THE COMING NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

A. M. SIMONS
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL } Editors

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

HUGGER-MUGGER IS THE NEWS GAME

THE attempt to oust Dr. Wiley from the national health service is only another instance of the secret, malignant and usually irresistible power that the corporations, the profit grabbers and the money trust exercise in our national affairs. The makers of impure foods and poisoned medicines were determined to get Wiley out in the same way that similar interests got rid of Pinchot. Wiley seems to have been saved by the extraordinary outburst of public sentiment in his behalf. Somebody got frightened after the thing had been framed up and was about to go through. Otherwise, Wiley, too, would now be outside the breast-works and the food poisoners would have their way with us.

Who was it that got scared?

Well, it needs no bird come from a far clime to tell us that. Blessed be scariness. If it were not for the fact that we have an election coming on next year and the Lord only knows how it will turn out there is no telling all the rotten schemes that would be pulled off in our proud capital. But through the distance you can in these thought-compelling days discern a large and portly form with an ear close to the ground, and it is that fact that saves us—now and then.

But even so, and at the best, the extent to which corporations, thieves, swindlers and cormorants interfere with your government and run it to suit themselves would give you some uneasy moments, dear patriot, if by any chance you could be made to understand what really goes on at Washington. Of course, you don't understand and you never will understand because the game that hoodwinks you every day in the columns of the newspaper you read is perfect and ingenious. But if you could really know how you are governed and why you would have a few jolts.

What do you say, for instance, to a special session of Congress, called at an enormous public expense, and lasting about four months, wherein is debated with every appearance of sincerity a measure that has nothing whatever to do with any public interest, but is introduced because the northwestern flour millers want to get cheap wheat and increase their profits and is opposed because the Paper Trust fears that it will diminish its control of the paper market of the country?

That is all there is or ever was to the reciprocity debate.

That is one little illustration; millions of dollars spent and sixteen millions of words uttered in a fake debate over a question whether the profits of the Flour Trust shall be eleven per cent this year or only ten and a half.

But when a little knot of New York merchants can go down to Washington and get the whole theory of the customs administration revised and changed to suit their particular thirst for profits, and when they can get the number of customs inspectors kept down so that incoming passengers shall be subjected to the greatest possible annoyance and petty inconvenience, you might expect anything in the world from such a government.

You never heard of these things before. You never are allowed to hear of anything that would interfere with the game. Not a day passes in which the Washington correspondents could not send you something like that—perfectly true and significant of things as they are in your native land. But the correspondents never sent them out. Nobody writes them or telegraphs them. It is part of the game, and everybody in Washington must play the game, or get out.

These are merely a few trifling samples.

I have more.

* * *

THE COST OF LIVING

I should think it might be well to look with great suspicion upon the government's alleged investigation of the increase in the cost of living until we know something about the manner in which it was carried on and the nature and use of the articles that were investigated. A large, general noise made by the reactionary press to the effect that the government's inquiry shows that the increase is not so great as has been represented doesn't go very far with me I know too much about the manner in which these things are prepared for campaign consumption. I have even seen an entire United States census so juggled and garbled that there is not one figure nor conclusion in it that is of the slightest value.

Nothing would be easier, for instance, than to take the prices of some articles of general use and many articles that are used but little, and striking an average, show that the increase in the cost of living had been very slight. I do not suppose that *pate de foie gras* is much dearer than it was fifteen years ago. But bacon is about three times as dear and so are potatoes.

The safe guide is the "index number" of Bradstreet's. It is carefully made up from the daily wholesale prices of all articles in common use, has been kept for years and is one of the world's standard authorities. A year ago Bradstreet's showed from its "index number" that the increase in the cost of living had been more than 70 per cent in the last fifteen years. Any government report coming after that would hardly be accepted by the initiated—especially if they have any knowledge of the actual way in which certain government statistics are now kept. Statistics of railroad accidents, for instance.

* * *

The alleged government investigators may fool the Bourbon press of America. That is no great feat at any time. They may fool the college professors and the Old Docs. Anybody can do that and not half try. But there is one person in the land that they never can fool.

They can't fool the American housewife. She pays the bills.

She knows how much harder it is now than it used to be to make the good man's wages stretch over the expenses. And when it comes to her the government investigators may as well save their breath. You can't persuade her that black is white.

* * *

CONNING THE ENGINEERS

Ten years ago the engineers on the Great Northern railroad were receiving $4 for each one hundred miles that they traversed in operating a locomotive on the line.

Since that time they have by dint of persistent effort wrung from the close fist of the company advances in their pay until now they are receiving $4.90 a hundred miles on the through runs and $5.10 a hundred on the local runs.

The company makes much of this increase and uses it as an argument why it should be allowed to increase rates.

But in the meantime the amount of

IN THIS ISSUE

Health Work in Milwaukee
By Carl D. Thompson
When the Overland Kid Came Home
By Stacy E. Baker
Going "Back to the Land" **By E. M. Lewis**
The Curse—A Serial
By Reginald Wright Kauffman
The Big Change **By Eugene Wood**
The Shop Slave in Britain **By Desmond Shaw**
Cartoon, "The Children's Saviour"
By Gordon Nye

service performed by the engineers has greatly increased. Ten years ago twenty-five cars constituted a good train-load for an average locomotive. Now the train-loads run to fifty, sixty and seventy cars.

Wages have been increased 25 per cent; efficiency has been increased more than 100 per cent.

With a crew of the same size as before the company gets 100 per cent more work done at an increased cost of 25 per cent.

How does that strike you?

Of course, the companies in their whining wails to the public and the Interstate Commerce Commission never mention these little facts. All they talk about is the increase in wages.

As a matter of fact there has been no increase in wages. There has been a decrease. If you get 100 per cent more work for 25 per cent more cost you are saving money, aren't you?

In the meantime the cost of living has increased for the engineers 60 per cent.

Where do they come in?

* * *

Now this is a fair sample of the lying arguments with which the railroad companies are flooding the country. They have been themselves one of the chief causes of the increase in the cost of living. With an annual increase of capital of close upon one billion dollars, and with all of the resulting increase of interest to be dug out of the public every year. what could result except increased cost of transportation and, therefore, increased cost of living? Naturally, they conceal all of this and show merely that wages have increased, therefore, they ought to be allowed to still further mark up the rates—the only effect of which will be to bring about another increase in the cost of living.

It has been several times remarked in these columns that the railroad business, as conducted in this country is essentially a crooked business, and cannot possibly be straight about anything. I believe that fact becomes daily more apparent.

* * *

But to come back to the engineers—where do they come in?

It is the opinion of some hired men in the writing profession that the engineers, having received these benefits from their kind, indulgent employers, should be docile and grateful and submissive.

"Your interests are identical with those of the company," say some of these harlots. "We must promote good feeling between employer and employed."

Yes? Well, I should like to have explained to me the identity of interest in an enterprise to which the engineers constantly contribute more and from which they constantly draw proportionately less. Also in an enterprise to which one set of men contribute nothing and draw out everything, and another set of men contribute everything and draw out a bare existence.

That is the exact situation in regard to the railroad business.

The manipulators, who contribute nothing to the enterprise, are arranging the stock issues so that they continually get more and more, and the work and wages of the engineers so that the engineers continually get less and less.

In these conditions the nerve of the man that will talk about the identity of interest between the employer and the employed is hard enough to crack nuts on.

Yet it appears that there actually are engineers in this country willing to listen to that kind of con.

Reference to the most obvious of all obvious facts ought to set them straight. Wages and profits alike must be paid from the earnings of the enterprise. The more capital takes in the way of profits the less is left for the worker. Now, in the railroad business the share of profits is steadily being increased under cover and various disguises. All of these enormous issues of capital are merely disguises to cover up the increased share that capital is taking. Consequently there must be left the less for the workingman, and although that bunco also is variously hidden and disguised the engineer can see readily how he is being fooled by reference to the increased amount of his contribution to the enterprise compared with the amount that he derives thereform.

* * *

Cave Dwellers can think, but will not. Troglodytes would like to think, but cannot, because nature has made such provisions that they have no thinkers. In a country abounding with so many specimens of these two interesting birds it is well to keep in mind the distinction between them, so as to avoid confusion in our natural history studies.

THE POWER OF A GOOD HANDY LIE

ONE of the most useful adjuncts of the existing system of society is the industrious circulation of lies that by the force of repetition can be made to appear as of universal acceptance and, therefore, not to be questioned.

One of these is that enterprises conducted by a government are always more wasteful and less efficient than enterprises conducted by private capital.

* * *

Now of course the truth is exactly the other way; but with all the organs of reaction steadily shrieking the lie the truth doesn't seem to have much of a show.

If one cares for an illustration of this truth one has only to turn to a comparison between the railroads of Germany and the railroads of the United States.

The German railroads are owned and operated by the government. Every cent in their capitalization represents actual investment and tangible value. The public must pay rates only upon actual utilities.

In the United States more than one-half of the capitalization represents no investment, no utility, nothing but "melons" and the increased value of real estate that has been capitalized. Upon this fictitious capitalization the public pays every year the interest and dividends. In other words, one-half of the enormous sum annually taken in railroad rates from the American public represents pure waste—a showing incomparably worse than can be alleged of the worst managed government enterprise in the world.

* * *

In any aspect of efficiency the government enterprise anywhere invariably averages betaverages better than the enterprise conducted by private capital.

It was, for instance, long the practice among the reactionaries to sneer at the postoffice department of the United States because it showed an annual deficit. An express company, it was pointed out, does not show a deficit, but an annual profit of 200 per cent Therefore, the express company is efficient and the government is inefficient.

On exactly the same basis of judgment the bank burglar is more efficient than the honest man. The burglar comes home with the mazuma.

The purpose of the postoffice department is not to gouge 200 per cent a year from the public, but to provide a means of communication. The deficit in its operations was caused only by the raids that were made annually upon it by the railroad companies. The amount of the deficit was almost exactly the amount the railroads stole. If those thefts had been prevented, as they might easily have been, the postoffice department would be operating not at a loss but with a surplus, the benefit of which might have been conferred upon the public through a reduction of postal rates.

* * *

No; whatever else the reactionaries do they should never refer to the postoffice or the railroads as illustrations of their peculiar theories.

Particularly since Mr. Brandeis knocked the props from under the assumption of railroad efficiency.

When he demonstrated that the railroad companies of America were wasting a million dollars a day that they might very easily save, a shout of amusement went up. How could any outsider teach their business to these great captains of industry and railroad experts? Today the railroads are not showing any amusement over the matter, but are justifying Mr. Brandeis by diligently striving to institute the reforms and economics that he pointed out.

A waste of a million dollars a day by reckless and incompetent management hardly seems to shine as an example of the efficiency of private ownership. Yet it is but one item of the waste for which we pay. If upon that, we pile only the toll taken from us for watered stock and bogus bonds the extravagance of the private ownership of public utilities will appear the most stupendous waste in the world. No nation can possibly be rich enough to support it.

* * *

I am not so sure that we can assert with perfect confidence that Regulation is a failure. Of course, it does seem so at times, but there are certainly some respects in which it achieves a marvelous success.

Take the Commerce Court, for instance, one of the triumphs of the present administration. For twenty-four years we have had one such institution, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it has done nothing. To assist it in doing nothing we have now created another body of the same kind. You would naturally say that such an achievement was impossible. You would say that the original body was doing all the nothing there was to be done, and that in the nature of things there could be no nothing left for another body to do. And yet look at the record. The new court has succeeded in doing even more nothing than the old one ever did—a record upon which any patriot may well look with pride. Where else in the world could such an achievement be duplicated? I ask you, where? You are silent! You cannot answer! Enough!

But if Regulation can create bodies that are capable of doing more nothing than there is to be done, should we not be very careful about saying that Regulation is a failure?

I leave that thought with your consciences, confident that your verdict will be in accordance with the dictates of eternal truth, the *Outlook* and our ever glorious constitution.

* * *

In the administration of William Howard Taft up to date have been more administration scandals than were in all the administrations together since the second administration of General Grant.

There be in our fair land those that still believe an administration with such a record can be re-elected.

My son, be not seen with such, neither exchange with them comments in the market place, for their heads are but bone and their words upon any subject under the shining heavens but foolishness and vanity.

* * *

What a pity it is that Congress can't think! We place a premium upon crime, and then wonder that crime increases. We maintain all the conditions for the wholesale propagation of tuberculosis, and then send out frantic alarms about the rapid spread of the disease. We deny adequate education to the majority of children, and then wonder that the race makes slow progress. We conduct government for the exclusive benefit of the fortunate and the well-to-do, and then wonder that some men revolt at the manifold injustice. Is there any question that we are the wise ones of the earth?

HEALTH WORK IN MILWAUKEE

BY

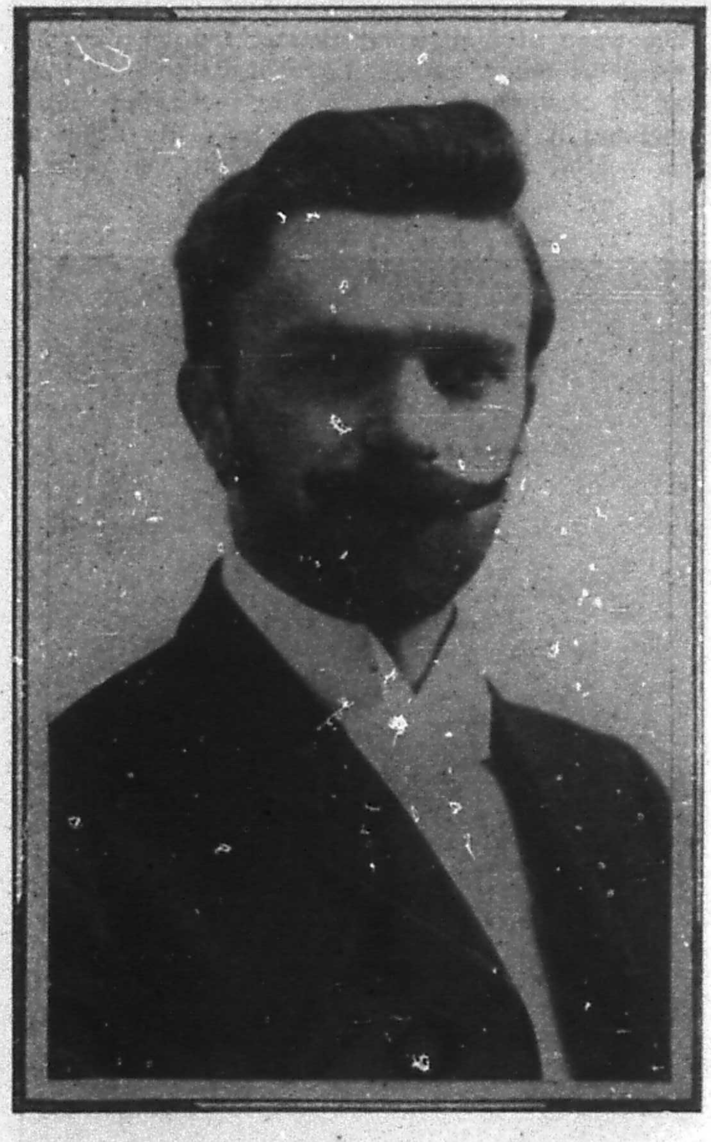
Carl D. Thompson

For the first time in the history of this country the administration of a great city is caring for the health of the people on the principle that the health problem is but a part of the labor problem.

That a vast majority of individual diseases arise from social causes, and principally from poverty, is at last being recognized and made a principle of public administration.

These articles by Carl D. Thompson, city treasurer of Milwaukee, are the first to tell the story of the work of a health department guided by a vision of a city without poverty.

The next article in the series will deal with food inspection, and the third with contagious diseases, and will tell for the first time the story of the struggle of a health department against the main cause of disease—capitalist greed.



Dr. F. A. Kraft, Commissioner of Health

THE problem of public health is essentially a labor problem. The public health depends upon the food the people eat, the clothes they wear, the houses they live in the air they breathe. And all these are determined primarily by the income they have and the wages they get.

Superficially, of course, the public health is a problem of a proper building code, and of its enforcement; of an efficient health department to inspect dwelling conditions, and of proper police regulation to compel obedience to necessary sanitary laws. But the real problem lies deeper than that.

Deeper than the building code and its enforcement, the problem of public health becomes a problem of rapid transit. For if the facilities for rapid transit are good enough and the fares within reach of the people, they can live out where the sun shines more, where the houses are better and further apart.

But deeper still, the health problem is a problem of a right adjustment of the ownership of sites. For if the sites in the crowded centers were not so valuable, every inch would not be so crowded with renters. And if the crowded tenement were not so enormously profitable it would have come down long ago. If the site values which are created solely by the accumulation and concentration of collective activities were turned into channels of social betterment instead of private profit and aggrandizement, we would not have these millions of humanity struggling with death in the dark. And the appropriation of the social increment arising from site values, to the task of better transportation, better housing, better wages, is absolutely essential to better public health. And thus the problem runs down into a matter of land tenure and taxation.

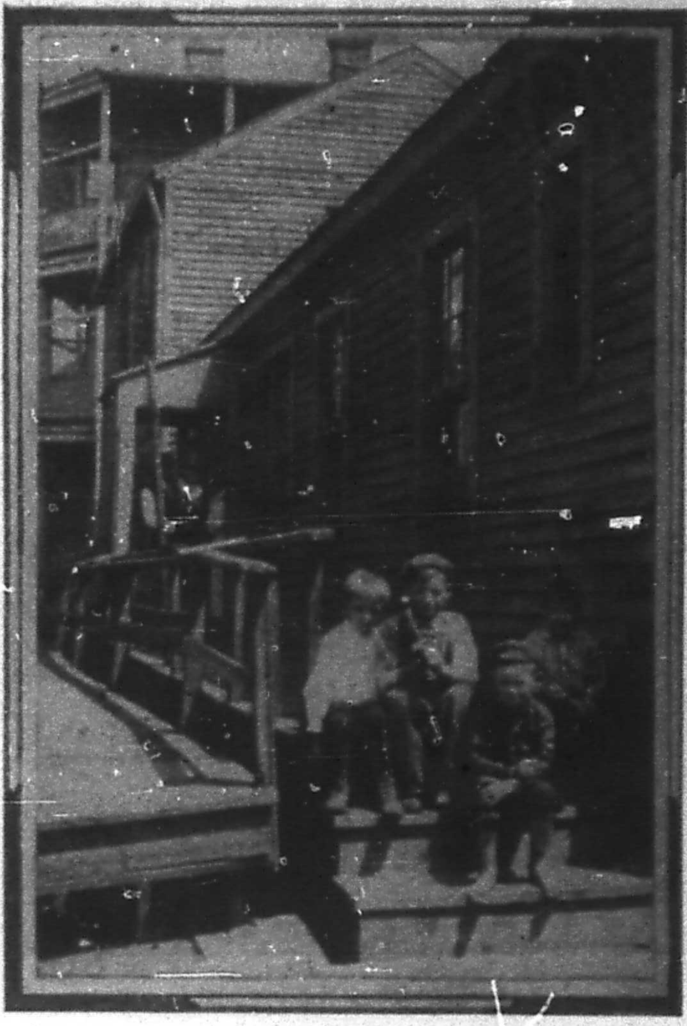
But once more and fundamental to all the rest, the problem of public health is a problem of wages and labor conditions. For if those who labor receive a sufficient wage, the tides of suffering humanity would turn naturally from the dark toward the light; from the slum toward the cottage; from the burning pavement toward nature's caress of sunshine, grass and open sky. Never a dying plant in a dark, damp cellar stretched so beseechingly its pale tendrils toward the light that alone meant its healing and life, as does the soul and body of man struggle for the wages that will give him the chance to live in the sunlight and the open.

So then the problem of public health is not merely a problem of inspection, regulations, building codes or hospitals. Viewed broadly it is a problem of labor, of transportation, of land tenure and taxation. In short it involves the whole social problem. It cannot be solved apart from it.

But at every step in the effort to solve the problem of public health we shall encounter the opposition of certain interests. The capitalistic interests that are making money out of the slum dwellings will naturally be opposed to any measures that limit or restrict their incomes. Private profits would be affected and would have to be surrendered to some extent, to say the least, if better transportation facilities are acquired. And those who profit from the unearned increment from land values will, of course, oppose the readjustment of land tenure.

Thus the present situation is intrenched behind a whole series of capitalistic interests.

A glory of the beckoning woods—within easy distance



Three houses on one lot

However, there is no way to a solution of the problem of public health except through the readjustment of these matters. It is futile for us to try to make ourselves think that we are doing much for the public health until we solve these problems. It is futile for us to deceive ourselves into believing that we are helping the sick, binding up the wounds of those who are bruised, recovering the sight for the blind, or that we are doing very much of that infinitely more blessed ministration of preventing it all, so long as we putter around with the effects of a disease whose cause we lack the courage or wisdom to remove.

It is the frank acknowledgment of this magnitude of the problem that characterizes the view of the present health department of Milwaukee. Yet recognizing fully all its difficulties, it accepts with joy the task it knows it must sooner or later assume. Conscious that the battle will be a long one, that results at first must be meager, but that in the end the victory will be won, the department goes forth to its task. One of the serious problems that the health department of the city confronts, of course, is that of the housing of the people. The conditions in Milwaukee are especially bad in the Third and Fourteenth wards. In spite of the fact that the city is a relatively small one, and comparatively new, there are many cases of fearful overcrowding. The health department is doing what it can to remedy this. In this direction the usual difficulties are encountered. Dr. Kraft says it is easy enough for us to drive them out of the places where they are overcrowded, but where will they go? Until, as a city, we are ready to make some provisions for them elsewhere, about the only result that our work effects is to lessen the overcrowding in the basement and increase it in the story above.

However, even these conditions may be in many cases greatly improved. Sometimes the overcrowding has been remedied by simply compelling the people to move out. A constant and faithful effort is therefore made through inspection and watchfulness to induce and if necessary, compel better conditions.

But the greatest difficulty is that experienced in persuading or compelling the owners of these dwellings to put them into sanitary condition and to keep them so. Here the department encounters that holy of holies of the capitalistic system—private profit. Any effort or order that assails that, meets the most stubborn resistance.

Some dwelling places need only to be repaired or cleaned up. In this line some most curious and astonishing things were discovered, eccentricities, habits of filth and loathsomeness, and certain manias for useless and disease breeding accumulations.

The Brown Row

In some cases defective sewers are the menace; in others it is a matter of properly repapering the walls, or a coat of whitewash.

"About once a week," says Dr. Kraft, "The health department is called upon to prevent somebody from placing new wall paper over old. Somebody seeks to blot out environment.

Recently a Milwaukee real estate owner objected to a health department order. That order told him to clean and whitewash a south side house. He explained that he couldn't whitewash. His reasons follow:

"The house is occupied by six families. These families boil many dinners daily. The dinners give off steam. Thirty persons breath heavily all day and the moisture from their breath combines with the steam. The whole gathers on the walls. If whitewashing were attempted the lime would fail to dry."

The vermin that breed in such conditions move from house to house and threaten public comfort. These walls cause pneumonia and diphtheria and threaten public health, wherefore the law says 'thou shalt not'—and thus your department is charged with enforcing it.

In some cases, however, dwelling places have gone beyond reclamation. Nothing but destruction will do the necessary work. Two hundred such dwelling places have been torn down by order of the department during the year. More ought to come down.

But here Dr Kraft encountered the "Beast." It showed its teeth.

In the very heart of the city, and in the shadow of one of the finest structures, the Germania building, is a row of ramshackle tenements, known as the Brown Row. The conditions in these buildings are very bad, almost unspeakable. Filth, vermin and unsanitary conditions prevail to an alarming extent. Every one realizes that this is one of the menacing things of the city.

The health department inspected these buildings and found them in such desperate conditions that they immediately ordered them torn down. The inspectors went to carry out this order. Then something happened. They were served with the following order of the courts:

STATE OF WISCONSIN, CIRCUIT COURT,
MILWAUKEE COUNTY.

Albert Erbstein and Max Routt, Plaintiffs.
Plaintiffs.

VS.

City of Milwaukee, George P. Miller and H. A. J. Upham, trustees of the estate of John Plankinton, deceased.

To the City of Milwaukee, defendant, and Edward V. Koch, Building Inspector of the City of Milwaukee, and D. W. Hoan, City Attorney of the City of Milwaukee:

You and each of you will please take notice that on the 30th day of July, 1910, an injunction and order was issued by Hon. L. W. Halsey, Judge of the Circuit Court, restraining the City of Milwaukee, Milwaukee county, and every department thereof, from in any manner interfering with the property known as Brown Row in the Fourth Ward of the City of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and known as Lots Thirteen (13) and Fourteen (14), in Block Fifty-six (56) in the said Fourth Ward in the said City of Milwaukee and that said injunction and order was served upon said City. That said injunction is still in force and has not been in any manner modified.

That on the 10th day of January, 1911, without authority from the above Court, and contrary to the expressed terms of the said injunction, the City of Milwaukee, through its Health Department and other departments, caused to be put upon the premises above described, notices or placards, informing the public that said building is condemned and is unsanitary and that the same is untenantable; thereby seriously injuring the business of the plaintiffs in this action and greatly damaging them in their further prosecution of their business and violating the injunctional order of the Court above mentioned. That the plaintiffs herein will hold you and each of you, accountable and responsible for any damages sustained by them and do hereby give you notice that the plaintiffs will maintain that your action, as above specified, is contempt to the court and that you will desist from similar action.

That the above action has not yet been reached and the question as to whether or not the said building is a nuisance, has not yet been determined by a court of competent jurisdiction.

(Signed) ALBERT ERBSTEIN.
MAX ROUTT.

KEHR & MUSKAT, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
Dated, Milwaukee, Wis., January 12, 1911.

Needless to say the Brown Row is still there doing its deadly work and drawing its dividends to the glory of our city and the honor of the courts. The law must be respected!

City Planning and the Housing Problem

So then the housing problem is deeper than mere health regulation. It involves civic foresight and city planning. Mr. C. B. Whitnall, the present city treasurer, has stated perhaps better than anyone else the views of the present administration upon these matters, and has pointed out from time to time the bearing of city planning, plating and parking, upon the general problem of public health. He has issued a little pamphlet on "Milwaukee City Planning," which it would be worth the while for anyone to get and read.

He starts his pamphlet with the proposition "City planning involves public hygiene and political sanitation which in turn involves economic equity in the conservation of humanity." Mr. Whitnal has pointed out that the neglect of proper city planning and conservation of the natural topography has resulted in a depreciation of real estate values involving a net loss to the city of $100,000 per year in taxes.

But this was only the beginning of a downward trend, for the neglect of the sewage problem and proper regulation also caused a change in the nature of the population. Those who could have avoided the section of the city that was made insanitary by these conditions, and slum territories are encroaching upon that section. The Metropolitan Park commission in which Mr. Whitnall has been deeply interested for years, has recommended that the city acquire the land bordering on all three rivers flowing through the city. The administration has already taken the first steps for the acquiring of this edge water land on the north Milwaukee river. This is the first step towards a drainage system of park area the object of which, among other things, is to avert the pestilential development of waste.

Kitchen and Sleeping Quarters Together

Thus proper foresight on the part of the municipal authorities, city planning, care of the streams and their banks—all these things are involved ultimately in the proper care of the public health.

(*Next week, "The Health Department and Factory Conditions."*)

The Tide Predicting Machine

Once more the logic of facts has denied that public ownership and operation stifle invention.

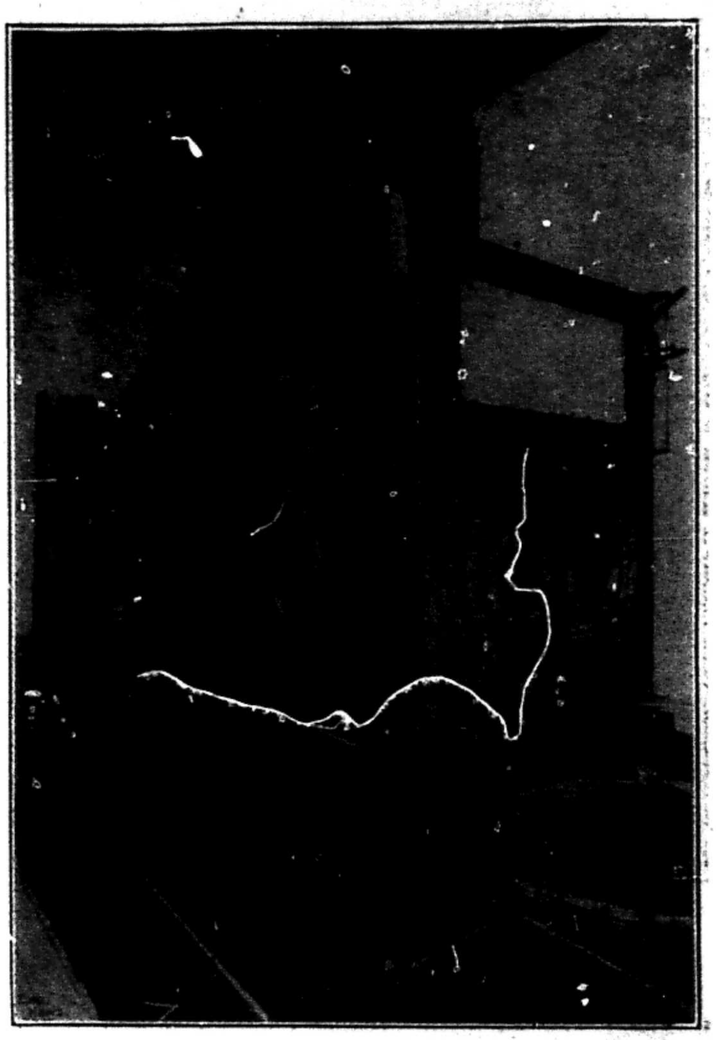
E. G. Fisher, chief of the instrument division of the coast and geodetic survey, has just invented and put in operation one of the most remarkable machines ever devised by the human mind. This is a machine for predicting tides.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey prepares a tidal calendar each year with tables giving the time to the minute and the height to the nearest tenth of a foot of each high and low water in the year at seventy of the principal seaports of the world

The calculation of this table has long been one of the most difficult problems confronting the practical mathematician. Unlike the ordinary calendar, other forces than those of astronomical bodies, with known orbits, must be calculated.

It would be comparatively easy to calculate the tides upon a sphere covered entirely with water of equal depth. But a sphere with continents, islands, bays and rivers, presents a problem so complicated that it was only within comparatively recent years that the most expert mathematicians were able to prepare tables forecasting the actual height of the water at different stages of the tide in actual seaports.

The wave of high water does not move directly beneath the moon, or directly opposite to it, but is retarded sometimes more and sometimes less. Sometimes it is piled up in bays until it reaches a great height, and at other times it creeps around islands or breaks on broad beaches that in each case produce their peculiar effect.



Tide Predicting Machine

Just how intricate this problem is, is seen by the fact that the machine in calculating the tides for the ports of Aden, Arabia and Hongkong, China, had to allow for thirty-five variables in the first instance and thirty-three in the second.

The whole process of calculating tides is one that involves higher mathematics, and would seem to be as far as possible from the realms of machine production, yet such a machine has been produced, with the certainty that there would be no market for it beyond two or three governments, and with no prospect that the inventor would reap a fortune.

This machine, a cut of which is taken from the *Engineering News*, where the machine is described by the inventor, is now in use in the coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, and in an experiment its calculation of the tides at Aden and Hong Kong, with the variables mentioned above, were found to be so accurate that in an entire year's calculations the maximum error in comparison with actual measurements of tides in these ports, was found to be .02 of a foot at Aden and .06 at Hong Kong.

So simple is the machine in its operation that after the wheels and dials, which calculate the variable elements, are set for any given port, an attendant has only to revolve the crank and call off the figures for each hour for a year in advance. The calculating of the tides by hours, for any port, for an entire year, and the preparation of the copy for the printer requires only from eight to fifteen hours.

It is interesting to note that this same magazine is now conducting a discussion of the leading engineers of the country over an editorial statement that the great trusts have so discouraged inventions that America is now behind most European countries in mechanical progress. The final conclusion of the editorial management, after the discussion had gone on for some time is that, "The United States has lost its supremacy as a field for the development of pioneer inventions and that in the race of international competition we are falling behind because of the attitude of the trusts toward inventive progress."

THE BIG CHANGE

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT'S the real, essential nature of Work that makes it different from Play? "Why," you tell me, "a person likes to play, and . . ." Doesn't like to work. Is that it? Come, now, that won't do, and you know it won't. Do you mean to tell me that the only difference is in how it happens to strike you; that if you feel like it one time an action is Play, and that if you don't feel like it at another time the same action is Work? Is there no difference except as you look at it?

Here's a man comes home from the office, all tired out. He sheds his coat, and collar and necktie, rolls up his sleeves and goes out to hoe his vegetables. He gets real, genuine enjoyment out of it, the more so because he knows that he will get wages in the shape of "garden-sass." And here's a man that wants to read the latest magazine of an evening, but a couple of the neighbors drop in, and the next thing is that he must make up the fourth in a game of bridge. He hates bridge, but for manners' sake he obliges the others.

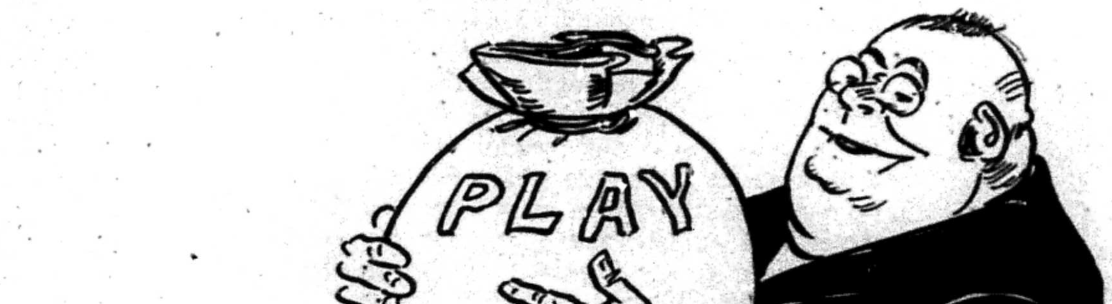
Yet you call the pleasant exercise "working in the garden"; you call the unpleasant exercise "playing cards."

It may very well be—indeed it is our strongest faith that, when The Big Change is fully come, it will be so that Work will be a real pleasure, because it will be so much more productive when we co-operate instead of competing, as now, when we try to help each other instead of trying to cut each others' throats, as now, for the Instinct of Mutual Aid is in us deeper than our bones and nearer to us than our skin; because we shall get the full value of our labor and not be teased with the thought we are being cheated and can't help ourselves; because we shall do what we have a natural bent for, whereas, now we have to do what will bring in the most money, even if there is some skullduggery connected with it; because the hours will not be so long, and—here we have it—we shall have more time for Play. But however agreeable it is, it will still be Work.

For I hold that the essential nature of Work is that it *is the application to production of a definitely established process.* It is settled. We know what it will do. There is no room for the imagination. Do thus-and-so, and you get this-and-that for a result.

Play, on the other hand, is essentially a matter of chance. Generally the odds are against you. The pleasure comes from beating the unfavorable chances. It is no pleasure to lose without a chance of winning; it is no pleasure to win without a chance of losing. The fun comes in when if you hadn't thought to lead that spade just when you did they'd have had the odd trick instead of you, and when the score is 3 to 3 in the last half of the ninth inning, two men out, and the man gets home just about half a second ahead of the ball.

There is a double nature in us, the animal and the god-like, the instinctive and the rational. The instinctive has to do with the preservation of the race; the rational has to do with the development of the individual. As fast as any useful action "wears a path," so to speak, so that it is done without consciously taking thought, it passes over from the domain of Play into Work; it passes from the reasoned into the habitual; from the god-like into the animal; from the admired into the commonplace. We all make a big fuss over the baby that is just learning to walk. We begin to grin the minute we think of it, or maybe the eyes get a little wet. The emotions come forth, don't you see? And that's Play, and of the nature of Play.



Do thus-and-so, and you get this-and-that for a result

But now that we go right along, and with our minds on something else, pick out the places to step where we sha'n't get our feet muddy, nobody slops over about it. What you want of a workman is that he shall know instinctively what to do without having to stop and study it all out. "How did you come to think of that clever trick?" you ask him, and he looks at you kind of funny, and asks in turn: "Why, what else could a fellow do?" He didn't study it out; it just came natural to him.

It is to secure this uniformity of result that machinery was invented that has made The Big Change. There's no Art about it; no Skill that anybody mightn't have; no Strength beyond the ordinary; no individuality; no room for choice, shall I do this or shall I do that? We haven't got time to argue over what has been settled long ago as the best way to do; we're not here to Play, we're here to Work.

And we, who want The Big Change to be recognized to its fullest extent, inquire: And what's your hurry? What do you want to get the Work done for?

For the life of me, I cannot see any other answer than: So's we can Play.

In spite of the fact that our reason teaches us that, things being as they are now, a man ought to keep his secrets to himself and if he finds out a better way to do a thing to say nothing about it, but use that for his own advantage. In spite of that, I say, the Instinct of Mutual Aid is deeper in us than our bones and closer to us than our skin, and the very first crack out of the box we say, "Why don't you do this way? It saves a lot of time and trouble," and "Here! Let me show you a little scheme I found out." More and more knack tends to become a possession in common. More and more The Big Change eliminates knack and strength and skill, and cuts processes up into two-motion and three-motion jobs so that anybody can produce, and the faculty of doing useful things becomes a possession in common.

We all require a balanced ratio of so much of proteids, and so much of fats, and so much of sugar, and so much of mineral constituents of the body. We're all on the same general lines in that respect. We require so much air to breathe, and our bodies need to be kept at about such a temperature by clothing and shelter and fuel. We have that in common. And what is plainer to see than that if we all went into cahoots together to produce what we needed for our animal wants, and all worked in cahoots by processes that had become instinctive, we should have so much more time left for Play?

"But we must co-operate for Play," you say.

Why?

"Well, so as to give everyone a fair chance." That's exactly it. For chance, and as even a chance as you can by any means devise, is the essential nature of Play. Don't you go sneaking your opponents's checker-men off the board. And here, Mister, you've got to jump. You don't want to? But the rule is that you *have* to. Funny kind of a game you play; do you want to win all the time? But if you try to turn Play into Work, if you lose money every time you lose a game, and win money every time you win a game, you naturally try to make a sure thing of it, because Work is essentially a sure thing game, while Play must be an even chance. And all the ethics of the actor and the player in a band or orchestra, all the things that are artistic to do and inartistic to do, are based upon an even chance for the composition, and not to influence the verdict of the audience one way or another by obtruding one's own personality.

And when it comes to co-operation in composing music or painting pictures or writing literature—Why! The thing's absurd. Do you think I could work with anybody in getting up this article? I might talk it over with others; I might even take the advice of others, but I've got to do it all my own self, in my own way, and if the editor thinks he has a better way of saying this thing or that thing than I have, why, I'll bite his head of, so I will.

There's a regular way to make shoes. That's the best way, and any other way loses time. But there's no regular way to write an article. There isn't any sort of rule to go by in the production of artistic stuff. And those fellows who sit down to their desks at 9 o'clock as regular as the day comes round and write till 1 o'clock, and then knock off for luncheon, and begin again at—Well, all I've got to say is that their stuff reads like it. There's no Art about it; it's all process stuff, machine-made.

Render unto Cæsar, therefore, the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. And don't get 'em mixed up or you'll be sorry for it.

Health Note

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

A Minnesota physician asserts that it is best to lie on the right side. Quite true; if you must lie, be sure you lie on the right side. Having lied on all sides we are convinced that the right side is the right side to lie on.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven into the fabric of the world.—*Ruskin.*

Going "Back to the Land"

By E. M. Lewis

FOR almost a decade the national slogan has been "Back to the Land." City dailies and country weeklies, popular magazines and elaborately bound volumes—all have sung the same song. "Back to the Land" is shouted from the printed page and the public platform. This is latest patent medicine with which the social quack would cure poverty, and it has a most alluring sound.

Get away from the congested city with its strife, poverty, want and misery; away from sweat-shops, unsanitary offices, smoke-begrimmed factories and death-breeding tenements. Get back to God's own creation; back into the out-stretched arms of mother Earth, there to have and hold a home, a home of your very own. Think of it.

Such an appeal comes with especial keenness to those who have almost out-lived the period when they can bring profits to a master. When these see the day approaching when they can no longer follow their chosen profession, and when the vision of pauperism begins to loom as a possibility on the horizon, this inspiring cry of "Back to the Land" is almost maddening.

It is to these that the lure of the bait thrown out by the real estate shark is well nigh resistless. And this bait is carefully prepared. Prizes are offered for the best photographs of farms in the district to which the workers are to be attracted. Testimonials of results possible only by trained workers after years of labor are dangled before the eyes of broken-down, home-hungry city laborer.

I was one of these. I have gone "Back to the Land." Because my story is one of many, I tell it for the help of those who are thinking of traveling the same road.

Thirty years ago I entered the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company as messenger boy, with a burning desire to become an operator. Being an ambitious young aspirant and a close student I soon mastered the art of telegraphy and was assigned to a wire as a full-fledged operator. In 1882 I became a member of the "Order of Commercial Telegraphers" and in 1883 was identified with the strike of that same year, referred to by old-time Telegraphers as the "trouble of '83." Being poorly organized we were soon crushed and the strike called off.

In the Grip of the "Iron Clad"

The company then came out with what the operators dubbed "the iron clad," which was an agreement to sever all connection with the order, turn in our membership cards and promise never again to affiliate with another union. We were given our choice of either signing "the iron clad" and going back to work or refusing and being kicked out and blacklisted. I chose the latter and migrated to New York where I was then unknown in telegraph circles.

I was refused employment on the pretext that the company was full handed. This I knew to be untrue- as was evidenced by the fact that other members of my craft were signing the "iron clad" and going to work. Already the cruel "blacklist" was getting in its hellish work. I made application at Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Memphis and New Orleans. The result was the same. The blacklist was there ahead of me.

Fortunately for the telegrapher there are several fields in which he can apply his trade. If he is "in bad" with the commercial companies he can still look to the railroads, the brokers and Associated Press for employment. It was to the former that I now turned my attention. A short time in the employ of the railroads soon convinced me that the railroad telegrapher's lot is even more strenuous than that of the commercial operators. At most stations he is an all-round flunkey.

Fleeing From the Blacklist

For a change I entered the train service. After several years' experience in that capacity I had a longing desire to go back to the Commercial Telegraph Company. To do so would necessitate taking a "flag." (A "flag" is a telegraphic phrase, meaning working under an assumed name.) I applied at Denver, Colo., under a "flag" and was given work.

My true identity was soon discovered and made known to the management of that office by one of their many "spotters." It is needless to relate the result.

After numerous short sojourns, at different offices, under a "flag," I began to drift. Drift, drift, always drifting, here, there, everywhere. Like that migratory bird, the Canada goose, when winter was stretching out its frozen arms over the north I would honk and fly south, and at the first gentle breath of spring, through the sweet magnolias, I would honk and fly back north. In the summer I would find myself working at some small railroad station on the plains of the far west, and in the winter at a lonely little hamlet on a southern road in the swamps of Arkansaw, Louisiana or Georgia.

During our sojourn through life we often meet big whole-souled men, at the heads of departments in the interest of powerful and exacting corporations, whose environments fail to reduce them to a stage of misanthrophy. Away down deep in their strong, manly hearts will ever remain a high regard for their fellow men that cannot be stifled. It was in the personage of J. J. Dickey, District Superintendent for the Western Union Telegraph Company, with headquarters at Omaha, Neb., that I met such a man. It was through his efforts that my name was removed from the hounding "blacklist" and I was permitted to return to work under my right name.

With their organization gone, the commercial telegraphers found their condition growing worse day by day, until it became unbearable and further attempts were made to reorganize. Every move in this direction was closely watched and successfully blocked by the company. Men who dared openly to express themselves in favor of unionism were, under some pretext, promptly discharged, "blacklisted" and set afloat; deprived of the opportunity to work for a living; sent out through the land to beg for a new master; to cringe and crawl before the throne of some mighty official in a vain attempt to soften a petrified human heart; begging for further persecution to cease; begging for the privilege to become useful citizens.

Union Crushed Again

It was not until 1907 that we found ourselves strongly enough organized to make any demands. Our demands were made and, with the exception of the brokers, rejected. Then followed a strike against the Western Union, Postal and Associated Press. After a bitter fight, lasting over three months, the strike ended. We were crushed. Again it had been proven. to me, that a labor union is no match for organized capital, such as we had to cope with.

A few months later I rounded out my telegraphic career, with the Postal Telegraph Company, at Dallas, Texas. After twenty-six years, under the wage system, I found myself, in the afternoon of life, worse off than at the beginning. The future held nothing.

It was here that I resolved to seek a home in the west, a home that would support me in old age.

A month later I landed at Conconully, Okanogan county, Washington, over one hundred miles off the railroad. No sooner had I made my business known than I was surrounded by half a dozen "land cruisers" or "locators,' who demanded all the way from fifty to two hundred dollars for service rendered. Let me say here, that the locating of home-seekers should, by all means, be looked after by the government and the service be gratis. After being exploited to the tune of one hundred and fifty dollars, by these sharks, I was located upon 160 acres of unsurveyed forest lands. Three months later this same land was thrown into the forest reserve and I was forced to leave my improvements and vacate.

Upon learning of the inducements held out by the Canadian government to American settlers, I went up there and investigated. I found that the choice lands were "blanketed" and being held by the wealthy class, in England, until their children became old enough to file, thus forcing the poor homesteader back on the desolate plains, miles away from civilization. At a number of points in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan I met many Americans who were starved out entirely and making efforts to get back to Uncle Sam's country as best they could, many of them walking. The Canadian government had their money and still holds the land waiting for another importation of your Uncle Samuel's homeless citizens, as one old fellow expressed himself: "to wager them one hundred and sixty acres of Canadian land against a small amount of American dollars that the government can starve them out before the expiration of three years, and nine times out of ten the government wins."

Now don't laugh at the Canadian government's little gambling lay-out. Your old Uncle Samuel gives you the same opportunity to make a bet with him, only he asks greater odds, he wants you to stay five years in order to win the land, while Miss Canada only asks you to stay three.

Not many years ago American homesteaders were only required to put up a small shack and remain over night in it once every six months in order to hold their claims. Some way or another the lumber kings acquired the habit of bribing the homesteaders. When the kings found a choice piece of timber land, which was open to homesteaders only, all they had to do was load up a bunch of men, stake them to enough money to file on the land, herd them back to the woods and locate them on a hundred and sixty acres, respectively, and at the end of fourteen months give them money to commute, make over the deeds and, presto, the land belonged to the kings. Over this method, someone set up a mighty howl, in fact, they howled so long and so loud it became apparent that something must be done. It would not do to enact a law making it an offense against the government, punishable by a fine or imprisonment or both for offering and accepting a bribe. A law like this would work both ways, whereas they only wanted it to work one way. They must be careful not to discommode the lumber kings, so the burden was dumped where it has always been unloaded, on the shoulder of the poor man. They made it five years continuous residence, under pain of losing his homestead if he accepts financial assistance from any source. Thus a terrible hardship is worked on the homsteader while the land grabber is put out, only to the extent of devising new methods whereby to grab.

Two years ago I filed on a claim in northern Idaho where I am today. The land I occupy is covered with second growth timber, fit only for fuel. In clearing the land I fell the timber and, to get it out of the way, burn it. In Spokane, only fifty miles west of me, are hundreds of families who suffer throughout the winters for lack of fuel. On the streets and in the railroad yards are seen many small and thinly-clad children, with sacks and baskets, foraging for fuel. while thousands upon thousands of cords are being wasted.

Suffering Amid Plenty

Are not the facilities at hand whereby this wood can be moved to a point where it is needed, you ask?

Yes! Emphatically yes! The Northern Pacific Railroad is within one mile of my place.

Then why this wanton waste?

For the simple reason that the extortionate freight rates and the profit system have placed myself and consuming city brother so far apart that I cannot reach him. Perhaps my city brother is making improved and useful farming tools which I greatly need, but as we are forced to exchange our products through about the same medium, i. e., the "wage and profit system," we are kept so far apart that I am forced to continue using crude and unhandy tools, of home construction, as did my primitive ancestors, while my brother in the city is forced to go on freezing and starving. They are getting us farther apart every day.

As I write these lines, my wife is pacing the floor of our cabin like a caged lioness. Outside the snow is over five feet deep. In compliance with that nasty little amendment to the homestead law, reading: "Continuous residence," I am compelled to put in long, lonesome winters of idleness.

As a homesteader's improvements progress his land begins to attract evil eyes and cunning, designing minds. One slip and he will more than likely be contested, lose his land and improvements, representing years of toil and privation. The permitting of such a "dog-eat-dog system as this has caused many a bloody conflict and long standing feuds in the far west.

Chained to Idleness

Until one has stock to look after it is foolish and unnecessary for him to remain on his claim through the winter, in idleness. Why not let him get out and do some useful work? True, the government will grant six months' leave of absence upon request, but this is deducted from your time. Who wants to be ten or fifteen years making final proof?

Of course I could go back to the old "grind" in the city and continue a life of genteel poverty. Of the two hardships I believe I have chosen the lesser. Out here I may hear an occasional snarl of a hungry coyote, but that is music compared with the snarl of the boss.

On my way to the postoffice to mail this manuscript to the COMING NATION, I will pass through a large strip of choice land, at one time owned by the people, but donated to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company by a generous government to

(Continued on page twelve.)

When the Overland Kid Came Home

By Stacy E. Baker

Illustrated by Bert H. Chapman.

THE Overland Kid slipped noiselessly from the bumpers. His face was grimed with the dirt and dust collecting from his coal-strewn "kipping" place of the night before, and his coarse, black hair scintilated with infinitesimal bits of anthracite. His clothes, if nothing else, instantly proclaimed him one of those happy-go-lucky nomads of the road—the genus hobo. A grim smile wreathed the Nubianized face of the wanderer.

"Home again," said the Overland Kid.

Manistole is a neat little burg in Northern Michigan. Here reside a number of the so-called "lumber kings" of prose and poetry, and many a proud girl trips the city streets whose father originally came down the Manistole river on a raft.

The generation once—or, at most, twice—removed from these sturdy pioneers of the woods country, however, has eliminated to a great extent the little crudities characteristic of the Ishmaels of the Pike-pole. The girls are Vassar-bred; the boys Yale educated.

It was at Poughkeepsie where Marie Norsen first met the visiting Compte de Montcour.

The count, needless to say, was of French ancestry; and a noble one it was, too, according to his own tale, and the *Almanach de Gotha.*

The Norsen miss, despite her youth, was the business like daughter of her father, and wise in the ways of the world. She thumbed out the antecedents of the lisping Frenchman after the first moon-lit night of their acquaintance. The *Almanach de Gotha* is a wonderful institution.

Possibly the count knew of the many millions of the Manistole family. Again, it may have been that the Gascon heart of the visitor really thrilled to the undoubted charms of the Michigan beauty. Perhaps both At any rate, shortly after the home coming of Marie in the year of her graduation, the engagement was announced.

Manistole sat up and took notice. So did old man Norsen. Manistole felt flattered that one of its daughters was to become affiliated with one of the oldest families in France. Old man Norsen, on the contrary, did not. Had Norsen, *pere,* been the dominant note in the family symphony, preparations for the wedding would have been noticeably delayed. The fact that these same preparations went merrily on, can sum up for the reader the family standing of the man who made these things possible. The good wife who formerly had been content to minister to the wants of a house full of lumber jacks, now had ambitions in keeping with their exalted station. Hence, the nobility bee in the metaphorical bonnet of the mademoiselle Norsen, and the subsequent squelching of the lumber king when the title was landed.

Mrs. Norse Norsen was queen of the household, and regulated things therein with a capable if authoritative hand.

That is to say, she regulated things until the Overland Kid came home. As an unconscious regulator, the Overland Kid was the premier of them all.

Twelve years before the opening of this story, the Kid—then Halmar Norsen—had taken to the road as the result of a quarrel with his father. The boy was only fifteen years of age, and hot-headed, but the father had made no effort to find him He had chosen to go. Now he could stay or return, as he liked.

This is how Halmar became the Overland Kid, with a liking for the rods and bumpers of freight trains, and a casual eye for the towns and cities through which he passed. In the due course of time this became tiresome, and the idler thought more and more of the house he had desertd. So he came back.

Preparations for the Norsen wedding progressed rapidly. The count was installed at the best hotel in the city, and all was bustle and confusion at the home of Marie.

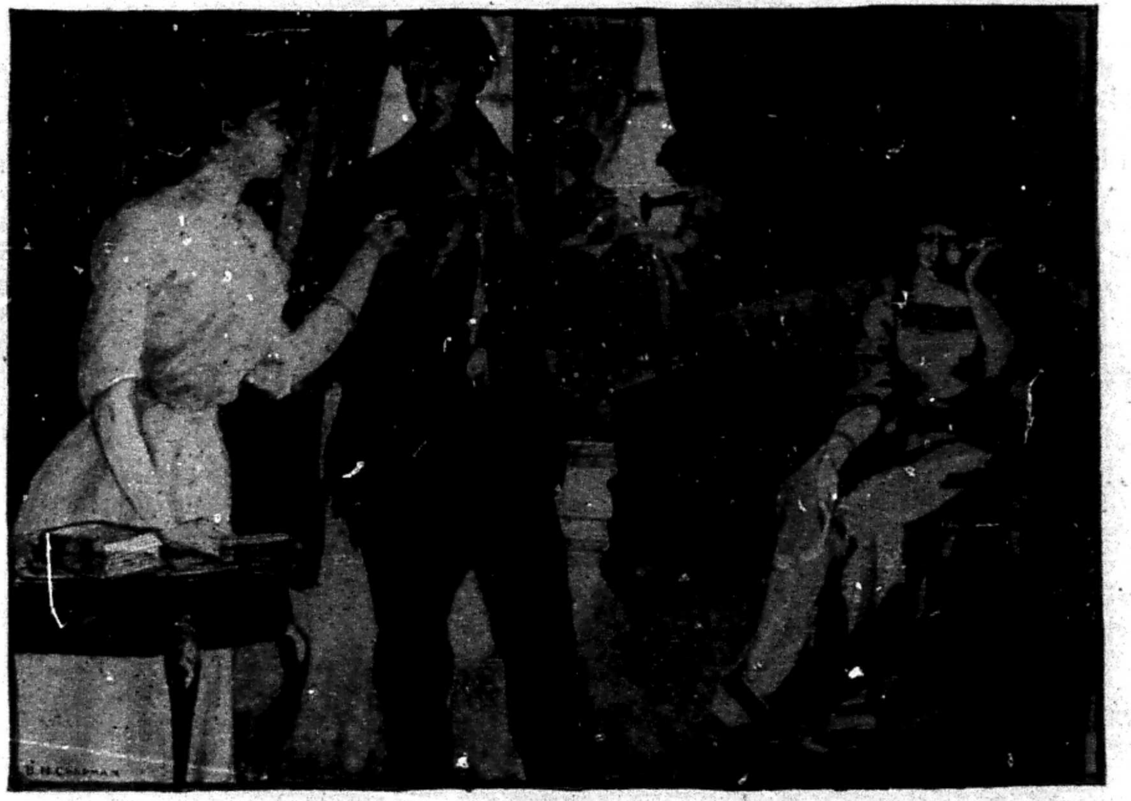
Mrs. Norsen, busily engaged in superintending the efforts of a horde of dressmakers, heard the confused murmur of voices in the hall. Snaggs, the butler, seemed to be in trouble

"My bye! This is a most *hex*traordinary proceeding!" came from Snaggs, who was evidently trying to bar the entrance of some persistent one.

"Cut it, bo," rasped a hoarse voice. "I knows wot I knows, all right, all right. Dis yer joint is owned by me ol' gent, see? An' I'm tellin' yer dat in I goes, wheder yer likes it, or wheder yer don't. I ain't got no callin' cards wid me, an' it's a two to one shot dat yer wouldn't take one in if I had it."

Still protesting wildly, Snaggs vainly tried to stay the entrance of the visitor.

Mrs. Norsen pushed her way through the bevy of hushed dressmakers, and majestically opened the door. Through her lorgenette, she summed up the situation. Her pale cheeks testified to her recognition of her son, and her faltering feet turned to retreat—but too late! With a melodramatic cry of "mother!" the prodigal rushed forward and threw his arms around her. In the background were grouped the astonished seamstresses. Before them, mouth agape, stood Snaggs. The situation was tense.



I am to marry into one of the proudest families of France

A gaunt, care-worn woman in the ranks of the workers tittered at the predicament in which the social arbitrator of Manistole found herself. Mrs. Norsen was not one to inspire the risibilities. There was no element of humor in the laugh. Rather, it was the nervous break of a taut moment—the snap of an over-wrought violin string.

"Mother!" reiterated the prodigal, and before the horrified on-lookers he pressed a grimy kiss to the pale cheek of the woman.

Mrs. Norse Norsen promptly fainted.

"Youse skirts can blow now," came authoritively from the nondescript. "Dis yer is a day o' t'anksgivin', an' I guess de ol' girl won't mind if youse take de rest o' de day off."

"I s'y!" Snaggs raised a croaking voice, but a coal black fist poked suggestively in under his abreviated nose somthered the protest.

The frightened flock of seamstresses fled—and the escutcheon of Norse Norsen was thus menaced.

After the departure of the women, the Overland Kid turned to his mother. Snaggs, still of a mind to rebel, but wary of the baleful eye of the intruder, was sent for water, and a liberal supply was doused in the face of the woman. She revived, and it was plainly evident after her first few words, that no fatted calf awaited the return of the wanderer.

"Well, you certainly *have* made a mess of it," came caustically from Mrs. Norsen; this, to a son after a twelve years' absence! "You've done it now!"

"Gee, but youse is an affectionate mommer," cynically observed the grimy one. "I'll bet you missed me a lot—*not!* I uster lay awake nights, an' get sore at meself, fancyin', sort of, dat youse was grievin' yer heart away 'cause I wouldn't come back. I guess I needn't a worried none. It's a cinch youse didn't.

"But—to come down ter brass tacks, ma—what's doin'? I want a line on t'ings. When I went away, de ol' man was doin' fairly well, but he didn't have no corner on de wad dat seems ter be stickin' to his fingers now. I ain't hep ter t'ings. Put me wise?"

Filial affection was conspicuous by its absence.

Another incident coming now in this little drama of real life, probably saved the home comer from an attack from his exasperated mother. A fluffy-haired, bright-eyed girl, of perhaps nineteen years of age tripped gaily into the room.

"O mother," she cried, "I've just—" Her eyes rested for the first time on the tramp. The sentence remained unfinished. The expression of her face underwent a complete change. She turned imperiously to Snaggs. "What is this—*person* doing here?" she asked.

Mrs. Norsen intervened. "I will explain, my dear." She turned to the butler. "Snaggs, leave the room."

Reluctantly, the important one turned to obey. This reluctance irritated the Kid.

"'Blow', yer mut," he yelled. "Didn't youse hear wot mommer said?"

"Now, Alice," coldly came from the other woman, "be prepared for an—er—pleasant surprise. This party is your brother. He has come home," then, under her breath, came something which sounded suspiciously like, "God help us!"

The girl's haughty face flushed. "Where is the joke?" she asked. "It seems hardly in good taste, under the circumstances."

With a great deal of cold expression, and a number of vindictive glances at the wanderer, the mother gave a realistic recital of the last few minutes for the edification of her daughter.

"Say, dis is gettin' on me nerves," grumbled the Kid. "I don't seem to be popular here, but here I stays until I gets me chancet ter talk ter de ol' man. You'se skirts don't run dis dump, if I remembers de ol' un right."

The girl's face was now stone-white. With an effort, she came forward and laid a dainty hand in the grimy paw of her brother.

"I remember you now, Halmar," she said gently. "I was only a little girl when—when you went away, you know. It would appear that things have not gone as well with you as they might, but mother and I wish you to understand that we are glad you returned—only your unheralded homecoming comes in the nature of asurprise."

"I noticed it," came from the Kid dryly. "I certainly couldn't help but notice it. And now, sis, if youse is done shootin' de air, put me wise to where de cap'n hangs out, an' him an' me'll have a little chat. Youse don't eider of yer make any more of a hit wid me den I does wid youse."

"Your father is out of town." Mrs. Norsen eyed the errant coldly. She still remained aloof. It was only too plain to the Kid that the maternal breast had long since ceased to contain even a smouldering spark of the old mother love.

"Youse didn't used ter have one o' them glass-on-a-stick t'ings in de ol' days, did yer, ma?" asked the Kid. "An' I notices, too, dat youse has cut away from de Souweigan dialect. Good fer youse, ma. I allers said yer had it in yer. But say now, on de square, where's dad? I'm goin' ter see him, youse can bet yer hoofs on dat, so trot him out, an' den, if I don't like him any better dan I does youse, I'll be on my way."

The girl was watching her brother intently. She seemed to be hovering between two emotions; one to passionately claim this boy who had come over to them from the dead, and who was a handsome, manly looking youth, despite the grime on his face; and the other, bred by ambition and pride, to disown him. There was a good bit of her father's blood in her, and in the end this last suggestion was put away. When she spoke there was more affection in her voice than hitherto.

"It may seem to you that you are treated coldly after your long absence, Halmar, but consider everything! Mother has thought you dead for years. She has always said that if this were not so you would have returned to us. And she has told me time and again of the wonderful things you would have done had you lived. Now you come home—like this! The shock is a great one.

"Again, I am about to be married, and mother is beside herself with the details of the affair. You come at a most inauspicious time. I am to marry into one of the proudest families of France, and your sudden appearance as a vagabond has gotten on mothers nerves."

A touch of impatience crept into the girl's voice. "It seems to me that you might have at least washed your face and hands before coming here. All this, however, is away from the subject. What I want you to do is this. I will give you money enough to properly clothe yourself, and I want you to go to a hotel until after the wedding.

"If you follow my advice you will take a little more care with your toilet—a shave and a hair-cut will help wonderfully. When you are located, let me know where you are, and as soon as father returns I will send him to you.

"After the wedding, of course, you will return to the house, but, under the circumstances, and considering your—er—little peculiarities of speech, you will see that it is the best for all concerned that you stop elsewhere until I am married."

The Kid seemed impressed. "Wot yer say is right, sis," he vouchsafed. "I'm a sure 'nuff 'bo, I am, an' I guess yer wouldn't make any hit if I was at yer weddin'.

"I ain't very flush, jest at present, an' I'll take de coin yer offers me, an' drop into some nice, quiet dump until de ol' gent gets back on de job. Leave it ter me ter get de glad rags. I'll make dis guy dat's goin' ter hook up ter yer look like a two-bit piece."

"Father is in Chicago," said the girl. "When he comes home I'm sure he'll do a lot for you. Your going away nearly broke his heart."

"Must have, at de rate he's pilin' up de dough ball," ruminated the Kid. "It certainly must have made him a wreck. It's a good t'ing for de country at large dat a lot o' dem broken-hearted ones ain't turned loose on 'em ev'ry year."

The youth's mother still remained unnaturally reticent. Occasionally she stared at the prodigal through her lorgnette, but the girl continued to officiate as the family interpreter throughout the parley. Calloused by twelve hard seasons on the road, the erstwhile Overland Kid remained indifferent to the attitude of the older woman.

The girl took elaborate pains to explain the situation, and a roll of yellow bills was pressed upon the willing Halmar. This preluded the departure. The young man soon left in search of a clothing house and a hotel.

"Gee," murmured the youth, scanning the roll. "Dis is more cash dan I ever had before in me life."

He spent some of it.

"H. Norsen," registered the flashily-dressed young stranger. The clerk at the Hotel Manistoie scanned the signature critically.

"Give me de best room in de house," ordered the altered Kid, and added, with an effort, "wid a bat'."

The clerk was cautious. There was something peculiar about this new arrival. "Have you baggage?" he asked suspiciously.

"Naw," growled Norsen; then, when the significance of the question came to him. "I pays in advance, I does." He hauled out a huge roll, and carelessly peeled a $50 certificate. "Yer credits me wid dis, an' when it's eat up I'll dig again. See?"

The clerk was squelched. To hide his confusion he again glanced at the register, and, noting a similarity between names, swiftly turned the conversation. "Are you related to our townsman, Norse Norsen?" he questioned suavely.

"Yep," answered the Kid. "I'm his son."

The clerk laughed. It was evident that this horsey-looking person with the overgrown roll liked his joke.

"Here for the wedding, I presume," he grinned. "Turn your head and you'll see your prospective brother-in-law."

Young Norsen glanced around.

A slim, dark-featured youth, dressed faultlessly, was just entering the door. A ragged scar on his right cheek marred an otherwise handsome face. An infinitesimal moustache dotted a sensual mouth.

"Gee," came audibly from the Kid, as his keen eyes caught the ensemble.

A peculiar expression flashed for an instant in the Frenchman's eyes as he glared at the pale, tense face of the other. This was speedily replaced by a haughty stare.

"French Frank," came wonderingly from young Norsen, then: "Wot de deuce is *youse* doin' here?" He laid a harsh hand on the newcomer's arm.

The man with the scar stopped and turned to face his inquisitor.

"Ze—er—" His eyes made a swift inventory of the Kid. "Ze—*genteelman* is mistaken. I do not know heem." He moved as if to turn away, and the Kid's grasp tightened.

"De—er—gentleman is wise to wot kind of a game youse is tryin' ter spring on the natives in this man's town."

The clerk interceded. He had recovered his mental equilibrium, so to speak, and was incensed at the attack on his star guest. But the clerk was a diplomat.

"The gentleman is the Count de Montcour," he loftily explained to the other, "and he is to marry Miss Marie Norsen of this city, if you must know. You will please allow him to pass, and avoid a scene."

The Kid tightened his grip.

"Count de nuthin'," he grinned. "Dis guy is French Frank—one o' de cleverest buncs in de business, and wot's more, he don't marry any sister o' mine—not *yet!*"

He emphasized this with a swing to the Frenchman's jaw that nearly mowed the foreigner down.

"*Sacred Name!*" shrilled the count. The battle was on.

Frightened guests climbed tables and chairs as the combatants came in their direction, and excitement was the order of the moment. The pale clerk hurriedly summoned the police.

It took three roundsmen with brawny arms and stout sticks five minutes to stop the fighting. This done, the bloody ones were loaded into a "come on" wagon, and driven to jail.

"What's the charge?" asked the sergeant, as the pair were arraigned before him.

"'D. and D.'," explained the officer, and elucidated.

Throughout the story, the sergeant kept a more than ordinarily curious eye on the count. He seemed to be puzzled.

The hotel clerk was present to intercede for his pet patron. He glared at the Kid. "This—this *fellow,*" he explained, pointing a correctly manicured finger, "wantonly attacked the count. He evidently takes him for someone else whom he calls 'French Frank,' and—"

In a flash the sergeant's face cleared. "French Frank, by hockey! I thought I remembered that face."

He glared at the frightened count. "*Say!*" he roared. "D'ye remember me?" His eyes bored into the very soul of the foreigner, and a brawny fist was brought down on the office desk in emphasis.

"No," gasped the Frenchman.

"Well, then, seein' as your memory's poor, I'll tell you who I am. I'm the cop that got you three years ago on Dearborn street in Chicago, and the same feller that you hit with a pair of brass knuckles in making your get-away. Do you remember now?"

The palsied tongue of the prisoner clicked impotently against the roof of his mouth, but words refused to come.

He stared, fascinated, at the huge bulk in blue towering before him.

"Come out of that dream," roared the sergent, his face beet-red. "Do you remember? It's the third degree for you, if you don't. *Do you remember?*"

"Ye—es," gasped the frightened man.

The sergeant's apoplectic face instantly relaxed. "Put him in a cell," he ordered, complacently. "I know him, all right. It ain't very often they fool me."

He beamed on the Kid.

"Guess we don't need to hold you," he said. "You knew what you was doin', and this feller was wanted in St. Louis for bank burglary. Of course you will get the one thousand dollars reward."

The Kid kept a discreet silence.

"Where shall I send it?" asked the officer.

"Give it to me sister, Miss Marie Norsen," answered the Overland Kid, en route to the door. "Gee," he mused, once out of the police court. "I'll have to hit de road ag'in now, for sure. I never will dare ter face de ol' woman after ballin' t'ings up like dis."

A Socialist Court and the Poll Tax

The matter which follows is intended to be humorous. The writer was trying to have a joke on the Socialists. It does not take much insight to see the grimace of pain behind the grin that the writer wore. The incident described took place in a mining community a few miles from Girard.—Editor.

So far as the collection of poll tax is concerned, the Socialists are in complete control of Washington township, Crawford county, Kansas, and that is all there is to it. If you want to escape paying your poll tax move out to Washington township and you won't be touched. The poll tax law enacted by the last legislature has been erased from the statute books used in that township.

Two weeks ago, Judge Phillips of Curranville, one of the justices of the peace for Washington township, declared the law unconstitutional because he found it had not been constitutionally enacted. This far reaching and now famous decision came at the conclusion of the trial of Leon Herbine, who was arrested because he refused to pay the tax. Judge Phillips declared that the poor old constitution of Kansas had been shamefully ignored by the legislature in the passage of the law, which, the evidence showed, had been in one of the numerous omnibusses which were so popular in the closing days of the legislative work. The constitution provides that there shall be a roll call upon every bill. A. M. Keene of Bourbon county and J. H. Cassin of Girard, both members of the legislature, were used as expert witnesses by J. I. Sheppard, the Socialist lawyer, to show that the poll tax law had not been given a separate roll call. Their testimony was taken by Judge Phillips as conclusive proof that the law had not been legally enacted.

The spectacle of a justice of the peace in Washington township passing upon the constitutionality of a law enacted by the legislature created widespread amusement. Attention was called to the ruling of the Kansas supreme court which holds that an inquiry as to the legal passage of a law cannot go back of the journals of the legislature. If those journals show that a law was enacted in the proper manner, it was so enacted, the court has held, and the evidence of members of the legislature cannot be credited. The journals stand as the true record of the proceedings. Although the journals were available in the Curranville case, Judge Phillips disregarded the ruling of the supreme court and established a new precedent of his own use, at least in Washington township. He not only admitted parole evidence but he based his decision upon that evidence.

But however much amusement the Phillips decision may have created, the facts are that the said decision will stand as the law in the case in Washington township. For all the citizens in that township, the decision of Judge Phillips is final unless he should reverse himself as courts sometimes do, but as it is extremely unlikely Judge Phillips will do in this case. T. J. Karr, county attorney, thought after the famous decision was rendered that he could get the next case directly in a district court where the established rules of the supreme court would be adhered to. He even went so far as to wish that he could find someone in Washington township who would swear to a complaint against someone else because the someone else wouldn't pay his poll tax. But now it has been discovered that that wouldn't do any good at all because the law does not admit of taking the case out of the township.

The law last winter did not repeal the old statute relating to the collection of poll tax. Captain Morris, deputy county attorney, was looking up the matter a day or two ago and discovered that in the manner of punishing persons for refusal to pay poll tax, the old statute still stood, in that the action must be brought before some justice of the peace for the township wherein lives the defendant. This denies the county attorney the privilege of taking the case from Washington township into district court direct, or to a justice court at Girard or Pittsburg or anywhere else and makes it necessary for the case to be brought before one of the two justices of the peace in Washington township and tried there.

And so the county attorney is just thinking. The other justice of the peace of Washington township —Justice Peniston of Arma—is a Socialist comrade, too. It could not be expected that he would not have judicial respect for the opinion rendered by his fellow justice at Curranville and use it as a precedent. It would, therefore, serve no good purpose to bring an action before him.

So as a matter of fact, Washington township is thoroughly and completely in the hands of the Socialists. The judicial machinery is socialistic and the executive officers are socialistic. Insofar as the powers of those judges and officers extend Washington township is apart from Crawford county, Kansas and the United States. And those powers extend at least, over the poll tax matter.

Can a justice of the peace be removed? Why, certainly, for malfeasance in office, but not for political views that he may possess or decisions that he may render unless the same be tainted with corruption. Justice Phillips and Justice Peniston are robed in judicial discretion and even if they suspend the constitution of the United States or declare the Emancipation Proclamation irregular or begin to punish individuals for the "Crime of '73," they will repose still in the clothes of unquestioned discretion and cannot be touched.

It is the will of the people of Washington township.—*Pittsburg (Kan.) Headlight.*

"So long as there is no change in the system which has obtaned until the present time; so long as no efforts are made to avoid, at any cost, the crimes which are now liable to punishment, by introducing a fraternal order of society based on love; so long will everybody, condemned in the name of justice, be unjustly condemned."—*Ferrer.*

The Shop Slave in Britain

The Moloch of Capitalism and the Morals of the Shop "Compounds"

By Desmond Shaw

British Correspondent Coming Nation.

(*Continued from last week.*)

WE have heard a good deal lately about girls behind drinking bars. I had rather be a girl behind a drinking bar than behind a shop counter—very often. After all, behind the bar the girls know they will get their wage, which is a living wage; behind the counter they are put on starvation wages, and if they' 'live-in'—God help them!

"The other day I asked a shopwalker in one of our big shops: 'How do the poor girls live?' His answer was: 'You know as well as I do, Father Vaughan, that they do not live on the wages they get here, but on the wages of sin.'"

The words that head this article were spoken by Father Bernard Vaughan, the Roman Catholic prelate, who by his frank denunciation of the splendid sins of society, and by his fearless exposure of the cankers of civilization, has won for himself a national reputation.

"The girls in the shops do not live on their pittances—they live on the wages of sin."

The herding together of numbers of women, and of numbers of men, under the "living-in' system, in which their minutest and most private actions are overlooked, so that if an assistant uses his handkerchief the rumor reverberates like the trumpet of the archangel Gabriel, constitutes an enslavement of human beings, to which the system of Chinese compounds on the Randt mines can alone be compared, and forms a menace to morality, which is leaving its marks upon the nation.

When one speaks of "Morality" with a capital "M," one is apt to use the word in conjunction with the female sex only—which, incidentally, pays the highest compliment to that sex, for it precludes the possibility of men having any morals at all!

In the British shop "compound," where vicious and depraved men are flung together with young and innocent apprentices, the atmosphere of vice which forms in a deadly miasma quickly stifles all idealism, all purity, and all innocence.

Veterans in Vice

Sir George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association and himself the head of a great London shop, once said: "Houses of business generally contain a very mixed set of men. Those of pure mind and high ideals are forced to associate in closest intimacy with the vicious and depraved. . . . The effect upon a boy from the country of being compelled to live and work, to share a bedroom, and in many cases the bed itself, with veterans in vice—that is best left to the imagination."

I do not wish to make your blood run cold, by the recital of facts for the purpose of sensationalism, but from my conversations not only with shop managers and assistants, and with London and provincial medical men, I assert quite dispassionately that vice, and unnatural vice, stalks unchallenged through the shop "compounds" of Britain.

I will leave that side "to the imagination."

Let us look for a moment at the direct effect of the "living-in" system upon the morals of women assistants.

This side of the question is a sort of Bluebeard's chamber, grisly with horrors. The record is one so minute and horrible that it leaves no possible doubt whatever that every year sees the ranks of the "women of civilization" recruited largely from the ranks of the female shop assistants.

What are the facts?

Standing out from the others is the fact that under the whip of economic pressure, the girls are in many cases forced into the paths of vice in order to make up a living wage.

Women at Two Dollars a Week

But what wages do the women get?

Under two dollars a week.

By the rapidly increasing influx of women into the distributive trades, of whom, today, there are about a quarter of a million in these islands, advantage has been taken by the employers to displace male labor and to reduce the standard of pay, the "living-in" system being used still further to reduce the net receipts of the shop slave.

After listening to lengthy evidence, the Labor Commissioners put the average wage for a fully-qualified male assistant at *under six dollars a week*, or about 3¼d an hour, the time value of which is nearly 50 per cent lower than that of a navvy or day laborer. But the average for saleswomen worked out, as above stated, at under two dollars per week.

Of course board and lodging, of the type outlined in previous articles, is provided *free*, but I estimate that the monetary equivalent of this "free" maintenance would work out at about $125 per annum.

Two dollars a week—friendless in a great city—physically attractive.

That way perdition lies.

Where Shop Girls are Herded

Under the "living-in" system the girls are penniless most of the time, for with interesting ingenuity the firms take good care in many instances only to pay the girls their wages once a quarter, and force them to debit against those wages all their purchases in the establishment where they work.

Every encouragement is given to the girls to "dress up smart." The girls who dress the smartest are the girls who receive any little consideration that happens to be knocking around, and as a result the account standing to the debit of a girl for dress frequently exceeds the money coming to her. Thus the wily shop-vulture swells his turn-over, sucks back some of the wages he pays, and qualifies himself for his final account with his Maker.

The Selling of Sex

The girls have to get money somewhere. They have only two things to sell—their labor-power and their sex. Their labor-power is worth under two dollars a week. Therefore, they sell their sex.

Quite simple.

I wish I could drive into your consciousness the slimy hypocrisy of these spiritual rouges in the shops. They say to the girls: "Of course we like you to spend your evenings indoors in the sitting-room provided (Heaven save the sitting room!). We do not like our young people gadding about the streets with all their temptations. Remain under our parental care and be happy and good and sweated."

Shop Girls and Their Angels

In an interview with a shopman of large experience, he said, in reply to a question as to whether the girls spent much of their time after business hours in their "sitting rooms" and dormitories—"You bet not! If they have a few shillings to spare, they go around town, and some of them drive up to the dormitories in swell handsome cabs about closing time, for all shop girls are not angels!" And he looked significantly. "I have come to the conclusion that the factory girl has a much better opportunity of living a moral life than the girl who is compelled to live-in. The factory girl is not tempted to spend a lot of money on dress, she is not exposed to brutal insults at the hands of her overseer, and, what is all-important, she has a home in which to spend her evenings."

An ex-President of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Mr. W. H. Morris, Cardiff, created quite a flutter in the white dove-cotes of the employers by asserting that he had heard there were some houses in London "which gave latchkeys to the girls," and went on to point out that the young girls in those houses could not possibly dress in the fashion they did on the salaries paid.

For about a month there was "hell for leather." Every virtuous employer who happened to be keeping a harem in private got on his saintly hind-legs and called down the fires of justice upon the naughty man who dared to say such things.

And then—and then there was a delicious silence.

The Latch-Key

For a close investigation was made amongst the girls who had at one time been employed at a house of the type indicated, who, practically without exception, confessed that the then "engager" was quite capable of applying the most relentless economic pressure, even at the cost and regardless of a girl's honor and virtue. This elegant product of a twentieth century civilization, when a young woman applied for a situation, and asked for a certain salary, used to offer about one-half, coupled with a leer and the suggestion, "We allow you the latch-key, you know, and we are not particular if you are half-an-hour late in the morning."

In my own investigations in the "White Slave" traffic in London and other cities, extending over ten years, I came across a great number of girls who had at one time been engaged in the West-end and other shops. The case of one girl, in whose face and in spite of whose terrible life, there still lingered traces of beauty and goodness, may serve as an example of many others. She said to me: "See here. When I came to London from my Sussex home I was only sixteen—and a good girl. I knew nothing of London and its horrors. I had to live-in at X....'s, the great Regent Street house, where I was half-starved, sweated, and tortured with petty restrictions. They dressed me in silks and satins in the day as a mannequin—they housed me at night like a dog. You know the rest. I went to the Savoy—to the theatre—to the music hall—and to the dancing room. I had 'a good time.' I swear to God Almighty I had no thought of evil. The man who took me, and whom I loved, drugged me and ruined me. And here I am—a thing of ultimate vileness spewed out on the streets of London by the vilest system on God's earth—the system of 'living-in.'"

Honor where honor is due. To the credit of many of the more human and intelligent heads of the great firms, like that of Swan and Edgar, they have abolished the "living-in" system root and branch. On the other hand there are the "gold-bugs" who, with hypocritical fluency, assert that they retain the system in order to safeguard the morals of their young people by personal supervision.

No more vicious distortion of facts can be imagined.

Again, what are the facts?

The Closed Door

"The house door is closed at eleven p. m., on Saturday at twelve p. m. The gas will be turned out fifteen minutes later. Anyone having a light after that time will be discharged.

"For coming in five minutes late at night, one shilling fine; if a quarter of an hour late, no fine, but *shut out for the night*."

The first rule printed above is universal in the British drapery trade. The second does duty in London and many provincial towns.

Just put it to yourself.

On the one hand you have the boast of the moral employer that he uses the system to safeguard the virtue of the girls he employs; on the

(*Continued on page eleven.*)

THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER IX.

FOR every one of the several persons immediately concerned in the happenings of that Easter Eve, the events that followed hard upon the finding of Florida Pickens on the sloping rock at the foot of Beaufain's Pond assumed both the hue and the texture of delirium. When the unusual occurs unexpectedly, it jars both the material and the intellectual forces, and when the unusual, thus occurring, is also the terrible, only the passage of time can readjust our vision. Thus, in the disaster now upon them, to these people five minutes were now a second, and the next second lengthened itself to an hour. Familiar ground became strange, objects were distorted, outlines blurred. Things said without reason were reasonable, and the apropos was without connection. Figures arose out of nothingness and melted again into nothingness. The improbable had changed place with the matter-of-course, and not one of the actors in this tragedy could have given any clear account of his own part in it.

Luke Sanborn, plunging afoot across the meadows, could not have told for certain whether he saw somebody rise from the grass and run into the darkness before he heard Morgan Witherspoon's cry or after it. He could not honestly have told whether he, in fact, saw any such thing. He knew, in looking backward, that he must have been for at least ten minutes laboring in his pursuit of Morgan, but he knew also that he seemed to be at one moment entering the meadow and at the next kneeling beside Witherspoon.

Witherspoon, on his part, seemed to have been for hours beside the barely breathily body of the girl. He seemed to have lifted it in his arms as if it had no weight at all. And he seemed to have walked for miles, instead of a few rods, through the dense underbrush, before he fell with his burden at the very feet, as it appeared, of Luke Sanborn.

What the two men said to each other—whether any questions were asked, and whether any, if asked, were answered—neither ever at all recalled. Sanborn felt that he was shouting, over and over, one query; but Witherspoon found it impossible to hear the low whisper in which Sanborn spoke. Morgan was insanely aware of repeating, again and again, a horrible phrase—repeating it montonously, meaninglessly—in a subconscious effort to make both of them understand the truth; and yet Luke was unable to catch, or at any rate to comprehend, a syllable.

Somehow, some way, in the darkness—a darkness full of heavy breaths and distant, dancing lights—Florida Pickens was carried—though whether by one or both neither ever remembered—across the heaving meadows. Somehow, some way, the distant lights drew nearer. Somehow, some way, the dancing ceased, and human beings appeared behind and about the lights—a half-dozen servants that seemed to be a score—and the burden was lifted into the suddenly present garden.

There was a sound of many voices. There was a sound of running foot-steps. There was low sobbing and one loud, piercing wail. And then, for a flashing instant, full in the lantern's light, looking down upon his daughter, the face of Colonel Picknes, never to be forgotten.

Luke came to his senses as soon as some voice asked for a doctor.

"I'll go," he said. "Where's my horse?" And his voice, in his own ears, was the voice of a stranger.

"Yo'r horse is daid, Marse Sanborn"—it was a servant speaking—"but here's de Colonel's roan all ready."

Luke leaped into the saddle. As he did so, Morgah clutched desperately at the girths.

"Get off!" he mumbled. "Get off, I tell you! I'm goin'!"

Sanborn had to shove the man away from him by main force.

Witherspoon, reeling back into the road, looked about him in helpless uncertainty. Something had happened—he scarcely knew what. Something he must do—but what he scarcely considered. With the automatic movements of a man whose mind, suddenly stopped, begins to work precisely at the point at which it had encountered the obstacle to its progress, he strode away from the group of people about the garden-gate and began to retrace his course across the dark meadow-land.

Gradually, then, his reason returned to him. What had followed his discovery was not clear and never would be—that much horror blotted—but at least the thing itself was there: clearly, obstinately, the fiery fact burned its way into the hissing tissues of his brain. Instantly, he came to a stand.

He knew now what it was that he must do. Florida was in the house with the women—he remembered that. The colonel, in what someone had said was an apoplectic fit, had fallen into one of the big chairs on the porch—that also he remembered. Sanborn, he next recalled, had gone for a physician. But nobody had yet thought to look for the criminal.

With the realization of that fact, he became quickly perfectly alert. A great rage boiled within him—a blind, mad, blood-hungry rage. What no one had yet thought of doing, he would do, and when he had found the thing that destroyed, he would destroy it.

He was now at the center of the field. All about him the darkness was complete; the moon had not yet risen, and it was a night of few stars. Witherspoon resolved to return to the house for a revolver—he rarely went armed—and for a lantern. The latter he need not light until he reached the foot of the pond, but there he would require it to discover traces of him that had escaped; the former he would want when the capture was effected.

He stumbled back toward the house, through the ruts and hillocks of the farm-land; but the lights at Palmettos were few, and he veered a little from his direct course. As he drew near to the road, perhaps fifty yards above the garden, he noticed, indistinct against the obscurity, a wavering bulk of blacker blackness, which he took to be a man.

Witherspoon sprang instantly into a run. The man seemed then to hear him, for the figure turned and made an awkward, uncertain movement. But Morgan bounded forward and flung out his clawing hands. His fingers touched upon a corduroy sleeve and closed.

"Who are yo'?" he cried—and then found himself peering into the face of Calhoun Ridgeley.

In the night only the features were distinguishable. Any study of the expression was impossible.

Ridgeley broke roughly away.

"Take yo' hands off o' me!" he commanded.

At once Witherspoon obeyed.

"I beg yo' pa'don," he said "I didn' recognize yo'. My Gawd, Cal, isn't this awful?"

To him it seemed that the whole world must know that which had happened. Upon this impulse he spoke and upon it received Ridgeley's reply.

Cal's voice had lost its accustomed monotone. He put upon Witherspoon's shoulder a hand that shook like a sick man's, and when he spoke it was in a tone that rose and fell as if Ridgeley could in no way guide its timbre.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"I don' know. No, she's not dead."

"Is she—" The man appeared to be wetting his dry lips. "Is she conscious?"

"She wasn't when we found her."

"But—will—but is she goin' to die?"

"How do I know? The doctor hasn't come 'round yet. Sanborn's gone fo' him."

Ridgeley's hold loosened. He seemed almost to totter against the fence. Morgan heard the rails creak under the weight; he heard the man's heavy, irregular breathing.

"Cal," he said, "where were yo'?"

"Who?—me?—when?" The monosyllabic questions rattled out like shot from a suddenly slit pouch.

"Yes, yo'—when this happened," explained Witherspoon.

In the darkness Ridgeley's heavy breathing was still audible—broken, almost sobbing.

"Did Sanborn say where I was?" he asked.

"Sanborn?"—Witherspoon was at sea.

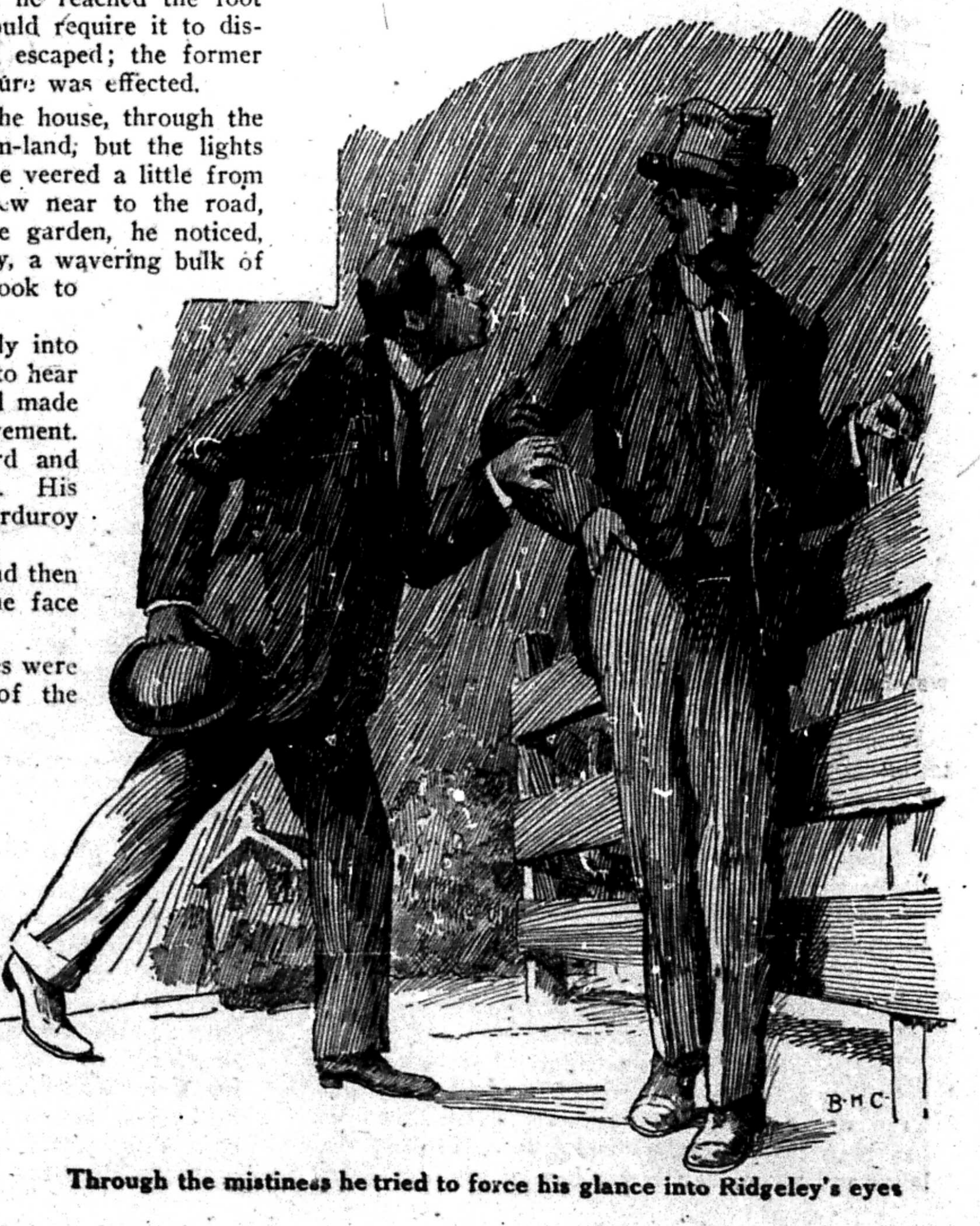
"Yes—he knew. I had to see a man right near here." He was speaking almost glibly now. "I had to come right this way."

"Then you must have been near when—when it happened?"

"Yes—I don' know. I had to—Where did it happen?"

Witherspoon, intent only on gathering evidence, his heart crying out for action, his mind weighing only on one supposition, seized fast upon the giant and shook him.

"Come to yo' senses!" he cried. "Help me out!



Through the mistiness he tried to force his glance into Ridgeley's eyes

Tell me what I must know! Yo' say yo' were near Beaufain's Pond. Didn' yo' hear anythin'? My Gawd, man—*talk!*"

The answer was slow in coming. It seemed to Witherspoon that Ridgeley had borne the blow worse than any of them who had to bear it. But at last Cal spoke:

"No, I didn' hear anythin'," he said.

"Yet yo' say yo' were near there. Try to think! Try to remember!" Witherspoon was himself going mad again in his endeavor to find some clew.

"I can't think." Morgan could just make out the speaker's passing his heavy hand across his brow. "How *can* I think—*now?*"

"But yo' must have heard *somethin'*, man! insisted Witherspoon. "How near were yo' to the foot o' the pond?"

"Sanborn can tell yo'. I'd jes' lef' there. Yes, I must jes' have lef' there befo' she came by."

"An' yo' say yo' didn' hear anythin'? Why, we heard—we heard her cryin'—an' we were away over on the porch here at Palmettos!"

"I didn' hear a thing."

"Were yo' drunk?"

Ridgeley's giant frame straightened.

"Coorse I wasn' drunk," he said, but he was still trembling like a fever-patient. "I know jes' where I've been an' what I've done."

"Oh, what do I care where yo've been or what yo've been doin', if yo' can't help us out in this? Get yo' wits together, Cal. What's wrong with yo'? Of the two of us, it always used to be yo' that was the man o' action. I tell yo'—"

He stopped abruptly, and, through the mistiness, tried to force his glance into Ridgeley's eyes. Ridgeley drew back.

"What's wrong now?" he gasped.

"Cal," said Witherspoon, "yo' know who it was that did this!"

"I don'! I don' know!" The man's voice was a tense whisper of denial. "How should I know who did it?"

"Yes, yo' do know! How shouldn't yo'? Yo' were too close not to hear somethin', an' yo'r ve'y sayin' yo' didn' hear shows me yo' know more'n yo'll tell."

Calhoun Ridgeley flung out his arms and shoved Witherspoon aside.

"Lemme by!" he said.

But Witherspoon caught the shoving arm and hung fast to it.

"Yo' know!" he repeated.

"Lemme by! Yo're crazy! Lemme by, or I'll hurt yo' Morgan—I surely will."

Witherspoon, with a quick twist, released the giant's sleeve and grasped his collar.

"Yo' saw that nigger!" he said.

A sudden terror shot over Ridgeley.

"How do yo' know?" he countered.

"Yo've as much as admitted it. Yo' were almost there. By Gawd, the circumstances are enough to make people that didn' know yo' think yo' did it yo'self!"

What he was saying Witherspoon, in the frenzy of his grief, scarcely knew, but to his hearer the words were heavy with the very threat that Cal had been all along suspecting underlay Morgan's questioning.

"Who was it?" Witherspoon insisted.

Ridgeley tried to speak, but could find no word to say. He wondered if Morgan could see his face. He wondered what—.

"Tell me that nigger's name!" cried Witherspoon.

A "nigger"! A coward never asks for proofs of his fear; Ridgeley saw a light and leaped for it.

"The only nigger I saw," he stammered—"the only one was—"

He stopped, but Morgan was shaking at his collar.

"I knew it!" cried Witherspoon. "Yo' knew all along who did this, an' yo' wouldn't tell me 'cause yo' wanted to kill him yo'self!"

"I don'—I don' know. I don' want to kill anybody. I saw only one nigger."

"Well, who was it?"

"He—It wouldn' be like him to—"

"It had to be that nigger, whoever he was. Who was he?"

"It was Billy Turner."

Witherspoon's hold loosened. His hands dropped to his sides, impotent. Billy Turner? The soft-eyed, handsome mulatto—the man that was to marry Jane Legare's maid Sally, the man that had been the body-servant of Florida Picken's twin brother, the man that Florida had herself taught to read!

"It couldn' be," gasped Witherspoon. "It couldn' be!"

"That's what I tol' yo'."

"Are yo' sure it was Billy?"

"I'm sure it was Billy that I saw, but I tell yo'—"

"Where did yo' see him?"

"At the edge of the woods. He brought me some money from Sanborn."

"Good Gawd!" gasped Morgan.

He turned on his heel and started away.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, engineering a railroad through the south, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town, where his protracted stay brings him in close contact with a typical old southern family. He falls in love with a member of this family, Jane Legare, a young widow.

Calhoun Ridgeley, a brother of Jane, betrays violent characteristics inherited from his slave-owning forefathers. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Pickens. Calhoun compares unfavorably with another suitor of Florida's, Morgan Witherspoon.

Florida is attracted by Calhoun physically, and in her infatuation agrees to give him an answer to his suit at a specified time. Meanwhile Calhoun wantonly kills a negro for what he supposed was an attack on his sister's honor. The killing meets the disapproval of his relatives and Calhoun, morose, spends most of his time in the tavern, waiting for Florida's answer.

Luke proposes to the widow Jane and is accepted on condition that he secure, as a matter of form, the consent of her relatives, Calhoun included. He finds the latter deep in drink and attempts to remonstrate with him. Calhoun is hostile, but appears to relent and borrows money, which a negro servant is ordered to bring to Calhoun in Beaufain's wood that evening. Calhoun also sends a note to Florida asking her to meet him that same evening at the foot of Beaufain's pond to give him her answer. At the meeting when Florida refuses him, Calhoun's passion leads him to to an act of moral cowardice.

Toward sundown of the same evening Luke, with Jane's aid, secures the consent of Florida's father, Jane's nearest relative, to his marriage. While engaged in conversation with Morgan Witherspoon, come in search of Florida who has presumably gone for a walk, they hear a cry for help. Morgan, instinctively knowing it to be Florida, rushes in the growing darkness in the direction of the cry and stumbles over Florida's body at the foot of Beaufain's pond.

This time, however, it was Ridgeley that prevented departure. He strode after Witherspoon and laid his rough hold upon him.

"What yo' goin' to do?" he demanded.

Witherspoon's voice was harsh. "I'm goin' to kill him."

"Billy Turner?"

"Who else?"

"But Mo'gan, yo' don' know—yo're not certain—yo' haven't any real proof!"

"What mo' could I have? He was there—right there. Yo' saw him."

"I know, Mo'gan; but I only saw him goin' toward the woods."

"Yo' said yo' saw him at the edge of it."

Ridgeley's body was convulsed by an inward struggle.

"I might 'a' been mistaken. Perhaps I was even mistaken in the man."

"Yo' said he brought you somethin'. How could yo' be mistaken?"

"I know, Mo'gan; but how can we be—"

"Cal, don' think yo're goin' to have this man fo' yo'r own gun. He's mine!"

"Mo'gan! Mo'gan!"—Ridgeley could form no further plea; he could only hang fast to Witherspoon and repeat, over and over, his rival's name.

But Witherspoon, in a white heat, shook himself free.

"Cal," he cried, "there were only yo' two near that place at that time If Billy Turner didn' do this thing, *who did?*"

Ridgeley's mouth opened to reply; then closed in silence.

Witherspoon was still a man of one idea. He saw only the crime that had been done. He accepted as a matter of course the belief that a negro was guilty. His task had been merely to find what negro had been nearest to the foot of Beaufain's Pond at the time of the crime's occurrence. That task was now completed, and the conclusion inevitable.

With no other word, with no further protest from Ridgeley, Morgan turned away and hurried toward the Pickens house. He walked with huge strides, with heels that dug deep into the mould and with hands that were clenched tight.

At his side, as if he were walking to the scaffold, walked Ridgeley. In the night only the man's huge outline silhouetted itself against the shadowy background, only his shambling tread made itself heard. But had the sun shone, had his face been seen by his companion, Witherspoon would have killed him, or been killed, before ever the pair of them reached the garden-gate.

About that gate—drawn by the spread of news that travels so swiftly and so mysteriously in such communities—a group of men had collected. Some of them carried lanterns, and in the light of these were discernible many of the company that, a week before, had lounged in the tavern's bar-room on the night when Jim Jackson was shot.

They fell back as the two men approached them, both Morgan and Ridgeley thus remaining in the darkness. One man, however—a man that did not carry a light—came near them, touching his hat.

"Have yo' formed any guess as to what black devil done this deed, Mr. With'spoon?" he asked.

Morgan, scarcely daring to trust his voice, nodded.

"Who was it, suh?"

"Mr. Ridgeley was not far from the pond at the time. He saw a nigger at the edge of the woods."

"That's him, certain sure! Who was it, suh? Who was it?"

Morgan inclined his head again, this time toward Cal.

"Ask Mr. Ridgeley," he said.

The other men came crawling up, their faces white in the unsteady lights. Ridgeley turned away, but Morgan put out a restraining hand.

"Tell them," he said.

"I won't," said Cal.

"Yo' must. And then, as Ridgeley, with sullenly hanging head, remained silent, Witherspoon continued: "Mr. Ridgeley happened to be almost on the ve'y spot. He is the only witness. Cal, was it Billy Turner?"

The faint rays of a lantern streaked, for a moment, Ridgeley's ashen face.

"Yes," he whispered.

(To be Continued.)

THE SHOP SLAVE

(Continued from Page Nine.)

other hand you have a young girl, attractive, alone, who comes back to her dormitory at fifteen minutes after eleven at night. She may have missed a train connection—a hundred and one things may have caused her to be detained—and she finds the door shut in her face.

The streets of London, midnight, and no money for a bed. That is a terrific synthesis.

I have just had a case from life related by a young girl employed at a famous West-end house, who was locked out through being ten minutes late. She had no money and no friends in London. All through the night she said she ran rather than walked about the streets—accosted at every turning—frightened—exposed to all the horrors of a London night.

In the morning she presented herself at the shop, and by her determination to expose the whole thing frightened her employers, who have today altered the rule about non-admission after 11 p. m.

The crux of the whole matter is this:

If there is to be any virtue in the locked door, it is absolutely essential for the employer to be able to guarantee that every member of his staff can be accounted for on any or every night of the week.

As a matter of cold fact there is no check whatever, short of a special inquiry, by which a firm can say whether all its employes have or have not slept in their beds on any particular night.

The result is, as my investigations have shown, that scores of shopgirls, and many more shopmen, are absent from their quarters every night of the week.

There is no virtue in the locked door.

In some houses assistants have great difficulty in getting a "permit" to sleep out on any nights save those of Saturday and Sunday, when no permit is required.

Why?

Because the employer saves the cost of their keep on the week-ends when they go to their friends or to undesirable companions.

Remember that the shop assistants are usually young people—for 49 per cent of the men returned as drapers are under 25 years of age, whilst no less than 65 per cent of the women are below that age. They are young and they want to enjoy life. They have no inducement to spend their evenings in their small and deadly-dull sitting rooms or dormitories. In many cases they are prohibited from remaining in the house between certain hours after work. The street is, therefore, their only playground from closing-time until eleven, and it cannot be wondered at that the horrors of the shop "compound" drive them so frequently into the glittering maze of vice.

The system of "living-in," like the "radius" agreement, the "guarantee," and the prohibition of marriage, is only one link in the horrid chain of exploitation. It is as though employer and employe, sweater and sweated, profit-monger and profit-maker, were all slaves of the lamp of capitalism. The shop-worker, like his brother in the pit and at the desk, comes like a whipped dog at the summons of the lamp. The head of the shop combine rubs the lamp—in a moment he has conjured out of the vasty deep, forces which he only dimly understands and over which he has no control. In a flash, the millions of men, and women employed in the distributive trades, feel the shock, for in horrid sequence the pressure above makes itself felt in those lower deeps where the slaves live, and move and have their being. High above them they see shining the instrument of their tyranny, bestial and ignorant they bow down to the Moloch of the lamp—but far away up the sides of the distributive pit are to be seen clambering those brave hearts, the pioneers of the new age, who yet will reach the Horror, and, throwing it down from its high pinnacle, will extinguish forever the instrument which has blinded the souls of men with the miasmatic vapors of capitalism.

(THE END.)

The Coming Nation

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

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Social Forces in American History

It is doubtful if the history of any other country has been so persistently distorted by ruling class influences as that of the United States. This is probably because the history of no other country has such an immediate and vital influence upon the problems of the present. A knowledge of the truth concerning the evolution of existing American institutions would destroy all reverence for the constitution, place the entire nation in contempt of the Supreme court and cause a revolution against those who now hold the reins of political and economic power.

For twelve years, A. M. Simons, one of the editors of the COMING NATION, has been working upon a history of this country that should as far as possible set forth in their true light the process by which present institutions came into existence. This history has been rewritten many times. A first crude draft was published several years ago as a pamphlet and has had a wide sale and been translated into several languages. Later the matter was elaborated still further in the form of lectures for a correspondence course, and in this form was subjected to close criticism by many students. Five years ago the material was again rewritten in the form of a series of articles for the *Appeal to Reason.* That these filled a demand was seen in the fact that more than five hundred letters were received asking that they be published in book form.

The writer was not yet satisfied with his work and so five years more of labor was devoted to obtaining new material and rearranging that already on hand. During these years the matter contained in the *Appeal to Reason* articles was expanded more than three-fold and entirely rewritten, many times from a wholly new point of view.

The completed work is now in the hands of the publishers, the Macmillan company, and will probably be ready for sale the first of October.

The aim throughout the book has been to determine what social forces were at work in each period and how these forces struggled for the mastery and finally expressed themselves in social institutions. The method of treatment consists in first tracing the improvements in the methods of producing and distributing goods, then ascertaining what social classes were affected by these improvements and then how these social classes transformed institutions to conform to their interests.

There were industrial and social changes in Europe that made the voyages of discovery and the succeeding emigration inevitable, and these causes are sought out and considered rather than the stories of a few individuals and groups. The overwhelming mass of those who came in colonial days, and ever since, have been members of the working class, and the causes that drove them across the sea and the conditions they met with on this side are set forth and emphasized.

The American Revolution was one phase of a great world-wide class war, having its peculiar features on this continent. This work seeks to show the real causes back of the Revolution and to show how the war was fought and won. The whole gigantic conspiracy by which the fruits of that Revolution were stolen from those who fought it, of how the constitution was substituted for the Declaration of Independence and power stealthily stolen from the people through the creation of the Supreme court and the usurpation of power by that body are told in detail.

The rise of the factory system and a great labor movement that struck the first blow against this usurpation of power together with the march of a nation of dispossessed workers across a continent, and the physical and social forces that determined the direction of that march and the formation of present institutions are described. Then comes a discussion of the manner in which the rebellious workers in the east and the liberty-seeking pioneers of the west were merged into the so-called Jacksonian democracy and cheated of most of the fruits of their labor.

The industrial forces, north and south, back of the slavery struggle are analyzed. It is shown how chattel-slave production had run its course much as capitalism has done today, and how a contemporary evolution in the north had created an interest that was forced to fight for power. The industrial side of the civil war is described as well as the far-reaching industrial consequences of that struggle.

The concluding chapters show how power was grasped by the present ruling class, sketch the rise of labor and forecast the outcome of the present struggle between these forces.

The COMING NATION has made arrangements with the publishers by which for a short time this book can be obtained at a rate that will be impossible once it is upon the market. The work will sell for $1.50, will be well-printed and bound. Until it is published one copy will be reserved for each person sending in three dollars worth of subscriptions for the COMING NATION.

You can send in your own renewal and two new subscribers, or three new subscribers, or three dollars for subscription cards, to be disposed of as you wish, and your name and address will be entered for a copy to be sent you the moment the book is published. It is necessary that these orders should be in at once. Otherwise it will be impossible to know how many books will be wanted, and the price at which this offer is possible applies only to books ordered before publication.

New Zealand Hallucinations

"There are more current hallucinations about New Zealand and Australia than about any other countries in the world," says Charles Edward Russell in the fourth installment of "More Light on the Common Good," which will appear next week in the COMING NATION.

Socialists especially have reason to know how true this statement is. At first many Socialists were inclined to greet the reforms which were enacted in New Zealand as Socialism. The better informed, however, knew that these were the efforts of the small capitalist class to protect itself, and that a Socialist movement could come only after this reform movement had run its course. Now, it has run its course, and it is the turn of the opponents of Socialism to quote New Zealand as a proof of the failure of Socialism.

Charles Edward Russell shows, for the first time in any periodical published in this country, the truth about the New Zealand situation. The thing that makes it particularly striking at this moment is, that the things that have been tried in New Zealand, and that have proven their inadequacy to cope with the problems of capitalist society, are just the ones that are now being urged in this country by the insurgents and radical democrats.

Russell gives full credit to the good these things have accomplished, and then he exposes their weakness and hopeless insufficiency as they have never been exposed before.

It is doubtful if an article of greater value, both for educational work and propaganda, has ever appeared in any Socialist publication. There should be a hundred thousand copies of this number circulated by the Socialists.

This article is illustrated with some splendid photographs especially taken for it.

This will not be the only good thing in the next number. The British correspondent to the COMING NATION has written the first full story of the great seamen's strike, and it is a thrilling story indeed, and one that the capitalist press has done well to keep from the American workers. There are some splendid photographs of scenes of the strike to accompany it.

Next week Carl D. Thompson takes up the work of the Milwaukee health department in the factories. This is the first time that a health department in any city has concerned itself directly and actively with factory conditions, and the result has been the accomplishment of some things that are very instructive to say the least. This also is fully illustrated.

When to these features are added the regular installments of Eugene Wood's "The Big Change" and Kauffman's "The Curse," with the cartoons and Russell's editorials, the COMING NATION challenges comparison with any magazine, no matter what its resources.

A large number of subscriptions will expire within the next few weeks. It takes two weeks at least to get a name on the subscription list. To make sure that no numbers are missed it would be well to renew at once. If you like the paper and believe that it is needed, get two additional subscribers and you will be rewarded with a copy of "Social Forces in American History" by A. M. Simons, described elsewhere on this page.

There are still sufficient copies of the reprint of the first chapters of Eugene Wood's "The Big Change," to make it possible to give all new subscribers, who ask for it, all previous installments.

Back to the Land

(Continued from Page Six.)

induce them to build into the country and exploit the people. It was given to them with the understanding that they sell it back to the people at the same price Uncle Sam was offering it, which was two dollars and fifty cents per acre. If some homeless worker happens to have the ready cash suppose you come out here and try to buy some of it at that price and see what they tell you.

Just in proportion as the settlers make their land valuable by hard work do they make that of the railroad company valuable, and it is held for that rise in value. In the meantime it lies there doing no one any good while the nation is flooded with countless numbers of its citizens looking for homes.

In conclusion, permit me to add that, thus far I have failed to notice any of the railroad company's officials or stockholders living on the land in lonely cabins and grubbing stumps in order to hold it.

A Municipal Abattoir

The city of Paris, Tex., has been operating a municipal abattoir for a little over a year. Both butchers and taxpayers have voted it a success.

The abattoir is in charge of a superintendent, and an inspector, familiar with the federal government's live stock regulations and quarantine rules, is regularly employed. In addition there is a foreman of the killing floor, and three assistants.

The butcher delivers his stock into a stock pen, and in about a week receives his meat ready for market.

Most careful inspection is made, both before and after killing, for disease, and the meat is hung for five days in cold storage before being delivered to the butcher.

Every one employed on the killing floor is required to put on a freshly steamed white suit every day. The tools are all sterilized and equal care is given to the meat after killing.

In the beginning a dollar and a half was charged for slaughtering a beef, and a dollar for a hog, sheep, goat or calf. After thirty days it was found that these charges were higher than was necessary to meet expenses and were reduced to a dollar and a quarter and seventy-five cents respectively. This reduction was unsolicited by the butchers, and these now state that the city is doing the slaughtering about twenty-five cents per animal cheaper than they could do it themselves. The latest methods are used in all departments, and all parts of the animal are utilized as fully as in the most complete packing houses.

The city does not seek to derive a revenue from the operation of the plant, but will utilize any net profits that may arise in increasing the facilities and, when they are ample, reducing the cost to the butchers, with the hope that these will lower the price to the consumer.

The Socialist Scouts

If your town has no Socialist Scout you're missing one of the most enlivening features of Socialist agitation. A bright-eyed youngster with revolutionary badge and bundle of papers will get propaganda into the hands that no one else can approach. It's good work for the boys, and girls, too. They sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. Scouts make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable premiums in addition.

No capital is required to start the work. A bundle of ten NATIONS will be sent to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for papers sold and returned heads of unsold copies. A request addressed to the "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas,*" will bring first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list.

Scout News

ORVILL W. ANTHONY.

This Scout, thirteen years, old lives in Hoisington, Kan. He is always on deck with the COMING NATION and reports with increased orders frequently. Although Orville is but thirteen years old he knows *why* he is a Socialist and can explain that why to the satisfaction of older people. He will not be satisfied until every person of reading age in Hoisington is subscribing to Socialist publications.

Our local is starting up an active force for the distribution of literature and I am on that force—Laura Gonick, Nebraska.

The camera I received is a dandy and I have already taken some pictures with it and like it very much.—Roy E. Wike, Pennsylvania.

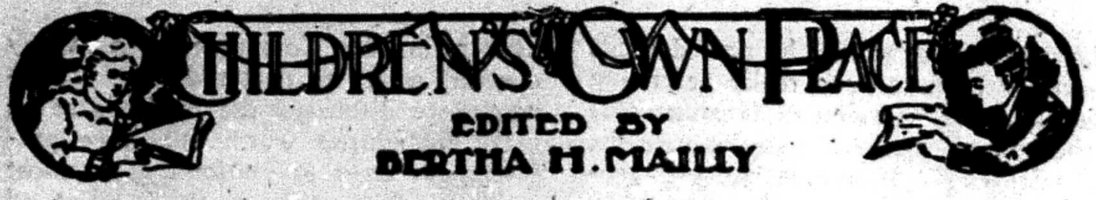
I received my NATIONS yesterday and sold out at fifteen to nine p. m. I just sell in the evenings.—Arthur Pretshold, Pennsylvania.

I have six customers and my sister one. One of my customers takes more than one paper from me. I am increasing always. I am working for a watch.—Olga Kroon, California.

I received my watch. It is a very nice one. All my playmates admire it and said it was a dandy. I am very thankful for it.—G. L. Hagerman, New York, aged twelve years.

I received my premium, the book "War—What For?" and thank you very much. I will read it when I am old enough to understand it, but it is very precious to me. I show it to everybody and recommend it to everybody.—Eva Goldenberg, Massachusetts.

This is a very small village. There are only 150 people in it. We have a local here and distributed many *Appeals.* My COMING NATION patrons like the COMING NATION very much and I expect to increase my list as election draws near. This is my first letter and I hope to see it printed. Socialism is increasing wonderfully here. —Norman G. King, Pennsylvania.



CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE

EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

Adventures of Red Feather and . . Poppy . .

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Red Feather Goes Hunting

(Copyright 1911 by Kittie Spargur Hulse)

THE stars were still shining one morning in late September when Red Feather woke and crept quietly out from under his rabbit-skin robe. He was very careful not to waken mother Sunflower and sister Poppy and baby Rainbow.

The younger men had all gone away on a hunting trip in the mountains far to the south and would not be back for a day or two yet. The deer had commenced to come down from the mountains where they fed in the summer, to the Lava Beds where they found plenty of bunch grass when the snow lay deep on their summer range. Red Feather had asked to go with the hunters, but his father had only smiled and shaken his head and told him to stay and take care of his mother and little sister and brother while he was gone.

The little boy took up his bow and arrows from their place near the campoodie door where he had placed them very carefully the night before, lifted the mat very softly, gave a last tender look at the sleepers and stepped outside. There had been a light frost in the night and the air was chilly. Red Feather shivered as the cold air struck his naked arms. He walked swiftly but very lightly amongst the campoodies, lest the crackling of a twig might disturb the sleepers inside. Out of hearing of the camp he started on a dog-trot and turned into the timber.

He would have been greatly surprised if he could have seen what happened in the campoodie after he left. Mother Sunflower opened her eyes with a smile, rose quietly from her own robe, softly raised the mat at the door and peered out for a moment, then slipped noiselessly outside and around the campoodie. She soon caught sight of Red Feather trotting swiftly up the hill and saw him turn and look toward the camp before he disappeared from sight in the timber. Then she nodded her head, smiled tenderly and proudly, went inside the house and crept under the warm robes again.

"He will be as great a hunter as his father!" she thought. Mother Sunflower had seen him putting new heads on some of his arrows, sharpening some, getting new shafts for others, testing bowstrings and doing the countless other things that hunters do when they are thinking of going hunting. She had lived long enough in the campoodie of the best hunter in the tribe to know what these signs meant. She had much faith in this brave little boy of hers, and did not want to spoil the surprise she knew he intended to give her, yet she was a trifle anxious and wished to see for herself what direction he took that he might be more easily traced should he not return in reasonable season.

On and on went Red Feather through the pine timber, uphill and down again, till he was several miles from home. Eyes and ears were giving their best service. At last he saw something that caused him to stop short and look very closely at the ground in front of him. There in the frost that covered the soft soil of the hillside was something that caused the little Indian boys heart to beat faster—the tracks of two animals, little tracks, almost heart-shaped, with a tiny ridge in the center—something like the tracks a sheep makes. Red Feather had found the trail of a doe (a mother deer) and her fawn! A short distance away was a giant juniper and under its low, friendly branches, in the soft soil formed by the foliage fallen for many years, the two animals had passed the night. Red Feather could see where they had lain. The fresh tracks led away from the juniper. Very cautiously the little boy followed the trail for almost an hour. At last when it was near sunrise, he saw what he had been following so long.

In a beautiful dell was a little meadow that, in the early summer, had looked as if covered with a green velvet carpet. The carpet seemed faded now, and streaked and spotted with brown and yellow. A rocky point crowned with pines jutted out into the little meadow from the hillside, and near the point two deer were feeding—a mother deer and her fawn! The fawn was a beautiful creature, in color a brownish gray, its sides spotted with lighter shades. Everything was in Red Feather's favor. A very light breeze, hardly strong enough to interfere with the flight of his arrows, was blowing toward him from the deer. Had the breeze been blowing from him toward the deer, they would have scented him and been off like an arrow from his own bow. He crept cautiously under cover of trees and rocks and bushes till he was in range. (It is well for the hunter that the sight of the deer is not so keen as scent and hearing!)

Red Feather hesitated a moment. If he shot the mother and only wounded her, she might escape, taking the fawn with her. If he shot the fawn, the mother might stay and fight him if he could not kill her. An angry deer is a dangerous enemy for a little boy to meet armed with no weapons save bow and arrow and a flint hunting knife.

"I will try to shoot the mother first," he thought, "and if I make a good shot I will get the fawn also."

Do you think it was cruel for the little Indian boy to wish to kill these beautiful creatures? Perhaps it was—but was it as cruel as for civilized people to kill and eat animals such as poultry and cattle that they have fed and cared for and petted all their lives? And we must remember, little readers, that much of the slaughter of animals for food today is needless; but the lives of the Indians depended upon the game they killed.

Red Feather dropped to one knee and aimed very carefully. The older deer leaped into the air with a sound such as a calf makes when hurt, then fell and struggled to rise again. The fawn started, sniffed suspiciously, looked wonderingly at its mother and went quite close to her. Another shot and the fawn also went down. The older animal at this struggled to her feet. She saw Red Feather, shook her head threateningly and bounded toward him. The little boy was frightened, you may be sure, and the little heart under the buckskin shirt was beating much faster than usual, but he did not lose his wits. Many a time he and his friend, Silver Fox, had rehearsed just such scenes as this. Sometimes Silver Fox would play that he was a wounded bear or deer or panther and charge furiously at him, and Red Feather would leap lightly out of the way. Then Red Feather would take the part of the wounded animal. The little boys could not practice on each other, of course, with bows and arrows, but they had put in many hours of target practice of another kind. Many a time they had run at full speed through the timber, shooting their arrows into tree trunks as they passed. Besides, they had killed many birds on the wing, and frightened rabbits jumping away through the sagebrush, besides many a coyote loping off as fast as his four legs could carry him.

When the enraged deer was almost on him, the little boy leaped nimbly to one side and as the deer bounded past he let fly an arrow that struck her just back of the shoulder. The poor animal fell, struggled a moment and then lay quite still.

Red Feather approached very cautiously. Both animals were dead. The problem he must now solve was how to get them to camp. He could manage to carry the fawn, but he was afraid that bears or coyotes might eat the older animal during his absence.

"At least they shall not have the skin!" he thought. Out came the little hunting knife. It was a long and wearisome piece of work with only a small flint knife, but at last the larger deer was dressed (after a fashion) and skinned. He covered the carcass with leafy branches and dragged the largest dead limbs he could find to cover the branches and hold them down. Then he tied the four feet of the fawn together, slung it over his shoulder and started for home, carrying the skin of the doe also.

It was a very weary little boy that staggered into camp several hours later with a fawn weighing almost as much as himself slung over his shoulder; but how proud he was! Poppy saw him coming and ran to meet him, then ran proudly back to tell the news. You should have heard the chattering that went on amongst the women and children, and have seen the nods and looks of the old men!

Mother Sunflower said very little, but the look in her eyes made Red Feather's heart gladder than anything else. He was very modest, himself, but Poppy bragged enough for two.

Old Grizzly-killer who had broken his leg that summer and was still too lame to go with the other hunters, and old Chee-Nax, the medicine man, offered to go back with Red Feather and carry back the other deer; so after the little boy had rested awhile and had eaten some of the meat from the fawn that Mother Sunflower broiled for him, and everything else that she knew he liked in the way of eatables that was in the camp—they started back over Red Feather's trail; but before they had covered half the distance they met the hunting party returning. They had found the little boy's *cache* and were bringing the deer with them. They had seen the tracks of his little moccasins and knew the story already.

"Red Feather kill deer!" said little Rainbow proudly to his father, which was a very long sentence for a little fellow like him. And everyone laughed.

Over and over the little boy had to tell his story that night around the campfire. His father did not scold him for going hunting without permission, and when Poppy asked pleadingly: "You'll let Red Feather go hunting with you now, won't you, father?" he nodded his head and smiled in a way that made his little boy happier than any civilized ten-year-old after his first day at the circus.

For These no Country Vacation

How hot it was! and how the babies and the children suffered. I mean in the hot spell of weather that came to the city and country alike a few weeks ago. Then everyone who could afford to do so went to the seashore or the mountains, where if one had nothing to do but keep cool, it was not so bad.

But in the hot, sweltering city were left thousands of little children, whose Papas and Mammas couldn't afford to take them to the seashore, or mountains, who couldn't afford even to stop work for one day to take them to a pleasure resort for a breath of air.

So the little children had to live and breathe and play as best they could, in the hot, narrow, sun-baked streets of great cities like New York or Chicago. You could see, if you went along one of the streets, boys with scarcely any clothing on, playing around the ash and garbage can. Others splashing in the water from some friendly street hydrant. Many "little mothers" sitting on the steps of the high, hot tenement houses, or in little chairs brought out from the tenements and placed in some corner where the sun did not strike, trying to cool the little sisters or brothers on their laps. The faces of both "little mothers" and the babies showed how much they suffered. Many babies died, because their mothers could not get fresh ice and milk for them.

"Little Mothers"

This isn't right, is it, children? If some people have to stay in the city during the summer, at least the children ought to be given the chance to go to the country all through the heat.

Neither is it right that Fathers and Mothers who work hard all the time should not be able to have enough left out of their wages to take themselves and their children out of the heat of the cities.

Johnny's Question

"Aw! What's the use of ice
If you haven't got the price?
My Ma—she wants a lot,
For our baby's sick and hot.
We've just got to cool her off—
Doc says it's whooping-cough!

' Aw! What'e the Use"

"Seems to me them guys
What make the prices rise
Ain't got babies of their own,
Or their hearts are chunks of stone.
Gee! if ice was free for all,
There'd be no babies sick at all.

"Down our block there's stacks of kids
What never shuts their lids.
You can hear 'em in the street,
They're plum crazy with the heat.
Say! what's money to rich guys
If little kiddies die like flies?"

Texhoma, Okla., June 6, 1911.

Dear Editor—I want to write to your page, too.

I am nine years old, and in the Fourth reader and I am going to be in the Fifth next year.

I like to read the boys' and girls' page.

I wish Lillian would write some more letters.

I like to speak Socialist pieces. I spoke "Five and Fifty" and "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

We are going to send these letters off and not let papa and mamma know it. If they get printed, they will be surprised.

Yours truly, GOLDIE NEWS[illegible]

The Wages of Genius

By Silas Hood

WHEN a capitalist pays out good money, which he earned by the sweat of the other fellow's brow, he expects returns. It matters not whether the workers have been denied educational advantages; they are supposed to be proficient in many branches of industry, despite his lack-of-education handicap. As proof of the demands the capitalist minds make upon the worker who is forced to seek a master the following exact reproduction of an advertisement that recently appeared in the New York *World* is a typical illustration:

MECHANIC ALL AROUND MECHANIC: must understand carpentry, blacksmithing, plumbing, electricity, steam-heat plant and wheelwright; salary to start $40 a month, board, room and washing if single; if married, $40 a month and residence; steady work all the year round; chances for advancement; licensed engineer or graduate of mechanical school preferred. Apply in writing to W. H. Geller, Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School, Woodbine, New Jersey, inclosing references.

Read that advertisement over again you workingmen who know things and those of you who are about to graduate from a technical school, and learn what brilliant prospects and opportunities the capitalist activity offers to you. And if you are proficient as a mechanical engineer only remember that you are somewhat handicapped as you must be an electrical expert, a plumber, carpenter, steam-fitter and wheelwright as well. And remember, too, that the advertisement is typical of the demands the employing class is calling for from those who are willing to go out into the world and contribute their share of effort. Keep the "chance for advancement" in sight too, for you know in advance how liberal the treatment will be from a man whose thinking apparatus is in his gall instead of in his head for no man with his brains in the right place could think of making such exorbitant demands from a single individual.

Finally take a long look at the salary. Salary, not wages, mind you. The fact that the munificent amount is to be paid to you as *salary* raises you above the common level of a workingman who contributes his efforts for wages; union wages of four or five dollars a day of eight hours, perhaps. Remember also that this school is the result of philanthropy—philanthropy of the exploiting millionaire kind.

Also keep it in mind that these capitalist demands put a premium on celibacy. If you remain single and decline to contribute any of your numerous talents to the support of a wife or the raising of a future and necessary generation in order to keep the earth alive, you get your three meals a day, a furnished room and also your washing thrown in with the less than $10-a-week or $40-a-month salary.

But if you decline to live the life of a celibate, or decline to contribute any support to the countless red light districts, and firmly resolve to go through life with a married companion, you must be content to relinquish the meals and washing privilege as your wife will be expected to do the washing and provide the necessary porterhouse steak and all the other things which are so liberally supplied by (not to) the members of your own class. Right here you have the proof that the capitalist employer puts a premium on immorality as well as on celibacy, and in any event your wife, if you take the job, will be expected to go out to work in order to make ends meet, if you are at all ambitious to be the father of children with healthy appetites. For you must know in advance that in view of the high cost of living it would be next to the impossible to bring up a family of little plumbers, mechanics, wheelwrights, electricians, carpenters and steam-fitters, and at the same time see to it that they are fed and are skilled in all these useful arts, on the munificent *salary* of $40 a month.

I don't know how many of the unemployed in New York answered that advertisement, but I do know of one response that the Baron de Hirsch School's hirer of labor talent received and here it is:

"Mr. H. W. Geller-Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School, Woodbine, New Jersey.

"*Dear Sir*—Your very attractive advertisement noted in the Sunday *World* of today. The qualifications required for the position being so simple while the remuneration you offer being so extremely liberal it has appealed very strongly to me. The only hesitation I have in applying for the position is that my experience has extended over so much broader a field in the industrial world as in addition to being thoroughly competent in the few minor departments of labor referred to I have had many years of experience in the occupation of barber, chiropodist, gardener, chemist, bank-president, undertaker and trained nurse.

"Therefore, I am afraid the duties involved would be insufficient to occupy my mind, and it has occurred to me that possibly you might think of something further in which I could improve my spare time such as giving special instruction to the college faculty as I have gained a very useful knowledge of *the raising of hogs.*

"I am married and have three boys and it has occurred to me that perhaps you could also find something for my wife to do during the spare time she would have on her hands after attending to her simple duties, perhaps, too, the older boy could be taken out of school to aid in feeding the hogs, and if you find him deficient in this line of industry I feel confident he would improve under your competent tuition.

"Your immediate attention to this application will be appreciated as the writer is anxious to get on the $40 job especially in the hog-raising department as your advertisement indicates that the crop of hogs would be a prolific one."

An address was furnished for a reply, and an alleged facetious response was received. The writer at the agricultural school said he was pleased to learn of the applicant's raising ability, and wished to know if the writer were also proficient in raising freight cars to the second story of the college buildings without outside assistance. The applicant promptly replied that he was not only proficient in raising the articles referred to, but that he was proficient in raising all kinds of hell at any old time if given any encouragement.

The result of this correspondence will be notice, no doubt, to at least one employer of labor that such ridiculous demands at such a miserable wage are resented by at least one member of the working class.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

The Economic Slavery of Women

From the Preface to Getting Married, by G. Bernard Shaw.

One of the consequences of basing marriage on the considerations stated with cold abhorrence by St. Paul in the seventh chapter of his epistle to the Corinthians, as being made necessary by the unlikeness of most men to himself, is that the sex slavery involved has become complicated by economic slavery; so that whilst the man defends marriage because he is really defending his pleasures, the woman is even more vehement on the same side because she is defending her only means of livelihood. To a woman without property or marketable talent a husband is more necessary than a master to a dog. There is nothing more wounding to our sense of human dignity than the husband hunting that begins in every family when the daughters become marriageable; but it is inevitable under existing circumstances; and the parents who refuse to engage in it are bad parents; though they may be superior individuals. The cubs of a human tigress would starve; and the daughters of women who cannot bring themselves to devote several years of their lives to the pursuit of sons-in-law often have to expatiate their mother's squeamishness by life-long celibacy and indigence.

To ask a young man his intentions when you know he has no intentions, but is unable to deny that he has paid attentions; to threaten an action for breach of promise of marriage; to pretend that your daughter is a musician when she has with the greatest difficulty been coached into playing three piano-forte pieces which she loathes; to use your own mature charms to attract men to the house when your daughters have no aptitude for that department of sport; to coach them, when they have, in the arts by which men can be led to compromise themselves; and to keep all the skeletons carefully locked up in the family cupboard until the prey is duly hunted down and bagged; all this is a mother's duty today; and a very revolting duty it is, one that disposes of the conventional assumption that it is in the faithful discharge of her home duties that a woman finds her self-respect. The truth is that family life will never be decent, much less ennobling, until this central horror of the dependence of women on men is done away with. At present it reduces the difference between marriage and prostitution to the difference between Trade Unionism and unorganized casual labor; a huge difference, no doubt, as to order and comfort, but not a difference in kind.

However, it is not by any reform of the marriage laws that this can be dealt with. It is in the general movement for the prevention of destitution that the means for making women independent of the compulsory sale of their persons, in marriage and otherwise, will be found; but meanwhile those who deal specifically with the marriage laws should never allow themselves for a moment to forget this abomination that "plucks the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love and sets a blister there," and then calmly calls itself purity, home, motherhood, respectability, honor, decency, and any other fine name that happens to be convenient, not to mention the foul epithets it hurls at those who are ashamed of it.

No War in Morocco

There will be no war between England, Germany and France over Morocco. This will not be because the capitalists of these countries are not perfectly willing to send the workers out to shoot and be shot. Neither will peace come because of Hague Tribunals, peace congresses and Carnegie endowments.

There will be no war because there is a powerful Socialist movement in each of the three countries concerned, and these Socialists are already actively waging war upon the proposed war.

Thousands upon thousands of Socialists gathered in a great assemblage in Paris in response to the declaration of the United Socialist Party that, "Morocco is not worth the bones of a single French laborer." At this meeting resolutions of sympathy were received from the Social Democratic Party of Germany and the Independent Labor Party and the Social Democratic Party of England. Edouard Vaillant, member of the Chamber of Deputies and former fighter in the Commune, was wildly cheered when he declared, "At Copenhagen we discussed the methods to be used in fighting war. We have preferred the most revolutionary, the most striking. The strike is the best of all methods. When the railway systems of both countries are tied up by a strike, how will troops be mobilized? If the industries that feed war are idle, how will war be possible?"

With the memory of the recent railroad strike in France, and the seamen's strike in England and throughout Europe in their minds, the capitalists of these countries will think several times before they drive the workers into a universal strike against war.

The Sleepers

As I walked down Thames' stony side,
This silent morning, wet and dark;
Before the cocks in farmyards crowed.
Before the dogs began to bark;
Before the hour of four was struck
By old Westminster's mighty clock;

As I walked down the waterside,
This morning, in the cold, damp air,
I saw a hundred women and men
Huddled in rags and sleeping there;
These people have no work, said I,
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,
A lighted car came at a bound;
I looked inside, and lo! a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;
Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,
Like lighted coffins in the dark;
With twenty dead men in each car,
That must be brought alive by work;
These people work too hard, said I,
And long before their time they die.
—*William H. Davies in New York Evening Mail.*

Whatever unifies mankind, whatever rids men of vice and misery; whatever frees them from fear and want; whatever takes off the pressure of overwork is religion.—*Simon N. Patten in the Independent.*

If the church gives us God through its worship, social equality through service and social justice through resistance to exploitation, it will always have a place among social institutions and be second to none in its power and influence.—*Simon N. Patten in The Independent.*

There is something wrong in a government where they who do the most have the least. There is something wrong, where honesty wears a rag and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at banquets.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.—*Milton.*

Nursery Rhymes Revised

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like an apple full of seeds;
And if upon the seeds he'll bite,
He soon concludes that all's not right,
Just so 'twill be with you and I,
We must decide that we will try
To right the wrongs we daily find,
Improve conditions for mankind;
Let us clean up this world of greed,
For when we're dead, we're dead indeed.

A Letter

Dear COMING NATION—My brother and I want to work for Socialism. We are twins and are twelve years old. Our father has worked for Socialism for forty-five years. He is an old communard and has just been nominated by the local as candidate for the legislature. We are going to try to help him to educate the people on Socialism. Send us twenty COMING NATIONS a week to start with. We are all looking forward to Comrade Debs' visit here. I send you one dollar.

JACOB HAUSER, JR.
PAIGE HAUSER.
Box 646.

Come Have a Smile

Experience and Theory

It was after the state board of instruction had made scientific temperance a compulsory study that patrons of the public schools begun to brush up a little on the subject. Perhaps this sudden studiousness was due to the fact that now they had literature on the subject, namely: Their children's school text books.

One day I visited in a rural district. My host, the father of seven, existed principally on his wife's income from the wash tub. His wife was proud of him for he possessed one great talent. He could drink more whiskey than anyone and be good natured. When I was there, he was lying on the floor, reading a book on scientific temperance. Occassionally he sat up and drank from a jug that stood at his right hand, then he lay down and resumed his book. He did this no less than half a dozen times during my visit that afternoon. He finally grew enthusiastic with the author, and I heard him commenting loudly.

"This here feller," he exclaimed looking kindly at his jug, "knows w'at he's a sayin', by golly he knows how to write it down jus' as good 's I, you bet! He's got it all right, all right. That's jus' how the dam stuff does."

Old-Party Grammar

A fellow who is having trouble adjusting grammar to old-party situations submits this one to me:

"Is it proper to say' neither of the old parties *is'?* Should we not say 'Neither of the old parties *are'?*"

I think you should use the singular verb, "is." It makes the sentence hang together better after using the word "neither." And besides, you might as well be practicing up on the singular verb in that case, anyway, for the two old parties "is" soon going to be one, and then you'll have to say "is".—*J. L. Hicks in The Rebel.*

Donating Europe to the Heathen Tribes

BY ANDRE TRIDON.

For the second time in several centuries the Turkish Sultan has left Constantinople on a pleasure trip. According to the Moslem traditions the commander of the faithful may not overstep the boundaries of Ottoman territory except for purposes of war; and even then it must be assumed that the war will be one of conquest. For the Koran says expressly that wherever the Khalif sets his foot Moslem domination becomes an accomplished fact.

The first time when the Emperor of Turkey sallied forth from his dominions on an errand of peace was in 1867. Almost every ruler had been the guest of Napoleon III on the occasion of the Paris World's fair. The Sheick ul Islam who is the Sultan's delegate in religious affairs showed his ingenuity by devising the strategem through which his master could obey the behest of Mohammed and yet visit the French capital. The mere fact of the Sultan journeying through Europe amounted to a formal annexation of Europe to the Turkish Empire.

When the Sultan returned to Stamboul he simply issued a decree donating all the European countries he had just conquered to the heathen tribes. and the trick was done. Mohamed V may have a sense of humor and dispense this time with his predecessor's territorial extravagance.

No Danger

They were the old style conservative people and their regard for the sabbath betrayed their puritan ancestry. One day I announced to them my intention of leaving for a trip through the west.

"When do you start?" inquired the hostess.

"I have picked Sunday for the day—next Sunday."

"Oh," cried a feminine chorus, "don't you know what becomes of people who travel on Sunday?"

"Well, I never thought of that," I said indulgently; "but you see I have a return ticket."

Comforting

She had just returned from a long stay in the west. The old village gossip came to see her, poked her in the side, and cheerfully inquired; "Ye ain't married yit, Emmy?"

"No," laughed Emma.

"Ye ain't got no beau?"

"No."

"Ye'll soon be an old maid, Emmy. Well, they say that no one is as happy as an old maid, when she once quits strugglin'."

Trouble, trouble

To a sympathizing friend a Kentucky mother was telling of the illness of one of her children. "Ya-as," said she, "Susie had inflamation of the bronchitis tubes bad. We got the veteran livin' near us, but he didn't do her no good so we sent to town for a physician doctor, an' he said ef she'd a had it two weeks longer she wouldn't a lived a day!"

Told at the Dinner Hour

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

Very Flattering

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

A certain young duke had come to this country for the purpose of exchanging a title for a fortune, and, incidentally, having a wife thrown into the bargain.

One evening he had been dressed for a fashionable ball where he hoped to make a "hit." While he was admiring his prim make-up, a colored servant entered the room and gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"How do I look, Sam?" asked the duke, thinking to get a compliment.

"Bold as a lion, sah," answered Sam, proudly.

"Aw, you fool, you never saw a lion," said the duke.

"'Deed I has seed a lion," persisted Sam.

"Where?" asked the duke.

"In massa Johnson's stable," answered Sam.

"That wasn't a lion, you fool, that was a jackass," sneered the duke.

"Can't help it, massa, dats jest what yo' look like."

A Shovel Substitute

BY P. J. SHEVLIN.

There used to be a saying around the mines here that when an employe was discharged, he was fired and a mule put at the job.

But a young Pole went this one better.

He was employed with others loading the culm banks into cars that were later run through the little breaker, called a washery.

The company's steam shovel soon stole his job.

When the young Pole came home with his dinner pail the boarding mistress was told that a steam shovel, not a mule, had been put at the job.

The Wrong Man

BY J. R. MILLER.

A beautiful young lady entered a music store the other day, and stepped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music.

"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'"

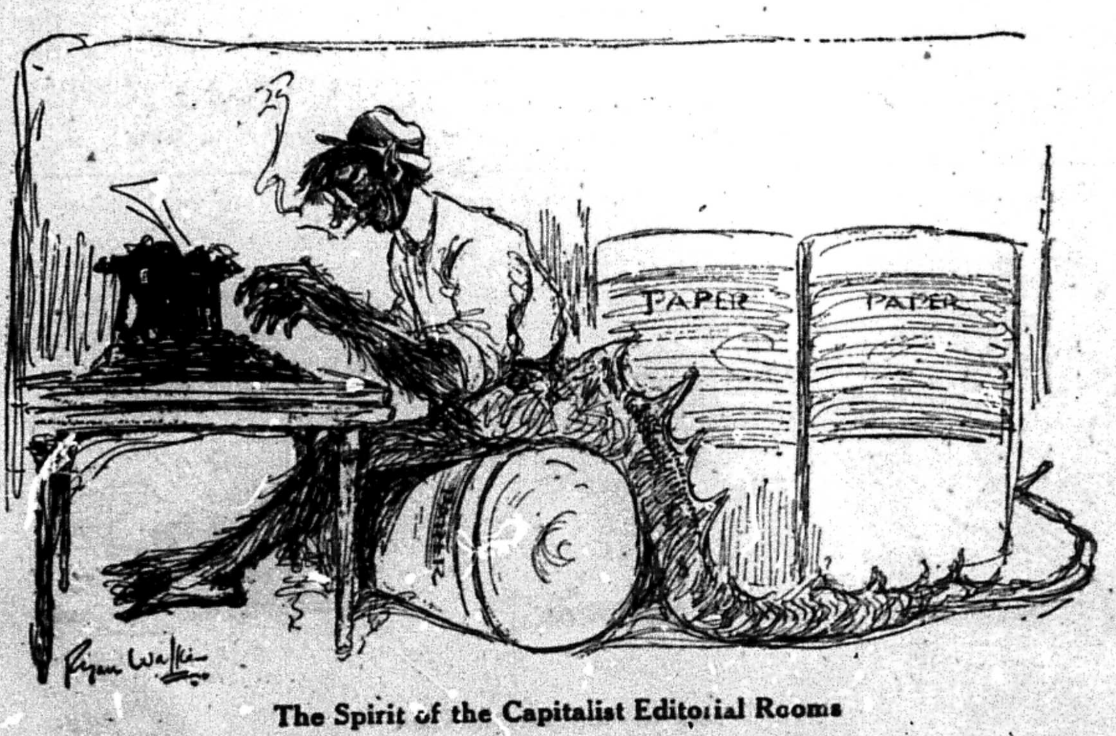
The clerk turned half way around.

"It must have been the man at the other counter, I've only been here a week."

Mistress (after the quarrel)--Norah, you must stay until I get another girl.

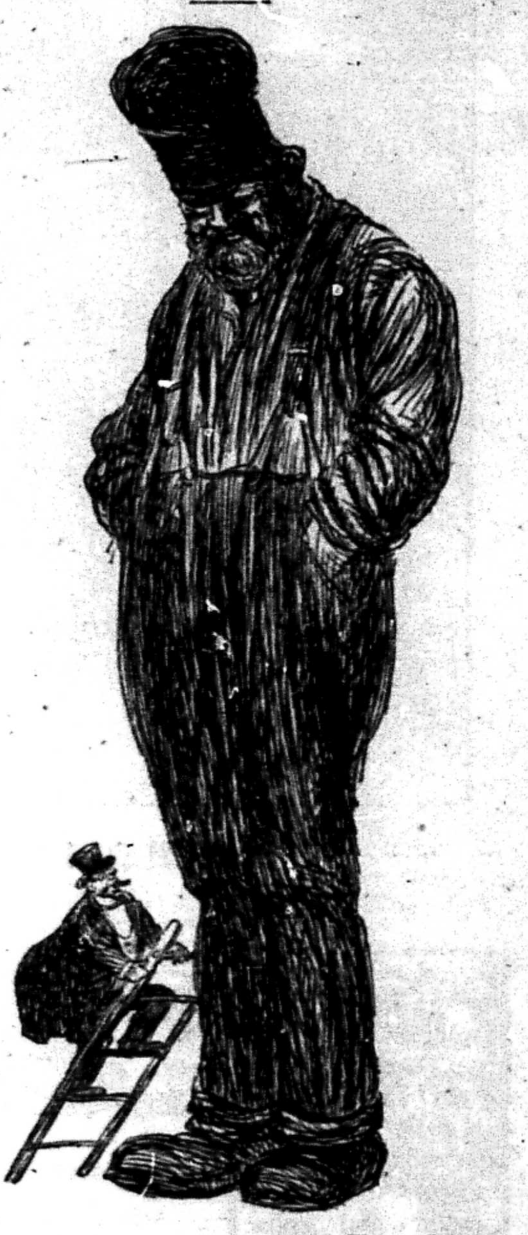
Norah—I intend to. It's only roight some wan should tell her the kind of a woman ye are.—*Boston Transcript.*

No sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.—*Herbert.*



The Spirit of the Capitalist Editorial Rooms

The German Socialist



—*Wahre Jakob*

He Can't Reach his Pockets any More

The Socialist Bogey

Whad's dem shadders a-creepin' through de trees?
Whad's dat moanin' comin' wid de breeze?
Soun's like de cryin' of a little child at night;
Soun's like it's hungry—look dem eyes a-shinin' bright.
Looky at de moon, ole marster; it's a-turnin' red.
Golly, Marse Capitalist, you bettah hide youah head.

Hear dat owl a-screechin'? Soun's like a fact'ry whistle.
Lawd, what's dat a-creepin' up through de downey thistle?
It's a dark man a-comin' wid a bundle; looks jes' like de earth.
He's got it on his shoulders. Massa, run fo' all youah worth.
Dat spook's madder'n de debbel; 'e's comin' right fo' you.
Hug tight yo' rabbit foot. Oh, Lawd! I done see you' hoo-doo.

—*Hope.*

She had monopolized the dressing room of the car for an age it seemed. When at last she returned to her seat a lady smilingly said to her, "What a change a few hours can make!"

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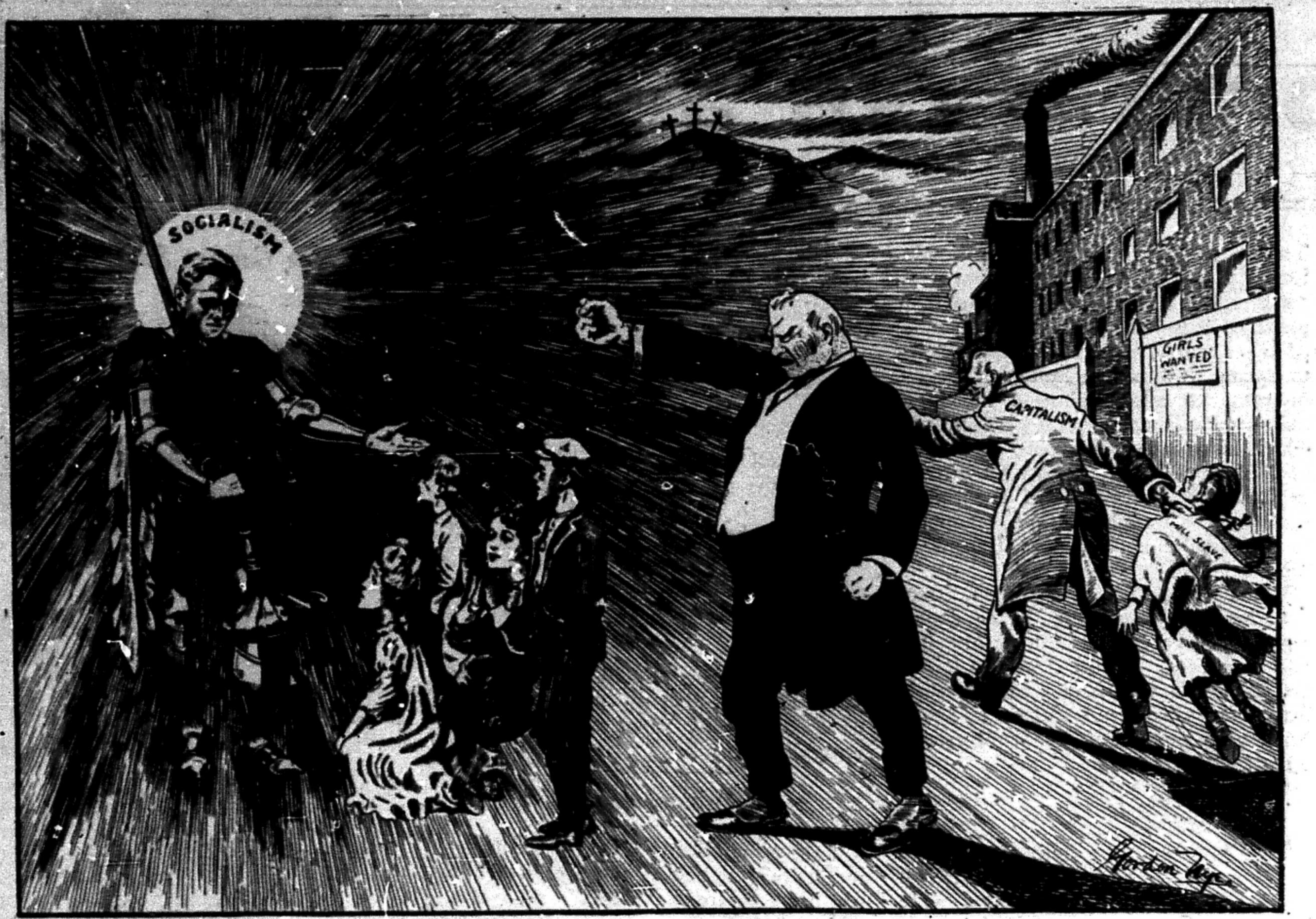
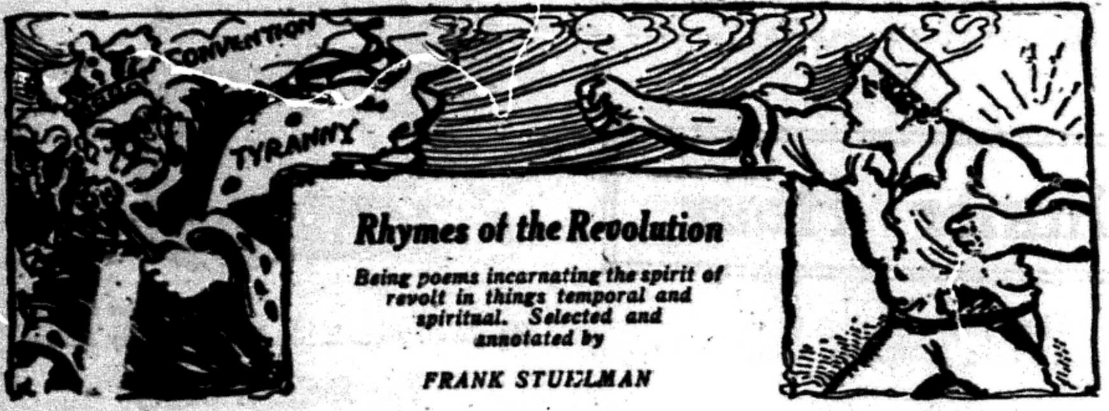


THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR "Suffer little children to come unto me"



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the spirit of revolt in things temporal and spiritual. Selected and annotated by

FRANK STUHLMAN

Of the masters of word-wizardry none excel William Morris, artist, poet, romancer and Socialist. As a singer of Arthur and Guinevere, of the knightly deeds that Froissart loves to tell he was much the superior of Tennyson. "Sigurd the Volsung" is a mighty rendering of the God-like hero of the Norsemen, a poem that is unsuppressed among the epics of the world. His prose romances, imbued with the glamorous light that was between the real and the supernatural in the dawn of history, vivid with hot passions and clash of arms, and the horror of sudden death are unique in literature. If you wish to be carried into realms of enchantment read "Gertha's Lovers," "The Hollow Land" or "Golden Wings." Would you know the ancient day-spring of Socialism read "the House of the Wolfings" and "The Roots of the Mountains. Would you read the masterpiece of Socialism, supreme in its beauty, unapproached in its spirit of comradeship, and unsurpassable in its artistry, read "A Dream of John Ball." Besides he wrote for the Cause a number of "Chants for Socialists," of which the following is one:

All for the Cause

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the cause shall call upon us, some to live, and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many a one hath gone before,
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.

Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them lies their labor and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow springeth up the hope again.

Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it that the world outlives their life;
Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.

Some had name, and fame, and honor, learned they were and wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all but grief and wrong.
Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.

Harken how they cry, "O happy, happy ye that ye were born
In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn.

"Fair the crown the Cause has for you, well to die or well to live,
Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."

Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave of gold abideth twixt the breadth of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;
Then twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.

There amidst the world new-builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!

A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

THE history of science divides itself into epochs. These epochs are not determined by periods but by the revolutionary character of the discoveries which constitute them.

Epochs in science follow fast upon each other from the opening of the sixteenth century onward, but there is hardly anything epoch-making prior to Vesalius for a thousand years.

Vesalius created a distinct epoch in science when he overthrew the authority of Galen in anatomy and reintroduced the scientific method of direct interrogation of nature by observation and experiment.

In one field, however, Vesalius failed to escape the overwhelming presence of Galen's paralyzing authority. This was the field now called physiology.

Physiology only came to its own and was finally recognized as a great and independent science through the labors of Haller in the eighteenth and Miller in the nineteenth centuries.

Vesalius did his great work in dealing with the structure of the body. And this, of course, was of vast importance. But when it came to the functions which the structures performed, Vesalius fell back on Galen.

Between Galen and Vesalius is a gap of fourteen hundred years, and yet practically no progress had been made in either anatomy or physiology during all that time.

When Dinus and Berengarius, both of the University of Bologna, and Sylius the ablest of the teachers of Vesalius, though probably the greatest among the immediate predecessors of Vesalius, failed utterly to break through the meshes of ancient authority.

Their method of teaching consisted wholly of reading and expounding Galen's works from a desk with none of that experimental demonstration which must be inseparable from any real exposition of the structure and functions of the body.

For the next great epoch in this biological field we turn to England. Here was born thirteen years after Vesalius' death, the man who did for function what Vesalius had done for structure.

This epoch-making Englishman was John Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

After spending five years in the king's school at Canterbury he went to Cambridge. At twenty years of age he was drawn to the great University of Padua, whose medical teachers were of the highest repute.

From Galen even through Vesalius and to Fabricus the legends about function remained unbroken. Fabricus taught unchanged, the theories of Galen about the action of the blood.

Galen knew, of course, as did all his successors that the blood was active.

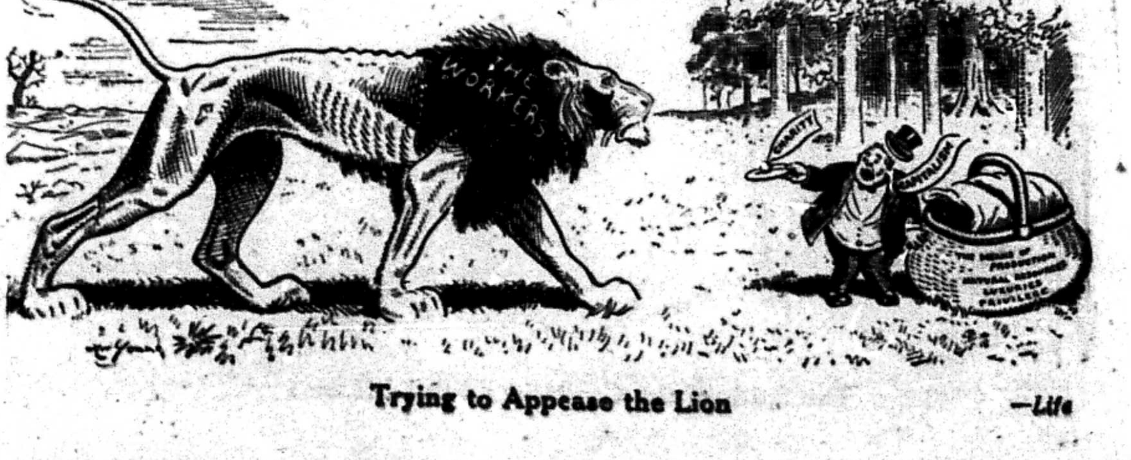
But for Galen, as for them, this action was merely an "ebb and flow" in both arteries and veins.

Galen also knew that there was a difference in arterial and venous blood. This he explained by saying the arteries contained blood mixed with animal spirits while the veins were charged with crude blood.

He also came near the truth about the vitalizing of the blood. He held that the crude blood in the veins became eventually the vitalized blood of the arteries by receiving an admixture of animal spirits from the lungs. We have only to read "oxygen" in place of animal spirits to appreciate the penetrating character of the genius of the Greek anatomist.

He failed completely, however, to discover the real connection of arteries and veins. He invented an imaginary one to serve instead. He maintained that some blood passed through the walls of the heart.

When Harvey announced that the blood did not ebb and flow but travelled a complete circuit, out through the arteries and back through the veins, and that the motor power was the pumping of the heart, he gave forth two new and great ideas which, as long as the race lasts will assure him one of the highest places among the sons of science and advance.



Trying to Appease the Lion —*Life*