spectacular adornment of the church buildings. Probably nowhere else is there such physical indulgence by priests as is found in the Russian cities, where convents and monasteries front each other conveniently on opposite sides of the same street; and nowhere else is there such reckless extravagance in the use of gold-leaf decoration. The ecclesiastical buildings are often surmounted by golden domes that glow in the sun like inverted pots of molten metal; the altars and chapels themselves are ablaze with gold and jewels; the images in the cathedrals are sometimes a mass of precious stones. And the money for all this lavish architectural expenditure, for all these gold towers and gleaming minarets, comes, in the last analysis, from the starving peasants, whose only thought too often is to save their souls hereafter at the expense of their suffering bodies today.

#### Gold for Display—Not for Food

On every street corner in the cities one sees the resplendent ikon, or miniature figure of Christ, and every devout Russian, whether general or peasant or droshky-driver, will make the sign of the cross in passing.

How deeply imbedded this religious impulse is, together with the love of display, may be seen in many other ways. The funeral procession of a child passes on the street. It occurs in one of the poorest districts of Moscow. A man with a handkerchief intermittently at his eyes comes rapidly along the sidewalk. In the street four young girls bear the coffin. Behind them come women and other children, with two men, silent, hopeless-faced, making no outcry. They are all poor, and all silent, for the police do not like any noise, even of weeping; but the little procession is quite imposing, its tiny coffin decked out with finery and flowers. As it comes abreast, everyone of the passersby, droshky drivers, peasants, shop keepers, even the policemen in the street, cross themselves devoutly several times; some uncover, stock-still, looking pityingly yet admiringly at the little group of silent mourners, and murmuring some consolatory prayers. You will do well likewise to cross yourself.

Again, you stop near one of the large churches early on Sunday evening. A dense crowd packs the entrance way, which is through a gate of bells, splendidly ornamented as always with gold leaf and Christly imagery. Here in the churchyard a bowing, crossing, mumbling mob of thousands of poor, with some peasants from outlying districts, are trying to purge their souls with sanctifying mummeries. Above, a strident clamor breaks out again, big bells booming brazenly and little silvery ones tinkling and jangling, as if a sedate Indian war dance with tom-toms had been mixed up with a circus side-show. Once beyond this gate, the insufferable heat and stench begins. There seems to be no room within until two heavy-set German tourists plough gently through the crowd in front of you. Through the wide door, over the heads of the throng, comes the sound of rich chanting. A mass of tiny tapers fills the air of the cathedral with an unholy odor, mingled with the reek of sweating flesh and unwashed clothes. The heat from the ten thousand bits of flaming tallow blends with these bodily fumes, making an indescribable incense to the gods of Russia. But you catch a glimpse of a nun-like choir in the holiest alcove, where mammoth candles burn with a steady flare. Later, this mob of excited, half-starved wretches will do penance for fancied sins against the ecclesiastical autocracy and pay tribute into the "poor boxes"—for the Czar.

In December, 1904, the Synod, by order of

Pobiedonostseff, acting head of the church, and the Czar, sent this letter to all the bishops: "The Evil One is once again attacking the Holy Orthodox Church. An impious agitation has been stirred up against our gracious sovereign. Under the inspiration of the Evil One, all the powers of darkness have united to destroy the True Faith. They have dared approach the Sacred Person of the Head of the Church, our Sovereign Master. . . . In these troubled times all true believers should join together to avert disaster from our Religion and Our Empire. . . . Let the priests therefore convene their flocks in church and cause them to pray repeatedly to the most High. . . ."

The "impious agitation" under "the inspiration of the Evil One" was none other than the voice of a long-abused, half-strangled people, crying out in the darkness of their mediæval night for mercy and for liberty. Is it any wonder that Tolstoy was most bitter in his denunciation of this so-called church of God?

#### A Fateful Decision

(Continued from page 7)

was restricted to a small class of employments singled out as "extra-hazardous," and the compensation provided by its terms was beggarly. But it had the merit of calling for some compensation for all injuries sustained at work, regardless of the cause, and it had the great historical significance of a first attempt to introduce into the legislative system of an American state the principle of placing some of the risks of industry upon the class profiting by them—the employers. The law was hailed by our enthusiastic reformers as an entering wedge into the promising field of more extensive and radical social legislation, and at least fourteen states, in which the movement for the adoption of compensation acts had assumed concrete form, were watching the New York experiment with intense interest.

The New York Court of Appeals was the first state court of final jurisdiction to pass upon the validity of the new measure, and its verdict has been clear and crushing. It has wiped off the Compensation Act from the statute books as effectively as if it had never been passed by the legislature, and it has barred the door to all future attempts at progressive social labor legislation in the United States. It has declared in broad terms that any attempt to charge the employing classes with the responsibility of contributing to the maintenance of the workers who have lost their health and strength in the service of their masters, amounts to "taking of property without due process of law," in violation of the constitution of the United States, and that so long as that sacred instrument rules, life must remain subordinate to property.

It is possible that the courts in other states may decide differently if the same question should come before them. But it is quite unlikely; the courts of all states usually follow each other's rulings. It is possible that the United States Supreme Court may reverse the doctrine laid down by the New York Court of Appeals, but this is still less probable in view of the general record of that Court.

The most direct and obvious remedy then seems to lie in amending the Constitution. The Constitution may be so amended as to expressly legalize social labor legislation of the modern type, to take such legislation from the 48 separate states and place it into the hands of Congress, and, above all, to take from the judges the usurped power to set aside laws. Theoretically this sounds very plausible, but in practice the proposition is anything but simple.

It requires two-thirds of both houses of Congress or two-thirds of all state legislatures to initiate constitutional amendments, and it requires the affirmative vote of three-fourths of all states to ratify such amendments. The Constitution of the United States was not intended to be amended, and the only amendments adopted within the whole of the last century were effected by means of a sanguinary civil war. Here is a most absurd historical paradox: The written Constitution of the United States was adopted theoretically for the purpose of preserving and guaranteeing the democratic institutions of the new republic. In actual operation it has turned out to be a more effective check upon the freedom and self-government of the people than the absolute will of any living autocrat.

In a speech delivered in Brussels as far back as 1847, Karl Marx is reported to have admitted the possibility of a peaceful transition to Socialism in "democratic" countries, such as England and the United States. Marx did not take into account our written Constitution and its abuse by our courts. The American Socialists may exert themselves to the utmost to bring about the social reconstruction advocated by them by peaceful measures, but the American courts seem to be determined to force the people into the paths of revolution.

# IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY



HAVE often thought of giving American Socialists some pen-pictures of the Personalities of the British Parliament, outlining their psychologies and the political policies which reflect themselves in those psychologies. One will sometimes learn more about the trend of national thought, whether that thought be political, philosophical, or literary, by the contemplation of the personalities of the leaders of thought than from reams of books.

The British House of Commons, or Parliament, is divided, roughly, into three parties—the Conservative or Tory, the Liberal or Radical, and the Labor Parties. The men who pulled the strings from behind in the House have usually striking qualities, though, occasionally, they have "greatness thrust upon them," through political exigencies.

Let us take first the mighty men of the Conservative or "gentlemanly" party.

## The Elusive Arthur.

First and foremost, we have the elusive Arthur James Balfour, ex-Premier of England, the most un-political politician in Britain, whose uncanny capacity for balancing uncertainty on airy nothing, for dilettantism of the most attenuated type, and whose literary qualities, all mark the scholar rather than the gladiator in the arena of politics.

Yet there are few such skilled fighters. His weapon is the rapier rather than the broad sword, and the finesse of his sword-play wins the recognition which these sham fights always win in the British Parliament.

Funny devil, Balfour! We called him when Home Secretary for Ireland "Bloody Balfour," and the battering-ram for the leveling of the houses of tenants who were rack-rented, "Balfour's Maidens." A finicking devil—a whimsical devil—and a courageous devil. For we must give the devil his due.

## A Political Gamin.

Austen Chamberlain, the son of the famous Joseph, is only a *papier mache* imitation of his redoubtable progenitor. He wears the monocle and the orchid of his father—but the heart for fighting and the capacity are not there. Poor Austen!

Lord Hugh Cecil, son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, is a lop-sided, top-heavy young man, with a bulging forehead, a watery eye, and the ways of the dreamer of dreams. A high-Churchman, Lord Hugh, very much in earnest, to give him his due; an aristocrat, and, above all, a Salisbury. Says very nasty things sometimes as though by accident, but lets his religious prejudices color his political life and so cuts himself adrift from the chances of political promotion.

That more or less exhausts the Big Scream Chiefs of the Tories.

I have got to include Asquith, the Premier, and leader of the Liberals, in these sketches, though, to tell the honest truth, his is not at all an interesting personality. There are no flesh and blood attributes

## By Desmond Shaw

British Correspondent Coming Nation

about this man to make him interesting. He is interesting merely as a stuffed specimen in a glass case is interesting. But he has his gifts also. A devil in debate, though a user of the broadsword rather than the foil. An artful, foxy kind of dog, with rather an honest jowl to belie it. A good leader, but without any of the personal attributes which make a leader beloved. A University man. A flirt with Laborism. A political philanderer generally. An "all things to all men" kind of person. That is Asquith, the Assassin of Featherstone, as he is termed, for he is always credited with ordering the shooting of the Featherstone men when on strike.

Then there is Winston, our own winsome babe, the *enfant terrible* of the Liberals. This cherubic-faced boy-man, is the con of the famous Lord Randolph Churchill, who came to so untimely an end in the hey-day of his brilliant and meteoric career. Talk about funny devils! These Churchill fellows take the biscuit every time. There is something awry in them. A queer twist. A screw loose somewhere, I think. Winston is no exception. Once a Tory, now a Liberal, and tomorrow—what? Well, perhaps a Socialist. When it pays, it is whispered. But keep your eye on him all the time, and go "heeled."

There are other interesting Liberals, like Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom I have frequently referred in my articles, the cunning little Welsh lawyer, who is flirting with Socialism also because "it pays." One day makes a violent socialistic speech, the next cuts it all out, goes back on everything, and says he didn't mean it. But he knows, and I know, that the swing of the younger men of the Liberal party is towards Socialism—and "he is making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness" whilst there is yet time.

When we come to the labor men, we find a number of the men remarkable out of all proportion to the numerical force of the party, when it is remembered they only total 42 out of a membership of the House of Commons of 670.

I will take them haphazard.

Ramsay Macdonald naturally comes to mind as he is the Chairman of the party in the House. A wonderful man, Ramsay Macdonald, with all the qualities of the born leader, or nearly all. He has a certain quality of hard magnetism which has an extraordinarily "attractive" effect upon men in the mass. He is a chairman with few if any equals. Absolutely firm, but tactful, with an abnormal grip upon detail, he never loses his head. Scotsmen seldom do when you come to think of it. I have heard him speak in Germany, in Denmark, and in other countries, and wherever he goes he manages

to hold men in the mass. He is slight and wiry in build, with dark eyes, and a wavy mass of iron-grey hair. He will go far.

The man whom he succeeded as Chairman, George S. Barnes, is almost his exact antithesis in many respects. I think George is one of the most honest men living. Even his political opponents acknowledge that. Without great gifts of eloquence, he has a downright, simple way of putting a case which is generally irresistible to men who appreciate honesty in others. He has been very ill recently, but now is fit again and ready to take his place in the firing line.

Then there is the one and only J. Keir Hardie, who is following the movement in America with such close interest.

In Hardie you have a blend of fanaticism, mysticism, and the fighting spirit. An attractive *melange*. It is always good to listen to the hearty, honest way in which he states a case, finishing his sentences with a rising intonation that appears to be the hammering home of his argumentative bolts. He is beloved of the movement in Britain—has given the best years of his life to the Socialist cause, and yet, though beloved, there is a curious "aloofness" about him which is peculiar to himself. Keir Hardie is a name to conjure with in the ranks of the Labor party.

I have not room for more than a passing mention of the others, though lack of space alone prevents me from dealing with them *in extenso*.

## Vitrol in Parliament.

I cannot leave out of my gallery Philip Snowden, ex-Civil Servant, and today the man, *par excellence* in the House of Commons with a supreme capacity for incisiveness in stating a case, and with that touch of vitriol which is so effective to the debater. The way in which Snowden became a Socialist was strange. He had been thrown from a bicycle, and whilst lying seriously ill a Socialist book was thrust into his hand. At that time he was a strong "anti." He determined to write a reply to it, but on sitting down to do so, found that he himself had been convinced and that he had no counter-arguments!

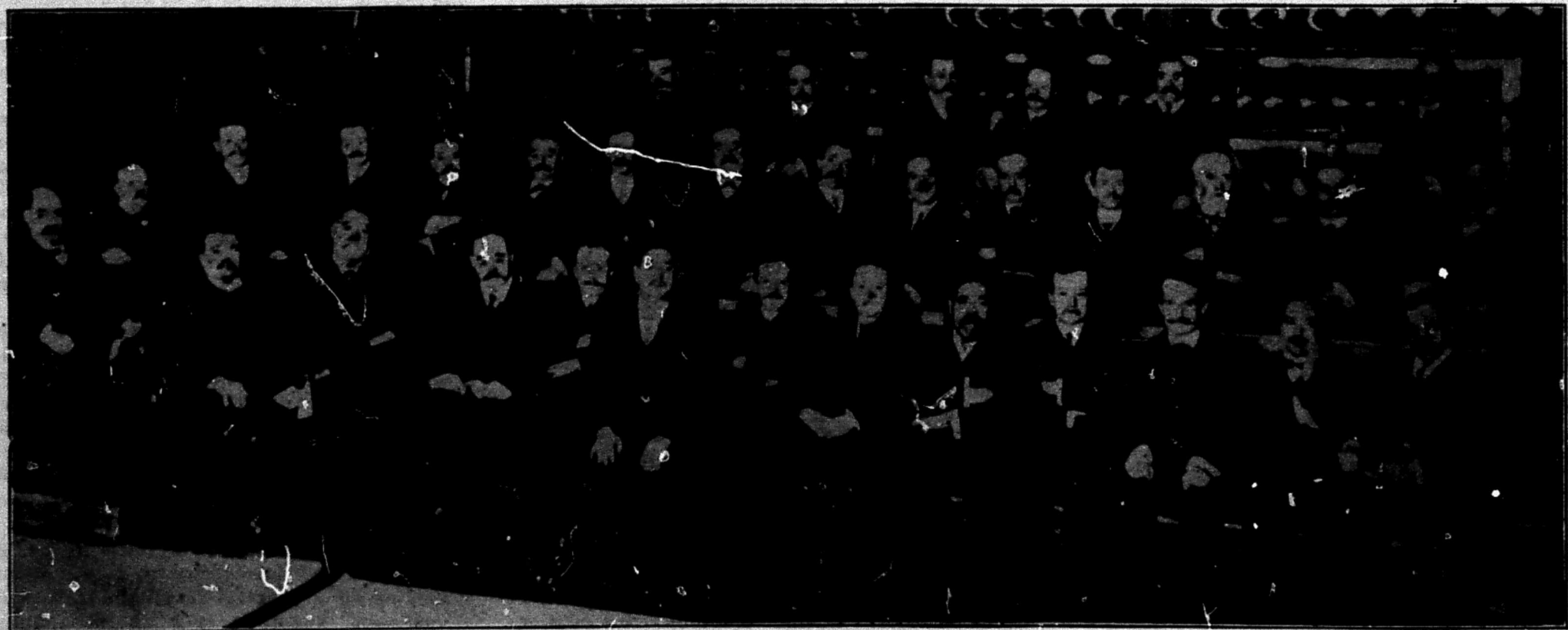
He has rather a high-pitched voice, and when he raises his forefinger in debate, it is as though he were using a probe with which to lance his opponent's arguments.

I will hang up as the last of my row of pictures that of Arthur Henderson, the Treasurer of the Labor party, and one of the cleverest tacticians in the House.

## Christian and Socialist.

Henderson is a good type of the nonconformist who still holds to his religious convictions whilst seeing that in the Labor and Socialist parties alone can the Christian ethic have an avenue for action. He still takes the pulpit sometimes as a lay-preacher, and is as earnest in his exposition of his dogmas as he is of the Labor and Socialist faith that is in

(Continued to Page 12)



LABOR MEMBERS IN HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Seated from left to right, first row, are: A. Wilkie, J. Williams, W. Abraham, J. O'Grady, W. Hudson, W. Thorne, A. Smith, A. H. Gill, W. Crooks, Arthur Henderson, C. Duncan, G. H. Roberts and J. Parker. Middle row: J. Wadsworth, W. Adamson, B. W. Goldstone, C. W. Bowerman, W. E. Harvey, J. E. Sutton, F. Hall, J. H. Thomas, J. Politer, T. Richardson, J. H. Clynes, J. Keir Hardie, W. Brace and J. R. MacDonald. Back row. E. Edwards, G. J. Wardle, G. Lansbury, F. W. Jowett, W. T. Wilson and T. Richards.

# THE TRIANGLE FIRE AND AFTER

By Elias Tobenkin

Photographs by Paul Thompson



Just after the fire

**I**N the closing days of November, 1909, about a thousand girls employed in the shop of the Triangle Shirt Waist Company in New York went on strike. The conditions under which they were compelled to work the girls declare were intolerable. Before the end of a week nearly 40,000 girls and men, shirt waist makers, joined the striking employes of the Triangle Waist Company in what proved to be one of the bitterest and hardest fought labor battles in recent years. The Shirt Waist strike dragged for months. The papers, the capitalist papers all over the country, sided with the girl strikers. They devoted page after page to descriptions of the pitiable conditions under which the girls who make shirt waists live and toil for a wage ranging on the average from \$2.50 to \$6 a week.

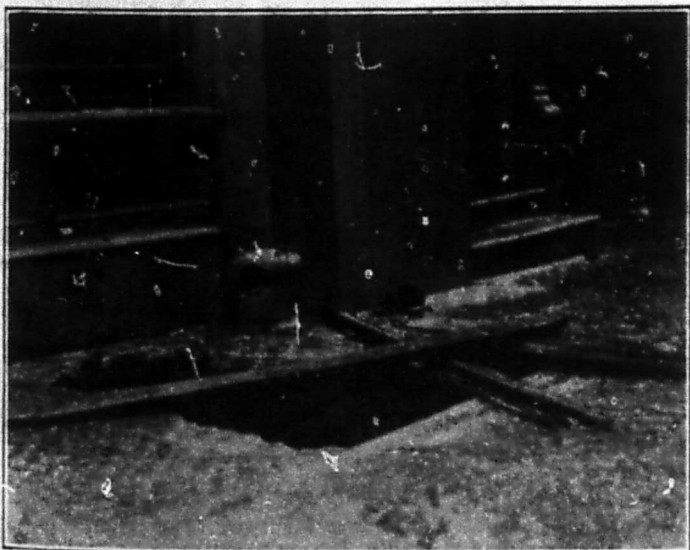
The strikers, girls in tender years, were arrested by the hundreds. They were dragged to court, Night Court, where they were lined up with the lowest criminals and after being duly lectured by the magistrates they were fined and warned that the next time they were arrested they would be sent to the workhouse.

They were arrested again. They had to be arrested, for they had to picket their shops if the strike were to be won. The magistrates kept their word and sent the striking shirt waist makers to the workhouse by the score. They were locked in the same cells with hardened criminals, with mental and moral degenerates.

The firm which fought the strikers hardest was the Triangle Shirt Waist Company, the firm where the strike began. The Triangle Waist Company is one of the largest waist manufacturing concerns in New York which means in the entire world. It supplies waists to the American public from Maine to California. Its profits are figured in millions. It could afford to fight the strikers hardest, therefore. And it did.

For 28 weeks its employes were out. During that time the Triangle Waist Company had over 350 of the strikers arrested and fined or sent to the workhouse. After 28 weeks the strikers returned to work in the Triangle shop under the old conditions. The employers triumphed. They have shown their employes that "the union cannot run" their shop.

Saturday, the twenty-fifth of March, 1911, at 4.45 o'clock in the afternoon, just as the girls, 750 of them, employed in the shop of the Triangle Waist Company were getting ready to lay down their work and go home, fire broke out in the first floor of the Triangle shop which was located on the eighth floor, of a ten-story loft building. On that floor above the heads of the workers hung paper patterns. About the walls and on racks in the middle of the room hung hundreds of waists of light inflammable material. On tables, machines, in boxes, lay heaps of garments or uncut cloth. On the floor there lay strewn piles of waste and clippings, all inflammable. The second and third stories of the shop which were the ninth and ten stories of the building were



Where a body crashed through

in the same identical condition, with the exception, perhaps, that on the ninth floor the congestion was even more acute, more horrible than either on the eighth or tenth floors.

In an instant the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of the building were a blazing furnace. The police and firemen later described the fire as a "mush-room" fire. Tongues of flame leaped up on every side. The flames swept through the room in sheets. It was a blizzard of fire.

Before the fire engines arrived about twenty girls jumped from the eighth, ninth and tenth stories to the street and dashed their brains out against the cement sidewalk or granite pavement. When the firemen came they spread out a life net. By that

time, however, the flames were already scorching the heads, faces and bodies of the girls and they began leaping in groups of two and three; as if finding it easier to face death in company the girls would take each other by the hand or put their arms about each other and leap down together. By the time each body reached the life net, it had an accumulated weight of something like 1,200 pounds. Several bodies coming down in succession soon weighed down the life net to the ground, and every girl that jumped, jumped to her death.

In less than fifteen minutes there lay strewn about the sidewalk of the Triangle shop about eighty splintered, battered bodies. The firemen had no time to pick up the dead. They were trying to reach the burning top floors of the huge factory building, hoping to be able to save some of girls that were there. Hours later, when the fire was out, the firemen found a heap of about fifty charred bodies lying on the ninth floor in front of the burned door. Twenty-odd bodies were found in the elevator shaft. When the elevator could no longer make its way to the burning floors the burning girls flung themselves down the shaft and were dashed or smothered to death there.

The full extent of the horror was first realized past midnight Saturday night when the gates to the Charities Pier, which was converted into an emergency morgue because the morgue could not hold so many bodies, were thrown open to relatives and friends of the dead who came to identify them. On both sides of the dock stretched 135 coffins. About 40 of the bodies in the coffins were burned beyond recognition. Hands, feet and shoulders, and here and there the face or most of the head, were missing.

At noon Sunday hearses began to come to the morgue with monotonous regularity and they kept coming during the rest of the week. By Friday the number of dead whose bodies were found was 147. Fourteen of the bodies still remained unidentified on that day, the seventh day after the fire. During the entire week the East Side was dotted with funerals of the fire victims.

Official figures of the number dead, however, did not tally with the number of missing for whom relatives and friends came to inquire. While nobody of those who knew most about the fire and the victims, cared to admit it openly, they all felt convinced that the number of dead was more than the 147 bodies or the remnants of bodies that were found.

A number of working girls and men, they believed, were burned to ashes, and the relatives will not even have the mournful consolation of knowing where the ashes of their dear ones rest.

Such was the work of the fire.

Was anybody arrested for it? No. The city authorities decided to proceed cautiously. They would investigate first. An investigation was begun and

the following facts were authenticated about the fire:

First, at the time of the fire the only exits of the buildings were two passenger elevators and two stairways. The stairways, like stairways in most buildings of that type, were so narrow that two men could not walk up or down the stairs side by side.

Second, one of the doors, the front door, was locked. It was always locked during working hours, as survivors of the disaster testified. Locking the door made for efficiency. But when the fire came it cost scores of lives.

Third, there was one fire escape which led into a blind alley. And even this fire escape was out of commission. The passageway to it was blocked by tables piled with goods. There were no signs in the shop telling of the fire escape.

Fourth, there was an iron door, or partition, obstructing the passage to the door. The iron door was there for the purpose of making it impossible for a girl to leave the shop without the knowledge of her superiors whose duty it was to scrutinize every girl to see that she did not steal a piece of goods from the shop.

The investigation brought out startling facts about congestion in the shop. Girls were sitting back to back at their machines. There was no space to turn about. The shop was constructed and maintained with a murderous disregard for human life.

Still the city authorities found no law upon which to base the arrest of Max Blanck and Isaac Harris, proprietors of the Triangle shop.

The owner of the building, Joseph J. Asch, likewise could not be deprived of his right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There were no grounds for arresting him—at least to the city authorities of New York there were no such grounds.

The Asch building was declared to be of the "fire-proof" kind, and such buildings are not required by law to provide fire escapes on the outside. True, such a building is not really meant to be used as a factory. A waist shop on the eighth, ninth and tenth stories of such a building is inviting danger. But it is not against the law.

The proprietors of the shop, the investigators found, did not violate the law because they were never told to make any improvements to introduce safeguards by either the fire department, building department, sanitary department, or the factory inspection department.

The law was not broken. They are not guilty. The 130-odd girls and eleven men who perished, who were murdered by the greed of their employers, can blame no one for their death. For greed, which murders, is not illegal.

The fire in New York—cruel as such a prediction may be—is only the forerunner of many worse holocausts to come. They must come. They are inevitable.

Why?

Because in the last ten years the clothing trade, New York's chief industry, has moved from the con-



Carrying baskets filled with remains Sunday morning

sumption-breeding tenements of the East Side to the nicer-looking, but infinitely more dangerous, more murderous ten, twelve and sixteen-story buildings on the West Side of the city.

For the first time in history we find today men and women, boys and girls working amid inflammable material on the eighth, tenth, twelfth and fourteenth stories. Machinery and hands have been lifted up twelve stories in the air. Stairs and elevators in these modern shops are provided for normal conditions for normal going and coming. In case of an accident in case of panic, the normal exits are hopelessly inadequate. In case of a fire

(Continued to Page 14)

# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

A. M. SIMONS. CHAS. EDW. RUSSELL.

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, 2½ 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

## Next Week the May Day Issue

The May Day issue of the COMING NATION, which will be the next number, will be a powerful message in a beautiful form. The illustrations alone would make it remarkable. Walter Crane, the greatest of Socialist artists has sent a handsome symbolical drawing worthy to be framed and hung in any home or Socialist headquarters. Keir Hardie, who saw it in England has just written asking permission for the Independent Labor party to use it as a poster.

Art Young, whose work is eagerly seized by the foremost illustrated periodicals of this country has drawn a cartoon that is a whole Socialist lecture as it stands. Ryan Walker has outdone his previous work for this number.

John Sloan, another of America's foremost illustrators, is represented, by some of his best work.

Berton Braley, with whose work every magazine reader is familiar will have two things in this issue. The first will be a series of "Lyrics of Labor," singing the story of toil in simple musical rhythm, that will delight and stir the reader. Then he has a short ringing "Chant of the Workers" that makes the blood tingle.

Allan Updegraff has a fiction story—"The Battle of the Mulligan" depicting a thrilling experience in the life of the wandering outcasts of industry. John Sloan has made the illustrations for it.

J. B. Larric discusses the campaign of falsification directed by the capitalist press against Milwaukee under the title "Is Milwaukee a Failure." There is humor and sarcasm and some splendid propaganda in it. Art Young has a cartoon that fits with it perfectly and will make a sensation.

Then there will be the messages from the Socialist fighters from all over the world, an extra good bunch of editorials by Charles Edward Russell, a little May Day play especially for the children, and plenty of other good features.

This will be a paper to buy, to read, to keep for years, and to send to your friends. Almost from the beginning the full editions of the COMING NATION have been sold out within a few days after publications and orders have been turned away. To be sure of getting copies of this May Day issue it will be necessary to order as soon as you read this. They will cost you two and one-half cents each in bundles of ten or more.

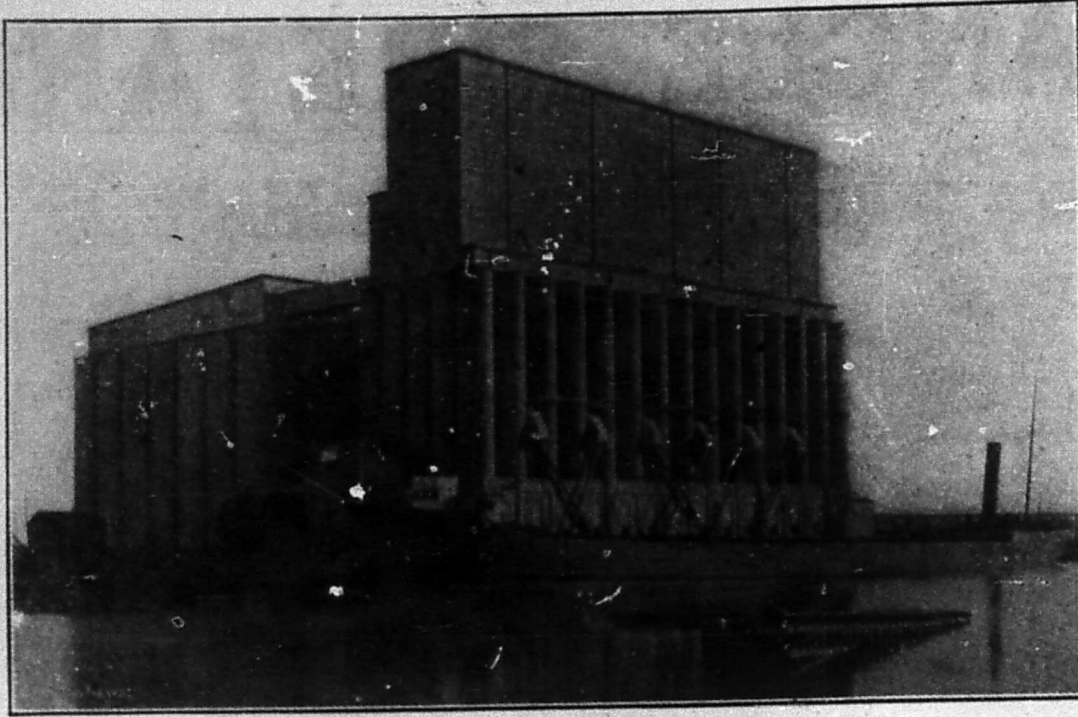
## A Story by Reginald Wright Kauffman

In two weeks the COMING NATION will begin the publication of a story written especially for this paper by Reginald Wright Kauffman, the author of "The House of Bondage."

It was Mr. Kauffman whose vivid expose of the white slave trade led to much of the present agitation against that horrible trade. His work as a novelist and short story writer has made him familiar to the whole American reading public.

The story which he has written for the COMING NATION bears the title of "The Curse," and is a study of heredity and environment in the south.

Calhoun Ridgeley suffers under the curse inherited from a line of violent man-killing slave owners. A man of



## Concentration in Handling Wheat

The memory of men now runs back to the time when the great majority of the wheat crop was handled in sacks, transferred by hand to wagons and drawn to market by horses. The most improved method, even a half century ago, was the use of a shovel to scoop the grain into cars.

This illustration shows the latest stage in the long road that has been traveled since that time. It is a photograph of the largest grain handling and grain storage plant in the world, located at Ft. William, Ontario, Canada.



Reginald Wright Kauffman

powerful physique and ungoverned temper, his impulses lead him to deeds of of ferocious violence. At the same time his connection with one of the old families of the south makes him the rival for the hand of the heroine, herself a daughter of the same society.

Running through the whole struggle is the conflict of the new capitalism with the old regime of the south. The race question forces itself to the front, and the characters are caught up in this maelstrom of heredity and of changing civilization in the midst of a war of the races. The result is a situation constantly tense with interest and action.

The COMING NATION was indeed fortunate in securing this story, and we urge upon our readers that they call the attention of their friends to its appearance in time for them to obtain the first chapters. It will be necessary for them to subscribe immediately in order to have the subscription started with this number, and, since the full edition of the COMING NATION is sold out weekly, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to supply back numbers.

## Better Paper This Week

The COMING NATION is glad to be able to surprise its readers by sending them the present issue printed on first-class book paper, such as will be used

for succeeding numbers. This is only a part of the general plan to always give a far better paper than has been promised.

The question of just how good a magazine will be given depends entirely upon the efforts which are made by those who read it to extend its circulation. Great plans have been made for the future and these will be realized just as fast as the funds are available.

It has a storage capacity of forty million bushels. The "bins" are great concrete cylinders. Upon these is erected a structure for the handling and transferring of the grain, larger than the largest elevator in existence a generation or so ago. The grain is discharged directly into great steel barges carrying almost countless wagon loads of grain.

Yet it is doubtful if the farmer receives a much larger reward for growing the grain or the laborer eats cheaper or better bread than he did in the days of the scoop-shovel and ox-cart.

In addition to the great May Day number, which will appear next week, and the story by Reginald Wright Kauffman, announced elsewhere on this page, the great series of articles by Eugene Wood on "The Big Change," must not be forgotten. These will be illustrated by Horace Taylor, the best artist obtainable for this purpose.

With the new paper illustrations hitherto impossible can now be used and the old ones will appear in much better shape. We have taken somewhat of a chance in arranging for these things, believing that our present readers will be willing to make an effort to add to our circulation. Up to the present time we have not asked our friends to obtain subscriptions and fully ninety per cent of those who now take the paper have sent one dollar for a single subscription, or have bought it at a news stand. Now we want to ask every reader to lend a hand during the next three weeks to the extent of showing his paper to some of his friends, and securing his subscription. This is not a hard thing to do. The COMING NATION is now offering its readers the work of the best writers and artists in America.

**IN THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY**

(Continued from Page 10)

him. He is a broad-shouldered man, with rather heavy-lidded eyes, and a slow, straightforward method of speaking which has a conviction of its own. He is one of those men who do not "loom large in the limelight" of politics; but who underneath pulls the strings of political action, and hatch those schemes which sometimes lead to such unlooked-for results—results which they, least of all, perhaps, are accredited with achieving.

I have sat in the Strangers' Gallery in the House and watched the packed masses of Liberals and Tories on either side. There are the big battalions. Yet it is to the compact phalanx of Labor

men, a phalanx lost in that vast assembly, which is the phalanx of the future. It is not to the Balfours, the Asquiths and the Churchills that Britain has to look for her social emancipation—it is to that poor, weak little band of stalwarts who sit there as the epitomized expression of Labor. "Labor," the despised of today—the victor and the hope of tomorrow.

(All British rights reserved).

## The Socialist Scouts

Socialism is the talk of the Nation. The greatest opportunity ever opened to boys and girls is the work of the Socialist Scouts. Nearly a thousand youngsters are regularly at work now and have been for several months. Their work added thousands of Socialist votes at the last election.

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



JERRY SPAIN.

Not all Scouts are under 18 years of age. Comrade Jerry Spain of Jonesboro, Ark., is one of the old war horses. He was born in 1855. He devotes most of his time to training younger Scouts, showing them how to dispose of Socialist papers and helping them with his experience. His example is being followed in many other places. Older Socialists can help materially by following this plan.

## Scout News

Received my last order yesterday morning, (Sunday), delivered three to regular customers, carried the balance to boarding train and sold them to the railroad men in a few minutes.—Wendell P. Walker, Okla.

I have no trouble in selling my papers. I have three regular customers and the promise of several others. Am getting along fine. I made a speech at our Local several weeks ago and everybody thought it was a good one.—Clay Gillespie, age 13 years, W. Va.

I like the work very much and the papers sell like hot cakes. Most every one I see says they like it. I am seven years old. One man I met said he would not be living when the next nation comes. But I really wanted him to buy one so I said "If you won't be living when the next nation comes you ought to buy one to see what it is going to be like." So he took one.—Donald Ross Nugent, Cal.

One of our Scouts who is making a weekly order for four *Appeals* and sixteen COMING NATIONS makes the following report: "Just a word to tell you the up-hill work here. This is a town of one thousand souls and only five voted the Socialist ticket. They are all asleep here."—H. C. Stokes, Ohio.

**Fish Bite** like hungry wolves and keep you busy pulling them out whenever you use our Wonderful Fish-Luring Bait. 25c a box. Write for free booklet and our special offer of one box to help introduce it. Walton Supply Co., Dept 24 St. Louis, Mo

## OLYMPIC NATURE NURSERY

The NATIVE FOREST CONSERVATORY

### WILD PLANTS, TREES AND FLOWERS

Rhododendron, Madrena, Huckleberry, Oregon Grape Plants, 15c each, 10 for \$1.00, 100 for \$7.00. Arbor Vitae, Fir, Hemlock, Blackberry, Twin Flower Plants, 10c each, 10 for 75c, 100 for \$5.00. Ferns, for planting, 100 for \$3.00.

### EVERGREENS FOR DECORATIONS

Fern fronds, 12 to 30 inches, 1,000 for \$2.00. Cuttings of Oregon Grape, Rhododendron, Huckleberry, Madrona and Yew; 50 pound box for \$2.50. Cuttings of Arbor Vitae, Fir, Hemlock, Sallal, 50 pound box for \$2.00.

### SPECIAL MAIL ORDER COLLECTIONS

Ten small plants, our selection, for 50c; post-paid. 24 plants, by mail postpaid, for \$1.00. Good plants, fresh from the forest. Roots packed in moss and well wrapped.

Make Money Orders payable to

## Joel Shomaker

NELLITA, WASHINGTON

Sea Shells, 10c a pound at the Nursery.



EDITED BY  
BERTHA H. MAILLY

### Fire

I do not like to sadden your young hearts, my children, with telling you of the terrible things that happen to the workers of the world all of the time, but we must talk together a little, you and I, about one of the most dreadful things that ever happened in the United States.

Just few weeks ago, in a factory in New York, where 700 girls and young men worked many hours a day making the pretty white shirtwaists that women and girls love to put on fresh and clean, a swift, fierce fire broke out just as the workers were getting ready to leave for home. Everything was in the way. Machines were in the way, partitions with a tiny narrow door were in the way, the doors leading to the staircases were locked, the elevators could not take many down, the fire-hose was rotten and there was no water. The young girls and men, many of the girls being no older than you, my children, only sixteen, were caught like little mice in a trap and the flames swept over them and killed many, forcing others to jump from very, very high windows.

We won't say anything more about the dreadful things that happened. But we SHALL ask, what caused 143 young workers to die thus without a chance of escape? I know some of you can tell me, because you think about those things. And you know just as well as I do, that it was because:

Employers do not want to spend the money to put in the proper fire equipments.

Employers do not want to take the time the girls might be making money for them to teach fire drills.

Owners of factories do not want to spend the money for fire-escapes for the buildings.

Employers do not want to have their workers join a union and demand good and safe conditions.

Employers keep the doors locked to their factories, because they are afraid that someone may come and try get their workers to demand what they ought to have.

In short, it all comes to this, that the employers want to make all the money they possibly can and anything that costs money, no matter even if it is to save lives, they fight not to put in.

But you, my children, can one and all help to right things so that such accidents cannot happen.

You can work to teach the working people that they must themselves vote for the laws which will make the places where they have to work safe and healthful. Will you do it, children, from now until you are yourselves old enough to vote?

And will you go a little farther and tell them that if they themselves owned these factories, there need be not the slightest danger of such accidents?

### The Little Snow-Bell

Once upon a time there was a long, cold winter and the snow would not disappear. Under the white cover a pair of seeds waited patiently for the friendly beckoning of spring. The time seemed very long to them and one said to the other:

"Listen, little brother, I'd just like to see-how it looks outside."

And the other one said:

"Try it. I'll do it with you."

So they sharpened up their little seed-leaves very nicely, until they were as pointed as arrows and could shoot right through the snow. Then they tried it. They almost froze with the cold work, but still they succeeded and after a few hours their little heads reached up into the daylight. The snow had taken every bit of color out of them and they were as white as a sheet.

"That doesn't matter," said one to the other, and they were as happy as could be about it. Then they waved their tops to and fro, so that the stamens beat like little hammers on the sides of the flowers and a tiny little ring sounded through the wood.

Old Winter heard it, and thought to himself:

"The Springtime is being rung in. Now it's quite time for me to be getting out of the way. I might as well make way for the young, light-hearted fellow. I don't like him at all!"

So he wrapped his long white snow cloak about him and went his way. But Spring was already waiting and listening behind the hedges and as he stepped forth, he gave his forest greeting first to the two flowers and bestowed upon them the name "Little Snow-Bells," because they had rung away the snow.

—Anton Forsteneichner in *Der Gleichheit*.

### A Fountain Pen

It takes eighty people to make all the parts of a fountain pen and to put them together. The pen must go through eighty different processes before it is ready for me to use to write a loving word to my friend. I think I should say "Thank you" in mind every time I use my pen, for it is the service of eighty different people which gives it to me.

### Parental Tactics

A worried parent is sometimes obliged to do something like this:

"Pa, what is a transcendentalist?"

"Have you chained up the dog, as I told you?"

"Not yet, pa."

"Well, do that, and when you come back I will tell you what a transcendentalist is."

While Bobby was gone his astute parent dug the needed information out of a dictionary.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### The Wonderful Town

BY A. MUIR.

In the town of "Askyourwaythere"—  
Never heard of "Askyourwaythere?"  
Well, such ignorance is really very hard to understand.  
You go up the "Query River",  
And keep sailing on forever.  
And you'll reach that thriving city in the  
"Neverfindit" land.

There everything is "topsy-turvy,"  
Cannot help being "topsy-turvy,"  
For the ruler is a monarch called the  
good "King Upsidedown."  
He's the funniest of kings, too—  
Never acts as other kings do—  
For his hands are in his boots, and his  
feet are in his crown.

And his castle is a "bandbox,"  
Just an ordinary "bandbox,"  
And he sleeps out in the garden, for the  
queen won't make his bed.  
And should you—quite unthinking,  
In his presence start a-winking,  
He will hang you for a traitor with a  
piece of cotton thread.

And then there are his people,  
O, you never saw such people,  
They are always growing younger and  
younger every night.  
And when at last they cannot talk right,  
And forget the way to walk,  
They just put them into cradles and rock  
them out of sight.

You should go to "Askyourwaythere"—  
Charming spot is "Askyourwaythere"—  
I'll repeat the route you follow, and  
you're sure to understand.  
You go up the "Query River,"  
And keep sailing on forever,  
Till you reach that wondrous city in the  
"Neverfindit" land.  
(This poem was awarded a prize by *The Clarion*, London, England.)

### Saved the Furniture

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's boathouse at his summer residence burnt down the other day. The boathouse could not be saved, but workmen rushed into the burning building and hauled out most of the furniture.

If the little home of anyone of those workmen was burning, I wonder who would rush in and save his furniture.

Can you draw a square, with diagonal lines inside, while looking in the glass? Stand a small looking glass on the table, in front of you, and take a piece of paper and pencil; then by looking in the glass (not at the paper on the table) draw a square and diagonals as well as you can. This sounds easy, but just try it. Your pencil is apt to act as if it had delirium tremens!

### Little Fables

#### The Spider

"If I had only wanted to," said the spider, "I could have caught a hundred thousand flies in my net today. If I had only cared to."

#### The Dewdrop

"Oh, how warm the sun is today!" said a little blade of grass.

"That doesn't surprise me at all," answered a dewdrop. "The sun is doing everything he can to get the best of me."

### How Times Do Change

"How times do change," said our grandparents when the first electric car went tearing past the old farm house.

Indeed they do and they keep right on changing whether we are wise enough to change with them or not. A few days ago a banquet, or rather two banquets, were held in two cities a hundred miles apart. They really were parts of the same banquet and the guests were able to hear the speeches and toasts that went on at both dinners.

Now how do you suppose that was? 100 miles apart, too. Very easy, indeed. Just a little special telephone at each person's place at the dinner table, and he could hear what went on at his own banquet and at the one 100 miles away also.

All because of the marvel of that little invention, the telephone.

### The Day of Electricity

Not a very long reach in time, but a tremendous journey in achievement, from the days of the story and a half cabin of the early settlers of the United States to the eight story tenement house of the big city now; from the flickering home-made candle to the electric light; and from the great open, log-filled fireplace to the steam-heating system of today.

Now comes someone who says that "the day is not far distant when the coal pile in the cellar will be replaced by the electrical reservoir of box-like shape and moderate size, to furnish heat throughout the entire building and also

to the kitchen in residences for cooking. This we shall see within a year or two. Then will the coal wagon in front of the house disappear and the ash can become only a memory."

That's a great change and will make things very clean and comfortable and pleasant for some people. I wonder if those people will be the workers or the others. The great change that we are working for is for *all* the workers to have all the comforts and pleasures that they produce. Because they ought to have them.

### Awful Inquisition

A little colored girl, deeply insulted by her playmate, who had pushed her "off'n de stoop," took her case before the justice of the peace. He inquired into the circumstances and said, turning to the injured one:

"The plaintiff is allowed to ask the defendant a question, in regard to the assault."

"Wha's dat you' say, sah?"

"I say that you may ask the defendant a question."

"Wh-wha'll Ah ask her, sah?"

"Any question you like."

The child studied the floor a moment. Then, with the politest of smiles, she inquired, "Sally, am you' mamma well?"

—Everybody's Magazine.

### Coming

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

(Written especially for the *Children's Own Place*.)

A flash of wings and a burst of song  
From the feathered ones returning;  
A reddish glow in the maple twigs  
Where the fires of growth are burning.

The falling rain, with the sun ashine,  
And the South wind's gentle blunder  
Of mixing in, with spots of snow—  
And the sound of distant thunder.

While tender green in the forests' top,  
And the grey of hedges blending,  
And the hyacinth so sweet and prim,  
The message too is sending.

The smoke of bonfires in the dusk  
And bark! beyond the bogs—  
Soprano, tenor, bass and all,  
She comes! I hear the frogs.

Just to get acquainted  
**FAMOUS**  
**Comrade**  
**Soft Felt Hat**

**Postpaid For ONE DOLLAR**

Suitable for all occasions. Black, Brown, Gray, Blue. Keep the Hat and get your **Money Back** if not satisfactory.

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Send for Booklet "D". Working Clothes for Workmen.

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traces in the original documents (translated) the development of civilization through 7,000 years, showing the evolution of ideas and institutions—from slavery, serfdom, feudalism, capitalism and demonstrating the final triumph of socialism. At last a work that digs deep into the causes of history—the ideas and lives back of events. Used and endorsed by Fred Warren, John Spargo, Victor L. Berger, Jack London, A. M. Simons, Ernest Untermann, Arthur Morrow Lewis, Winfield R. Gaylord and thousands of other socialists.

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## Socialist Mayor of Berkeley

Berkeley, aristocratic, cultured, beautiful Berkeley, Cal., has a Socialist mayor.

For a score of years the Socialists of Berkeley and of San Francisco—for Berkeley is really but a suburb of the larger city—have struggled against great odds to build up a Socialist movement.

The man who has been raised to the head of the city by the final success of their work is one of the best known Socialists in the English speaking world. A graduate of Northwestern University, a Methodist preacher, a Socialist propagandist in two continents, an orator than whom there is few more effective speaking the English language, J. Stitt Wilson has always been a striking figure.

Shortly after his graduation he began to preach social righteousness among men and soon found himself standing apart from his clerical associations.

Ten and twelve years ago he was a well-known figure on the street corners of Chicago. Later his work as a lecturer carried him into

all parts of the United States, then came repeated trips to England where he addressed great audiences and had no small part in rousing the English working class to their effective rebellion against the capitalism of that country.

About two years ago he came back to the United States, was a delegate to the Socialist congress at Chicago last May, and a member of the committee on immigration. He was the Socialist candidate for governor last fall in California and polled the largest vote ever polled by a Socialist for that office.

The capture of Berkeley by the Socialists cannot help but have an important effect upon the political situation across the Bay in San Francisco. There the Labor Party is in power, but in part by means of an unholy alliance with the street railway monopoly and the underworld.

Many workers endured this alliance because they saw no other way for Labor to obtain political power. Berkeley has now shown them the other and the better way.



J. Stitt Wilson



M. A. Brattland

M. A. Brattland, of Ada, Minn., was elected county attorney of Norman county, Minnesota, on the Socialist (public ownership) ticket in 1906 and has been re-elected twice since that time on the same ticket. He is now serving his third term. Brattland was candidate for Lieut. Governor on the Socialist ticket in 1902.

## THE TRIANGLE FIRE AND AFTER

(Continued from Page 11)

in any one of the thousands of garment shops in New York City, 90 per cent of which are located above the fifth floor in "fire-proof" firetraps like the building where the Triangle fire occurred, the identical thing which happened in the Triangle shop must happen there.

And if it should happen not late on a Saturday afternoon, when the five thousand employes on the floors below the eighth have already gone home, the catastrophe will surely be more appalling.

Reformers of all shades and hues are now clamoring for fire escapes on the outside of all the "fire-proof" loft buildings used as shops. They ask for better fire protection inside the shops, such as fire drills, fire extinguishers and sprinklers. All this is very well. But it is not all. It is not the real issue.

The real issue is the abolition of factories in the air, and the bringing of factories back to earth where they belong.

In a recent article in the *Survey*, McKeon, an engineer, who is an expert in fire prevention, pointed out that New York factories are fire traps. The best of them are fire traps. There are in New York 30,000 factories, he said, employing close to a million people. They are distributed among 12,000 buildings. Only 1,000 of these buildings are fire-proof.

In that article Engineer McKeon predicted that the so-called fire-proof factory may prove a worse death trap than non-fire-proof factory. The advantages of fire-proof construction, he pointed out, are offset by the great height to which these fire-proof buildings are constructed. Such buildings, he said, are apt to contain 5,000 or more employes. In case of a fire, a panic is sure to break out, for the fire-proof buildings invariably have narrow stairways and inadequate exits because of the very fact that they are fire proof. In case of a fire, he argued, a panic may kill as many as the worst fire would kill.

Fire Chief Crocker, of New York, characterized the fire-proof buildings where thousands of workers are herded together at machines way above the earth even more fitly than Engineer McKeon did. These buildings, he said, are fire-proof, but they are not "death-proof." The Triangle fire with the tre-

mendous loss of life proves the truth of the statement that the fire-proof building is not death-proof, because of its very height, and congestion and abnormal surroundings hundred of feet above the street level.

The greatest warning to the working class which the 150 charred bodies in New York cry out is:

"Bring down industry to earth again. Let us have shops on earth and not ten stories in the air. Give us shops in plain buildings close to the ground, and not in skyscrapers with fancy fronts and fire traps on the inside."

If the Triangle fire should impress this lesson upon the minds of the working people, if industry should be brought back to earth, if, for the sake of cheaper rent for the manufacturers, the workers will not be made to clamber up ten or twelve stories in the air to their work and be in perpetual danger in case of any accident or panic, then the innocent girls that were slaughtered in Triangle fire will not have died in vain.

But if this lesson is not heeded, if, for the sake of cheaper rent and bigger profits inflammable material and men will continue to be carried twelve stories in the air, then the Triangle fire is the forerunner of many others and more ghastly fires to come. If the skyscraper shop is not abolished by law, more than a million workers in New York City alone cannot tell when their turn might come to choose between death in flames or death by dashing out their brains against the sidewalk ten or twelve stories below them.

In our own country, if the church directed its full available force against any social wrong, there is probably nothing that could stand up against it. Here, then, is a vast force which by all the tradition of its origin and by its very essence is committed to the moral reconstruction of human society. It has had time and opportunity. Why, then, has it not reconstructed the social life of Christendom.—*Prof. Rauschenbusch.*

The tough, seeking trouble goes around with a pistol in his pocket. The useful citizen, seeking peace goes about unarmed. As with men so with nations. Is it necessary then, for a peaceable nation to spend \$200,000,000 yearly for military purposes to promote peace? Hardly.—*Farm Journal.*

## Debs in Florida

BY GEORGE BREWER

At many of the Debs meeting points on every trip, the comrades arrange something appropriate and fitting for the occasion of a musical or decorative nature. Often entire bands donate their services to the committee. At others orchestras are engaged. Singing societies and quartets lend tone and enchant-

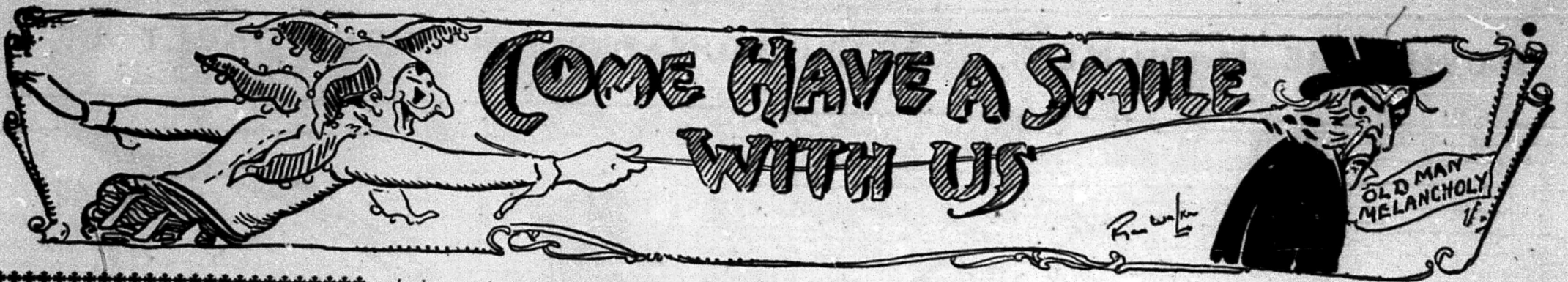


ment to a great many meetings. Decorations added to halls and opera houses often indicate that those in charge have the natural instinct of true artists.

The curtain at the Duval Theater at Jacksonville, Fla., March 16th, rose on one of the most picturesque and appropriate scenes that Comrade Debs and I have ever witnessed when we arrived at the opera house to fill the engagement there. A pyramid of twenty-one typical southern girls, each representing one of the (commonly understood) civilized countries and decorated in the national flag of her country with the slogan in bold words at the top: "WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! You have only your chains to lose. You have a world to gain." At the bottom: "Socialist vote of the world, 9,000,000."

Comrade Debs in characteristic style elaborated on the pyramid and what it, together with the lettering, implied, as well as bringing the audience to its feet with enthusiastic applause in his analysis of the strength and significance of the powerful and inspiring world movement which embraced every human interest and made its appeal to the workers of the world regardless of creed, color or nationality.

The girls forming the pyramid were comfortably seated and by request—other seats in the house being unavailable—remained in their positions throughout the lecture and at its close literally surrounded Comrade Debs and were the first to shake his hand and congratulate him on his masterful address.



## Flings at Things

D. M. S.

### Breaking Him Away

Be patient with the worker,  
His head is full of bunk;  
It holds enough of trash and stuff  
To fill a good sized trunk;  
Extract it slow but steady  
To aid him break away;  
To make it plain just give his brain  
A little jar each day.

The press, the politicians  
And that confusing throng  
Have filled the gap beneath his cap  
With bunk, refined and strong;  
He thinks that he is thinking;  
It all seems very plain  
When he is but repeating what  
They stuffed into his brain.

Go at him firm but gently,  
On that do not relax  
Or push things through though tempted  
To go at him with an ax.  
When he is good and ready  
Then feed him stronger meat  
But in the start you win his heart  
By something nice and sweet.



### Cause for Alarm

"What is the man so excited about? He is waving his hands wildly, growing red in the face and talking to everyone who will listen to him."

"Nothing serious. He has been reading a magazine and has just found out for the first time that J. Pierpont Morgan owns the United States."

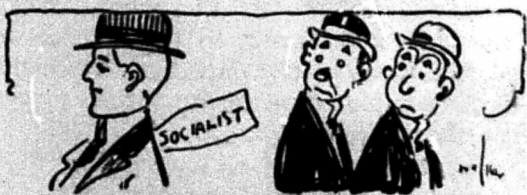
### Trusted Himself

"The working class could never run the world. They ain't smart enough."

"Are you a working man?"

"Sure, but I ain't puffed up about it."

"Do you have to have someone to tell you how to spend your wages?"



### Had Heard of Them

"That guy says he is a Socialist."

"He ought to know."

"Well he don't know the first principles of Socialism. He ain't got no whiskers and when I asked him to have a drink he took ginger ale."

### Original Source

"The army is all right," said the comfortable gent with the large vest and showy necktie. "It makes me sore to hear anyone knocking the army."

"I beg to differ. The army is all wrong."

"That's your private opinion."

"It ought to be right. I got it from a private."

### Their Rake-off

The men of wealth and worth and weight  
Who gently guide the ship of state,  
Who steer it from the rocks and shoals

And save its precious freight and souls  
Don't do it free, you may surmise,  
No, they are for that all too wise,  
For, as the pay themselves they set,  
They always charge enough, you bet.



### Little Flings

Capitalism is never satisfied. The fuller it is the hungrier it gets.

To tell whether a man is a big capitalist or a little one notice whether he can violate the laws with impunity.

Does a measly stream like the Rio Grande think it can keep the capitalists from protecting their own?

Listen to the big ones talking for

peace all unconscious of the fact that the Socialists beat them to it.

Lorimer doesn't know how he ever pulled through those trying times. An itemized expense account might help him to understand.

It doesn't require an ear trumpet to hear Socialism coming.

A man who wants to argue against Socialism should not study it. Thus he will be better equipped.

The joy of labor is governed by the pay envelope.

Hearts of Mexican slaves are not quickening at the approach of Uncle Sam.

Good morning, Mr. Renter. How you have grown, as the census says.

### At the Musicale

She—"Don't you think Wagner is just grand?"

He—"Yes, I do. He's batting better than 400 now."



### A Fool Question

BY GEORGE JACKSON.

A considerable portion of the population of Toronto is composed of English immigrants, and between these and the native Canadians, no love is lost. The native Canadians assert that the Britons are all "kickers," and have derived from this alleged characteristic, the nick-name "broncho," signifying a Briton who is a chronic kicker. The peculiar twang of the "bronchos" is a joy

A plumber's helper, with a little loafing time, approached one of the "broncho" painters on the job recently with this neighborly greeting, "Hello, pal, what are you doing?"

The "broncho" surveyed him with unfeigned disgust and burst out, "A'pointin', a'pointin'; a'doin' a bit o' pointin'. What did ye think I war a'doin', puddlin' in the point, oi?"

### A Prospective Lawyer

BY MILDRED E. SNELLER.

An old lady residing in the back woods of Minnesota once took her youngest son, aged seven, to a lawyer's office in a nearby town and told the attorney she wished he would make a lawyer of her little boy.

He asked her, "Why don't you have a lawyer made of one of your older sons?"

"Oh, we are going to make farmers of the others, but we thought this one would make a capital lawyer, because, at the age of five he was as sassy as any critter, at six he would lie like sin, and now he'll steal anything he can lay his hands on."

### Teddy Was Turned Down

During Teddy's bear hunt down in old Mississippi, the hunters happened to run short on dogs. Some one informed Theodore that an old planter not far away owned a pack of splendid dogs. Teddy went over expecting that the old planter would be glad to let him have them, but he met with a refusal.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am," says Teddy. "I am Theodore Roosevelt."

"I don't care a dam if you are Booker T. Washington, you can't have my dogs."

### Doesn't Have to Work

BY L. J. WRIGHT.

A man, evidently a total stranger, stood viewing the finest mansion in town. "Who owns that magnificent place?" "Old Charley Waterway," he was told. "What does he do for a living?" "Do? He doesn't do anything. He owns the water works."

### Nursery Rhymes, Revised

BY JAMES W. BABCOCK.

Willie Sheehan, crafty and mean,  
Would like to the Senate to go.  
If he ever gets there, 'twill be by a hair,  
Though he has rouch political dough.

### As Far as He Was Going

One cold, wintry morning, a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace. A treacherous piece of ice under the snow caused him to lose control of his feet; he began to slide and was unable to stop. At a cross-street half way down the incline he encountered a large, heavy woman, with her arms full of heavy bundles. The meeting was sudden, and before either realized it, a collision ensued and both were sliding down hill, a grand ensemble—the thin man underneath, the fat woman and bundles on top. When the bottom was reached and the woman was trying in vain to recover her feet, these faint words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

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You will make more money than ever before. Agents say stock sold out before fairly got started. Thomas Mfg. Co., 532 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

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Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.

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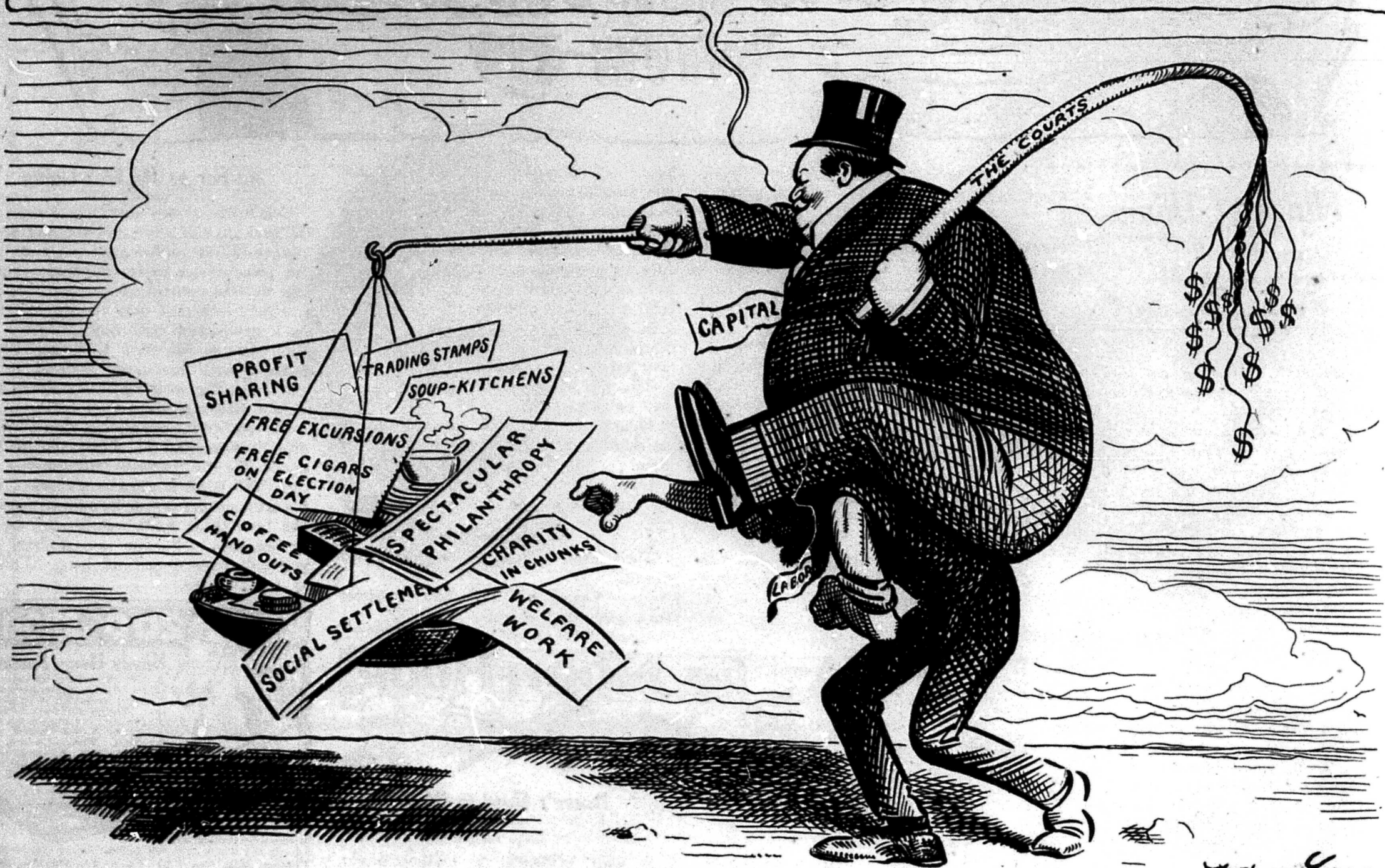
E. E. WARDEN, President  
1433 Marden Building  
Washington, D. C.

### The Triangle Fire



—From New York Call

I OWN THE MACHINERY OF PRODUCTION. AND DONT YOU FORGET IT



Arthur Young

A Parade---every day in the year. "The rich man will do anything for the poor man but get off his back."

**A Workers' History of Science**

BY A. M. LEWIS.

**The Great Decline**

The decline of Greek civilization and Greek learning and its lingering remnants in Roman thought marks a sad chapter in the history of the human race.

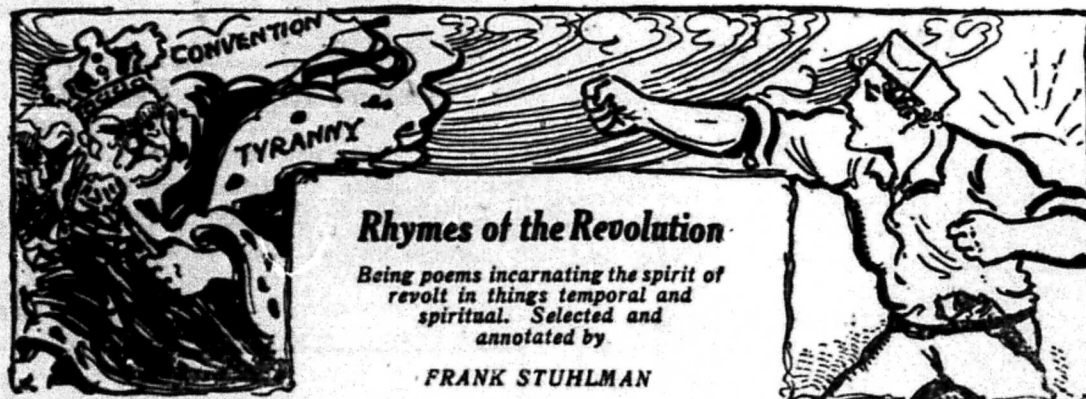
As Carl Snyder has well said: "In Greece philosophers seemed to grow under every tree." Their wonderful and dazzling generalization are a source of perennial wonder to the student of the history of human thought.

It is a story which never loses its fascination and charm. If one begins his studies with the time of Lord Bacon and travels down to date, and turns back to the Greeks he is astonished to find how much of it was anticipated by their sages.

All our theories of historical causation, far-reaching as they are, seemed to be inadequate to explain all. When we have exhausted the physical environment theory of Vico and Buckle and the economic and social environment theory of Marx, there still seems to be something left unexplained.

The contrast between the thought of the Greeks and that of their Oriental neighbors is so great that no theory seems to fully bridge the chasm. Professor Burnet endeavors to solve the problem by saying of the Greeks: "They left off telling tales. They gave up the hopeless task of describing what was, when as yet there was nothing, and asked instead what all things really are now." Professor Butcher explains the backwardness of their Oriental neighbors by saying they looked "on each fresh gain of earth as so much robbery of heaven."

One striking difference, which we have so far passed over was the development of Greek ideas in the fields of theology. The anthropomorphic theory



**Rhymes of the Revolution**

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

NOTE—Richard Realf was one of those strange, bright spirits, like Shelley, whose wings are bruised and broken on the iron walls of materialistic capitalism, against which they beat. Born in England he early manifested great gifts, publishing a volume of poems at the age of eighteen. Two years later he came to America and joined the anti-slavery ranks.

**My Slain**

BY RICHARD REALE.

"Amen!" I have cried in battle-time,  
When my beautiful heroes perished;  
The earth of the Lord shall bloom sublime  
By the blood of his martyrs nourished.  
"Amen!" I have said, when limbs were hewn  
And our wounds were blue and ghastly  
The flesh of a man may fall and swoon  
But God shall conquer lastly.  
"And amen!" sang I unto the hymn,  
That rose when our crowned banners  
Streamed over the hosts whose eyes were dim,  
Because of their hearts' hosannas;  
But I swear I will not stab my dead  
With a pugnard stroke, by giving—  
Amen! to the tie that seeks to spread  
Its black wrong over the living.  
If you shake clean hands with Truth  
You shall  
See life's essential meaning  
And through the apocalyptic  
Vineyards of Light walk gleaning;  
But not in yon traffic-mongering marts,  
Where you place a market value  
In the Christward aching of human hearts,  
Hath his angel aught to tell you.  
Can you patch a cloak for our nakedness  
From shreds of your contriving  
Will your shoddy endure the strain and stress  
Or the looms the gods are driving?  
Behold! The winds of the Lord would tear

Our beggarly rags in sunder  
And leave us shivering, shamed and bare  
To the search of his packed thunder.  
Did our slain sons, whether white or black, die  
For gracing a sleek negation?  
Shall we build mud walls twixt man and sky,  
In our plan for restoration?  
Behold! The Infinite Equipoise  
Will crumble our work, as Babel,  
And drown our ears with the dreadful noise  
Calm heard when he slaughtered Abel.  
Shall we drowse our lives with a new pretense,  
Ere our blood is dry in the valleys,  
That were soaked through for the old offense?  
Must we learn anew what Hell is?  
Do we think that the grapes of God will slip  
Out of reach when we are sated?  
Or that of his sovereign mastership  
One jot will be abated?  
From the unsung graves where our comrades died  
In a regnant scorn of dying,  
From the souls that out of the dark have cried  
Through ages of bitter crying,  
From the solemn heavens where all must stand  
Calling to every spirit,  
A voice runs warning across the land—  
O brothers! let us hear it.

of the origin of the Gods which says that man created his own Gods in the image of man, and not vice versa, as the Orientals held, is generally supposed to be quite modern, to have originated in fact in the middle of the nineteenth century with Ludwig Feuerbach, and presented for the first time in his "Essence of Christianity."

To realize how mistaken this is one has only to read the following remarkable passage from the writings of Zenophanes:

If oxen or lions had hands, and could paint with their hands and produce works of art as men do, horses would paint the forms of the gods like horses and oxen like oxen. Each would represent them with bodies according to the form of each. So the Ethiopians make their gods black and snubnosed; the Thracians give theirs red hair and blue eyes."

The incredible decline in thought from this and other Greek thought which we have considered, to the trivial and absurd ideas of the dark ages has called for an explanation by all the historians of the subject.

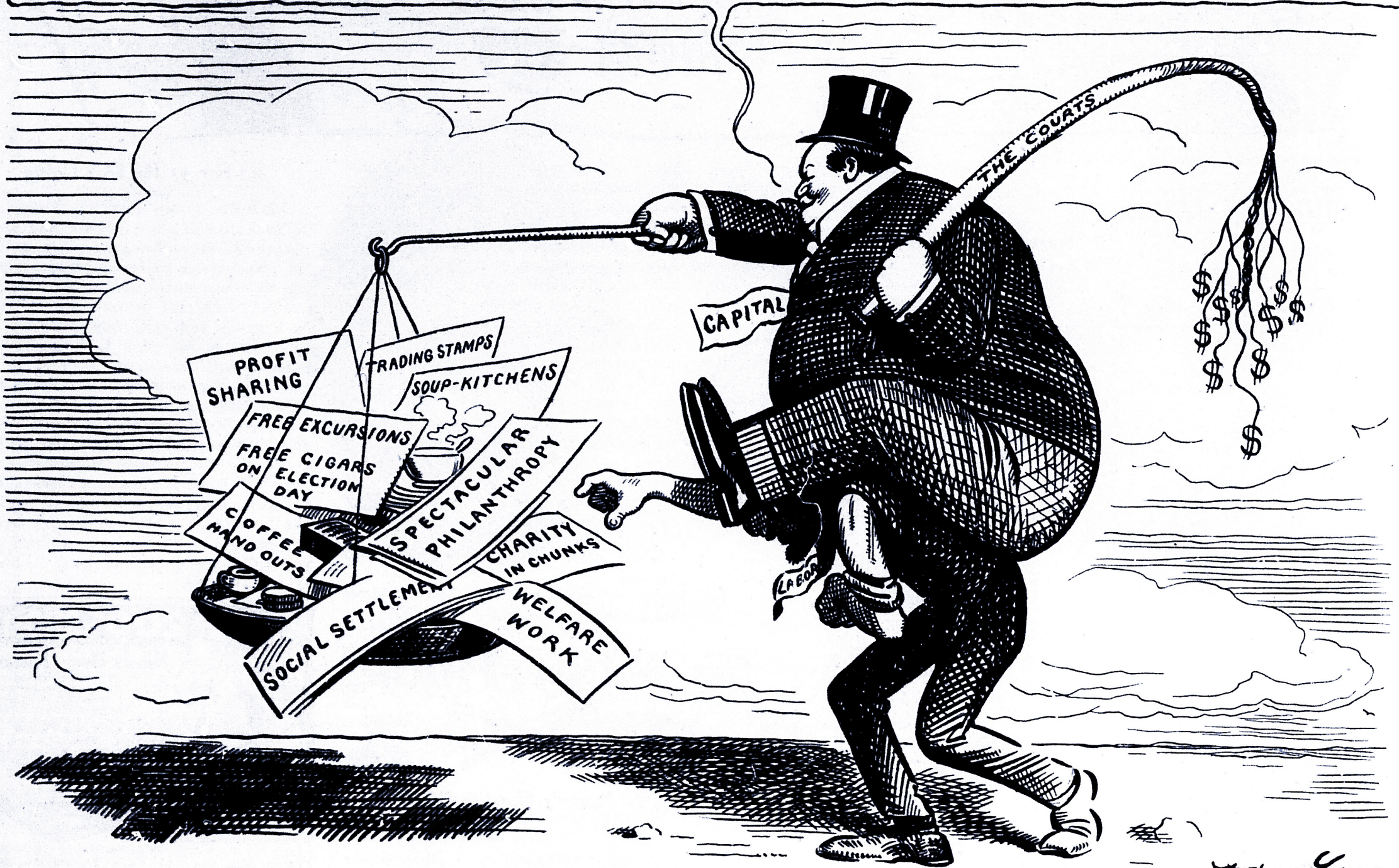
Next week we will consider those numerous explanations. Meanwhile we may see how great the fall was by the following example of what passed for thought among the successors of the Greeks:

Because these are three persons in the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three orders in the church, bishops, priests and deacons; three degrees of attainment, light, purity and knowledge; three virtues, faith, hope and charity, and three eyes in a honeybee; therefore, there can only be three colors, red, yellow and blue. Because there were seven churches in the apocalypse, seven golden candlesticks, seven cardinal virtues, seven deadly sins and seven sacraments; therefore, there could only be seven planets and seven metals. Because there were seventy-two disciples and seventy-two interpreters of the old testament and seventy-two mystical names of God; therefore there must be no more and no less than seventy-two joints in the human body.

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.—Thomas Moore.



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