

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

IN MEMORY OF JULY 14, 1789



PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow. We are about to crown another king and the business of the world suspends while with awe and genuflections we watch the august ceremony. In the country where this King is to be crowned is more poverty and more misery than in any other country in Europe. A million men and women rise up in the morning without knowing where they will lie down at night. One-fifth of the population is described as living upon the starvation line or below it.

In the city where we are to celebrate this momentous occasion, one person in four is buried at public expense, and nearly two million persons dwell in such conditions as shame civilization, deny humanity, menace the community with epidemics, people it with deformity and degeneracy, and make life one long horror.

In this city many thousands of men roam about begging in vain for work. Yearly, hundreds of mothers are arrested because they smother their children rather than try to rear them in the unspeakable hell wherein they themselves must dwell.

In this city you may see in one huge, overcrowded and hideous region of it, vast swarms of listless, inert, underfed, undeveloped creatures shaped like human beings and yet without one beauty in their lives to redeem life from abject brutishness, men with faces like tallow and hands like claws, poisoned in body and stunted in mind, incapable physically, mentally and morally misshapen and incomplete, crushed and maimed and despoiled of man's attributes, the frightful products of the modern inferno. You may see vast swarms of them today and vaster swarms tomorrow, for relentlessly day after day their numbers swell and the deadly threat of them grows in the face of England and of this king now to be crowned with loud acclaim.

In this country now resounding with plaudits and hymnals of praise, what are known as the dangerous trades slay every year more persons than were ever slain on any modern battlefield. Every year these trades, with the unhealthy dwellings, insufficient food, poisoned air, dreary lives and monotonous drudgery that are the portion of the majority of its inhabitants, slay more persons than were ever slain in any modern war.

All of these slaughters are unnecessary; all of them are so many murders; all of them are so many indictments of the existing system of which the gracious king and his gracious crowning are but the type and the highest expression.

What do we care? *Te deum laudamus.* We are crowning another king.

Crowning him in a country where darkness broods and poverty spreads; where already poverty has wrought the physical and mental decline of the huge classes at the bottom of the glittering social pyramid; where insanity increases so rapidly that all the alienists are alarmed; where tuberculosis increases so steadily that all the health authorities are alarmed; where in twenty years the average physical stature has so diminished that three times it has been necessary to lower the standards for admission to the army; where decency, comfort and sufficiency are limited to fewer than one-fifth of the inhabitants; where in the teeming slums every year come into the world a hundred thousand

babies with deformed bodies and dreadful weaknesses; where to the majority of the population life is without hope, joy, light or opportunity.



REASONABLE REJOICING

In such a country, in the midst of a rising bleak sea of poverty and pain, a handful of the Lord's Anointed have erected a little island for themselves and their fellows and cheer themselves into hysteria because they have another king.

All about them is acute suffering and grisly death. What do they care? Here comes the grand procession, moving slowly forward with pomp and majesty, music and dazzling pageantry; and every foot of the way it wades through blood and rolls over the bodies of those that must give up their lives to sustain the existing system, of which this is the type and the perfect expression.

Grand spectacle! No wonder the crowds cheer, the bands play fervent music, the organs peal, the cannons fire salutes and long lines of Americans fall prostrate in hysterical adoration. No wonder we rush madly to behold a ceremony so inspiring and so indicative of progress; no wonder the American magazines illustrate it in colors and on their cover pages; no wonder American newspapers pour over it a Niagara of slush and nauseous guff; no wonder the business of the world suspends while with bated breath we watch the august ceremony.

In the midst of this mad carnival of death and misery we are crowning a king.

Glory be.



A TABLEAU THAT WOULD MEAN SOMETHING

AT one stage of the august ceremony the august Archbishop of something or other took in his hand the crown that still in the Twentieth century is the emblem of sovereignty and power, and after many curious and barbaric tricks he put it upon the gracious King's head. Just this moment suppose there could suddenly have appeared in Westminster Abby a picture of the real England over which this gracious king is graciously pleased to rule. Suppose just one family of East End degenerates should have marched down the aisle and thrust their tallow faces and scrawny claws before the holy Archbishop and the gracious King. Suppose they should have shown their deformities and demanded

vengeance upon the system that made them what they are. I guess that would have jarred the proceedings for a moment or two. I guess that would have shocked the sensitive nerves of the better classes, exclusive of proprietors of the royal pageantry.

Yet that spectacle, incongruous and strange as it would seem, would have been infinitely more typical and appropriate than anything that graced the splendors of Coronation Day.

It would have been typical of the real England.

The splendors, decorations, gewgaws, gorgeous uniforms, and monkey-shows are not typical of anything except of Bedlam and a form of government as obsolete as the dodo. However,

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what do we care about all this? We are crowning another king—June, 1911. One hundred and twenty-two years ago France proclaimed the end of the king superstition and the beginning of the reign of man. And one hundred and twenty-two years later we are repeating the same old tricks with still greater fervency. In the largest city of the world, in the country that affects to lead civilization.

At a time when poverty and the accumulated evils of a frightful social system threaten the life of that country and cover its government with blood, it stops to spend unlimited treasure upon a mediæval mummery that represents only retrogression and the backward path.

* * *

Te Deum Laudamus. This is indeed a great day.



PITY THE POOR RAILROADS

You may be interested to observe on your railroad time table folder (if you are traveling at this time) one page or two pages set apart for a pitiful appeal to your sympathies in behalf of the poor distressed railroad companies of your native land.

These poor but deserving institutions, it appears, are now sorely beset by wicked persons that are trying to deprive them of their little incomes, and your kind heart is appealed to that you may prevent the horrible outrage.

I read these things on all my time tables and I am glad to see them. The statements they contain are chiefly lies, the statistics they offer are fictitious and the appeals are swindles, but I read them with keen and hearty enjoyment. I hope to read many of them as time goes on. Rattling over the insecure bridges and murderous grade crossings of the American railroad nothing is better calculated to divert your mind than to read one of these appeals. You can almost for a time forget the rotten roadbed and the imminent risk of disaster. Therefore, they are good things and ought to be encouraged.

You can almost forget many things, but you can never quite forget this, that if the American railroads had not been looted and stolen inside out by two generations of expert exploiters they would not now present an aspect of physical wreck or be so bedeviled in their finances that they must practice the bunco-man's art to keep going.

However, the appeals to the public on behalf of these tottering old concerns are pleasant reading for the citizen, robbed and maltreated these many years. Some change since the days of "the public be damned"—eh, brethren? The fear of God worketh many marvels and it seems to have been thrown successfully into the hearts of the gentlemen now operating the railroad swindle. They are no fools. They can read election returns as well as another, even after capitalism has done its best to doctor those returns and suppress the Socialist vote.



A STRANGE PHENOMENON

The substance of the tariff situation in Congress is that every member is in favor of reciprocity or against it, in favor of tariff reduction or against it, exactly in accordance with the wishes of the particular Interest that he serves.

It is to reveal once more this indubitable fact that we have had three months of a special session and 16,000,000 words of debate.

Yet everybody knew it before. What's the use?

The other day one man arose to speak that actually had convictions on the tariff question. All the members dropped everything else and rushed to view the strange sight. It was a phenomenon without precedent; they couldn't afford to miss it; a man with convictions and

not afraid to utter them. All crowded around and listened with rapt attention to every word he said.

He was Victor L. Berger, Socialist Congressman from Wisconsin.

In the whole tariff debate he was the only respectable figure. Also the only man not tagged and assorted by the Interests.

I guess it's worth while to be a Socialist.



WAR ON THE OCTOPUS

THE advance in stocks following the decision in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust cases equaled approximately \$500,000,000. Much of this wind-fall went to the gentlemen that held Standard Oil and Tobacco stocks.

It is thus that with bold hands we smite the Trust Octopus and drive him forth from his lair in our happy land.

It is said now that the Supreme Court is likely to press forward upon its luminous way and follow up its victories over the Standard Oil and Tobacco monsters by "destroying" the iniquitous Harvester Trust also.

You can imagine the Harvester Trust gentlemen lying awake at nights trembling with fear at this terrible threat.

Fear lest it should never be carried out.



INTERESTS GRAB THE MAGAZINES

YEARS ago the newspaper press of America passed into the control of the powers of evil and became the valets and sooty slaves of the corporations and thieves.

These got the strangle-hold on the newspapers by controlling the advertisements. A newspaper lives on its advertisements. The bulk of its advertisements come from department stores. The Interests got the department stores or the banks that feed such stores and in a moment they had the newspapers at their mercy.

Thus controlled the newspapers fell to lying about and distorting conditions. The power of free utterance passed utterly from them, and with it their influence vanished. The public knew nothing of the secret of the transformation, but it recognized instantly the false note in the editor's speech. It said: "These 'be the words of a harlot" and turned away.

The magazine came to be the only representative of a free press in America. Encouraged by public support it did the work of a tribune of the people. It tore the masks from the thieves and revealed the burglars.

The Interests tried to get the magazines by controlling the advertising. They found that magazine advertising is too big a field to be controlled. They could take away several pages of Beef Trust or other ads., but a thousand men filled other pages.

Then the Interests began to get the magazines through the process of consolidation and purchase, often through subtle, secret and unsuspected ways.

One after another the magazines that had been called radical began to be gathered into the net.

One stood out alone. It printed articles exposing the great railroad swindles and many other frauds practiced upon the people. It was threatened many times, but kept on. Finally it printed an article exposing the deals by which the New York-New Haven and Hartford railroad has been scooped inside out. This involved some of the most powerful

forces among the Interests. They got wind in advance of the publication and tried to bulldoze the editor into suppressing it. He refused and the article came out.

Then they started in to crush him. They have just succeeded after eight months of incessant fighting.

Now the magazine field is their own. It is as much their own as the newspaper field. They will operate it more adroitly than they have operated the newspapers. They will not repeat their previous blunders; the magazine valet will not go out and fight openly for its masters. It will make the smug pretense of being on the side of progress. It will support the "Roosevelt policies," so-called, it will be strong for conservation, it will praise Insurgents and Insurgency, it will be strong for morality, piety, reforms, and pillow-shams. But it will never again reveal conditions as they really are.

Watch it. See if this does not turn out to be absolutely true.

The Interests don't care a hang about reforms, Insurgency, conservation, morality, piety and all such twaddle. All they want is that there shall be no magazine that will dare to reveal the truth about fundamental conditions or the facts about specific burglaries and burglars.

That is what they want. That is what they have now secured.

It is a well-tamed team that now trots sedately along under their whip and rein. The newspaper and the magazine. From this time on you will not be able to tell which is the more docile and serviceable.



Ten Million Organized Workers

The seventh annual report given out from the office of the Secretary of the International Trade Unions places Germany at the head of the list giving the number of organized workers in the world, a place held in 1908 by England:

	1910	1908
Germany	2,447,578	2,382,401
England	2,406,746	2,406,746
United States	1,710,433	1,588,000
France	977,350	294,918
Italy	783,538	546,650
Austria	455,401	482,279
Sweden	148,649	219,000
Netherlands	145,000	128,845
Belgium	138,928	147,038
Denmark	121,295	120,850
Switzerland	112,613	113,800
Hungary	85,266	102,054
Norway	44,223	48,157
Spain	40,984	44,912
Finland	24,928	24,009
Bulgaria	18,753	12,933
Roumania	8,515	?
Bosnia-Herzegovina	4,470	3,997
Serbia	4,462	3,238
Croatia	4,361	4,520

The same figures are given for England in 1910 as in 1908, since the official statistics have not yet been given out. In France the great difference in the number is caused by the fact that in 1908 only those unions united with the central organization were counted. This was also the case in Hungary, Servia, Roumania, Spain and the United States in the statistics for 1910.

The total number given in the tabulated list amounts to 9,683,493 in 1910 and 8,674,367 in 1908. With 239,293 in Australia at the end of 1908 and 22,457 in Argentine, a total was reached in 1909 of 9,845,243.

Since 1909 the trade union membership has increased in most countries so that the army of organized workers in the world can today safely be placed at *ten million*.

The total amount paid out in 1909 by the unions in fifteen countries, for benefits of all kinds amounts to 57,707,822 marks or \$14,426,000. About \$8,000,000 additional was paid out in 1909 for strikes and lock-outs.

No power on earth ought to stop the advance of the vast army of workers toward the light.—*Vorwaerts, Berlin.*

Socialist Message in the National Congress

Speech Delivered by Representative Victor L. Berger



VICTOR L. BERGER

House of Representatives, June 14, 1911



It is hardly necessary for me to explain how highly I appreciate the honor of being a member of this House. There is probably no other legislative body in the world in which there are so many earnest, bright, and interesting men. However, you interpret things as you see them, and you see them from the point of view of your class—the capitalist class.

The first question you naturally ask of any new Member is, What is your message?

Now, Mr. Chairman, I have a message to deliver from the most advanced and intelligent section of the toiling masses—from millions of men and women.

If you will bear with me in patience for an hour I shall try to deliver a part of that message to the best of my ability.

I am told that oratory counts for little or nothing in this House—that you want facts. I am very glad of that, because I hope to convince you within five minutes that I am not an orator, and within ten minutes that I have some facts.

Now, gentlemen, I just ask you kindly to overlook my Milwaukee accent, but to overlook nothing else. [Laughter.]

Some of the gentlemen here have repeated the old threadbare fallacy that the high tariff is to protect labor.

No Laws Made for Labor

Now, I want it understood that there is no such thing as protection to labor in any tariff bill. I want to say this in the name of the many millions of enlightened workingmen in this country, and in all other civilized countries, who think for themselves.

Moreover, gentlemen, you are not in the habit of making laws for the protection of labor. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

You are continually making laws for the protection of life and property—for the protection of the lives of those who own the property, and for the protection of the property they own. You are continually making laws for manufacturers, bankers, and merchants.

But the workingman who has no other property than his labor gets scant protection, indeed.

If he wants to be protected, he must commit a crime; he must steal or get drunk and disturb the peace or become a tramp. Then the law gets hold of him and gives him protection. Then he gets the protection of the jail or the penitentiary.

As long as he is well and decent the law does not protect him. The high tariff does not protect him.

What is the philosophy of the tariff?

The history of the protective tariff is the same in every country.

Agricultural countries subsidize manufacturers for the purpose of creating industries.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries England became the foremost manufacturing country of the world. Germany, which before had supplied the world with manufactured goods, had been thrown back in civilization and culture by the horrors of the religious wars incident to the Reformation.

England bought the raw material of the world and sold the manufactured product. In order to build up industries in their own countries the Eu-

ropean rulers tried to protect their manufacturers against the importation of English goods by putting up a high tariff.

The history of the American tariff is very much the same. The tariff reaches back to the days of Alexander Hamilton and is based upon the same idea.

Weeding Out the Weak

It simply meant subsidizing the manufacturers so as to build up industries. It meant that the Nation was paying the manufacturer a bonus for investing his money in manufacturing.

The result in every country has been the same. The high tariff at first stimulated competition. Everybody who had any money or any business talent went into the manufacturing business.

That tendency, of course, cut down the profits. It culminated in this country about 1892, when one of those periodical crises which are a part of our industrial system set in.

The result was natural enough. No matter whether we have a high tariff or free trade, competition has a tendency to weed out the economically weaker concerns.

That process of weeding out is mightily stimulated by these industrial crises, a matter to which I shall refer again later.

The process of weeding out went merrily on in this country. Toward the end of the last century a number of the remaining big firms found it more profitable to unite than to continue the fight.

There you have the origin of trusts. It is not fair to ascribe the origin of trusts entirely, or even mainly, to the high tariff.

The high tariff is responsible for the trusts only as it stimulates competition, and inasmuch as it subsidizes the manufacturers.

But the outcome of competition is always the same. Competition always kills competition in the end. We find trusts in high-tariff America and in free-trade England. We find trusts in Germany and even in little Holland. As a matter of fact, every flourishing industry winds up in a trust.

I can go still further. I will say that in every manufacturing country the manufacturers at first demand protection and get it.

They want protection in order to conquer the home market—the market in their own country. They demand it as a matter of patriotism. Business men are always patriotic when there is profit in sight. [Laughter.]

Capitalist Patriotism Disappears

But the business man, after he has gained control of the home market and reaches out for the profits in other countries, changes from the patriot to the cosmopolite.

Mr. Moore, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield there?

Mr. Berger. No; I shall ask the gentleman to wait until I have developed my theme, and then I shall be very glad to answer all questions. I am here to answer questions for the next year and a half. [Laughter.]

The business man suddenly finds that the high tariff—the same high tariff which has helped him to control the home market—is a chain on his legs when he wants to conquer the world market. Therefore, he is willing to drop the tariff.

This is the case with the highly protected iron industry. The leading spirits in that industry are just about ready to drop the high tariff not only for iron, but for everything else.

Thus, the *New York Sun* of Thursday, June 8, says:

"Possibly this country might continue to keep out of the poorhouse, grow wool, and make clothes, even if they have not the heaven-born tariff to consecrate every sheep and every manufacturer."

Considering that the *New York Sun* is supposed to be Pierpont Morgan's mouthpiece and the organ

of standpatism in industry, this is rather a frank admission.

Moreover, no lesser authority than Mr. Carnegie has declared that we are ready for a reduction of duties in the iron industry.

I am not, however, concerned with the manufacturers' side of this question. The manufacturers are well able to take care of themselves, and they are exceedingly well represented in this House. [Laughter.]

What I want to bring out is that it never was intended that the high tariff should protect the workingman. That pretense was simply an afterthought, because the workingmen have votes. [Laughter on the Democratic side.] Only American manufacturers have dared to tell this falsehood to their workingmen. Why? Because until very recent years American workingmen were more ignorant on economic and social questions than their brothers in Germany or France.

The highly protected manufacturers of Germany never dared tell their workingmen that the tariff was there to protect the workingman. The protected manufacturers of France never dared tell their workingmen that the tariff protected them.

It was only in this country, after the infant industries had become giants, that some of our Pennsylvania politicians conceived the idea of claiming that the high tariff was here to protect the workingman.

But this issue shows plainly the paramount influence of our manufacturers and traders in political affairs, even though every workingman in America has a vote. The manufacturers palm off their private issues as national issues.

It is the manufacturers who want protection; it is the commercial men, and mainly the importers, who want free trade.

The manufacturers, as I said before, pretend that protection benefits the working classes.

But that this claim is a mere sham is evident from the fact that they have never proposed to discourage the immigration of foreign workingmen; that, on the contrary, they have always done all they could to encourage foreign laborers to come over; that they have even sent agents to Europe to coax laborers by false pretenses.

There can be no doubt that wages are better here than in European countries, but the causes of this fact have little or nothing to do with the tariff.

The workman in highly protected Germany has somewhat the advantage, in wages and hours, over the workman in highly protected France. The workman in free-trade England has a shade the advantage over the workman in highly protected Germany.

Causes of Wage Differences

It cannot be shown the tariff has any general effect upon wages.

Higher wages in the United States are due to a number of highly complex factors.

There is, first, the higher efficiency of the American workman, as the gentleman from New York [Mr. Redfield] pointed out in his interesting speech day before yesterday. There is, next, the more perfected machinery upon which he works. There is also the advanced development of trades unionism. There is, furthermore, the fact that, until recently, large tracts of public land served constantly to draw off some part of the competing laborers of the towns and cities to the country.

Finally, there is the fact that the economic system, as a whole, has never settled down in America into the hard and fast groove in which it runs in Europe.

Indeed, that system in America still retains something of the elasticity of colonial times.

Since the great strike in Pittsburg in 1892—which ended with the battle on the Monongahela—the claim that the high tariff protects the workingman has become more rare. I should not advise the gentleman from Pennsylvania or any other gentle-

man to make such a claim before an audience of workmen of Pittsburg, Chicago, or Milwaukee when there is a strike on for living wages in some branch of the iron industry.

While the products of our factories are highly protected, sometimes as highly as 200 per cent, the producers of these products are not protected at all. On the contrary, during the last 20 years Slavonians, Italians, Greeks, Russians, and Armenians have been brought into this country by the million. Simply because they have a lower standard of living they have crowded out the Americans, Germans, Englishmen, and Irishmen from the workshops, factories, and mines of our highly protected industries.

And in the steel mills of Pittsburg, Chicago and Milwaukee, where 30 years ago the so-called princes of labor used to get from \$10 to \$15 a day, the modern white coolies get \$1.75 for 12 hours a day, seven days in the week—having no time to praise the Lord, and no reason either. [Laughter.]

Less Than Living Wages

As for the manufacturers of woolen goods, Bulletin 57 of the Census Bureau, which gives the figures on manufactures for 1905, shows (p. 93) that 44,452 youths and men, 24,552 girls and women, and 3,743 children under 16 employed in the manufacture of woolen goods received a yearly average of \$396 and a weekly average of \$7.61.

The same bulletin shows that 29,883 youths and men, 32,130 girls and women, and 7,238 children under 16 employed in the manufacture of worsted goods receive a yearly average of \$379 and a weekly average of \$7.30.

According to social workers who have made a study of family budgets, the minimum requirement in the United States for a decent living for a family consisting of father, mother, and three small children is \$750 a year. I believe that estimate is much too low, and that none of the gentlemen in this House would want to live on it. However, the average wages in these two highly protected industries are but little more than half this sum.

It is true that this average takes in the wages of children and youths. But, on the other hand, it also takes in the wages of the highly skilled mechanics and of foremen. It is, therefore, a fair average; and it shows a wage entirely inadequate to support a decent standard of living.

As for me, I am against all tariffs—high tariffs or low tariffs—and against low tariffs as a proposition to raise revenue.

Tariff Hits Poor

Every tariff, high or low, means that it hits the poor man worst. So long as a tax is placed on the necessities of life, it will fall upon the poor man much more heavily than upon the rich man. [Applause.]

To begin with, it is the poor people who, as a rule, have many children. The tax on shoes will strike a poor sewer digger who has six children six times as hard as it will the millionaire, who has one child. Moreover, the digger can afford it 1,000 times less. [Applause.]

Every tariff puts the burden upon the people who can afford it least. Every tariff means that the wealthy people are not willing to pay their share of taxes and that they want the poor people to pay it for them. It means that these taxes go to the manufacturer.

This is all any tariff means.

It is in all cases an inheritance of the Middle Ages—the Dark Ages—when the privileged classes did not pay any taxes and the common people had to pay them all.

The only just tax is an income tax [Applause] which is graduated to such a degree that it will establish some fairness as to the intensity with which it is felt by the poor people as compared with the rich.

I do not want to be understood to imply that the working class is benefited by free trade of itself. Free trade is no panacea. Free trade would mean that a great deal of our manufacturing would be done across the sea—particularly all of the manufacturing that has not yet reached the trust stage. [Applause on the Republican side.]

Moreover, the working class cannot endure any sudden lowering of tariffs. It is helpless to protect itself from the consequences.

Especially in our country, after many years of the highest kind of a high tariff, any sudden change would be disastrous, and that is where the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Underwood] was wise. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

There are whole communities built up on a tariff schedule on some manufactured commodity. A radical and sudden lowering of the tariff on any of those products would, of course, unsettle conditions, close workshops, and deprive thousands of wage earners of their jobs. And since under our planless system of production no provision whatever is made for the displaced workers, the result would be widespread disaster and misery. [Applause on the Re-

publican side.] When society is willing to undertake the transfer of displaced workers from a dying industry to a flourishing one we can then welcome any radical change in the tariff that seems best for the Nation as a whole.

Labor Needs no Tariff

Labor does not need the so-called protection of tariffs. It does need, however, protection against sudden changes for the worse in economic conditions. And in so far as it has had any protection it has protected itself by forming trade unions. It has protected itself by strikes and boycotts, which have been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States to be illegal.

But, illegal or not, I hope labor will continue to use them in order to resist the forcing down of the standard of the bulk of our population to a Chinese level. [Applause.] For in many respects we have been coming down continually. [Applause.]

Before this, the capitalist era, common workmen in England could live a whole week on the earnings of four days.

Now, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, common laborers can scarcely live a week on the earnings of seven days of excessive toil.

Mr. Stanley. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Berger. Mr. Chairman, this is the first time that the Socialists' view on the tariff has ever been heard in this House, and if the gentleman will kindly give me a chance to get through with my statement, I shall be very glad to answer any questions that he may wish to ask, and I have no doubt that he will be able to ask them with much more profundity than now. [Laughter and applause.]

There is always free trade in labor.

Under the present system, which we call in political economy the capitalist system, the workingman's labor has become a mere ware in the market. And since the man's labor cannot be separated from the man, the workingman himself has become a commodity, whose time is bought and sold. The workingman, or rather his labor power, is subject to the same conditions as every other ware, especially to the conditions of supply and demand and to competition.

Labor Bought and Sold

The workingman's labor, or rather his time, is bought now in the open market by the highest bidder on the one hand from the lowest seller on the other.

And the employers, that is, the master class, care only to buy the workingman's time when he is young, strong, and healthy. When he is sick or when he gets old the employer has no use for him.

The employer is not in business for the sake of charity. He is in business in order to make profits—to make money.

And because of this we see that our so-called free workers are sometimes worse off—from the purely economic point of view—than the blacks were under slavery before the war.

The negro was property and represented about \$1,000 in value—sometimes more, sometimes less. He was property which his master owned. Therefore, the master, if he had any sense, took good care of his human chattel. The master was eager to have the slave as long and in as good condition as possible. When the slave became sick or when he died the master lost money.

The case is entirely different with the white workingman, the so-called free workingman. When the white man is sick or when he dies the employer usually loses nothing.

And high tariff, or tariff for revenue only, or free trade, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case." [Laughter.]

The fact is that the capitalist, the average employer today, is more concerned about a valuable horse, about a fine dog, about a good automobile, than he is about his employe or about his employe's family.

In most cases the employment is absolutely impersonal. The employer does not know his employe by name, or even by number. This is invariably the case with a stock company where the shareholders are scattered all over a city, a State, or all over the country; sometimes over Europe.

Worst Employer Rules

Nor can any individual capitalist or employer, no matter how charitably inclined he may be, change anything in these conditions. A business or corporation that should try to run its plant on a charity basis would not last long.

As a matter of fact, under the present system it is usually the worst employer who sets the pace. The employer who can fleece and skin his workmen best is best equipped for the fight in the open market. He can produce his goods the cheapest.

Thus competition has come to have a fearful meaning to the working class.

On the one hand, it compels the employers to get their labor as cheaply as possible; on the other hand,

it compels the workmen to compete with one another for jobs.

Competition among the workers has become, therefore, a cutthroat competition. It is a question as to who is to live and who is to starve. It is often a question as to whether a man is to stay with his family or become a tramp.

And the tariff has nothing to do with that question, either.

There is always free trade in labor.

In many cases now the laborer is compelled to disrupt his family and send his wife and children to the shop or factory.

For this is the greatest curse of machinery—or, rather, the individual monopoly of machinery—that capital can be coined out of women and even out of infancy. Thus, not alone are men turned into wares, governed by demand and supply, but they are also made to scramble for a precarious living with their wives, sisters, and children.

Woman and Child Slaves

In the cotton factories of the South, from where my Democratic free-trade friends come, the women and children compose two-thirds of the working force. Very similar are the conditions in our large cigar and tobacco factories and in the workshops of many other industries.

Laws against this sort of thing are almost useless as long as the present economic system prevails.

For while it is notorious that the wages earned by a whole family do not on an average exceed those of the head of the family in occupations where it has not become habitual to employ women and children, the abuse is still daily gaining ground.

And the reason is very simple. Women and children do not go into the factory for the fun of it; they are brought there by dire necessity, by competition. And it is competition, too, that compels the little children of the southern poor white people to go to the cotton factory and offer their young lives to be turned into dollars. Here are the figures of children from 10 to 15 years of age, inclusive, employed in 1900 in 11 Southern States, with the percentage of the total number of children of that age period:

States	Males	Per Ct. of total	Females	Per Ct. of total
Virginia	44,051	33.7	11,094	8.5
West Virginia	22,343	33.	2,481	3.9
North Carolina	77,986	55.1	32,421	23.5
South Carolina	55,363	53.8	38,917	38.3
Georgia	77,462	46.7	36,502	22.6
Kentucky	53,676	35.4	7,441	5.1
Tennessee	63,711	43.2	12,651	8.9
Alabama	80,989	59.	41,664	31.3
Mississippi	63,906	53.8	34,103	29.7
Louisiana	39,620	39.4	21,427	21.6
Arkansas	49,747	50.1	15,321	15.8

Nor are conditions in most of the Northern States much better.

With a system like this it is only natural that the rich should become richer and the poor poorer.

Laborer Fast to Machine

Free competition imposes no restraint upon the powerful. They are at liberty to exploit the poor workman to their hearts' content.

And another thing: The strength on the capitalist side is so great, and the capacity for resistance on the side of the workmen is so insignificant, that there is actually no freedom of contract. The monopoly of the tools has made the employers a class of autocrats and the laborers a class of dependents—of hirelings. The laborer is simply a hired appendage to the machine.

The machine has come to be the main thing, the costly thing. The living appendage, the laborer, can be gotten without much trouble or cost. Nowadays, if an owner of tools does not want to let a workman work, the latter has no means of subsistence unless he finds some other "lord of production" who will permit him to produce something.

And so this system now creates the dependence of the thousands upon the few.

It is a paltry evasion of our capitalists to say that the workers are free to accept or to refuse the terms of their employers. The laborers have to consent. If they refuse the terms, there are plenty of others, hungry, starved, and desperate, ready to take their places. But suppose it were possible that the employer could not get other men to take the places of those who refused the terms offered—and, pray, do not for a moment think that this could actually be the case—the employer could stand it; he would merely stop business for the time being. And do not imagine for one instant that he would suffer privation by so doing. His home would be just as radiant with luxuries as ever, and he would probably try to endure life by a trip to some foreign country.

Cause of Crises

Now, another important consideration:

Since the working people do not receive the full value of their products—because a considerable profit is made by the employing class on everything the workers produce—can they be expected to buy back

these products? Their numerical strength makes them the chief consumers of the country and those on whom production mainly depends.

In this way, by the laboring people not being able to consume enough, and by the planless way in which production is carried on in general, the so-called overproduction is created.

Of course, no matter how much or how little the toilers of a nation create, they always create more than they are able to buy with their wages, because they have never received the full value of that production.

In this way the so-called industrial crises originate. They have come upon us about once in every 20 years, roughly speaking, since capitalist production began its sway. At such times the trade and the manufacturing of a nation come to a standstill, because "there is too much on hand."

And the working people have, to stop work and go ragged and hungry because there is too much on hand.

Statesmen, newspapers, lawyers, and so-called reformers on such occasions claim that it is either too much silver or too little silver, or lack of confidence, or what not, that is the cause of the industrial crisis, or panic, as it is sometimes called.

But hard times are really hard only on those whose subsistence depends on their having work to do.

For the poor people the times are always hard.

During "hard times" the wives and daughters of the capitalist, however, do not leave off attending balls, parties, and operas, in their silks and diamonds.

On the contrary, if the times are very hard, the wealthy and charitable people simply arrange one more amusement and call it a "charity ball."

As far as security of work is concerned, the workman of the present time is worse off than any of his predecessors in history. In fact, the irregularity of his employment, the frequency with which he is out of work, is the most alarming feature of the workingman's condition. The toiler of today cannot work when he wants to, or when he ought to, in order to support himself and family. He can work only when it is to the profit of the employer that he should do so.

How It Came About

How all this came about—well, it is simply a matter of industrial evolution.

In the Middle Ages, before capitalist production had come upon the stage of events, a system of small industries prevailed, and, in some few cases, has continued to the present day.

This system rested on the private ownership by the workman himself of the means of production. The instruments of labor were then paltry, dwarfish, and cheap; and for that very reason, as a rule, they belonged to the producers themselves. Since the fifteenth century, and especially since the power of steam was utilized, these limited implements of production have been gradually enlarged, united, and improved, until the common tool of the Middle Ages, and even some of the instruments that were common 50 years ago and later, have been transformed into the machines of today.

In place of the hand loom, the spinning wheel, and the smith's hammer there appeared the mechanical loom, the spinning machine, and the steam hammer. Instead of the single workshop there appeared the factory that combines the united labor of hundreds and of thousands. At the same time production was transformed from a series of isolated—individual—acts into a series of social and combined acts.

The yarn, the cloth, the metal articles which now come out of the factory are the joint product of the many people through whose hands they had to go successively before being ready.

No single person can say of them: "This I have made." Yet these social tools and social products are treated in the same way as they were at the time when the tool was an individual tool and when the product was created by the individual. So the present new mode of production remains subject to the old form of appropriation, although the new form of production does away with the very conditions on which the old form was based. In times of old the owner of the simple tool appropriated or took for his own use his own product, while now—and it is important to grasp this fact fully—the owner of the tool, of the machine, appropriates the work of others. He appropriates this work without a jury and without a verdict.

And so we see plainly that the private ownership of the means of production, which was formerly the means of securing the product to the producer, has now become the means of exploitation, and, consequently, of servitude.

The development of the tool into the machine separates the workman from his product. In this way a comparatively small number of capitalists obtain a monopoly of the means of production.

We are often inclined to deprecate the resistance

of the workingmen to the introduction of machinery.

But these victories of the human intellect over the forces of nature which naturally should be a benefit to all—an unlimited source of blessing to the human race—have often become a means of torture to the toilers.

How many wage earners has the introduction of machinery thrown out of employment? How many lives have thereby been destroyed?

All the advantage of all the new inventions, machines, and improvements now goes mainly to the small class of capitalists; while on the other hand these new inventions, machines, improvements, and labor devices displace human labor and steadily increase the army of the unemployed, who, starved and frantic, are ever ready to take the places of those who have work, thereby still further depressing the labor market.

It is from this army that the capitalist class recruit their special police, their deputy sheriffs, their Pinkerton detectives, and some of their minor politicians.

And the wage workers are by no means the only sufferers. The small employers, the small merchants, are also feeling the sting of an unequal competition.

For every one of these men of business lives at war with all his brethren. The hand of the one is against the other, and no foe is more terrible to him than the one who is running a neck race with him every day.

Therefore, in the factory as well as in the store, the wages must be cut constantly, and the sales must be ever enlarged. The latest improvements, the best labor-saving machinery, must be used and as little wages must be paid as possible. The race is for life or death and "the devil gets the hindmost."

Coming of the Trusts

The fierce competition lessens the profit on each article, and this must be compensated for by a greater number of articles being produced and sold; that is, the cheaper the goods the more capital is required to carry on the business.

Precisely, then, for the same reason that the mechanic with his own shop and working on his own account has nearly disappeared in the struggle between hand work and machine work—for precisely the same reason the small manufacturers, with their little machinery, their small capital, and their little stock of goods, are now being driven from the field.

And the same is the case with the little store that must compete with the department store or the mail-order house.

It is that class that is yelling most loudly against the corporations, the railroads, and the trusts.

It is that class that wants the Sherman law to be made "more effective." It is that class that would like to turn the wheel of economic evolution backwards.

We cannot destroy the trusts without destroying our civilization.

Moreover, we do not want to destroy them. The trusts bring some system into the industrial chaos. They are the forerunners of a new social order. They have put the first effective check upon the disastrous evils of competition.

While competition grows more intense among the workers looking for jobs, and while it still prevails among the small traders and small manufacturers, the trusts have abolished competition in the realm of "big business."

The trusts are undoubtedly a milestone in the industrial evolution of the race. The trusts spell progress and are a tremendous benefit. So far, however, they are mainly a benefit to their owners.

What we must do, therefore, is to extend the benefits of this ownership to the entire Nation.

The national ownership of the trusts must be our next great step in evolution. The Sherman law ought to be repealed and a law enacted to nationalize every industry where the output and the prices are controlled by a trust or a privately owned monopoly.

On the other hand, it is the trusts which by their very magnitude have made the viciousness of the capitalist system clear to everyone.

We see that the purely individualist theory of private ownership of "property"—which our competitive wage system has made the foundation of society—has resulted in practically abolishing the possibility of private ownership for the great majority of the people.

One-tenth of our population already owns more than four-fifths of the wealth. The centralization of the control of property is increasing with a rapidity that threatens the integrity of the Nation. The average of wages, the certainty of employment, the social privileges and independence of the wage-earning and agricultural population, when compared with the increase of the wealth and social production, are steadily and rapidly decreasing.

And the very worst of the social temptations is

that wealth has become the greatest, one might say the only, social power. All human worth is estimated in terms of wealth—in dollars and cents.

Things cannot go on like this indefinitely. White men will not always stand it. We are by our present circumstances and consequences creating a race of "white people" in our midst, compared with which the vandals of the fourth century were a humane nation.

Within a short time, with present tendencies unchecked, we shall have two nations in this country, both of native growth. One will be very large in number, semi-civilized, half starved, and degenerated through misery; the other will be small in number, overfed, overcivilized, and degenerated through luxury.

Revolution Coming

What will be the outcome?

Some day there will be a volcanic eruption. A fearful retribution will be enacted on the capitalistic class as a class, and the innocent will suffer with the guilty.

Such a revolution would throw humanity back into semi-barbarism and cause even a temporary retrogression of civilization.

Various remedies have been proposed. Single tax, more silver dollars, greenbacks, and a dozen other remedies have been offered. But since none of them does away with the deadly effects of competition, and with the effect of the machine on the workman, I must dismiss them as insufficient. This is particularly the case with the single tax, which would simply for a time sharpen competition and thus increase the misery of the working class.

The other day we listened to a fervid plea for the single tax delivered on this floor by the gentleman from New York [Mr. George]. He gave particular attention to the introduction of this system in Vancouver, British Columbia, and painted in glowing colors the blessings that had followed it. And now comes the distressing news that Vancouver is in the midst of a general strike, the first of its kind in that city, involving every organized workman there. Evidently the single tax is not a substitute for bread and butter. [Laughter.]

But this is what the Socialists say:

The machinery and all the progress in implements of production we cannot and do not want to destroy. Civilization does not want to go back to the Middle Ages or be reduced to barbarism.

And as long as these implements of production—land, machinery, raw materials, railroads, and telegraphs—remain private property, only comparatively few can be the sole owners and masters thereof. As long as such is the case these few will naturally use this private ownership for their own private advantage.

The highest industrial order which competitive individualism has given us, and can give us, is that of capitalist and wage earner.

A capitalist and wage earner order of society inevitably ends in the economic rule of a comparatively few absolute masters over a numerous socially subject class.

The wage system was a step in the evolution of freedom, but only a step. Without trade unionism and labor associations the wage system would produce a social state lower than that of feudalism.

There can be no social freedom nor complete justice until there are no more hirings in the world; until all become both the employers and the employed of society.

Coming of Socialism

This social freedom, this complete justice, can be accomplished only by the collective ownership and democratic management of the social means of production and distribution.

I realize that all this cannot be brought about by a single stroke—by a one-day's revolution. But I know that all legislation in order to be really progressive and wholesome must move in that direction.

Legislation that does not tend to an increased measure of control on the part of society as a whole is not in line with the trend of economic evolution and cannot last.

Legislation that interferes with the natural evolution of industry means the taking of backward steps and cannot succeed.

Legislation that divides nations into armed camps, that creates useless navies, that puts up Chinese walls between peoples eager to trade with one another, is reactionary and cannot endure.

The measure now under discussion is of small immediate concern to the working class. In itself it means no material change in the conditions of the working man or working woman. But because it is in line with social and political evolution, because it tends to destroy the old tariff superstition, because it tends to break down the barriers between nations and to bring into closer relations the various people of the world I shall support the bill. [Applause.]

The Visit of Uncle Sol

BY

Maud Davis Walker

Illustrated by Ryan Walker

THE Long family, sitting in conclave, had talked the matter over. And it was agreed that they all wanted Uncle Solomon to pay them a visit. Perhaps the Head was the most disinterested of the four. But he was Uncle Solomon's nephew, and felt the duty of blood which he declared was thicker than water. Mary, the Head's wife, may be forgiven if she had a motive other than that of entertaining her husband's aged kinsman. She was wife and mother first, and woman afterwards. But of course she wanted to do the right thing. Madge, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Long household, had only a vague idea of how she stood on the subject. She had just become engaged to Phil Dagget, and the happy pair were in the springtime of their courtship, which would, of course, suffer interruption if an "old crank" (the name usually applied to Uncle Solomon Long when being discussed by his nephew's family) was to be round the house. But Uncle Sol was rich. That gave the whole thing a different complexion. Madge knew the value of money, even though only nineteen.

Then there was Billy, seventeen-year-old scion of the House of Long, who spoke his mind one way and thought it another. "I'll bet Uncle Sol is a fine old fellow—a regular brick. And I mean to show him a good time. I'll take him to the ball game every Sat, and fishing every Monday. He may have been queer and cranky all his life-long, but after he's spent two weeks with me—well, I'll not brag. But just you folks watch." Mentally Billy was saying: "He's a rich old chap and I'll get on his generous side. Don't care if I do say it myself, I have hypnotic powers. And Uncle Sol won't miss a few hundreds, anyway. Gee, it's almost Aggie's birthday, and I want to get her something nice—a gold bracelet. And the Gov. is too close-pressed to be touched for more than a few bones. So I must make an inning with him of Bible name."

"Of course, I know he'll be a trial." So John Long was saying to his wife. "But I know you'll do everything to make him welcome, and overlook his disagreeable ways. But I must be moving. It wants just ten-minutes till train time. I've arranged to stay home tomorrow to meet Uncle Sol. So I may be a bit late this evening—perhaps on the seven o'clock instead of the six."

Then John Long kissed his wife and children and was off for the city.

* * *

The next morning found the Longs busy and expectant. Madge cut roses enough to fill the vases in the guest's room. Mrs. Long ordered a dainty luncheon, going to the kitchen herself to attend to its preparation. John Long, accompanied by Billy, went to the station to meet the arriving visitor. As the old gentleman stepped from the train he was seized by his welcoming nephew. "Hello, Uncle!" John cried cheerily.

Uncle Solomon drew back quickly and warned in sharp tones: "Be careful, John. That's my lame shoulder. Had rheumatism all spring."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Uncle. But—say, you're looking fine and dandy. Better'n you did fifteen years ago."

"Don't salve me, John." Uncle Sol's voice was crisp and his lips compressed. "I use a looking glass once a month. It never lies."

John Long laughed good-naturedly. Then: "But say, Uncle, see who's here!" And he turned towards Billy. "Here's the little shaver who was cutting teeth the last time you paid us a visit. Hasn't he grown like a weed?"

"Yep, and looks like one, too," drily observed Uncle Sol, giving his hand to Billy's proffered one. "Glad to see you, Uncle." And Billy shook the old gentleman's hand cordially. He had great faith in a hearty hand-clasp. It won confidence.

Uncle Sol took the boy in from head to toe. "Ain't a Long—not an inch of him," he said in disappointed tones. "Got his mother's snub nose—a Purvis nose. All the Purvises had such noses. The Longs have ever been a family of good, strong features—big noses and mouths. They could say

'no' with the decision of a sledge hammer. Pshaw! I'm sorry your son ain't your son, John."

"Oh, Billy's not fully developed yet," explained John. "But he's tall for his age—measures five-feet-six."

"Oh, he's run up far enough. But too narrow. Wants wind." Uncle Sol looked disgusted.

"I'll show you I have wind all right," smiled Billy with assurance. "And look at this muscle!" He doubled up a long, meatless arm, showing a



You're the piece of calico that's led him into it

small flabby muscle at the top. Uncle Sol ignored the display of strength and addressed himself to his nephew. "What do you live in the country for, John? Isn't your business in the city?"

"Yes, Uncle. But the city's too hot for Mary and the kids during the summer. But we're near enough to allow of my going after breakfast and returning for dinner. It's very convenient."

"Well, what're you doing here this time of day?" queried the old man.

"Stayed home to visit with you today, Uncle."

The information brought no gleam of pleasure into the cold gray eyes of Uncle Sol. "How far is it to your house?" he asked, for John was signaling a 'bus driver.

About ten blocks," informed John. "But I feared you'd be too tired after your journey to walk."

"Never too tired to save 'bus fare." And Solomon Long shut his mouth in a way that suggested the snapping together of a purse. "Let that youngster with the peanut muscle carry my grips. We'll walk."

Billy reddened under the gibe, but picked up the heavy traveling case and hand grip and led the way homeward. Inwardly he was saying things not complimentary to his great uncle. "I'll show the old geezer a thing or two," he smarted. "Peanut muscle!"

Beside the gate Mrs. Long and Madge waited for them. As the three turned the corner, Mrs. Long

rushed forth to welcome the visitor. "Howdy-do, Uncle Solomon! Awfully glad to see you again. How well you look!" She bent forward to imprint a kiss on the wrinkled cheek. But Uncle Sol was adroit and dodged. "Howdy, Mary," he said coolly. "We'll dispense with kissing. Don't know when the heathenish custom came into fashion; but do know when it ought to stop—right now."

Mary Long laughed in a confused way. But she took his hand between her two soft palms graciously. Then turned towards the gate. "Here's our little maid Madge," she said, presenting her daughter. Madge stepped forward and took the two proffered great-uncle fingers. "Welcome, Uncle Solomon," she smiled sweetly. "Hope you're not worn out from your journey."

"I never wear out, young lady. I leave that to you young people who have nothing else to do." Then turning to his nephew: "This is a nice place, John—must cost you a pretty sum, eh?" He indicated the grounds of John's summer home. John evaded the question of rent and led the way into the house. Then Billy was told to lead the guest to his room. This he did with pleasure. "When I'm alone with the old gink I'll thaw him out. He don't know me yet. I'll try a bit of my diplomacy." So soliloquized Billy.

Inside the guest's room, Billy began unstrapping the suitcase. "What you at?" sharply demanded Uncle Sol.

"Thought I'd put your things up for you, Uncle," replied Billy, his self-assurance beginning to ooze away.

"I'll do that job for myself," informed Uncle Sol in an irritated tone. "Have waited on myself this far, and guess I can continue while I'm obliged to live in this dad-gasted world." He dropped into the big chair, tired in spite of himself.

"You don't seem to care much for this world, Uncle," observed Billy smilingly. He merely wanted to be conversational.

Uncle Sol glared at Billy for a minute. Then: "Do you find so all-fired much to live for, young man?"

"W'y, yes, Uncle, I enjoy myself," confessed Billy. But he found he was losing his hypnotic power. He wondered if any one could "handle" a subject like Uncle Sol.

Uncle Sol grunted. "If you were a Long instead of a Purvis you'd not. Enjoy yourself! Bah! About all a Purvis thinks of—pleasure! Now will you tell me just what *pleasure* is, young feller?"

Billy shook his head. He was afraid to give a definition of the word.

"Nope, by damn, you don't." Uncle Sol grinned triumphantly. "But I'll lay a wager I can tell you what you *think* pleasure is. It's name is calico—*calico*.

And that means women and girls—females! And I can tell you some more, too. I can tell you what calico is fit for. It can manage to keep some poor devil of a man's nose to the grindstone all his life. For example, look round this room!" Uncle Sol's eyes took in the bric-a-brac, then the lace-dressed bed. "See all this stuff and nonsense scattered everywhere that it's not needed? It represents hard-earned dollars—John Long's sweat and blood. That's *calico*! Now, my young relation, let me warn you in time. At your age, temptation comes in the shape of pink-and-white finery, but it's all common calico in disguise. And underneath the skin all femalery is the same. Its object in life is to spend money and live in idle ease. It demands everything and gives nothing. I know what I'm talking about, young feller. I've studied the species in every stage from the cradle to the grave. When young it flirts and gives up to its vanity. It lays hold of riches—if riches come its way. When in middle life, it becomes cunning. It spends money to outdo others in its class. It feeds on envy. When old, it bites with a venomous tongue. It poisons. I've seen one piece of calico go through each condition I have described."

Uncle Sol comforted himself from a juicy brown plug he took from his pocket. Billy stood with tongue glued to the roof of his mouth. Uncle Sol's words had taken root. He now remembered having seen Aggie Grey coquette with rich boys. She, then,

was calico, looking for riches! Ah, perhaps Uncle Sol did know "the species"!

But at that moment Madge called them to luncheon. The dainty meal did not leaven the acidity of the visitor's mood. When luncheon was over, Mrs. Long drew a breath of relief. It had been a trial. But it was to be repeated—even emphasized—at dinner. Indeed, after the seven o'clock repast Mary Long arose from the table as the *demi tasse* was being served. She begged to be excused. Her plea was a headache.

"All right, Mary," nodded Uncle Sol. "I want a few words in private with John, anyway." And fifteen minutes later John Long was placed upon the Domestic Rack. The library was chosen as the Torture Chamber. Uncle Sol began without preamble:

"John, you have a most extravagant family."

The Head shifted his eyes uneasily and lighted his pipe.

"You've got so used to it that you don't notice the increasing burden on your back," proceeded Uncle Sol. "But it'll drag you to earth as sure as sin. Now, to speak plain: The moment I entered this house—which you can't afford—I was struck with the bushels of expensive, worthless junk scattered about. Your house looks like a Christmas tree—filled up with tommy-rot. And if all this senseless mess was put up for sale tomorrow you'd not recover one cent on the dollar. Do you call that wise investment?"

John puffed smoke, but did not commit himself. It was a delicate subject and he was unprepared to tackle it. Yet inwardly he agreed with much that his aged kinsman said. Ever since the last financial panic his business had been shaky, and he had often been obliged to resort to strategic measures to avoid bankruptcy, and the expenditure of every dollar counted with him.

"Well, can't you express your mind on the subject?" Uncle Sol's voice cut sharply. John could hide behind silence no longer. "I'll admit, Uncle," he said, "that women as a rule are extravagant. But Mary is less so than the average woman. I'd hate like the mischief to deny her these little-pleasures, her china, bronze, cutglass, pictures, hangings and so forth."

"Just it!" Uncle Sol bit off his words. "Man is a coward in his own house—where he should be the head—the master. He earns money and lets calico squander it. Bah, it's useless! You're a fool, John Long, and you're helping to bring about your own ruin. I'm done with you. You—a Long, letting a piece of calico rob you of your strength—your stability. Go your way and be damned!"

Before John Long could pull himself together to make reply, his irate kinsman had banged himself out of the room. So the figure-head of the Long family gloomed in his chair, pondering. Then he began wondering at his own past irresolution. He got up quickly and paced the floor. By the eternal gods! he'd be slave no longer—mere money-getter for others. He'd be the true Head, or he'd know the reason why.

And while John Long was fuming and resolving, his uncle was making his presence felt elsewhere. On leaving his nephew, the old man had decided to pay a visit to the kitchen and give orders concerning his breakfast. Accordingly he rapped emphatically on the kitchen door. "Come in," permitted the Cook. Entering the kitchen, Uncle Sol beheld a sight. Sitting on the doorstep was the Culinary Queen, a plate of chicken in her lap. The outraged visitor removed his eyeglasses, wiped them, readjusted them and looked again. No, he had not been mistaken. It was chicken!

"My woman," he began sternly, "is your master rich enough to feed his servants chicken at twenty-eight cents a pound?"

"Twenty-nine out this way," corrected the Queen, filling her mouth with white meat. "As fur Mr. Lon's fi-nan-chul condition, Sir, I asks no questions. I git my wages reg'lar. And—I'll just give you a tip, Sir. Busy-bo'ies ain't allowed in my kitchen. They can stick their long snouts anywhere else—but not here. And to them as thinks they've got a right—I say, 'Scat!'"

Then the Culinary Queen returned to her collation with relish.

Uncle Solomon's eyes flashed. His lips shut so tightly that his words seemed to squeeze themselves out from between them. "After tonight, my impudent wench, you'll eat no more chicken in this house. I'm here to adjust things, and I mean to stay till I've done it up in good shape. Now, in future, I'll have no back-talk from you, my Biddy. In the morning I want corn muffins and hot coffee sent to my room. I prefer to breakfast in bed—at six o'clock."

Then Uncle Solomon departed, not hearing the Queen's outbreak. But it was of such fierceness that she swallowed a chicken gizzard whole, without knowing it was down.

Five minutes later Mrs. Long heard a fist knock

on her door. To her response, "Come in," the cook entered. And two minutes later she had "given notice." When asked for an explanation, she blurted out: "It's that old long-nosed toad. He can't run my kitchen. I'd scold him. I'm leavin' tomorrow by sun-up, Ma'm."

While this scene was being enacted between mistress and maid, the disturbing spirit was disrobing in his own room. Just as he was about to turn out the light his niece's voice came through the door in accompaniment to her gentle tap: "May I come in for just a minute, Uncle?"

Cursing double oaths under his breath, the old gentleman replied curtly: "If your business can't wait till tomorrow." And he jumped into bed, drawing the sheet over him.

"It's about our cook," explained Mrs. Long in a confused way. "She's leaving me on short notice—"

"Let her go, Mary. Good riddance. I found her eating chicken tonight. I asked her if her master was rich enough to feed his servants chicken; and now I put the same question to you. Is John Long able to afford chicken—not for his servants, but for his own family? From certain things he let fall



Uncle Solomon

today, I'd judge him to be in a tight fix. And he tells me this is the first day he's taken off from his office for five years. Ain't that a pretty bitter pill for a wife to swallow?"

Mrs. Long dropped into a chair. A blush covered her face. "Of course, Uncle," she excused, "our living expenses increase as the children grow up. That's expected. And the family isn't responsible for business depression. They have to suffer from it. I gave up one of my bridge clubs last winter—just because I couldn't afford it. We've got to educate our children, you know. And Billy has three years more in college. That costs a lot of money."

"Yep, more'n a boy's worth—often," snapped Uncle Sol. "But to the point: Does John gamble on the board of trade? I have my suspicions that he does. He intimated today that he'd lost a considerable sum three years ago on a bad investment. It was three years ago that he asked to borrow a large sum from me. I thought it unwise to make the loan, however."

Mrs. Long gasped. Her husband gambling on the board of trade?—he with a daughter to be safely married off and a son to see through college! She was on the point of asking some questions, but decided it would be confessing that she was ignorant of her husband's business. So she blundered.

"Well, I suppose John plunges occasionally—like all business men." Poor woman! She had heard in a vague way of men "plunging," but had no idea of the significance of the word as used in the business world.

Solomon Long sat bolt upright and stared at his niece. "Plunges, does he?" His voice was metallic and threateningly calm. Then he sprang from the bed and stood with long, pointing finger in her face.

"Thank yourself, Madam, for John's approaching ruin. It's sure to come. You and your young ones eat up money—yes, by blizzard, eat it! And in order to keep you three idlers supplied, John has to resort to unsafe get-rich-quick methods. He's in quicksand, and he'll never get out. You're the piece of calico—calico—that's led him into it. And like all your kind, you'll never let go your stranglehold on him."

But before Uncle Sol had stopped spitting out his cruel accusations, Mary had fled the room. She felt that to listen a second longer would be her death. Her nerves were already in a terrible state. She hurried to her own room on the third floor. On entering, her eyes fell upon her husband. He sat with head bent dejectedly. He glanced up as she entered. His eyes were cold. He did not speak. This was the last straw. Mary Long burst out:

"And what's the matter with you, your face a mile long? Look like a thunder cloud. I suppose your nice old uncle has been saying nasty things about me, saying I'm extravagant. The old kill-joy! This's the way he pays for our kindness to him."

It was the first time during the twenty years of their married life that Mary Long had given vent to such a burst of temper, and it took her husband at a time when business worries and the influence of his uncle's words were strong upon him. So followed the Long's first conjugal storm. John leapt to his feet, his brow puckered.

"How dare you speak in such a way of my aged kinsman? He may be queer, but by the Almighty! he hits the nail square on the head sometimes. Only this night he has opened my eyes to certain things that are ruining me. But in future I shall hold a tighter rein on—on—my affairs. I've been a fool, but from tonight I'll be master where I've been slave. I'll refuse to be run by calico any longer."

Mrs. Long sank upon the bed. She felt much like fainting. Had John lost his reason? No, he was perfectly sane. It was just pure devil—put into him by that hideous old monster. In quivering voice she cried out: "I ask you, how dare you speak to me this way—I, your wife, and mother of your children? Oh, you are a coward! A brute! I'll not degrade myself by quarreling with you." Then Mrs. Long strode from the room, tears streaming from her eyes, her whole body a quiver. John stalked about, kicking over chairs and saying strong things. At last he sought relief in his pipe and began smoking like a chimney. It served to stop profanity.

Meanwhile, the guest, being too much ruffled to sleep, owing to his scene with his niece, had put on slippers and dressing gown and sauntered below stairs, hoping to find peace of mind in the open air. But hardly had he stepped out on the veranda when he came upon Madge and Phil Daggett, sitting cozily in a hammock, making love by the light of the moon. Pure, sweet happiness filled their faces, and it was with pride that Madge introduced her fiancé.

"Delighted to meet you, Sir." And Phil was on his feet, proffering his hand to Uncle Sol. "Won't you have this chair?" And he drew a porch chair forward. Then Madge reseated herself in the hammock while Phil occupied a bench near by. Uncle Sol sat in the chair offered him.

When the three were settled, Uncle Sol began, addressing himself to Phil. "What's your business, Sir?"

"Well, I haven't entered upon my profession yet," Phil explained. "I'm taking law."

"Law!" A world of sarcasm was in Uncle Sol's voice. "I'd advise trade—it's easier. Trade don't require any special brand of brains. Law does."

Phil managed to laugh off his confusion. "Oh, if I find myself unfitted for the law I shall change my vocation, Sir. That's easily done."

Uncle Sol sneered. "The refuge of the worthless. It's easier to quit than to struggle. That's why the world's so full of infernal incompetents."

Phil fidgeted. Madge felt cold and hot by turns. Then Phil suddenly remembered that he had promised to call for his mother who was making a call in the neighborhood. He bade Uncle Sol a cool and polite goodnight, took hasty leave of Madge and rushed off down the walk. As he disappeared into the night Uncle Sol spoke his mind:

"No backbone—milk and water mixture. Couldn't support you if you married him. He's a quitter—easy to change his vocation if he finds he don't like it. Bah, girl! You're wasting yourself on that! Still, I reckon it would be a pair of you—"

Good night, Uncle! Madge could listen to no more. Her heart was heavy over the manner of Phil's leave taking. It was not like Phil to show the white feather. Was he an—incompetent—a quitter? She arose and started into the house. But Uncle Sol had decided to go to his room also. The two went up the stairs without exchanging a word. It was Madge's plan to cry it all out in bed.

What was her consternation when on entering her own room she found her mother there, pale and agitated, lying on the bed.

"Don't ask me a single question, Daughter," admonished Mrs. Long, tearfully. "I shall occupy your bed tonight. You may have the couch in the sewing room."

Madge stood dumbfounded. What could it all mean? Some evil spirit must have entered the place and upset them all. Just as she was wondering what course to pursue the front door opened and shut with a resounding bang. Madge understood it was Billy coming in from a party at Aggie Grey's. And Billy in a bad temper, for a slamming door was a sure sign. Madge ran into the hall, taking pains to close the door of her own room behind her. She knew her mother wished for quiet and privacy.

On the stairs Madge put out her hand and restrained Billy as he ascended. "What's up, Billy?" she asked in a half-whisper.

"Say, Sis, never speak that Agatha Grey's name in my presence again, or I might kill something." Billy closed his lips tightly and breathed hard. Then he opened his mouth to add: "Uncle Sol's right. Girls are just so much calico—calico!"

"What do you mean?" asked Madge with some curiosity.

"I mean just what I say. Agatha Grey's a flirt—vain and silly. And she's after riches. You bet, riches! When I got to her house tonight, there she sat in a hammock, jam up beside Tom Richards. She knows his old aunt will leave him a fortune and that I've got only my two hands to pave my path in life." Billy looked ferocious. "But I paid the calico back in her own coin. I just flirted with that platter-faced Peggy Heart; then moseyed off without saying a syllable to Miss Agatha Grey—Calico. Uncle Sol says he knows the species, and I guess he's right. No good!"

"But, Billy," confided Madge, ignoring the thrust directed at her own sex, "it's not only the girls who are disappointing." Then she told of Phil's hurried leave-taking, and of his failure to "hold his own" against Uncle Sol.

Billy whistled long and softly. "I'll be blistered!" he ejaculated. "W'y, I'd have banked on Phil. Thought he was a brick. Say, Sis, what's in the air, anyway? The world's up-side-down, tonight."

But a peal of the hall-door bell put a stop to the whispered conversation on the stairs and Billy, wondering who was calling at that time of night, ran down the steps and opened the door. A messenger thrust a yellow envelope into his hand. "Solomon Long, Esquire?" he asked. Being assured that the gentleman named was there, the messenger gave Billy the book to sign. Then he took himself off while Billy and Madge took themselves upon the stairs.

"A wire for Uncle Sol," Billy explained. "Shall I give it to him tonight?"

"You'd best, I guess," said Madge. Then a faint hope came into her breast. "What if it's news to take him—away?"

Billy paused on the top landing. "Say, Sis, a ray of intelligence is piercing my brainery. I feel it. And this is the impression I get. It's our honorable

great uncle, Solomon Moneybags, who's the evil spirit in the air. He's been poisoning our domestic broth all day, and thus far into the night."

"Yes, Mamma's in an awful state," said Madge.

"And maybe you think the Governor's in a better," replied Billy. "But he's something fierce. I overheard him and the old fellow talking in the library—afterward saw Dad's face. It was enough to make me take to drink. Awful! But like a fool I didn't see it in the right light till now."

"I've seen it all along," declared Madge. "But what can one girl do? Besides, we wanted him to do things for all of us."

"Hang his doing things!" retorted Billy. "I'll take this bit of electricity to him. Stand outside the door and hear him swear because I dare."

Billy approached Uncle Sol's door in the spirit of attack. Loudly he knocked, calling out in full voice: "Wire for you, Uncle Solomon."

The old gentleman had just retired, and felt the torture of insomnia upon him. Billy's call did not make conditions pleasanter. In a voice of rage he cried out. "A wire? If that Harris has disturbed me for nothing, I'll fire him by wire in the morning. He's been my confidential clerk for twenty years. But off he goes if he's made an ass of himself. Bring it in."

Billy entered and made a light. The old gentleman tore open the envelope and read the few typed words on the inclosed sheet. Twice his eyes scanned the lines, then a sound which suggested the howl of a trapped wolf escaped him. He flung himself out of bed, trembling visibly. Veins in his forehead knotted up like ropes. His lips became colorless. For a moment he seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"Anything wrong, Uncle?" ventured Billy.

"Wrong?" shrieked Uncle Solomon. "Hell-and-damnation! If the world came to an end, would you ask if anything was wrong? Go call your father. Tell him I'm a ruined man. Harris wires me that the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank closed doors today and following that The Consolidated failed. All I had was tied up in the two. I'm ruined—ruined! The work of a lifetime swept away! All I had to live for—my money—my money—gone! I've been swindled. By the God above, I'll make the swindlers smart! Go call your father, you fool. Don't stand there open-mouthed, watching me. Go!"

Billy darted from the room. At the same moment Madge slipped in to offer her sympathy to the wretched man. People's suffering always touched her deeply. "I'm so sorry, Uncle dear, that you've—"

The aged kinsman stopped her. "Don't sorry me, Miss. Go give your soft soap to your father that you and your mother are ruining. Calico's been the damnation of man since Adam."

"But calico wasn't responsible for your loss, Uncle," Madge could not withstand the temptation to give that little thrust. But her great uncle paid no heed to her. He went about the room like a man bereft of his senses, gathering his things up preparatory to packing them in the traveling case. Madge, seeing she was not wanted, ran off to her mother, and soon the entire household was astir,

John Long trying to console his uncle with the hope that things would not be as bad as Harris feared.

But words of hope and sympathy were of no avail. Solomon Long expressed his intention of starting for his home on the very first west-bound train. One would pass through there at midnight, and it wanted an hour till then. Hurriedly the old gentleman prepared for his journey, and his nephew and great-nephew led him to the station where the through train was flagged for him.

Words of adieu were few, for Uncle Sol had no time to devote to social forms. He had aged ten years since the reading of the evil telegram. The iron-willed, money-hoarding financier of the morning was now the mumbling, cursing, moaning, broken old man of full three-score and ten.

After the train bearing the unhappy Uncle Sol had sped on its way, John Long turned to Billy and heaved a tremendous sigh. Billy felt there was no answer. Arm in arm, they went slowly homeward, each thankful in his heart that the visit of their kinsman was at an end, though both regretted the loss which made the old man so miserable. At their own door they were met by Mrs. Long. "John, dear!" It was all she said. John felt a lump rise in his throat. "Mary!" It was all he said. But he kissed her as had always been his way. Then Mrs. Long led the way to the dining room where a light repast was spread on the table. The Culinary Queen was bustling about, for having heard of the visitor's hasty departure, she had given in her notice to remain.

At the table Madge and Billy held a conversation in low tones while their parents talked over various things nearest their hearts.

"I shall write to Phil tomorrow," Madge was saying. "I realize now that he couldn't have acted other than he did. He was too well-bred to reply to Uncle Sol's insults, and all he could do was to go quietly away. I was silly to blame him in the least."

"Yes, and I was a monkey to have acted as I did at Aggie's this evening," confessed Billy. "She couldn't help it if that Tom Richards forced his company on her. She threw him over for me long ago. But Uncle Sol had got me going somehow about girls and women. But, gee! the whole herd of 'em couldn't stack up half as mean as boys and men. I guess girls are all right, all right. Confound an old hardshell like Uncle Sol, anyway."

And Mary Long was saying to her husband: "You look so tired, dear. I'm going to arrange somehow for you to take a vacation. I can curtail many little expenses. Oh, I've been thinking since—since—Uncle Sol talked to me tonight. He may have made himself very disagreeable, but—he made me think."

"Never mind, old girl." The Head really laughed quite like himself. "We'll get things straightened out all right. I've come to the conclusion that I've been wholly to blame. I never took you into my confidence. You've been a rank outsider, so far as my business was concerned."

"Make me your partner—in all things." There was a pleading in Mary's voice as she asked this. And her husband knew the problem had been solved.

A HEROINE OF THE CLASS WAR

BY

Angelica Balabanoff

THE Socialist women of Italy have no regular organization. Many among the working women are moved with the spirit of Socialism. It is of one of these that I wish to tell to the American Comrades, and especially of one episode in her life—that of a typical Italian proletarian.

The rich Americans who visit Italy flock to what one of the greatest of recent Italian poets, Giosue Carducci, called the "Green and Beautiful Umbria." They come to enjoy the beauties of its art treasures, and especially to visit the small town where once lived and preached the monk Francis D'Assisi.

Those who are living in luxury upon the poverty of others love to do homage to the man who idealized poverty, and who preached that poverty is the greatest virtue, and the desire for material benefits is sin.

In this shrine of the devotee of poverty every street corner is occupied with flaring advertisements of the mineral water of Nocea Umbria.

A few weeks ago the owner of this source of health—these life-giving waters—who is selling millions of bottles a year, came into his establishment, and issued orders to the women and girls who worked there, to change the system they had used for years.

Those who heard him obeyed the order. But a few

hours later two other women came to work, and, not having heard the order, went on with their work in the accustomed manner. Without inquiry or offering any opportunity for explanation, the capitalist employer at once discharged these workers, although one of them was about to become a mother.

When the other men and women who had been working with them heard this they protested, and demanded that the two women be re-employed. The capitalist replied that "discipline must reign," and that he had the right to get rid of his dependents without giving reasons.

When the working men and women insisted still further upon the reinstatement of their two comrades, the capitalist replied by locking them all out.

So it is that today this little city stands as though dead. It is impossible to obtain a single scab among the peasants. The women formerly employed are starving, since they went out without any organization to whom they could apply for relief. Yet, in spite of this fact, they are even encouraging the men to continue on strike, and declare that hunger

and starvation are better than humiliation, and that all must go back to work or none.

There is no question of wages at stake. Every effort has been made indeed to bribe the workers with high wages if they would only consent to victimize these two.

One incident shows the deep feeling and determination that reigns. A child having been born to one of the locked out workers, the capitalist sought to work himself into favor by sending by a priest fifty lire (\$10) to the young mother.

It is hard for the American comrades to realize what fifty lire meant to this mother. For months she had toiled from darkness to darkness for a salary of but a single lira a day. Now, she suddenly had the opportunity to enjoy all that fifty lire could bring to her at once. How many things it would have made possible for her new-born child and her old parents, but she did not hesitate for a moment in driving the priest from her home, and saying that she was not asking for alms, but for justice, and not for herself alone, but for her class.

On the old advertisements of the company selling the mineral water was a lion and a lioness, that seemed to the workers to symbolize capitalist power and capitalist profit. Now the workers are saying that along with these two there is arising another lion, more powerful than either. This is the lion of proletarian spirit, class consciousness and Socialism.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

VI.

SO I said to this young fellow I was telling you about, the one I rode from Albany with, the one that would sooner hang on to the blessed certainty of "thrift and economy" than take a chance on The Big Change—I says to'm, s'I: "Where you used to live up state was there water piped into the house?"

"Why, no," he answered me, "it was just a little country town. We had a well and cistern. And when I got big enough to go to work, my daddy and I used to pump enough water for mother to use during the day, and carry it in for her. We'd fill buckets, and tubs if she was going to wash." He stopped and smiled. "Sometimes if we were late or anything and didn't carry in as much as she could have used, she'd have to economize. She used to laugh and say she believed she could wash her hands more times in one wash-water than anybody else on earth."

"And do you carry in water for your wife that way before you go to work mornings?"

"Why, no," he answered me, kind of surprised, "we live in a flat-house. All she's got to do, if she wants water, is to turn a faucet."

"And doesn't she practice thrift and economy by washing her hands several times in the one wash-water?"

He looked at me kind o' funny.

Well, there you are.

(This actually happened. Very often—indeed, most all the time—I get really bright ideas after it's too late to say them.)

The Big Change hadn't come at all in the little up-state town. So far as the water-supply was concerned, in Brooklyn it was fully come, and was fully recognized. The people of the Borough of Brooklyn admitted that in the matter of water supply The Big Change had come, and in that were governing themselves accordingly. The action of human muscles pumping water and toting it into the house had been replaced by the action of the steam-engine; the "prudence and forethought" of the individual had been displaced by corporate prudence and forethought, thus leaving the individual mind free for other tasks. Not only that, experience had taught the people of Brooklyn that so important an article as water is could not safely be left in the control of a private corporation, would you be less interested in supplying water in great plenty and of great purity than in charging as much for as little as possible, so as to make big dividends for stockholders and pay interest on the bonds. The people of Brooklyn, therefore, governed themselves accordingly, and put the water-supply in the hands of the only corporation they knew of organized, not to make all the money possible out of water for drinking and washing, but to furnish the service at cost.

Anybody will agree that there is no particular virtue attached to being skimpy with water, either outside or inside. Certainly not inside, and I don't think "thrift and economy" as to the external use of water is anything to brag of. I will go further, and say that eating poor food, and wearing cotton-backed shoddy clothing, and living in tucked-up tenements alive with cockroaches (and worse) and never having any fun at all, do not seem to me to be virtues worth suffering much to attain to. On the contrary, "thrift and economy"

look to me like prolonged suicide; as if, instead of cutting your throat with one swift stroke of the razor, you should haggle at it for agonizing years with a dull knife.

When The Big Change is fully come as to all other things of human use than water, will there be any more sense in stinting ourselves in food and clothing and shelter and fun than there would be in this young mechanic's wife washing her hands over and over again in one water, when all she

and I wonder to myself: "Who in the nation puts it there?" I don't know of anybody that does. Do you? Everybody I know lives it up as fast as he gets it. Everybody I know has a place to put every dollar he'll take in for the next ten years. Oh, they may save up enough for a new suit of clothes, or a little emergency fund against sickness or losing a job or some such calamity. They keep up their insurance but to put by money every week as regular as the week comes 'round, steadily or even missing occasionally—I don't know of anybody that does that. Maybe I run with a shiftless set, but—

Well, I tell you, the reason why the most of us do not save money is much the same as the reason why Jack wouldn't eat his supper.

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a little boy, people could and did save. For all they worked hand-powered, and with processes that were as old as the race itself, not scientific, not very productive, yet they could produce more than their animal needs. In the gap between The Big Change and the official recognition of The Big Change, a lot of sneak-thieves took advantage of everything being upset (as they will in such events) and skinned most of the people of this country out of all but the barest necessities of life. But when Uncle Billy Hardhead was a little boy, the ordinary man of any strength of mind and body had a great deal more than what satisfied the animal needs. They could and did save up. But they didn't have anything in the musical line more costly than a fiddle; they had no books to speak of, and no pictures; they had no theaters or games, outdoor or indoor; they never went anywhere or saw anything. What they did to pass their time I'll never tell you; I can't even guess. And people nowadays with souls no bigger than a period mark can save, too. But there's one verse in the Bible I've been thinking of a good deal lately: "Fear not them which are able to destroy the body," that is, those who stint you in food, and clothing and shelter, "but rather fear them which are able to destroy the soul."

Now, here is a department of The Big Change that perhaps you haven't considered as you have some others. We have been educated up to the point where we perceive that it's true, what Comrade Jesus said: "Man does not live by bread alone."

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a little boy, everybody was convinced that man's chief end was to lick into it and work. There was this whole big continent not half opened up. There was lots to do. The main thing was to produce, to waste no time, to speed up, we went crazy about "increasing the output." We never stopped to listen to: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But a part of The Big Change is the recognition of the fact that we're all entitled to have a good time, to be happy. We must do something for it; we must render service for service, but we all ought to have a good time because we cannot really be human beings unless that side of us functions fully. Uncle Billy will tell you that he always feels a little guilty when he goes fishing. We're different. We feel that going fishing is really life, and that the daily task is a chore we've got to finish up before we go.

(To Be Continued.)

A man should change his opinions as he does his shirt—whenever there is a cleaner one to be had.



The gap between the Big Change and its official recognition

had to do to get fresh, clean water was to turn the faucet?

D'you know? it seemed kind of picturesque to me to hear that young fellow talk about saving up money—that it was possible to save money, by the hokey! the way prices are. It made me think of spinning-wheels and rafters with strings of dried apples festooning from them. It made me think of open fire-places, and cream-crocks sitting by them, sousing in the favoring warmth. I felt as if I were poring over Poor Richard's almanac spelling out by the light of a tallow-candle such wisdom as: "A penny saved is two-pence gained" and assenting: "Yes sir, that's a fact. That's even so." It was as if Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy again.

I read in the newspapers about the gobs and gobs of money deposited in the savings-banks annually,



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

Continued from last week



HO was he?" Cal asked for the second time. "What does it matter who he was?" Jane continued. "Wait a minute and I'll tell you—after you see that it wasn't his fault. I said he should follow me to my house and I'd give him some money, but that I hadn't any in my clothes. He seemed to doubt that, and he swore a little, waving his arms and repeating that he was nearly starved. But he was just going to follow me when you gave that awful yell, Cal, and then he was naturally frightened and started to run away. He jumped in one direction, but that happened to be where I was standing, and he accidentally pushed me over; I am not very big, you know.

She had her hands to her head now, calmly rearranging her hair. She smiled.

"I fell and was a little stunned," she concluded; "so that you see the fault was yours, Cal, for yelling so, and not poor Jim Jackson's at all."

Ridgeley had another glass of brandy in his hairy fist. He drained it and returned the glass to the desk-top with a clatter.

"Ha!" he said. "Jim Jackson!" Both women looked at him in flashing alarm.

The man's long, black hair fell about his face in angry folds, and on the face—the face that worked and pulled in the grip of a wild passion—the flickering candle light cast a cool glow. The head was thrust forward, the chin out. The forehead was knotted; the eagle-nose was dilated; two faint spots of red shone at the high cheek-bones. The moustache seemed to bristle above the mouth, which was like a sneering wound; the muscle of the long throat were crawling up and down, and the eyes were twin coals of fire.

"Cal," cried Florida, "you wouldn't hurt him!"

The man threw back his head and laughed. His laughter echoed through the room—high, fierce, cruel, cracked. It was the laughter of the pit.

"Hurt him!" he echoed—an echo that was a mockery. "Oh, no! Oh, no; I won't hurt him!"

Jane sprang to her feet. "Cal," she said, her cheeks going pale again, her voice strained and low. "Cal, come to your senses. I tell you this man didn't mean to harm me."

He looked at her an instant as if not understanding her. Any thought, save that which possessed his brain, had to crowd its way to his consciousness.

"I reckon Jim Jackson knew what he was doin'," he at last replied. He smiled, and his smile was terrible to see. "It was Jim's brother whose jaw I broke."

The two girls, both white and trembling, had now drawn close to him. Jane's breath came quickly, and Florida's eyes were wide with horror.

"You can't imagine that he'd plan such a revenge, Cal!"

It was Florida that had spoken, but Jane at once took her up.

"He didn't plan it. He only asked for money."

The ugly sneer on Calhoun's face curved upward until it held the cramp muscles rigid, distorting them into the likeness of an evil gargoyle, and showing, under his moustache, the teeth that glinted like yellow fangs.

"I know what he'd 'a' done if I hadn't happened to be in time," said Cal.

"You're crazy!" cried Jane. "I tell you he didn't lay a hand on me except by accident."

The man appeared to make an effort to master himself, to argue for one moment with his sister, to confute her with a word. But the effort was futile. The word could not climb through the tempest of his passion. He could only whisper in a choked voice:

"Yo've been away from here too much to know these niggers."

Florida put her two slim hands on the corduroy sleeve. Through it she touched what was an arm of iron.

"I know them," she said. "I know them, Cal, an' I know you're wrong."

He shook her off, fiercely.



"Who was he?" Cal asked for the second time

"Yo've talked too much to that nigger-lovin' Sanborn!" he cried. "Lemme go! Lemme go, both o' yo'!" His rage snapped the last thread of restraint that opposed him. "I can't stop here to gossip with a parcel o' women-folks!" he roared. "Get out o' my way! Yo' two women; one the daughter o' Colonel Pickens, an' the other my own blood sister—one my cousin's child an' the other defendin' the black brute that laid his dirty claws on her, by Gawd; Get out o' my way, I tell yo'!"

With a sweep of his long arms he flung them to either side and started for the door.

The door opened—Morgan Witherspoon came in and closed it behind him. He was quiet, cool, immaculate in evening clothes, and more boyish looking than ever. He glanced from one to the other of the frightened women. He did not look at Calhoun Ridgeley at all.

"I beg yo' pardon," he said. "I was about to ring when I heard a noise—I thought there might be trouble—"

Florida pointed a shaking finger at the hulking black figure arrested in mid-career before the newcomer.

"Stop him!" she gasped.

Witherspoon's calm eyes granted the strange figure of Ridgeley one glance.

"Hello, Cal," he said. "What's the matter? Aren't yo' well?"

But he did not move, and the giant, with an awkward gesture, waved him to stand aside.

"Let me by!" he sputtered.

"Miss Flor'da seems for to want yo' to stay here, Cal. Where might yo' be thinkin' o' goin'?"

Ridgeley tried to smile.

"Nothin' that'll detain me long: I'm only going to kill a nigger."

"To kill—"

Jane Legare interrupted in a rush of broken sentences.

"Jim Jackson," she said—"he stopped me to beg—I had no money. Cal saw it from a distance and didn't understand. We can't make him understand now. Cal called. Jim was frightened. He pushed me away. He didn't mean any harm—"

"Shet up!" bellowed Cal.

"He didn't mean any harm, Morgan. Florida saw it. She knows. Ask Florida."

"Jane's right," said Florida

"And now," panted Jane, "we can't make Cal understand!"

Ridgeley pulled himself to his full height, his face twitching, his whole great body shaking.

"What business is it o' yours?" he cried. "I know what I know an' I know what I saw. He laid his hands on my sister—on lil' Jane, do you understand? That black nigger! I know what he meant! I know why he had it in fo' us! I'd broke his dirty brother's jaw. What are yo' a-interferin' fo', yo' namby-pamby baby? If yo' was a Souther gentleman you'd turn out an' help me. I'm goin' down to the tavern an' get the boys an' lynch this nigger!"

"If yo' were a Southern gentleman," said Witherspoon, "yo' would take your sister's word—"

"I take what my eyes see."

"An' yo' wouldn't need help to kill one nigger."

"Get out befo' I throw you out!" cried Cal.

He wheeled suddenly to the desk, tore it open, took up the box of pistols, which he had long known was kept there, ripped off the lid and drew out the heavy Colt revolver.

"Now, then," he shrieked. "Out o' my way—all three o' yo' women!"

The girls ran forward, but he tossed them off. Morgan leaped toward him, but Cal seized the smaller man by the collar and dealt him, on the head, a blow with the revolver-butt that sent him hurling into a corner—senseless. Then, with a final roar of rage, he dashed from the room.

An instant later they heard his heavy boots run crashing through the red rose bushes in the garden.

The young man in charge of the construction of that portion of the St. Augustine and Richmond Railroad which ran through some of the land so long held by the Pickens family belonged to the sort of young men that developed methodical habits in early life—which is to say that Luke Sanborn was of the type that succeeds.

His work, of course, compelled early rising and regular hours from morning until sunset, but, when work was done, he was master. He could have passed highly intellectual evenings at the tavern, discussing local politics with the tavern's mighty customers, and nobody would have chastened him. The fact was, however, that he did not do this. Instead, he generally propped his stocky young body into a chair, lit a very short black pipe and rumbled his red hair over a ponderous volume on some tech-

nical subject until the striking of ten o'clock, at which hour, no matter how thrilling his studies might have become, he regularly knocked out his pipe and went to bed.

Nevertheless, this process was not so virtuous as it at first glance appears, for Sanborn lodged at the tavern, his room was just over the bar, and the floor not being distinguished for thickness, he was generally enabled to hear most of the political discussions below while he was reading the technical discussions above. Indeed, the raucous voices of the drinkers-become-talkers frequently assailed him with a persistence that overrode inattention and made study altogether impossible.

Such an occasion was the evening that followed Sanborn's interview with Florida Pickens and his vain hints to her concerning the character of Calhoun Ridgeley. The company in the bar, if one were to judge by its shuffling feet, was an uncommonly large one; if one were to gauge its fervor by its voices, it was intensely in earnest, and, if the continual clang of the cash-register meant anything, the loafers were being at last adequately refreshed.

Luke was annoyed. He hadn't the slightest interest in the coming primary election and he had a great deal of present interest in his book—yet reading was rapidly growing impossible.

The situation became worse when somebody began whistling from the road. It was a long, low whistle—evidently a rustic wooer signalling to one of the tavern servant girls.

Luke turned a page and tried to forget, but the noise below continued and the whistle outside was repeated. He noted, irritably, that, for all its low pitch, the call was singularly penetrating. He refilled and lit his pipe, but the whistle came once more, clear, distinct, riding the waves of bar-room talk as a motor-boat rides upon a stormy tide. There seemed, it now struck him, to be something of warning in the summons—something of fear.

He put down his book and walked to the window. A little light from the tavern painted the roadway yellow, but all about it was the moonless darkness.

"Marse Sanborn!"

The voice was a frightened whisper.

Luke put forth his read head.

"Who's there?" he asked.

From the bushes along the road a dark shape only slightly detached itself.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Marse Sanborn, don't talk so loud!" it whispered. "Dis yere's Marse Pickens' yellow boy, Bill. I work fo' yo'-all on de railroad."

"Oh! Billy Turner?" asked Luke, obediently lowering his tone. "What's wrong?"

"I can't tell yo' yere, Marse Sanborn, but fo' de Lord's sake, suh, come right down to de road an' talk to me! Miss Flor'da—she done ser'ed me. An' please—please, suh—come quiet!"

Luke, his heart beating high, turned from the room. For an instant his eye hesitated over the yellow pine bureau in the top drawer of which he kept his revolver; but the fact that he did keep it there made clear his scorn of weapons; he went from the place unarmed, tiptoed down the creaking stairs and was soon in startled conversation with the trembling mulatto, in the shadow of the roadside bushes, fifty yards from the house.

Bill was short of breath, but long of words. In sentences that stumbled over each other's heels, he told the story of what Cal and Florida had seen and of what Cal meant to do. The girls, it appeared, had busied themselves with Morgan Witherspoon's wounds and had sent Bill as their messenger to Sanborn with a charge to prevent Ridgeley's purpose of accomplishment.

"But if he left Palmettos before you did," asked Luke, "how is it that you beat him here?"

The mulatto was a handsome young fellow with a straight body and the trusting eyes of a devoted spaniel.

"I done come de sho't way," he explained. "I swum de inlet an' cut through de swamp."

Sanborn saw that the messenger's clothes were wet. He remembered, too, that the swamp which Bill referred to was the breeding-place of rattlesnakes, and he recalled the superstitious horror in which the negroes held it.

"You're a brave fellow," he said.

Bill grinned.

"I ain' so brave as to want to meet Marse Cal," he declared.

"Oh, but he wouldn't hurt you. He knows you belong to the Pickenses."

Bill shook his head.

"Marse Sanborn," he said, "yo'-all don' know Marse Cal. Killin's is in de Ridgeley blood, an' Marse Cal'd shoot anybody 'at tried stoppin' him when de blood is a-workin' in him."

Sanborn slipped the man a bill.

"All right," he replied, soothingly; "don't you worry. Get back home as fast as you can. You

can get dry there and you'll be out of harm's way. I'll attend to Mr. Ridgeley."

The mulatto bobbed his thanks. He plunged into the bush, and was gone.

Sanborn turned toward the tavern. As he did so there came the sound of a man running from the opposite direction. As the man swung into the light from the windows, Luke recognized Cal Ridgeley. Sanborn saw him fling open the door and enter the bar-room. A moment later there rose from within a hoarse chorus of rage. Luke leaped forward.

The narrow room, as he darted in, was ablaze with lamplight, thick with smoke and crowded with men. Before the bar, which extended along one side, its mirrors covered by pink mosquito-netting and its rows of bottles agleam, the customers had been lined two deep; more had been seated at the rough, round tables in the corners, and still more had been lolling against the fly-specked walls—had been, but were not now, for now, their eyes red, their cheeks flushed, they were crowding about a



The Whistle Came Once More

disheveled figure in their midst, the figure of Calhoun Ridgeley, his face straining with hate, his mouth spewing forth imprecation.

Sanborn looked about him. Nobody had remarked his entrance—the crowd was too intense for that—and Luke had time to observe that most of the bar's customers were men in his own employ.

"—tried to assault my sister!" Cal was shouting. "Choked her, threw her in the mud by the stream! What I want to know is who's goin' along with me to lynch this black beast?"

Through the loud shouts of angry, volunteering men that responded, Luke pushed and shouldered his stocky little figure. Some of the men, recognizing him, made way. Others he shoved sharply to right and left. He did not stop until he was looking up and into the evil face of the giant leader.

"Ridgeley," he said very quietly, "what do you think you're going to do?"

Cal gazed at him with something of the derisive amazement with which Goliath must have regarded David.

"Get the Hell out o' here," he said. "This is a place fo' men, it's no place fo' pigmies."

Back in the crowd somebody laughed, but Luke only repeated.

"What do you think you're going to do?"

Ridgeley's face again contracted.

"I'm goin' to lynch Jim Jackson," he declared. "I'm goin' fo' to lynch a man yo're by rights responsible fo'. Yo're corruptin' the blacks round here, Luke Sanborn. I'm goin' to lynch one o' your too well paid niggers."

A cry of approval greeted this statement, but the shout was followed by a silence that convinced Luke that his lower tones were at least commanding attention.

"Jim Jackson hasn't harmed anybody," he said.

"What do yo' know about it?" thundered Cal.

"I had the truth in a message from a member of your family."

"Yo're a liar!"

Luke's fists knotted, but he knew that this was merely an endeavor to provoke him to a fight so that he could the more speedily be disposed of. He did not reply to the epithet.

"Yo're a liar!" repeated Cal, emboldened by this silence. "I'm talkin' about somethin' that I saw with my own eyes, an' all yo' 're doin' is tryin' to protect one o' yo'r own workmen. Yo' took his

brother's side when his brother was impudent to me, an' now yo' want to save Jim from the natural consequences of gettin' his revenge fo' his brother's broken jaw."

"I am not trying to save anybody from anything deserved," said Luke. "This fellow Jackson hasn't harmed a soul."

Cal laughed his demoniacal laugh.

"Hear him!" he appealed to the shouldering men. "Where was he when it happened? I tell yo' I saw this nigger grab my sister, an' I value my sister's honor—"

But Sanborn interrupted, calmly still, yet with a voice that carried to the four corners of the room.

"You value your sister's honor so highly," he said, "that you want to drag this alleged attack upon it into the newspapers, by means of a murder—you value it so highly that you make it a matter of bar-room conversation and tavern boasting."

Ridgeley yelled. He launched at Sanborn a mighty blow that would have cracked his skull as if it had been an egg-shell. But Luke sprang aside and three of the onlookers seized the maddened Cal.

"I mean that," Luke proceeded as the giant swore and struggled in the arms that pinioned him. "I mean that a man who takes measures like this is crazy and ought to be treated as if he were. I ask you all as men if this is the way to help a woman's reputation, even supposing that the woman's reputation has been injured?"

He deliberately turned his back on the writhing Ridgeley and faced his audience.

Some of his hearers nodded assent, some even voiced agreement; but it was plain that all were afraid of Cal and that whatever advantage Sanborn had gained must be pushed home.

"There's nothing clearly known about this matter yet," Luke pursued. "I am not so ready to doubt Mr. Ridgeley's word as he is to deny mine, but he'll admit himself—I guess he has admitted—that whatever occurred by twilight, Ridgeley was at a considerable distance and couldn't clearly see the details, just as he certainly couldn't hear the words that may have preceded what he saw."

"I saw enough to satisfy me!" cried Cal, from the background.

"And yet," Luke went on, regardless of this interruption, "he wants to kill a man on such evidence. I tell you fellows solemnly that what I said is the solemn truth. I have had a message from Miss Pickens and Mrs. Legare to the effect that Jackson only asked for a little money. Far from protecting Jackson or spoiling him by too high wages, I discharged him last week for drunkenness—you must, all of you, know that—and I suppose the fellow was hard up and hungry. Well, my message says he asked for a little money and that Mr. Ridgeley, coming up from a distance, saw him, drew a not unnatural conclusion and shouted. Jackson was scared and ran away, and in running away accidentally shoved Mrs. Legare, who tripped and fell. Why, it's a thing that might almost have happened to any of you!"

Again Ridgeley's voice rose from the background, where he was still a prisoner.

"Let's see yo' ol' message!" he called.

(To Be Continued.)

A Statement

Mr. Roosevelt, at a late hour, discovered that he was in favor of direct legislation, but he coupled the discovery with so many qualifications that his friendship is more to be feared than his enmity. For instance, he said:

"I believe that it would be a good thing to have the principle of the initiative and the referendum applied in most states, always provided that it be so safeguarded as to prevent its being used either wantonly or in the spirit of levity. . . . But if it is rendered too easy to invoke either process, the result can only be mischievous."

Like many of Mr. Roosevelt's statements, this statement sounds important, but is not. It is another instance of "strenuously declaring that water must be wet, but not too wet." Why did he say, for instance, that "it would be a good thing" if direct legislation should be applied in "most" states? If direct legislation is good anywhere, is it not good everywhere? Would Mr. Roosevelt give direct legislation to New York, New Jersey and Connecticut and withhold it from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana? Of course, he would not. Then why did he say "most" states? Simply because he wanted to say something that would give him credit for being in favor of this plan of growing popularity, while leaving his declaration so full of blow-holes that, in case of emergency, he could twist it around to serve what might then be his political needs. I am no mind reader, but I have been following the operations of this man's mind for many a year.—Allan L. Benson in *Pearson's Magazine*.

The Coming Nation

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Debs on Oratory

If there is a man in the United States that knows the secret of genuine oratory, it is Eugene V. Debs.

Next week the COMING NATION will have a discussion of "The Secret of Efficient Oratory" by him. This article is not only an eloquent piece of writing in itself, but it somehow gets closer to the real innermost heart of Debs than anything he has ever written.

It is seldom he writes about himself or his work. If every would-be public speaker, and everyone who listens to public speaking, could read this article, there would be a different kind of oratory heard from American platforms.

The miners of Alabama have been in a state of industrial siege for the last three years. It is doubtful if there is any other place in the United States where the industrial battle has been drawn out longer and has remained so fierce throughout the period. Yet almost nothing has been heard of this struggle that has cost more lives than many a famous military battle.

William Mailly, who once worked in these mines, who was afterwards an organizer in this same field, has recently returned to this locality for a visit. Next week he will tell the readers of the COMING NATION what he saw.

There will be fiction, poetry, the Russell editorials, Eugene Wood's "The Big Change," and Reginald Wright Kauffman's story, with many other features such as are always present.

A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

It is impossible to say just where modern science begins, but the name of Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, marks the dawn of a new intellectual epoch. Prior to Vesalius not even science was exempt from the paralyzing effects of authority.

Not only as the great founder of a great science is Vesalius entitled to our notice, but as a fearless advocate of the scientific methods of observation, experiment and reasoning.

This was by no means easy. In the theological world, which was then the dominant world, all questions in dispute were settled by an appeal to the most ancient authorities. This stultifying method passed over into the scientific field, such as it then was.

Anatomy deals with the architecture of the body and it would seem that nothing could be more natural than that bodies then accessible would be appealed to in the search for the facts.

Instead of which the body itself was ignored and the writings of Galen were the great source of information in the field of anatomy. Against this Vesalius set himself with great force and independence. He threw aside all the ancient traditions and set himself the

A NEW ERA IN CONGRESS

BY A. M. SIMONS



THE COMING NATION publishes this week the greatest speech ever delivered in the Congress of the United States. I had almost said the only great speech ever delivered there. This would not have been true. The battle between wage slavery and chattel slavery produced some great speeches. But just because the question then was between forms of slavery and not between slavery and freedom those speeches were of less importance. It is not because of its eloquent periods that the speech of Congressman Berger must be reckoned of transcendent importance. It has none of the ponderous pomposity and rolling phrases of a Webster. It is something more than a beautiful painted covering for empty platitudes.

Its logic cuts like a knife. In a few paragraphs it carves away the pretenses with which the tariff bait has been concealed to make it palatable to working-class fish.

It presents the unanswerable reasoning of Socialism in compact unassailable form. As such it is destined to be one of the most widely read of English publications.

Yet its historic importance rests on something more than any of these things. In spite of the inherent strength of the speech it draws its real greatness from the occasion.

The delivery of the message of Socialism in the Congress of the most capitalist nation marks the attainment of a new stage in human progress. It was not to the representatives of class government gathered about him that this message was delivered. To these, who, the press dispatches assure us, paid him closer attention than was given to any other speaker at this session of Congress, this speech was the first words of a death sentence.

They did well to listen closely. They were hearing the voice of their political judges and executioners.

Through Congressman Berger was speaking a constituency of millions. Through him they were heralding the progress of many more Socialist representatives who are coming at succeeding elections to deliver that same message.

No attempt will be made to answer that speech. If it could have been answered the wise men of capitalism, the hired pens of its editors and authors, the purchased voices of its orators would have answered it long ago.

The only answer to that speech is silence, and silence is confession of its truth. But by silence they may hope to keep its knowledge from those whom it would undeceive and set free.

Fortunately the machinery which has been devised for deception is, in relation to that speech, now available for spreading the truth. For years a flood of cunningly designed falsification has been poured out from Congress through the medium of public printing and the franking privilege.

Socialists should now see to it that this same machinery is used for the distribution of the truth that makes men free. We can compel the circulation of millions of copies of this great speech if we will but take a little trouble.

If every Socialist will ask for this speech from the Congressman from his district, and will urge every friend of his to do the same, this demand will compel the printing and distribution of hundreds of thousands of copies, or else will expose the effort to suppress its circulation through the channels that have been used for years to distribute the literature designed to retain the workers in ignorance and slavery.

Such a request is a little thing for each one to do. But if done by a half million people it will produce far-reaching results.

Socialists elected Congressman Berger to deliver their message in the most conspicuous rostrum in America. He has delivered that message and delivered it well. But his work will accomplish but a small portion of its possibilities without the co-operation of the hundreds of thousands of Socialists throughout the nation.

task of ascertaining, no matter at what cost, the real facts of his subject.

In his third lecture in the amphitheatre of Sylvius, he thrust aside the clumsy tradition-bound surgeons and began to expose the parts of the body as they should be.

He was born at Brussels on the last day of the year, 1514. He was thoroughly educated in all the learning of his day. He was a fierce hater of all shams. He was a firm believer in a direct appeal to the world of actual reality. In this he stood in marked contrast to his contemporaries who were to a man, slavish followers of the great authority of Aristotle and Galen.

Sir Michael Foster says of him: "He tried to do what others had done

before him—he tried to believe Galen rather than his own eyes, but his eyes were too strong for him, and in the end he cast Galen and his writings to the winds and taught only what he himself had seen and what he could make his students see, too. Thus he brought into anatomy the new spirit of the time, and the men of the time, the young men of the time, answered the new voice. Students flocked to his lectures; his hearers amounted, it is said to some five hundred, and an enlightened senate recognized his worth by repeatedly raising his emoluments. Five years he thus spent in untiring labors at Padua. Five years he wrought, not weaving a web of fancied thought, but patiently disentangling the patterns of

the texture of the human body, trusting to the words of no master, admitting nothing that he had not seen, and at the end of five years, while as yet he was not twenty-eight years of age, he was able to write the dedication to Charles V. of a folio work entitled the 'Structure of the Human Body,' adorned with many plates and woodcuts, which appeared at Basel in the following year.

As we shall see, however, Vesalius paid a tremendous price for the privilege of being a pioneer of the progress of the race.

Scout News

I think I will like my work very well. I am only eight years old and would be glad of any thing that you can tell me in regard to my work. Papa says there are lots of Socialists about this place. I sold nine the first evening and one the next morning.—Barry Tedrow, Ohio.

I received my watch and I am well pleased. I showed it to my schoolmates and they think it is a dandy. I thank you very much and I will try to sell as many as I can to help the cause.—Howard F. Good, Pennsylvania.

I would just say I received the watch you sent me yesterday in good order. Thanks. Enclosed with this order you will find three whole coupons, amount necessary as per your Scout Premium list, for one copy of "War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick. Please send the book at once as I am anxious to read it.—E. M. Remley, Pennsylvania.

I have thirty customers for the APPEAL and two customers for the NATION. I hope to increase the number. I am the only Scout here.—Francis Brett, Pennsylvania.

I have good success in selling the COMING NATION.—Francis Edmondson, Arizona.

I have bought out another boy's route and hope to make it successful.—Kyle Simpson, Indiana.

I received the Mesco Engine and the book, "War—What For?" Think they are both worth working for.—W. A. Mitchell, Ohio.



WILLIAM ST. CLAIR.

This young Scout, nine years old, sells twenty COMING NATIONS each week in his home city, Harrisburg, Pa. When Debs spoke in Harrisburg, May 20th, Scout St. Clair was chosen to introduce him to the meeting. He acquitted himself with credit and won a big spot in Debs' heart with his sturdy, manly appearance and his ease before an audience.

The Socialist Scouts

Most boys, and quite a few girls, are interested in printing. The Socialist Scout work places a complete printing outfit, self-inking press, type, typecase, printers' ink, blank cards, etc., etc., within easy reach of youngsters who sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason. This is one of many premiums which are free and wholly additional to the Scout's profit of 100 per cent on all sales. The work of building up a route and delivering papers once a week is pleasant, healthful and supplies pocket money for Scouts.

It costs nothing to begin this work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Many who started this way now have regular customers for fifty, 100 and 200 papers a week. Talk it over with your child. Address letters to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas," and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

The Unemployed Problem.

BY AGNES THECLA FAIR.

The devil finds work for idle hands
Some preach from day to day,
Then why in the devil
Don't the devil get busy
In the U. S. A. today?

CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Mobilizing the Children

BY JEANETTE D. PEARL, B. C.

of the Progressive Sunday School, Brownsville, N. Y.

It is not possible to regenerate grown men who have been brought up in habits and beliefs to which they have been enslaved by heredity. It is only children who can be acted upon, by freeing them from false ideas and assisting them to grow up and progress according to natural evolution of the instincts they were born with.—Zola, in Labor.

REVOLUTIONARY Sunday school work with the children is no longer a fancy. It has ceased to be a toy, a dream. It has grown to be a force, a reality, a living, throbbing member of the Socialist family, a factor henceforth to be reckoned with and counted upon. Only little children, but, oh! they understand. They do comprehend; and as proof, we have their voluntary attendance, their intense interest and hearty appreciation.

This was made very apparent to me one Sunday morning, after speaking about twenty minutes to the general assembly, consisting of two hundred children. I related to them the incidents connected with the Buccafori case. During all the time that I spoke, the keenest of interest was perceptible on their little faces. They grasped instantly that a workingman was in danger and needed assistance, and that the life of the man was in jeopardy because of union activity. I pointed out, in their own simple way, that everywhere the claws of capitalism were stretching forth to crush those who are active on behalf of labor, as in the case of Haywood, Preston and Smith, Buccafori and now comes the late McNamara outrages. I tried to impress upon the children the importance of the working-class standing together, so as to prevent these claws from snatching up those who are foremost in fighting our bat-

children enlisting their aid in the cause of a revolutionist.

The age of the children in our school ranges from eight to fifteen. Sessions begin about ten o'clock and continue until noon. The children are all assembled in one room and for about thirty minutes they sing songs: "When labor will be free." This is generally followed by a brief talk by one of the teachers, on an event of moment, after which the class work begins. The children are graded according to their public school work. One teacher takes charge of each class of which our school boasts six. The lessons are conducted according to the knowledge, education and temperament of the teacher. One of the most important features of this work is the questions and discussions which we encourage.

It requires no prophetic mind to see that in the very near future a clash is bound to come between our work and that of the public school system. Our constant injunctions to the children, that they ask questions of their public school teachers, are bound to bear fruit. Questions the teachers dare not answer, lest they see their structures crumble to pieces. Already I have had children ask me, "Are the teachers in the public school our friends?"

The result of the children's questioning is as yet not visible. Questions in school are not very much encouraged and our influence is still very limited, but the work is taking root and it will grow. A little girl came to me one Sunday rather doubtful of the interpretation we had given the Mexican situation. "My teacher told us in school that the United States has no intentions of going to war with Mexico and that the troops were sent there merely to watch over the Americans, in a friendly way." I asked her if I were to call on her mother with a hatchet and knife, would that look like a friendly visit?

at first he could not grasp. "Yes, you knocked it in there all right," he answered, pointing with his little finger to his head.

"Teacher, you say iron is found in the earth; why do people say we make steel?"

"Where did the early people get all the different kind of seeds?"

"If in olden times all the people owned all the things, why do only a few people own the whole earth now?"

"If politicians are forced to do as the capitalists want them to, then if a Socialist president is elected, won't the capitalists force him, too, to do as they

their code of justice which they would mete out to all strike-breakers.

There is also much sentiment connected with this work. When the teachers come into the room there is joyous shouting and gladness. The children simply flock about us, happy to be near us, anxious for the attention and caresses we bestow upon them. For these little youngsters, like their elders, are starving for affection. "May I hold your paper, teacher?" "Please stand by my line." "I'll hold your coat."

A most singular instance is that of a little girl who never greets me as the rest of the children do when I come



Miss B. M. Steinhilber and Class of Girls

please?" This from a little girl of ten after the teacher had explained to the class that a steel mill had shut down throwing three thousand people out of work because the Congressional representative refused to be influenced by the mill owners.

"Boys," I said to a group who had broken away from the main line as they were marching to their classes, "you want to learn to get in line. It is there that you will some day have to take your place with the rest of the workers. We won't have to, teacher, we are going to be leaders."

"Is your father a Socialist?" I asked of a rather bright boy. "Yes," he answered promptly. "My mother is, too."

"Teacher, me and my friend was asked to join the Boy Scouts, but we told them we did not want to grow up to kill our sisters and brothers."

Of course, things don't always run smoothly, and we also have complaints. One man came to tell us that two of his children had been attending our school for five weeks and they still continued to believe in a God. Others are desirous that we include bible stories in our school. Then, there are those who would have us steer clear of all reference to that odious word, with all of its related terms—authority.

I find the children pretty good anarchists. They are for destroying everything that stands in their way. They believe in physical force and direct action, exclusively. In our history lesson on the development of the machine, I pointed out that when the machine was first introduced in industry, the workers, anticipating that they would be displaced, in their fury, set fire to the factories. The children unanimously agreed that that was the right thing to do.

The scab they would allow no quarter at all. These children visit the moving-picture shows frequently, and they like to relate what they have seen to the class. Labor pictures are very popular with them, especially so where the theme is the strike. The striker is the hero, the scab is the traitor, and traitors they have learned in public school must be punished. "So the scab must die."

These children come from homes where they have felt the pains and privation of the strike. They know it in its grim reality. They are acquainted with all of its phases and they have

in. She just walks over to me, in a rather slow, measured step, touches me and off she runs, delighted, without saying a single word. Once I caught her in my arms and asked her if she would not speak to me. "No, please let me go," she pleaded, and I released her.

Our children come from homes where various shades of thought prevail. We have children of parents from the S. P., S. L. P., I. W. W. sympathizers and anarchists. Often little strangers wander in out of curiosity to remain because of awakened interest, and these little ones carry the message to their parents.

The work is fascinating, its possibilities are immense, and adequate provision should certainly be made for it.

"Ah, I see the onward march of the revolution when I hear the tramp of little feet," said Hugo. We can see the victory with our children trained to see the light.

Composition

BY BECKIE CHALOFF.

Read at the closing session of the East Side Socialist School, New York.

I have been a member of this School almost three years. It seems to me that if all the children that are here now would go to the Socialist School, they would gain very much by it.

I would like to tell you what I gain by this School. When I entered I did not know much about Socialism, but now I understand much more about it. Many people think that Socialists are people that don't believe in God, but there are many Socialists that do believe in God and there are also many people who are not Socialists and don't believe in God. But no, Socialists are not people who don't believe in God. Socialists are people who would like everybody to be free, not some people should work very hard and not have enough to eat and some people who shouldn't work at all and have too much.

But Socialists want that all the people should work and all the people should have enough to eat.

One made the observation of the people of Asia that they were all slaves to one man, merely because they could not pronounce that syllable No.—*Plutarch*.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—*Sir Henry Taylor*.



John V. Storck and Class of Boys at Ridgewood, Brooklyn

tles, and that the working people must at all times come to the rescue of such men who are victimized.

The applause that burst forth, as I concluded, was superb. I stood spell-bound, tears came to my eyes. If we can inspire such response then surely our work is not in vain!

I asked how many would bring their pennies next Sunday for the defense of this case. Instantly, two hundred little hands flashed up and faces beamed with enthusiasm. A little boy suggested that we gather what pennies the children had with them, right then, and we did. We collected fifty. I never saw fifty cents assume such large proportions and the amounts they brought later seemed most fabulous. I told the children it represented a million times as much good class feeling and understanding, and that is what we are aiming to develop. This is a pregnant fact—child-

"Do we arm ourselves to the teeth when we make a social call? If we do it means murder, and when there are bullets and bayonets, it is murder for the working class, no patriotism, no glory and surely not friendship." This little girl will think this over and no doubt she will go back to her teacher for a better explanation of this subject and other subjects, too.

A conflict is inevitable. You can cut religion out of the public school and substitute evolution and the curriculum remains intact, but cut out property rights and place in its stead working class rights and the whole system topples down.

Some of the questions and answers I get in the class room are remarkable. These little folks have a way quite their own of expressing their thought. "You understand?" I asked a youngster of eleven, after explaining something which

SOME NEW BOOKS

Ferdinand Lassalle, by George Brandes. The Macmillan Co. - Cloth, 230 pp., \$2 net.

By far the most dramatic individual in the international Socialist movement, Lassalle has always been a puzzling problem for the biographers.

To the great Danish literary critic, the most striking characteristic of Lassalle is one drawn from his own writings where he speaks of "my ardent soul." Of this expression Brandes says:

Lassalle, perhaps, alone could use it without exaggeration, for his innermost being concealed some force akin to fire. He was a bearer of light and fire to the world; a bearer of light, bold and defiant as Lucifer himself; a torch bearer who delighted to stand in the full glare of the torch with which he brought enlightenment.

He was a hopeless failure as a school-boy. In spite of his keen intelligence and his unusual abilities, he was congenitally idle, incessantly playing truant and cheating, copying the exercises of his more industrious friends, and absenting himself under false excuses. Even worse misdeeds are recorded. He not only forged notes of excuse from his father to explain his absence from school but for six months systematically forged first his mother and then his father's signature to the bad reports which he brought home from school, while he spent his time at billiards and cards.

He represented the revolt against Hegelianism, together with a fuller development of the best phases of that philosophy of which Rodbertus and later Marx and Engels were the most striking figures.

In him, as in Marx, we see the same evolution away from Hegel. Later in his "System of Acquired Rights," Lassalle attacked the conservative portions of Hegelianism and showed that rights were all social and were maintained by power.

The latter half of the book is given up to the last two years of Lassalle's life from 1862 to 1864, in which "he almost seems to have concentrated the exertions of ten years. Between March, 1862, and June, 1864, he wrote no less than twenty works, three or four of which, both in their extent and their contents, may be considered as books, and most of which, in spite of their brevity and the popularity of their style, contain a wealth of thought, and are written with a scientific regard for logic which very few great books display."

It was at this time that he was arousing the working class of Germany to that rebellion, which later crystallized in the great Socialist movement. During this time he came into close contact with Bismarck, and, in the opinions of Brandes, furnished the ideas upon which were based the great system of social legislation of the German Chancellor.

Report of Socialist party delegation to the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen by May Wood-Simons, Secretary of Delegation. Published by the National Office Socialist Party. Paper, 24 pp., 5c.

This pamphlet brings together all the resolutions of the International Congress in a handy form, and accompanies them with a summary of the proceedings of the congress.

There has been a great need for such a compilation and the national office has done a real service to the movement in getting this out. An appendix gives the resolutions of the International Conference of Socialist Women.

Military Socialism by Dr. Senaney. Published by the author at Indianapolis, Ind. Paper 109 pp., 25c.

This is one of the pamphlets that makes Socialists pray to be delivered from their friends. It is a Utopia, such as would drive any reasonable person away from Socialism. In this ideal land everybody that breaks the military regulations is promptly shot, or whipped,

and the insane are disposed of in the same way. It is a book that will be welcomed by the enemies of Socialism and no amount of disavowal will prevent it being quoted as a sample of what Socialists want.

Socialism. What It Is and How to Get It, by Oscar Ameringer. Political Action Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Paper, 30 pp., 10c.

There has always been great need of humor in Socialist propaganda, and this pamphlet is brimful of that desirable characteristic. It is purely for propaganda and fits the bill.

Flashlights From History

SELECTED BY A. M. SIMONS.

Slavery and the Class Struggle

I fearlessly assert that the existing relations between the two races in the south . . . forms the most solid and durable foundation on which to rear free and stable political institutions. It is useless to disguise the fact. There is, and always has been, in an advanced stage of wealth and civilization, a conflict between labor and capital. The condition of society in the south exempts us from the disorders and dangers resulting from this conflict, and explains why it is that the condition of the slave-holding states has been so much more stable and quiet than that of the north. The advantage of the former in this respect will become more and more manifest if left undisturbed by interference from without, as the country advances in wealth and numbers.—John C. Calhoun, in congress, quoted in E. Von Holst's *Life of Calhoun*, p. 175.

Identity of Interests

There is perhaps no solution of the great problem of reconciling the interests of labor and capital, so as to protect each from the encroachments and oppressions of the other, so simple and effective as negro slavery. By making the laborer himself capital, the conflict ceases, and the interests become identical.—T. R. Cobb, *Historical Sketch of Slavery* (1858), p. 214.

Let us not intermeddle (with slavery.) As population increases poor laborers will be so plenty as to render slaves useless.—Ellsworth of Connecticut in *Constitutional Convention*.

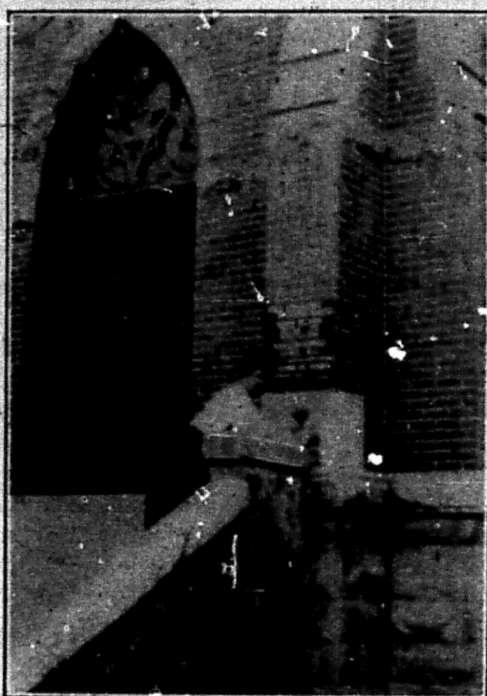
Preferred Chattel Slavery

Nine hundred of the negroes assembled near Mobile to consider their condition, their rights and their duties under the new state of existence upon which they have been so suddenly launched. . . . After long talk and careful deliberation, this meeting resolved, by a vote of 700 to 200, that they had made a practical trial for three months of their freedom which the war had bequeathed to them; that its realities were far from being as flattering as their imaginations had painted it. . . . And finally, that their "last state was worse than their first," and it was their deliberate conclusion that their true happiness and well-being required them to return to the homes which they had abandoned in the moment of excitement and go to work again under their old masters.—Montgomery Advertiser, Aug. 13, 1865.

Ashamed of the Name

A few months ago a "Rev." J. Wesley Hill was given much free advertising and high praise for organizing an anti-Socialist society. He made a strong play about the "immorality" of Socialism. Now comes the sequel. The "Rev." was formerly pastor of a church

in Ogden, Utah. While there money was raised to build a church. Always alive to advertising possibilities J. Wesley had his name carved upon the corner stone as the erector. His actions in recent years became a little too strong for the membership of the church and a few days ago it was decided to wipe



Andrew Martin at Work

out the visible testimony to the disgraceful connection with J. Wesley. The man hired to chisel out the great anti-Socialist's name was Andrew Martin, organizer of the Socialist party at Ogden. The photograph shows him doing the job. Exit J. Wesley.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

The Changed Reward For Slaughter

From No. 5 John Street, by Richard Whiteing.

THE old way of knocking people on the head no longer leads to advancement. I have seen it in its decline. I remember taking a stroll one day in the Whitechapel shambles, one "killing day" while living at No. 5. A slaughterman came out to drink, as the woolly spoil of his knife might have come, had the broad street and gin-shop reverted to their original condition of meadow and running brook. Never shall I forget the figure. It smoked with slaying. Steam went up from it as the long blue garment caught the chill of the outer air

on its warmth of blood. It dripped with the tell-tale fluid in red gout. It was greasy and sticky with the same, from heel to crown. I followed my man into the tavern with the fascination of horror, and furtively watched him the while he took his quiet glass. I was haunted with the idea that I had seen him before. But where? Why there, of course, in the Temple church, lying cross legged on the pavement in effigy, or wherever else brass or marble preserves a memorial of the war-like dead. His smock had the exact cut of a coat of chain mail. He was belted like a knight for the carriage of his swinging steel. His cap was but the old fighting head-piece in a softer stuff. His sewer boots were a trifle heavy for the stricken field, but they were justified by the fact that he had no resistance to expect. Exactly so must the smartest founder of a line have looked in working-hours, when he toiled in the press at Hastings, and before he was cleaned up for history by his serving-men, the painters and the poets. He must have looked so, aye, and smelt so—puh! for, not to put it offensively, I dare say he matched this latest of the slaughtermen in the stink of his trade.

War is this, I felt, and this is war, and ever shall be, in spite of the serving man with the quill and of the other lackey with the brush. Thereafter, in every picture of the age of chivalry, I have seemed to see, as in some effect of spirit photography, a pailful of offal in the background, and a whole foreground slimy as the edge of a duck-pond with something that even the ducks could hardly get down. As my man, having swallowed his draft, labored back with heavy footfall to finish his days' work, I felt that I had before me, in epitome, the pageant of the fifteen battles of the world. But this type grows belated, since it now hacks and slashes all day long for a poor couple of half-crowns, instead of having its reward in principalities. Your new founder of families is at the mercer's shop over the way, and as he measures a yard of calico he also measures a yard of land.

Which is the worst? To be worried by fortune or misfortune?

Money of every kind is an order for goods.—Sir Henry Thornton.

Of course, George Washington never told a lie; he married a widow.

Another great commodity has been reduced in price. Radium now sells for \$2,100,000 an ounce.

The man who does wrong thinks it is right to keep it secret.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.—Edward Gibbon.

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FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

Improved Methods

If congress slight the work for which,
The people pays it wages
Without apology or hitch
The court will add new pages,
So congress need not have a care
Concerning what it passes
The courts will put construction there
To help the ruling classes.

The law is not the way it reads
Though plain enough the writing
The trust that violates it needs
Protection, not indicting;
By adding here and there a word
That never was intended
The court can see that laws absurd
Are very neatly mended.

Our congress should at this display
Feel most subdued and humble
And maybe to itself it may
Proceed to take a tumble,
Why waste its time in passing laws
Or with the statutes tamper?
The courts will find them full of flaws
Should they the bosses hamper.

Heading Him Off

"My good man—" said the fat, fussy, overdressed person addressing a working man from whom it was evident he was about to ask a favor.

"Who's your good man?" asked the other, with some heat.

"No offense, no offense, I assure you," replied the fat man backing away and



guarding his precious stomach as if from attack.

"That's all right. We'll let it pass this time but if I had let you go on who knows but what you might have been calling me judge next?"

No Task at All

"Pa, are you a Socialist?"
"Of course not."
"Uncle George says that all sane persons are Socialists."

"Says I am insane does he? Well, I'll make him prove it."

"Pa."
"What?"
"Will that be a very hard job for Uncle George?"

Has All of the Marks

When picking out a man to move
The masses in the next campaign
No trouble they will have to prove
That Mr. Taft is safe and sane,



He makes wry faces at a trust,
And says it really must behave
But that is just to throw the dust
Across the voter's simple gaze.

Simple As Can Be

"I have a great scheme now for getting rich," exclaimed the man who was

always coaxing his dreams up to the point where they wouldn't work.

"Well?" demanded the doubter.
"It is to figure out something that J. Pierpont Morgan has to have that he can't get any other way and charge him a million dollars for it."

"That would be a great scheme provided the imagination of man could think of something Morgan doesn't own now in duplicates, except for one thing."

"Yes, you are always throwing cold water. What is your objection?"

"Morgan would say, you were running an unreasonable monopoly, order the supreme court to reverse itself a couple of times and have you locked up while he helped himself to what you were trying to sell him."

Revised

United we stand, divided we fall,
A truth you admit, but that isn't all,
While standing is good, still farther applied,
United we sit, united we ride.

Mollified

"Discharge that man at the corner bench. Discharge him this very minute," exclaimed the owner of the establishment rusing up to the manager.

"What has he done?"
"I asked him a civil question and he

gave me a rude and pert answer. Discharge him at once."

"Maybe he didn't know who you were."

"That makes no difference. Discharge him. Discharge him I say."

"But he is doing two men's work for the pay of one."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well tell him to be more careful how he speaks in the future."

Little Flings

For the man out of work reciprocity makes a fine substitute for breakfast food.

What could be funnier than the supreme court.

Mr. Gary's steel trust wants to eat



out of the government's hand. It couldn't be the first time.

Socialists will not carry Los Angeles if Otis is allowed to do the counting.

Teddy's advice is the latest cure for insomnia.

Told at the Dinner Hour

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

Relieving the Horses

BY FRED W. BUNNEL

A few years ago an Irishman got on one of the horse cars that run down near the battery in New York City carrying a heavy bag. When he sat down, he held the bag on his knee.

When the conductor came to collect his fare he remarked, "You don't need to hold that heavy bag. Set it on the floor."

"Begorry, sor," said the Irishman, "the poor horses have enough to pull all day. I'll carry this meself and save thim the ixtry load."

Misplaced Courtesy

BY JOHN JONES

A well-known Socialist editor who was in one of his usual absent-minded moods got on a street car the other day. It is certain that in his dream the new Regime was in full swing with a full house of Bergers and an Appeal to Reason in every state in the union. The next one to him in the seat was a charming girl who was telling another charming girl companion of a party she had in view at the Country club and was explaining the possibilities of her machine carrying the party out to the club; in giving a demonstration of the width of the back seat she extended her arms at full length so that one fair hand came right in front of the editor who doubtlessly supposed he had failed to hear a salutation preceding it. With a bow that was a credit to all mankind he took the hand in a hearty handshake which attested the strength of his muscles,

when, to his surprise, it was suddenly withdrawn and instead of the lady friend with a cordial greeting he confronted an indignant young woman and a car full of amused passengers. This particular Socialist editor is not complaining of matrimonial pains.

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens.—Montaigne.

CONSPIRACY

of the Money and Land Owning Kings of the Period of the War of the

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By Silas Hood

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THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

Painted for the Coming Nation by
BALFOUR KERR**Evolving Justice**

BY J. P. MAY.

O Justice! The Centuries murmur still
Of human turmoil, heralding thy birth;
Reincarnated guardian of the weak!
Thy forms distorted, hideous and weird,
Historic Might employed; his sceptral
wand
But wove, thy voice answering aye!
Amen!

Earth's stolid slaves, bowed low in
poverty,
Endured thy cruel mandates, legal
frauds,
While priest and banker swore by such
decrees,

And God and thee, debased, were
painted one.

In all the windings, up from orient hell,
A thousand trusted codes but lacked thy
name
With superstition's own; as perjured
lines
Were blotted out with blood, real knowl-
edge spoke
And lessened ignorance reframed, re-
wrote
The law; then Conscience pruned his
tiny lamp
And he and thee moved not while
Logic's shafts
Were darting futile thrusts at shadowed
lies.

Primeval doctrines placed thee by the
mask

That serfs revered, aye, worshipped as
a god
And wondered not; and forged were
rights of kings
In harmony with priests, their god, and
greed.

Long, dreary epochs passed, but thou
lived on,
Evolving ever best when most impelled,
Perforce when slaves robbed and
reasoned more.

New actors came, new curtains rose and
fell,
The brain's grey, convoluted mass in-
creased

In worth, co-ordinating laws revealed
Proclaiming, "Justice, thou art born
again

Illuminating science spread its truth,
And, fettered still by shackles of the
past,

Man's consciousness from dreaming
dreams awoke.

In bondage serve the newer slaves of
Now,

But o'er the world, with solar force
vibrates

A doubting Why? Illusions mists dispel,
Unseating monarchs, signaling to men
The laws of progress usuring the dawn
Of thy rebirth, the era of the free.