

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 VALUE OF EFFICIENCY



An esteemed clerical gentleman in an Illinois city writes me a vigorous protest against some remarks recently made in these columns about sermons to graduating classes and the strained and perverted emphasis that these efforts always put upon what is called Success. This gentleman says I don't go much to church (which is true) and if I did I should know that in these days clergymen preach a very different doctrine from that I denounced. They now inculcate a broad and advanced theory of social duty.

As an evidence of my error and of the kind of dope that is really harded out to the youthful mind he is good enough to send me a copy of his own recent sermon to a graduating class in his community.

It is a very good sermon of the kind, or at least it seems so to me. The subject is "Efficiency," and the burden of the message is that young persons just entering upon their careers should be efficient. If they are efficient they will never lack for employment and they will be of much use in the world. The efficient man is the demand of today; society suffers for the lack of efficiency.

No doubt. But I don't see how anything could better illustrate the kind of slipshod and half-baked thinking that the gentleman of the cloth habitually indulge in.

Efficiency is in itself a most admirable thing; but why be efficient under the existing system of society?

Obviously, the efficient man, under the present system, can but add to the sum total of human depression. There are not enough jobs to go around. If he does more than the average, then somebody else will have less of a job. If he does the work of two men, which is the usual standard of desirable efficiency, he adds one man to the army of the unemployed.

Furthermore, the greater his efficiency the greater is the ratio of wealth that he creates for his employer and not for himself.

Labor creates wealth, Capital takes the greater part of the wealth created by Labor. The greater the efficiency of Labor the greater are the profits of Capital; not only absolutely, but proportionately. That is to say, the percentage taken by Capital is smallest in the case of unskilled Labor and greatest in the case of skilled Labor; and the greater the skill of Labor the larger the percentage that Capital takes.

All the technical schools and manual training adjuncts merely create additional profits for Capital, absolutely and proportionately.

In other words, the more efficient you are the more you are robbed. All knowledge, all skill, all training and most ambitions on the part of the toilers only fatten the employing class, because things are so arranged that the enormous and unreasonable advantage of Capital increases as the productivity of the toiler is increased.

No doubt efficiency is a grand, admirable thing; but these are the facts about it. Why not tell them? Also, why not say that this is the reason why the exploiting class is so enthusiastic about technical schools and manual training departments and institutions that produce handy strike-breakers. This is the reason why you can get \$100,000 appro-

priated for a manual training annex to a public school when you cannot get a cent for sufficient accommodations for ordinary purposes. And this is the reason why, in every large city thousands of children are either shut out of the schools entirely or limited to half attendance, while the manual training departments get all the money they need.

* * *

Now either the class-day clergymen know these things or they do not. If they do not, then they do not know enough of the common facts of life as it is to be giving out any tips to the young. And if they know them and conceal them, then they are exactly the kind of reverend fakers that my comments tried to reach.

The customary answer to a dilemma like this is that the time is not ripe to speak frankly about such matters; the people are not prepared for the truth.

Oh bosh!

The time is always ripe for speaking the truth. If any of these clerical brothers know the facts and conceal them, they are exactly like the white rabbit statesmen that make such a pitiful showing in Congress and elsewhere by ducking in palpitating terror at the mere shadow of an opinion. I should think such a clergyman no better than an Insurgent, and an Insurgent is well known to naturalists as the most timid of all animals.

* * *

So long as we continue the system under which men toil to create wealth and do not possess the wealth that they create, so long the virtue of efficiency and most other good things will be perverted and turned to nothing or worse. The only thing of any importance at this present time is the destruction of the system that thus converts all good into infinite evil. A clergyman that will mention this simple but pivotal fact to his youthful flock will thereby do a greater service to them and to mankind than is contained in all the addresses to graduating classes that have ever been uttered up to this time. Get this into their minds and we can dispense with any exhortations on the subject of dear old efficiency.

* * *

The movement for a "sane Fourth" in this country is instituted, backed and financed by the insurance companies, and that is about all the vitality there is to it. The movement or sentiment in opposition is backed and financed by the fireworks companies, and that's all there is to that. One side wants a quiet day that it may save money and the other wants a noisy day that it may make money.

In England the "navy league" is financed by the armament manufacturers, and the woman's suffrage movement is defeated by the brewery trust.

Reciprocity is supported in the interests of one set of trusts and opposed in the interest of another.

Manufacturers of revolvers employ lobbies to defeat any restriction of the practice of carrying firearms and the customs laws are enforced in a spirit of arbitrary and reckless tyranny lest some merchants should lose the sale of a pocket handkerchief.

Wouldn't it be nice to have one thing done or advocated upon some other basis than that of five cents?

IN THIS ISSUE

The Big Change

complete to date

NEWSPAPERS and LAW ENFORCEMENT

CHICAGO is much disturbed in these days about what are called "labor sluggers" and the press cheerfully unites in a demand that these offenders be rigorously punished. That reminds me. One of the leading newspaper men in Chicago (on the proprietary side) conducts a Sunday School and is keen for philanthropy and piety.

Some years ago his newspaper was confronted with serious competition in the field where it had long reaped a golden harvest all alone.

To meet this competition it hired a gang of sluggers and strong-arm men. These went about beating up newsboys that were selling the opposition journal, knocking them into the gutter and destroying their papers.

The newsboys, of course, suffered not alone physical injury, but they lost their money also.

But the eminent newspaper man abated no whit his fervent interest in the welfare of children nor the unction of his prayers.

The opposition newspaper now responded in kind, hired its own gang of sluggers to beat up the others, and for weeks the streets of Chicago were a battle-field between the opposing gangs of hired ruffians. One man was killed outright and many men and boys were sent to the hospitals shockingly injured.

Still the good man prayed, led the Sunday School and in his newspaper uttered the grandest sentiments in favor of righteousness, brotherly love and kindness to little children.

* * *

The genial practice of assault, battery and manslaughter thus inaugurated spread to other newspapers. Slugging departments became regular features of the establishments, each having its own choice gang bent upon surpassing in violence the gangs of its neighbors. There are certain newspaper men in Chicago that could, if they would, tell choice stories about the ruffians employed by the smuggest reform sheets in the city; how, for instance, hurried exits into Indiana have been provided immediately after a head-breaking expedition and how emergency funds were kept in handy places to secure an instantaneous exodus.

Still the good man put up fervent prayers and the Sunday School boomed under his guidance.

Last August the newspapers came together and agreed (in the interest of retrenchment and economy) that all should dispense with head-breaking and murder as essential adjuncts of civilized journalism.

If one newspaper alone should have thus ventured to be decent it would have gone to ruin in its street sales, for such are the beautiful facts about competition; but when all agreed to discharge their thugs the case was different and the assaults ceased.

A few months later breaks out this great clamor about "labor sluggers." It is alleged that certain labor organizations at war with one another resort to violence in their contentions and the press and much of the public bitterly condemns the unions.

Eleven of these alleged labor sluggers are arrested and nine of the eleven are proved by the *Chicago Daily Socialist* to be professional thugs formerly employed in the slugging departments of the Chicago newspapers, but discharged after the agreement of last August. The identity of the remaining two is not perfectly established, but the indications are that these also have been of the same refined school of journalistic progress.

* * *

When these facts are published an employe of the *Socialist* is assaulted in the street and beaten half to death under the belief that he had made the revelations.

The voice of the rest of the press is silent about this outrage as it is about the publications that led to it; but against "labor sluggers" and labor unions it continues to be raised in ceaseless and earnest protest. All this violence, the press declares, is a terrible reflection upon the cause of organized labor

and must be stamped out. And it calls upon the State's Attorney, the police and the grand jury to enforce the law rigorously that these scenes of horrid disorder may cease to disgrace our fair city.

The work that the press thus piously condemns is done by its own former employes who had learned in newspaper employment the arts of slugging and head-breaking.

For years they have done these things for the newspapers and have never been condemned. The moment it is alleged that they are doing the same things for some labor union or alleged labor union, down come the pious reflections in floods and the evils of unionism are pointed out with grave and moving unction:

It leads to violence, you know.

All this time the good man continues to pray, to lead his Sunday School and to reprove violence. It must be great to be a good man.

* * *

To those that know the facts about this matter there is an unfailing source of joy in the editorials in which these same newspapers demand the enforcement of law and the punishment of thugs and hold-up men. Also in the oily support that they give to such affairs as the "Child Welfare" exhibits.

They had one of these shows at Chicago not long ago. I expected that a feature of it would be a demonstration of the way Chicago newsboys have been beaten up by these hired ruffians, but I was disappointed. I should think that was about as pertinent to "Child Welfare" as anything else that was exhibited, but it seemed to have been omitted.



FLUB-DUB REFORM

SOME political observers are perplexed about the speedy collapse of the Insurgent movement and don't know whether it means that the Putterer has become a popular idol or that the Insurgent leaders have lost their cunning.

Those that thus speculate can't know much about their times and their countrymen.

The Insurgent movement has collapsed because there never was in it anything vital and fundamental. The day has long gone by for the remote and lady-like reforms that Insurgency contemplated. The man that could see no issue beyond opposition to Joe Cannon couldn't see far enough to steer a cow down a lane. Popular revolt against Cannonism and Aldrichism was a symptom; the nervous old ladies that conducted the Insurgent movement thought it was a finality.

The public didn't object to Cannon and Aldrich on personal grounds, but because of what they represented. Cannon and Aldrich have disappeared, but the thing they represented still goes on; consequently the country still kicks and kicks harder than ever. The Insurgents not having wit enough to see this are left far behind with the remains of their poor little movement to weep over.



A BOOM IN KNEE PANTS

J. Pierpont Morgan, John Hays Hammond and Charles P. Taft, each arrayed in knee pants and wearing swords, were among the gorgeous features of the coronation show in England. A very wicked story was circulated that Johnnie Hammond, who attended as the official representative of the United States, tripped over his sword and came near doing for the whole show. Imagine the consternation and chagrin that would fall upon our nation if this should prove to be the fact! The mere suggestion puts us into an intolerable suspense. We demand a Congressional Committee to investigate the charge, because until it is settled the 35,000,000 wage earners that paid Mr. Hammond's expenses and the

expenses of his gang will be unable to go on with their work. And then where shall we be for dividends?

Charley Taft says that the Coronation was the grandest, the most impressive and the most wonderful thing he had ever seen.

Not so grand, so impressive and so wonderful, we imagine, as three American citizens in knee pants and swords, kowtowing before the two-cent puppet show of royalty.



RATIONAL JOY

HERE is reason, good sense, wisdom and progress in the Twentieth Century. I hope none of the professional optimists will overlook it. At the naval review that formed part of the coronation puppet show in England 185 warships participated, representing eighteen nations.

When the show opened these began to fire their great guns and they kept at it for hours, the uproar (according to report) being deafening even at a distance of miles.

Each discharge of one of these great guns costs about \$300.

The 185 warships fired about 4,000 times and burned up \$1,000,000 worth of powder in three hours.

Will some one kindly say what for?

Close at hand in London were 200,000 registered paupers, 280,000 men asking in vain for work, and in the country of 40,000,000 people were 8,000,000 in a condition of stark destitution.

Above this inferno of needless pain and suffering the world burns \$1,000,000 worth of powder.

To celebrate the crowning of a king.

In the Twentieth Century.

I would give much for an explicit opinion on these facts from one of the optimists.

* * *

The president of the gambling association known as the Chicago Board of Trade has been making a public speech in which with great eloquence he urged upon other gambling associations of the same order the practice of the "highest code of business ethics."

Of course, it would be easy to dwell upon the manifest inconsistency of such an utterance from such a source. But, do you know, I haven't read anything today that seemed to me more encouraging. We may say that the man didn't mean it, and that his hearers will not practice it, and that no code of ethics can possibly be stretched to cover gambling in food supplies. And yet the fact that this man even used the word in connection with his business is something. It is a confession and a symptom. A man would not say such a thing if there were not abroad a general suspicion that even for the profit takers and labor exploiters the essence of conditions is rotten.



HURRAH! HERE'S ANOTHER DURBAR

King George the Fifth, it is announced, is going to India in September, to hold at Delhi a Durbar in honor of his accession that will eclipse the celebrated Durbar of 1903 in honor of his father's accession.

There is every probability that in the month of September 100,000 persons will die of the plague in India. They are dying now at the rate of 20,000 a week and the plague deaths always increase as the cooler weather comes on.

The plague is a preventable disease. All the deaths from it are unnecessary.

It has been raging in India for fourteen years by the acquiescence of the government of which King George is the sovereign head.

The money that will be spent on the Delhi Durbar and because of it would exterminate the plague in India.

In view of these facts it is no wonder that all loyal Englishmen rejoice over the King's visit. It seems so reasonable.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

If you are anything at all like me, every once in so often you find yourself conducting a jawing-match with old Uncle Billy Hardhead and hating yourself for it. Uncle Billy Hardhead is one of these old cusses whose notion of an argument is something like this. One of the debaters makes a statement. It is up to the other one then to say: "Aw, hat aint' so."

"'Tis, too, so," the other one replies. "Tain't either, and you know it ain't." "Well, I tell you it is, and if you wasn't a bigger fool than Thompson's colt you'd konw it was."

Then, after they get red behind the ears about that, some other proposition comes up, not in the least germane or connected with the preceding one and one says tis so, and the other says it ain't, and so on until one gets tired of it and "stomps" out leaving the other to cackle about it.

When you argue with Uncle Billy Hardhead you have that kind of a scuffle. He balks all your plan of campaign, all your scheme of getting him to admit an obvious fact, and then to lead him on to your conclusion. Not with Uncle Billy Hardhead. There aren't any obvious facts. There aren't any general statements and laws of nature. Nothing but exceptions to the rule. No use to quote anything to him. He hasn't read a book since he left school, except such novels as he kept awake with nights he had to sit up with a sick lodge-brother. Books are nothing but theory, anyhow. Them fellers never had no practical exper'ence like what he had.

After so long a time of it you say to yourself: "Aw, what's the use? I might better save my breath."

And so you might. You'll never convert Uncle Billy in a thousand years. After a man gets so old, his brain kind o' cakes and you couldn't touch it with a file. It was impressive when he was a youth, and certain ideas were scratched into it, like the record of a phonograph. And that's all you'll ever get out of it, the phonotypic record of what Uncle Billy heard when he was starting to shave. Go after the young fellows. They're easy. And when you've got one of them, you've got somebody worth while, somebody with ginger in him, and enthusiasm, the martyr stuff, whenever martyr stuff is needed. They've still in them what, for the want of an easier phrase, we'll call "faith in God," that passion for a righteous cause which wins for the righteous cause though all the world oppose. Uncle Billy had that once, too, but he has been taught by bitter experience to have faith in the devil; to believe that, nine times out of ten, the old boy gets the best of it, that nine times out of ten the man with faith in God, if he doesn't land on the scaffold or in jail, goes 'round with fringes on the bottom of his trousers-legs, and has a hard time of it generally. Uncle Billy won't let on to you, but while he's sneering at your faith in God, he's just a little bit ashamed to go over to the Old Boy's side, body and breeches. It doesn't really do to do that. The best thing is to try and keep on the good side of both God and the devil; not get either one mad at you; not go to extremes; not cut the chicken's head clear off or let it entirely alone, but just kind o' haggle at it, half on and half off.

Yes, you're only wasting your time talking to Uncle Billy, but if you're anything like me you sometimes enjoy a scuffle for the scuffle's sake. And moreover, you hate to go out of the grocery, looking as if you had been worsted. You can (in your mind's ear, Horatio) hear his triumphant chuckle all

the way home. Turned tail, eh? Got 'most too hot for you, eh?

Now, I don't often run, and sometimes I do get a lot of benefit from just keeping still and letting Uncle Billy blather away till he gets tired out. Sometimes I land on him heavy, and sometimes I let it soak in, and really do derive great benefit from the exercise of Christian fortitude. Listening



"Why, bub," he'd say, "I've riz"

to Uncle Billy, and keeping a shut mouth, sometimes, though, mounts up to about Christian fifty-tude.

One time after I had let him have his way, he sighed and said: "Oh, well, we all know there's a big change coming."

I didn't say a word. I didn't jump in and crow: Didn't I tell you? That's what I was trying to get through your thick head but you wouldn't let me." I don't know where I got the manners to keep my mouth shut. That one sentence was worth more to me than all the triumph I could have got.

A Big Change Coming! It's Uncle Billy Hardhead saying that. It's the fellow whose brain has caked so hard you'd think a file couldn't touch it, and yet the needle of observation, thrilled by the vibrations of the coming age has cut a new groove, that, like a phonographic record, gives back a reproduction. Here is a mind you'd say was like a duck's back to a new idea, and yet the new idea has soaked in. Here is an intellect you'd say was sealed up as tight as a can of tomatoes, and yet the ferment is working. There must be lots and lots of people like Uncle Billy, who, if they had any idea that God stood a ghost of a show to beat the devil, would flop to His side in a holy minute!

That was worth while keeping my mouth shut for, wasn't it? I was "mightily hope up" by that, sir.

A Big Charge Coming! A Big Change Coming? Coming? Is it "coming?"

I don't know if you're familiar with the Bible, if

not, I'm sorry for you; if you are, you must have marveled as I have over that passage where St. Paul condemns the heresy of Hymenæus and Philetus, "who say that the resurrection is passed, already." You'd think if the general resurrection had occurred, it wouldn't be a thing to have different opinions about.

Suppose, for example, you lived in those days, and you'd be walking down Main street, and studying how you could get on the blind side of that old codger over in Iconium, and separate him from some of his drachmae, you'd meet an old gentleman whose face looked sort of familiar to you, and you'd step up to him, and inquire: "Ain't you Grandpa Smith? I'm Lizzie's oldest boy; don't you remember me?"

And he'd say: "I'm the feller. So you're Lizzie's Jim, be you? Well, well! You've growed quite a lot. How's your ma? She well? That's good. I'll be up there for dinner, I 'xpect. You well? You look well."

"Oh, I'm first-rate," you'd say. "But grandpa, tell me. How is it I see you out? Last time I laid eyes on you was up to the old burying-ground at Cherokee. We planted you then. Nice funeral, thirty teams, I guess, turned out. And here you are, large as life and twice as natural. How come, grandpa? How come?"

"Why, bub," he'd say, "I've riz. It's a fact. Shore as you're a foot high. Hain't you heard about the resurrection yit? Wuh, whur d'ye keep yourself? Wuh, they're all a-comin' up rut aout o' their graves. Yes, indeedy."

You'd think that with such goings-on St. Paul wouldn't have needed to caution people against the heresy of Hymenæus and Philetus. All he'd have to do would be to say to these heretics: "I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me." And after Hymenæus and Philetus had produced a few dozen that had been deader than William Jennings Bryan and buried more effectually than Theodore Roosevelt, St. Paul would have to say: Boys, you got me."

Now, I don't care a whole lot whether I'm a heretic or not or who says I am. If it came to a show-down, Hymenæus and Philetus could call St. Paul a heretic and have all the college of apostles to back them up in it, too. I won't say that the Big Change is "past already"; I won't go so far as that. But I will say that it has practically come, for all intents and purposes, right now.

CHAPTER II.

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

"Whereas, The Big Change has come for all practical purposes, and

"Whereas, We shall have to acknowledge the corn sooner or later, anyhow, therefore be it

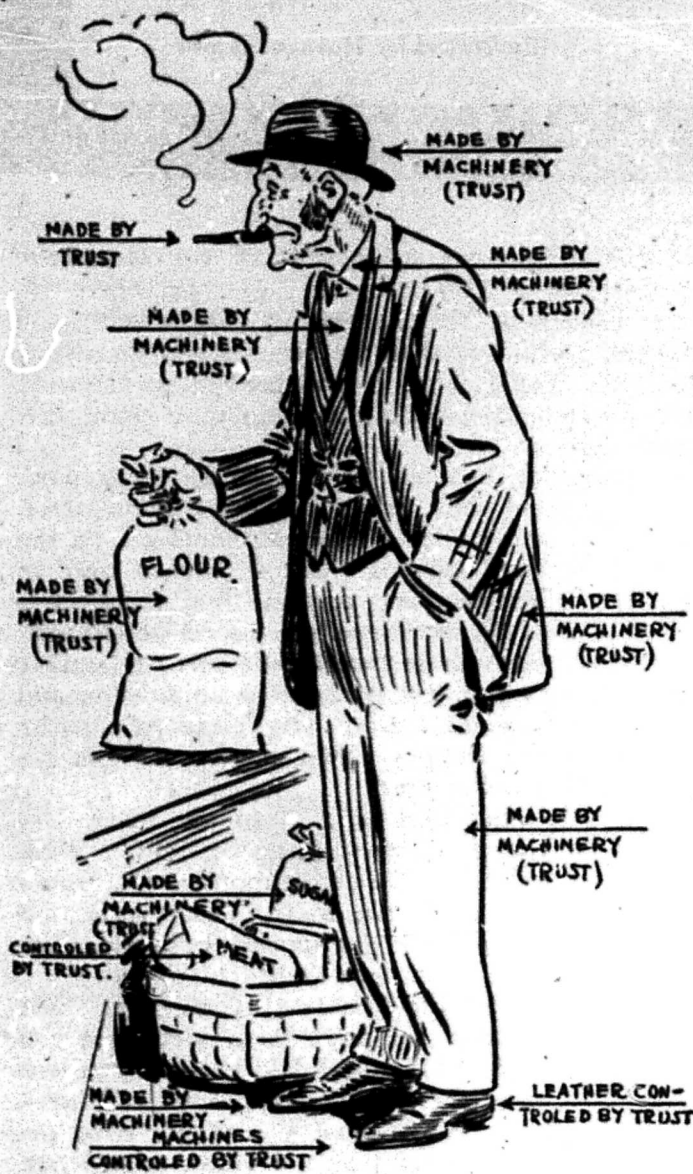
"RESOLVED, That the Big Change has come, and we govern ourselves accordingly."

I do not hold these up as model resolutions at all. I'm a literary man by trade, and, as such, accustomed to having my stuff printed and read, instead of being "spread upon the minutes," and engrossed in fancy handwriting with all kinds of

querly cues to it, framed and hung up to catch the dust but never read.

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

It does seem as if Hymenæus and Philetus could easily have proved to the people of their time that



Resolved, that the Big Change has come

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

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

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

I have people singing for me here on Long Island that have never been away from the Old Country; I know their voices so well, and their little tricks and mannerisms, that I should recognize them if I heard the real living singers, and isn't that a miracle? Did that ever happen before in the world? I have seen processions go by, and watched the horses switch their tails, and yet I never was where those processions passed. I have seen King Alphonso move his lips in talk, and blow out cigarette smoke, and yet I never was within a thousand miles of

Alphonso in the flesh. It doesn't surprise you to hear me tell of such things; in fact, your wonder is that I should tell of what is so well-known. Yet a couple of hundred years ago, a hundred years ago—yes, twenty-five years ago, I should have been thought a liar if I had spun such yarns.

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

Uncle Billy Hardhead, who will not and cannot see Socialism for a minute, knows that, in his own day and time, processes and methods that had been in use ever since the human race first came down out of the tree-limbs, have been teetotally done away with. Gone! When he was a little boy he wrote with a quill pen. Wasn't any other way to write. Uncle Billy hasn't even seen a quill pen in the Lord knows when. I don't think I ever had one in my fingers—yes, did, too. Once. I remember that the foolish thing squeaked when I wrote with it. But have you ever seen a quill pen?

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

Everything they had outside them or inside them, when Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy, was home-grown, and home-made, except sugar, and coffee, and tea, and indigo, and a few other little luxuries that couldn't be raised in their climate. Nowadays, there isn't one thing, not one blessed thing, that the family does bring forth at home. The women even go to the maternity hospital when their time comes because that's so much more convenient.

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

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

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

In Uncle Billy Hardhead's boyhood, everything was not only made at home but made by hand.

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

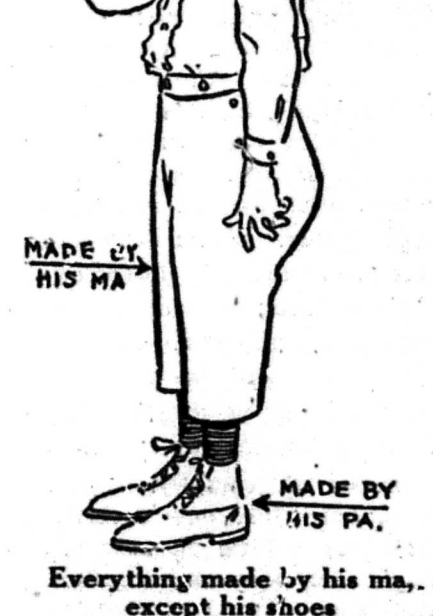
There has been a revolution. But take in a lump all the industries of the country and the means by which we live, all our ways of looking at things (which are always dependent upon the ways we get our living), and it is difficult to make the Uncle Billy Hardheads see that there has been a general revolution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

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

You see, the Big Change has to come by evolution, by age-long, creepy-creepy processes, tedious, imperceptible, slower than molasses in the winter time—yes, and slower yet. The people have to be educated up to it, and that will take centuries.

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

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



wrist!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Did the telephone make money for those who thought it was a toy, and said: "Who on earth would ever fool with that thing?" Well, they were helped by it, but it was those who had faith that got the big rewards. Some of them got stung, too, I don't deny. And in this coming revolution in politics I shouldn't be surprised if some were stung, perhaps some that ought not to be. But whether I get stung personally (which will surely happen if it's a possible thing because that'd just be my luck) still, the thing has to happen, and that's all about it. The Big Change has come in so many other things that it simply has to come in that, too. For the most unchanging of things changes with the age it is in. Let me give you an example.

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

CHAPTER IV.

One of the ideas that Uncle Billy Hardhead hangs onto like a snapping-turtle and won't be pried loose from for any sake is that anybody can get a job nowadays that wants one.

"But they don't want to," scolds Uncle Billy. "That's what's the matter with them fellers. They don't want work. They're just on'ry and do-less. Too rotten lazy to live if it means work."

"But may be there isn't work for them," you say, just to draw him on. "There are so many people looking for jobs nowadays that there aren't enough of 'em to go 'round."

"Aw now," says Uncle Billy, "don't try to come that on me, young feller. If they's so many more people'n what they used to be, they's jist that many more to do for, ain't they? Jist that many more mouths to poke victuals into 'hree times a day; jist that many more wearin' out clothes, and shoes;

jist that many more that needs houses and street-cars, and all like that. They's always plenty of work to do if they'd only do it. But they're too pledged lazy. That's what ails them fellers."

Give in to him meekly and uncomplainingly, and let's see what he'll say.

"Course, I know, sometimes it's hard times, and the factories shut down all over the country, and everybody gets laid off, and they ain't no use lookin' for a job, becuz they hain't no job. And that's pretty tough on a feller I reckon. Yes, sir, I should think that would go kind o' tough on a man that maybe had a sick wife needin' the best of care and him not able to provide it, or maybe little children that don't git enough to eat. I wouldn't like that very well. And the grocery-man says he'll have to have something on his bill or he can't serve 'em no more, and the butcher and the milkman shuts down on them, and the landlord puts 'em out in the street—but that's exceptional. As a general rule, a good man can always get work if he tries right hard, and ain't too high-and-mighty about how much wages he gets."

"Wages not so much an object as steady employment," you quote.



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

"That's it," says Uncle Billy, "that's it exactly. 'Steady employment.' That's what the right kind of people want."

Now, just here lurks part of The Big Change. You may not have noticed it as The Big Change. But the kingdom of heaven, we are told, cometh not with observation. That is, it doesn't come so you can notice it. But I think, when I call your attention to it, that you can notice that The Big Change has really come in this particular, and that I am really recalling your attention to it.

When Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy, people weren't out of work—My land! they had too much of it! That was the complaint, not unemployment. The days weren't long enough, and they kind o' begrudged the Sundays, there was so much to do and so little time to do it in. I do not now refer to cooking the victuals, and washing the dishes, and washing and ironing, and mending and milking, and churning; not feeding and currying the horses and the stock, or repairing the harness and the tools and implements, or keeping up the wood-pile or even cultivating and reaping and harvesting, hog-killing and a few other little things like that. They all came in the day's work. There was that upper eighty that had to be logged off, and fenced and the stumps taken out, and broken up

with the ox-team—Uncle Billy declares he has bumps on his shins yet where the roots flew back and hit him a crack that made him holler like an Injun. There was this and there was that, ditching and draining and fifty-seven things that Uncle Billy's daddy declared he didn't see for the life of him how he ever could manage to do and yet ought to be done. No unemployment then. Not much, Mary Ann.

In those days, before the Big Change had come, the ideal was to get the job done, and then rest and take it easy. DONE! By golly! And be all through with it. And just as the family worked hard so that, come winter-time, they could sit around the fire and eat apples and crack hickory nuts, and do a few little chores, and go to school and singing-school and "p'tracted meetin'" and generally have a good time, physically, and mentally, and spiritually, so a man expected to work hard while he was young so that when the boys grew up he could kind o' lay back, and take it easy. Oh, maybe if he felt like it, he could take a hand, but he wouldn't have to do one tap.

The ideal of the age which is now in its last dying kicks was like it. A man was "successful" who let other folks do the hard work while all he had to do was to spend his money like a gentleman. Down South, when Uncle Billy was a boy, they had that down to perfection. They had niggers in the field, and an overseer to look after them and take all the responsibility; in the house they had niggers to wait on them hand and foot. But that got put a stop to. Then, later in the North, the big-bugs had white folks to accomplish the same desired end for them. They had money which they loaned out or put into houses or stocks or bonds. As it was a good deal of bother to investigate the financial ability of borrowers, and to rent the houses, and to attend to the details of an industry, they got them overseers, such as banks and trust companies, and agents to collect the rents, and superintendents to look after the works, so that a man needn't know the first thing about anything except how to spend his money like a gentleman.

Before the Big Change set in, it was taught and believed that labor was "the primal curse" pronounced upon the human race because our earliest progenitors had meddled with an apple-tree that they had been distinctly told to let alone. It was a curse to crawl out from under, if you were smart enough. "Get money," said the wise old Quaker to his son, "honestly, if thee can." And those who got money—honestly, if they could—were successful men, smart men, leading citizens, to be looked up to, respected, honored and imitated.

Hasn't the Big Change come? Hasn't it come suddenly? Why, it isn't but a little while since the magazines were telling all about them, what fine fellows they were, and go thou and do likewise. And now! why, they're all a scaly lot. Name one multi-millionaire that is respected. One. I dare you.

If Uncle Billy Hardhead's daddy had said to Uncle Billy and his brothers about the time when snow began to fly: "Boys, I'm sorry, but there won't

be anything much to do now before spring opens up," I suppose you think they would all have been the picture of despair, faces on 'em as long as your arm. I reckon not. They'd have been pretty cheerful.

But suppose the boss of the factory says to the hands: "Boys, the shop will have to shut down from November till March." how about that? Jump for joy, eh? I reckon not.

Now there's the difference. And it's a mighty big difference. The great majority of us are folks that get paid by the week or by the month. We've got it all figured out before the pay-envelope gets to us, so much for the grocer, so much for the butcher, so much for a pair of shoes for Eddie, because he just walks through 'em, so much against the first of the month when the agent comes 'round for the rent, so much put by for a new suit of clothes, because your wife doesn't want you to go looking shabby—it's all laid out. If we keep well, and nothing happens, we'll be all right. Provided—Oh, of course, provided the pay-envelope keeps coming in regularly. If that should stop—good Lord! What's going to become of us?

We have all been educated up to look upon work as, not "the primal curse" but the primal blessing. We want it. We want it to be steady. A short vacation once in a while, but if it lasts too long,

why, "we don't know what to do with ourselves." Suppose we had our choice of two things: (1) To have a fortune, made as fortunes are made, as we all know they are made, by skullduggery, and meanness and even murder, a fortune as transitory as they try to make us think fortunes are; and (2) a steady job doing work we like to do, work that really accomplishes something, the hours to be so that we sha'n't get too tired, and the pay so that we can be sure of reasonable comfort for ourselves and our families, and how many would choose the fortune? Would you?

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now, when you "practise economy and thrift" your wife prowls around the butcher-shops and meat-markets and picks and paws among the scraps to find the cheapest pieces that do not actually stink. And the coffee she buys is the 15-cent kind, doubtfully coffee at all, for it is made of the refuse of the coffee, little wizened, undeveloped

grains, punk, half-decayed, of the flavor of rotten wood, mixed with ground-up chicory and burnt crusts. And she makes it weak and thin, so's it'll last out, and you put in condensed milk instead of cream because cream is dear, or else "loose milk," which is, very often, much cleaner than sewage. The butter—Well, we'll not go into that. The eggs—We'll not go in that, either. Respect the aged. The bread is white as paper, and as tasty and nutritious. The jams and jellies are these gawms the grocer digs out of an open pail, sticky confections of glue and glucose, crimson with aniline, seeded with hay-seed, and flavored with artificially made essences, and the stewed-up cores and rotten spots of apples.

To make a long story short, you live as cheap and nasty as you can stand it. You don't go to any place of amusement that will cost you a cent. You don't buy any books or magazines, only one of Hearst's papers. All you do is work and save and sleep and try to plug the cavity in your stomachs.



The gap between the Big Change and its official recognition

You put your money in the savings-bank, and your chiefest joy is to foot up the figures in the bank-book over and over again, loving the figures on the left-hand page, hating the figures on the right-hand page. And, by-and-by, what you have robbed from your body and your mind to put into figures under the heading Cash Dr. amounts to \$100! Think of that? A whole hundred dollars! Hooray! Hooray!

And then the next thing is to get it up to \$200. And when that herculean task is accomplished you look away over yonder into the dim future where it will be up to \$1,000. Once attain that dizzy height, the future is all yours. After you get to have a thousand dollars, the rest is all plain sailing. (Uh-huh. Yes, it is!)

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

And don't lose your job. Keep on the good side of the boss at all hazards. Work overtime, work fast, so's if anybody's let go, it won't be you. And don't give up your independence by joining the

union. It costs dues to join the union, and furthermore the boss doesn't like it. He sacks the hands that join the union, and what happens to Cash Dr. then? Let the other fellows strike and boost wages if they can. You stay out of it and nurse that job. If they win, you win, too; if they lose, you aren't out anything. Hang on to that job. You've got a bank-account to look after.

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

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

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

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

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

He looked at me kind o' funny.

Well, there you are. (This actually happened. Very often—indeed, most all the time I get really

bright ideas after it's too late to say them.)

The Big Change hadn't come at all in the little up-state town. So far as the water-supply was concerned, in Brooklyn it was fully come, and was fully recognized. The people of the Borough of Brooklyn admitted that in the matter of water supply The Big Change had come, and in that were governing themselves accordingly. The action of human muscles pumping water and toting it into the house had been replaced by the action of the steam-engine; the "prudence and forethought" of the individual had been displaced by corporate prudence and forethought, thus leaving the individual mind free for other tasks. Not only that, experience had taught the people of Brooklyn that so important an article as water is could not safely be left in the control of a private corporation, would you be less interested in supplying water in great plenty and of great purity than in charging as much for as little as possible, so as to make big dividends for stockholders and pay interest on the bonds. The people of Brooklyn, therefore, governed themselves accordingly, and put the water-supply in the hands of the only corporation they knew of organized, not to make all the money possible out of water for drinking and washing, but to furnish the service at cost. Anybody will agree that there is no particu-

lar virtue attached to being skimpy with water, either outside or inside. Certainly not inside, and I don't think "thrift and economy" as to the external use of water is anything to brag of. I will go further, and say that eating poor food, and wearing cotton-backed shoddy clothing, and living in tucked-up tenements alive with cockroaches (and worse) and never having any fun at all, do not seem to me to be virtues worth suffering much to attain to. On the contrary, "thrift and economy" look to me like prolonged suicide; as if, instead of cutting your throat with one swift stroke of the razor, you should haggle at it for agonizing years with a dull knife.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

life, and that the daily task is a chore we've got to finish up before we go.

CHAPTER VII.

Do you know? if Hymenæus and Philetus, 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?

CHAPTER VIII.

What is the real difference, when they're boiled and peeled, between, on the one hand: Music-making, and show-acting, and picture-painting, and story-writing, and all such capers of mind and body; and, on the other hand, farming, and weaving, and tailoring, and carpeting, and bricklaying and such like?

Suppose you watch a kitten and a cat. The kitten is just as serious as the cat, but you don't laugh at the cat; you do at the kitten. It looks so fierce that it gets you to giggling in spite of yourself. It lashes its tail as it stalks the innocent end of the trailing string before it leaps upon it and rends it limb from limb. It lays its ears back and fights viciously with the wadded-up ball of paper, digging its claws in as if it would tear the bleeding entrails out of the cussed foe. Now, what makes it so funny to watch? Because it is so futile. All failures to come up to pretenses are funny.

In just the same way it is comic to watch children, either when the corn-cob doll done up in a rag has a pain in its poor little tummy, or when Johnny is the fractious horse and Jimmy is the driver. And the old-fashioned things they say, why, you like to kill yourself laughing, only you mustn't let them bear you. You mustn't let on when they "p'tend."

It is easy enough to see that what is play for the kitten is work for the cat, and that when it is a real, live, meat baby that has a pain in its insides, and a four-footed horse that is fractious it is work and not play; all this is practicing, and is to real work what the scale in C is to piano-playing. But

it isn't always so easy to see the value of tag, and hide-and-go-seek and one-old-cat in children; not always easy to see that even in adults, games like baseball, and tennis, or dancing and card-playing or singing and theater-going are just as truly preparations for future work.

Our fathers couldn't see it at all. Before The Big Change came, when Uncle Billy Hardhead was a little boy—Aw my! Ts! Ts! Ts! Ts! No, no. Grown-ups could be and were controlled by the fear of the Bad Place to which they were sure to go unless they could give a strict account of every moment, which did not permit of any idle word or deed. Children could be and were controlled by taking them across your lap.

The most that was conceded to the Old Adam in children was that if they did their chores, and their lessons, then they might go play a little while. Not before, though. But it would be such a satisfaction if they wouldn't play. They mixed up with all kinds of other young-ones; they had no more pride than anything at all; they'd just as lief as not play with the washerwoman's children or niggers. And they got themselves all over mud and dirt—just look at the knees of those stockings, will you? They tore the clothes half off them, and run themselves all out of breath, and whoop and holler, and carry on! Mercy land! Drive a body distracted. And it takes their mind off the more important things; they forget the errands they were sent on; they give their "home-work" a lick and a promise; they neglect their practicing, and they get so wild! They're perfectly possessed to get out of doors and tear around.

But it seems like you just got to put up with it. All work, you know, and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I suppose it's something in their nature like their pestering the life and soul out of you asking questions, why this, and what for that. No use telling them: "Do not ask, What for? and Why?" They want to know: Why they mustn't ask "What for and Why?" I often say: "If you'd only show one-half the interest in your work or in your studies that you do in some fool game or

other that won't profit you one cent—" But, my souls alive! you might as well talk to the wind.

Now, this attitude of mind is a hold-over from the days before The Big Change, when it was a perfectly reasonable attitude of mind, because if Pa and Ma, and all the children as fast as they got big enough to do anything, didn't lick into the day's work for all they were worth, come Spring they'd all have to keep Lent, whether they wanted to or not, because the pork would all be gone, and glad enough they'd be to keep Easter by eating hard-boiled eggs, not so much because the almanac said it was Easter, but because the laying hens said so.

But, since The Big Change has come, those of us who have happened by the favor of the big-bugs to be able to keep their children out of the factory have got the sense that usually comes when you have plenty and still are kept reasonably busy. We see now that old Dame Nature knows a thing or two about the proper way to educate young ones. That everlasting inquisitiveness that used to fret parents when Uncle Billy Hardhead was a boy, that never-still activity, that unconquerable propensity to run and play. We see now, as plain as day, is Nature's way of instruction. Go with the grain, and, good Lord! no telling how prodigiously children can learn. Look at Boris Sidis' boy; only a kid yet, and 'way, 'way up in mathematics, in Harvard, bless your soul, and only in short pants. Go against the grain, and see how dull and listless children are, don't know and don't want to learn.

Play is a tremendously valuable means of education. I think it's a whole lot more important to know that a dandelion stem split with the tongue will make curls than that we live upon the surface of a globe slightly flattened at the poles. It's a whole lot more important to know the difference between an elm tree and a hickory tree than to know what is the capital of Afghanistan. The difference between the elm and the hickory will always be that, but what the capital of Afghanistan may be when you are old enough for it to make any difference to you—why, what's the odds?

To know the world in which you immediately

live, that's mighty valuable. And then the games the children play that are so noisy, and get them all out of breath; they strengthen the lungs, they build up bone and tissue, they teach the muscles to be quick, and sure and strong. They teach the individual to plan, to try to estimate what is in another's mind. They teach co-operation and team-play. They teach forbearance of the strong toward the weak. Why is it so undesirable to be "It?" Because "It" is a public enemy; because "It" has to strive alone to out-do the multitude combined.

These games teach what I wish to God all after life did not so vehemently unteach. Go past wherever children are playing and the frequentest cry of all is: "Aw, now, that ain't fair!" And after that comes, "Cheater, never beater," and, "I ain't a-going to play if you're going to do that way."

That's the talk! That's the talk!

When The Big Change is fully come, I do believe that it will be because the grown men of this country apply to politics the lessons of the play-ground. "We won't play if you are going to do that way." We'll just have our game all to ourselves, and you can't be in it." "Cheater, never beater," and we'll fix it so that cheater can't be beater.

The essential difference between Play and Work is that Play is preparation for usefulness; Work is the dependable activity resulting from such preparation, applied productively. I maintain that it is wicked wastefulness to prevent children or adults from educating themselves by play. I maintain that it is wicked wastefulness to pay people for playing.

I wouldn't give five cents to see a professional ball-game. I'd ever so much rather see all the fields full of scrub games, shrill with the yells of "You're out! You're out!" "I ain't either out!" "Y're so out!" "I am not." "Aw, what's 'e matter witches? Di'n't I see him touch ye?" "Ah, w'at t'h hell do you know about it?" And then the unimpassioned cry of the umpire: "Batter out!" and the game going on.

Don't you think that is better than for thousands upon thousands to take their exercise sitting down?

(To be Continued.)

THE OVERMAN By Ralph Korngold

We were discussing 'the overman' and the relative importance of heredity and environment. The German doctor listened attentively, now and then nodding his big Teutonic head, without however taking part in the conversation.

After a while he said: "I'll tell you the story of an overman, if you'll quit arguing and want to listen."

The conversation rippled out in complete silence and there was a noise of chairs being drawn nearer—the doctor had the reputation of being a good story-teller.

His kindly eyes twinkled with pleasure—it's a great thing to have one's stories appreciated—he readjusted his spectacles on his broad bridged nose, and began.

"I took my degree at Heidelberg, and during my stay there made a friend with whom I was more than ordinarily chummy. He was an aristocrat, a baron, Bernard Von Sutton was his name. We got along very well, although I was democratic in my ideas. He was a strong believer in the theory of the overman. He claimed that some were born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water and that some were born to rule. They who were at the bottom deserved to be there, and they who were on top proved their fitness by being there. That in short was his philosophy. Of course he was wrong. Many of those who are on top are there because they are born on top. If there was to be a new deal all round they might be the first to land at the bottom. Furthermore where there are so many rogues on top there must be something wrong with the rules of the game. But you couldn't convince Von Sutton. 'Look at their faces,' he would say when we would pass some particularly stupid-looking workmen on the street—'how vapid, how disgustingly vapid!' And it was impossible to make him see that environment and education had a great deal to do with the molding of the human face.

"The old baron had died when Von Sutton was only a boy. He had neither brothers nor sisters. His mother, an old solemn-looking dowager, spent nearly all of her time in the stately family mansion in Berlin, although they owned a fine estate in Wurtenberg, where Von Sutton and I occasionally went hunting. Von Sutton worshipped his mother, and was therefore greatly disturbed when one day he received a telegram informing him that his mother had taken very seriously ill, and that he

should come to Berlin at once. He left on the first train, and for a month I heard nothing from him, although he had promised to write.

"One evening—I was alone in my room and was studying by the lamplight—there was a knock on the door and Von Sutton came in. I hardly knew him. He must have lost twenty pounds, there were rings under his eyes and his face had an unhealthy greenish color, the color a man's face assumes when he has been many nights without sleep.

"I immediately guessed that his mother had died, and in this I was not mistaken. Still, after he had told me so and I had expressed my sympathy, I could not help thinking—as I looked at him sitting there by the table, his head sunken in his breast, haggard, crushed and looking ten years older—that there was something else at the bottom of this.

"In a little while he lifted up his head and spoke. Even his voice had changed and seemed deeper, hoarser and less steady. He had me promise that I would not disclose a word to any one of what he was going to tell me—he is dead now and it does not matter.

"He told me of the death of the old dowager, and how she had confessed to him on her death-bed that she was not his mother. He was not even a German. She had been childless for a long time after her marriage, and once while she and her husband had been on a prolonged stay in London they had gone out slumming. On this slumming expedition they had run across his mother—he was only a few months old then. He was a pretty baby, as babies go, and the baroness, who herself, longed for a child, had admired and pitied him greatly. Then the woman had said to her: 'If you like him so much you can have him.' She had not taken him right then, but that night she and her husband had a long conversation and the outcome of it was that they had returned the next day, had taken the child, and had henceforth passed him off as their own. The baroness had told him the woman's name, which was Hopkins, and a few more details, which might help him to identify his parents if he felt inclined to do so.

"He felt more than inclined. He said he would not have a moment's rest until he had run down every clue. He wanted me to go with him to London and help him find his parents. We started off a few days later. I'll not tire you with an account of our search in the great city. It took us months to get on the right track, and several more

months before we descended the greasy steps of a cellar-dwelling where Hopkins, alias Trumbell, alias two or three other aliases, was supposed to live. There was no doubt about the identity. We did not find his father at home—he was doing time in the penitentiary. We found his mother—a dirty drunken old hag, eaten with vermin, whose memory was nearly gone but who after much questioning and many promises of liquor remembered that she had had a child which she had given to a fine lady, and that the lady had given her money. We found his brother, the most disreputable character I have ever seen, who was in the habit of beating up his mother regularly. His face was badly marked up and plastered over, for he had been in a drunken brawl only a few nights ago; but in spite of these disfigurements, and the fact that Von Sutton was some seven or eight years younger, there was a considerable resemblance between the two. We found his sister, a woman of the street, who lived apart from the rest of the family. She first cast amorous looks upon Von Sutton thinking him to be an admirer. After while she abused us for wasting her time, but was pacified with a gift of money. Von Sutton did not make himself known to any of them."

"And did the experience bring about a change in his ideas?" asked one of the listeners.

"I don't know. Two days before we were to leave for Germany he shot himself at the hotel."

That a half dozen jails and penitentiaries are being operated for the benefit of a furniture trust, of which "Boss Cox," of Cincinnati, is one of the most important members, is claimed by Julian Leavitt in the *July American Magazine*.

Fifteen hundred men and boys work for this company at an average price of thirty-four cents a day, and the company is given practically unlimited power over the bodies of these imprisoned men and boys.

One of the largest of these plants is located in New Haven close to Yale university, and the jailer in charge is also the son-in-law of the sheriff and president of the State Federation of Labor.

Another tentacle of the octopus reaches into the *Louisville Courier-Journal* through a director who was formerly managing editor of that paper, and a touch of piety is given to the affair by the fact that this man's brother is also chaplain of the Kentucky penitentiary, one of the plants operated for the benefit of the trust.



THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by TULA STEVENSON

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, representative of the new industrial order of the north, finds himself in unwilling conflict with the old, attractively romantic traditions of the south, because of his position as engineer of a new rail road venture, the St. Augustine and Richmond road. He has established his headquarters at a little southern residence town and his protracted stay has brought him into close contact with a typical old southern family, with a member of which, a young widow, Jane Legare, he has fallen in love. In this family are a brother of Jane Legare, Calhoun Ridgeley and Florida Pickens, Calhoun's cousin.

Calhoun Ridgeley betrays all the hereditary characteristics of his slave-owning forefathers and his violence and ungovernable temper leads him from one act of violence to another. His inherited cowardice (his father ran away at Manassas) and his ungovernable passion lead him to ruin. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Ridgeley, who admires him for his manly physical strength and sometimes is physically attracted almost to believe that she loves him. In the opening chapter Luke presumes on his acquaintance to remind Florida of Calhoun's unworthiness, which is resented to a certain extent by Florida. Luke compares Calhoun with Morgan Witherspoon, another suitor of Florida's, an earnest, sincere young southerner.

On all occasions, Calhoun makes use of his physical command over Florida, which she is very much inclined to obey.

At their every meeting Calhoun becomes more insistent for Florida's hand, and she finally agrees to give him her answer at a specified time. Florida agrees to do this during a walk to Jane Legare's home accompanied by Cal. As they approach her house, they witness an incident, which according to Calhoun is an attempted attack on his sister's honor, though it really is only a conversation between Jane Legare and a negro who had asked her for money. Calhoun on seeing the two together had shouted and the negro in his fright and haste to get away accidentally pushed Jane so that she fell.

Calhoun in his thirst for revenge and in spite of the remonstrance of Luke Sanborn, kills the negro in cold blood.

Following this act, which meets the disapproval of his relatives, Calhoun becomes morose and under the strain of the waiting for Florida's answer takes to drink, spending most of his time in the tavern. Meanwhile Luke proposes to the widow, Jane Legare, and is accepted on condition that he secure the consent of her family which included, of course, her brother, Calhoun.

VI.



ALHOUN RIDGELEY was in the bar of the dingy tavern. He had been virtually cast off by his sister, who really loved him; Colonel Pickens, who represented all those old Southern ideals that Cal most adored, had condemned his action as the

work of a bravo and a betrayal of Southern traditions, and Florida, though he was resolved to see her, had not yet dared to approach. That was why he was now at the tavern, and had been there for pretty much all the time since the night of Jim Jackson's death.

Sanborn could have known this, had he taken the trouble to inquire. Ridgeley's course—the quarrel with his sister; the condemnation by the old Colonel, who felt that all the South had suffered through Cal's action, and the quantity of bad whiskey that Cal was daily consuming, mostly in solitude, at a lonely table in the farthest corner of the bar, directly under the room where Sanborn slept—all these things were matters of intimate knowledge to the proprietor and servants of the tavern. But Sanborn had never courted their gossip and, when they had recently broached the subject of Ridgeley, he had silenced them with a brusqueness that they could in no wise understand. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that, as he now entered the bar-room, he observed the change which a short week had wrought in the man who was just then its only occupant.

Ridgeley was seated at his table in the shadowy corner. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled tight over his long, lank hair to the level of his heavy-eyebrows. His lean face was a dirty white; its beak seemed thinner, its lips, under their long moustache, more than ever like an open wound. The man's great frame was clad in corduroys that were in need of cleaning; his big, hairy hands shook as

he raised his glass to his mouth, and his eyes shone a baleful red.

Sanborn nodded familiarly and, hiding his disgust, took the chair opposite that occupied by the giant. "Hello," he said.

Cal's red eyes considered him suspiciously.

"What the Hell do yo' want?" he demanded.

Sanborn leaned so far back in his chair that his brilliant locks brushed the fly-specked wall. He lit a cigarette.

"I want to marry your sister," he said.

He had expected an explosion, but none came. Cal, with a shaking hand, merely poured another



His lean face was a dirty white

drink from the bottle at his sprawling elbow, drained his glass, wiped his silky moustache with the back of his hand and replied:

"Yo' can't have her."

"All right," said Luke cheerfully. "That's settled. It was a form I had to go through with, you know."

Cal's eyes widened a little.

"Yo' mean yo'll give her up?" he asked. "I thought yo' wanted her—but yo' mean yo'll give her up? Do yo' want to insult us?"

"Oh, no; I merely mean that, having asked you and been refused, I'll now ask Colonel Pickens, and keep on asking. I shan't be discouraged; it took seven days of trumpeting to raze the walls of Jericho."

The giant glowered.

"Sanbo'n," he said, "I can overlook what yo' did a week ago an' at the inquest, but if yo' marry my sister I'll shoot yo' haid off."

"I don't believe it," said Luke, blowing rings at the ceiling. "And," he added, "I've a mind to give you some advice."

"I don't want it."

"Nobody does. Still, giving advice is my one dissipation. I observe that you have others."

"What do yo' mean now?"

"Simply that a fellow that has put himself into the position which you've walked into is inevitably beset by one sure temptation—simply that, and that yo' don't seem to be resisting it."

"Resistin' temptation? Ve'y fine, no doubt, only

it 'pears to me that we may get somethin' fo' what we do, but pow'ful lil' fo' what we don't do. We're rather meanly rewarded fo' our restraints in this world."

"How do you know? Ever tried any?"

"I know this world. I ought to; I'm a man o' the world, I reckon."

"When a man says he's a man of the world, he means he's a man of the half-world. Ridgeley, did you ever think about the next one?"

Cal took another drink. When Sanborn had entered, the giant had already consumed enough liquor to dull his animosity from the fine edge of action to the mere bluntness of the native and stubborn Now, however, he began to come upward at least as far as to the mettle of argument and complaint.

"The nex' world?" he mocked. "By Gawd, Sanborn, sittin' there in this low-down bar-room, yo' look as virtuous as the average sinner when he gets into his Sunday clothes."

"You mistake me," said Luke—he was still perfectly at his ease; his blue eyes were almost dreamy—"you mistake me; I wasn't trying to put the fear of Hell into you; was merely trying to discover if you had a realizing sense of the fact that, some day or other, wherever you go, you've got to die."

"Well, I'm in no hurry about it."

"You seem to be. And I should think that, if you don't care what happens to you after you've gone, you'd at least care a little to leave behind you a name that was worth a few years of remembrance."

Ridgeley, it appeared, was willing for abstract controversy. He drank again.

"Good or bad," he inquired, "what does it matter that my name survives if the thing fo' which the name was *only* a name has perished utterly?"

"Oh, I don't acknowledge that the rest of you does perish," countered Sanborn; "but whether it does or doesn't, you ought to realize that a few people who want to care about you will keep on living upon this earth after you leave it, and that those people have a right to expect that you'll leave them something that can be remembered pleasantly."

Ridgeley sniffed. He drank again.

"Upon my word," he replied, "yo're actually gettin' the clerical voice; a monotonous mixture of the drone an' the whine. Are yo' so ready to die?"

"I am in less of a hurry than you appear to be. Anyway, I'm not taking such trouble to kill myself."

"I reckoned yo' weren't in a hurry. Some way, all these pious folks who are so certain o' gettin' to Heaven are never in any rush to take the train. When I go, I'm goin' by my special express."

Sanborn looked at the sodden giant and, involuntarily, shivered. It was not fear for himself; it was not even that he was consciously aware of all the potentialities for evil that a vicious training and all the inherited memories had stored in this huge carcass. It was rather an instinctive sense that, wreck as this man was, he was a dangerous wreck, a wreck in the destined channel of a score of lives, only half sunken, wholly perilous.

"You don't seem," he said, "to have the slightest fragment of the sense of social responsibility."

"No?" replied Cal agreeably. "Well, yo're not deficient, anyways. It 'pears to me, Sanborn, that yo' are one of those men who have a moral sense abnormally tender to the vices of other people."

Sanborn was just a little nettled, and he showed it. "I don't think I'm unduly merciful to myself," he retorted.

"All right, all right. I'll grant that yo'r conscience is a tyrant to yo'; but when a man's conscience is a tyrant to him, it is a bore to his acquaintances."

Sanborn checked his irritation and decided to attempt another tack. He loathed Ridgeley, but he wanted to do what he could to prove it his sweet-

heart's brother from further disgrace to Jane Legare. The thought that Cal might marry Florida Pickens was repellent, but, on the chance that Cal might really love Florida, Luke based his fresh appeal to the giant's better feelings.

"Ridgeley," he began, "will you try to remember my motives, and so to keep your temper, if I speak to you on a very intimate subject?"

Cal eyed him with the old suspicion reawakened in his blood-shot eyes.

"Now," he said, "yo're goin' to be insultin'. Whenever a man is goin' to be insultin'—less he's mad an' don't care—he begins by tellin' yo' that his motives are damned high."

"I'm not going to be anything if you don't want me to. I only want to pull you up a bit."

Ridgeley laughed, bitterly. Still, with a trembling hand, he poured himself a drink.

"Oh, all right! Fire away, suh."

"Well, then, I suppose that you are in love with Miss Pickens?"

The giant's cheeks flashed into a violent red. He swept his glass from the table and leaped to his feet.

"What business is that o' yo'rs?" he demanded.

"None," said Sanborn, without budging—"unless you make it so."

"Then don't yo' interfere!" thundered Ridgeley. "I reckon yo' think because yo' don't like me that I'm not fit fo' her. I reckon yo' think I don't know how to love. Love? What do yo' know about it, yo' poor, little, timid, ice-water-blooded, slow-movin' mut, yo'?"

At the mere mention of Florida a tremendous emotion had shaken him. He must have been brooding over her for days—for all the days since that when she had asked him to wait a week for her answer. Waiting is hard for men like Calhoun Ridgeley; it feeds the fires. Now it was as if the sound of Florida's name had flung open a great door and admitted a swift draught to the furnace of his passion.

"Love her!" he choked. "Don't I give up my work because I can't work fo' love of her? Don't I sit in this room day-long, broodin', thinkin' of her an' nothing but her? Don't I toss about my bed at nights, sleepless fo' thinkin' of her? Don't I have to get up an' tramp these roads an' fields an' swamps—lookin' at her window, lookin' at the stars, lookin' at the sea—tramp an' tramp an' tramp, a-tryin' to walk it down an' never succeedin'? Who are yo', Luke Sanborn, to ask me whether or no I love her?"

Luke, another cigarette between his lips, waited until the other's breath had failed.

"One of the differences between love and self-love," he then remarked, "is that love has sometimes been known to hold its tongue." Ridgeley, still shaking with passion, was towering above him. "I suppose you wouldn't want anyone else to marry her?" he inquired.

Cal's hairy fist crashed upon the table.

"I'd kill the man that married her!" he swore.

"Even Morgan Witherspoon?"

"Him quicker'n anyone!"

"Though she loved him?"

"She don't love him!"

"And you'd be willing to marry her even if she did?"

"I'd take her at any price."

"Jealous? I see. And of her mere body, of course. We all overlook the desires of the spirit, so long as the flesh hasn't obeyed them. As if it wasn't the spirit that counted! However, that's not my point." He rose slowly and, on his feet, looked up at the contorted visage before him. "Ridgeley," he said, "I don't mean to insult you; I am speaking in all kindness; I believe you might have a chance with Miss Pickens if you'd only take yourself in hand."

The liquor in Cal was, for the moment, softening him. His monotonous voice grew almost tender.

"Miss Pickens," he said, "will marry nobody but a real Southern gentleman."

"That's just it," said Sanborn. "If you don't straighten out, she won't marry you. She may not marry you anyhow, but she certainly won't so long as you remain what you are."

There was every reason for expecting that the reply to this would be physical, but Cal merely sneered.

"Sanborn," he asked, "do yo' by any chance know a Southern gentleman when yo' see him?"

"Yes, I know one quite well."

"Indeed? An' may I inquire who this paragon may be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, who in thunder is he?"

"Morgan Witherspoon."

Ridgeley turned abruptly and walked up and down the dingy room. At last he stopped, again facing Luke.

"Any mo'?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—lots: General Wade, Colonel Pickens, Judge Prevost—the vast majority of Southern men."

"An' yo' don't honor me by a place in yo' li'l list?"

Luke, wondering if his life depended upon his answer, shook his red head.

But Ridgeley, to Sanborn's amazement, only grunted. Emboldened, Luke went on:

"You're not a type; you're a disease. You're one of a few little sores that have broken out, here and there, on the healthy body of the South. If a man has fifty pimples at the same time, his blood is in a bad condition, but one or two don't show that there's anything wrong with him, and there are not enough of you, so far as I've seen, to justify a doctor in prescribing for the South. As a matter of fact, there are as many of you above the Mason and Dixon Line as below it, only those below are, individually, a little larger. But they are wrong, wherever they are—north or south—and nobody hates them more than Sotherners."

The sneer was fading from Cal's face.

"Go on," he said shortly.

"That's all," replied Luke. "You are merely the sort of man that would ruin the South if there were enough of you—but, thank God, there aren't, and the decent people, as they can, and predestined evolution, as it must, are going to solve all problems in spite of you."

Ridgeley resumed his walk. When he came to the bar-window, looking out upon the road, he stopped. Billy Turner, the young mulatto that had once been the servant of Florida's twin-brother, and the brave messenger that had warned Sanborn of Jackson's impending doom, was passing, and Cal now called to him.

The man entered. His large, spaniel-like eyes were wide, and fright wrote itself plainly on his face.

"Wait a minute, Billy," said Cal. "Yo'll pardon me," he continued to Sanborn: "there's a note that I must write and send by this boy."

Luke nodded. He saw Ridgeley take a seat at the table nearest the window, produce a notebook from his pocket, scribble a few words on a sheet, tear that out, address it and hand it to the mulatto.

"There, Billy," said Cal; "take this to the address I've written on it. Yo' can read, can't yo'? Oh, yes, I remember: Miss Flor'da taught vo' when vo' were a vallow pickinniny. Well, take this to the address I've written. Here's a—"

He stopped in sane embarrassment; then, after a breath of hesitation, he crossed the room to Luke.

"I beg yo' pardon, Sanborn," he said, in a voice too low for the mulatto to hear, but in a tone from which one could not have concluded that there had ever been any difference of opinion between the two whites: "I beg yo' pardon, but I find myself unexpectedly sho't o' funds, an' I'd be ve'y much obliged to yo' if yo'd jes' give me the loan o' two-bits fo' this yallow boy."

Sanborn suppressed a smile and produced the money. Cal returned to Billy.

"Here's some change fo' yo' work," he said. "Now mind yo' don't be lazy gettin' it there!"

The mulatto touched his hat.

"Any answer, Marse Cal?"

"No—no answer. Yo' needn' come back."

Turner put his hand upon the door-knob, but Luke called to him.

"If you want to earn a little more, Billy," he said, "you might come back anyhow—come by way of the tailor's, if that's on your road!"

"It is on his road, Sanborn," said Cal.

"All right, come that way and bring me my clothes that are there to be pressed for tomorrow."

Billy hurried away, and Cal, for a few minutes longer, resumed his uninterrupted walk. At length he again approached the table by which Luke still lounged and, picking up the glass that he had knocked to the floor, sat down with another dram in his hand. He bowed gravely to Sanborn, over the liquor, then, with a simultaneous movement of head and wrist, tossed it off.

"I thank you," he said.

"The money?" asked Luke. "Oh, don't mention it. If any more would be useful—"

Ridgeley raised his hand:

"I don't know; that's what I'm studyin' about."

Sanborn sat down, found a fresh cigarette and began to smoke. He did not want to risk diverting Ridgeley's thought by a too close scrutiny; he looked, therefore, at the smoky ceiling; but he wondered to whom that note had been addressed; he wished his own code of propriety would permit his making inquiries of Billy Turner when Billy should have come back, and he was puzzled over the problem of just what fruit was laboring to birth from the seed that he had sown in the soil of this young giant's slow mind.

Presently Ridgeley spoke.

"I beg yo' pa'don," he said; "I have been somewhat preoccupied an' worried about a number o' things these past few days, an' I'm not quite mys'f—so I believe I never asked yo' to have a drink."

"No harm done," said Sanborn cheerfully; "I really don't care for anything."

He tried to keep all feeling from his voice, but Ridgeley was suspicious.

"Yo' think I've had enough?" he inquired.

"Well," said Sanborn, "since you ask it; yes, I do."

Ridgeley smiled.

"I'm afraid, suh, that yo' underestimate my capacity. The landlord frequently leaves me in practical charge o' the bar when there's not much business—or when it's fair-day in the city, an' I simply try to see that he doesn't lose anythin' by the rarity o' customers."

He fell silent again, moody, while Luke, still unwilling to interrupt, smoked more cigarettes. At last, with a little premonitory cough, Cal spoke.

"O' coorse," he said gently, "I ought by rights to knock yo' haid off."

Sanborn bowed in acknowledgment of Ridgeley's restraint.

"An' o' coorse," pursued Cal, "I'm by no means prepared to admit, jes' yet, either yo' qualifications to marry my sister or yo' right to judge o' my actions."

"Oh, *de gustibus*, you know!"

"Yes. But what I mean's this: I don't care whether I'm the nose on the face o' the South or a pimple on the end o' the nose. What I want to do is to marry Miss Pickens, an' I do feel that maybe she looks at this matter o' Jim Jackson's death about the way that yo' look at it."

"I have every reason to believe that she does."

Ridgeley straightened up in his chair. It appeared that he intended the movement to be symbolic.

"Well," he said, "if yo're right, I mean to give myself a boost up."

Luke eyed him narrowly. Did he mean it?

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," he said. "There's no reason why you can't."

"Oh, o' coorse there's no reason why I can't; the only question is whether I want to."

Sanborn had heard that sort of sentiment expressed more than once before, but he did not say so. Ridgeley went on:

"So I've decided that if Miss Pickens wants me to change my opinions an' mode o' life, I'll change them."

Luke rose and put out his hand.

"Good," he said. "Will you shake?"

Very gravely Ridgeley took the proffered hand in his great, hairy paw. He squeezed it until Sanborn nearly yelled with pain.

"And now," asked Luke, "about that money?"

"Quite apart from our personal differences?" insisted Cal.

"Oh, quite!"

"Well, suh, I should be ve'y much indebted to yo' if, seein' that I intend to resume work fo' yo' on the comin' Monday mornin', yo'd lend me fifty dollars to pay a little bill that I owe in the city be'o' the shops close at ten o'clock tonight, an' then take it out o' my pay at the regular rate o' two an' a half a week."

Sanborn was amused. Moreover, he doubted the wisdom of entrusting the man with so much money.

"Can't you wait till Monday?" he asked. "I haven't the cash at hand."

"I'm might sorry," said Ridgeley, with polite firmness, "but the debt is one o' honor. I am forced to pay it tonight, an' as it is a faro-debt, it has to be paid in specie."

Luke began to feel as if this man were a creditor. He squirmed a little, thinking of Jane, and he saw no escape.

"Suppose," suggested Ridgeley, "that yo' send Billy to cash the check at the station—he ticket-agent knows yo'. I have to meet a man at the foot o' Beaufain's Pond. Tell Billy, when he comes back, to bring the money to me there."

Sanborn took the plunge.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "Don't think that I wasn't willing—"

"Not at all, suh, not at all. Yo' really won't join me in a li'l liquor? I regret it. Mr. Sanborn, my regards!"

He had poured himself a long drink, and, when he had swallowed it, he walked, with steady step, out of the tavern and down the road.

(To be continued next week)

Sure Enough

Pat got a job moving kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion which blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Pat calmly.

"Why not?"

"'Cos there's only me and you," was the reply.—*Harper's Monthly*.

The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.
Shakespeare.

THE SHOP SLAVE IN BRITAIN

THE SHORTAGE GUARANTEE DODGE AND THE CHARACTER TRICK

(Continued from last week.)

THE "hazing" of the shopman has been reduced to a fine art here in Britain. The "radius" agreement is only one out of a variety of capitalist dodges to restrict his liberty and to bleed him. What is known as "sandbagging the shop assistant," owing to its deadliness and secrecy, is the use of the Guarantee. For this purpose the employer allies himself with the Guarantee or Insurance Society in what is little less than a criminal conspiracy to defraud the wretched employe, who, fighting a lone hand, has absolutely no redress and no chance against the tremendous interests opposed to him.

Here is the Guarantee "sandbag" in a word. The employer in this country regards his employe as a man who, whenever possible, must be bled and bled well. It is not sufficient that he pays him the magnificent sum of \$5 a week as wages, but he must be "got at" and some of these wages sucked back from him. To do this he takes the apparently honest and natural course of insuring himself with a Guarantee Society against shortage of stock through ordinary trade leakage, depreciation, or petty pilfering. So far, so good. He has as much right to insure himself against these things as he has to take out a policy on his life or on his nose.

Ingenious Delivery

But here we first see the "hoof, tail and claws," all complete. The employer compels his employe to pay the premium for all this insurance, and a clause to that effect is inserted in his Assistant's Agreement, which, incidentally, he is often not even allowed to peruse before signing. I have received dozens of letters to prove this. That premium has to be paid by the wage-slave every year, he gets no receipt for it, and it never grows smaller. As one man writes: "In the great majority of cases, employes do not handle money at all in the course of their work, but, knowing they are mistrusted by their employers, they still pay, pay, pay, and live on."

The vileness of this will be seen when it is remembered that, in any case the risk of shortage of stock is a trade risk, the same as any other, and should obviously be borne by the employer, who takes good care that he collars the profits whilst he shelves his losses upon the helpless shoulders of his employes, and especially of his branch managers, who have neither the power to engage nor to dismiss those under them, yet are held responsible for all shortages.

But if you imagine that this Captain of Industry is at the end of his resources at this stage, you are making the error of your life.

There are many firms in this country, whose names are in my possession, who, when they engage a branch manager, do not even acquaint him with the value of the stock on hand for which he is held responsible, and do not permit him to check it!

He simply has to shut his eyes, take his plunge, and trust to luck.

All that sounds stimulating in this year of our Lord, 1911, but it is only the Boss' little playfulness when compared with the following.

The Shopman's Nightmare

The modern guarantee society has become the terror of the manager's existence. It is a nightmare which never leaves him, sleeping or waking. Men have written to me that their hair has turned grey, and their daily life made a hell on earth by these respectable Guarantee societies, on the executives of which sit men whose names are supposed to be a guarantee for integrity and opulence. Here, as elsewhere, the terms are more or less interchangeable.

It is the pleasant little habit of these powerful corporations, after they have, under his insurance policy, paid over to the employer the amount of his shortage of stock, to fall upon and compel the unfortunate branch manager concerned to refund to them (the guarantee society) the amount they have paid to the employer, and for which he (the branch manager) has paid the insurance premium.

How is that for original sin!

I have before me, as I write, the following letter signed by the Secretary of the largest Guarantee Society in this country, and addressed to a poor devil of a shopman, dated February 15:

"I have now given you notice that my Board of Directors have now admitted your employer's claim in the sum of £..... for payment, being shortage at selling prices, £....., less 15 per cent for added profit—£....."

"The matter may now be said to assume a very serious aspect indeed, and unless satisfactory arrangements be made by you for payment over to

By Desmond Shaw

British Correspondent COMING NATION.

the society of the sum in question, the next step will follow."

But you may ask, how can a society compel an outsider to pay something for which he is not liable under the law, and which he has insured himself against—for the payment of the employer's premium by the employe amounts to that?

Simply because if the unfortunate wage-slave refuses to comply with this extortion, he is cut off from his livelihood as certainly as though he were confined in a stone cell. Each guarantee society has its "blacklist," upon which appears the names of men who have refused or have been unable to meet the demands put forward, with the result that the luckless individual will not again be insured, and, as nearly all employers insist upon their employes being guaranteed, it means that the man involved is damned and that he will never be employed again.

Some day I shall write the history of the "shop inquisition" and the methods of exchanging information from employer to employer, so that, with the growth of the trust in Britain, the time is fast approaching when the lives of all wage-slaves are held fast in the grip of the big chiefs who control the combines.

But I go a step further, and assert fearlessly that the whole guarantee system as practiced today is used by dishonest employers for the purpose of swelling their profits, that the Guarantee societies know this, but that both parties wink at the whole thing and take it out of the employe with their tongues in their cheeks.

Yet, every possible precaution is taken by the employer to prevent shortages of any sort whatever. Again, you ask, "Why trouble to prevent shortages when they can recover them from the Guarantee Societies?" Simply because the shortages claimed from the Societies and the actual shortages are in many cases two entirely distinct things. Also, I assert that the Guarantee Societies must know this. If this were not the case, the dishonest Shop Boss, like his kindred spirit in the manufacturing world, would not take the trouble to prevent shortage any more than the manufacturer blackguard takes the trouble to prevent accident by covering in his machinery, as he is protected by the Insurance society.

A Pen Dipped in Blood

It would need a pen dipped in blood to adequately convey the gist of the letters and communications which I have received from all parts of Britain since I started my exposures.

One man told me how, after working up the weekly receipts of a firm named Gallon & Son (one of the great multiple shop combines) from £23 to £50 in one case and from £25 to £60 in another, because he had two leakages of 3¼ per cent, was dismissed almost at a moment's notice.

Not satisfied with this, they blackened his character so that for a long period he was out of work, and finally, driven to desperation by their hounding down, he contemplated suicide. However, by a streak of good fortune, he has now obtained work.

Another man, a Londoner, writes to me: "My own experience has been disastrous. After 23 years in the Grocery and Provision Trade, 7 years in my last situation, and with first-class testimonials from my previous employers, I was dismissed from my branch because of shortages, which my firm claimed from the Guarantee Society. Although they threatened me with imprisonment I was unable to meet their demands, and I now find myself without a reference, have been seeking employment for 22 weeks without success, and am now without money and without hope."

You may ask what constitutes a shortage. It is obvious that no man, however careful, can weigh out a cwt. of butter in ¼ and ½ lbs, without being on the wrong side, yet a weekly shortage of \$1 on a turnover of \$300 is regarded as excessive. All stock sent in to branches is charged at *net weight and full retail price*, even the paper in which butter and margarine is wrapped being weighed in at the same price per lb. as the particular quality it is to be used for.

The maximum shortage permitted by the employer is the same winter and summer, and that despite the fact that the loss on butter during the hot weather is three times what it is in winter, oil running out

of cheese and water out of butter to such an extent that there is only one way to keep things right, and that is by cheating the customer! either by weighing added water, giving short weight, or overcharging. This last has been vouched for by the assistants themselves.

Some years ago the employers discovered that a chest of tea gained weight in transit through absorbing atmospheric moisture. As a result they now send their inspectors from branch to branch having chests of tea turned out and weighed, some having gained to the extent of 1 lb. I know cases where a 2-oz. or 4-oz. excess on a chest of 120 lbs. has been charged against the manager.

It is all pitiful.

Now we come to the "character trick."

It is becoming a very common practice for a firm, when a man wishes to leave in order to improve his position, to refuse to give him a character of any kind, or to give him a bad character without justification.

Further than that, there is a kind of secret service between the chiefs of the great firms by which a man can be prevented from gaining his livelihood through the understanding that he is not to be taken on, either because he has dared to fight the radius iniquity, or has refused to pay his guarantee premium, etc.

There is no law in Britain to compel a firm to give a man a character, good or bad, nor is there any law which compels an employer to disclose what he writes about a man to another employer with whom the man is trying to find employment.

Here is a concrete example of one case out of many hundreds.

A man in one of the great manufacturing towns in the north of England was dismissed after eight years' service upon the plea that his shortages were excessive. The real reason was that the man had got himself disliked by one of the petty officials of the firm, and he was one of their most successful branch managers, pushing the week's takings of his branch from £20 to £50.

Thrust Back!

This man has repeatedly managed after great effort to open negotiations with various firms in order to secure employment, and time after time his hopes have been crushed, and he has been thrust back into the slough of unemployment owing to the damaging reference, given behind his back, by his recent employers.

I managed to get a copy of this document which reads:

"RE R. D. This man was in our employ for some years, and he left us about a month ago. 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."

Note those last words re his steadiness. They were inserted to cover themselves from the law, because in another letter written by the same firm re this man they say: "We cannot vouch for a man's honesty who has a heavy leakage." They cannot have it both ways. Either the man was honest or he was not honest.

This unfortunate took an action for defamation of character, etc., in the courts and, of course, lost his case, for here, as in the States, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. That is so clearly recognized that in this country a man never dreams of going to law unless he has a big bank balance behind him. The employer almost invariably wins.

The preceding is a plain statement of facts, facts which are substantiated over and over again. The shop assistants since the exposure of their employers has appeared in the public press have been terrorized, and, as a result, their mouths have been more or less shut tightly. No greater support of the evidence adduced can be given than that in many cases, the poor wretches have been so harassed, that they have asked me to use their names, for, as one man puts it, "I am between the devil of the employer and the deep sea of starvation. I am helpless and hopeless. Nothing worse can befall me."

Yet every man whose name is published is a marked man—cut off from living as effectually as though the knife or the bullet were used.

In my next article I will show to my readers something of the "living-in" shambles, the beastliness of the herding together of men and women in the dormitories of the great business houses and the terrible results which accrue from the whole "living-in" system.

(To be continued.)

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Smiting the Trust

Demon in Australia

The government of Australia has tried busting the trusts. Next week Charles Edward Russell will tell the results. Many people have said there are no trusts in Australia. Russell shows that they are as numerous and as pernicious in the antipodes as on this side of the earth.

The trusts under the Southern Cross control the government and exploit the producers just as they do under the Great Dipper. The fight upon them has been waged in a little different manner and Russell describes the fight and tells how it turned out.

This article is the third in the series, "More Light on the Common Good," and it is especially interesting just now when the trust-busting campaign is in full swing. It shows how the most strenuous efforts to restore competition by moving industrial evolution backwards failed to accomplish anything. This article should be placed in the hands of every person who thinks that the trust can be destroyed, regulated or controlled under private ownership.

Horace Taylor's illustrations will accompany the next installment of "The Big Change." He has been ill, and then there was a delay in getting the text to him for illustration, and this combination of circumstances prevented the appearance of his illustrations this week. The drawings came just as the COMING NATION was going to press and they are just a little better than usual.

There has been a big political strike in Turkey that has produced some important international changes. It has compelled legislation and altered the relations between nations. Yet not a whisper concerning it has appeared in any American paper. Next week the COMING NATION will publish the whole story with some photographs of the scenes involved.

These are just a few of the things coming soon. There are plenty more yet to come. We are going to do our best to put out a magazine of which the Socialists of the United States can be proud, and which anyone, Socialist or non-Socialist will be glad to read. To do this is taking more money than has ever been put into a Socialist publication before. To obtain that money will require the active co-operation of every person who wishes to see such a magazine published.

That is why subscription blanks were placed in your copy of the COMING NATION this week or the week before. On the use you make of those subscription blanks will depend the plans that we can make for the COMING NATION during the next year. You can imagine with what anxiety we will watch and wait for your reply.

Capitalism's Conspiracy in California, by Frank E. Wolfe. *The White Press, Los Angeles, Cal. Paper, 32 pp 10c.*

This is a complete presentation of the most important facts concerning the McNamara case. The most striking portion of it is a parallel between this case and that of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. There are illustrations of the principal persons.

Protect The Dear People

BY A. M. SIMONS



HE wise, and the good and the powerful have always declared that they sought power only for the sake of the people. It was because the people needed a guardian, the sheep a shepherd, the children a father, that kings have consented to occupy thrones, and judges to sit upon benches. Slowly, inch by inch, democracy has made its way against this hypocrisy. Now the old plea is dressed in new garments. We are told that the people must be protected against democracy. That their interests must be guarded against the sudden changes which would be made if the will of the people were left untrammelled.

Instead of kings we have constitutions and supreme courts and presidents.

The people must be protected. They must not be permitted to change their minds. Constitutions must be hedged about with provisions against change.

These things are still said with sober face a hundred years after the doctrine of the divine right of kings is supposed to be dead.

One would think that these constitutions were made by supermen. Indeed, those who defend them against change unconsciously adopt the position that the dead could have done no wrong.

Because democracy will not put property above persons, the interests that defend property in persons are those that oppose democracy.

Since each generation has less respect for rulership and robbery, rulers and robbers are always appealing to the judgment of the past against the present.

It's the fashion just now to warn the people against sudden changes in "fundamental laws." We are told that the voters must be protected against their will to alter the laws their fathers or their great grandfathers made.

Some people who no longer believe in witchcraft, voodooism and signs of the moon still accept the idea that wisdom as to legislation died with the forefathers. They prate of the necessity of "checks" upon the popular will, of restrictions on majority rule. They tell us that we need Senates and Supreme Courts and Presidential vetoes and unchangeable constitutions to keep us from getting what we think we want.

Some questions are suggested by this line of argument. If we do not know today what we want how did our ancestors learn what we would want? Do we, in our turn, know what our descendants will want better than they will know?

Who is to decide at what points the "checks" are to be placed? How do we know that we will suffer more by getting what we want than by keeping what we do not want?

The whole theory of restrictions and checks and balances upon the popular will belongs to the age of chain armor and stage coaches, and the divine right of kings and other relics of feudalism.

It is much safer and entails less suffering for the majority to learn by making mistakes than to be tutored and robbed by an exploiting minority. The only check that should be laid upon the popular will is the results of its actions.

There is no good slavery. There can be no bad liberty.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

Intellectual Equality

From *Applied Sociology* by Lester F. Ward.

The proposition that the lower classes of society are the intellectual equals of the upper classes will probably shock most minds. At least it will be almost unanimously rejected as altogether false. Yet I do not hesitate to maintain and defend it as an abstract proposition. But, of course, we must understand what is meant by intellectual equality. I have taken some pains to show that the difference in the intelligence of the two classes is immense. What I insist upon is that this difference in intelligence is not due to any difference in intellect. It is due entirely to difference in mental equipment. It is chiefly due to difference in knowledge, if we include in knowledge a familiarity with the tools of the mind and an acquired ability to utilize the products of human achievement, as I have defined this term in *Pure Sociology*. It

was there shown that each age of the world's history stands on a platform erected by all past ages. It is true that all the members of society have the use to a certain extent of the products of past achievement, but in no other sense do those members stand on the elevated platform who do not actually possess the heritage of the past. Now, as a matter of fact, it is only what I have called the intelligent class who really possess this heritage. They, of course, possess it in varying degrees, but most of them possess enough of it to give them dominion over those who do not possess it.

I have shown in the same work that social heredity is not a process of organic transmission, that no part of the social germ-plasm passes from one individual to another, but that all knowledge must be separately acquired by every individual. The social organization must be such as to infuse it into the members of society as fast as they are capable of receiving it. This infusion of it is social transmission, and unless it is infused it is not transmitted. The only way in which products of past achievement have been preserved has been through such a degree of social organization as is sufficient to infuse them into a certain number of members

of society. This number has always, in the historical races, been large enough to prevent their being lost, and most of all human achievement has been preserved. But it is easy to imagine this great social duty to be neglected and all human achievement lost. There are parts of the world in which this has virtually happened, and this is the way in which races degenerate.

But society has never and nowhere been so organized as to transmit the products of achievement to more than a small fraction of its members. These constitute the intelligent class. The rest are all intellectually disinherited, and while the intellectually disinherited always include and are nearly coextensive with the materially disinherited, the former is much the more serious condition. For the intellectual inheritance would bring with it the material inheritance and all the other advantages that are enjoyed by the intelligent class. Of all the problems of applied sociology that which towers above all others is the problem of the organization of society so that the heritage of the past shall be transmitted to all its members alike. Until this problem is solved there is hardly any use trying to solve other problems. Not only are most of them otherwise incapable of solution, but this primary problem solved, all others will solve themselves.

But here we encounter the great sullen, stubborn error, so universal and ingrained as to constitute a world view, that the difference between the upper and lower classes of society is due to a difference in their intellectual capacity, something existing in the nature of things, something preordained and inherently inevitable. Every form of sophistry is employed to uphold this view. We are told that there must be social classes, that they are a necessary part of the social order. There must be laborers and unskilled workmen to do the drudgery work of the world. There must be menial servants to wait upon us. What would society do without the scavenger? All of which, while clearly showing the persons who thus argue not only fear but believe that the lower classes are capable of being raised to their level, reveals a lack of reflection and an incapacity for logical reasoning scarcely to be met with elsewhere. It recalls the remark of the Scotch engineer whom some fortune transported to the plains of Kansas before the days of the Pacific railroads, that there could be no railroads in that country, for "where are the hills to put the tunnels through?"

The Socialist Scouts

One of the most popular Scout premiums is this box of nine separate tricks given to boys or girls when they have ordered \$1 worth of papers.



There's lot of fun and plenty of mystery in this box. While the tricks are mystifying they are quite simple and children as young as six years can entertain and confuse adults with little practice. Many other premiums come free to youngsters who sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason*. It costs nothing to begin this work. Any child who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies may have a bundle of ten NATIONS to start the work. Address "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas," and full instructions will accompany first bundle.

Sulzer, Alaska, June 14, 1911.

Dear Editor of *Children's Page*—I never saw a letter in the COMING NATION from Alaska so I thought I would write one. I have never been to school but papa and mamma have taught me three years. I like it fine in Alaska. My papa is a Socialist. I will be eleven years old the ninth of August. This is my first letter and I hope to see it printed. Yours truly,
HELEN PAUF.

"The common curse of mankind—folly and ignorance."



The Mule Who Couldn't See

He was a big, brown mule and he stood hitched to a post at one end of the quay at Key West flicking his tail and apparently indifferent to his surroundings. My attention was first called to him by the ship steward who pointed him out to me and said he was a new passenger we would have with us to Tampa.

We were watching the big crowd of negro dock laborers, first unload from our steamer the freight from New York, and then load it again with other freight for Tampa and Mobile. It was dusk when the steamer had slipped into the quay and night had come on when the laborers were working. It was an interesting and picturesque sight to see them wheel the barrels and boxes up and down the gangway leading into the ship, their black faces shining in the light from the big arc lamps that swung over the quay. The laborers worked steadily but not too swiftly, singing as they worked, and without a single mishap, although it did look sometimes as if they could not help but run into one another's trucks. But they were all experts, and the boss, also a negro, seemed to have very little bossing to do. I learned afterwards that the Key West dock laborers are very independent in spirit and demand and receive better wages for their work than those at any other southern port because of this.

No one seemed to pay any attention to the mule, until the dock was cleared of the freight and then preparations were made to get the big fellow on board. I had not thought it would be a very difficult job, but that was because I didn't know any better, for the preparations were conducted on quite an extensive scale. Then we passengers knew something interesting might happen and we got into position along the deck of the steamer where we could see the fun.

First, they raised large sideboards on each side of the gangway and when I asked what that was done for I was told a horse had walked clear over the side of the gangway on a previous trip and had got drowned in the bay. They didn't want to take chances on the mule doing the same thing. It took some time to get the gangway fixed, after a lot of shouting by the boss and hollering from the laborers and hauling back and forth of the planks that made up the sideboards.

Meanwhile, every bit of loose wood or other material was picked up off the dock and taken away until there was nothing there that the mule could stumble over or run into. Then all the laborers—about sixty of them—formed a big half-circle around the dock, having the gangway for the centre, and the boss himself went over to the mule, who all this time was unaware what a lot of trouble he had been causing. With the assistance of a laborer the boss tried to put a sack over the mule's head so as to cover his eyes and blindfold him. This was not done very easily, for, of course, the mule did not understand why he should be treated in this way, so he kept jerking his head around and jerking the boss with it until the latter was angry and tired. What made it worse was that everybody was laughing at the boss and no boss likes to be laughed at, you know, especially by those working under him.

At last, after three or four men hung on to his head and held him by sheer force, the mule was blindfolded, unhitched and led along the quay. Everybody got into line in the circle again and everything was ready. The boss marched the mule up to the gangway but as soon as they reached it the mule stopped and began to back away, taking the boss with him. All the laborers began to holler and back away too, for a

mule's hind feet are notoriously forceful when they get going.

When the mule stopped backing, the boss walked him around a few times and then led him up to the gangway again. The mule stopped and backed away again. The same performance was gone all over again. The next time the boss ran the mule swiftly up and down the dock and then switched him suddenly over to the gangway but the mule stopped again and wouldn't go another step. This was repeated several times, and through it all the negro laborers were shouting advice how it should be done, and the delighted passengers were laughing and applauding. The mule was coaxed and bullied and driven but he would not step up onto that gang plank.

Finally, after one more trial at the foot of the gangway, the boss got so exhausted and angry that he shook the mule's head furiously by the halter and the mule resented this by swinging his head in return. In the scuffle that took place, the sacking slipped off the mule's head, leaving the eyes uncovered. That instant he saw the gangway, and without a moment's hesitation he stepped forward and marched up it into the hold of the steamer to everybody's great surprise, and to the discomfiture of the amazed boss.

"There was no need of all that fuss! All he wanted was to see where he was going, after all," said the man standing beside me.

"Yes," I replied, "like most working people, all they need is to have their eyes uncovered and when they see the right way to go, they'll take it." W. M.

The Young Socialists Magazine

The Young Socialists' Magazine for June is almost like a new magazine, it is so greatly improved. We knew it before as The Little Socialist Magazine and in the old form it had many friends among the children. Now it has stories, poems and news of Socialist schools, clubs and activities that will interest young and old children and will make certain a much larger circle of friends.

It appears once a month and the price is only fifty cents a year and cheaper than that in bundle orders. It is published at 15 Spruce street, New York City and its editors are Mr. and Mrs. Lore.

The June number has a front page illustration and a number of fine short articles on war, the boy scout movement and the wrong kind of patriotism. There is also a page telling what the young Socialists of Europe are doing by Robert Danneberg, of Vienna, a story about "Fairies Which Really Exist," by Dr. Antoinette Konikow, and the description of the first May celebration of the New York schools by Francis M. Gill. A feature is the children's page, where original stories and letters appear. The two last pages are in the German language for the benefit of our little German comrades.

The Victor

BY RODA RODA.

The sheep stood trembling in the fold, crowded close for protection. Their senses, quickened by fear, had detected the approach of the hungry beasts before the shepherds, yes, even before the dogs had noticed anything amiss.

"Wolves," gasped Konjien.
"Two wolves," whispered Melehme, peering out into the darkness through a crack in the beams.

"Three wolves. Let us wake the dogs."

They bleated distressfully until the fiercest dog of all awoke. He listened a moment, sensed the wolves, and without a moment's hesitation, barking furiously, darted to the gate, catching Laryk, the

thief who was just about to creep in at the throat.

Like a flash the dogs were aroused—the shepherds sprang from their beds with axes and guns—shots were fired, shouting—choking cries—howls of pain—the dying moans of the crushed sounded through the night.

Far out into the snow dogs and men chased the fleeing pack of wolves.

Howling with pain the wolf-mother lay in the ditch by the fence.

"I do not wonder that the sheep fear us. They fear for their lives. I do not wonder at the men. They are struggling for their food. But the dogs—why should they be fiercer, more relentless even than their masters, the shepherds. Do the sheep belong to the dogs. May the dogs eat their flesh, drink their milk, shear their wool? Why do the dogs forget us—who are of their own race, their wild, hungry cousins? While they, the well-fed traitors, are growing sleek and fat in their slavery, we roam free through thorns and shrubs—and have no worse enemies than our fine brothers—the dogs."

With these words the wolf died in the ditch by the fence.

The shepherds, heavily laden with pelts, were returning. Barking tri-

umphantly, the dogs sprang up about them.

"That was a lively chase, brothers," cried out the oldest of the shepherds. "We will refresh ourselves with wine. Boy, fetch the bottle." And they sat down around the fire.

The sheep had put their heads together and were excitedly discussing the chase. Then Konjien forced his head out between the beams and said to the shepherds:

"Thank you, our masters, who feed and protect us. Thanks, fervent thanks to you and to the dogs who have just rescued us from great danger. Thanks in the name of the whole herd."

The old shepherd nodded pleasantly. "I am glad that the sheep appreciate our kind care. We risk our lives for your sake so often that it is but fitting that you should repay our good deeds by love. Go, Konjien, and assure the herd of our good will."

Konjien went. They drank wine.

"Are you not hungry, brothers, after the chase?" asked one. "Shall we kill Konjien, the old ram?"

And they killed him. He died a patriot. —From the Young Socialists' Magazine.

Heroes in a Light House



The Light House at Belle Ile, Brittany.

Mme Matelot and Charles and Marie



(This is a true story of something that happened a few weeks ago in Belle Ile, Brittany, France. It is a story of heroism and service for others that causes a thrill in everyone's heart and all the more because little children had so much a part in it.)

In the lighthouse on the lonely headland of Belle Ile, Brittany, a mother and two children kept the great light which shone thirty miles across the waters to warn sailors of the headland, burning, while the father lay dying and dead below.

Marie Matelot, the mother, was a simple, shy Breton woman, of middle age. There were Charles and Marie, the children, besides little Eugenie, the very dear baby sister.

Father Matelot did not feel very well when he rose in the morning but he went about cleaning his lamp just as usual. But as the day went on, he grew worse and before the lamp was finished and ready for lighting he had to go to bed.

Mother Matelot did her very best for him, but he was very ill, and before they could get the doctor, he died. But even while Mother knew that he was dying, she thought of the lamp.

She hurried up the stairs and found that it was all filled and ready, so she lit it, and then she discovered that Father Matelot had not wound up the weights which made it revolve.

"What shall I do," said poor Mother Matelot to herself. "I know nothing about machinery, but what will those

poor sailors out there do if they cannot see the red light which flashes for them every two minutes. There are cruel rocks here."

Suddenly she thought of Marie and Charles. They could keep the light burning, while she watched beside the father's bed.

So down she went and told Marie and Charles what they were to do to keep the light turning. "You know you must do what Father would do if he were alive," she said to the children. "The weights won't work, so you must just push the lantern around with your hands."

Up the children climbed and from seven o'clock at night until half-past four in the morning they worked. First one would make the lantern take twenty revolutions. Then the other would take his turn, while the first would rest.

At half past four Charles crept down and asked his mother if they could not stop.

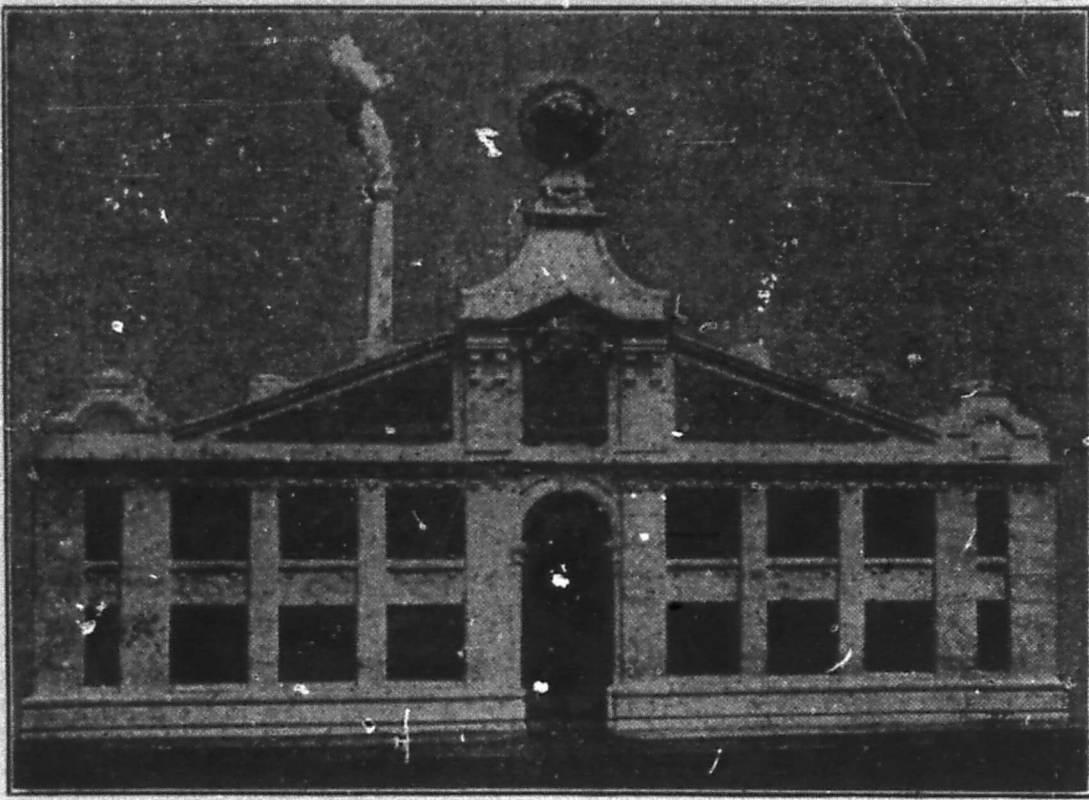
"Yes," she said. "It is light now, and the ships will be quite safe without the light."

I wonder how many lives were saved by Marie and Charles on that dreadful night, when they did "what Father would have done" and sent the red flashes from Belle Ile thirty miles across the water.

Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature.—Abraham Lincoln.

Him that makes shoes goes barefoot himself.—Burton

Co-Operative Shoe Factory



The success of the French Co-operative movement was amply demonstrated at the recent inauguration of the wholesale Co-operative shoe factory at Lillers, Pas de Calais. Between five and six thousand people attended the ceremony, consisting of a great procession and an open air meeting. Delegates from the co-operatives of Paris, Ardennes, Aisne, lower Seine and the Somme arrived by special train. They, together with Deputies Jaures and Lauche, Members of the National Council of the French Socialist party, Dubreuilh, Renaudel, Jean Longuet, Uhry and Poisson were welcomed at the station by an enormous crowd which formed in procession and marched to the grounds of the Co-operative.

The new factory was built at a cost of 250,000 francs and occupies 6,693 square yards. The space is taken up almost entirely by one vast hall so that air and light is there in abundance. One feels that work in such a place is not a wearisome punishment, but an enjoyable, healthy and well regulated exercise. All idea of gain and lucre has been banished. Each worker is

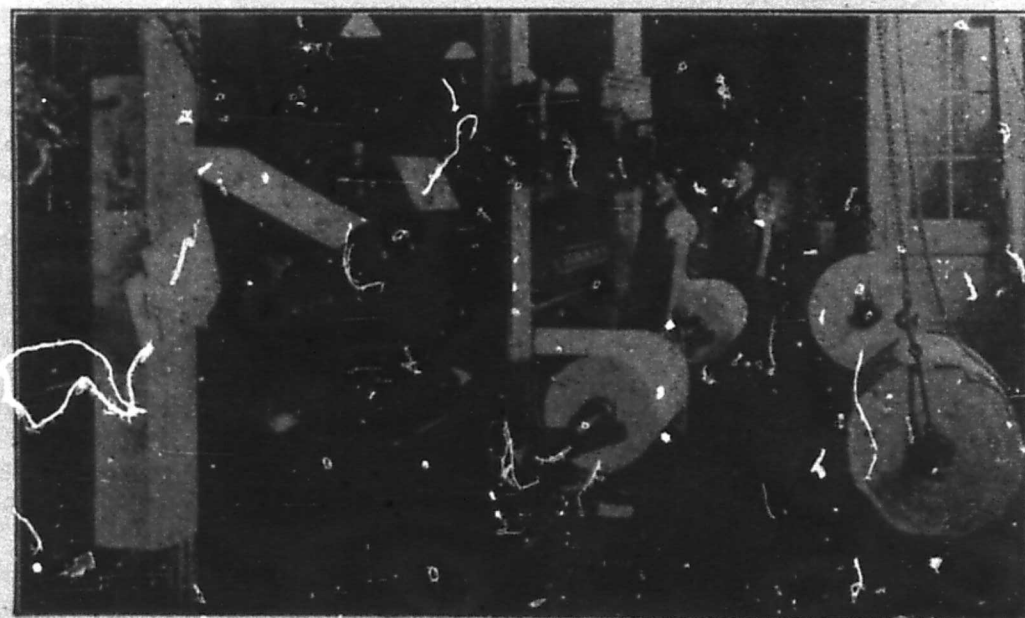
laboring for himself, for his class, for the collectivity of consumers, who are at the same time the proprietors and the directors of the enterprise.

The establishment is the first federal factory built by the Wholesale Co-operatives of France. After a tour of inspection by the delegates, Jaures congratulated Helies, director of the co-operatives, Teliars, manager of the factory and Vinsous, the architect, on their success.

After the tour of inspection a great open air meeting was held. Jaures, Briquet, deputy from Pas du Calais, Renaudel and Cordier addressed the meeting. Cordier, the delegate of the miner's union of Pas de Calais, laid stress on the value of co-operation between union and Co-operative activity. Union activity alone, although leading to higher wages, also brought about an elevation of prices. Union activity, therefore, is really only efficient with the aid of the Co-operative.

The enthusiasm exhibited at the demonstration was great. Twenty red flags fluttered in the breeze, and the International was the marching song.

lords it over us of the South and Northwest, and indeed of the whole agricultural and laboring interest, wherever situated, with ten times the cruelty and twenty times the rapacity that ever imperial Russia lorded it over abjectly enslaved Poland. This new aristocracy that has arisen on the ruins of the slave aristocracy, knows no distinction of race or color; it tyrannizes over and robs them all alike. The National debt belongs to the new aristocracy; most of the State and Corporation debts are due to them; the banks all over the Union, in great part, are owned by them; so are the railroads and canals, and the factories of various manufactures, and the great mercantile interest is theirs. Through all these agencies they tax the agricultural and working interests of the nation. They do not labor, they are non-producers, but tax the whole



productive labor of the nation so heavily as to take away from it more than half its products. Are men thus taxed freemen or slaves? What matters it whether you call the man who takes away, under the forms of law, without compensation, half the proceeds of your labor, Master or fellow-citizens? Does not Northeastern capital now tax white labor more heavily than ever masters taxed negro slaves? Is not the new aristocracy of capital, situated mostly at the Northeast, ten times as rapacious and exacting as was ever the slave aristocracy? Is not the Federal government in their hands, and do they not employ it as a mere engine to tax, fleece, rob and exploit the South and Northwest? Have they not ten times the wealth of Croesus, and did they ever labor, did they ever make an honest cent?

Everybody knows that the white agricultural laborers, the men who own but little or no land, and cannot command other people's labor, are virtually enslaved. But nobody cares for, or sympathizes with white slavery. It is unfashionable to deny or oppose such slavery, and fashion rules and regulates our sympathies, feelings and opinions, just as it regulates the art and color of our clothes. All common laborers stand on the same footing with agricultural laborers, and all should unite to oppose and put down the rule of the Northeastern moneyed aristocracy.—George Fitzhugh, in *De Bow's Review*, Nov., 1866.

Community Co-Operation

BY JOEL SHOMAKER

July 4, 1910, eight families met together, for a community picnic, in a shady cove, on my place, which had been christened the Olympic Nature Nursery. It was then the only available spot, in our sparsely settled neighborhood, for holding a public gathering, of less than fifty men, women and children, representing our population. That day I delivered a short address, in which the offer of the free land and the contribution of money and material, equal to any other citizen, for building a permanent meeting place, was presented.

The Nellita Pioneer's association was

organized, in a few minutes, and a full set of officials elected. The board included President Joel Shomaker, farmer and writer; Secretary Ralph Bruger, merchant; Treasurer, S. L. Keller, saw-mill man, and the association of twelve men, taken from eight families, included a city fireman, poultryman, leggers and mill employes. It was decided to build a social hall, 50x50 feet, and have it ready for dedication Labor Day, the first Monday in September.

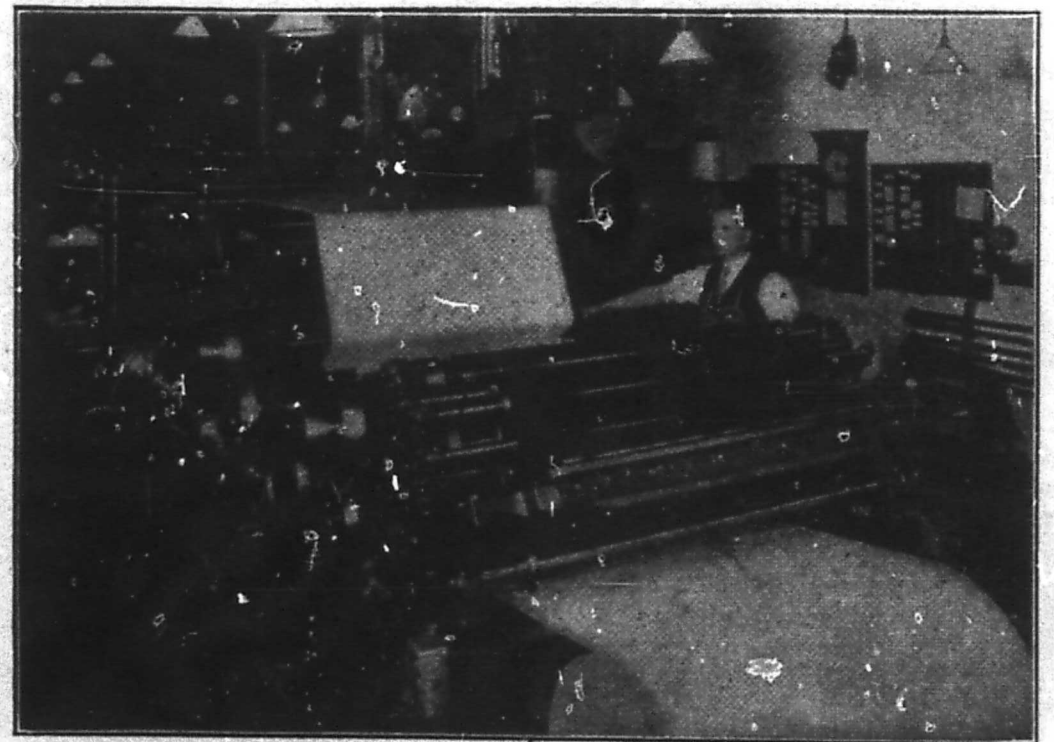
An assessment of ten dollars each, was made on the eight married men and four single men. That money was used to pay three members of the association, for work, in erecting the hall. The material was secured at the mill, with the understanding that bills were to be paid from the receipts of the association, in rentals and admission fees for entertainments. The local storeman furnished doors, windows, roofing and general furnishings, on the same basis, the money to be paid to creditors, on a prorata system, as it was taken in from entertainments.

That hall cost a little more than eight hundred dollars and was finished and dedicated on time. Then a piano playing machine was added at an additional expense of five hundred dollars, making the original investment, \$1,300. Two public entertainments, in the form of dances or basket socials, have been given every month, since the completion of the building, and all indebtedness will be practically cancelled on or before the celebration of Labor Day, in September, 1911.

The by-laws provide that every member of the association shall pay to the treasury, \$1.25, the price of admission and supper, every time an entertainment is given under the auspices of the association. In that manner a purse of \$360.00 is raised, in one year, from the membership direct, and the visitors and strangers, paying the same prices, add to the value of the purse, according to the number in attendance. It is provided that, when the indebtedness is paid, the membership shall not be required to contribute to the maintenance fund.

Refreshments for regular entertainments, are supplied by the eight married women of the association, who do not

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)



New Machine for the Public Printer

Capacity two and one-half million cards a day

In spite of capitalist domination and private competition, the employes of the government still show an individual initiative far greater than that to be found in private industry.

The best equipped printing office in the world is the government office.

This has recently installed a new machine for printing postal cards directly from great rolls of paper. This machine prints seventy-two cards per second, places them in packages of twenty-five each, and pastes a paper label around each package, and finally drops the package into a box.

Flashlights From History

SELECTED BY A. M. SIMONS.

The Two Aristocracies

All wealth is hereditary, all a special privilege, and confers actual power—power of the most odious kind—that of commanding the labor of the working class without paying for it; for the rich retain their capital, only employing it as a means or instrument to command labor without paying for it. Wherever the process is seen and can be understood by the people, it becomes extremely unpopular, as in the case of domestic slavery at the South.

Whilst the chivalry of the North and of Europe, essentially aided by the negro, were scotching the Southern Hydra, a monster ten times more horrible grew up at the Northeast, more rapidly and in grander proportions than Jack's Bean. The moneyed power,

Monstrum horrendum, informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum, appeared upon the political arena. A monster, unprincipled, rapacious, cruel, exacting, vulgar, thievish, omnioresent, and almost omnipotent. Now domestic slavery is abolished, . . . but slavery to capital, such as never existed anywhere in this world before, is grinding into the dust every laboring man in America. . . . The Federal government has become a mere agent to collect interest for the government creditors, and to enact protective tariffs to increase the profits of the Northeastern manufacturers. Politically we are free, but the moneyed aristocracy of the Northeast

FLINGS AT THINGS

By D. M. S.

The Road to Wealth

Go and be a harvest hand,
Hear the farmer crying
For a noble, Spartan band
To the rescue flying,
Pay some twenty dollars' fare
Or on brake beams teeter,
Any way to get you there
In the shortest meter.

Then if you can find a place
In the hay or clover
That your poverty will chase
You'll be glad all over.



If a job you cannot win
In that land of plenty
Cops will surely run you in,
Judge will fine you twenty.

If you are the happy one
Of a job the getter,
You can work from sun till sun
Or a little better,
When from that one you are turned
By the man and brother
You can spend the cash you earned
Looking for another.

Both in the Line

"This beautiful residence is the home
of the wealthiest man in town."
"How did he make his money?"
"He stole it," replied the guide
frankly.
"Business or burglary?"

Job for Grownups

For one who finds them just his size
It's quite the thing to swat the flies,
But really, truly, there's a lot
Of bigger things than that to swat.

A Holiday Task

"Socialism cannot stand for a moment
against reason."
"No? Suppose you take fifteen min-
utes off some day and kill it"

Least Resistance

J. Pierpont packed a sword around
When at the coronation,
But softer methods he has found
In running his own nation,



He doesn't point to some galoot
And shout in wrath "Behold it!"
He doesn't cut and slash and shoot,
He simply cuts off credit.

The sword is, we have understood,
The coronation caper,
But when it comes to sawing wood
Give him a piece of paper
Manipulating bonds and stocks
Is not a sight for wonder,
But really it's the thing that knocks
When one is after plunder.

Better Still

"Has he a good case?"
"He is standing on his constitutional
rights."
"But the other fellow has the smart-
est lawyer."
"Sh, don't say a word about it. He

takes the judge's mother-in-law auto-
mobile riding every Saturday night."

If It Has To

This country is so big and strong
In spite of all the graft
That maybe, it can get along
With four years more of Taft
By that time, with the plutes all in
You'll see the fireworks begin.

Little Flings

The law of gravity is nothing to the
defender of capitalism. He never
knows when he is standing on his head.

Don't be alarmed about what the bal-
lot box won't do to the plutes. They

will not fight after they are licked.

There will be some popping when the
McNamara lies begin catching up with
themselves.



Detective Burns finds the gold brick
market easy.

People fussing about who will do this
or that do not understand that work
will be only an incident under Socialism.
Otis is doing a good work in his way,
but not in the way he thinks.

It is easy money for the capitalists
so long as labor does not fight back.

Told at the Dinner Hour

His Interpretation

BY UNCLE JIM.

I heard some gentlemen the other day
discussing the advantage the laboring
man has over his employer. When the
whistle blows, they said, he can take
his dinner pail and coat, and go home
care free, while his employer is bur-
dened with all the cares of business.

It reminded me of a little story I
heard in the "good old slavery days."
Sam and his master were out on a little
trip on horseback and at noon they
stopped to rest and eat their lunch.

Of course, the master ate first and
when Sam's turn came to eat, being a
privileged servant, he began to make
some remarks about his master taking
more than his just share of the lunch.
"What are you mouthing about, you
black rascal?" said his master. "Don't
you know the closer the bone the
sweeter the meat?"

Sam pondered this on his way home,
and when his master ordered him that
night to put the horses in the best pas-
ture he had, Sam followed his orders
to the letter.

Next morning the gentleman came
out and found his horses standing out
in the stable lot; gaunt and hollow-
sided with not a spear of grass in sight.

"Here, you lazy scoundre! didn't I
tell you to put them horses in the best
pasture?"

"Yassur, dat what I dun, de closer de
groun' de sweeter de grass."

On Time

BY JOHN PERSONS.

Jack Fetterly, who one account of his
cheery smile and sunny disposition, was
familiarily known as "Happy Jack," was
a veteran locomotive engineer and was
noted for his skill and daring in the
handling of his engine. "Happy Jack"
had presided at the throttle of a pas-
senger engine making the run over the
S. A. and A. P. between Houston and
San Antonio, Texas, almost since the
completion of that road in the early 80's
and was pretty well known to the travel-
ing public.

On one occasion, his train, which was
scheduled to leave Houston at 8.40 a. m.,
was 20 or 30 minutes late and on reach-
ing Clodine some 20 miles out found
one would-be passenger, watch in hand,
walking the platform cursing all trains
in general and those behind time in par-
ticular.

As the train came to a stop our

would-be traveler approached "Happy
Jack" and said "Hello, Jack, you're very
late this morning, do you think you can
make San Antonio on time?"

"Yep, think so—at least I'm going to
try," replied Jack—and make San An-
tonio on time he did—with a couple of
minutes to spare.

As our anxious passenger swung off
the train as it slowed down at the S. A.
depot, he made straight for the cab and
grasping the grimy hand of the veteran
engine-driver exclaimed, "Jack, old boy,
you're a brick, but let me tell you one
thing, you're going to run that d—d
thing" pointing to the engine, "into hell
one of these bright days."

"Oh, I don't know," said Jack, "maybe
I will; nobody knows but God and He
won't tell, but I'll promise you one
thing, if ever I do, I'll bet I put it
there on time."

Impolite

BY B. H. MALLORY.

Mike was a sub-foreman for a con-
tractor who was building a four-story
building. As the work was being fin-
ished he remembered a sack of cement
that had been left on the fourth floor.

He sent a negro workman up there
with instructions to tie the cement to
the rope on the block and tackle and let
it out of the window carefully. Mike
held the other end of the rope prepar-
ing to let it down. The negro simply
shoved the sack out the window, how-
ever, and as it weighed two hundred
pounds while Mike only weighed one
hundred and twenty Mike found him-
self swiftly rising in the air.

He was game, however, and hung on,
quickly reaching the fourth floor. The
sudden jolt on the ground caused the
sack of cement to burst and the weight
being removed from the other end of
the rope Mike made a return journey
even more quickly than he had come.

Landing on the ground he remained
rather dazed for a minute. Some car-
penters on the second floor ran to the
window and asked if he was hurt.

"Go to hell," replied Mike. "I passed
yous twice and you never spoke to me."

Mr. Jawback—My dear, I was one of
the first to leave.

Mrs. Jawback—Oh, you always say
that.

Mr. Jawback—I can prove it this
time. Look out in the hall and see the
beautiful umbrella I brought home.—
Toledo Blade.

Community Co-Operation

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

pay for admission to entertainments,
and are under agreement to furnish
cakes, sandwiches, baked beans, salads
and coffee, until the original building in-
debtedness on the hall is wiped out. All
the work of the association is given to
the members, and wages, ranging from
\$.25 to \$3.00 per day, are paid from the
funds. Cleaning the hall, getting fuel,
making fires and similar work is per-
formed by either an entertainment com-
mittee, or the members, who take turns
in such labors.

The business of the association is
carried on by three members, known as
the entertainment committee, they be-
ing authorized to contract all necessities
and pay the bills, without the formality
of presenting accounts to the associa-
tion and securing orders for payment.
All debts incurred, are paid immediately
from the funds of every evening, and
the remainder divided into three groups
for the payment of the millmen, mer-
chant and music dealer. Music is gen-
erally supplied by members, who get
\$.50 for playing the violin accompany-
ing the piano player, for each entertain-
ment.

All money advanced by the member-
ship, for starting the building, is con-
sidered a loan, and must be returned
to the individual membership as soon as
the first building indebtedness is paid in
full. In that way the hall has been
erected and equipped, at a cost of \$1,300,
with no more money than an assessment
or loan of \$15.00 from each member.
And, that money will be returned, pro
rata, immediately after the close of the
first year of association existence. All
the members are common men, of mod-
erate means, and no one has one cent
more interest than another.

The association provides for the en-
tertainment of the children, for Christ-
mas, Fourth of July, Lincoln Day and
other national and local holidays, with-
out levying an assessment or taking up
collections. The patronage for such a
proposition, comes from neighboring
communities, bordering on the water
front of Hood canal, the visitors some-
times numbering more than one hundred
people, coming to the hall, by modern
launches, operated by individuals and
companies doing business along the
canal.

This story is written for the purpose
of giving an insight into the possibil-
ities of community co-operation. It re-
lates the history of an actual working
of practical co-operation, and gives the
details of how others may succeed, in
various lines of investment and home
and community development. The plan
is not copyrighted, nor do I have any
objection to others improving on its pro-
visions. But, to the hard working men
and women, struggling along single-
handed and alone in this world of per-
sonal failures, I would advise a trial of
the principles of practical co-operation,
independent of religious or political or-
ganization.

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A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

Vesalius—Continued.

About the hardest thing for the human race to learn is the mutability of truth. The idea that truth is absolute seems to be deeply embedded in our thought processes.

So many great philosophers have foundered on this rock that we need not wonder at the mental attitude of the mass of men. The average man has a pathetic faith in the notion that a thing once true must needs be true for all time.

In pre-evolutionary days this was about the only possible attitude. And now that evolution is universally accepted, with a few negligible exceptions, it is surprising how few are those whose mode of thinking has really been penetrated by the evolution concept. Most men say, like so many parrots, "I believe in evolution," but all their ideas show that they are still thinking in the pre-Darwinian way.

And yet, while the evolutionary process has only recently been clearly recognized it has always been in operation. Failure to recognize it, and the inevitability of its results, have been the most prolific sources of human tragedy.

The advocates of religion have been peculiarly unfortunate in this regard. There is nothing irrational about religion. Religion is as much the product of reason as science or philosophy. Every religion is an attempt to explain the universe. And this is the highest claim of science and philosophy.

One of the main differences between these three forms of thought is about as follows: Science is the first to accept a new idea. The discovery of new facts is her special province. When a new fact or theory has been established by science, it must next be assimilated by philosophy. Philosophy moves more slowly especially where the displacement, and consequent disturbance, is great. Religion is least mobile of all, not until everybody else has yielded do the teachers of religion "toe the line." Then just as the religionists have been the most stubborn opponents of the new idea they now become its most unflinching defenders.

And no wonder. By this time the new idea has passed through three stages. First it became a scientific truth, then a philosophical truth. Now it has been embodied in the religious system and become a sacred truth.

This three-fold process has had many tremendous disadvantages but it has apparently at least had this advantage; that no idea once accepted could ever be given up until its fallacy was demonstrated beyond the shadow of doubt.

The great and real cause of the troublous career of Vesalius is to be found in the fact that the erroneous anatomical ideas of his great predecessor Galen had reached the "sacred" stage. Galen's theories had been very inadvisedly interwoven with current Christianity—greatly to the ultimate detriment of that religion.

The struggle between the theories of Galen and those set up later by Vesalius was of a purely scientific character and it would have been better for everybody—especially for Vesalius—if the representatives of religion had kept clear of it.

Vesalius refused to accept the authority of Galen as to the structure of the human body. He dissected it for himself. As a result, while he became the father of the modern science of anatomy he got himself into very serious trouble on two counts.

First, it had been generally believed and taught that woman had one more rib than man. This was an inference from the story of Eve's creation from a rib of Adam.

Vesalius declared that his dissections



The Busy Bee is Alarmed For Fear "Socialism Will Create Vast Opportunities To Graft" (Can You Beat That For A Joke?)

proved men and women to be exactly alike in the number of ribs.

Then some ingenious person, finding it difficult to believe in the resurrection of a body which had been utterly destroyed put forward the idea that the human body contained one indestructible bone, which would serve as the basis for the re-assembling of the body at the resurrection.

Vesalius found no such bone.

This not only brought Vesalius into conflict with the science of his time and laid him under suspicion as a dangerous innovator, but caused him to be denounced as an enemy of religion.

The clerical hand was very heavy in those days. The bitter opposition which sprung up against him everywhere threw him into a state of despondency. To avoid further trouble he destroyed some of his most valuable manuscripts greatly to the world's loss. He relinquished his professorship at the great university of Padua.

He entered the service as court physician and thereby secured the protection of the liberal-minded Charles V. of the united kingdoms of Spain and Belgium. After the death of Charles, his unrelenting enemies were able to reach him again.

He went on a long pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While not fully proven, it is generally believed that he was compelled to make this pilgrimage in penance for his true but heretical opinions.

On the return journey he was shipwrecked and died of exposure on Zanti, one of the Ionian islands.

Thus died Vesalius. Thus again was enacted the great human tragedy—the pioneer and path-blazer of progress, hounded to the death by the race he so nobly and faithfully served.



Henrik Ibsen, the great Northland iconoclast, whose name is a symbol for the spirit who questions all things, was the most imposing literary figure of the closing years of the last century. His tremendous dramas like the "Pillars of Society," the "Enemy of the People" and "Ghosts" strip the tawdry robes of pretense from those who for nineteen hundred years have been considered "respectable." "The Doll's House," "Wild Duck" and "Hedda Gabler" present terrible problems that our civilization has no remedy to apply. The sardonic poem below was written as a reply to one who had accused the grim old berserker of becoming conservative.

To My Friend, the Revolutionary Orator

BY HENRIK IBSEN.

I grown conservative? Friend you as-tound me!	I refer, of course, to the flood of antiquity.
I am the same as ever you found me.	But then, too, was Lucifer tricked by a traitor,
To move the chessmen—what does that avail you?	Noah outwitted him, turning dictator.
Knock the game in a heap—then I shall not fail you.	Try it next time more thoroughly; mind not the shriekers,
Of all revolutions but one I cherish,	But for that we need workers—both fighters and speakers.
Which was not flimsy and amateurish.	YOU raise the wild flood till it rage and roar fearfully;
That purged the world for awhile of iniquity.	I will place 'neath the ark the torpede most cheerfully.