

THE COMING NATION

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By Charles Edward Russell

THE ONLY THING WORTH WHILE



THE only thing in the world that is worth bothering about is the advancement of the Socialist movement. It includes everything else that can be named or imagined as a worthy object of life. Do you believe in philanthropy? This is the greatest philanthropic movement of all the ages. Do you believe in education? This alone proposes to give to all the peoples of the earth a chance to be educated. Do you believe in art? This movement means the first free field and opportunity for art. Do you believe in liberty? It is here. Or honesty? This means the first chance for men to be honest. Do you believe in equality for men and women? That, too, is here. Do you believe in democracy, justice, kindness, decency, peace? All these things are embraced in the Socialist movement and have their only hope in its success.

I know some men and women that are giving up their lives to the preaching of peace, that there may be no more wars upon earth. Worthy object, no doubt, but here is the thing that will abolish wars. Other good people are interested in trying to rescue the Magdalenes. Worthy object, but here is the thing that will abolish prostitution. Other good people give money to schools and found colleges. Worthy object, but what is the use of these infinitesimal benefactions to the fortunate so long as the overwhelming majority of mankind must dwell in darkness, ignorance and drudgery? Here is the theory that will set them all free.

I see most excellent persons, moved by the increasing menace of the slums, devoting their lives to the support of "settlements." But what is the use of a "settlement" at one end of the slum so long as we manufacture wholesale poverty at the other?

I know many most admirable women and some men that are devoting their lives to the cause of woman suffrage, knowing how much of sanity, decency and progress it embraces. But this movement means not only the ballot for woman, it means complete political equality and it means also that economic independence and justice without which the ballot will be a comparatively small advantage.

Young men setting out for a career in life used to think, and be encouraged to think, only of their own little personal advantage. What line of endeavor will bring them the most money; nothing else. I think it is a most encouraging fact that in these days something else is urged upon them. Service is something now; the bank account is not everything.

Men have discovered or are discovering that after all aggrandizement is an awfully poor object upon which to waste this life divine. Young men in these times sometimes want to be doctors because a doctor has an almost unequalled opportunity to be of use to his kind. Young men in the law schools get some agreeable lecturing about the opportunity of the legal profession to secure justice between man and man. The service side of many occupations is beginning to have attention and praise. Let us give thanks.

You can see the same tendencies at work in literature and art; slowly, I know it, slowly; but still they are at work. The stodgy universities and white rabbit professors still teach their pupils that the gauge of good literature is the approval of the elect, but the pupils do not seem to relish that kind of senile flub-dub as much as they used to. They are beginning to perceive that the measure of good literature is the measure of its contribution to the human

cause and that it is better to write one good protest than a thousand essays in the manner of Walter Pater.

* * *

GROWING SENSE OF SOCIAL DUTY



ASPIRING YOUTH in the twentieth century is not content to do what somebody else has done and to rumble on forever in the beaten tracks approved by the faculty and other dull persons. They are beginning to get ahead of that doctrine of stupidity. The other day I was introduced to a young man that wanted to be an artist.

"What for?" says I.

"Well, don't you think that to increase the world's store of beauty is a worthy object for a life?" says he.

I suppose that a few years ago the idea would have been received with a hoot. It is not too warmly welcomed now, but the fact that you hear it at all is the grand thing. In my time young men were wont to consider the artistic inspiration as a means of expressing their poor little selves, as if they were of importance to the world. Now they are beginning to think that art has some duties and relations to the life of man in the mass. I guess that is better.

This young man was somewhat startled when the view was suggested that at present all the persons that can be benefited by the world's store of beauty are inconsiderable compared with those that cannot. He had gotten hold of no more than the first suggestion of the truth. It had never occurred to him that at present the work of all the artists together, even the greatest and most prodigal of their gifts, is expended for the benefit of only a minute fraction of the race. Only an inconsiderable handful at present can enjoy the paintings and statues or read the literature or hear the music, and the labors of all the artists are, therefore, practically in vain. They work for the benefit of a handful and those in the least need of their labors.

Until this condition is set straight I don't see wherein art is much of an object to expend a life upon.

Art nor anything else, except protest. I should think that at the present time one protest was worth about one million times as much as any creation of art "for art's sake."

Let's have something done for man's sake.

That is where the Socialist movement comes in. It is the only thing in the world that proposes to abolish the condition under which the majority of mankind must live without light or joy and under which the real blessings of life are the exclusive possession of a minority.

Every action, every word, every attention, every sacrifice given to such a cause is worth while, and every service in its behalf is profitable to the doer because it enables him to feel that he has contributed something to the day of justice and emancipation, he has made some use of this life that has been conferred upon him. If he has suggested Socialism to but one person I should think that was a far nobler achievement than to burden the earth with any more "good literature." If he has distributed pamphlets at a Socialist meeting that seems to me a higher achievement than to paint a picture or win a law case.

Until the race is free nothing else is worth thinking about.

And it need not really make any difference to the man that gives his service whether in his time he shall see anything done. Nevertheless he is contributing his share, he is doing his part, he is right with his conscience, he is making his protest.

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Either in this generation or some other the race will wake up and fling off its shackles. Well, the important thing for a man's conscience is that he should not condone the servitude, but should at every opportunity protest against it.

Then he has no culpability for it.

But if he acquiesces in it by keeping silent I don't see why he is not as bad as those that fatten directly on other men's toil, sweat and blood.



A movement that is worth a man's best effort and the devotion of his life is worth keeping pure and clear. I don't believe we know here in America how much of an inspiration we can give to the movement in some other places if we keep clear of the political ambitions and compromises that have wrecked so many proletarian movements.

I do not know any reason why the movement in America should not steadfastly pursue and achieve very different aims. I can think of no good reason why it should ever bother with "reforms" or seek mere political success or attempt merely to put somebody into office. And so long as it keeps clear of these pitfalls I should think it would offer to every young man the noblest of careers and to the world an illustration of a proletarian movement that was a success.

Compromise is normal, easy and advisable if all you desire is success at the polls. But how can you compromise about a fundamental moral faith? The two things do not go together, you might as well talk about white blackness or hot snow. Socialism is either right or it is wrong. If it is right, then it is a thing far too noble and fine and far too important to mankind to be mixed up with sordid motives and ideals of parliamentary success, and if it be wrong the men in it had better drop it.

One thing or the other.

It is not of the least importance that John Smith should gratify his ambition and become Premier of England, it is of the greatest importance that wage slavery should cease.



Among the various exhibits planned to grace the coronation of gracious King George, I fail to notice anything relative to the way the

Suggestion for the Procession

majority of the gracious king's subjects live. I should think that would make an exhibition at this time both proper and edifying. There are to be parades of some thousands upon thousands of brilliantly clad soldiers, hussars, life guards, Scots Greys, Highlanders, Camerons, King's Own, Queen's Own, Prince's Own, Duke's Own, Lord Coodle's Own, and Other Owns, with rajahs, sheiks, princelets and colonial prime ministers without end. I suggest that among these be sandwiched the following glorious pageants:

Procession of workhouse inmates from the East End.

Procession of children from Duval Street and Spitalfields.

Procession of workers from the watch and rubber factories.

Procession of all the Persons that slept out in London last night.

Procession of the Women of Piccadilly and the Strand.

Procession of all the families in London that dwell in One Room Apartments.

Procession of Coffins Representing all the children that have been smothered by East End mothers in the last year.

Procession of Doss House inmates from Clerkenwell and Stepney.

Procession of the girls that sell flowers in the London Streets.

Procession of Female Waifs collected from the Railroad Arches in the East End.

Procession of coffins representing the per-

sons buried at Public Expense in London in the last year.

Procession of East End Degenerates, Idiots, Imbeciles and Defectives.

Procession of Hooligans collected from the Public Parks.

Procession Typical of Particular Slums, such as Strutton Ground, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, West Ham, the Borough and a few more.

Procession of East End Consumptives.

Procession of the unemployed.

Procession of the Hindus that have been sent to Andaman for their Political Opinions.

Procession of Colliery Workers Exhibiting Statistics of their killed and injured.

Procession of Girls from the Artificial Flower Shops and the Jaw Factories.

Procession of the School children that go to school hungry.

All this would make a pageant calculated to eclipse all the King's Owns, Duke's Owns and Prince's Owns between here and the burning lake.

If it should be deemed desirable to vary it we could have floats representing models of an East End home with cellar, sub-cellar and attic dwellings; a model of the newest Newgate Prison, with its extraordinary inscription on the front; a tableau of little children eating garbage refuse in the East End gutters; a tableau of a workingman's breakfast of tea and salt fish; and tableaux and exhibits from the slums of Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, York, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, and a few other places. You can see that we could make up quite a show and one that would be sure to please.

I should think it might well be concluded with a special parade of the military police and fire department veterans and heroes of the Battle of Houndsditch.

There will be no exhibit of this kind and nothing that will give the least hint thereof, and yet I don't know why not. It would be a million times more appropriate and typical than all the trappings, gewgaws, play-things, doll's houses, curls, ribbons and stuffed men that will so delight the souls of the American millionaires, witnesses of the Coronation Puppet Show. A regiment dressed in red coats, prancing down the street after a band is no more typical of the England of today than it is of the North Pole. But the kind of a show I have proposed is exactly and perfectly representative of that civilization of which England is the proud exemplar.

Bring out your Ghosts.



Come, let us face this thing together.

The capitalist press rails at us because at the first intimation of the arrest of union labor leaders, laborites and Socialists instantly announce another conspiracy against the working class.

The Records in the Case

The capitalist press reminds us that the question of guilt or innocence has not yet come before a court of law and that we place ourselves in the wrong by coming to the defense of indicted prisoners before the evidence of the prosecution is in.

Wherein are we justified in charging a crime against capitalism? How does it come that we denounce capitalistic officers and hirelings the moment they lay hold of labor leaders? How is it that we accuse capitalism of guilty act and intention off hand?

Good.

Here is our case:

The workers know first of all the utter viciousness and depravity of the defendant, capitalism. They know that the system has thriven and been perpetuated only by the commission of every conceivable crime. They know that money lust is inseparable from blood lust. They know that any show of justice, right, morality, involving the interests of capitalism, is a ribald mockery and a hollow sham. They know that capitalism cannot, by any distortion of circumstance, be false to

itself and that no monstrosity is beyond its achievement.

The workers know these things as no members of a favored class can know because they have been the victims since the inauguration of capitalist civilization. They have bought the knowledge dearly. It is the only valuable thing remaining to them.

They have seen their millions slaughtered in mines, factories, on railroads. They have seen their millions crippled, shorn of limb, cast into the world's refuse heap. They have seen their millions starved to death, tortured, driven to madness, blinded, infected with horrible disease, maltreated, outraged. They have seen their millions slain in capitalist wars or shot down for raising a protest. They have seen brute power massed against their every effort at amelioration. They have seen their every supplication for relief flouted, derided, denied. They have seen their government steadily and actively in league with the oppressors. They have seen the courts organized as a machine to crush their few surviving liberties. They have seen the guilt of capitalism—yea, its red guilt, deep dyed.

What has capitalism not done to make its guilt a clear presumption at every moment? Always it has lived by blood, pausing for no plea, sparing neither man nor woman nor child.

This is the character of the defendant.

The workers know next that the formal execution of prominent unionists would turn to the incalculable advantage of capitalism; that the public killing of working class leaders would strike terror into the heart of labor and discourage combination and resistance among the exploited. They know that unionism has presented something of a front against capitalistic greed and that the insatiate fury of capitalism has been aroused to the highest pitch.

This is the motive of the defendant.

The workers know next that capitalism once made a deliberate and elaborate attempt to wreak its hate upon union leaders by mock process of law and that it was caught in the act. They know that it was nailed to the pillory in the Moyer-Haywood case with the proof of its lies, its foul perjury, its fraud, its manufactured evidence, its brazen criminality upon it.

This is the record of the defendant.

The workers know next that the kidnaping of the Bridge and Structural Iron officials was almost an exact re-enactment of the kidnaping of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners. They know that the McNamaras were illegally seized, deprived of their constitutional rights and handled like Siberian convicts. They know that a clever detective played just such a part in the Moyer-Haywood incident as a clever detective has played in this. They know that just such an informer was provided in the Moyer-Haywood case as has been provided in this. They know that every essential step in the present affair is a repetition of a step taken in the previous fraudulent and criminal attempt.

This is the deadly parallel in the actions of the defendant.

The workers know next that the process by which the prisoners were smuggled out of one State into another was a flagrant outrage, indefensible on any grounds. They know that protection vouchsafed by law in Indiana was once potent to prevent the capture of a favored fugitive from Kentucky and that the same protection was powerless to insure even primitive justice to labor leaders. They know that the papers and books of the union were seized as the property of no corporation could have been seized and that the prisoners were discriminated against at every move.

This is the indication of guilty purpose on the part of the defendant.

Now what is the answer?

Knowing all these things the workers declare that capitalism is planning a judicial murder.

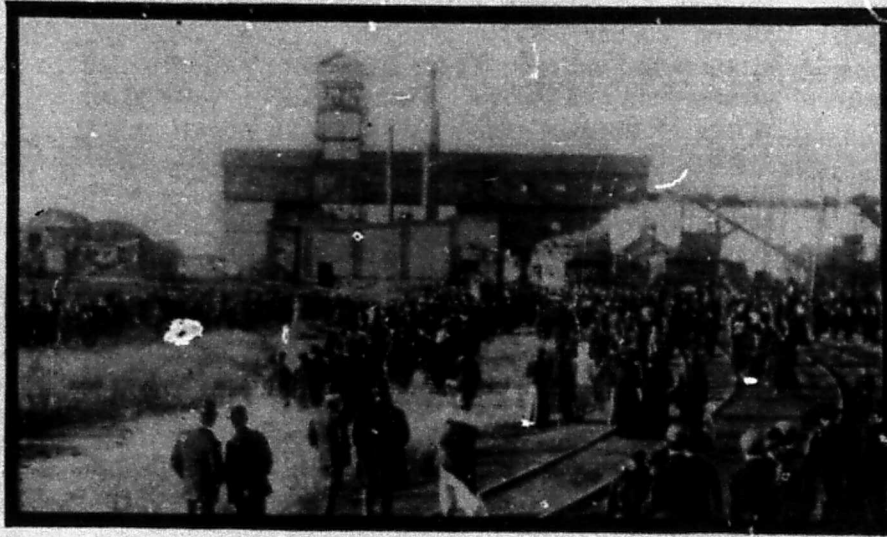
Who will say that they lack sufficient justification in bringing the charge?

Who will say that they have not immensely

War and Workingmen's Compensation



Fitting a girder into place



Waiting for news at the entrance to the mines



Wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited

By W. J. Ghent

Once in this land we had a great civil war. For four long, bitter years large masses of men, armed with all the enginery of warfare, strove to kill or disable those who opposed them.

In the midmonth of the third year of that war, amid the hills and valleys about a little town in Pennsylvania, was fought its greatest battle. For three sweltering July days the veterans of the two greatest armies on the continent assailed each other's lines, now advancing and now yielding, disputing every foot of ground, and all the while killing and maiming and maiming and killing as though it were a contest of extermination. When the last fierce charge had failed, and Lee had turned his broken columns back to the Potomac, the ground for miles around was strewn with the mangled bodies of men.

Seven thousand killed outright, thirty-three thousand wounded, say the records, and yet others killed and wounded among the eleven thousand reported missing.

For days and weeks thereafter a pall of gloom hung over North and South. The telegraph ticked off its seemingly interminable lists of dead and wounded, and by mail and messenger the news was carried far and wide. Everywhere the nation mourned for the untimely death of its loved ones.

Now we live in a time called peace. Yet every year we have a Gettysburg, and not only a Gettysburg, but a Spottsylvania and a Chancellorsville and an Antietam and a Fredericksburg and a Chickamauga and a Stone River rolled into one. Yet all of this slaughter crowded into a single year does not awaken a shadow of the horror that followed the news from any of these historic battlefields. When we think of it at all we merely shrug our shoulders and say, "Poor fellows, it is their lot!" and then we go on again with our tasks and our pleasures.

We do not, it is true, crowd this enormous slaughter into a few bloody days. We distribute it evenly throughout the year. It is a time of peace, and we do not kill by cannon shot and minie ball and saber and bayonet, but by the great engines of modern industry.

It is a slaughter attended by none of the dramatic trappings of war. The victims go to their death singly or in squads; sometimes even in battalions, as at Cherry, with its 266, or Monongah, with its 359; but never with drums beating, or fifes whistling, or flags waving.

As they toil, they are struck down at their tasks; suddenly the bolt falls; unexpected and unprepared for. They have nothing of the stimulus of glory as they go to their deaths; nothing of the sense of heroic resistance to the leaden sleet that beats upon them from an enemy's lines; nothing of the wild valor that fires men's souls when they move forward in a mighty charge.

It is a sordid, shameless kind of killing, like that of sticking pigs in the shambles. The victims have no chance of defense; they cannot meet on even terms the force that threatens them.

It is a killing of poor and unarmed men that others may wax rich and powerful.

It is a killing for profits.

THE three articles of which this is the first will survey the subject of workmen's compensation for industrial injuries. The first article deals with the extent and consequences of industrial accidents in America and the general neglect to provide remedies. The second will deal with European state measures for relief.

The third will deal with the state measures proposed by various legislatures, commissions and social organizations in America.

I.

Work-Accidents and Their Consequences

The number of industrial accidents involving death or serious injury happening annually in America cannot be accurately determined on the basis of any figures now available. Various guesses have been made. Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, in the *Labor Bulletin* for September, 1908, computes the number of fatal accidents among occupied males in 1908 as between 30,000 and 35,000. He admits these figures to be conservative. They include only 26,072,952 persons out of a total estimated population of 86,895,359. They do not include the 6,000,000 women employed, nor the many millions who, though not employed, are sometimes liable to industrial accidents.

The figures are based, furthermore, on too low an estimate of the population. Moreover, they are largely based on the vital statistics of the Census Bureau, and there is always a wide discrepancy between these figures and those in the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the United States Geological Survey and even the State Labor Bureaus.

The Imperfect Record of Deaths

There is no proper system of reporting accidents; there is, of course, a determination on the part of employers generally to conceal the facts, and there is no legal mode of compelling correct returns. In the so-called "registration area" of the United States there is certain machinery for obtaining correct returns; but even this machinery breaks down in the matter of industrial accidents.

It is conceded that the most reliable returns are those from the interstate railroads, and that next to these are the returns from the coal mines. The interstate roads alone killed an annual average of 10,247 persons for the three years 1907-9; while the

coal mines killed 3,125 persons in 1907, and in 1908, on a smaller output of coal, 2,450 persons.

How inadequate are the returns from the various State Labor Bureaus may be illustrated by two or three instances. The New York Bureau of Factory Inspection reports only 864 fatal accidents in the five years 1901-6, or an annual average of 173. Massachusetts reports only 429 fatal accidents for the ten years ended with 1905, or an annual average of 43; while Rhode Island reports but 44 fatal accidents for the ten years ended with 1904, or an annual average of 4.4. To any one who has had an opportunity of judging the casualty record of American industries these returns from three typically industrial states must appear absurd.

The annual death-roll in American industry cannot, therefore, be accurately determined. But it is far greater than the maximum 35,000 estimated by Mr. Hoffman. It cannot be much below 50,000, and it may be greater even than that.

The Imperfect Record of Injuries

When we come to non-fatal accidents we find the same difficulty in getting the facts. It is probable, for several reasons, that injuries are more freely reported than deaths. The fact that in many cases the proportion of injuries to deaths reported is abnormally large would seem to sustain this belief.

Mr. Hoffman some years ago estimated this proportion throughout industry to be 20 or 25 to 1. The careful British figures for 1895-1906 showed it to be for males 19.8 to 1. But the New York report referred to made it 44 to 1, and the Massachusetts report, 39 to 1. Rhode Island fell somewhat below the average, with 17 to 1, while another State, Michigan, had the unusual showing of 7.2 to 1. The annual total of non-fatal accidents in the United States is a frightful commentary on modern civilization. Mr. Hoffman (*Labor Bulletin*, September, 1908, p. 458) represents it to be "not much less than 2,000,000."

The railroads, contribute by far the largest proportion of the casualty list. For the four years, 1906-9, they showed the following average annual casualties:

	Killed	Wounded
Total	10,342	102,144
Employes	3,619	80,459
Passengers	401	11,418

By way of comparison it may be said that in

Great Britain and Ireland during 1909 but 334 employes were killed and 4,728 wounded; while only one passenger was killed and 390 were injured in train accidents.

The accident rate for employes of American railroads is greater now than it was fifteen years ago. In 1895 one employe was killed in each 433, and one wounded in each 33, while in 1906-7-8 the average was one killed in each 393 and one wounded in each 19. For trainmen exclusively the rate in 1895 was one killed in each 155 and one wounded in each 11, while in 1906-8 it was one killed in each 133 and one wounded in each 3.

The Coal Mine Accidents

The normal fatal-accident rate throughout industry is not, under even the murderous industrial methods now in practice, more than one in each 1,000. "It may be laid down," writes Mr. Hoffman, "as a fundamental principle of industrial hygiene that all fatality rates above 1.5 per 1,000 must be considered excessive." Yet the rate among trainmen for the ten years, 1897-1906, was five times this admittedly excessive rate, or 7.46 per 1,000.

The coal mines are another prolific source of maiming and slaughter. A work prepared and published in 1908 by the United States Geological Survey, entitled "The Mineral Resources of the United States," gives a good deal of valuable data on the subject. Mr. Hoffman, combining this material with his own, gives, in the *Labor Bulletin* for September, 1910, an admirable essay on fatal accidents in coal mines.

It is shown that during the 20 years ending 1908, there were 29,213 fatal accidents in the coal mines of North America. The decade ending 1906, shows 16,273 such accidents. The rate per 1,000 is more than three times the normal accident rate and is higher in America than in any country on the globe. It is 3.13 for America, 2.13 for Prussia, 1.29 for the United Kingdom and only 1.06 for Belgium.

For the whole 20-year period the average rate in the Southern States is 4.40, in the Western States, 6.40, while on the Pacific Coast it rises to 7. Moreover, the general rate is almost constantly increasing. For North America as a whole it was 2.32 in 1897; by 1907 it had risen to 4.15, though in 1908 it fell back to 3.82.

Iron and steel manufacture is popularly supposed to be one of the most dangerous industries. From

the standpoint of its total casualty list it is so, but relative to the number of men employed it falls far below some of its rivals. The report of the Chief Factory Inspector of Pennsylvania covering the period from 1893 to 1902 would indicate a fatal-accident rate for the whole industry of 1.7 per 1,000, though in the manufacture of miscellaneous iron and steel products it rose to 4.3 and in the manufacture of nuts and bolts to 5.4.

All kinds of mining have high accident rates. Comprehensive figures, however, are usually wanting, and one must be content with the returns of a particular time and region. The fatal-accident rate for iron mining in Dickinson County, Michigan, for the ten years ended with 1906 was 4.23; in Marquette County, 4.31. The rate in the lead and zinc mines of Missouri for the ten-year period ended with 1906 was 3.01. The rate for copper mining in Houghton County, Michigan, for the ten-year period ended with 1903 was 2.80, though it rose in 1895 to 6.35, and the rate in the metal mines of Colorado for the ten years ended with 1906 was 2.85.

Stone quarries also contribute a considerable share to the roll of casualties, but here the figures are too scant to be of value.

The sea, too, claims its victims from the toilers. For the United States we have no comprehensive figures, and we must turn to England for an illustration. During the ten-year period ended with 1906 the fatal-accident rate of employes on steam vessels was 4.45; on sailing vessels, 12.69. This means that every year 515 sailors and 826 steam-vessel employes lost their lives. Among Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen an average of about 51 lives are lost each year, giving a rate of 11.7.

Every industry contributes its deaths and injuries. Lumber, chemicals, explosives, textiles, smelting and refining, building and excavating, all add their relatively stable share. The yearly total of approximately 50,000 death and 2,000,000 maimings is built up from nearly all the occupations at which men strive for a living.

Industrial Diseases

Most occupations as now conducted have, furthermore, their particular diseases. The worker is subject not only to the risk of maiming and death, but to the slow encroachment of a permanent illness as a result of his toil. It is probable that in America, in industry as a whole (excluding mining and rail-roading), the mortality and illness and consequent loss of earning power is greater from occupational disease than from casualties.

Certain occupations produce dust, sometimes metallic, sometimes animal, sometimes vegetable. Some occupations are carried on in high temperature and in excessive humidity. In some occupations noxious or poisonous gases must be encountered, in others the body must come in contact with deadly poisons. In still others bacteria swarm, in other there is insufficient light or heat or air. All of these violations of normal methods of work seek their revenge in time upon the physical structure of the worker.

The outdoor workers have the advantage, even in the dust-producing trades. Indoor workers suffer from many causes. Lung diseases are common among all workers in trades in which a gritty dust is produced. The delicate cellular structure of the organ is gradually transformed, and the lung "becomes converted into a hard and almost solid organ, incapable of carrying on the work of respiration."

Potters, metal workers, textile workers, all suffer from respiratory diseases.

Poisoning, too, is common. Lead poisoning is found among lead workers, file makers, plumbers, painters and glaziers, potters, glass makers and polishers, copper workers, coach makers, gasfitters, printers and cutlers. There are said to be 138 trades menaced by this poison. The making of white paint is one of the most deadly occupations known.

Phosphorus poisoning attends the making of matches, with the result of "phossy jaw," a slow eating away of the jawbone. Mercury poisoning, from the making of dyes, wall paper, chemicals, glass and oilcloth, is also frequent.

Wool workers suffer from the bacterial disease anthrax, caisson workers from the "bends," cotton operatives not only from lung diseases, but from rheumatism, while flax spinners suffer from a peculiar skin disease, and rubber workers not only from rheumatism and pneumonia, but from a nervous disease due to their inhalation of naphtha and bisulphide of carbon.

Our American figures are here, as elsewhere, too scattered and defective to be of any help to us. The British figures tell the story. The table by John Tatham, published in Dr. Thomas Oliver's "Dangerous Trades" (1902), is particularly illuminating in its illustration of the mortality rates of workers in various occupations. Taking agriculturists as a standard, he finds that among 61,215 men from 25 to 65 years old in that occupation, 602 would die each year. The rate for workers in other industries follows:

Carpetmakers	873	Quarrymen	1176
Blacksmiths	914	Zinc workers.....	1198
Bakers & Confectioners	920	Iron & steel workers	1301
Wool operatives.....	991	Glassmakers	1487
Bricklayers	1001	Potters	1702
Brass workers.....	1088	Leadworkers	1783
Cotton operatives.....	1141	File makers	1810

How the Law Stands

With all this volume of disease, maiming and death, what does the law say? Here in America it says very little. Up to a few years ago statutes and decisions merely followed the common law. The common law grants the right of the destitute and injured workman to go into the courts and to sue the wealthy employer for damages. But it also grants the wealthy employer the right to defend his interests on any or all of three following pleas:

1. Contributory negligence of employe.
2. Negligence of fellow servant.
3. Assumption of risk by employe.

Under the first defense, if it could be shown that the employe had failed to use "reasonable care," he could not recover damages.

Under the second defense also he could not recover if it could be shown that the carelessness of a fellow-employe had contributed to the injury.

Under the third defense the act of accepting employment was taken as a willing assumption of risk of obvious and ordinary dangers, by which the employe waived the right to damages for injury. So again, except under extraordinary circumstances, he could not recover.

The long list of outrageous decisions under these three defenses gradually awakened, however, a demand for a modification of the laws. Within the last few years some modifications have been made. The fellow-servant defense has been abrogated in whole or part (usually in part) in Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia (since 1855), Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas and Wisconsin. In California, Mis-

issippi, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Utah and Virginia it has been modified. Other modifications have been made in some of the states regarding assumption of risk and contributory negligence.

Evading the Payment of Damages

But none of these changes has sensibly altered the situation. The injured workman must still sue for damages, and though the employer's advantages have been in some measure curtailed, he is still usually able to defeat his victim's suit. Very few injured workmen or relatives of killed workmen recover adequate damages.

The Survey (New York) shows that out of 355 men killed in Pittsburg in one year; in 89 cases the families received nothing; in 113 cases they received not more than \$100, and in 61 cases they received more than \$100, but less than \$500. Of 103 cases of fatal accidents in Erie County, New York, in 38 cases the families received nothing, in 9 cases not more than \$100, and in 34 cases from \$101 to \$500. Of 67 similar cases in Manhattan Borough, New York, in 18 cases the families received nothing; in 3 cases not more than \$100 and in 18 cases from \$101 to \$500. Wherever the cases have been tabulated the same brutal record is shown.

Many of the larger firms avoid a contest with their injured employes by taking out liability insurance. The total amount of premiums paid for this kind of insurance in New York State in the three years, 1906-8 was \$23,523,585. Of this sum injured workmen and their attorneys received only \$8,559,795, or 36.34 per cent. "In other words," says the report of the Wainwright Commission to the New York Legislature, "for every \$100 paid out by employers for protection against liability to their injured workmen, less than \$37 is paid to those workmen; \$63 goes to pay the salaries of attorneys and claim agents whose business it is to defeat the claims of the injured, to the costs of soliciting business, to the costs of administration, and to profit."

But the workman or his family does not get even this \$37. Attorneys' fees are particularly high in this kind of cases, and it is doubtful if the workman received much more than 50 per cent of the amount recovered. In 51 cases investigated by the Wainwright Commission the attorney received less than 25 per cent in 14 cases; between 25 and 35 per cent in 16 cases; between 35 and 50 per cent in 7 cases, and 50 per cent or more in 14 cases. The total of the petty damages actually received here and there by a few workers or their dependents is but an infinitesimal fraction of the total loss of earning power caused by the maiming and slaughter of the toilers.

The Demand for Compensation Laws

The conviction that something effective must be done in the matter has been slowly coming to a head these last ten years. It is coming to be recognized that the liability laws are a blot upon the statute books, and that they must be substituted by compensation laws. America is the most backward of nations in social and industrial legislation; yet even here a movement is stirring. Commissions to investigate the matter have been appointed in Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Minnesota, Illinois, Washington, Massachusetts and Connecticut and by the Federal Government. One State (New York) has actually passed a limited compensation law, and two States (Maryland and Montana) have passed laws giving compensation to injured miners. A beginning has at least been made.

The other nations of the world made their beginnings long ago. What they have done in the matter will be told in the second article.

Pay---Pay---Pay

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

(American visitors will bring fortunes to the coronation. They are already renting windows along the parade route at enormous prices.)—London Papers.

"Why are the hotel rates so high? poor Uncle Sam inquired.
 "In your pet phrase," said Johnny Bull, "your greenness makes me tired."
 "Why are the cabbies soaking me? Why do the waiters grin?"
 "We're makin' of a Hinglish King to get the Yankee tin.

For we're crownin' Georgie Rex, an' you must shovel out the pence,
 A thousand pounds per window-pane, a hundred for a fence;
 The British Lion must have his day—at Uncle Sam's Expense
 For we're crownin' Georgie Porgie in the mornin'!"

MIKE'S STORY

As He Told It to Alexander Irvine

I AM going to America!" The words of my father were so quiet—out there two hours' walk from B——. It was to us like saying he was going to be hung. My father and mother were farmers. There were four of us children—two boys and two girls. John was ten, Annie was twelve, I was seven and Mara sixteen.

We were at supper, but my father wasn't eating. "It is the best I could provide," my mother said, thinking it was the food.

"It is not that," he said. Then he spoke of America, and we all looked at him with our mouths wide open. Mother stopped eating, and we children had more black bread that night than we could eat. After supper we gathered closely around the open fire. All of us got very close to father. Annie sat on his knee, I sat on the hearth with my arms around his leg, while John and Mara leaned their heads against him. Mother rocked and rocked, looking with big eyes into the fire all the time.

"Even if I owned a farm," father said, "what difference would it make? I need a mule, I need a plow—I need many tools. It breaks my back to do a mule's work, and the best I can do brings but black bread, and not enough of that.

I did not understand what all this meant; I only knew in a dim kind of way that something had gone wrong. My father was a different man to me. My mother, too, looked strange. Her eyes were large, and she would look a long time at one place.

Our hearts were heavy. They were heaviest at night, but during the day I saw my mother weep and kneel for long periods at the ikon. We had all been baptized in the Russian church, and one day the priest came and said a blessing for my father.

"Yes, yes," my father said when the priest was gone, "prayers are all right, but they are not black bread. They do not pay the rent. The priest says prayers and I sweat and give my blood, that is different."

My mother made the sign of the cross and said, "God is good! God is good!"

When my father picked us up one by one to say good-bye, he kissed us many times. Then to please my mother, he went over to the ikon in the corner, and dropping on his knees crossed himself. We all sobbed aloud.

Nikof Jaros, our neighbor who lived alone, came with his mule to take father and his box; but we all hollered so loud that he had to take us all. The journey was a fine holiday for us and we forgot our trouble on the way. It was different coming back.

"In two months," my father said, "I will send for you." We hugged him tight and hollered, though there were crowds of people around. My mother still wept quietly and said, "God is good! God is good!"

"America is great," Nikof told us on the way home. "It is not a land of fat priests and skinny people. Everybody has plenty and every man is a lawyer. The people make whatever laws they like."

We thought Nikof was very wise—except when he was drunk.

We were very lonely. When the wood fire burned brightly on the hearth at night we all sat around it just thinking, thinking, about father. Mother used to gather us around the ikon every night and make us say our prayers. John cut a nick in the door-post for every day the ship was at sea. One day, when the posts on each side of the door were covered with nicks, a letter with Mr. Washington's picture on it came to B——. John got it. None of us could read it, but the feel of it was very nice and we all handled it in turn. We handled it over and over. Mother wept over it before she knew what was in it. Nikof was sent for—he can read. He came at night. It was a great night for us. We believed more than ever that Nikof was a great man. He read the letter over to us. Indeed, he read it so often that we could all repeat it by heart. For so much paper there seemed to be very little communication. It just said father was well and making a fortune very fast.

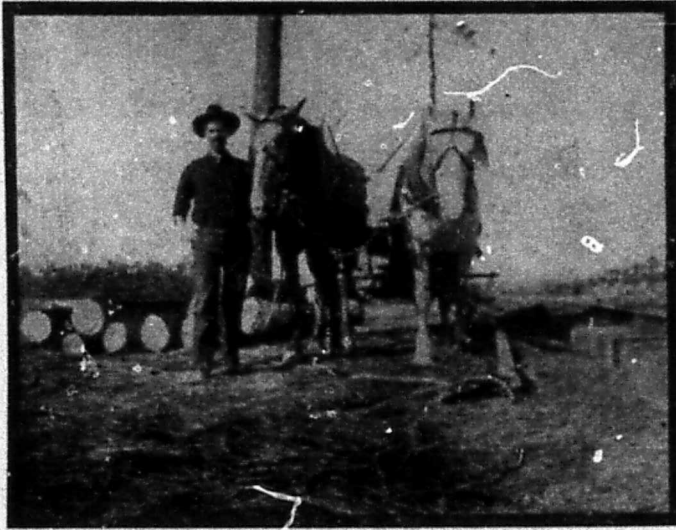
A week afterward the priest came to our house, and after telling him the good news, mother gave him the letter. We all watched his round red face.

There were so many expressions on it in a minute.

"Nikof is a liar! Jan Trudics is dead! This letter is from a friend who says Jan walked the streets of New York looking for work until his feet were blistered. It says that at the end of a week he was taken ill and died. It says he died of a broken heart!"

My mother began to cry, and that started all of us. "Be quiet!" the old priest said sternly. "God will be a father to the orphans. He will succor the widow in her distress!"

But we cried all the louder. That night we gathered closely about mother. John brought in extra

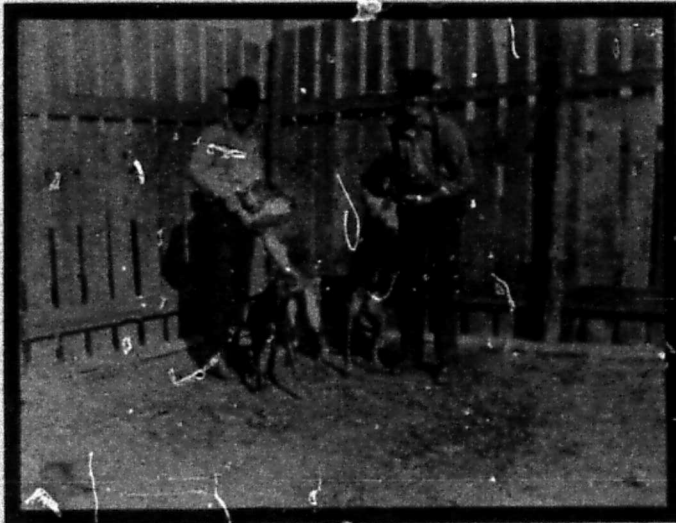


Irvine in a lumber camp

wood and we sat silently by the fire watching the red flames as they leaped up the old chimney. Mother's face made us all cry. It was so pinched. Her lips were white and her eyes were sunken deep into her head, and for long hours she just looked steadily into the fire. We cried until one after another we went to sleep, and mother carried us to our bed in a corner.

Mother pined and prayed and spent much time before the ikon. As the days passed there was less and less black bread. Nikof came often, and always brought something to eat. He seemed to know our affairs though nobody ever told him. We liked him very much even though he did read the letter backwards. For stupid peasants," Nikof said, "knowledge is a great curse. The less we know, the less we need." When he cursed the old priest only one of us agreed with him—that was Mara.

A year from the time my father went away my mother was in her grave, and the old priest and the doctor said that she, too, died from a broken heart. When we gathered around the fire again, we were a quiet, sorrowful lot. Nikof came and sat up late with us. He chopped plenty of wood and made some cakes with his own hands. He told us plenty of stories—good stories, stories about God and another world than this, where father and mother were. "There," he said, "we will all be



The camp blood hounds

spirits and we will have no stomachs at all."

"The priest does not say we shall have no stomachs," said Mara.

"I know," Nikof said. "He is always making me out a liar—he is all stomach, the old—"

Mara put her hand on Nikof's mouth and stopped him.

Some kind-hearted folks in B—— took John and

somebody took Annie. Mara and I were unprovided for. One day Nikof hitched up his old mule and took us for a ride. It was a long ride to the city, and Nikof and Mara seemed to have all the conversation to themselves. But I was glad of the ride anyway. And when we drove up to the old priest's door Nikof let me mind the mule while he and Mara went inside. When they came out again Mara's face had a different look. She looked as she did before father went away, and I was very glad. I thought she had gone for a blessing to the old priest, but Nikof said:

"That is not it at all. We have just got married."

I was very glad. Nikof took us to his own little farm a few miles from our old home and we lived there happily with him for a year. During all that time Nikof never got drunk, not even once. But one day in the middle of the winter he went to the city to buy some provisions, and while there he met a soldier—an old friend of his, whom he had not seen in many years. Of course, the soldier had no money and Nikof had very little, and as he was not likely to see the soldier for many years to come, he just sold the mule and the cart and they went into an inn where they had food and drink—especially drink. That night Mara and I sat up until the light came through the windows in the morning. The snow was very deep and the wind howled through the trees. We tried to believe that Nikof had staid in B—— on the mule's account, but somehow we felt, both of us, that something dreadful had happened.

About noon-time next day I saw a mule coming up our road, ploughing through the deep snow, a mule and a cart. It was hard work. Mara and I watched it from the window. It stopped at our door. Two men lay on the bottom of the cart. One of them was Nikof, the other was his friend, the soldier. The driver carried them indoors. Nikof's eyes were shut, but he was groaning. The soldier lay very quiet on the floor without moving. The man said he found them in the snow a few miles from the city. Mara helped them to strip Nikof. Then they rubbed him hard with snow, and after a while, when he revived and opened his eyes, they did the same thing to the soldier. But he never revived. The soldier was dead. A week after that Nikof had both legs sawed off. They were frozen from the knees down. Poor Mara—she had a hard time. She sold everything piece by piece for black bread.

I was taken to the city and given away. I was nine at the time. I did not see Mara for years after that though we were only two hours walk apart. One day they told me that Mara had gone crazy and that she had left Nikof.

The people who kept me sent me to school and I learned to read and write. At the age of twelve I went to work in a store as chore boy. I went to church regularly. I liked the old priest who gave my father his blessing, but when I was in church I was thinking, thinking of my father. I often longed for that letter, for I thought to myself perhaps after all both Nikof and the priest were wrong. In a dark corner of the old church I could shut my eyes and see father and mother and the children sitting by the bright fire in our cottage. Then other pictures would come in—pictures I did not want of the dead soldier, and my mother's funeral, and of poor Nikof without his legs.

At fifteen I became apprenticed to a molder. It was a place where were made cornices—cornices of tin and zinc for churches and other fine buildings. I stayed there until I was twenty years of age. Then I worked at a number of things—at times a common laborer and again as a teamster.

After I was twenty I attended meetings of different kinds. I heard a lecture once on America by a man who had gone there as a poor emigrant and returned a rich man. He said America was a country of magic. He told of wonderful things men had done, but all the time I was thinking, thinking of my father, of his blistered feet and broken heart. It was not his talk, however, but a book by Louis Kossuth that stirred me up to go to America.

It took me nearly a year to get enough money to come. I about half starved myself to do it.

It was in May, 1906, that I came to New York. I was then twenty-four years of age. It certainly did look wonderful from the ship!

A well dressed man who spoke our language told us that the big iron woman in the harbor was a

Goddess that gave out liberty freely and without cost to everybody. He said the thing in her hand that looked like a broom was a light—that it was to give us light and liberty too. I thought he talked like Nikof Jaros. Especially when he told us a man could stand inside the broom.

I thought the rich people lived in the big tall houses but he said that was a mistake they just did business there. He said they lived in palaces that would make our eyes bulge out of our heads if we could see them.

At Ellis Island they put my life in a book and asked me a lot of funny questions. Did I believe in law? Was I in favor of government.

When I got away from them I found my way to my mother's brother on East Third street near the river.

My uncle was a brass polisher, but although he had been many years in New York he had not performed any miracle; he had not seen any magic. He had an ordinary kind of a job that he held in an ordinary kind of a way for a number of years. I expected of course to find him rich but he laughed loudly at that for he had that idea himself when he first landed.

The man my uncle lived with was an old friend of my father's. He gave me a corner in one of the two rooms. It was a good corner and I was happy in it.

Of course I looked around for the dwellings that were to make my eyes bulge out of my head. I saw only tenements however. Maybe they were barracks.

I was much bewildered by these big houses. They looked like big stone caves and the people were so crowded that they knocked each other about on the streets. Indeed they rushed along as if they were crazy.

I got a job with my uncle at ten dollars a week. That seemed a very big price to get for my labor, but the price of board was so many times larger than it was in the old country. However, I was getting along very well until the factory was destroyed by fire. Then I had the experience of looking for work. It was easy as long as I had money to pay my board, but when my money had gone and I was dependent on my uncle and my father's old friend, I felt it very keenly indeed. I kept going, going, going, until my legs were very tired. Then a feeling of home-sickness came over me, and I came to the place where my father had been—I mean the condition he had experienced eighteen years ago. But I was young and had no one dependent upon me. I dreaded debt, and I would rather be beaten than called a loafer. Yet work I could not get. I ran up a board bill of two dollars. That worried me and I determined to go away and fight it out alone. I wrote a note and left it on the table. I promised to pay the bill as soon as I got work and asked them not to think unkindly of me because I left in a hurry.

I met on the street a Hungarian who had arrived on the same ship. He told me of an agency where they wanted men. So together we went there. The names of the employment people were Frank and Miller. My friend and I did not have much clothing, but what I had was good and strong.

"You will work in a saw mill," they said, "and you will get one dollar and fifty cents a day and your food."

That seemed all right and I counted up on paper how much I could save in six months. It seemed big—very big. All my fellow laborers seemed pleased. I thought of my father; how fortunate for him if he had found an agency like this!

The railroad fare was eighteen dollars. That of course was paid for us by the agency so they said and we were to pay it back at the rate of three dollars a month and if we liked the work and stayed for so many months we would not have to pay it at all.

We looked at each other with wide-open eyes. "You bet I'm going to stay three months," said Lanniger, a Hungarian friend I had met on the voyage.

I determined to do so too.

Eighteen dollars seemed a lot to save by just holding on to a fine job, and the very thought of forty-five dollars a month made me laugh with joy. I imagined myself going back to Hungary rich!

We looked a queer lot as we went to the boat. There were so many nations represented and we were so differently dressed.

I had good stout boots and woolen socks; a fine cap; a cotton shirt with cotton collar and a bright blue tie. My clothes were strong and whole. I was one of a gang. There were all sorts of men in it. We shipped from New York to Savannah by boat and from there to Lockhart by rail. A young man whom they called "doctor" met us at Savannah. I liked the looks of him. He had large eyes and a fine, kindly face. It was July 18, 1906, when we arrived



Mike when he had two good arms

at Lockhart. The first thing we saw was an immense saw-mill.

"This is our place," said Lanniger.

"Good!" I said. I am glad to be so near a good long job. I am tired out."

But we stayed there only an hour. Certain men were picked out to stay and others were ordered on board a little engine. I was of the latter, and soon we were crashing noisily through the forest to the camp. The journey was about seven miles. A sort of dread seized me as we tore along. I was filled with suspicion but I did not tell anybody. The camp was a train of box cars and around the camp were a lot of wooden sheds, stables and shops. My contract called for work in a saw-mill. I got enough courage to speak up.

"My contract says saw-mill," I said.

Gallagher, the boss, was chewing a tooth-pick while he looked us over. He paid no attention, but just looked at me as if I were crazy.

"My contract—" I would have said more, but he waved me aside.

Gallagher is a stout little man with a revolver sticking out of his hip pocket, and before we were an hour in the camp we heard some examples of his fearful profanity.

"Put him on the Railroad, Archie," he said to



Gallagher, in prison for keeping Mike in peonage

the under boss. The men standing around laughed.

The food in the camp was very good and there was plenty of it. We sat down to meals in a box car around a long table. The table was covered with good things—pork, meat, potatoes, bread and cake. We had tin cups and tin dishes. The bunks in the box cars were too close together and too many men slept in them. I could not rest easily.

My mind was disturbed. The hours of labor were from six to six.

The work in the woods—sawing logs was hot—too hot and heavy for me. I learned that the pay was a dollar a day. I told them how the agency had told me that the pay was one dollar and fifty cents a day and food. They smiled at that.

So here we were, out in a wild place, helpless and at the mercy of men who laughed at contracts and out of whose hip pockets bulged revolvers. I did a lot of thinking. I talked to Lanniger.

"I'll run the first chance I get!" Lanniger said.

"I won't wait for a chance," I replied, "I'll make one and go!"

Next day before it was daylight I left the camp—not knowing where I was going. I knew the lumber company was big and powerful and that I was less to them than a log of wood. I was afraid most of the time. I walked all the forenoon, not knowing where I was going. Every time I saw anyone coming I hid in the woods. About noon time I saw some men coming along the road in a buggy. When they approached I knew Gallagher. Sandor the Hungarian interpreter was there as was also Dr. Grace, the camp veterinary. They had three blood hounds with them.

"There's the son of a——," I heard him say as he leaped from the buggy and rushed at me.

The doctor was at his heels in a moment and seized me with his right hand, while he pointed a revolver at me with his left. Gallagher had a horse whip and at once struck me on the hips. He coiled the lash around my back at every stroke. Sandor sat in the buggy. I screamed in Hungarian to him, but he dared not move or interfere. After a dozen strokes my back was raw and the lashes sunk into the bloody ruts of their predecessors. It made me howl with pain. Gallagher whipped me until he was exhausted. Then they drove me like a steer at the point of a revolver along the road toward Lockhart. I appealed in my native tongue again, but Sandor told me that just as surely as I ever attempted to run away again, they would kill me. I believed him. In the woods they can do anything they please and no one can see them but God.

When we arrived at Lockhart, where the saw-mill is, I again protested and showed my contract, for I thought I was in a town where perhaps there might be some law or civilization. But I soon discovered the kind of law lumber men are accustomed to. Gallagher whipped me a second time—whipped me until my shirt was glued to my back with my blood. Then they tied me in the buggy by the arms and legs, and with drawn revolvers and yelping bloodhounds, we drove away through the woods to the camp. That night armed guards kept watch over the laborers in the box cars. Hardly a day passed after that without someone being run down by the bosses or the bloodhounds and returned and whipped. There were some ghastly beatings in the broad daylight, but most of it was done in the barn.

In the daytime I had no time to think, but at night as I lay awake in my bunk, I made up my mind that not only most men, but most books also, were liars. I thought of that picture of Washington on our letter at home, how Nikof thrilled us all with interest in it. I remembered the burning words of Kossuth on his impressions of America. But here I am with my own feet on American soil. I hear with my own ears; I see with my own eyes; I feel with my own feelings the brutality.

The bosses of the lumber company were put on trial and we told our stories; at least those of us who were still remaining. Of all the things that mixed my thinking in America, nothing was so strange as to find that the Bosses who were indicted for holding us in peonage could go out free on bail, while we, the laborers, who had been flogged and beaten and robbed, should be kept in jail because we had neither money nor friends. We were well treated, of course, but at first I felt like a criminal. I am not sorry now for that jail experience, for I learned more about America than I would have learned in a year in a night school.

Foster was an American. He had fought in the Spanish-American war. He told us about graft and politics. "To get on," he said, "you must be a grafter here. Honesty never pays. A tip to the lumber bosses that we would lie on the stand, and we would be out of here by noontime."

Lanniger was with me. We laughed at the queer ideas of free men. We talked all day that day.

"Is Gallagher a grafter?" I asked

"No," Foster said. "He is just a common slave driver."

"Do they flog men everywhere in this country?"

"No, just down here in the South, where they used to flog niggers. Thirty thousand laborers are sent south every year. They come down to the

J. KEIR HARDIE

On Socialism at Home and Abroad

By Desmond Shaw

THE gigantic janitor barred my way with the hand majestic and official, as I presented myself at the portals of the British House of Commons to have a talk with our comrade, J. Keir Hardie, M. P., for the COMING NATION.

A sop of the Blarney having been flung to the Cerberus of the Gate, I passed through the swing doors into the octagonal anti-chambers, where those who stand and wait for a word with the servants of the public, yclept M. Ps., pace up and down, and gaze with awe upon the legislators of the nation.

Whilst I awaited Kier Hardie's appearance from beyond the veil, which screens the seats of the mighty from the vulgar gaze, I also, a little *blase* looked at Cabinet Minister John Burns, the one-time Socialist, as he pottered about fussily, as is his way, looking into each face with the unspoken question—"Does he know ME?" John Redmond, the eagle-faced Irishman, peered at the future through the glass doors, whilst his political menial, Premier Asquith, passed along, with a curious vulpine look upon his apparently large, frank face.

And then I looked at one or two of my friends amongst the Labor M.Ps., such as Fred Jowett and Jim O'Grady, engaged in close converse with rough, honest-looking men—the hewers of wood and drawers of water—and their presence was like a breath of fresh air in a House of Decay.

"Mr. Keir Hardie," was drawled by the policeman.

I turned sharply, and saw, framed in the archway leading through to the House proper, our comrade.

One is tired of reading fulsome adulations by interviewers—stereotyped and vacuous. I do not propose to follow a bad precedent—I will speak of Keir Hardie as he not only appears to me but to tens of thousands of Socialists—and non-Socialists, too—throughout Britain.

I put it in this way. "I like Hardie—everybody likes Hardie." I am not afraid of words, and I say that Keir Hardie has a psychology that is what our French friends call *spirituelle*. When you speak to him you feel instantly thought-currents that are harmonious passing from him to you, for you know instinctively that they come from a man who has the "inner understanding," who is straight, who is forceful.

"Now, then, Shaw, what is it you want to know for the readers of the COMING NATION?" and the grey eyes twinkled shrewdly.

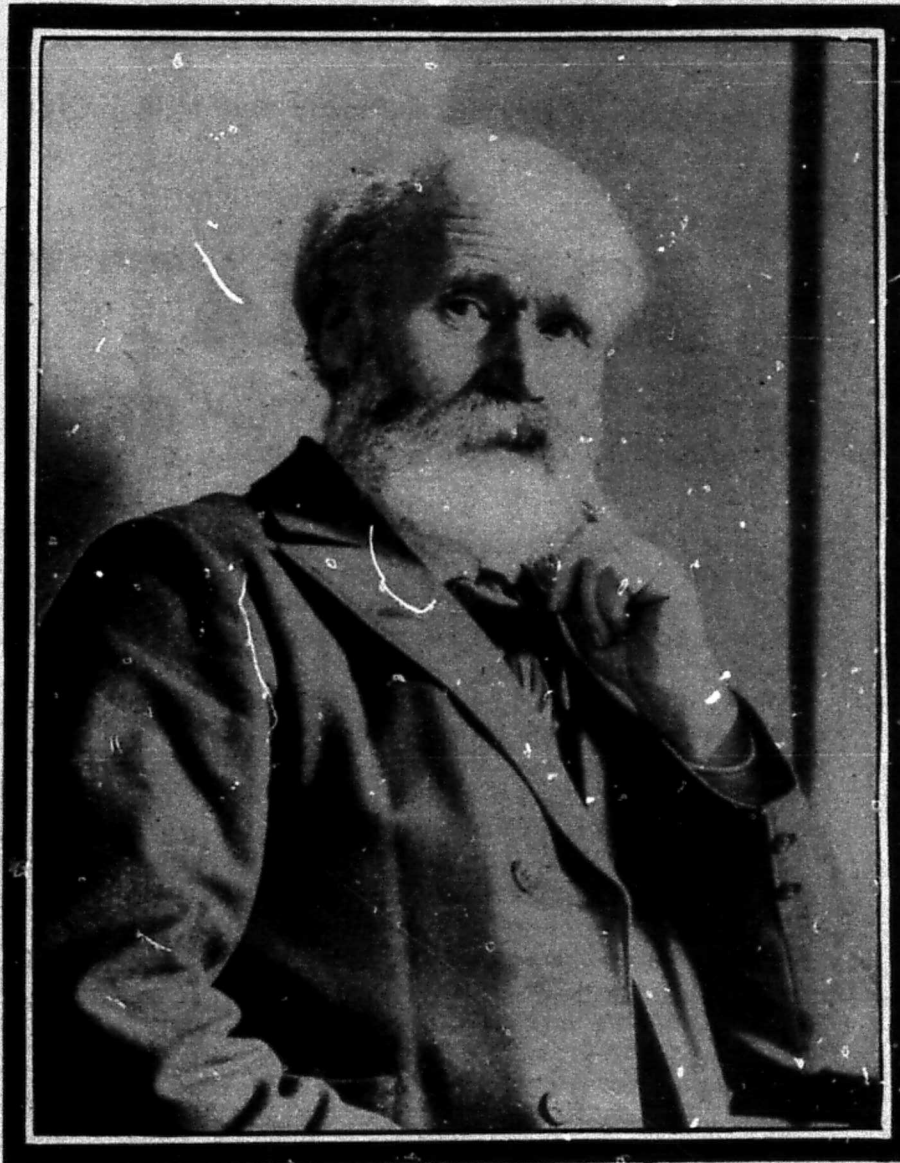
So I placed him carefully on the interviewer's rack, adjusted the screws, and commenced to extort the confession of faith.

"Will you please tell me, roughly, whether the Labor party retains its hold upon the country?"

"That is easily answered," he said. "The result of the last General Election, when the party won two extra seats, is conclusive proof that it not only retains but is increasing its hold upon the confidence of the working classes."

I went on to ask him, as an example of the practical work of the Labor party, to foreshadow those bills of special interest to Labor and Socialism which might come up during the present Parliamentary Session.

Keir Hardie squared his broad shoulders, and there was a gleam of the fighting Celt in his eye, as he said: "Apart from the measure for curtailing the power of the House of Lords, we are pressing, and pressing strongly, for the reversal of the Osborne Judgment. Your American readers may



not know that under the terms of this judgment it has been made illegal for a Trades Union either to levy its members or to spend any part of its funds for political purposes.

"Our demand is unequivocal. It is that this judgment be *completely* reversed, and we are fully confident that we shall succeed in this.

"The other measures which interest us are the bills for regulating the hours of labor in shops and for establishing schemes of State Insurance against sickness, invalidity and unemployment. As the terms upon which effect is to be given to some of these schemes have not yet been disclosed, I am unable to express any opinion upon their merits, but I mention those measures as being those in which we are specially interested this session."

I pointed out to Mr. Hardie that the position of the Labor party in Britain was largely misunderstood in the United States, and that our American comrades were even now rather hazy about the progress of Socialism in the British Trade Unions. So I put one or two questions to him pointblank, with a view to an elucidation of the position.

There was no equivocation about the replies. Each sentence was delivered plainly and forcefully.

"I regard the Labor party, as not only the great hope of Socialism, but the only method whereby Socialism can be realized. By means of the Labor party, the working class is emerging from a subordinate, dependent position, and is forcing its way upward into the position of the ruling and governing class"—and he shot a quick glance at one of the members of that class who was passing in all the glory of spats, enameled boots, and irreproachable frock coat. "It is only thus that Socialism can ever be realized in this or any other country."

When he had finished speaking in that earnest way which characterizes him, I ventured to say that, during my recent visit to the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, and in a visit to Germany and other Continental countries, I had been struck over and over again by the fact that, for the first time in the history of the Red International, the British Labor movement was beginning to receive

its due recognition as a tremendous factor for Socialism. So I asked him his opinion about this.

Our comrade's reply was free from any verbal flourishes. He replied, simply: "The Labor party has, from its inception, been accepted as an integral part of the International Socialist movement. I have sat on the Bureau of the International Socialist Congress from the beginning, and our party in the British Parliament is also represented thereon, just as are the Socialist and Labor parties of Germany, France, Belgium and other countries."

I hastened to add that my chief reason for asking the question was because in certain quarters in British Socialism it had been urged that the Labor party had no right of representation on the International, as it was not avowedly a Socialist body, though that could hardly be put forward today, as at the Hull and other Congresses the party had declared itself in favor of the socialization of the means of life.

Switching off on to the question of the ultimate possibilities of the General Strike as a preventive of war, a favorite theme with our comrade, who brought it forward at the Copenhagen Congress and again at the Labor Party Conference at Leicester, I put the proposition, generally, in the form of a question.

Mr. Keir Hardie stroked his square, grey beard, as he said: "The question of the General Strike as a means of preventing war is too big to be answered in reply to a question.

"The position is that the International Congress at Copenhagen has referred the matter to the International Bureau, and reports will be taken from each country, and a report based thereon will be presented to the International Socialist Congress at Vienna in 1913.

"My personal opinion is that both from its educational influence and as a means of teaching the working class its power, the idea of the strike as a means of preventing war is worthy of every encouragement."

There was another point upon which I particularly desired to get Keir Hardie's opinion, in view of my somewhat frequent references to it in my articles to the COMING NATION, and that was whether, in his opinion, there was any tendency in Britain towards "Direct Action" generally, and as an alternative to Political Action.

"I presume by 'direct action' you mean the strike. If you are using the term in the sense of the strike as an alternative to political action, I can see no sign of its spread in this country."

He went on. "Our Trades Unionists here, however, still hold to the strike as a means of securing industrial reforms. With us, the strike and political action are not antagonistic methods of securing reform, but are complementary methods, each to be used as circumstances may dictate.

"I can imagine the strike as a very effective supplementary action to political effort in particular cases and under a given set of circumstances, but to substitute the strike for political action seems to me unwise."

This reply was of especial interest in view of the assertion by Direct Actionists like Mme. Sorgue, that the British workers were leaving the field of Parliamentary action for the arena of the General Strike. The efforts also of Tom Mann, who has recently returned from Australia, to popularize the idea of Federated Trades Unionism, with a view to the action of the Strike, whilst not absolutely prohibiting Political action, have not met with any success worthy of the name.

And then I approached, gingerly, as one ap-

proaches all thorny subjects, the question of "Tactics," about which I wrote for the COMING NATION some time back, and which has aroused some heart-burning amongst our comrades of the Social-Democratic party. But, here again, I was brutally to the point, as I asked Comrade Hardie:

"In your opinion does the European International, generally speaking, trend towards the reformist position?"

"Yes. The whole trend of the Socialist movement everywhere is towards what is known as the reformist or revisionist position. This trend is quite as marked in Germany as anywhere else.

"As a matter of fact, so soon as the Socialist movement gets away from its primitive stage of immature idealism and enters politics seriously, there is no other course open to it than that which is known as revisionist or reformist."

This reply revealed the extraordinary combination in Keir Hardie of the idealist and the man of af-

fairs, a combination which is becoming less rare with the progress of the movement.

I could see the symptoms of impatience to get away which it is the prime business of the interviewer to diagnose in its early stages, but I dare not let our veteran (I wonder why one calls Hardie a veteran, when he is a man in the prime of life, being only 55 years old) comrade go without getting from him some opinion of the American Socialist movement. I asked what he thought of that movement, its possibilities and policy.

Hardie's whole face lighted up. "I have watched with great interest the growth and development of the Socialist movement in America since my first visit there sixteen years ago, and am particularly delighted with the turn which events have taken during the past eighteen months, the first fruits of which are seen in the magnificent polls of the election last fall.

"The elements of cohesion and sanity seem to be

now well grounded in the movement, and the neurotic and semi-anarchist elements which controlled the movement so long to its hurt have at length been relegated to a back seat. So long as this continues, the movement in the United States is bound to go forward at an ever-increasing ratio."

Hardie stood up to go, but before leaving me added:

"I have nothing further to say except to congratulate my friend the editor of the COMING NATION upon the very bright and thoroughly up-to-date journal which he is giving to the movement, and to wish for it a long and prosperous career."

A firm grip of the hand, and the ex-miner, who, from the age of eight years, when he first worked in the coal pit, down to 1892 when he first entered Parliament for West Ham, a London constituency, and onwards to the present year of grace, has given himself, body, blood and spirit for the cause of Socialism, went back to join his comrades on the Labor benches.

HAVE YOU A JOB THAT WILL LAST?

By William Restelle Shier

Have you a job?

If so, how long is it likely to last?

Have you ever stopped to figure how many weeks' working time you lose each year or to consider why there are always more men seeking jobs than there are jobs to be had?

According to government blue books "about one-third of the total persons engaged in remunerative labor are unemployed one-third of their working time."

In other words, one workman in every three is unemployed about four months each year.

Happily, such unfortunate circumstances do not afflict the entire population, but if all the workers are taken into account, it is found that the average person loses 35 working days each year or 11 per cent of the possible working time.

The Cause of Unemployment.

Unemployment is due to the fact that the supply of labor greatly exceeds the demand for labor, while irregular employment is due to a variety of causes—to bad weather, trade depressions, seasonal fluctuations, "shut downs," bankruptcies, changes of fashion, the introduction of new machinery, strikes, accidents, sickness and those ever recurring periods called "hard times."

Enforced idleness brings misfortune after misfortune upon the workman. It makes it necessary for him to run into debt, to use up his savings bank deposits, to let his insurance policies lapse, to forfeit his home, to sponge on his relatives, to allow his wife and family to become shabby, to forego medical attendance, to deny his children things they really need, to accept charity, to suffer

mental anguish and to undergo physical deprivations of all sorts.

All these miseries, mind you, are brought upon him by the breakdowns of industry and the maladjustments of the commercial world, not through faults of his own. The number of people who suffer unemployment through personal inefficiency and bad habits is really very small. The mass of working people are sober, honest, frugal and industrious.

What Do You Think of This?

Since society instead of the individual is responsible for the evils of unemployment, should not society as a whole bear the cost?

The Socialist answers that question most emphatically in the affirmative.

In addition to having the State increase the demand for labor by prosecuting great public works, the Socialist would institute what is known as "government insurance against unemployment."

Insurance against unemployment is much the same as other kinds of insurance, the only difference being that instead of being indemnified for the loss of property owing to fire, or the loss of an arm owing to an accident, or the loss of time owing to sickness, you are indemnified for the loss of earnings due to being out of work.

Under the best systems of unemployed insurance the government, federal, state or municipal, establishes special bureaus to put into practice whatever scheme has been adopted.

These bureaus found Labor Exchanges, secure the co-operation of the employers and the trade unions, and seek to organize the labor market thoroughly.

Through these Labor Exchanges unemployed persons are helped to find work.

Those who are out of work more than a certain number of days are paid "unemployed benefits"—50 cents, 75 cents or \$1 per day.

A man who throws up his old job without sufficient cause is not entitled to these benefits, neither is a man who refuses a fairly good job when one is found for him.

A minimum wage is established, and no one is required to accept a job for less than that wage, and trade unionists are not required to work in their particular trades for less than the prevailing union rates.

An Important Consideration.

Insurance of this kind would affect the workers very favorably, would it not?

Yes, but it would also affect the employers very unfavorably.

In the first place, the rich would have to provide the money through taxes, and, in the second place, the workers, not being so hard up, could bargain more successfully for higher wages.

The employers have not as big an advantage over the man who is assured a subsistence as over one who has not a cent in his pocket.

For these reasons no government controlled by business men will inaugurate a satisfactory system of unemployed insurance. We must have a working class government before this great measure will be carried out.

The European cities, such as Ghent, Strassburg and Cologne, where the unemployed are insured in the way we have described, are either controlled by Socialists or have a large number of Socialists upon their legislative and administrative bodies.

CIVILIZED METICULOUSNESS.

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

The other day an official in New York set out to find a barrel of potatoes and failed. At least, he found but few. To be sure, he found potatoes and receptacles which, to the naked eye, looked like barrels and which were designed to look like barrels to the naked eye. They were also designed to hold less than barrels, less than the amount called for by the statutes and the elementary arithmetic.

When the New York official objected and suggested that the law be complied with, the dealers declared that if they had to give a barrel of potatoes for a barrel of potatoes, there would be a potato famine in New York, for the reason that barrel-making had become a lost art, that it had been practically supplanted by the making of near-barrels that look like barrels, but hold less.

And so it goes. The onward march of civilization not only consigns the statutes and the hard-learned arithmetics to the scrap-heap, but also the copybooks in which we laboriously wrote, "Honesty is the best policy." In place of these, it gives us algebra which cannot exist without an unknown quantity. By the magical formula thus established, we pay more than ever for a barrel of potatoes without getting it.

MAY.

BY GEORGE WHITFIELD D'VYS.
Author of "Casey at the Bat."



HE brooklets murmur loud her praises,
Her image mirrored in their hearts.
Each bird his love in carol raises,
And to our soul his joy imparts;
Till thrilled with love are we today,
For once again 'tis beautiful May!

With fragrance rare, the early flowers
Speak love while blushing at her feet.
The sunbeams light her path, all hours;
With pride the hills her coming greet;
And this their soft and happy lay:
"We're glad you've come, bright, laughing May!"

Each gentle breeze, with mystic fingers
Is softly playing nature's harps,
And tenderly the music lingers
In minors sweet, and low-toned sharps,
O, list the message breathed today:
"Be joyous all, for this is May!"

Sunday, May 7, 1893.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE PRESS.

Woe to our generation if the curse of commercialism should utterly blight the press, if it should come to pass that the press directed by the greed of vested interests instead of owing supreme allegiance to the moral law—if its final accountability be to the counting-room and not to conscience! The oft-cited excuse for the moral delinquencies of the press, that journalism is a business involving the use of capital, should never be suffered to obscure the truth, that the press stands in the relation of trusteeship to the public it serves. The yellow journal is governed by gold and gold alone; the yellow journal is not the paper that prints all, or more than all, the news for one cent, but the newspaper, even though it costs two or three cents, which prints some of the news and leaves some of the news unprinted because of orders from below rather than from above.—Dr. Stephen S. Wise, in *The Christian Register*.

"When a man refuses to be curbed and restrained by prevalent opinion, he is dubbed a heretic or worse; but remember that he is apt to have something to say that is worth hearing, something that prevailing opinion doesn't want told."

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.—Voltaire.

The Life of a U. S. Soldier



THE fact that there were something like 4,000 desertions from the army in 1909 and 19,764 desertions during the past eleven years, not counting 1910, has given birth to this alarming question: "What is the Army?" I have served six years in the Regular Army and know whereof I speak. I will further state that I do not write this article through malice or hatred, as I received an honorable discharge both enlistments, with good character. But it is for purpose of laying before the public the naked truth in regard to the army.

How often do we see the brilliant posters of the U. S. Army defacing the streets of our cities. And how often do we see some seedy looking young man stop and gaze at the alluring advertisement? It informs him of the rate of pay he will receive if he joins the army of human targets. It tells him of the many advantages of army life, and the great chances of promotion, with large pay.

The youth we see looking at the enticing advertisement may be hungry and out of work. To him the poster is like the snake that charms the bird—the longer he looks at it the more fascinated he becomes, until finally, he walks into the recruiting office.

How Promotions Come

A few months later, after he has been transformed from an awkward recruit into a full-fledged soldier, he settles down to preparing himself for promotion (maybe). But just for an example we will suppose that he does.

He studies army tactics, his drill regulations and all the other branches of studies connected with promotion. He tries to his utmost to be a model soldier, always obeying orders to the letter.

Finally he is promoted to the grade of corporal, then sergeant. From that he may jump to First Sergeant, then perhaps to Sergeant Major—maybe. Then what?

If he is not of a family of great wealth, or of a family highly influential in political or governmental affairs; if he or his near relatives have no "pull" with the governor of some state or some other higher official, he is doomed to remain within the ranks of the enlisted men—the common herd. Again, he will hardly go above a common sergeant unless he has a good "pull" with his officers.

Most people imagine that army officers are made according to individual merit. That is a very great mistake. Very seldom, if ever, will the common soldier rise to the rank of commissioned officer from true merit and ability. "Pull" has a place, and a much larger place, in the army than in civil life. And the "pull" isn't confined alone to the enlisted men; it is in the officers' rank, and occupies a much more significant place there than in the rank of the enlisted men.

Career of an Officer

But again, as an example, we will suppose that a common soldier does manage to break into the commissioned officer rank, and is commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, the lowest rank of the commissioned officers. Is he any better off? Hardly.

Of course, he has an easier time in some respects, but he has a much harder time in others. As a Second Lieutenant his pay, which is \$141.67 per month, will not go as far as the \$15 of the private soldier.

He has to buy his own uniforms, which the common soldier does not. It will be necessary for him to keep up appearances and do his share of the post entertaining. His wearing apparel must be kept as perfect as a tailor can make it. In fact, he is forced to keep right up with the rapid pace set by his superior, and higher-salaried officers, or he is slighted in various ways.

As nine-tenths of the officers are Masons, it naturally follows that the young Second Lieutenant must also belong to the Masonic Order if he expects to get along in harmony with his brother officers. To come right out with the unvarnished truth, he will have to be a "sport" and keep right up with the dizzy swirl of fast army society, or he is treated as bad, if not worse, than the common soldier.

"Cheap Guys" and "Grouches"

If he saves his money he is a "cheap guy" and a "grouch"; if he spends it, he is a fool and an "easy mark."

The records of the War Department at Washington show that a great number of commissioned officers, whose pay ranges from \$141.67 to \$250 per month, are tried every year by court-martial for duplicating their pay accounts—plain forgery. Which simply shows that the exorbitant salaries of our

BY

Leonard O. Cowdrey

Men and boys are enticed into the army by lying posters and promises. There they become physically and morally rotten and socially outcasts. Thousands desert and become outlaws. Others remain, the disgusting tools of a degenerate plutocracy, a menace to the class of workers from which they sprang. Few would enlist if they knew the truth. This article tells the truth in the hope of discouraging enlistments. It is a violation of law to so discourage men from taking up the trade of murder. The editor of the COMING NATION is glad to violate such a law by printing this story. We believe our readers will be glad to become law-breakers for justice, decency and peace by circulating it.—Editor.

army officers are insufficient for them to live the rapid pace of the "society butterfly" their superior officers set for them.

So, until the young officer marries he finds it a hard game to play. When they do marry it is almost invariably the case that they marry rich. Therefore, the common soldier is ruled by a great mass of rich men and women—their superior officers. My own troop commander the last time I served in the army was a rich captain who could count his dollars with seven figures. And he was possessed with all the notable traits that go hand-in-hand with men of millions.

Ninety-five per cent of the commissioned officers are appointed from West Point, and if anybody wants to know just how much "pull" and what kind of "pull" it takes to enter West Point, all they have to do is to try and send their son, just graduated from college, to the school of officers at West Point.

Unless they are fortunate enough to be rich, or are personally acquainted with the governor of their state, or higher officials, they will save time and money by not trying to enter their son in West Point.

Only one case do I know of a poor boy entering West Point, and his father, who is a Trumpeter in the Field Artillery and a thirty-second degree Mason, is said to be a personal friend of Major General Leonard Wood.

Getting in Bad

But suppose the common soldier does not succeed in breaking into the commissioned set. We will just follow him around and see how he gets along.

He gets up at 6 a. m., and dresses with the rapidity of an automatic machine. It isn't because he desires to dress so swiftly, but because the period between first call for reveille and assembly is insufficient to enable him to dress with the precision and neatness becoming the soldier.

If he is the fraction of a minute late in getting into line for roll-call, the chances are ten to one that he will either be tried by court-martial or given two or three days' extra work by the company commander.

If either of these punishments is bestowed upon him the soldier becomes disgusted and quits trying to be a good soldier, arguing like a true philosopher, that there is no use trying to do right anyway. And right there is where trouble begins.

"Camping on His Trail"

If his captain happens to be of the wealthy over-bearing class the chances are that he has got this soldier who comes late to roll-call spotted as a worthless character, and he straightway begins to "camp on his trail."

The term, "camp on his trail," is known and understood by all soldiers and officers throughout the entire army. It means that if an officer just happens to take a dislike to a certain soldier; or if any soldier wilfully or unknowingly contracts the dislike or hatred of an officer, that the officer hounds and dogs the soldier around to the point of desperation. He never misses a chance to spit his venomous poison at the discouraged victim. His whole attention is concentrated to either force this soldier to trial by general court-martial and dishonorable discharge, or to desertion.

It sometimes happens that if the officer succeeds in forcing the soldier to disobedience of orders, for

which he will be kept in the guard house a month or two at hard labor, and sentenced to forfeit his pay, the officer will "get off his trail." He will have accomplished his object and will begin to treat the soldier with a little show of humanity, providing the victim shows a disposition to "brace up."

"Brace up" in the army means nothing more nor less than submitting to the inhuman rule and abuses of officers uncomplainingly.

But most American citizens will not take uncalled-for abuse from another without complaining and kicking about it. And right here lies the secret of most of the desertions in our army today.

Beginning to "Buck"

If a soldier wilfully disobeys orders or is disrespectful to his superior officers he expects nothing but punishment, and as a rule takes what is coming to him and keeps his mouth shut about it. But this thing of an officer "camping on a soldier's trail" causes more trouble than any other one thing in the army.

When the soldier finds out that half his paltry pay is taken from him because of some little petty offense, which is often committed through ignorance and sometimes from obedience to orders, he begins to "buck."

From that day on he goes through his drills and other duties with the feeling that his captain is "camping on his trail"; that he is watching and patiently waiting for another chance to wreak his hatred upon him.

At first he may try his best to do right and perform his duties uncomplainingly and cheerfully. But as time goes on he begins to get wise to a few things. He discovers that he is getting the worst end of it in troop or company duty. The captain and his lieutenants are always on the lookout for a chance to "Bawl him out" on the least provocation. The First Sergeant begins to show the same kind of a disposition toward him. (This is done to keep his, the First Sergeant's "pull" in good standing with the captain.)

Going to the Dogs

Still he goes ahead trying his best to please and to keep out of trouble. He begins to wonder how long they will continue to "camp on his trail." Soon he realizes that he is not alone in his troubles. Others are up against the same kind of a game that he is, and several of his comrades are kept on the jump in order to avoid trouble. The company commander has started to clean out the troops—to weed out all the undesirables.

Next he awakens to the fact that he is not getting as many nights off guard as some of the others (generally the captain's or First Sergeant's pets). If an extra detail for work is called out he is sure to be detailed as one of the laborers. If any disagreeable duty is to be performed he is sure to find himself the performer.

At last he becomes convinced that it is a losing fight. He gets reckless in his habits; performs his duties in a dogged, half-hearted manner, and slinks about with the look of a haunted animal.

It is the turning point in his career, and from then on he begins to look upon the army, and life in general, with different eyes.

The chances are ten to one he begins to accompany the other victims to the saloons; the houses of ill-fame and vice. If he has been a man of good habits and clean morals, he is not long in learning to drink and in learning all the other rotten vices of the hellish cities.

"Where is My Wandering Boy?"

Somewhere an anxious mother or a sister, or perhaps a longing sweetheart, is patiently awaiting the return of her "Soldier Boy." And a mother may well say: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

He may be tucked away safe and clean between his blue army blankets in peaceful slumber, or he may be doing his tiresome tour of guard duty. But again he may be in the saloon; in the gambling house and more often in the licensed house of ill-fame—the "living hells on earth" that is the only home of thousands of our nation's most beautiful girls. Weak struggling girls who have been driven there by our rotten competitive system of wage slavery. More often will you find the soldier in these "hot-beds of hell" that our government allows to exist for the sake of private profit, than between his army blankets. And why?

His captain is "camping on his trail." He has given up the struggle in disgust. His spirit of patriotism and his faith in justice has been shattered; he is discouraged, homesick and disheartened. He begins to regard everything with temperamental antagonism. The brilliant uniforms, the dashing cavalry drills and the noble thoughts of military

heroism that had once entranced and fascinated him, now fills him with a nausea that sickens his whole being. He becomes fired with discontent and filled with impotent rage that he had ever left the ordinary walks of life for this "hell in the army."

Seeking for Comradeship

Next, the longing steals over and through him for the companionship of one who can understand and sympathize with him. Deep down in his physical make-up there arises a wall of realization and horror. His whole being sickens with a longing for the old life again—for the merry clatter of luncheon tea-cups and luncheon society; for the musical voice and elevating presence of woman. Ah! That is the worst—this hungry longing for the charming and sympathetic companionship of a mother, a sister or a sweetheart—something different from the cruel, overbearing treatment of heartless men.

But where can the common soldier find this companionship? He is far from home and friends, and it is a known fact that the majority of people in civil life today have little, if any, use or respect for the soldier. In time of war he is praised and worshiped like a God; in time of peace he is insulted, shunned and kicked into the gutter. He is classed with the "Hobo," and where, pray tell me, can the "Tramp" or "Hobo" go for sympathy? As far as most people are concerned the "Tramp" can go to hell for all they care.

Where then can the soldier find this sympathetic companionship of woman but at the home of the "white slave"? As a rule a so-called decent girl or woman will have none of him—she will shun him as she would a snake.

And as unreasonable as it may seem, the white slave always has sympathy for the soldier—they find comfort in each others presence. Why?

The true answer may shock some people's modesty; it may be branded as false and untrue—radically sensational. Nevertheless, it is true as I, by

virtue of my experience and general observation during six years in "hell" happen to know.

Outcasts Flock Together

It is simply because their lives are on a common level. The soldier is banished from good, wholesome, common society; the white slave is also banished from all decent society, including the worst and most common. Let me ask you, will a crook try to associate with a minister? Can the little storekeeper associate with a trust magnate? Can a working man be an intimate friend of a king or a president? And will a rich man be on intimate terms with a common tramp? No, certainly not. Therefore, all so-called classes have a certain level, and the old saying holds good that "birds of a feather flock together."

The soldier sympathizes with and pities the outcast girl in her horrible struggle for life. Somehow he understands that she is not there from choice, but from vital necessity. The girl sympathizes with and pities the hard lot of the soldier.

Often do we hear it said that such a girl is devoid of feeling; that she has no heart nor sympathy; that her whole aim in life is but to prey off the sons of toil and the gilded youths of the idle rich. But it is false—it's as big a lie as was ever told in or out of the courts.

She is just as human as anybody else. She has the same ideas and ambitions as have other girls, and in the darkest hours of her horrible task she dreams of and longs for the same happy home as do other girls. Time and again have I seen the white slave shed tears in the agony of her horrible and hopeless life.

Like the soldier, she has given up her hard struggle for bread. The rotten competitive system of government that exists has driven her to the "last chance" of life, by its false system of democracy. She is only a soldier in our female army of slaves.

So naturally the soldier learns to drink. He be-

comes a boozier and a sport, and soon he is transformed into one of those reckless, dare-devil human fighting machines so characteristic of our Regular Army.

No doubt you will think that he is soon dishonorably discharged from the service, and right there is where you are very liable to be mistaken.

Becoming a "Good" Soldier

I know of hundreds of this class of soldiers who have been in the army for a great number of years, and who each time receive an honorable discharge with characters "good" and "excellent." True, he may be dishonorably discharged before he finishes his first three-year enlistment—it all depends on how his captain thinks about it.

However, numerous officers, among them General Sumner and General Bell, have been known to declare that the best soldiers they ever had in the field in time of war were the "booze-fighters," I will have to agree with them in that respect, because the reckless, dare-devil boozers are without doubt the best scrappers on the firing line.

And many men rather than drop to the level I have described, desert. They are both considered to be a disgrace, but is one any more of a disgrace than the other, considering the existing causes that give birth to the effects?

And right here let me state for the benefit of those who may not happen to know, that when a soldier deserts or is dishonorably discharged from the service he becomes a traitor in the eyes of the law. He becomes a non-citizen of the United States; he loses his right to vote for the President of the United States, and is not entitled to the protection of the United States government when he is in a foreign country.

However, other men get along in the army without any trouble whatever. Why?

The next chapter will tell you.

(To be continued.)

Italy's Disfranchised Workers

BY ANGELICA BALABANOFF

THAT a prominent Socialist, such as Leonida Bissolati, should have been invited by the king and by the president of the cabinet to offer suggestions concerning the policy of the new government and requested to accept a seat as minister of agriculture in that ministry is something which may easily trouble Socialists of other than Italian countries. Such a thing could not have taken place in any country with a strong, well disciplined Socialist party. But Italy has no such party. The reason for this is found in the lack of factory laborers and the class-conscious proletariat built upon such an industrial class.

For years the attempt has been made in Italy to make Socialists from the agrarian proletariat and from the middle class. As the Marxian theory foretold, the agrarian proletariat has shown itself able to organize trade unions and co-operatives. The interesting articles by Odon Por in the COMING NATION have shown how far this movement has gone, and what they have been able to accomplish. Up to the present time these most courageous and energetic men and women have not developed a clear set of political tactics, such as belongs to a Socialist proletariat.

The urgent need of Italy today is universal suffrage. It needs this not only for all the reasons that are being urged in other countries, but also because of the corruption and the manipulation of elections such as is found especially in the south of Italy. Here there are localities where eighty per cent of the adult men are unable to read and write. Because of this they are disfranchised. In addition there are many who have the ballot whose votes can either be bought or directed by means of intimidation. Consequently the members of Parliament represent only a most insignificant section of the nation, and this is the rich and parasitical section. Under such conditions it is inevitable that the rights and interests of the poorer class are not represented and they have no spokesman in Parliament.

Because of these facts, the Socialist party has, especially in recent years, devoted its energies largely to the campaign for universal suffrage. The visit of Bissolati to the king and the possibility that two Socialists might become members of the government, is but one of the phases of this struggle for the ballot.

Forty-four per cent of the male adults of all Italy are illiterate, and, therefore, disfranchised. These illiterates, of course, belong to the working class. Even when they know how to read and write, the Italian law is such that a further knowledge is necessary in order to pass the special examination

required as a qualification for voting. These examinations are also manipulated against the workers in order to prevent the increase of the Socialist and anti-clerical parties.

Illiterates are most numerous in the south of Italy, and it is from this locality that there come the most frequent reports of violence being used by the conservative party, assisted by the authorities and the army, in the interests of the minority that is seeking to prevent the exercise of even the most elementary rights on the part of the workers, and especially against any effort on the part of the people to elect their own representatives to Parliament.

As might have been expected, in the north of Italy, where industry is most highly developed and where a disciplined spirit is growing among the workers, education has gone further and there is less illiteracy. The following statistics give the ratio of illiteracy, both by geographical location and by social conditions in Italy:

	Bourgeois	Illiterate	per cent	Factory Workers	Illiterate	per cent	Agriculture Workers	Illiterate	per cent
North Italy	10,000	47	0.47	25,000	2,500	9.00	99,000	9,000	20.4
Cent. Italy	6,000	70	1.16	10,000	2,500	25	25,000	12,000	48
South Italy	7,000	300	4.3	13,000	5,000	38	29,000	20,000	69

When such a large section of the people, and that the proletarian section, is excluded from all political action, it is evident that the first work of the Socialists must be to do away with this unjust system of Parliamentary representation.

An extensive campaign in favor of universal suffrage has been carried on. In great meetings that have been held throughout the country it has been pointed out that a lack of the ability to read and write is no reason why a citizen should be deprived of his political rights, and still less of those even more elementary rights of organization and assemblage.

Unfortunately, this campaign has not produced the results hoped for, and this largely because of the lack of organization of the working class. The Socialist deputies voted for the last ministry in the hope of obtaining universal suffrage, but they were deceived, and then Luzzati, the head of that ministry was followed by Giolitti, who is pledged to universal suffrage. This is the reason why Bissolati was asked to take part in the new ministry.

Italian Socialists are not blind to the violation of Socialist tactics in a Socialist becoming a part of a monarchical ministry in a bourgeois government. But Bissolati has already declared that he does not believe so much in a Socialist party as he does in class solidarity for the class struggle.

Bissolati has always been one of the most respected and loved Socialists in Italy, and no one

thinks of imputing his motives, or suggesting that his visit to the king was due to any ambition or to any desire for personal aggrandizement. For this very reason his action is the greater to be regretted. Were class consciousness more highly developed in the Italian workers, it would not be possible for a Socialist deputy to think of accepting the invitation of the king.

However urgent may be the need of universal suffrage to the Italian people, it ought to be obtained by the proletarians themselves and not by the work of a single man nominated by the king.

Bissolati refused the offer of the position in the ministry, saying he could not overcome his antipathy to court ceremonies. But we hope, and are sure that the majority of the Socialist party, when they come to discuss this new and striking fact, will show that there are deeper, broader and more convincing reasons for the antagonism between Socialists and a bourgeois monarchical ministry than antipathy to court ceremonies.

The Records in the Case

(Continued from page 2)

more justification than the capitalist press, which has consistently manipulated the news to jeopardize the rights of the prisoners?

The workers denounce capitalism off hand.

The capitalist press denounces the unions off hand. Which has the greater reason?

Here the workers stand and will stand until they have unquestioned cause to change their ground: Capitalism is capable of any crime, will go to any limit, to frustrate working class solidarity. Capitalist agents were capable of exploding any bomb, if bomb it was, now complained of. An affair engineered as this has been affords immediate presumption of the guilt of capitalism.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage—a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—Lord Brougham, January 29, 1828.

"Some people are so densely ignorant that they continue to assert that it was a man named David who said 'all men are liars.' If they ever read the newspapers they would know that his name was Roosevelt."

"The strenuous man is not the soldier on horseback with a sabre drawn, but rather the man with folded arms who sees a new truth and utters it, regardless of consequences."

SOCIALISTS IN GREENVILLE.

Albert B. Thomas, the newly-elected Socialist Mayor of Greenville, Mich., was born at Centerville, Mich., January 16, 1857.

He received his early education in the Centerville Public Schools. Shortly after leaving school he began learning the carriage building trade at Three Rivers in 1874.

He moved to Greenville ten years later and started in business for himself.

Frank L. Fuller, the Socialist City Treasurer of Greenville, is thirty-five years old and has always made his home in this city.

For the past six years he has worked as a machinist for the Tower Iron Work. He won over his Republican opponent by a majority of thirty-one votes.

James B. Taylor, the Socialist Supervisor in the Third ward, was elected by a majority of twenty-two.

He was born in Almont, Mich., in 1847, and lived on a farm until twenty years of age, when he moved to Greenville and served his apprenticeship as a carpenter and joiner, which trade he is following at the present time.

Oscar S. Peterson, Socialist alderman of the Third ward, won over the Republican candidate by a majority of thirty-nine.

He was born and raised on a farm in Montcalm township. At the age of nineteen, tiring of farm life, he learned the blacksmith trade and started in business for himself.

A few years later he enter the employ of Knapp, Thoms and Christensen, with whom he is at the present time.

William H. Dietz, the Socialist alderman of the Second ward, was born in Lansing, Mich., in 1878.

He is a graduate of the Lansing Public School. After leaving the agricultural college he served an apprenticeship in the Lansing Iron Works and from there came to Greenville in 1900.

"Bill," as he is familiarly called, is machinshop foreman of the Tower Iron Works.

Dr. A. E. Savage, the Socialist Supervisor of the Second ward, won over his republican opponent by thirteen votes.

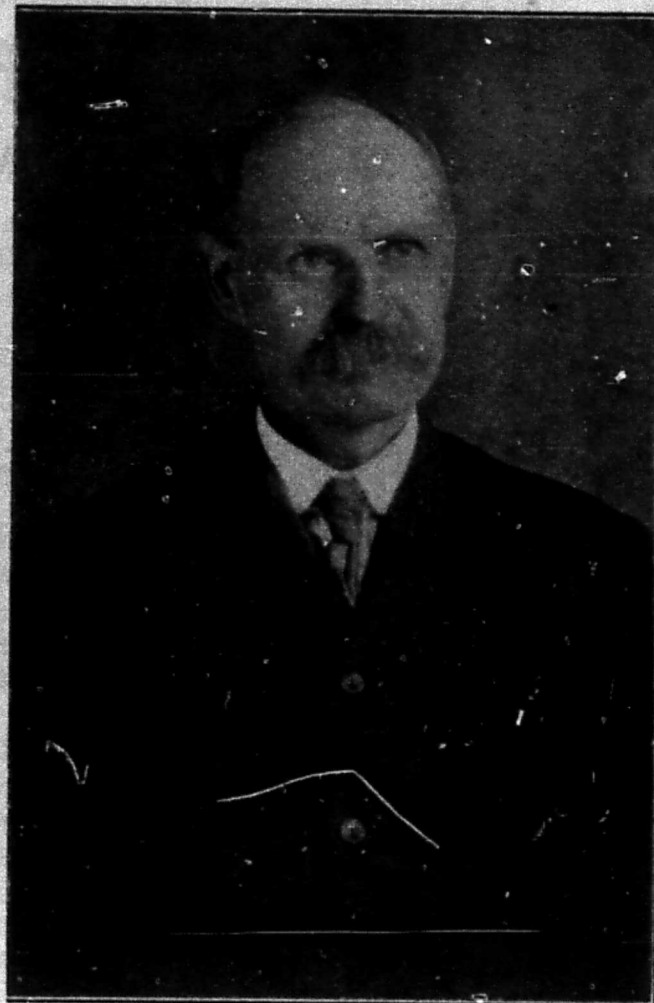
He is forty-six years old and is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the Detroit College of Medicine.

The Doctor has been a close student and an expounder of the Socialist doctrines for a number of years.

It is said that he administers Socialism to his patients in large doses.



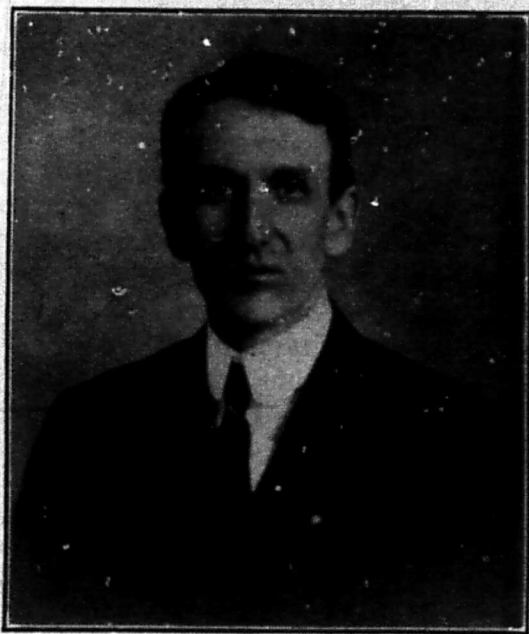
Alderman Oscar Peterson



Mayor Albert B. Thomas.



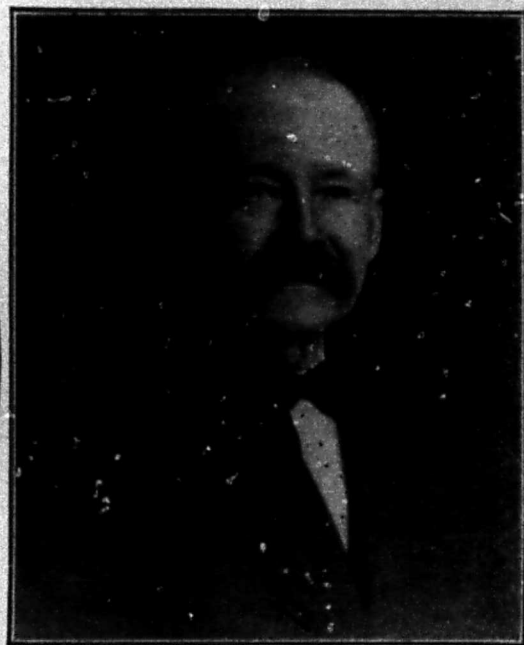
Supervisor A. E. Savage.



City Treasurer Frank L. Fuller.



Alderman W. H. Dietz.



Supervisor James B. Taylor.

The Bed of Strawberries

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

There is something charming about the home surrounded by small fruits. They are health-giving plants of nature, supplying food for the human family and bird kingdom, and giving out evidences of thrift and purity in the lives of the inmates. And, there is profit in every fruit that receives proper attention. Many families get their grocery bills paid from the returns of strawberry beds, planted in front of the house, to the rear of the kitchen or between the rows of orchard trees.

Strawberries are the most profitable small fruits grown in varying climates of the United States. They give profit from patches of one square rod, one long acre or one big field. One man told me that his strawberries returned \$750 an acre every year. And I believe he gave me the truth, as from a small beginning, in a river bed, he soon made enough money to erect a fine residence, on valuable city property, that represented a combined cost of \$25,000.

The most profits from strawberries come to those having only small tracts planted. The crop is really the one for little owners of little farms. A bed of one-half acre ought to bring \$300 a year, and that money becomes a part of the family earnings. For no hired help would be necessary to handle the crop from that small patch. Therein lies the main secret of independence from a little land. It does not cost any money to keep in condition and its proceeds are net incomes.

Any garden land will produce good crops of strawberries. That this is being demonstrated may be seen by comparing some figures. The annual strawberry crop of a single fruit state aggregates more than \$100,000,000 a year, which is greater than the gold output of the nation. And much of that

wealth comes from the little beds of berries planted around the homes of the plain people. The money received goes a long way toward solving the problem of how to make a living, while working for wages.

The varieties of strawberries are numerous because of new creations in plant life being reported every year by horticultural students. It would be a difficult question to settle as to which varieties are the best adapted to small fruit growers. My berries are the Marshall, Magoon, Gold Dollar and Sharples. If I were selecting plants for a small bed to give fruits throughout the bearing season, I would take Michel's Early, William Belt, Senator Dunlap and Marshall.

Strawberries may be set in rows two feet apart, the vines standing about eighteen inches in the rows. That forms what is known as the matted row and makes a bed easy to mulch and narrow enough for careful picking. The hill system is used by many fancy berry growers. That means setting plants two to three feet apart, either way, and cultivating them as single specimens. The matted row plan is that in general use. It gives the most berries. Plants can be bought of many growers and nurserymen for about 50 cents per hundred.

Shallow cultivation is the best for strawberries. That can be done by using the garden tools made for the purpose. Mulching is a good thing in cold countries. It consists in covering the plants in the fall with straw, leaves or other litter, to prevent winter killing. That is removed in early spring. A strawberry bed is at its best the third year from planting, but it gives some fruits the first season and a good crop the second year. To get new plants the runners are left to set between the rows.

There are two sources of income from a strawberry bed. The main one is the sale of fruits and the other the sale of plants. A local or home market is always best for disposing of both fruits and plants. That can be obtained by prompt attention to the wants of the people. The berries should be picked, when just ripe enough, packed in neat boxes, and

evenly distributed, for size and color, from top to bottom of the box. Some of the big berry growers of this country began by growing a few berries, selling to neighbors and increasing their patches year after year.

MIKE'S STORY

(Continued from Page 6.)

mines, they fill the camps of all kinds, but they never stay."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, for the same reason that none of us will stay—small pay and nothing to see."

I learned much English from Foster, especially slang. When conversation was dry I got very tired of iron bars and jangling keys. They hurt my mind.

"Say, Mike," Foster said, "you're dead in luck to be here. In the stockades you'd dig five tons of coal a day, and for the smallest offence they'd flog you raw. Over there, across the way, in the city prison, you'd be squeezed in an iron cage seven by three feet"—he measured it off for me—"and you'd be forced to sleep in the excrements of the hobos that were there ahead of you. I know; I've been there."

Then I was more content with the country jail.

The trial came off in November, 1906, and we went every day for a week to the big government building. In the trial I learned that there was law in America, but its benefits to the poor were accidental. I was glad to see Gallagher get fifteen months in prison. I think he deserved much more. Foster said he'd never serve a day. I asked him why, but he simply said, "Graft."

A year after Mike told me his story I was crossing Union Square, New York, when a man arose from a bench and stopped me. It was Mike. He was in rags and emaciated with hunger. He had lost an arm and pointing to the empty sleeve he said: "Railroad take him off—nobody want one hand man—ah, Jesu, what can man do?"

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS
J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The Library Fund

The COMING NATION should be in the reading room of every public library in the United States. For each dollar sent to the "Library Fund" one such institution will be put upon the mailing list. Considering the peculiar fitness of the COMING NATION for propaganda among non-Socialists there are few ways in which a dollar will be more effective.

In the Next Number



READERS of the May Day issue of the COMING NATION will remember with pleasure the laughable discussion of Milwaukee as the "Capitalist Bogey," by J. B. Larric. Next week

he is going to give us another of these humorous skits. This time it will be on "The Metamorphosis of the Socialist," showing how the Socialist is becoming respectable as he becomes powerful. It is illustrated with some sketches by Ryan Walker that are as funny as the text.

One whole page next week will be given up to a cartoon by Art Young. This cartoon alone will be valued by any one who sees it at more than the price of a whole year's subscription. It should be posted in every local hall in the country. Framed and hung up, it will be a continuous and unanswerable Socialist article.

Dora B. Montefiore, who will be remembered by thousands who heard her speak while in this country one year ago, is now traveling in Australia. A description by her of the Australian Socialist and labor movement will appear next week.

There will also be installments of the articles by W. J. Ghent on "Workingmen's Compensation," and by Leonard O. Cowdrey on the life of a United States soldier.

Charles Edward Russell, the editor of the COMING NATION, has been in New Zealand and Australia for several weeks and has just returned. He has promised us two articles on the situation there, which will appear in early numbers.

We also expect to start the articles by Eugene Wood, illustrated by Horace Taylor, within a couple of weeks. There have been numerous delays with these, but when they appear we believe that our readers will admit that they are about the best thing that has appeared on Socialism for many years.

The editor of the COMING NATION has been reading Socialist manuscripts for more than ten years, but about two weeks ago there came to his hands what he believes to be the very best piece of immediate propaganda matter that has been published. This is an article by Albert Edwards, the well known magazine writer, on the work of the government at Panama. We expect to publish this in number thirty-seven. It will be fully illustrated, and the story it will tell will be a revelation to those who declare that Socialism is impracticable. While the state capitalism which is being carried out in Panama lacks that most essential of all elements of Socialism—democracy—yet the results are so very superior to anything ever produced by private capitalism as to prove a revelation.

There should be hundreds of thousands of copies of this issue circulated, and it will be saleable for many months,

California for Socialism

BY A. M. SIMONS



THE fight that is centering around the coming trial in Los Angeles is but one battle in the great class war. The working class must wage that battle with the aim of the whole war in view. That is what the capitalists are doing. Only the foolishly blind believe that the conviction of criminals is the object of that prosecution. Not to avenge the killing of human beings, or even the destruction of property, are hundreds of thousands of dollars raised, armies of spies employed and the whole machinery of the press set in motion by the exploiters of labor.

Every month in the year sees holocausts of death for which these exploiters are responsible, beside which the blowing up of the *Los Angeles Times* was a mere incident. But no effort is made to capture or convict the guilty.

The very methods pursued testify to the innocence of the accused. Fear that court proceedings in Indiana would expose the weakness of the case against the men is the only excuse for adopting illegal methods to gain possession of their bodies.

This case is but the latest step in carrying out the declaration of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association quoted by Charles Edward Russell in the COMING NATION three months ago: "We will crush the labor unions in Los Angeles first, then we will wipe them out in San Francisco."

Since the war which has been declared by the exploiters is for the extermination of organized resistance by Labor, the fight of Labor must be to strengthen that organized resistance.

There is one way to prevent kidnaping of Labor leaders. There is one method by which Labor may be guaranteed the right to organize.

That is for Labor to capture the political powers.

We do not hear the employers' associations in Milwaukee, Butte, Berkeley, Flint, or in any of the more than twenty other cities controlled by Socialists talking about crushing the unions, any more than we hear of kidnaping of labor leaders.

In this fight there is a natural division of labor. There is field in which the economic organizations can be most effective. They can and will conduct the fight in the courts. If there is to be any talk of striking it should come from them. They would be the ones to suffer by such a strike, and for those who would lose no positions and suffer no injury from such a strike to urge it is worse than impudent interference.

But Labor has two powerful arms with which to strike. One of these is the political arm—the Socialist party.

Just at this moment it is with this arm that the heaviest blow can be struck.

The Socialist vote in California has been almost doubling annually.

Judging by the recent municipal elections it is easily possible to carry Los Angeles this Fall and capture the state at the presidential election in 1912. A united effort by the Socialists of the United States during the next few months will do this.

A Socialist majority in the California legislature, a solid Socialist vote in the presidential electoral college from California, a half dozen Socialist congressmen from that state and the Socialists in control of the leading industrial cities would not alone free the men who have just been kidnaped.

It would forever end the kidnaping of union officials.

It would give absolute security to every union in California. It would unionize every industry from San Diego to the northern boundary. It would stop the war upon union labor throughout the country. It would carry the war into the camp of the exploiters and turn their present insolent attack into a hopeless defeat.

so that any individual or local purchasing copies will make no mistake. The number that can be printed with present facilities is very limited, and the papers will be sent in the order that the letters are received, and those that come late may be left out.

In lots of ten or more they will cost you two and a half cents a copy. Just say you want the number that has the article on Panama.

What All Wall Street Cannot Buy

When the school teachers of Chicago propose to collect a cent from every child of school age, to raise three thousand dollars as a prize for a "national song," one wonders what kind of education these children are receiving in other respects. If there is one thing which our hothouse civilization should

have taught us more clearly than another, it is that the things worth having are precisely those which money cannot buy.

Could all the wealth of Wall street buy the Marseillaise? Could we pay a Haydn to write a "Hymn to the Emperor" like the Austrian national anthem? Have we not been obliged to steal the music and even the words of our national songs from other people? And yet the school teachers of Chicago have failed to learn that all our wealth has not been sufficient to buy the thing which their children are taught to believe, is within the reach of a few pence.

When shall we get people to realize that some things are spontaneous, and cannot be bought with gold or stimulated by legislation? Songs are born in the heart, and not in the breeches-pocket. People are good for reasons

beyond the reach of legislation; and neither the law-maker nor the money-maker knows a charm for ninety-five per cent of the sorrows they endure or of the happinesses they enjoy. The greatest works of all time have been done for love and not for money. Plenty of us spend as much on a dinner for a few friends as Milton received for "Paradise Lost," and do not think we are very extravagant, either.

All the millions of a Rockefeller cannot make a university if the spirit be not there. If the pretentious institution at Chicago ever develops into a seat of learning, it will not be because of the Rockefeller millions, but in spite of them. It is a pity that it is not in the business of training the city's school teachers. Failing such higher instruction perhaps the spectacle of the inevitable result of the song competition will teach the children something which their preceptors have not learnt.—*Wall Street Journal*.

The Socialist Scouts

All Scouts report increased sales. Many boys and girls who started with a trial bundle of ten papers now have regular routes of fifty customers. Your boy or girl can make vacation spending money and receive valuable training in agitation work by joining the organization. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*. They make 100 per cent on all sales and earn valuable premiums in addition. It costs nothing to begin the work. A request brings a trial bundle of ten NATIONS with the understanding that the Scout is to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. This applies to first bundle only. Address requests to "Scout Dept., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kans." and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

The Scout News

Received my watches and think they are dandies.—J. Gantz, Pennsylvania.

I received my steam engine and it runs fine. I am getting along fine.—Harris Smith, Ohio.

I am getting along fine with my NATIONS. I will soon have to send for twenty.—Fred Holman, Indiana.

My papers are selling better every week and I hope I will be able to take a few more NATIONS in two or three weeks from now.—David Midgley, Rhode Island.

I received the papers on Wednesday and sold them in two hours. I have eight regular customers now and I hope I will soon have more.—Arthur Klinger, Illinois.

Here's an order for thirty NATIONS. Will double the order next time. This paper is getting better all the time. It's well worth the money.—Lawrence Jewell, Pennsylvania.

The papers sell very good. The last issue is a dandy. I hope I can send you bigger orders in the near future and get some more of your nice presents.—August Dengley, New York.

Hurry these along. I am doing good. I am breaking the democratic and republican ice here. I do not have to go around with my papers, the people call at my home and want the papers. They can't wait till I get them. Some of the people have the papers but they say, "I see you have the paper a week before so I will take one." Hurrah for Debs, Warren and the *Appeal*.—Clifford E. Ecklund, Minnesota.

I was made honorary member of Local South Omaha and was given nine more customers with a promise for more. I forgot to thank you for the badge you sent me several weeks ago. If you would please send me another customers' card I'd be much obliged as my other one is all filled out. One of my customers said that the C. N. was "the best paper he ever read." I agree with him.—Laura Gonick, Nebraska.

FOR SALE Grocery and Merchandise Business in South Florida. \$1,000. Write F. J. Kennedy, Biscayne, Fla.

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Joel Shomaker

NELLITA

WASHINGTON

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

A Beautiful Myth

ALL peoples in the childhood of their history have made stories for themselves about the animals, giving them affections, meannesses, generosity, hates, and all the qualities of men, and nearly always showing them in their relations to men as their masters. There is a good example of this in the following story about "Why There Is a Hare in the Moon," from Florence Holbrook's lovely little book of Nature Myths. It can be secured in any Public Library and any child will love to read it.

"Many strange things happened long ago, and one of them was that a hare, a monkey, and a fox agreed to live together. They talked about their plan a long time. Then the hare said, "I promise to help the monkey and the fox." The monkey declared, "I promise to help the fox and the hare." The fox said, "I promise to help the hare and the monkey."

They shook hands. There was something else to which they agreed, and that was that they would kill no living creature.

The manito (the man) was much pleased when he heard of this, but he said to himself, "I should like to make sure that what I have heard is true, and that they are really gentle and kind to others as well as to themselves. I will go to the forest and see how they behave toward strangers."

The manito appeared before the three animals, but they thought he was a hunter. "May I come into your lodge and rest?" he asked. "I am very weary."

All three came toward him and gave him a welcome. "Come into our lodge," they said. "We have agreed to help one another, so we will help one another to help you."

"I have been hungry all day," said the manito, "but I should rather have such a welcome than food."

"But if you are hungry, you must have food," declared the three animals. "If there were anything in our lodge that you would care to eat, you might have part of it or all of it, but there is nothing here that you would like."

Then said the monkey, "I have a plan. I will go out into the forest and find you some food."

When the monkey came back he said, "I found a tree with some fruit on it. I climbed it and shook it and here is the fruit. There was only a little of it, for fruit was scarce."

"Will you not eat part of it yourself?" asked the manito.

"No, answered the monkey. "I would rather see you eat it, for I think you are more hungry than I."

The manito wished to know whether the fox and the hare would behave as unselfishly toward him, and he said, "My good friends, the fruit was indeed welcome, but I am still hungry."

Then the fox said, "I will go out into the forest and see what I can find for you."

When the fox came back he said, "I shook the trees, but no more fruit fell. I could not climb the tree, for my paws are not made for climbing, but I searched on the ground, and at last I found some hominy that a traveler had left, and I have brought you that."

The manito had soon eaten the hominy. He wished to know whether the hare would behave as kindly as the others, and before long he said, "My good friends, the hominy was indeed welcome, but I am still hungry."

Then the hare said, "I will gladly go out into the forest and search for food." He was gone a long time, but when he came back he brought no food.

"I am very hungry," said the manito. "Stranger," said the hare, "if you will

build a fire beside the rock, I can give you some food."

The manito built a fire and the hare said, "Now, I will spring from the top of the rock into the fire. I have heard that men eat flesh that is taken from the fire, and I will give you my own."

The hare sprang from the rock, but the manito caught him in his hands before the flame could touch him, and said, "Dear, unselfish little hare, the monkey and the fox have welcomed me and searched the forest through to find me food, but you have done more, for you have given me yourself. I will take the gift, little hare, and I will carry you in my arms up to the moon, so that every one on the earth may see you and hear the tale of your kindness and unselfishness."

The Indians can see a hare in the moon and this is the story they tell their children about it.

Nine Miles Through the Alps

Think of boring nine miles through the Alps Mountains!

It was a mighty work and took 4,000 Italian workers four years and a half, laboring seven days a week, night and day, to tunnel through the great rocks.

One dreadful accident happened while this wonderful Loetschberg tunnel was being pushed through the heart of the mountains; an advance gang of workers by some mistake tapped a great river and the water and gravel rushed into the tunnel, burying twenty-five workmen.

By means of this tunnel the trip between London and Italy can be made in three hours' less time than before. Now, why do you suppose all this trouble was taken to make a shorter trip from London to Italy?

Just one little reason, my children. Because every hour saved in transporting people and goods means that much more profit to the owners of the railroads and the goods being carried. It takes away the romance a little, doesn't it, to think of its being just a matter of money? But that is true of so many things, nowadays, that we just have to fix our minds firmly on the future when all such things will be undertaken only if they are going to be of use, real use, not only money use, to all the people.

Ants As Cooks

We have had many stories about the wonderful ways of ants, but here is something else to interest you. We now hear of ants that have their homes in Africa that can cook, form cakes, and bake them in the sun.

A professor in a Dresden school says that these ants not only cut leaves and gather seeds, but actually make bread. "First the seeds are sprouted, then carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers of the ant hill where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully stored away for future use.

So we see that cooking is not the art of the human race alone. All cooking is done by the sun, whether in the ripening of the fruit or in the baking of bread in a stove. The heat obtained from coal and other fuel, is simply stored-up sunlight set free.

The Arab speaks of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked in the sun. The ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery.

Responsible for Accidents

In Berlin, the foreman of a factory where a fatal accident occurs is held responsible and is brought to trial for it. In the same city when the fire department is called out, the owner of the

property has to pay the expense of it. The citizens of Berlin go still further and in the public schools the children are taught the danger of carelessness and reckless playing with fire.

Germany has many Socialist members in the German Parliament. Perhaps when the United States has as many representatives in Congress we may have some means of making life a little safer for the workers.

We have one representative there now. The main thing is to work to get more.

Hope for Vote

Dear Editor—I am a little girl eleven years old. My home is on Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. I saw some children's letters in the COMING NATION and I thought I would write one, too. We had a woman's day meeting and I recited a piece called "Comrades." My mother and my father are Socialists, and my brother sells Socialist papers and I hope when I am grown up the women will have votes as well as the men. Yours fraternally,

AGNES MCKINNON.

Glace Bay, N. S.

Coming

Socialist Children's Marching Song

BY MRS. ERROLL DUNBAR.

To be sung to the music of George L. Osgood's "The Song of the South."
We are a band of soldiers true,
Soldiers who never drew a sword!
With our bare hands we'll build anew
The world to one accord!
Grief, hate and greed, the foes we slew,
We slew them with a word!
(Repeat last two lines.)
We are a band of soldiers hurled
Bravely upon all tyranny;
Our banner red shall be unfurled
Above the people free!
We bear the torch to light the world
To love and liberty!
(Repeat last two lines.)

The Battle Between the Giant and the Dwarf

BY H. G. JENTZCH in *Die Wahre Jakob.*



The Giant set his enormous foot on the Dwarf's neck and was about to crush him down



When suddenly the Dwarf's strength waxed great. He raised himself and the Giant tumbled over.



The Dwarf raised his little leg threateningly to crush the giant.



But the Giant only laughed and with a single puff of breath blew the Dwarf away



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In politics right is little more than interest writ large.



Flings at Things

D. M. S.

Victory in the Air

What's this we hear from here and there,
That victory is in the air.

Well, well,
Do tell,
But ain't it swell!
First page with our returns to share?

We waited for it quite a while
With some impatience in our smile.

At last
That's past,
They're coming fast
And coming ordered to our style.

Make way! The rush is just begun.
More victories will soon be won,
And say,
The way
Is clear as day
For oceans of our kind of fun.

Kindled His Hopes

"Nothing can stop Socialism now!"
exclaimed the head of the house rushing
in wildly and flinging down his
paper.

"I didn't know that anything could
stop it before," replied the assistant



head who was spreading the evening
meal.

"There couldn't. That is true. But
it is coming now on the lightning ex-
press. You and I will live to see it, ma."

"What is the occasion of this sudden
enthusiasm?"

"Teddy Roosevelt is going to make
some more speeches against it and we
don't have to pay him a cent for the
boost."

His Humble Start

Does Teddy, Jr., still remember
Those happy days of yore
When he was working at the bench
In all the dust and grime and stench
Down on the basement floor?

Does he recall his chums who wrought
With shoddy, rags and wool
Who still remain and work and sweat
And very little wages get
Because they lack a pull?

The Prize Joke

Two jolly young club fellows were
sitting on the plush in the smoking
room enjoying their after dinner cigar-
ettes. They were pretty boys. Tailors



and haberdashers had wasted so much
time togging them up that a casual be-
holder might have suspected them of
human intelligence.

"Beastly mess Taft is making of the
Mexican situation," exclaimed one re-

peating what he had heard a great finan-
cier say.

"Don't talk about such things. You
know they give me the headache. My
uncle tried to explain the tariff to me
once and I haven't recovered from it
yet."

"But did he make you understand it?"
"Fortunately, no."

"Congratulations, old man. Say, I
overheard a couple of waiters talking
today and what do you suppose they
were discussing?"

"Tips and prize fights. It is all the
lower classes think about."

"Better than that; political economy."

The face of the other broke into a
broad smile which developed into a
laugh that lasted so long that they were
obliged to call the doctor. He would
have died of laughing only it would have
been so vulgar. Some things are so
irresistibly funny.

Takes a Back Seat

The still, small voice of conscience
Has very little say
And hardly can it whisper
When profit leads the way.



Rather Hot

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.

Yuma has a reputation for being the
hottest place in the west as witness the
common remark that there is but a
tissue paper between the p'ace and Hell.
A cowboy who died out there went to
the latter place and found it so cold
there that he wrote his friend for his
overcoat. Another individual who had
lived there all his life went to Chicago
on a trip to see some friends and one
day was found frozen stiff. It was de-
cided that they cremate him, so they
put him on the block and shoved him in
the oven; in about the time it took for
the average corpse to dwindle to ashes
they threw open the door and were
startled to see him roll over on his side.
Then he looked up with a shudder:
"B-r-r. Shut the door. I can't stand
that draught."

Too Much Treating

BY B. H. MALLARY.

Black and Smith were married men
who occasionally became overzealous in
their devotions to Bacchus. On one oc-
casion of unusual hilarity Black escorted
Smith home considerably the worse for
wear. Returning to his own home, Mrs.
Black inquired where he had been and
he told her that Mr. Smith was sick
and he had been to see him.

Mrs. Black was a great Christian
Scientist, so she telephoned to Mrs.
Smith in the morning and asked how
Mr. Smith was getting along.

"Oh, all right, I guess," replied Mrs.
Smith.

"Well, I'm going to begin treating
him right away," generously said Mrs.
Black.

"You needn't mind," indignantly re-
plied Mrs. Smith; "that's just what's
the matter with him now. Mr. Black
has been treating him too much."

In Safe Distance!

"You know about the man behind the
gun—"

"Sure. Pierpont Morgan, but he is
a long way behind."

Little Flings

We will break into more legislatures
and councils. The breaking has just
begun and is going to be mighty good.



Do not think that the capitalists will
give us anything as soft as Taft and
Harmon in opposition. Do credit them
with some intelligence.

Will insurgency be able to lead itself
out of the woods?

It isn't a very wise son that doesn't
know more than his father.

Securing Socialism a step at a time
is all right, provided the step is big
enough and is really a step.

"Dividing Up"

BY NAT L. HARDY.

"If all the wealth of the world was
divided up it would not be long until a
few rich ones would have it all again,"
said Mr. Thinksheswise Streetcorner-
politician as he spit tobacco juice upon
the sidewalk and looked as if he thought
he had killed the Socialist movement at
a single blow.

"Yes, that is jest about right," asserted
Mr. Easyloaded Hangeron," and he tried
to look wise.

"J. A. Wayland said the same thing
the other day," put in Mr. Socialistic
Readsthepapers.

"Who's J. A. Wayland?" asked the
T. S.

"J. A. Wayland owns the *Appeal to
Reason*, and I reckon he's one of the
biggest Socialists in the United States.

"What?" exclaimed T. S. and E. H.
in unison.

"Yes, and that's not all; he said that
Socialists wanted to put a stop to di-
vidin' up."

"Was he jokin'?" asked T. S.
"Well, I guess not; he looked mighty
serious when he said it."

"But I thought—"
"No you didn't. That's jest what's
the matter, you fellers don't think.
Whenever you take to usin' your heads
instead of takin' your ideas ready-made
from the plutes or their hired men it
will be a whole lot better for us all."

Thinking that the S. R. was totally
depraved T. S. moved off up the street
closely followed by E. H.

Naughty Boy

BY JAMES MANN.

The age that men in the southern
states attain has been commented upon
with more than usual interest by trav-
elers passing through the country. There
is a common joke that one time an old
man, said to be one hundred years of
age, died, and his relatives were taking
him down to the river to sink him.

When they got to the river the old man
rose in the cart and looking about him
said: "Take me back, boys, I am good
for another hundred years!" A traveler
walking down a road one day in Ken-
tucky came upon an old man who was
sitting at the wayside crying as if his
heart would break. Upon questioning
he elicited the information that the old
man's father had slapped him. When
asked what for he said: "For—for
teasing gran-pa."

The Best Spot

BY GEORGE BRUER.

There is always a joke or two about
the luck and mis-luck of fishermen. A
party was out one time intent upon
bringing in their weight in fish. They
had been on the lake the whole morning
without any luck. Finally one of the
fellows left the boat and went on shore.
In his absence one of the fellows pulled
up the other's line and tied a bottle of
beer to the end of it. When the absent
one returned he pulled up his line with
a jerk and a shout to the others who
were laughing up their sleeves. "An-
chor right here fellows. We are pass-
ing over a brewery!"

"Some folks," the monkey says, "there be
that claim descent from mine and me;
But I respectfully decline
Such compliments to me and mine."
—Father Tabb.

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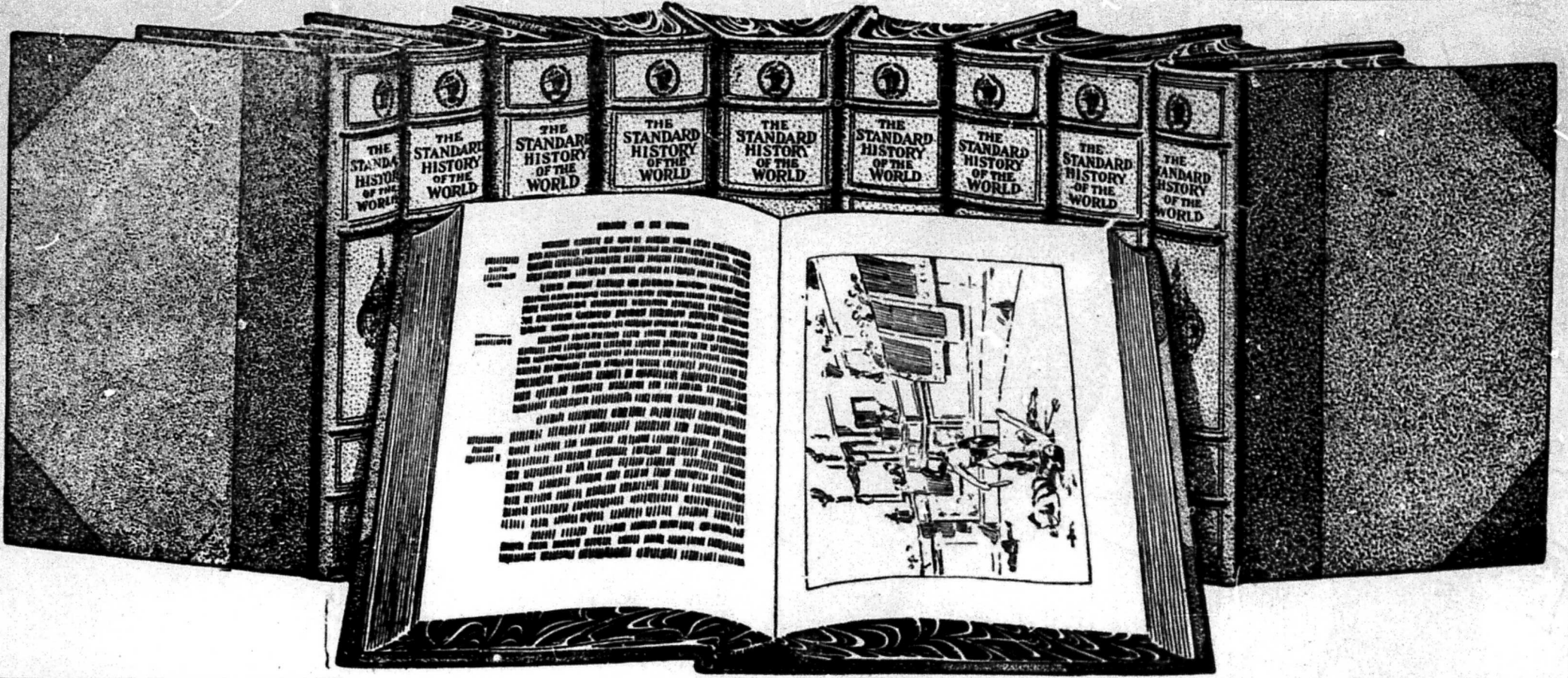
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The Law of Private Despotism in This Glorious Republic

A Worker's History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

ALEXANDRIA.

Before taking up the thread at the close of the middle ages there is a city of antiquity, which, because of the part it played in the annals of Science, deserves to be noted.

When Alexander became master of the world he decided to build a city to bear his name. He selected a site on a bay known as "Pirates Bay" at the mouth of the Nile. In earlier times it had been a refuge for the sea-rovers of Phoenicia and later for those of Greece.

It was designed in detail by the most famous architect and engineer of the time—Dinocrates, famous for his rebuilding of the temple of Diana at Ephesus. It was begun in the year 332 B. C.

Alexander died, but the work was carried on by his successors in Egypt, Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus.

The supremacy of Athens passed to Alexandria and in a short time it became the center of Greek commerce and learning. It was laid out in straight parallel streets like a modern city.

Its library contained at one time 700,000 volumes, chiefly on Papyrus. This city produced an illustrious list of scientific men—and at least one great woman, Hypatia.

Here Euclid wrote his book, "The Elements of Geometry," which, with slight changes, is still in use in our public schools. Here Aristarchus first endeavored to measure the relative distances of the sun and moon and also estimate their magnitudes.

Here Eratosthenes lived. Believing serenely that the earth was round, he estimated its circumference at 30,000 miles—5,000 over the truth.

It was in Alexandria that Hero set up his simple turbine steam engine which revolved on the same principle as the revolving fountains set out on our lawns. These revolve by the push of thrown-off water, while Hero's engine

revolved by the push of thrown-off steam.

It was at Alexandria that Archimedes spent his youth and attended school. The training he acquired here, and its great development later, sufficed to make his home city—Syracuse, a thousand miles from Alexandria—famous.

Every school boy knows how he solved the problem set him by Hiero, King of Syracuse, who suspected that the goldsmiths had cheated him by adulterating with silver his crown supposed to be of pure gold. On stepping into his bath and seeing the water rise he caught the idea of the displacement of bodies. Taking a lump of gold and one of silver, each weighing the same as the crown, in turns he submerged them in water.

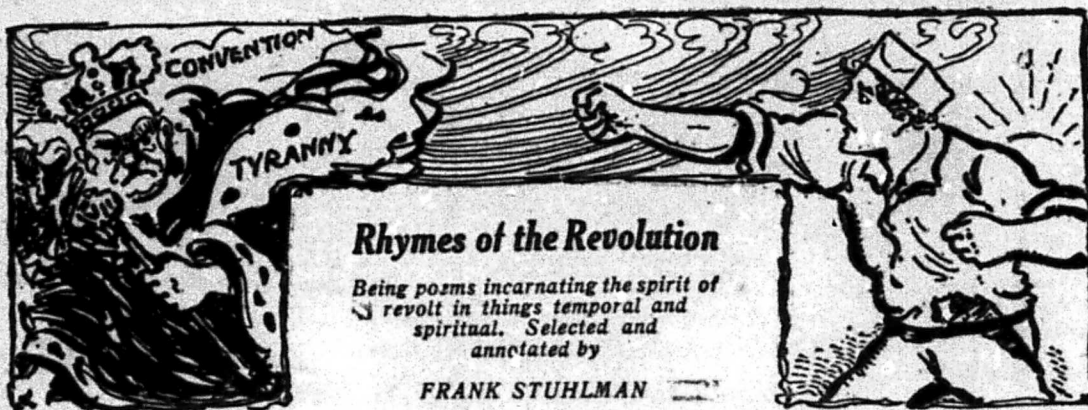
Silver of the same weight has greater bulk than gold and, therefore, displaces more water than gold. The greater displacement of the crown than the pure gold of the same weight revealed the amount of silver alloy.

It is said he invented "burning mirrors" to destroy the ships attacking Syracuse. And this is probable enough as all the ships were made of wood and had to come very close in to do any damage. The burning mirror reflects and concentrates the sun's rays by throwing them back from reflectors arranged with a concave surface.

Another of his inventions was said to have been a great derrick. When the ships of Hiero's enemies came in very close, the derrick reached over, and gripping them lifted them out of the water.

But Archimedes did not regard his inventions as the serious work of his life. It was this contemptuous attitude of the Greeks generally to the practical application and results of physical knowledge that was partly responsible for the decadence of Greek thought and the advent of the dark ages.

Almost in every kingdom the most ancient families have been at first prince's bastards; their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals, have been base (born).—Burton.



Note: The late Sam Walter Foss, like Riley and Field, is one of the poets of homely life and the common people. But unlike them he has the vision of the Social State that makes his verse different from most of that school and it occupies a peculiar niche in the poetry of discontent.

The keen insight, the dry Yankee wit of his poetry, proclaim him kin to Hosea Biglow, Lowell's immortal creation, while his hatred of war and the evils of our economic conditions puts much of his verse in the class of which Massey and Mackey are examples. He is no imitator but has made an unique place for himself in our present day literature.

Mr. Foss has produced several volumes of poems that have been very well received.

The Angel of Discontent

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

When the world was formed and the morning stars Upon their paths were sent, The loftiest-browed of the angels was made The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hills, Where the crested serpents sting. And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls, And he told of better things.

And he led them forth to the towered town, And forth to the fields of corn; And told of the ample work ahead. For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees In the blush of the misty west; And they look to the heights of his lifted eye— And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye does the slave behold A hope that is high and brave; And the madness of war comes into his blood— For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong by the light of that eye March with victorious songs; For the strength of the right comes into their hearts When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye That error's mists are rent; A guide to the table-lands of Truth Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye, And his glance is far away, On a light that shines on the glistening hills Of a diviner day.

There are some persons who think that Sunday is a sponge to wipe out the sins of the week.—Beecher.

He is a dangerous man who spends much time drawing fine lines between shrewdness and sin.



Opposed To It

—Los Angeles Express