

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

EIGHT YEARS ADVANCE



THE Supreme Court has done much more than amuse the nation with its oil trust decision. It has given to us an absolute measure of eight years' advance by the American people. Eight years ago it handed down its famous horse-collar decision in the Northern Securities case. That fooled almost everybody and particularly the Average Man. In the first place, to question any decision by our judicial Holy of Holiest was universally felt to be treason, felony, arson, murder in the first degree, patricide and forgery. Also unthinkable infamy.

In the next place, the decision knocked out a trust (so it said) and what the Average Man believed in was knocking out the Trusts with laws, legal decisions, stuffed clubs and slapsticks. Hence he was greatly impressed and saw clearly how easily the Trusts would be overthrown and the good old days of competition be restored.

In the midst of his delirium he saw the figure of Crazy Horse clad in complete mail swinging his Mighty Mace high in air and with every blow crushing to earth some Monster of Plutocracy. He saw all this and it seemed to him most serious and real.



That was in 1903. In 1911 the Supreme Court produces another horse-collar decision against another Trust and the Average Man just laughs.

Two things are to be noted also. The public not only saw that the decision was a farce, but it saw the joke instantly and without prompting. That is the first fact. The other is that the laughter of the public was not the old laughter of cynical tolerance. It lacked the accustomed ring of merriment. It was ironical and bitter and sounded very much like the weary laughter of men that have had about enough.



In 1903 everybody was fooled; in 1911 nobody was fooled. Progress.

This time there was at first a determined effort by the Old Doctors of the national quackery to regard the decision as a wonderful thing, a triumph for the people, a deadly blow at the Trust Octopus and all that sort of rot.

This lasted about twenty-four hours and impressed nobody, except humorously. It was too evident that the public saw through the game. Even the most adroit of the Old Doc brigade gave up the attempt and some even joined the populace and began to hoot at Reasonable Restrictions.

The public thought far ahead of the editors, the professional molders of public opinion and the so-called leaders. While these great men were floundering about, trying to show how the Standard Oil Company had been knocked galley west, and the people had been saved, the Average Man went straight at the heart of the matter and knew perfectly well that the monopoly had not been weakened, nor the general situation

changed—except for the worse. What must have jarred the Old Doc contingent was the swiftness with which the public recognized the fact that the Supreme Court had become a legislative body.

Nothing in these times has been so ominous as that swift, unerring perception. If I were in the other army I think it would cause me some uneasy hours.

"They have amended that law by putting a new word into it. Who gave them the right to make laws or change them?"

You have heard that remark in the street, on trains, in the street cars, wherever you went.

"Who gave them the right?" For the first time since the usurpation of John Marshall the supremacy of the tyranny he established was questioned by the Average Man. Within twenty-four hours the question was appearing in cartoons and the Supreme Court was being jibed at from vaudeville stages, and then the experienced observer knew that it was all off. The Holy of Holies was holy no more and would never be holy again, and the people of the United States were released from a strange and degrading superstition.

They had begun to understand what the Supreme Court really is and why it exists.

The old fetich will never regain its former place. Men will no more speak of it with bated breath. When an institution has once made itself thoroughly and conspicuously ridiculous it can never be rehabilitated—in this country at least. Farewell to at least one of our obsessions. We may look to see before long a movement to abolish this absolutely unconstitutional and arbitrary power and to restrict the court to its proper functions as an arbiter of causes.

Eight years, brethren; only eight years. How wonderful is the change when we stop to measure it! Let us give thanks. We have been going some.

And you imagine that a people so far disillusioned will stop here?

Not for a moment.



THE PEOPLE NEED NO HELP

But in truth no one need worry much about these American people. They know a thing or two themselves and what they don't know they can be depended upon to find out without much help. They are pestered by a lot of leaders, guides, pilots, philosophers, thinkers, Old Docs, Bill the Balloons, putters, mountebanks, reformers, Goo Goo patriots, counsellors, Outlooks, moral inspirers, producers of lush platitudes, college presidents with missions, and the rest, but they can beat the whole outfit when it comes to any matter of common sense. They don't need any guiding, thank you so much, Dr. Abbott.

All they need is the facts. For years the facts have been concealed and lied about in the corruptible press. Of a sudden here comes a fact that cannot be concealed. The Supreme Court has undertaken to amend a law of Congress and freebooting is the easier because of that amendment.

The people perceive instantly what that means and with great heartiness and wisdom kick the philosophers and

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pilots over the side. They can run their own ship.

* * *

On the second night after the decision, at a certain vaudeville performance, the first comedian discovered the second comedian in the act of pocket picking and grabbed the offender by the throat.

"Lem-me go!" gasped the second comedian. "Didn't you pick my pocket?" demanded the first comedian, angrily.

"Yes, but I claim the protection of the highest court in the land. It was reasonable pocket picking."

This was the hit of the evening.

* * *

One of the most impressive vaulting acts that the occasion called forth among our great men was that performed by Old Doc Wilson. He was at San Francisco when the decision was announced and being interviewed solemnly shook his head and uttered this profound wisdom:

"The decision is of very great importance and will have far reaching consequences."

The next day the sound of the universal ha-ha welled up into the St. Francis hotel and that night the Doc came out with his trusty slap-stick, got the spot-light fixed just right and took a wallop at the court.

The Doc is a bum performer on the slack wire, but at least he knows on which side to fall off.

* * *

The power to interpret the law involves a legislative function.

If any court in any country has the power to interpret the acts of the legislature, then that court becomes at once a higher legislative body and the real ruler of the land.

If the court thus endowed with absolute authority be independent of the will of the people, not chosen by the people, not in any way responsible to the people, then the country so governed is not a democracy, but a judicial autocracy.

Do you suppose that these facts, so plain, so certain, so undeniable, escape the attention of the American people?

As Home Tooke says, "God keep thee, silly one."



LIVING IN ANARCHY



THEY understand all this and they are beginning also to understand that in all the blessed Constitution there is not one line nor syllable that confers upon any court any part of the law-making power. In other words, we are living in the United States in a condition of absolute anarchy. That is the cold fact, however much the pilots may shriek and the Doctors protest. While they are wasting time prating about the dear old Constitution, there is no Constitution.

The President usurps one power and the courts another. The rights supposed to be guaranteed by this Constitution are openly invaded—nay, they are abolished. It is no longer necessary to extradite a prisoner from one state to another if his punishment be desired by a Trust. The police in one hundred cities jeer at the constitutional guarantees of free speech and assembly. A woman is arrested and thrown into jail because it is held that she is about to say something that will be seditious. When a citizen produces the Constitution and protests at its violation the police fan him with their clubs. Men are sentenced to imprisonment for saying that they will not buy a certain brand of stoves. The Supreme Court decides that they ought not to be imprisoned, they ought to be fined. The Rothschild-Deutscher Bank-Morgan combination compels the government to interfere in the affairs of Venezuela, Nicaragua, China and Mexico, although the government has no authority to do anything of the kind.

If this isn't anarchy what do you call it?

Constitution! There is no such thing. The southern states that have frankly abolished it so far as it effects one of their snobberies have not dealt with it more radically than the Northern Interests that kicked holes in it whenever it interfered with their profits. They have set up a form of government for which the Constitution gives not one vestige of authority. If we are going on in this way I should think it about time either to announce that we are a lawless nation or to cast away the fragments of the present document and get a new one.

* * *

Scene in a police court—

Magistrate—You are charged with burglary in the first degree. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Guilty, your honor.

Magistrate—I sentence you to—

Prisoner—Hold on, your honor. It was reasonable burglary.

Magistrate—Discharged.

* * *

Immediately upon the receipt of the news of the decision, efforts were renewed to secure the release of John R. Walsh, the former Chicago financier, now serving a term in Leavenworth penitentiary for bank wrecking.

It was only reasonable bank wrecking. Therefore, Mr. Walsh ought to be set free.

Why, to be sure. Same about Charley Morse. His was only reasonable violation of the banking laws. Turn them all loose, all the reasonable men.

Go through all the jails and pick out all the bank presidents, cashiers and directors now locked up for all forms of fraud and embezzlement. They were but criminals in a reasonable sense. Why are they undergoing punishment?

The only crime left on the calendar that is not reasonable is the crime of being the president of the labor union.

If any man commits that, soak him.



CHEER FOR BEEF TRUST



AMONG the delectable results of the decision is the cheer it has afforded to those popular favorites, members of the Beef Trust. Rude, uncultured persons have been trying to put some of these estimable gentlemen into jail. The attorneys for the Beef Trust saw at once the significance of the decision and cabled their clients that they might come home. This is good news because in many places where the writs of the United States courts do not run, the climate is cold and nasty and the amusements are of a very inferior order.

Besides, if the indictments against these gentlemen should be quashed there is a chance that the United States attorneys now engaged in the prosecution might turn to and do something useful. I know the chance is slim, but being an optimist I always believe in hoping for the best.

* * *

The stock market soared when the good news was promulgated.

Assuredly. Even the Old Docs can't fool Wall Street. Everyone there knew at once that while the decision purported to dissolve the Oil Trust it really insured its safety; also the safety and uninterrupted piracy of every other trust.

Mr. Justice Harlan seized the opportunity to place some of his twelve-inch shells where they would do the most good. I don't imagine that they had much effect upon his colleagues on the bench, but they helped a lot with the country. For fifteen years the powers that be have been trying to get Harlan off the bench. He knows it well enough and also knows why and in his own picturesque phrase when he leaves the Supreme Court it will be feet first. He is long past the age at which men usually seek retirement, but he hangs on to his place because he knows what kind of a man will be put there when he is gone. Alas, that he is not now beginning his career! Judg-

ing from some of his comments on the court he has both the insight and the courage to make him useful. Anyway, we should not forget his fiery denunciation when the Supreme Court reversed itself to knock out the income tax.

He never rode in a private car. No one ever called him "Private Car Harlan."



A GRAND GAME



COMMITTEE of the Illinois legislature has asked the United States Senate to reopen the case of Senator Lorimer, neatly white-washed of the charge of bribery. All of which adds to the gayety of a merry season.

The alleged bribery having been done in that same legislature one might think that the legislature would be an excellent body to deal with it.

But the game of "Boodle, Boodle, Who Got the Boodle?" doesn't work that way. The idea is to make a loud noise, but never catch anybody. If you catch anybody you're out. It's a new kind of tag and very popular in some of our *recherche* circles.

A year ago we had a grand upturning in Illinois. Reform raised its majestic front upon our horizon. The good citizens rallied in force. The legislature was found to be rotten with graft. We were determined to punish the guilty, turn out all the bad men and turn in the good.

After a year we size up the results. There have been six trials, all resulting in failure, nobody has been punished, Senator Lorimer has been acquitted, the new legislature has been one of the worst in the history of Illinois, and to show for our virtuous spasms we have a resolution asking the Senate to please do something.

Yes, it is a grand game, but somewhat deficient in variety. St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, New York, and now Illinois, have experimented with it, and each may proudly exhibit an identical score. In the Inter-State League of Foolishness none of these teams may be called a winner, but if none of us can claim the championship pennant at least some of us ought to have learned something about the game.

One obvious lesson is that you can't stop graft by playing tag. If you want to stop it you must remove the cause of it.

Some of us have learned this. But the Goo-Goo citizen has not. He never learns anything except the menu at his club.

* * *

Be of good cheer.

It is one thing to arrest a man and quite another to convict him.

I am much inclined to think that in the country at present no innocent man stands in imminent danger if his case is brought squarely before the nation and tried in the open.

Testimony is easily suppressed in a grand jury room, but the situation is different in open court.

Be of good cheer, but keep your eyes on Los Angeles. I hazard the guess that some of the testimony that will be brought out there will rather surprise and greatly enlighten you.

Be of good cheer, but don't forget the defense fund. It will be needed.



It seems from the Myrick case that when an agricultural journal advises its readers to vote the Democratic ticket it is no longer entitled to use the mails at periodical rates—or, at least, such is the view of the present extraordinary administration. The change would cost the publisher \$18,000 a week and suppress the publication.

It is thus that we vindicate the right of free speech and prove again that glorious palladium of our liberties, a free and untrammelled press.

Building a New School System



SYSTEM cannot be set going and run on by itself. The public schools were put in operation largely through the efforts of the working class of this country. If democracy was to be anything more than a farce they saw that the people must be intelligent enough to participate in the government.

"The original element of despotism is a monopoly of talent, which consigns the multitude to comparative ignorance, and secures the balance of knowledge on the side of the rich and rulers," says the report of a Working Men's Committee in Philadelphia on the question of education in 1830.

So the peoples' schools were founded.

But after they were once started they drifted out of the control of the people. Economic forces determined that even in a republican state the few after all should dominate the government.

A child goes into the public school. Not ten parents in a hundred know what the course of study is, what the methods are or anything else about the school.

Build a school house, hire a teacher, usually the cheapest in the market, then the wheels are set going and the people think they have discharged their duty. The teacher and the periodically elected school boards will do the rest.

Just because the public school has become so inflexible an institution, it fails to meet the needs of a changing society. With its methods set in hardened grooves it does not develop, but crushes the growing child.

"You have never gone to school and yet you are such an idiot," says the French humorist. What is learned in the school is rapidly forgotten because the youth sees little connection between it and his daily life. If this were the sole indictment it would be sufficiently heavy, but there is a still more glaring defect.

The school as at present conducted leads directly to uniformity, to routine, to mediocrity, not to individuality, inventiveness or original thought. It has become almost as authoritative and dogmatic in its position as was the learning of the school men.

The public school is the one institution the people must defend; but it must be renovated. In the hands of the present ruling class it has become a standardized institution turning out children without greater variety than the parts of the Baldwin locomotives.

Public education is the ideal education. But if public education is to be preserved to the people it must be preserved by the people participating in it. Educational experts we have and must have, but the people must also take a part in the management of the schools.

There is no work so necessary as the fitting of the young to live well now and in the future. The savage tribe preserves its young with care, trains it in the customs of the tribe and initiates it into the its secrets; but our modern civilization not only struggles against child labor laws that will protect the child physically, but has turned the mental and moral education of the young into a formal farce.

One might imagine that those who thus control the government and sacrifice the young, fear the future that may displace them in control, and that they hence live only

BY

May Wood-Simons

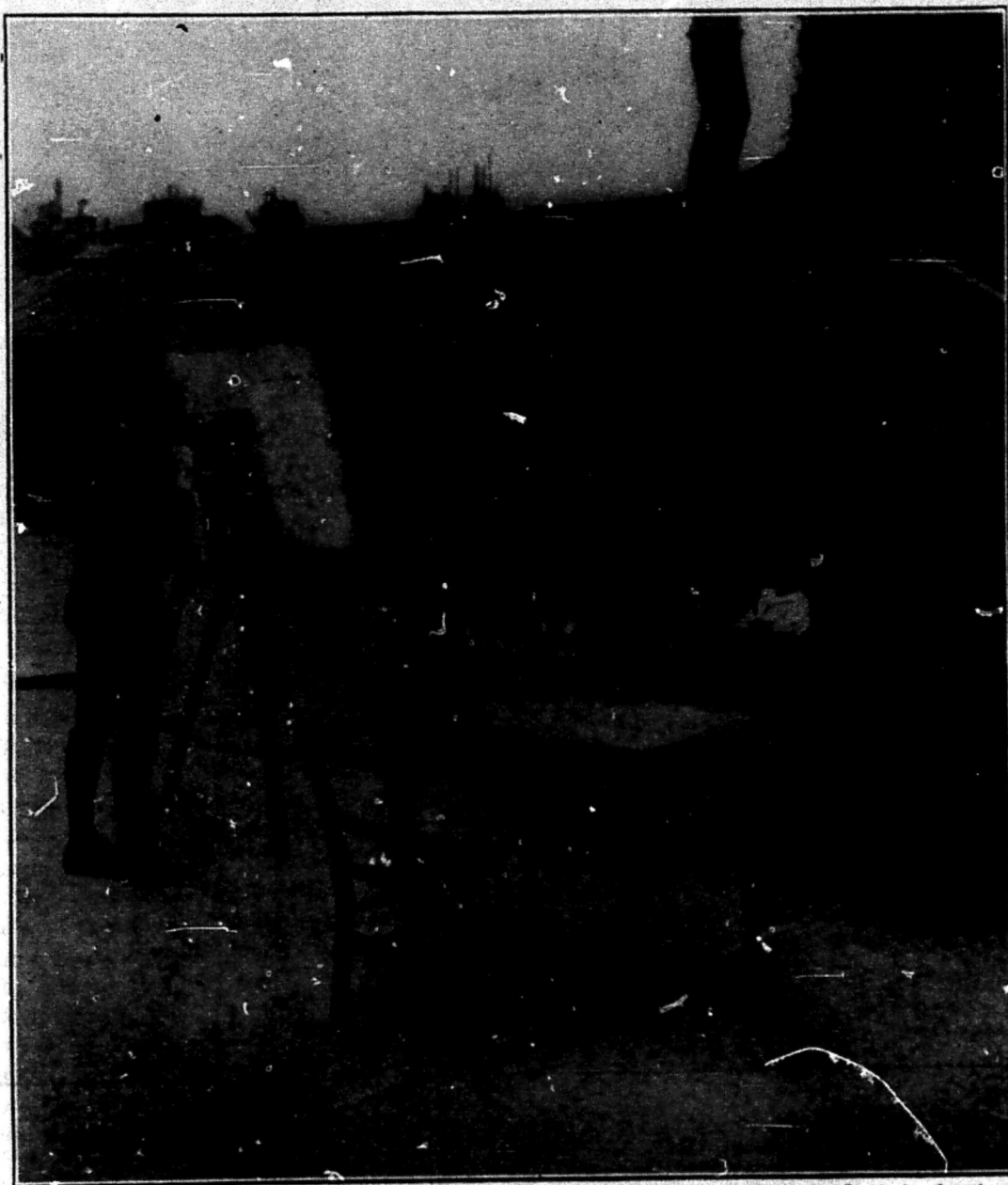


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Teaching geography on the play ground

for the satisfaction of their own present desires.

One may handle sheep in flocks and cattle in herds, but one cannot handle children in that way without producing something strangely like these domestic animals. Perhaps that is the result desired by the governing class. Prince Bismarck feared to see the rise of an educated working class.

Experiments are being made in the improvement of education. Those attempts that prove good will eventually become a part of the system of public instruction.

Some of the experiments are emphasizing one

phase, some another of the educational problem. For instance, in Delaware, near Wilmington, the Arden Play School is located in the midst of a beautiful natural forest. Here the element of play and its importance in the development of the child is dwelt upon.

Other schools give particular attention to caring for the physical side. Such are the forest schools of Charlottenburg, Germany. These schools open early in the spring and continue until October. The children are taken to the edge of the splendidly kept government owned forests.

No teacher has more than twenty pupils. Singing, botany, nature lessons and drawing are taught during the walks in the forest. Games become lessons in geography. The child digs canals in the sand, outlines the Elbe, the Rhine and the Alps. Plants are cared for in garden plots.

In the first three months the average boy gained seven pounds in weight and an examination of the blood showed that it was greatly enriched.

England already has open-air schools held in the parks and Switzerland is planning to put many such in operation.

An out-door school experiment tried on a limited scale with tubercular children in Boston showed what such schools could do for children who had all the appearance of being early victims of the disease.

In two Chicago schools most successful experiments have been tried in teaching in the open air. But the report of the Child's Welfare Exhibit, recently held in that city, states that a hundred schools are required to handle only those children who are already predisposed to tuberculosis and other diseases traceable to bad air and insufficient food.

The University School, shaped by the thought of John Dewey and tried at Chicago University, was another experiment. It attempted to work out some of the difficult problems in education. Dr. Dewey himself says there were four questions that he tried to solve with the help of his teachers and the parents:

First, what could be done and how, to bring the school into closer relation with the home and neighborhood life instead of having the school a place where the child comes solely to learn certain lessons.

What can be done in the way of introducing subject matter in history and science and art that shall have a positive value and real significance in the child's own life.

How instruction in the formal branches, the mastering of the ability to read, write and use figures can be carried on in such a way that the child shall feel their necessity through their connection with subjects which appeal to him on their own account.

Finally how to secure individual attention through classes of not more than eight or ten.

The basis for the work in this school was laid in the industrial occupations. The creative activity here had a chance. Thus the child was always found doing something, not passively receiving instruction.

In art the child worked at clay modeling with the result that he came to see accurately and secured ease in representing forms and movement. The subjects were taken from life and history.

In studying colonial history, models of the great chimney and fire-place were made with the utensils that accompanied the fire-place. A colonial din-



Photo copyright by Clarke & Hyde, London

A play ground class in natural history

ner was cooked and the children worked out for themselves the colonial industries of candle making, spinning and arranged the social gatherings known as quiltings, huskings and apple-parings that played a part in those days.

Other experiments in education are being tried at the George Junior Republic and by men like Dr. Cecil Reddie, of Abbots-holme, England, and Colin Scott in his self-organized groups for work and study.

Interesting work is being done at the training department of the University of Utah. The children trace the development of the textile industry. They use wool and work out all the processes of washing the wool, carding, spinning and weaving in the primitive way, later they are shown the present methods of doing this work.

So various questions of method and administration are being tested from different points of view. There is a ferment working that will finally effect our public education.

Under the administration of the people, what might the public schools be?

The constructing of a school building would certainly not be looked on as sufficient. First, a large area would be selected as nearly as possible in the center of the district from which the children come. The neighborhood school would then be not a single bare building, but a group of buildings constructed on the out-door plan for, though some part of the work would be done under shelter, the greater part would be conducted in the open. This is entirely feasible even in the climate of the northern part of the United States. I have during the past winter found children living a large part of the time out of doors and sleeping continuously out in the rigorous climate of Ontario, Canada, in February and strong and rosy from the experiment.

We shall soon marvel that we ever sent our young into close steam-heated buildings. Pale, nervous children we have in return.

In this neighborhood school the children will find shops for manual work, gardens for cultivating plants and for the study of plant growth, domestic science, halls where they will come to discuss questions with their teachers and bring problems that have arisen perhaps in the home, and plan the work they are to do.

There will be no rooms with fixed seats for the children to sit in for weary hours. Places for study will be provided with libraries, but adjustable chairs will replace the school seats. Art rooms with the reproductions of the best in statuary and painting will be provided, but the art work will be done in woods and fields. Music will be taught in the open, the children filling their lungs with deep draughts of pure air. History will become real to the child when it is enacted, the character of historical persons and historical events being worked out by the pupils.

The children will attend the town council and other meetings in groups with their instructors, thus learning the art of administration. The school community itself should be a self-governing body, the child thus passing naturally from the orderly life of the school community with the responsibilities of participating in administration that it imposed upon him to the larger social group of society.

The neighborhood school must rest on the intelligent co-operation of the parents in its management and their daily consultation with the instructors.

To a certain extent this requires some common neighborhood life with certain ideals, a friendly group of thinking people. A germ of such neighborhood spirit exists in the district about the Noyes Street school in Evanston, Ill. The mothers have formed a group that meets with the teachers for mutual understanding. A large auditorium has

been fitted up in the school and here the fathers, mothers, teachers and children meet frequently. It is still far from the ideal. The work is too largely dominated by the few who are not always progressive in their pedagogical views and the larger number of the parents are but passive spectators.

but actually represents child life. The child will then find his activities extended naturally from the home to the school and back again to the community in which he lives. Problems arising in the home will be taken to the school for solution and explanation.

Such a school would be a failure were there not teachers trained to fit into this new educational plan. The present ossified system has not failed to make itself felt in the character of the teachers.

It must in the future be considered nothing less than a social crime to turn the young child or the boy or girl over to the instruction of men or women who have lost every trace of real sympathy with youth and who are old in thought. There is here and there a rare individual who, even though old in years, has retained the buoyancy and spirit of youth. To such alone should the child of the future be intrusted. The iron-bound minds with rigid visages must disappear from the school.

It is not enough that teachers should pass some sort of examination proving their knowledge of

mathematics or history. It is even not enough that they should prove themselves experts in child psychology and physiology. There must accompany this the subtle thing called youthfulness that will understand and appreciate the child.

Discipline, that great burden of the mediocre teacher of the present, will be reduced to a minimum. No one ever saw disorder among those who are interested in a useful piece of work. The disorder of the school is an indication of its mis-organization. The most orderly boy in the present school is not the most hopeful specimen of boyhood. Even splendid examination marks are not an indication of good scholarship. Too often they indicate merely a mind fitted to servile routine. The test is rather in the power to produce, to independently investigate, to create. This the school has not fostered.

Expensive, to be sure, such an education may be; expensive in dollars and cents, but what is the reason for the existence of the present generation if not fittingly to educate its young?

We may well agree with Kant that no person is ever to be considered as only a means to an end, but we cannot agree with the spirit of the present which seems to see the present generation as an end in itself and that gives a minimum attention to conserving its young, a greater asset to any nation than its forests or lands.

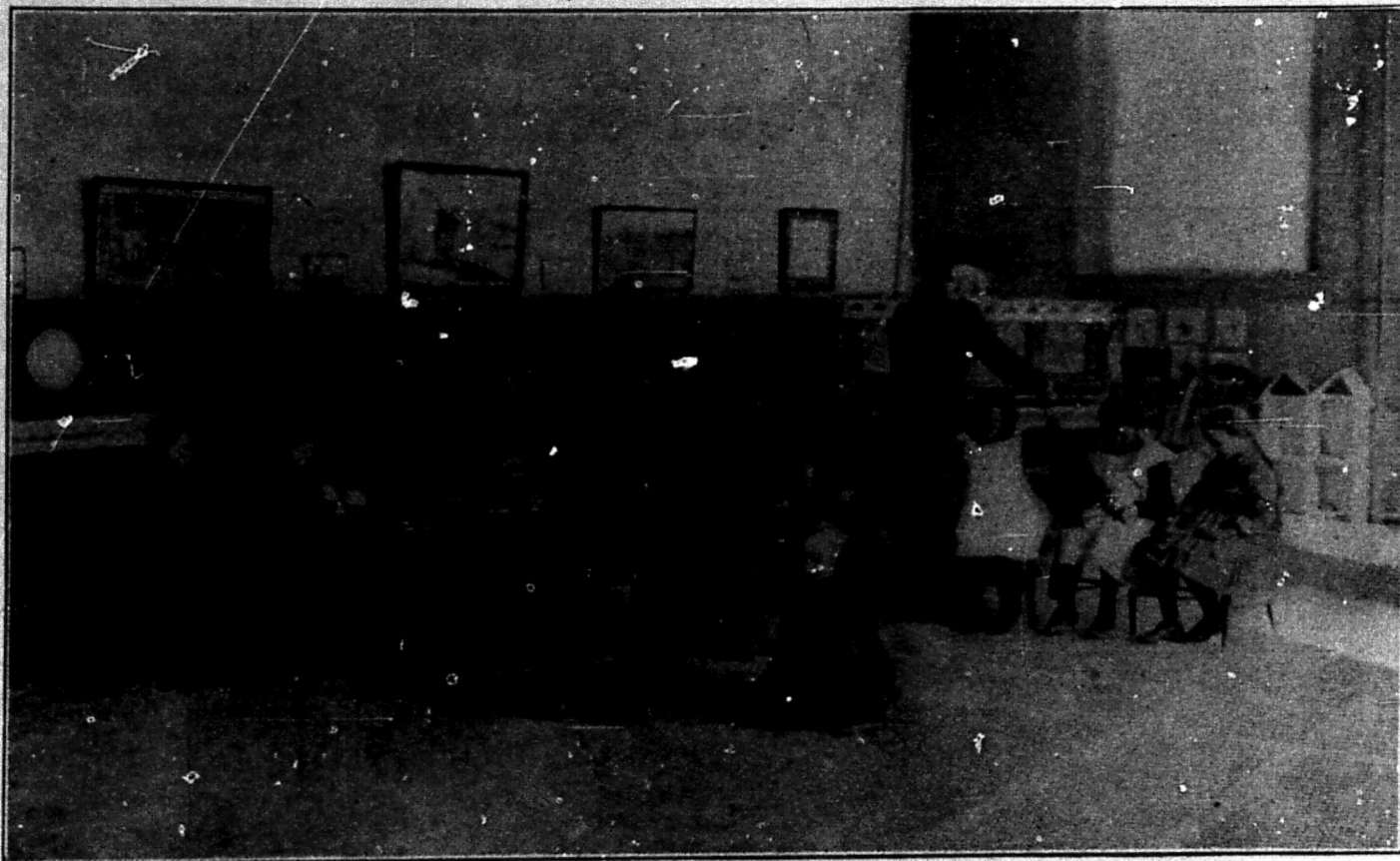
Does the fact that heaven is taught to children as a city with golden streets and many mansions have a tendency to turn their steps to the city? Suppose we try the effect of a heaven with green fields and flowers, shaded brooks and singing birds. Would not that make a much more enticing heaven?—*Selected.*

That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and National policy—if we would secure the blessings of abundance and peace.—*Henry George.*

No matter how grievous the wrongs to be suffered, or how loud the protestations of philanthropists, it will all avail nothing until the victim class is represented and his voice heard.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology.*

The fellow who says it is just as easy to own a house as to pay rent probably never did either.

"Those who have the honor of producing wealth rarely have the pleasure of enjoying it."



Tracing the development of the textile industry

The gardens attached to the school can be made an important feature of education. Already such gardens have been provided for the experimental educational school at the University of Missouri, which is attended by about fifty of the children of the University faculty.

These children, from six to twelve years, spend little time with books; they are taught to add when there is occasion for them to add. History is pre-



A colonial fireplace and utensils

sented through the drama. They carry out all the processes of gardening and agriculture—spading, raking, fertilizing. They study rotation of crops, transplanting, thinning out, bleaching and hilling up.

And the garden introduces another element. The school should be continued throughout the year. This is an entirely practical plan when the school is no longer a rigorous institution as it is today,



Out in February and strong and rosy from the experiment

From Chicago Welfare Exhibit

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor.

III.

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a little boy about everything that was made was made by hand at home. It wasn't made to sell; it was made to use. People wanted to have as good a living as they could get, and they did the best they knew how to make the very best kind of victuals, and clothes, and houses, and tools to work with. Iron and steel they couldn't make at home but they used as little iron and steel as possible. Maybe Uncle Billy Hardhead will tell you that the first house his daddy built hadn't a nail in it; it was all pinned together with wooden pegs.

There is furniture yet extant from those old days. Every stick of it was made by hand. When the boards were ripped from the log it was by a saw with a man at each end, pulling alternately, every so often stopping to rest, and blow, and wipe sweat off their foreheads, and to spit cotton. When the stuff was shaped it was with a draw-knife and when the pieces were polished it was with a bit of broken glass.

They had to be husky men, and they had to be skillful men. Nowadays it's the engine that does the hard work, the engine that doesn't have to stop and rest, and get its breath, and wipe the sweat off its forehead and fling it to the ground with a small splash; it doesn't have to heave a long breath, and say: "Well, Jim, here she goes for another spell."

The flour-mill was run by water-power, and had to lay up in dry weather, and—I should think but I don't know—when there was a freshet, but the steam-engine doesn't mind the weather.

Its addition to the scheme of things isn't an addition only, it's a multiplication. And when more and more things that used to depend upon personal skill and sleight have come to be put upon the steam-engine to do, the result is more than a multiplication; it is more than a difference in degree. It is a difference in kind.

A little, wee bit of strychnine is good for 'most anybody; it acts as a tonic. A good deal of strychnine is bad for 'most anybody; it acts as a poison. Now just where does the strychnine begin to differ in kind because of the difference in degree? I don't know. (What's the odds, anyhow? It does; that's the main thing.)

Take any industry, I don't care what it is, and Uncle Billy Hardhead will admit that its methods have been—shall we use the right word? It's a terrible "skeery" word. I warn you. Look out now, I'm going to let it loose—methods have been "revolutionized."

There has been a revolution. But take in a lump all the industries of the country and the means by which we live, all our ways of looking at things (which are always dependent upon the ways we get our living), and it is difficult to make the Uncle Billy Hardheads see that there has been a general revolution just as, I suppose, Hymenæus and Philetus found it difficult to make the people of their time see that there had been a general resurrection.

Even when Uncle Billy Hardhead is gracious enough to admit to you: "We all know that here's a Big Change coming," he follows it up with: "I sha'n't live to see it. No, nor you either, young feller."

You see, the Big Change has to come by evolution, by age-long, creepy-creepy processes, tedious, imperception slower than molasses in the winter

time—yes, and slower yet. The people have to be educated up to it, and that will take centuries.

In a manner of speaking, we'll dig post-holes, here one and there one, and let them fill up, and dig 'em out again, every few years digging some more. And after we have educated the people up to the fact that the holes are there by falling into them of rainy nights, then we'll get out poles, and pile 'em up, and let 'em rot a while. And, taking our time to it and doing nothing rashly, we'll set the poles up. And that'll be all for one generation.

govern ourselves accordingly. The passing of those resolutions is a part of the Big Change, an essential part—one way of looking at it—and it will come in much the same manner as the various events that call for it.

In every industry that has been revolutionized there were Uncle Billy Hardheads just as stubborn as the Uncle Billy Hardheads in politics. They just couldn't and wouldn't see it. And they got frozen out when they couldn't and wouldn't see it. Their kingdom was divided and given to another that could and would see it. For it paid. The revolution paid. Wouldn't have been any sense to it unless it did pay.

The old way was a losing game. There was too much waste to it. The longer it was kept up, the bigger was the loss. And when a man finds out that he is losing money, and that there is a way by which he can save that loss, and make more by less effort, he isn't going to wait for any age-long evolutionary process, any molasses-in-the-winter business. Bang! The new way is installed. Not without friction, not without jawing, not with immediate success in all points.

The kerosene lamps that the Uncle Billy Hardheads of 1860 were mighty "juberous" about, and didn't know whether they were any improvement on tallow candles, were pretty poor kerosene lamps. And they blew up very frequently. But who has heard of a kerosene lamp blowing up within the last ten years? (To allay suspicion, I will admit that I am on salary from the Standard Oil Trust to sneak in advertisements of coal oil wherever I can, without the editor getting on to it.)

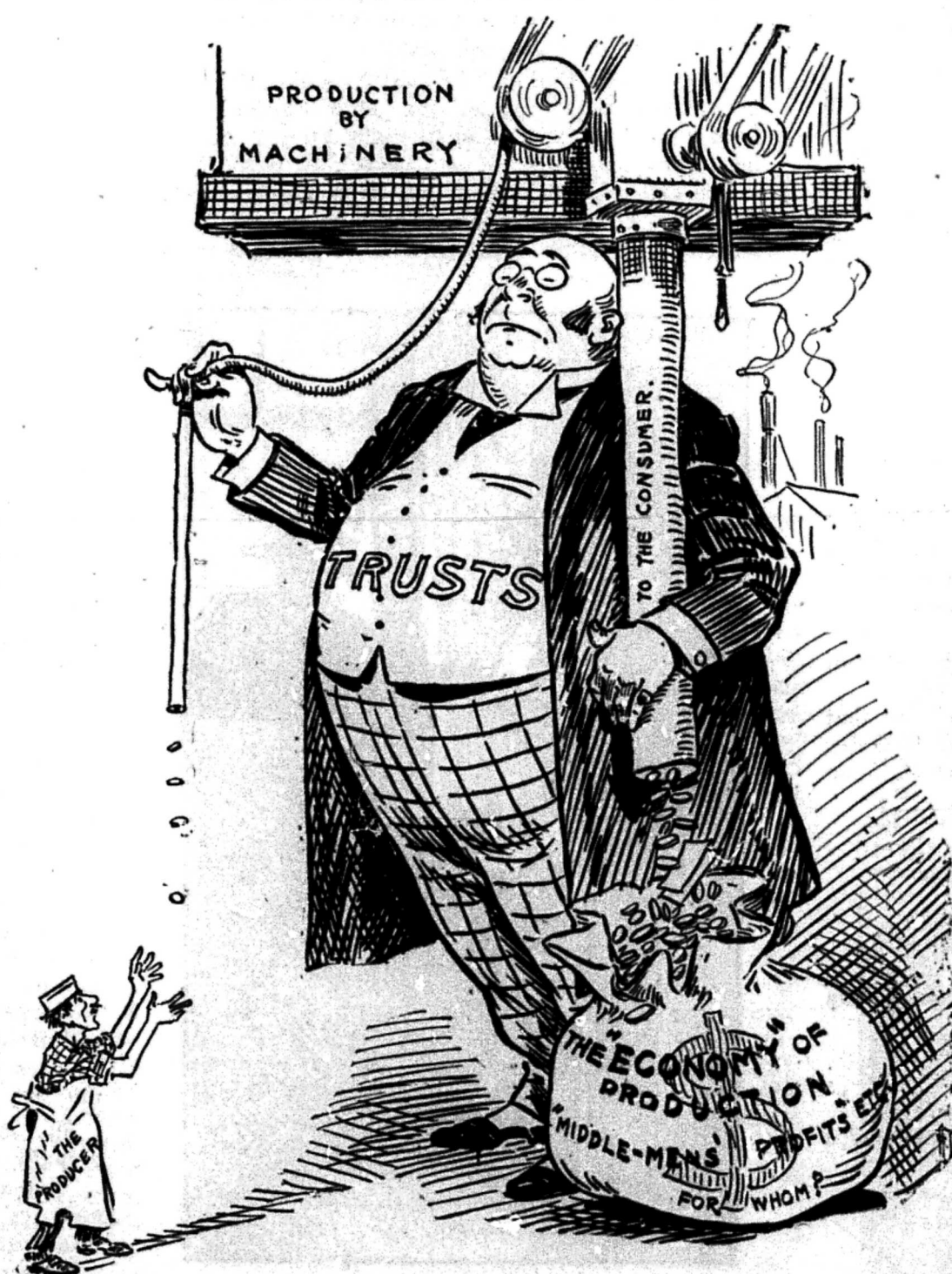
In the same way, if the revolution in politics cannot be shown to be a paying scheme; if it cannot be demonstrated that it will stop a tremendous social leak; if it cannot be proved that it will make more money with less effort than ever before, then the revolution in politics will not come. That's all about it. "Make more money for whom?" you ask. For those who carry it through. Not for the Uncle Billy Hardheads that cannot and will not see it.

Did the telephone make money for those who thought it was a toy, and said: "Who on earth would ever fool with that thing?" Well, they were helped by it, but it was those who had faith that got the big rewards. Some of them got stung, too, I don't deny.

And in this coming revolution in politics I shouldn't be surprised if some were stung, perhaps some that ought not to be. But whether I get stung personally (which will surely happen if it's a possible thing because that'd just be my luck) still, the thing has to happen, and that's all about it. The Big Change has come in so many other things that it simply has to come in that, too. For the most unchanging of things changes with the age it is in. Let me give you an example:

You know that before matches were invented, the thing to do was to keep fire. All the year round a fire was kept going. But at Easter the old fire was put out and a new fire was struck with flint and steel, and passed around. In the Holy Week services, this new fire is made, and candles lighted from it. I once attended this ceremonial, which is the most ancient in all the Roman ritual. And didn't they strike a light with a match! It is impossible to live entirely in the past; whether or no, you must live in the present.

There are some changes not so easily seen as these—but they'll have to go over till next week.



The Billy Hardheads can have the tremendous social leak if they want it

The next will install an exchange after a great deal of difficulty and a war or two.

In a couple of centuries or it may be in four or five centuries when all the people are educated up to it our descendants will put in telephones. You must expect that. It's a slow process. It was that way with the telephone system; it's that way with everything. Slow and gradual growth. There was no revolutionary process when trolley-cars supplanted horse-cars; on the contrary, it was an evolutionary process. Same way with automobiles, and aeroplanes, and fifteen-cent magazines, and the Australian ballot, and hobble skirts—everything. Just a slow evolutionary process. In a pig's wrist!

The Big Change is come already. Not in full. I admit. There will be quite a number of even more startling and sudden end-for-end turns of the processes we now use for producing the good things of life. But the general principles on which we shall work for the next hundred years perhaps are established. And the most important thing for us to do is to pass a set of resolutions, acknowledging that the Big Change has come, and that we must



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

THEY were so incongruously fresh, so ominously ready, gleaming, silent, waiting. Luke looked at the deadly things, fascinated. "With one of these"—Florida inclined her head toward the duelling pistols—"Cal's great grandfather killed his man—a man that had insulted him. With the same pistol Cal's grandfather first wounded a man he had insulted and later killed another man because that other man had resented havin' his face slapped for lookin' too hard at a new coat that Mr. Ridgeley wore. Cal's father used that pistol, too. He used it for the same purpose. He hated a neighbor that he knew was a poor shot; but he forced the man to fight, and killed him. Once afterward he did the same thing. Then he bought the Colt. It was with the Colt that he shot some of his niggers. The niggers were valuable. People said he was mad. I don't know."

She closed the case and quietly restored it to the desk. That done she faced Sanborn with a wistful, crooked smile.

"So, though I'm ashamed o' Cal," she said, "I sometimes reckon it's not jes' all his fault."

Luke was himself again.

"That's what I tell you," he persisted, "it's ground into him. He had before him the example of his fathers. They're a race of killers. People tell me that they used to call the old man 'Black Devil' Ridgeley."

"Then you won't—you won't discharge Cal, will you?"

"I've told him that I'll fire any of the men that are proven uncivil, but that the next time Ridgeley lays his hand on one of them I'll fire Calhoun Ridgeley, too."

"Oh—an' what do you wan' me to do?"

"Whatever you see fit."

She faced him squarely.

"You think I'm in love with Cal?"

"I think you shouldn't be."

"You think I'm in love with him?"

"I think he's no more a southern gentleman than he is a northern gentleman."

She put her hand upon his sleeve.

"I know that," she said, an' yet—"

Sanborn looked gravely into her eyes.

"Morgan Witherspoon is both a southerner and a gentleman," he said.

The girl loosed her hold.

"Oh!" she cried. "What right have you—"

"None. I know."

"I think you impudent."

"I am your well-wisher."

He walked, in his turn, to the open bow-window. He looked out among the palmettoes and the roses in full bloom. The sun was setting, and the garden was bathed in a wave of warm crimson.

"But Mo'gan Witherspoon is so—well, he's thor'ly nice, but he's not jes' exactly excitin' you know," she said. "I don't—I don't like him."

"Here's your chance to tell him so," responded Sanborn.

A young man tapped on the sill of the open window with his riding-crop and a moment later, entered the room—a young man of Sanborn's age, in puttees and horse-man's breeches, but without those outward marks of inward strength that only experience with hard labor can call forth.

Morgan Witherspoon had, indeed, small need to know what labor was. His own family, like all the families in that district, had lost its everything in the Civil War, but his grandfather had begun to rebuild as soon as ruin had been perfected. The son had completed his father's task and Morgan, though now alone in the world, was alone in a world from which he could buy nearly anything he

greatly wanted. As, however, about all he had heretofore wanted had been a quietly easy and amusingly healthy life, he showed none of the symptoms of that disease which we call wealth. He carried his head high; and, if his features had something of the delicacy of a girl's, and if his ruddy face was the face of a high-strung boy, his body was strong, his eyes were manly and his air was the air of repressed power.

"Hello, Miss Flor'da," he said. "Hello, Mr. Sanborn. How're yo' pa an' ma, Miss Flor'da? I'd been ridin' up the bay an' thought I'd jes' stop in here befo' sundown."

The girl greeted Witherspoon with more warmth than her recent description of him would have seemed to promise and, when both the men were



Morgan saw the head and shoulders of a bulky man

seated in the low divan that, on either side of the old desk, ran along the bow-window, she hurried from them to mix them a julep, returning at last radiant.

"Try that, Mr. Sanborn," she said, offering him a goblet, the green leaves of the mint just touching her firm white fingers curled about the frosted glass. "Try it an' say there's nothin' like it in the no'th."

The two men took their goblets, rose, bowed and began to drink.

"Your own brev'ing, Miss Pickens?" inquired Sanborn.

"Yours," she informed him.

Luke's brows were puzzled.

"Miss Flor'da means Billy Turner made it," explained Witherspoon. "Yo' see he works for yo' days, an' rights an' off-days he's doin' jobs 'round here like he always did."

Sanborn remembered the slim young mulatto. He was just Florida's age and had been the body-ser-

vant of her twin-brother until that brother's death five years before.

"But you're spoilin' him with high wages, Mr. Sanborn," the girl declared. "He's so good at your work, he don' bother much about ours."

Sanborn finished his drinking and put down his goblet.

"His hand doesn't seem to have lost its cunning in one direction," said the northerner; there are no juleps like that in my home."

He started toward the door.

"You're not goin'?" asked Florida.

"I have to. You won't—he took her generously proffered hand. "You won't think me a mere meddler?" he inquired.

She pressed his hand warmly.

"We southerners aren't from another planet, Mr. Sanborn," she assured him. "I know jes' how well you meant it."

"And you'll follow my advice?"

"I'll think it over."

"Right! Good evening, Miss Pickens." He bowed to Witherspoon. "Good evening," he said and left the room.

The girl walked to the Chippendale table. There was a tall vase on it ablaze with roses, and in these she buried her face.

"Mr. Sanborn has been givin' me advice," she said.

Witherspoon raised his eyebrows.

"Is Mr. Sanborn," he began, "in a position—"

"He meant well," Florida interrupted. She paused a moment and then said; "it was about Cal."

"Oh!" said Witherspoon dryly.

"He said Cal had a bad disposition," pursued Florida.

Witherspoon said nothing.

"An' that he wasn't quite a gentleman."

Witherspoon coughed.

"An' that he was dangerous; that he had—why, me as much as tol' me that Cal was bo'n to do murder—Mo'gan why don' you say somethin'?"

Morgan Witherspoon came across to the table and fronted her.

"Because," he replied "you wouldn't want to hear the only thing I have to say."

She looked up at him, through the gathering twilight, her slim fingers resting on the mahogany.

"You-all make me terrible cross," she said. "You men jes' naturally take it for granted that I'm in love with Calhoun Ridgeley."

Witherspoon bit his lip.

"Aren't you?" he asked.

"I—I—" she blushed, but tossed her head.

"You ought to know that if there was any engagement I'd have told you right off."

"Because," continued Witherspoon, "if you are in love with him, whatever I might have to say ought not to be said, whereas if you are not in love with him it can't matter whether I speak or hold my tongue."

"What nonsense, Mo'gan! Of course I'm interested in what one o' my friends says about another."

"In that case, it is just this: I agree with Mr. Sanborn."

But what she had borne from the alien northerner, she could not bear in silence from a man of her own soil. She flashed into quick anger.

"I think you ought to be ashamed o' yourself!" she cried. "You've no right to say such things behind Cal's back!"

Witherspoon came around the table toward her.

"Miss Flor'da!" he protested.

"I hate you!" she retorted.

Witherspoon put out his hand.

"Miss Flor'da," he pleaded, "I'm sorry I said

that, but yo' tol' me you did'nt—that yo' weren't in love with Cal—"

"I'm not!"

"An' so I felt free to tell yo' what I thought, 'specially when yo' asked me to tell it. Miss Flor'da I wanted to tell yo' that—an' somethin' mo'."

The twilight was so thick now that she could not see his face.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Don' yo' know? Can't yo' guess, Flor'da? I—I love you, Flor'da. I—I mos' always have loved—I reckon pretty near always, Flor'da—an' now—now I jes' naturally can't stand to have yo' angry with me. Flor'da, will yo'—will yo'—"

He stood between her and the open window, but her face was as dark to him as was his to her.

"No, Mo'gan," she said—and her voice, though clear as a bell, was a bell that trembled. "I—I don't. It won't do, Mo'gan. You're awfully good an' fine an' splendid to me—you sure are, Mo'gan—an' I want you, please, always an' always to be my friend; but, Mo'gan, I don' love you that way, an' if you love me—"

She broke off short, with a little cry.

Morgan wheeled and saw, silhouetted against the gathering gloom of the open window, the head and shoulders of a bulky man.

"Flor'da," said the deep voice of the silhouette, "leave off yo' spoonin' an' come here. I want yo' to walk down Jane's way with me. This is Cal."

(To be continued)

Subserviency of Modern Religion

The religion of today is possessed by a passion for democracy. And democracy, spiritually interpreted, is but another name for that fundamental ideal of Christ's Gospel "the universal brotherhood of men under the universal Fatherhood of God," "with Whom is no respect of persons." But the Church of today is, as I have just described it, largely confined to one class of society and is pretty thoroughly class-conscious.

Moreover, the Church not only confines its work mostly to the respectable classes, but it puts itself in a position of dependence on the well-to-do. It accepts without question the "tainted money" of "wealthy malefactors" and inscribes their names over the doors of its houses of worship and its institutions of education and charity, fawns upon them with the grace upon its lips "for what we are about to receive, the Lord make us duly thankful," and often muzzles the mouths of the prophets lest they offend the sources of munificence and check the streams of bounty upon which it depends. It regularly applies a different and stricter standard of morals to the beggar who shall be deemed worthy of its charity than it does to the patron who sits in the front seat in the church, the vestry and the ecclesiastical legislature. This is an offense not only to the spirit of democracy, but to the new conscience of the age.

For religion today is vitally concerned with the fundamental questions of social righteousness, industrial equity, political and commercial honesty and honor and economic justice. Great movements, essentially religious, for the establishment of these ends are sweeping over the land. But the Church, as an ecclesiastical body, is out of touch with these movements. She speaks timidly upon such matters, if at all. She does not meet the religious demands of the age. Her morals and ethics are not big enough, nor her service adequate. She preaches, for the most part, a narrow and petty round of ethics, the minor moralities of purely personal conduct, respectabilities, good form, technical pieties and ecclesiastical properties, while the age is seeking the larger righteousness of the Kingdom of God, which is "human society organized according to the Will of God." She knows only the little righteousness of the individual, while religion is interested in the big righteousness of the Kingdom of God. She is forever mopping up the floor, but does not try to turn off the spigot. She sends out her corps of red-cross nurses to minister to the wounded in our unequal economic and industrial conflict, but she does not address herself to the causes of the strife. She pours oil and wine into the wounds of the half-dead traveler on the Jericho road, but she does not lend a hand to rid that road of thieves and robbers, or, better still, to reform the system which inevitably produces thieves and robbers. If the Church is to keep pace with the religion of today, she must not simply provide for social service in her program of work, but she must set among the fundamental principles for which she contends social righteousness and economic justice.—Chas. D. Williams in *American Magazine*.

THE GOATS

BY JOHN R. McMAHON



ONCE upon a time there lived a one-eyed giant. His name was Kapytal. He owned an immense herd of goats. He let the goats roam over the hills all day and at night he drove them into a corral. He stood at the gate of the corral so that the goats passed between his legs. As they went by he would feel of them and pick out one of the fattest animals and toss it aside. Every night he would pick out a fat animal and then slaughter it. The flesh he would eat and the pelt he used for clothes, shoes and rugs in his cave home.

For a long time the giant was happy and the goats were content. After a while some of the goats who were more thoughtful and observing than their fellows began to talk about things. They saw what happened to the fat ones; they feared that the same would happen to all and they wondered whether they had been born just to be eaten by a giant.

Kapytal overheard some of the discussion and, although he did not need so much meat at once he slaughtered half a dozen of the ringleaders.

The goats subsided for a time. Again they became discontented and again their ringleaders were put out of the way. Yet discontent increased. Kapytal finally saw that mere slaughter added to the discontent, because it made more bereaved relatives.

"I must use a little persuasion besides force," he said. "I will take some of the goats into my service and give them honors and titles, so that they will persuade the rest not to rebel."

So Kapytal appointed goat-judges, goat-bishops, goat-professors, goat-editors, and so forth. All these were



Picked out a fat one

old, dried-up animals who were in no personal danger of being eaten. They were allowed special privileges. Instead of hillside thistles Kapytal gave them juicy weeds, and they fed out of his hand. They came to love their master in all sincerity. They loved him especially when he scratched them behind the ears and told them their odor was not at all like that of the common herd. "My good tame goats," he called them.

The tame goats preached, lectured, wrote and made judicial decisions in the interest of the one-eyed giant. They gave warnings against race suicide and said there should be plenty of kids in every family. "We are the goats of his flock," said a long whiskered billy who was the bishop.

Meantime Kapytal was picking out a fat one every night.

One evening the goats made a very mutinous demonstration. They hung back from the gate of the corral and did not run between the legs of the giant. The tame goats gave a hurrah as they ran ahead, but not many followed them.

"What does this mean?" shouted Kapytal, glaring about with his single eye. "Why don't you goats go in to supper?"

"We don't want to go in to your supper," replied one of the rebels.

"You must be crazy," said Kapytal. "Your heads have been turned by a lot of agitators. What's the matter with you? Haven't you always gone into the corral at this time of night and haven't I always picked out just one of you? Because I am taking one fat goat, the rest don't need to worry."

"We've figured that out," replied the rebel chief. "You want just one tonight, but you'll want another tomorrow night and another the night after and

you'll have us all slaughtered in the end. We're going to stand together. We give you notice that you can't butcher us any more."

"This is a dastardly conspiracy," roared Kapytal. "I'll skin those tame goats alive for letting this sedition spread among you. Where's that bishop, editor and professor?" But the tame animals had fled and hidden themselves behind the refuse piles in the giant's slaughter yards. The goat judge, however, appeared and with him Kapytal had a consultation.

"Listen, you goats," said the giant in a softer tone of voice. "I have your welfare at heart. I permit you to eat your fill on the hillside all day and the only reason I drive you into the corral at night is to guard you from wild beasts—"

"You are the wild beast yourself," shouted several rebels.

"I mean well by you," continued Kapytal, pretending not to hear the interruption. "Some of you think that I pick out a goat a day by chance, but it is not so. I always have a reason. The goat that I pick out for the—er—good of the community is not only fat, but dangerous—his horns are too long. He might hurt his fellow goats. Now the one I have picked out tonight is a very bad one. In fact, he is a criminal. Here is an indictment charging him with a serious crime—"

"Your tame goat judge drew up the indictment!" yelled the rebels.

"The law and the constitution have been carefully observed," replied the giant, ignoring the shouts of "liar." "I am personally sorry for this poor goat, but he is a bad citizen, . . . besides, I am terribly hungry."

"You're a butcher and we defy you," shouted the herd.

"Now, my dear goats, please, please be reasonable," said Kapytal, beginning to be a little alarmed. "I beg you to remember that there are good and bad goats. I eat only the bad goats. It is foolish and wicked to draw class lines. The only distinctions are moral ones. Let every goat stand on his own individual bottom."

"And be eaten," cried the mutineers. "Why not?" retorted the giant, losing his temper. "After all, you are only goats!"

"You have made us the goats," was the herd's answer. "You call us goats and treat us like goats and in the past we have acted like goats. But we have a suspicion that you can't make goats out of



Hoisted him forty three feet

us any more. There's less goat in us than there is bloody beast in you. And we're going to rise and butt you off the face of the earth!"

The giant shrieked and begged for mercy as he saw the herd closing in around him. He tried vainly to escape. He picked up a club, but he knew that would not protect his rear. He tried to back up against the fence, but there was a determined group of goats in the way.

"Now, boys, charge!" yelled the goat leader.

Like an avalanche fronted with horns, their hoofs playing a thunderous tune, the herd came at the giant. Having only one eye he could not see all around to avoid the catastrophe. It wouldn't have done him any good to look around, anyhow. With the

force of a battering ram a phalanx of horny foreheads met the giant's body at the psychological location and hoisted him forty-three feet in the air. When he came down they lifted him again. Then they walked on him. The grass grew well on the grease spot that was Kapytal.

And the goats, having broken the spell that was laid upon them, became human beings.

American Insurrecto in Mexico

By Arthur Roos

THE first week in April, 1911, newspapers all over the country told of the fool-hardy exploit, or daring bravery (according to the point of view), of General William Stanley who lead a body of eighty-five American rebels at Mexicala, Lower California, in a daring assault on three hundred and fifty regular Mexican soldiers. Contrary to adverse newspaper opinion at the time, it was one of the most sublime and daring attacks in all history. Love of fellow-men and desire to promote the establishment of a Socialist republic on the ruins of the Mexican autocracy in Lower California was the real propelling force, with the desire for equality, or true democracy, the moral principle.

Though Stanley and several of his comrades fell martyred, others like Price, Dunn, Hopkins and Smith lived to carry the ideal forward. The casualties of that whirlwind of flame and death were two rebels and sixty-five federals killed and one rebel wounded. The brave leader himself was injured by a piece of a shell from the enemy's batteries, dying a short time afterward. He lies buried behind the very breastworks from which his daring attack was made. At least, part of the ambition of his last days is realized. If he could not live for a Socialist republic in Lower California he could at least die and fructify the soil with a martyr's blood. From Stanley's death will spring new offshoots of the revolutionary spirit in old Mexico.

But it is not of Stanley, primarily, that this article is to be written, but of another, a personal friend of the general and the writer, who fell by his leader that memorable day, but, unlike his leader, never left the field alive to die in a hospital. He died in the only place he would have chosen to die, if he could have had a voice in the matter; in strenuous action for a great cause on the battlefield. A militant, revolutionary Socialist nearly all his life, he died in the only way a true Socialist could die, in an endeavor to promote justice and equality among men and as a martyr to universal peace and prosperity, with hands raised in violence against organized class injustice, typified in the capitalistic, autocratic misgovernment by Porfirio Diaz.

His name was Henry Lyman Abeline and he was a native of San Francisco, for a time a resident of Santa Cruz, Cal., and originally a printer by trade. Later he attended Stanford university and studied mining and engineering. It was in the university town of Palo Alto that the writer, then writing under the assumed name of Arthur Mansfield, became acquainted with him. Shortly after he received a tempting offer of employment from an American mining company in Mexico and as he desired to go there he invited the writer to go with him and make a fortune in old Mexico, besides having a lark coming and going, and getting a chance to study the country while there.

"I tell you what, Comrade Roos," he would often say, his eyes alight with enthusiasm, his voice vibrant with hope and his manner confident, "Mexico will be the first republic to realize the ideals of Socialism. President Diaz is the grandest man, next to Washington and Lincoln, ever produced on this continent. He has the whole economic interest and progressive development of his people at heart and never gives away a public right or franchise to a private corporation without a struggle. All the land and industries are being nationalized as fast as possible and all this is so satisfactory that the Mexican people re-elect Diaz president every four years without a dissenting vote. As soon as the people are ready the transition of all land and other utilities to social ownership will be effected without friction; meanwhile Diaz is the one great democracy-builder who thus guides his country along lines of modern evolution."

"Your picture looks rosy enough and it is in strict accord with the prevailing idea in this country of what Mexico really is," the writer often replied, "but wait until you see it for yourself; then you may change your viewpoint."

"What I have told you is a digest of statements made by the mine superintendent at Mexico City who is a friend of mine," he would answer. "He could have no other motive in spreading such information than a conscientious desire to assist in civilizing Mexico."

We were not long beyond the American border before Abeline reversed his opinion. All the innate revolutionism of his pure Americanism became aroused over the injustice, oppression and hypocrisy practiced throughout Mexico and he came to

hate the very name of Diaz as typifying the cowardly brutality and organized injustice by autocracy and violence misnamed the government of Mexico that for more than thirty years had supported a throne with bayonets. Day by day the militant Socialist in him grew and he became fierce as a wild lion.

"The people of this country are fools," he said to me one day, as we sat in a railway station, waiting for the train back to the mines. "If a handful of them had any common sense at all they would stir up a revolution that would change the government of the country in a few months and make it a republic in fact as well as name. The constitution of Mexico is worthless paper; all would-be



HENRY LYMAN ABELINE

political parties are choked at birth; there are no elections in fact; mayors and judges are appointed by governors and governors by Diaz; corporations combine with the government to over-tax and under-pay and over-work the people; absolute slavery and peonage prevail; illiteracy is widespread and public schools suppressed because knowledge for the masses is dangerous to Diaz; robbers and murderers are promoted to offices of trust; thousands of paid murderers and spies are maintained at government expense and the whole social structure is rotten from top to bottom and crumbling in the mire."

"Better come with me back to California and Santa Cruz county," I advised him, "where at least we can still organize and agitate for better conditions in the struggle for existence against the classes in power."

"Never!" he exclaimed, in a fine, enthusiastic frenzy. "My father fought in the American rebellion for freedom from slavery and I will be true to my inheritance. Am I American to flee from what is soon to become battle ground for freedom? No; I will stay in Mexico and when the revolution comes, for I regard revolution as inevitable, I will choose the forefront of battle and help win, or die a thorough American."

In the light of what happened later in the wild, heroic charge with General Stanley from the little breast-works at Mexicala, Abeline's words seem prophetic. Many a time since I have been sorry that I did not stay with him, instead of returning across the border; but the most important event in my relations with him occurred within a week after his astonishing statement that he meant to help Mexico in the event of there being a revolution.

It was a few days before my departure from Mexico and Abeline and I were to visit the home of one of the revolutionists on a big ranch a few miles from town. We were to ride ponies and knowing we were under perpetual surveillance by government spies we left town in the late evening, just after dark, and after a mazy threading of country by-ways turned at last into the main road far out in the country, riding slowly and cautiously so as to avoid meeting stray police or soldiers.

When we reached our friend's house we learned that but a few hours before a band of five rurales,

a captain and four privates, had raided the home of a neighbor suspected of being one of the local organizers of the Liberal party which came into existence to oppose the continuation of Diaz in office. Similar events were of almost daily occurrence all over Mexico. In the instance here mentioned the head of the family had been warned of the coming of the rurales and had gone into hiding. The rurales had then seized the mother and daughter found at home alone and were at that very moment torturing them to extort a confession as to where the suspected man had taken refuge. Our host trembled with fear as he told us and wept bitterly over the country's future. While the narration proceeded Abeline's eyes were flashing fire and one could plainly see he had in him the making of a hero who would give his all for Mexican freedom or fall fighting in smoke and flame.

"Why don't you people kill the rurales and make a revolution?" Abeline asked, when the old man had finished. "For myself I am ready to kill any soldier who tortures a woman for a confession," he added.

The old Mexican readily understood and from a hole under the adobe floor drew out a rifle and cartridges. These he handed to Abeline without a word.

"Get your pony and go back to town as quietly as you can," Abeline said to me. "You will be in Mexico only a short time longer and I don't want you to run a great risk. Besides, we have only one gun between us."

I agreed with him and prepared to go back to the town we had left a few hours before while our host and his family waited to bar the doors and lie down to pretend sleep in case soldiers should scour the country for "insurrectos." At once Abeline rode away toward the neighboring ranch with the Mexican's rifle held lovingly across the front of the saddle.

Just before daylight the next morning Abeline crept into the room where we slept with comrades in town. I had not slept at all, but still lay on the top of the couch, waiting for him.

"There were five rurales, all right," he replied. "They had the old lady and the girl, trying to make them tell where the suspect was hidden. They had stripped both the women stark naked and were beating them with riding whips, trying to make them confess. I shot them, one at a time, but they killed my pony before I finished. I had to walk back. I was hit, besides."

He bared his left arm and showed me a bullet hole clean through the fleshy part of it. He had tied a stout cord around the injured member to prevent bleeding, but without entire success. The inside of the sleeve was a mass of clotted blood.

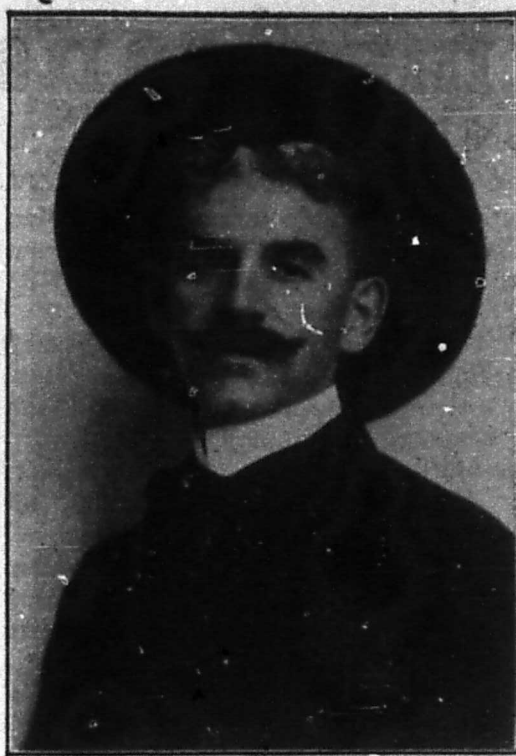
The next day we did not dare to show ourselves on the street or about the mines, because of fear of the secret police, arrest and sudden death. I was already known as a comrade to Abeline and had to leave the country secretly, assisted by comrades of the revolutionary organization. Abeline later made his way into Lower California, to a stock ranch near the border, where he kept in constant touch with workers in the revolutionary movement, both in Mexico and Los Angeles. When the expected revolt did materialize he at once enlisted and fought continuously up to the day of his death at Mexicala.

Henry Abeline died as it now seems Fate had decreed many years before the revolt of 1911. After that sublime, heroic charge under Stanley at Mexicala—85 Americans against 350 federals—I read of his death in a letter from a comrade at the scene of action. It was what had been long expected, but his acts had been shaped to carry out the faith of his soul. Who shall say that Mexico was not helped to become an industrial republic by his blood?

He fell, fighting for liberty under the red flag he had learned to love. Who shall say that that flag shall not yet wave over Mexico? Great events happen fast in an age like this. The grandest state of human society is yet to be realized and sectionalism, race-hatred and age-long prejudice are even now being weeded from the hearts of men and the brutal struggle for existence under forms of class-government is driving them into organized self-help. Meanwhile, behind the little breast-works at Mexicala is the unmarked grave of one who gave his life that the causes of war and brutality might be destroyed. One more American insurrecto in Mexico has become a memory, yet the cause of revolt learns from the way he died.

Carry Los Angeles For the Workers in Nineteen Eleven

By Mila Tupper Maynard



FRANK E. WOLFE

THE above slogan has been in many mouths and on countless bright red buttons in the southern California metropolis for many months. Enthusiasm and badges, however, do not alone win victories. They represent the steam in the engine, but afford no guarantee that there is brain stuff in the cab that will insure carrying the train to the desired destination.

On Sunday, May 21st, a City Convention was held in Los Angeles which proved that this condition for a successful campaign for the election in November is also abundantly present.

A ticket was nominated as follows:

Mayor, Job Harriman, Socialist and lawyer.
City Council, Fred T. Wheeler, President of Carpenters' Union, No. 158.
C. F. Grove, Business Agent, Machinists' Union.
T. W. Whittle, Organizer Afro-American League.
Frank E. Wolfe, Newspaper writer.
A. J. Mooney, Secretary Los Angeles Trades Council.
Alexander Kans, Member San Pedro Longshoremen's Union.
Wm. Vetter, Member German Branch, Socialist Party.
T. W. Williams, Minister and Socialist Lecturer.
Dan Regan, Member Moulder's Union.
City Attorney, Edward Tuttle, Lawyer and former teacher of law.
Auditor, Geo. W. Downing, Real Estate Dealer.
Assessor, A. N. Salyer, Piano Maker.
Board of Education, W. Scott Lewis, Assistant State Secretary Socialist Party.
Edgar Adams Cantrell, State Organizer Socialist Party and Lecturer.
Mary E. Garbut, Correspondent for Women Socialist Party.
Clarence Melley, Attorney.
Dr. Paul Ghan.
Alma Williams.
Florence E. Broman.

The last four all active for years in the Socialist party.

It will be seen that these nominees are remarkably representative of working class interests. All who are not directly connected with economic organizations are old-time-dyed-in-the-wool Socialists.

Job Harriman has been active in the Socialist party for twenty years or more. As an attorney the local unions have come to know and trust him as they trust no one else outside their own ranks. They have learned that he is not only to be trusted in what they ask him to do, but that he thinks with brains formed in working class moulds. They have learned that he can see more clearly than they what concerns them and understands what they "are up against" before they realize it themselves.

Gradually they have come to see that the best part of their traits upon which they have so long defended are due, not to the man, but to his Socialism. They have discovered that Socialism trains to just that loyalty and gives that working class philosophy which brings understanding of today's events.

Forces of Socialist-Unionists have taught the same truth until now the Socialist in California has the proud consciousness that every unionist trusts him as he does a brother unionist.

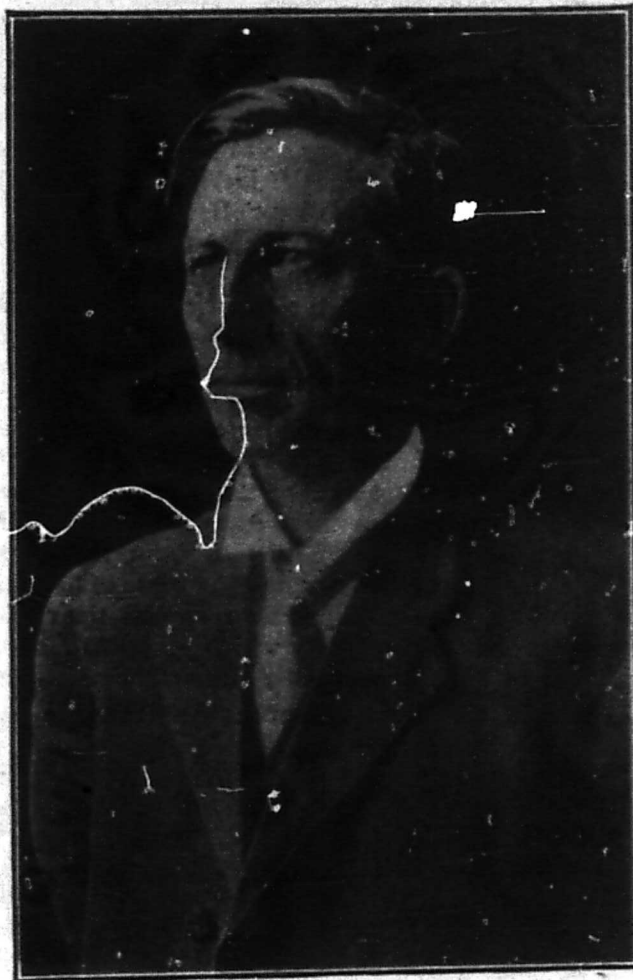
"Thou knowest not what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

Emerson's lines fit more than one form of vital propaganda.

The man first nominated on the Council, Fred T. Wheeler, is another whose Socialism has been preaching eloquently for years. He has been in them as one of them. The Carpenters' Union, of which he is the head, is the largest in southern California.

The other union men on the ticket are as enthusiastic Socialists as they are loyal in their industrial organizations.

F. W. Whittle is colored. He was nominated not only because he represents a people who are, many of them, of the working class, but even more because the party was glad to make known in their way its complete freedom from color prejudice.



JOB HARRIMAN

Not a question was raised as to the nomination. This is a matter-of-course to those who understand Socialist principles, but is worth noting when it is remembered how this people have been relegated to the blacking of boots and cleaning of spittoons in other parties.

F. E. Wolf was, until recently, editor of the Los Angeles Herald. He, with Harriman and Cantrell, served as the public committee of the state party in the legislature last winter where their newspaper experience served the workers in countless ways.

He was the actual author of the Eight-Hour Day for women recently gone into effect in this state and which has not only enormously improved the conditions for working women, but given all labor a tremendous homage in extending the shorter day.

Readers of the Socialist Press will be glad to learn that the candidate for City Auditor is the husband of Agnes Downing whose pen has done valliant service for many years.

To balance this item of news let it be stated that F. E. Bowman is the wife of the Secretary of the Los Angeles Typographical Union.

This story was told on the floor of the convention.

A fiery, small dog was running after a huge train, straining every nerve to catch the swiftly moving monster. An old farmer looking out remarked dryly as the dog was left behind: "I wonder what he'd a done if he'd a caught it."

Never mind the moral which was drawn from the story. Suffice it to say that all the candidates nominated on this ticket will know what to do when they catch the municipal train next November.

How did this come about?

Did a mass convention of red-card Socialists show themselves able in a one-day meeting to canvass the situation, find just the right one for each place, consider the thousand and one items that needed to be studied and reach a conclusion so satisfactorily?

Hardly.

The day of miracles has been over for some time.

One would need to believe in a special Providence of a marvelous brand to expect haphazard nominations from the floor of committee acting-



FRED WHEELER

while-you-wait to effect intelligent, well-balanced results.

In this convention there was no mystery and no miracle and no hidden wires.

The party had used its brains. Weeks before the Socialist City Central Committee had appointed a committee of five to confer with a like committee appointed by the Union Labor Political Club. The ten were to act as a nomination committee.

This committee gave the most careful heed to every suggested consideration, always aiming to keep in mind, not only the representative characters from the worker's viewpoint of earth, but their ability to make good when elected.

The report of this committee (of nomination) was made to City Central Committee and published two weeks prior to the convention, allowing ample time for consideration by the membership.

The convention received the committee's report for what it was worth. Every red-card Socialist in the city was eligible to membership in the convention and Labor Temple Auditorium was filled with men and women who realized their responsibility. They knew that, thanks to the capitalist powers that be, this election was to be, not only of significance to the local and national party, but a crucial factor in the great international struggle of the working class.

They realized that the eyes of every thoughtful Socialist the world over was upon them hoping, almost painfully, that the horse sense of Los Angeles Socialists would be equal to their ardor and the grandeur of their cause.

The committee's report was kept in mind, but each nomination was made separately and independently. In most cases rival candidates were presented, and in two instances the action of the convention differed from the suggestions made.

One wise decision of the convention was to postpone the adoption of the platform until later in the campaign. A committee was appointed to prepare a platform to report to another mass convention.

In the meantime, the platform of the National party will answer the purpose. It was not thought best to formulate too early the statements as to local issues.

Tactical advantage is worth considering and the nondescript "reform" parties of this city are fond of purloining (for platform purposes only) the more pleasing items of Socialist platforms.

All in all the Los Angeles City Convention proved that, not only is the time ripe for Socialist victory, but that Socialists are ready to meet opportunity with clear-headed practical efficiency.

This power "(meaning the railroads)," like a government, has authority to make tariffs and to enforce their collection. It claims a right which no civilized government claims, and no sovereign has dared to exercise for centuries, of rebating a portion of its tariff, and thus discriminating between its subjects in the collection of its revenues. It is safe to say that if the Congress of the United States should enact a law which established on any commodity one impost duty for the city of New York and a different duty for other cities, or one duty for one firm and another duty for another firm, no matter how slight the difference, the people would resort to arms if need be, rather than submit.—A. B. Stickney's—*Railway Problem*, p. 31.

Instead of trying to dissuade men from taking away the property of others, society must render it impossible for them to do so. The proper way to induce men to desist from unjust action is to make it for their own interest so to do, and teach them in an unmistakable manner that it is so. This is the work of intelligence and education.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology*.

Socialism and the Russian Americans

THE PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE RUSSIANS IN THE UNITED STATES



HERE are approximately 160,000 Russians of the original stock in the United States. The in-coming tide of the Russian immigration began in 1905, in the "days of liberty," when the "Little Father," still under the influence of the great Russian railroad strike, signed the "famous" manifesto of October 17th. Then the wave of economical and religious immigration was re-enforced by a political surge. Workingmen followed the peasants; after them came small groups of educated men.

At first, the new-comers lived apart from the Americans, considering them inferior to themselves. There were no permanent radical or Socialist organizations among them. These sprang into existence and vanished almost simultaneously. The Russian autocracy, acting through the agency of the Orthodox Church, scattered ignorance and church fraternities (160 in number today) among the Russians. The financial depression of 1907 dealt the last blow to the rising colony.

It was only with the appearance of the first radical Russian newspaper, *Russky Golos* (*The Russian Voice*), in New York, that the Russian workmen began to concentrate their activity. Soon afterward, labor organizations were formed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, Denver, San Francisco, St. Louis, and other cities. These organizations were, naturally, in sympathy with the Socialist movement, at first the Russian, and finally, with the American. They served as the foundation for Socialist groups.

The Russian Socialists had two small groups, Revolutionary Socialists and Social-Democrats, but the membership of these groups was scarcely above 100. The object of these groups was to help materially the central committees of the revolutionary parties at Paris, in their struggle with Czarism.

From time to time Russian Socialists and revolutionists of note visited the United States; "Grandmother" Breshkovskaia, Nicholas Tchaikovsky, famous as "the father of the Russian revolution," Grigori Gershuni, Maxim, Lieber and others. They directed propaganda in favor of the Russian revolution, collected money for it, and then went back to Europe.

The Social-Democratic group began the publication of a party monthly, *The Russian-American Workman*, but this undertaking failed financially in ten months. Occasional meetings, lectures and money collection—these were the only pulse-beats of the propaganda. Only recently a new movement became felt in the Russian colony, that in

By Ivan Okunstoff

favor of uniting with the American Socialists.

This movement sprang out of the realities of American life, that dealt the Russian immigrants one blow after another. Face to face with such exploitation of labor as they had never known before, without leaders, without public support, the Russian refugees were finally attracted toward that political party, which stood for labor and its rights. In Russia they learned of Socialism accidentally, and by underground means. Hence, really convinced and active Socialists were few in number. It was only in America that the bulk of the Russian colony came in contact with Socialism, as a vital issue. This was mainly due to the open propaganda, the freedom of the press, and the work of such prominent men as Eugene V. Debs, Charles E. Russell, Fred Warren and Victor Berger.

Partly through the endeavors of the *Russky Golos* acquainting its readers with the Socialist parties of America, partly through the knowledge of the English language, small Socialist groups appeared, consisting mainly of workmen. These groups appeared and disappeared, one after another. Several attempts have been made to organize separate chartered branches of the Socialist party. These all failed, through lack of energetic men. The American Socialist party lent these branches no aid either in money, party literature in the Russian language or able agitators. The small groups of Russian Socialists scarcely take pains to spread their ideas among the Russian masses, which still learn of the existence of such groups only accidentally.

Living in the United States, the Russians were naturally attracted toward the Americans and the political, economic and moral currents of their life. Open propaganda of Socialism, unknown to them in Russia, the nomination of Socialist candidates for federal, state and municipal offices, public meetings, demonstrations, wide-spread protests in connection even with Russian affairs ("the Red Sunday," January 9, 1905, the peonage of the Russian workmen on Hawaiian Islands, the defense of political refugees, Pouden, Rudovitz, Federenko, Veczozol, etc.), all these found response in the soul of the Russian workmen, and exerted beneficial influence upon him.

In this manner his sympathies grew toward his American friends and the Socialist party, where the oppressed found protection, the strugglers, support. He began to visit and to enter the local branches of the Socialist parties, and Russian branches were

formed conducting propaganda among the Russian masses. In Chicago, a Russian Agitation Bureau publishes, from time to time, leaflets in favor of its party.

Milwaukee, Wis., has a very active Russian branch with its sub-branches in other cities of the state (Washburn, for example). The Baltimore and Pittsburg branches already have some influence with the local trade-unions and even the party itself. They endeavor to prevent the Russians from becoming strike-breakers.

The failure of the *Russian-American Workman*, with its specifically Russian propaganda, finally led to the establishment of a new weekly, the *New World*, conducted like the American Socialist periodicals. The object of this publication will be to concentrate the Russian Socialists around the standard of the American Socialist party. The Social-Democratic group, as the initiator of the new publication invited one of its leaders, Leo Deutsch, to come from Paris and edit the newspaper. Leo Deutsch is a noted Social-Democrat and propagandist of Marxism. His forty years of struggle with the despotic autocracy, the people's ignorance and poverty, gained him the sympathies of all. His book, describing his escape from the prison, has been published four times in Germany. Leo Deutsch spent ten years as a convict in Eastern Siberia. His articles on how he "went to the people" to propagate the idea that the land should be in the hands of the working masses, were met with considerable interest. This propaganda brought no results, however, and Deutsch himself, hardly escaped with his life.

Eleven years ago, on his escape from Siberia, Deutsch visited the United States, and even then he cursed this "land of the Yellow Devil," and promised that he would never set foot on it again. The utilitarian conditions of American life, the wild chase for the dollar, the rule of capital over labor—all these impressed Deutsch very unfavorably. This, however, did not deter him from coming to New York in order to continue his struggle for Marxian ideas upon the American soil.

Let us hope that the *New World* will push onward the propaganda of Socialism among Russians in the United States. However, the best agents for promulgating these ideas are the hard realities of American life and the American press. The Socialist movement in America numbers among its foremost ranks many Russian immigrants, who under American conditions, have become very strong and active militants for the realization of Socialism.

WHAT'S IN THE NEW BOOKS

Love's Pilgrimage, by Upton Sinclair. Published by Mitchel Kennerly. Cloth, 363 pp.

A decidedly neurotic genius is the central figure of this book. He knows he is a genius. He struggles with his Art and his love, and that is the theme of the book. The whole story is there. Every phase of the growth of love, every detail of sex and emotion and their struggle with poverty and an unappreciative world and everyday life is dissected out and exposed to the reader.

Thyrsis, the hero genius, and Corydon, his wife, are almost the only figures in the book. Thyrsis has dedicated his life to his writing. He has mapped out his "career." Then Corydon comes into his life, and he fights against the spell of sex, but is overcome, and they are engaged. But they are only going to be friends. Then the world beats in upon them and gossip compels marriage. But it is to be only a Platonic union. Once more sex is master, and the result is described in a piece of realism that will seldom be read in the spirit in which the author intends it, and for which it is doubtful if there is an excuse.

The birth of the child is told with terrible realism. Here one may question if the obstetric details do not tend to obscure the really tremendous power of some passages that describe how the mother goes down to the verge of death that life may come.

Then comes the struggle with poverty, the exiles to the forest that pennies may be saved, the demands of convention that cripple the artist, all these things with which the creative mind must struggle in the present society.

Then Thyrsis comes in contact with the Social-

ist movement and again there is a flood of realism. Well-known Socialists are dragged into the plot, Socialist philosophy, of various sorts, is piled up, and the author becomes a propagandist. By this time he has become fairly prosperous and turns from poetry, drama and great creations of fiction to "Art and Money: an Essay in the Economic Interpretation of Literature." Corydon now develops an individuality of her own and has a mild flirtation with another man. Thyrsis, driven by his idealism, makes up his mind to surrender her to his rival, only to find that the rival is frightened by convention and flees from the "sacrifice." Then he and Corydon settle down to "live happily ever afterwards."

There are tremendous pieces of writing in the book. In places it reaches a height that has seldom been touched. There seems to be a straining after the sensational, which will probably place the book under the ban of authority. These places do not seem to be essential to the work. They jar upon the reader, not alone because of their unconventionality, but because they seem dragged in.

The work speaks much of Socialism, but the underlying thought is as far as possible from Socialism. Thyrsis is anything but a Socialist. He imagines himself an "overman," to whom all other human beings are but means to his end. One's sympathies all go out to Corydon, whom he professes to love with such a furious passion, but whom he never hesitates to sacrifice in order that he may follow his own desires as an artist. Instead of a martyred hero he is a conceited cad, who makes his artistic temperament an excuse for most brutal selfishness. It will be unfortunate if,

he or his philosophy is accepted as representative of Socialism.

The Insurgent of St. Marks, by Henry Spencer Booth. Leroi Press, Bristol, Tenn. Cloth, 419 pp. \$1.50.

This is a story of a preacher who tried to fight the machine in the church, and, at the same time, attack, although in a somewhat mild way, the class that presumes to rule the church and rob the workers. Naturally, he had a rather strenuous time. The author does not have a very clear idea of the real forces that he is describing, but, nevertheless, succeeds in giving a very vivid picture of the struggle.

It does not take much insight to discover that the writer is very evidently describing specific cases with which he has come in contact.

Who shall calculate how large a part of all human suffering is due to poverty? And what is the cause of poverty? If the true share of indolence in occasioning poverty could be known, it would be found to be small. If the whole subject could be thoroughly investigated, it would appear that the poorest people in the world are, if not the most enterprising and energetic, at least the most industrious and laborious.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology*.

When they assert that the brain-power which qualifies a man to accumulate the wealth that others have created is the same brain-power that moves the wheels of social progress, they commit a very serious mistake.—*Ward—Dynamic Sociology*.

A Survey of the Magazines

Perkins Sees Socialist Spectre

George W. Perkins, of the great steel trust, and the right-hand man of J. Pierpont Morgan, has discovered that "The Big Change" is already here. In the *Worlds Work* he tells us that,

Whether we like it or not, whether it is good for us or not, the great, big, undeniable fact stares us in the face that the inventor has brought us, by leaps and bounds, to the "get together" age. Inter-communication at the beginning of the nineteenth century, figuratively speaking, was on an "ox-team" basis. At the beginning of the twentieth century it is on a "wireless" basis. At the beginning of the nineteenth century inter-communication amounted to little or nothing; at the beginning of the twentieth century it is complete, worldwide. When merchandising by ox-team, a state is the world; when merchandising by lightning, the world is a township.



GEORGE W. PERKINS.

"The day is gone," he continues, "when people lived apart from one another, without inter-communication. Gone is the day when people were told by the church and the state how and what to think—gone, never to return. . . . The great business combinations of the day have come about naturally and solely because of the inventions of our time, ap-

licable to business uses."

When he comes to deal with these great changes, however, he has nothing to suggest but government regulation, and for this purpose he says that he has "long believed that we should have at Washington a Business Court, to which our great business problems could go for final adjustment when they could not be settled otherwise."

Just what such a court would do, he has no clear idea, but he does realize that "Federal regulation is feasible, and if we unite and work for it now we may be able to secure it, whereas, if we continue to fight against it much longer, the incoming tide may sweep the question along either to Government ownership or Socialism."

The spectre of Socialism has been conjured up in his mind by a recognition of the fact that "you cannot spend a million dollars in educating one generation without having a million questions to answer from the next generation."

Just what his "Business Court" and "Regulation" is going to do to meet this problem, does not seem to be very clear to Mr. Perkins. He talks about "co-operation between labor and capital," and says, "The question between labor and capital today is not so much the amount of wage a man should be paid as it is whether that wage is a fair proportion of the earnings of the business."

He seems to have an idea that something is going to happen, for as he approaches his conclusion he starts out very vigorously:

Our forefathers, through rebellion, made good their manhood in the eighteenth century and threw off the yoke of oppression.

Our fathers, through rebellion, made good their manhood in the nineteenth century and threw off the yoke of slavery.

He does not have the courage, however, to make the next step and to say that the workers of this generation are going to rise in rebellion and throw off the class to which Mr. Perkins belongs. On the contrary, he ends with this very lame conclusion:

Shall we, with all our twentieth century enlightenment, fail to seize the opportunity that offers now to make the working man a partner and in thus helping him onward and upward, help ourselves, our children, our neighbors, and our blessed country?

Woeful Waste in Distribution

That the distribution of goods under capitalism absorbs from 60 per cent to 75 per cent of the final price to the consumer is the conclusion of Ages Laut in the *Technical World*. Grapes netting the farmer 2 cents a box cost the city worker 40 cents. Potatoes jump from 35 cents to \$1.50 a bushel in getting from the producer to the consumer, while nearly all other products double or treble in price.

As a result population is decreasing on the farms, and wage workers in the city are dispensing with the necessities of healthful life because of the "high cost of living."

Nor is it logical to scold at the middleman! He sees his chance for 500 per cent profit, and he takes

it, just as you or I would take it in similar circumstances. If you accuse him of high prices, he goes into elaborate explanations of risk and loss on perishable products and the expense of big storage plants in congested centers, though that hardly explains why it paid the cold-storage men this last year to dump millions of dozens of eggs in the sea rather than break 50 cent prices. While eggs were costing 4 and 5 cents each in New York and Chicago last winter, and were being imported in shiploads from Europe and Asia, cold-storage men were talking scarcity; but no sooner did half a dozen states prepare to pass laws forbidding the storage of food products for longer than a year, than those same cold-storage men who had talked scarcity began dumping old eggs by millions of dozens into the sea. Prices dropped from 50 and 60 cents a dozen to 8 cents; and the stored eggs could not find purchasers.

In a few places the farmers are waking up to the possibility of eliminating much of this waste through co-operatives. The dairymen in Erie, Pa., such an association did a business of \$225,000 in 1909, cutting down the cost of delivery and improving the quality of the milk. This is only one of a long list of similar successful, though still new, enterprises in this country. But it is in Denmark that the greatest results have been obtained. Here "162,000 co-operative farmers sell \$78,000,000 worth of dairy produce a year."

Roosevelt on Wisconsin

Having discovered the ten commandments, it was to be expected that sooner or later Roosevelt would hunt out Wisconsin and find out that something was happening there.

In the *Outlook* he sings a hymn of praise to "Wisconsin, an object lesson for the rest of the union."

He has found out that this state, and the university at the head of its educational system, is in the front ranks of progress, but he has never imagined that there is any connection between this and the fact that the Socialist movement is stronger in that state than in any other, and that in no other university has there been so many men inspired by the doctrines of Socialism in its teaching force.

Home Crops of Celery

BY JOEL SHOMAKER.

THERE is no mystery about growing celery. The age of novelty in producing that valuable family luxury is over and hundreds of carloads are taken from the gardens of the United States to the city markets every year. Because of the easy methods of cultivation, it is possible for many families to enjoy the appetizing plant, and get the stalks fresh from the soil. It does not require the ownership of a large farm to make celery one of the many sources of annual profit.

Celery is an all-season's crop, for it can be grown in almost every section, and harvested during mid-summer, autumn and winter. A few square feet of correctly prepared earth will furnish sufficient celery for a large family. An acre often returns more money to the grower than could be made by working twelve months at a trade or profession. So the celery plant is a veritable nerve restorer, in more than one way, and holds an important niche in the struggling problems of human existence.

There are several varieties of celery sold under various names and possessing more or less differing qualities. But the White Plume and Giant Pascal probably stand at the head of the class of sorts grown by the commercial gardener and the amateur pleasure and profit-seeker. A small packet of seed will supply enough plants for the ordinary family, and an ounce, costing 20 cents, will give 15,000 plants. Two ounces of good seed should afford plants for setting an acre.

It is best to buy celery seed from reliable dealers, and get the new crop, as the seeds lose germinating power after the first year. A shallow box, say three inches deep, is the best bed for celery seed. The soil used should be very fine, well sifted and strong enough to make good plants. Plants will be ready for setting in the ground about six weeks from the time seed is sown. Early plants may be started indoors and late ones in the open ground.

My method of getting celery plants is to burn a brush heap, in a sheltered spot, and dig up the earth while the ground is hot, rake it down smooth and sow the seed, in rows, about four inches apart, covering slightly and firming the surface with the hoe. For home use, I set the plants about eight inches apart, in rows three feet apart. Then the work of cultivation is carried on by using a common garden plow, keeping the surface stirred to insure plenty of moisture.

Celery will grow in any soil, and give returns in proportion to the care given the crop. It is customary in the West for market gardeners to select peat or mucky soil for celery, and they get wonderful crops, some reporting yields of 2,500 dozen, for which they often get 40 to 60 cents a dozen. Such figures are given by professionals, who work for the big crops, to secure the largest profits possible from the smallest area of cultivated land.

Celery must be blanched in order to remove the strong flavor and make the stalk brittle. That is done by standing boards on either side of the plant for two weeks before time for cutting for home use or for market. Another blanching method is to draw earth around the plants. Some growers tie brown wrapping paper, old newspapers or bunches of straw around each plant. Care must be taken to avoid putting any wrapping about the plant that has an odor, as that will be imparted to the celery.

By planting throughout the season a good supply can be had for use in the winter. That does not require blanching. For when freezing time comes, the stalks should be taken from the growing place and stored in the cellar, or outdoor pits, like cabbage. The darkness causes the self-blanching and makes the stalks tender. In storing the celery, the plants should be set in trenches, in the same manner as when growing, except they can be packed close together.

A home market is always most desirable for any surplus celery or other garden crop. Small growers cannot go upon the open market and compete with commercial gardeners, because they do not have the stock in sufficient quantity to supply daily demands. Celery bunches, when being cut and washed for market, should not be left to wither in the sun or wind, as both are enemies to the crispness and general appearance of the plant.

Celery is a great water consumer and, therefore, a plant for irrigation. It requires an abundance of moisture during the strongest growing season, and the market gardener should have some method of applying water at the right time. Furrow irrigation gives best results. That should be given by thorough soaking several times during the summer. Of course, good celery can be grown without irrigation, and some of the best small gardens are profitable producers of celery without the aid of artificial watering.

"These railway kings have power, more power—that is, more opportunity to make their will prevail, than perhaps any one in political life, except the President or the Speaker, who, after all, hold theirs only for four years and two years, while the railroad monarch holds his for life. When the master of one of the great Western lines travels toward the Pacific in his palace car, his journey is like a royal progress. Governors of states and territories bow before him; legislatures receive him in solemn sessions; cities and towns seek to propitiate him, for has he not the means of making or marring a city's fortunes?—*Boyce's—American Commonwealth, Vol. II, p. 653.*

WHEN THEY MEET TO DISSOLVE THE TRUSTS.



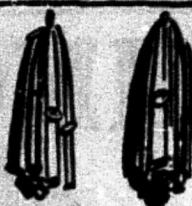
Chicago Tribune.

RETAILS FOR \$8.00



LARGE LACE COLLAR.—
FOR MAKING—WOMAN
IS PAID \$1.75

GARTERS



WORKER PAID 5CTS.
FOR 1 DOZEN PAIRS.
AVERAGE WORKING
DAY 15 HOURS

RETAIL. 25CTS
A PAIR



WORKER PAID 20CTS.
FOR A DOZEN PAIRS
OUTPUT 1 PAIR PER
HOUR

RETAILS FOR \$3.50



SHIRT WAIST FRONT
WOMAN EMBROIDERS
FOR 47 CTS. —
ELEVEN HOURS WORK

ARTIFICIAL ROSES



FOR MAKING 144 BUNCHES
WORKER IS PAID 30 CTS.

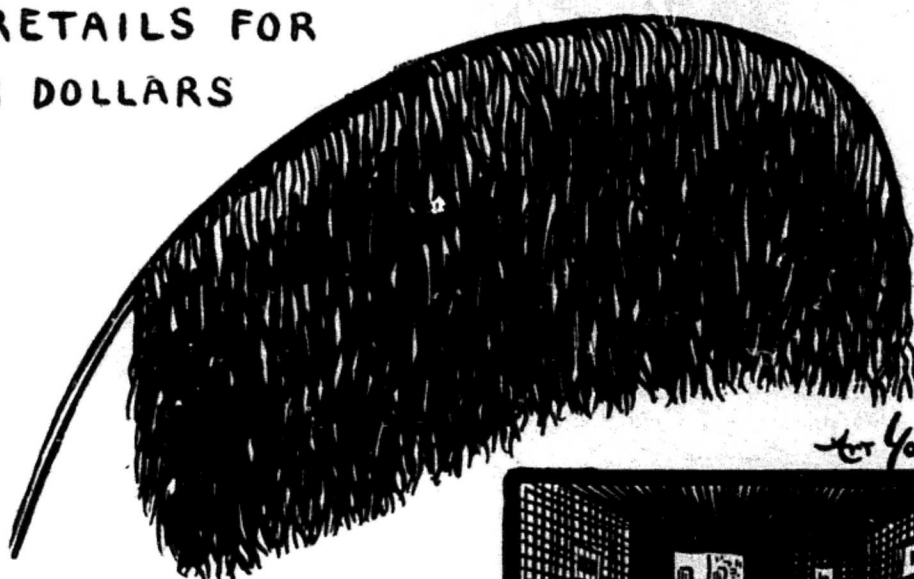
ARTIFICIAL
DAISY

WORKER IS PAID
\$1.50 A GROSS —
WITH HELP OF
TWO CHILDREN
CAN EARN 75 CTS.
A DAY.



THESE HAND-TIED 'WILLOW' PLUMES

RETAILS FOR
\$8 DOLLARS



ONE WOMAN, — WITH
THE HELP OF THREE
CHILDREN WORKING ALL
DAY, CAN TIE 7300
KNOTS, AND EARN \$2.10



ALSO IMPAIR THE CHILDRENS' EYESIGHT.

Reading between the lines on a page of advertising.



Dividends! Dividends!
What a golden shower descends
In the waiting lap of wealth,
Riches won by craft and stealth;
Yellow, clinking, glinting spoil
Fruit of sweat and fret and toil;
How the eagles glow and shine—
Dividends from mill and mine,
Dividends from sea and shore,
Farm and factory and store,
Goodly gold to see, my friends,
Dividends! Dividends!

Dividends! Dividends!
Cash the idler gaily spends,
Good to have and use—but, hold!
There's a tarnish on the gold.
Blood! Ah well, you need not heed,
For of course SOME men must bleed,
Some must droop and pale and die
So that others may live high,
Let's be glad that fortune sends
Dividends! Dividends!

Dividends! Dividends!
Do not probe too deep, my friends.
Shut your eyes and quite forget
All the pain and woe and fret,
That these pleasant riches mean
Take your share—and be serene—:
These will pay for cars and yachts,
Dividends from little tots,
Hollow chested; wan and pale,
Working where the air is stale,
In the clamor of the shop,
Mid the wheels that never stop,
Robbed of play and grass and trees
There is CASH in such as these!
Hush—"such talk to trouble tends!"
Dividends! Dividends!

Dividends! Dividends!
How the word with "Spendor" blends,
Dividends and heaping rents
From the reeking tenements,
Dividends from those we maim,
Dividends from Women's shame,
Dividends that we can see
Wrung from want and misery,
Aye, 'tis whispered in a breath,
Dividends from clammy death!
Here's your money, here, my friends—
Dividends! Dividends!

