

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

INTERESTS WORKING FOR WAR



It is, of course, useless at any time to try to beat any sense into the heads of the peace advocates of the Carnegie tribe. They are so utterly obsessed with the belief that they can abolish war by eating dinners and talking platitudes that they cannot listen to one word about things as things actually are. But if about that devoted band of dinner eaters and flub-dub orators there is one person capable of thinking a little one would imagine that the present situation in Japan would give him a jar.

That is, supposing that he really cares a rap about the subject and really believes in peace. This is probably a violent supposition, but some persons that do not know Carnegie frequently indulge in it.

Here, then, is the way the case stands:

Japan is day and night preparing for war. With whom? I don't know, but not with the Esquimaux, certainly, nor with the Patagonians.

Just at this juncture comes along what is called the Four Power Loan and throws the Japanese people into a ferment.

What is the Four Power Loan? It is a device by which the United States, France, Germany and England joined hands and compelled China to borrow money that she did not want and did not need.

One result of this arrangement is that Japan is blocked in her plans for development and extension in Manchuria, where the Four Powers become dominant and Japan is kicked out.

I don't know the exact hocus-pocus and web of lies by which this deal is defended. I guess nobody knows. Perhaps no defense is needed. There was something valuable left outside the iron vault and the international burglars took it.



Instantly the Japanese press breaks into a clamor of protest. It denounces the whole scheme as fraudulent and rotten (which it certainly is) and fans every day the resentment of the Japanese people.

These people have had already too many instances of what they deem to be the dishonest policy of the Western nations. The Japanese never forget a grievance. They remember perfectly well how Japan was cheated of Port Arthur after the Chinese war and they have never forgiven the treaty of Portsmouth. Now comes what they think is another wrong forced upon them and the clamor of the press finds no lack of response.

At the very worst possible time.

Add next the fact that all this agitation is directed against the United States, that the Washington administration is held to be solely responsible, that the loan is dubbed throughout Japan "a dirty Yankee trick," that the relations between the countries have long been strained and I should think that there was something here that might for a moment divert the peace society man's attention—even from his dinner.

These fatuous and flabby souls have completely assured us that there is no danger of friction between Japan and the United States because President Taft (in the intervals of golf) is in

favor of peace and we can always be sure of the good will of the Japanese people.

So? Well, you ought to read translations of the current editorials in some Japanese newspapers if you want to get a taste of nice, fresh good-will right from the spring.

All this is obvious enough to any man that will for a moment lift his eyes from his *consomme*.

But suppose we get down to the heart of the matter, just for once and enjoy the rare experience of viewing things as they are.

What on earth are we doing in this mess? What interest is it of ours? Where did we get in? Manchuria is to us just like Easter Island. We have no concern in it. It is none of our affairs. We have no more business to be forcing a loan on China than we have to be forcing one on Parotonga.

How, then, do we come to be of this second-story and perch-climbing party?

We come to be of it because our government is directed by the Morgan-Deutscher Bank-Rothschild combination that now directs the affairs of the civilized world. This combination found that its interests demanded that a loan be forced upon China and a new batch of Chinese securities be issued for use in the international banking business.

So the partners pulled the strings on the governments that each control. The Morgan interests issued their orders to Washington, the Rothschilds looked after France and England and the Deutscher Bank (as usual) cared for Germany.

* * *



THE next thing the world knew these four governments had taken China by the throat, forced down the loan, extracted the securities, practically seized Manchuria, and the Japanese people were being goaded with a savage resentment. So here is this sudden and very real threat of war projected upon us from the only source from which modern wars ever arise. That is to say, from exploitation and the control of government in the interest of capital. The Morgan-Rothschild-Deutscher Bank combination wants to exploit Manchuria. So does Japan. The two organized greeds come into conflict and the war cloud arises.

Exploitation—and something else. The course of China exchange in the last two years has been telling a plain story. That old-time dumping ground is being fenced off, the unconsumed surplus is again looming upon the world of finance, and this loan (announced to be only the beginning of a series) is needful to keep the machine going.

So if the dinner eaters and platitude specialists want to consider the cause of wars, here they have it. Of course, they will not consider anything of the kind. All they will consider is whether the chef has done the canvas-back right and how great dividends can be squeezed out of the iron workers of the Pittsburg district this year. But possibly those that are not obsessed may be interested in this plain recital of facts, because these things mean trouble as surely as the world goes around.

Some eminent gentlemen of the ter-rapin school of thought are pleased to inform us that there is not the slightest danger of war with Japan because enlightened public opinion will prevent any

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such thing. Yes? Well, the vilest war in modern times, the most atrocious and indefensible, the war that was most clearly a war of aggression and rapine, was the war that Great Britain forced upon the Boers. Enlightened public opinion didn't operate much to prevent that piece of cold-blooded piracy, did it? On the contrary, enlightened public opinion (if that means word of print) cheered on the pirates and urged them with all means in their power to kill, maim and burn. And conspicuous among the applauding throng of those days was that great advocate of peace (between nations), Mr. Andrew Carnegie.



A LYING JINGO PRESS



ELL, why? Did Mr. Carnegie and the rest of the hot-air gentry suddenly lose their convictions in favor of peace? Not in the least. All the time they were defending this war they were firm against all other wars. Only this war was an exception. This was a just and reasonable war.

How did that come about? Had they suddenly gone mad?

Not at all—or at least not any madder than usual. They had been stuffed full of lies by a controlled press. The real origin and cause of the war had been so distorted, lied about and concealed by the press of the world that these unfortunates actually believed the dreadful Boers had wantonly attacked the sacred throne and the holy empire was in danger.

They believed all that rubbish then. They would believe it now.

Who controls the world's press? The same powers that control these four governments, the same power that dispatches American troops to uphold the hands of the tyrant of Mexico, the same that involves us in an Oriental complication no concern of ours. Then he assured that this same controlled press would be able to lie about and distort and juggle with and conceal the actual trend of events until a larger part of the public would be crying for revenge on Japan, and Mr. Carnegie, Lyman Abbott and the rest of the menu experts would stand by (at a safe distance) wildly applauding.

If you want to stop war the only way is to abolish the cause of war. Whenever you find a smug gentleman denouncing war and yet upholding the cause of war, pass him up. He is a fake. And whenever you find another gentleman denouncing war and yet drawing fat dividends from the industrial battle-fields where the slaughters and human miseries are far worse than in any war, pass him up, also, and do it expeditiously. He is worse than a fake.

About Japan, the cold fact is that we are closer to a war with her than we have ever been and the danger is more real. One does not need to take seriously any of the unfortunate Hobson's lurid visions. He goes about dreaming mad dreams and thinking he sees guns, battleships and Japanese behind every bush. There is nothing in these imaginings, but there is an undeniable peril in the manoeuvres of Big Business, the acute necessities of the present system and the continued control of our government by international highway-men.

Meantime, Japan forms a new alliance with Russia.

However, why be disturbed about these things? The Peace Society is about to hold another dinner and that will scatter every lowering cloud. The golf links are in prime condition and the White House is about to try a new cook. Therefore, all is well with us.

* * *

I am delighted to learn from my London correspondent that the movement grows apace to make the Heroes of Houndsditch a conspicuous feature of the gracious coronation festivities. My one hope was that these daring and gallant men might take a prominent part in the procession, but in England there is

a far better plan. The idea now is to give a reproduction of the stirring scene of battle. A house is to be built at Earls Court in imitation of the famous castle of Ferocious Anarchists at No. 100 Sidney Street. This is to be attacked by the 1,700 London policemen that took part in the original engagement; also by the Heroes of the Fire Brigade, the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, the Scots Greys, the Gordon Highlanders, the Black Watch, the Horse Guards, the King's Own, the Fusiliers, the Prince of Wales' Own, the Duke of York's Own, Several Other Owns, and eighteen detachments of the famous and invincible Royal Artillery, armed with field guns, siege guns, dum-dum bullets and 12-inch shells.

It is felt that this exhibition of the prowess of the British Army against the Ferocious Anarchists will do much to impress the young mind with a proper feeling of patriotism and may encourage enlistments in the Boy Scouts and the Girl's Rifle clubs.

* * *

Interest in the Girl's Rifle clubs, one is pained to learn, is far from what it ought to be. The original suggestion of the Angelican Bishop to whom England owes this splendid arm of defense, was that working girls should be interested to enlist and be drilled in the use of the rifle so that when the German Invasion comes many Germans can be shot from scullery windows and the like. Somehow the working girls have never taken rapturously to this proposal. This should not be interpreted to mean that patriotism is on the wane in Great Britain. Perish the thought. The *Outlook*, Dr. Abbott, the American millionaire and the American society woman can be depended upon to keep devotion to the throne up to proper mark.



IGNORANCE OF SOCIALISM



see that Mr. Joseph Folk of Missouri is going about the country uttering here and there a few earnest words and profound thoughts about Socialism. Mr. Folk is good enough to assure us that he is against Socialism. He has his reasons, too, good man. He is unalterably opposed to Socialism because the need of the country is for more democracy, not for less.

Well, we live to learn. I had supposed that by this time every man allowed at large without a nurse knew that Socialism is pure democracy and nothing else, but here is a former governor and present moral teacher and guide that doesn't know this simple fact about Socialism nor any other. He couldn't tell it from a side of beef.

That will not prevent him from prancing up and down and airing his views about it. If he believed Christianity and Shinto to be identical and Confucius and Mohammed to mean the same person he would not be listened to as an authority about religions. But he can make any preposterous assertion about Socialism and some persons will believe it.

* * *

I am most interested, however, in this philosopher's remarks about the need of the country for more democracy. I want to know about that. I want to know how it can be said to need more of a thing of which it has never had any.



A HOLE IN THE LAW

In a large view all things work together for the good cause and the emancipation of man.

There is a certain stage we must go through in which men will try one futile regulation after another before they come to realize that to try to regulate a huge fundamental injustice is but to fritter away good time and destroy valuable lives.

We are passing through that stage now.

Sometimes its manifestations rather severely try the patience, but I suppose you cannot hurry regulationitis any more than you can hurry the measles and scarlet fever and croup and that like these it is inevitable.

No doubt at all times it is well to have object lessons about the regulative device, but the price of the tuition seems high.

In California at the recent session of the legislature a law was forced through that purported to limit the workingman's day to eight hours. It was resolutely fought by the employing class and this opposition brought out a magnificent response from the awakened conscience of the state. Socialists, the labor unions and men and women of radical convictions fought shoulder to shoulder for that measure.

A delegation of the better classes, representing in their own sweet words, "thirty-two million dollars of capital" went to Sacramento to kill the bill. Only a short time ago such a demonstration by the masters would have been viewed with awe. This time the state only laughed and the millionaires came home with the enacted bill thundering at their heels.

The law was conceived in a fine spirit. It is (in spirit) a beginning. If women must be industrial slaves it is better that they should be slaves for eight hours a day than for sixteen.

Good work.

* * *

But now the friends of the bill make an interesting but not surprising discovery. There is a hole in it.

The law says that a woman shall work no more than eight hours a day—for one employer. There is nothing to prevent her from working eight hours a day for one employer and then eight hours more for another. As the employers are closely banded it is expected that this is exactly what will be done—or attempted.

Some indignant persons think that the hole is a joke. Not without reason. There is a joker in eighty per cent of the legislation; in 99 per cent if it refers to employment and corporations. In this case, however, the joker is not the work of the excellent men that drew the bill, but of the Supreme Court of the United States.

That grave and reverend body has actually decided that while you cannot limit the hours of a woman's work you can limit the hours of her work for one employer.

I know I shall not be believed and the whole thing sounds like foolishness; but such is the fact. The Supreme Court, composed of adult men, has rendered just these findings.

Hence there was no other way to draw the law; hence also a beautiful illustration of the system of government under which we live.

* * *

Already some employers are reported as preparing to drive through the hole that the court thus obligingly provided. It is not the will of the people that there should be any such hole; the law is purely their affair and not the affair of anybody else; but this irresponsible power at Washington reaches over to California, sets aside the will of the people and enables the thrifty employers to gouge profits out of women's lives.

Grand old system.

* * *

I doubt if the thrifty employers will dare just at this time to go very far in this direction. Very likely they may later, but just now the mood of the people of California is such that good health and welfare would not seem to lie in the direction of very much trick playing. But there is one thing they will do. They will assuredly reduce the wages of their women employes.

At the present cost of living these wages are, for the most part, far too low. The inevitable result of any reduction will be strikes because most of the women cannot sustain life on less than they are now receiving.

When the strikes come I hope that these facts will be kept clear before the public mind.

Lessons from the Antipodes

THE LABOR PARTY OF AUSTRALIA AND HOW IT FARES IN POLITICAL POLICIES

By Charles Edward Russell

ALL about this world one great force is at work to keep the toiler in his place and maintain the system under which he creates wealth for others. In this respect one nation is like another; there is small choice among them. Sometimes the name of the thing differs and the ways by which it is worked; the essence of it remains the same.

Australia and New Zealand are often held up to us as countries where benevolent government has so improved the state of the workers that they have nothing to complain of. Government has enacted for them reduced hours of work, a weekly half-holiday, sanitary conditions in the factories, representation in the cabinet, methods of arbitrating their differences with their employers. In New Zealand government will build houses for them or advance money to them if they wish to take up land, or try to find work for them if they lack employment. In Australia the national government is in control of the Labor party, which ought, therefore, to be able to do much for the toilers. And so forth.

Moreover, in both countries, government has abolished a certain amount of exploitation by conducting the railroads, telegraphs, telephones and other public service for the Common Good instead of handing them over to private plunder. In both countries, again, government has provided old-age pensions and some measure of compensation for injured workmen.

America a Backward Race

All these things represent solid advantages. So far as they go they are much better than anything we do. In all these respects, Australia and New Zealand are so far ahead of us that we seem by comparison among the backward races of mankind.

Yet in spite of all these admirable achievements the same great invisible Power that holds and preys upon the toilers in America, holds and preys upon the toilers in Australia and New Zealand none the less.

For instance:

The present purpose of this Power is to abolish strikes so that the toilers shall keep at their tasks without cessation and the flow of profits shall not be interrupted.

In the United States the object is being attained through successive court decisions and injunctions, each going a little farther toward the one goal, each establishing another precedent upon which courts may hold that striking is a crime.

We have had in the last twelve months some very remarkable examples of these progressive decisions, as where a Michigan Judge decides that a union may not maintain its headquarters lest members talk there about pending strikes, or when Judge Richardson, of Boston, and Judges Goff and Guy, of New York, successively hold that the object of a strike is illegal and practically order the strikers back to their tasks. Any person that has attentively followed these decisions must have been impressed with the fact that each is more drastic than its predecessor and that the tendency of all court decisions is to become more oppressive toward labor.

Would Compel Men to Work

We may perceive the same controlling idea in the prosecution of Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison; in the supreme court decision by which the boycott was held to be illegal and the blacklist legal; in the decisions by which the Danbury haters were held responsible for damages caused by a strike; in a lengthening list of judicial decisions and injunctions affecting the rights of labor.

The significance of all these instances is the same. They mean that men shall not leave their employment, that the function of workmen is to work, to create profits for the masters, to toil in the allotted places and keep still. There must be no more strikes because they disturb the course of profits. The courts, therefore, undertake to make striking a crime that the hand of authority may drive rebellious workers back to their work.

This is what the courts evidently mean to do and are doing.

But exactly what the courts are doing in America the law-making power has already done by explicit enactment in Australia and New Zealand. In both countries laws have been passed that in so many words make striking a crime. In both countries men that leave their employment to better their condition may for that act be imprisoned. In both countries those that suggest or aid or abet a strike are subject to severe penalties.

Under Judge Goff's decision in the cloak makers' strike in New York last summer an attempt was made to suppress charitable subscriptions in behalf of the strikers' families. We of the radical faith deemed this an intolerable outrage and vehemently protested against it. Yet the idea enforced by Judge Goff's injunction is already a part of the New Zealand law and would have been carried out there without the assistance of a judicial decision.

In the United States the end is achieved through the courts; in Australia and New Zealand through the statutes; in all three countries the Power is the gainer, the toiler loses. Even when the governments of Australia and New Zealand have been professedly friendly to labor, the Power has swayed them to its will, nevertheless, injustice has multiplied and labor has been taught that it must keep to its task and be still.

The Right of Trial by Jury

Other points of coincidence exist that are likely to startle anyone that considers them.

In the United States one result of the scheme of progressive court decisions is to deprive accused workmen of their constitutional right of trial by jury.

That is to say, a judge issues an injunction forbidding strikers to picket or to talk to their wives or to cross an imaginary line in the public highway, or, as the fashion now is, to continue their strike. When a workman is accused of violating one of these injunctions the offense is termed contempt of court and the prisoner is brought before the same judge that issued the injunction. This judge constitutes the entire court. The accused has no jury and if the judge please he can be condemned and thrown into jail without trial and without evidence.

This to men of any convictions in favor of liberty and justice has always seemed indefensible and such men have always protested against it.

Yet in this respect again, what the Power has established in America through judges it has established in New South Wales by direct enactment. There the workman accused of the crime of striking is tried without a jury and his fate hangs upon the will of a single judge.

If a man strikes he shall have no chance of escape. That is the idea in both countries. Workers must keep to their work. That is what they were made for. If they leave their work, why, thrust them into jail.

For example again:

The greatest of the developed coal mines of Australia is at Newcastle, New South Wales. The miners there, like all the miners I have known anywhere, were horribly mistreated. About two years ago they concluded that they had endured enough at the hands of the Coal Combination and they struck. Their leader was Peter Bowling, of whom you may have heard.

One day Bowling was in Sydney and in the evening returned by train to Newcastle. He noticed on the train seventy-five policemen heavily armed. The journey consumed several hours. While it lasted Bowling repeatedly showed himself at stations to the policemen, the most of whom knew him well. They did not molest him. As he stepped from the train at Newcastle and was welcomed by hundreds of his followers, the seventy-five armed policemen in the most ostentatious way rushed up and arrested him.

Failure of Plot

The bloody riot that had been planned and hoped for was about to break forth, but Bowling and some other quick-witted men averted it. "Keep still, keep still! It's a plant!" they shouted. The angry crowd perceived what was afoot and refrained from vio-

lence. The seventy-five policemen had no chance to use the revolvers they had drawn, and what might have been a terrible scene passed without disturbance.

The government might have arrested Bowling in Sydney, it might have arrested him at any station between Sydney and Newcastle. It preferred to arrest him in the very face of his admirers with the hope that they would attempt a rescue and thus precipitate an outbreak.

Bowling went peaceably to jail. With four others he was accused of the crime of "aiding and abetting" men that were trying to better their conditions. Of this horrible offense the accused were found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for two years. In America their crime would have been called contempt of court, but they would have been similarly tried and found guilty.

I am pleased to say that partly because of this performance the New South Wales ministry responsible for it was overthrown at the next election and the Labor party came into power by a majority of one in the lower house.

No Relief from Labor Party

But when the Labor party took control of the government it repealed none of their tyrannical laws. It did, indeed, release Bowling and his companions, but it allowed striking to remain a crime on the statute books and I learned to my boundless amazement that it has no intention of abolishing that anomaly.

More than that, it seems to purpose that in its turn it will become the prosecutor of men that leave their employment.

While I was in Australia a strike occurred among iron workers at Lithgow. It was a wholly justifiable strike against bad conditions and unkept promises. Nevertheless, when I left, the labor government of New South Wales was preparing to prosecute sixty of the strikers and to put them into jail for this new-made crime of striking.

Keep at your work. That is the idea. Keep on making profits for the captains of industry. Keep on or go to jail, for the Power that ordains these things to its own benefit is strong enough to sway even labor governments.

In one country it exercises its will through the courts; in another through the statutes and the administration. I fail to see any difference.

Human Slavery Always the Object

Wherever or by whatever means the principle is enforced and men must be driven up to their work, it means human slavery and can mean nothing else.

The snug, complacent middle class patriot of any country will resent or deny that statement. Nevertheless, it is literally true.

If men are not free to choose whether they will work or not, if by the threat of imprisonment they can be driven to their work, if they can be compelled by the government to accept terms of employment that they do not like, if it be recognized as a principle that the function of certain men is to labor for the profit of others and they must not cease so to labor, then men so situated are clearly as much slaves as any men ever were.

The British Empire with loud acclaim abolished one form of chattel slavery about eighty years ago. I know of no comment on human affairs that is more significant than to find it enacting another form of chattel slavery now.

"Frog-Marching" Strikes

There has always been in Australia a very savage attitude toward strikers. Troops are often ordered out to suppress strikes and shoot strikers, and an Australian Colonel that ordered his men to shoot at the legs of strikers and "lay them out" has still a considerable but by no means a unique place in history. In the strike of the silver mines at Broken Hill a few years ago the police made conspicuous use of a remedy that I believe is still peculiar to Australia, though it probably will not be when it is explained to the police elsewhere. It is called "frog marching" and consists of seizing a striker (preferably a leader) by the heels and turning him up-

side down. In this position he is dragged along with his head so near the ground that to prevent bumping it he is obliged to walk on his hands. Thus he is dragged, sometimes for many blocks, until he can be thrown into a cell at a police station. It is a device that affords the police great amusement and keeps the striker still while he is being taken to his cell, for the reason that all his attention must be centered upon preventing his neck from being broken.

It was at this same strike that Harry Holland, now one of the ablest Socialist leaders of Australia, was arrested for "aiding and abetting" and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Same in South Africa

Very peculiar ideas on the subject seem to prevail on the Southern Hemisphere. In British South Africa where a new nation has lately been launched with great eclat, striking is a statutory crime, just as it used to be in Portugal and is now in Spain. In Fiji the government supplies planters with laborers at so much a drove and catches them and puts them into jail if they run away from their wretched pay and miserable quarters. In New Zealand it seizes the sewing machines of the wives of striking coal miners. These be triumphs of civilization, no doubt, only I should be pleased to know how.

But the greatest of all the lessons to be learned from Australia is the reason why the Labor party, now in control of New South Wales, will not abolish or reform the barbarous anti-strike laws.

It will not do that because it is a political party, playing for success and power, and to abolish these laws would lessen its chances of winning elections.

And this is true, notwithstanding the fact that the Australian Labor party comprises some of the ablest, most admirable and most unselfish men that anywhere have enlisted in the cause of man. It is true although the objects of the movement aside from political success, are most noble and worthy, and it is true although the party stands in a great measure for that most desirable end, working class government.

Here then for our instruction are the results of making political success an object of a proletarian movement. The instant that is done it is all over with the proletarian movement and we are dealing, ducking and dodging on the political field exactly like the capitalist parties and doomed to the same facts.

Liberalism Gains Nothing

I can see no advantage in Liberalism, whether it is called Labor Liberalism or by any other name, and that view is perfectly sustained by what is now going on in Australia and New Zealand as well as in Great Britain.

In all of these countries the votes of workingmen put the present governments into power. I am unable to see what the workingmen get out of these triumphs.

But so far as I can judge the whole British Empire has gone mad on the subject of parliamentary politics. To carry an election, to win at the polls, to get somebody in the government would seem to be the grandest object of human life. No matter what we do when we get into it, let us gain an office. Good men all about the world are obsessed by this singular mania, but certainly there is a larger proportion of them in Australia and New Zealand than elsewhere.

To form a parliamentary party, to engage in contests of political skill with other parties, to outwit and out-manuever them, to defeat them in an election, to make this man or that a governor or prime minister, to give portfolios to the ambitious, to gratify the ladies that think their husbands ought to have places, to get control of the machine and then run it in the same old way, maintaining the same old frauds, endorsing the same old lies, playing the same old tricks, tolerating the same old exploitations—what possible good lies in all this that we should bother about it or rejoice in it?

Only the Few Gain

Some men are elevated from obscurity to eminence, someone is knighted, someone is graciously permitted to kiss a king's hand, somebody's wife realizes her social ambitions, somebody gets to be president of the Local Government Board, somebody is allowed to hobnob with a duke or drink tea with an earl, somebody goes in state to a coronation, somebody wears knee pants and a sword, and the whole infernal system under which men create wealth, but do not possess it, goes on unchecked, the infernal system under which the majority of mankind live in misery, destitution, drudgery and darkness.

I do not see where this comes in, but it seems to be the situation in Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and elsewhere in the British Empire.

I do not for a moment overlook the fine and high character of the men that lead the Labor party of Australia. I know that most of them have

admirable convictions on the great economic issue that overshadows everything else. But when the stress of the political game compels a Labor party to adopt the methods of capitalist parties, and a Labor Prime Minister to attend a coronation, what shall we think?

Perdition Full of Good Government

And I do not overlook the fact that the Labor party of Australia has given to the country the most efficient government it has ever had. But good government is nothing. Perdition is full of good government. Pretty nearly everybody that is honest and reasonably intelligent can put up a fair article of good government. The true proletarian movement is not concerned that government should be what the bourgeoisie call "good," but is concerned that mankind should be emancipated and have a chance to live. I am unable to see how that concern is being furthered by anything that is happening in Australia, New Zealand or Great Britain.

As to Australia, perhaps it is too soon to judge. The Labor party has been in full control of the national government for only a year. In that time its contribution to the human cause seems to be that it has prosecuted four trusts. So far these prosecutions have availed nothing because their final determination awaits the decision of the highest court in the land and until that is made the government cannot proceed.

A cynical American might observe that to prosecute four trusts is no great matter, for Mr. Taft has prosecuted about forty with no discernible results. It is to be noted, however, that the term has a different meaning in Australia. There it is not deemed wisdom to fine a trust and let it go its way, men having perceived the kindergarten fact that every time you fine a corporation you fine the public that it serves. In Australia there is no time for such childish folly, but when a trust is successfully prosecuted it is (or is to be) abolished and the government is to assume its functions.

Regulating Monopoly

This the Labor government has proposed to do if the High Court sustains its contention and if the people will entrust it with larger powers. There are those in Australia that say the present powers are sufficient and that the government can at present put the trusts out of business if it so desires. There are also those that say the endorsement of the High Court need not be waited for. I am willing to give charitably the whole benefit of the doubt. Let us admit that the government's hands are tied and still the prosecution of four trusts will not seem a very great boon in a country where poverty is very great and increasing and where the predatory corporations are as menacing as anywhere on earth.

I know of no monopoly that is more oppressive, arbitrary and extortionate than the combination that holds in its grip the maritime trade of Australia and New Zealand. Five years ago the Labor party investigated this octopus and discovered about it facts that have hardly been equaled in the history of the Standard Oil Company or the Southern Pacific Railroad. At that time the remedy was clearly perceived. The government could annihilate this oppression by building its own steamships. To do this would require neither a High Court decision nor enlarged powers from the people. Yet in a year the Labor government has taken no steps to this end.

Militarism and Labor

It has, however, managed to build an arms factory, it has spent millions of dollars on other military progress and at public expense it has sent a Prime Minister and eighteen members of Parliament to grace a coronation puppet show.

These things it has done for reasons, no doubt, of political expediency. If it were to take a stand against war it would lose votes. If it were to ignore the puppet show it would offend the mawkish sentiment of a vast mass of royalists.

Therefore, being in politics and sitting in at the greasy game it compromises with its convictions and deals the cards like the other political gamblers.

If instead of wasting money on things that are but expedient or vain it should begin to break the steamship monopoly it would arouse against it the most formidable branch of the great Power that preys upon its people.

It incurs no such risk, but plays for safety and success at the polls.

From its victories what does the toiler profit?

All this seems a memorable lesson.

If we really care to see men set free we shall have to aim much higher than at political success or party triumph and we must watch with incessant care lest we fall into the game of politics, for that game invariably blinds and bewitches all that play it.

To get into office is nothing; to secure for the race the blessings of the Co-operative Commonwealth is everything.

The Fate of the Sycophant



HUMBLE man bowed fawningly before Peter at the gate of Heaven. Peter looked at him curiously and said: "Tell me why you should be admitted." The Humble Man bowed lower. "I have been faithful to my employers," he said. "I never grumbled. I never complained."

"Did you ever ask for an increase in wages?" asked Peter.

"No, indeed. I know what a struggle Capital has to get along. Besides, I feared I would lose my job."

"Did you get high wages?"

"No; oh, no. Some of the malcontents who were bitter against Capital and attacked its sacred rights got much higher wages than I did. Somehow I was always overlooked."

"Did your family suffer?"

"Eh-er. One boy had to go to work as a half-timer. His wages were needed in order to get along. And one girl went to work at fourteen, and another girl was crippled, so she was a burden—"

"Did you always have enough to eat? Always have a decent house in which to live? Always have warm clothing?"

"I am sorry we did not; those things cost money. But believe me, your reverence, I never rebelled."

Peter looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then said:

"Man was given intelligence and self-respect. You exercised neither. You allowed yourself to be duped, to be abused, to be robbed, and through that you allowed your family to be wronged. Your wife was overworked and underfed. Why, you contemptible mean-spirited whelp—"

The irate saint reached suddenly through the consulting window of the pearly gates and thwacked the Humble Man such a blow with the golden key that the Humble Man tumbled headlong down, down to—

Well, down to where he belonged.—*May Day Garland.*

The Parable of Another Samaritan

BY BRUCE ROGERS



STOOD on the bank of a swiftly running torrent whose turgid flood was white with broken bodies of men, women and children—the industrial derelict, crippled, aged and shrivelled with toil; the white slave early old and robbed of beauty; the factory child with hollow socketed eyeballs and shrunken belly. Many were dead, some were dying, and others there were, not yet despairing, but from whose lips there came an anguished cry.

I reached into the waters and saved many, and back of me I heard the pulpit and the press of the unjust man acclaiming loudly that I was a philanthropist and a redeemer of men. And I was pleased with his fulsome plaudit, not seeing that those I saved passed by the unjust man and came down again to choke my torrent of sorrows.

And so it came that men called my name blessed, but the number of the miserable ever grew, when a loud voice rudely broke upon the satisfied tenor of my consciousness, saying: "Look above you. Go forth to the source of this wretched river to where the unjust man has his great machines." In great haste I went as the voice had spoken, and I said to the unjust man and his wolfish mercenaries, "You shall not longer grind the laughing-eyed innocents into your fearful mills, nor shall you starve them when the pearly breasts of earth swell and throb with abundant suck for them all, and you, sir, shall not feed the beautiful maidens into the scarlet maw of vice; and you shall no longer bruise and beat and break and kill the bodies of those who do the useful and beautiful work of the world."

I looked again toward the press and the pulpit of the unjust man and saw them herding a mob which they set upon me, crying, "He preacheth a strange doctrine."

Sebnitz in Saxony is the center of the artificial flower industry. Though for some time premiums had been offered to women who nursed their babies, the percentage of nursing mothers was only 55, and Sebnitz had an infant mortality of 20 per cent. The city statute now allows to all women whose own or family annual income is less than \$475 to join a communal maternity fund by paying 12.5 cents a month. After twelve months' membership, the mother gets, in case of confinement, her savings back and a weekly amount of \$3.50. After two years by paying dues this amount increases to \$4.50; after three years to \$5.50. In case of twins, \$2.50 is added. In addition mothers get two pints of milk as long as they nurse their children. The city and a number of charitable employers provide the funds necessary for this novel municipal undertaking.—*The Survey.*



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

"So ye shall not defile the land wherein ye are; for blood it defileth the land; and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.—The Fourth Book of Moses.



THE large room was an anachronism; the little man in the midst of it horologically correct.

The four walls, straining to the distant ceiling under a cloak of faded gray paper in which still twinkled a few of the bits of gilt that had once been a constellation of decorative stars; the narrow, white surbases; the thin-pillared, delicately arched doorway, the deep fireplace aglow with useful brass and wholly unnecessary logs—all these things pertained of right to a time that had long since passed and a society that should long since have followed it. They belonged to the period of the claw-footed bookcase on one side and the spindle-legged table on the other; to the period of the severe sconces that reached one from the walls, of the big mahogany desk that stood in the center of the old bow-window. They had been, in a word, the property of the pale ladies in point-lace and brocade, of the rigid gentlemen in buff and blue continentals or ancient frock-coats and painful stocks, who now, with waning faces in blackening backgrounds, out of the tarnished frames of the Pickens family portraits, looked down at the interloper that had strayed among them.

The interloper was a brief, stocky man of twenty-five years and complete maturity. That he was dressed in a suit of shepherd's plaid declared his courage: to his determination the powerful jaw of his clean-shaven face gave ample testimony, and if his quick blue eyes were so sharp as sometimes to be startling, his mop of intractable red hair and his ready grin were indubitably born of a spirit that was amiable.

"Like the place?" he said—repeating a question that had just been put him—"I think the whole house must smell of cedar-chests and lavender."

He was addressing a girl whose supple back, though not ungraciously, was turned from him—a back too easily straight, supporting a head too superbly placed upon its strong shoulders, to be ungracious even to an interloper.

Without turning, the girl, whose eyes were on the garden that stretched green beyond the open bow-window, answered him.

"I dare say it does," she said. "Of course I've never lived anywhere else sca'cely an' so I don't notice it; but you're right, Mr. Sanborn; its own time is daid, it's shet it; doo' on the present an' it's mummifying here in its own atmosphere."

Her voice was a tender, low contralto; her accent not the barbarous twang of the illiterate southerner, but the liquid accent of the cultivated south.

Luke Sanborn's parched New Hampshire ears drank of it greedily. He cast a deprecating glance about him—on all sides the tokens of a departed splendor.

"You people are too hard on yourselves," he protested. "You always do things well—even what you are pleased to call mummifying."

Still the girl did not turn to him.

"Think of it," she said. "We still dine at three o'clock in the afternoon. An' clothes? Well,

we do our duty to religion by putting on our tightest stays fo' Sunday. Don't make out you don't notice it, suh! In town especially—the cobbled alleys that we-all used to call streets with the walls of buildin's that are jest the withered corpses of a daid commerce!"

"I declare to you," lied Sanborn, "that the only houses I notice over there are the dwelling houses with their side-entrances that bring you into a court and leave you with the house-door still to pass. That's like a foreign country."

The straight shoulders shrugged as he looked at them.

"It's all the foreign country we-all ever see," she answered. "Your No'ther'r girls go to Europe befo' they're out."

"Yes, they go abroad for their titles, but they always come home for their divorces. There's

lar mind associates solely with generations of the protected leisure which passes for gentility. Her skin was satin-white with the faintest tinge of pink—you felt that it must have the faint odor of an old-fashioned rose; her eyes were large brown pools shot with ripples of flames, and her mouth was the mouth of a child.

"About a marriage, Mr. Sanborn?" she echoed. "Not about my own, I trust, suh."

Luke flushed.

"I didn't know you had one in mind," he told her.

"That's it; I didn't; but you see, in the South"—she smiled—"that statement o' yours sounds uncommon like the preface to what we still call a declaration."

Only then did he see that she did not mean it. "Oh, of course," he said, "I knew I had no chance with you—"

"So you'd come to ask me if I thought you might have one with Jane Legare?"

Luke's flush deepened. "How did you guess it?" he demanded.

"Because," said Florida, with the slightest possible toss of her head, "I'm not quite blind, suh. But it's no use," she added. "You can't have her, Mr. Sanborn."

"Why not?" He was bold enough now—denial always made him bold. "She's young—"

"She's just my age."

"And she's been a widow for three years—"

"There's your trouble, Mr. Sanborn—or a part of it; she's the widow of one of our own people an' the orphan daughter of another."

"You mean—Oh, but that's impossible! Southern girls are marrying Northern men every day."

"Not our sort of Southern girls—"

He bit his lip. "To my sort of Northern men?" Half in query, he finished her uncompleted thought. "I see. You mistrust us."

"Not that!"

"Yes, you do; you can't help it; we're so different. It's not your fault. You've lived here for generations. You've come to regard this part of the world as exclusively your own, because a king that never saw it gave it to one of your ancestors that never paid for it—I mean that kindly, but I mean the truth. Why shouldn't you feel so? For two hundred years your people were so thoroughly the rulers of these acres that you had the power of life and death over four-fifths of the human beings that lived on them. And now—"

He hesitated, but her brow was unruffled. She nodded for him to go on.

"And now," he said, "a railroad comes along and gets the right of eminent domain through a part of your land, and I'm sent here by the road to hire labor and build this section of our thoroughfare. Of course you can't realize that I'm as much the slave of that road as ever a black man was the slave of his master; you regard me as a responsible portion of the power that has taken something of your own away from you."

The girl put out a soothing hand—a hand very white and fine.

"I didn't mean jes' that," she said—"but perhaps that's the truth, too. An' anyhow," she more brightly added, "I hope you soon will be a responsible portion of the St. Augustine an' Richmond road, Mr. Sanborn, fo' I'm sure yo' deserve to be one of its biggest officers. Yo' see, we're not so



Without turning, the girl answered him.

never any strike in the divorce factory. Down here you still believe in marriage, don't you?"

"Yes. I reckon it's a survival of savage superstition, but we do. Our laws don't permit an end of it on any ground whatever."

Sanborn coughed.

"Well," he smiled, "that doesn't frighten me. It was about a marriage that I came here to ask your advice, Miss Pickens."

Florida Pickens turned.

Beauty always thinks well of itself, and as often as not beauty is the effect of this rather than the cause. In any case, Florida carried herself with the air of a beauty—and was beautiful. Plentiful chestnut hair, which the sunlight brushed with gilt, was massed over her broad forehead and placid, level brows. Her features were of that delicate, sensitive sort which seems to have been modeled only by a sculptor that loves his work—features that, though for no real reason, the popu-

much yo' personal enemies as not to want yo' happiness."

Sanborn shrugged.

"I'll be happy," said he; "perfect happiness is the reward of mediocrity—but I mean to have my try for Mrs. Legare."

Florida's eyes were kind.

"I was only trying to make you see—"she began.

"I know. You're a sort of cousin, aren't you?"

"We're all that. But it's distant. My mother was a Ridgeley, an' of course Jane Legare is Calhoun Ridgeley's sister."

"Yes, you do well to mention him. I know he'll be my chief stumbling-block."

"He'll be a stone-wall, Mr. Sanborn—a stone-wall fifty feet high. He won't let yo' argue with him."

"Argue with him?" Sanborn's brows were high. "I don't want to argue with him. He talks with his hands. You can never answer the logic of a man that argues by gesture. He was born long after the war, but he's thoroughly unreconstructed. How could he be reconstructed? They tell me his father ran away at Manassas—the first confederate in history to turn tail."

He had meant to anger her, but he only partially succeeded. Her lips were pressed tight for a moment, but when she spoke it was with the soft flow of her previous speech.

"We're not proud of Cal's father," she said; "but we don't hold the father against his son, Mr. Sanborn."

Luke was softened.

"Hiss Pickens," he asked, "don't you believe in heredity?"

"I ought to; I'm a Southern girl; but I believe more in environment."

"Yes, but down here, the way you people live, environment amounts to heredity; you all grow up in the environments that made your parents whatever your parents were. That's the trouble with Calhoun Ridgeley. You say yourself that his father wasn't a good Southerner, and the town-people say that he had such a temper that he never hesitated to shoot a slave."



"Look there," she said simply.

"Cal's father was the sort of man that made you-all misunderstand slavery."

"Very well." He came closer to her. He spoke slowly; he was saying what, in spite of his previous declaration, he had really come to say. "Miss Pickens, you have been so good to me since I've been in your part of the world—you and the Colonel and Mrs. Pickens—that I feel I ought to tell you something about Calhoun Ridgeley."

The girl drew back.

"I don't see why you should tell me anythin' about him," she said.

"Don't press that point just now," said Sanborn. "I feel I ought to tell you. Good people will tolerate any weakness in a man so long as he observes the conventions, and Ridgeley observes every convention you've got. But I tell you that this man has murder in his veins. He was made familiar with it when he was a boy, and now it's in him. You know that I always mistrusted him. I only gave him a job as foreman over one of our gangs because of you and your people."

She felt what was coming. She nodded.

"Well, yesterday a negro in a hurry forgot to say 'sir' when he spoke to Ridgeley.—When I got there I had to pull Ridgeley away by main force; he'd already broken the man's jaw."

The girl's brown eyes filled.

"I'm ashamed o' Cal," she said. "I'm right down ashamed of him.—But, Mr. Sanborn—"

"Yes?"

She went to the big desk and opened it. There, beside the heavy old inkwell, lay a long, thin mahogany case. This the girl unhooked. She threw back the lid and advanced toward Sanborn with the case in her outstretched hands.

"Look there," she said simply.

He looked first at her. Slim, erect, with an infinite pathos, a heritage of sad tradition, in her eyes, and with the open case in her hands, she reminded Sanborn of the attendant priestesses sworn to serve at some druidic human sacrifice.

Then he looked at the case. A ray of the declining sun came in from the garden and fell, blood red, upon three long shapes of steel—three polished, blue engines of death, bedded in the faded rose-colored silk with which the box was lined.

"They belonged to Cal's father," she said simply. "Two of them are duellin' pistols; the other is an old Colt revolver—a forty-eight. Mother got them, after Mr. Ridgeley's death. She said they oughtn't to be in the same house with Cal."

(To be Continued.)

GAG RULE IN THE POSTAL SERVICE

By Urban A. Walter



URBAN A. WALTER.

THE civil service system was a branch of the American Sugar Refinery Company, just as the appraiser's division, the surveyor's department, the collector's office and the secret service were sugar trust adjuncts. The trust's twenty-year career of plunder and extortion and cheating would have been impossible had it not controlled the appointment of customs employes and the dismissal of customs employes.

"It opened the doors to thieves and shut out honest men. It put its own thieving agents into the customs service as deliberately and certainly as it named its office staff at 117 Wall street or its force of refiners."

The above remarkable commentary on the United States civil service appeared in the New York Sun

THE STORY OF A FIGHTER—By A. M. Simons

About three years ago a railway mail clerk came into my office in Chicago. He had just left the service, having contracted tuberculosis in the course of his duties. He had been working for several years on the "Fast Mail" between New York and Chicago, a position requiring the most expert workers in the mail service.

He told me a story of abuses, of defective and disease-breeding cars, of official tyranny and hopeless slavery, of corruption and intimidation and sacrifice of human life for greed such as seldom comes to the ears even of the editor of a Socialist paper.

He concluded the story by saying that he proposed to expose these conditions and to start an agitation that would abolish them. I gave him what encouragement I could, but it was not much, for as he left, my feeling was one of sorrow and pity for this consumptive clerk, already seeking another climate as the only hope of prolonging existence, who was so presumptuous as to hurl himself almost single-handed against the powers of the United States government and the great railway systems that direct the postoffice department of that government.

Had I known what was to follow I might have

saved my pity for the postal officials and the railroads, for that clerk was Urban A. Walter, the writer of the accompanying article, and since that day he has, largely by virtue of his virile pen with its fearless and fearful exposures, and his tireless work as an organizer, set in motion forces that have already gone far toward making good what I could not but think was an almost foolish boast.

As the editor of *The Harpoon*, now published at Denver, Colo., he has carried on an agitation that has driven the postal officials to the defensive, started a Congressional investigation, that is certain to result in the thorough organization of the postal employes on class lines, and that has already brought about the abolition of many of the abuses that existed three years ago.

In so doing he has brought down upon himself the wrath of the postal Csars. He has just been arrested, charged with the identical crime for which Taft was recently compelled by an aroused working class to pardon Fred D. Warren—that of printing on the outside of an envelope matter of a "scurrilous and seditious character." In his case this matter consisted of a statement of the plain fact that the Postmaster General is enforcing the "gag-law" on postal employes.

during the great sugar frauds expose, several years ago. It is not the writer's purpose, here, to inquire into the motive that actuated Mr. J. F. Morgan to thus attack the practices of the great Havermeyer (for far be it from us to insinuate that the former gentleman would not have directed the sugar trust's destinies quite as masterfully as had the latter). Our purpose is only to point out how the civil service regulations are calculated to foster graft and corruption by enforced silence upon the hundreds of thousands who toil in the people's service.

Publicity for the affairs of great corporations and enterprises, upon which depends to any considera-

ble extent the welfare of the people at large is gradually becoming a text for those who seek office at the hands of the people; it has long since been an academically accepted economic doctrine.

The railways, the express companies, the great combinations in industry, because of the relations which they hold to the well-being of the people at large, possess incalculable powers to injure; hence the cry has been for Federal inspection and regulation. Into the light with them is a demand heard each year with increasing persistency.

None, save those impelled by self-interest, contradict the necessity for more light, more regula-

tion—a closer insight on the part of the people into the affairs of the great utilities and enterprises.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the very arm with which the people hope to accomplish reforms in semi-public enterprises—the departments of the Federal government—are permitted to disregard this doctrine.

Public officials, whose sole work is supposed to be in the service of the people, are permitted to enclose themselves within the steel shells of their bureaus and shut out every last ray of light—on the flimsy plea that the people's business can be best carried on in the dark.

Here have occurred the most colossal frauds of the century; and here in the people's service, the doctrine of suppression—the *Gag-Rule* of the civil service has come to be supreme.

On the 31st day of January, 1902, there was issued from the White House, by its occupant at that time—Theodore Roosevelt—an executive order which attracted little comment in the press, but which, with its subsequent amplifications, was destined to remove the entire workings of our vast civil service, with its hundreds of thousands of employes, beyond the prying eyes of the people.

The original order, issued by the Proprietor of the Square Deal, prohibits all civil service employes, directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to influence or attempt to influence any legislation whatsoever pertaining to their own welfare, either before Congress or its committees, or in any way save through the heads of their departments—where every attempt that has ever been made by the workers to abolish the many existing abuses and to get a hearing for the remedial legislation so vitally needed, has been pigeon-holed.

It should be observed that this abrogation of the right of petition is an encroachment on the Bill of Rights contained in the first ten amendments to the Constitution. Article I, of the amendments referred to, provides that Congress "shall make no law" abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the freedom of religious belief, or restricting the right of petition to Congress.

It will be argued by some that Congress has made no such restrictive law; that this is merely an executive order to maintain proper discipline in the service. But the writer is constrained to ask, how can Congress, since it possesses not itself the power to divest any citizen of these rights, delegate this power to department chiefs through the civil service act.

Section 161 (R. S. U. S.) authorizes the head of each department to prescribe regulations "not inconsistent with law" for the conduct of its officers and clerks. . . . The Constitution is the basic law. Can there be any doubt that this executive order is repugnant to it?

Further, if the rights of a bureau chief to thus abridge the meaning of the Constitution as applied to civil service workers is granted, then by what course of logic can one escape the conclusion that the question of a worker's religious belief is above interference? Article I, referred to, places no more stress on the sanctity of this right than on the one which has already been violated by a chief executive on the pretext of enforcing discipline.

This order has effectually cut off all direct appeal on the part of the civil service worker to Congress.

His petition for redress of grievances, for amelioration of any unjust conditions under which he toils, for increase of salary—all must be forwarded through the "proper channels," his chief's office.

How this scheme works out in all cases wherein the chief of a bureau is tainted with the sin against which his subordinates complain, needs no extensive comment.

The justification of this violation of the Constitution, as said above, was an *efficient disciplined service*; further, it was pointed out that the civil service worker (who receives upwards of fifty dollars per month) would corrupt Congress in the interests of higher salaries. He would maintain a pernicious lobby at the capitol!

In the light of recent events, the mere fact that Congress permitted the civil service worker to be shooed from Washington during its sessions, and that it has seemingly never missed his presence during these ten years, may be taken as the measure of the "pork barrel" maintained. Legislators do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

But even this feeble argument does not apply in the case of the numerous orders prohibiting civil service employes from appealing to the public.

The various amplifications of the original *Gag-Rule* now restrain civil service employes, (a) from in any way publicly criticising their superior officials, it being assumed that the officials, having naught but the public weal at heart, will never do anything contrary to the people's interests; (b) from giving to the newspapers any information relating to the people's service that might be dis-

tasteful to the bureau chiefs; (c) from expressing themselves on any moral, ethical or economic subject which can be given a remote political significance because it chances to be occupying the public mind or is a matter of contention between political parties.

Thus every avenue of protest is cut off. The cost of living may soar; but the civil service workers dare not appeal to Congress for commensurate increases in salaries. Their superior officials are supposed to interest themselves in these matters. This theory is based on the doubtful proposition that the crowd at Washington are not so busy grabbing salary for themselves that they cannot look after the just interests of the men who draw upwards of \$50 per month.

These are, in brief, a summary of the "Gag" orders at present enforced. But to bolster them up and facilitate their operation in delicate situations, it was found necessary to remodel civil service rule XII, which governs removals from the service.

This rule formerly provided that *no removal shall be made from the classified service, except for reasons given in writing; and the person sought to be removed shall have notice and be furnished a copy of such reasons, and be allowed a reasonable time for personally answering the same in writing. Copy of such reasons, notice and answer, and of the order of removal shall be made a part of the records of the proper department or office.*

This rule was based upon the old-fashioned principle that every man has a right to a hearing before judgment is passed upon him. It stood for justice as between the people and the people's servants; and it evidenced the fact that the great public service was still considered to be the business of the people—not of the high officials in charge.

On October 17, 1905, Theodore Roosevelt promulgated the following order from the White House:

When the President or Head of an Executive Department is satisfied that an officer or employe in the classified service is inefficient or incapable and that the public service will be materially improved by his removal, such removal may be made WITHOUT HEARING; but the cause of removal shall be stated in writing and filed. When misconduct is committed in the view and presence of the President or Head of an Executive Department, removal may be made summarily and no statement of reasons need be filed.

This rule had a most salutary effect upon the men in the service. It proved to be an efficient prop of the "Gag." Henceforth there would be but little pespering one's immediate superior with complaints. That sort of thing had become suicidal. The "kicker," never too numerous, was no longer heard from officially. Nothing that could be borne at all was dragged into the notice of the little god.

Hence it is not surprising that when the present postmaster general found himself in possession of such weapons of suppression, he determined that it would be far easier to reduce the annual postal deficit by encroachments upon the workers who are bound hand and foot, than by investigation of the (to him most doubtful) subject of excess mail transportation pay.

In what branch of industry employing organized labor would the operators dare by simple proclamation increase the hours of toil by from 15 to 30 per cent? Yet that is exactly what Mr. Hitchcock did in December, of last year; in the railway mail service.

Probably no branch in the entire civil service is so thoroughly "gagged" as is the railway mail service. The reason for this is at once apparent when it is remembered that in this service the workers are continually in contact with the railway companies. Salaried by the government, the railway mail clerks work in cars owned and operated by the railway companies. It was, therefore, natural that many of the things complained of in this service were abuses chargeable directly to the companies.

But the postal officials were quick to apply the remedy. The "railway gag" prohibits mail clerks from making any mention, in speech or in the public prints, of the acts or omissions of the railway companies affecting the postal service.

It is not at all remarkable that, with this protection, the public has until recently known nothing of the generally unfit equipment used in the service, for which fifty-five millions are annually appropriated to the railway companies. Clerks are especially prohibited from making any public reference to the circumstances surrounding, or the causes leading up to, any railway wreck in which they might be or which they might view.

It was, therefore, to be expected that when the revolt against the "Gag" should finally break out, this branch of the service would be the scene of the conflict.

For a year and a half prior to Mr. Hitchcock's

fanous "take up the slack" orders, issued in December of last year, the writer had been agitating revolt against these repressive orders among the clerks in the railway mail service, of whom there are 16,000. The agitation had been carried on through the medium of a monthly paper, *The Harpoon*. How general is the dissatisfaction against the present order of things is indicated quite accurately by the fact that of these 16,000 men, the names of 12,000 are on *The Harpoon* subscription list—and this in spite of the fact every method of intimidation has been practiced by the officials to prevent the circulation of the paper, culminating in the arrest of the writer early in March on the charge of having defamed the character of the president and the postmaster general by charging them, in matter printed on the outside of envelopes deposited for mailing, with enforcing these "Gag" methods. Since none can deny the truth of the charges made, it would seem that the action of the federal officials in arresting the writer was a plain admission that some of their official doings are of so dark a nature that, when published on the outside of an envelope, they become "defamatory matter."

But already prior to this arrest, the revolt in the railway mail service, which in some sections approached a condition of strike, had forced Mr. Hitchcock to promise a modification of his "economy" orders which had been enforced to "take up slack where there was no slack."

This taste of victory spurred the men on to further efforts. Having won in the first big clash, they refused to lay down their arms and depend upon Mr. Hitchcock's promises entirely. They began to form a brotherhood and to unionize under the American Federation of Labor.

This has precipitated another clash with the department, and what the result will be, will for many years determine the status of the civil service worker in relation to those guaranteed rights which go to make up American citizenship.

The struggle has now been transferred to the committee rooms and the halls of Congress, where a number of bills are pending, which, if enacted into law, will destroy the pernicious doctrine of *Gag-Rule* in the civil service.

At the present time, the chances for the enactment of such a bill are so good that Mr. Taft has seen fit to publicly denounce this movement for freedom in the civil service.

While declaring his belief that the civil service employes have no right to unionize, the president is, nevertheless, unwilling to rescind his own official re-annunciation of the doctrine that civil service employes shall not have even the right to petition Congress.

The "Harpoon"

Edwin Morris in Pearson's Magazine.

"The Harpoon," said Victor Murdock, a Kansas Congressman, "has made the greatest newspaper campaign of the kind that has been made in forty years."

* * *

I don't know who its editor is. I only know his name. His name is Urban A. Walter. Postoffice Department officials dismiss him with the contemptuous statement that he is a "discharged postal employe." Maybe so. Certainly, if he ever were connected with the Postoffice Department, it ought to be so. This man has too much brains and too much energy to work safely under the dull, ponderous, high-class political heelers who so often officiate briefly as postmasters general. To have kept him on the roll might have provoked him to a breach of the peace. *The Harpoon* reveals him to be a man of action. Its pages are swirling with the pictured and written story of departmental subserviency to the railroads, treason to its own employes, and general disinclination to get down to brass tacks and do business. In one issue four pages of pictures of wrecked pine mail cars told the story of the manner in which the railroads, with the permission or at least the acquiescence of the department, risked the lives of postal clerks, rather than buy steel cars or obstruct the view from the observation cars by putting the pine death-traps at the end. Another issue had four pages of pictures of stalled mails. The night before the postoffice appropriation bill came up in Congress, the editor sent 20,000 words of telegrams to congressmen—not franked messages, mind you, but prepaid. And he got something for his money, too. Congress ordered that the killing of postal clerks in pine cars may go on only until July 1, 1916, and that after June 30, 1911, pine mail cars, if they are run with steel passenger cars, must be at the rear. The railroads will also be required to clean up their indecent cars and and so equip them that they can be kept clean. But the questions of overwork, under-payment, and right to belong to labor organizations remain unsettled.

The English National Insurance Scheme

By Desmond Shaw

British Correspondent COMING NATION.



C. N. DESMOND SHAW

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, has announced to a startled world in the British House of Commons what can only be regarded as a tremendous step in the direction of Socialism. I refer to his National Insurance Bill against sickness and unemployment, which marks a new era in its recognition that neither the one nor the other are inevitable "Acts of God," but have to be provided against collectively.

Under this bill no fewer than 14,700,000 policies against sickness and 2,400,000 policies for unemployment are contemplated, and before it comes into force in May, 1912, it will be thrashed out and turned over, and may assume a somewhat different complexion before it comes into operation.

24,500,000 Pounds Required!

The money to be raised during the first year, commencing May, 1912, is to be £24,500,000, of which the State contributes £2,500,000.

The following are the proportions in which contributions are to be made for the sickness insurance:

Worker, 4d a week (women, 3d), employer, 3d, and state, 2d.

In cases where the daily wage falls below 2s 6d, the worker's weekly payment will be 3d; below 2s, 2d, and below 1s 6d, 1d.

All these payments are compulsory.

There is also a voluntary form of sick insurance which will be open to small tradesmen, men without definite employers, or who, after employment, are now at work for themselves. Persons under 45 years of age are eligible to join on payment of rates imposed under a compulsory scheme, with addition of employer's contribution.

The money to be raised for Sickness Insurance will be as follows:

From workmen's payments£11,000,000
From employers' payments 9,000,000
From the State payments 1,742,000

£21,742,000

Amongst the benefits assured to the men and women who come under the scheme of sickness are: Medical relief to all insured.

Weekly allowance for first three months of illness: 10s for men, 7s 6d for women; 5s for subsequent three months.

A weekly allowance for permanent disablement of 5s to men and women.

Consumption sanatoria are to be established throughout the country, at a cost of £1,500,000.

An allowance of 30s will be paid in each case of maternity, provided the mother does not return to work within four weeks.

Maternity as a Profession

There can be no doubt that perhaps the most important clause of the Sickness Insurance part of the bill is the first recognition by the State of maternity as a profession—one that is as much to be honored as that of the doctor, the lawyer or the soldier. This is the thin edge of a wedge which may be driven home with extraordinary results to the status of the physique of the race—and, incidentally, to the pockets of the wealthy. On the other hand, it is not at all clear why women, when disabled, are only allowed 7s 6d a week as opposed to 10s for men—but this is probably some of the usual cloudy reasoning of the powers that be.

It is very essential to differentiate between this British bill and the scheme at present in force in the Fatherland. In the British measure the tax-

payer is forced to contribute towards providing the necessary money, whereas in the German scheme only the employer and the employe contribute. Further, in an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, which has just appeared, he states that the clerk will be included in the provisions of the bill, whereas in Germany they are only just thinking about it. It is obvious that the Chancellor has borrowed largely from the German measure, but, probably under the influence of Labor party pressure, he has introduced more generous clauses.

The Domestic, the Shop Girl and the Typist

It is also interesting to note that the Domestic-Servant, the Typist, and the Shop Girl are included, and provision will, it is hoped, ultimately be made for the inclusion of the hawker, the charwoman and the shoeblack, who, for obvious reasons, will have to be specially catered for, as they are not employed by anybody in particular, and, unless they can themselves pay the employer's 3d, they will not benefit at present.

The exceptions from the compulsory Sickness scheme include soldiers and sailors (for whom special provision will ultimately be made), teachers, crown servants, municipal servants, commission agents employed by more than one person, and casual laborers not engaged in employers' own business.

Other interesting points in the Sickness Insurance plan is that the minimum age for its operation is 16 years, and the maximum 65 (when old-age pensions come into force). No person can obtain an ordinary allowance within six months or permanent disablement allowance within two years, the allowance being dependent upon the patient obeying the doctor's orders. A lapse of payment through unemployment is allowed for three weeks in a year, but after that a proportionate reduction of benefit is the result.

The machinery for distribution is that of the approved friendly societies now in existence.

The Doctor and the State

It is impossible to enter into the thousand and one ramifications which will proceed from this bill, but it may be noted in passing that at one leap the doctors of Great Britain, who are in many cases the most wretchedly underpaid professional men in the community, will have a new outlet for their energies under this bill, and at a living wage. The medical profession will for the first time be definitely enlisted in the fight against disease by the State, and when it is remembered that no less than £1,000,000 per annum is to be allowed under the bill for fighting consumption, some idea will be gained of the possibilities before the doctors.

Also, as a typical case, one may instance the example of a domestic servant who marries young. When she marries she will drop her contributions and cease to receive sick benefits—unless her husband is insured, in which case she would, when occasion arose, receive the maternity allowance. Now supposing she becomes a widow, at whatever age, and resumes work, she can instantly resume her contributions at exactly the same rate as when a young woman, and receive the same benefits. That applies also to the typist, the shop girl, the waitress, the Lancashire factory girl, and so on.

Mr. Lloyd George himself has confirmed this view of the operation of the bill.

Insurance Against Unemployment

Coming now to the part of the scheme which deals with Insurance against Unemployment.

In the first place, it must be remembered that this insurance only applies to the Engineering and Building trades, but it is the beginning of other schemes which will ultimately doubtless embrace all trades.

Under this part of the scheme the following amounts have to be raised:

From workmen£1,100,000
From employers 900,000
From the State 750,000

£2,750,000

The workmen are to pay 2½d per week, the employers 2½d and the State to contribute one-quarter of the cost.

The out-of-work allowance is to be 7s per week for 15 weeks, no man to draw more than one week's pay for five weeks' contribution, and there is to



Mr. Lloyd George and the attorney general on way to the House of Commons.

be no payment for the first week's employment.

An important clause is that which prevents any payment to the men for strikes or lock-outs, and another clause of equal importance is that which empowers the trade unions to claim repayment of unemployed benefits paid by them.

The number of people to be affected by the whole of the National Insurance Bill will be—for Sick Insurance, 14,700,000; Unemployment Insurance, 2,400,000; total, 17,100,000.

For the distribution under the Sickness Insurance scheme, the Labor Exchanges, which have proved such lamentable failures, will be utilized, as they have served the one good purpose of calling the necessary machinery into operation.

Now I want to give the readers of the COMING NATION some idea of the astounding innovations which will be brought about by the bill.

The Devil and the Deep Sea

In the first place, the bill is pretty certain to become law, because both the Liberals and Tories are between the devil and the deep sea. The bill has been introduced by the Liberals as a bid for the popular vote, whilst the Tories would see it to the devil before they would give their assent if it were not for the fact that they are afraid to face the music. This is why Mr. Balfour blessed it in company with the reactionary Austen Chamberlain, and all the others of the Tory gang.

The next point of interest is that the bill may indirectly reduce the age of Old Age Pensions from

(Continued on Page Nine, Third Column.)

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor.

II.



WHEN any old Uncle Billy Hardhead admits: "Oh, well, we all know that there's a big change coming," I shouldn't dispute the matter with him; I shouldn't out-and-out be guilty of the heresy of Hymenæus and Philetus who say that the resurrection is past already. It isn't past; it hasn't fully come yet. There are some very important affairs still remaining to be transacted. One of these, I should say, was passing appropriate resolutions, like the following:

"Whereas, The Big Change has come for all practical purposes, and
 "Whereas, We shall have to acknowledge the corn sooner or later, anyhow, therefore be it
 "RESOLVED, That the Big Change has come, and we govern ourselves accordingly."

I do not hold these up as model resolutions at all. I'm a literary man by trade, and, as such, accustomed to having my stuff printed and read, instead of being "spread upon the minutes," and engrossed in fancy handwriting with all kinds of querly cues to it, framed and hung up to catch the dust but never read.

There are more things to be done before we shall feel satisfied that the Big Change is here in all its fullness, but if the American people should adopt resolutions to this effect, a good many of us would feel satisfied to go right home to glory, then and there.

It does seem as if Hymenæus and Philetus could easily have proved to the people of their time that the resurrection was past already if so surprising a thing had actually happened, and yet I don't know about that either. You hear people saying every day: "It always has been this way and it always will be this way." And yet right before their eyes is the plain proof that never in the world's history before has it been this way, and never again in the world's history will it be this way. Never before were flying machines invented. Never again will flying machines be invented. New kinds of flying machines may be invented, altogether different in principle from the aeroplanes now in use but this particular event which we now witness is once and for all.

And this one particular event is not a solitary instance, standing all by itself. It is one instance out of an innumerable host of instances where the people of this age perform as a matter of course what in any other age of the world would have been regarded as a miracle.

In one of the stories in the Arabian Nights, the fairy Peri Banou gives to the young prince a carpet which can transport a person instantly to wherever he wishes to be, an ivory tube through which he can look at whatever he wishes to see, and an apple, which by its mere smell, cures all diseases. Now this is a whopper; meant to be a whopper. But if we consider that the true interpretation of the carpet is that it is the carpet on the floor of a Pullman car, and the ivory tube is a telescope, and that the apple is, figuratively speaking, chloroform, which smells a good deal like rotten apples, and if it does not cure diseases, stops pain, we shall see that what was a whopper in the days when the Arabian Nights stories were invented is pretty near the plain truth today. A very good argument could be put up by those who know how to do such things for the plenary inspiration of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. A prophecy that will hit as many points at one whack as these three is doing pretty well in the prophecy line.

I have people singing for me here on Long Island that have never been away from the Old Country; I know their voices so well, and their little tricks and mannerisms, that I should recognize them if I heard the real living singers, and isn't that a miracle? Did that ever happen before in the world? I have seen processions go by, and watched the horses switch their tails, and yet I never was

where those processions passed. I have seen King Alphonso move his lips in talk, and blow out cigarette smoke, and yet I never was within a thousand miles of Alphonso in the flesh. It doesn't surprise you to hear me tell of such things; in fact, your wonder is that I should tell of what is so well-known. Yet a couple of hundred years ago, a hundred years ago—yes, twenty-five years ago, I should have been thought a liar if I had spun such yarns.

And yet people are forever telling you: "It's always been this way, and it always will be this way." It beats all. It certainly does beat all.

Uncle Billy Hardhead, who will not and cannot see Socialism for a minute, knows that, in his own day and time, processes and methods that had been in use ever since the human race first came down out of the tree-limbs, have been teetotally done away with. Gone! When he was a little boy he wrote with a quill pen. Wasn't any other way to write. Uncle Billy hasn't even seen a quill pen in

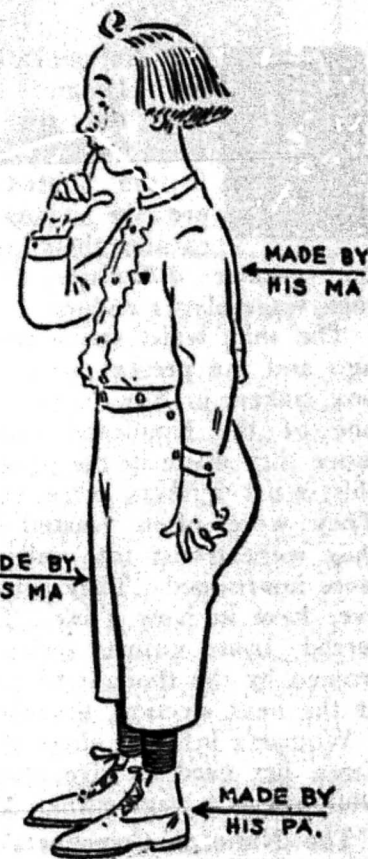
family does bring forth at home. The women even go to the maternity hospital when their time comes because that's so much more convenient.

If not in Uncle Billy Hardhead's boyhood days, at least in those of his daddy, the home was the social unit, as the sovereign state was the political unit, and there was only the frailest and flimsiest confederacy between the homes for mutual defense against the Indians and for commerce. What went on inside those homes? None of your business. Did the husband lick his wife? That was his concern, not yours, and you'd do well to keep out. Did he let his children grow up in ignorance? Was he mean to them? Did he have a doctor for them when they were sick? What's it to you? They were his children, not yours.

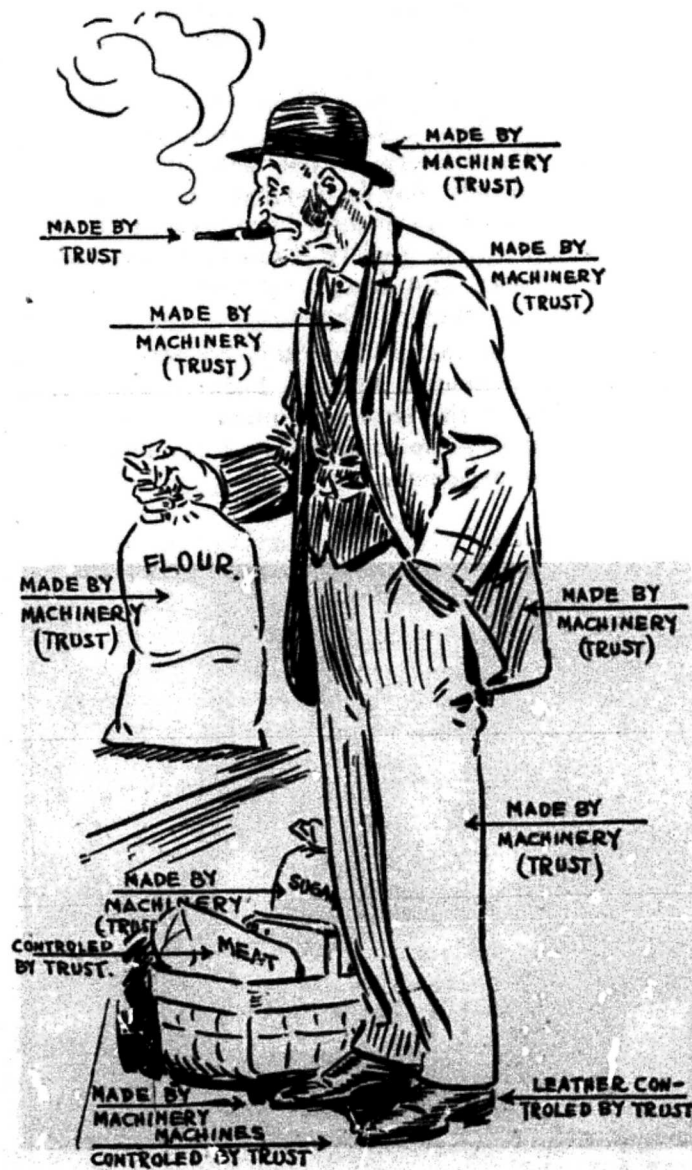
A man's house was his castle, inviolable. He was boss there. If his woman could not endure his deviltry, and ran away from him, he could go and fetch her back. Divorce? Why, man alive, would you destroy the sanctity of the marriage tie? It would be a pretty how-d'ye-do, if after a man had picked out a likely woman to cook his victuals, and make his clothes, and wash and iron, and bake, and scrub, and supply him with laborers as fast as she could, and he was depending on her—it would be a fine thing if she should be allowed to pick up and leave just because she didn't like it if he corrected her! Divorce? Why, I'm surprised at you!

The resolutions I gave at the head of this installment have been passed so far as the women and the children are concerned. A man's house is his castle, eh? Well, let him lay heavy hand on his wife, and see whether it is or not. Let him maltreat the children, or fail to send them to school, or neglect them when sick, and see whether it is or not. Let his house have scarlet fever in it, and see whether the home is the social unit or not.

In Uncle Billy Hardhead's boyhood, everything was not only made at home but made by hand—but that'll have to go over till next week.



Everything made by his ma, except his shoes.



Resolved that the Big Change has come.

the Lord knows when. I don't think I ever had one in my fingers—yes, did, too. Once. I remember that the foolish thing squeaked when I wrote with it. But have you ever seen a quill pen?

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy everything he stood in was made by his ma, except his shoes, and those his pa made. What woman under forty years of age has ever so much as had her foot on the treadle of a spinning-wheel? What woman under forty years of age would know a pair of wool-cards if she saw them or ever so much as got sight of the hand-loom that used to thump in every home? What man knows the first thing about making a pair of shoes or even, if that is his trade, has made a whole pair of shoes? Notice that. If shoemaking is his trade he has never made a whole pair of shoes!

Everything they had outside them or inside them, when Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy, was home-grown, and home-made, except sugar, and coffee, and tea, and indigo, and a few other little luxuries that couldn't be raised in their climate. Nowadays, there isn't one thing, not one blessed thing, that the

The English National Insurance Scheme

(Concluded from Page Eight.)

70 to 65 years of age, as the wily Chancellor, with the public in his eye, has stated that the surplus which it is hoped will accumulate may be used fifteen years, hence in either lowering the age for old-age pensions or increasing the present pensions.

Then there is balm in Gilead, for the wealthy bloodsuckers of employers will be pretty hard hit, though not so hard as is desirable, by their compulsory contributions. For instance, Lord Furness, of the great Barrow-in-Furness ship-building firm, stated that in the case of one of his firms alone its contributions would amount to £166 a week. Harland and Wolff, the great Belfast ship-builders, say that the proposal will cost their firm £2,500 a year, whilst all over the country the employers are squealing to the tune of anything from £500 to £20,000 a year.

Revolutions never go backward.

—Wendell Phillips.

How Women Help Women

By Grace Potter



These children are carrying home loads of coats for their families to work on.



A group of flower and corset-cover makers.



This woman and three girls, under thirteen, make flowers in their basement home.

THE National Consumers' League believes that the six million wage-working women in the United States are in many ways earning their bread under greater difficulties than the men wage slaves endure.

The shirt waist strike two years ago and the present strike of the box makers in New York illustrate one of the handicaps women suffer. Whatever move they made in the progress of their battle, the shirt-waist strikers were hauled into police court. They were often treated brutally by policemen, they were thrust into cells, they were fined, they were imprisoned. They suffered as no men strikers ever have in New York. The police were not deterred from unjust action against these young women by the thought of the way they might vote at the next election, because women have no vote.

Woman's inferior physical strength, her maternal cares, her need to give attention to her home the while she is a wage earner, all are handicaps, too.

The National Consumers' League is trying to make conditions better for working women because she is so handicapped. Incidentally they are making conditions better for men in many places.

It was over twenty years ago that the Consumers' League was started in New York City. It has spread to many states and many countries since then and it is still spreading. It has two definite aims:

1. To abolish the sweating system.
2. To extend among all mercantile establishments commendable conditions.

These are the means taken to accomplish such ends:

1. The Consumers' League Label.
2. The White List of Fair Houses.

Started when the boycott and the blacklist were in the lusty power of their youth, the Consumers' League passed them both by in their choice of weapons.

"We will put our label upon goods made under right conditions," they said. "We will ask all members of the league and friends of labor to look for this label when they buy." Thus was the Consumers' League Label born.

"We will make a list of all retail stores where things are sold under proper selling conditions," they said. "We will ask all our members to do their buying at stores on this list and we will ask all friends of labor to do the same." Thus was the White List born.

Society people, men and women, professional people and wage workers belong to The Consumers' League. Among the officers of the league are found the presidents of Yale, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke and Vassar, professors from Harvard, Colarabia, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Oberlin and California.

Did you ever hear of a report from an investigating committee of any philanthropic society being used by a current magazine as a paid article? No? Well that is just what has happened to a report in this society. Or, rather, the report has been run as a series of articles. Sue Ainslee Clark and Edith Wyatt, investigating conditions for The Consumers' League, wrote their report giving literal personal stories of the way working girls live. *McClure's* published the report in six different issues, paying well for its use.

The general secretary of the League is Mrs. Florence Kelley, the well-known writer and lecturer. In the interest of the League she has addressed 133 meetings in the last year. These included between July 18th and July 23d, eleven meetings in Portland, Ore. The variety of the audiences to whom the League appeals may be gauged by the fact that the Portland meetings included lectures in churches of all denominations, society women's homes, prominent club houses, and wound up with a meeting in the Oregon Chamber of Commerce.

Sixty-five manufacturers in this country are now using the Consumers' League Label. Thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of men and women all over the United States ask to see this label before they purchase dry-goods.



In this family there are seven children, three of them in an institution. In their flat of two rooms the oldest girl, fourteen, and her mother make willow plumes. The three youngest play around in the filth and dirt there is no time to clean up. Between the mother and the daughter they make \$6.00 a week.

These are the conditions that the League demands before it grants the right to the use of its label. It must be assured that goods are made in factories in which the state factory law is obeyed, work is not done at night, children under sixteen are not employed, and no goods are given out to be made up in homes.

A Fair House, which may be scheduled on The White List, is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex, and in which no saleswoman who is eighteen years of age or over—and who has had one year's experience as saleswoman—receives less than six dollars a week.

Wages must be paid by the week.

The minimum wages of cash children must be three and a half dollars a week.

The number of working hours must not exceed nine.

Three-quarters of an hour minimum for lunch.

One half-holiday each week during two summers months at least Vacation of not less than one week, with pay, during summer.

All overtime compensated for.

Wages paid and premises closed for the seven principal holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, Decoration Day and Labor Day.

A Fair House is one that does not remain open more than four evenings during the time between December 15th and 25th, nor stay open these four evenings later than nine o'clock.

Work, lunch and retiring rooms are apart from each other and conform to present sanitary laws.

The law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen must be observed, and the use of these seats permitted.

No children under fourteen may be employed.

No children under sixteen shall work more than nine hours a day.

While investigating the manufacture of muslin underwear, the League took special pains to inquire into the cost of sweated goods and fair goods. They found that where labor is treated right the selling price of the goods is not increased. Where they know enough to organize an industry well, and use the best machinery, the league says, they also know enough to treat their workers right. For instance, nightgowns which sell at thirty-nine cents, shirt-waists at fifty, as well as higher grades, are made in factories using the Consumers' League Label. In fact, as a rule, it has been found that goods of moderate price are made under better conditions than the costliest articles on the market. The millionaire's wife when she buys ready-made muslin lingerie is, therefore, more apt to get tuberculosis, scarlet fever, and the easily carried infectious diseases, than the woman who can spend less on her clothes.

This one factor should make every consumer interested in the producer, if nothing else would do so.

Beside lectures to tell of the bad conditions under which sweat-shops are conducted, the League has established an exhibit which, with an efficient student of social conditions in charge, is instructing hundreds of people every day. It is taken to any city where request is made for it. The exhibit is free. It aims to show bad working conditions in sweat-shops. It shows specimens of work with the price paid to the worker marked in plain letters on it. There are also specimens of food which, when obtained in the market, was either adulterated, spoiled or falsely labeled. There are shown wormy dried beans, imported from Italy; peas highly colored by chemicals; cotton-seed oil marked as pure olive oil.

A special feature of the exhibit is the section where conditions in the ready-made clothing trade are shown. One-third of all the ready-made clothing for men and boys of the whole United States is made in New York City and two-thirds of all the ready-made clothing for women and girls is made in the same place. This is one of the worst sweated industries in America. During the recent cloak-makers' strike in Chicago the public had an insight into what these wage slaves suffer.

Much of the ready-made clothes are half done in shops and taken to tenements to be finished. While home-work with unending hours (whole families working from early morning to late at night) is bad for the producer it is bad also for

the consumer. The worker underfed, living in the unsanitary tenement house, gets disease. It is carried in the clothing he makes to the consumer.

How Infection is Carried in Clothes

Not the healthiest living nor the strongest constitution is always proof against the germs of scarlet fever, for instance. They are carried readily in clothing, say, an overcoat. Perhaps, even, the man or the woman or children who worked on that overcoat, no one of them had scarlet fever. But the baby of the family where the coat was finished might have had it. The poor haven't time to care for their sick. They don't know what ails their children often when they are really very ill. A doctor costs money. It costs much time, which is the same as money to them, to take the little one to a dispensary and wait through hours of weary impatience for attention. Perhaps, too, their child would be taken from them and put in a hospital. And the poor have a reasonable dread of hospitals. So when the babies are taken sick they often go through a disease like diphtheria, tonsillitis, or scarlet fever, without anyone knowing what is the matter.

The little one has to be kept in the same room where the work is going on. It is the least dark room of the two or three or four in their flat. When the baby is picked up for the scant attention which is all that a tenement mother with the tenderest mother feelings in the world can give, the baby leaves infection upon its mother's dress and the infection is the next moment transmitted to the coat mother is working with. The coat when done is carefully folded, taken back to the shop, later shipped to St. Paul, perhaps, and there bought by a prosperous business man.

How Disease Links the Rich and Poor

When he comes home this business man picks up his baby and hugs her fondly. She is sick with scarlet fever in a few days. The family does all that can be done. And between the anxious watches over their pet, they ask each other, "How could she ever have caught scarlet fever when we are so careful of her?" And maybe with all that it is possible to do in the way of medical care and the attention that a white-robed trained nurse can give, the little girl dies. Won't that broken-hearted father in St. Paul, Minn., have a new conception of social ties, don't you think, when he learns *why* his child was stricken?

The Consumers' League label is to be found on underwear of all grades, cheap, medium and fine, on corsets, flanelette gowns, dressing jackets, aprons, tea-gowns, wash suits, shirt-waist suits, tub dresses, petticoats, stocking supporters, bathing suits, gymnasium suits, lace and silk waists, kimonas and house gowns.

One of the industries carried on very largely by child and women workers in the dark, unhealthy tenement rooms, is flower making. Parts of the work are done almost entirely by children. Laugh or cry, just as you can. But remember when you buy your Easter hat, milady, that the lilies (typical of purity, aren't they?) or the roses (joy?) which are to set off your pretty face, were made in dark, filthy rooms by unhappy children. Forget, if you can, that the Christ whose Easter your hat is supposed to honor, said anything about little children coming to him. And remember instead that the poor we always have with us. May be that will somehow make your hat Easter-like. For its lilies are washed white with babies' tears. And its roses drip red with babies' blood.

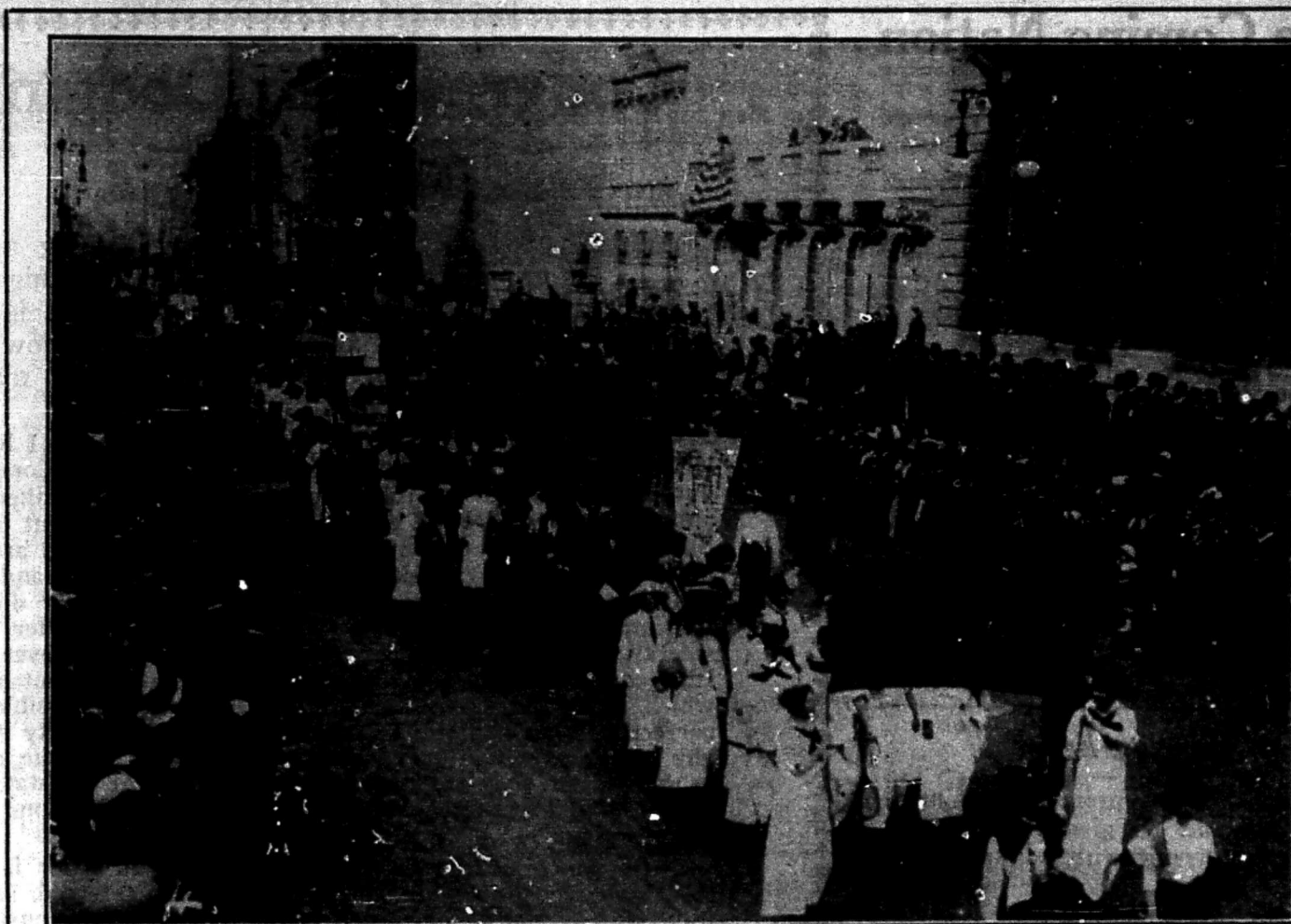
You'd realize this if you looked at the exhibit pictures which the Consumers' League can show. The pictures were taken from the very rooms where these very children work at flower-making year after year. Not for many years, though. They go to hospitals or sanitariums or the grave, a good many of them, before they grow up, so statistics say.

For making rose-clusters (the lovely, dainty, nodding kind, some of them buds, some half-blown) children get paid one cent for twelve bunches. There are twelve flowers in a bunch. It takes three-quarters of a minute to make one rose. The constant use of certain delicate muscles of the palm gives the children cruel, torturing pain in their hands. It makes them nervous. For winding green cloth about the stem of roses children of kindergarten age are employed, those of four and five working till they fall asleep from exhaustion. Children make violets, too. They are paid four cents a gross. That is less than one cent for thirty violets.

Among the spectators at the exhibit not all express sympathy with the League's work.

One day a rich woman came in and slowly laying aside her sable coat, put up her lorgnette and deigned to look wearily at the photographs. Down one side of the room, across the end and up the other side she went, looking at all the pictures. She came up to the demonstrator, Miss Treby Moore, when she was through.

"Do you know," she said, "I have a solution for all this matter which would settle the question of



View of the recent Suffrage parade in New York city.

—Photo by Edwin Levick.

child workers in the tenements once and for all?"

"Well," said Miss Moore, "you are just the person we would like to hear from. We have been at the question many years. What do you suggest?"

"These people," the woman indicated with a sweep of her hand the pictures she had been viewing, "they should not be allowed to have children at all, you know. There should be a law against it."

Miss Moore looked at the woman in amazement, but she evidently was quite sincere in what she said, for she went on complacently.

"If that didn't work, why, then, they should be prevented from marrying. I'm sure the whole sweat-work problem would then disappear."

A well-dressed man with a hard face came to the exhibit one day. With him was a second man. The hard-faced man looked with expressions of great pleasure at the pictures of the child workers.

"That's great," he said, rubbing his hands. "That's just great! I'm glad to see them making the children work."

He passed on to other photographs and again said, gleefully:

"Now this just suits me; I never saw anything better in my life than these boys and girls getting down to business."

His companion made no comment. Miss Moore had heard what the man said and as he neared the door to go out she spoke to him.

"Why do you like to see children working?" she asked.

"Because," said the man, "I like to walk on the streets without having a mob of children all about. And work keeps them out of mischief, too."

"But working when they are growing prevents full development," said Miss Moore. "The children get sick and have to be sent to hospitals and sanitariums and asylums often because they had to work so young."

"Well," said the man coolly, "it's easier to take care of the poor in such places than in jails or than to have them grow up pugnacious and full of fight as some of these strikers are. They make lots of trouble then. If they had had to work hard when they were young they'd be docile and do as their bosses tell them when they were grown up. Yes, I like to see children made to work hard. I'm always glad to give money to hospitals and such places to take care of the sick, but I wouldn't give a cent to any society that wants to keep children on the streets fooling their time away."

While the standard wage fixed by the League in their requirements for a Fair House is only six dollars a week, they have learned by their last investigations that that is not enough to keep a woman in some of the largest cities in the United States. So they are going to begin a campaign for establishing minimum wages to be gauged by living conditions in different cities. At the International Council of Consumers' Leagues held in Geneva, Switzerland, this legislation was advised as necessary.

One of the chief ways in which the League has tried to better conditions for working women has been through the enactment of uniform labor laws throughout the United States. While in Massachusetts the laws are against women working long

hours, in some states there is no provision at all made in regard to the matter.

A law passed in Illinois prohibiting the employment of women more than ten hours a day was rendered nil by an injunction restraining the officials of the state from enforcing the newly enacted statute. A committee from the Consumers' League arranged for the gratuitous services of the distinguished Louis Brandeis, of Boston, in defense of the case before the Supreme Court. Mr. W. C. Calhoun, then newly appointed minister to China, was also available through the American Association for Labor Legislation. A favorable decision as to the ten-hour law handed down in April, 1910, is said to free from overstrain 30,000 women workers. Copies of the brief prepared in defense of the Illinois law have been useful in several other states where attempts were made to thwart decent laws being put into effect.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, delivered by Mr. Justice Hand, contains the following:

"It is known to all men (and what we know as men we cannot claim to be ignorant of as judges) that woman's physical structure and the performance of physical functions, place her at great disadvantage in the battle of life; that while a man can work for more than ten hours a day without injury to himself, a woman, especially when the burdens of motherhood are upon her, cannot; that while a man can work standing upon his feet for more than ten hours a day, day after day without injury to himself, a woman cannot, and that to require a woman to stand upon her feet for more than ten hours in any one day and perform severe manual labor while thus standing, has the effect to impair her health, and that as weakly and sickly women cannot be the mothers of vigorous children, it is of the greatest importance to the public that the state take such measures as may be necessary to protect its women from the consequences induced by long continued manual labor in those occupations which tend to break them down physically. It would, therefore, seem obvious that legislation which limits the number of hours which women . . . shall be permitted to work would tend to preserve the health of women and induce the production of vigorous offspring by them and would directly conduce to the health, morals and general welfare of the public."

Best of all, the League says is its answer to the objection sometimes made, that taking away tenement home-work would rob the poor of their only means of existence. Here is their answer:

"The time when individual effort could pay in the manufacturing world is over. The time for all such work to be done by organized effort has arrived. It is only prolonging the pain of transition to allow a man and his family in a foul tenement flat to speed themselves up to competition with the best machinery operated in well-lighted, well-ventilated factories where all the requirements of the factory laws which look to the health and comfort of the workers are observed."

Which sounds rather well, from a welfare organization which makes no pretense at revolutionary teaching?

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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The COMING NATION will attract and hold the attention of library readers. It is particularly suited to that purpose. Inquire for it at the nearest public library and if it is not on file now see that it comes regularly hereafter.

Growing Better

We are distinctly proud of this number and would be glad to have our readers compare it with any magazine published this, or any other month.

In what other paper can you get in one issue the work of Charles Edward Russell, Reginald Wright Kauffman and Eugene Wood?

Where will you find a more interesting mass of matter than in this issue?

This is only a beginning. We expect to keep steadily on with improvements, the only limit being the support given by those who receive the paper.

Next week will contain another installment of Eugene Wood's, "The Big Change," and Reginald Wright Kauffman's, "The Curse."

There is no field in which the Socialist party can do more work than in that of education. There are few institutions, if any, in which greater changes are impending than in the public schools. In the next issue of the COMING NATION May Wood-Simons will discuss the evolution which the schools are now undergoing, and show how public schools and education can be made a powerful social factor. There will be plenty of good illustrations to accompany this article. This is a good number to hand to school teachers, and to those graduating from colleges and universities.

One of the most thrilling scenes of the Mexican Revolution was the charge of eight-five American adherents to the Mexican Revolution on three hundred and fifty regular soldiers at Mexicala. The company that made this charge, which exceeds that of the famous Light Brigade in casualties, contained many American Socialists. Arthur Roos tells of one of these in the story of "An American Insurrecto in Mexico."

There will be some short fiction, sketches of Socialists who have been elected to office, a cartoon by Art Young—and you all know that means something good—and the editorials by Charles Edward Russell.

The story of the work of the Australian Labor Party, which appears in this number, is but the first of a series on labor in Australia by Charles Edward Russell. We believe these stories will create a greater sensation than the famous series on the "Soldiers of the Common Good," written by the same author on a previous trip.

A Letter

Editor COMING NATION:

There is no department of the COMING NATION that I read with greater interest than "The Scout News." Their fresh, young enthusiasm is like the trumpet call to battle to us older ones. They are a power now and what an army of them there will be in five or ten years more! The thoughts of youth are "long, long thoughts," one has said, and the child's mind is like wax to receive impressions but like marble to retain. So one can easily see what a grand thing this Socialist Scout movement is. It gives youth an opportunity to realize its grandest ideals. We older ones can remember how our hearts were

Congressmen Dodging

BY A. M. SIMONS



MEMBERS of Congress are having a hard time explaining why the resolution calling for an investigation of the McNamara case is suppressed by the Rules Committee. Here is how an Indiana Congressman tried to explain the matter to an inquisitive constituent:

Replying to your letter of May 8, I believe if you will stop to think a moment you will agree that Congress has no power to regulate the judiciary of the country, neither has it any authority to regulate the executive, except the president of the United States. Governors of states and the municipal courts are subject entirely to laws and regulations of their own states, and while there has been much talk that congress should do this or do that in the McNamara case, every man who will give the matter careful consideration will see that congress has nothing whatever to do with state courts or state administrations. Congress did not make the law which made the extradition of the McNamaras possible, and to be perfectly frank with you I do not see by what authority it would have any power to act in such cases. If the court and the officers erred in this matter, they are amendable to the laws of the state of Indiana, as the United States cannot interfere except in questions of interstate complications.

Of course if the resolution to which you refer is reported to the House, by the committee to which it was referred, as one proper for congressional action, I will give it my very best consideration and act as my best judgment dictates that I should do in the cause of equality and exact justice to all parties concerned. Your friend,

H. A. BARNHART.

"These be fair words" and would be important if true. Fortunately they are not true. Congress does have power to act.

Courts and constitution and common sense agree upon the one point that Congress has complete control of interstate movements of persons and property.

Congress spends much time on interstate movements of property. The Socialists are now asking that a little attention be given to interstate movements of persons.

When persons were property and chattel-slave owners controlled the government Congress was quick to enact a Fugitive Slave Law.

When persons ceased to be property and labor power was sold by the day instead of for the life-time of the owner, Congress, now controlled by the wage-slave owning class, can find no authority in the Constitution to act on the interstate commerce in laborers.

Legislation on extradition is the especial field of Congress. The Constitution provides that anyone "who shall flee from justice and be found in any other state shall * * * be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime." Under this section it is not only the right, but the manifest duty of Congress to provide a method by which to determine whether the accused has "fled from justice," and what state has "jurisdiction of the crime."

Does anyone doubt that if this clause referred to property that there would be volumes defining the methods of procedure in these respects?

The resolution of Congressman Berger does not even ask that such a very evidently proper law should be passed. It asks only for an investigation of a specific violation of this clause of the constitution, in which a man who was not "fleeing from justice," was taken to be tried in a state in which no one claims he was present when the alleged crime was committed.

Congress has never looked far for excuses when asked to investigate. It has investigated almost all conceivable subjects and has discussed constitutionality only when the question of legislation upon the facts obtained by an investigating committee has come before it.

The working class is now asking that the violation of human rights and constitutional provisions across state lines, the kidnaping of workmen for profit, the interstate commerce in wage slaves by private detectives be investigated. Congressmen, afraid that the facts will be discovered, are protesting that they have no power to investigate.

Congressmen are frightened lest their constituents should learn the truth. Such congressmen fear that such knowledge would make it impossible to serve capitalist interests and receive working-class votes.

It is a good time to ask the Congressman from your district what he thinks about these things.

stirred as we learned of heroes and martyrs in our youthful days. How we longed to do great and noble deeds. As life went on the struggle for existence choked those high aspirations, and we had to think of ways and means to provide the daily bread and butter, instead of nobly serving our country with flags floating and drums beating. Now here is the chance to enlist in the grandest service in the history of the world; and there is a place and room for all. When tots of five and six years can help to spread abroad the good

news of Socialism, when little children help the truth along by making sentences about Socialism in their recitations at school, as one little girl wrote that she did, it seems to me that grown folks should thank God and take courage. The truth is surely marching on.

The COMING NATION is, undoubtedly the best paper I have ever seen. I should rather lose all the other papers we take, except the *Appeal* and the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, (and we take a dozen other papers and magazines) than

the COMING NATION, and of these three I take the most solid comfort with the COMING NATION. I think the world is being made over new or you could not find such articles as fill your columns. It would take me all night to specialize all that have seemed to be particularly good. Your "A Day of Victory" in the April 22d, has been read again and again. It is inspiring. In "The Only Thing Worth While," in May 13th, Mr. Russell says what I have thought so much better than I could ever say it. I've had a vision of all these many reforms, which so many people are working for, being realized. I can now plainly see that they can never be realized, in full, until Socialism prevails. We have equal suffrage in Colorado, and we also have Guggenheims, and corrupt rings in our counties and cities, and even in the government of the state itself, at times. So it must be in other lines. But the good cause is growing. We don't have to talk theory all the time now, or point to what the Socialists are doing in Europe. We can tell of Milwaukee, of Berkeley, Cal.; Beatrice, Neb.; and Flint Mich. Really there have been so many victories that one is at a loss which to choose as an example. May the tide rise till the sea of Socialism covers all our land! Your comrade,
(Mrs.) Lima M. Eaton.
Arriola, Colo., May 20, 1911.

The Socialist Scouts

Let your boy or girl improve vacation time by taking up the work of the Scout organization. Now that school is over in most parts of the country the young comrades have plenty of time to work up routes which will pay well. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and extra premiums consisting of electric and steam engines, cameras, aeroplanes, printing presses, watches, wagons, books, trick boxes, etc. There is no cost to the beginner. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers to sell and to return heads of unsold copies. Talk it over with your child. If he's interested tell him to write "Scout Department" *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas, and first bundle, letter of instructions and prize list will be sent.

Scout News

Have received your Socialist Primer and leaflets. This is a slow town but we have seventeen customers and two more customers yesterday. Am working for more.—Otto and Victor Endres, New York.

I received your Socialist Primer and I enjoy it very much. I give my brothers lessons every day when they come from school. I thank you very much.—Harry Green, Indiana.

I received my Primer and I think it is dandy. I am coming fine.—Willie Greenaway, Michigan.

My route is increasing and I have four that will take the paper this Saturday. In about one week I will try to send for twenty.—Fred Holman, Indiana.

I got the pamphlets and Primer all right. It is no trouble to sell the COMING NATION. Sells better than any paper I ever did sell before and it don't fail to make Socialists when they read it.—L. Hitchcock, Kentucky.

I had a good start by selling ten NATIONS in one hour. But I cannot order more than twelve because I work. I sold my NATIONS in our shop. Some day I might order three times as much.—Jos Kuuxma, Pennsylvania.

It would be a good thing for some preachers to study theology less and human nature more.

OLYMPIC NATURE NURSERY

The FOREST CONSERVATORY

Wild Fruits, Flowers and Evergreens

TEN FAMILIES can name prices and terms, on five and ten-acre tracts of logged-off and burned over land, to grow fruits for a Co-operative Cannery, to be their own property. Good upland, near steamer landing, store, postoffice, hotel, sawmill and Social Hall; on Hood Canal. Olympic Mountains in view. Eight families built Co-operative Social Hall, which will pay for itself in one year. Address

Joel Shomaker
President Nellita Pioneers' Ass'n,
NELLITA, WASHINGTON.

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE
 EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Scotland's Children Leaving

BONNIE Scotland is losing her sons and daughters. They are leaving that country and going to settle in other lands. Do you suppose they are tired of living in Scotland with its beautiful hills and valleys, its old, old stories of struggles for freedom, and its lovely poems and stories? You may be sure not, for Scotchmen are known to be very, very fond of their own people and their own land.

And yet so many of them are emigrating every week that the government is getting worried, for the people who are leaving are, of course, the working people and when a country begins to lose its working people, pretty soon it will be ruined, for who is there left? In some villages even now, only very old people and children too young to leave are almost the only ones left.

What does all this leaving for Canada, Australia, the United States and other countries show? It shows that stronger than the love for their own country, for their own people, is the need to get a living, to be able to earn for themselves and their families decent food and clothes and homes. Now you are wondering why this is so, I know.

You know that in every country, a large part of the people must work in the country, on farms, large or small, to raise livestock and grains and fruits and vegetables. Now, in Scotland, the men who own large estates, and other men from other countries who have great wealth and who are attracted by the beauty of the country and by the chances to hunt deer and other animals for sport, are eagerly keeping all the land and buying up more and laws are being made to keep the poor men from either buying or renting little farms which they can till for themselves.

Just think of it, 9,000,000 acres, as much land as the whole country of Denmark, are owned by only 70 men. Think that over to yourselves several times—9,000,000 acres owned by 70 men.

Do you wonder that the poor men who want to be farmers are leaving the country and going where they can get a better chance to live? I don't, and if they don't want poor Scotland to be quite deserted in its country districts, they'd better make some better laws quickly. It will be truly "poor Scotland" when that happens, for all the wealth of a country is in its workers, whether in the country or in the cities.

How the Fire Was Put Out

"Mother, where's the fire?" called out Tom's shrill little voice. "I hear the engines right close up. Oh, I'm going to get up and see." And the patter of feet on the floor told that Tom was on his way to the sitting room where Mother and Grandmother were looking out of the window.

From the top floor of the tenement house in Chicago, where Tom and the mother and grandmother lived, could be seen the gathering crowds below, and the clanging, spark-emitting, exciting engines, and the helmeted firemen running about.

"Mother, don't you see it's right next door? See the firemen going up the stairs! Quick, Mother, let's get dressed and run out doors. We might catch on fire here."

"Steady, lad, there's no hurry. The firemen will tell us when there is any danger. See how calmly the firemen go about their work! Just watch, Tom, and you'll see how perfect the work of the fire department is."

And Tom watched the busy men, as they carried the long hose, up the stair, as they came out upon the roof with the axes, chopped places in the roof in order to get at the fire, how they

appeared at the windows first of one room and then another, tossing out bits of charred and burning wood to the ground; how the streams of water were directed upon each place in turn where a blaze of fire appeared, until at last the flames all died down, even the smoke became less and less, and the firemen took the blankets off of their horses and the fire apparatus went back to its station.

"Now, Son, off to bed with you again. You see the fire didn't hurt us one bit, it was all put out in a little while and we can sleep as soundly as though it had not been just a few feet away from us."

But Tom was too excited to go to sleep and at last Grandmother had to come in and sit by his bed and tell him a story and this is the way Grandmother began her story:

"When I was a little girl I lived in a little village, just the beginning of this great big city. We lived just north of what was called the Chicago river, not very far from where it emptied into the big Lake Michigan. We lived in a group of small story and a half wooden houses. My father had built his own house out of work hours, as had most of the other men who lived in the group."

Then Grandmother's voice grew very dim and Grandmother herself grew smaller and smaller until she seemed to be a little girl, when all at once Tom heard a cry of "Fire!"

Out he jumped from bed and as he did so, bump! went his head against something. It was dark in the room, but then came a flash of light through the window and Tom saw in a brief flash that he was not in his own room, but in a low room with queer slanting boards down over his head. By the same flash he saw a little figure in a white nightgown standing in the middle of the room and it surely was the little girl his Grandmother had just changed into.

Then a funny little door opened and the dear mother that he knew came in, crying out, "Come, children, there's a terrible fire and you mustn't stop to dress. We must run."

She took Tom and the strange little girl by the hands and hurried with them down a narrow stairway and out a little narrow door down an ash covered pathway to the street.

Here in the street all was confusion. There were no stone or even wood sidewalks. Just a trodden dirt pathway and the roadway was two or three inches deep with mud. Out into this street people from the little houses just like the one Tom had come out of, had carried the things they hoped to save, so Tom saw with big wondering eyes how everything was heaped out there in confusion, chairs and tables and broken dishes and trunks and even some pictures. And around these heaps of furniture crowded the people from the houses.

"But Mother," said Tom as they hurried along the narrow pathway, "we didn't bring any of our things. Let's go back and get them."

"Mamma, I want my dolly," said the little girl on the other side.

"It was too late, my children. There was no time. I am only thankful that I saved you. See, look back at our home. It is on fire now."

They stopped and as Tom looked back he saw the flames and smoke sweeping all around the little home they had left, as they were sweeping about all of the houses on the street.

"But, Mother, why don't the engine come and put out the fire?" asked Tom, as the mother held the little ones close to her.

"Engine! There isn't any engine. What are you talking about? The men are trying to drive the fire back and

keep it from catching the houses in the next street. Come, children, we'll go a little further and watch the men with the buckets."

On the three hurried, until they came to a cross street, where was a line of men, standing about three feet apart. Their faces were hardly to be seen in the dark, except when a flash of the fire lit up the scene all around. Then Tom could see that they were grimy and perspiring. They were passing a line of leather buckets from one to the other.

"This line goes clear to the river," said Mother, "and the men at the river are filling the buckets with water and passing them all along the line up to the next street where the men are throwing the water over the houses not on fire, on every spark that blows over on the trees, on the fences, trying to keep the fire in our one street, for there is no hope of saving any of these houses."

Then Tom and the little sister got

very tired. All Tom remembers is that he wanted something to eat and he wanted to go to sleep and that somehow his mother and some other people got together on a wide open space and somebody brought the children bread. He remembered his mother sitting down on the ground and he and the little sister putting their heads in her lap. Then he heard a little baby cry.

* * *

"But Mother, I don't believe it was only a dream. It was so plain and you were there. Only I don't understand how Grandmother came to change into my little sister."

"Which proves that it was only a dream," said Mother, "and you'd better be very glad that you are a little boy of today and that when the fire starts there is a good, sure-enough city fire department to put it out. And now you'd better dress quick and run and tell Grandmother how they put out fires when she was a little girl."

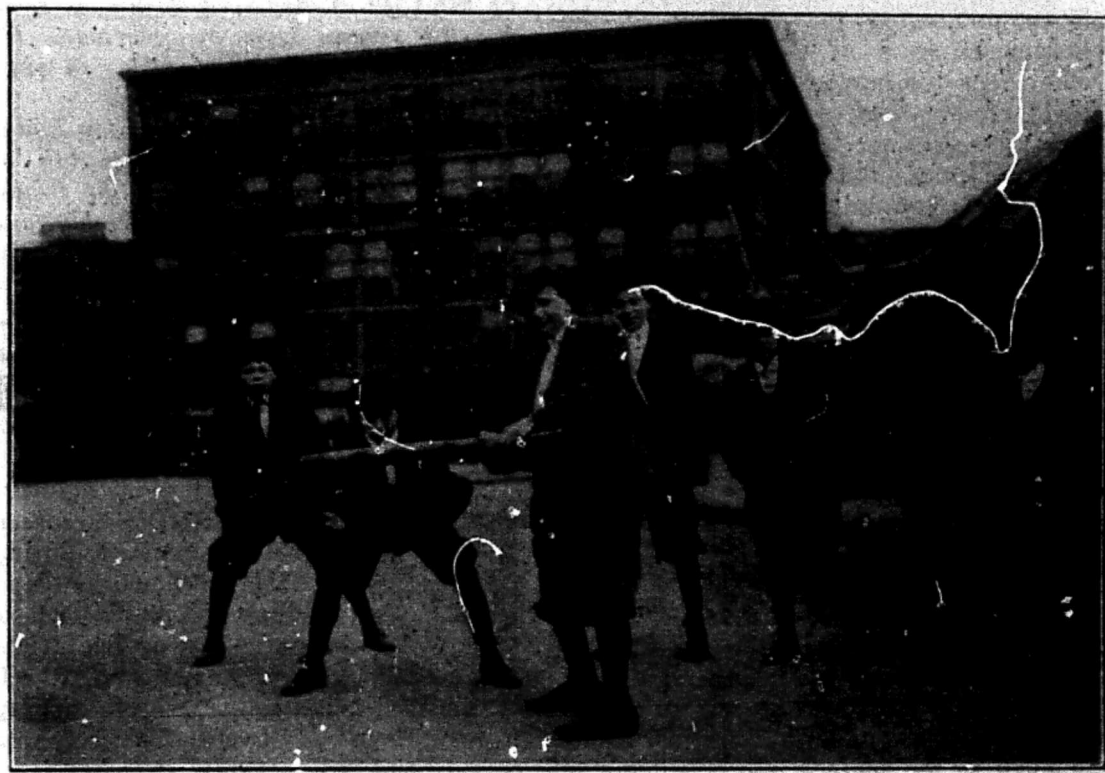


Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

SPRINGTIME IN A BIG CITY

When the beautiful spring and summer days come, all out-of-doors calls to the heart of every healthy boy and girl. Then it is all very well for the girls and boys in the country and the small town to take to the woods and the fields, to pick flowers and play tag, to shout and run and climb fences and trees.

But how about summer sports for the children in the great cities like Chicago and New York, where the street is their only yard and where the playgrounds established by the city do not begin to reach the thousands of little ones? Well, they just have to play in the street, that is all, and they do play in the streets and many accidents

happen to them as a result. But more and more everybody sees that the health of the children is a very important thing and that children can only be well and strong if they can be out-of-doors a great deal.

There is a law in New York City against boys playing baseball in the streets, but recently the Mayor, supported by the Park Commissioner, gave boys permission to play ball on Sundays on West Street, a very broad street running parallel with and next to the Hudson river. You may be sure that the boys jumped at the chance and the picture above was taken the very first Sunday that the permission was given. The street is a regular baseball park every Sunday now.

HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU

Dear Editor:

I wrote once before to the COMING NATION and was very much pleased when I saw it come out in the Boys and Girls' page. I hope some more boys and girls will write to the COMING NATION. A while ago I went to Springfield, Mass., and spoke "My Papa is a Socialist" and "The Ninety and Nine." I went with my father. He gave a lecture on "The March of the Toilers." He has a stereopticon with about 75 views. I will be twelve the 23d of June. Yours for the Revolution,

RUTH E. SAWYER.

Ware Center, Mass.

Dear Editor. Children's page, COMING NATION:

I want to add a letter with my sister's. I am two years younger, but as good a Socialist. My brothers are still younger, but they are all Socialists just the same.

We all wear the Socialist button to school. We are glad to see more boys and girls are writing to your page, and

hope pretty soon there will be a column of letters every week.

Yours truly,
 RACHEL N. SAWYER,

Ware Center, Mass.

We hope so, too, Rachel and Ruth. There are so many nice things to write about that all the boys and girls who read this page ought to write an interesting letter every little while. Who will send letters in next week?—Editor.

The Daisy

*I'm a pretty little thing,
 Always coming with the spring;
 In the meadows green I'm found,
 Peeping just above the ground;
 And my stalk is covered flat
 With a white and yellow hat.
 Little lady, when you pass
 Lightly o'er the tender grass,
 Skip about, but do not tread
 On my meek and lowly head;
 For I always seem to say,
 Surely winter's gone away.*

—Unknown.

At Brainerd, Minnesota

ALTHOUGH not counted among the great cities, Brainerd, Minn., had developed the metropolitan feature of corrupt politics. When the rottenness of the old gang became too great to be endured an attempt was made to elect some workmen from the railroad shops. The business men organized in opposition to this and the workers responded in June, 1906, by forming a local of the Socialist party.

Three years later a mayor and three Socialist aldermen were elected. The old gang was cleaned out and in two years the various funds at the disposal of the city had grown by \$26,225.87. A new contract was forced with the electric lighting company by which the cost of light and power was reduced at a rate that will save fully \$85,000 to the users of these during the ten years the contract will run.

Then the politicians tried a new trick. They nominated the foreman of the blacksmith shop of the Northern Pacific shops for mayor, and while he was dividing the votes of such of the workers as were not yet fully awake to such schemes, the business men centered their vote on the Democratic candidate, and by the unlimited use of money, and illegal voting beat the Socialist candidate by 34 votes.

The three Socialist aldermen, however, held their seats and are keeping up the fight. In spite of this clever attempt to divide the working class vote the straight Socialist vote was 25 per cent higher at the election this spring than two years ago when the Socialist mayor was elected.

Freak Shadows

In the crude oil producing regions in California there are scores of large ponds of this material. After being pumped to the surface, the petroleum is emptied into depressions in the earth, where it remains for a time. Later the crude oil is placed in barrels, large metal cans, or else in big reservoirs. These oil ponds are known as "sump holes."

There is one very peculiar thing about these "sump holes," and that is in the way of producing what are known as "freak shadows." These are real shadows, but, notwithstanding this fact, they are decidedly "freaky." If the sun is brightly shining and a person stands for a few moments on the margin of the "sump hole," so that his shadow falls on the surface of the petroleum, and he then quickly changes his position, the dim shadow remains just where it was originally cast. In other words, the "shadow does not follow the substance."

The simple explanation for this phenomenon is that under the hot sun gas is being constantly generated down in the body of the petroleum, and it rises to the surface in the form of little, minute bubbles. So very small are these bubbles that they are scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Both the gas and bubbles are so super-sensitive to the temperature that even one's shadow cast for a moment across them is affected. The temperature is lowered. Whenever the substance quickly changes position the shadow remains until the rays again warm up that spot and the shadowy outline slowly fades away. Of course, the "freak shadow" may be seen for only a very few seconds.

The wealth of the meaner sort is a foundation of rebellion, a source of their contempt of the nobility and the hatred they have against them. It must be cured by keeping them in awe through the severity of justice. We must lay, as it were, sewers and channels to suck and draw from them their money by subtle and indirect means to be handled insensibly.—Lord Burleigh, 1588.

What! Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?—Shakespeare.



R. A. Henning

Socialist Alderman of the Third ward of the City of Brainerd, Minn., is serving his second term as alderman. He was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1879, and came to Brainerd in 1902.

He is a member of North Star Lodge No. 197, International Association of Machinists, and a member of the Brainerd Trades and Labor Assembly and secretary of the Northern Pacific District Lodge of Machinists.



Nels Olsen

Socialist Alderman from the Third ward is serving his first term as alderman. He was born in Sweden, June 14, 1865, and came to the United States in 1870, locating at Willmar, Minn., and has resided in the state ever since. He was a member of the People's Party up to the time it was partly absorbed by the old parties. Five years ago he joined the Brainerd Socialist local, being one of its charter members.



A. L. Anderson

Socialist Alderman from the Fifth ward, is serving his first term as alderman. He was born in Denmark in 1877, and came to America in 1902, coming direct to Brainerd. Mr. Anderson has been an active member in the machinists' organization, being a member of North Star Lodge No. 197. He has been a member of the Brainerd local since its organization in 1906.

Cultivating Wild Huckleberries

BY JOEL SHOEMAKER

HUCKLEBERRIES are seen on the city markets, during the fall and winter, and consumers wonder where they are grown. The fruits are in demand and sell readily at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound, and are relished in pies, jams and jellies and used for making wines. They are wild products, growing on shrubby plants, native to the woods and burned-over tracts of timbered districts of the United States. The largest huckleberry fields are in Maine and Washington, being the extreme northeast and northwest corners of the opposite coasts.

The huckleberries of the Pacific Northwest are of three distinct types, although belonging to the same family. The fruits are black, blue and red. Some people claim that the small ones are the huckleberries and the large ones the true blueberries. But they are practically the same fruits, grow on shrubs having evergreen foliage, and are alike in every respect, except the red ones are grown on deciduous bushes. The shrubs are all perpetual and live for many years, producing good crops annually.

Huckleberries ripen in September and the fruits remain on the bushes until Christmas. The best specimens are found in the open, or on lands where forest fires have cleared away the timber. They come from seeds, and spring up quickly after a fire has swept over the country. Burning off the old bushes causes the roots to send out fresh sprouts that bear better fruits. That explains why so many cleared patches are found in the forests of the Northwest. The Indians, and pioneer hunters, burned over the lands to set the open tracts to berries, for the purpose of attracting bears and wild fowl.

Picking huckleberries is an interesting work, engaged in by men, women and children. The fruits grow in clusters and along the slender branches of plants. When they get ripe, as is shown by the colors—blue, black and red—the pickers begin operations. The berries are stripped from the stems, by hand, and dropped into baskets or buckets. The pickers work as fast as possible, to make wages, and pluck leaves and overripe and green fruits. To sort the fruits and pack them for the market is

a job that every one should not attempt. For it is particular work, and on the appearance of the fruits, in the market, depends the prices.

The huckleberry packing table consists of a box or trough, with one end standing about four feet high and the other probably two feet from the ground. The bottom of that trough is lined with coarse cloth—turkish towel—is considered the best—and the berries are run over the cloth. The leaves and trash stick to the cloth and the good berries roll into the boxes. One person stands at the top, and pours the berries into the box and the other watches them as they scatter out and turn over and over going to the packing boxes. He picks out bad fruits and the cloth collects unripe specimens and leaves.

Huckleberries are packed in many ways, but the small, flat cherry boxes are considered the best for carrying to market. If the fruits are sound and present a good appearance on the market, the shippers get 7 to 9 cents a pound. If the season is rainy and the berries wet and in bad condition there is no money in them for either supplier or buyer. Good fruits sometimes retail at twenty-five cents a pound and poor ones at three pounds for ten cents. But they keep on the bushes for more than three months, and pickers can always find a good time for selling.

Cultivating of wild huckleberries is something that has attracted little attention in the past. But many people now want the plants for hedges and for growing fruits for home and market. The plants can be set in the spring or autumn months and will grow in any temperate climate. In fact, they grow to perfection in the two extremes of climatic condition found in the northeast and northwest forests of our country. They may be set in rows, the plants standing about one foot apart, and utilized for ornamental hedges, or they may be set as gooseberries, in the garden and orchard, and cultivated for the fruits. Plants could stand from three feet to four feet apart, in any fruit-growing section, with success.

Huckleberry bushes are wonderful producers of fruits. One good bush will furnish enough fruits to fill a crate of twenty-four quarts. They can be kept in water for several weeks after picking, the same as cranberries, and

not lose any of their good qualities. Some people put the berries in jars, cover with sugar and let them stand throughout the winter, using for fresh fruits in the spring. Others put the fruits in kegs or barrels and cover with water and let them ferment for making huckleberry wine, which is an excellent, harmless home beverage.

Our Divine Supreme Court.

The New York Sun (J. P. Morgan's personal organ) says, "The Supreme Court stands next to divine authority as the rule of justice and right."

The audience will now please join in singing, "Praise the corporations from whom all judges flow."

Heads and Legs

Pulpiteer—"I've been running my legs off trying to find out something about Socialism and I haven't found anything worth knowing."

Workingman—"Well, if you had used your head instead of your legs you might have learned something all right, all right."

In a recent editorial, the New York Times declares that "a rich man is not necessarily incapable of virtue." This may or may not be an undue concession to the rich, but after all, it does not help us in our extremity. What we really want to know is whether there is anything whatsoever of which a rich man is necessarily incapable.—Ellis O. Jones.

The Golden Calf is not worshipped today. It is too inconvenient; and besides is not practical. An eagle on a piece of money will do.

The laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the laws.—Goldsmith.



Futile Efforts

FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

Not His Funeral

THE packers' indictment is said to be good. The courts have looked over the case and stating the law as by them understood pronounce it O. K. on its face. But J. Ogden Armour is planning to sail for Europe the summer to spend. He will not postpone it or fret about bail; The bluff doesn't worry our friend.

Police and detectives and limbs of the law forget to protest on his trip, They do not suggest that his action is raw. Or worry lest justice should slip. If he isn't back the performance can wait. A month or six weeks or a year. They'll have to be careful in setting the date. Or he may refuse to appear.

The law is majestic when dealing with men Who haven't a cent to their name, It hustles the vagrant away to the pen Nor bothers for proof of the blame,



But is it a packer or one of his kind Then justice is more than polite, Though stern and impartial, it isn't so blind That he be detained over night.

Well Equipped

"Here is an account of a man in New Jersey who has lived without brains for ten years." "Pardon me, I didn't get the main fact about him." "He has no brains." "Yes, I know, but which detective agency is he connected with?"

Had Precedent

A couple of roustabouts had picked up a small boy, stolen him away from his parents and were making him go with them to beg. The whole country was aroused over the kidnaping and the police were on their trail. "This is getting so hot we had better throw the kid overboard and skip," suggested one after reading a newspaper account of the pursuit. "No danger," replied the other. "But what defense will we make?" "Claim the kid blew up the Maine and was about to dynamite the capitol at Washington."

Bearable Loss

Let earth take on a somber tint, Let bitter tears be shed, Black borders trim the public print, A millionaire is dead. What did he do that honors high Should flow from tongue and pen And challenge every passerby? He did his fellowmen.

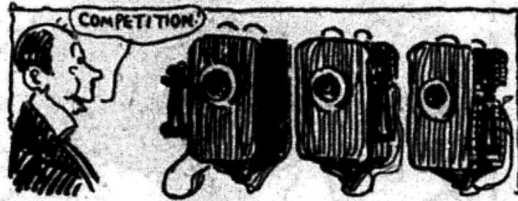
Wonderful Acumen

There is a town of 10,000 in Ohio whose inhabitants are so bright that

they almost illuminate night without the aid of street lamps. Almost but not quite.

The people of this town are not going to allow any soulless and grasping monopoly to run their town or to levy tributes on the inhabitants thereof. No siree.

Instead of having one telephone system, owned by the community or regulated by them they have granted three telephone franchises that competition may keep down prices. It does. Also equipment.



The result is that every business man must have three phones. Private families with only one phone can't talk to anyone else because it always happens that the ones they know are on a different line.

But still they have competition, if they haven't got good sense.

Guaranteed

To know the joy that freemen feel Just read the Little Old Appeal.

Little Flings

What a nice bag of wind will be left when insurgency has its bluff called.

California comrades know where they are going and they are on their way.

Wall street will yet get so expert that it will be putting up revolutions for the trade.

Most of the senators are so class conscious that they know that Lorimer belongs.

And while we are at it, why not carry Indiana, too, and get a different brand of governor?

Indiana has two kinds of justice. If you don't pay your money you can't take your choice.

If the Mexican peon has to trade Diaz for Wall street he shouldn't be asked to give anything to boot.



Harry Orchard isn't the only tree of the sort in the woods.

Much of the work of the past that seemed to be wasted was seed sown that will soon spring to blossom.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Took the Hint

BY J. HOOGERHYDE.

"Say, boys, the old man had a glorious grouch this morning," said the office boy as he joined our group after the cold dinner had been disposed of.

They held an election of officers at the Temperance Society last night. The old man had developed an ambition to become the president. He was defeated. All forenoon he has been nursing a sore spot, he has been plastering it liberally with general cussedness. If he keeps that sort of a poultice on all day things will certainly come to a head by night.

About eleven o'clock a tramp molder came in and nailed the old codger for a job. You can bet the old man put him through. "What can you do?" "How long have you worked at the trade?" "Where did you work last, and how long?" "Why did you quit?" "How much of a family have you?" and so on. Finally the old grouch said: "Do you drink?" "Well," said the molder, "I don't care if we do, where do we go?"

Say! You ought to have seen the old crust then. He went right up in the air, like the top of Mount Pelee. Pointing a trembling finger at the office door he shouted in anger, "You go right out by that door!"

Good Cause

JOHN PERSONS.

It was the night before his return to the city and they, strolling under a brilliant moon, entered the old orchard and seated themselves on a rustic seat beneath a gnarled old apple tree; he in a deep study; she anxious, but uneasy. "Oh, what a lovely night!" exclaimed the girl. "All nature seems throbbing with love and tenderness. Listen at that bird over there, and at that cricket and katy-did; they, too, are singing their love ditties. Why, even this old apple

tree is sighing and moaning its tale of love."

"Yes," answered her companion, absent mindedly, "and if you was as full of green apples as this old tree, you'd sigh and moan too."

A Wise Papa

BY REBA ERB.

A little boy asked a favorite Uncle to make a noise like a frog.

"Why do you wish me to do that?" the uncle asked.

"Because," said the boy, "whenever I ask Papa to buy me anything he says wait till your Uncle croaks."

Superstitious People

BY GERTRUDE HERRIGER.

A friend of mine, being a scribbler, had written on the walls of his house with an indelible lead pencil and shortly after moving out was succeeded by a foreign family.

One day, while washing the walls, the woman noticed that several dogs' heads appeared on the wall in purple.

Greatly alarmed, she sent for my friend. He showed her how he had drawn it, but the woman got together

a band of foreigners, and all insisted that it was witchery and that the house was haunted.

In a few hours they had helped to pack her belongings and moved to a house where there were no such "things" as indelible lead pencil scriblers.

Why?

"Son, why did you play truant and go skating today?"

"Pa, do you remember what you sent me to bed for last night?"

"Why, no—what?"

"For asking fool questions."



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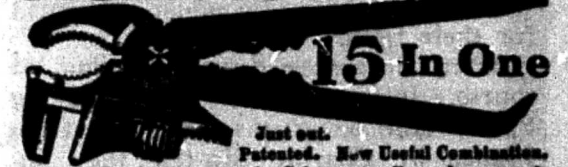
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JOHN BULL—Hi say! Hi gives you this of me h'own free will, an I 'opes you'll be gentlemen enough not to bother about what Hi saved up of what you have earned.

A Worker's History of Science

BY A. M. LEWIS

Bagdad.

AFTER having remained a thousand years in affiliation with Europe, Alexandria fell into the hands of the Saracens. It was captured in the effort of the Mohammedans to conquer the world for their faith.

After conquering Syria, including, of course, Jerusa'em and before taking Spain, and being thrown back from France by Charles Martel, they invested Alexandria.

To this task the Khalif Omar, directing his world wide campaign from Damascus, sent his ablest general, Amrou, and his best tried troops, both trained in war and victory, in the Syrian wars.

After a siege of fourteen months and the loss of twenty-three thousand men, Amrou conquered the city. In his dispatches to the Khalif, Amrou speaks of Alexandria's "four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theaters, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetable food, and forty thousand tributary Jews."

When the center of learning fell into the hands of the Arabians, Science fled from Christendom and settled in the Arabian Empire. In the following century Almansor was Khalif for two years—A. D. 753-755. During his reign he moved the seat of government from Damascus to Bagdad, as it had been previously moved by the Khalif Moayah, nearly a hundred years earlier, from Medina to Damascus.

Within a hundred years of the death of Mohammed, Greek thought began to stir the Arabian mind. Translations of the chief Greek philosophical writers were made into the Arabic.

Such poems as the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were considered irreligious because of their mythological illusions. They were, therefore translated into the Syriac so as to be accessible to the learned without disturbing the faith of the populace, following the diplomatic principle of those who urge that the higher criticism should be published in

Latin for the protection of the occupants of the pew.

In the later period of Greek thought, the geographical division of the Greeks reflected their intellectual division. The European Greek held mainly to the transcendentalism and speculative method of Plato. The Alexandrians followed the inductive and nature-questioning method of Aristotle.

Fortunately, the scientific method of the Alexandrians was transmitted to the Arabians.

Just before the close of the eighth

century the famous Haroun-al-Raschid mounted the throne of the Arabian Empire at Bagdad. Almansor, during his reign, had done much to promote science and education. He had given much of his time to the study, and promotion of the study, of astronomy. He had founded schools of medicine and law.

Now came Haroun-al-Raschid with those sweeping measures which make epochs in the upward struggle of the race. He ordered that a school should be attached to every mosque. Thus came Bagdad to the world's center of

learning, as Alexandria before, and, still earlier, Athens.

But the Khalif who raised Bagdad to its highest pinnacle as a center of science was Al-Mamun, early in the ninth century. His labors will occupy the next chapter.

The Creed of the Contented Man

BY E. Z. MARK

I have decided to become an optimist. I held out as long as I could, but it was no use. The weight of adverse authority was overwhelming.

I have decided to believe that in all this fair land there are no robbers and no victims, that everybody is getting his deserts.

I believe that there will never be another financial panic.

I believe that high prices are good for everybody and that low prices are the same.

I believe that every man, woman and child in the universe is imbued with and inspired by the best teachings of the Christian fathers.

I believe that everyone who has been punished was rightly punished and that everyone who has not been punished should not be punished.

I believe that every trust magnate has at heart the welfare of the entire community and that he cannot sleep at night for thinking how he can put lower prices on his products.

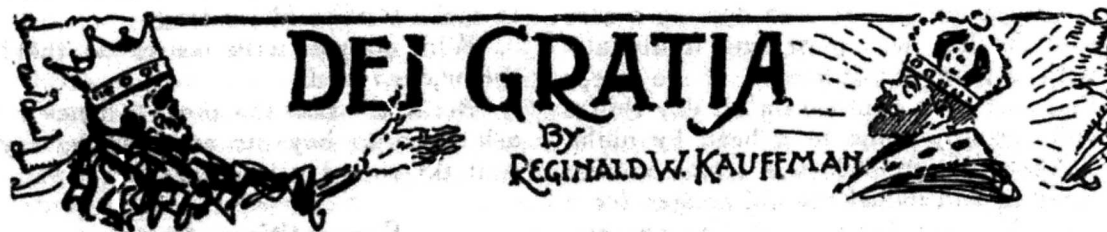
I believe that every member of Congress is a representative of the people in the best sense and that he would rather be right than be president.

I believe that everything is all right and, if it isn't all right, there is good reason for it's not being all right.

Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular.—Thomas B. Macaulay.

You will never reach the right place on the wrong road.

There is a higher law than the constitution.—William H. Seward.



Under the Abbey's arches, where slumber the deathless dead,
While the trumpets blare and the prelates pray and the wise men bow the head,
Here, where the war-lords lie asleep, with circlet and globe and rod
They are hailing this George of En, and "King—by the Grace of God."

They are pouring the oil that is holy, they are chanting the anthems now,
And the man in the robe that is purple is taking his awful vow,
And marshal and sage and lordling, the bondman born and the free,
They are kissing his hand before the land, they are bending the gartered knee.

Yet—here in this selfsame city, and only a mile to the right,
In sightless cellars and crowded shacks and alleys that dog the night,
Where they rent a room by the third-of-a-day and fight for a gutter-crust,
There is crowded a king that will live and reign
So long as kings and crowns obtain
King Want, whose damnable domain
Is hunger, crime and lust.

Yes—here is a king in the Abbey, ermined, sceptred and crowned,
And here, to lead and direct him, are the wise men gathered 'round,
And there in the dark is the Other, Circlet and globe and rod,
Here are the Kings of England—but where is the Grace of God?

