

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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COMMENT ON THINGS DOING

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



PERSONS of radical convictions must also be persons of a resolute optimism or day by day they will be jarred horribly by the external show of things. In the months of March, April and May of this year all the highways of the world's travel east and west were choked with a mass of Englishmen frantically struggling homeward to attend the coronation of his gracious but unknown majesty, George the Fifth.

Every steamship in the Orient was crowded to its utmost capacity if she sailed to any place from which one could get to any place anywhere near this awe-inspiring event.

Men and women slept on the decks of steamships and in the passage way, crowded the hold, half-stifed in quarters unfit for human occupation, broiled in the Red Sea, half-frozen among the Aleutian Islands, lived on half-rations, traveled thousands of miles in extreme discomfort and endured every imaginable inconvenience that they might witness some of the child's play and absurd mummery that attends in the Twentieth Century the coronation of another king.

On some of these steamships all of the passenger accommodations were sold nine months ago to far-sighted persons determined at whatever cost to see this spectacle. On others cunning speculators made much money by purchasing accommodations in advance and then selling them at monstrous prices to afflicted souls that would never again be able to rest if they failed to attend the coronation. Men in the remote British possessions like Australia and New Zealand mortgaged their homes or sold their business to get money to gratify this consuming appetite. Others that had pinched and saved and denied themselves for years for such a glory now felt that the time of their lives had come.

They were going to the coronation.

For six months nothing else has been talked of in these communities. Every item of news about the great event has been eagerly read and widely discussed—how many little children have paid money to be allowed to make lace for the queen's dress, how much the decorations will cost, how much the robes, what kind of wine will be drunk, and so on, world without end.

All this in the Twentieth Century over the coronation of another king, 122 years after the fall of the Bastille.

And people taking the whole thing seriously instead of shrieking with laughter at the preposterous show.

While conspicuous in the throng that makes the genuflections are the leaders of the Labor party and persons that the rest of the year prate much about democracy.

Grand sight!

There was on one of these overcrowded and disagreeable steamers bound for the coronation, a school teacher from Australia. She was no longer young, her life had been spent in cherishing the hope that some day she might see a coronation; she had saved and economized to that end. Now she was realizing the summit of her earthly hopes. With the total of all her savings she was able to travel second class to London, whither she was bound, and she felt assured that from some side street somewhere she would catch a glimpse of the parade and after that she would be quite willing to die, for life could have nothing more for her.

If she should live and return to Aus-

tralia she would be regarded with wonder, adulation and envy by all of the population not privileged as she had been to witness this great show.

Let me see the eyes that saw a remote corner of the procession of prancing lunatics that celebrated the coronation of another king—in the Twentieth Century!

If the sum total of all the teachings of history, events and the philosophers be no more than this, the strain on optimism must be admitted to be great, and the world seems some distance from the Co-operative Commonwealth.

However, let us cheer up. The days of the kings are numbered. In the midst of the mad acclaim at London it is evident that the ranks of the disgusted are growing enormously large. The stage coach endured a very brief time after the railroad had been devised. So did the spinning wheel, the tallow candle, the wooden plough, the hand printing press, after the inventions that rendered them obsolete. The monarchy in government is like the stage coach in transportation. One hundred years ago the stage coach was a grand, glorious, wonderful and eternal invention.

Today the only extant specimens are in museums.

Nostrums and Quacks



As a people we are strong on nostrums and quacks. We have a marvellous reverence for patent pain killers and for the old Doc Swindles that administer them. At the present stage in the country's progress it seems essential that some patent pain killer and some layer on of hands should be before the public eye in order that quiet and content may possess the public mind.

For instance, John says to James, "Things are getting pretty bad, something ought to be done to back down these trusts." And James has been used to reply, "Oh, yes, but look at the Sherman Law; that will make 'em be good."

Or else, John says to James, "It's pretty fierce about the interests and they ought to be checked." And James has been used to reply, "Oh, yes, but look at Roosevelt, or Wilson, or Hughes. They're the boys. Leave the trouble to them. They've got the proper dope."

This state of affairs is due partly to indifference, partly to the American craving for "leaders" and partly to the skillful advertising done by the pirates who have to keep us docile while they pick our pockets.

We are taught to look to individuals as the hope and the sole hope for better conduct of affairs. We are taught to look to remedies like the Sherman Law as the only means by which these saviors can drive the distemper from the political body.

It ought to begin to be somewhat apparent that quacks and quacksalvers have no possible bearing upon our troubles. Just as the evils of monopoly, oppression, poverty are not the work of any individual or any legal instrument, but the product of conditions, so it must soon be evident that sufficiency, equality, freedom cannot be furthered by any individual or any legal instrument. The whole rotten system is wrong and the time is coming when the people will get up and kick the system into the street, along with the entire outfit of fake medicines and fake practitioners.

Meanwhile the question occurs as to

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what will be advanced to take the place of the Specific. The Sherman Law has had its day. Its popularity cannot long be maintained. The quacks will have to find something else. People can be made to bite, all right enough, but they can't be made to bite indefinitely at the same thing.

Still, there is never any lack of nostrums, or of quacks.



If there is one matter which your Socialist declines to approach in a polemical and combative mood it is religion. Socialism, the great modern exponent of democracy, is concerned not at all in questions of religious belief. Only a distorted mind, such as certain of our accredited opponents reveal, is capable of tracing such a concern.

But the political field is the Socialist's particular ground. And developments in that field call for his instant and aggressive attention.

When the church, any church, forces itself forward as a political unit and engages actively in the reactionary solution of political problems it is no longer immune. Socialism accepts it for an enemy, not as the symbol of religion, but as an opposing power in the political battle, an obstacle in the industrial advance.

The open participation of the church in the Milwaukee elections, in the St. Louis elections, seem to indicate a definite scheme of clerical political activity. Is the church well advised? Has it never referred to pages in the history of the United States where is writ the record of former attempts of the kind?

American sentiment has always declared itself vigorously against the appearance of a religious body as a factor in politics. American sentiment is just as strong on this point as ever it was. And the Socialist party of this country, which is simply the organized expression of the democratic spirit and impulses of the American people, will have that sentiment at its back in resisting all interference by a religious institution with affairs outside its province.

Socialists will take up the challenge and oppose the move vigorously, irrespective of individual religious convictions. The Socialist movement is bound to be immeasurably the gainer and the church vastly the loser in the end.

After all, Americanism means something.



A professor of history in a Western university was addressing his class.

"You who have the advantage of a college education are especially fitted to take part in government, which is naturally a matter of superior minds. I should like to encourage you to uphold your responsibility by seeking office whenever you properly can."

A young man interrupted.

"Pardon me, Professor, but what are superior minds?"

The professor regarded him sternly. "After having had the benefit of a college training, sir, don't you expect that your own will be superior?"

"No more than that laborer's will when he has finished digging the ditch on the campus," said the student, pointing through the classroom window.

In the midst of the scandalized cackle and flutter that followed the professor delivered himself of this sentiment, "In that case you have failed to understand your privileges and you will probably gravitate to digging ditches yourself."

Of all forces that contribute to the life of that hoary old fraud about the "superior mind" with us the university is the most active. No fallacy has done more harm or is more of an obstacle to progress than the notion

that some men are especially equipped to rule and that it behooves the common herd to make way for them and look up to them. We can thank our universities for its perpetuation.

The fact is that sympathy with democracy cannot exist in a privileged community such as gathers about an institution for higher learning in this country. The university should be, and will be, a vast power for the common good. But what does it contribute now?

Nearly all of our universities and colleges live through private gifts, endowments, which yield them dividends and interest. In other words, they are beneficiaries of capitalism, leeches upon the industrial body, absorbing wealth wrung from the privation and ignorance of the toilers and using it to promote comfort and education among the favored few. It is inevitable that they should become supporters of the present system to which they owe their existence.

Many professors and teachers, engaged in scientific work and research, are adding to the world's stock of knowledge and are thereby valuable citizens. But for direct influence upon the youth of the land what road does their service take?

Material success, first of all, is the teaching of the American university. Young men learn to look upon the benefactors of the institution as the models, upon all who are able to pile dirty dollar on dirty dollar as great, admirable, successful. They absorb this attitude from the trend of the instruction and from the very atmosphere.

Is this help to the coming nation in the struggle against greed, cynicism, oppression and extortion?

Social distinctions are the teachings of the American university. Here is the vast hot house of the snobbishness, arrogance and caste madness from which we suffer. Every college community is divided into grades and ranks on a basis of wealth or fraternity membership. Every college community has a residuum of "barbarians" detested and scorned by their social betters. Here we teach a young man that he stands on a higher plane than certain of his fellows, and that the chief business of life is to kick the first lot and ingratiate himself with the second.

Is this help to the coming nation in the struggle against inequality, privilege and autocracy?

Reverence for leaders and appointed masters is inculcated by the American university. History is still made a matter of kings, heroes, idols and villains. The national failing for some man to worship and some man to damn, which blocks lucid and sane consideration of real issues, is directly encouraged. The true significance of the mighty movements in world progress is never touched.

Is this help to the coming nation in the struggle against dictatorship, misgovernment and capitalist dominance?

Misconception of the vast and immediate problems of industrial complication is the work of the American university. This is possibly its greatest triumph, wrought by means of a hazy mystery it calls "political economy." The phrases and formulæ used by teachers of this subject may have some relation to voodooism, witchcraft, mumbo jumbo or demonology, but they come no closer to the affairs of life.

Is this help to the coming nation in the struggle against class oppression, the capitalist failure and the debasement of labor?

Is the coming nation getting any help from the American university? If it is it is in spite of the university's influence.

I know a place where a man can fit himself very much better for being of use in the world than at a univ

A machine . . .



One swallow may not make a summer, but one Socialist Congressman can make a whole lot of trouble.

Professional observers at Washington hail with laudatory comment the achievement of the Democratic majority in the House.

Apparently because there has not yet been a Donnybrook upon the floor or a rough and tumble in any committee room—so far as known.

It must be allowed that this condition is sufficiently remarkable. Sixteen years of deprivation seem to have taught the Democrats what they never appreciated before, the value of the gum shoe and the silent glide.

As long as they go hissing about the corridors in harmony of purpose without trying to blackjack one another and bringing down the police they can probably get away with it.



Spring is here!

The army may still hang over Mexico, the Los Angeles conspirators may plan a vital blow at labor, the institution of Cossack law may flourish in this proud country at Muscatine, the courts may remove the last hope of workingmen's compensation, but—

The Putterer can now go puttering forth upon the royal, imperial golf links.

Joy!

* * *

Are you awake?

So you know that this is the time for unremitting Socialist activity?

Capitalism is showing its teeth. Capitalism is bent upon perfecting its dominance. Capitalism is working for the complete subjection of the toilers.

Talk, write, agitate, attend your local meetings, distribute literature, work on committees, get into the movement and share the burdens of organization, spread Socialist publications. Big things are doing.

* * *

The hand writing on the wall:

"Socialism and 1912."

* * *

* * *

The latest addition to old Doc Wilson's home medicine chest: "Workingmen's Compensation. To be taken if both employer and employe agree in their personal contract. Great discovery."

* * *

Burns	McManigal	The McNamaras
McPartland	Orchard	Moyer-Haywood
	Indiana	Los Angeles
	Colorado	Idaho
	Capitalism	
	Capitalism	
	* * *	

Definitions:

Reciprocity—1. A lemon. 2. A Punch and Judy show.

President—A foozler.

Bryan—Seven pounds lighter than a straw hat.

Manceuvres—Ball cartridges.

Democrat—?

Insurgent—The other fellow.

Morgan—The earth.

* * *

Militia regiments have been busy celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their departure for the front by banquets.

It will be observed that the bravest show at the festive board was made by those heroes who served for three months and saved the Union doing patrol duty at Washington.

* * *

Predictions being in order; how many electoral votes in 1912 for the new party to be headed by Colonel Crazy Horse?

Louder, please!

* * *

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

"Bets are being made in this city that one-third of the Republican office holders will retain their places. If that calamity happens, then the *National Democrat* will help defeat every member of Congress that is a party to such damnable perfidy.—*National Democrat*."

THE KID BUSTER

By Margherita Arlina Hamm

Author of "The Camel of Jesus," etc.

Illus'trated by Wm. F. Taylor

DON'T you kids want no teeth?" demanded Pills, the kid buster, severely. "S-s-sure we do," stammered the Soap twins, half crying. "Then be good. It won't hurt much. Rini, the rag-picker, he makes his own chewers. I seen him, so I can make youn an' you can git a fine education on St. Nicholas avenue."

Of the pale, freckled face, wolfish eyes and one shoulder higher than the other, Pills sat cross-legged on the concrete walk in the River park and chiseled and filed a small piece of bone. She was bareheaded and wore a long skirt.

"How'd he get 'em to stay in? Maybe they wobbled like my granny's store teeth," said Bull Burham, a ten-year-old leader of the river rats.

"Git 'em to stay in! For a boy that's seen the world an' been up against the law, youse a fool. Why, the Lord God made a hole in yer jaw for teeth. The Soap twins had their yanked out by their mother—she tied a string to the kitchen door—but the skin flaps is right over the hole. . . . When I was a yegg, I seen Rini take him out every Sunday an' clean 'em for mass."

The encircling group of youngsters heard these words with respect and intently watched the deft fingers of the amateur dentist.

Scrubben, a pale, stunted girl of six, and Grit, a fat, blue-eyed Irish boy, cried for some of the patent teeth to wear to mass. Soothing Syrup, a proud little Bohemian who ran a machine at night and helped her mother make pants for Con, the Sweater, said she'd rather go without teeth than wear casual bones. Maybe they came from some dog or something.

Pills hardly heard this last as she worked away. She squinted at her handiwork, held at arm's length, and rubbed off a last rough edge on the rusty file. "They're done, kids," she announced. "Stand up, youse, an' get 'em fitted into your mouths."

The Soap twins, blonde and ragged blue blouses, who had been nervously screwing their tongues around their front cavities, recovered themselves at the crisis and marched forward with the stoic attitude of street children toward pain. They had been knocked down by trolley cars and passing trucks; they were used to things.

As Pills gave command to throw heads back and open mouths, a tall, stoop-figured man put his hands on her shoulders. The thin little body shook with sudden fright, but settled into quiet as she saw it was Mr. Tantil. Quickly her apt fingers made use of the deaf and dumb language.

"Hello, you're always snoopin' around when I'm busy. What's it now?"

The pale, rather melancholy face of the man lit into a mischievous smile. He had large, strong teeth filled with gold. Jewdy, keeper of the candy store, said it was a sin for any man to be a dummy with teeth like them. Why, they were a visiting card, showing his class.

"Pills, you're doing something crooked, or you would be glad to see me," signaled his long, slim fingers. "What's that bone there and the chisel and file?"

"I'm goin' to fill the empty mouths of the Soap twins so they can git an education," zigzagged her fingers, calloused by work in a cracker factory. "They got men with long silver pokers up St. Nicholas avenue school that looks down your throat and if it ain't full of good bone, then no readin' an' writin' for you. They call 'em dentists, but they're worse'n factory inspectors for making you hit the home trail."

"P'shaw, Pills, I'll take the twins to the dentist on the avenue," replied Mr. Tantil, pocketing bone and chisel.

"What for? Say, I most had 'em fitted—" she protested.



"My gracious, youse mustn't do that," exclaimed the Kid Buster

"You're a kid buster and you shouldn't infringe on other trades," he replied. "The union might get after you. Go ahead with the class and don't mind me."

Pills was plainly disgusted, but there was no appeal from Dummy's command, so she sat down on the bench and soon the eight or ten youngsters she minded were tumbling and roystering about her. Dummy took a seat nearby. His gray eyes wandered over the river and occasionally he smoothed his black silvered hair under a soft felt hat. His face, seamed and pale, had the repression of the embittered. Only when he glanced at the children did it lose its gloom and become cheerful.

Pills had thrown a half-sleeved arm over the backs of three or four of her kids. They were very near to her; "she was a natural borned mother," the tenement woman said. To the kids she was better than any story book, for in her fourteen years she had worked for a living in a rag pickery and a cracker factory and done real tramping.

"Tell us how'n it was when you was a yegg, Pills." "Don't bodder me now. Youse me class. I got to have youse kids busted for school in four weeks or I'll have to give back me pennies."

Several youngsters started over the bench with antics, while one or two others howled.

"Oh, I say, you devils!" She had a voice above trucks and cars. "Sure if youse don't come right here I'll give youse to the truant officer or the Orfun home. I ain't going to run after you. If you'll come here decent I'll teach you school manners and then I'll tell youse tramp stories."

One by one the class filed back.

They were all river rats, part of the left-overs of the city's population that had been pushed farther and farther from the busy marts until they had reached the very edge of the Harlem river. They could be pushed no farther; they became largely amphibious. A queer little valley beside the winding mud-hued river, shadowed by blasted cliff, latticed drawbridge, lofty arched viaduct and elevated train yard, was the settlement and habitat of the left-overs. Everything clean and respectable was above. People looked down curiously at the brick barges and oil boats, grimy coal pockets and sand-piled docks, and a foundry that used up disreputable piles of tin cans and belched mango flames at nightfall.

Many of the rats lived in old shacks, broken boats, decrepit sheds and boat houses. Those who did not work in junkery or rag pickery or at odd river jobs did street vending and came to their holes at night. If it had been a good day, they rented a two-cent sleep from Rini, the rag picker, or Jewdy, the candy store keeper. If a bad day, they stole sleeps on the boats or among the iron and stone arms of the bridges. A tenement had been lately built for high-toned rats and a park laid out. The park expressed the people. It was almost on a level with the river, damp and odorous, with anemic patches of grass in the shadow of the drawbridge, scrubby bushes bordering an extension of garbage-made land.

The landlord of the tenement, not satisfied with high rent for a few rooms, had sold the use of the outside walls for advertisements, whence entire families lost their rightful names and became known as soaps and tooth powders and other articles of household necessity.

The young rats who did not escape the factory inspector and truant officer made a sorry entrance in the avenue school and were sent home to get proper underclothing and to be washed and combed. It was almost impossible for mothers, taken up with home and outside work, to attend to such details. So the children would have settled into a forced truancy had it not been for Pills, the teacher, and Mr. Tantil. Rini, the rag picker, had rescued Pills from jail when she had been arrested as a tramp.

Mr. Tantil, who owned the land the rag pickery was on, had been attracted to the girl, and by his aid she was dressed and fed and sent to school. Miss Schat, the teacher, next took her in charge and they became fast friends. After many conferences between truant officer, teachers and mothers, Pills was chosen to train the rats for school. The tenement called her the kid buster, and honored her labor in preparing childish outcasts for the reception of academic knowledge.

Pills extended an arm of command as the scattered class grouped itself once more around her.

"Bull Burham and Scrubben, step out and show me decent how to walk into the school room. It's fearful how bow-legged youse kids is."

"Sure, Pills."

The black haired, yellow-faced boy and a half frightened, old womanish girl jumped through the fence rails and walked along the path with heads down and shoulders curved in.

"Ain't that the way to do before your betters?" asked Bull proudly.

"You can pull my hair for a penny," said Scrubben to imaginary scholars standing round. "Here were children who earned a lot by trading torture for pennies at the hands of rich empiricists in knickerbockers."

"My gracious, youse musn't do that!" exclaimed the kid buster, even if yer stomach is empty and yer legs is cold. If youse don't the rubberneck doctor he'll put traps onto youse that'll make your shoulders look like boxes. Take your seats."

Bull sulked a little under the reproof, while his companion became properly abashed. Pills beckoned to another scholar.

"Now, Soothing Syrup, ramp down here. How long can youse stand still widout sucking your thumb or sticking your tongue out? Stop scratching your head. There ain't nuthin' into it. I washed youse with Teacher's borax, the Church nurse's smell soap and Dummy's ammonium three or four times. Quit it. You're gettin' a habit. The St. Nicholas Aveners never scratch—if they felt like it they wouldn't do it. . . . It's worth more'n two cents to disciple you. There, look at your teeth. You been chewin' mud agai. Youse the limit. I'm going to give youse up. . . . Don't cry. Ain't y' had any stale bread from the barrel today? Well, then, don't chew mud, for Jewdy'll give us some

stale cake crust. Don't hit mud no more or you'll never get no education."

A pair of girls were taught how to sit in school seats and not giggle. Three of the boys had lessons in painting their legs with smudge to make the holes in their stocking unnoticeable—it was better to smudge the whole leg in case of new holes and the stocking shifting—while an equal number of girls had ruffles pinned on to their single garment to deceive the eye and give the look of much underwear. They were taught to raise their limbs sparingly not to betray Pills' invention. In this way one ordinary garment made ruffles for six and thereby appeased the pride of many.

"Say, that Cough Syrup's licking the Soap twins and Sody Cracker's pullin' Grits' hair!"

Pills started after offenders, chased them into the grass in the center of the park and cornered them behind some scrubby bushes, just May-budding.

A graceful, alert-eyed young woman, dressed in quiet taste, tripped into the park after buying a bag of peanuts from the Greek vender. She sat on the bench nearest the river and did not seem to mind that the seats bore the imprint of mud workers who had rested upon them. Her eyes scanned the familiar tangle of railroad bridges and swinging draws and coal trestles; noisy little tugs and awkward scows moving on the curving stream that became beautiful just beyond the northward bend with pleasure craft and historic arches between high wooded banks. The canoes and launches above matched the superior horseflesh and racing sulkies on the river-following Speedway. An Arab woman who sold chamois skins sat on a bench opposite and saluted her. The accustomed figures of the comb peddler and the collector of old bottles and the hunchback maker of pipelights were missing, but Jewdy the blind candy woman passed by dragging her cane. The young girl thought of how she had seen her thread her needle with her tongue. Jewdy's cane hit Mr. Tantil's leg, and the dumb and the blind instinctively identified each other.

The melancholy cleared from Mr. Tantil's face as he saw the girl. He caught her eye and motioned with his hands.

She went to him and wrote with a lavender pencil on a scented pad:

"Behind the bushes, are they, Mr. Tantil? Thank you so much. There's a spring chill in the air, isn't there? Do the children look well clothed? Do you think they've had enough to eat? You are so good to them, Pills says. I wish I could talk with my hands. I am going to learn. It is absurd to think of doing everything with one's fingers and yet not being able to talk with them. It ought to be the language of the future. I wish they taught it in the public schools, don't you?"

The man seized the pencil and replied:

"Then you could be my teacher, too, Miss Schat. The tongue is slicker than the fingers and Pills has been telling fibs on her friends. The children are getting on well as to clothes, but I don't know how much food they've had today. I caught Pills making teeth out of old bones for the Soap twins—she had chiseled them down quite naturally and was about to fit them in when I came by. She doesn't believe all my ideas of school dentistry, so you had better give her a few points."

Miss Schat nodded and smiled and with a hand wave for *au revoir* hastened to the bushes.

Pills, the yegg story teller, stood before her as dignified as an owl. The class looked pretty well tuckered out. She had punished them for misbehavior in various ways known only to herself.

"Oh, Teacher, if it wasn't for their Mas an' you, I'd quit this kid busting business. It's awful wearin' on head and clothes."

"I'm sorry they've been naughty, Pills, but you'll straighten them out. You're always successful. Think of Anna Camarino and Peggy Laughlin—why, you made angels out of them."

"Yes, but they was just thieves and liars. These ain't sinful that way, they're plain cussed, as that street parson says in the gospel tent."

"Have you asked the advice of Mr. Tantil?"

"Dummy, you mean?"

"Don't call him that, please. He tells more with his eyes and fingers than most people who talk."

"There ain't nuthin' wrong about Dummy, is there, Miss Schat? We know him longer here than you have an' that's his name. He's a dummy, too, and if he wasn't labeled he'd be gettin' into all sorts of scrapes."

"When did you first know him?" asked Teacher with a smile.

"When I was a yegg. I was helpin' the fish-women in their strike under the Williamsburgh bridge. I marched with 'em an' we was going to storm City hall if it hadn't been for the police."

"What was Mr. Tantil doing then?"

"Oh, he was a yegg, too."

"Are you sure?"

"Course I am. What for you keep asking me

that, Teacher? You been asking me that all winter and spring. D' you think I'd lie about me friend? There's lots of good yeggs. They ain't all bad. Why, there's a millionaire yegg what has a clubhouse an' a free lunch wagon an'—"

A scream and a loud, explosive sound came together. Flame and smoke spurted from the bushes on the edge of the garbage-made land. Gravel flew like grape shot.

Pills and the teacher stood dazed for a moment. What new terror of a region used to multitudinous calamity? Anything might happen, from the collapse of a tenement to the blow-up of a river tunnel. The Greek peanut vender rang in a call for the ambulance and whistled for the police. Mr. Tantil rushed up the path and leaped through the fence to the teacher's side as she fainted. Taking a crumpled silk handkerchief from his pocket, he unwrapped a lavender pencil. He rushed to the fountain nearby, wet the silk, returned and mopped her head.

Toby, the street sweeper, who ran by, muttered, "He not so much dummy they think. *Per dio* he talka something when da woman falla down!"

Miss Schat came to her senses—she assured Mr. Tantil her behavior was ridiculous—in time to see two children carried into the ambulance. The Surgeon replied to inquirers that there had been an explosion of a turpentine pail and one of the little devils might die and the other lose his hand and eye.

"It's them awful Soap twins!" cried Pills, coming up quickly. They stole Tim Murphy's paint pail and hid it in the bushes unbeknown to me."

"Yes," said Bull Burham, all out of breath, "an' they skiddooed me fer matches."

"They made the fire while wese was talking," resumed Pills. "They had rocks into the pail an' they said they was hungry and was going to make out cook potatoes."

"Poor little dears!" said the teacher.

Mr. Tantil took her arm and they walked to the burned spot where the pail had stood. There was nothing left but little pieces of tin, flesh, hair and torn cloth.

"Don't blubber," said Pills, pulling teacher's sleeve. "Let's go break it easy to their mother."

It was near nightfall when the tenement was reached. It stood in a miserable, ash-heaped place on the other side of the bridge near foundry and coal pockets. There was a mass of advertisements on the walls and one could tell where each member of Pills' class lived by the pictures on the various stories. Tooth powders and other luxuries never used by the dwellers flamed in gorgeous and dramatic scenes to catch the eye of people walking on the viaduct above. The Soap twins lived at the top.

A crowd of frowsy women sat on the steps with babies of all sizes crawling over them. Every nationality and color was represented.

"Hello, Pills. . . . How are ye, Dummy? . . . You're welcome, Teacher," were the greetings. "Be careful at the second floor, the Elephant's drunk." This was the flat that had the Tea ad, where the Soap twins' uncle lived. The elephant was such a massive pink beast, straddling three windows between trunk and tail, that the idea of his inebriety was almost appalling. Sometimes the elephant was reported as having been sent to the Island for ten days.

The visitors soon got to the top flat. Mrs. Toonts was the mother of the Soap twins. There was a faint cry Pills hadn't heard before.

"Oh, my, ain't that lovely?" said she. "I believe the doctor's brough' Mrs. Toonts a new baby. Say, youse must go right in and see it. She won't mind. She always calls all the neighbors in."

Mr. Tantil, teacher, and Pills filed into the three-roomed flat without knocking. A spare, thin, watery-eyed woman lay upon the floor with pillows at her back. She was nursing a new-born infant.

She gathered herself upon one elbow and raising the babe, exclaimed with all the joy she could muster:

"Yer the first to see him. Ain't he a beauty? The darling come to cheer his mother. The Church nurse has just left—she's an angel, she brought pasturize milk fer me an' jelly fer the twins. The sup jest rose as 'e came to me," she murmured as she buried her face in the pillows. "The blue-eyed beauty, mother's darlint!"

A fit of coughing seized her and she shook the quilts and pillows so that the baby sent up an unearthly howl. Mr. Tantil rushed for water and the teacher tried to lift the mother, while attempting to put the baby to one side.

As the woman swooned, Pills murmured to the teacher:

"She won't live long, they say, neither'll the baby. All her babies dies right after they comes. Say, we better not tell her about the twins. Maybe it'll be like in the Elephant's flat—they all die together and be put in the same coffin. It's awful to have a big funeral from this tenement. It costs so much

we never have no Christmases 'r Thanksgivings for-ever after."

The visitors left as the Church nurse came in. She thanked them for helping the sufferer and not telling her the news.

"Pills, don't tell Mrs. Toonts for a week or two," she added. "She will be all right tomorrow. This is a very healthy infant. He won't die like the rest. He's going to be taken care of by the Church."

Pills told all this on her fingers to Mr. Tantil, who responded by asking if they were to go home with teacher. Pills replied she wouldn't stand for it; she must go home with teacher alone, because she had to get instructions for the next day. The man walked away with a little amusement veiling dissatisfaction.

As they walked up the bridge path, Miss Schat said:

"Pills, what did Mr. Tantil wear as a yegg?"

"Oh, just the same pants he wears now. Most all men wear the same pants, don't they?"

She laughed. "Will you teach me to talk on my fingers, Pills?"

"What for, Miss Alice? Is it to chin with Dummy? There's nuthin' in that. Old Jewdy had her daughter taught, Camarino had his Mary learnt an' so did Nilgi, the cigarette man. They thought Dummy was easy, 'cause he's a millionaire an' their fingers would make his pocket talk. But it was no go. He never took no notice of 'em."

"You don't understand, Pills. The idea—"

As Miss Schat took off coat and hat in the boarding house hall where she lived, she reflected that if he wore the same clothes he had on tonight he couldn't have been a common tramp. . . . "How I wish he could talk. No, I don't either. His silences are divine. Ought I to give up seeing him? What's the use of blotting out the only pleasure in my life? There could never be anything serious with a dumb man. I might just as well go on helping the children. Pills is a brave girl and my friend. Besides, the river rats are the only brothers and sisters I have, the school here is my only real home. . . ."

Pills walked home muttering to herself:

"Teacher's changin' all the time. She ain't interested in my kid busting no more, she just hands me pennies without countin' 'em. If I didn't know better I'd say she and Dummy was on the mash. But it couldn't be. Why, what'd be the use of hunking on to a man who couldn't talk? You never could nag him an' he couldn't swear at the neighbors. He'd be hearin' all the sass that was going 'round about his kids and he couldn't do nuthin' but fire beer cans. Say, that kind of married life'd be awful. If they lived in the tenement it'd be a joke to put 'em in the phonogram rooms—I'll finger that out to Dummy an' stop his mashing. He's spoilin' my business. He wouldn't let me put teeth in the Soap twins and they'll never get no education if that rubberneck doctor gets a look down their empty mouths."

The Soap twins weren't as badly injured as was thought. They were out in a few weeks, scarred not a little, but plump from good hospital feeding. Bull Burham, Grits and Scrubben had learned a lesson from the tin pail and rock potatoes. They were very well behaved when Miss Schat's class, celebrating the end of the school year, had an outing in the open air gymnasium in the river park.

The gymnasium was in the shadow of the bridge and had the river smell. It was natural that the rats of all ages came to look on. The Elephant, Mrs. Toonts and the new baby sat on a green crest overlooking the car tracks and watched the sports and the ghostly electric locomotives sliding by without noise or smoke. Jewdy and the Greek peanut vender, Rini and others, grew hot over a running match between Pills and a girl from St. Nichols avenue. The widowed park attendant saw that the women and babies of the tenement had a good time. There were a number of teachers present and some philanthropists. For these Pills gave an exhibition of her kid busting.

The class was led out and taught how to clean its teeth, comb its hair, walk straight, hold shoulders back, say 'Good morning, Teacher,' and 'Thank you.' As a part of Pills' own idea of pride or pedagogy, they had been taught to answer the question, 'What have you had for breakfast this morning?' with the set answer, 'Three fried eggs, oyster stew and ice cream.' These were the highest-toned things she knew of to eat.

The Soap twins exhibited their avenue teeth with great eclat, while visitors surreptitiously passed around Pills' amateur dental outfit and smiled.

Though she won several races and received much applause, Pills was not happy. Even Jewdy's daughter making love on her fingers to Dummy did not make her laugh. She had discovered that Mr. Tantil and Teacher were finger-talking with familiarity.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The Metamorphosis of the Socialist.

By J. B. LARRIC



LIONS OF SOCIAL AFTERNOONS

SOcialists are rapidly approaching the pink-tea stage. Soon they will don high hats, broadcloth frock coats with light pearl gray gloves to match, and be the lions of the social afternoons. Oh, dear, yes, yes, indeed. Cawn't you imagine it? Mrs. Astorbilt tripping forward gracefully as the Comrade enters, giving him a languid, bird-like, second story, Salome handshake and trilling melodiously, "Comrade Baroffscowitzky, ladies and gentlemen?" Cawn't you? Well, if you cawn't, it must be because you haven't access to the fashionable weeklies or because you take very little interest in fads. Or maybe you

are one of those plebian persons who are trying to spread the propaganda among the labor unions and those unfortunates compelled to work for a living

If you are engrossed in these vulgar pursuits, then, of course, you are not informed. Still, as one of the faith, you may wish to hear something of the sea-change that has come over your modish brothers.

You probably remember them as social outcasts. But that's a bygone period. Today they can slip lady-fingers off the plate and lap up their tea between mentally exhausting conversation with the best of them.

Time was when this was not thus. Time was when the coming of a Socialist was like the coming of a Kansas hurricane. Everybody ducked for the storm-cellars and only the adventurous few lifted the lid for a peep at the fearful convolutions of the winds. Time was also when his appearance was like the appearance of ghosts, wraiths, spooks and apparitions. Brave men turned pale and fell prostrate over a bottle of Kentucky rye. And beautiful women gathered their little ones about them and prepared to meet their God.

But all that was in the early seventies. From then and up to a decade ago or so, it required great bravery and courage to class yourself as a Socialist. They were regarded as far more dangerous than the first biscuits baked by a

AND ONE THAT TOOK A BATH WAS FALSE TO THE FAITH

It was rumored in dark corners that Socialists powdered their pie with nitro-glycerine and buttered their bread with cyanide of potassium. It was believed that they playfully gave sticks of dynamite for candy in disguise to little children and facetiously threw fizzing bombs, like confetti, out of windows at carnival celebrations.

They were also credited with a very subtle and very delicate sense of humor. They blew up factories, killing all hands within, just to provoke their risibilities to hysterics of laughter. The dying agonies and moans of their victims left them exhausted with merriment.

In that vanished era a Socialist who shaved, outraged the community. He was positively weird, uncanny. And one that took a bath was considered false to his political faith. He was beyond explaining. Those that wore clean collars and shirts were unwarrantably usurping the accoutrements of true virtue and loyal patriotism. They were the most dangerous of the lot. Hiding behind the sanctimonious shield of white linen, who could guess what diabolical machinery was revolving behind that laundered exterior?

Who troubles himself nowadays as to what a Socialist wears? No one. Not a soul. Let him even sport jaundice-hued gaiters and banana-colored gloves and the only excitement he arouses is a bland social item under "What They Wore at the Dog Show."

His opponents no more give the Kosciusko shriek when they spy the shiny, bony end of a toothbrush protruding from his valise. Why, years ago if any Socialist had been caught with that mouth scythe on him, Barnum would have been down on his knees before him, asking him to name his own price. But now if a self-respecting Socialist left his manicure case at home, he would be expelled from his local.

Socialists have acquired morals only lately. It's a new addition to their family. Fortunately, the poor fellows had to exist, breathe and go through the motions of living without a shred of respectability to their backs. A Socialist with any rectitude was as hard to find as an egg today that hasn't served two years' penal servitude in cold storage for having dared to be born fresh.

A woman who was seen with a Socialist was no longer like Caesar's wife. A lady who tortured him by showing the family album in the back parlor was under suspicion of dallying with the primrose path. A girl who exchanged letters with one found the pastor laying his chaste hand on her brow and beseeching her to turn back ere it was too late. Prayers were said for matrons who walked down Main street with one.

In that antediluvian period the reputed morals of a Socialist resembled a pianola-record: it had a democratic arrangement of holes without any distinction as to class, creed or color. It was artistically moth-eaten, resplendently porous-plastered, daintily peekaboo-waisted. If you could have seen a comrade's virtues gathered together on a breakfast platter, you would have asked your wife to pass you the Swiss cheese. Solemn, very solemn facts these, however lightly put. There's Jack London for verification:

"When I was a youngster I was looked upon as a weird sort of creature, because, forsooth, I was a Socialist. Reporters from local papers interviewed me, and the interviews, when published, were pathological studies of a strange and abnormal specimen of man. I was branded a 'redshirt,' a 'dynamiter,' an 'anarchist,' and really decent fellows, who liked me very much, drew the line at my appearing in public with their sisters."

But alas! Today we are morally overtrained. They eagerly give us credit for possessing more virtue than we know what to do with. We are inundated, flooded to the necks with righteousness. Our opponents at present tearfully inform us that we are really too good, too fine, too spiritual for this hard, cruel world. Where we belong is in heaven, not here. We do not know the infamy and degradation of human nature. They do. They were present when the accoucheur whacked human nature on the thorax and it let out its first yelp. We are ascetic dreamers, visionaries, blind to the greed of men and myopic to their wickedness. But we are beautiful characters, all of us. Beatific. Of course, its too bad we lack the trifle of being practical. It's honestly too bad.

We don't know anything, for instance, about putting a patent medicine on the market and advertising it as a sure cure for naked, dishabille heads, overlapping ears, and majestically arched legs. We know nothing, for example, of Wall street methods of floating preferred stock of Marcelled Pink Horsehair, Limited, or common shares of Oshkosh Cucumber Warts? Did anyone of us ever offer a 100 per cent dividend, to be paid within three days, on Standard Predigested Buttonholes? No. And which of us possesses the tremendous brain power necessary to hyphenate a score or two of banks and then gently, noiselessly, plainly slice away the depositors from their cash, thoughtfully leaving behind as collateral a few bags of oatmeal and a box of nerve tonic, all O. K'd by the state banking department? As business men Socialists are miserable failures. Absolutely miserable.

But the consolation is in that overnight we have transmigrated into spotless saints. We went to bed with ingrown cloven feet and hatpin horns and arose with a bible between our teeth, a halo over one ear, and a gorgeous halter of Easter lillies around our neck. Regenerated? Consecrated? Sanctified? Well, rather. They tell us now we are too ethereal to survive. Too seraphic to linger long in this melancholy vale of fat municipal contracts, soft corruption graft and marmalade bribed legislation.

They give us a week, a month, a year, to pass gently and sweetly away with the golden hair streaming over our oacks and our pale blue eyes fastened on the stock exchange. But Socialism, we fear, will be exasperatingly ungrateful. Piously frail, it will continue to gasp on in

spite of scheduled announcements of the obsequies. Still, even in her present invalid condition, she should be content. Isn't it something to have metamorphosed in so short a space from a viperous snake into an innocent lamb?

In the Middle Ages of fifteen years ago when a man raved Socialism, the doctors, true to their professional instincts, first searched through his pockets. If the patient had money, they silently drove him

over to a pathological ward and dropped him into a nice, comfortable padded cell. Honestly. Some years since a rich Harvard student came home during the holidays and confessed to his parents that he had been converted to Socialism. Can you imagine the joy that surged within the parental bosom? He is now quoting statistics of the unemployed and on the division of wealth to his keeper and drawing on the walls with his feet chalk portraits of Debs and Russell.

However, if the physician discovered that the patient was poor, the diagnosis was very simple. As soon as he got a job, he would get over his revolutionary views. The hallucination was only temporary. Hunger often caused aberration. The prescription was three champagne meals a day, a trip to Europe on a steamer *de luxe*, and a couple of black servants on either side of the stricken workman to fan off the flies that pilloved themselves on his nose. The seat of the trouble, these servants argues, was in the pocket, leaving the cardiac organ and the cerebrum totally untouched. Nevertheless, it is believed in authentic circles that the prescription is still to be compounded.

The *non compos* stage of Socialism has passed. Last election when the state of New York stood on its head with some fifty thousand Socialist votes, and California loomed up mad as a hatter with sixty thousand, with Wisconsin cutting up some fancy imbecilities of her own, it looked as if Bedlam was becoming popular. Then the historic paradox repeated itself: we became sane because too many of us were going crazy.

It's an old story. It happened with Christianity. It happened with Protestantism. It happened with the Abolitionists. The minority is always bughouse. It could commit a murder and get a hundred alienists to prove in 350,000 words at a dollar a word cash, a congenital mental trait in the remove of the thirty-fifth cousin. It could wreck a bank and have the President of the United States pardon it with a tear-stained letter absolving it from all responsibility. Only when the minority begins to get fat at the girth and double-chinned, is it declared *mens sana*.

And now another transformation is happening to Socialists. They are actually being praised by their enemies. The Greeks are bearing gifts. The capitalistic papers that formerly charged us with preaching discontent, class hatred, assailing law and property and insinuating confiscation and plunder, are taking a different tack. Now they occasionally slap us on the back, stroke our hair and pinch our cheeks. But it's the affection the cannibal evinces for the stout missionary. We must beware. The New York *Evening Mail* a fortnight since in an editorial headed "The Advance of Diluted Socialism," discussing the socialistic capture of Butte and Berkeley, said, "It is impossible to view these advances of the red flag with traditional alarm. This is not Socialism. This is social reform."

Won't somebody please tell them that this "social reform" is the camel's nose by which Socialism intends to project its body into camp? And when that happens the metamorphosis of things in general will go on with a whoop.

Thousands of persons wouldn't know the Land of Promise if they were in it up to their knees. They think it is way up yonder in the clouds and they wear their souls out praying for it, they need a good pair of leather goggles to enable them to see it right here all about them.

A man may be so mean that he will forego a bath to save soap, so cold blooded that his breath will fill his beard with frost on an August day and still be honest within the purview of the criminal code.—*Iconoclast*.



SHOWING THE FAMILY ALBUM



REGENERATED

"TAME" AND "WILD" SOLDIERS

BY

Leonard O. Cowdrey

(Continued from last week.)



HERE are two distinct kinds of soldiers, which are distinguished by the officers as "good soldiers" and "bum soldiers." But as an agitator of truth, justice and freedom, I will call them the "tame soldier" and the "wild soldier." By the term "wild" I do not mean to say that he is wild in every sense of the word—it will be remembered that he was a clean youth and a respectable citizen upon first entering the army. I mean rather that he is of the "bucking" kind. He is generally of the better educated class; is a firm believer in truth and justice, with a big streak of independence in him. In fact, he is the kind of man that is slow to become corrupted by surrounding conditions, and rather than submit tamely to the abuses of officers and the injustices of army life, deserts.

The "tame soldier" is of a much different type in most respects, and hails from many places. They are from the country, the city and foreigners who have been in this country just long enough to speak a little English. But the great difference that exists between these two classes is the difference in intellectual development.

The "tame soldier" goes into the army in a trance and comes out of it a fool. He is generally lacking in spirit or independence.

One of the first things most officers try to do is to break a soldier's spirit of independence—they don't even want him to have the independence sufficient for him to think for himself—they want him "tamed." They look upon a soldier from the same viewpoint that they would look upon a two-year colt that has never had a saddle on his back. They know that they cannot handle the colt until he has been broken—not until his spirit of independence has been crushed. It is about the same with the new recruit in the army, providing he is inclined to be a little "wild" and tries to stick up for what he knows to be right and just.

So we will follow the "tame soldier" awhile.

Remarkably Docile

He is in the habit of getting up on the farm at four or five o'clock in the morning, and the army isn't noted for ever breaking him of the habit. He is up, dressed, washed and has his bunk made up long before the "wild ones" are awakened by first call for reveille, and much to their disgust.

He looks upon the officer as a superior human being to whom he must cater and live in awe and fear.

To him it is no trouble to always be in time for roll-call; he does not mind it a bit when a few minutes later he goes into the mess room and sets down to what is called breakfast. He may not exactly like the black coffee, rotten beef stew and butterless bread that constitute the meal, but he never raises a murmur against it—he's "tame"! He's so tame that he doesn't even know that sufficient funds are appropriated by the War Department to furnish him with a substantial meal of various articles. He never looks into a Quartermaster's Manual, so doesn't know just how much he is entitled to. The "wild ones" know and raise their voices in protest against the robbery.

About the only thing the "tame one" does know is that he must obey orders, regardless of whether they are right or wrong, just or unjust, and ask no questions.

At a certain military post in the U. S., there is a whole troop of "tame soldiers" who are ruled by as cruel an officer as ever donned a captain's uniform. He is of the wealthy, overbearing class—in fact, he is so overbearing and swelled up with pride of place that he is in a class by himself, considering that most of the other officers will have nothing to do with him except in line of duty.

The majority of his soldiers at the present time are "tame." This doesn't happen so, however, but because he has either dishonorably discharged or caused all his wild ones to desert.

Imaginary Benefits

After they finish their breakfast they all turn out and clean up around quarters. One of the captain's special pets, generally the tamest one, goes down to the troop stables and milks the troop cow. By troop cows, I mean cows that were bought and paid for by the common soldiers of the troop for their special benefit.

This pet, after milking the cows carries the milk past the barracks and over to the captain's house. Sometimes the soldiers get some of the milk after the cream has been sliced off, but more often they only see it carried past their barracks and that's the last of the milk from their own cows.

After that they march down to the stables and

groom about three horses each. Then they go back to the barracks and change clothes, after which they go back to the stables and saddle up their horses. Three or four of them are left to clean up around the stables and the remainder of the troop go out on the parade ground and pound down their heavy breakfast drilling until noon.

By the time they get back to their barracks it is time to wash for dinner. After their noon-day meal of roast beef (sometimes), potatoes with the clothes on, brown gravy and black coffee, they get a rest until about half-past one.

It is in the summer time and each troop has a plot of ground called a "troop garden." The purpose of this garden is to furnish the common soldiers with such garden luxuries as are not supplied by the War Department.

The troop is marched to this garden in the afternoon and worked until half-past four. By that



"Big Mike" McDonough who was sentenced to ten years in Ft. Leavenworth penitentiary because he struck an officer. He is now the center of an expose of conditions in that institution by the Appeal to Reason.

time it is necessary that they go back to stables and groom horses again.

While the troop is grooming, some of the special "pets" feed about 60 troop hogs—hogs that were also bought by the soldiers for their special benefit. And after a poor excuse for a decent supper at six o'clock, the rest of the day is their own. They can go to town and forget for a few hours the harsh realities of true army life—providing, of course, that their captain will give them a pass, which, according to Army Regulations, they must have before they are allowed to leave camp over one mile.

The Post Exchange Trick

Perhaps you will ask where this money comes from with which to buy all these cows and hogs.

In every military post is what is called a Post Exchange (store). When a regiment comes to a new military post, or fort, the troops of that regiment buy out the shares of the stock in the Post Exchange from the regiment leaving. The money comes from the troop or company "mess fund," which is not supplied by the War Department, but by the common soldiers of the troop or company.

In fact, the Post Exchange is a store owned exclusively by the common soldiers of the fort, on the municipal ownership plan of public utilities. Therefore, all profits must necessarily go to the different troops and companies, according to their holding of shares of stock.

On an average each troop or company will realize from \$50 to \$75 profit each month. This is supposed to be used by the common soldiers in supplying such luxuries for their tables as the War Department does not furnish. So taking everything into consideration, a person not acquainted with army affairs will naturally imagine that a soldier is fed as good as the average working man in civil life.

But things do not always turn out as intended,

especially in the army. The captain or other officer who happens to be in command of the troop or company has the authority, according to army regulations, to be in charge of this mess fund money. In this particular troop the captain has a few thousand dollars belonging to the soldiers. They would like to spend some of it on their tables, but the captain or lieutenant in charge of the troop allows the non-commissioned officer in charge of the mess to spend what he, the captain or lieutenant, happens to think sufficient.

Who Gets the Mess Funds?

The products of the troop garden were supposed to be for their benefit, but they got what was left after the officers had their pick. They get very little of the milk, and as the pigs naturally increased in numbers, some of them were sold and the proceeds turned back into the mess fund. Instead of spending the money for food, the captain has bought a library, rugs for the floor, a phonograph, billiard tables, and a piano for the benefit of his soldiers.

This has resulted in the men being fed in much the same manner as the convicts of some of our most notorious state prisons—worse than the negro slaves of the old-fashioned south.

Many men have served their three years in a troop or company and been discharged without receiving any benefit from their mess fund, as they cannot take their share with them upon discharge.

A soldier is liable to court-martial for petty offenses that in civil life would be taken as a joke and laughed at good naturedly.

The court-martial is the great "boo-gu-boo" of the soldier. For the least little offense—raising his hand to brush a fly while in ranks; failing to salute an officer; failing to have his gun or shoes as clean as the officer happens to think they should be—for any of these and numerous other petty offenses he is liable to summary court-martial. His sentence can be anything from a fifty-cent fine to three months in the guard house at hard labor and forfeiture of three months' pay.

He is tried, found guilty and sentenced before he ever goes up for trial. There is no way of escaping sentence, as it is purely a "mock trial." No judge, no jury, no counsel, nothing except the summary court officer, the victim and sometimes a witness—against him. He also is entitled to witnesses, but it doesn't do him any good to have them, because the word of one commissioned officer is better in the eyes of the court than the word of ten enlisted men.

The Summary Court Officer reads the charges over to you and if you are innocent, or committed any petty offense through ignorance or unavoidable circumstances, you of course plead not guilty. Thereupon he asks you if you have anything to say for yourself. You tell him just how it happened in a truthful, straightforward manner. When you have finished he asks you if that is all. You tell him it is, and he informs you that you can report back to your troop for duty. He never informs you whether you are found guilty or innocent, and God help you if you have the impudence to ask.

The Army Court

No doubt the first time the new recruit is up for trial and the officer orders him back to his quarters for duty, he will go back highly elated, thinking that he has proven his innocence. But he hasn't, and can't. He is guilty before he ever stepped in front of the court officer. In civil life a man is innocent until he is proved guilty; in the army he is guilty until he proves his innocence.

When the charges come back to the troop or company the victim discovers that he has been found guilty, is fined two or three dollars, maybe more, for a heinous crime that is a joke.

But the General Court-Martial is the most severe of any in the army, and the victim always draws the prize of a dishonorable discharge from the service and from six months to ten years in Leavenworth Prison.

Not long ago a very vivid illustration of the General Court-Martial was enacted before the public in the case of Private Burns, 29th Infantry, New York.

For saying six words to his captain he was sentenced to serve five years in Leavenworth Prison at hard labor. The five-year sentence, however, was reduced to three years by General Fred Grant.

The St. Paul Daily News prints the following editorial in regard to his case:

The Case of Private Burns

"Aw, go on! How about that \$36!"

That's what Private Anthony Burns, 29th United States infantry, said the other day to Capt. H. C. Clement, Jr., when Capt. Clement ordered him to return to his quarters.

It was not nice of Private Burns to say this.

it was quite disrespectful. Especially was it disrespectful—not to say actually unkind and cruel—to make such a remark if it was true that the aforesaid captain really owed Private Burns \$36—as would seem to be indicated by what Private Burns said.

So Private Burns was court-martialed. He was tried for the heinous crime of "behaving with disrespect toward his commanding officer."

He was sentenced to spend three years in Leavenworth penitentiary.

In reality he drew a five-year sentence, but Gen. Fred Grant cut it to three.

This editorial might be prolonged by a dissertation on the devilish humanity of the truly military mind, but such a dissertation would be a waste of space.

In lieu of such a dissertation, consider again this "crime":

"Aw, go on! How about that \$36!"

And this penalty:

"Three years in Leavenworth penitentiary."

I could also write enough facts on the devilish inhumanity of the true military life and mind to fill

the pages of a book. However, I will consider it sufficient to state that if the captain actually did owe him, or had borrowed \$36 from Private Burns, which appears to be the case, that the captain himself was guilty of a much more heinous crime than the soldier.

It is strictly against Army Regulations for an officer to lower himself by borrowing money from the common enlisted men. It is considered unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman of the army. Therefore, the captain should have been tried by General Court-Martial instead of Private Burns.

Such are the glories of military life.

Socialism in Melbourne

BY

Dora B. Montefiore



MY program reading for a fortnight's propaganda under the auspices of the Melbourne branch of the S. F. A., I have made Sydney my home for the present. Last week I had the pleasure of entertaining there our comrade, Charles Edward Russell, and his very charming wife. We took one of the numerous little ferry-boats that ply on the renowned waters of "our Harbor," and went down to one of the hotels that abound on its shores. There, together with a comrade from South Africa and one from New Zealand, we dined, and chatted, and discussed the movement and the personalities in it in the various parts of the world. Looking out from the balcony of the hotel over a shimmering expanse of water with dancing reflected lights we watched the ferry-boats gliding in every direction like a Venetian fete, and, above in the sky the Southern cross hanging in undisputed possession.

The next day the Russells sailed for Japan, and a few days afterwards I took the overland route for Melbourne, where I find myself among the strenuous activities of a movement to which Tom Mann gave several years of splendid service, and among a host of hospitable and kindly comrades, bent on giving me a welcome, and on making me feel at home in their midst.

The headquarters of the party are in Elizabeth street, where a hall capable of holding four or five hundred people, a Secretary's office, and a literature department form the base from which radiate the various activities of the organization. I visited the hall on Sunday morning to hear a history lesson given by Comrade O'Dowd, a literary man and a poet, to a class of about twenty-eight young men and women. In the afternoon I attended the Socialist Sunday school, held at the Guild hall, where there is an average attendance of 70 scholars. The children sang excellently together, and, after short addresses from the comrade in charge and from myself, they broke up into small groups under various distinguishing banners, and received special group instruction, varied according to age and capacity from other comrade teachers.

This I thought an excellent arrangement, and one far superior to our plan in England, where a large class of 30 or 40 children of different ages and capacities, is usually taught by one comrade, with the result that only *some* of the children respond to the teaching, the rest too often becoming wearied or fidgetty.

Later on tea is served every Sunday at the hall by the women's committee, so as to enable comrades who are in town to stay and hear the evening lecture. This also seemed to me a very useful and practical side of organization, whilst at the same time, gives comrades the opportunity of meeting socially, and getting to know each other more intimately. We have a quaint saying in England that it will always be difficult to get the average Englishman to proclaim and fight for, as does his French brother, the Social Revolution, because, at a certain hour in the evening, no matter what the stir and excitement may be, the Englishman announces he is going home to tea.

Is it possible that the quick-witted Australian has solved the difficulty? If the revolutionary workman *must* have his tea, why not bring the tea to the scene of the revolution instead of letting the revolutionary go home to his tea? I look upon that Sunday evening tea at headquarters as a stroke of genius!

At 8 o'clock, after a short programme of songs and recitations, I gave my address at the Gaiety Theater on "Why I Am an International Socialist," and such a responsive and alert audience of over 1,200! If I had spoken under Labor auspices, I could have had an audience of thousands, but as Labor out here is nothing but a reform party, and is not educating the people in the Socialist ideal, nor teaching them the scientific and economic in-



Dora B. Montefiore

terpretation of the struggle in which they are engaged, I naturally could not speak from their platform.

In the course of my remarks I took upon myself to justify a speech made a few days before by a comrade, F. Hyett, who is also an Industrial Unionist, and who, when addressing the Agricultural Implement makers, now in the fifth week of their strike, said that as part of their fight was against being forced to work side by side with non-union laborers, it was their duty to make the life of a scab a "hell upon earth" in order to bring him to see the error of his ways. The capitalist papers have taken up this remark, and have shrieked hysterically over its non-morality, adding sententiously that, in any other part of the world, the powers that be would tell our comrade to account for such words.

I pointed out at my meeting that the English nation had, during the Boer war, endorsed a similar course of action toward Boers as that suggested by our comrades toward scabs. The only difference being that England, in her treatment of the Boers, carried out her policy of "making their lives a hell on earth" to the bitter end. I spoke of land and crops laid waste, of farm houses blown up, of herds of sheep and cattle slaughtered in hideous shambles; I recalled how the Boer women and children were turned out on the veldt, or herded in insanitary barbed-wire enclosures; and I asked the audience if it was not hypocritical to denounce a threat of

collective industrial warfare when our hands were not yet washed clean of the blood of a most unjust capitalist war?

This aroused the passions of the audience, and though there was some weak dissent, the mass of those present were with me in the exposure of the hypocrisy, and they shouted to me to "go on and to give it to them." I found afterward that among my audience were two or three old soldiers who had felt heart and soul with me in what I was saying; because the Boer war, with its lies and impostures, had shown them the scarry and rotten side of Imperialism and of capitalistic warfare.

The next day I had the privilege of addressing at the Trades Hall a mass meeting of the men on strike. Their president, Mr. Skehin, was in the chair, and opened proceedings by reading out a list of subscriptions amounting to £513 received during the last two days towards the strike fund. A brass band, recruited from the men on strike, had enlivened proceedings till the speeches began. A splendid, determined set of men they looked and I was glad to be afforded the opportunity of giving them our Socialist message of solidarity, and of reminding them that they must not forget it was not their boss, Mr. McKay, who employed them; but it was *they* who employed *him* to collect and spend the surplus value of their labor.

As an indication of the virulence of the class war in this so-called workmen's paradise, since this strike has grown to its present proportions, a fund of £200,000 has been started with the ostensible purpose of protecting employers and educating "free labor"; its real object is to organize blacklegs for strike-breaking purposes; and neither money nor trouble will be spared in order to carry out that employer's programme.

Monday evening we had a dinner at headquarters and some heart-stirring speeches were made in memory of the Paris Commune, and its martyrs of 1871. It was in spirit and indeed an international gathering, and we linked ourselves in thought with comrades throughout the world, who that night were celebrating under the folds of the Red Flag the anniversary of the day when the Communards hoisted the Red Flag over the Paris Hotel de Ville, as a symbol that the administration by the people, for the people, had begun.

We recalled how that Red Flag went down eventually, dyed with the heart's blood, willingly shed, of 300,000 martyred men, women and children; and we spoke once again the magical words of one of the nameless fighters at the barricades who, when asked why he did not escape instead of uselessly throwing away his life, replied: "I die for the solidarity of the human race!" It is in that hope and ideal that we Internationalists of today live and work under the Red Flag.

The Robber Barons of Business

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in old times. The barons fought for them—the strongest and cunningest got them; then fortified them, and made every one who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly (we will, at least, grant so much, though it is more than we ought) for their money, but having once gotten it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million and build another tower to his money castle. And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag-baron as ever they did from the crag-baron.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree.—*Psalm 37:35.*

Men live like fishes; the great ones devour the small.

THE CONSPIRACY IN CALIFORNIA

BY

By Frank E. Wolfe



VER anxious to serve the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the Los Angeles papers have been getting their falsifications mixed. Some papers declare that McManigal has confessed, and others deny it. Some print long details of the con-

fession, others declare that he has stated that he never would confess.

The working class organs insist that, since the *Times* building had never been dynamited, it made little difference what sort of evidence might be produced by McManigal and others. Defenders of the accused continue to pile up evidence to show that it was a gas explosion and that evidence to this effect had been smothered in the grand jury room.

The industrial battle in Los Angeles has reached such an acute stage that capitalism has drawn together in a compact mass. The line is sharp and unmistakable. Persecution of workers and especially of strikers has been so systematically carried on that labor also has drawn together and thousands who formerly failed to see the significance of events are now fully awake to the situation, and Socialist party membership increases by leaps and bounds.

Socialists of Southern California took such prompt action that labor was never for a moment confused as to the situation when the McNamara brothers were arrested. Instantly the recollection of the



Ortie E. McManigal

Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone kidnaping came to every mind. The fact that this was a stroke of the bloody handed steel trust was made apparent at a glance and the working class was awake from the start.

Not so with the great body of middle class people of Los Angeles and Southern California. The unfortunates who still read the *Times* were fed on a pabulum so raw that they gagged and refused the mess. That scurrilous sheet became the victim of all the fake writers in the east and a thousand "dynamite conspiracy" stories were queried by wire and sold to the *Times* and all printed as the solemn truth. Old ladies shuddered and pulled the bed clothes over their heads at night, but in the broad glare of the light of truth, the timid ones took courage and soon people ceased to tremble at the sight of bold black scareheads in their morning paper.

It is safe to say that not one person in five now believes the *Times* was destroyed by dynamite. Most of them are convinced that the arrest of the accused men is a part of a monster plot against labor. They can now see that the frame-up is an elaborate and far-reaching one. They realize that it has taken months to build up the structure. They can see that all this time the two morning newspapers owned by the *Times-Mirror* company have been persistently and insidiously poisoning the public mind. The *Herald's* methods, as has been explained, were the most dangerous because the public had not lost faith in the fair statements of its titular president, Thomas E. Gibbon, who has posed as a friend to the people when he was almost hourly taking orders from Otis. The public is awakening to the fact that the daily



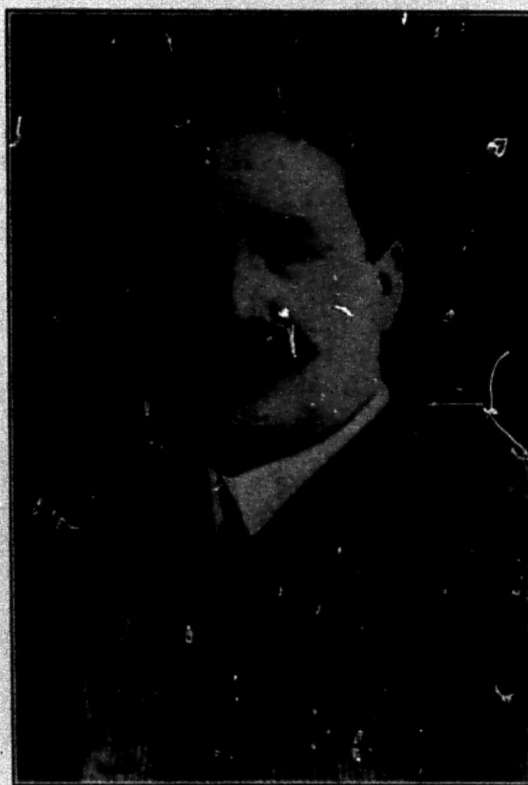
John McNamara

press has sought to connect the unions with various explosions. The readers of the papers were astounded to learn that the explosion at Llewellyn iron works was, according to the alleged confession of McManigal, done with the knowledge of Detective Burns in whose services the dynamiter was working.

Stupidly arousing and rubbing its eyes the middle class is beginning to wonder why it allowed itself to be so easily gold-bricked.

Under the auspices of the Socialist headquarters the *People's Paper* was issued Saturday in a form that created a sensation all over southern California. In addition to the regular run 8,000 additional papers were printed with the object of distribution. It was decided to try the paper on the streets and see if a street sale could be worked up. The first page was devoted to a statement by Comrade Job Harriman, counsel for the accused men, in which the attorney showed that the self-confessed dynamiter was a fake. Harriman gave voice to his desire that the full truth about the explosion should come out in the trial.

Saturday afternoon the papers were put on the



William J. Burns

street and within an hour the office of the paper was besieged by men, women and newshoys eager for a chance to sell the papers. The edition of eight thousand were sold out and the public stood around in great groups to read the paper which was posted in windows and on bulletin boards. This street sale

sensation, coupled with the fact the Mexican revolutionist paper, *Regeneracion*, recently sold thousands at a street meeting encouraged the publishers of *The Citizen*, the Union Labor weekly, and a daily edition was started. It met with instant success and it is believed will be of great service to labor in refuting the hourly falsehoods sprung by capitalist sheets.

The trial of thirty-five striking iron workers, charged with conspiracy to picket, has attracted great attention since the arrest and kidnaping of John J. McNamara. Local newspapers entered a tacit agreement to ignore the picketing trial despite the fact that the public evinced a deep interest in the proceedings. Prosecuting Attorney Guy V. Eddie found himself pitted against Job Harriman, the Socialist attorney of nation-wide renown. Many of the small details of the frame-up had to be abandoned because of the fear of Harriman. One of the most glaring features of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' conspiracy to persecute the strikers was shown when witnesses admitted they had been taken to the city jail during the morning "round up" when prisoners are paraded and insulted by detectives and patrolmen, and shown the men under arrest in order that they might identify them as picketing strikers when they appeared in court.



Job Harriman

He was born in Indiana in 1861. After graduating from Butler University he went West.

The next we hear of him he was touring California with a horse and wagon, speaking for Socialism. He came East in 1900 as the Socialist candidate for Vice President. Before he went back he had taken an active part in the "Unity Convention" of 1901, where the present Socialist party was born, and served a year as the first Labor Secretariat of New York City.

Then he returned to California where he has been one of the best-known fighters in the cause of Labor ever since. He has been the attorney of the unions in many hard-fought cases, while to his pernicious activity is due in no small degree the fact that it is now within the bounds of possibility to carry California for Socialism.

The society of the 400 is where folk give lawn parties to dogs and dinners to which monkeys come as guests of honor; where quarrels occur over questions of precedence between a mosquito and a flea; where pleasure is a trade and idleness an occupation; in short, it is that place where the race bruised of riches has turned cancerous and began to rot.—Alfred Henry Lewis in "The Boss."

WORKINGMEN'S COMPENSATION



LONG ago the industrial nations—the nations in which modern industry has notably developed—began to adjust themselves to the problem of aiding their injured workers. It is not an accident of history that the movement began in Germany. The mid-century change from feudalism to capitalism in that nation was rapid; and rapid also was the growth of a militant class spirit among its workers. Already, in 1871, when the empire was founded, the demands of the workers were bearing fruit. The employers' liability law of 1871 was for the time an advanced measure, and it came as a more or less direct result of the demands of the workers and of their Socialist and near-Socialist allies.

But, though given to them as a concession, it was not at all what these radicals wanted. Compulsory insurance of workers by their employers was then the slogan, and after a time those who sat in high places saw the wisdom of making further concessions. The limited accident measure presented by Bismarck in 1881 was intended to win the workers and to frustrate the Socialists. But it met with strong resistance from the conservatives in the Reichstag, and not until June 15, 1883, was the first law enacted. It combined compensation for disability lasting less than thirteen weeks with sickness insurance. A year later it was followed by a law extending the provisions for accident compensation. Of course, these laws did not win the workers, nor did they frustrate the Socialists. They were but a beginning, for since then, in response to increasing pressure, these laws have been greatly broadened and extended.

Other Nations Follow Germany

Austria followed within a few years. Its first compulsory insurance law was passed on December 28, 1887. This law also has been repeatedly extended, until now it covers nearly all the more important employments, even forestry and agriculture when operated by motor power. Sweden, Norway and Denmark began to inquire into the matter in the early eighties, but it was a number of years before they acted. The Norwegian law was passed on July 23, 1894, that of Denmark on January 7, 1898, and that of Sweden on July 5, 1901. Finland had previously (December 5, 1895,) enacted a measure, though it did not go into effect for three years. England followed with a measure on August 6, 1897 (superseded by another on December 21, 1906), Italy on March 17, 1898 (superseded by another on June 22, 1903), and France on April 9th of the same year. This law was in the main superseded by that of March 31, 1905, and was further supplemented by the acts of April 12, 1906, and July 18, 1907.

The Spanish law dates from January 30, 1900, that of Holland from January 2, 1901, and of Greece, March 6th of the same year. Luxembourg came next with an act on April 5, 1902, Russia on June 15, 1903, Belgium on December 24, 1903, and Hungary on April 9, 1907. Switzerland, of all the important European states, has so far failed to pass such a law. A bill, however, has been prepared, and will probably be enacted soon.

In the meantime, the movement had spread to the British colonies. The first of these to act was New Zealand, on October 18, 1900, to be immediately followed by New South Wales and South Australia on November 5th and December 5th, respectively of the same year. Two years later (February 19, 1902), came Western Australia, and within a few months (June 21st) British Columbia. The Cape of Good Hope (June 6th) and Queensland (December 20th), both enacted laws in 1905. In 1907 (August 20th) came the Transvaal, on March 5, 1908, Alberta, and on May 29, 1909, Quebec.

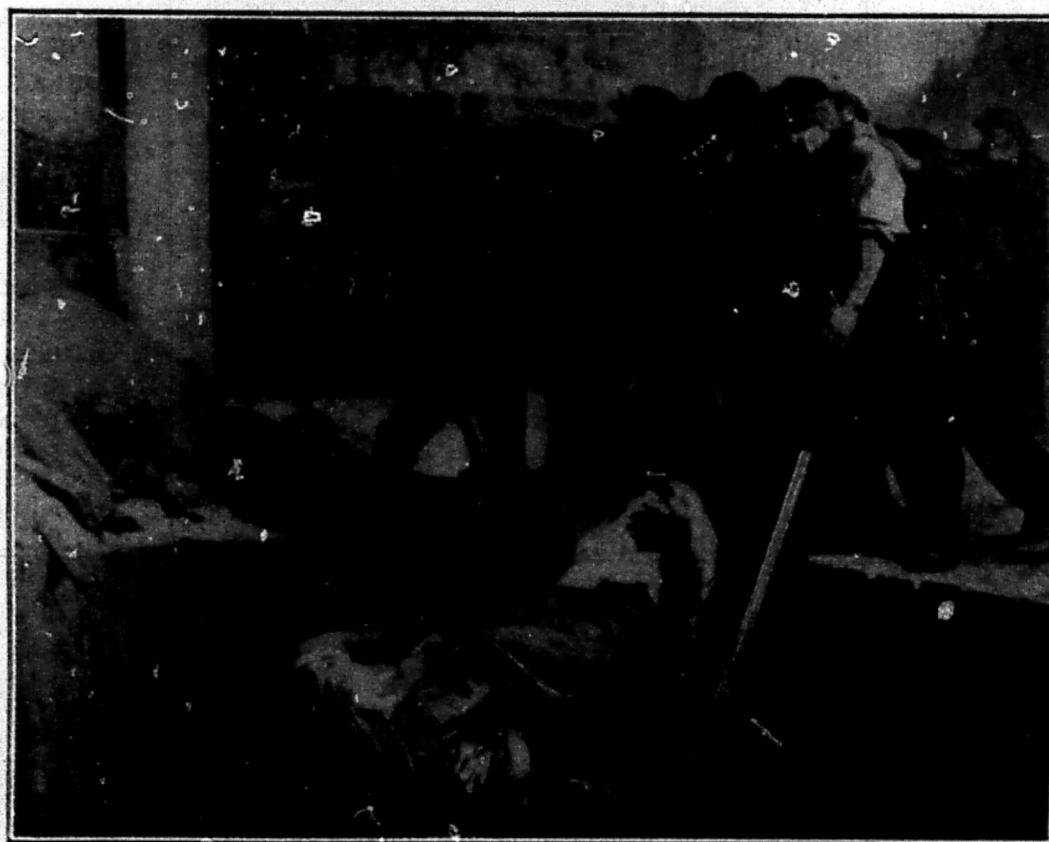
Range of the Acts

There are thus twenty-six nations or provinces which so far have enacted compensation laws. The British act is the only one which covers every employment, though it limits the persons included to those earning less than \$1,216.63 a year. The Greek act is limited to mines, quarries and metallurgical establishments, and the New South Wales act to mines. All the other acts include, in varying de-

By W. J. Ghent

WHAT FOREIGN NATIONS HAVE DONE

gress, most industrial employments. Agriculture is excluded in about half of the states, though included, in cases where machinery is employed, in Austria and Italy. About half the states limit, in one way or another, the classes of persons included in the industries covered. All manual workers in such industries are usually included, though Norway excludes those receiving more than \$324 a year, Italy those receiving more than \$1.35 a day and Quebec those receiving more than \$1,000 a year. Employes in technical or supervisory work receiving more than \$463.20 a year are excluded in Belgium; \$579 in Luxembourg; \$643.20 in Denmark; \$714 in Germany, and \$772 in Russia. The Transvaal act covers white employes only, and excludes sub-contractors and home workers and such employes as receive more than \$2,433.25 a year. Most of the acts include government employes, though usually only when employed in the industries specifically covered by the terms of the acts.



Photograph by the New York Times

The Accident—By Louis Rogers

In twenty of these states the cost of compensation rests wholly upon the employer. In other words, the specific industry pays the penalty of the hazardous nature of the work connected with it. In six states—Austria, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Luxembourg and New South Wales—the cost is distributed.

In Austria medical and surgical treatment for twenty weeks and the disability compensation for the first four weeks are paid from sick funds to which employers contribute one-third and workers two-thirds. Compensation for disability lasting for more than four weeks, and for death, is paid by the insurance associations, organized on a territorial basis, to which employers contribute 90 per cent and workers 10 per cent.

The German law is, in a number of respects, similar to the Austrian. It is an exceedingly complex measure in its details, and it combines sickness, invalidity and old age insurance with accident compensation. Workers, employers and the state all contribute, though the accident compensation comes almost wholly out of the employers. Medical and surgical treatment and accident compensation for 91 days come from the sick funds, to which the employers contribute one-third and the workers two-thirds. From the 28th to the 91st day, however, the accident compensation is increased by one-third at the expense of the employer in whose establishment the injury occurred. After the 91st day the compensation is borne entirely by the employers' associations. It has been demonstrated that 84 per cent of the accidents happening between 1886 and 1895 caused disability lasting less than 91 days. The workers' share of the total cost of accident compensation, however, has been computed to be not more than from 8 to 11 per cent.

The Greek law reverses this method. The employer is responsible for the whole compensation during the first three months. After three months

half the compensation comes from the miners' fund, "which is mainly supported by a tax on the mines and metallurgical establishments, but partly by contribution from the workmen's mutual aid societies in these establishments and some minor sources." In Hungary the compensation for the first ten weeks comes from sick funds to which employers and workers contribute equally, while after ten weeks the compensation comes from employers wholly. In New South Wales the compensation comes from a fund to which the workers pay 9 cents a week, while the employers and the state each pay one-half as much as the total of the workers' contributions.

Accidents Compensated

Virtually all of the states compensate for every kind of serious accident arising out of employment in the industries covered. Even occupational disease is sometimes included. It is to some extent compensated for in Germany; though it is not strictly within the accident law, the arrangement is made through the regulations of the sick funds. But in Great Britain the law specifically covers occupational disease, and in some twenty-six industries it is compensated for.

Every state makes an exception for injuries caused by wilful misconduct or deliberate intention. These exceptions are aimed at the violation of shop rules and at a tendency, sometimes observed among workmen, to suffer slight injuries in order to draw benefits. Most of the states refuse compensation in cases of this kind. France and Spain reduce it; Germany gives her officials the power to reduce or refuse it. Italy gives employers the right to recover by criminal action compensation which has been paid for an injury so received. The Netherlands reduces compensation for accidents suffered by intoxicated persons. Alberta and Great Britain penalize misconduct by refusing compensation except in cases of death or permanent disablement, while Hungary excepts only in case of death.

When Compensation Begins

Nearly all of the states exclude minor accidents which do not cause disability of more than three or four days. In some of the states this exception is carried to an outrageous extreme. New South Wales, Spain and Italy, on the other hand, have no such exceptions, and compensation presumably begins on the day the accident is suffered. The time limit in the other states is as follows:

Two days—Netherlands.
Three days—Austria, Cape of Good Hope, Germany, Hungary, Luxembourg, Russia.
Four days—Greece.
Five days—France.
Six days—Finland.
7 days—Belgium, Great Britain, New Zealand, Quebec, South Australia, Transvaal.
Fourteen days—Alberta, British Columbia, Queensland, Western Australia.
Twenty-eight days—Norway.
Sixty days—Sweden.
Ninety-one days—Denmark.

The Death Compensation

The provisions for compensation for death cover a wide range. In some states the benefit is paid in lump sums, in others in pensions. When it is a lump sum it is variously based on from two years' earnings to five years' earnings and on yearly wages from a sum not to exceed \$214.40 (Denmark); to one not to exceed \$1,216.63 (Transvaal). When it is a pension it ranges from 30 per cent (Belgium) to 66 2-3 per cent (Russia). In two states (New South Wales and Sweden) the pension is a stated sum. The benefits are further graded on the basis of the number and need of the dependent. The maximum is reached in cases wherein a widow and a large family of minor children are wholly dependent upon the earnings of the deceased. The states which pay lump sums are with the maximum benefits allowed, as follows:

Two years' earnings—Transvaal (\$2,433.25), Spain.
Three years' earnings—Great Britain, South Australia (each \$1,459.95), British Columbia (\$1,500), Alberta (\$1,800), Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, Queensland, Western Australia (each \$1,946.60).
Four years' earnings—Denmark (\$857.60), Quebec (\$2,000).
Five years' earnings—Italy (\$1,930).
The states which pay pensions based on the annual earnings of the deceased are, with the rates paid, as follows:
Thirty per cent—Belgium.
Forty per cent—Finland.
Fifty per cent—Austria, Greece, Norway.
Sixty per cent—France, Germany, Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy.
Sixty-six and two-thirds per cent—Russia.

New South Wales pays a weekly pension of \$2.43 and Sweden a yearly pension of \$80.40.

All of the pensions are small when compared to the economic loss of the dependents. They are, moreover, usually graded and sifted down, by qualifications of one sort or another, so that only the extremest cases of dependence receive other than a pittance.

The Disability Compensation

The compensation for disability also covers a wide range. Permanent disability may be only partial, rendering the victim unable to earn his former wages. Or it may be total, rendering him unable to earn any wages whatever. Temporary disability may also be either total or partial; but it is usually considered as total, since for the shorter periods of invalidity men do not usually see work of any kind. The provisions in the various laws are often exceedingly complex, and an adequate statement of them cannot be made in brief. Roughly summarized, however, the elements of disability compensation are as follows:

Medical and surgical treatment, though sometimes falling for a time upon the sick funds, is usually borne by the employer.

For total permanent disability a compensation not to exceed 50 per cent of the victim's earning power is paid by Alberta, Belgium, British Columbia, Greece, Hungary, Queensland, Luxembourg, South Australia, Quebec, New Zealand and Germany. In the latter country, however, this sum is increased to 100 per cent if the victim is so helpless as to need constant attention.

Austria, Finland and Norway pay 60 per cent, and France and Russia 66 2-3 per cent. The Cape of Good Hope and Spain pay three years' wages, Denmark and Italy six years' wages. Sweden pays the same as for death (\$80.40), with an addition for dependent children.

Partial permanent disability is usually compensated for by payments approximating the loss of earning power. The provisions for temporary disability usually follow those for permanent disability. The compensation is generally not more than 50 per cent of earnings, though in Greece it is as low as 33 1-3 per cent, and in Germany, where it begins at 50 per cent, it is advanced to 66 2-3 per cent after the twenty-eighth day.

The state specifically secures payment of the compensation in France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Holland and Norway. The same end is secured through state supervision in Austria and Luxembourg. In Great Britain and her colonies and in Denmark, Greece and Russia, payment is virtually assured by making compensation awards preferred claims. Employers are compelled to insure in the state insurance department by Hungary and Norway and in mutual insurance companies by Austria, Germany and Luxembourg. They are compelled to insure or give security by Belgium, Holland, Finland, Sweden, and virtually so compelled in France, Russia, Spain and Italy.

How the Laws Work

A table giving figures for the more important industries of Britain is included in Frankel and Dawson's, "Workingmen's Insurance in Europe." It shows that for 1908 among 7,512,753 workers in shipping, manufacture, docking, mining, quarrying, construction and railroading, 3,447 were killed and 323,224 wounded, while from occupational diseases covered by the law 26 died and 2,260 were disabled. The total sum paid to the workers and their dependents was about \$10,000,000. A summary of the figures follows:

	Number.	Average compensation.
Killed	3,447	\$750.20
Wounded	323,224	22.60
Died of disease	26	754.60
Disabled by disease	2,260	45.80

In Germany during 1907, 662,001 accidents occurred, of which 9,815 were fatal. About 518,000 of these accidents, however, caused disability lasting less than 13 weeks. The total sum paid the workers and their dependents for these accidents and for some 320,000 other accidents from former years still compensated was about \$38,000,000. France reported for the same year 359,747 accidents, of which 1,762 were fatal, and for which \$16,534,199 in compensation and medical treatment was paid. Austria for the same year reported 119,052 accidents, of which 1,189 were fatal, and for which \$5,460,601 was paid.

Increase of Accidents

It is a notable fact that under the operation of these laws the number of reported accidents has not decreased. Usually it has greatly increased. It would seem, at first thought, either that compulsory compensation has failed to make the employers provide better safeguards for their workers, or that large numbers of workers are willing to suffer injuries in order to be idle at another's expense. But neither thing is true. There are, of course, cases of scamp workmen who invite injuries, but they are

not many. There are also cases where the employer has not been frightened into safeguarding his machinery by the prospect of having to pay compensation, but these, also, are not many.

Virtually all the authorities agree that the increase in the reported number of accidents is a result almost wholly of the compulsory system of reporting. In the old days it was the exceptional accident that was reported; now every accident must be reported.

These laws, inadequate as they are, and small as is the individual compensation which they award, have greatly benefited the working class. They have returned to the worker or his dependents something in exchange for his impaired or destroyed earning power. They have reduced, if even in but a moderate degree, the volume of privation and misery which inevitably comes from industrial accidents. These laws are an anticipation, a foreshadowing, as are many other of our laws during this transition period, of what will be done in a wiser and broader and juster way under Socialism. They need to be widely extended and their benefits greatly increased. Pressure should at once be brought to bear everywhere in the United States to force such laws from our reluctant legislators. What so far has been done in America toward this end will be the subject of the third and concluding article.

Free Medical Service

BY W. R. S.

It is just as important to have healthy citizens as it is to have educated citizens.

It is impossible to calculate the amount of suffering due directly to medical neglect.

Thousands of people allow themselves to become seriously sick, sometimes permanently disabled, because they do not feel able to pay for medical advice.

If city governments can provide free parks, free schools, free libraries, why should it not also provide free dispensaries, not for the exceedingly poor only, but for all the people.

The Socialist maintains that medical treatment should be just as free as education.

The Socialist believes that the sick should be admitted to public hospitals—without any taint of charity—just as freely as children are admitted to the public schools.

The Socialist advocates that cities employ municipal physicians the same as they employ municipal teachers.

The people may as well pay for medical service in the form of taxes as in the form of professional fees.

Under the free school system no child's life is blighted by hopeless ignorance. Under a system of free medical service no one need be condemned to needless suffering or premature death by lack of timely attention.

Industry Deadlier Than War

BY JACK LONDON.

More destructive of life than war, is industry. In all civilized countries great masses of people are crowded into slums and labor ghettos, where disease festers, vice corrodes, and famine is chronic, and where they die more swiftly and in greater numbers than do the soldiers in our modern wars. The very infant mortality of a slum parish in the East End of London is three times that of a middle-class parish in the West End. In the United States, in the last fourteen years, a total of coal miners, greater than our entire standing army, has been killed and injured. The United States Bureau of Labor states that during the year 1908, there were between 30,000 and 35,000 deaths of workers by accidents, while 200,000 more were injured. In fact, the safest place for a workingman is in the army. And even if that army is at the front, fighting in Cuba or South Africa, the soldier in the ranks has a better chance for life than the workingman at home.

What retards human advancement? Undue respect for the established order. In every age and nation of the world there have always been a party of progress and a party of order. Let no one be misled by the names that have been applied to these two parties. All stronger terms than these have been invented by our party in the heat of passion to stigmatize its opponent. The party of progress calls the party of order conservative, retrogressive, Bourbon. The party of order calls the party of progress radical, revolutionary, Jacobin.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology.*

No sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

—Herbert.

A Socialist Program for the Schools

BY CARL D. THOMPSON.

The Socialists have had a number of representatives on the school board in Milwaukee for several years. They have been patiently and quietly working for better conditions in the schools.

The program of the Socialist party, with reference to the question of education in general, is fairly well known.

Their program involves—

1. More and better school buildings and equipment.
2. Free text books.
3. Warm meals served at the schools where necessary.
4. Medical inspection and care for the children.
5. Manual and occupational training.
6. Vacation and night schools, and the general extension of educational facilities for the adult population.
7. School buildings to be thrown open for the use of the public as social and civic centers. Branch libraries, clubs, reading rooms, amusements, baths, gymnasias and outdoor playgrounds to be developed in connection with the schools. School buildings also to become civic centers for the discussion of social and political questions as well as the polling place on election days.

But in addition to this general program the Socialist members of the board have been working for certain immediate improvements. Among these may be mentioned the following:

- a. To reduce the size of classes. In many cases there are as high as forty and even fifty children in a single class.
- b. To improve the sanitary condition of the school buildings.
- c. To revise the course of study. Too many branches and often too much in each are required of the growing children. It is sought to eliminate as much as possible of the unnecessary and overburdensome work, so as to free the children and the teachers as well for other and more vital educational pursuits.

The New Vision



"And the people that dwell in darkness have seen a great light!"
—London Labor Leader

Long years ago a deep thinker and philosopher visited us, Herbert Spencer by name, and this is what he wrote: "The typical American supposed himself to be pre-eminently a free citizen, but, like the decadent Italian of the sixteenth century, he is actually in great part a mere subject, ruled by political or plutocratic soldiers of fortune, by bosses, rings and astute predatory financiers. Most singular circumstance of all, he is oftener than not to be found on the side of his exploiter, voting in the boss, co-operating with the predatory financier."

The legislature is the voice of society. To speak for it, it must represent it; to represent it, it must understand it. To understand society is to be acquainted with the science of sociology.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology.*

Human progress is further defeated by man's ignorance of his own interests. Those who most strenuously oppose measures of reform are usually the ones who would be most benefited by their adoption.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology.*

"The man who gets his eyeteeth cut in the commercial arena can scarcely call the operation painless dentistry."

The Kid Buster

(Continued from Page Four.)

Miss Schat had gone elsewhere to learn deaf and dumb signs. Very likely he had taught her. She saw him telegraph from one side of the grounds to Miss Schat on the other, 'Everything's going well. Are you happy? This is the happiest day of my life.' What was the use of trying to learn and teach the children? Miss Schat wouldn't be teacher and Dummy would be sure to go away from the river. If the worst happened and her two friends fell in love, she resolved to go on the tramp again. She got dreamy-eyed as she thought of experiences on the road, the fascination and lure of things unexpected. . . .

Mrs. Blake, the plump truant officer, brought her back to her labors by patting her on the back and giving her a bouquet of flowers. She ran across the field to give the flowers to the children. Mrs. Blake and the Rev. Alexander Avery were on the reception committee. They made everybody acquainted and then took notes of their work. The young minister was getting radical in his views and the good-natured truant officer, though not approving his position, listened to his arguments.

"The river people are improving," he said. "They are getting more athletics and better food. The park, bad as it is, does some good. If they were better organized, they might demand more from the city. They have no trade and rely often upon their children to support them when they are out of work. If the spirit of Jesus could prevail, there would be less grinding down of the little children."

"There are many workers in the vineyard," observed Mrs. Blake. "Think of what Miss Schat has done and the dumb man, the tenement house reform and the churches."

"These remedies are all good," said the preacher, "but we must have more. Much more. There is a fundamental cause and cure for the terrible conditions that we only varnish on the surface."

Their conversation touched on Miss Schat and Mr. Tantil, and the preacher said he did not know much about the dumb man save that he was called the dumb millionaire.

"I've heard he's not dumb, but merely eccentric, or perhaps some great sorrow stopped his speaking. Probably he's not worth more than a few thousands. Any man's a millionaire to the river rats who has a ten-dollar bill. He knows art and music and is a sort of mystery. New York's full of mysteries, isn't it? There's this girl Pills. She was adopted by an Italian rag man. She doesn't know anything of her real parents, but has a faint recollection of having Christmas dinner in a sectarian orphan asylum. I first came across her at the Children's court, where she was arraigned for being a tramp. Somebody got her off and took her home. Miss Schat became interested in her. She has a genius for tending small children. It's been two years since she left off tramping and in that time she has done much for the children of this neighborhood."

"A wonderful girl," murmured listeners who had gathered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blake. "I give her five cents for every truant she reforms. It's worth five dollars, really!"

Mr. Tantil had been helping Teacher arrange the paraphernalia so that the children could give their exercises. Her newly acquired knowledge of the deaf and dumb alphabet was put to the test, but he declared that she spoke charmingly on her fingers.

"You stammer a little," he signaled, "but you have a beautiful voice—I mean, fingers."

She blushed a little. He seemed unusually happy. Had he not trained many of the children for the particular numbers that were to bring Teacher so much applause? Round the circular swing the gay little bodies danced, up and down the iron ladder, to and fro in the great swings dipping under the bridge. There was music by the band and refreshments. Hungry small mouths filled as fast as hands could carry from table to lips, and occasionally sandwiches were slipped in blouses for sick mothers and others at home.

The happy day was ended. Miss Schat pinned up her loosened yellow braids and thought not too pleasantly of the vacation opening before her. It would be the same old thing, a few weeks in the Catskills, perhaps a week at the seaside and the rest at a summer school studying for promotion. Meantime Pills and her little scholars would be toasting in the hot city. Perhaps Pills would go back to the cracker factory. She had even threatened tramping. And Mr. Tantil—was he rich or poor? Was he really a tramp? If he could only talk! . . .

Pills rushed up to her crying: "Say, what do you think! I was watching Dummy put his hat on and his lips moved. What do you think! Say, Teacher, he must a-gone crazy. Nobody

never seen his lips move since he came to live by the river. He owns land round here and lives up there in the top of the flats on Edgcombe avenue. I been taken up to see his pianner an' heard him play like the church. Do youse s'pose working them machines made his lips work? Ain't it funny? I hope he don't go crazy like the man that boarded with the Grits family."

"Oh, Pills!" murmured Teacher, half laughing.

"Say, are you going away tomorrow? The river won't seem the same an' there won't be nuthin' in kid busting. Prob'ly the kids'll all be killed by trucks or the trolley before you git back. But then there'll be a new crop fer you. I could cry my eyes out. . . . I saw'n you making mash signs on your fingers with Dummy. I don't care no more about the river, only to drown myself in!"

"Why, Pills, you mustn't talk like that. Mr. Tantil was only helping us. Don't cry. Come up to my house in the morning and we'll see what can be done for you. I want you to go to the country, too."

Miss Schat moved slowly to the bridge. She took a seat near the beginning of the draw and looked out over the river. On one side Woody Crest, a fashionable colony of apartment dwellers, had grown up. The gaudy red and yellow boat houses above, where the athletic clubs sported. Trusses of many bridge spans and beneath, the varied traffic of the city's busy life. A glimpse of northward opulence and neatness. The river rats, her people, how she loved them! The men that worked in dark places, the women that wearily picked up leavings and sold ice for a few pennies a block and coal for a few cents a bag. Their

children were her children. She hated to leave it all, even for a vacation.

She started up and walked rapidly. She did not know she was on the draw. Her thoughts had become so intense that no gong penetrated them. Quickly the bridge swung around.

She saw a little figure that had been leaning over the side slip and whirl downward into the water. She rushed forward to give an alarm. It was Pills, her little girl. Poor thing, she had taken the parting too seriously. It would take too long to get help. She was a good swimmer—why not go in and save her?

As she jumped, a man dived from the rail and swam toward her.

A policeman jumped, too, and also a couple of athletic canoeists in purple sweaters and canary tights. It looked like a hilarious water carnival, only there were some shouts and screams and toots of river craft. One of the canoeists battled with the policeman, each an expert swimmer, trying to rescue the other against his will. They shouted, spluttered and tried to seize each other by the neck. Some of the spectators thought that it was all a part of the kid busting show and they applauded heartily.

However, Miss Schat, dripping and exhausted, as she lay in someone's arms near a boathouse landing and saw that Pills was safe, heard only one voice.

"Are you alive?"

It was Mr. Tantil.

"I love you. I must speak and tell you!" he exclaimed.

FANTINE--By Alexander Irvine



BUTTERFLY girl, was poor Fantine of Victor Hugo's Masterpiece. She played with life as a child plays with soap bubbles. Then all of a sudden the colors changed and Fantine found herself a pariah. A few years after she withdrew from society and we find her trudging along a country road with her little girl. They stopped at an inn to rest. The landlord and his wife consented for a consideration to keep the child the while the mother went on to find employment. She went to work in a factory and sent a weekly letter to the innkeeper at Montfermeil.

A fellow working woman—"a monk's widow"—became curious about this correspondence and was not satisfied until she learned all about it.

Soon the factory hummed with the gossip that Fantine "had a child." The disgrace resulted in the loss of her job. She was in debt for a few sticks

If we could only get at the facts we would learn that there is more genuine love in a city block among the poorest of the poor than within the lids of the charities directory!

Marguerite, the little old neighbor, shared her life with Fantine and gave her lessons in the fine arts of desiring little and thereby making poverty equal to riches.

The guardian of her child was an unmitigated scoundrel. He pressed, harassed and threatened her. The twelve sou a day job went the way of the other. There was neither fire nor food nor clothing.

To a quack dentist she sold her beautiful teeth, to a dealer in hair goods she sold her wealth of auburn hair. The few Napoleons satisfied for a time her creditors—for a short time. Then down at the edge of the blackness of despair she sold her virtue for bread—bartered the life of her soul for the life of her body. Then she entered that army of shame recruited and sustained by society.

Only one in a million ever escapes from it and even those we brand and avoid.

That is Victor Hugo's nineteenth century picture of society making a prostitute. Let me give you a twentieth century picture.

A young woman came to New York City not long ago and began to find a market for her labor power. She traveled the same Via Dolorosa that thousands of weary girls had traveled before her. Yes, there were places where she might have found a shelter, but they were accidents and incidents. If she had been a wizard she might have found them, but wizards are seldom out of work.

When her money was gone she starved and walked the streets. Things became desperate. She ran the gamut of the employment agencies. She disposed of one little item of respectable wearing apparel after another until she looked shabby. Finally she was directed to a "Door of Hope," one of those places organized by private philanthropy to pick up some of the thousands whom society has destroyed.

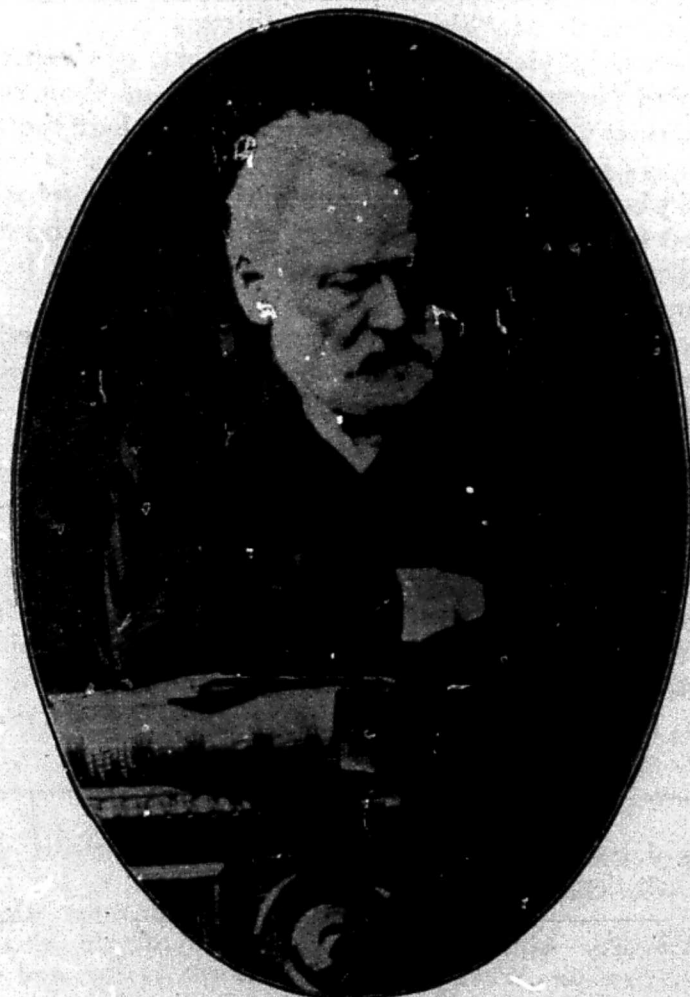
"My dear," said the kind matron, "this is a home for fallen women!" "I am homeless, hungry and without work; could one be fallen lower?" "Yes, lower," the matron said. Three months afterwards there came a bear-eyed, disheveled human to that same "Door of Hope" and was received by that same matron. "You don't remember me," the applicant said.

"No."

"I was not eligible some months ago—I am eligible now; I'm a fallen woman!"

Victor Hugo said of Fantine: "And listen! I declare to you that if all is as you say—and I do not doubt it—you have never ceased to be virtuous in the sight of God!"

I say of this twentieth century girl: Civilization robbed her of a living—made her a prostitute and then spat upon her and abandoned her—civilization said she was "a fallen woman"—Civilization lied—she was knocked down!



Victor Hugo

of furniture. The dealer threatened her with arrest. She was in debt to her landlord—"You are young and pretty, you can pay," he said. She got more work at twelve sous a day—the keep of her child cost her ten. An old woman, a fellow tenant, taught her the cost of living in misery. "Back of living on little, there is the living on nothing. These are two chambers, the first is dark, the second is black,"

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Future Good Things

THE great Panama article by Albert Edwards will appear next week. If this article were published alone in pamphlet form there would be tens of thousands of copies sold yearly for a long time to come. In the COMING NATION it will be accompanied with a lot of other good things, and will then be sold for less than what a pamphlet would cost.

The digging of the Panama canal is the biggest piece of work ever undertaken by man. The government tried to let it out to contractors, but it was found that to pay the profit which the contractors demanded would raise the cost ever above the power of a government to pay. Reluctantly the government decided to follow the Socialist principle and do it directly. In order to attract workingmen it became necessary to offer better conditions than they were obtaining at home.

How these conditions were gained while the cost was still kept below the rate that would have been charged by the contractors is told in this story. The government has built hotels, conducts bakeries, restaurants, amusement halls, runs Sunday excursions, publishes a newspaper, and is doing them all better than private enterprise has ever been able to and this in spite of the fact that the persons in charge were not trained for this special purpose as they would be in a Socialist society. The men themselves agree that it is the best job in the world, that they are better fed, better housed, better amused, better cared for as to health than any where else in the world. The story will be illustrated with a large number of photographs taken especially for this article. The pictures and the story together make a complete answer to the objection that Socialism is not practicable.

This feature alone would make the paper a great number, but along with it will be published another feature that would attract world wide attention were it published in any other paper. This is the first installment of Eugene Wood's series, "The Great Change." The author says this is the best thing he has ever done, and the one thing which he has been wanting to do for many years, but he knew that no other publication would give him the freedom which is necessary in working out his idea. He has taken the Socialist philosophy and expounded it in a wonderfully clear and striking way, and, at the same time, filled it with fun and those catchy illustrations that sink the lesson in until it can never be forgotten.

He insists that the real great change has already come, and that all we have to do is to wake up and recognize it and "pass a few resolutions" to adjust our society to the change.

These articles will run for a year, and we predict that they will make the most effective matter for Socialist propaganda that has yet been published in the English language. The illustrations are by Horace Taylor and every magazine reader knows what that means.

To be sure to get these from the beginning it will be necessary to subscribe quickly, and any one of our present

Would Detectives Frame Up a Plot?

BY A. M. SIMONS



WILLIAM J. BURNS rises in righteous indignation and declares that the suspicion of a frame up on the part of detectives is unthinkable. The whole capitalist press joins in the cry that the suggestion of any such thing is a horrible libel on the righteous corporations and holy private thugs of this country. Let us see if this thing is so unthinkable.

The most striking incident of the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case was the blowing up of the Independence Depot and the killing of nineteen men. Proof has been piled mountain high that this was done by detectives working under orders from the Mine Owners' Association. No one has been punished.

Then came the railroad wreck, in which one or more men were killed. Detectives confessed that they were hired to do this by the Mine Owners' Association. No one has been punished.

In the Coeur d'Alene struggle, railroads ran a private train containing dynamiters to blow up a mine. No one has denied this. No one has been punished.

The writer of this, in company with a detective from the corporation council's office of Chicago, gathered affidavits from boys who swore that they had been given money, matches and oil waste with which to set fire to cars during the A. R. U. strike of 1894. No one has ever been punished for this.

When the distillery trust was trying to crush out the remnants of competition, a detective was caught red-handed with a valise containing an infernal machine and trust certificates to be used to pay for using this machine to blow up a rival distillery. Although indicted by a grand jury, no one has ever been punished.

Coming a little closer to present company, McPartland boasts of having incited members of the Molly McGuires to commit acts of violence in order that he might secure evidence with which to hang other members of that organization. He was hired to do this by officials of the Reading railroad. According to the *New York Sun*, McPartland was the instructor of Burns in detective work. It was McPartland who trained Orchard in the frame up against the Western Federation of Miners.

Coming still nearer to present events and company, Burns has himself admitted that his detectives offered bribes to the members of the Ohio Legislature in the hope of securing evidence with which to convict them. Other people say that this was not for the purpose of securing evidence, but was a direct criminal act of bribery. The evidence of a frame up is equally true in either case.

Publications favorable to capitalism have repeatedly declared that there are between five and six thousand detectives constantly employed in the trade unions. As to the character of these detectives we have the word of William J. Burns in the *New York Sun* of May 8, 1911, that "As a class they are the biggest lot of blackmailing thieves that ever went unwhipped of justice." Of course, Burns claims he has selected a set of little angels to work for him out of this bunch of "blackmailing thieves."

However, in view of the above history of frame ups already exposed, and Burns' tribute to the character of the five thousand or more men now working in labor unions, we ask if the suggestion of a frame up is so unthinkable.

Remember, that not one single dynamite explosion has ever been traced to organized labor.—Yet all the courts and all the powers of plutocracy, plunder and corruption have been used to secure such a conviction.

Remember, that with every union honey-combed with detectives, it would be impossible for an organization to enter into such a conspiracy without the immediate knowledge of the detective agencies.

Remember, that the income of each one of these detectives, and of the agencies behind them, depends upon the ability to discover or create crime within the unions.

Keeping all these things in mind, and adding to them the fact that the only class that would profit by such crimes is the class that pays for the "blackmailing thieves" that infest the unions, and then ask yourself whether all the logic of events does not point to this being one more frame up for the purpose of discrediting organized labor.

readers will be doing their friends a big favor if they call their attention to this opportunity.

This same number will contain the last of the series on Workingmen's Compensation by W. J. Ghent, telling just what has been done in the enactment of legislation for working men in this and other countries.

Any one of these three features would be sufficient for any publication but the COMING NATION. We propose to give to our readers the very best that can be obtained, on every page of every issue. To do this is requiring an expense far greater than has ever been put into

any other Socialist publication in the world.

It is for those who are reading the paper to decide whether such a paper is worth having, and if they think it is, to see that their friends know about it.

Week after next will be another issue that will be equally good. For this we have an article by Charles Edward Russell on the "Australian Labor Party." He has just returned from a trip to the Australian Colonies and in this article, for the first time, sets out the truth about the Labor Party in the antipodes. He tells how, through compromise, that party has been led away from the work-

ers and how capitalism has succeeded in enslaving labor in spite of the many reforms that have been enacted. This article is going to create one of the greatest sensations in the world of International Socialism of any that has appeared for years.

In this same number will appear the first chapter of Reginald Wright Kauffman's great serial story, "The Curse." It is hard to keep from using superlatives in describing this story. We feel that in obtaining it for the COMING NATION we have secured for our readers a great privilege.

For emphasis, it must be said again that the continuation of this high standard depends upon the efforts that will be made by our present readers to extend the circulation.

The COMING NATION needs only to be shown to any one to secure their subscription. If every reader, when they had finished their number, were to hand it to a friend to read, the subscription list would be doubled within a few months, and even better things might be possible.

The Socialist Scouts

Your boy or girl can make this vacation count for himself and for Socialism by joining the ranks of the Socialist scouts. Nearly a thousand youngsters are making from 25 cents to \$5 a week selling the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and taking subscriptions for both papers. In addition to their regular profit of 100 per cent Scouts receive valuable prizes. No money is required to take up the Scout work. I'll send ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address letters of inquiry to "Scout Dep't., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kans.," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

Scout News

I like the scout work very much. Hope to increase my order soon.—Laura Gonick, Nebraska.

Received presents in good shape. Many thanks. The May number is excellent.—Saul C. Lerner, N. Y.

We sell the papers all right and we would like to sell a bigger number but we cannot afford it yet. We are helping papa to sell the Wilson Lecture tickets and you bet we will be two good active workers for the cause all the time.—Garfield and Harold Curry, Mont.

I am gaining regular customers every day now and I hope to be able to sell some *Appeals* too, pretty soon.—Teddy Lystad, Minn.

Am just nine years old but am going to do all I can for the cause of Socialism. I even wear my badge to Sunday school.—Ruth Cox, New Mexico.

I am pleased with my picture machine and bag. I am nine years old and I am going to get the Glascock Racer.—William St. Clair, Pa.

I am sending you one yearly subscription. Hope to be able to send you many more. I am glad to be able to help in a cause for which the COMING NATION is striving.—Harry Spencer, Texas.

I am a little boy eight years old and am selling the COMING NATION. I live near a small town known as Oskaloosa. The town being small makes it harder for me to sell papers but I have five regular customers and am trying to get more. Grandpa started me with the COMING NATION the first month so I have ordered another month and hope to order more in the future. My papa has been taking the *Appeal*, so do most of my uncles and my grandpa. If I could talk Socialism like my grandpa I could sell them all. I expect to be a Socialist some day, not a Socialism by name but a genuine article. I saw several letters from little boys in the COMING NATION and thought I would write one and would like to have it printed.—Donald Weste, Ill.

OLYMPIC NATURE NURSERY

The FOREST CONSERVATORY

Wild Fruits, Flowers and Evergreens

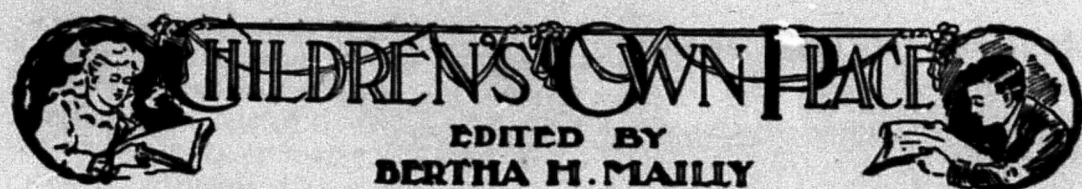
Oregon Grape, Huckleberry, Salmon-berry, Blackberry, Rhododendron, Flowering Currant, Ferns, Madrona, Fir and other natives of the Pacific Northwest Coast.

MAIL COLLECTIONS: Ten plants, by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents; 24 for \$1.00. Plants well packed and delivered in good condition. Money returned if not satisfactory.

Joel Shomaker

HELLITA

WASHINGTON



EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

A May Day Celebration

HOW many children in the United States have taken part in a First of May celebration this year! Let me tell you about a wonderful one that took place in the City of New York on Sunday, April 30th.

Over a thousand little and big children from eight different schools in New York were present, sitting in different sections. Each school came marching into the hall with its beautiful banner at the head of the procession and each was greeted with cheers as it came down to its section.

The last school of all appeared with a glorious great red flag that made all the children as well as the hundreds of grownups present cheer and applaud again and again.

Then the program began with a stirring song by all of the thousand children and our hearts were all full as the free young voices sang out the words of hope for the working class. Afterward came the troops of little children from the different schools, singing, acting and dancing—"Comradeville," "Reaping the Flax," "Weaving," "Russian Peasant Dance," "The Flag Drill" (the red flag drill, of course) and many others, each one showing some side of working class life and entered into with such vim and spirit, that you could see that in these 1,000 children alone was the power, if rightly trained, to accomplish the social revolution.

The little play that appeared in the May Day issue of the COMING NATION, called "The Best Day of All Is the First of May," was given by the students of one school and the boy who took the part of *First May Day* told the real meaning of the celebration of the First of May with such feeling and clearness that he was loudly applauded.

Another little play called "*The Strike*" was given which was written by two of the boys of one school themselves and was listened to with great interest.

One of the best numbers on the programs was the recitation of "*The Banner*" which a young girl gave while some little children waved the glorious red flag I told you about before.

I wish that the thousands of little children who work in the cotton-mills of the South could have taken part in it, and the other thousands who work in the silk mills and the department stores and in the sweat shops—if all of the weary little children could see what of hope and freedom and peace is really coming to the whole world it would make them very happy.

Automobiles and Other Vehicles

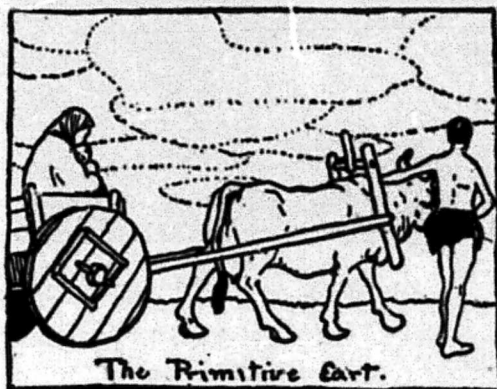
Do you see that automobile come tearing down the street? It is a red-painted carriage that comes swift as lightning down the street and raises a thick cloud of dust. It puffs on a bit, a turn of the steering wheel, a little pressure on a handle and—it stops.

It is a comfortably furnished carriage with soft, brown leather cushions, a wind and rain shelter and glass windows in the sides. Lanterns shine in front and the pneumatic tires soften all jars for the riders. A reserve wheel is fastened on top and just see—what a mass of screws and handles and numberless parts, not a single one of which is without use.

Think what it meant to plan and make each one of these parts before the carriage was ready to use, and think how many failures and mistakes happened before the automobile was finished. Think also how many changes will be made before the automobile is quite perfect.

But only a few years ago no one thought even of an automobile.

Before the automobiles, if people wanted to go out into the country, they either had a carriage with one or two horses, or else they took a train or a cab. But even the railroads are not very old. When our grandfathers were children there were many cities, in fact, most of the cities, had neither railroads nor stations.



The Primitive Cart.

But do you suppose there was ever a time when there were no carriages at all? Of course there was, but it is so far, far back that no one can remember it.

The time when there were no carriages or wagons was the time when people still lived in caves and forests and didn't know how to build houses or to use fire. They lived half like wild animals in their caves and went out to hunt these animals, and when they were able to creep upon a deer with axe or dart made from stone, and hit it, they dragged it along the ground back to their holes, and removed the skin, out of which they made coverings for themselves. Many a time I suppose they were sorry to have the skin torn by dragging it on the ground. And perhaps this happened until some clever fellow broke a bough covered with leaves from a tree, laid the deer upon it and so dragged it through the forest to his hole. When he got home he saw that the skin of the deer was quite fresh and unspoiled and all of his fellows said: "We'll always use that thing," and so the sled was invented.

But this didn't altogether suit, for the animal might fall off or it was impossible to bring home two animals; so after a long, long time, when men had found out how to burn trees hollow with fire, they just simply put the dead animals in the hollowed out tree trunks, and got them home quite safely, but with a lot of work.

Then some one found that if you fastened an animal to the hollow tree trunk you could make him pull the load and even sit inside yourself. But sometimes the man would come across a stone in the road and would have to unload everything and start again. But he saw that when he came to a small tree across the road, the hollow cart rolled right over it.

Now it is easy to see the start of the wheel. They saw that it would be a great help to carry a tree bough under the cart all of the time so it could roll over things, stones and all. So they tried fastening the rollers tight to the body of the cart, but of course they wouldn't roll at all. Then the clever fellow of the tribe sawed off the ends of the tree bough not close up to the cart, but leaving a few inches. Then he made a hole just the right size through the pieces he had sawed off, sharpened the end sticking out so it would fit in, slipped the circular piece over the sharp ends, and there it was—it rolled just as easily, and instead of a sled, there was a wagon. But the wheels would slip off the axles, so men had to think and think until they found out a way to make them stay on, they learned to make the axles out of harder wood, then to grease the axles and

finally to make the wheels larger, so that the wagon would go faster.

But all of these things took thousands of years to invent and even when men had comfortable carriages with horses, they were not satisfied, but always tried to invent a wagon or carriage that would go without horses. No answer was found to this question until about a hundred years ago when a man found out that steam could make machines go and he thought it must also be able to make carriages go. He tried it and found it would, and so there was the first steam engine.

But still people were not satisfied, because so many people never are satisfied, and one day some man found that he could use benzine or gasoline to drive an engine that would make a carriage go, and so there we are today. But the end of the improvements has not yet come. Who knows what will be invented tomorrow or the next day?

Oar Gold

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

*You must not say we have
No gold to hold.
It is untrue.
I found my cap just brimming full,
And so can you.*



*They're dandelions, Papa says,
Altho I know
They're "dollar flowers";
For Sister Jean and I have played
At "store" with them, for hours,*

*And Sister Jean is most
A MISER, too.—It's TRUE.
I really hate to tell,
She loves those "dollar flowers" much
more
Than anything I sell.*

*'Twas all right when I was
BUYING or was trying
To amuse HER, as we played,
But when SHE had the dollars
We could hardly make a trade.*

*Papa says, a bank we ought to have;
He smokes and jokes
And TEASES so,
That I said we HAD a bank
And I guess I ought to know.*

*I took him down beyond the
Brook, and let him look,
My green bank full of flowers
He called a graft.
But he doesn't tease us any more,
Cause—Mamma LAUGHED.*

Tom and the Dreams

It was rather late when Tom got into bed. He was tired, and he soon fell asleep. Tom was a little boy of eight years of age. He had a comfortable home and kind parents and was a very happy little boy. Well, as I was saying, he got into his bed rather late one night and soon fell asleep. And as he slept he had a curious dream.

He dreamed that he was walking in a field, all alone. The sun was shining,

the birds were singing, and the grass was very green. Tom skipped along lightly. He saw a little boy coming towards him and hurried to meet him. The little boy smiled when he saw him. "Good-day, little mortal," he said.

"Good-day," replied Tom. "Could you tell me where I am?"

"You are on the border of Dreamland, and I am the Spirit of Dreams," answered the little stranger. "Would you like to come with me and see some of the dreams?" "Oh, please!" cried Tom; so taking his hand, the little dream spirit led him away. On and on they walked, both keeping very silent, until they reached a grey, misty forest. "Do not be afraid," said the dream spirit, "no harm will come to you." "I am not afraid," said Tom, who was ready for any adventure. And he held the stranger's hand tightly in his. "My name is Lerene," said the Dream spirit. What a nice name," said Tom. "I am very useful to humans," said Lerene. "I show them many beautiful dreams."

"But what about the nightmare?" asked Tom. "Do you show them the nightmares, too?"

"No," said Lerene, "that is not my department; the Spirit of Nightmares attends to that."

Through the forest came the echo of merry children's laughter. "Listen!" said Lerene. A group of children appeared, laughing, dancing and playing together. "Children," said Lerene, "they are the Dreams of Joy and Happiness." The children disappeared. The forest seemed dead without them, and Tom sighed. "Here is another dream," said Lerene. A young man and woman appeared walking together. Their faces were bright with happiness, and they walked with their arms round each other. They whispered together and took no notice of anyone but each other. "Lovers," said Lerene smiling, "they are the Dreams of Youth and Hope." The lovers passed by. Tom and Lerene stood under a tree and waited for the other dreams to come. They heard the sound of horse's hoofs. A man appeared on horseback. He was a big stern man, dressed in shining armour, and on his head he wore a laurel wreath. "Do you see his laurel crown?" asked Lerene. "Yes," said Tom. "The laurel means glory. That man is a hero, the Dream of Glory." "He looks very stern," said Tom. "He is," answered Lerene, and then the hero passed by. "Well," said Tom, "I don't think I would care to be a Dream of Glory." "Yet many mortals long most for glory in the world," answered Lerene. "How strange!" said Tom. "Which dream do you like the best?" asked Lerene. "I think the Dream of Joy and Happiness—the children," answered Tom. "How quiet the forest seems without them." "Yes," said Lerene, "your world, too, would be gloomy without some merry children to brighten it up." They sat under the tree and waited.

Tom felt quite lonely when they had all gone, but then he saw, walking by herself, a woman. And when she approached him he saw that she was very beautiful. She held out her arms to him and smiled. "Oh," cried Tom, "I am so pleased to see you." And he hugged her. The lady smiled and clasped him tightly to her. "Yes," said Lerene, "that is the last dream you will see tonight in the Kingdom of Dreams; it is a mother. She is the Dream of Love and Tenderness." "And the best dream of all," said Tom. "I want to go home to see my mother; let me go, Lerene."

"You may go, Tom," said Lerene, and his voice sounded a long way off. "I am pleased to have amused you. Good-bye." And then suddenly the beautiful lady and Lerene and the forest disappeared, and to his great surprise, Tom awoke and found himself in his own little bed at home, with his mother bending over him and kissing him.—*Dorthea, in The Clarion.*

A Worker's History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

Ancient Astronomy

Modern astronomy begins with the famous Pole, Copernicus. In order to appreciate his work, when we reach it, we should know what went before.

There is one clear line of distinction between ancient and modern astronomy. This does not concern the shape of the earth. That the earth is round was common knowledge among the Greeks.

The grand blunder of the ancients had to do with the earth's motion.

Claudius Ptolemy was the great organizer of the astronomical knowledge of the Greeks. His theory is contained in his great work, "The Almagest." This Ptolemy was a native of Egypt and no relation to the Alexandrian line of princes of that name founded by Ptolemy Lagus, the general in Alexander's army who inherited the city of Alexandria at Alexander's death.

Ptolemy's system was later called the geo-centric system. This means earth-center. More than a thousand years later, as we shall see presently in greater detail, Ptolemy's theory was overthrown by the Copernican heliocentric (sun-center) theory.

Copernicus was not the first to conceive correctly the motions of celestial bodies. The Greeks had a great astronomer who lived more than three hundred years before Ptolemy who held the true view.

This was Aristarchus, born in Samos, but living in Alexandria as tutor to the sons of one of the Ptolemies.

Aristarchus taught that the sun was in the center and immovable and where the believers in the Ptolemaic system talked about the "ecliptic" as the path of the sun around the earth, he spoke of the ecliptic as the path of the earth around the sun.

This very remarkable Greek anticipation of modern astronomy is often referred to as the "Pythagorean System" because it was thought that Pythagoras taught it. This is a mistake, for while Pythagoras held the earth to be a moving body he did suspect its journey around the sun.

Ptolemy's great work, "The Almagest," backed by the great authority of the astronomer, Cleomedes and others, drove the correct opinions of Aristarchus completely from the field, until they were finally restored for all time by Copernicus.

It is surprising, to those unacquainted with astronomy, that Ptolemy's book, with this fundamental error as its main thesis, should yet successfully explain so much celestial phenomena. Or, to state the same idea a little differently, it appears unaccountable that one who can give us so much that is true of the heavenly bodies should be so completely deceived as to a fundamental point.

It is not, however, nearly so surprising as seems at first sight. Miss Buckley, in her history, has illustrated the nature of the deception in an ingenious way.

Before giving Miss Buckley's illustration it should be explained that the Zodiac was in Ptolemy's system a belt of twelve constellations lying in the path of the sun. In his journey the sun passed close to these twelve different constellations. These constellations were made the basis of a division of the sun's path into twelve parts named after the constellations. These twelve divisions correspond to the twelve months of the year.

Now Miss Buckley's illustration of how the Greeks were deceived: "Put twelve chairs round in a circle to represent the signs of the Zodiac, and put yourself in the middle for a person standing on the earth. Then swing a ball round you just on a level with the chairs.

"You will see that the ball passes between you and each chair as it makes

a circle round you. The Greeks believed that the sun moved round in this way between us and the stars. But now to understand what really takes place, change places with the ball. Hang the ball (the sun) up in the middle just on a level with the chairs, and walk round it. Keep your eye fixed on the ball and you will see it pass between you and each chair, just as it did before. The effect is the same, though it is you who are moving this time and not the ball. Thus the Greeks made the same mistake which a child does in a railway train when he thinks the houses and trees are flying past, when it is really he himself who is moving."

In looking up particulars about the Zodiac, etc., be careful you do not mistake superstition for science and land in the fogs and bogs of astrology.

Plants from a Cold Frame

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

Plant growing is one of the pleasant home occupations, requiring only a small outlay of money, little space and spare time. I have made good at the work, and have no objections to telling others how to do things. In fact, I think it is a duty I owe humanity to help make the burdens of life as light as possible. There are no patented secrets in raising plants from a cold frame. No person holds a copyright on the names of the plants, or cloth used for covering.

Here is the plan I have used in growing cabbage, tomato, tobacco, cauliflower and various other plants for home use, and for sale to my neighbors. Early in the spring, and by that I mean January, February or March, according to location, I select a site for my seed bed. That is always on a spot where the most sun shines and where the least cold winds blow. I have tried making the bed beside an outhouse, but do not advise that place. It is better to have the bed away from buildings, cut in the open.

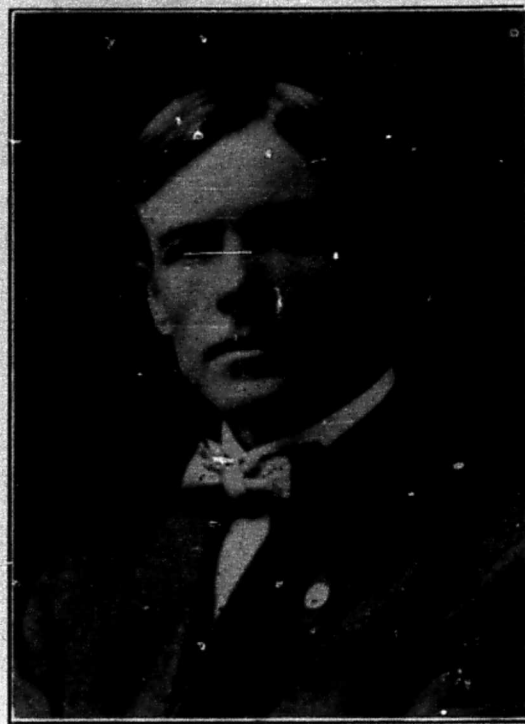
The bed is made according to the number of plants wanted. I have made them different sizes, but generally have a single bed about eight feet long and three to four feet wide. I dig a hole, two feet deep or more, and fill that with coarse barnyard litter, taken from the horse stable, if possible, and piled up long enough to begin to steam. It is better to haul the manure to the bed and fork it over two or three times to get in good condition. Then I tramp that down and put a frame around it, using boards or slabs, say twelve inches wide and one inch thick.

When the manure is about two feet deep and well tramped down, I put on four to six inches of sand and soil. Of course, that is not always easy to get, in the winter time, but I find it somewhere under the banks, next to trees or elsewhere. Then I cover the bed, using cloth, gunny sacks, hay, straw or anything available. In my beds, planted this year, I am using evergreen boughs. After a day or two, when the surface of the bed is warm enough just to feel different from the outside, I put in the seed. They are always planted in rows, making the trenches with sticks or knife blade, and not more than one-half inch deep.

After the seeds are planted and covered, I firm the surface, using a hoe or shovel, and pat it down pretty solid. Then I sprinkle tepid water over the bed and keep it moist until the plants are good size. Of course, in one sense, that is a hotbed, but it soon loses the heat and plants depend on the soil and fertility from beneath. If they show too rapid growth, or need thinning, I remove a portion of them, and set in the open ground, or in boxes or pots, to make them more stocky.

If the manure is not available I put my seeds in a bed made by burning brush and litter, in a spot, and digging it up and preparing for sowing. Then I dig in the ashes and coals and work over the surface until it is cool, before planting. The covering is the same as

An Illinois City Goes Socialist



MAYOR D. L. THOMAS.

In O'Fallon, Ill., the Socialists elected the Mayor, two out of three aldermen

for the other bed. Tomato growers claim that the burning of the surface soil for a seed bed prevents diseased tomato plants. It certainly benefits all the plants, of vegetables and flowers, because of the ashes mixed in the soil and the germs being destroyed through the sterilizing process.

There is always a ready sale for plants. Almost every family wants a few cabbage, tomato, pepper or tobacco plants, for a kitchen garden or for ornament. Many ask for flower plants, such as carnations, pinks and others, grown from seed. Plants sell at different prices, ranging from 50 cents a hundred to five cents each. The prices depend on local conditions. I sometimes get ten cents a dozen for ordinary plants. Some plants bring one cent each and others more or less, according to de-

mand. I have never failed to make money from plant growing, by any method used.

and the city marshal and street commissioner at the election, April 18th. For two years there have been but two parties in O'Fallon. Next April the Socialists expect to elect two more aldermen out of the three to be then elected, which will give a clear majority in the council.

The water works will then be acquired by the city, and steps will be taken to acquire the electric light plant. The voters have twice decided by referendum to purchase the lighting plant, but have hitherto elected capitalist politicians who defied the referendum.

O'Fallon is growing rapidly and the Socialists are going to acquire some park sites while land can be obtained at reasonable rates.

Mayor D. L. Thomas is a coal miner, who has worked in the mines in most of the states of the union. In 1900 he tried to escape from some phases of capitalism by going to Nome, but came back as rich, and as poor, as he went.

He writes the COMING NATION that O'Fallon will certainly send a Socialist to the next Illinois legislature and will do its share in electing a Socialist congressman from that district.

mand. I have never failed to make money from plant growing, by any method used.

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Flings at Things

By D. M. S.

Immunity

If you have the money backing
You can break laws 40 ways
And can get off without stacking.
Up in jail for 30 days.
If you haven't you can bet you
That in prison you will rot—
More than likely they will get you
If you break a law or not.

Laws are made for all the people
Says the theory, clear and raw,
But it's plainer than a steeple
That the theory has a flaw.



Masters of the whole creation
Or of just a section small
Do not languish in the station
When against the law they fall.

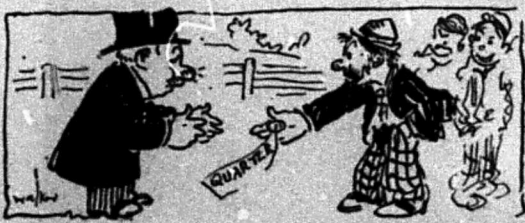
For the judge can hear the rattle
Of the softest dollar bill,
Those without one are as cattle
That are only fit to kill,
And the fellow shy a copper
Knows the law will every time
Soak him to the limit proper.
Poverty, yes that's the crime.

Home Article

"Going to the Coronation?"
"Not this time. When does Pierpont Morgan have his?"

Abroad on His Merits

It happened that the world's greatest money magnate, the real ruler of the universe and the boss of congress and state legislatures, found himself one day by strange mischance in a small town, one-half way between a city and a village, with no money. Not a cent nor a sou nor an identification mark. Here was a good joke. So laughable, but he didn't laugh at it. His first idea was not to go to work and earn a couple of dollars to get out of town. Neither was that the second idea. He would go to a rich merchant or a money changer, tell who he was and receive what he needed after the favored one had recovered sufficiently to count it



out after falling dead at the sound of the dread name. "I am Pierpont Morgan," he said to the first one he selected to call on. "Lend me \$10 till I can get back to New York and I will make it all right." "Glad to meet you," replied the merchant. "I am Senator Guggenheim and would be more than pleased to accommodate you except for an inflexible rule that we do not lend money to Pierpont Morgan except on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mondays and Wednesdays we

loan to Mr. Rockefeller. Sorry, but our rule is unbending."

It was the same way in all of the business houses. It became noised about that one calling himself Pierpont Morgan was in town trying to borrow money and soon the boys were following him about jeering as they went.

One man took compassion on the stranger. Reaching out his hand he said: "Here, Pierpont, is a quarter, that will get you to the next town where they know you better and will also buy you a piece of pie."

"And your name?" said Mr. Morgan, "that I may repay you thricefold." "Jerry Muggs," replied the jester, giving not his own name, but the name of the village no account. Jerry had neither money, social standing or presentable apparel. He lived on free lunches and got drunk when he could. That was Jerry.

The incident was supposed to be closed with the peels of laughter that greeted Pierpont Morgan as he took down the name. It was not closed, however. A few days later a large packet came to Jerry and since receiving that he has been the leading citizen and is an acknowledged authority on all financial matters.

This teaches us that we should always recognize Pierpont Morgan wherever we see him.

Little Flings

One of the beauties of Socialism is that it will have no place for detectives.



He Earned the Dollar

BY HERBERT E. KINNEY.

James had white blood in his veins, although reversion to a negro dialect in moments of strong emotion betrayed his African ancestry. He was acting as porter on a sleeping car between Chicago and New York, passing through Syracuse and Rochester on its scheduled trips.

A New York banker, whom we will call Jones, had business in Syracuse necessitating his presence in that city in the early morning. Jones occupied a section in the car which noticed in the services of the porter, James.

The train was timed to make only a very brief stop at Syracuse in the early dawn, but there was to be a longer wait at Rochester, the next stopping place.

After the train had left New York and was well under way the banker called James and explained:

"It is very important for me to get off at Syracuse. I am a very sound sleeper and shall sleep without removing my clothing. I want you to be sure to put me off the train at Syracuse. I shall probably fight hard against waking up and getting off, but you simply must put me off. Promise faithfully that you will do it and here is a dollar for your trouble."

James made the promise and received the dollar—and Jones retired to rest.

The banker awoke in the morning with the sensation that something was wrong. Looking out of his window he saw that the sun was shining and that the train was cheerfully speeding on-

It is easier to raise a large fund to fight Socialism than it is to get action on the same. Oh yes, they can spend it.

Were a millionaire kidnaped for selling poisoned food or stealing the public domain the regular army would be called back from Texas to rescue him.



We are beginning to get a true line on the case that made Los Angeles infamous.

Steel manufacturers the world over can be depended on to finance enough war scares to keep the naval yards busy.

Capitalism is justly indignant that anybody should question its right to buy senators.

Spring elections showed such fine results that some of the magazines must be tempted to rediscover that there is a Socialist party.

It would probably interfere with the fattening of the stock if the government instead of Taft's brother, owned that Texas ranch.

Hold on, Berger, you will have help next session.

Contractors fatten on war scares. That is why they finance them.

Near Socialists who do not vote for it are not near enough to hurt.

wards and—rapidly approaching the city of Rochester!

With consternation and anger struggling for the mastery, he rushed into the lavatory at the end of the car. There he found the porter. James was a sight to behold. His porter's jacket was badly torn, his collar had been wrenched from its fastenings, his hair was awry, and a deep scratch crossed his left cheek diagonally.

As James caught sight of the angry banker, a look of bewilderment and despair overspread his face and he cried: "Fo' de Lawd, Massa, who am dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

He Knew Still Less

BY J. HOOGERHYDE.

The men around the shop were all wrought up over the possible strike, in fact the whole community had been stirred and the headquarters of the district council was fairly besieged by the newspaper reporters.

"Of course," said Red Bill, who was a delegate to the council, "nothing is to leak out, but here is something which is really too good to keep. One of the reporters of a morning paper was more persistent than the rest. Boldly he knocked at the door. He asked of the doorkeeper, 'when will the strike be called?'"

"The doorkeeper, Herman Straus, a stolid German, reported to the president, who instructed Herman to tell the scribe that he, Herman, didn't know when a strike was to be called if ever it was called. He did so, we could plainly hear him, 'I don't know nudding about no strike.' The reporter persisted and said, 'I would like to see the president,

Mr. McFardone.' Imagine our merriment when we heard Herman say, 'No use, no use at all. I don't know nuddings about no strike and the president, don't know nuddings at all!'"

Points and Punctures

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

In a political sense, protection is that which is given to everyone but those who need it the most.

All the world's a stage and all the men and women and children are simply working for the syndicate that runs it.

Corporation lawyers are those who are engaged to sugar-coat vested rights which others have collared.

When workingmen fall out, capitalists get rent, interest and profits and politicians get graft.

The shrewdest men of all ages have been those who invented divine laws with which to overawe their slaves and subjects and keep them in subjection.

Workingmen are willing to do anything in the world for capitalists but throw them off their backs.

Thinks With His Pay Check

"Does the speaker know what century he is living in?"

"Don't mind him, he is only a professor of political economy."

"But, doesn't he know any better?"

"Perhaps, but he has to hold his job." (Many a true word is spoken in jest.)



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