

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

THE COMMENCEMENT DAY PROCURER!



THIS is the season when the favorite preacher brushes up his long black coat, replenishes his stock of platitudes, molds his face to the expression of formal cant, and betakes himself to the school and university, where he tells the young men of the graduating classes what they should do to succeed in life. Does he fail to commend to them the advantages of harlotry?

Not he, although he calls it by a different name.

I wish one of these gentry would just for once and the love of God speak to a graduating class exactly what he means when with his set phrases he urges upon them the splendors of material success in life. This is exactly what he means: I wish he would say it:

"Young men, be prostitutes. If you are to be lawyers, understand that there is nothing worth while in your profession except to get big fees and the way to get big fees is to sell your talents to the big corporations and help them to evade the law. In return they will clothe you in fine raiment, feed you well and exhibit you in public as their kept creatures.

"Do you wish to be judges? Follow the corporations. They put judges on the bench."

"Have you talents or ambition for business? Attach yourselves to the corporations. They have pleasant quarters for you and an easy life. Study to please them; learn to cut down wages and swindle workmen of their just claims. When a man is killed in your factory, see that his widow gets no compensation, for by such means you will keep down your own expense account and stand well with the men that maintain you.

"Do you desire to be a doctor? Learn to pamper the vices and vagaries of the rich. Invent diseases for them that you may extract much money from their purses. Lie to them and fool them; make them think you are useful to them. Keep close to them and be an adroit parasite and cogging knave that you may live well on the spoils.

"Do you wish to be a journalist? Noble ambition! Few of the kept creatures of capitalism fare better than the kept journalist. You shall live well if you follow that particular line of lewdness. But be alert—be vigilant. Exclude from your journal every line that can give offense to those that pay your board. Suppress the news of every untoward event. Distort and color; duck, dodge and lie; invent where nothing real exists. Keep close to the banks and the department stores, for they are the true indices of your master's will. Be the faithful, willing drudge of their pleasure; say what they wish you to say; keep silence where they prefer silence; denounce where they denounce. Fawn upon their favorites, kick from the premises those that they dislike. So shall you have money and ride in automobiles and go to the opera and have distinction. So to you, leaning back in ease upon the cushions of your automobiles, men shall point and say:

"The famous Mr. X———. Kept by the Peanut Trust."

"Or if you seek a public career and the honors of office, here is the easy way. Betray the community to the street railroad and electric light bandits; they have much money to bestow upon their favorites. See that they get the franchise they want. See that the law is not

enforced upon them. Play the game well, they may send you to the Senate or make you Governor. Be adroit; pretend to denounce them while you serve them; they care nothing for denunciation. Pretend to favor reform. Speak with sad voice of the wrongs of the poor and the extortions of monopolies. Base your campaign upon opposition to the trusts. The trusts don't care so long as in the dark of the moon you slip over to them what they want.

"Then they will pat you on the back and call you a good boy and make you mayor or maybe even president."

"Get success. That is the thing. Get rich. Grab money from other men. Wrest it out of their hands. They need it and you do not, but let not that affect your mind. Get it away from them. Get it for yourself. Cringe and crawl and wallow and wade through filth, but get the money. The beautiful dough, the long green, the grand old Mazuma, that's the stuff. Get it. No matter how you get it. In the present organization of society, the only honor is to get the ready rhino. We teach you here the survival of the fittest. Then if you can get money away from another man that shows that you are fit and he is not and you are entitled to have it. That is sound morals. Go to it.

"Do all these things and when you are grown old and life has lost its zest to your jaded appetite you will like to look back and think of the dirty things you have done. You will enjoy your reminiscences as a kept creature. You will like to think of the men you wronged and the laws you evaded, the tricks you played and the lies you told. You will like to think that you helped your master to swindle the community about this project and to rob it of that.

"Perhaps you can think of some workmen's compensation act that you helped to kill or some tenement house improvement law that you made a dead letter. Then it will be delicious for you to think of the little children in those tenements or of the orphans of slain workmen. With thoughts of them you can sweeten old age.

"Let no man tell you that you have any duty to your fellows. You have no duty except to yourself and that duty is to live well and have a good time—in the house of the man that keeps you."

This is what the black-coated one really means. He will not clothe his idea in these words, but he might as well, for this is exactly the success to which he urges his young hearers.

He will never by any chance be frank and honest with them. If he were just once I would make a contribution to a church.

In the course of many years of observation I have never known of one graduating day address that was not stuffed with lies and fakes. I have never heard of one that in any degree dealt with life as it is or the world as it exists. Everyone endeavored to cast a glamor over this thing called success and to lure young men into it by such means as they are lured into a Tenderloin dive.

Cappers for the game.

I suppose that if among this goodly band arose one man that might develop enough vertebra to mention to young men that the prostitution of their abilities is exactly as bad as any other kind and that the wages of prostitution are not worth having the whole university world would cry aloud with horror and you couldn't get \$10 for a school out of

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any millionaire. But at least how would it do to intimate now and then that the only success in this world that amounts to a hoot is success in service and in use?

I suggest it for a change. I should think even the platitudinous orators would weary in time of the other thing.

It would have the advantage of being true—which in these addresses would be enough of a novelty to make it attractive.



AN ANGLO-SAXON SNOB



DO not see why Rabbi Wise was not about right when he advised his people not to participate in the great Peace Talkfest nor in any other polite reform function until their civil and social rights be recognized. I know a lot of these kid-glove reformers that are extremely sweet on the Jews when they are trying to get money for some reform fad and a week after would leave any hotel that should harbor the self-same Jews. I am glad to see some of these hypocritical gentry getting swatted now. More power to your elbow, Rabbi. Swat again.

I don't know how to account for the vile attitude of these Americans except on the theory that snobbery is imbibed in the Anglo-saxon blood and cannot easily be extracted.

The essence of snobbery is to hate somebody that can be made to appear as your social inferior.

In England the Anglo-Saxon snob has plenty of chances to enjoy this pleasure because the caste system, being perfectly developed, presents society in well-defined layers and anybody above the Hooligans can pick out a layer beneath him and proceed to hate it until everything turns blue.

In this country the layers are not so many nor so well-defined. Hence the Anglo-Saxon snob exercises his natural proclivities upon union labor men, Jews and Negroes.

That is about the size of it.

Sweet business.

* * *

With amazing patience and good nature the Jews overlook the injustice and indignities that are put upon them.

But imagine the case reversed. Imagine, if you can, a group of American snobs suddenly ostracized and persecuted by a community of Jews.

The welkin would resound with the outcry and the ears of Christendom be assailed with denunciations of injustice.

I am not vindictive, but I wish this could happen, just once—for the sake of the object lesson. And I should like to pick out the snobs.

Of course, it is utterly impossible. If such a crowd should ever be stranded in a Jewish community the Jews would merely invite them to come in and fetch out the pie.



WHAT'S THE CONSTITUTION BETWEEN TRUSTS?

President Ryan of the Structural Iron Workers has issued a statement concerning what happened in his office at Indianapolis on April 17.

If you can get hold of this statement I advise you to read it with great care and more than once. It contains matter of great importance to you as a citizen.

It is written in the calm, deliberate manner of one telling the absolute truth, and I doubt not that every word in it is susceptible of abundant verification. Yet it seems throughout to be relating something that happened in Russia and we would believe to be utterly impossible here or in any other organized country. I have heard Kellogg Durland and English Walling describe the operations of the

Russian secret police in words that seem identical with President Ryan's.

Let us suppose the Executive Committee of the United States Steel Corporation to be in session, and a band of men to burst into the room armed with a warrant authorizing one officer to search for dynamite or other high explosives.

Suppose that with no authority but this warrant these men should make prisoners of the directors, seize the books, accounts and papers of the corporation, and of its officers and members, and proceed to examine and make notes from these documents.

I ask you what would be the opinion of the public upon this proceeding? And what would be the fate of the men that took part in it?

Yet how can that which would be an intolerable outrage and crime against an association maintained for profits be safe and even laudable when perpetrated upon an association for mutual protection and welfare?

I ask you further:

If this outrage had been attempted upon the Steel Trust or the American Bridge Company, every newspaper in the country would relate it in full and denounce the high-handed crime. That is true, is it not? Then why do you think it happens that not one newspaper except the little group of radicals has ever so much as mentioned the legalized burglary of this office?

Also this:

If in violation of the law and to please one great moneyed company one house can be attacked and searched, and one group of workmen made prisoners, is it not true that any house can be entered and searched in violation of law and any group of workmen be made prisoners?

And finally this:

If constitutional law can be suspended at the will of a corporation, and if the constitutional guarantees can be nullified at discretion, is it not true that law and order have been abolished by these corporations and we are living in a state of practical anarchy?

That being the case, if you are American citizens and not quite ready to see your country go to smash, what are you going to do about it?

I love to hear the smug, conservative Los Angeles business man prating about the necessity of enforcing the law and punishing the wrong-doer.

It appears that to kidnap McNamara, Detective Burns sent a fake telegram and the Assistant District Attorney committed perjury.

If that is true, will the smug brethren of Los Angeles move that the law be enforced upon these men and they be punished as wrong-doers?

Will they? Well, just listen for the demand they will put up!

And if anybody cares to know why the United States has become a lawless and anarchical country this same smug class can furnish the answer.

Because they demand the execution of law upon one class in the community and help it to become a dead-letter against another.

The law is the law, you know, my fatty, smug friend. It is a bad thing to fool with. If you make it inoperative against one class you might as well abolish it.

And now let us hear from the august body, the National Civic Federation, on the enforcement of the criminal law in Los Angeles.



I understand from trustworthy sources that the gentlemen that managed the national Punch and Judy show have lately made radical changes in their program for next year. Since 1909 their intention had been to nominate Harmon and Folk on the Democratic side of the show. Harmon to represent Wall Street and Folk the sickly-hued reformers; a kind of Morgan and Morality arrangement, so to speak. They now perceive that the Morality dodge looks unusually good and they have retired Harmon and brought forward a man that in doing the Morality stunt has

every other performer backed off the boards. Who is that, do you ask? Why, who could it be but our old friend Old Doc Wilson of New Jersey, the man that exudes platitudes from every pore.

The Old Doc is to head the ticket; they are only looking now for a good, safe, handy man for the tail.

It was to have been Morgan and Morality. Now it is to be Morality and Morgan, which is very much better as anyone can see, and likely to fool more people.

This promises to be a grand season for the Old Docs. Even Old Doc Bryan is looking cheerfully about and expecting something.



IMPORTANT NEWS

FROM THE FRONT

By the Morganatic Associated Press

Boss Hangingbees, May 27.—Chief Detective Verne, of the Jules Verne National Detective Agency, arrived today having in custody John O. Dreems, president of the Peanut Crackers' Union, and Heez Nuttie secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Ghost Walkers.

Detective Verne, of the Jules Verne National Detective Agency, has long been on the trail of these desperate men and finally captured them by a clever ruse. He observed that they went every day to a certain restaurant for dinner. Summoning his forces the famous detective lay in wait and neatly bagged his game as they came out.

The prisoners have made a confession to Detective Verne (of the Jules Verne National Detective Agency), in which they admit that they caused the San Francisco earthquake, the Kansas cyclone, the Pittsburg floods, the famine in China, the forest fires in the Northeast and the wreck of the steamer Asia. Under the third degree, as administered by this famous detective of the Jules Verne National Detective Agency, Dreems and Nuttie have also admitted that they are the men in the Iron Mask, the man that struck Billy Patterson and the Long Lost Dauphine of France. It is also understood that they have confessed that they can explain the fourth dimension and the relations of the solar system to the planet Vega.

It is said that the confessions seriously implicated Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and James Tole, of New York, head of a band of notorious desperadoes known as "Big Six." These men are expected to be hanged shortly.

Secretary Dopehandler of the Taskmasters and Laborskinners Association expresses the greatest satisfaction at these developments. In his opinion the capture of Dreems and Nuttie by Detective Verne (of the Jules Verne National Detective Agency) will destroy the terrible tyranny in which the depraved labor unions have long held our beloved country.



Every newspaper in this country is free to express any opinion it pleases so long as that opinion does not offend the administration nor Mr. Morgan, nor the banks, nor the railroad companies, nor the department stores, nor the big advertisers, nor Postmaster General Hitchcock, nor the management of the Associated Press, nor the Guggenheims, nor the Standard Oil Interests, nor the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, nor the Chamber of Commerce, nor the Stock Exchange, nor influential Senators, nor a few other Interests, unassorted. God bless our free press! What should we do without it?

These must be lively times in most newspaper offices where long lists are kept of the men and interests that must not be offended and the topics that must not be discussed. I am told that in some places the lists grow so long that no one mind can keep the run of them.

New Lights on the Common Good

How the "Low, Common Workingmen" of Australia Conduct the National Machinery



II. **B**UT if we think of government as meaning the efficient, honest, thorough, capable conduct of national affairs upon accepted lines, why then the Labor party's government of Australia is a great achievement of that kind and worth high praise. I wish it would abandon

the accepted lines and give to the world the needed example of a nation managed to meet Twentieth Century Conditions; but so far as it goes no man may deny that it knows its business.

When it came into full control of the Australian Commonwealth a piercing wail went up from the aristocrats, near aristocrats and Cave Dwellers.

This is a class of which Australia has an oversupply. Its principal business seems to be to assail the country and prophesy ruin unless government reverts to mediaeval ideals. All of this element viewed with horror an administration composed of low, common workingmen. It said so fluently and frequently. On this point the Better Classes saw with great clearness the terrible blunder that had been made by the electorate. What Australia needed was government by its Best Trained Minds and particularly by the Wise and the Good. And now instead of such a blessing it was to have government by a lot of low-born and inexperienced fellows, but recently taken from the very workshop itself—literally from the workshop. Actually, not one gentleman among them. Naturally, black ruin impends above us and our country. What else could one expect in such conditions?

I must confess that in these gloomy and sad-hued reflections was a grain of truth so far as they related to the inexperience of the new hands at the helm; also as to their recent graduation from labor, which to the reactionary mind is always the dark sign of evil and disgrace. None of the Cabinet officers in the new administration was of long training and experience in governmental affairs, and here are their previous occupations:

The Premier and Minister of the Treasury was a Stationary Engineer.

The minister for External Affairs was an Engine Fitter.

The Minister for Home Affairs was a Bank Clerk.

The Minister for Defense was a Carpenter.

The Attorney General was a Cook.

The Postmaster General was a Miner.

Weeping of the Snobs

Such a Cabinet would in any country shock the delicate sensibilities of perfect ladies and gentlemen, but in Australia the best citizenship wanted to lie down and die of shame. You cannot understand this unless you understand Australia. There is in that otherwise fortunate country an imposing array of persons whose very life and being consists of their social eminence and their intimacy (real or fancied) with the aristocracy of England. They are more English than the English themselves and seem to find a child-like joy in the fact that the land in which they were born is detestable to them and their true "home" is England. The whole English-speaking tribe under whatsoever sky it may exist is rotten with snobbery, but of all its snobs its Australian snobs are the worst, not even barring those of Fifth Avenue. This last will seem to my compatriots an extravagant statement, but I am prepared to defend it.

All this element writhed and wept in April, 1910, when the returns from the Federal election showed that the low, common working fellows had carried the day; and again when the engineer, hatter, carpenter and cook seized the reins of government. The same poor souls are writhing still. They will continue to writhe so long as the affliction shall continue. Some have already left the country; many others would leave if the terms of the remittances upon which they live would permit of travel. All are perfectly sure that the working fellows will ruin everything and the country is no longer fit for a gentleman to live in. With tears in their eyes they tell you so.

But strangely enough the working fellows, largely inexperienced and graduated from the work bench, have not ruined anything, but have in every instance managed the departments of government with

BY

Charles Edward Russell

far more skill and intelligence than was ever displayed by the perfect gentlemen formerly devoting their exceptional gifts to the task.

We may take for an example the postoffice department, which I suppose may be cited in any country as a fair average test of governmental efficiency. As it comes most closely to the greatest number of people it may also be regarded as first in practical everyday importance.

In the hands of the Wise and the Good, the governmental experts and the gentlemanly representatives of the Better Classes, the Australian postoffice department was one of the worst in the world.

You can send a letter from Manila, American territory, to London, British territory, about 13,000 miles, for 2 cents; but to send a letter 100 miles in Australia costs 4 cents. You can send a letter from Eastport, Maine, to Wellington, New Zealand, for 2 cents, but from Sydney, Australia, to San Francisco the postage is 5 cents.

Eight Hours for Postal Clerks

The country carried the profitless burden of heavy mail subsidies to steamship companies, but could not afford to bring its postoffice service up to date. This cut two ways. The subsidies went to fatten the steamship monopoly that holds both Australia and New Zealand in its deadly clutch and is one of the greatest, most vicious, most extortionate and most dangerous monopolies in the world; and at the same time it hampered the people in their trade and communication. Australia had grown much in twenty years, but its postal facilities had not developed. The buildings were often too small and so likewise were the staffs; and the means of handling the mails that were adequate when Sydney had 200,000 people were merely maddening when the city, grown to be an imperial metropolis, boasted 600,000 inhabitants.

Senator Thomas, the new Postmaster General, took up with a resolute spirit the difficult problem thus presented; for things had been so mismanaged by his gentlemanly predecessors that a very large sum of money was demanded at once to provide even a tolerable service and there was no large sum of money available. The Wise and the Good had attended to that. They always do. One of the miner's first official acts caused a wild howl across the country and showed the moral courage of the new administration. Mr. Thomas ordered the postoffices to be closed at six o'clock in the evening. For years the custom had been to keep them open until eight and nine o'clock. In the clamor that broke out the miner was accused of cheese-paring, and wishing to save a few dollars at the expense of public convenience. As a matter of fact he had broader and higher aims. A cabinet minister explained the matter thus:

Newspapers Lie Same as Here

"For years we have been preaching the gospel of the eight-hour day. In front of the Parliament House here in Melbourne you will see a handsome monument to the idea that eight hours are enough for any man to work. We mean just that. The business community must adjust itself to this condition. It can do its business in eight hours as easily as in twelve. We mean that the eight-hour day shall be for everybody—for the merchant, his clerk, his bookkeeper, his scrubwoman, and for the postoffice employe no less. Having this purpose it would be most inconsistent to keep the postoffices open fourteen hours a day. If the postoffices are open other businesses will have every excuse to remain open."

This, of course, is plain common sense, perfectly just and unassailable; but to this day I think an immense number of people in Australia are totally ignorant of the explanation.

This reminds me of a situation that should appeal strongly to us in America. Most of the Australian newspapers persistently refuse to tell of the truth about the Labor Administration, but cover it with ingenious lies. The worst trouble that confronts the new government arises from this source. The liars do their work well. I don't know any capitalist newspaper in America that can more ably

distort, color, misrepresent or suppress facts than the majority of the newspapers in Australia.

They are the prize artists, in their line.

From the beginning the Labor party has fought this sort of thing, a million times harder to fight than any open opposition. Since its growth has been steady in the face of this guerrilla warfare I can only suppose that it will not now be overthrown by it. But to be the government is a very different thing from being a parliamentary party trying to get the government. Every act of the Labor government is battered with the two most effective weapons of dishonest tactics—misrepresentation and ridicule. As the Labor party has but the beginnings of a press it is practically defenseless against such bush-whacking.

Cutting Off Subsidies

But about the postoffice department, the miner as soon as possible shut off the profitless subsidies. He had an idea that to get the mails carried the government was not really obliged to fatten the corporations already too fat. At this, of course, another howl went up; the miner was not conducting his department in the interest of business prosperity—business prosperity always denoting in the minds of these critics an abundance of safe loot for the looters. Nevertheless these subsidies went off and the saving thus effected is being applied to the rehabilitation of the department, long mismanaged by the Wise and the Good and the gentlemen of the Better Orders. New postoffices are being planned or built for the places that most need them and others are being enlarged.

Meantime the cutting off of the subsidies has not interfered with any useful mail service. It never does.

At the coming session of Parliament two-cent postage is to be established and a postal agreement made with the United States similar to that of New Zealand.

The postal service of Australia will not in one year nor three be brought to the condition it should be in; you cannot so easily and so quickly undo the blundering of the Wise and the Good. But one may safely say that the miner has done more in one year to improve the service than had been done by his highly talented predecessors in ten years.

Telephone Management

His is a hard job. In Australia the postoffice department includes the telegraph and telephones, and while the telephone service is very cheap it has not been good. Moreover its defects have been of the kind that rear the largest crop of bitter complaints from the public. A man would much rather have a pert operator at central than yell his head off trying to get the connection he wants. The Wise and Good had kept down the staff of operators to such an extent that each had a preposterous number of subscribers to answer and it was a physical impossibility for her to serve them properly. At least, this was the case in the larger cities; perhaps the rural regions fared better.

The charges for this bad service have also been fussed up. At one time the toll was \$45 a year for each instrument, service unlimited. This had a great disadvantage because a residence having two calls a day paid as much as a business house having two hundred. The charges have since been \$25 a year and 2 cents a call, after the Swiss manner, and now they are \$20 a year and a charge for each call in excess of a certain number. To judge from the comments none of these arrangements has been satisfactory; but I suppose that no system of telephone charges ever will be satisfactory. I have even heard Americans complain about \$150 a year rental and 10 cents for each call, and when Americans complain about anything conditions must be bad indeed, as you well know.

The Treasury department is under the control of Andrew Fisher, the prime minister. He was formerly a stationary engineer, a fact he seems prone to forget. The experts used to mishandle the finances of the Commonwealth, with other things, but even the severest critics of the Labor administration admit that the engineers, hatters and carpenters have done better.

It is of record that a former Minister of the Treasury in the days of Better Class rule actually believed that all the deposits in a bank were of cash and the total represented the amount of yellow gold on hand. The engineer makes no such error.

One of his achievements has been the highly suc-

successful floating of a \$45,000,000 note issue by the Commonwealth. Most of these notes have been borrowed by the states for use in public improvements, which because of the rapid growth of the country are everywhere badly needed.

Knocking Out Money Lenders

This knocks out the European money lenders, who once used to gather pleasant profits from the necessities of the Australian states. Naturally the money lenders, whose grip is upon everything, from wool to newspapers, make the welkin ring with protest and prophecy. But neither seems of much avail. The country continues to prosper and defy the prophetess of evil, who is probably after all only a harlot. It was the idea of the working fellows that Australia had enough resources (being one of the richest countries in the world) to finance her needs without paying tribute to the Rothschilds. It was a novel, and as you can easily perceive, a revolutionary thought. In the view of the wise gentlemen and exponents of the Better Classes, nothing could be done at any time without paying the Rothschilds or their kind. This idea seems to possess rulers of the Better Class everywhere, but I don't know exactly why. Certainly not because of its merits. It is nice for the Rothschilds, but where does the country come in?

Anyway, the common working fellows of Australia are showing that it is unnecessary and foolish.

Slashing Red Tape

To indicate how capable are the executives taken from the lower orders, I may instance the case of the Minister for Home Affairs, who was formerly a bank clerk.

In the course of my experience in Washington and elsewhere I have known many cabinet officers and other government chiefs, but I have seldom known one that was not shackled hand and foot to some bureau chief. The Secretary never knew anything on his own account. If he were asked for any information he would push a button on his desk and some animated human machinery would dance in to whom the question would be referred and from whom in the course of time there would probably be evolved some form of answer.

The human machinery was attached to the office and went on, no matter who might be secretary. The Secretary was not attached to anything but his private affairs and in three or four years would be back at his law office in Kalamazoo. He sat at his desk in grandeur and glory, but of the details of his department he knew less than a pickled clam. If he ever desired to learn anything there was the row of electric buttons on his desk. He pushed one, somebody came, made a note of his query and in three or four weeks might return with something or else forget it if the weather were hot.

The bank clerk wrenched all this apart, to the infinite horror of bureaucrats. He designed a set of books, each representing a sub-department under his control and each presenting a condensed digest or abstract of the work in that branch. These he kept in a little case at his left hand as he sat at his desk. When perfected, by his system he found that he was independent of all the bureau chiefs in the world. He knew all that they knew. When a question came from any source about anything in his department he left off button punching, laid hand upon the proper digest and answered it himself in one minute.

Facts Instead of Flunkies

For instance, Federal Public Works are included in the Home Affairs department. The indexed digest for Public Works shows at a glance the exact state of affairs about every separate new building the government is undertaking, when the contract was let and to whom, the price, the progress at intervals, the probable date of completion. If anybody wants to know how the new postoffice at Booloomahoo is getting on the bank clerk, without leaving his desk, opens his digest, and finds that the contract was let on September 3, 1910, for \$12,000; on October 1, the foundation was all in; October 19, the walls were up to the first story; November 1, the outer structure was completed, and November 7, the prospect was that the building would be ready for occupancy on January 3.

Every other sub-department is covered with similar completeness, among the records being one that shows the exact history of every requisition made on the Treasury, the amount, purpose and the time and trouble required to procure the cash, a record that promises to reduce red tape to a minimum.

Among the works that will be undertaken by this department is the building of the great Transcontinental Railroad across the interior desert of Australia. It will be a great and momentous undertaking, for it will bring Australia nearer to Europe and open vast areas now unproductive. The Minister's digest reveals from day to day a perfect record of the progress of this work and gauge of efficiency that I should think invaluable to any executive that really wanted to manage his depart-

ment and not be managed by it. One may well believe that an innovation so radical was not introduced without a fierce struggle. All about the world officialdom is organized to preserve things as they are and bar out improvements. The way a thing has been done in the past is exactly the way it must be done in the future, or all the little fussinesses will be thrown off their gears. As a rule a Cabinet officer is quite content to let them have their way and thereby to dwell in peace. The low, common working fellows of this administration have not been so minded.

Efficiency in Murder

The Minister for Defense is Senator George F. Pearce, the carpenter, one of the ablest men in the Labor party. For myself, I don't think much of any scheme of defending any country by force, because it seems unnecessary. To my mind the best method of defeating a country is to declare once for all that it will have nothing to do with war or the preparations for war, but will rest its security entirely upon its own good conduct and the goodwill of mankind, and then disband the army and navy. I should judge that to be an infinitely stronger defense than all the Dreadnaughts, forts, fleets, torpedoes, mines, submarines, armor plates (blow-hole or otherwise), air ships, manoeuvres, war-lords, disappearing batteries, big guns, generals, admirals, war colleges, and essays on tactics that now cumber the earth. I should think a nation on that line of defense would be absolutely safe and on any other would live in constant danger even if she had one million war-lords instead of one.

But if we are to continue to pursue the old plan of preserving peace by preparing to kill one another, I suppose some merit to lie in doing it efficiently, diligently and intelligently; and in these respects the carpenter's work in the Australian Labor movement has wrung even from the party's enemies the highest form of praise.

"And there's Pearce, for Defense," wailed the Backstairs society element, when the Cabinet was announced. "A mere carpenter—what does he know about war? He'll make a mess of everything, and we shall have the Japanese down here in three months and then where shall we be?"

But the carpenter has made a mess of nothing. In twelve months the country has been put into a state of defense far better than had before been thought possible and incomparably better than any of the Gifted had ever achieved or planned. I am sorry that Senator Pearce is employed upon such work because his diligence and capacity could be better used, but I am obliged to admit that viewed merely as examples of executive skill the results have been admirable.

Citizen Soldiers

Following the general scheme adopted by the party in Parliament the whole plan of defense has been reorganized from the foundations. In previous administrations by the Gifted Ones the general idea had been that the country should be defended by a militia composed of some of our Best Young Men elegantly attired for Social Functions and then some low common persons for actual work. The Labor government rudely dispelled this pleasing notion. It adopted bodily the Swiss plan of a citizen soldiery. Every man in the Commonwealth, rich or poor, is included on the same footing in the army. But instead of being conscripted at a certain age and obliged to spend three years in a caserna, as in other countries, the citizen soldier of Switzerland has every year three weeks of drill and training in camp. This system has provided for Switzerland what experts declare to be (for its size) the best army in Europe. The Labor party has adopted it for Australia and is now vigorously putting it into operation.

The rest of the military programme includes a military college, the building of many armories, a complete system of fortifications, an Australian navy, arsenals and arms factories, the entire revision of the staff of officers, and some other things. I believe all of this to be wasted effort, and worse, but if you like this sort of thing you can see it at its best here. I suppose it is necessary if the Labor party is to play with success the parliamentary game; if it is to win victories at the polls, and put persons into office. Why it should think any of these things is worth striving for I do not know, but it does, and the war flub-dub is part of the game. If the government were to allow the blessed defenses to run down the enemies of the party would use the fact in the campaigns and the party might lose some seats in the next election and that would be awful. Therefore, we play the game.

Australia dwells in perennial terror of a foreign foe. No country in the world is probably in less danger, but the ghost of fantastic fear stalks forever before the Australian mind. First it is Germany, then it is Japan that is of a sudden to swoop down upon it and put everybody to death. Every time a brown man appears in George Street, Syd-

ney, the press has hysterics over the presence of terrible Japanese spies; and whenever a strange ship appears in the offing a part of the community wants to man the guns. This is no exaggeration, though to any person not familiar with Australia it will seem so. Six or seven years ago the North German Lloyd built a new wharf at Simpsonhafen (now Rabaul), in the island of New Britain, or Neu Pommern, which is German territory. It was a simple little wharf for commercial purposes, but the dreamy Australian press beheld in it vast fortifications with great guns trained upon the Australian shores, about twelve hundred miles away. What is still more wonderful, the press succeeded in making a great part of the public believe this fevered dream. On other subjects Australians are not easily gulled; on this anybody can play horse with them.

Foes Without and Within

It will be seen that the charge of neglecting the national defense could easily be made a powerful weapon against any party in power. Therefore, the Labor party is playing the game skilfully to obviate any such charge. It doesn't want aimed against it any more powerful weapons than need be. I don't know that you can blame it; if you play the game you must play it and these are the rules.

But what puzzles me is that while you can at any time arouse universal attention in Australia by sounding the alarm concerning foes from without you can never get any enduring or widespread interest in the foes within.

Probably neither Germany nor Japan has the remotest intention of capturing Australia. But all the time there are at work other forces that will inevitably destroy it unless they are stopped.

The slums of Sydney are some of the worst in the world. In spite of the incalculable riches of the country, poverty is common and is steadily increasing. Great corporations, trusts and financial institutions daily become more powerful, more reckless and more menacing. As elsewhere in the world the operation of the social system is to draw the national wealth into the hands of a few leaving the many impoverished. As elsewhere in the world the toilers here are creating wealth for idlers and parasites to possess.

I should think these facts far more important to Australia than all the Japanese and German fleets together.

Walter Crane, R. A.



An active Socialist of more than thirty years' standing, a member of the Royal Academy of artists, a founder of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, Walter Crane has long been one of the most prominent figures of English public life. An associate and fellow worker with William Morris, he has sought always to bring art into the life



Walter Crane in His Studio

of the people and to work for a society where art should not be the privilege of the few. One of the foremost of living artists, the COMING NATION counts itself particularly fortunate in having already been able to put before its readers two cartoons drawn by him especially for this publication, with the promise of more in the future.

The Socialist demand for a more equitable and popular distribution of economic goods can be realized by a democracy only, by a government of the people who do not tolerate the rule of a clique which, under the pretense of intellectual superiority, seeks to appropriate the lion's share of the social wealth.—Joseph Dietzgen, in *Philosophical Essays*.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

V.

Coming down from Albany one time I rode with a bright-looking young fellow, a mechanic getting fairly good wages (for a mechanic), ambitious, progressive, and all that. I selected him for that as I walked through the car. I don't choose Uncle Billy Hardheads for seat-mates as a rule. He was from up state, I forget now where, but was then living in Brooklyn in a flat, he and his wife. They hadn't been married long.

The conversation got around to—but there! I don't need to tell you what it got around to. Let me alone for that. I'll see to it where it gets around to in a very short time. I guess you know that, too.

Well, he thought The Big Change wasn't necessary or even advisable. It would do away with "thrift and economy." Thrift and economy looked pretty good to him. I told you that he was from a little town up state, didn't I? that he was young and recently married. Oh, sure enough; so I did. You would have guessed it, anyhow, from his setting such a store by "economy and thrift" as the ladder whereby the workingman may clamber out of hell. It listens good, that thrift and economy business, but you have figured out how it works out in practice, haven't you?

Say you get so much a week. You could spend every cent of it and not do anything very devilish at that. You could rig out the old lady (age 24) not scrumptious, you understand, not so's she'd knock the eye out of everybody that passed her by (though that wouldn't be any too good for her) but just nice, you understand, so that when she went out with you any place she would not, as she says, "fairly crawl" under the eyes of scornful women-folks. You know what they say to each other: "Well, for the love of Mike, will you look at that! 'Made it herself?' Of course, she made it herself." Can't you see by the way it hikes up in the back she made it herself? Didn't even have a Betsy. And the material—oh, about 37 cents a yard, I reckon. My land! I wouldn't wear a dud like that to a dog-fight."

You could, once in awhile, get yourself a decent suit of clothes, made to order, out of cloth that, at least, had some wool in it, and even if it did get rained on a few times, would keep its shape and not look as if you were clothed with a mop-rag.

You couldn't live in the sort of apartment you'd like to, one with an artistic, neat entrance, a hall with a tessellated pavement, elevator, steam heat, hot water all hours of the day and all days of the year, electric light, telephone, quarter-in-the-slot gas range, refrigerator connected with the freezing plant in the basement of the house, all light rooms and so forth, but you could have a nice little flat in a street where they take up the garbage once in a while, instead of the cans overflowing for the children to play with, a flat where the front door is kept locked, where you aren't bothered with the noise from "mixed-ale parties," a flat decorated so that it doesn't give you cramps in the stomach to look at the wall-paper.

You wouldn't expect to eat guinea-fowl at \$2 a throw, or artichokes *a la Russe* or strawberries in December, but you could have a thick beef-steak once in a while, and "strictly" eggs, bottled milk, and really good coffee. Nothing extravagant, understand, but just plain, good, nourishing food.

And once in about so often, you and she would take in a good show. Or maybe, if she didn't mind climbing eight flights of stairs to the top gallery of the Metropolitan, or could endure to stand up all evening, sitting on the floor between the acts, downstairs back of the parquet rail—maybe, I say, you two could hear the greatest singers of the world. Of course, you couldn't hear them in even moderate physical comfort but you could hear them one time in a season.

And that would about use up that "so much a week" that we spoke of. All that would be left of it, even if it were pretty good wages, you could put in your eye.

Now, when you "practise economy and thrift" your wife prowls around the butcher-shops and

meat-markets and picks and paws among the scraps to find the cheapest pieces that do not actually stink. And the coffee she buys is the 15-cent kind, doubtfully coffee at all, for it is made of the refuse of the coffee, little wizened, undeveloped grains, punk, half-decayed, of the flavor of rotten wood, mixed with ground-up chicory and burnt crusts. And she makes it weak and thin, so's it'll last out, and you put in condensed milk instead of cream because cream is dear, or else "loose milk," which is, very often, much cleaner than sewage. The butter—Well, we'll not go into that. The eggs—We'll not go in that, either. Respect the aged. The bread is white as paper, and as tasty and nutritious. The jams and jellies are these gawms the grocer digs out of an open pail, sticky confections of glue and glucose, crimson with aniline, seeded with hay-seed, and flavored with artificially made essences, and the stewed-up cores and rotten spots of apples.

To make a long story short, you live as cheap and nasty as you can stand it. You don't go to any place of amusement that will cost you a cent. You don't buy any books or magazines, only one of Hearst's papers. All you do is work and save and sleep and try to plug the cavity in your stomachs. You put your money in the savings-bank, and your chiefest joy is to foot up the figures in the bank-book over and over again, loving the figures on the left-hand page, hating the figures on the right-hand page. And, by-and-by, what you have robbed from your body and your mind to put into figures under the heading Cash Dr. amounts to \$100! Think of that? A whole hundred dollars! Hooray! Hooray!

And then the next thing is to get it up to \$200. And when that herculean task is accomplished you look away over yonder into the dim future where it will be up to \$1,000. Once attain that dizzy height, the future is all yours. After you get to

have a thousand dollars, the rest is all plain sailing. (Uh-huh. Yes, it is!)

But, for any sakes, don't either of you dare to get sick. Doctors' bills and that hateful right-hand page of your pass-book are old cronies, and pull together. Doctors' bills do to the left-hand page what a lighted match does to gasoline. Better not call the doctor; if you feel under the weather just let it "wear itself out."

And don't lose your job. Keep on the good side of the boss at all hazards. Work overtime, work fast, so's if anybody's let go, it won't be you. And don't give up your independence by joining the union. It costs dues to join the union, and furthermore the boss doesn't like it. He sacks the hands that join the union, and what happens to Cash Dr. then? Let the other fellows strike and boost wages if they can. You stay out of it and nurse that job. If they win, you win, too; if they lose, you aren't out anything. Hang on to that job. You've got a bank-account to look after.

And—this is a rather delicate matter but it's pretty important—if I were you, I'd keep the family the size it is. I know, it's nice to have children about you. They're the dearest little things! But that's just it. They're "dear." They're very expensive. Always wanting something, and it's hard to explain to them Cash Dr. and Cash Cr. If they fall sick, it takes your mind off your work, and if one of them dies, you've got to take a day off to go to the funeral, and the boss doesn't like it. You not only risk your job, but your pay is docked. Take it from me, you'd better postpone children till you're a little better fixed financially.

So I said to this young fellow what thought that "thrift and economy" were more to be desired than the Big Change—What? A'ready? At the end of my space so soon?

Well, I'll have to let that go over till next week.

The Punctured Bubble

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

THE new bookkeeper passed through the shop. As soon as Lizzie set eyes on him she was his—so far as she was concerned. He was Lizzie's ideal of a man—tall, handsome and well-dressed. Her little heart palpitated as her eyes followed him around. "Ain't he the grand man, though?" said she to herself. "Gee, but he's there all right."

And from then on her thoughts were for that bookkeeper alone. And the more she thought of him, the more she learned to love him. "That's the kind of a man to have love you," said she, half aloud.

There was nothing slow about Lizzie; she decided to watch her chance and grab him.

At lunch-time Jim, the shipper, approached her and said:

"Lizzie, I want to talk to you."

"Go ahead," replied Lizzie.

"You know," said he, "I'm a little daffy over you."

"Yes?"

"You bet. Now I know you'll like me because I'm a good fellow an' me job's steady with eighteen per thrown in. So let's run down and get married," said Jim in a matter-of-fact manner.

That didn't satisfy Lizzie in the least. She liked Jim, but didn't like the way he proposed. It was too straight. "The bookkeeper'd never do it that way," thought she. "He'd take me to the park an' there 'mong the trees an' the lilacs an' the birds he'd grab my hand an' kiss it an' then whisper it to me. He'd never ask a girl in a shop at lunch time."

So, Lizzie politely evaded a positive answer.

"Oh, as you say," said Jim, throwing away his

cigarette butt. "I'll let you think it over. Tell me what your answer is tomorrow."

When quitting time arrived, Lizzie started to leave. Half way down the stairs, she turned. There, lo, and behold, she saw the bookkeeper. Again did her heart go pitty-pat. "Gosh, but he's swell," Lizzie murmured in admiration.

She continued walking. When Lizzie reached the street, she was in a maze. Her mind was completely turned; and that, doubtless, accounts for her walking blindly in front of a passing trolley car. She felt a bump somewhere and then someone grabbed her. That was all she remembered.

When she "came to," she learned that the bookkeeper had saved her life; but he had been severely cut on the head in effecting her rescue.

Lizzie hurried over to him. She looked up into his blue eyes and sighed. Oh, at last! At last! He had saved her life! How romantic!

"Oh, sir," said she tremulously, "how can I thank you? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, little girl," replied the injured bookkeeper. "Run up to the phone and tell my wife that I'm hurt, but not seriously. The number's Madison 3642."

Lizzie blushed a deep crimson, trembled perceptibly and slowly walked away.

Her bubble was punctured.

Next noon-day Lizzie managed to sit right next to the shipper as she munched her lunch.

"Jim," said she, "I—"

"So, you thought it over, eh?" asked Jim.

"I—"

"Well, I'm glad you've come to your senses."

"But I—"

"Yes, we'll knock off work an' go around for the license." And she did.

J. P. Morgan's Vaudeville Act

By Hyman Strunsky

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, the greatest actor alive, the man who impersonates with unsurpassed skill the respectable, well-meaning, loyal, devoted, benevolent, philanthropic, art-loving, panic-preventing, country-saving citizen, figured conspicuously in a little vaudeville sketch which was produced several days ago behind the scenes of the great theatrical world.

John was the leading man and the minor parts were distributed among George S. Baker, president of the National City Bank; Thomas F. Lamont, junior partner in the Morgan firm; Peter Cunningham, president of The Safe Deposit Company; Dave Harvey, famous Wall street promoter; Harry Mountford, head of the White Rats organization, and others. The curtain fell on the star striking a heroic attitude of loyalty and devotion to his class.

The White Rats, the union of the vaudeville actors, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, is constantly fighting with the United Booking Offices, the association of producers, for higher wages, better conditions, recognition of the union and other things. Employers and employes are both strong, insistent, ambitious and defiant and the fighting is strenuous, of frequent occurrence and of long duration. They are conducted on the lines of "civilized warfare," with injunctions and similar weapons used effectively against the union.

Finally, the union conceived a plan of defeating its antagonist. It was going to establish a circuit of its own, build theaters in the principal cities of the country and run a rival business to the United Booking Offices. This would result in additional vacancies, give employment to the idle, create a demand for good men with inevitable rise in wages and general uplift of the profession.

The plan was good and there was just one thing needed—financial backing. Walter J. Kingsley, as-

sociated with Harris & Lasky in running the *Follies Bergeres*, managed this end of the game. When he was approached he had the following to say:

"I got Dave Harvey, the noted Wall street promoter, interested in the plan and together we arranged the matter in a very satisfactory way. It just happened that a certain official of the National City Bank had advanced several thousand dollars to a vaudeville house in Harlem on a half interest in the business. This investment brought a hundred and fifty per cent dividend and the banker was greatly pleased. He boasted of his good luck to his associates and they lifted their heads and looked about."

If there is anything that will tempt a banker it is a good investment and the delicious flavor of the hundred and fifty per cent return smelled good to the financial nostrils. With lowered heads they followed the scent and trailed it to the White Rats' plan of establishing circuits throughout the country. Here they paused.

Says Mr. Kingsley:

"The bankers jumped at the proposition after what they had learned of the business. Mr. Harvey and I got George S. Baker, of the National City Bank; Thomas F. Lamont, of the Morgan firm; Peter Cunningham, president of the Safe Deposit company, interested; we brought them together with the officers of the union and all was arranged. The papers were drawn and a cash deposit of \$100,000 was put up, pending the endorsement of the plan by J. P. Morgan, who was then in Egypt. In reply he sent back a cable which read "Emphatically no. We cannot make any deal with organized labor!"

No banker will act against the will of The King

of Finance, so the money was withdrawn and the plan abandoned.

Morgan is class conscious. It did not matter how much there was in it, how big the dividend, how great the profit. To have supported the proposition would mean to help workers fight capitalists, and you can't get him to scab on his own class. He refuses to make "any deal with organized labor." Not only is the White Rats a union, but it is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and to have supported it would mean an endorsement and would materially add to its strength. John Pierpont Morgan knows the value of class solidarity. Bankers are bankers and workers are workers—whether they build houses, dig coal or perform on the stage—and the two must be kept apart. Of course, if the workers want to give up their union and allow the bankers to treat with them "individually" it is a different proposition. Then, perhaps. . . .

The office of the White Rats is careful not to divulge any information. Harry Mountford is away and his associates, when approached, said that it was against their policy to speak for publication. The reason they refuse to talk, it was explained, is because they still hope to execute their plan. But the United is smiling meaningly. The managers feel certain that John will not forsake his principles, and that no backing will be given to a proposition which he has turned down. So the fear of a rival circuit has disappeared and the sky has cleared for the producing managers and they see golden possibilities of getting the upper hand in the fight with their employes.

After all, the White Rats are only poor workingmen with nothing but a union card between them and subjugation. The card is a power, to be sure, but there are others who know its strength and appreciate its value. The King of Finance set the standard for class loyalty, John Pierpont Morgan once more rushed to the rescue of—his class.

The Fires of Revolution in California

By H. A. Crafts

STEADILY and strongly here on the east shore of the Bay of San Francisco the revolutionary movement is gaining momentum, promising in the near future to sweep into power throughout the entire county of Alameda. Ten branches of the Socialist party are now in full swing in the East bay cities. Branch Oakland, of course, is the big mother organization, with a membership in good standing of nearly 500.

The Oakland movement has always been a virile and militant one. Long and bitter it fought for the right of free speech upon its public streets, and more than one fighter has faced the prison bars in the cause of working class freedom.

The party has had, and still has, its press. Back in the '90s *The Socialist Voice* was started by J. C. Tuck. This militant sheet had a checkered and interesting career; published a daily even for a time, and then fell by the wayside.

But the Socialist movement never sleeps, and some three years ago the *Socialist Voice* was resurrected, placed upon its feet, and rechristened *The World*.

The World is very much alive today, and Comrade Tuck is its editor in chief, with a jail sentence hanging over his head for coming too near the truth in roasting the rotten police department that has so long disgraced the city.

During the recent Socialist city campaign, in which the Socialists rolled up a vote of more than 9,000 and gave the plutes the scare of their lives, special editions of *The World* numbering from 15,000 to 20,000 copies were printed and scattered broadcast throughout the city by volunteer workers from the ranks of the comrades.

The past year has been a strenuous one for Branch Oakland. It began with the opening of the state campaign, and that opening was in June, months earlier than the customary campaign of the old parties.

As the fight waxed warmer, the tide of party enthusiasm rose and swept the Branch out of its narrow and remote quarters down into the business section of the city, the new headquarters selected being the old Dietz Opera House.

It was an old ark of a thing, terribly out of repair, but with an immense amount of volunteer work the place was put into a habitable condition.

Then we had an auditorium with a seating capacity of nearly a thousand; a stage with drop curtains and scenery; rooms in front for offices, committee rooms, library reading room, besides a gallery and a number of lodging rooms on the third floor.

And here, very quickly, there developed a veritable bee-hive of Socialist propaganda. *The World* office was established with its editorial force and a weekly volunteer force of folders and mailers.

The library and literary bureau was set up in the lobby of the theater and soon attracted a never-ending throng of earnest seekers after the new light of Socialism.

The Karl Marx players were organized and the Socialist stage became one of the drawing cards of the new headquarters.

A galaxy of decidedly able histrionic talent was soon developed, and play after play was presented with unvarying success.

Then a bright idea occurred to Comrade W. G. Henry—he would dramatize one of Jack London's stories. He wrote to Jack about "Burning Daylight."

But the dramatic rights of that work had already been disposed of. How about "The Iron Heel"? All right; the comrade was welcome to make a play of it if he so desired.

"The Iron Heel" was dramatized, staged, and it scored an immediate success. First there were only two acts; then another was added, and still another, and it grew better every time.

The first presentation created a decided sensation. Loud was the call for another, and when that was given the Dietz opera house was not large enough to hold the crowd that clamored for admission. Hundreds were turned away. So a third performance was given in order to satisfy the demand for the new play.

How the political cauldron seethed and bubbled here in Oakland all during that memorable campaign of 1910! And it was the Socialist movement that loomed above and virtually overshadowed the efforts of the old party campaigners.

There was something doing all the time. Organized labor was aroused, and came flocking to the Socialist standard by the hundred. The membership of Branch Oakland nearly doubled within the space of three months.

An artist executed banners and transparencies without number, for display, not only within, but upon the outer walls of the headquarters and to be borne by the marching hosts of Socialism in the campaign parades.

Then we had our wagon and megaphone, which got busy on the slightest occasion, and announced with flaring signs and loud vociferations the eternal fact of the revolution in the highways and byways of the city; and this, too, beneath the jealous eye of a vigilant police department absolutely antagonistic to the movement.

Campaign rallies, both in hall and in open air, became the order of the day. Quite early in the campaign the Socialists of San Francisco and Oakland joined in a Labor Day picnic at Shell Mound Park where not less than ten thousand persons assembled. Three gubernatorial candidates were invited, namely, J. Stitt Wilson, Socialist; Hiram Johnson, republican, and Theodore Bell, democrat. Only two responded, Messrs. Wilson and Beil, Johnson pleading illness. Mayor P. H. McCarthy, the Union Labor leader of San Francisco, presided.

Theodore Bell spoke first and his sophomoric speech fell utterly flat. Then Wilson was introduced and a roar from thousands of throats drowned all other sounds.

Then came one of those well-known masterly efforts that was cheered to the echo!

And hardly a week elapsed after election day on November 8th before the ball was again set rolling for the Oakland municipal campaign which ushered in the commission form of government under the new charter.

That campaign being over we are now clearing the decks for the impending struggle of 1912.

While in the very lists of its fall campaign, the Oakland Socialists paused long enough to register a ringing protest against the granting of a fifty-year franchise to the Southern Pacific Company for the right of way through Seventh street, and the

BRITISH NATIONAL INSURANCE THROUGH SOCIALIST GLASSES

By Desmond Shaw

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)

SINCE my previous article upon the British Sickness and Unemployment Insurance Bill of Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is not difficult to see from the European press comments that this bill is one of international significance, which will probably initiate legislation upon similar lines not only in Britain and upon the Continent, but in the United States itself.

As I said, it marks a new epoch in the advance to Socialism.

In view of all this, it is absolutely essential that the scheme should be analyzed through Socialist glasses, so that its advantages and disadvantages may be determined from a Socialist standpoint, and its possibilities for good and evil foreshadowed.

Let us see if we cannot make the dry bones of statistics become living things.

The Disadvantages

In the forefront of the disadvantages lies the menace to Trade Unionism which may be—I do not say "is"—enmeshed in a bill.

I do not think it is generally understood, outside this country, what a large part is played by the provident sections of the Trade Unions of Britain. A great part of the activities of the Unions are more or less bound up with their provision of sickness and out-of-work insurance, and a large number of recruits to the existing unions comes in primarily because of the benefit sections, and are ultimately enrolled in the militant and protective side of Trade Union work, which must bring them finally into the Socialist movement itself.

Before a Trade Union, under the existing scheme, can be utilized for the distribution of benefits, it has to satisfy the Government both by the giving of the necessary security and by convincing it that its machinery of distribution is properly adapted for the purpose. If the Government feel that way inclined, they may demand prohibitive conditions.

But it is especially against the smaller Trade Unions that the Bill presses harshly. Their membership may not reach the minimum of 10,000 set down in the bill, they may be unable to give the security required, and even if they comply with the necessary regulations they will have to reorganize the whole of their distributive machinery.

Now supposing a Trade Union decides for any one or all of the above objections that it will remain outside the scheme, it will have to drop its Insurance against Sickness, with the result that the average trade unionist may transfer his membership to one of the ordinary Friendly Societies utilized by the scheme, for Trade Unionism, *plus* benefits, may be sufficiently attractive to the fainthearts, while without benefits they may refuse to face the financial responsibilities of unionism. Then many members of Unions may resign and take advantage of the Postoffice system, which is provided "for the benefit of those persons who fail or neglect to join a society, or are rejected."

A Shrewd Thrust

Another shrewd thrust at the Trade Union giant, whether premeditated or not, is the fact that under the out-of-work benefit section, no man who is on strike or lock-out will receive any contribution from that section. Although it may be urged that the Government could not, of course, subsidize the men against the employers, the fact remains that the funds of the Trade Unions will be eaten into by arrears of contributions when strikes and lock-outs are in progress. As a result, out-of-work benefits will be sacrificed by those who are out for more than the statutory average of thirteen weeks in the year.

It is essential that a clause should be inserted

not only to protect the smaller Unions and to prevent the ordinary Friendly Societies from depleting the Trade Union ranks, but it must be one to the effect that under no circumstances should failure to pay as the result of a trade dispute be penalized.

There is a clause in the bill which provides that non-payment due to sickness is to be disregarded, and another by which in the uninsured or "voluntary" trades (the scheme includes both compulsory and voluntary insurance) the employers' and employees' fees may be remitted altogether in bad trade depressions—and if this can be done, I claim that it is possible to insert safeguarding clauses of the nature indicated above.

Next in the list of serious disadvantages comes the menace to the wage standard. It is useless to close one's eyes to the fact that in the opinion of prominent employers all over the country the result of the bill will be either a lowering of wages to the workman or an increase of prices to the consumer. This is stated emphatically by representative men like the head of the Leeds Steel Works, Alderman Hunter of Swan, Hunter, Ltd., the builders of the "Mauretania," and others. Nor is it any satisfaction to remember that while the raising of wages is a difficult process, their depression is a matter of little difficulty.

It is true, as I pointed out in my previous article, that the unemployed will no longer be taken out of the category of the consumer, and this will have a steadying effect, but it may very easily happen that a homogeneous attempt to lower wages all round may be made by the employers' combines.

Of course, no clause can guard against this. It is on the knees of the gods.

Of less importance is the fact that the sickness insurance will considerably reduce the cost to the employing class of that pauperism which is due to sickness under capitalism. This is roughly one-third of all the pauperism of this country. The total cost of pauperism in Britain is, roughly, £17,000,000, a figure which under the National Insurance scheme, will be reduced by £5,000,000. Of this five millions sterling the working classes will be forced to contribute £2,000,000, saving the pockets of the masters to the tune of £3,000,000.

All that is very galling, and nothing short of a non-contributory scheme, so far as the workmen are concerned, could solve it. But the tendency of legislation, under the spur of Socialism, will probably be to gradually transfer this burden from the backs of the employees to those of the employers.

The Nigger in the Wood Pile

But it is useless in this World of Paradox to look for any scheme which has not some disadvantages—"there is always a nigger in the wood-pile."

A much more serious matter is the deliberate omission of any provision for widows and orphans, which was promised by various members of the cabinet in their speeches at the last election. In fact, Winston Churchill stated definitely that the Government was pledged to make provision for widows and orphans "to an extent and degree which had never yet been dreamed of as practical in the history of this country."

What really happened was, that the Directors of the giant spiders that fatten upon the people, known as the Insurance Companies, decided to sink all party differences with a view to prevent their bloated profits from being eaten into by the State as foreshadowed in these speeches. Using all the pressure of which they were capable, they forced Lloyd George to climb down, with the result that the widows and orphans have been left out.

The Government must be compelled by the forces of progress to reinsert the necessary provision.

Woman is penalized in this bill, as she always is penalized and always will be penalized until she has a voice in the Government of the country. It is abominable that while a total contribution of 9d by the man entitles him to a weekly benefit of 10s, a contribution of 8d by the woman only entitles her to 7s 6d instead of 9s, as it should do. There is no possible defense for this deliberate attempt to exploit that section of the working community which is more or less voiceless. It will have to be reme-

died and equal contributions for equal returns substituted. If anything, women would be asked to contribute proportionately a lower sum than men in view of the fact that they do the same work for less pay.

There are other minor menaces to which one might refer, such as the danger of making sick insurance a substitute for workmen's compensation, the subsidizing under the bill of employers' clubs, which are so frequently run in opposition to the local Trade Union branches, etc., etc., but enough has been written to show the more obvious dangers. Behind and above these, however, there are always maturing other dangers, which cannot be foreseen, and which only show themselves when the scheme is being worked out. National Insurance schemes are like aeroplanes—they may carry you sky-high and in safety—or they may let you down with a run. Time alone can tell.

The Advantages

Now to come to the more pleasing recital of the advantages of the scheme.

It is impossible with all the prejudice in life to contemplate unmoved a national scheme which at one fell swoop is going to introduce the principle of State action and State interference into the sacred precincts of unemployment and illness—a scheme which will affect the destinies of nearly twenty millions of human beings.

Here you have a bill which *compels* the employing classes as well as their employees to contribute to the principle of State action. That alone is educational and inspiring. The payment is as compulsory as those of the gates and taxes. Nobody is permitted to escape.

Then you have that great branch of preventive activities of the nation—the medical men—pressed into the national service, instead of cutting one another's throats in slum and salon. Once these gentlemen of the scalpel and medicine bottle are initiated by the force of circumstances into the possibilities of human development under collectivism, there will be no turning back for them, and we shall have one of the most enlightened branches of the community "on the side of the angels." Today, unfortunately, it is the struggling doctor who, in his blindness, is crying out against this scheme of sickness insurance, and who is forming himself into Doctors' Trade Unions, for protection! Presumably upon the principle of giving the drunkard "the tail of the dog that bit him." Collectivism versus collectivism!

Then, in this connection, medical attendance *for life* is assured, with 1s 3d a head annually for a sanatorium fund throughout life.

This "life" principle alone is worth all the money and all the trouble. Once you drive it into the national headpiece that the nation is responsible for each unit which goes to its making, for a lifetime, and you have pressed in the thin edge of the communistic wedge good and hard.

Then the principle of interfering directly with the profit-mongers is embodied in the clause which provides that wherever a Trade Union can prove that the sickness of its members is due to the nature of their employment or the conditions governing it, they have the right to demand an inquiry into the conditions of the trade, shop, or factory. The employer can be compelled to make good the extra expenses incurred by the societies through such sickness.

Not Sacrosanct

In that clause you have the beginning of the end of private property regarded as a sacrosanct institution. Just look for a moment at the tremendous possibilities it opens up. It means that all "dangerous" trades will ultimately be rendered impossible, it uncovers all those underground methods by which the average employer seeks to escape the Factory Acts, and it gives a new lease of life to Trade Unionism.

In a word, the whole bill is simply honeycombed with channels, which, if judiciously used, will enable the Socialist to get through, and at those fastnesses of capitalism which have hitherto proved impregnable. Whatever may have been the idea behind the bill, whether to maim or to kill Trade Unionism or merely to capture the constituencies—matters nothing—the outstanding fact is that the Capitalist Frankenstein has called into being a monster whose efforts and objective it will find itself unable to control.

THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

Continued from last week



ES' 'boot five minutes ago, Mars Cal—mebby less'n dat." Cal turned to Florida. "Shall we walk back?" he asked. "We might as well," said she, and then she laughed to Sally: "I hear you're thinkin' of a weddin'." The black face flashed

her a broad, ivory grin.

"I dunno, Miss Flor'da," giggled Sally. "Dat dere Billy Turner o' yo's is certainly gettin' mighty propinquitous-like 'round here."

They started away and, calling to the dog to follow, began to walk back to the Pickens house in the hope of overtaking Jane.

"I hope she does marry Billy," said Florida. "She is a good girl an' Billy is a steady boy."

"He used to be," amended Cal. "Nobody can tell how he'll turn out now that he's makin' all this money diggin' ditches fo' that Luke Sanbo'n."

The imp of anger tugged at Florida's sleeve. She took up the cudgels for Sanborn, for the railway, for the new methods and the new time. She was in a sudden mood, in a natural reaction, where she would have espoused any cause which she knew Cal to be an instinctive opponent. Her own training made her at one with him in his less extreme views, and her own logic reconciled her to this allegiance; but the temptation to bully this giant was always strong within her, and though there were long periods in which she did not yield to it, there were others when she found it wholly irresistible. Now, as if she dimly realized how close she had just been to acknowledging the power of his physical claim over her—as if, too, she unconsciously, but sharply, resented his exercise of that charm—she flew, for retaliation, to attacking the first prejudices that he chanced to display.

He protested. He debated. He quoted her former against her present self. He sawed the air with those awkward gestures of a giant to which Luke Sanborn had made a scornful reference. He sent forth the call of the blood, the plea of the race. But Florida continued to banter and bait him for the satisfaction of her own wounded vanity.

Their way lay along a zig-zag path through meadow land, thick with the coarse, salty grasses that grow in low ground by the sea. A quiet breeze from the neighboring ocean fanned their flushed faces and gently ruffled the live-oaks and palmettos that bordered the fields, and, in the distant west, across from the eastern horizon where hung the low first evening stars, there trailed the last edges of the royal robe of crimson that had been worn by the departed sun.

"I tell you, Cal," she at last mocked him, "we're all behind the times down here, an' we might about as well admit it. I am an' you are—jes' like the rest of us."

His broad chest was heaving with the pain of her taunting arrows.

"Yo' don' like us, do you?" he asked.

She looked up at him. He could not see her eyes and so he missed the golden light of a quick tenderness that shot through their brown depths; and her words belied her glance.

"I'm tired o' standin' in one place all my life," she said.

He stooped to pull, viciously, from its roots a bit of weed. His fingers jerked at it as if only to be busy with some sort of destruction. His monotone, however, was as tender as he could make it.

"Then," he said, "I reckon I haven't a chance, have I, Flor'da?"

This time she would hear him.

"A chance at what?" she asked.

"At you. Oh"—his head turned abruptly toward her—"yo' know what I mean, Flor'da—yo' know well enough! How often do you want for me to

tell yo' that I love yo'? How often do you want for me to say it? I'm burnin' up inside for yo', Flor'da—burnin', burnin' all the time!"

He flung away the grass, and, though they walked forward, without slackening their pace, toward where the path crossed a little creek close to the Pickens ground, his speech ran on uninterrupted.

"I can't keep it up fo'ever, Flor'da—indeed, I can't. Won' yo' believe me? Won' yo' trust me serious like? Flor'da, I—I love you so!"

A glow of triumph that she was half mortified by, overspread her whole body. This was not his former, not his usual, mode of attack. She felt that she had conquered him; the giant was humbled. She was rather sorry for Cal, and rather tender.

Yet, even as she felt this, she felt something else.



[The Man Made a Sudden Gesture

Under it all, but slowly rising above it all, there was the answer to his inherent sorcery, the response to the lure of his strength—a lure that remained potent even when the man himself was prostrate. Her heart bounded with pride, then ached with pity, and at last trembled with something that was not far removed from fear.

"Cal"—she began, and then stopped.

He had come to a stand and faced her, his powerful arms outstretched.

"I love yo'!" he repeated. "Tell me I got some chance, Flor'da!"

The arms fascinated her.

"I—I don' know," she stammered. "Perhaps—" "Flor'da!"

His cry was exulting. It scared her, it half awakened her.

"I tell you, Cal," she said, "I'm not sure—indeed I'm not. All the other times I've told you 'No'; now I tell you the truth. All the other times I jes' put it right out o' my mind; now I won' do that. I—jes' give me a week to think about it, Cal. One week from today I'll tell you true."

All the appeal went out of Cal's voice.

"Ve'y well," he said; "nex' Saturday evenin', then"—and they faced again toward the trees along the stream.

As they did so, Teddy, who had been scouting ahead of them, gave a quick, staccato bark. Both looked up.

Through the trees the figure of a girl was coming, a basket on her arm. Opposite her stood another figure—the shadowy figure of a slouching man, evidently a negro. The man seemed to say something, the girl to protest. Neither, it was clear, was aware that they were not alone in the field. The man made a sudden gesture, and the girl uttered a little cry.

Cal's voice rose in a shout.

"My Gawd!" he yelled. "It's lil' Jane—an' a nigger—a nigger!"

With a wild bellow he darted down the path.

Florida saw the negro turn—saw him fling out his hands and push the girl so violently from him that she fell—saw the negro plunge into the trees and disappear.

When Florida's running feet reached the spot from which the negro had disappeared, Cal had the limp body of his sister in his arms.

"Is she hurt—oh, is she badly hurt?" gasped Florida.

"I don' know," said Cal. He, too, was panting, but not from his run. She's fainted, anyhow. Go ahead o' me. I'll bring her into yo' house. Light some mo' candles in the lib'y. Get some wine an' a basin o' water."

Florida ran ahead and, by the time he had reached her, she was ready.

Cal re-entered the colonial doorway of the room they had so lately left, the body still in his big grasp.

"Where's yo' pa an' ma?" he demanded.

"The're in town to Judge Prevost's. They won' be back till late."

"That's good—no use disturbin' them."

He laid his sister on a little lounge, and, Florida bathing the fainted girl's temples and Cal, gulping down a great draught of neat brandy from the decanter on the desk-top, and pouring another for the patient's use as soon as she should be able to take it, they bent over her.

Jane Legare was a frail, pretty little woman, with a face that, when alight with life, was at once pure and piquant. Her blue-black hair, disordered now, made a pillow for her shapely head and, as she at last opened her long-lashed lids, she gave her ministers a glimpse of eyes that were large and violet-blue.

"Are you hurt, dear?" repeated Florida. "It's your brother an' me, honey. Tell us; are you hurt, you poor chile?"

Jane shook her head. She tried to laugh.

"Nonsense," she said. "I'm all right." She had spent too much of her time abroad as to have lost all traces of her native accent. "It was terrible stupid of me to faint."

She took a sip of the brandy that Cal thrust toward her and sat slowly upright.

Her brother leaned forward with a glowering face.

"Who was that nigger?" he asked.

"Why, it wasn't his fault," said Jane. Still a little stunned, she looked slowly around the formal, candle-lighted room, from the walls of which the dead and gone worthies of the Pickens family looked down in unmoved dignity. "You see, I'd been over here with some of Sally's corn-bread—your mother's so fond of Sally's corn-bread, Florida—and just as I started back, this man stopped me by the stream. He said he'd lost his job on the road and was hungry. He wanted some money, but I didn't have any money with me."

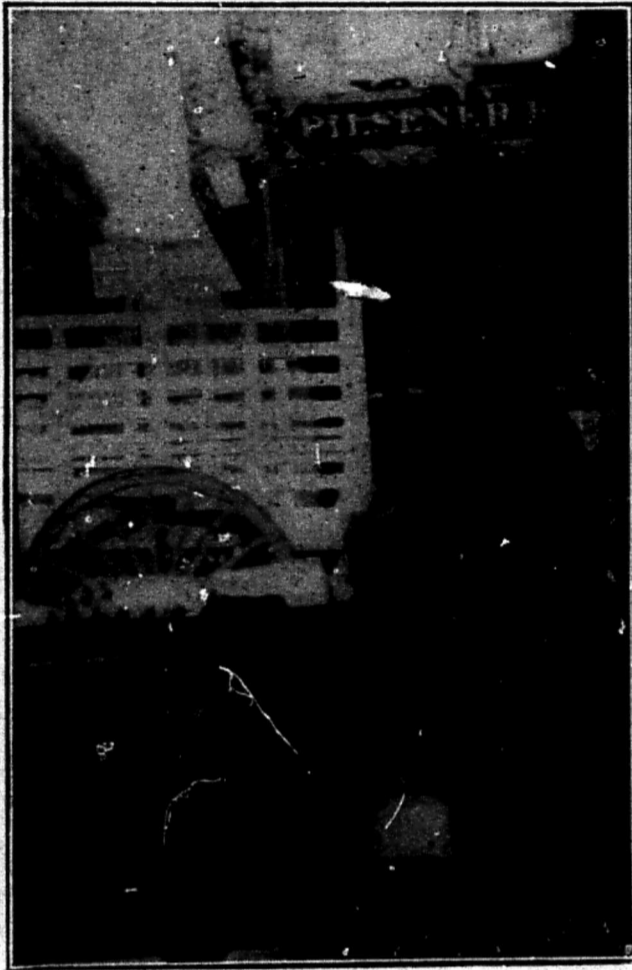
To be continued

"A man will hunt the world over for money; ne expects religion to find him."

Where to Dine in New York

By Morris Strunsky

DID you ever walk the streets of New York with a lone dime in your pocket and wonder where you were going to eat your midday or evening meal? Did you ever squeeze the head of the Goddess of Liberty on your last nickel until she almost shrieked with pain and wonder how you were going to satisfy an appetite that had not been satisfied for the last two days? Did you ever walk along the gutters in search of apple cores and orange peels to appease the cravings of a dried, shriveled-up stomach. Did you ever sit on a bench in the park, so faint with hunger that you neither knew nor cared



Baked Apples

what the next five minutes would bring forth? If you have not passed through any of the above stages, or never expect to, read no further, for this is written as a guide to be used in time of need.

On the lower end of the isle of Manhattan, or to be more exact, in Chatham Square, there is a large double-windowed store, over which streams a large, flaring, red flag with the inscription, "Beefsteak John's." It looks fairly inviting from the outside, with the daily menu painted in large white letters covering both windows. The aforesaid menu may not be as tempting as Rector's or Martin's, but there is no question that Beefsteak John will serve you a better-meal-for-the-money than either Louis Martin or George Rector.

Inside, countless tables are lined up along both walls. No snowy linen covers the tops of the tables, neither are there any soft velvet carpets under foot. But what of that? Snowy linen and velvet carpets only serve to stimulate the appetite and that is outside of Beefsteak John's business, for he is there, not to stimulate, but to appease the appetite.

And what is more, he does so, and does it well—for the money. Are you the man with the nickel clutched nervously between your fingers? Just walk in and take your seat at this table. True, the table is a little sticky and dirty and a few drops of coffee and some crumbs of bread remain from the preceding customer, but be not impatient, for here comes the waiter and in a moment he will wipe the festive board with his apron.

Now what will you have? Remember you have only a nickel. Still a nickel will buy many things. Are you fond of soup? Very well. Waiter, some soup. . . . And here it is, hot and steaming, with an appetizing aroma that assails the nostrils and makes one almost faint for joy. What more can any mortal want, you say? But wait, for there is more.

Here it is: Coffee! You notice that they do not serve it in cups, for there are no cups large enough to hold the generous quantity which is served to the customers of Beefsteak John's. They are very particular, this select clientel of this Bowery Sherry's and they want a full return for their money. So instead of cups the coffee is served in

bowls, bowls which seem to hold a hogshead, more or less, though to the patrons even this looks like a sorry cup indeed.

No, it is not black coffee. It contains milk, though it is hard to tell this from the color. What if it does not taste like the coffee your mother used to make? People who have only a nickel in their pockets must not be choosers.

What! You have another dime! Fortunate man! Let us call the waiter.

Steak, did you say? Very well. Waiter, bring us a steak—no, not too well done, just medium, with plenty of fried onions. Also some apple sauce, plenty of that, too, you understand, and some fried potatoes and see that they are well browned. Yes, white bread and plenty of butter, for my chef left last night and it was impossible for me to get me breakfast. You see, the Waldorf and the Knickerbocker are so far up town that it—yes, the taxicab strike is a nuisance. It makes it so deucedly hard for one get around the city.

What is that? You do not like the company? Sir, do not stare at that wreck in shabby clothes who sits next to you. Kindly notice that the lapel of his ragged coat bears the little round copper button of the G. A. R. Sir, that man is a soldier. Your mistake? Oh, that is all right. No apologies necessary. Such mistakes are common. It is so seldom that these old wrecks eat that one does not expect to find them in any kind of a restaurant, not even in Beefsteak John's.

But here comes the food. What, ho, waiter, but we are famished and we fain would eat! Place the steaming platter before us. Ye Gods, but it is a dish fit for kings! A feast prepared for the gods on Mount Olympus, but probably intercepted by Beefsteak John himself and placed beneath our very nostrils.

And what a steak! Browned to a turn and swimming in butter—. Butter? Well, butterine. Remember that without imagination a ten-cent piece does not go very far.

But the steak! True, it is not one of those juicy morsels of prime beef that one reads and dreams about, but still it is steak. What matter if it had reposed in the cold storage for the past three years and it is thin and scrawny and tough as leather? What matter, indeed. You must continually bear in mind that you have only ten cents in your jeans.

And the fried potatoes, well browned. Even if



St. Andrew's Coffee Stand

they are cold and burnt they are still potatoes and there is not very much difference between brown and black, at least, not to the eye. And the apple sauce. But—peace.

Still hungry? Then let us go to the opposite

corner. That part of Park Row which turns into the Bowery has never been famous for its restaurants, but, then, the world is always slow in learning. Coffee Charley's is situated on a corner of that famous street and the light streams through the dirty windows and falls in ghostly shadows upon the faces of the hungry down and outs who sit huddled around the long tables.

No, it does not look very appetizing inside, for it is on a lower social plane than Beefsteak John's. There is a thick layer of dirty sawdust on the floor and the room is thick with foul smelling air which floats in from the noisy kitchen.

Let us walk to the East Side. I want to show you a place where one can eat different food and be in a different atmosphere for there go the workers and not the workless.

Here we are in Division Street. It is only a few blocks away and the little walk will serve to



Hot Beans

stimulate our appetites. Fortunately, I have the necessary capital, which is a good substitute for wits.

Come, let us walk in. You will notice that there is no saw dust on the floor, the air is pure and the dirt is noticeable by its absence. We buy our checks in advance here for only table d'hote meals are served. Yes, siree, full table d'hote meals, from soup to tea, right plumb through the bill of fare for seven cents.

Yes, miss, here is our money. Now let us be seated. Of course, there are no table cloths, but still the tables are topped off with marble and they are clean. All right, waiter, here is our check. Now bring us some soup.

Good and hot, isn't it? It is a small plate, but how good! You will notice that there are no down-and-outs here. They are all foreigners, and a foreigner is rarely down and out in this country. It is only the native born who is really up against it. These men whom you see here are all earning from six to twelve dollars a week, but the tickets which must be bought so that the dear ones who are in the land of oppression can come to this side of the Atlantic, eat up the savings of years and every penny saved means another mile nearer to the head of the family.

And here comes the meat. Not brought in on a steaming platter, and the portion is not very large, but then cleanliness is a good substitute for half a meal. And don't forget to eat the potatoes, for these potatoes are potatoes. That pickled tomato is given for an appetizer. Not that one needs it, but do not leave it, for only the East Side knows how to pickle tomatoes.

Now let us pitch in. Good, isn't it? How can they afford it? Easy. This is the only one of its kind in America, for it is run on the co-operative plan and the diners have only to pay for the cost of the food and nothing for profit. At one time the meals cost six cents instead of seven, but the cost of living has advanced much during the past

few years as you doubtless know, or you would not be eating here in the People's Kitchen.

Now for the tea and cake. One does not drink coffee here, for it is against the Jewish creed to have anything with milk after meat. So take your glass of tea, put in your sugar and your slice of lemon; you are in a Russian quarter. The cake is small, but sponge cake is sponge cake on the East Side, you bet, every time. All through? Now let us go out to the street.

What, ho! Look! A discovery! See what we have here! Nothing less than one-cent piece hidden in the seam of our trouser pocket. Are you still hungry? But have no fear. Even for one cent one can purchase a fair amount of food in this part of Europe. Here we are in Rivington Street. Notice that we are still in the strictly Jewish neighborhood.

Here he comes now. See him, that venerable old man with the flowing beard who is pushing that dilapidated old baby carriage? Come closer while he takes the cover off. There is no baby in that carriage, let me assure you in advance, but—oh how that fragrant smell of beans makes our mouths water! Mealy and hot and sweet. Shall we buy a bagful for our copper? No? As you say.

Come over to this tin furnace on wheels. A funny looking affair, is it not? Here we can also get something hot. Baked apples with sugar streaming through the broken skin? Crisp potatoes baked to a turn? Or sweet potatoes—the kind which you can smell several yards away—the kind that has a rich, creamy yellow collar. There are no hard white spots in these. Indeed not? What? My, but you are hard to please. Then let us go to this old man with the basket under his arm. Here is the place to spend our copper.

Here we have the pride and joy of the East Side. Potato pudding! Notice the rich color. How brown! And how crisp and yellow on the inside, like the corn bread "mammy" used to make. And—what? If you don't know what good it is no fault of mine. Do you want half a rool, a piece of frankfurter, and some sauerkraut? Remember that you only have a penny. Oh, it is something hot to drink, you want? You should have said so in the first place—for you are in the wrong quarter for a penny's worth of hot liquids.

Let us walk to the other side of the Bowery. It is not very far, for the St. Andrews Society has placed their stands in all parts of the city. There is one now. That little shed is what I am referring to, that two by four green painted shed. Come, let us get some soup. But remember that you must not get into a conversation with the man who waits on you or we will never get away. Interesting? You bet. The man is old and he has seen life as only a man who has fallen to his level can see it.

Yes, pop, a bowl of soup, and see that the bread is cut good and thick. And, of course, if a piece of meat happens to accidentally slip into the bowl, I shall not report you to the society. Mistakes will happen even with the best of cooks.

Yum, yum, yum. My, but this is soup. No wonder three thousand people come to these stands every day. Escoffier himself couldn't do better. Coffee? No, pop, we have just spent our last cent for the soup and we are broke. Worry? What for? For from now on we are going to dine without cost. We shall dine in a modern fire-proof building, have clean food, a bath, a place to sleep and a hot sumptuous breakfast. We are going to be the guest of the greatest metropolis on this side of the Atlantic.

Come on, the walking's good, even if your shoes are wearing through. One must not think of his personal discomforts when anticipating a banquet which only a city like New York can give. There it is. No, that is Bellevue Hospital. You can also see the morgue and the charity pier from here. The little buildings that you see are the clinics and the free dispensaries. In case you eat, not wisely but too well, why—

Pretty fine building, is it not? If it were in a better neighborhood, and if it were a little more magnificent and if there were a few lackeys and automobiles standing before it, one might almost take it for the Hotel Astor, might one not? As it is, it is only the Municipal Lodging House and a pretty good one at that—considering. Let us get in before the other seven hundred or so who come here every night appear.

Come on, stand in line and don't shove. It will do you good to stand. Scientists claim that if we would stand more we would be fully half an inch taller than we are now and besides, sitting is bad for the spinal column. Now tell the man at the window your name, all about your past, present and future, and the maiden name of your great, great grandmother. That is just done as an appetizer. It also teaches one to control his hunger.

Now step softly into the dining room. It is somewhat cleaner than Coffee Charley's, isn't it? That is one thing about this place, if nothing more.

Seat yourself on the bench and prepare to feast your eyes. You notice that there are no dirty tables here, for the tables are covered with snowy white-er-oil cloth. And here comes the supper. My, what a spread. The chef at the Ritz Carlton himself must have been employed to think up this sumptuous banquet. It is a wonderful meal indeed, worthy of only the richest city in the world.

Only coffee and bread? Say, what did you expect anyway? *Pate de fois gras*? And butter with your bread? And good coffee? Forget it.

Swallow it down, quick. I know it is hard, but do the best you can. One can not linger over one's coffee here and dream of things that cannot be. There are others waiting and besides we must be off to our bed and bath. What? You do not wish to remain here all night. Do you wish to miss that magnificent breakfast which the richest city in the world offers you? Very well, we will go to the superintendent and tell him we have a job promised to us this very night and he will let us off. Of course, it is not pleasant to lie to the man and he has a nice face even if he does work for the city, but then we have got to get out to work, to get the job, you understand, and it. . . .

I knew that we would make it. Now we go back to the Bowery and we will have one more meal. It wouldn't be much of a meal, but then you must continually bear in mind that we are broke and we must have food.

Here we are. Gee, there are almost a thousand men in line before us and we have a three hours' wait before we get our food. Uuurrrrrr, but its cold. Here, wind these papers around you. They will not keep you very warm, but still it is better than nothing. . . . Uuurr. . . . Lean against the man in front of you so that the cold will not penetrate your chest. . . . If that's the case you had better stand on one foot so that the snow will not work in through the hole in the bottom of your shoe. . . . Swing your arm, man, or you will freeze to death, though it will not be the first time that such a thing has happened in the bread line. . . . Ug, but I hate to listen to the sound of chattering teeth. It gives me an uncanny feeling. . . . Is the line moving? No, only a man has gone and fainted. . . . Don't crowd from behind. We'll all get there in time. . . . Keep your arms swinging or you'll freeze. . . . Here we go. . . . Take it easy. . . . Stop your shoving, there in back. What do I care if you have not eaten for the past two days. Don't you think I am hungry? . . . Pass him out gently there. Can't you see that he is unconscious? How can I run for an ambulance? I will lose my place in line if I do. . . . and I am hungry. . . . We're off. . . . Easy there. . . . Sure I'll help you down the steps. . . .

Say, I guess this coffee is bad, eh? After standing three hours in the cold, I guess anything hot would taste good. Stick the bread in your pocket, for you'll want it for your breakfast.

What's that? After this you will gain all your knowledge of the bread line from the papers and not from your own personal experiences? As you wish. There are so many in the bread line now that I do not suppose you'll be missed.

Now let us go to Martin's. We do not need any money there—for we run a monthly account. We might find it a little more congenial and a little warmer than in the bread line. The food will probably be more to our taste than at Beefsteak John's.

Come, let us go up stairs. The atmosphere in the main dining room is not to our taste. It is so sordid and business-like that it takes our appetite away.

Here we are at our little table in the balcony. Gascon, our special brand of burgundy, that '76 vintage. Yes, Louis will know. Also bring up some black cigars. . . . Gascon, will you kindly present my respects to the cellist and ask him to play the Barcarole from the Tales of Hoffman. Bid the rest of the orchestra to remain quiet. . . . Yes, I prefer the elder Strauss myself. . . . Ah, but Puccini is an artist, is it not so? . . .

Roughly speaking, any city in the civilized world can stamp out tuberculosis within its boundaries at an expense not to exceed ten dollars per capita of its population, within ten years. It is only a question of backing the anti-tuberculosis crusade with more money and legal authority.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson,

There are three things to aim at in public speaking: First, to get into your subject, then to get your subject into yourself, and, lastly, to get your subject into your hearers.—R. Gregg.

Fires of Revolution in California

(Continued from Page Six.)

use of nearly 300 acres of valuable land on Oakland's water front.

On a memorable night we packed the city council chamber to suffocation, and assembled a crowd of 2,000 on the outside which was harangued until past 11 o'clock, in fiery protest speeches.

It is sufficient to say that the said franchise did not pass that evening, nor for several other evenings thereafter; and when finally passed was very materially modified.

Hardly more than a week previous to the recent municipal election in Oakland fire broke out one night, past midnight, in the old Dewey opera house which adjoined Dietz opera house. It spread rapidly to Socialist headquarters and soon the latter was ablaze.

Editor Tuck, who with his wife occupied rooms on the third floor, and who you know is totally blind, was rescued from the burning building in the nick of time. Several other Socialists had narrow escapes at the same time, and Branch Oakland sustained serious losses in books, papers, furniture, theatrical property, etc.

But there was no halt in the campaign work, with the result that the Socialist vote of Oakland was more than double that cast on the previous 8th of November.

This is Bad News

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

In Chicago the other day a sixteen-year-old boy was arrested for some misdemeanor and Judge Pinckney advised that he be sent to the navy. This puts us in the very embarrassing position of having to choose between "contempt of court" and "contempt of navy."

We hadn't even dreamed that our navy was approaching the status of a penal institution. We knew that they were having hard work to get recruits, that they had to advertise extensively and draw on their imagination for pretty pictures, that they had to maintain recruiting officers on the public squares and in the parks and wherever the unemployed are wont to congregate. We knew that something had happened to dim the glamor of the sea in the minds of the youth of the land. We had even heard that many of the advertised attractions were the veriest moonshine. But never, in our most pessimistic moment, did it occur to us to look upon the navy in the light of the galleys of old. As we read "Les Miserables" before our comfortable fires, we thought it was something entirely of the past.

We hope that Judge Pinckney has been misinformed. Naval men have always been quick to resent any suggestion that their calling is lower than Utopia in the idealistic scale. Here is their chance to become righteously indignant, lest "sailor" become synonymous with "prisoner" and "midshipman" with "guard."

The Pirats of Lower Broadway

(Suggested by Louis Stevenson, Treasure Isle)

BY GEORGE BARNES PENNOCK.

UNJUNCTION BILL is bossin' this crew.
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bundle of swag!
And Gumshoe Bill is First Mate, true.
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bluff and brag.
And here is the news right off the reel—
The Court decides the gangsters steal—
They get six months to concoct a new deal.
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Come collar the swag!

Yes, they get six months to organize graf,
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bundle of swag!
While old "26" sounds forth a laf,
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bluff and brag.
John D. sits tight with broadened smile,
For tricks that are slick are "greased" with "ile."
And the folks get the "hook" in the old-time style.
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Come collar the swag!

Twelve "Big Wigs" on a S O chest,
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bundle of swag!
It takes no "think" to guess their quest.
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bluff and brag.
They said Zu, Zu, to the A-can man,
He opened the chest an' away he ran—
'Twas twelve fat men in a "catch as you can."
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Big bundle of swag!

There is no greater need anywhere for the most glaring publicity possible than in the departments of the Federal government that have to do, not only with the spending of billions of the people's money, but also with the very safety and prosperity of the nation.—Pearson's Magazine.

Capitalism in South Africa

By A. Crawford

Former member of Johannesburg City Council, President of Pretoria Trades Council, and Organizer of South African Socialist Party

and an expropriation bill to enable good land to be put to the best use are being fostered and in this way competition is likely to be set up in the local market to the cheapening of commodities. In fact, the policy of the Rand capitalists is to nationalize and municipalize everything of a profit-making char-

power of the falls and is connected with its auxiliary stations everywhere, electrical energy should become as cheap and plentiful as water.

The first effect of cheap power is manifest in the present revolution which is transpiring on the Rand. In October, 1910, a start was made to electrify 38 per cent of the Rand Mining Plant. By the end of this year the work will be complete and according to Mr. Spengel, one of the biggest consulting engineers on the mines, the ore crushed in 1911 will be 27,500,000 tons, as compared with 18,000,000 in 1908. The increase is largely attributed to the application of cheap power to existing plants.

Another effect of this cheap power is to stimulate mining development. Hitherto no mining operations could be undertaken without an enormous fixed capital, represented in an engine and dynamo plant. The average mining company can now be organized on a million dollars less capital than formerly and bad mining ventures do not involve such enormous losses.

No attempt has been made to develop the agricultural and pastoral industries hitherto, but the ground work has been under preparation for many years and is now ready for a start in building up export trades in grains and wools. Diseases have in the past been a source of ruin and disaster to the farmer, but a Stock Diseases Act has just been passed which will eliminate scab diseases from sheep and prevent an outbreak of any kind among cattle from spreading beyond the affected area. Cheap electrical power is to play its part with the farmer and little hand labor will be performed in future farming in South Africa. From the power wires which will spread like a net over the whole country the farmer will get his supply of power to milk his cows, etc., and fertilizing works will be established at suitable places.

In South Africa today the cheapest power in the world is being applied by the cheapest labor in the world organized in the most complete monopoly in the world, under a government controlled entirely in the interest of monopolized capital. Such a condition certainly promises to produce results worthy of the attention of the people of other nations.

The people of South Africa do not howl at the trusts. These are recognized as economical instruments of production and are encouraged and protected by law, which also provides that after twenty years or so the people may buy out the trust. A further

provision is that profits cannot exceed 10 per cent, any surplus over and above being distributed amongst the consumers. Socialists in South Africa take the development of trusts philosophically, looking forward to the psychological time when it will be their turn to expropriate the trusts.

Our colleges are still teaching predigested prejudice, under the name of education.

A thing is not necessarily true because a whole lot of people have died for it.—Puck.

This poverty of the workers is not due to their failure as producers. There is no such a thing as a poverty problem in the sense that not enough wealth is produced to supply all the needs of the nation.—John Spargo, in the Socialist.

Christian civilization introduced slavery into America and maintained it there until economic phenomena proved that slave labor is a method of exploitation more costly and less profitable than free labor.—Paul Lafargue.

There is what I call the American idea. This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy—that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God. For shortness' sake I will call it the idea of freedom.—Theodore Parker.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA consists chiefly of five colonies—Rhodesia, Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal. All except the first named formed a "Union" on 31st of May, 1910, merging their respective parliaments, railways, telegraph, telephones, courts, etc., etc., into one. The Union comprises an area approximately one-fifth that of the United States. Rhodesia has an area of 440,000 square miles. This vast territory is being scientifically prepared for capitalist exploitation on an unprecedented scale and in a few short years world-startling developments will certainly take place.

When the first phenomenal finds of gold and diamond deposits were made the attention of a gang of the world's least scrupulous and most brainy exploiters were drawn to South Africa. A reef carrying fifty or more square miles of gold vein was discovered in the Transvaal and on this they fastened their greedy claws. The gold vein, being of uniform grade and dipping from the surface down into the earth at an angle of 45 degrees, discouraged the individual digger and proved especially attractive to large capital. Huge companies were organized. A hundred mines were started up in close proximity to each other and today the most highly centralized and trustified industry in the world produces almost forty per cent of the total world's output of gold.

The Jamieson Raid of 1895 was a futile attempt on the part of the Rand capitalists to overthrow the Kruger regime which had proved an obstacle to the carrying out of their designs. It took the Boer War of 1899-02 to successfully prepare the way, and the capitalists can only be said to have commenced their extensive preparation for the scientific exploitation of the 1,200,000 acres which is now in their complete possession, on the day peace was declared—May 31, 1902.

Immediately after the war the victorious capitalists inaugurated a policy of nationalization and municipalization. State railways, telegraphs, telephones, banks (land), farms, tin mines and diamond mines, etc., were quickly realized. Had the phenomenal discovery of diamonds at the Premier Mine near Pretoria, and the largest diamond mine in the world—had that come their way there would have been no law passed declaring the State to be the owner of all diamond mines in the Transvaal to the extent of sixty per cent. In the city of Johannesburg bonds were issued for \$27,500,000 and all the public services in private hands purchased or expropriated. This city, which 25 years ago was a mining camp, has now a population of 250,000. The electric supply department, street cars, sewage, water works, baths, markets, abattoirs, stock yards, parks and cemeteries are complete municipal monopolies and on numerous properties "to let" the inquirer is referred to the "Parks and Estates" office of the municipality. A city hall is now being erected in Johannesburg at a cost of about \$4,000,000 and this premier city of South Africa can compare favorably in every way with the most up-to-date cities in the world.

On 31st May, 1910, eight years exactly after peace was declared, the Union of the South African colonies was consummated amidst general rejoicing. At a stroke of the clock four governor generals and an army of civil servants had to find salaries elsewhere. The railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc., etc., of the separate States, became respectively single systems, the wily capitalists having a clause inserted in the constitution that within four years the railways "shall be run at bare cost," thus protecting their own interests which are centered in the most interior regions of the country.

The position is now quite satisfactory from their point of view. Government is reduced to the lowest cost, transportation can now be effected with the maximum economy, and with municipalized industries the cost of living is kept at a minimum, all of which will find expression in mining profits.

Meantime a single tax proposal to cheapen land



AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP

H. E. Holland, New South Wales, at left; Dora B. Montefiore, England; A. Crawford, South Africa

acter they themselves do not possess.

Now as to the future. No where in the world does a more excellent basis exist for industrial development. From the seven or eight million blacks which inhabit the country can be drawn an unlimited supply of the cheapest labor in the world. For the most dangerous mining occupations, Kaffirs can be obtained at a cost of less than fifty cents per day and on farms for almost half that amount. Coal can be had in abundance, the cost delivered at the pit being little more than a dollar per ton. These two factors have already given rise to an electrical trust which should shortly become one of the greatest concerns in the World.

The Victoria Falls Power Co., with a preliminary capital of \$30,000,000, has established itself in a position which, according to a government commission, excludes all possibility of a competing concern in the Transvaal or Rhodesia. The Victoria Falls are situated in Rhodesia near the Transvaal border and are the largest in the World.

The Victoria Power Co. has organized a subsidiary company to work a contract with the "Rand Mines Limited" which control 40 per cent of the Rand Gold Mines, under which the electrical trust agrees to supply the "Rand Mines Limited" with electrical energy at .525 pence per unit, i. e., 1 cent. This is an experiment and it is anticipated that the charge can be still further reduced. Moreover, the subsidiary company is working a steam plant with bought coal. The trust itself is buying up coal fields and when it can harness the tremendous

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Artists in the Coming Nation

From the beginning the COMING NATION has put before its readers the work of the ablest artists of the present time. Among those whose work has appeared in its pages during the few months of its existence are Walter Crane, Art Young, Horace Taylor, John Sloan, Ryan Walker, and Gordon Nye.

Next week we shall publish a reproduction of a cartoon done in oils by Balfour Ker especially for the COMING NATION. It portrays "The Power Behind the Throne" at the coronation, and is as powerful a piece of drawing as has appeared in any periodical in recent years.

It will occupy an entire page and will be something that every Socialist will want to preserve. It should be hung upon the walls of every Socialist headquarters.

The next installment of "The Big Change" by Eugene Wood, will be a little better than usual. The drawing by Horace Taylor to accompany is here and it is also exceptionally good. Illness prevented Mr. Taylor from preparing the drawing for the present week.

A story by Maud Davis Walker will keep smiles and indignation struggling for expression on your face while you read it. Ryan Walker, the husband of the author of the story, has made some pictures that just fit the story.

The only way to be sure of getting the paper regularly is to give an order to a Scout if there is one in your locality, or else to subscribe in advance, as few more papers are printed than are called for by advance orders, and these few always go quickly.

What Would You Do?

BY L. F. FULLER.

The law rules man; man makes the law.

In all countries there is a law known as the law of eminent domain. This law recognizes the interests of the general public as being always superior to those of the individual or the minority, and under that law, any property of any individual or group may be taken for public use at any time, by making due compensation to the owner.

With due reverence and respect for the preceding, please consider the following:

If you were hungry, and had an abundance of food in your possession, what would you do?

Yes, it seems reasonable that any sensible person would do the same; but suppose you did not eat what you wanted, but lay down and starved in the midst of plenty, what do you suppose people would call you?

Why, of course they would, and they would be right too, wouldn't they? Yes, I knew you would admit it; but suppose you were hungry and had no food, but had the opportunity before you to earn it easily. What would you do?

Why certainly you would. That would be the proper thing to do. But suppose you would not earn what you needed, and remained hungry or begged or stole, what would people say?

Sure! All that and perhaps more.

The Rush of Reform

BY A. M. SIMONS

THIS is the age of reforms. In England the workingmen's insurance bill has gone to lengths that two years ago would have been thought impossible, and that ten years ago were suggested only in the dreams of Utopians. The House of Lords, after centuries of existence, is about to see its law-making power terminated. The Osborne decision, handicapping the unions, is practically a thing of the past.

In France also pensions have been provided for the aged and we see a government, that but a few months ago mobilized whole sections of the working class under military law in order to break a strike, now exercising its power to compel the same employers to take back blacklisted strikers.

In Germany the provisions for workingmen's insurance, which have hitherto marked the most advanced stage reached by any country, are being revised and additional benefits provided.

But it is in the United States that this effort to patch up a tumbling system is proceeding most rapidly. Direct election of senators and direct legislation in general, with postal savings banks, and a proposed parcels post, are among the reforms that five years ago were heard of only in the preachings of "cranks."

Such a widespread fact as this must have a widespread cause, especially when we consider that the measures that are mentioned are but a few in a whole great mass of similar social legislation that is now passing on to the statute books of the world.

These measures did not come because of the great evils they pretend to cure. The evils have existed for generations. They did not come because of unusual industrial disturbances. There have been fewer great strikes in the last three years than for any similar period in the present generation. The union organization has not extended its strength with any remarkable rapidity during this time.

There has been but one new element sufficiently extensive to account for this frantic rush to reform. That is the growth of the International Socialist Movement.

The countries mentioned are just those in which the Socialist vote and organization and sentiment has grown most rapidly in recent years. In each country the rush for reform has raced parallel with the growth of Socialism.

It is the terror of the intelligent use of the ballot by labor that is driving entrenched privilege into the action. It is the rushing host of Socialism that is causing fleeing capitalism to fling behind it portions of its plunder in the hope that the pursuit may slacken.

The hope is vain. In none of these countries have the Socialists shown the slightest sign of gratitude or sympathy with their would-be benefactors.

In England even the Labor party, to whom the epithet of "Reform Party" is more applicable perhaps than to any other wing of the International Socialist Movement, has set upon the proposals of the government with sharp criticism.

In France the Socialist Deputies and national convention gave the workingmen's insurance law a grudging approval. But the rank and file have spurned it and refused to accept its provisions.

In Germany the Socialist party has fallen upon the proposals of the government with merciless attack.

In the United States, the reforms that are showered forth scarcely attract attention. The workers have their eye upon the final goal. They know that while they do keep their eye upon that, reforms will continue to be poured forth.

Because reforms are but stepping-stones on the road to human liberty, Socialists are willing to help prepare them, and then step upon them, leave them behind and disregard them in the march toward greater things.

But suppose you were hungry and ill-clad and cold and homeless, and there was an abundance of work for you by which you could easily earn all you needed, what would you do?

That's right. Any honest man would do that. But suppose you were hungry and cold and ill-clad and homeless, and there was an abundance of useful work to be done by which you could earn all you required, and some other fellow (not nearly as big as yourself), owned and controlled all these opportunities, and though he did not use them himself, absolutely refused to allow you to earn your living on any terms, what would you do?

You would, would you? Well, I would not blame you if you did. In fact I think that would be the proper thing to do under the circumstances. But

suppose, instead of doing this, you would humbly lie down and starve to death, what would people say you were?

Yes, probably they would, and they would not be far from right either. But, suppose you were cold and hungry and ill-clad and homeless, and there was an abundance of necessary work to do by which you could supply all your needs in an honorable manner, and the little fellow who owned and controlled all these jobs would say, "Yes, I'll give you a job provided you will divide up your product with me, giving me four-fifths, while you and your family live on the other one-fifth, what would you do? What! Did you say you are not sure? And do you know there are a lot of other people in the same fix as yourself?

Some of the people have considerable "sand," and say they will not submit

to a "hold-up," so they become hold-ups too, or burglars or thieves.

That's bad.

A lot more who have less spunk, become tramps and hoboos, and beg for hand-outs, and accept disinheritance as a matter of course. THAT'S WORSE.

More still accept the terms, work like slaves, turning four-fifths of what belongs to their families over to the little fellows who own the jobs, and vote to continue the system, THAT IS THE LIMIT.

There's another class, however, and it is rapidly growing, who say that ALL OF NATURE'S GIFTS BELONG TO THOSE WHO USE THEM AND MUST BE OWNED AND ADMINISTERED BY THE COLLECTIVE BODY OF THE PEOPLE IN THE INTEREST OF ALL, AND THAT MAN'S INVENTIONS MUST BE OWNED AS THEY ARE USED, FOR SUPPLYING HUMAN NEEDS AND NOT FOR PROFIT. PERSONALLY IF INDIVIDUALLY USED, AND COLLECTIVELY WHEN COLLECTIVELY USED, BUT NO MAN SHALL OWN AND CONTROL THAT WHICH HE DOES NOT USE. EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY SHALL BE GUARANTEED TO ALL.

THAT'S SOCIALISM.

The Socialist Scouts



This camera, Premo Junior No. 1, is one of the premiums given free to Socialist Scouts. It is especially designed to withstand hard usage such as boy and girl amateurs will give it. Does not require focusing and estimating of distances. It has two finders for centering and composing the subject to be photographed; will take either time or instantaneous exposure; takes twelve film pictures without reloading. Size of photo, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4. There are many other premiums, suitable for both boys and girls, and all are free to Scouts.

The Socialist Scouts sell the *Appeal to Reason* and *COMING NATION* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive one whole coupon for each dollar remitted. This camera is free for six whole coupons. It costs nothing to start the Scout work. I'll send a bundle of ten *NATION*: to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Send requests to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

Scout News

Am doing very well, but times are very dull here.—S. B. Lecroy, Arkansas.

Thanks for the badge. I have ten regular customers, and expect to have more next week.—Edward Backstrom, Michigan.

Sold my first bundle of ten easily. Send me ten more next week and I hope to make it twenty anyway the next time.—Fred Hefton, Kansas.

I received my paper bag and think it is just fine. I have twelve regular customers and on pay days I'll try and order more.—Kenneth Lindley, Illinois.

I have got a job in the glass factory and my sister Cora is going to sell the papers and I think she can sell them all right.—Urban H. Wallace, Ohio.

I have had pretty good success in selling my papers at the local and have quite a few customers. The local has seventy-four members—John Hand, age fourteen, Ohio.

Find enclosed twenty-five cents for which please send me ten *COMING NATIONS*. I have had no trouble in selling them so far. I have two regular customers and expect to have more soon.—Orpha Keeter, Arkansas.

The man who got me to start selling the *COMING NATION* is a Socialist and he told me to come down where the Socialists met. When I came down I sold all I had inside of fifteen minutes. I sell the *Saturday Evening Post* on Thursday and the *Grit* on Saturday.—Nobie Ekstrand, North Dakota.

Next week I'll have more customers. This week I lost one customer because he doesn't have time to read much, but in his place I got a new one. The Young People's Socialist League of Omaha will give a picnic July 2, 1911, which I'm going to attend. I am working for the camera as a prize.—Laura Gonick, Nebraska.

No castle was ever built upon the rock that was not first seen in the cloud.—Geistwitt.



Adventures of Red Feather and Poppy . . .

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They Go Plumming and Poppy Has a Narrow Escape

(Copyright 1911 by Kittie Spargur Hulse)

ALL the day before the Indian women and children had gathered choke-cherries on the ridge back of the camp. In every campoodie all the joki's were full of the black, puckery little cherries.

Now the women set to work to prepare them for winter. A white person going into that camp for the first time would have noticed many large, flat rocks scattered around on the ground each bearing the marks of long use, and on this day he would have learned one use to which the rocks had been put for many years. A quantity of cherries was poured out onto one of the rocks and pounded and ground with one of the roundish, flat grinding stones, till the pits were broken into tiny bits, kernel and shell alike being ground up. Then the berries were left to dry in sheets. Later they would be stored away in tulle sacks to be eaten in winter, seeds and all.

When Father Swift Runner came home from hunting that night, he had a dozen or more of sage-hens and prairie chickens over his shoulder. The children ran to meet him. He held one hand behind him. "Guess!" he said. They guessed many times, but he shook his head. He went up to Mother Sunflower and put something in her hand. She smiled and held out her hand. In her palm were some ripe, wild plums. The children were delighted and danced around, clapping their hands.

"Tomorrow we go plumming!" they shouted happily.

They were all up early in the morning. Everyone in camp was going, even the very old men and women. Nothing in their lives was more greatly enjoyed than their yearly visit to the plum patch. (You would not wonder if you had lived in northern California in your childhood and grown to like its wild plums as well as I do!) As they were to stay several days, they took provisions and robes.

They went across the river, through the tiny, willow-bordered meadow on the other side, through the sage-brush, and up the hillside to the "big plum patch" where Red Feather and Poppy had played on the day the panther had been killed.

There were many kinds of plums. There was the kind that grew on the tallest bushes, higher than the head of Poppy's father. There were little red plums, shaped like apricots, fuzzier than any peach ever was, bitter—my! how they did pucker one's mouth! and fit only for medicine; there were sweet red plums, some that were yellow with red cheeks, juicy and sweet, yet all with the trace of bitterness that western people like so well.

Most of the plums grew on bushes about as tall as Red Feather, but the very best plums of all grew on low bushes away up at the very foot of the cliffs. They were large, purple plums, juicy, shaped like prunes, but with thin skins; somewhat bitter even when ripe, till the frost had nipped them and sweetened them. They are fastened securely to their stems and many a time, after the leaves have all fallen from the bushes, I have noticed these plums still on the bushes, a trifle withered, to be sure, but so sweet and rich.

They made their camp in the aspen grove. Most of the families slept in the

open, as the weather was pleasant though the nights were cool. The framework of some old campoodies used on other plumming trips was covered with mats for the use of the old people and the mothers having very young children.

Not far from the spring was a space perhaps twenty by fifty feet, quite level, free from stones, on which only a few weeds were growing. Here the Indians had dried their plums longer than the oldest Indian there could remember. This space was thoroughly cleaned by some of the women and children, sprinkled and tramped till the ground was hard. When the sun had dried it thoroughly it was almost as clean and free from dust as a clean kitchen table. On this the plums were to be spread, without being stoned. They would then be dried till about as dry as dried prunes, placed in tulle sacks, carried on the backs of ponies to camp, and stored away for winter. When eating the plums the stones would be cracked and the kernels eaten.

They were a busy, happy lot, picking plums, resting, eating under the shade of the aspens. The children were allowed part of the time for rest and amusement. They pelted each other with the plums—no need to worry about wasting them!

They played as Red Feather and Poppy had done there before, hiding and tracking each other, in a sort of game of hide-and-seek. They played games with pebbles, much as white children played jack-straws, and played toss-ball with larger roundish stones. Poppy and some of the other little girls had brought their dolls, and Poppy carried hers in a tiny pappoose case that Grandmother Snowbird had made for her. Some day you shall see a picture of Poppy's doll. It is not like any doll you ever saw, I think, with its queer little face, its tuft of coarse black hair and its clothes made of buckskin embroidered with beads and porcupine quills.

Many people I have heard talk pityingly about "the poor savages"; but don't you believe you would rather be a little savage like Poppy or Red Feather with plenty of pure air and water, time to play, plenty to eat and wear, just as good clothes as anyone else you knew, and a home that was all your own as long as you wished to live there, than to be a child slave in a City sweat-shop, or a southern cotton factory, or a little breaker-boy in a coal-mine in Pennsylvania?

* * *

The shadows grew very long. The women stopped picking plums. The beautiful red fruit was spread smoothly over the drying ground. The tired women were resting in the aspen grove. Soon the hunters would be coming in and the campfires blazing brightly.

"Let us climb to the top of the cliff and see if father and the other hunters are coming!" suggested Red Feather. Away they went to the great yellow cliff, lichen-covered in spots, with here and there a choke-cherry or service-berry or plum bush growing out of a cleft. One great crevice in the cliff, partly filled with fallen stones and dirt in which bunch-grass, sage, and a few bushes had taken root, formed a steep and somewhat dangerous trail to the top of the cliff. You and I might shrink from climbing it, but these little Indians would have gone up it like chipmunks.

Poppy and Red Feather reached the foot of the cliff first and stopped a moment to take a long breath after their steep climb up the hill.

There was an angry rattle, the flash of a long, slender body, yellowish and splashed with brown; and little Poppy screamed. Red Feather's heart gave a great throb and then he seemed to grow cold with fear. He thought a rattles-

snake had bitten his dear little sister. More than any of their other foes, the Indians dreaded the deadly rattler.

But the snake had not bitten Poppy. His aim had been bad and his fangs had merely caught in the fringe of her short buckskin dress. Red Feather instantly realized the danger. Quick as lightning he sprang forward, caught the rattlesnake by the tail, tore him loose from Poppy's dress and threw him as far as he could. Before the snake could recover from his fall, Red Feather had crushed his head with a stone. When he was sure it was dead, he took out his little flint hunting knife and cut off its head. The children had forgotten about climbing to the top of the cliff. They all went back to camp. Red Feather in the lead, proudly carrying the dead rattler. From the skin Grandmother Snowbird made him a strap for his little quiver. It was really beautiful, but Poppy could never look at it without a shudder!

Old Chee Nax, the medicine man—Chee Nax means "the Mosquito"—patted him on the head and called him a brave boy. Mother Sunflower said "O-h! O-h!" in her soft, sweet voice, when she saw the snake, and for many a day afterward, when she looked at Red Feather there was a look in her beautiful dark eyes that made Red Feather feel about as proud and happy as a little Indian boy could.

The hunters brought home much game; the campfires were soon blazing merrily, and oh, how good the roasting cotton-tails and sage-hens smelled to our hungry little friends! As long as there was enough for all, no one would be hungry in that Indian camp.

After supper as they sat around the campfires, the story of Red Feather's bravery was told again; the hunters told of the adventures of the day's hunting, and the old men told stories of the long ago. Then the fires were covered with ashes and all lay down wrapped in their warm robes, and Red Feather and Poppy went to sleep listening to the rippling of the tiny brook near by, and the sighing of the breeze in the aspens over head.

In the night, Poppy dreamed that a rattlesnake had bitten her. She cried out and wakened Red Feather. "Oh, Brother!" she cried, "I dreamed that a snake bit me!"

"Do not cry, Poppy. I will never let anything hurt you," said Red Feather tenderly. She clung to his hand, still afraid, and so, hand in hand, they drifted off to dreamland again under the shining stars, with the sound of the brook and the whispering of the leaves in their ears.

School Out-of-Doors

Dear Comrade:

My first May Day with the Socialist Sunday Schools proved to be a great success and I hope that next year our Modern School will do even better work than they did this year. We have already started our open-air Sunday School. Each Sunday Mrs. Gill and Miss Abrams conduct the lessons in the woods just a few blocks from Holland avenue. There we have the fragrance of the beautiful violets and spring beauties underfoot, and overhead the sun streaming through branches of trees. We enjoy ourselves much better in this ideal spot than in the rooms. Next Sunday we are going to learn one of William Morris' songs, entitled "What is this, the sound and rumor." We sing all of our songs under the trees.—Your comrade, Lizzie Manutello, age 13.

Rain in Spring

BY GABRIEL SETOUN.

*So soft and gentle falls the rain,
You cannot hear it on the pane;
For if it came in pelting showers,
'Twould hurt the budding leaves and flowers.*

The Isle of Wicker

BY JANE BURR.

(Written especially for the Children's Own Place)

*Have you heard of the Isle of Wicker,
That rests in Sewing-room Sea,
It's surrounded by rags,
And boxes and bags
And useful as it can be?*

*Well, it stands on the center table,
And looks demure from outside,
With the lid all askew,
And the sides punched through,
And the bottom swamped by the tide.*

*If you follow the track of twilight
As it tiptoes around the earth,
You may steal unaware,
It's really not fair,
And witness a bit of its mirth.*

*It's a funny little family,
That gossips a bit, I think,
With its knots and its strings
Its buttons and rings,
And its spools as black as ink.*

*Said a hook to an eye, "You think
you're quite spry,
Because you have a big hump,
You're rusty in spots,
And cheaper in loils
Than those that don't have a lump."*

*Said the eye to the hook, "Now, if you
won't tease,
I'll tell you a bit of news.
Red Bobbin unwound
And fell on the ground,
Right under Madam's shoes."*

*"What's this I hear?" said the scissors
so queer,
"With his long ugly points in their face,
"I could ruin you all,
Because I'm so tall,
But I love you in hate's place."*

*"So you love," said the tape-line, slowly,
Unwinding his lazy yard;
"I love you all more,
I'll bet by a score,
Than there are buttons upon that card."*

*The bodkin stood up in a hurry
And spoke from the top of a spool,
"Who was it first preached
And afterward taught,
That he who loves not is a fool?"*

*"Twas I" said the darning-cotton,
As he rolled from under a rag,
"You were all tangled up,
Like ants in a cup,
And never did aught but nag;*

*Each one was fighting his neighbor,
In a way 'twas shameful to see,
Then I came along
With my homely song
And showed you it ought not to be.*

*We must live in such close quarters,
That there's really no room for hate,
Where love is the king,
It's a wonderful thing,
How strife flies out of gate.*

*Now every one on this island
Is useful as he can be,
We must give all our strength
And sharpness and length,
And no one does more than me."*

*"It's late," said the little gold thimble,
And sleep we must never shirk."
So they all snuggled down,
In their little town,
To rest 'fore their morning's work.*

Grandma is Better

*"What a good mother you have!"
so a moralizing connection strove to
improve a certain commonplace oc-
casion for little Lena. "Don't you
think she is a very good mother, to
spread for you such a big slice of
bread and jam?"
"Yes, but my grandma is gooder.
She lets me spread the jam myself."*

SOME NEW BOOKS

The Man-Made World or Our Androcentric Culture by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, published by Charlton Company, New York. Cloth, 260 pages, \$1.

MAN has compiled many books about woman. For thousands of years he has written of woman as he believed she was, of woman as he wanted her to be and of woman as she never has been, but this is the first book written by a woman setting forth what man is from a woman's standpoint.

Mrs. Gilman, who is well known as the author of *Women and Economics*, *The Home and Human Work*, has keenly and cleverly dissected man, his ambitions, his tendencies, his emotions and set his naked soul all shivering before the world, but mostly she has shown in this book what the effect on society has been of giving an undue opportunity to man to carry out all his desires and ambitions while woman has no power to express herself as a human being.

Man has been taken as the type. Even in the naming of animals the male is the race type, the termination of the female name denoting "his female" as in lion, lioness.

There is in fact a woman's sphere and a man's sphere. Woman's natural work as a female is that of mother, man's natural work that of father, but there is human work that covers all our lives outside these specialties.

Mrs. Gilman does not, however, hold that a purely feminine culture would be any more desirable than a purely masculine culture. She does claim that the influence of the two together is better than of either alone.

The effect of the dominance of man in society is felt in the family, in literature, art, games and government. Man has changed the family from an institution for the service of the child to one modified for his own service, a means to his own comfort and power. The duties of the wife have been magnified, the duties of the mother minimized.

Most clearly has Mrs. Gilman shown the effect of man having the power to select instead of the female selecting as among other species of animals. As a result the human female bedecks herself with colors and rich raiment in her efforts to attract the male. She has largely grown into merely a fancy clothes rack. This absorption in dress is abnormal and this "strutting" of the

female to attract the male has resulted disastrously to herself and her offspring. She no longer chooses the best for the parent of her young. No where else in the whole range of life is the



Charlotte Perkins Gilman

female thus found "prancing and capering before the male."

The effect of man rule on literature has been to make it onesided. It is largely long descriptive outpourings on but one human emotion, love. Even that is only the love of man for woman or as he imagines woman's love is for man, not the broader human love. A healthy young man finds thus in poetry and literature but one set of feelings depicted and if a normal youth breaks loose from the whole thing, despises "love stories" and takes up life as he finds it with many and broad interests.

Dealing with crime Mrs. Gilman has not made quite so plain how the domination of man has effected our methods of dealing with criminals or producing crime. She shows clearly the distinction between personal crimes and great social crimes, such as poisoning a whole community with bad food, of working little children and building and renting tenements that breed disease and crime.

There is perhaps one defect that many will find in this work. It is a most excellent portrayal of man rule, it is filled with suggestions, but it could not fail to appear onesided.

Not nearly all the things ascribed to man's domination can be charged against that alone. Many other forces

have entered in to shape society, for instance, economic conditions.

Just because it is onesided, perhaps, it will the better draw attention to a glaring injustice, the subjugation of woman.

Mrs. Gilman makes a strong and wholesome plea for a human world, not a man world or woman world, but a world in which the scope and purpose of human life is entirely above and beyond the field of sex relations.

Every handicraft, every profession, every art, all normal amusements and recreations, all governing and education, the whole living world of human achievements, all this is human.

These Mrs. Gilman would have women and men participate in equally.

—M. W. S.

The Visioning, by Susan Glaspell. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Cloth, 464 pp., \$1.35, net.

THAT the social vision can penetrate into the citadel of army life and there bring as great changes as elsewhere is the underlying theme of this book. "Katie Jones," an "army girl," by birth and training is half dreaming on the golf course when she sees a girl rushing toward the river with the evident intent to commit suicide. Katie, by a clever ruse, defeats this purpose, and then tries to build up a new life for the would-be suicide, whom she gives a new name and introduces to the exclusive army circle as a friend who has lived long in Florence.

The rescued girl, henceforth christened Ann Forest, was the daughter of a bigoted narrow preacher in a small town where "pleasures with the fun left out" were among the afflictions. Half-crazed by the maddening deadness of her life she fled to the city to meet a working-girl's life and to find that pleasures for those who work seldom have any fun in them. Her life at last blighted, as she thought, she had sought to end it.

She begins to introduce Katie to that life that lies outside the sheltered circle of army officialdom. Just as Katie and her brother are getting some glimpse of the Vision the man who had taken the joy out of Ann's life turns out to be a friend of Katie's.

The shock is too much for Katie and she loses her temper and something like a quarrel takes place between the two girls. The next morning Ann

has departed and there follow months of search by the now repentant Katie, and her brother, who is also just awakening to the Vision.

This search leads to a closer knowledge of the conditions through which Ann had passed and the Vision grows constantly clearer. Katie visits her Uncle, the Bishop, a "liberal" sort of Christian, but still enmeshed in conventional ideas.

The conversation between Katie and the Bishop shows how the former had passed.

"Uncle," Katie asked quietly, "do you ever think much about Christ?"

In his astonishment the Bishop dropped his cigar.

"What a strange man he must have been," she murmured.

"Kindly explain yourself," said he curtly.

"He seemed to think so much about people. Just people. And chiefly people who were down on their luck. I don't believe he would have been much good at raising money. He had such a queer way of going around where people worked, talking with them about their work. If he were here now, and were to do that, I wonder if he'd help much in 'stemming the rising tide of Socialism?' What a blessing it is for our institutions," Katie concluded, "that he's not anywhere around."

Before Ann had left Katie had discovered the "man who mends the boats," a militant trained Socialist, who now, by taking up the search for the missing girl draws Katie closer and closer to himself and his philosophy.

Of course, in the end, Ann is found, and Katie's brother, who has resigned from the army and broken loose from militarism, falls in love with her. In the meantime, Katie discovers that the "man who mends the boats" has been a prisoner in Ft. Leavenworth for having struck an officer while in the regular army. Her old army instincts rise to the front and she flees from him. Later, as her mind grows clearer, she is drawn back and everything ends happily.

There is not much Socialism in the book. None at all in the conventional sense. No preaching, no speeches, no arguments, yet in the background you feel the spirit of Socialism gradually entering into the minds of the principal characters and coming to dominate the whole atmosphere.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST

BY A. C. M'DOWELL

For a long time I was violently opposed to Socialism, because it would interfere with my plans for becoming a millionaire. I wanted to be rich, or in some position where I could make four or five thousand men divide up their earnings with me every night. I wanted a big, fine house up in the mountains close to a beautiful lake where it would be nice and cool to spend the summer months, also a winter home some where in the Sunny South. I wanted—Oh well, what's the use—I'd like to go to Mars and see if that planet is inhabited and if its citizens are as stupid as John D.'s; my chances to succeed in one wish are just about as good as in the other.

"A ridiculous comparison, you say?"
Not as bad as you think.

I left home at the age of seventeen. My Step Dad and I didn't get on well together. So one bright June morning, with a bundle of clothes tied up in a sack, I started out afoot to hunt a job. Mother walked with me to the pasture gate, kissed me good-bye and gave me three silver dollars.

On the anniversary of that date, eight years later, I found myself sitting in a hotel at Rock Springs, Wyo. I had been promised a job "in the morning" and was killing time watching the coal diggers through the open window of my room struggling across the tracks from No. 1 mine. I soon grew tired of the picture, so closing the window, I fished a mangled cigar from my pocket—bandaged it up with a cigarette paper—and had a smoke. While sitting

there the thought occurred to me to take an inventory of my assets and of myself.

My baggage consisted of a canvas telescope, which contained some dirty shirts, overalls, etc. My best and only suit of clothes was on my back; my pocket-book contained just eleven dollars. Deducting the three dollars which I left home with, I had saved only one dollar for each year that I had been working for myself. Then I sized up my "brain box" and its value in the world—my energy, general capabilities and opportunities.

This accounting, like a corporation's books, was not intended for public inspection, consequently I made it as accurate, as impartial as a conceited Scotchman could. Even then I proba-

bly counted dollars where only dimes existed. I was not able to determine the odds against me in this millionaire business, as the problem was too great for my knowledge of mathematics.

I saw a vast host of human beings equal with me in the race for wealth, a prize which only a few could ever gain. I could see another vast host far ahead of me in this race, while each individual in either multitude was swinging a club ready to knock my block off if I got in the way.

The Socialists wish to stop this fight—they wish to establish a more equal distribution of wealth, by substituting order for that of disorder. If I have any spare energy from my puny club, I'll strike every blow I can for the Cause.

FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

Nothing to Them

The unemployed are not, I fear
About the tariff cut excited,
They do not breathless, wait to hear
Of goods, Canadian, invited
To come and help us cut the price
That now we pay the business grafter.
These things with them cut little ice,
A chance to work is what they're after.

They do not sit around and sigh
With long and sad and solemn faces
Because the bosses sell and buy
The lowly and exalted places,
If public lives were plain as day,
If there was neither graft nor plunder
How would that keep the wolf at bay
Or feed their little ones, I wonder?

The unemployed would like to view
A job that pays them living wages,
What congress does or doesn't do
May fill a half a hundred pages,
The measures may be grand and good
And beneficial to the nation
But when a man is needing food
He isn't needing legislation.

Had a Chance to Find Out



"Pa."
"What?"
"This paper says Bryan doesn't know he is dead."
"Well, it's his own fault. The people haven't been doing much of anything else besides breaking the news to him now for a dozen years."

Just a Prediction

The democratic party on empty hope is living;
It thinks at next election that it can please the plutes,
But Taft has been too easy, too loving and forgiving
For them to shift their lackey when they have one that suits.

Their Touchy Spot

For judges advocate recall,
Say that judicial crooks must quit
And watch the interests great and small
Arise and throw a life size fit.
They know their bulwark, do not doubt,
That bolsters profits, grafts and rents
And should we throw their judges out
Some snaps might look like thirty cents.

The constables we may recall,
Put naughty aldermen away
Cause governors to take a fall
But judges are of different clay.

Hands off, and leave the judge alone,
Lay not a hand on his smug phiz,
The plutocrats protect their own,
To help them in their funny biz.



Use for Him

"It takes six generations to make a gentleman."
"Six without the taint of working?"
"Of course."

"And then what is he good for?"
"You might trade him for a yellow dog."



Look Him Over

King George, if pictures do not lie,
In countries where they have a vote
Could not be chosen on his shape
As keeper of the royal goat.

Little Flings

Private soldiers are being punished
in Texas by long hikes for being pri-

Told at the Dinner Hour

Lots of Money and Nothing to Do

BY OSCAR LEONARD.
The well-known Congregationalist minister, Rev. Allen A. Tanner, whose lecture, "The Man in Overalls," has been enjoyed by thousands of persons in various Chautauquas, is fond of telling a little story illustrating the difference between the man who works with his hands and the one who does not.
After being a minister for some years it occurred to Rev. Tanner that he ought to work with his hands. He went to Toledo, where he entered the shops of the late Golden Rule Jones to learn the machinist's trade. He naturally had to be away the whole day, six days a week. His compensation was not as big as that of a minister. His little girl, then eight years old, noticing the difference one day said to her father:
"Papa, when will you go back to preaching and have lots of money and nothing to do?"

Not Exactly His Meaning

BY HERBERT E. KINNEY.
Andrew, a small farmer in a thinly populated neighborhood, occasionally added a dollar or so to his meager income by acting as the local gravedigger.
A man much esteemed by Andrew died and Andrew performed his usual solemn function for the departed friend.
When the widow, wishing to compensate him for his services asked him to state the amount, Andrew named a sum purely nominal, feeling almost ashamed that in the case of a man who had been so kind to him and whom he had esteemed so highly, his services had not been gratuitous.
When the widow remarked on the smallness of the amount, Andrew explained:
"Why, I would rather dig your husband's grave for nothing than any other man's for a hundred dollars!"

Impossible

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN.
A minister once called on a family who had a bright little chap of about six years. This youngster had a vague idea of God and desiring more enlightenment on the subject he questioned the religious man deeply about the sacred problem. "Is God in the cellar?" the boy wanted to be informed, to which the godly man made a reply in the af-

vates. They ought to know enough to be generals.

Queen Mary will have no divorced women around. They remind her of her husband's early life.

Capitalism is doing some plain and ornamental tottering.

The steel trust is big enough to ask the government what it is going to do about it.

What galls Lorimer is that he knows how the others got their seats.

There is an answer to the old question "Why is a democrat?" the pie counter.

Desperate capitalists will see how this turns out before they hire Burns to do all of their kidnaping.

If Otis doesn't like it he can lump it.

No exploiter can respect the exploited.

firmative. "Is He in the parlor," asked the lad, still wondering, and he received a like reply. Thus they went through the house. "Is he in the attic?" asked the boy and again the minister gave the affirmative reply. "How can that be," said the youngster. "We have no attic in our house!"

One On the Judge

BY JOHN GARDNER.
A criminal case of minor importance was once being tried in which the principal witness for the prosecution was a small colored boy.

The lawyer for the defense objected to the evidence being admitted, because as he said, the boy was too young to realize the import of any oath. In order to settle it the judge decided to question the witness.

"Look here, boy," he said looking as serious as he well could, "do you know what would happen to you if you were to tell a lie?"

"Y-e-s, sah! mammy would whip me."

"Is that all that would happen?"

"N-o, sah! De debil would get me."

"Look here," said the judge putting on one of his fiercest looks, "don't you know that I would get you, too?"

"Y-y-yes, sah!" said the now thoroughly frightened boy. "That is what I just said."

As fer war, I call it murder—
There you hed it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testament fer that.

Points and Punctures

BY ELLIS O. JONES.
So long as men progress it will be impossible to make constitutions which posterity will continue to respect.

In capitalist politics an ounce of promise is worth a pound of performance.

Politicians can always be depended upon to watch the revenue. They are careful both to see that plenty comes in and to see that it doesn't stay in.

There is plenty of room at the top, but the train service is bad and the fare is high.

The chief work of politicians is to convince us that we need them. Our chief work is to convince ourselves that we do not.

Better ignorant pupils than ignorant teachers. To be ignorant is bad enough,

but to teach ignorance is insufferable.

A green voter makes a fat politician.

Workingmen must love the children of the rich more than they love their own children. If they did not, they would change the laws.

There are two kinds of men who are afraid of too much knowledge; those who have none and those who benefit from ignorance.

The idle rich will not worry so long as they can find workingmen to vote for them in peace and fight for them in war.

The fact that society can get along better without capitalists than without workingmen is known to most capitalists. The workingmen are having great difficulty in finding it out.

When trusts enter the door, prices fly out through the roof.

Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY J. W. BABCOCK.
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of dough,
Six and twenty votes bought,
Prices very low.

When election's over,
The bribers know them not,
Jobless, then they ponder,
Their voting costs a lot.
Peter, Peter, eggshell eater,
Had a wife and he did beat her.
Often each was struck a blow,
And now, you see, their cake's all dough.

Bow, wow, wow, whose boss art thou?
Nobody's boss, I work, bow wow.

How many miles to Profit Land?
Anyone can tell,
Up many a flight,
It's never right,
And that we know full well.
What do they do in Profit Land?
Well, that we all know too,
They skin and jeece,
Much as they please,
What will the workers do?

Then let us leave this Profit Land,
For one of higher station,
Our comrades, true,
Have planned for you
A purified, clean nation.



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A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

Arabic Science

One of the most important and highly developed of the modern sciences is the science of chemistry. It is so thoroughly a part of modern civilization that any separation of the two things is inconceivable.

It is rather disturbing to the European self-complacency, which imagines we owe nothing to the darker-skinned races, to learn that we owe this great science to the Arabian. They also discovered some of its most important reagents—nitric acid, sulphuric acid, alcohol. Their chemical researches led them to the gunpowder that turned the tide of battle in their favor before the walls of Constantinople.

The scientific activity of the Arabians was so great that all historians of the middle ages were obliged to note and acknowledge it.

Swinton in his "Outlines of the World's History" says: "One of the most interesting chapters in the intellectual history of Europe during the middle ages is that of Arabian contributions to science. The Saracens instituted universities, observatories, public libraries, and museums; they collected together all the remains of Greek and Alexandrine learning and through their medium the greater number of Greek and Latin authors read during the middle ages were known to Europe. . . . In the 10th century we hear of Spain, under the Saracens, as a center of learning; and it is there we must look for the origin of several sciences that have commonly been attributed to other nations. It is from them we received our mode of notation called the Arabic figures; and the terms "algebra," "alcohol," "alchemy," "Zenith," "nadir," etc., all of which are Arabic, and attest the influence of that remarkable people on the science of the middle ages."

Professor Cajori, in his "History of Physics," although sounding a critical note, is evidently impressed by Arabic claims to our consideration. He says: "The growth of the Arabic nation presents an extraordinary spectacle in intellectual history. Scattered barbaric tribes were suddenly fused in the furnace blast of religious enthusiasm into a powerful nation. A career of war and conquest was followed by a period of intellectual activity. About the 8th century A. D. the Mohammedans began to figure as the intellectual leaders of the world. With wonderful celerity they acquired the scientific and philosophic treasures of the Hindus and Greeks. Old books were translated from the Greek into the Arabic. Chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, and geography became favorite subjects of study. In a few instances the Arabs made original contributions to science, but as a rule they did not distinguish themselves in original research; they were learned rather than creative."

The modern recognition of our great debt to the Arabians owes a great deal to Draper. He has done the fullest justice to this remarkable people, and his testimony should be quoted here:

"It would far transcend the limits of this book (Conflict between Science and Religion) to give an adequate statement of the results of this imposing scientific movement. The ancient sciences were greatly extended—new ones were brought into existence. The Indian method of Arithmetic was introduced, a beautiful invention, which expresses all numbers by ten characters, giving them an absolute value, and a value by position, and furnishing simple rules for the easy performance of all kinds of calculations."

Draper's long description of their scientific achievements are beyond our space and the reader might go to Draper's book.

The Arabs are the true connecting



Drawn by Walter Crane

link in science between the old world of Greek thought and modern knowledge. For many centuries they were the sole torch-bearers of science and kept alive the divine flame by which alone the path of man is lighted on his way to higher things.

Progress is the law of life; man is not man as yet.—Robert Browning.

It is a difficult task, O citizens, to make speeches to the belly, which has no ears.—Plutarch.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.—Alphonso the Wise.

Modern Problems

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

If it takes a shopper two hours to pass a bargain counter and if it takes a tramp one hour to get a half a loaf of bread in the bread line, how long will it take the idle rich to pass a given point?

If the country is controlled by Wall Street and Wall Street in turn is controlled by every little thing that happens in the country, what is the relation of the cost of living to the price of antique art?

If it requires one-third of the army to protect the interests of Mr. Guggenheim when threatened by the insurgents

of Mexico, what would be required to protect the interests of Mr. Guggenheim in Alaska if threatened by the insurgents of Washington?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust, Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just; Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. —Lowell.

The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould. The same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbor causes a war betwixt princes. —Montaigne.