

THE COMING 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

STANDARD OIL BUSTED



IT'S the same old bluff with the Supreme Court. The same old shuffle; same old mumbo jumbo. After keeping their ear to the ground until the temper of the country was nicely judged, that august Tribunal was ready to inaugurate a renewed period of confidence while handing out nice little packages to the middle class and the namby-pamby radicals.

Can any one look upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court and fail to see the game the masters are playing with judicial oligarchy? Can any one fail to penetrate the guise of pre-natural wisdom with which they bolster up the authority of their chief servants? Is it not obvious that the Standard Oil and labor contempt decisions were produced deliberately with a single eye to their probable effect upon public sentiment? Is it not clear that they were the result of conscious planning to strengthen the existing system of exploitation and suppression?

Standard Oil is busted. Fine.

That gives the cologne sprinklers in the land a chance to put on some face, and to declare themselves content.

Standard Oil is busted. Great.

That gives all shoddy reformers and perfunctory liberals a chance to announce that good men have triumphed over bad men, and that the remedy for our troubles has at last been discovered.

Standard Oil is busted. Go back to your factories, good folks. Take your miserable wages. Enjoy your wretched lot. Revel amid disease, crime and starvation. Hug yourselves in your slums. Look with placid eye upon insanity, prostitution and ignorance. Smile at child labor, and unprotected work shops and the slaughter on the railroads and in the mines.

Laugh when all the bitter lessons of greed are marked out around you. Rejoice and make merry. Standard Oil is busted. Nothing now remains but to enjoy the benefit of the beneficent activities of the gentleman who did the busting, and to benefit is to keep quiet and faithful.

Labor leaders are freed. Fine.

That gives each friend of labor, like the Civic Federation, a chance to point out that even handed justice is accorded to workers and idlers in this country.

Labor leaders are not to go to jail. Great.

That gives all fatherly advocates of labor a chance to tell the people that the public servants now in charge of government can always be trusted to do the right thing, and that no one need question their motives or purposes.

Labor leaders are free. Go on about your business, good folks. Take your political opinions as the good, the wise and the great hand them out to you. Support your party machines as heretofore. Surrender your will and power to those whose business it is to persuade. Exercise your ancient and lofty privilege of choosing between two candidates, equally honorable and unselfish. Shun agitation or combination.

Rejoice and make merry. Labor leaders are now free. Nothing remains but to perpetuate in power those high gentlemen who know what is best for labor.

How pitiful a bit of trickery it all is.

Standard Oil is busted, and Wall Street booms the stock on receipt of news.

Labor leaders are free, while the

District of Columbia court gets busy to have them in again and the machinery is set in motion in California to kill off a few other labor leaders, which is certainly more helpful. Meantime, the cream of it all is the complaisance with which these transparent moves are received. There is no doubt in the minds of the masters as to the result.

Discontent, unrest, and suspicion must necessarily be abolished by such touching proofs of faithfulness to the business interests.

Yet they forgot one thing, these masters of ours. They forgot that in order to make the bluff work they must depend upon the same old blind respect and faith that once characterized the workers of this country.

Can they so count? I think not. Things have been happening to the workers of the country. They are not so ready to accept the pronouncements of the bench as revelations of divine intelligence. They are not so bound by the old artificial superstitions concerning the judiciary. They begin to have serious doubts as to the wisdom and the faith of their judges, and just such thimble rigging as the recent decisions have been exactly the things that have made them doubt.

LEGISLATORS MOVING BACKWARD

TO feel that you have the approval of the wise and the just in any stand you may take is a fine thing. When you put yourself on record as to your innermost convictions you can get a lot of satisfaction by casting about and counting the "Aye, aye, sirs," of the right minded. Observations which acquire double emphasis if you chance to be a legislator loaded with weighty responsibilities.

Consider the situation of the statesmen in various parts of this continent who have recently denied their mothers, wives and sisters the privilege of political equality.

The Iowa Senate killed an equal suffrage bill.

The New York Senate Judiciary Committee killed an equal suffrage bill.

The Massachusetts Constitutional Amendment Committee killed an equal suffrage bill.

Ontario Parliament killed an equal suffrage bill.

And to make these legislators feel that they were in line with the best thought of the time, progressive, open minded, noble defenders of the cause of democracy, comes pat the word from the cable.

Russia has also killed an equal suffrage bill.

* * *

"If we had the government doing the express business, government ownership and operation of railroads would come next. The result would be that the government would deprive us of the spirit that makes our business successful."—President of the National Wholesale Dry Goods Association.

What does the honorable president mean by "spirit that makes our business successful"? Obviously he means the spirit of private competition, with its side partner, the spirit of private monopoly.

Yes, sir, that is just what the government would do, and that is just what

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the government will do when it comes into the hands of the working class.

It will deprive business of the spirit which makes it successful, in the present sense, which is to say the spirit of fraud, of adulteration, of short weight, of rebates, of misrepresentation, of shoddy, of lying, of exploitation, of robbery, of graft, of unequal distribution.

Without private ownership of railroads and express companies two chief sources of industrial oppression, commercial crime, social wrong and political corruption will be removed. Without them business will be brought a long way toward its real function and its real success, the production and supply of all articles to all persons on an equal basis of work, necessity and honest quality.

The Hon. Pres. is all the goods. He knows what he is talking about.



THE release of Sanchez Azcona, a Mexican revolutionist wanted by the Diaz administration, was one trifling slip in the system by which the American guarantee of refuge is consistently made a mocker. A demand was made at Washington and the Mexican government retained high-priced counsel to obtain his extradition on a trumped-up and puerile charge. The case was not prepared with sufficient care and Azcona slipped out of it.

There will be further cases that will not be insufficiently prepared. The Diaz administration is receiving the active aid of complaisant American authorities to obtain possession of political refugees who come to this country for asylum. Our treaty with Mexico, like that with Russia, is defective, and pressure is being applied to keep it so.

Bear in mind the desperate struggles that were necessary to save Pouren and other Russian revolutionists from the clutches of their pursuers. In those instances friends of the intended victims had to combat public lethargy and the sympathy of officialdom here with officialdom in Russia.

It is different with regard to Mexico.

What we are accustomed to call "the interests" in the United States are identical with "the interests" in Mexico. Railroads, mines, land ventures in the big misnamed Republic to the south of us are wrapped about by the protecting tentacles of American capital.



The india rubber man is back again.

No, not back in the sense of having come back. But back in so far as he has started his attempt to get back.

Col. Crazy Horse, of course.

He still holds his job as contributing editor, you know. Very Reverend Abbott gave it to him and he sticks to the Very Reverend like a burr in the Very Reverend's whiskers.

The Colonel has spent many a bitter hour of regret in contemplation of his folly in having played fast and loose with the insurgent republicans. He seeks now to climb on their band wagon, hoping ultimately to be given the reins.

The Colonel's method is to blossom out as the champion of all the advanced suggestions of the progressives. He swallows them whole, thereby establishing his reputation once more as the only living person composed entirely of rubber. Nothing sticks in his crop. They go down while he grins. Here they are:

Drastic laws against corrupt elections.

Direct election of Senators.

Direct election of delegates to national conventions.

Direct primaries.

Initiative and Referendum.

Recall.

The only one he questions is the last named. But for the rest, why he's the man that invented them.

Too late, Colonel.



REPORT on industrial insurance to be issued shortly by the Insurance Department of New York reveals a state of affairs that will afford pleasure to the great number of workingmen who carry, or who have tried to carry, industrial policies.

It was discovered that the company under investigation, the Metropolitan Life, has been making practically all its enormous profits out of this class of business.

To put it briefly, the wealthy, who take straight insurance, get their protection almost at cost. The poor, who take industrial insurance, get their protection at twice the normal rate, thereby furnishing nearly all the enormous earnings shown by the company.

It was also discovered that the proportion of industrial policies which lapse and which represent clear profit for the company, is very large. A summary reads as follows:

"In fine, the industrial department furnishes insurance at twice the normal cost to those least able to pay for it; a large proportion, if not the greater number, of the insured, permitting their policies to lapse, receive no money in return for their payments. Success is made possible by thorough organization on a large scale and by the employment of an army of underpaid solicitors and clerks; and from margins, small in individual cases, but large in the aggregate, enormous profits have been realized upon an insignificant investment. The business of the ordinary department is said merely to carry itself and substantially all the profits represented in its rapidly increasing surplus may be traced to non-participating industrial insurance."

Meanwhile stockholders, by dividends, bonuses and additions to the surplus receive annually, in effect 28 per cent on their investments.



Again a hospital advertises for a healthy human being who will sell blood. In New York this time, and more than one hundred applicants beg for the chance to earn \$25 by the painful and hazardous sacrifice—one of them a woman.

Indeed and indeed this civilization of ours is a grand success.

The great majority of these hundred unfortunates who came forward to submit to transfusion were normal and healthy save for one thing. One fault the examining physicians found with them. One flaw caused their rejection. They were starving.

Many of them had been strong men, notable of brawn and sinew, at some former time. It was the memory of that strength and that time which made them hopeful. They were clean, most of them. Free from disease. Why should they not pass the examination and be allowed to pay for bread with the drops from their veins?

They could not pass because they were starving. Their strength had departed from them. Their blood was too thin, impoverished, watery, cold. What was wanted was the hot, rich fluid of perfect manhood. They were turned away. Failures even in this. Capitalism had thrust them out, penniless, hopeless, worthless, leaving them to peddle their blood which no one would buy.

Grand system. Grand civilization.

* * *

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York is greatly exercised over the treatment accorded material for soup imported into this country and has started after the dealers, two of whom have been arrested. The shocking fact is revealed that turtles arrive from the West Indies with their fins tied together and expressions of patient suffering on their faces. This condition of affairs is to be remedied if the excellent people in New York who spend their time and money obtaining comforts for animals can win their point. Rights of reptiles forever!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is the ingratitude of Cincinnati folk. They are after that dear, good man, Boss Cox, now. And think of all he's done for them. Relieved them of the necessity of governing themselves these many years.

* * *

Increases in the Socialist vote at minor elections in all parts of the country. Who said a million and a half next time?

* * *

In one respect The Putterer is a worthy successor of the illustrious Colonel Crazy Horse.

Even the Colonel never surpassed that brazen lie about "manœuvres."

The Land of Twists

BY K. K. TSUJIGAKI.



AN amusing story is told in a Japanese paper of an old woman's view of modern civilization. This woman, from the mountainous province of Shinshu, recently visited her granddaughter, a domestic in a millionaire's home in the City of Tokio.

Upon returning to her native village the old woman was asked what she thought of Great Tokio and of civilization.

"The thing works like this down there," she answered. "Suppose you want to drink water, you need not swing your old bucket in a well like we do here. No, you simply twist a little handle on a pipe, right up in the kitchen.

"If you want to get in a room you simply twist a knob and the door opens. Twist a little snap switch and the room is as bright as daylight, and no oil, no candle, no!

"When the civilized man goes out, he rides in a buggy to which, mind you, no rikisha-man nor pony is attached, but by simply twisting the steering wheel, he makes the buggy start like a scared rabbit.

"Gentlemen twist the ends of their mustache, ladies twist their hair in the shape of a snail's shell, students twist their canes on the walks, policemen practice jiu-jitsu twist, while drunkards twist their legs around the lamp posts.

"So you see the civilized man is one who knows how to twist. The more he knows of the art of twists the higher is his stage of civilization."

The old woman's view is quite right; in Japan every new theory must be twisted so as to conform with her foolish traditions, every enlightened doctrine must be twisted so as to harmonize with her stupid creed; even the means of public welfare is twisted so as to become almost identical with the ruling class interest.

Dr. C. Shimidzu wrote a twisted essay on Socialism, in which he classified Socialism in four groups, viz.: Anarchism, Communism, Scientific Socialism and Moderate Socialism(?) Throughout his argument he gave all kinds of epithets to his visionary Socialism, acting like a South Dakota twister.

Meanwhile, at the head of civilized Japan, the Katsura cabinet tries to twist off the constitutional rights of free speech, press and public meeting from the people with the lives of Dr. Kotoku and eleven other comrades.

And the twist is still going on, but let it twist off all the rotten codes of tradition and worship upon which the pillars of present society rest. Then we are ready to establish a new society with the uncompromising, untwistable codes of Socialist civilization.

The old woman was right. "Japanese civilization is nothing but twists."

This Thing I Know

BY AUGUST GERBERICH.



WHY do I work from morn 'till night

Who have no kith or kin?

Why do I work with main and might

To help the poor their battle win?

You say when the time has come at last
When the battle has been won,
My brief life will be with the past
My labors and trials all done.

Why should I care for others joy,
I who of it have no part?
Dare you deny me to employ
For the cause so near my heart.

How—I know not, how—I care not
But this one thing I know;
I know I shall know where'er my lot
And the life force forever shall flow.

TESTING SOCIALISM IN THE CANAL ZONE

By
Albert Edwards

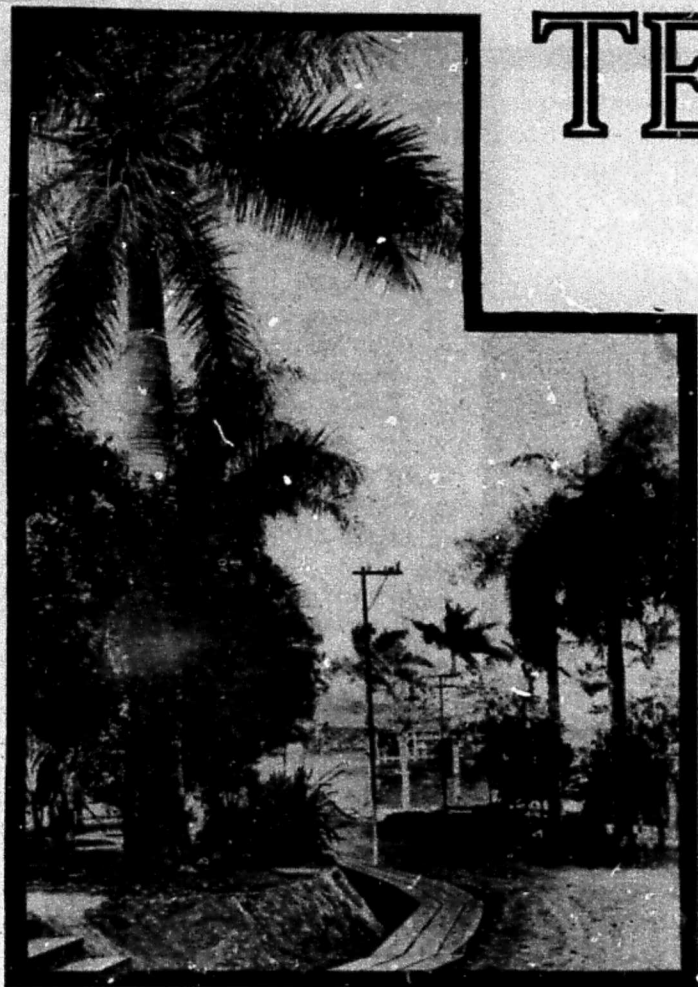


Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
Typical Panama Scene.



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
School House, Culebra.



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.
Club House, Gatun.

ONE cannot be very long on the Canal Zone without beginning to look around for the Socialist in the woodpile. First of all there is the government railroad. There are two systems. The rolling stock, marked "U. S.," belongs directly to the nation and is used exclusively in connection with the construction work. This system operates about 150 miles of track, nearly as many locomotives and 2,000 dirt cars.

The Panama Railroad was built across the Isthmus back in the fifties, by a private corporation. At first it was enormously profitable, but with the competition of the trans-continental lines it lost much of its traffic and fell into considerable decay until the majority of its stock was bought by the French Canal Company. They resuscitated it for construction purposes. When in 1904 we bought out the French we also acquired their control of this system. A few shares of stock are still outstanding—which allows the road to remain technically a private concern and so engage in commercial business. But in spite of this technicality it is a national railroad—the only one we have. And it is one to be proud of.

An Efficient Railroad System

The government—in Mr. Slifer—secured the services of a general manager who was at the top of the railroad business, and under his administration the road was practically rebuilt and put on a basis of efficiency which is surpassed by none in the States. Without exceptions the crowds of engineers who from time to time visit the Isthmus have praised the transportation work.

It is impossible to estimate how the Panama Railroad works out as a money earner. Its annual financial statements are unusually rosy, but this is a matter of bookkeeping. The greatest part of its work at present is carrying for the Isthmian Canal Commission, another branch of the government. And by what standard the government decides what it shall charge itself for doing its own work is hard to determine. Apparently it charges itself just enough to make the road pay satisfactory dividends. It is certain, however, that no private concern would do the government work so cheaply.

The Panama Railroad also operates about 150 miles of track. The two government systems combined run to over 500 miles.

The next things which strike the visitor to the Isthmus are the government hotels at both ends of the line. If you are at the Pacific terminus you will stop at the Tivoli Hotel. The native hotels in Panama City are dirty and disreputable. The Tivoli sets on the side of Ancon Hill, with a gorgeous view out over the Bay. What you will think of the hotel depends entirely upon where you come from. If direct from the States, you will probably grumble at the prices—which are high—the cold storage meats will not be as good as those served on Broadway. But if you have been making a tour of the tropics it will seem like Heaven.

South of Florida, with the exception of the most expensive hotels in Jamaica, there is nothing like it. After eating the tough fresh meat of Costa Rica or Venezuela—cooked the day it is killed—the table of the Tivoli seems superb. The cleanliness of it, after any other Latin American hostelry, is a luxury. There are wide, pleasant verandas, beautiful rest rooms and parlors. And wonder of wonders—for this climate—a billiard table with real cushions! The hotel is owned and directly operated by the government.

Caring for the "Men on the Job"

These are the things—the railroad and the hotels—which impress the tourist. But the men on the job get many more samples of what can be accomplished by the government along the line of socialistic reforms.

Three times a day the men are fed by the government. A person used to living in the Waldorf

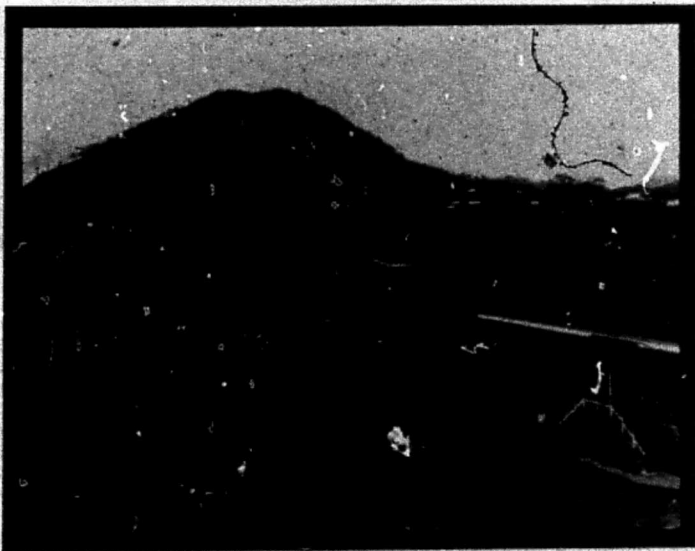


Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

How the Government Houses Employees in Panama.

would probably kick at the mess. But the men who come here from all construction jobs—as is the case in almost every class except the office clerks—never knew such good eating before.

I did some surveying once in the mountains of



How Corporations in the U. S. House Employees; "Company Coal Shacks" a few miles from Girard, Kansas.

Montana. We were never two hundred miles from Helena. We had "sow-belly and spuds" for breakfast, took out on the line with us our lunch—a couple of sandwiches made from embalmed beef and sour-dough biscuits—and had "spuds and sow-belly" for supper. And in the Tropics there are lots of jobs where "spuds" are a rarity.

Board for Thirty Cents a Day

Here all the employes are well fed. In a report dated June, 1907, I find the following:

"Fifteen hotels were operated for white Americans, where good wholesome meals are furnished for 30 cents each.

"Eighteen mess halls are operated for the European (laborers), where a day's board is furnished for 40 cents. The stewards and cooks at these messes are usually Europeans, and a meal peculiar to the taste of men boarding there is served.

"There are in operation 23 kitchens for West Indian laborers (negroes), where a day's board is furnished for 30 cents.

"The number of meals served during the month of June, 1907, is as follows: Hotels, 197,419; messes, 286,155; kitchens, 456,765; or nearly a million meals for the month.

"The subsistence operations are merely self-supporting, it is not the purpose to make a profit."

At the time this was written there were 23,327 employes, today the number is over 35,000. The "subsistence operations" have grown accordingly.

Lodging Furnished Free

It is the same with "quarters." It would be eminently unfair to compare them with the dormitories of privately endowed colleges. But compared with the sleeping bag in which I lived during that Montana survey, or the rough shacks which the United Fruit Company rents to its employes in the banana fields they are luxurious.

First of all, they are free. This must always be considered as part of the wages paid by the government. They are roomy, weather tight and well furnished. Water—including baths—and electric lights are also free. And the government furnishes service for the bachelor quarters. Above all, the quarters are kept as healthy as sanitary science knows how.

Here is a typical report on labor and quarters for the month of December, 1910:

"On December 28th, there were 35,132 employes actually at work on the Canal and the Panama railroad, and of that number, 29,088 were Canal employes. The gold force on the Canal work, composed

almost entirely of white Americans, was 4,705.

The report of the Chief Quartermaster for December shows that the number of family quarters occupied by "gold" employes was 1,740, which is three more than in November, and the occupants numbered 5,551, an increase of 121. Of this number, 1,878 were women, and 1,841 children. Bachelor quarters occupied by "gold" employes numbered 2,021, and the occupants numbered 3,418, of whom 196 were women. The family quarters occupied by European laborers numbered 282, and the occupants, 916; bachelor quarters, 108, and the number of occupants, 5,310. The family quarters occupied by West Indians numbered 1,061, and the occupants, 4,490; bachelor quarters, 252, and the number of occupants, 4,700.

But Uncle Sam has not stopped at being landlord and cook for this community. The report for 1907, from which I quote above, contains the following:

Laundry, Pies and Ice Cream

"Supplies are furnished to the hotels, messes, kitchens and employes by the Commissary Department, which has developed into a modern department store. In connection with the Commissary, there are in operation during the year, cold storage and ice plants, and well-equipped laundry and bakery." The Report for 1908 says: "Through its thirteen branch stores, located at the more important points along the line of work, the Commissary supplies ice, meats, bread, pies, cake, ice-cream, and groceries of all kinds as well as laundry service. The value of the commodities sold during the year aggregated \$3,735,607.11.

"An average of 742 employes were carried on the rolls of the department, at an annual cost of \$430,343.75."

A Department Store Without Profits

This department store might well serve as a text for a Socialist sermon. It is a monopoly—has eliminated competition. Probably 90 per cent of everything which is bought by the 35,000 employes and their families is from the Commissary. Like the "Subsistence operations," it is not the purpose to



Chief Engineer's Residence. Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

make a profit. Stock is purchased in the open market at wholesale, everything which a modern department store carries, from porter-house steaks to silk stockings, baby buggies and Havana cigars—10 per cent is added to the cost to cover running expenses. Here—hundreds of miles from home—you can buy almost anything at 10 per cent above the most favorable wholesale prices in the States.

When I said they furnished everything carried by a modern department store, I over-shot the mark. They don't have shoddy clothes nor adulterated goods. They are not buying to get rich, so they do not have to cheat their customers. There is none of this "just as good", talk over the counters. You get what you want, or are shown something better. They have no interest in selling you one brand rather than another, except to give you satisfaction.

Some Amazing Advertising

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this department store is the way it advertises. There is a permanent catalog of its standard articles and once in a while a circular giving information about new stock. And every week a column or so of announcements of cold storage meats and perishable vegetables printed in *The Canal Record*. All this printing is done on the government presses at cost. Compare this weekly notice from the *Record* with the spread eagle full page ads. in the dailies at home and figure up the economy of such a system of selling things.

The hours during which commissaries are open are as follows:

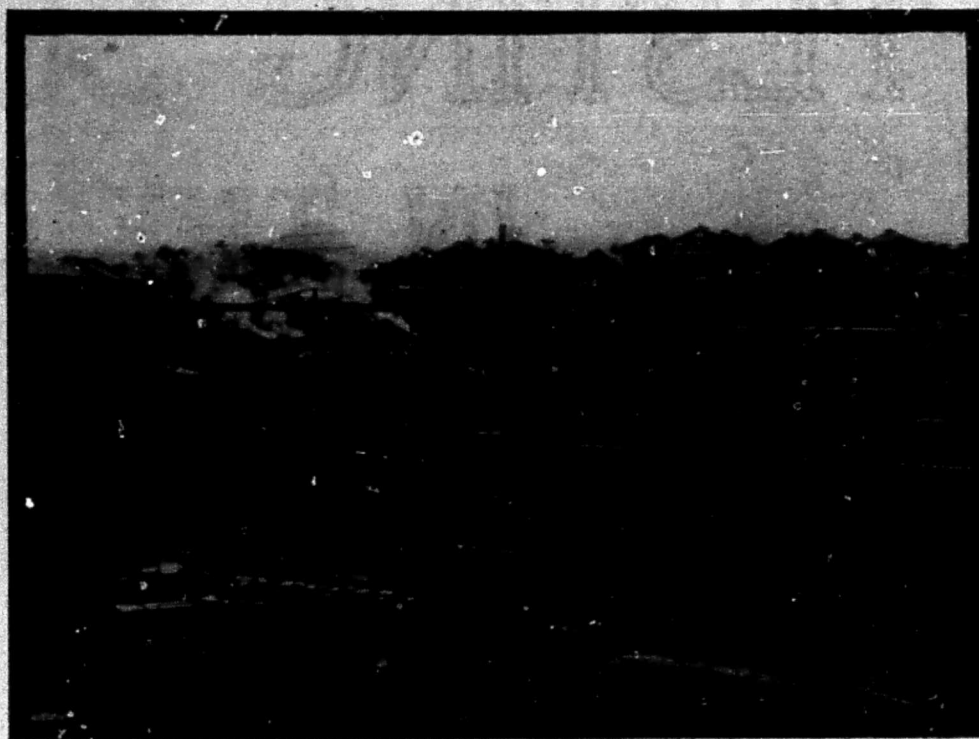


Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.
Railroad Terminal at Las Cascadas.

Cristobal and Culebra, 8 a. m. to 12.30 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 7 p. m.
All other commissaries, 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 3 p. m. to 7 p. m.
Retail prices of cold storage provisions for the week beginning January 16th.

FRESH MEATS.

	Price.
Mutton—Stewing, per pound	.06
Shoulder, neck trimmed off (4 lbs. and over), per pound	.09
Entire forequarter (not trimmed) 10 lbs. over, per pound	.08
Leg (8 to 10 pounds), per pound	.17
Cutlets, per pound	.18
Short cut chops, per pound	.20
Lamb—Stewing, per pound	.06
Entire forequarter, neck trimmed off, per pound	.09
Leg (5 to 8 lbs.), per pound	.20
Chops, per pound	.24
Cutlets, per pound	.24
Veal—Stewing, per pound	.08
Shoulder for roasting (not under 4 lbs.) per pound	.14
Loin for roasting, per pound	.19
Chops, per pound	.24

Cutlets, per pound	.28
Pork cuts, per pound	.16
Beef—Suet, per pound	.02
Soup, per pound	.05
Stew, per pound	.09
Corned, per pound	.12, .14
Chuck roast (3 lbs. and over), per pound	.13
Pot roast, per pound	.15
Rib roast, second cut (not under 3½ lbs.), per pound	.18
Rib roast, first cut (not under 3 lbs.) per pound	.20
Shoulder, per pound	.21
Rump roast, per pound	.21
Porterhouse roast, per pound	.21
Steak, Chuck, per pound	.14
Round, per pound	.15
Rib, per pound	.20
Sirloin, per pound	.21
Porterhouse, per pound	.21
Rump, per pound	.21
Tenderloin, per pound	.24

"Labor Time" Money

No department store in the United States could do business with so small an outlay for advertising. And the banks of the Chagres and the Rio Grande are not disfigured with requests to eat "Grape Dust" or wear Fluffy Ruffles underwear.

Another noticeable feature of the Commissary stores is that no money passes over the counter. Everything is paid for by "coupons," which strongly remind one of the "labor time" currency advocated by some Socialists.

In short, this great general store is surprisingly like the "Co-operative" which is run in connection with the Socialist party of Belgium and similar enterprises of workingmen's associations the world over. It buys its products in gross, eliminates middle-man profits, picks its stock to meet a definite need, advertises to assist its patrons, not to stimu-

late an artificial demand.

Every one connected with it works on a salary, most of its 1,000 employes work eight hours a day, some nine hours. Even at Christmas it does not overwork its girls. The salaries are higher than for similar work in the States. They average close to \$600 a year and "quarters." Yet the whole enterprise functions smoothly—does not fall to pieces as we are continually assured business would if it were not for competition and the hope of large profits.

But the government goes even farther than this in its surprising paternalism. Besides employing and housing and feeding and clothing the community, it amuses them!

Government Amusements

Up and down "the line," in every large settlement, there are "Commission Club

Houses." They are large, pleasant buildings, with social halls, reading rooms, papers and magazines from home—game rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasium and baths. The Government invited the cooperation of the Young Men's Christian Association in conducting these recreation centers, and pays the salary of a manager, trained by the Y. M. C. A. schools for each club house. That organization has had the good sense to send down men for this work who are not impertinently sectarian. A man can join the clubs irrespective of his religious beliefs or lack of them.

Although the Club Houses are primarily intended for the men, they are, under certain restrictions, opened to women and children. There are gymnasium classes and basket ball for the youngsters and every few weeks a dance. Several of the Clubs have musical and dramatic societies.

More especially to amuse and interest the women folk, the Government has fostered the Woman's Club movement. A special organizer from the National Federation was persuaded to come down, and now every village along "the line" has its mother's Club. The better halves of the steam shovel men, file clerks, draughtsmen and engineers are given every encouragement to get together for readings from Browning, discussions of Child Hygiene and formal gossip—instead of moping at home.

Encouraging Vaudeville

The Government also encourages strolling vaudeville artists and platform entertainers. Occasionally even a circus comes to break the monotony. And one of our Governmental launches runs a Sunday excursion down the mouth of the Chagres and so gives a chance at sea bathing and picnicking on the mines of the old Spanish fortress at San Lorenzo.

Along the same line of paternalism—but of more fundamental significance—is the Governmental attitude in its industrial relation to the labor force.

Of greatest importance to the working man is the frank recognition and encouragement of labor unions. A Socialist administration could not be more cordial to organized labor.

Of greatest importance to the wives and children of the men is the full recognition of employer's liability for accidents. Dynamite is used in greater quantity than anywhere else in the world. The Government goes much farther in their effort to prevent accidents than any private employer ever dreamed of doing.

Prevention of Accidents

The representative of the Du Pont Powder Company, which furnishes most of the explosives, told



Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.
The Y. M. C. A. at Gatun.

me that the greatest marvel to him of all this wonderful job was the low accident rate—especially remarkable, as most of the work is done by slip shod and exceedingly careless Jamaica negro laborers. Despite the utmost care premature explosions sometimes occur. But when the inevitable happens the heirs need no lawyer to collect for them. The men themselves could not devise a simpler or surer method of compensation.

It is a safe generalization that in every phase of the complicated relationships of employer and employes, the Government is more liberal than any private concern could afford to be. And in regard to wages, hours of employment, safety appliances and sanitation there is no man on the job who ever worked under better conditions elsewhere. This is true even of such highly organized men as the railroad engineers and the topographers. It is a hundred times more true of the unskilled laborers—both white and black.

The more one stays here, the more one realizes that the Isthmian Canal Commission has gone further towards Socialism than any other branch of our government—further probably than any government has ever gone.

No Socialists Running the Job

The natural inference is that some or all of the Commissioners are "ainted with Socialism." Nothing could be more untrue. They are technical men, little interested in Political Philosophy. Col. Goethals, the chairman of the Commission, is an Army Engineer and is so wrapped up in his specialty that if you pointed out the Socialist trend of much that he is doing he would be surprised. I doubt if he ever read a book on Socialism or Political Economy.

All this practical operation of methods which our responsible editors and college professors call the vagaries of Utopian dreamers has arisen out of grim necessity. The Commission was not persuaded to take up "municipal trading," "government ownership of railways," nor the manufacture of ice-cream and apple pies, by the arguments of the "Fabian Tracts," but because of the logic of events. The necessities of the situation forced them to experiment in methods which have long been advocated by Socialism. The marvel is that, even under administrators unfriendly or indifferent to Socialism, these socialistic experiments have succeeded—without exception.

Could Not Get Contractors

It was the original intention of the government to have the Canal dug by private contractors. The case is stated at length in one of the Annual Reports. The gist of it was that advertise as industrially as they could for bids, no private contractor came up with anything like a reasonable offer. Reluctantly the Government decided to do the job itself. It was surprised to find how much more economically it could do it than private concerns.

This quotation from the Report, June, 1907, shows a typical condition: "Over 600 horses and mules, with the necessary wagons, carts, carriages and ambulances are in the service. In this connection it is interesting to note that the cost per month per team to the Commission for teams actually working, including all charges for labor, forage and miscellaneous items, as well as expense for sick teams, was about \$110. A proposal was received recently by the Commission from a contractor in the United States, who has had considerable experience in similar work in Central America, to do all land transportation at the rate of \$450 per month, per team, or over four times what it is costing the Commission at the present time." The Socialists have always maintained that the Government could do such things cheaper than private concerns. The Commission was surprised to find that it was true.

Ice Cheaper Than in the States

And what was true of mules proved to be true in a hundred and one other ways. Ice, for instance, is necessary to health in the Tropics. A private corporation in Panama City was selling ice at an almost prohibitive price. The Commission built a plant and delivers it at the door to its employes for \$4 a ton—and slightly more than pays expenses.

The Commission did not go into the department store business for any other reason than necessity. First of all, the private stores in Panama City and Colon did not carry many of the articles which the American employes and their wives needed. And then the native merchants had made extravagant profits out of the French when they were working on the Canal and were practicing similar piracy on us. "The Cost of Living" which these gentlemen planned would have forced us to pay our people fabulous wages. Hence the Commissaries. "It was the only common-sense solution of the prob-

lem," one of the officials told me. And he would be the last person to admit that "common-sense" and "Socialism" are synonymous.

Compelled to Adopt Socialist Methods

And so it is with all the socialistic methods I have spoken of—and the hundred others I have not mentioned. The Commission tried to get private contractors to handle the problem of feeding—the only satisfactory way they could do it was to do it themselves—in the way any Socialist would have told them at the beginning was the "common-sense" way.

It is not an easy thing to get men to leave good jobs at home for an uncertainty in a strange country. The Commission has had to offer many in-



Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.
View of Bay of Panama and Tivoli Hotel.

ducements, besides good wages. And once they have the men on the Isthmus they must keep them contented and amused—and above all, healthy. And so the Government has been forced into socialistic reforms without end.

I happened to meet only one man during my stay on the Isthmus who was a member of the American Socialist party. He was a mechanic who had been here almost from the first. He was a keen chap—a man with the best kind of education in the world—the kind one makes for oneself out of night-schools and books and keeping one's eyes open all the time.

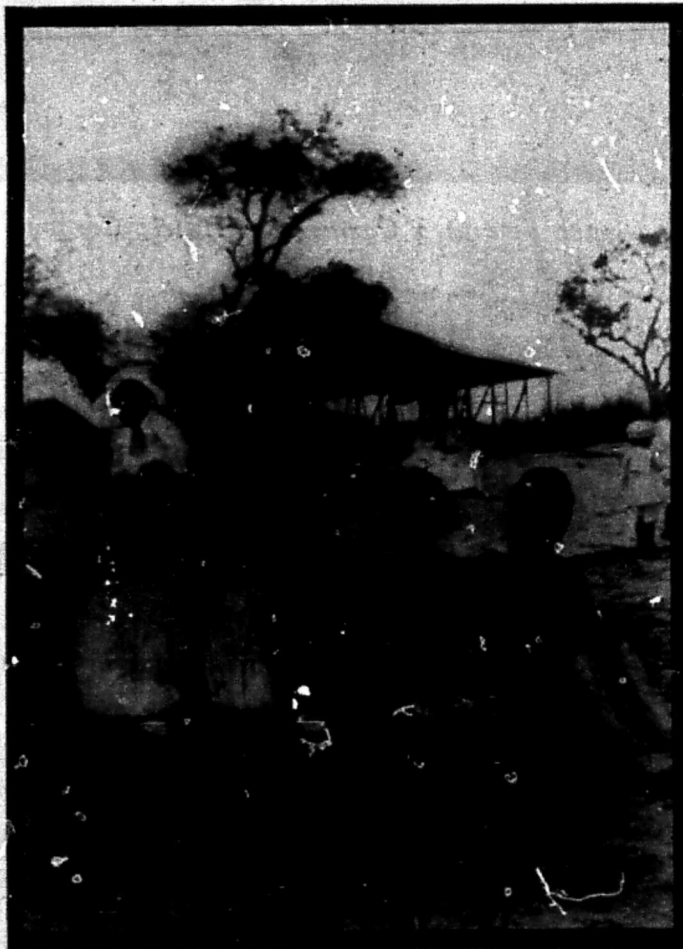


Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.
An Excursion Party on Tabago Island.

I told him I was going to write an article for the COMING NATION about the Socialist lessons to be learned on the Isthmus. And this—as near as I can remember—is what he said:

"Yes. This is a fine place to get an idea of what some things will be like when we get the world educated up to Socialism. Of course, it isn't Socialism. First of all, there ain't any democracy down here. It's a Bureaucracy that's got Russia backed off the map. Goethals runs this show. He's the best boss I ever worked under—but you can't have real Socialism without Democracy—first, last and all the time. Government ownership don't mean anything to us workingmen unless we own the Government. We don't here—this is the sort of thing Bismark dreamed of.

"And then again this isn't a normal community. We ain't producing wealth. That is, unless the Canal pays back all the money it's costing. Lots of people think it never will—anyhow it won't for a

long time. Meanwhile we're spending money instead of producing it. Socialism will have to be self-supporting. Of course, we are producing some wealth. Ice, bread, and we make a lot of things in the machine shops which are wealth. And perhaps in the big sense this Canal is wealth even if it doesn't pay—just as much as fine music or a great painting. But in the ordinary bookkeeping sense it's all going out and nothing coming in. We're being supported from the States.

As Near Socialism as You Can Get

"But except for these reservations this Canal Zone is as near Socialism as you can get today—a lot nearer. First shot out of the box we've got nationalization of land. People get their ground here on lease—like the Henry George scheme. Then there is the railroad and all these shops—there isn't a better run machine shop in the States than Gorgona—darn few as big—there ain't no competition nor private profits in them. And the Commissary—that's got the problem of retail distribution solved for us.

"I wish I could get some of those solid ivory-headed mutts who get up in Socialist meetings at home and make objections down here for a while. Not that I've got anything against the Canal—but I'd like to show 'em!

"I never made a Socialist speech in the States yet without some wise guy getting up and saying that the politicians are all grafters, that they give men jobs in the street cleaning department to get votes and that if we had municipal street cars they'd just have one more vote for each motorman and conductor, and that the Board of Aldermen always take all there is in the City Treasury that isn't nailed down—so why give them the gas and water company to steal, too? God! I wish I had a dollar for every time a man has said that to me. Well, say, this is a government job—the biggest one ever pulled off on this foot-stool. Have you seen any graft running around loose here? I guess not. The Old Man's hell on grafters.

"I haven't anything good to say about the crooks up at Washington, but what is done here on the Zone is done straight. I know because I've been here right along. I've seen more than one man get the G. B. for some little graft they'd laugh at up in the States. But you can't put anything over on Goethals, no matter how small.

Knocking Out Objectors

"Now you don't expect a Socialist to be strong for the army men. I ain't. I'd like 'em better without their brass buttons and stuck-up-ness, but the crowd down here are on the level. And if Col. Crazy Horse Roosevelt can pick an honest man for a job like this, I guess we Socialists can. That's one objection to Socialism that won't go with men who have been on this job.

"And when that fellow gets through disturbing the meeting another guy with side whiskers gets up—he's generally a college professor—or got his dope from one. And his tale of woe is that the race would go to pot if every one wasn't hopping and hustling to make a stake. 'If you do away with special rewards for individual initiative, inventiveness, etc., there would be no progress.' That's all right, but when you go at him you find he means that the only "special reward" which will make a man hustle is 'profit'—'money.' Rot! There ain't one man in a hundred today that works for profit. The work of the world is done for wages.

No Profit in Gouging

"I wish I could get the chap that thinks you can't hire brains for wages down here. Anyone who thinks you can do a job like this without brains is a fool. Is Goethals making a "profit" on the Canal? No. He's working for wages. Good wages, but he's a good man. There ain't any one on the job who works harder. And why is it that Goethals gives us men a square deal? Just because he's a wage earner also. He won't make any more money if he gouges us. He don't increase his income by neglecting to put a guard on my machine. There isn't any money in it for him to have me living in a stinking tenement or eating bum grub.

"He can afford to be decent. And I guess that is Socialism in a nut-shell. We want to revolutionize things so every one can afford to be decent—so nobody will have to cheat, nor underpay, nor overcharge to make a living. And there isn't a man on the job who's making a profit. Brains? Look at Gorgas and the Sanitary Department. Brains? Hell. It takes genius to turn a jungle like this was when I came into a place like it is now.

"I wish you'd come over to my quarters and see

the kiddies—they've got tan on them an inch thick, and healthy? Gee! You ought to see them eat. And when I came down here in 1905, strong men were crumbling up like tissue paper.

The Reward of Genius

"Don't tell me you can't hire brains for wage, or that 'profits' are the only 'special reward' which will make a man work. Did you ever read one of Gorgas' reports in the *Canal Record*? 'I have the honor to report that during this month there has been no case of yellow-fever, small-pox, cholera or the plague on the Canal Zone. The statistics I submit herewith show a gratifying decrease in the sick rate of pneumonia and malaria over the preceding months and is considerably lower than for the same month in any other year since the American occupation.' Hell! Don't you suppose the chance to write that is a 'special reward'? Do you suppose Gorgas or the men under him would work harder if they were making money instead of fame?"

"My God! It makes me swear when I think of all the dough-heads who have jumped up in meetings with that objection. And inventiveness. Why, we're inventing something down here every minute. The boss of our shop is a wizard—one of the kind who makes two 'foot-pounds' grow where only one grew before. He's completely reorganized our shop—knocked down costs about twenty per cent. He didn't get any royalties. But he's getting—earnings—bigger wages than any man of his age on the Isthmus, and he's proud of it. Proud enough of it to sit up half the night dopping out some new wrinkle. Yes, sir! I wish some of those chronic objectors would come down here for a while."

Why There Were Strikes

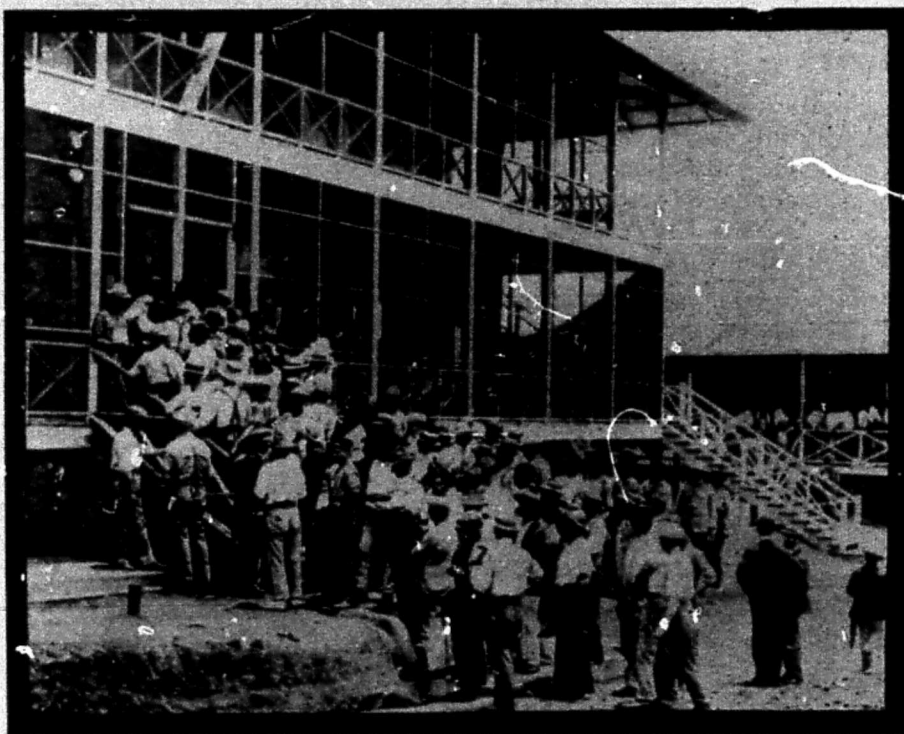
"But," I asked, "there have been some strikes on the job, haven't there? And there would not be strikes under Socialism."

"Well, I'll tell you about that," he interrupted himself to fill his pipe. "In the first place this ain't Socialism. It ain't Democratic. If the men were their own bosses I don't see how they could strike. But even as it is there haven't been any strikes like what we have in the States. The men haven't walked out once because they were underpaid or overworked according to the standards we're used to—we are getting more than we could get in the States. What strikes we've had have been because the men thought they could get more and didn't see any reason why they couldn't. It's sur-

prising we haven't had more of them—because it's a hard, expensive thing for the Commission to bring down scabs.

Take this last machinists' strike. We weren't dissatisfied. Take that from me straight. The men leave their jobs sometimes because they want to get back to the States. This climate gets on your chest—makes you nervous. Especially the women. Lots of them get fussy and the men go home to get some peace. But you don't hear us kicking against the boss. Nobody hollering that he's had a raw deal. The Old Man is straight as a string and he's got a lot of sympathy. The men are strong for him. You could go a long way—all the way—and not find a better boss. But some of the fellows—new ones—got to saying that we had them in the hole, that they'd give us diamond rings and grand opera rather than see the work tied up. So after a while we put in some demands for longer leaves of absence on pay and more pay. I voted against it, but, of course, I went out with them. They gave us the extra pay, but held out on the "leave." I guess Goethals figured it out that if he didn't refuse something, they'd pretty soon be asking for the gold filling out of his teeth. Well, the National Organization wouldn't stand for the strike. With lots of men in the organization at home hunting for work they couldn't very well blacklist the best job in the trade—they had to throw us down.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.



Dinner time at a Commission Hotel; Gorgona.

So we went back to work. I guess we'll let well enough alone for a while now.

"There is another dispute on. I don't think it will come to much. There was a collision of dirt trains about a year ago and the conductor on one of them was killed. They arrested the engineer of the other for manslaughter—criminal negligence. Well, you see there isn't any jury trials down here except for murder. And the judges are the worst things we've got here in the way of officials appointed in Washington. I guess there ain't one of the lot who'd get elected sergeant of arms in a lodge, but the one this fellow went up before was the worst of the lot. I don't know him, but if half the stories they tell about him are true he sure must be a lemon—but the point is the men say he don't know a locomotive from a sewing machine. He gave the fellow a year. This engineer was not a union man, but the Brotherhood men took up his case. One of them was telling me all about it—it was a technical case and they say that no jury who understood railroading would have held him for a minute.

"All the transportation men were going out if Goethals didn't pardon the fellow. It might have come to something worth while. I'd like to see the men get used to striking for political issues—but they balled it up. Some bright guy had sent a petition up to Taft before the thing came to Goethals, so the Old Man just waved his hands and said, 'Boys, you've gone over my head. I can't do anything.' The fellows who sent that petition to Washington were fools. I'd rather have Goethals sit on the case—if I was in it—than Taft. I'd feel sure of a square deal. Any how, they'll tie the petition up in red tape at Washington and the fellow will have served his year before the matter is settled.

"No, sir. There ain't many strikers down here. And when the fellows get nervous and want to start some excitement they have to hunt some before they can find a grievance to howl about.

"I've been working in a machine shop since I was thirteen and I never found as good a job as this before and that's because its half Socialist. You bet when its finished and I get back to the States, I'm going out with an axe for those two chaps with objections I was telling you about. And if we keep on making progress like we are now, that kid of mine before he's as old as I am will be working on a job that's not half Socialist, but the whole thing."

WHY SOCIALISM IS GROWING

By Harvey R. Baker

DURING the past five years Socialism has made many wonderful strides forward, and its advancement has become most alarming to those interests which are the acknowledged foes of the people's rights. The common people, of whom there are so many, are awakening to the fact that they are a little more than ordinary slaves, that they have inherent rights which should be respected—yea, which shall be respected by those who have arrogated to themselves everything that virtually belongs to the people, that they, the common people, are themselves sovereign and owe allegiance to neither king nor clan.

Just for a moment let us consider some very simple figures.

In 69 fatal accidents reported to the coroner of New York city, the widows and orphans fared in this manner: Eighteen widows got nothing; five got funeral expenses and nothing more; 22 compromised; six filed suit and got an average of \$1045 each; one got a verdict for \$7500, and the remainder filed suits which probably are not settled yet.

In 116 fatal accident cases investigated at Buffalo, 39 widows or about one-third of the entire number got nothing, not even burial expenses; 13 got funeral expenses and nothing more; 38 settled without taking their cases to court and received on an average of \$500 each; 12 compromised after suit had been entered and got an average of \$1785 each; five got verdicts for \$5490 each; the remaining ones filed suits which a short while back were still pending. Then too, it should be borne in mind that in nearly every case where recovery is had the lawyer's fee is about 40 per cent or nearly one-half the whole amount recovered.

This is the kind of protection the "System" gives to the wives and children of those who sacrifice

their lives in the struggle for bread and in putting dollars into the pockets of the rich.

The continued growth of Socialism will mean a discontinuance of such a condition; it will abolish the practice of sending criminals to the United States senate and the lower house of congress.

It will mean that the people shall have the right to decide who will be their representatives in all legislative bodies, which surely is not now the case.

Who are the people's representatives in congress (both branches) at the present time? Can they not be counted on the fingers of one's hand? And whose fault is it?

It is the fault of the "System" at the present time, but a continuance of such a condition would be directly chargeable to the people, especially in view of the fact that the remedy is with the people.

But the rank and file of the people of this country are extremely intelligent; they can see through things at a glance; they can understand the schemes of the capitalists and tricksters just as soon as they come to the surface, and there is a growing sentiment among the people that these monsters must be driven from our national and state councils; must be eliminated so completely that they can have no influence whatsoever upon legislation of any kind, and that sentiment is to find a decisive expression in the ballot of the near future.

One of the most unnatural things for a man to do is to go to an enemy for a favor, and yet thousands upon thousands of workingmen have been going to the polls at each election and voting against their own interests—voting to send their enemies to the United States senate, to the lower house of con-

gress or to legislatures of the several states to enact laws to operate against the people.

Reader, don't you think it is time to halt and read the sign before you, "Stop, Look, Listen?"

Is it reasonable to suppose that the rich statesman will exert himself in the interest of those who make their bread by the sweat of their brow? No! Why then give him your support on election day?

Is the rich statesman in sympathy with those who daily toil from early morn till late at night in order that they might provide food, raiment and shelter for their loved ones? No! Why then give him your support on election day?

Abraham Lincoln struck the true key note of Socialism when on the 19th day of November of 1863 at Gettysburg he used the immortal words; "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." That is the true spirit of Socialism; that is the spirit which should dominate the people; that is the spirit which will sweep the country in a little while and then the people will come into possession of their own, and government of the few, by the few and for the few will cease to exist.

The highest types of mind are perpetually making excursions into new fields; old fields are traversed at different angles and in different ways from those in which ordinary minds traverse them; original thought takes the place of traditional belief; old truths are placed in new lights, and compared with other truths with which ordinary minds do not compare them; and thus the path of consciousness is almost always new.—Ward—*Dynamic Sociology*.

While legislation moves rapidly enough in the direction of detaching political powers from the people, it shows a growing disinclination to meddle with affairs between magnate and minion.

Ghent—Our Benevolent Feudalism.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

Author of "Old Home Folks," "The Cop on the Corner," etc.

Illustrated by Horace Taylor.

If you are anything at all like me, every once in so often you find yourself conducting a jawing-match with old Uncle Billy Hardhead and hating yourself for it. Uncle Billy Hardhead is one of these old cusses whose notion of an argument is something like this.

One of the debaters makes a statement. It is up to the other one then to say: "Aw, that ain't so."

"Tis, too, so," the other one replies.

"Taint either, and you know it ain't."

"Well, I tell you it is, and if you wasn't a bigger fool than Thompson's cold you'd know it was."

Then, after they get red behind the ears about that, some other proposition comes up, not in the least germane or connected with the preceding one and one says 'tis so, and the other says it ain't, and so on until one gets tired of it and "stomps" out leaving the other to cackle about it.

When you argue with Uncle Billy Hardhead you have that kind of a scuffle. He balks all your plan of campaign, all your scheme of getting him to admit an obvious fact, and then to lead him on to your conclusion. Not with Uncle Billy Hardhead. There aren't any obvious facts. There aren't any general statements and laws of nature. Nothing but exceptions to the rule. No use to quote anything to him. He hasn't read a book since he left school, except such novels as he kept awake with nights he had to sit up with a sick lodge-brother. Books are nothing but theory, anyhow. Them fellers never had no practical experience like what he had.

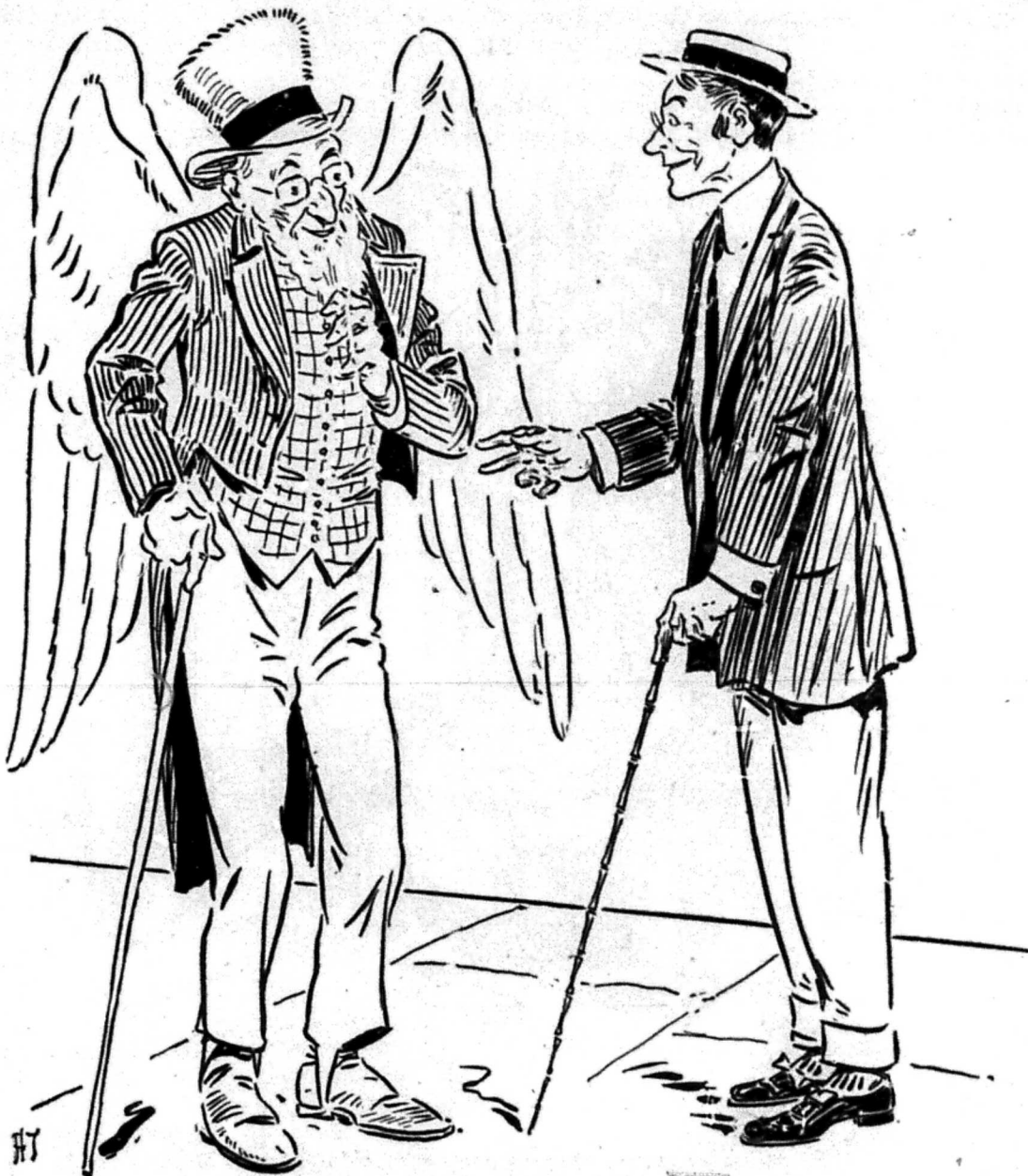
After so long a time of it you say to yourself: "Aw, what's the use? I might better save my breath."

And so you might. You'll never convert Uncle Billy in a thousand years. After a man gets so old, his brain kind o' cakes, and you couldn't touch it with a file. It was impressive when he was a youth, and certain ideas were scratched into it, like the record of a phonograph. And that's all you'll ever get out of it, the phonotypic record of what Uncle Billy heard when he was starting to shave. Go after the young fellows. They're easy. And when you've got one of them, you've got somebody worth while, somebody with ginger in him, and enthusiasm, the martyr stuff, whenever martyr stuff is needed. They've still in them what, for the want of an easier phrase, we'll call "faith in God," that passion for a righteous cause which wins for the righteous cause though all the world oppose. Uncle Billy had that once, too, but he has been taught by bitter experience to have faith in the devil; to believe that, nine times out of ten, the Old Boy gets the best of it, that nine times out of ten, the man with faith in God, if he doesn't land on the scaffold or in jail, goes 'round with fringes on the bottom of his trousers-legs, and has a hard time of it generally. Uncle Billy won't let on to you, but while he's sneering at your faith in God, he's just a little bit ashamed to go over to the Old Boy's side, body and breeches. It doesn't really do to do that. The best thing is to try and keep on the good side of both God and the devil; not get either one mad at you; not go to extremes; not cut the chicken's head clear off or let it entirely alone, but just kind o' haggle at it, half on and half off.

Yes, you're only wasting your time talking to Uncle Billy, but if you're anything like me you sometimes enjoy a scuffle for the scuffle's sake. And moreover, you hate to go out of the grocery, looking as if you had been worsted. You can (in your mind's ear, Horatio) hear his triumphant chuckle all

the way home. Turned tail, eh? Got 'most too hot for you, eh?

Now, I don't often run, and sometimes I do get a lot of benefit from just keeping still and letting Uncle Billy blather away till he gets tired out. Sometimes I land on him heavy, and sometimes I let it soak in, and really do derive great benefit from the exercise of Christian fortitude. Listening



"Why, bub," he'd say, "I've riz."

to Uncle Billy, and keeping a shut mouth, sometimes, though, mounts up to about Christian fifty-tude.

One time after I had let him have his way, he sighed and said: "Oh, well, we all know there's a big change coming."

I didn't say a word. I didn't jump in and crow: "Didn't I tell you? That's what I was trying to get through your thick head but you wouldn't let me." I don't know where I got the manners to keep my mouth shut. That one sentence was worth more to me than all the triumph I could have got.

A Big Change coming! It's Uncle Billy Hard-

This series, by Eugene Wood, of which this is the first installment, will continue for a year. It is a unique contribution to Socialist literature, and this not alone because of its humor, but because it constitutes one of the simplest and best expositions of the Socialist philosophy ever published.

It is more than this. The author has worked out some very important contributions to Socialist economics. The person who reads this series to the end will not only have spent many extremely pleasant hours. He will also have gained a thorough knowledge of the fundamentals of Socialism and had his mind broadened and aroused by a host of new ideas. It is hard to give higher praise than this. When the year is over the readers of the COMING NATION will agree that it is deserved.—Editor.

head saying that. It's the fellow whose brain has caked so hard you'd think a file couldn't touch it, and yet the needle of observation, thrilled by the vibrations of the coming age has cut a new groove, that, like a phonographic record, gives back a reproduction. Here is a mind you'd say was like a duck's back to a new idea, and yet the new idea has soaked in. Here is an intellect you'd say was

sealed up as tight as a can of tomatoes, and yet the ferment is working. There must be lots and lots of people like Uncle Billy, who, if they had any idea that God stood a ghost of a show to beat the devil, would flop to His side in a holy minute!

That was worth while keeping my mouth shut for, wasn't it? I was "mightily hope up" by that, sir.

A Big Change Coming! A Big Change Coming? Coming? Is it "coming?"

I don't know if you're familiar with the Bible, if not, I'm sorry for you; if you are, you must have marveled as I have over that passage where St. Paul condemns the heresy of Hymanæus and Philetus, "who say that the resurrection is passed, already." You'd think if the general resurrection had occurred, it wouldn't be a thing to have different opinions about.

Suppose, for example, you lived in those days, and you'd be walking down Main street, and studying how you could get on the blind side of that old codger over in Iconium, and separate him from some of his drachmae, you'd meet an old gentleman whose face looked sort of familiar to you, and you'd step up to him, and inquire: "Ain't you Grandpa Smith? I'm Lizzie's oldest boy; don't you remember me?"

And he'd say: "I'm the feller. So you're Lizzie's Jim, be you? Well, well! You've growed quite a lot. How's your ma? She well? That's good. I'll be up there for dinner, I 'xpect. You well? You look well."

"Oh, I'm first-rate," you'd say. "But, grandpa, tell me. How is it I see you out? Last time I laid eyes on you was up to the old burying-ground at Cherokee. We planted you then. Nice funeral, thirty teams, I guess, turned out. And here you are, large as life and twice as natural. How come, grandpa? How come?"

"Why, bub," he'd say, "I've riz. It's a fact. Shore as you're a foot high. Hain't you heard about the resurrection yit? Wuh, whur d'ye keep yourself? Wuh, they're all a-comin' up rit aout o' their graves. Yes, indeedy."

You'd think that with such goings-on St. Paul wouldn't have needed to caution people against the heresy of Hymanæus and Philetus. All he'd have to do would be to say to these heretics: "I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me." And, after Hymanæus and Philetus had produced a few dozen that had been deader than William Jennings Bryan and buried more effectually than Theodore Roosevelt, St. Paul would have to say: "Boys, you got me."

Now, I don't care a whole lot whether I'm a heretic or not or who says I am. If it came to a show-down, Hymanæus and Philetus could call St. Paul a heretic and have all the college of apostles to back them up in it, too. I won't say that the Big Change is "past already;" I won't go so far as that. But I will say that it has practically come, for all intents and purposes, right now.

You study on that till next week, when I'll have more to say about it.

Science is constantly making new discoveries while ignorance and prejudice refuse to receive those already made.

Passing of William Longbeard

Hidden away in the tomes, dusty and forgotten, of old monkish chronicles, Matthew Paris, Roger of Hoveden, Matthew of Westminster and Gervase of Cambridge, will be found the threads from which I have woven this story of a man who died for men. His was the first revolt in English history that had a glimmering of the class struggle. The earlier insurrections were racial. But in his leadership we see the dawn of the idea that the interests of the aristocracy and the workers—the rich and the poor are antagonistic. This makes it notable to Socialists.

SIM WOOLWORTH, knowest thou that William Longbeard is back from France, where he had audience with King Richard and laid our grievances before him that he might right them!" "Nay, I knew it not. But it was a bootless journey, I'll warrant thee. The Angevine wolf will never take a mouthful of our flesh from the whelps of his pack to right us. I tell you, Walter Mounds, whatever justice we get, it will be by the might of our hands."

"Well, how be it, come tonight at Scoreham's malt-house, for Longbeard will there tell the people of the King's message. Pass the word to the brothers."

Sim Woolworth went on his way. Now and then he met workmen, merchants and craftsmen who made a peculiar gesture with their right hand.

"God save," the man would say.

"The Rose," Sim would reply.

"From the Leopard," came the response.

Sim would bend near and whisper, "At Scoreham's tonight."

So the word passed from mouth to mouth throughout London one June day, 1196, the last year of the reign of Richard, "the Lion-hearted."

In the evening the vast vault of Scoreham's malt-house was filled by an anxious throng. Here were gathered the craftsmen, the merchants and the workmen of the city. Here, also gathered the leaders of the Comrades of the Rose, a vast secret organization, whose object was to resist the exactions of the rulers. At the command of the Chief Justice an enormous tax had been levied to support Richard's marauding wars on the continent. The nobles had met this by first exempting themselves; and then passed a law that each citizen should pay an equal share of the tax without regard to his possessions. This meant starvation to the poor and beggary to the middle class.

The people were desperate. Their all was to be confiscated for the benefit of the rich and the nobles. In the motley crowd much wrangling and wild talk circulated. Some believed that Richard, the Lion-hearted, as vicious a brute as ever wore crown, would take pity on them. The more enlightened, members of the Brotherhood of the Rose, were for a revolution and the establishment of a city commune.

In the midst of the confusion the door opened and a man of powerful frame entered. To his waist flowed a long beard. He was of bold countenance with eyes that held hidden fires—a dauntless face with a gleam of the fanaticism that makes men dare all things. Such was William Fitz-Osborn, of Norman descent who had joined the party of the oppressed who were largely English. Longbeard, as he was called, was a man of high education for the time. He plead for the people in council and court and was now at the head of a vast revolutionary society.

There was a sudden hush, then the babel of voices broke out again. "What said the King?" "Longbeard, the people's friend!" "Hail, Longbeard, our savior!"

Sim Woolworth and Walter Mounds shouldered a way for the newcomer to a rude platform at the end of the room. "Silence, silence," they cried, "let us hear the word of the King?"

At last the voices ceased. The gigantic figure of Longbeard towered over the mass. There was an air of leadership about him. His sonorous voice rang through the vault.

"Brothers, Englishmen, Comrades of the Rose, I bring you the message of the King's justice! I crossed the sea, at your behest, to France where the banner of the leopards of Anjou floats over a plundered nation as it does in England. I passed through Richard's camp where they scoffed and reviled at

By Frank Stuhlman

Illustrated by B. H. Chapman.

the English hound who dared bring the complaints of the people of London to their King.

"With much toil I won at last to the King's pavilion. There ranged around the banquet board were the King and his court, all flushed and drunken with wine and feasting. Gorgeous silks, studded with rare jewels, lay trampled under foot like the strewn rushes upon your floors. At the table lolled the insolent nobles with women taken from the sacked town of Izoir. Some were drinking in wild mirth with their captors. Others were sobbing and weeping for kindred slain and honor lost, while their brutal ravishers taunted and mocked their grief and shame. As the page ushered me in I was met with insults and pelted with fragments of the feast.

"'Look well to your beard, churl,' giped Fulk Fitz-Warene, 'or the lion's paw will shear it for you!'

"'Yea,' added Nevil De Lacy, 'and the head with it.'

"'Nay,' laughed a half clothed woman at the King's right hand, 'let us call the horse-boys in to



The gleaming knife thrusts deep into Longbeard's side.

pluck it out by the roots. It will be sport for an hour to see the villain grimace and hear him howl."

"The King glowered at me with fierce, red eyes. 'Your errand, churl, and get thee gone!'

"I bent my knee and said: 'Great King, I have come from the people of London as their spokesman.'

"'Dog of an Englishman,' he broke in, 'what am I to do with your kennel?'

"'Haro, haro, Richard of Anjou and England,' I cried, 'give justice to us. We are robbed by your Chancellor and your nobles. They break into our houses. They plunder our shops. They ride us down in our streets. They carry away our wives and daughters for their pleasures and return them dishonored. There's no redress in your courts. They pay no taxes, but take our all to keep your wars in France. The hand of Hubert Gualtier is heavy upon us. Grant us, O king, the rights our charter promises us, that the English people be not slaves!'

"'Cut the impudent fellow down!' 'Throw him from a catapult toward his London again,' yelled the revelers.

"Then the King spake heavily, 'Go back to your scum, and tell them that if they resist one decree of my good and faithful Regent, I will come and make the gutters of London run red with blood. Gerard, Thibault, take out this swine of a Saxon and if he is found in camp an hour from now cut him into strips and feed his living flesh to the hounds!'

"Beware, Richard of Anjou," I answered, "lest God make the rose flourish while the broom on thy crest is trodden under foot."

"But, by heavens mercy he heeded me not, for he had thrown his arm around his harlot, Isabelle le Serpent, and clasped her close, saying, 'Come, cherie, let us love together.'

"And now I am before you with the King's answer. What will ye do?"

Dismay was upon the faces of his hearers. Their last hope had been the King. Ruin and slavery were before them. A moan of inarticulate woe wailed through the room.

Then the voice of Longbeard swelled again. "Yet we, by God's help, are not helpless. Forget not the Brotherhood of the Rose, which is England's symbol. Answer, comrades. Diccon of Essex, how many men will your section supply for the cause?"

A swart-browed, sullen man replied, "Five thousand with axes."

"Robin of Swetham?"

"Eight thousand with iron pointed staves that will go through a noble's black heart."

"Sim Woolworth, will the city rise with you?"

"Aye, William Longbeard, ten thousand with such weapons as we may or with naked hands we will tear at the leopards of Anjou if we find none better."

A gasp went 'round the concourse. The daring and magnitude of the man's purpose dazed them. They were afraid, yet fascinated. They halted, hesitated, swayed like a rudderless boat.

A change came over the speaker. He became more than a brave leader of men. A religious exaltation flamed over him. The eyes of the crowd were drawn to him as steel to a magnet. They felt he was inspired.

"I am the Saviour of the poor." His voice acquired a peculiar timbre that caused the heart-strings of his hearers to vibrate strangely. "Do you, ye poor, who have felt how heavy is the hand of the rich, now draw from my fountain the water of knowledge and salvation, for the time of your visitation is at hand. I will separate the people who are proud and perfidious from the people who are humble and faithful. I will divide the elect from the reprobate, as the light from the darkness. I am the chosen of God to deliver the people of England from the oppressor, the thrall from the master, the worker from those who prey upon him. I will that in England none shall go hungry while other feast, that none shall be acold while others tread silks underfoot; and there will be from sea to sea no lord nor any thrall nor any poor, no king nor any vassal. O, my brothers, rise with us and with God's Son's help, His kingdom will prevail in all England. Be ready to strike when the rose falls at your door!"

With the same power that Peter the Hermit had swept men into the crusade had William Longbeard carried London into revolt. The die was cast. The vast crowd passed out ready to fight to the death. Only Sim Woolworth, Diccon of Essex and a few of the chiefs of the Rose remained to counsel with Longbeard for the rising.

Now, Hubert Gualtier, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justice of England, was a fell and crafty ruler. One of the ablest men of the time, cruel, unprincipled and remorseless, he ruled with a rod of iron in Richard's absence. Yet, to his credit must be said, that he never shed blood in mere brute lust of slaughter as would his royal master. But to gain his ends he scrupled at nothing. He had felt the surge of discontent in London and by means of a spy system the immense ramifications of the Brotherhood of the Rose, its objects partly racial, tinged with Socialism as was the greater uprising nearly two hundred years later under John Ball and Wat Tyler, was known to him.

The very night when Longbeard and the comrades of the Rose were nerving the people to strike for right and liberty, the men-at-arms of the Archbishop scoured the streets of London breaking into the dwellings of all the leaders suspected of favoring a revolt and taking their wives and children as hostages, placed them in the Tower.

The next day the Archbishop called a convocation of citizens. In front of the Tower the Norman soldiery formed rank upon rank in a court enclosed on three sides by mailed fighting men. In regal state, for he represented both Church and King, with his rich robes loaded with precious stones, and

gold ornaments, sat the Chief Justice with a cynical smile on his sinister lips, for he felt that he had given the insurrection a deadly blow.

Up the street came William Longbeard, attended by his chosen bodyguard of nine chiefs of the Rose, followed by a multitude of citizens and workmen.

The Archbishop held up his hand, "Let three of the petitioners come forward," he commanded.

Longbeard with Diccon of Essex and Sim Woolwarth advanced. Gualtier bent a black brow upon them.

"What is this I hear of traitors plotting against the great and just King of England. Do you not know that such deserve death?"

Longbeard gave him glance for glance. "My lord, the traitors I know are those who defraud the King of their share of taxes and then rob us to pay them. Thus saith the people to you. You have violated our charter, although we gave you much gold to guarantee them. We have borne what men can bear no longer and not be slaves. The poor will be no longer fleeced of what their labor has made—no longer carry the burden while noble and rich go free. We come not as beggars pleading for alms, but as free citizens demanding our rights."

The face of the haughty Justicar flushed red with anger. "Thou stark rebel darrest use such bold words to me? Another and I will have thee hanged to feed kites and crows."

An ominous growl rose from the citizens and the crafty Archbishop knew it would be a costly act to attempt the arrest of the daring tribune.

"Longbeard, Longbeard forever!" shouted the people.

Again Longbeard spoke. "And of all the wickedness we have endured the foulest came last night when the loved ones of our brothers were torn from their homes and taken by your orders to the Tower. They must be released or the curse of God and the wrath of the people will drive you from the land."

The cold, evil sneer hovered once more on the lips of the Archbishop. "Citizens of London, ye have been misled by the guile of this traitor. Obey the decrees of the King faithfully and all will be forgiven. Your wives and children will be returned unharmed. I command you to renounce this evil-doer and keep the peace. If you resist my officers or rise against your lawful king, I swear to you, that your wives and children will die in such torments as will make Hell seem pleasant."

A chill like the shadow of death crept over the leaders, for they knew that Hubert would carry out his infernal threat to the uttermost and that many like deeds of incredible horror were done in that grim keep under the Angevine Kings—a race sired by Satan himself, as the legends said.

The Archbishop continued. "Ten of you I will admit to the Tower under my safe conduct that you may see that yours are unharmed and, also, to see what is prepared for them if you lift a hand in rebellion. Now, in the King's name, disperse."

There was a clattering of arms. The silken leopard banner tossed in the air. The mail-clad men swung between the people and Gualtier, who retired into the impregnable fortress followed by the imprecations of the mob.

An hour later ten of the most important citizens, who had families imprisoned appeared at the gates. A warder admitted them. There the wan-faced wives, with streaming eyes, begged them to do nothing that would bring a terrible fate upon them.

Then the warders took them to the torture chambers that they might see the awful doom prepared for their loved ones if they dared strike for the people's rights. They showed them pits with sharp spikes in the bottom where the children would be thrown and left to die, their tender flesh on the cruel points; and other pits alive with snakes, vipers, lizards and other foul creeping things where some of their womenkind would be cast, bound and naked, to perish amid the loathsome vermin; and the *crucets*, shallow boxes, lined with sharp stones wherein the victims would be laid and a cover weighted upon them and left to die after days of agony; and the merciless rack upon which some would be stretched and the burning irons that would sear their tender bodies from head to foot day after day until death came.

When the citizens left they were ghastly white and their hearts were turned to water. No power on earth could have made the revolt. The demon soul of Hubert Gualtier had planned well. By one fell and swift stroke the great conspiracy was crushed. The insurrection was dead.

All knew it but William Longbeard. His long repressed fanaticism had burst into a flame that reason could not quench. Filled with religious fervor—deeming himself inspired of God, with his nine devoted followers, who had had no hostages

in the Tower, he urged the leaders to call the masses to arms.

"I am the appointed of the Lord," he would say, "who will sweep England clean of evil. Follow and strike! God will deliver your loved ones from the enemy! Trust Him, O, ye of little faith!"

But it was useless, the things seen in the awful torture room had palsied heart and hand.

Gualtier, grimly satisfied with the success of his ruthless act, yet dared not release his hostages as long as the people's advocate lived. Openly he had Longbeard followed by soldiers who were to arrest him, if possible, without causing a riot. Secretly he offered large bribes for his death or capture. At length, two citizens of London, Geoffrey Folliot and Stephen Winch took the Judas silver. They won their way to Longbeard's confidence. One day they met him on his tireless task of endeavoring to fan into flames the embers of discontent. They drew him aside as for consultation near a soldier's lurking place. Then they grasped him one by each arm and shouted for the Norman guard.

"Isariots," thundered William and exerting his enormous strength, flung Winch from him, drawing his knife drove it into Geoffrey's heart. The Anjouans came swiftly up in armor proof against his knife.

Longbeard's eyes gleamed with a strange light. "To me," he shouted, "Comrades of the Rose. God our aid!" From the side lanes came the faithful nine. Diccon of Essex, Robin of Swetham, Sim Woolwarth and six other heroes who are nameless to us.

"In Christ's name take this," cried Sim as he placed a massive axe in Longbeard's hand.

"Ha," thundered Longbeard, "Hell gapes for you," and smote the Anjouan captain a shear blow that cleft him, helmet and head, to the chin. Again the heavy weapon swirled through the air and a soldier lay by the captain's side. Diccon of Essex drove his iron pointed staff through a joint in an assailant's armor and transfixed him.

The Comrades of the Rose were without armor and the Norman's keen swords had cut the life from sullen Robin of Swetham and two more. New forces from the Tower were crowding to the fray. William Longbeard kept a circle clear about him by the mighty swing of his ax. Three more Normans gasped dying before him. Of the nine Companions of the Rose only four remained. A halloo rings out. A body of Knights have ridden out to end the battle, and are preparing to charge. "Clear the street," they cry, "and we will make an end to the rebel dogs!"

Longbeard knew that they were helpless against the mailed riders. "Brothers," he cried, "make for the Church of Mary of the Arch."

Before the men-at-arms had gotten out of the path of the horsemen, the Companions had reached the near-by place of worship, barricaded the door and retreated up a narrow stairway into a small tower. Outside the ravaging Normans were battering down the door.

"We can hold this place for a year," said Sim, exultantly.

"Yea, but will only be by Christ's mercy that we go from here but as dead men," replied Longbeard, gloomily. "They will starve us here."

Nay, nay," quoth Diccon of Essex. "When the brisk boys of London hear how we are bested they will let drive at the Norman wolves."

But Longbeard was fey that day. "Brothers, let us make our peace with God, for tomorrow's sun we will not see rise, but it rise in God's heaven."

The door is battered in. Hubert Gualtier has come down from the Tower to be in at the death of the dangerous rebels. Twice they have tried to storm the besieged men. But at the head of the stairway stood Longbeard with his deadly ax, the quick death, that none cared to face. Close behind stood Diccon and Sim Woolwarth with their long iron-pointed staves so that none of the attacking party could get in under Longbeard's guard.

The Archbishop glowered with rage. "God's death is there no knight who can beat down that varlet? Those that came over with the conqueror were men. Are their descendants all women?"

"By Mary's grace," swore Raoul de Clerambault, "not even a paladin of Charlemagne's could dislodge those churls if they watch guard."

But the diabolical brain of the Archbishop found a way more sure than force or steel. "Ho, ye thick-heads," he ordered, "bring bundles of wet straw and pile it round the tower." In an hour great heaps of straw encircled the refuge. It was then fired and soon great clouds of smoke filled the tower. The defenders were suffocating.

"Our Lady's aid," gasped Diccon. "I can stand no more. Let us cut our way from the wolves. Once through the people will hide us."

Longbeard answered. "It is all one. Death is here, death is below. But our deaths will not be loss. In God's time the cause will bloom the brighter for the sacrifice we make today. So, good-

bye, brothers, till we gather in the morning at Christ's feet. Now, men, down and strike your fellest!"

"Ho, for the people," he shouted, and the five devoted men hurled themselves down the stairway, through flame and smoke, upon the waiting men-at-arms. The tumult was furious. Again and again rose and fell the red ax of Longbeard. At every blow a Norman fell. Ever he forged ahead, his companions guarding his back, raging like a lion on the soldiers. Straight was the path he hewed toward the Archbishop. "Ho," rang his shout, "servant of the King who came of the Devil, torturer of women and children, liar and oppressor, I am the appointed of the Lord to send thee to Hell!"

Hubert Gualtier was no coward. On many a battlefield he had gallantly maintained a knightly fame, but he quailed and grew white at the terrible figure, smoke and fire blackened and blood-covered, as it came nearer and nearer, cutting down all before him. But sustained by a Satanic pride the Archbishop gave back not an inch. Already the Chief Justice seemed to see the dripping ax swung over his defenseless head by the arm of the avenger. His old heritage of Norse blood told Gualtier that Longbeard was battle-mad, turned berserker. He was almost in reach! The Anjouans were falling back in superstitious terror from the path of the death-dealing giant! "Now, Hubert Gualtier, who will shrive your guilt-stained soul before it goes to Him, whose name you blasphemed in committing so many crimes?"

In the tumult, unnoticed, creeps a man, sinuous as a snake. In his hand gleams a long knife. He wears citizen's garb. His lips are drawn back like a trapped wolf's showing gleaming teeth. He wriggles through the press, crawling between the legs of the soldiers, always to the center of the combat. A moment more and the career of the Archbishop would have ended. Longbeard had raised the ax for the death-stroke! The writhing creature is at William's feet. He rises on one knee. The gleaming knife thrusts deep into Longbeard's side. "Take that," he howled, "for my father, Geoffry's sake!"

At the sudden pain and shock Longbeard's arm fell to his side. That second of time saved the Archbishop. A score of men leaped upon the wounded lion and disarmed him. Longbeard looked in scorn upon the pallid, evil face of the wretch who had dealt the felon stroke. "Accursed son of Judas," he said, "you have by one blow held back the salvation of England. The malison of the oppressed be upon you in this life and your portion of eternity is to burn in Hell!"

The caitiff slunk away, wiping the sweat of fear from his dripping brow.

Hubert Gualtier felt the warm blood come back to his heart. The weird fear that had cast a spell over his haughty spirit passed away; but there came no thought of mercy to his wicked soul. "Tie that swine to the tail of a horse and drag him to the gallows' hill. Take the others with you and hang them together without priest or prayer, like dogs," was his ruthless order.

So they dragged William Longbeard, champion of the people, wounded and bloody, at the tail of a horse through the streets and hanged him and his companions on the gallows for all London to see. And the people of the city never stirred to save him. For the leaders thought of their sweet wives and children in the tower and the horrible reprisal that the demon nature of Hubert Gualtier would exact upon their tender bodies made the human hearts of them quail and they dared attempt no rescue. A few mobs of the very poor, who had nothing to lose but their lives, gathered in the streets, but they were unarmed and leaderless, and the riders of Anjou scattered them like leaves before a gale at a single charge.

"And thus," wrote Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, "perished William Longbeard for embracing the cause of the poor and the defense of truth. If the cause makes the martyr no one can more justly be called a martyr than he."

The Act of Parliament, Ninth of Queen Anne, chapter 10, establishing a postal department in the American Colonies, made it the especial duty of the Postmasters to furnish horses for the transportation of travelers at a rate of three pence a mile for a horse and four pence a mile for a guide, parcels up to eighty pounds to be carried on the guide's horse free of charge. We also note among the curious articles franked to foreign ports, by the old English packet service, the following: "Fifteen hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass," "Two maid-servants going as laundresses to my lord Ambassador Methuen," "Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other accessories."—*Cowles—A General Freight and Passenger Post.*

Workingmen's Compensation and the Law

THE PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

By W. J. Ghent

III.

AMERICA has been characteristically backward in taking up the movement for workmen's compensation. For many years what protest was made against the injustice done to maimed workers centered mainly about the reform of the liability laws. There are several causes for this attitude. Of course, it was recognized that our constitutions are an obstacle in the way of compensation measures. Then, too, employers, with their enormous advantages before the law, generally preferred any kind of liability measures to any kind of compensation measures, and thus stood more or less solid against a fundamental change.

But a more influential cause has been our national love of gambling in futures. Theoretically the injured worker, or the dependents of the killed worker, could sue the employer and recover large damages; and so the reform of the liability laws improving the legal chances of the worker appealed to him more strongly than the enactment of measures fixing a sure but moderate compensation. As a matter of fact, the outrageous liability laws, and the still more outrageous decisions made under them, rendered it difficult, no matter how flagrant the fault of the employer, for the workers to win verdicts of any kind. It has taken years of experience with laws and judges and juries to bring about a healthier state of public opinion in the matter.

The Beginning of the Movement

Nevertheless the occasionally published accounts of the workings of the European laws gradually awakened an interest in the subject. So, also, the demands of the Socialist party, as voiced in its first national platform (1900) and repeated in subsequent national and State platforms, had their abiding effect. Certain books, magazine articles and official reports contributed to the awakening interest. In 1898 appeared W. H. Willoughby's volume on "Workingmen's Insurance," for many years the standard authority on the subject, and in 1900 appeared Adna F. Weber's summary of the subject in the report of the New York Commissioner of Labor Statistics. A year later a study of the question by H. G. Wadlin was published in the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, and in 1905 appeared John Graham Brooks' volume on "Compulsory Insurance in Germany."

The pressure of local circumstances also had its effect. The Pennsylvania mining law of 1891, though in no sense a compensation measure, was at least a marked departure from the ordinary liability laws. It was, in fact, too much of a departure, for it was promptly declared unconstitutional. But in 1902 Maryland actually passed a compensation act. It provided for the payment by the employer, though with partial contributions from the workers, of a death benefit of \$1,000 for every coal miner, clay digger, quarryman and railway worker and for every manual worker on public works, who should be killed at his task. Inadequate as it was, it was ahead of its time, as time goes in America, and it lasted only from July 1, 1903, to April 28, 1904, when it was declared unconstitutional.

Legislative Inquiries

In 1903 the Massachusetts Legislature appointed a commission to inquire into the relations between employer and worker, with special reference to employers' liability. This commission reported emphatically in favor of general compensation and submitted a bill embodying its recommendations. The bill provided a death benefit of three years' earnings, not to be less than \$1,000 nor more than \$2,000, and a disability benefit of not more than 50 per cent of earnings, with a weekly maximum of \$10. After some discussion the bill was defeated. Another commission, appointed in 1907, brought in an inconclusive report.

The Illinois Legislature appointed a commission in 1905, which reported two years later a voluntary insurance scheme, but the measure failed to pass. The Connecticut Commission of 1907 reported inconclusively during the winter of 1908-9, and the Wisconsin Legislature in 1907 discussed a bill drawn on the British plan, but did not pass it.

Federal Measures

In 1906 the United States Philippine Commission passed a trifling compensation act for Government employes on the islands. It provided merely for the continuance of wages for 90 days to persons suffering disability from injuries received while on duty. In the same year the United States Congress passed an employers' liability law covering common

carriers and enterprises engaged in interstate commerce. It was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, and a new law was passed on April 22, 1908. This law also was promptly declared unconstitutional—this time by the Supreme Court of Connecticut, though it has not yet been passed upon by the Federal Court.

An immediate result of this conflict, however, was the passage by Congress of an act (approved May 30, 1908) compensating by a year's wages for disability or death all artisans or laborers employed by the Government in its manufacturing establishments, arsenals or navy-yards, or in the construction of river and harbor fortification work, or in hazardous work in the reclamation of arid lands or on the Isthmian canal. In his message of January 31st of the same year President Roosevelt made a general recommendation of compensation laws for the States.

In the meantime the tiny stream of printed matter on the subject was growing into a flood. The American Association for Labor Legislation, organized in Baltimore in 1905, made it a subject of special concern. The Federal *Labor Bulletin* also gave it frequent treatment, and from time to time certain of the magazines printed articles on the subject. A summary of the briefer contributions to the question published in *The Survey* of March 18, 1911, apportioned credit in this manner:

"In the crystallization of the movement various briefer writings have had a notable part, for example, those of Frederick Hoffman and Arthur B. Reeve; William Hard's 'Making Steel and Killing Men' in *Everybody's* for November, 1907; the group of articles in *Charities* and *The Commons* for December, 1907, which presented the gist of Prof. Henderson's paper before the Philadelphia Conference of Charities and Correction, and Francis H. McLean's report to the New York conference; Miss Eastman's study of the master and servant decisions in *Charities* and *The Commons* for March, 1908, and the subsequent installments of her findings as to industrial accidents for the 'Pittsburg Survey,' papers by Dr. Farnam, Dr. Henderson, Dr. Lorenz and others before the early sessions of the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the utterances of various Wisconsin and Illinois men associated with the early stages of the movement in those States."

Later (1909) came Prof. Charles R. Henderson's volume on "Industrial Insurance in the United States" and Frank W. Lewis' "State Insurance"; in 1910 Miss Crystal Eastman's notable volume on "Work-Accidents and the Law," Lee K. Frankel and Miles M. Dawson's "Workingmen's Insurance in Europe" and Prof. Henry R. Seager's "Social Insurance," and in 1911 Gilbert L. Campbell's "Industrial Accidents and Their Compensation" and the ponderous Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Labor, containing an exhaustive treatment of the European laws and their workings. In addition, a large number of reports, briefs and comments of one sort or another has appeared during the last two years.

The Movement Becomes General

With the beginning of 1909 the movement may be said to have become general. On January 1st Governor Hughes, of New York, in a message to the Legislature, recommended a thorough inquiry into the subject. The result was the appointment of the Wainwright Commission, which first met on June 22d. Wisconsin and Minnesota also appointed commissions. Montana passed a compulsory co-operative insurance law for miners and mine laborers. Massachusetts passed an insignificant measure authorizing employers to submit tentative compensation schemes to the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, for voluntary acceptance between employers and workers. The first bill introduced into the first session of the Sixty-first Congress, which met in December of that year, was a general compensation measure. Though it failed to pass, it resulted in the appointment of a United States Commission to study the matter.

The year 1910 was notable for the passage of the New York laws (May 24th and June 25th); the passage of the Maryland compulsory co-operative insurance law for coal and clay miners; the appointment of commissions by Massachusetts, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Washington and the United States, and by the organization of a National Conference upon Compensation for Industrial Acci-

dents. During the last winter seven of the State Commissions have submitted more or less elaborate reports.

New York takes precedence as the first State to enact a compensation law in any sense "general." It is a mere makeshift of the law, totally inadequate to the needs of the issue and including but a small part of the workers. The industry of the Wainwright commission was praiseworthy; it held many sittings, it listened to volumes of testimony and it collected and republished a great deal of valuable data from printed sources. Moreover, it gave courteous treatment to the labor and Socialist representatives. But throughout it was oppressed by a sense of the danger of "going too far," and the bill which it submitted was in every sense unsatisfactory to the workers.

The labor and Socialist representatives agreed upon the provisions of a bill and submitted them to the commission. No shadow of these provisions, however, appeared in the bill reported. Against the protests of organized labor and the Socialist party, the commission's recommendations were promptly enacted into law.

The New York law is a double law in which one part supplements the other. The first half, bearing the date of May 24, 1910, amends the liability law and provides an elective scheme of compensation upon which the employers and workers may agree. The second half, bearing the date of June 25th, is the more important. It is a compulsory compensation law for hazardous employments, and the cost of compensation rests upon the employer. It covers eight occupations: (1) iron and steel bridge work and building; (2) hoisting on such work; (3) scaffold work; (4) tunnel and subway construction; (5) caisson work; (6) electric construction and repairing; (7) work with or near explosives; (8) railroad operation and track construction and repairing. These occupations include only a small part of the gainfully employed workers.

The death benefit is fixed at 1,200 times the daily earnings, but not to exceed \$3,000. This is for persons totally dependent upon the earnings of the victims. For those partly dependent a proportionate compensation is paid, while in the case of one who leaves no dependents no charge falls upon the employer except that for medical attendance (if any) and burial. For disability a benefit is paid of not more than 50 per cent of earnings, not exceeding \$10 a week, and lasting not longer than eight years. Disabilities lasting less than two weeks are not compensated. The State does not absolutely secure payment, but makes compensation awards preferred claims.

The National Conference Schedule

Among the many proposed measures the schedule of provisions adopted tentatively by the National Conference at Chicago, November 10-12, 1910, is important, since it represents the majority sentiment among the men specially engaged on this work. This gathering was not officially the National Conference which had organized at Atlantic City and which had subsequently met at Washington and at Chicago, though it was composed of virtually the same representatives. It was an informal gathering, called by the Massachusetts Commission to consider certain special questions. It agreed upon the following schedule of provisions for what it considered a practical measure:

1. All employments to be included.
2. All injuries, except self-inflicted ones, to be compensated, and burden of proof of self-infliction of injury to rest upon employer.
3. All persons employed to be included.
4. Compensation for temporary disability to be paid in installments; for permanent disability or death, in installments with right to commute.
5. Compensation for temporary or total permanent disability to be 50 per cent of earnings, with a weekly maximum of \$10 and minimum of \$5, payments not to last more than 300 weeks; for partial permanent disability, 50 per cent of impairment of earning power.
6. For death, to those totally dependent, graded benefits ranging from 25 per cent for widow alone to 60 per cent for widow and five children, with same maximum, minimum and time limit as above; for partial dependents, 50 per cent of amount previously contributed by deceased; in case no dependents are left, expenses of sickness and burial, not exceeding \$200.
7. Disability of less than two weeks not to be compensated.
8. Dependents not to include aliens residing outside the country; illegitimate children not to be mentioned.
9. No contributions to be made by workers.
10. Permission to be given to employer, with consent of public officials, to substitute voluntary compensation scheme, provided all points of law are covered.
11. Disputes to be settled by arbitration boards.
12. State insurance of employers to be compulsory.
13. All other laws bearing on the subject to be repealed.

The Seven Commission Reports

How far these recommendations have been embodied in the reports published or bills drafted by the seven commissions is worth noting. The Mas-

sachusetts bill was a tentative one, drafted to bring out discussion, and was not presented to the Legislature. The commission regretfully confessed that opposition to the measure was marked on the part of both employers and workers. It covered every employment and all work-places where at least five hands were employed. It excepted, however, workers of advanced age, permitting them to waive the provisions of the law. All injuries were covered, with exceptions for self-inflicted misconduct and intoxication. It was a "compulsory compensation" measure, the burden of payment resting on the employer. Its compensation rates did not vary greatly from those in the National Conference schedule.

The Washington bill is a "compulsory insurance" measure, by which the employer pays to an accident fund a certain percentage of his payroll, and to a first-aid fund a further percentage, part of which he may deduct from wages. It applies only to "extra-hazardous" employments, though nearly all industrial occupations are specifically included. It includes all classes of workers, and covers all injuries except those deliberately self-inflicted. The scale of compensation is considerably lower than that of the National Conference schedule.

The Ohio bill is somewhat similar, involving contributions by workers. It includes, however, all employments and all work-places where at least five hands are employed. The compensation scale runs to \$3,400, with a maximum of \$1,500, for death or permanent disablement. The Minnesota bill follows generally the National Conference bill, while New Jersey, Wisconsin and Illinois propose "elective compensation" laws, subject to the voluntary acceptance of employers and workers.

The Labor-Socialist Measure

The most advanced measure so far proposed is that of the Joint Conference of the Central Labor Bodies and the Socialist Party Organization of New York City. The Socialist members of this conference were Robert W. Bruere, Morris Hillquit, Algernon Lee, Edward F. Cassidy, Gertrude U. Light and W. J. Ghent. The schedule was presented to the Wainwright Commission on February 1, 1910, but of course it was regarded by that conservative body as altogether out of the question. Since then, however, a bill drafted on the same lines by Mr. Hillquit has been accepted by the trade unions and Socialists of Connecticut and has been energetically pushed by them before the Connecticut Legislature. The main provisions of the measure are as follows:

1. All injuries and all disabilities from occupational diseases to be compensated.
2. All employments to be covered, except public employments already provided for by compensation schemes of equal or greater benefit.
3. All persons receiving less than \$2,500 yearly to be compensated.
4. Entire cost of compensation to rest upon employer (including contractor and sub-contractor).
5. Compensation for death or permanent disability to be computed on the basis of the expectation of life given in the Massachusetts Life Table of 1898. Compensation for death to be one-third of the present cash value of the amount which the victim would have earned during the remainder of his life at rate of wages received at time of accident. No wages to be computed at less than \$850 a year.
6. Compensation for total permanent disability to be one-third more than death compensation.
7. Compensation for permanent partial disability to be proportioned to loss of earning power.
8. Compensation for temporary disability to be not less than 65 per cent of earnings, computed at not less than \$8 a week.
9. Claims to be fixed by voluntary agreement, by arbitration or by court.
10. Arbitration to be provided for.
11. The state to guarantee payment.

The Measures Compared

The differences between this schedule and that of the National Conference are many and extreme. In the first place, it allows for no waiting time (two weeks in the National Conference schedule), but requires compensation from the time of the accident. Like the British act, it includes occupational diseases, the cause of probably as great a loss of earning power as are outright casualties. The National Conference schedule does not mention disease. The compensation asked for temporary disability is 65 per cent, with a minimum of \$8 a week, as against 50 per cent and a minimum of \$5 a week in the other schedule. The matter of demanding less than the full loss of earning power is explained in the brief as follows:

On the subject of compensation for temporary disability the Socialist delegates favor full compensation as a just demand; but as an adjustment of 65 per cent of the employe's loss of income had been previously recommended to your commission by the representatives of organized labor, the latter do not desire to modify that recommendation, although they recognize the general justice of the demand for full compensation in case of temporary injuries."

The compensation for death and total permanent disability is based on a principle different from that of all other compensation measures. It is a far more equitable principle than the others, since it compensates for the actual loss of earning power. To the dependents the loss of a wage-earner in the prime of life is of course far more serious than the loss of one in advanced years. Instead of a fixed sum, a sum based upon the expectancy of life, is demanded. The Massachusetts Life Table

of 1898 is taken as the standard. The amount of wages that the deceased or injured would have earned at usual wages, during the remainder of his life, is computed, and one-third of the present cash value of this sum becomes the death benefit. For permanent total disability, a condition economically worse than death, since the helpless victim must be supported, the benefit is one-third more than the death benefit. Death and disability benefits are to be payable monthly.

The Labor-Socialist schedule makes no exception for employes who leave no dependents. In such cases the money goes to the State. The State guarantees payment of all benefits. It establishes a State accident insurance fund, in which employers may insure and which acts as trustee for the beneficiaries. As in the British law, the worker may either take the compensation award or may sue for a larger sum, and upon losing his suit take the original award.

The Matter of "Constitutionality"

It is generally recognized that our courts, State and Federal, constitute a serious menace to the enforcement of any kind of a compensation measure. The New York Wainwright law was drawn with a careful regard for possible judicial decisions, and a good many sanguine persons believed that it was "safe." But on March 24th the New York Court of Appeals handed down a unanimous decision declaring the law unconstitutional on the ground that it deprived employers of their property "without due process of law." This marvelously elastic phrase, taken from the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, has done duty many times before in court decisions against labor. It was, for instance, the main basis of the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in 1895 against the law limiting the hours of women in factories. A woman's labor is her property, said the decision, and any statutory declaration that she may not work eleven hours or even twenty-four hours a day is a seizure of her property "without due process of law." It is only natural to suppose that this phrase will continue to be a judicial and capitalist refuge until an overwhelming popular sentiment arrays itself against further usurpation of powers by the courts.

The Court of Appeals delivers its verdict with an almost tearful regret. It praises highly the preliminary work of the Wainwright Commission; it commends the humane spirit in which the commission acted, and it admits the right of the Legislature to declare certain occupations dangerous, and to abrogate the defenses of "contributory negligence" and "act of a fellow-servant." But it declares that the main principle of the law, the laying upon a particular industry of the cost of the accidents happening in that industry, contravenes the State and Federal constitutions. This is the argument:

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

If it is competent to impose upon an employer who has omitted no legal duty and has committed no wrong a liability based solely upon a legislative fiat that his business is inherently dangerous it is equally competent to visit upon him a special tax for the support of hospitals and other charitable institutions, upon the

theory that they are devoted largely to the alleviation of ills primarily due to this business.

"Reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished," say the high dignitaries of the court, "[in this] branch of our jurisprudence." But no legislative reform is possible under the terms of this decision. The State constitution will have to be amended; and even then there may be doubt of the validity of such a law. The phrase "without due process of law" is in the State as well as the Federal constitution. A court sufficiently defiant of the a State constitution in conflict with the Federal constitution; or in further declaring State laws and constitutions invalid, by a recourse to Section 4 of Article IV, which ordains that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government."

The Remedy

"The constitution follows the election returns," says Mr. Dooley. The appointive judge and the elective judge are alike susceptible to the influence of elections. We have judicial decisions like those popular will would have no difficulty in declaring of Illinois and New York, like those of the Federal Court in the New York Bake-Shop law and in the Danbury hatters' case, because an overwhelming number of voters cast their ballot for either the Democratic or the Republican candidates for judges. Very often these two parties agree upon the same candidates for election. Even in cases where they do not, the nominated persons are sure to be "safe." They are named to represent Property, and so long as the people are willing, these judges will represent Property alone. By these judges any act which relieves, in the smallest particular, the burden of the non-propertied class may be, and usually is, declared a deprivation of property "without due process of law."

When the people come to recognize this fundamental fact, we shall have another kind of decisions. We shall have decisions favoring human life as against Property. Everything done to make men see that the courts are necessarily the instruments of Property, every protest against such outrageous decisions, helps along this consummation. No less does every repeated test of the court's bias and subserviency help along the work. Every labor law, every compensation measure, that can be forced through a Legislature to a judicial tribunal, tends to make clearer to the mass of men the attitude and function of the courts of today. And, therefore, there is nothing for discouragement in such a decision as that of the New York Court of Appeals. There is, on the other hand, much for encouragement. Let the workers force law after law upon the statute books, knowing that with each veto by a Supreme Court those usurping tribunals are but weakening and disintegrating their powers and preparing the way for the Socialist Republic.

Reasons---Millions of Them

BY HENRY T. JONES.

I know of nearly 100,000,000 reasons in these United States why we should have Socialism.

And those reason are live ones. They consist of each and every man woman and child on this part of the earth who make up the nearly one hundred million population of this great nation. (And those living, quivering reasons are the most perfect expression of evolution—the world's best asset.)

I would even go further than this in the way of multiplicity of reasons. I would number the reasons by the billions, for Socialism will be for the mighty uplift of every creature of the earth, and creatures of the earth are numbered by the billions.

And the capitalist mind hasn't one sound reason against Socialism—no, not one!

For it is, after all, only the few who really think. Not every savage could build up a cosmology or a religion. A few elaborate the principal beliefs and the mass accept them at second-hand. This is true of the lowest, as of the highest, races.—Ward—Dynamic Sociology.

"It has been aptly said that in this day of class churches, we must have not only an apostle to the Gentiles, but also an apostle to the Genteels."

Whenever a party seeks to prevent the hearing of the other side you may be sure his own side is too weak to bear the truth.

In some quarters a man and his family are not really respectable unless they can indulge in conspicuous waste.

The soldier is the only wild animal that does not eat what it kills.—Jessup.

Tomorrow's remedy will be too late for today's evils.



A desirable citizen according to Roosevelt.

The Coming Nation

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

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Russell on Australian Labor Politics

Charles Edward Russell, one of the editors of the COMING NATION, has been in Australia for several weeks. He went there for the special purpose of studying the work of the Labor Party that is now in power in the Australian Federation.

Australia is the only country in the world where labor has obtained political power independent of the Socialist movement. Here the unions have formed a political party without direct affiliation with the international Socialist principles. They could not remain entirely unaffected by the current of Socialist thought, and consequently such principles as they do possess are largely taken from the Socialist program.

In the next number of the COMING NATION Charles Edward Russell will tell the result of this experiment. He shows that, separated from the firm foundation of the Socialist principles and movement, the party has drifted far from the working class, that it has fallen into the hands of the employers of labor, until, in many ways, it has become an instrument to the enslaving of those that it is supposed to represent.

This article, as the first thorough analysis of the great Labor Party of Australia, is certain to become of international importance. It is only the first of several articles by the same author on the situation in New Zealand and on the continent of Australia. These series are, in themselves, worth many times the cost of a single subscription.

Next week begins the publication of the great serial story by Reginald Wright Kauffman, "The Curse." This story has already been described in these columns. It is the story of the transformation that is taking place in the industrial life of the south, and the problems that are effecting it. The race question is there. The new industrialism is there. Most of all, there is romance, adventure, and all the action of a splendid story. If you want to do your friend a favor, call his attention to this story in time for him to subscribe.

One of the burning questions in the political world is the struggle of the post office clerks, and through them, of the whole mass of civil service employes, for the right to organize and exercise freedom of speech and petition. The man who started this agitation, who more than any other man is responsible for its present importance, is Urban A. Walter. In the next issue of the COMING NATION he will tell the story of this fight.

The greatest piece of legislation that has even been proposed by any capitalist government in recent years in relation to the working class is the insurance scheme about to become a law in England. Desmond Shaw, the English correspondent of the COMING NATION, will describe this law in full in the next issue. This will be the first adequate explanation of the workings of the most extensive system of working class insurance ever proposed.

This number contains the first installment of Eugene Wood's "The Big Change." These articles will continue for a year and will make one of the most notable series of articles ever published in an American magazine.

We have on hand another cartoon by

Why is a Private Detective

BY A. M. SIMONS



THE first function of organized society is supposed to be to protect persons and preserve order. There can be no such thing as civilization until society has agreed to stop individual warfare. The first step in the formation of any government has always been the abolition of private armies. While armed and organized forces are under private control, there is no government. The relegation of police powers to private initiative is a fundamental principle of anarchy.

The United States is supposed to have abolished private armies. Many states have laws forbidding the formation of armed bodies except as a part of the state militia. This law, like all laws enacted by a class government, is enforced only along class lines. No labor union would be permitted to organize and drill an armed force. The mere suggestion that a union has employed persons to attack scabs is hailed as an excuse for loosing all the powers of the state upon it.

The capitalist class, on the other hand, is given every assistance in the maintenance of private armies of irresponsible thugs. Great national organizations are formed and given special permits to carry arms, to arrest and intimidate citizens, to lock them up without process of law, to sweat them, put them through the third degree, kidnap them and rush them across state lines for such purposes as they may see fit. These men are armed and drilled with every form of weapon from brass knuckles, slung-shots and revolvers to machine guns. At Ziegler, Ill., a machine gun was loaned by the United States government to a body of these murderous thugs to be used in intimidating members of the United Mine Workers.

At Homestead they were armed and drilled with repeating rifles and permitted to shoot down striking iron workers.

These private man killers owe no responsibility to any one save to the employing class. They are hired murderers in the class war.

To the private detectives the state has abdicated a large portion of its functions. To them it has turned over the powers that are supposed to be vested exclusively in the state.

Concerning the character of these men, I quote again from their chief, William J. Burns, who said: "As a class they are the biggest lot of black-mailing thieves that ever went unwhipped of justice."

How much longer are the workers of the United States going to permit the primary function of society to be exercised by a body of "black-mailing thieves," clothed with the power of the state, but responsible to no one? It is time for the private detective to go. He has no reason for existence.

Walter Crane, and one by Art Young, and another promised by Balfour Ker. There are no greater artists in the world than these in the cartoon line.

There is not another publication in the English language that is offering anything any better than this. The only question is, do the Socialists of the United States want such a paper? We have gone ahead on the assumption that they do. We have obtained the best there is, and during the next few months we will be waiting the answer. Unless there is a response in the way of increased subscriptions, we shall be forced to conclude that the time is not yet ripe for a publication of the standard we have set. We cannot believe this to be possible, but we have no way of finding out except to try it and see what our readers say. If those who have written to us saying they really wish such a paper will, during the next two weeks, call the attention of their friends to the COMING NATION, and urge them to subscribe, then we can safely go on to produce the same sort of paper, or even a better one for the future. If this is not done, we shall have to conclude that the publication of the COMING NATION is premature and that Socialists do not wish to support a paper of such a character.

It can safely be asserted that throughout history the strongest have been taxed least, and the weakest most.—Prof. Rauschenbush in *Christianity and Social Crisis*.

Auto Electric Light Trimmer

Now the number of electric lamp trimmers is to be reduced by a new machine, which has already shown itself capable of reducing the cost of transportation and labor thirty-three and a third per cent over either the horse



drawn wagon or the motor cycle. This is an automobile, with a raised platform, from which the machine can be operated, thus saving the trimmer the work of going up and down a ladder, while he can make his rounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The Socialist Scouts

The Scout work is no longer an experiment. Hundreds of boys and girls are now steadily at work making from 25 cents to \$5 a week. The work is easy, pleasant and healthful and all Scouts receive the very best of training in agitation work. Both the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* are sold by Scouts. The youngsters also take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable prizes in addition.

No outlay of money is necessary for a start. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Dept., *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kan., and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will go forward by return mail.



FRANCIS L. M'DOUGAL.

Sanford, Fla., is the home of this little comrade, a 14-year-old member of the Socialist Scout army. The pony she rides covers many miles each week carrying Socialist propaganda. Francis says she likes the work. Her father writes: "My little girl can ride a horse as well as any man. This pony belongs to her." Are there other Scouts who deliver papers on horseback?

Scout News

I have received my Socialist Primer and I regard it as one of the best books that ever went on the press. I recommend it as a good and valuable book for the Socialist Scouts.—Arthur Wright, Ind.

People now who are strangers to me ask me for the COMING NATION and people who would not take them before. I will be glad when my book comes. I read the NATION always.—Elizabeth Duvall, Md.

Thank you for the button and badge. Am having fair success selling NATIONS, and *Appeals* have been going like hot cakes. Have increased my order again to be ready for Confederate Convention next week. My bundle came yesterday, almost sold out last night. I am proud of my button.—Sam B. Lecroy, Ark.

I am sending four less papers, as work is on the bum. No one has any money. One man here earned \$2 for a week's pay. It looks as though they need Socialism or something to help. Maybe they will make up now when their stomachs rebel on account of less food.—Johny Gore, Conn.

I received the Socialist Primer and am very much obliged for it. I think it a very interesting book.—Rudolph Samson, Minn.

I received the Socialist Primer, and think it is fine. I think that by next week I'll have more customers.—Laura Gonick, Neb.

I have received my foto scope and watch and am using them in good ways. I have fun with my foto scope by putting Taft on his head, that is, on the curtain.—Herman Ring, N. Y.

I received my Primer and think it is very fine.—F. Huettl, N. J.

Sold my *Appeals* quick this time. I also got a new customer.—Harry Henhey, Pa.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear? About two hundred pounds a year. And that which was prov'd true before Proved false again? Two hundred more.—Butler.

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CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE
 EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Adventures of Red Feather and Poppy

BY KITTIE SPARGUR HULSE.
 (Copyright 1911, by Kittie Spargur Hulse.)

(This is one of a number of stories about some Indian children who lived in an Indian village on the banks of Pitt River in northern California many years ago, before the white people came. A "campoodie" is an Indian house, and "pappoose" is an Indian name for "baby.")

They Gather Sunflower Seeds

RED FEATHER and Baby Rainbow lay sleeping soundly in their fur robes on the floor of their campoodie. Mother Sunflower had been up for an hour or more, getting ready for their trip to the hills to harvest the plentiful crop of sunflower seeds. The men had gone hunting long before, while the stars were in the sky.

"Open your eyes, little lazy birds! Open your eyes!" called Mother Sunflower softly, bending over them. Red Feather was awake in an instant and sat up quickly, rubbing his eyes; but Poppy snuggled down farther under her warm, soft robe of rabbit skins. Although it was August, the nights were cool there, and the sun was not yet up to take the chill from the morning air.

"Wake up, little pappoose!" Mother Sunflower went on in her soft, sweet voice, shaking Poppy gently. "Wake up, pretty one! All your little friends are up—Magpie and Dewdrop and Chipmunk—and only my Poppy is lazy this morning! The mice and the rats will have all the big, fat sunflower seeds! Will you stay at home idly while the rest work to gather food for the long, dark days of winter?"

Poppy opened her great dark eyes and smiled sleepily at her mother who patted her black braids as lovingly as your mother does when she wakens you.

The children each ate a piece of fish and some service berries gathered the day before, and were ready for the trip.

Baby Rainbow was strapped into his pappoose case, a proceeding he did not like, never had liked, and never would like; and if you have ever seen a pappoose in his case, carried on his mother's back, you will perhaps understand why! You may also understand why so many Indian children are bow-legged. If you have never seen papposes you have perhaps seen pictures of the cases they are carried in.

A broad strap of buckskin is fastened to the case and this is placed around the mother's head, passing across the forehead. Perhaps you wonder how the Indian women and carry such heavy loads in such a way, but they were used to it from childhood. The muscles of their backs and necks were very strong, and the women were all straight as arrows.

The women waded the river and carried the youngest children across on their backs. Some, like Poppy and Red Feather, chose to swim across.

The hillside they were bound for was half a mile from the camp. In the early summer, and at distance, it looked yellow because of the great numbers of sunflowers that grew there; but the yellow blossoms were gone, now, and the seeds ripe for harvest.

They walked slowly, for the old women, like Grandmother Snowbird, went, too, and some of the women had papposes to carry.

Half way up the hill was a spring. Around it grew service berry bushes and aspen trees. Here the papposes were left with the oldest women while the others went to gather seeds. Another woman had carried her jo-ki for

Poppy's mother, inside her own large one.

Mother Sunflower carried a small, shallow, closely-woven basket in her left hand. In her right she held a small stick. She would hold her small basket under the bent head of a sunflower, rap the stalk smartly, and the seeds would scatter out into the basket. When this was full, Mother Sunflower would empty them over her shoulder into the big jo-ki. The seeds were small and the work of gathering them was slow indeed.

Poppy carried her own little jo-ki on her back, and Red Feather helped her fill it.

It was a very warm day, but the women worked busily most of the day. There are many people who think the Indians were all lazy and shiftless and spent nearly all their time loafing around; but this is not so, as those who know them best will tell you. The men spent much of their time in hunting, which is not the easiest thing in the world, especially with only bows and arrows; and the women were busy most of their time, getting food and wood and making baskets and rugs and tanning skins for clothes and houses.

When the children had worked for a reasonable time, they were allowed to rest or play in the shade of the aspens. Often Red Feather looked at his mother. She had been well-named, he thought. This little Indian boy loved his beautiful mother dearly and was very proud of her. She was not tall, but she was still slender, and as straight as the stem of a tall sunflower. Her buckskin dress was embroidered with porcupine quills and beads; she wore several bead bracelets on her round, brown arms, and a necklace of blue beads around her neck. Her thick, black hair was braided in two braids, and she wore a basket cap of brown and yellow straw.

They ate their lunch in the shade of the aspens. They had sage-hen and fish cooked the day before, apaw bread, service berries and sunflower seeds.

They started for home when the sun was an hour high. Red Feather carried little Rainbow home on his own back all the way. Once he might have been ashamed to carry his little brother, for fear the other boys and the men would tease him and call him "woman"; but he knew they would not call him that any more since he had killed the panther in the cave. He had killed several doves and magpies and redpeckers on the hill, and little Rainbow's case was adorned with feathers of all colors.

How glad they were to feel the cool water of the river on their hot, tired feet when they crossed it on their way back to camp! How welcome was the sight of their campoodies, looking almost white against the background of pines and willows!

Red Feather uncovered the coals of their own fire in front of their campoodie, laid on them bits of straw and twigs, and blew and blew on it till he was dizzy before a tiny flame blazed up. He added larger twigs and soon had a good fire blazing. Mother Sunflower made cakes of apaw meal and baked them in the ashes. They were made just of meal and water, no milk or baking powder or salt; and perhaps you would not care for such bread; but it was the best bread they had ever eaten or heard of or dreamed of. The best bread you have ever eaten tastes pretty well to you, doesn't it, little ones?

Father Swift Runner and the other hunters came home with plenty of game. How good the meat smelt cooking over the fire. One of the men had found a bee-tree filled with honey and you may be sure the little Indian children were glad to hear about this. They liked sweet things also, but they had never

tasted candy, and the only sugar they knew anything about was a kind that perhaps you have never heard of; but I will tell you about that another time.

How good it seemed to lie down on the soft furs on the floor of the campoodie, after supper, and listen to the tales of the hunters gathered round the embers of the campfire till one's eyes and ears were closed by sleep!

* * *

All the next day they made sunflower meal. There were a number of long, broad stones in the camp in which hollows had been worn by years of grinding. A small quantity of sunflower seeds was placed in the hollow of a rock and pounded with a roundish stone, in order to loosen the hulls of the seeds. Seeds and hulls were then emptied into baskets and the hulls and chaff fanned out either by a breeze or the breath. The younger children thought it was great fun to do this and begged to be allowed to help; but if they wasted the precious seeds they were scolded by the old women and not allowed to help any more that day.

When bread was needed, Mother Sunflower would grind the seeds, mix them with water and bake them in the ashes. Sometimes the meal was eaten raw, sometimes dry, sometimes moistened with water. If you do not think it was good, just try making some meal from tame sunflower seeds, one of these days, and sample it!

Sunflower seeds are oily and very rich; and they are very nutritious.

* * *

Father Swift Runner came walking lightly into camp that night. He carried an antelope on his back, which pleased the children greatly; but what pleased them more was something he threw into Poppy's lap—some wild plums, not yet ripe, but very red, nevertheless!

"Only a few sleeps more and we shall go plumming!" shouted the children, dancing around in their delight. And then they ran to tell the good news to their little neighbors.

Down in a Coal Mine

SONG

I am a jovial collier lad, and blithe as blithe can be;
 Then let the times be good or bad, they're all the same to me,
 'Tis little of the world I know, and careless of its ways;
 Down where the bright stars never glow I wear away my days.



Collier Boys.

CHORUS.
 Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
 Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
 Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
 Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

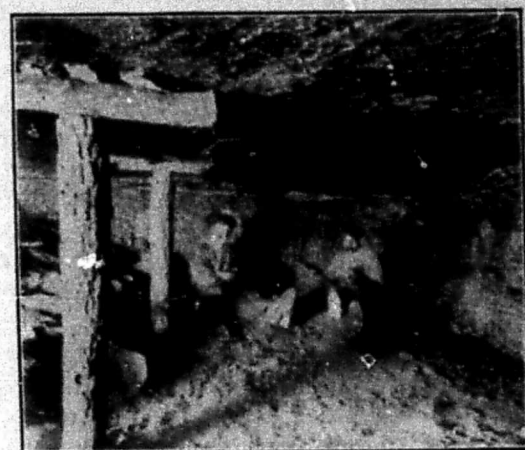
1.
 My hands are horny, hard and black, with working in the vein,
 And like the clothes upon my back, my speech is rough and plain;
 Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've but one thing to say—
 'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong; his head but goes astray.

2.
 How little do the great ones care who sit at home secure,
 What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure;
 The very fires their mansions boast, to cheer themselves and wives,
 Mayaap were kindled at the cost of jovial colliers' lives.

3.
 Then cheer up, lads, and make the most of every joy ye can:
 But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man.
 However Fortune turns about, ours still the jovial soul,
 What would our country be without the lads that mine for coal!

The Dust of the Coal Breaker

You see, children, it's not only the jolly colliers who spend their days "down in a coal mine," "where a gleam of sunshine never can be found." Even boys from 8 to 16 years old, who ought



In an English Mine.

to be going to school and to play work all day in the dark and the dust. Such boys are glad when there is a strike in the coal field, for then they have a chance to go out into the sunshine and play baseball, which otherwise they never do.

The Banner

(In reply to *The Flag*, by Gertrude E. Heath in *Children's Magazine*, June, 1910.)

FLING out the banner, children,
 Let all the people see
 How rooted deep in the heart of a child
 The love of race may be;
 Fling out the banner of crimson hue

That would give to every child his due.

Salute the banner, children,
 With grateful, ready hand;
 It means as far as the eye can see
 Sweet homes in an honest land;
 Yet men have died for being true
 To this flag that would give each child his due.

Obeys the bright flag, children;
 'Tis the emblem of our creed
 That bids us give the world our best
 That asks from the world our need;
 Obeys the banner of crimson hue
 That bids us give and demand our due.

Stand by this color, children,
 Entrusted to us by the dead;
 Let no traitor sully nor coward pale
 This flag for which men have bled;
 Stand by this living red, this hue
 That WILL GIVE to every child his due.

There is no permanent wise man except in the fignent of the stoics.—Emerson.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long.—Kingsley.

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From Mill Hand to Mayor

BY OSCAR LEONARD.

TEN years' work as a mill hand in the mills of Granite City was the preparation of M. E. Kirkpatrick for the office of Mayor. He did not even lose a day during the campaign. A workingman cannot afford to lose a day for campaign preparations, even if he is still unmarried as is Mayor Kirkpatrick.

In my search for him I went to the city hall. He was not there, and I, with another Socialist, went to his office. Still not finding him we sat down to wait. We found the table covered with Socialist papers and magazines that deal with serious problems. In the open book-case we found a set of Scientific works, Morgan's Ancient History and Bacon's essays, a number of Socialist pamphlets and books, and a brand new set of law books.

While we were rummaging among the books a tall, smoothly shaven, slender young man entered and greeted us:

"Good morning, gentlemen?"

"Are you the mayor?"

"My Socialist comrades have made me so," he said.

We introduced ourselves. I had arranged to meet him before so that he knew that I was there for the COMING NATION. He had a good word to say about the COMING NATION, but modestly forbids my repeating it—Socialist papers do not blow their own horns. After the first preliminaries I asked him to tell me how the comrades won out.

"It is the same story. Hard work."

"I know that, comrade, but we want something specific. I believe that it is helpful for comrades in other cities to know how victories have been won," I insisted.

"We carried on our perpetual campaign of education just as Socialists do everywhere. We would buy 1,500 or 2,000 Appeals and distribute them systematically. The Appeal and the Social



Alderman T. A. Lindsay.



Collector Roy Holhouser.

Democratic Herald were always helpful. We brought the best speakers and only the best to help us. We had a few street meetings, but no soap-boxing, using a platform on a vacant lot instead."

Mayor Kirkpatrick made very few speeches himself. He says he does not like to talk much. There were two



Mayor M. E. Kirkpatrick.

other tickets in the field and these, in order to create confusion, went under the names of the People's Party and Labor Party. The People's Party, according to the admission of its leaders, spent about five thousand dollars, mostly for beer and cigars. They were so certain of victory that two hundred cow bells and a St. Louis band had already been procured for the purpose of serenading Kirkpatrick when he lost. What they did with their cow bells and band is still a mystery.

Two local newspapers announced that election returns would be given out at their offices. When it became evident that the Socialists had won, the lights were shut off and the office deserted without explanation.

Mayor Kirkpatrick spent but five dollars and the Socialist party but two hundred in the campaign.

One of the reasons for the Socialist victory was undoubtedly the corrupt condition of the city police force. The St. Louis papers had for weeks been filled with stories of the connection between the chief of police and the gambling—and other resorts. Naturally the saloon interests fought the Socialist candidate relentlessly.

To be sure the Socialists are not trying to drive the saloons out of town, but the new chief of police, who is a Socialist, is insisting on enforcing the law. When he raided some of the gambling dens the proprietors naively complained, "Why didn't you let a fellow know you were going to have the raid?"

One of his first acts as mayor was to return all the passes sent him by the street railway company. Previous officers, although they were business men and much better able to pay fares, had always used these passes without question.

Mayor Kirkpatrick is a union man of long standing, having held several offices in his union and been a delegate at various conventions. Like most workers he is self-educated, having been compelled to leave the school house for the farm at nine years of age.

There Are Brothers

BY CARO LLOYD.

Joseph Chamberlin, who as Colonial Secretary, was largely instrumental in bringing about the Boer war, had a brother who during that war supplied the British government with rifles of his own manufacture.

President McKinley had a brother Abner who is said to have gotten rich from army contracts during our Phil-



Alderman Emerson Taylor.



Alderman Kovert Wilson.

ippine war, and President Taft's brother has, it seems, a packing establishment in Texas where our army is "manœuvring."

A Dutch comrade, who fought for the Boers in the war with England, told me that during an engagement he fell wounded and unconscious on a field over which the English were fleeing. When he recovered his senses, two English Lancers were bending over him, caring for him.

He asked them how they happened to be doing this, and they showed him a pamphlet headed Socialism which as they were riding past, they had seen protruding from his pocket.

"We are Socialists, too," they said.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—French Proverb.

SCENES IN LOS ANGELES LABOR WAR



Los Angeles Labor Temple.



Gen. Otis' auto showing six-pounder brass cannon mounted on hood.



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Flings at Things

By D. M. S.

Old Practitioners

THESE kidnaping persons are at it once more. It ain't like they hadn't had practice before, There's Moyer and Haywood, I reckon that they would if pressed in the matter a story unfold To make your blood hesitate, pause and run cold; They met these same persons or some of their breed Who make their own law so it fits to their need.

It's not that the task was a new one, for they Have done it before in a nice quiet way, They kidnaped the surplus As it might occur, plus The millions that came from a minimum wage Their record is dark if you look at the page; They took from the worker the bulk of his share And though he protested, say, what did they care?

And is there no possible place to begin Of cutting them down, as it were, in their sin? We know that this act is A very bad practice, But as they are short on the argument they Must rough house it over to carry the day, But isn't it time by the old steeple clock They heard something drop or were handed a shock?



Nothing Incendiary

"I wish I could think of something new and original for our Fourth of July celebration." "You might read the Declaration of Independence." "I should say not. I don't want to get pinched."

Not Much

"What does yer fadder do?" "He is a labor leader." "Is he a good one?" "I shud say he was." "Huh, he never was kidnaped."

That Barred Him

"Brutus was an honorable man." "Who was this Brutus?" "An honorable man, that's all I know." "Evidently no private detective."

Large Supply

A man has all the rights he needs And loads and loads of freedom If he has rank or runs a bank And doesn't need 'em

Relief in Sight

"Mr. Morgan touches a button and the people do the rest." "Some day the people will touch a button on the voting machine and he will take a rest."



Knew Real Trouble

"It is a snap to be a plain congress," said the postoffice department rubbing the sweat beads from its swelled head. "Congress only has to make laws once a year while I must be making new laws for the Appeal every day of my life and then I can't keep up with it."

Little Flings

How they do keep playing into our hands. Indiana will get in bad with history makers. Capitalists are setting a fine line of precedents. Talk about the gods making the capitalists mad! Shoot 'em in the back, Teddy! Shoot 'em in the back!

The Master Bugler

For him who yearns To hide his tracks Detective Burns Will furnish facts,



Hand made, indeed And set in place And guaranteed To fit the case.

One Thing Settled

"Solved," shouted the fat man waving aloft a copy of the Outlook. "What's solved?" asked the saner citizen. "What to do with our ex-presidents." "What?" "Make private detectives of them."



Stories of actual life in the shops are wanted for this department. A subscription card is given for every one used. So many are being received that it is impossible to answer those that are not used. If you receive a card you may know that yours has been accepted.

His Nationality

BY W. G. ZOELLER.

Several years ago the Union Pacific was cutting through the foothills of Wyoming in order to cut off the wide curves previously made in avoiding these hills.

One evening a short, husky young fellow came walking into camp. A downy beard covered the chin of his round face which peered out from under the broad brim of an old battered hat. A shabby old swallow-tail coat, turned green with age, was tightly buttoned over his broad chest and his blue overalls were tucked into a pair of cowhides.

"Here's a man wants a job," says I to the boss. The boss spat at a stake and queried: "Wot are ye—a skinner er a mucker?" (A "skinner" is a teamster and a "mucker" is a pick-and-shovel laborer.)

The applicant looked rather perplexed, but putting on a bold front he said: "Naw—I'm a Dane."

Good Reasons

BY J. HUNGERHYDE.

A strenuous campaign for organization had been carried on for some time and the hustlers among the union workers were elated over the success which rewarded their efforts. It had been a busy and exciting time at the union meeting the night before and as "Happy"

Fine growing weather for Socialism. Roosevelt's idea of a square deal is same as it used to be. California might not have thought of going Socialist so soon. Is Roosevelt smarting under what Berkeley handed to him? Laws are not for the worker until he makes them himself.

the bed on which the sick woman lay, caught himself with his left hand and sat down on the edge of the bed. He reached with his right hand for the patient's pulse, but grasped his left wrist by mistake. For a minute he sat in silent contemplation and then he said to the patient: "There's nothing the matter with you, you're only drunk."

Told the Truth

BY NAT L. HARDY.

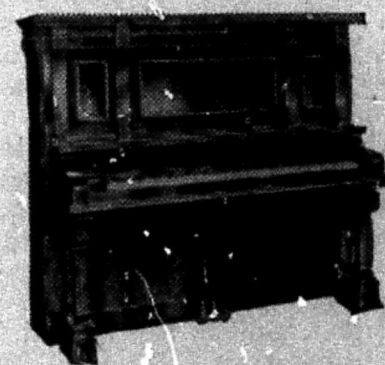
A small boy was sent down town on an errand and on his return he was asked if he had seen his father. On replying in the affirmative he was asked as to what his father was doing. "Just standing around looking green," he answered.

That night the father was told of the disrespectful remarks of his son, and he gave the boy a whipping. As he was leading the boy back to the house after the affair in the proverbial woodshed the lad sobbingly promised, "Father, I won't tell anyone the next time, no matter how green you look."

Points and Punctures

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

A nation of grafters is very apt to choose grafters for representatives. Honesty is the best policy, but a difficult way to get a valuable franchise through council. Don't give any sympathy to the rich. They are able to pay for it. It is harder to be a millionaire than to be a millionaire's son. All the people are divided into two parts; those who graft and those who would like to. In the eyes of the master it has always been a cardinal sin for the slave to rebel, a sin punishable both by God and by man.



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One cold winter night a young doctor was having a gay time at the club when a call came for him to go some distance out in the country. As he was bundling himself into his buggy one of his companions thrust a large bottle of whiskey into the seat beside him.

The night was bitter cold and stormy and the doctor took frequent recourse to the bottle so thoughtfully given him. Arriving at the farm house he was rushed indoors, his heavy clothes removed and he was put close up to a red-hot stove to warm up. The heat not only warmed his body but sent the whiskey rushing to his head.

In the sick room he stumbled against

Correct Diagnosis

BY B. H. MALLORY.



Why Not Train the Boy Scouts in Their Real Duties?

A LOOK AHEAD

From William Allen White's "The Old Order Changeth."

It is difficult to imagine what a tremendous splash in the tide of humanity was made by the invention of fire-making, or of the lever, or of the wheel. How the current of affairs was changed by each of these devices. How many ten thousands of years man consumed socializing fire, for instance, slowly and with great labor and many wars taking away the special privileges of priestcraft, or social distinction that went with fire-making to the fire-makers.

When fire-making lost its mystery and became common to all the people, what a change had come over mankind—what advancement had been reached. Man had ceased to migrate with the birds, and had separated himself from the herd into families, had learned to cook, and had lost his hairy coat. With the invention of the wheel came the overthrow of the rule of the strong. And as the mystery of the wheels became common to the people—through the centuries—as the wheel became socialized, so that every man might make and have and use a wheel without paying tribute or obeisance, the leash of the strong upon the weak slackened just a little. The history of man has been a story of the socializing of human inventions, taking them from the few who received homage and taxes for them, and distributing the inventions and the blessings they brought among all the people.

The invention of writing gave us commerce and kings; its socialization gave us the invention of printing. Printing took away the special privileges of the priests, but it gave the power of the priests to the traders; gunpowder armed the common man, and the socialization of gunpowder destroyed feudalism, and made our modern democracy possible.

Today the world is trying to socialize the invention of steam. The nineteenth century was one of many inventions. But all of them, that are of the first

importance in the world, are subsidiary to the discovery of the power of steam, or are interrelated to it. We have shown that the economic manifestation of the invention of steam is the invention of the corporation. Not that the corporation is new in the world, neither is the steam; the vapors of boiling water and the legal partnerships of men have been known for thousands of years. But with the harnessing of steam came the consolidation of capital. The steam engine is too big for the common man to own. It requires two or twenty or two thousand, or two million, or more, to own it, and to furnish material for the engine to work upon. And, moreover,

it put out the individual fires in a million little forges; it took from the homes and shops of the people millions of little wheels, and gathered to itself all the levers in the world. It was as though, by some strange reversion to the old days, a great pre-Adamite giant had come stalking into the earth gathering unto himself all the fires and their privileges that men had wrested from him in the morning of time, all the wheels and their privileges and all the levers and their special powers that had passed among men in the childhood of the race.

The world stood afraid before the steam engine. And to those who controlled it we gave privileges and rights and immunities that we gave of old to the priestly fire-makers, the knightly wheel owners, the royal purveyors of the secrets of the levers. Steam har-

nessed by capital made a new mystery that demanded our worship. And how we have bowed to it! Kings, potentates, priests, principalities and powers—all have paid deference to the captain of industry. He who can control capital has stood before kings. Capital has broken caste, the last vestige of feudalism; and where caste exists today, it is a hollow shell that will crumble before the new century is much older. Our problem in this century must be the socialization of steam; and incidental to that will be the control of capital.

For today, under the present order of things, capital rules the world. Churches are built and creeds formulated to please capital. Wars are begun and ended and nations established and laws enacted for the profit of capital. Politics is the struggle of capital to hold its legal advantage. The priests of capital in the skyscraping temples in the great cities of the world hold dominion over the minds and bodies of the civilized people on this planet as the fire-making priests of primeval days ruled their little worlds from altars and caves. For our high priests today, holding dominion over the fires and wheels and levers of the world, have assumed to make the morals of the world to fit their convenience, and for the services have exacted such tribute as seemed equitable, to wit, all the traffic will bear. But the reaction is as inevitable today as it was of old. The differences between the reactions will be only a difference of time. We live in a rapid age. The nineteenth century saw the greatest revolution of the world—that from the control of capital to the control of men. Capitalism is republican; the next evolutionary step will be toward democracy. For capital, controlling the fires and wheels and levers of the world, after all has been only the world's servant. Steam has been turning power presses, spreading knowledge among men, making electricity to spread intelligence abroad in the earth, to transform distance into a physical fiction, to draw men together in acquaintanceship that in the nature of things must end in brotherhood.



A Brave Man; Teddy the killer takes a shot as usual.



Why Not Train the Boy Scouts in Their Real Duties?