

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A Journal of Things Doing and to be Done

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

THE McNAMARA CASE AS IT IS



THOSE that desire to know the drift of their times would do well to take heed of these McNamara protest meetings now being held in such numbers in all parts of the country. Not alone the frequency of these meetings is important, but their character. In all cases, as far as I have heard, they have been grave, earnest, reasonable gatherings of persons well informed of the significance of the event that called them together and not to be deterred by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of the press. They have discussed without extravagance the crime that was committed against the McNamaras and they have denounced it in such terms of conviction as befit intelligent men resolved that such crimes must cease.

In all this nothing is more suggestive than the failure of the press to thwart the movement by ignoring it or to destroy it by lying about it.

Progress. The Average Man is reaching a clear understanding about his rotten newspaper. What could be a development of greater hope?

* * *

The press tried to make it appear that the purpose of the meetings was to uphold violence. A few years ago it could have made that device to work. In these days it deceived nobody. The Average Man knew better. He knew that the law had been violated and guaranteed rights had been overridden when the McNamaras had been kidnaped and his clear perception of that kind of anarchy was not to be distorted. So he went ahead and made his protest.

The result is that some of the agents of the real kidnapers are indicted. Not the real kidnapers; just their agents. But even so, that makes a tremendous advance. Many persons remember well how hard at first it was to draw any adequate attention to the kidnaping of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. It is different now. Progress. Be of good cheer. The old order changeth.

* * *

Some of the press harlots denounce us saying that we are affirming the innocence of the McNamaras before they have been tried.

Well, if we were we should have for that affirmation most excellent reason. Also, excellent example. Thus:

In my observations I have never known a labor union man to be accused of anything without a full chorus from the kept press proclaiming his guilt, and without the absolute acceptance of his guilt from all persons in authority—always in advance of his trial.

Who was it that prejudiced the cases of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone? Who declared before they were tried that they ought to be hanged? Who hooted, reviled and denounced every person that suggested a doubt of their guilt? Who persistently poisoned the public mind about them? Who saw the case so elaborately and carefully built fall into ruins when the men came to trial and their innocence was made clear?

The entire capitalistic body, with all its newspapers has invariably prejudged these cases against the accused workingmen. That being the case, we may rea-

sonably and justly stand upon the most ancient foundations of the common law and hold that the McNamaras are innocent until they are proved guilty.

* * *

Besides that, it is perfectly well known to every person that observes these things that for years the newspapers have worked together and desperately to break up the labor union; that they have tried to destroy it with injunctions, with court decisions, with legislation, with combinations, with bribes, with fake accusations, with blacklists, with every conceivable device.

Once before they tried to destroy it with a capital charge. Reasonable men would think it but natural that having once failed in that desperate attempt they should now renew it.

Some persons say that these manifestations of feeling mean class against class and portend ill. Even so. But who began the class war? The capitalist class made war upon the trade union. At last the trade union resents the attacks upon it. Well, what would you expect?

As a matter of fact, modern history reveals no other class that has stood so much and kept so still about it as the American workingmen. They have been a long time in coming to the resentment point. There are doubtless reasons enough. Forget them. The only important thing is that they are beginning to feel that they have stood about enough.



THE HOLY SMOOTHERS



HERE is an illustration of the way things go in our broad land. In 1906 *Everybody's Magazine* (then radical, now conservative), published an article in which incidentally the assertion was made that the mail contracts between the American railroads and the national government were fraudulent and unfair, resulting in an annual loot of many million dollars for the railroads.

Mr. George B. Cortelyou, a Roosevelt pet, was then Postmaster General. In his annual report for that year he took up the statements made in the *Everybody's* article, quoted them, and then categorically denied them and denounced the author as an untruthful person, the whole forming one of the most extraordinary passages to be found in any government document.

Loud applause from the kept press. Also, of course, from Crazy Horse. The press almost universally quoted Cortelyou's denunciation—which was sent out by a bureau engaged in disseminating tainted news—and with pleasure on its brow pointed the moral against the muckrakers.

"Look at this sample," it said. "Here is the perfect test. This muckraker has been proved a liar. He told lies about the postoffice department. All muckrakers are liars. This is now clearly seen and no one should heed anything they say."

This grand old chorus swelled from shore to shore and no doubt had its effect.

Mr. Cortelyou retired from office and was succeeded by Mr. Hitchcock. On June 18, 1911, Mr. Hitchcock,

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Postmaster General, issued a statement in which he said that after investigating the subject he had found that the compensation paid to the railroads for carrying the mails was grossly excessive and that every year the railroads are getting from the government at least \$9,000,000 more than they ought to get.

It took the department five years to discover and acknowledge the facts easily gathered by the muckraker, who is now officially shown to have told the truth.

On Postmaster General Hitchcock's showing the railroads have had in that time \$45,000,000 of loot from the national treasury.

How about it?

* * *

There exists in this country a certain smug, pretentious, poisonous kind of publication whose chief business is to assure the public that all is well with us and whosoever says to the contrary is a low, vile person and not to be considered. Roosevelt is at Oyster Bay; all is well with his country—that sort of thing. The most conspicuous types of these holy smotherers are the *Outlook* and the *American Magazine*. It is chiefly owing to such influences that it is so difficult to get anything done in this country, for they work under a specious disguise of reform to discredit anybody that really purposes to do anything.

In the instance I have just cited the smotherers and their kind seem to have cost the nation about \$45,000,000 in five years. The history of the times is full of other instances. The Little Rollos and the Old Docs are a costly bill. It would be money in our pockets if we could remove them all to some remote congenial spot where they could smoke their cigarettes and wear their knee pants and exude optimism without harm to anyone except themselves.



THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY

AFTER waiting nearly nine months the Republic of the United States has determined to recognize (some day) the Republic of Portugal. The Republics of France, Brazil and Switzerland recognized their new sister republic as soon as it was organized.

Why do you suppose the Republic of the United States has waited all these months? Why has it lagged behind every other republic in the world?

Every week since the Portuguese Republic was established the Associated Press has favored us with long accounts of portentous uprisings of royalists determined to restore the monarchy and bring back the august sovereign, King Manuel, now sojourning (for his health) at Wood Norton, England. Every day great bands of brave royalists were gathered on the frontier bent on deeds of daring do and other things of the kind. Once Manuel himself was represented as heading one of these gallant companies. In every instance the republic was shown to be tottering to its fall and the restoration of dear old feudalism to be close at hand.

And one by one these great armies have vanished into mist, the august Manuel continues at Wood Norton his courageous pursuit of fair ladies and the republic goes its way intact.

What do you suppose is the meaning of all this?

Why, little children, what is the explanation of every international mystery in this world?

The Rothschild-Deutscher Bank-Morgan combination had lent much moneys to the romantic and chivalrous Manuel and unless he gets back upon his king fake it will have

small chance ever to see a red cent of its loan.

Who controls the Associated Press? Who controls the government of the United States?

* * *

Similarly you must have wondered why Diaz, the great and good Mexican friend of the Interests, was so suddenly and easily kicked out of his job and the so-called revolution won so easily and so suddenly?

Go to the same source for the solution of this mystery, also. The revolutionists (so-called) made the better terms with the great Triumvirate about the national railroads. Hence, out goes Diaz, in comes the new regime.

"Search for the woman," say the French detectives, confronted with any mystery.

Not at all. Search for your Uncle Pierpont. He is around somewhere.



THE WHITE RABBIT AT HIS FEARSOME WORK

WHAT I want to see is the founding in our universities and colleges of departments of Common Courage for the special training of White States rabbits. I have been looking over the platform or statement of principles of the Insurgents. It is a grand document and might have been prepared by jelly-fish or hares.

It declares for honesty in office, a reduction of the tariff, regulation of railroad rates, regulation of public service corporations and let us all be good and we shall be happy.

On this ringing declaration the gallant Insurgent band proposes to lead other White Rabbits in a grand assault upon some foe of their own kind—possibly the wrens or the barnyard fowl.

The gentlemen that prepared this document knew perfectly well—if they knew enough to come in out of the rain—that not one of the things in which they declared their faith would be of the slightest effect upon any problem with which this country has to deal. On the same supposition they knew perfectly well that all of their pretended reforms have been tried out by other nations and found to be worthless.

They knew this when they prepared their declaration. They know it now. If you were to talk with them confidentially they would admit that they know it.

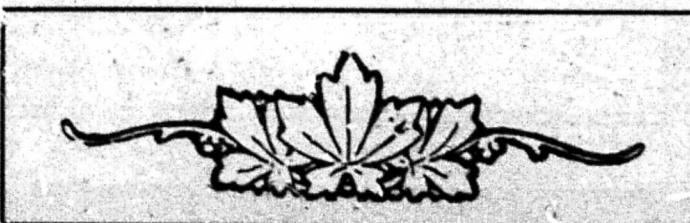
But they would declare that the country is not yet ready for any remedy that would really cure and they do not dare to go an inch in front of the bogey of public opinion that they have conjured up.

In other words, they are afraid of their jobs.

Now all these men are graduates of our renowned seats of learning. They represent the teachings of our academic halls, so that what seems the most needed in those famous places is somebody with as much courage as a cat to teach the White Rabbits that they needn't really be afraid.

No man need be afraid to utter anything he believes. The thing to fear is letting fall something that he doesn't fully believe or hasn't reasonably considered.

As soon as the university man gets into Congress he seems to live in deadly terror and to shiver at the merest suggestion of saying what he thinks. It must be a sad state of mind. That is why I urge upon our favored millionaires, liberal donations for the School of Common Courage. It would be of far more benefit to the human race than donating millions for the study of diseases that don't exist.



A LITTLE CHAPTER IN HYSTERIA

SEVERAL years ago when I lived in Chicago the head waiter at the excellent caravansary, the Windermere Hotel, was a very able person named Frank Long. He knew his business. In the course of some years of knocking about the world I have never seen his superior as the chief executive of a great dining room. He was able, courteous, quick, obliging and he had an almost singular faculty of seeing and noting twenty-two different things at the same time and never turning a hair. The huge place went like clock work when he was in command.

Yet he had one defect. He was what is called "colored." He had the quiet, self-possessed bearing of a man that has observed much, considered much and was sure of himself; his manners and conversation were polished and agreeable; he was a Christian, if that counts for anything. But he was about the color of a cafe au lait. So that, of course, settled his case.

About two years ago he suffered a stroke of part paralysis and after a brave struggle he gave up his job, to the great regret of all the old-timers like myself.

He had been thrifty and saved a little money. This spring it occurred to him that a wise provision in his case would be a home of his own. So he looked about, found a very modest little house within his means and bought it.

The neighbors saw him going in and out and began some excited inquiries. When they found that he had bought the place a wild howl went up and they chased after the agent. He could do nothing in spite of all their threats, for the transaction had been closed; so they called an indignation meeting and subscribed a common defense fund and put it into the agent's hands with instructions to save them at any cost.

The agent sent for Mr. Long and explained the situation. The paralyzed man was neither surprised nor much pained. He had been accustomed all his life to pay the penalty of his color. But his pride was touched a little. He said:

"If they don't want me to live in their neighborhood I don't care for their society, either. But what can I do? I've paid the money, the place is mine."

"Would \$1,100 more than you paid for it be any inducement to you to sell it?" asked the agent.

"Show me the \$1,100," said Long and in five minutes walked out of the place with the money.

Whereupon the neighborhood breathed a sigh of relief. It had escaped the presence of a quiet, intelligent, unfortunate man whose color is about two shades darker than my own.

This seemed to me a pretty good tip.

I am now organizing the Race Hysteria Exploitation Company which looks to me like the biggest money-maker of the times, and the best chance to exploit the exploiters. All we need is about ten dollars capital and a man with a dark skin and we can be paying 100 per cent dividends every month. It looks to me better than a gold mine, and besides it has certain elements of sardonic humor not without refreshing qualities in this heated season.

If these people will have their snobbery why not make them pay for the luxury?

* * *

As for the noble Insurgent Band they make me think of a certain stanza of Coleridge's:

*As one that on a lonely road
Doth walk with fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turneth not his head,
Because he knows a Frightful Fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

That's the idea—the Frightful Fiend being in this case the idea of saying something that would imperil their Precious Jobs.

Alabama—A Slave State

By William Maily

ALABAMA is a slave state. There isn't one of us miners but is in slavery. The capitalists have not only smashed our organization, they have made it impossible for us to reorganize. We're watched and spied upon every moment of our lives. We're afraid to talk to each other, and we dare not trust our oldest friends and nearest neighbors. Slavery is no word for it.

It was an old miner, a staunch trade unionist all his life, that said this to me. And it was all true. Capitalism is in absolute, almost undisputed control in the district, where, with Birmingham as the center, efforts are being made to build up another Pittsburg that will rival the Northern city in everything, including its vile labor conditions. To this end all else is being sacrificed so that investing capital can have free rein and the fever for industrial development which permeates the whole South can vent itself. At all hazards, industrial development must go forward, and in their warfare upon organized labor, therefore, the corporations have always had the active, whole-hearted support of the political machinery of the cities, counties and state, which machinery, of course, is in the hands of the Democratic party.

When, after an absence of fifteen years, I visited Birmingham a couple of months ago, and announced my intention of visiting the mining camps to see old friends, I was warned to be careful in doing so and not get myself or any of the miners into trouble. I thought this was a joke at first, but I soon learned that it wasn't and that I was liable at any time to be made to feel unwelcome at any place I visited. And it required one to go out into the mining camps to learn how bad conditions are.

No miner can have anyone visit him from the outside without having to give an account of the visitor. The companies have at each camp hired guards who patrol the camps and meet the trains as they arrive. If a stranger gets off the train he is usually accosted by one of the guards, asked his name, where he lives and what his business is in camp, or he is followed and watched openly in all his movements. If he goes to a miner's house, the miner has to explain to the satisfaction of the company or get out. Sometimes the miner is not given a chance to explain and is told to get out anyway. The company takes no chances. The most rigid watch is kept on the men for fear they may make a move to organize.

The Curse of the Company Store

The company store flourishes in all its profitable glory. No miner who does not trade in a company store can work anywhere. Indeed, there is rarely any other store for him to trade in, unless he can go into the city, and he can seldom save up enough to do that; the company store gobbles up his wages as he makes it. The independent stores around the mines have nearly all been driven out of business by the company stores and the few that remain have but a precarious existence.

Even the farmers, who are proclaimed by the Southern political orators in all seasons, and especially at campaign time, to constitute the backbone of the nation's manhood and prosperity, even they have been made to feel the iron heel of the oppressor. Once they did a thriving business peddling their products through the camps among the miners, but now they have lost their former customers, because the miners are prohibited from buying of them. So the farmers now sell direct to the companies at the various local stores and the companies obligingly set their own prices and dictate terms to the farmers.

There have been other changes. In the old days, when I worked in the mines of Alabama, there was hardly a house but was kept clean and in good order and had its little garden when the springtime came, and these gardens were cultivated by the miners and their wives. The camps looked fairly neat and bright and wholesome as a consequence. But now, where before there were rows of potatoes, cabbages, peas and other vegetables, weeds are growing abundantly, the fences are either broken down or gone entirely and the houses are dirty and dilapidated beyond the power of words adequately to describe. And this change has come about because the miners' gardens interfere with trade at the company stores and the miners are forced to depend for whatever vegetables they need upon the company stores and them alone.

And the people in the camps have changed also. Of all those who came from the North years ago and who furnished the skilled labor that made it possible for the mines to be opened at all, only a few remain. Gradually they have been weeded out

to make room for the negro and native white who has come in off the farm, attracted by the fairy stories of the "big money" the miners were making. Successive strikes and lockouts have seen importations of strike breakers from the cotton fields and Southern city slums and the farms, until the pioneer miners from the North have been scattered, many of them returning back whence they came or going where they could have more freedom and work under organized conditions.

Cheating in Weight

There are no longer checkweighmen on the mine tipples employed by the miners themselves to see that their coal is weighed and credited to them correctly. Now the company weighmen can do as the company pleases and the better he does it the longer he will hold his job. As a result, cars containing two tons of coal of 4,000 pounds, are usually credited to the miner at 2,500 or 2,700 pounds, or he is docked for "dirty coal"—that is, when his car is said to contain too much slate or coal—and he has no redress. He will get paid for only what appears against his number on the tally sheet.

There is also the contract system, which has become one of the greatest evils. Under this system, a miner contracts to get out the coal on a certain entry for a fixed price per ton, usually the prevailing rate, and employs others to dig the coal, either negroes or Italians (many of the latter have recently come into the state, and they work long, cheap and hard). The contractor is held responsible for conditions on his entry and he in turn pays those who work for him either a daily wage or a certain price per ton. These contractors are usually the more skilled and experienced miners remaining in the state, and the system is used by the companies both to keep down the expense of mine operation and to prevent the miners from having mutual interests that would bring them together.

And all these changes have come about within a few years. They have followed naturally upon the wiping out of the miners organization—for it is wiped out, and so effectually that hardly a vestige remains. Yes, there is a district office of the United Mine Workers in Birmingham, with district officers and all the paraphernalia of organization, but there is no organization, though the officers heroically make a brave front at it. The form is there, but the substance is missing. There is no secret about this, everyone knows it. The national organization keeps up the district office, in the hope of a revival of interest, sometime, somehow, but there is little warrant for such a hope. Even the most optimistic admit this.

Politics Play Part

For this state of affairs, the corporations have, first of all, the various state administrations, supported by those of the cities and counties, to be grateful to. The Democratic party, without serious opposition for possession of the political machinery throughout the state, has always been in complete subserviency to capitalist interests. Only here and there is there a public official who has any sympathy for organized labor and he has to keep pretty quiet about it or the bosses will see that he is not renominated, which is equivalent to an election, or reappointed when a new administration comes in. On the other hand, very seldom are there any of the company thugs arrested for beating or shooting a miner or other workman, and if he is, seldom is there any punishment meted out to him. The courts—all the legal machinery—are in the hands of the capitalists and they look after their own.

In all of the miners' strikes that have occurred in Alabama during the past twenty years, the strikers have had solidly arrayed against them all the forces of government, backed by the press and the business element. To recite all this history in detail would take up too much space. I cannot do more than give a mere sketch that can only present a slight idea of what has occurred to place the miners of Alabama in the degraded condition they now are. And perhaps no body of miners in the United States have contended so bravely against adverse conditions to build up an organization and better their condition than have they. That they have failed has not been because of lack of courage, capacity for endurance and devotion to their cause.

The first state strike of miners took place in the

winter of 1890. The issue was a demand for an increase of 5 cents per ton. The strike was inspired by the national miners' union, then District 135 of the Knights of Labor, it was a short one and it was lost. It was not until 1893 that the miners attempted to organize again and that was brought about through the demand of the companies for a 25 per cent decrease in the scale. That was the panic year and the miners were ill-prepared for a strike, but they resisted the decrease and the companies were compelled to withdraw their demand.

But it was only for a while, until the companies could be in a better position to enforce it. The demand was renewed the following year, when the miners were believed to be down so low in the standard of living, after months of enforced semi-idleness and semi-starvation, that they could not longer resist it. But they did resist, for they, too, had been organizing. The final result was that a strike began in April, 1894, a week before the great national strike of miners headed by John McBride began. It was during this strike that the negro miners, who had acted as strike breakers in 1890, came out with the white men, and this marked the first concerted effort of the white and colored miners to act together for their mutual benefit. And ever since that the negroes have played a good part in the fight with their white brothers against the exactions of the companies.

Crushed by Military Force

The strike of 1894 was notable for the intensity and bitterness which marked its progress. It lasted five months and it had every indication of complete success, even up to the very last, notwithstanding that the state government conducted throughout an active campaign to break the strike. Thomas G. Jones was then governor of the state, and he was imbued with a fine frenzy of military ardor. He ordered the state troops to Ensley, near Birmingham, where he "commanded" them personally. The American Railway Union strike came on at the same time. Jones stationed a detachment of troops in the Union Depot in Birmingham, with mounted gatling guns, and he declared martial law in the city.

Jones was a little despot for a while. Several times he summoned the union leaders before him and warned them what would happen to them if they persisted in their "lawless" course. He also headed a company of troops at night-time through several mining camps, where the strikers were quartered in log huts which they had erected after being ejected from the company houses, and there he had the huts searched by the soldiers for the "desperadoes" who inhabited them. The strike was settled on a compromise, but was practically lost. The adoption of a sliding scale by which the miners were paid per ton according to the price of iron in the market was claimed as a victory. The sliding scale, which sometimes went up, but more frequently slid downwards, no longer exists. There is no definite scale of wages now; the miners take what the companies give them.

About five years ago, President Roosevelt recognized former Governor Jones as a man after his own heart by appointing him United States Circuit Judge in Alabama and the decisions of Judge Jones since then have amply justified his appointment as a conscientious and faithful friend of the corporations of that state.

It was some time before the miners' union recovered from the strike of 1894, but there was continual friction between the miners and operators until 1902, when the questions at issue were submitted to arbitration, Judge Gray of Delaware acting as presiding judge. The miners won almost every contention for which they pleaded before the arbitration board and obtained a new and better adjustment of wages and conditions. But the companies were not satisfied with the working out of the award, and in 1904 they asked for a reduction in wages that brought on a strike that was nearly a record-breaker for the length of time it lasted. When this strike started the miners' organization was in the best condition of its entire history. It was then part of the national organization with John Mitchell as president, and everybody working around the mines, including store and office clerks, and in some cases even mine foremen belonged to the union, the system of collecting dues through the company office assisting materially in bringing this about.

That strike lasted two years—from 1904 to 1906—and cost the national organization over a million dollars in strike benefits and relief. It was a test of endurance between the companies and the men and the companies eventually won, for the strike

A HERO REVOLUTIONIST

By Frank E. Wolfe

was called off. Again the state government had done its share to bring about this result and the history of the strike is a long and black record of intimidation, assaults, arrests and misrepresentation on the part of the law administering powers, the press and the business people. The loss of that strike broke the back of the miners' union in Alabama, the end that the operators had spent, and had been willing to spend, millions to accomplish.

In 1908 the miners attempted to recover the ground lost. The national organization, with Tom L. Lewis, president, sent in organizers in an effort to reorganize the shattered forces. There was a strike for the recognition of the union and a return to the former union control of the mines. The national organization itself took charge of the strike and its representatives were active in the field. They met with a warm reception. They were driven out of every camp in the state at the point of guns and they were beaten with clubs and subjected, in several cases, to unspeakable indignities until they could find no rest or haven anywhere. They were denounced as "carpet-baggers" who had come from the North to batten on honest Southern labor and interfere with legitimate business enterprise.

The state government was again active. The governor this time was one B. B. Comer, owner of a cotton mill in Birmingham where children are employed at as low wages as possible and as young as the law allows—if not younger—and a highly respectable and very religious man. Comer went Governor Jones one better. This time the strike only lasted two months, although the call was generally responded to throughout the state. But Comer was even more advanced than Jones. He also took the field with the state troops and not only invaded the strikers' camps, but had the soldiers cut down and destroy the tents which the strikers were sheltered in. The strike was lost, and since that time the miners' organization has vanished from Alabama, smashed into smithereens by the combination of the corporations, the government, the press and the business people, who believe that industry should be kept running, whether the wages paid to the workers be good, bad, or indifferent.

It is significant that since the decline of the miners' union the number of mine accidents in Alabama, through explosions and otherwise, has greatly increased. This is partly because there is no longer union control around the mines and also because most of the best skilled miners have left the state, as I have previously pointed out. There are fewer competent foremen and efficient miners than there formerly were and the safer methods of mining have passed away. Now, instead of mining the coal, using chiefly skill and muscle, and black powder for blasting purposes, dynamite has come into general use, and this has increased the possibility of explosions and other accidents.

So frequent have these explosions become that a new mining law was enacted by the legislature last winter. The original bill was drafted by representatives of the coal companies. The provisions of the bill were so outrageously bad, however, that the miners' union officials were able to make a fight against it and the bill was amended and some of the most objectionable features stricken out. While the law is admitted to be an improvement over the previous one, yet the companies have much the best of it and increased responsibility is placed upon the miners in various ways. The latter are skeptical as to whether the new law will effect anything better or not.

Then there is also the convict lease system, by which convicts are worked in mines in competition with the "free" miners. It was in a convict mine at Banner that the disaster occurred last April by which 125 men were killed, all except three or four being convicts. These convict mines are worked 310 days in the year and they have been very useful to the corporations in enabling them to supply the market with coal during strikes. The system stands as one effectual barrier against the organization of the miners of Alabama.

But not only the miners' union has suffered. The entrance of the United States Steel Corporation into the Birmingham field, through the absorption of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, has seen every branch of organized labor decline. There is not remaining a single lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in the entire district. The open shop prevails in every mill and furnace—and that means that there is practically not a single union member working in them. Trade unionism generally was never in such a disorganized, demoralized condition.

Alabama is indeed a slave state. But what matters it so long as Capitalism reigns and the Democratic administration at Montgomery still lives?

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?—Scott.

L. Gutierrez De Lara has returned to Los Angeles, where he will remain a few weeks with his family. He has made plans for an extensive lecture tour in Mexico where he will organize Socialist locals during the next few months. De Lara says the opportunity is exceptionally bright for the spread of the propaganda in his native land. Madero has pledged himself to stand for freedom of speech and of the press.



L. GUTIERREZ DE LARA

The people are in no mood to brook interference with them in the things they have fought for and they are demanding free speech. This gives De Lara a hearing and he has ever been popular with the people.

Unlike many of the parlor revolutionists who have carefully avoided going across the border De Lara was early in the fight and made a brilliant record as a soldier of liberty in the field. Capitalist newspapers in El Paso have long hated De Lara on account of the brave stand he has taken there for freedom of speech and for the spread of Socialism among the Mexicans. These journals took every occasion to lie about him and the lead was followed by so-called war correspondents who got most of their knowledge of the revolution while hanging over the bars in El Paso saloons. The chief lie invented by some pewee of the El Paso press was that De Lara had run away while in battle. This was reprinted by various publications and still further embittered the followers of the author-soldier against the Americans.

The day before the battle at Juarez De Lara worked all day wading and swimming in the Rio Grande a few miles below El Paso carrying ammu-

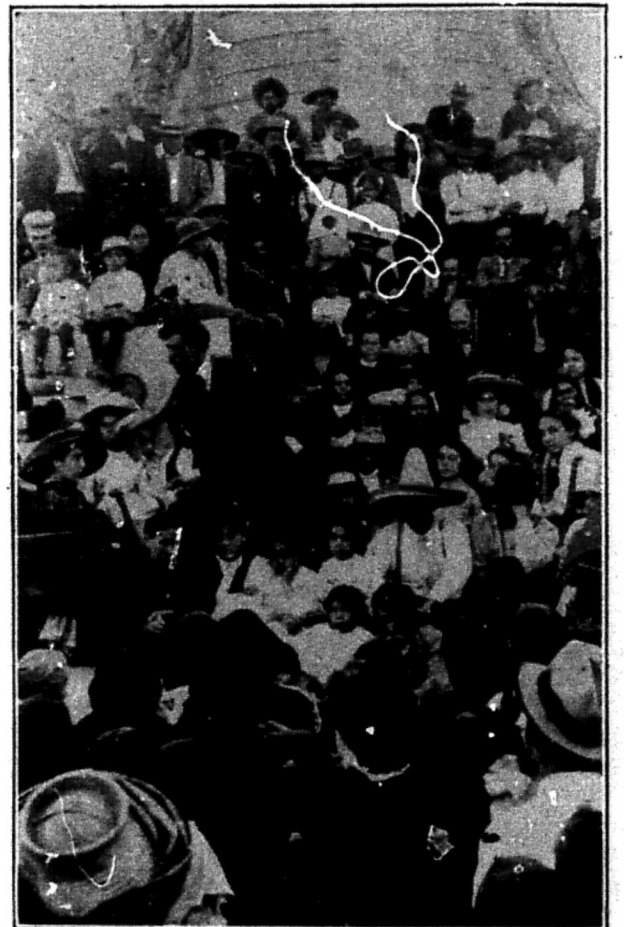


De Lara surrounded by a group of friends in Juarez after the capture of the city by insurrectos. The girl in white at the right is Guadalupe, the heroine of the battle of Juarez. This girl assisted wounded men in the streets during the heaviest of the fighting. Bullets rained about her while she carried water and bandaged the wounds of men. De Lara in the center.

and dynamite bombs across for use in the action which carried the day for the insurrectos and broke down the defense of the Diaz autocracy.

The use of the bombs marks one of the most horrible features of modern warfare. They were gas-pipe concerns and the insurrectos risked their lives every time they attempted to use them. Nearly two thousand of them were carried over by De Lara and his compatriots.

Among the Indians the use of dynamite developed into a horrid but picturesque phase of the wholesale murder called war. The Yaquis invented what was called "bomba de cuero"—rawhide bombs. They took the skins of animals and made them up into pouches which were filled with scraps of railroad iron and nuts off railway bolts. Dynamite was placed in this with a fulminating cap and a short bit of fuse. With lighted fuse the Indians would



DeLara, lawyer, agitator and fighter, spreading Socialism among the people

seize a rawhide thong attached to the bomb and break from cover running toward the Federal lines. Swinging the bomb about his head the Yaqui would run until the fuse was about burned out then he would hurl the missile with all his strength toward the enemy. Great havoc was wrought by these weapons.

At El Valle de San Buena Ventura a terrific battle was fought throughout several days before the city was taken. Children finally participated in the combat. One small Gavroche is said to have turned the tide of battle in favor of the revolutionists by clambering up a wall and throwing a bomb into a church where the federals were holding the insurrectos at bay.

In Juarez there were acts of heroism among the children that will long live in history and legend. Little girls did much to assist in caring for the wounded during the battle. De Lara is among those who rejoice at the end of hostilities and he declares he will make the most of the opportunity now offered to teach the workers of Mexico the class consciousness that is necessary before the yoke of capitalism shall finally be thrown off.

The army officers prejudice against Jews and the naval officers prejudice against young women who earn their own living causes plain citizens to wonder what kind of a military establishment they're putting up 250 million dollars a year for.—K. C. Star.

We may endeavor to persuade our fellow citizen, but it is not lawful to force them even to that which is best for them.—Plato.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—Horace Walpole.

Socialism is an insurance against want, charity, degradation and the poor house.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

CHAPTER VII.

DO you know? if Hymenæus and Philletus, whom St. Paul jumped onto with both feet for heretics because they said the resurrection was past already, should come back to earth, I believe I should cotton right to them. I should feel that we were kindred spirits. It must be that I am naturally a heretic.

You can quote opinions of eminent writers to me until your throat is raw; you can point out chapter and verse where they think differently from me until your arm aches; it never fazes me. I'm just that conceited I think that I, too, am in the "eminent" writer class, and, as such, am well aware that what they think doesn't amount to shucks. Facts I give in to without a murmur, but the conclusions of an "authority" do not seem to me to be any sign of a duck's nest.

Yes, it must be that, as near as I can make out, I am a heretic. Maybe I was born that way. Poor man!

Last week I had something to say about our need for happiness being even more important than our need for sustenance. I feared them which are able to destroy the soul more than them which are able to destroy the body. Now, if you talk with prophets and seers who have it all doped out as to how things are going to be when The Big Change has been officially recognized as having come and we have regularly started in to govern ourselves accordingly, you will find that they put musicians, artists, and literary men, and preachers, and show-actors, and baseball-players, and pugilists—all such into the same class as farmers, and tailors, and carpenters, and iron-and-steel-workers, and railroad men. They're all producers, the prophets and seers will tell you. A writer or the fellow who comes out and sings one of these "and to him she did say" songs, like:

*Meet me in the moonlight, Mazie, dawling
Meet me in the moonlight on the lea;
Where the wind is blowing free,
Down in Memphis, Tennessee
In the shade of the huckleberry tree,*

ought to get the full product of his toil the same as the man that drills holes in sheet steel ought to get the full product of his toil.

Now, as a prophet I am not worth board-wages. I concede that from the outset. I can't prophesy for sour apples. So I sha'n't even attempt to figure out how things will be in the literary line or the

musical line when The Big Change has been officially recognized, but I do believe that I can tell something of what I think they are in their inmost nature which will not be changed whatever happens. Maybe that inmost nature, that which makes them what they are, will be changed when the exterior changes. I won't be too positive. You see, I don't set up to be an "authority."

I have noticed, though, that those prophets who have never done anything in the artistic line are a good deal more set in their minds that writing and play-acting and music-making and all such are really productive labor than those who are actually in the business. It always seems to me that they go a little out of their way to reassure me, to convince me that I have a valid excuse for living, that I am not a parasite. I give them all credit for their kind hearts, but still.

To be right candid with you, I don't see where I come in. Honestly, that is. I eat food, wear out clothes, I take up house-room, but what do I do to entitle me to eat food, and wear out clothing, and take up house-room? I don't do one formed hate to replace these things or add to their yearly increase. It is true that I write articles that certainly are masterpieces of English Literature. Take it from me, they're all of that. But that doesn't answer my question. How do I contribute to the replacement of what I consume? . . . What's that? . . . Oh, really . . . Oh, I'm sure I don't deserve that praise. . . . You embarrass me, you do indeed. . . . Oh now, you're stringing me.

To come right out with it, in the scheme of production I play the part of a sweet-scented bedbug. I'm a parasite.

My business is to assist in making sales. I'm "in trade," for all I let on to be of finer clay than that. I help people to soak up surplus values. It costs so much to pay the workmen who produce the use-values of commodities. It costs a whole lot more for those commodities at retail. The difference is surplus value, and I help collect it so that it can be divided up between the man who owns the cheap skates that do the selling and the man that owns the cheap skates that do the making.

Modern literature, as has been well said, is written on the backs of advertisements. There's no money in selling the magazine to readers; there is money in selling advertising space to advertisers. If the magazines were composed entirely of beautifully gotten-up and somewhat truthful assertions that Higgins' Automobiles were the best ever, and Jones' Automobiles were the best ever, and O'Flaherty's Automobiles were the best ever, and Oshinsky's Automobiles were the best ever, you couldn't give 'em away, let alone sell 'em for 15 cents a copy. And if they were entirely composed of first-rate stories and articles, the authors and illustrators wouldn't get a cent for their work. So what you want and what you wouldn't have for a precious

gift are combined. When a magazine has a couple of hundred thousand readers, there is a chance that quite a good many of them will go on past the pure reading-matter and look at the advertisements; of these there is a certain percentage that will seriously think of buying, and finally, there is a very much smaller percentage that are actually separated from their money.

When I am paid for my matchless productions, I am no more contributing to and receiving my share of the world's production than I would be if I had given a second-story worker a boost and he had handed me part of his plunder. It's a shade more complex than that, though.

The magazine pays me all I can extort from them. There's no fixed rate for the work done. There can't be. It is what you can bull-doze out of the editor. He gets his money from the sale of advertising space, which depends upon the circulation, just as the rent of a store depends upon how many people pass the door each day. Advertising space is of exactly the same nature as land-values. (Single Taxers, please take notice.) The advertisers get their money from the people induced to buy the commodities advertised. That's the end of the line. Now let's work back.

The purchaser of one of Higgins' automobiles pays for: (1) his pro rata share of my article and all the other articles and stories and pictures in the magazine (he thinks he's buying an automobile; well, so he is, but he's paying for other things); (2) his pro rata share of the rent of the sales-room, the wages of the salesman who landed him, all the other help, and the salary of the head of the sales department; (3) interest on the bonds, and dividends on the stock of the railroad that brought the automobile to his town; (4) interest on the bonds and dividends on the stock of the Higgins Automobile Company, salaries of the president of the company, vice presidents, secretary-treasurer, and fees to the directors, all of whose activities contribute a fat lot to the efficiency of the automobile; (5) rent on the real estate occupied by the factory, royalties on the land from which the mineral, vegetable and animal constituents of the automobile were taken, and last of all and perhaps not least of all, he is paying (6) for what he wants to get, that is, the result of the labor of human beings who have extracted the raw material from the soil who have prepared and shaped it, and contrived it so that it will do what the buyer wants it to do, and transported it to him. I don't know for sure what just the labor alone, which is all that the buyer wants, really comes to in the sum total. Probably about one-tenth; certainly not more than one-sixth.

If commodities exchange at their real values, and the workers get only one-sixth of what should be all theirs, and all my living comes out of that five-sixths that he doesn't get, I don't see where I cut very much ice as a productive laborer, do you?

(To be Continued.)

DAD

By George Whitfield D'Vys

(Author of "Casey at the Bat.")

*Just a boy among boys, is yours truly,
I'm right up to date with the rest;
But lots of odd times, for just nothing,
I get—well I can't say caressed,
But always when he begins scolding,
One queer thought I ever have had,
So much was he THEN like an angel,
A WONDERFUL boy, was my "Dad."*

*He always was quick on his errands,
And always was 'way up in school;
He always did this, that, and all things,
Like clock work, according to rule;
He alway, was helping some other,
Politeness was always his "fad";
He always was—well—just PERFECTION,
A WONDERFUL boy was my "Dad."*

*He ne'er bit his bread at the table,
He never tormented old cats;
He never annoyed cranky neighbors;
Nor took for a target, high hats.
HE nev'—well, I pause nigh dumbfounded,
That boy, he just COULDN'T be bad;
I wonder, like went up Elijah,
Why God didn't translate my "Dad."*



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

(Continued From Last Week.)



LUKE half turned. "It came to me by word of mouth," he replied. "Yah!" mocked Cal. "By a nigger's mouth! O' coorse a nigger'd stan' up fo' his own color!" But Sanborn resumed his appeal to the crowd. "If there's any uncertainty — if there's any doubt," he argued, "you must see that you've got to wait till it's over."

"Wait till Jackson gets away," Cal sneered. "Don't yo' fellows know that every minute counts? As it is, we'll like as not need the dogs."

Here and there rose a murmur of assent to Ridgeley's point of view.

Luke looked again, his blue eyes watching and weighing, about his hearers. He took mental account of his converts and their opponents, and then went on again:

"Well, if you doubt the authenticity of my message, I'll put it to a practical test. You men know me; you ought to be willing to take my word. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: If you'll agree to stand right here—not to leave this room and not to let Ridgeley leave it till I get back—I'll go up to Colonel Pickens' house and hear what the other witnesses say. Then I'll come back here and give you their testimony just as they give it to me. If what they say is just what my messenger said, then I'll ask you to let this fellow Jackson remain unhurt; but if they say that Mr. Ridgeley is right—if it turns out, as he thinks, that their message was distorted in Jackson's favor—why, then, though I don't believe in lynching for any crime whatever, whether attempted or accomplished, I'll stand aside and let Mr. Ridgeley talk you into whatever he can."

Luke stopped. There was a consenting mutter; but Ridgeley, now freeing himself from the captors who thought him calmer, sauntered forward with contempt on every feature.

"He's not goin' to the Colonel's," said Cal. "He's goin' to warn the nigger."

Luke looked at his audience.

"I give you my word," said he.

"He's all right!"—"O' coorse we believe you, Mr. Sanborn! "He wouldn't do a low-down thing like warnin' a nigger, Mr. Ridgeley!" chorused the men. "But think o' the time," protested Cal.

"I'll be back here in twenty minutes," said Luke. "If I'm not, you can go without me. Is it agreed?"

With a voice they assented; he had won.

He strode to the door. On its threshold he stopped.

"And remember," he cautioned, "if any man of you in my employ breaks faith about this, he never does another stroke of work for the S. Augustine and Richmond Railroad."

Cal, his face livid with thwarted passion, stood at his side.

"Yo' needn' fear," he growled. "No one but a fool'd go among Jackson's people alone. I'll not leave this room."

Luke, without answer, swung wide the door. As he did so, there was a scurry of feet from the outside, and through the broad shaft of yellow light that was shot across the road a dark form spurred to refuge in the bushes beyond.

"Someone was listening!" he involuntarily ejaculated.

But Cal Ridgeley, with a single movement, shoved him from his place. Like the statue of a malignant Justice the giant stood there.

"Jim Jackson," he cried. There was no answer. The crowd gathered at his back. Even Sanborn was startled into momentary inaction.

"I saw you, Jim Jackson!" called Ridgeley. "Come outo' those bushes."

The underbrush trembled a little as if in fear, but there was still no articulate response.

"Stop him!" whispered somebody at the rear.

Luke stepped forward, but, by an unexpected motion, the giant laid his left hand firmly on Sanborn's collar and, at arm's length, held him impotent. With his right hand he whipped the Colt-48 from the belt beneath his corduroy jacket and, poising it across his breast, held Luke covered.

"If any man interferes," he said slowly to those

recollection of what had taken place. As for me, they evidently feared I'd be as truthful as Cal. Anyhow, they didn't call me, and when I insisted on being sworn and telling the facts—in spite of being asked anything but leading questions—they just gazed at the ceiling, and the jury finally brought in a verdict to the effect that poor Jackson—who, I dare say, was worthless enough, but who certainly deserved more of a run for his money—had come to his death while attacking the person of Mr. Calhoun Ridgeley, the said Mr. Ridgeley acting solely in self-defense.

"Self-defense? Can you beat that? They might as well have said that Jackson died of the pip.

"What can a fellow do? I'm no angrier at Cal Ridgeley than I ought to be, and I'm in love, as you are probably tired of hearing, with his sister. But, anyway you look at it, my hands are tired. It's true, I've written a letter to the District Attorney in town, but then he's another cousin. Blood's thicker than powder."

He had thought it as well to avoid both the Pickens and Legare houses, but, after mailing this letter, and because the day was a Saturday and work had ended early, he could not, just in the late afternoon, resist going as close to Jane as the Palmettos. There was something almost consciously wistful about the very air of the old house, and something quite unconsciously wistful, he was sure, about the air of Colonel Pickens and his wife, who were sitting on the white, high-pillared veranda facing the garden as Luke entered it.

"Good afternoon, suh. I am glad to see yo'. We have not seen much o' yo' fo' these several days."

The colonel had risen to greet his visitor with an air none the less hospitable because he had no particular fondness for this young interloper. He

was a tall man, the colonel, whom age was making spare, but was leaving upstanding, and his mane, which he had a way of shaking grandly in argument, made a silver frame for his still ruddy face.

"I've been dreadful busy," lied Luke.

He bowed to the prim, white Mrs. Pickens, diminutive, quietly vivacious in the silence that she nearly always maintained, save in the discussion of family and relationship, who, with a face that looked as if it were chiseled from ivory, was in the youth of old age.

"You see," Sanborn added, "we've just finished the cut through your meadow, Colonel, and haven't yet begun on the curve through that land of General Wade's."

"I'm right sorry the General has to suffer," said Mrs. Pickens, "though o' coorse his place isn't what it used to be. His father married the great-aunt o' my cousin, Jefferson Ridgeley's second wife, an' I can jes' remember what it was in his day. He was a ve'y prominent an' ve'y influential man. It was his sister, Fannie May, that became the second wife o' Senator Gregory an' the mother o' the Geraldine Wade that married Gov'nor Beaumont in the days when it was somethin' to be a senator an' a gov'nor."

She rose, excused herself on account of domestic duties, and passed into the house, while Sanborn began that process of "sounding" the colonel which he knew now to be necessary. For the colonel was, after all, the husband of Mrs. Caroline Ridgeley Pickens. Mrs. Caroline Ridgeley Pickens was the eldest relative of Jane Legare, and, though the relationship was sufficiently distant, it was sufficiently respected to make it incumbent upon any successful



Ridgeley Turned the Revolver Quickly, and Fired

behind him, "so help me Gawd, I'll blow this fellow's brains out." He raised his voice: "Jim Jackson," he called, "come out o' there!"

There was a low gasp, but whether it came from the crowd or the shrubbery none could have told, for just then the bushes parted and into the yellow light there stepped, his empty hands above his head, wavering, nearly fainting, the man that had been listening at the tavern door—the man that Cal had sought.

He came slowly, but as he came Ridgeley turned the revolver quickly from Sanborn to Jackson, and fired.

The negro pitched forward, dead, in the yellow light from the tavern doorway.

V.

Human logic is, of necessity, dependent upon the human senses. If the observation cannot see the links that bind cause to effect, the brain denies all relationship between these phenomena. It was, therefore, natural that, when, a week later, Luke Sanborn came to write his regular letter home, he should declare that the shooting of Jim Jackson had gone, and would go, unpunished.

"Nothing happened," he wrote. "Absolutely nothing. Why should it? The coroner here is Calhoun Ridgeley's cousin. So is the coroner's physician. And the half of the coroner's jury that weren't his cousins by blood probably want to be his cousins by marriage.

"I think that Cal would have told the truth if they had called him as a witness, but they didn't call him—probably because they thought the same thing. Not one of those who testified had any clear

suitor of Jane to win the consent of the husband of Mrs. Pickens.

"I hope Mrs. Pickens doesn't feel hard toward us," said Luke.

The colonel's eyes twinkled.

"Meanin' yo'?" he asked. "Or meanin' the railroad?"

"Oh, hang the railroad!" laughed Luke. "I guess the 'us' was editorial."

"Hang the railroad?" the colonel repeated. "With all my heart, suh—if I only could—but, as fo' the editorial 'us,' why, seein' that we jes' naturally can't hang the railroad—" He stopped, smiling.

"You just naturally want to hang me?" asked Sanborn.

"Not hang yo'"—the older man's smile faded and left his face old and reminiscent—"but suppress yo', my boy. Yo' see, yo' can't hardly blame us if we're not too fond o' these times an' these methods o' which yo' are, unfortunately, the local representative."

"But that's it, Colonel, I'm only a representative. I'm no more responsible for the road that hires me than is a brakeman, or anybody else that works for it."

"Nobody has to keep alive by doin' a kind o' work that he's ashamed of, suh."

"On the contrary, Colonel, nowadays, nearly everybody has to do some sort of work that he's ashamed of if he wants to keep alive."

But the Colonel had been born before the economic interpretation of history. A religious man believes in the infallibility of only two human beings: the Pope and himself—and Colonel Pickens was a religious man.

"Then, suh," he said, "nearly everybody ought not to remain alive."

This seemed final enough, but Sanborn had the scientific mind; he tried again.

"At the bottom of all your economics," he said, "is your insistence on birth."

"It is, suh." The colonel shook his belligerent mane.

"Well, I don't undervalue birth, you know, but after all, birth is luck, worth is the man."

"Indeed? Well, suh, I think yo' will find that birth gen'ally produces about ninety-five an' one-half per cent of all the real worth in the world."

Sanborn felt his cheeks becoming the color of his hair.

"Then," he argued, "you discount nearly all that America has done in the business world."

"Most willin'ly, suh!"

It was too much for Luke's temper; his only safety lay in laughter.

"But think what American business has done for this earth," he said; "from Paris to Nagasaki you find 'American Bars'!"

It was Jane that, at last, saved him. The little widow came up with another basket of Sally's cornbread and insisted upon carrying Luke to the farthest corner of the garden as soon as she had sent the colonel into the house with her gift.

Sanborn, as he followed her to a hidden bench in a tangle of roses, decided that he had never seen her more fetching. Her cheeks were flushed by the light, salt breeze that was blowing; the mild sunlight filtered through the arching foliage upon her blue-black hair, and her eyes, though still sparkling, were as nearly serious as her eyes could ever be.

"Why haven't you come to see me for all these days?" she demanded, looking up at him with a mouth deliciously insolent.

Luke shifted uneasily on the old stone bench.

"Can't you guess?" he asked. "It's for the reason

uppermost in all our minds—which is why we, none of us, refer to it."

Jane met him bravely.

"You mean this terrible thing that Cal has done?"

He bowed assent.

There was a long pause. Twice he tried to speak, and twice could find no words. Then Jane said:

"I have refused to see Cal since that evening."

"Oh," protested Sanborn, "but he is your brother!"

"That is the very reason I won't see him. My brother—the idea!" She pulled a faded rose from



"You Might Try to Find Out"

the nearest bush and began plucking its withering petals. "You know," she went on, "that he is in love with Florida?"

"I guessed it."

"Well—I don't want him to get her. I don't think he deserves her. I'm ashamed of my brother! I want her to marry Morgan Witherspoon."

"Be careful," cautioned Sanborn, with a smile; "whoso makes a match loses two friends. There is only one thing more dangerous than recommending a doctor, and that is recommending a husband."

"I don't care. She is too good for my brother I long ago told him that she doesn't care a straw about him."

"And doesn't she?"

"I haven't the least knowledge, but I am afraid she sometimes cares a great deal—only I had to discourage him; that was my plain duty. Who can help lying? In this imperfect world, lies are always so temptingly ready to one's hand—especially to women's."

"I see; there is more fiction than poetry in the modern girl."

He looked at her, hesitant. When he had elected to oppose Ridgeley on that fatal night in the tavern, he had felt that he was lessening his chance of winning Jane. When he had volunteered his testimony at the inquest, he had assured himself that he was throwing away whatever of chance remained to him. He had performed both actions simply because he thought that he ought to perform them, and now, to his amazement, it appeared that they had affected his standing with her neither one way nor the other.

"Are you sure?" he asked, "that you are quite in

earnest about your brother?"

Her eyes were big with wonder. "Of course I am."

"And you don't resent my part in the affair?"

"Why should I?"

"Do you know what I did?"

"I know you did your best to save him from committing murder, and that, even at the last, if you had realized what he was about to do, you would have given your life to save Jackson's."

"But at the inquest I volunteered testimony that ought to have hanged him!"

"You did it all," she said, "because you thought you were doing what was right. Of course, I wouldn't want Cal to get into any serious trouble with the law, but then"—her voice grew shy—"you didn't succeed in getting him into any trouble at all, you see."

"So I am to have all the credit of doing right and none of the discredit of doing harm?—I wonder—" He hesitated again. "I wonder if you are so unprejudiced a person as to be able to care for me a great deal?"

She looked at him from a corner of her eyes.

"You might try to find out," she whispered.

Sanborn bent swiftly forward and kissed her lips.

"Mr. Sanborn!" She drew back, half in astonishment, half in laughter. "Have you ever done such a thing before?"

His own laughter rang free.

"When a girl asks such a question," he said, "she betrays the fact that she has a standard of comparison. Jane, do you think I can measure up to your standard? I want to marry you."

Her answer was to put her head upon his shoulder.

"There is only one thing in the world that could make me love you better," he went on, holding her tight in his arms, "and that would be that you shouldn't have so much money. I want to be able to win my own way—to fight for both of us to fortune."

She drew her head back, smiling.

"If a man wants to be a model lover," she said, "he mustn't try being anything else. You are going to have a harder time to get my relatives' consent than you have had to get mine."

"That doesn't worry me." He squared his stocky shoulders. "To be sure of winning is to be half way to victory."

"The colonel will think that his consent is necessary, Luke."

"Oh, I'll chance the colonel!"

"And then, you know, there's Cal."

He bit his lip. To his clear eyes these formalities seemed rather ridiculous.

"Yes," he admitted, "there's Cal. Just where, by the way, is he?"

"Now? How should I know? I am rather afraid he is at the tavern; this killing has affected him more than anybody that didn't know him might suppose it would, and Sally tells me that he has been at the tavern a good deal of the time lately."

Luke reflected that, at any rate, Cal had certainly not been much at his work.

"All right," said Sanborn and rose.

"Oh—but where are you going?" Jane demanded.

"I am going to get your brother's consent to our marriage."

"This minute?" She faltered. Why, you've only just—. Is there such a tremendous hurry, dear?"

"My experience has been that there is always a tremendous hurry if one is to get what one wants," said Luke.

He kissed her and started for the tavern.

(To be Continued.)

The Secret of Efficient Expression

By Eugene V. Debs

THE secret of efficient expression in oratory—if secret it can properly be called—is in having something efficient to express and being so filled with it that it expresses itself. The choice of words is not important since efficient expression, the result of efficient thinking, chooses its own words, moulds and fashions its own sentences, and creates a diction suited to its own purposes.

In my own case the power of expression is not due to education or to training. I had no time for either and have often felt the lack of both. The schools I attended were primitive and when I left them at fourteen to go to work I could hardly write a grammatical sentence; and to be frank I am not quite sure that I can do so now. But I had a retentive memory and was fond of committing and declaiming such orations and poems as appealed to me. Patrick Henry's revolutionary speech had first

The following was written for the Department of Education of the University of Wisconsin, under whose direction there is being conducted an investigation of the subject of "Distinguished Contemporary Orators or Lecturers—With Special reference to fertility and efficiency of expression. What is the key to their ability as masters of language? What school subjects, or what kinds of training have entered into their lives that have given them power to express themselves effectively?"

place. Robert Emmet's immortal oration was a great favorite and moved me deeply. Drake's

"American Flag" stirred my blood as did also Schiller's "Burgschaft." Often I felt myself thrilled under the spell of these, recited to myself, inaudibly at times, and at others declaimed boldly and dramatically, when no one else was listening.

Everything that was revolutionary appealed to me and it was this that made Patrick Henry one of my first heroes; and my passion for his eloquent and burning defiance of King George inspired the first speech I ever attempted in public, with Patrick himself as the theme. This was before the Occidental Literary Club of Terre Haute, Ind., of which I was then a member, and I still shudder as I recall the crowded little club-room which greeted me, and feel again the big drops of cold sweat standing out all over me as I realized the plight I was in and the utter hopelessness of escape.

The spectacle I made of myself that evening will never be effaced from my memory, and the sympathetic assurances of my friends at the close of the

exhibition did not relieve the keen sense of humiliation and shame I felt for the disgrace I had brought upon myself and my patron saint. The speech could not possibly have been worse and my mortification was complete. In my heart I hoped most earnestly that my hero's spiritual ears were not attuned to the affairs of this earth, at least that evening.

It was then I realized and sorely felt the need of the education and training I had missed and then and there I resolved to make up for it as best I could. I set to work in earnest to learn what I so much needed to know. While firing a switch engine at night I attended a private school half a day each day, sleeping in the morning and attending school in the afternoon. I bought an encyclopedia on the installment plan, one volume each month, and began to read and study history and literature and to devote myself to grammar and composition.

The revolutionary history of the United States and France stirred me deeply and its heroes and martyrs became my idols. Thomas Paine towered above them all. A thousand times since then I have found inspiration and strength in the thrilling words, "These are the times that try men's souls."

Here I should say, for the purpose of this writing, that from the time I began to read with a serious mind, feeling keenly as I did my lack of knowledge, especially the power of proper expression, both oral and written, I observed the structure and studied the composition of every paragraph and every sentence, and when one appeared striking to me, owing to its perfection of style or phrasing, I read it a second time or perhaps committed it to memory, and this became a fixed habit which I retain to this day, and if I have any unusual command of language it is because I have made it a life-long practice to cultivate the art of expression in a sub-conscious study of the structure and phrasing of every paragraph in my readings.

It was while serving an apprenticeship in a railroad shop and in later years as a locomotive fireman and as a wage worker in other capacities that I came to realize the oppressions and sufferings of the working class and to understand something of the labor question. The wrongs existing here I knew from having experienced them, and the irresistible appeal of these wrongs to be righted determined my destiny. I joined a labor union and from that time to this the high ambition, the controlling purpose of my life has been the education, organization and emancipation of the working class. It was this passionate sympathy with my class that gave me all the power I have to serve it. I felt their suffering because I was of them and I began to speak and write for them for the same reason. In this there was no altruism, no self-sacrifice, only

duty. I could not have done otherwise. Had I attempted it I should have failed. Such as I have been and am, I had to be.

I abhorred slavery in every form. I yearned to see all men and all women free. I detested the idea of some men being ruled by others, and of women being ruled by men. I believed that women should have all the rights men have, and I looked upon child labor as a crime. And so I became an agitator and this ruling passion of my life, found larger expression.

In the clash of conflict which followed and the trials incident to it I grew stronger. The notoriety which came in consequence enlarged my hearing with the people and this in turn demanded more efficient means of expression. The cause that was sacred to me was assailed. My very life and honor were on trial. Falsehood and calumny played their part. I was denounced and vilified. Everything was at stake. I simply had to speak and make the people understand, and that is how I got my training in oratory, and all the secret there is in whatever power of expression I may have.

In reading the history of slavery I studied the character of John Brown and he became my hero. I read the speeches of Wendell Phillips and was profoundly stirred by his marvelous powers. Once I heard him and was enthralled by his indescribable eloquence. He was far advanced in years, but I could see in his commanding presence and mellow and subdued tones how he must have blazed and flashed in the meridian of his powers.

At about the same time I first heard Robert G. Ingersoll. He was in my opinion the perfect master of the art of human speech. He combined all the graces, gifts and powers of expression, and stood upon the highest pinnacle of oratorical achievement.

Robert G. Ingersoll and Wendell Phillips were the two greatest orators of their time, and probably of all time. Their power sprang from their passion for freedom, for truth, for justice, for a world filled with light and with happy human beings. But for this divine passion neither would have scaled the sublime heights of immortal achievement. The sacred fire burned within them and when they were aroused it flashed from their eyes and rolled from their inspired lips in torrents of eloquence.

No man ever made a great speech on a mean subject. Slavery never inspired an immortal thought or utterance. Selfishness is dead to every art. The love of truth and the passion to serve it light every torch of real eloquence.

Had Ingersoll and Phillips devoted their lives to the practice of law for pay the divine fire within

them would have burned to ashes and they would have died in mediocrity.

The highest there is in oratory is the highest there is in truth, in honesty, in morality. All the virtues combined in expressing themselves in beautiful words, poetic phrases, glowing periods, and moving eloquence.

The loftiest peaks rise from the lowest depths and their shining summits glorify their hidden foundations.

The highest eloquence springs from the lowliest sources and pleads trumpet-tongued for the children of the abyss.

Wendell Phillips was inspired by the scarred back, the pleading eyes, and the mute lips of chattel slavery and his tongue, eloquent with the lightning of Jehovah's wrath, became an avenging flame to scourge the horror of slavery from the earth.

Denial of one's better self seals the lips or pollutes them. Fidelity to conviction opens them and truth blossoms in eloquence.

The tongue is tipped with the fire that leaps from the altar-fires of the soul.

Ingersoll and Phillips were absolutely true to their convictions. They attacked monstrous evils and were hated and denounced. Had they yielded to the furies which assailed them they would have perished. But the fiercer the attacks upon them the stauncher they stood and the more eloquent and powerful they became. The truth fired their souls, flashed from their eyes, and inspired their lips.

There is no inspiration in evil and no power except for its own destruction.

He who aspires to master the art of expression must first of all consecrate himself completely to some great cause, and the greatest cause of all is the cause of humanity. He must learn to feel deeply and think clearly to express himself eloquently. He must be absolutely true to the best there is in him, if he has to stand alone.

Such natural powers as he may have should be cultivated by the study of history, science and literature. He must not only keep close to the people but remember that he is one of them, and not above the meanest. He must feel the wrongs of others so keenly that he forgets his own, and resolve to combat these wrongs with all the power at his command.

The most thrilling and inspiring oratory, the most powerful and impressive eloquence is the voice of the disinherited, the oppressed, the suffering and submerged; it is the voice of poverty and misery, of rags and crusts, of wretchedness and despair; the voice of humanity crying to the infinite; the voice that resounds throughout the earth and reaches heaven; the voice that awakens the conscience of the race and proclaims the truths that fill the world with light and liberty and love.

MAIZIE

By Louis G. De Hart



AFTER one has stood for ten long, weary hours, at a machine which never wearies and never makes allowances for the tired muscles and the aching head; when one has walked at evening thirty blocks, to save what represents an hour of tireless work and watching; when one is a girl of an age when nature institutes her wonderful transformation of the female sex and demands the open air and freedom of mind and body; when such is true and the exhausted frame has sought the couch of rest and oblivion, it is hardly to be wondered at that the morning 5 o'clock whistle and the shaking of a mother's gentle but insistent hand is the cruelest thing of all.

Maizie Halloway, press feeder at the big shop of Danner Bros., opened her eyes and sat up on the edge of the bed, drugged for lack of rest but as much awake as she usually was that period of every week day.

"All right, mother," she said, "I guess I'm up."

Mrs. Halloway, only 35, but worn and stooped from four years labor as a scrub woman in a down town office building, gazed compassionately down on her daughter's tousled head as she answered.

"I wish I could let you sleep, Maizie, but the Lord only knows what I'd do if I did. I had extra work last night and I've got Mrs. Brown's bundle to do today, and with that and your week's wages we'll just be able to pay the rent."

"Well," returned Maizie, "it's up to us to do it and I'm not going to kick about my part."

Seven o'clock found Maizie at her machine, a power press, geared to high speed and requiring the quickness which modern industry has discovered in women and girls. Two thousand impressions every



"I'm Feeling Better Now," She Said

hour it made, twenty thousand each working day and every day alike, nothing to look forward to but the interminable put in, pull out; put in, pull out; and fifty cents a day for pay! No time to look about and rest the eye, an instant's pause or care-

lessness might mean a crushed hand, or at best, ruined stock and a stern look from the foreman.

So Maizie fed press, looked neither to left nor right and heeded not the occasional spasm of weakness which passed over her fragile frame. Such spasms had been frequent of late and when she had time, which was seldom, she had pondered over their meaning. But today they were more frequent and lasted longer and finally, near 10 o'clock of the morning, one came and stayed so long that Maizie was forced to pull the "throw off" and wait for it to pass.

It did not pass and so Maizie, thinking at last about mother and the rent that had to be paid, finally forgot to think at all and sank down to the floor in a blissful forgetfulness of everything, which seemed too good to be true.

The foreman's quick eye saw her as she fell and he hurried to her side. "What's the matter?" he said, but Maizie made no answer. The foreman had children of his own, as well as a heart—for special occasions—and he instinctively knew what Maizie herself did not know. He picked her up and carried her to a bench by an open window, then stood regarding her for a moment.

"The poor kid's overworked, wornout," he said thoughtfully to himself, "it don't seem hardly right for such as her to have to work like this."

An excited voice sounded behind him. It was that of J. Danner, the older member of the firm.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he asked, visions of a law suit or exposure of shop conditions flashing through his mind.

"Just fainted," replied the foreman, "she's coming to now."

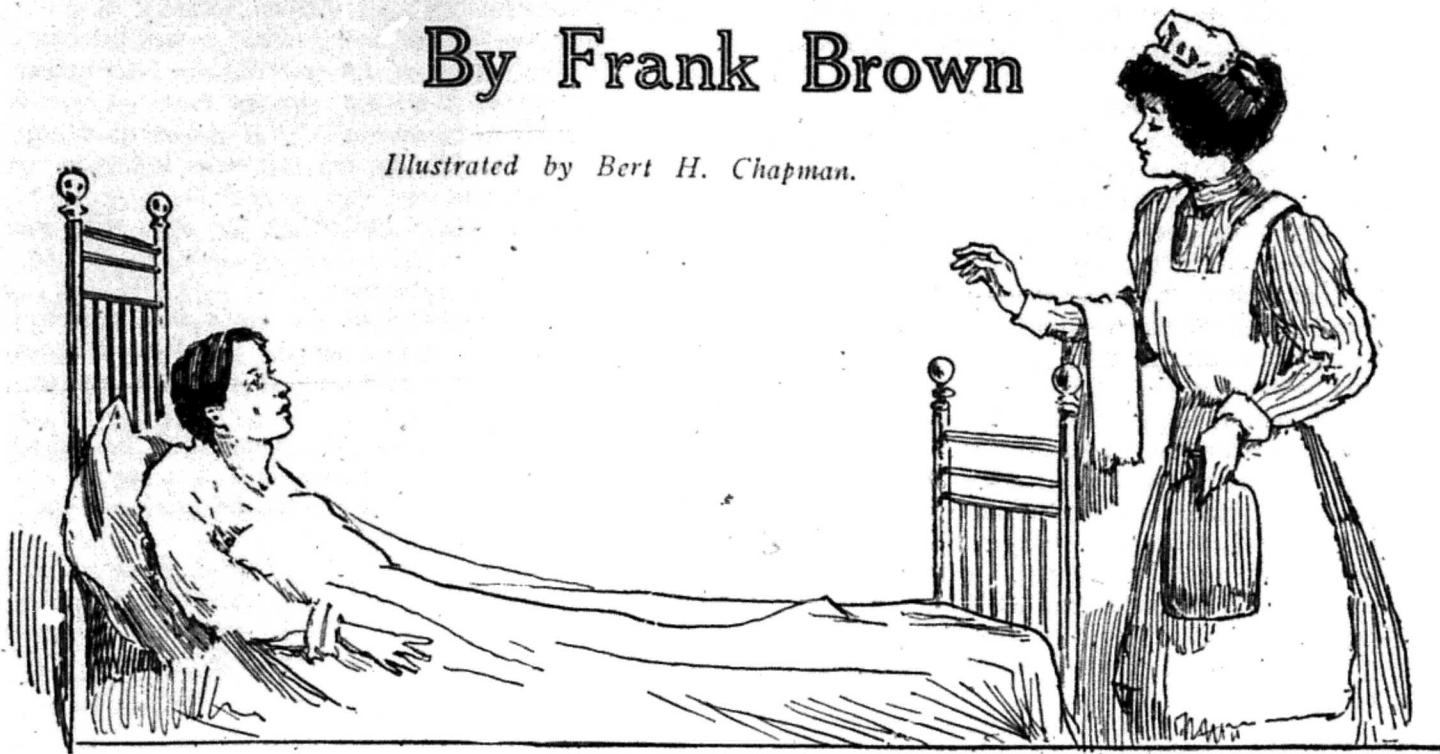
Maizie opened her eyes and, recognizing the two

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

HUMPY TERRAPIN

By Frank Brown

Illustrated by Bert H. Chapman.



"Are You an Angel?"

Everybody called the boy Humpy Terrapin, a name suggesting his physical deformity. He was a hunchback, and his small, round head bobbing up between his protruding breast and humped back, gave him the appearance somewhat of a terrapin poking its head out of the shell.

Humpy was one of the nondescript inhabitants of Smoky Row, that collection of grimy, unsanitary shacks situated near the railroad yards, and tenanted by people more grimy and dilapidated than the houses themselves. Humpy lived with his parents in the basement of the most tumble-down, unsanitary shack in the row. That is, he spent a portion of each night there; for, from the time the morning papers were out until the latest night edition was sold, Humpy was to be found on the street selling papers. Though only a child, Humpy had the furrowed, tight-drawn face of an old man; a face depicting a body that had suffered from mal-nutrition, and a soul shrunken for want of love. Humpy's parents had no love to bestow upon him. They were products of our precious system. They had been ground and re-ground so often in the profit mills that all the noble attributes of mankind had been extracted along with the profits until nothing remained except distorted, human forms devoid of human sympathy. Their only aim in life was to forget their existence, an aim which they accomplished to a degree, by the aid of cheap whisky and drugs procured with the pennies Humpy earned selling papers.

Humpy's father beat his wife and son alternately, and it mattered little to the boy when it was his mother's turn; for she always retaliated for her beating by inflicting like punishment upon him. Humpy's life was a hard one, but he had known no other. Vaguely, by the knowledge that comes involuntarily, he knew that the life led by the well-dressed, well-fed boys he saw on the street was more agreeable than his own, but their life appeared so far removed from his, that the thought never occurred to him to even wish to experience it. As people, who for a long time have been forced to exist on short rations are able to get a great deal of nourishment from a modicum of food, so people who have been deprived of soul food, love and sympathy, are able to acquire great comfort from sources which would appear insignificant to more favored individuals.

This was true of Humpy. He possessed an inordinate passion for beautiful pictures. Hidden in that ugly, deformed body was the soul of an aesthetic. A few blocks from the corner where he sold papers was a picture store where there was always a varied assortment of pictures displayed in the window. This was the shrine where Humpy worshiped. Every night after his papers were sold, he invariably visited this show-window and gazed, as long as he dared stay from home, at the artistic beauty it contained.

One picture in particular fascinated the boy. This picture, which was a fixture in the window, forming a background for the others, which were changed periodically, was that of a beautiful woman with golden wings. The artist had depicted a sympathetic expression in the large, beautiful eyes which looked down at Humpy and seemed to follow him wherever he went. He became enamored of those eyes. A look from them was restful to him after a tiresome day on the street. By gazing at that beautiful face a quarter of an hour each night, the faces of the tenants of Smoky Row were rendered less repulsive to him, and his beatings were more easily borne.

A lady had once informed him that the picture represented an angel, who dwelt in heaven. These were vague terms to Humpy, who had never attended Sunday school, but he always referred to the picture as his "angel" thereafter.

One night on his way home after paying his devotions to his angel, Humpy met with an accident. He was crossing a wide asphalt paved street, which at that hour was teeming with vehicles. When in the middle of the street, his attention was drawn to some excitement or other on the next block, when suddenly he was startled by a team bearing down upon him. Springing out of the way of the horses, he landed directly in front of an automobile. Humpy was sensible of a painful jar. He felt that he was flying through the air; the lights of the city and the stars of the firmament seemed to blend into one magnificent blaze of light. Then all was dark.

When Humpy came to himself and opened his eyes, he realized that he was lying in a room flooded with sunlight. He closed his eyes again and tried to remember what had happened. From the excruciating pains that assailed him, it was apparent that he had received an unusually hard beating last night, but what puzzled him most was the sunlight in the room. How did it happen that he was lying in bed when the sun was shining? He opened his eyes again and raised up to take another look. Wonder upon wonders! He was lying upon a cot with

wearing a white cap and apron was stirring something in a glass tumbler. When she turned her eyes upon Humpy, he gasped in wonder. There was the same sympathetic expression in her eyes as in those of the angel. Then he must be in heaven, he thought.

Seeing him sitting up, the woman approached his cot, and placed her soft, white hand on his forehead.

"How are you feeling this morning?" she asked in a sweet, musical voice.

"Are you an angel?" Humpy asked earnestly looking into her eyes.

She laughed musically. "Why do you ask such a question?" she inquired.

"Ain't I in heaven?" he asked, never taking his eyes off her face.

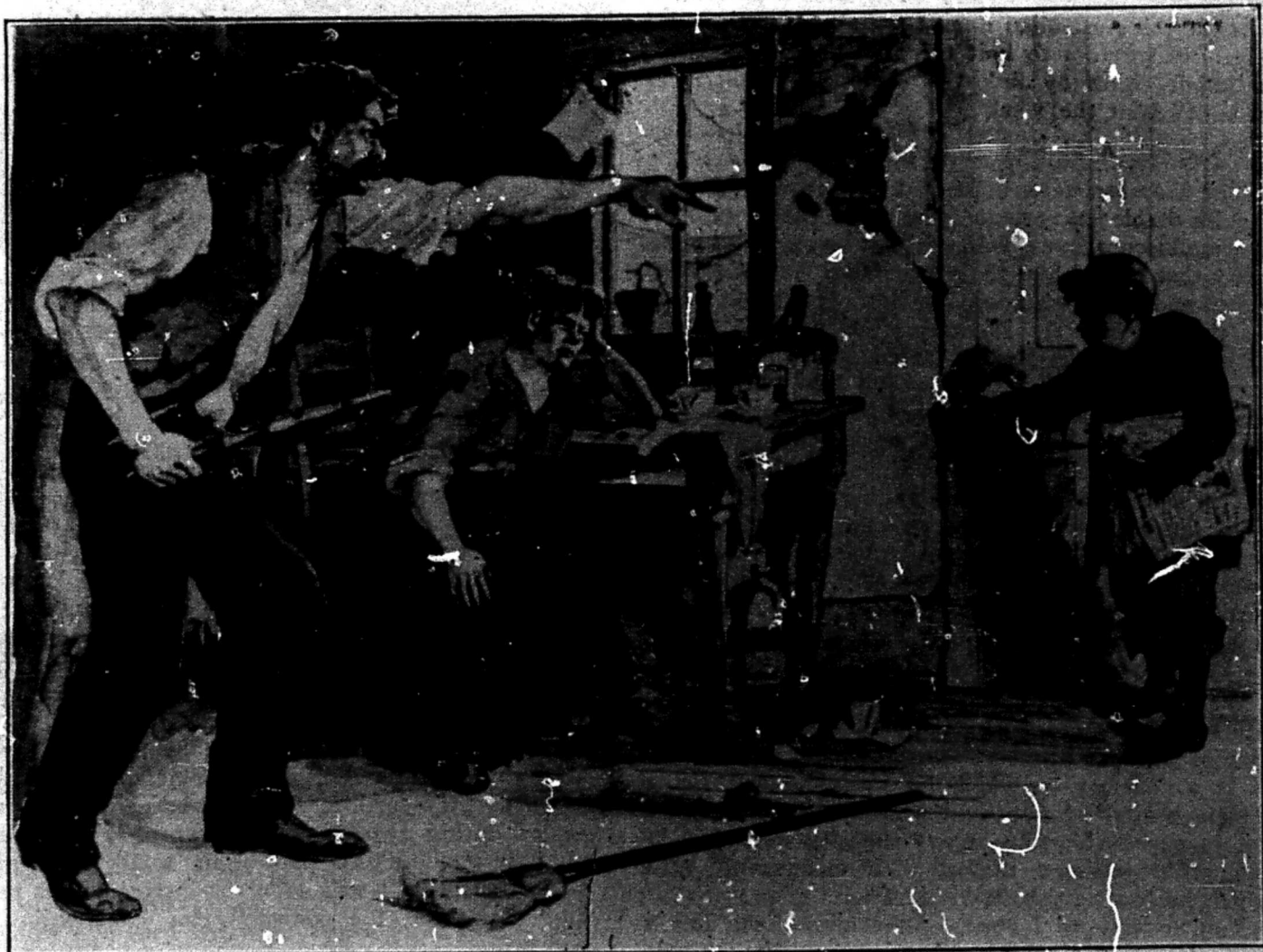
"No, we shall not permit you to go to heaven this time," she answered kindly. "You are in the city hospital, my child. You were hit by an automobile and I am your nurse. Now drink this and lie down," and she placed the glass to his lips.

He drank the cool, stimulating liquid; then the nurse placed her hand on his forehead and pushed his head gently to the soft pillow. How soft and light that hand was. The only hands that poor Humpy had ever felt had been so heavy. He hoped that she would stay where he could look at her all the time, but her attention was called to another patient and she left him.

Left alone, Humpy tried to reconcile his present state with his past experience. The city hospital. He had always connected that in his mind with the city jail, a place to be shunned. But from what he saw of it now it seemed a pleasant and beautiful place as compared to Smoky Row. Then the thought came to him that it might all be a dream and he might presently wake up to find himself on his bed of straw. He kept his eyes open as long as possible, but drowsiness soon got the better of him and he sank into peaceful slumber.

In the days following, Humpy lived in ecstasy. For the first time in his life he was properly nourished and properly housed. But it was not this alone that caused his happiness. It was the kindness and sympathy that was bestowed upon him by every one, that his nature welcomed as the parched earth welcomes the gentle rain. The boy's nature changed with his environment. When he was able to leave his bed, he was continually running about the ward bent upon doing some one a service. He loved everybody passionately who was kind to him, and he even found himself unable to hold malice against the other boys in the ward who were wont to deride his deformity.

Meanwhile his convalescence made favorable progress. His injuries had not been serious, while the tranquility of his new environment together with his ready submission to his nurse's orders resulted in a speedy cure. So one morning, three



Humpy's life was a hard one, but he had known no other

clean sheets; in the room were a number of similar cots upon which were lying boys of about his own age, many of them pale-faced, some with bandaged heads, but all were clean and lying upon clean sheets. At a table by the window a woman

weeks after he had been brought to the hospital, he was informed by the doctor that he could return home. Home! Humpy was dumbfounded. So engrossed had he been in his happiness for the last few weeks at the hospital, that the thought

had never occurred to him that he would have to leave. However, he accepted the inevitable without question. He changed the clean hospital garments for his own ragged clothes and prepared to take the car home. He wanted to say something to his nurse to show his gratitude to her, but she was busy with a patient that had just been brought in, so he was unable to do so. As he took his seat in the street car, he turned to take a last look at the place he had learned to love so well, but hot, blinding tears blotted it from his sight.

That night, he slept on his pile of straw in that basement room in Smoky Row, and received a beating from his father for having been so careless as to get in the way of an automobile. How different his old surroundings appeared to him now. How hard his straw bed was! How stuffy was the atmosphere of the basement, compared to his soft spring cot in that well ventilated room at the hospital. How much more painful his father's blows seemed with a vision of his nurse's soft, white hand fresh in his memory.

On the street, he found conditions even worse. His corner had been confiscated by another boy, who refused to relinquish it. Consequently he found it impossible to sell as many papers as formerly, which meant more beatings at home. He spent more time than ever at the window of the picture

store. This was his only consolation now; it reminded him of the three happy weeks of his life.

One chilly, rainy day business had been exceptionally bad for Humpy. It was late and he had sold but few papers. He had caught a cold, his poor head ached frightfully while he shivered with cold. He stood in a doorway out of the rain, dreading to go home. O if he was only in the hospital tonight. On the wet street automobiles were gliding by. Suddenly a thought flashed through Humpy's brain, which caused him to drop his papers and spring out of the doorway. His being taken to the hospital had been the result of being hit by an automobile. Why not return in the same way? Strangely enough he had never thought of this before, but now that the thought occurred to him, he proceeded to act upon it at once.

Leaving his papers on the wet pavement where they had fallen, Humpy rushed out into the street. An auto was whizzing down the street just then, the chauffeur taking advantage of a lull in traffic to exceed the speed limit, an achievement dear to the hearts of chauffeurs. Humpy waited in the middle of the street for the swift moving auto to approach. In a moment it had glided up, the horn sounding loudly. Just as the great red machine reached him, Humpy hurled himself directly in front of it!

Five minutes later, a little crowd of men and women were standing by the curb, leaning over a crushed, bloody mass of flesh and rags, lying on some newspapers that had been spread on the sidewalk. The chauffeur, pale with fright, was explaining how the boy had thrown himself in front of the machine. One man, with a handkerchief soaked in the water of the gutter, was attempting to wash the blood from the wizened face. A young lady was holding an umbrella over the injured boy, regardless of the damage the rain was inflicting on her costly headgear.

"Is he dead?" she inquired of the man with the handkerchief.

"I think so," he answered.

Just then the muscles of the boy's face twitched perceptibly and his eyes opened. He looked about him, bewildered for a moment; then he remembered.

"Will you take me to the hospital?" he asked anxiously, each word causing him a pang.

"Yes, you will have to go to the hospital, my son," the man answered kindly.

The boy's face brightened, a joyful smile spread over his features. "Goody," he whispered hoarsely and then, with a slight tremor of his deformed body, a straightening out of his limbs, Humpy Terrapin closed his eyes in death.

The Shop Slave By Desmond Shaw

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)



HERE is a great army of three-quarters of a million of men and women engaged in the distributive trades of the British Isles—an army inchoate as it is vast—unorganized and helpless—an army of slaves.

"Unorganized," I said. But that is not quite right. Out of the mob of 750,000 there is a disciplined fraction of the odd fifty thousand organized, of whom 31,000 have lined up in the ranks of the Amalgamated Union of Co-operative Employes and 21,000 in the National Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks, of which Jas. H. MacPherson, "the fighting Scotchman," whose photo is reproduced, is the general secretary. In addition there are a couple of thousand or so in the ranks of the National Union of Clerks and 9,000 in the Railway Clerks association. All these organizations are federated.

It is good to know that the British Shop assistants, like their American brothers, under the leadership of their secretary, H. J. Conway, are affiliated to the international, whilst "down under" at the antipodes, the Australian unions are all federating and steps are on foot to knit them also with the international. Link by link the chain of brotherhood is built about the world.

A Molluscous Invertebrate

The shop assistant, the world over, with of course the inevitable exceptions, is without backbone. He is a molluscous individual, with an invertebrate mentality that makes him the prey of the most unscrupulous and heartless men on God's earth—the nigger-drivers who are known as the captains of the shops. He is "ribbed, cabined and confined" at every turn—he is bound hand and foot to the shop bosses—he cannot call even his body his own—and as for his soul—well some of us think he never had one.

The strongest and most galling shackle placed upon the feet of the hapless shop assistant is the shackle of the Radius Agreement, one of the most cunningly devised instruments of torture that has ever been devised by these modern Torquemadas.

But you ask—"What is a Radius Agreement, anyhow?"

Well, in the first place it is a contract of necessity and inclination, which the shopman is compelled to sign with the pistol of unemployment at his head. It is a contract by which he binds himself for a certain period of time and within a certain radius not to engage himself, in any capacity whatever, in any other business than that in connection with which he has signed the "radius."

You understand I hope. A employer can fire a man almost at a moment's notice, but that man is absolutely cut off from employment in that district by his "radius"—so that his local knowledge, which is so invaluable an asset to the shopman, is rendered useless, and he is forced to make tracks for some district in which he is a stranger, with all the expense of house moving added to the horrors of unemployment.

Here is a typical "radius" used by the Home and

Colonial stores, Ltd., one of the giant multiple shop combinations in this country—

"HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LD.
"Managers Agreement.

"I, _____, in consideration that 'The Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd.' employ me in their service at a salary of £_____ per week, hereby undertake that I will not during my employment by the company, or within five years after its termination, commence or become interested in any business for the sale of tea or butter, or act as agent,



JAMES MACPHERSON

clerk, assistant, or otherwise, directly or indirectly therein, within five miles of any branch of their business in which I have been employed within five years before leaving a town having a population of less than 100,000 inhabitants, or within one mile of any such branch in a town of a larger population and for each or every breach of these provisions I will undertake to pay to the company £100 as agreed damages. And I agree that my employment shall be terminable by a week's notice at any time, and that in case of illness, upon producing a doctor's certificate, I shall be paid one week's salary during absence, and I expressly agree that my only remuneration shall be the salary above mentioned, and that I will under no circumstances make any claim on the company for commission or bonus."

I have spent some months in investigating the conditions of the distributive trades, and have come across countless instances in which these "blood parchments" have been enforced with every device and every cruelty of which the law is capable. They are a deliberate attempt to restrain the liberty of the individual and to prevent him using the knowledge he has gained with so much difficulty in the

course of his work, so that he may not filch customers from the firm who make him sign the document. Some of the radius agreements I have inspected hold a man in bondage for *perpetuity*, without time limit of any kind, and the circumference covered by others varies from twenty to thirty miles, though, as it will be readily seen, a two-mile radius is sufficient to banish a man from most of the cities of Great Britain.

Nigger Driving

Concrete illustrations, taken from human documents I have inspected, give some idea of the sting in the "radius" lash. One case, of which it is hoped to make a "test" in the law-courts, is that of a man named A. E. Toovey, who had at one time been manager to the Home and Colonial Stores, but who, trying to break away from the servitude of the shop assistant, opened a shop of his own in Belfast.

After desperately hard work, he was just beginning to find his feet, when, like lightning from a clear sky, the Home and Colonial giant comes down upon him, under the "radius" shackle, and, pressing him mercilessly in the law courts, asked for injunction damages of £200 and compelled him to clear out.

In telling his story, Toovey said: "For various reasons I did not wish to go to law. I had not started many months and the expense would have broke me." Ultimately, the wretched man sold his little business at a ruinous loss, and was forced back into the slough of the shop assistant's life.

As things went from bad to worse with him, thinking that the Home and Colonial might have relented, he wrote to them at the end of last year, asking if they could find him a berth.

How far they had "relented" is shown by the fact that by return of post he received from them a solicitor's letter, stating that unless the whole of their costs, etc incurred in their action against him were paid within four days, steps would at once be taken to enforce the judgment.

Wife or Children or the "Boss?"

The "steps" mean, of course, the seizure of the man's few sticks of the furniture and the breaking up of his little home. He says "Times are hard enough at present, and, as you will see, only by the assistance of friends can my wife and three children get anything like decent food." He goes on to say that he could only pay these blood-suckers by depriving his family of sustenance, and he fears to do that.

So here he is, between the devil of the employer and the deep sea of starvation, with the chance, as I write, of being thrown out into the street at any moment.

This man Toovey has given twenty years of his life to the making of profits for this firm, and was even informed by their inspector when he started his little business that, although he was just inside the radius, he was outside their zone of trade, and he therefore hoped he would go on and make the place a success.

One more example of the radius iniquity.

One of the largest multiple shop firms in this country is known as Gallon & Son who practically cover the north of England with their branches.

This is a firm of "man-sharks" who have won for themselves a most unenviable reputation for their brutality in dealing with their employes.

"Double" Devilry

A case that is at present on the carpet is that of R. G. Dent, who acted as their manager for eight years, and was dismissed early last year at a moment's notice and without any reason whatever. Since that date he has been unable to obtain employment, owing to the enforcement of a "double" radius, and of his being damned by a bad reference, which, keeping within the letter of law, prevents him from gaining his livelihood.

He was originally appointed to their Newcastle branch, of which he signed a radius agreement, but was moved recently to their Gateshead establishment, where they placed under his nose a second radius agreement, which they compelled him to sign. Believing, naturally, that the signing of this second agreement implied the cancellation of the first, upon being dismissed from Gateshead, he sought and obtained a berth in Newcastle, within the limit of the first radius. Instantly the firm came down on him and obtained an injunction, and obtained in addition heavy damages against him. They have threatened to seize his furniture, and the man, harassed to death, is being slowly crushed by the demon of poverty, with absolutely no hope of getting fresh employment owing to the firm stating to various firms with whom he managed to get into contact that "he was not a success as a manager and his leakages towards the last were very heavy. We have nothing against him regarding his steadiness."

How cruelly untrue the above is may be gathered from the fact that he pushed up the weekly branch taking the first fifteen months he was with the firm from £18 to £40 a week.

It will thus be seen that a firm is at liberty to move a man from place to place *ad infinitum*, placing upon him a fresh radius shackle at each move, the cumulative force of which prevents him from seeking his living throughout the country.

No Master of His Own Body

I spoke about the shop assistant not being able to call his body his own. In the buttermen's agreements employed by certain firms the following clause is inserted:

"I will allow myself to be searched at any time by an authorized official of the company."

One man, upon refusing to sign this shameful agreement, was instantly dismissed, and this is the fate that inevitably awaits any effort made by the shop slave to withstand the tyranny of the radius agreement or of the buttermen's agreement.

At the present moment a great storm is gathering throughout Britain, I am proud to say as the result of my exposures of the infamies of shop life in the public press. The whole question of "radius" agreements from the legal standpoint is about to be fought by the Shop Assistants union through the courts, and the fact that we have already managed to break some six thousand of these "blood parchments" for the men involved gives hope for the complete demolition of the whole system.

Next week I shall have something to say about the guarantee system and the question of character-notes.

(To be Continued.)

Maizie

(Continued from Page Eight.)

authorities, started to rise but fell back, as yet too weak.

"Sick?" queried the boss, "you oughtn't to come if you're not able to work."

"But the rent," protested Maizie, "mother needs it and I couldn't stop."

The two men gazed at each other grimly, the foreman for the instant almost hating the well dressed, smug-faced man beside him; the owner mechanically counting the loss if he gave Maizie the day off—and only half ashamed for thinking of it.

Maizie sat up. "I'm feeling better now," she said, "I'd better get to work."

Neither man spoke as the girl returned to her press, threw in the clutch and recommenced feeding. Then the owner started toward the office without a word. The foreman stared at his retreating form.

"Hell," he said.

"The President's administration has my entire confidence so far as its good intent is concerned," said William Jennings Bryan recently. It is not unlikely that President Taft could return the compliment verbatim and, so, the pavements of hell continue to be well supplied with raw material.—*Ellis O. Jones.*

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—*Goethe.*

LABORISM

By J. Hunter Watts



EXPERIENCE is never bought until it is paid for," but as experience of a Labor party which is not a Socialist party has been paid for by the British section of the Red International there is no reason why our comrades in the states should put themselves to the same expense and subject themselves to the same bitter disappointment if they will but take a lesson "What to Avoid" out of our book.

More than a quarter of a century ago a score of converts to Socialism went forth into the wilderness of capitalism in this, the country of its birth, to preach what William Morris called the "Glorious gospel of discontent." The writer had the honor to be one of that little band of agitators who were in such a hurry "to get through with the job" that each of us lectured twice if not thrice every Sunday and two or three evenings of the other six days of the week. Each of us had just discovered the cause of poverty and of unemployment and we were all pretty much in the same frame of mind as the mathematician of ancient story to whom the solution of a perplexing problem revealed itself while he was taking a bath. In his excitement he jumped out of the water, ran out of doors naked as he was born, and careered through the streets shouting *Eureka! I have found it!*

What we had found out was that under capitalism the form of production is dominated by the form of exchange, but we expounded this truth at street corners in very much simpler phraseology and though our friends all thought us "out of our minds" as we could not be charged with being out of our clothes we escaped prosecution until it suggested itself to the authorities that a Socialist fully clothed might constitute himself a greater nuisance than a naked mathematician.

Frequent interviews then occurred between magistrates on the bench and Socialists in the Dock. But that is another story. I go back to the statement we were in a hurry to get through with the job of enlightening the workers as to the cause of poverty and of indicating how it could be cured. Both cause and cure were clear to us as daylight and we were confident that if we communicated the knowledge to a few thousand people they would impart it to their fellows; it would spread like wild-fire and within a few years (the greatest pessimist among us estimated it at ten years) the Social Revolution would be an accomplished fact.

To our surprise we ran up against several hindrances to this rapid spread of enlightenment. Of course we told the workers that they must use their political freedom as one of the weapons that would help them to win social freedom, that they must capture administrative bodies, and as soon as possible lay hold upon the reins of government. We urged them to adopt independent political action and some of us who belonged to the class that has no trade unions quite unpleasantly bumped up against the fact that "politics" were ruled out of order in all these organizations whose members, at that time were fined in sums varying from 3d to 2s, 6d if they introduced the subject at any trade union meeting.

This was an unexpected check at a fence we could not clear at a leap. We saw it had to be demolished so we hacked away at it for years till ultimately *the Trade Unions adopted political action.* It never occurred to us that they would or could adopt any other line of political action than that which would lead straight to economic freedom and if anyone had told us they would abandon the attitude of neutrality merely to ally themselves with one of the hack middle-class political parties we should have invited the prophet to tell that story to his grandmother.

We knew that in the political revolutions which had transferred power from the aristocracy to the middle class the workers had been beguiled into pulling chestnuts out of the fire for their masters, but we also knew that since 1848 the workers on the continent had been too wide awake to be gulled any longer into the belief there could be any community of interest between the exploited and the exploiters and with sublime British conceit we imagined that this truth would be appreciated quite as fully by our own countrymen as it is by French and German wage-earners.

We lost sight of the fact that the British governing class is the craftiest in the world. We warned the workers they would have to encounter

its opposition as soon as they accepted our advice to adopt political action but the event proved us to be false prophets for no sooner did the Trade Unionists enter the political field than Tory and Liberal vied with each other in according them welcome and in offering to make room for them in the House of Commons.

Atavism prompted them to refuse the embraces of representatives of the landed interest, of the lineal descendants of the land-grabbers who deported their sires and grand sires of the common lands, but the blandishment of the representatives of the monied interests proved irresistible and labor member after labor member has walked into the pretty parlor of the liberal spider to be sucked dry of any spirit of independence which may have inspired him before he became "a statesman."

The writer is personally acquainted with most of the labor members and can bear testimony that individually they are excellent good fellows. Collectively they are about as effective as an advance guard of the workers' party as a contingent of bishops armed with their pastoral staves would prove if they were appointed to police this metropolis and to protect it from the enterprising burglar.

Their condemnation is best conveyed in the words of an eminent Liberal M. P. who described them as "the most gentlemanly set of fellows in the house." Many of them, like their leader, Mr. J. R. MacDonald, owe their seats to Liberal votes and retain them by arrangement with the managers of the Liberal party. To give them their due they have bartered their independence for promises of measures of social reform, but even in this respect it is doubtful whether they have sold their pigs in the best market, for the Tories are and always have been quite prepared to go the Liberals one better in this respect, and their return to office will certainly be marked by some almost heroic measures of social amelioration for the masses.

The Socialist party here has suffered severely by the discredit into which "parliamentarism" has been brought by the Labor party. Our more hot-brained, impetuous, comrades are for altogether repudiating political action in favor of direct action, forgetful of the fact that the conquest of political power is the most direct action that for the time being can be adopted in this country where constitutionalism is such a shibboleth that the average citizen would not even permit the extraction of the most torture-wreaking tooth in his jaw by any method however painless, which could be described as unconstitutional.

Just as revisionism creates anarchism and *vice versa* so the British Labor party has fostered the growth of anti-parliamentarism in the ranks of the Socialist party in Great Britain.

It is true that a minority of the Labor party are avowed adherents of Socialism, but since as members of that party they have to wear the Liberal muzzle even that minority, with but few exceptions, has stifled all the inspiration its members might have derived from their creed and they have wilfully cut themselves adrift from the great international revolutionary movement in order to make compromise with capitalism.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Labor party has delayed for some years the advent in our House of Commons of a Social Democratic party. In other words, it has served the purpose which the political thimble-riggers who opened the doors to welcome its arrival anticipated it would serve. Laborism has proved in this country a stumbling block to Socialism. Let our comrades of the new world take heed lest their feet trip where we of the old country have stumbled.

How Did It Happen?

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

"The demand for many things has been lessening of late on account of high prices, but in most of these things there is no lack of supply or of capacity to provide the needed supply," says the *New York Commercial Bulletin.*

If this is true, what, oh what, has become of the law of supply and demand upon which our political economy is built? Here we have no lack of supply, still prices stay up in spite of all that has been said by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and the host of lesser economists.

Have they been wrong all along or has a revolution taken place while we weren't looking?

Revolutions are not made; they come.

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice of Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Will You Help This Week?

Those who have read the COMING NATION from the beginning know that alongside of the work of putting out a Socialist publication that should rank in artistic and literary character with the very best periodicals in this country, the management of the paper has been carrying on a fight for those who are injured in industrial battles. The better to bring this fight to a focus one of the most flagrant cases of outrage upon a worker was selected. This case will be fought to a finish in the courts keeping the light of publicity turned upon every phase of the case.

As a consequence, not only will every legal recourse be exhausted in this particular instance, but a striking example will be furnished of the class character of capitalist courts and laws, and the foundation laid for a wider fight.

The case selected for the test was that of a young Finnish miner, living near Girard, who was rendered a helpless cripple by the fault of his employers. This case is now about to come to trial. The expenses in connection with it have already been very heavy and have been borne by the publishers of the *Appeal* and *COMING NATION*. If a verdict can be won at the coming trial it will furnish a precedent that will protect hundreds of thousands of other workers, because that precedent will be put at their service through the widest publicity. If the case fails the exposure of the class character of the courts will be given an equal publicity.

Just at this moment there is instant need for help from the army of workers who have supported the *COMING NATION* and *Appeal* in this fight. Therefore a subscription blank is inclosed with every copy of this issue of the *COMING NATION* with the urgent request that every reader help in this fight of labor against the courts by immediately increasing the circulation of the *COMING NATION*, as all profits from that publication will be devoted to a "legal defense fund" to be used in the battle against judicial tyranny.

No donations are asked for. Full value received, and more, will be given for every dollar. The *COMING NATION* will get better with every number.

The very best authors and artists in the English speaking world today are Socialists. Hitherto these have been compelled to sell their matter to non-Socialist magazines, because no Socialist publication could afford to pay them even a portion of the price they received elsewhere. Socialists who desired to read the best fiction, the best poetry, the best feature articles, even the most effective exposures of capitalist abuses, or to look upon the work of the best cartoonists and illustrators, were compelled to purchase publications that fought Socialism. Worst of all, the work of these authors was distorted to conform to capitalist standards.

The *COMING NATION* has changed all this. The person who wants the best, and especially who wants the truth, can now obtain it, with the certainty that those who write are subject to no restraint.

This is the sort of thing that thousands have written saying they wanted and that we were furnishing. Now we ask that those who read this lend a

hand for the better establishment of such a paper, and the better fighting a great case of class injustice. Is it not worth a few minutes of your time to respond to such a request?

Next week will have some especially good features. Ellis O. Jones tells how "The Man From Mars" investigated some of our political institutions, and his comments, unrestricted by earth-bound ideas are most enlightening. There are some fine illustrations in this article by Ryan Walker. One of the most significant uprisings of labor has been the growth of organization among working women and Bertha Mailly tells of that growth as reported at the meeting of the Woman's Trade Union league, illustrated with many photographs.

Russell's editorials, Eugene Wood's keen humorous comments on "The Big Change," Kauffman's serial, and plenty of fiction and other features will be present as usual.

There will be a splendid cartoon by Art Young, one of the kind you will want to post up where all the world can see it.

Surely there is not a single reader that will not be willing to help fill that subscription blank and lend a hand in the fight for Frank Lane and the multitude of crippled soldiers of industry, and at the same time bring such a paper as the *COMING NATION* to the notice of wider circle of readers.

The Spirit of the Printing Press

BY GEO. ALLAN ENGLAND.

"Romance is dead," the retrospective dreamer cries in one of Kipling's poems; yet lo! Romance comes to a greater rebirth in the steel and stone of modern civilization, in the clang of metal on track and girder, in the roar and thunder of the press. And, voiced by some unknown man, whose name the world hath not discovered, out leaps a Classic—some few hundred words—the Epic of the Zeitgeist, the Iliad of the World's vast thought-stream rushing from uncounted millions of presses in all corners and all climes of this our world.

Who wrote this Classic? From what fertile brain and through what skilled fingers poured out this *Odyssey of Type*? Whence issued this stern, half-rhythmic Poem of Modernity? No name attaches to the rune. One of the world's real poems, worthy to be writ in letters of brass, stands unsigned in an advertising-page of one of New York's magazines. Upon this splendid concept I came by chance, the other day. And in giving it a wide publicity I ask, Who wrote it?

Read it, now. Note the cumulating up-build, paragraph by paragraph, of the cosmic idea beneath it all. Sense the swing, the ebb and flow of the meter—the half-conscious iambic form which, in all times and among all peoples, has ever voiced high poetic feeling. Feel the majesty of these ideas thus wedded to this form. And you will know, as I do, that Romance still lives; and that, somewhere among the stone and steel of twentieth century life, still dreams a poet and a prophet of mankind.

Here, now, the Poem:

I Am the Printing Press

BY—?

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse

of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Anglo Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge and power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

Bab's Limericks

BY JAMES W. BARCOCK.

*There was a fellow named Bennett,
Wrecked banks and railroads, and
when it*

*Was known that he stole,
He reached that great goal
Of stealers, the grand U. S. Senate.*

*There was a young pair named Ulysses,
Who would live on plain love and kisses,
But they soon changed their mind.
For ere long did they find
There must be some CASH where real
bliss is.*

*There was a young fellow oft' jilted,
Proposed in a manner quite stilted
"Wilt thou marry?" he said,
As she blushed a bright red
Said, "I wilt!" and then the maid
wilted.*

*One to make ready
And two to prepare,
Three cooks made a pudding
And each lost a hair.*

Frank Lane Battle On--Act

At this writing, June 30, the case of Frank Lane, the 20-year-old miner boy whose back was broken in two places by defective machinery, is set to open Wednesday, July 5, before Judge Andrew Curran in the district court of Crawford county, Kansas. It is the time you read this the legal defense department will be in action. It will be opposed by the shrewdest legal talent obtainable by the detendant corporations, the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad company and the Sheridan Coal Mining company.

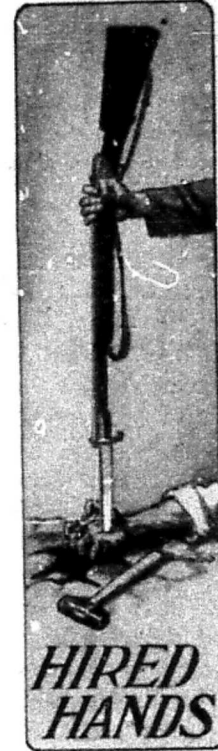
You know of this case. Frank Lane will never be able to so much as sit up in bed. He was the sole support of his aged mother. Both corporations, criminally negligent, refused to make any reasonable settlement. The legal defense department is suing for \$25,000 damages.

The corporation lawyers have exhausted their efforts to side-track the trial. Their trusted friend, Judge Peilock, has refused to take the case into his court. Numerous plans for delay have been met and overcome. The case is now on, out in the open, and for the first time in history two great corporations are confronted with a militant body of workers demanding full compensation for one of their number.

So far the legal defense attorneys have won every round in the prelim-

The Socialist Scouts

It's not too early for your boy or girl to begin learning the truth about war. "War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick, has been made the official handbook of the Socialist Scouts and will be sent free to any Scout when he has sold \$3 worth of papers. This is wholly in addition to his regular profit of 100 per cent on all sales of the *COMING NATION* and *Appeal to Reason*. There are many other valuable and useful premiums.



Address requests to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas," and a bundle of ten *NATIONS* will be sent with the understanding that the new Scout is to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Full instructions and supplies are sent with first bundle. Talk it over with your child. If he starts the work neither you nor he will regret it.

Scout News

I have turned the Scout papers over to my sister as I have other work for the summer. I received my book "War—What For?" Think it is fine.—June Eynon, Michigan.

The mines are starting work now. I may get more customers for the *NATION*.—Frank Yasbit, Ohio.

I have five regular customers for the *COMING NATION* so will only send for five this time but will work for more. I sold all of the last ten in one evening. My little brother, Louis, helps. I let him keep what money he gets for selling them. We each have thirty-five cents now and feel rich.—Fred D. Stewart, Pennsylvania.

I have taken my brother in partners with me so I have to order more papers than usual. He is going to sell them out at Cooper Hill. I am selling them here. Some people we go to say they do not read such literature as that. I am ordering some old ones and those are the people I am going to give them to.—Martha Ikenberry, age twelve, Arizona.

I found a Socialist Saturday. I sold all my papers. Tell the Scouts I hope them success. My father will leave a few copies of the *NATION* in the Y. M. C. A. and at the R. R. station. I always give my left over copies away to new people.—Elizabeth Duvall, Maryland.

When the sample copies come I am going down to the Jim Hill shops in the noon hour and give them to the men as they pass out. Then in a few days I am going to go and get them on my route.—Alfred Sausser, Washington.

inary skirmishes. Now that the actual trial is on we must not lose it. We firmly expect to win the entire case with a clear verdict if the defense department is staunchly backed. The value of such a precedent cannot be estimated.

Now then, act.

A subscription blank is inclosed in each copy of this issue. All profit on the *COMING NATION* goes to defray the expense of the legal defense department. Use that blank to get at least one new subscriber. Don't waste it.

If there's a drop of justice-loving blood in your veins your whole being revolts against the casualty company scheme which protects corporations from all responsibility for injuries to employes. If you help us we can win the Frank Lane case. With that precedent we can win other cases. Six hundred thousand working men and women are killed and injured each year in the United States—through preventable causes. The winning of a few \$25,000 damage suits—and the spectre of more to come—will put a stop to most of this.

Now—right at the critical moment of the fight—help with one or more subscriptions. We don't want donations. Get new readers, publicity.

Use that subscription blank.

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Boy Who Learned to Talk

THIS is a true story I am going to tell you, children, but to me it is more wonderful than any fairy story I ever heard or that I am sure you could read in all your story books. The tale of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp or Jack and the Beanstalk or any of those other tales you all know so well cannot compare, in my opinion, with this true story about a little boy whom I have just met for the first time.

To look at this little boy, with his bright face and strong, active body, one would not think he was any different from any other boy to be seen anywhere in the United States, but he is different, nevertheless. For this little boy, who is only thirteen years old, was born deaf and dumb. Can you imagine what that means, children? You know that every human being should be born with five senses, to hear, to see, to speak, to taste, to smell. There are other senses or qualities that can be developed later, but these five are what are most needed to begin with. So when any child comes into the world without any of these five senses it is a terrible misfortune. That child enters upon life crippled from the start.

It was some time before the mother of Ralph (for that is his name) learned what was the matter with her little boy. She had been the mother of ten children in all, and all of them had been healthy and strong. One of Ralph's brothers, by the way, is named Debs, because his father, who is dead, admired our splendid Socialist comrade and leader so much, and a fine, big, sturdy boy he is, too. Then another brother was killed in a coal mine explosion—but I'll tell you about that some other time, perhaps.

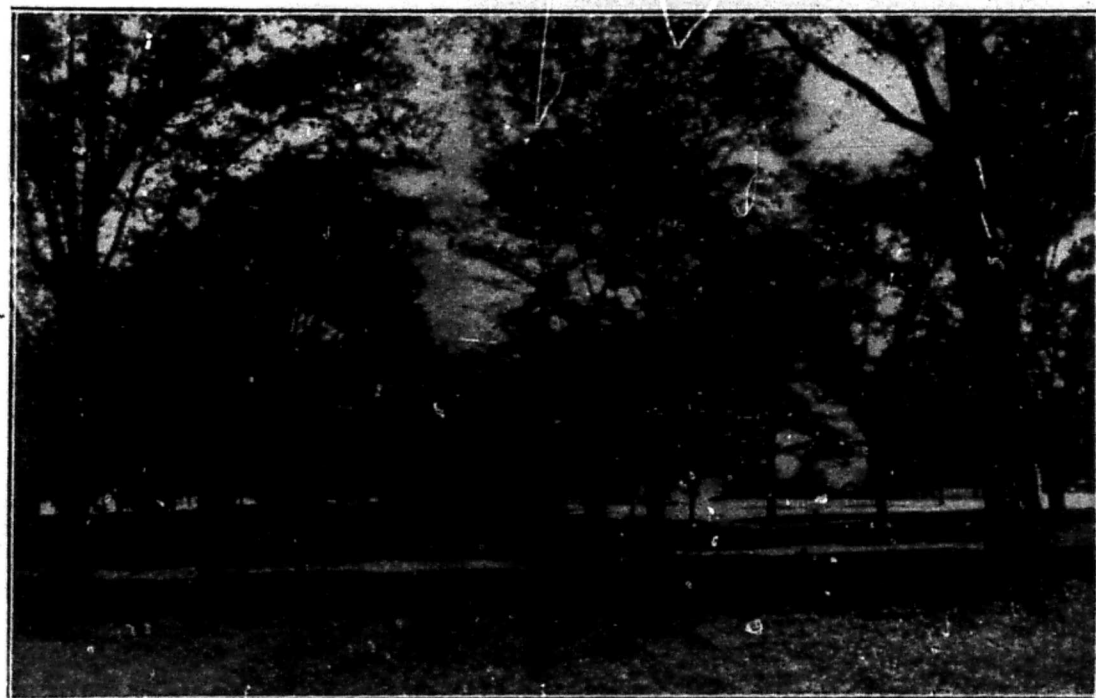
Well, as Ralph grew up and it was seen that he could neither hear nor speak, his mother was greatly distressed. What made it worse was that Ralph was not able to understand what people around him were saying nor who they were. Of course, his instinct told him who his mother was, but he could not tell which was his sister or his brother or any other of his relatives. In fact, he did not know they were relatives at all. So he was continually making mistakes and getting people mixed up with one another and in a constant state of confusion. And he did not know the names of things, such as trees or cats or dogs or horses, and so on. You see, there was no way for his mother to tell him these and other things he ought to have known, for he could not read or write. That was a very trying and painful thing for his mother and sisters and brothers, you may be sure.

That might have gone on as long as Ralph lived, if a fortunate thing had not happened. His mother was advised to send him to a school where he would get the special sort of education which all children in a similar condition require, and she did so. And Ralph went away from home to attend the Alabama Schools for the Deaf and the Blind at Tallegeda, Ala., the state where Ralph's folks live. It was hard on his mother to see him go, but she knew it would be best for him in the end, if ever he was to stand a chance to make his way in this world, where the struggle to live is so difficult for poor people. That was over three years ago and Ralph has just returned home from his third term at school and that was how I came to meet him.

Perhaps some of you have heard of these schools for the deaf and the blind in Alabama before now. That was where that remarkable and beautiful

young woman, Helen Kellar, received her education. She is perhaps the most remarkable woman in the world, for she was actually born blind, as well as deaf and dumb, and now is able, through her own efforts, to do things that most people cannot do, and do them better, in many instances. She has just published a book of poems composed by herself which able judges say are very fine. I am glad to say also that Helen Kellar is a Socialist and full of sympathy for the workers.

The schools at Tallegeda are in a beautiful and healthy part of the state, surrounded by mountains, and are situated six hundred feet above the sea level, with plenty of good water for the students to drink. The school for the deaf was founded over fifty years ago and the school for the blind ten years later. Then a school for negro deaf and blind was opened nineteen years ago. I can't begin to tell you all about the schools because it would take



The School Grounds at Tallegeda, Alabama

up too much space, but there are over three hundred little boys and girls attending them, and all the expenses of board and education are paid by the state. All the parents or other relatives of any child have to do is to furnish the clothes and the traveling expenses to and from the schools. That makes it fairly easy for working people. A pupil can stay there ten years, if desired, and he or she will get a good education, including some useful trade, and musical training.

But to get back to Ralph. At first he did not like attending the schools for the deaf, for he felt strange away from home, but after awhile he got used to it and now he likes it immensely. School opens every fall, and Ralph comes home for the holidays at Christmas and again in the spring to stay all summer.

During these three seasons at school Ralph has made great progress. He cannot only use the sign language very dexterously when conversing with his deaf and dumb companions, but he can understand what people are saying by watching their lips. And he has learned to read and write so well that every week when at school he writes home letters to his mother, and you can bet she is mighty pleased and proud to get them.

Some of these letters are extraordinary for a boy to write when one considers how much harder it is for one in his condition to do what other boys and girls don't find it hard to do at all, as a usual thing. I am going to quote from one of these letters written by Ralph so that you will get some idea what he has accomplished since going to school. This is from the last letter

he wrote before returning home a few days ago:

My Dear Mother—I am well and happy. I love you. You are good.

We will not come to school next Wednesday because we will go home. We will be glad.

We will not come to school tomorrow because it will be Saturday. We will play and have a good time.

John B— is sick in bed this morning. We are sorry for him.

We play ball in the yard. The trees are beautiful. Miss T— (the teacher) will go home Wednesday. She will shake hands with us. She will not come to school next fall. We are sorry.

We saw two brown and blue birds today. They were beautiful. They flew very fast.

Rudolph B— loves me every day. He is a very sweet and good boy.

We saw ten automobiles in the road. They went very fast. It is a beautiful day. Ernest got a letter from his mother and father. He was glad. I got a pretty card from my mother. Thank you.

I saw an old woman. I pitied her. I am sorry for her.

I want to see you. I will be glad to come home. With love RALPH.

Is it any wonder his mother was proud to get that letter?

But the best is yet to come, children. What do you think? Ralph has actually learned to talk! Yes, really, the little boy who couldn't speak a word when he first went to school can now talk so distinctly that people can understand him, though his mother can

probably be able to speak as well as anyone. That is a noble work for these schools to do and it is all the better, since the schools are conducted by the state. In other words, it is a Socialist institution and it makes me glad to the bottom of my heart that I am a Socialist when I see the great good it is doing. It shows to me, as an object lesson, that under Socialism the weak and maimed will have an equal chance with the strong and sound to co-operate in their labor and to enjoy together the good things of this world as the fruits of their labor.

That thought ought to help make every one of you boys and girls a Socialist, if you are not one already. That is why, children, I have told you this true story. W. M.

What Children Can Do

What children can do to lessen the influence of the American Boy Scout movement is shown by a little incident that took place in one of our large cities the other day. The Socialist school in that district had been having lessons about war and about how harmful the American Boy Scouts can become to the interests of the workers of the country.

A meeting of the American Boy Scouts was called at a certain time and place. Usually these meetings have brought out from 200 to 300 boys. When the boys of the Socialist school heard of the coming meeting, they distributed handbills all over the neighborhood and stationed themselves at or near the place of the meeting, also giving out the handbills. Just five boys attended the meeting.

That was pretty good work, wasn't it?

All Together

Six little tug-boats, with their six little noses all bunted together against the high wall, stretching far, far above them—six little smokestacks, puffing, puffing away in dead earnest. And they did it, too.

Did what? Why they moved the great, stately, ocean liner, the steamship Celtic, many, many times as large as the six little tugboats put together, they turned its prow steadily, surely around, and headed it straight into its dock.

I saw it myself, as I crossed the Hudson river on a ferry boat one beautiful June day. The Celtic, one of the largest of the ocean steamships had come up the river, with the six little tugboats as escort, one or two of them acting as pilot boats, after a long journey across the Atlantic Ocean. It had forced its resistless way through the water, but now, when it came to turning across the stream, the six little tugs had to line up, shoulder to shoulder, and push and shove altogether with all their might. It was like six little ants carrying off a great beetle many times as large as themselves or six little boys trying to move a great stone. One couldn't have done it alone no matter how hard it puffed and pushed, but the six together—of course they did it. And the ocean liner had to move.

The Little Plant

*In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.*

*"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the rain drops bright.*

*The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What a wonderful
Outside world might be.
—The Young Socialists' Magazine.*

So the people at the depot were both sad and glad, and the children were happy to be with their parents and homefolks once more. What a time, too, the deaf and dumb children had saying good-bye to each other with their hands! Ralph could hardly get away from his companions to go with his mother and sister.

When Ralph leaves school he will

Socialist Progress and Press Deception

Austrian Electors

Returns from the first ballot only in the Austrian elections show that forty-four Socialists were elected out of 251 contests decided. The second election returned several more Socialists, but the total number returned to the Reichsrath will be somewhat less than the eight-seven secured at the election of 1907.

This does not mean a decline in Socialist strength. The total Socialist vote has increased by more than forty thousand. It does mean an almost complete coalition of the very numerous capitalist parties into one "Reactionary mass."

The election of 1907 was held on the eve of the victorious campaign for universal suffrage, which had been led by the Socialists. Thousands who had been roused to a pitch of enthusiasm by the excitement of that campaign voted for those who had been foremost in that fight. After the election, it was still necessary to teach Socialism to those who had voted only as the final step in the struggle for universal suffrage.

The Socialists were not wholly successful in avoiding the rock of national differences on which every other Austrian party has split. The Bohemian wing insisted on a national organization and injected the idea of nationalism into their campaign, thus to some extent dividing the Socialist strength.

The governmental parties made an almost superhuman effort to sink all differences in the cry of "down with Socialism." The enemies of Socialism early realized that only by treachery and deception could they hope to make any inroads in the ranks of the workers. All over the empire fake labor parties were formed, and wherever possible workingmen were bribed or induced to stand as candidates. The principal governmental party sought to steal a portion of the Socialist name and called themselves the "Christian Social" party. This party, hitherto the dominant one, suffered a crushing defeat. In Vienna especially where they had formerly held twenty seats, they succeeded in electing only four representatives, while the Socialists increased their representation from ten to nineteen.

The capitalist papers of America and of Europe hailed this as a "defeat for Socialism." All the press agencies by common agreement translated the word "Christlich sozial" as "Christian Socialist," although a proper translation would have been "Christian Social." This party, which was the most bitter enemy of the Socialists, had become so permeated with corruption as to disgust even its former supporters.

Fall of French Ministry

For several years the French government has been trying to find a way to change the election law so as to prevent an increase in Socialist representation. Every one agrees that the present law ought to be changed, but the Socialists object to the proposals made by the government.

The Ministry of Premier Monis has just been compelled to resign on this old issue. A great effort is being made to secure some renegade Socialists to make up a new cabinet, as it is recognized that only those who make some pretensions of connection with the Socialist movement can maintain a ministry.

Here is another example of the same sort of trickery in translation for the purpose of deceiving non-Socialist readers. The dominant capitalist party in France is the "Radical-Socialiste." This is universally translated as the "Radical Socialist" party, notwithstanding the fact that, in accordance with the well-known French rule of the adjective fol-

lowing the noun, the correct translation would be "Socialistic Radical."

Uncovering Spies

The Young Socialist Guard of France, with the co-operation of *La Guerre Sociale*, of which Gustave Herve is the editor, together with Bourtsseff, the Russian exposé of spics, has recently uncovered several detectives who were working in the Socialist ranks.

One of these, Dr. Reichman, whom Bourtsseff hunted down, was editing a paper called the *Revolutionist*, in which he was advocating the "propaganda of the deed." Bourtsseff also names three others who were associated with him, and who have made themselves conspicuous by their apparent extreme radicalism.

The two other spies, George Fourny and Bonnet, alias Bled, had been working in the ranks of the Young Socialist Guard. The members of this organization became suspicious of them and invited them to the headquarters of *La Guerre Sociale*. Here they were "arrested" and given a mild "third degree" until they both signed a statement that they had been employed to spy upon the workers and act as agents provocateurs among the workers.

As a protection against spies Herve announces the formation of a "service for revolutionary security," to be composed of counter spies to hunt out those sent into the ranks of the revolutionists. In the latest number of his paper he calls for contributions for a fund to maintain this new organization.

Fall of Belgian Ministry

In Belgium the long fight of the Socialists on the educational question has ended in the downfall of the ministry.

The clerical government had continuously fought all attempts at popular education, and refused to give its support to public schools.

The Socialists, on the other hand, have kept up a continuous agitation for an extension of the system of public education, and have finally succeeded in securing a vote of a lack of confidence in the ministry.

The new ministry has not yet been announced, but however it may be composed, it is certain it will be compelled to relax its opposition to the public schools.

Flashlights From History

SELECTED BY A. M. SIMONS.

Sarcasm or Prophecy

(I have never been quite able to determine whether the article from which the following is an extract was written as a sarcastic attack upon the northern capitalist, or was intended as a cold-blooded acceptance of the philosophy of capitalism, and a far-sighted recognition of its possibilities for the former chattel slave owners. It was written by George Fitzhugh of Virginia, long one of the foremost spokesmen of the chattel-slave power, and appeared in October, 1866, in the columns of *DeBow's Review*, the foremost organ of that same power. At any rate, the southern "creditor class" has followed his advice most carefully.)

The creditor and debtor classes of society are the property holders and the non-property holders. All capitalists are property holders, and that being a scientific and generic term, we shall hereafter employ it instead of property holders. Capital is power, the only power almost that keeps society at work in the absence of domestic servitude. But it is a far more all-pervading and efficient power than that defunct institution. We whites of the South own all the capital of the South, and shall

continue to own it, for the negro is not a money making animal. We are the creditor class, the negroes the debtor class. When they ceased to be slaves they at once became debtors. Debtors without property; yet not bankrupts or insolvents. Their debts cling to them like the shirt of Nessus. To live they must labor for some capitalist, and no capitalist will employ them in any capacity without sharing the profits of their labor. Every stroke of work done by the negro goes in part to pay the endless debt which liberty imposes upon him. Well it is for society that such is the case. Is not debt in this form a blessing?

The abolition of the relation of master and slave begets the relation of debtor and creditor. We must quietly and cheerfully submit to the change and make the most of it. Debt, all must see, is a far more efficient motive power than slavery, and hence those societies are most industrious, wealthy and progressive, where there are abundance of paupers to work, and abundance of capitalists to keep them at work. All the world says, too, that capital, or debt, is a far more humane motive power than slavery, although it compels their labor more, for the benefit of the creditor or capitalist class; who consequently grow rich much faster than masters, and have fewer cares, troubles and responsibilities. Let us accept as true, humane and Christian, what all

the world says is so, and apply the lash of capital or debt to the negro, just as strenuously as it is applied elsewhere to the white laboring man. Then, and not till then, will the humanitarians of Faneuil Hall and Exeter Hall, believe our conversion to be sincere, and welcome us into the ranks of genuine, hard-working practical philanthropists.

As a driving power, intangible, immaterial, representative capital, such as paper money, governmental stock, and credit or paper evidences of debt in their various forms, are far more efficient than material, tangible capital or property. It is easy to associate and combine representative or moneyed capital in large masses, and thereby to associate and combine large masses of labor for great works and undertakings. It is not the land holders and house owners that build roads and canals, or that build cities and adorn the country with splendid public and private edifices; but the owners of representative, intangible capital, who must employ it or suffer it to remain idle.

A large portion of this capital is now invested in the National debt, and if that debt were repudiated, much of the power which now employs and propels labor would be lost. In such an event all business would stagnate, laborers become idlers, and society retrograde. The laboring poor pay all debts and taxes, because they are the only producers.

Socialist Picnic in Chicago

Eighty thousand Socialists and Unionists crowded the biggest amusement park and picnic grove in the west to overflowing Sunday, June 18, to protest against the kidnaping of J. J. McNamara from Indianapolis and to denounce the attempt of the steel trust to wreck the international organization of the iron workers.

A huge procession of building trades unionists formed a mile from the park and with Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of

Bridge and Structural Iron Workers and Victor L. Berger, Socialist congressman, leading, paraded into and around the big Riverview amusement enterprise in Chicago.

The local body of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' carried a hundred signs with inscriptions to suit the occasion.

The crowd was so great that little room was left in the big mile-square picnic grove and not one-twentieth of the participants were able to hear the speakers.



This picture shows the crowds turning back from the picnic grove into the amusement park. It is estimated that in addition to the 80,000 who crowded into the picnic grove at least 50,000 more remained outside. The management of Riverview Exposition made a sworn statement that there were 230,000 people on the grounds, most of them attracted by the Socialist protest and curiosity to see Congressman Berger.



One of the banners carried by members of the local union of the iron workers of Chicago in the protest parade.



A View of the Crowd Near the Speaker's Stand

FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

Where Bill Lost Out

Bill Skinner sat in sorrow,
A tear was in his eye,
He was about to lose his job,
And, could you guess for why?
He had been true and loyal
For he had toiled away,
Without a kick on overtime,
Nor asked a raise in pay.

The fellow just above him
Had tried to stay the ax;
His efforts all were useless;
Bill had to hit the tracks;



No agitator sullen,
No man of movement slow;
His work was full of profit
But still he had to go.

Now why was he thus sentenced
To walk the dreary street,
Not knowing if tomorrow
He'd get enough to eat?
It any time may happen
Unto the brightest man,

The boss-brother-in-law was a lazy
fat, good-for-nothing old stiff,
who couldn't get a job elsewhere,
and as the boss had to support
him anyway, he let him take his
pick of the jobs in the shop
And so Bill had to go.

Qualified

"He is an honest business man if
ever there was one."
"If ever there was one?"
"Yes."
"Yes!"

All the Same to Her

"What did her duke cost her?" asked
the curious one of his friend who was
supposed to be on the inner circles of
society.

"All of a million, they say."



"That is too much to pay for a duke."
"What's the difference? A million is
the same as ten cents to her. She never
earned either."

Exact Classifications

"He is kind of queer, they say, a Socialist
or an anarchist or something like
that."
"Oh yes, something like Jones."
"What Jones?"
"Don't you know? He is a prohibitionist
or a saloon keeper or something
of that sort."

Deliberate

We grow into it slowly,
But fate the web is spinning
The outcast and the lowly
Are soon to have an inning;
The proud; all kinship scorning
Secure behind the dollar
Will get it some fine morning
And just below the collar.

The people from their slumbers
Have awakened with a shudder
And they by force of numbers
Will shortly grasp the rudder,

And when the powers that plunder
Can hear the engine humming
They'll wonder why in thunder
We were so long in coming.

No Incentive

"No, Johnny, if you are a good boy
you may grow up to be president."
"And if I ain't a good boy?"



"Something awful might happen to
you."
"Would I grow up to be a trust mag-
nate?"

Little Flings

It doesn't seem as though grown men
could perpetrate such bunk as that trust

Told at the Dinner Hour

What's in a Name

BY C. U. ADAMSON.

Bishop Spaulding, the Episcopal
bishop of Utah, an ardent Socialist,
tells an incident that occurred while he
was attending the International Peace
conference in London three years ago.

One of the speakers, a Hungarian
Baroness, said that war had changed.
Modern war was nothing like in the
good old times when men's prowess in
the handling of arms counted for some-
thing; a man had a chance then to dis-
pute the enemy's wish to chop off his
head. Now with machine guns and all
the infernal instruments of war, a fight-
ing man waited for a sudden demise
without even seeing his opponent.

"Therefore," she said, "as war has
changed, I propose we change the name
of it. A prominent American once said
that war was hell. Let us call it hell.
Instead of saying that two nations are
going to war together let us say they
are going to hell together."

"Perhaps," commented the bishop,
"men wouldn't be so anxious to identify
themselves with such a place. Imagine
reading in the papers, 'William H. Taft,
secretary of hell, now occupies the
White House.'"

A Little Misunderstanding

BY FRANK X. DELAETER.

When Pat Doyle made up his mind
to buy Bidy an engagement ring, he
went into a large jewelry store and
asked to be shown some good rings as
he wanted to buy one.

The clerk turned to get a tray of
rings.

"Eight'n karats?" he asked.
"No," replied Pat indignantly, "been
atin' onions. Any o' your business?"

Called for Strong Language

BY ELMORE CHALLISS.

Mary had been studying "Vocal Cul-
ture" as she termed it, at a conserva-
tory of music that thought more about
Mary's money than to take the trouble
to see if she really had a voice.

The neighbors often would wonder
whether murder was being committed
or only a pig being killed, but Mary
claimed she was practicing. Mary liked

decision, but then the supreme court has
had so much practice.

It couldn't have been that Morgan
liked England after all. He didn't
buy it.

What the workers need is common
sense.

In the next congress Victor Berger
will have help.

California is about to get a jar that
will be pleasanter to take than an earth-
quake.

Dealers in gold bricks find this a
slow year. There are no political plat-
forms to be built.

Our leading business men do not hesi-
tate to contradict each other on the wit-
ness stand.

This fuss about the coronation shows
just how far the race hasn't progressed.

A Greater Berlin is projected which
only means that it will be bigger. Some
day there will be a Greater Berlin.

Mr. Bryan's war cry should be "All
aboard for the stone age. Train leaves
in fifteen minutes."

dier in uniform, the country caller
asked.

"What kind of business is that
man in?"

"Why," answered the Socialist friend,
"he is in the man-killing business."

"Man-killing business," replied the
country friend, "what kind of men does
he kill?"

"In time of peace, he kills the work-
ing men of his own country, and in
time of war he kills working men of
some other country."

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A. M. LEWIS

Vesalius—Continued.

THE fear of the new, respect and reverence for the old, merely because it is old, have played a pathetic part in the history of the human race. This conservative instinct has certainly had its value, for it kept man from carelessly giving up truths which were often the result of a long and bloody struggle.

Even a casual perusal of the annals of mankind shows that this conservatism was greatly overdone, and that most of man's struggles around intellectual questions were struggles to perpetuate ancient mistakes or lies.

Once a statement had been made by a great man, who after his death was half-deified by his worshipful descendants, it seemed to be incumbent on later generations to believe it irrespective of its truth.

When a man arose, who was inspired by that curiosity, which is the fount of all our knowledge, and displayed a determination to go back of the statement and deal with the subject at first hand, he was greeted with howls of disapproval and, in earlier times, with things less easily borne.

For many centuries the examination of the human body was very definitely discouraged. And this for a variety of more or less valid reasons. Chief of these probably was the feeling that dissection was a form of serious disrespect for those who had been loved, or should have been loved, while living.

This was a very laudable sentiment, but the reasons for dissection were much more important than even this virtuous consideration.

Another powerful factor was that certain ancient and revered personages and books were responsible for ideas about the body which might be disturbed by an examination of its structure. This was true even where

only the authority of Galen was in danger. But that was a trifle compared with the sacrilege of disproving some anatomical idea which early men had mistakenly incorporated in their religious systems.

In both these respects, Vesalius earned the condemnation of his contemporaries.

Probably nothing is more agreeable than the applause of one's fellows and nothing harder to endure than their hisses. The courage of a soldier going into battle behind a fanfare of trumpets and the beating of drums is in no way comparable to the tremendous courage required by the advocate of a new and, therefore, unpopular truth.

The men who have broken the cake of customary and fixed ideas, to borrow Bagehot's simile, have always been the mainsprings of its progress and have generally come to their own only after long centuries have taught mankind the value of their work.

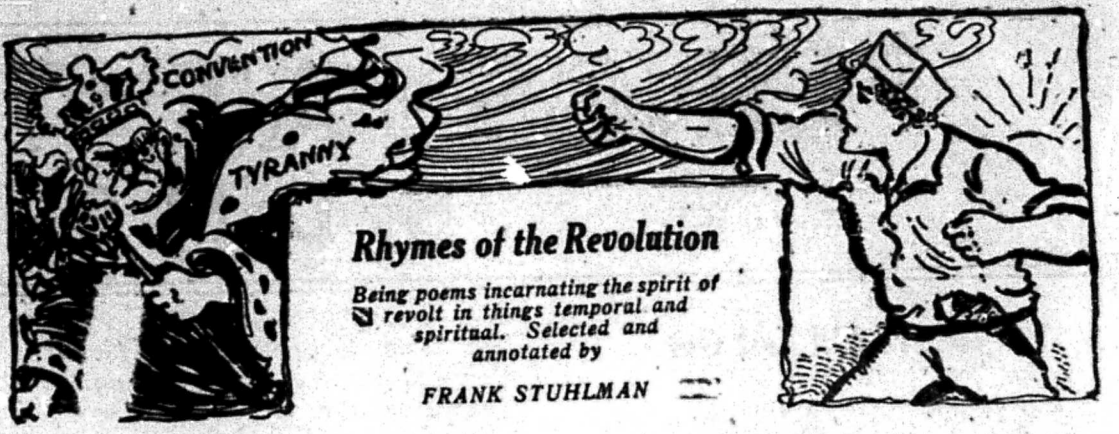
In their own day, however, the treatment they have almost universally received has constituted the greatest and saddest tragedy of human annals. This idea was well embodied by Winwood Reid in his title for his fascinating book, "The Martyrdom of Man."

"Martyr for truth" is, perhaps, the highest and best that can be said of anyone, and Vesalius has a clear claim to this.

Andrew Dickson White says of him, after speaking of some of his less illustrious predecessors: "Finally came a far greater champion of scientific truth, Andreas Vesalius, founder of the modern science of anatomy. The battle waged by this man is one of the glories of our race."

The same authority says: "At twenty-eight years of age Vesalius gave to the world his great work on human anatomy. With it ended the old and began the new; its researches, by their thoroughness, were a triumph of science; its illustrations, by their fidelity, were a triumph of art."

Vesalius practiced dissection and discovered things which brought him into



Note—James Gowdy Clark was a unique figure among American reformers. A poet who wrote songs, composed the music for them and sang them before large concourses of people throughout the country. He was a fervent abolitionist and after the war aided the cause of social reform with voice and pen.

I have been told that he was a singer with a voice of remarkable sweetness and power, that would throw the spell of music over his audiences, music that came from the heart.

Mr. Clark published a volume of his selected songs of freedom under the title of "Poetry and Song."

I Have Come

BY JAMES G. CLARK

*I have come and the world shall be shaken,
Like a reed at the touch of my rod,
And the kingdoms of Time shall awaken
To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
Be trampled like pearls before swine.*

*Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcast to battle,
When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons and powder
The cries of your brothers for bread.*

*I turn from your altars and arches
And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;*

*I share in the sorrows and crosses
Of the naked, the hungry and cold,
And dearer to me are their losses
Than your gains and your idols of gold.*

*I will wither the might of the spoiler;
I will laugh at your dungeons and locks;
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
And your judges eat grass like the ox;
For the prayers of the poor have ascended
To be written in lightnings on high,
And the wails of your captives have blended
With the bolts that must leap from the sky.*

*The thrones of your kings shall be shattered
And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
I will harvest from seed that I scattered
On the borders of blue Galilee;
For I come not alone, and a stranger—
Lo! my reapers will sing through the night
Till the star that stood over the manger
Shall cover the world with its light.*

violent conflict with the great authority of Galen and others, and finally resulted in his tragic death. The particulars of this historic controversy, however, deserve a chapter to themselves.



When it comes to the election of United States Senators by either State Legislatures or popular elections, Capitalism under present conditions holds the winning hand.