

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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## Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

### An Association for Polite Thimble-Rigging

**T**HAT venerable fraud, the Chicago Civic Federation, has come out against the initiative and referendum. I congratulate it upon this sudden access of honesty. The novelty must be welcome as it certainly is memorable. This is the first time in my observation that it has ever said anything it really believed, and it believes this because the thing it opposes is in the interest of democracy.

It has issued a warning to workingmen against the initiative and referendum, urging them to be on their guard against changes that would give increased power to demagogues.

Mr. Belmont must have had quite a scare.

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I remember when this bunco was started we had the pleasure and honor of Mr. Belmont's exalted presence in Chicago, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, widely hailed as "the queen of Chicago society," whatever that may be, took up the new movement and for as much as a week gave to it the weight of her endorsement. Labor and Capital were to be brought together; there were to be no more misunderstandings; harmony, heavenly harmony, was to be the watchword now in all the industrial field. If the workers felt dissatisfied with their lot they could actually see Mr. Belmont or some other great social light, and that would be far better than an increase of wages. Just think of it—see Mr. Belmont. He is member of New York's Four Hundred, you know; and you can see him. He wants to bring Labor and Capital together, and induce the workingman to be contented with his lot so that we shall have no more of these dreadful strikes that are so injurious to business, but there shall be harmony everywhere, and most of all in our great mills where our profits are made.

So the thing was started off at Mrs. Palmer's castle on the North Shore Drive. It was a grand affair. Mrs. Potter pervaded the assembly in an elegant Parisian gown, while various labor leaders were brought in to represent the *hoi polloi*. They were told to make themselves quite at home and to call Mrs. Palmer "Sister Palmer"—in the interests of harmony, of course,—and she would call them "Brother Smith" and "Brother Jones." Nothing could be more beautiful, I am sure, and heavenly harmony was so thick around there that some of us cut off hunks of it with our knives and carried them away as souvenirs.

Punch was served and speeches were made in which the purpose of the Civic Federation was eloquently revealed. It was designed to do the workingman good by making him contented with his lot and improving his condition in nice, harmless little ways, and Sister Palmer, in her Parisian gown, beamed harmony all over the place. Some of the "Chicago Society" of which Mrs. Palmer was said to be the queen, graced the occasion with their presence, and were afterward good enough to say that they were agreeably surprised in the workingmen that were present, and some of them seemed to be real intelligent like. Not one had uttered a war whoop nor threatened the company with a hatchet, and they were almost inclined to think that a workingman was, after all, a kind of human being, though to be sure, he was dreadfully coarse, don't you know.

Then Mr. Belmont favored us with a speech, in which he said many times "Aw—aw," but nothing else that could cling upon the human memory, and the decks were cleared for the principal event of the evening. This was a very determined look-



ing lady, in an exceedingly low-necked gown, who was introduced as the manager of the Welfare department of the Civic Federation, and proceeded to make an address upon the invaluable labors performed by her department. She told how the agents of the Federation had visited a factory and found that there were in it but eight windows, and she had called upon the proprietors and induced them to increase the number of windows from eight to ten. This, she assured us, was a priceless boon that workingmen could never secure for themselves because they would never notice whether there were but eight windows or ten. Not bright enough, I suppose. But the eagle eye of the Welfare department, once turned upon windows, could never be deceived as to their number. The department knew at once there were but eight. What kept Labor and Capital apart was windows; if the great window question could only be solved, Labor and Capital would go through the world

hand in hand like a pair of brothers, the head of Labor resting upon Capital's bosom. The function of the Welfare department was to settle the paramount problem of windows and thus bring about these loving relations. She was delighted to add that wherever she had called the attention of proprietors to this window issue they had been only too glad to meet her views upon it, so that all men could see that harmony, heavenly harmony, should reign henceforth and forever more. Loud applause, and the well-bred butler in knee pants brought in another bowl of punch.

A gentleman with long hair and a foreign name then sang a song that nobody understood, and a lady with a low-cut dress obliged by playing on the piano a composition announced as an etude, and the brethren and sisters dispersed under the benignant smiles of August Belmont and Mrs. Palmer, "queen of Chicago Society." The Civic Federation was launched.

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### But the Strikes Did Not Stop

For a time it sailed its way with much eclat, although the queen of Chicago society quickly lost her interest in it and a week later if "Brother Jones" had called at the North Side castle the well-bred butler would have summoned the police. The idea of harmonious relations between Labor and Capital actually fooled a lot of labor men and the projectors thought that by giving them some well assorted guff and allowing them once a month to meet upon terms of equality with the masters they could stop the strikes.

I guess that day has passed now and what there is left of the poor old thing is more comical than important. Harmony did not dwell in our midst because of the gathering at "Sister Palmer's" nor from any other activity therewith connected, including the Welfare department and the overshadowing issue of windows. It did not come to us when Mr. Belmont said "Aw—aw," nor when

he appeared in his new London suit. It came not when workingmen were permitted to touch his august hand nor when they were elected to office in the great federation. It has never come and it never will come in any such way.

Because between the opposing forces in this great confused struggle is an irrepressible conflict and there never can be any harmony until one or the other is destroyed.

You might as well talk of harmony between the tiger and its prey, or between a highwayman and his victim.

The thing is radically and inherently absurd.

The idea of harmony that is preached by the Civic Federation is that the work-

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ingman shall keep still while he is being robbed. It has been in existence now about ten years and it has never operated to prevent so much as one strike—let us give thanks. It has had its uses, nevertheless. In the end it has shown that the masses of American workmen are not to be fooled by these devices, and don't care a rap for "queens of society" and the blessed privilege of shaking hands with one of the masters. And that is something worth while.

You can make a fake like this go in England, where the idea of the Federation came from. There the power and influence of social condescension is a great factor in keeping the toiler in his place. Mr. Belmont saw how nicely it worked there and thought that if it could be transplanted it would save him from another strike on his New York subway. So he tried it with the "queen of Chicago society," performing here the stunt performed in England by the Duchess of Muckimuck. It didn't go for a cent. Some labor leaders and labor men that had in their systems a taint of snobbery were duly impressed. The rest just laughed.

And now the poor old thing has come out against the initiative and referendum.

That ought to please the Referendum League. What was most needed to boost the referendum idea was to have the opposition of some dodo band like the Civic Federation.



### Doing Their Employes Good

Times change and the ways of bunco change with them.

Take for instance, that hoariest of all shell games, the blessings supposed to be reaped by the workingman from the protective tariff.

We were long accustomed to the spectacle in campaign times of the smug mill owner that arose before meetings of his employes and asserting that the tariff was the only barrier between them and the pauper labor of Europe, declare his unselfish interest in their behalf and show them their duty to vote for the high tariff candidate. "If it were not for the tariff I could not pay you any more wages than are paid in India," he would say, "and that is why I am for a protective tariff." He used to say this and get away with it, although we knew perfectly well that the smug one was lying awake at night thinking of new ways by which he could skin his employes and usually finding them, and except at election time he never cared a rap for them except for what he could get out of them.

We don't hear much of that kind of con now. The workingman is beginning to discover that the employing class gets four-fifths of the products of industry any way you can fix it, and he doesn't see where the philanthropy of the smug employer comes in under such conditions. It is a long time since I have heard any of the good old stock dope about protection to American labor. I guess we don't raise men now with nerve enough to put out a line of talk like that in the face of the fact that the manufacturers cut down the wages of their employes at the same moment that they are moistening up that bogus stock with a little more water and declaring fatter dividends on it.

### The Way It Is Worked Now

You see the old idea was that the workingman was a boob and you could trim him any way that suited your taste—tariff bunco here, grand old party con game there and Civic Federation in between. Gradually these pleasant devices are failing. There is nothing left now except to tell the workers that Socialism is the enemy of the home, and if Taft isn't elected we are sorry to say that it will be necessary for us to close the shops. The latter dodge still works effectually. You can't expect men to take the chance of unemployment in a country where the average wages of the toiler are less than \$400 a year and where the cost of living increases four times as fast as wages increase.

A friend of mine that is a traveling salesman with a superior line of goods (the same being lectures), tells me that in the campaign of 1908 he was one day at a town in Iowa called Missouri Valley, if I have the name right. Anyway, it is a place where the Chicago & Northwestern railroad has very large shops. He fell in with a foreman in the shops and talked about the campaign.

"Many Taft men in your shops?" asked my friend.

"Taft men? Well, I should say not. I don't believe there is one Taft man in the whole establishment. I never heard of one. Why should we care anything about Taft? He means nothing to us."

"Well, then, I suppose the Republican ticket will not fare very well in this town."

"Oh yes, it will. It will get a bigger vote than ever. We are all going to vote for it."

"How's that if you men in the shops are against Taft?"

"We are all against him, but we are all going to vote for him. You see the company has given out word that if Taft isn't elected it will close up these shops."

"Do you believe it?"

"No, I can't say that I believe it, but I'm not taking any chances. I've got a house and lot about half paid for and I don't propose to lose that if I know myself. I can live under any kind of a president, but I can't afford to throw away my home. It took too much time and hard labor to get as much of it as I have now."

So you see that the old parties are right when they say they are the preservers of the home, and this is the way they preserve it.

My friend was afterward at another Iowa town called Logan, where some other railroad, he said, has some other shops, also big, and he found there exactly the same condition. The men had been given to understand that unless Taft were elected these shops also would be closed and they would lose their employment. So they were all resolved to vote for Taft (whom they despised) and take no chances.

It is thus that we vindicate the right of free and untrammelled elections.

At the Pennsylvania shops at Altoona, they do not trust to a circulated word nor a general understanding. When it is desired to swing the votes of the employes one way or another a notice is posted explicitly declaring that unless the pending election results to the satisfaction of the company the shops will be closed.

Take all these facts into consideration, ask yourselves if there has been an honest election in this country in forty-six years, and you will be in a position to appreciate the intelligence of those gentlemen that explode in ecstasy over the success of our free institutions.



### Notes and Beams of Corruption

Every now and then some reform journal or leader throws a fit about the bribery and corruption that is used to put into office some Hinky Dink or Bathhouse John.

These be of the order of troglodytes; heed them not. If they could think even a little they would know that the infinitesimal corruption in the First Ward is as nothing compared with the monstrous, incalculable corruption by which the fear of disemployment drives men by the million to vote for candidates that they abhor.

Mr. Taft is today the beneficiary of an infinitely greater corruption than Hinky Dink ever dreamed of, and the very reform gentlemen like little Albie Shaw and J. Muddle M'Corknut that most eloquently cry out against the rottenness of the First Ward, support a rottenness far more revolting and dangerous.

Think this over and see if you can find any escape from it.

Some good souls are much concerned because we of this faith have so little patience

with the reformers. Good men, they say; trying to do their best; why not be patient with them, and admit the good they do?

Well, they don't do any. All the Hinky Dinks between here and perdition don't accomplish the harm in all their lives that the smug reformers accomplish in every year.

No one could truthfully say that Hinky Dink was any bulwark of existing evils; but the real reason why things are so rotten in America and the progress toward righting them is so slow is the presence and labors of the Shaw-Roosevelt—Abbott-American Magazine crowd continually assuring the public that everything is lovely (with a little patching here and there), and continually upholding a system of electoral corruption compared with which the First Ward of Chicago is a haven of purity.

That is why we have no time for that bunch, and if I saw one of them coming up the aisle this minute I should heave something at him—a hymn book if there were nothing else handy. Do you believe in compromise with evil? No? Then you can't compromise with these for they are the chief agents, supporters and protectors of evil.



"Judge Gary's suggestion," said Mr. Bartlett, "was that the Sherman anti-trust law had remained dormant for nearly twenty years and had never been sought to be enforced so drastically as in recent years."

"As it had been during my administration," said Mr. Roosevelt sharply, lean-forward.—Associated Press report of a hearing by the Steel Trust probing committee of the House.

The next stage of this malady would seem to be that in which the patient runs about biting people.



### In the Dark of the Moon

The plan is announced by which the Standard Oil Company will comply with the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court and reorganize its business so it may come within the limits of the law.

It is a beautiful plan and ought to work like a charm.

The decree of the court was against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. There are thirty-seven other Standard Oil Companies. If you hold stock in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey you put it into a large tub or receptacle provided for the purpose, and about three-quarters filled with the stock of the thirty-seven other companies. In the dark of the moon a man approaches the receptacle and slowly stirs the contents with a long pole, meantime repeating "Eeney, Mee-ney, miney mo," three times. At sundown you return to the receptacle, and draw out the same amount of stock that you put in, but now it is the stock of the thirty-seven other companies and not the stock of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. It has been changed. See? So now the company does not violate the dear old Sherman law and is not in unreasonable restraint of trade, and you get your dividends just the same as before.

I think this is perfectly grand and shows exactly what we have laws for. And still there are persons in our broad land that are willing to speak almost disrespectfully of our Supreme Court! It is a comfort to reflect that they are very low persons and not of the slightest consideration. You could never find one of them at the Chicago Club.



It has long been my opinion . . . that the germ of dissolution of our federal government is in the constitution of our federal judiciary, an irrepressible body (for impeachment is scarcely a scarecrow) working like gravity by day and night, gaining a little today and a little tomorrow, and advancing its noiseless steps like a thief over the field of jurisdiction.—Jefferson, in a letter to C. F. Hammond, 1821.



# Socialist Writers and Capitalist Horrors

By A. M. Simons

ON one day, a few weeks ago, three stories—otherwise very good stories—were returned to the writers by the COMING NATION because their pervading note was one of tragedy and despair. It is not often that three good stories come in one day. Well told stories are hard to get. The regret with which these were returned was very genuine.

This regret was rendered the more poignant by the fact that there were several more received the same day that were sufficiently promising to have led to further correspondence and possible revision and presentation to COMING NATION readers had they not also been enveloped in an atmosphere of gloom.

Still worse, this day was typical of all others. Two-thirds, at least, of the fiction that is sent by Socialist writers is filled with descriptions of the horrors of capitalism. A large percentage of the other third is based on a dreamy, catastrophic utopianism introducing descriptions of a future society.

It is not that these themes and phases of life should be entirely rejected by the writers of fiction. They are a part, an important part, and only a part of life.

The COMING NATION has used many stories partaking of each of these characteristics. But the question recurs as to whether these are all of life, or the most important thing in life as the Socialist writer should see it. Two writers, whose stories were returned on this day, complained of the reasons assigned, and argued strongly for the presence of such stories in Socialist papers. One of them says:

If papers like the COMING NATION won't publish stories that depict real life, whether the ending be cheerful or not, then what future is there for American literature? I had understood that the COMING NATION was designed as one of its objects to publish these very things—literary quality, etc., being equal—that the ordinary magazines would not publish. Now it appears the same standard, for fiction, at least, is set for the COMING NATION as for the others.

The other writer argues even more effectively. Most of us who spill white paper in the cause became Socialists because the needless misery and degradation of the world is a burden upon us. It haunts us and clouds our sun. We believe that Socialism is a remedy for much of it. So we write these things that it may be impressed upon the hearts of others that our civilization is the cause that speeds death and compels lives of misery that makes death a blessing. We want to crowd these wrongs upon the sleeping conscience of the public until it will awaken and sweep this gigantic injustice away. In the impassioned words of Victor Hugo we would cry: "Quick, quick, the poor stand on red hot iron!"

As I write this I run over the titles of my books on the shelves before me. Among these are the master writers of the world: Tolstoy, Turgenieff, Hugo, Zola, Flaubert, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Verga, D'Annunzio, Hardy and Olive Schreiner, and they are saturated with tragedy from cover to cover. These world-movers have found it the most powerful weapon for truth.

Here is a difference of opinion that is of vital interest to the readers of the COMING NATION and to the whole field of Socialist literature. Understand, it is not a question of whether any story, whose theme is the tragedy of capitalism, should be published, but whether this theme should be the overwhelmingly dominant one in the Socialist literary symphony. I do not believe it should be. I believe that the spirit of despair, of tragedy, of horror, is that of capitalism rather than Socialism.

I am not now considering the question of whether fiction should concern itself with social questions. It cannot help but so concern itself. But I am arguing against those who believe that the Socialist press should be the especial haven for stories depicting misery, and tragedy and despair.

The realist of capitalism is of very necessity, overwhelmed with misery. Capitalism can produce but two classes of writers—the apologist and the muck-raker. There is nothing else before those who wander in the mazes of capitalism. Reform is but a will-o'-the-wisp that leads only to new morasses of misery.

Since the apologist for wrong is contemptible and ephemeral, the great writers of capitalism must perforce be expositors of its horrors. Such are those listed by my protestor. They were "master writers," but they were the master writers of capitalism. The Socialist vision of the best of them was but dim and phantastic.

Socialism is a gospel of hope, and of a hope built upon firm foundations, not floating in the air. Socialism foresees a future bright with promise, not because "Old men are seeing visions and the young men are dreaming dreams," but because it knows the pregnant power of the present.

Neither is the Socialist movement born of pity and misery and hope for betterment. Misery, and pity for it, have always existed, and there have never been lacking those who hoped for relief. Yet Socialism was not and could not be in previous social stages. Socialism brings a message of battle

and victory, not of misery and pity. Socialism does not rest its expectations of success upon the sorrow and suffering of the workers, but upon their solidarity and struggles. Its progress is not predicated upon the corruption of government and the cruelty of capitalism, but upon the capture of political and economic power and concentrated perfection of production.

Socialism has no need of dirges. Leave them to dying capitalism. We want battle hymns and marching songs and peans of victory.

The new thing, the characteristic essential contribution of Socialism to literature is that out of struggle comes strength and victory. I remember hearing one of the most widely-known and best-loved Socialists in the American movement reply to a friend who tried to flatter him for his "sacrifices" for the movement, "I sacrifice anything?" he retorted. "If it had not been for Socialism I would have died in the gutter, a drunken bum, ten years ago. I was headed that way full speed. Socialism brought a new impulse into my life and gave me ten years of joyful fighting for my class."

The observer who looks at the victims of the sweat-shop through the vision of capitalism can see only the profit or the horrible misery. Then came the struggle which is the heart and soul of Socialism. The person who knew only the sweat-shop workers of ten years ago would hardly recognize them today. The joy of struggle, the ecstasy of victory, the sense of solidarity has developed new outlooks, created new characters, revealed undreamed of possibilities.

Next to the sweat-shop comes the mine as the particular abode of misery. A generation ago capitalism ruled almost unrestricted over the minds and bodies of the miners. Whoever would write of them must tell of misery unrelieved by anything. The spirit of struggle and solidarity, the parents of Socialism, crept into the dark runways and rooms of the mine. Today, and for the future, the great cosmic important thing about the miners is not their misery, but that they are the advance guard in the army that is storming the ramparts of misery. This struggle has beaten out the strongest characters in the American labor movement.

The writer who would lay the scene of his story in sweat-shop or mine and omit these things is certainly not a true realist and Socialist.

It is not as easy to deal with these new and broadly social features. The trick of describing suffering, of painting the tragedies of toil is easily learned. There are plenty of teachers. The stock phrases are ready at hand. As one critic of Socialist writing has said: the central figure of every Socialist story is "poor little Johnny starving outside the bakery window while the snow sifts through his pants." So far as capitalism, and capitalist reform and charity is concerned, Johnny must always stand there hungry and cold. But Socialism brings Johnny's father and the fathers of a lot of other Johnnies together and they are going after that bakery. They get half-loaves while they are fighting and the whole bake-shop, flour-mills and wheat farms when they win.

A grasp of the Socialist movement should broaden, deepen, strengthen and vivify the mind of the author. That movement has thrown open new and marvelously fertile fields for the study and depicting of characters hitherto almost unknown to fiction, because unknown to fact, of individual development as a part of great social movements, a wholly new *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung*. It is not by accident that we must go to the German for the words best expressing this new spirit and cosmic conception of things, for it is in that language and by that people that Socialism has been best expressed.

The writer who can embody in song or story the spirit of this resistless onward sweep of all the peoples of the world will write the epics of the race. The novel in which the characters will grow with this movement, rise individually in strength and power as they incarnate social struggles and triumphs in their own personalities, develop individuality as they grow with the mass and build their separate psychologies out of the developing social mind, will be the great world novel. Perhaps such a story cannot be written. It may be that we must wait for another age to make this vision a reality before it can be crystalized in literature. But it seems to me that here is the star to which the wagon of the Socialist writer should be hitched.

At least I cannot believe that he should claim that it is his especial mission to dig in the muck of capitalism.

It must always be a question of proportion and comparison. There is still need of stories that end in tragedy, of denunciation and exposure and muck-raking. History must be examined through the lens of Socialist knowledge. The dark places of capitalism must be illumined by the blaze of Socialist truth. Yet I cannot but think that this is not the principle or even the real mission of Socialism. I am much less interested in the question of "how they got it" than in the question of "how we will get it." I believe that the struggle of the workers for power is of more importance to Socialists than the fight of capitalists for plunder.

I believe that the essentially Socialist note in fiction should be one of hope and triumph. I believe that Socialists are the only ones who have a right to expect their stories to have a "cheerful ending." Not the cheerful ending of capitalist fiction that sees all ills cured by a benevolent philanthropist, or an impossible union between the employer's son and the starving shop girl, but the cheerful ending of self-achievement through united effort.

It is as a "Journal of things doing and to be done" that the COMING NATION was established. We believe that the things that are doing today are good because they are making for Socialism, and the things to be done are better, for they will bring to reality the vision of Socialism.

## Sabotage and Crime

It is impossible to condemn too strongly the abominable outrages which have been perpetrated in France under the name of Sabotage. We have no sympathy with sabotage in any form, although it may be admitted that there is very often great temptation to resort to it in a strike, and that the employers do not hesitate to employ it against the workers with unscrupulous ruthlessness whenever it suits their interest so to do. Even when employed directly against combatants, however, as in the destruction, on one side or the other, of the tools, machinery or other property of employers or workmen respectively, sabotage will generally be found to be a double-edged weapon, the use of which, however much it may be justified by circumstances, is very bad tactics. When it is directed against innocent non-combatants, however, as in the deliberate starvation and eviction of women and children by the employing class, or as recently in France by attempts at wrecking trains, ostensibly on behalf of the workers, sabotage ceases to have any justification as a method of warfare and becomes merely criminal. We are quite certain that the French workmen as a class have no part nor lot in these crimes, and no sympathy with them. We think, however, that it is matter for regret that the *Confederation Generale du Travail* should not have condemned the principle of sabotage in its entirety at the outset, instead of giving it encouragement. The enthusiastic advocates of "Direct Action" welcomed sabotage as a new and efficient instrument for their purpose instead of recognizing in it, as they should have done, the old discredited "rattening" which disgraced the industrial struggles of the earlier half of the last century in this country. This, as all such methods, simply opened the door to all kinds of criminals, and we have little doubt that the fiendish outrages which have recently excited so much indignation have been the work of *agents-provocateurs*, deliberately planned to bring discredit on the working class organizations.—*Justice, London.*

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The fact that direct action everywhere is seized upon by the ruling class as an opportunity for injecting *agents-provocateurs* into the labor movement has been again exemplified in France.

One Lucien Metivier, a member of the general committee of the trade union federation of the Seine, and delegate to the national federation, has been shown to be in the employ of the police, and to be acting in their interest to stir up disruption among the workers.

It is a good thing for the progress of cities that country mothers do not know the real conditions; otherwise the great mills that feed on the flesh of our children would creak and rattle in vain for provender.—*Byron Williams.*



# The Transformation of Turkey

THE PASSING OF THE TURKISH YASHMAK

**S**ALONICA in European Turkey, where the revolution that upset the Hamidian despotism three years ago was hatched, had for a long time been regarded as a distributing center amid the reaction that pervaded the whole Turkish empire. It was there that a disposition first developed among the Turkish women of the more educated class to revolt against the seclusion of the Harem at home and the wearing of the contrivance called the *yashmak* for hiding a woman's face from men's gaze in public. It began some thirty years ago by evening receptions at which the wives of Turkish officials received the ladies of the European consular and commercial colony accompanied by their husbands; later when traveling on the steamers between Salonica and Constantinople they would appear in the saloon in dress like any European women, take their seats at the table at meal times like other passengers and sometimes give exhibitions of their proficiency on the piano.

Gradually the contagion spread to Constantinople, and though there they did not venture to throw the *yashmak* off entirely, the material worn was of such delicate tissue that it enhanced the charms of face it was supposed to conceal. Toward the end of the Hamidian regime, the *yashmaks* of the Constantinople ladies when going about in public became so flagrantly transparent, that a decree against their use was issued by the religious chief, the Sheik-ul-Islam, and the wearers were driven off the streets by the police by order of the Sultan Abdul Hamid. While this won him the approval of the Old Turk party it no doubt contributed to his downfall by increasing the strength of the liberals, for in no country perhaps has the woman more influence in the family than among the Turks.

Recently the Turkish women everywhere have begun to show such a spirit of independence in this matter of the *yashmak* that the organ of the Islamic Association in Salonica, *Beyan-ul-Hak*, has published a proclamation regarding the non-wearing of the veil by many of those frequenting the public parks. It is conceived in a strongly conservative spirit, and says among other things:

"The Koran does not declare that the face of a woman must be hidden from view. Nevertheless,

By "Esnaf"

the learned men have judged it convenient to prescribe the obligation of the veil. They have allowed themselves to be guided in this by the sacred verses: 'Do not look with desire on the attractions of a strange woman' and 'women are the snares which the devil uses to trap men.'

"When, therefore, as is become the custom, young ladies move about among men with the face uncovered, who can prevent the men gazing at them and allowing themselves to be attracted? Of a surety, the face of a woman is not a prohibited feature. It is not for women to veil their features, but for men not to look at them. That is the real religious precept. Unfortunately men are less restrained than women, and as it is impossible to compel them to obey this precept, it has become necessary to force the women, in their own interest to veil themselves. The adversaries of the veil say again that the greater number of our women know nothing of the life of the world, that they are not educated and, consequently incapable of raising their children properly. We concede that women have need of education, we wish that they should acquire knowledge and not remain ignorant. But we do not desire to see them in any case go so far as to play the piano, write novels and neglect national customs under pretense of being in the fashion or style. Education comes by study, not by intercourse with men, for men have free intercourse among themselves which does not prevent them, the greater part, remaining ignorant."

The proclamation then goes on to deal with the cases of those women who, half-veiled only, by a simulated accident expose their hair and face to view and so cause improper ideas in men. The Islamic Association, therefore, calls for the prosecution and punishment of those who in their streets or public places accost ladies; it declares that the capital above all other cities should safeguard morals in order that the center of Islam should not be suspected of permitting anti-religious acts.

The *Sinine*, a Turkish paper, published a de-

scription by a correspondent of a resort near Constantinople where, on Fridays and Sundays, numbers of Turkish ladies unveiled, frequent the theater and cafes reserved for women. This he says, attracts the men who try to get up flirtations sometimes in too expressive a manner, and glances are exchanged in such a way that he wondered whether the charm of these suburban resorts was to be found in their arid and dusty surroundings or in the pursuit of love-making.

It is the old story, the riddle of the universe. The women would be all right if it were not for bad men; and the men would be models of propriety if it wasn't that the devil had the women to bait his hook with; and so we travel in a circle to the end of time. At the same time the question is more serious than it looks to outsiders with only a superficial knowledge of things Turkish, and if the logic of the Islamic Association's proclamation is faulty in some respects, it has a solid political basis. It is above all things necessary in the present state of politics in Turkey that the puritans of Islam, the people of Arabia, should not have reason to think that the seat of the Khalifate was given over to irreligion and immorality. To allow them to do so would be to play into the hands of those who want to deprive the Turkish Sultan of that high office and transfer its seat to Arabia or Egypt under a foreign flag. The trouble over the *yashmak* is, therefore, not a light one, for its solution may have grave consequences, and it constitutes a puzzle that will take the best wits of Turkish conservatives and liberals to solve.

Like the *queue* in China the *yashmak* in Turkey is both a social and political question that in the hands of mischief makers may become an element of trouble. Long before her sisters in several European countries enjoyed the right to hold property, the Turkish woman was protected in that right both as a married woman and if separated from her husband. Release from the obligation to wear the *yashmak* would be another step in her emancipation and in the regeneration of Turkey, but old customs and prejudices die hard, and outside the great centers of population in immediate contact with European ways it is not likely that the *yashmak* will be abolished for some time to come.

## A Shadow on the Path

"Bang-bang-bang!"

An ambulance came clattering through the street, and pulled up abruptly at the "ladies' entrance" of a big hotel. Children gathered around the spot as if they had risen out of the ground. Men and women clustered together with more or less haste, some frankly curious and others trying hard to seem detained against their own will. Soon two human hedges formed a narrow lane from the doorway to the ambulance.

I was also tempted into becoming an observer, attracted more by the other onlookers than by what might be offered them to look at. Luck gave me a place in one of the front ranks bordering that lane. Some sort of an hotel attendant was standing not far from me.

"Accident?" I inquired of him as casually as I could. Having given me a glance evidently meant to gauge my social standing, he replied:

"Aw naw—just a lady what's taken sick of a sudden." Then, expanding with the pride of exclusive knowledge, he added: "They say one of her appen-dixes has gone bad, and they're going to cut it out right away."

Two porters with a stretcher between them came out of the hotel. A whiteclad ambulance surgeon was directing their movement. Another physician, with a worried face, walked beside the stretcher, one of his hands fingering the patient's pulse all the time.

The woman on the stretcher was covered with blankets so that only her head was left free. There were traces of grey in her dark hair, but her face was still soft and youthful. Though not yet drawn or darkened by long suffering, it was very white,

By Edwin Bjorkman

and its pallor made the eyes look abnormally large and dark and deep.

The stretcher was halfway down the sidewalk when the woman raised her head a little and took in the staring faces on either side.

"Madame!" cried the physician reproachfully as he dropped her hand to press her head down on the pillow. At the same time the men carrying the stretcher came to halt.

"Oh, please, doctor!" the sick woman was heard to plead. "Just for a moment—I may never see a crowd again."

And once more she raised her head, without being pushed back as before. Perhaps it did not last more than a few minutes in all, but I had an impression that she lay thus for many long minutes, staring into the faces bent toward her from every side.

Finally her eyes met and rested in mine for a moment. In that brief space of wordless intercourse it seemed to me as if I were gazing straight into her soul, and as if I read there a limitless longing, a wild, unappeased hunger—for life and light and the reassuring touch of other human beings.

Then the dark head, made more beautiful by its touch of grey, sank back with a disturbing suggestion of surrender to something inevitable. Those big, black, hungry eyes vanished behind lids that were pale almost to transparency. The physician's hand was feeling the patient's pulse a little more anxiously than before. The stretcher moved on. The ambulance scurried away. The crowd scattered.

"I think she's a goner myself," remarked the hotel

attendant cheerily as he passed me on his way back to other duties.

A group of children tarried behind the rest, discussing eagerly the scene just witnessed.

"I know what it was," crowed a small boy. "She'd brook her leg reel hard—I sawed blood on her clo's!"

"Did you?" gasped two little girls in awestruck unison.

Further down the street I overtook two women, and I could hear one of them saying to the other:

"Did you see? That was real lace she had about her neck."

But during the night that followed I slept very little, for my soul was atremble with the fear and the longing which I had read in that sick woman's eyes.

"We should make up our minds whether we want the republic for which our forefathers fought, or the limited despotism—constantly growing greater—that the courts are imposing upon us. If we want the despotism, we need do nothing. Just let the courts go their way. But, if we want a republic, we shall have to put our courts down where they belong, and our congress and our state legislatures up where they belong. We shall have to say to our judges, both big and little: 'You are not good enough to rule us without our consent and we don't consent.'—Allan L. Benson in *Pearsons*.

\* \* \*

"It has been common to designate our form of government as a democracy, but in the true sense in which that term is properly used, as defining a government, in which all its acts are performed by the people, it is about as far from it as any other of which we are aware."—Former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Miller in "Lectures on the Constitution of the United States."



# The Westmoreland Coal Miners' Strike

By Silas Hood



JOHN RUFFNER  
Socialist Candidate for Sheriff

Although the coal miners' strike in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, which cost the union three-quarters of a million of dollars, has been declared off, thousands of miners in that capitalist ruled district will be unemployed this winter; hundreds of miners and their families will continue to live in tents and shacks during the zero weather, and as a result hundreds of children and many adults will die of exposure and insufficient nourishment.

Here is the formal order that ended the strike: "We desire to officially notify you that the strike of the Irwin field miners, which was inaugurated March 8, 1910, has been called off."

The foregoing is the introduction of circular No. 2 sent to the officers and members of the striking coal miners of Westmoreland County. The circular is dated July 8, 1911, which shows that the strike was formally declared lost exactly sixteen months after the struggle for better conditions was inaugurated. The strike was not declared off because the companies recognized the demands of the miners. The operators did not grant any concessions to the men, and the working conditions at the mines at present are even worse than when the men voted to strike a year ago last March.

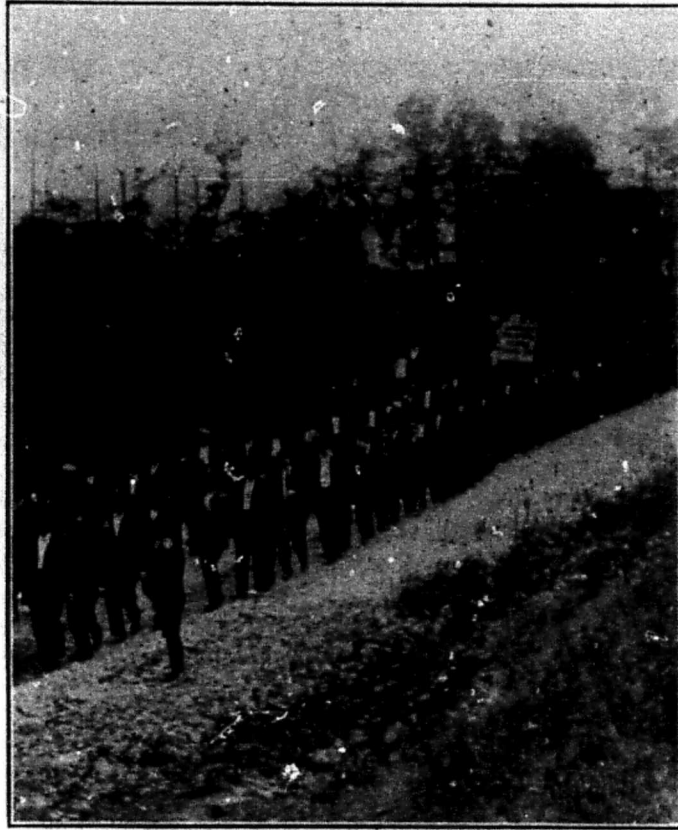
According to figures furnished by the United Mine Workers' Union the Westmoreland coal strike cost more than \$750,000. Fully \$700,000 of this amount was for strike benefits, and the balance was paid out for tents, shacks and for the expense of holding public demonstrations to protest against the tyranny of the coal operators, and public officials who invariably were found on the side of the interest of the companies.

The notice sent to the strikers telling of the ending of the strike so far as the union was concerned was also notice, officially, to the men who had been fighting a losing battle for sixteen months that the strike benefits would no longer be paid. In other words it was notice to more than eight thousand union men in the Irwin fields who had been able to keep their families alive on the \$3.50 to \$5.50 weekly strike benefits that the allowance would cease after the date of the announcement. And the payments did cease with but few exceptions—the exceptions being sickness and a few cases of utter distress. Thus ended one of the fiercest, most relentless and most disgraceful struggles between capital and labor that was ever waged *officially*.

## More Strikers than Jobs

Usually when a strike is officially declared at an end it means that the majority of the idle workers will be permitted to return to their former positions. Not so, however, in this case. Out of the 8,000 striking miners left in Westmoreland County at the time of the official ending of the strike not more than 500 have been permitted to return to the mines, and even these 500 have not been steadily employed. Long before the strike ended the coal companies found more non-union workers than the industrial conditions of the country demanded. Many of the men who took the places of the strikers were lured to the mines from localities far removed from the scene of the strike, and they knew nothing of the conditions in Westmoreland County until they arrived. And they always arrived with a depleted pocket-book.

During the early part of the struggle, hundreds of professional strike-breakers were employed and conflicts between these despicable characters were numerous. But during the last six months of the strike there was no indication of a conflict between capital and labor so far as lack of activity at the mines was concerned. Ever since January of this year the companies' position was stronger than ever. They were at that time confronted with the

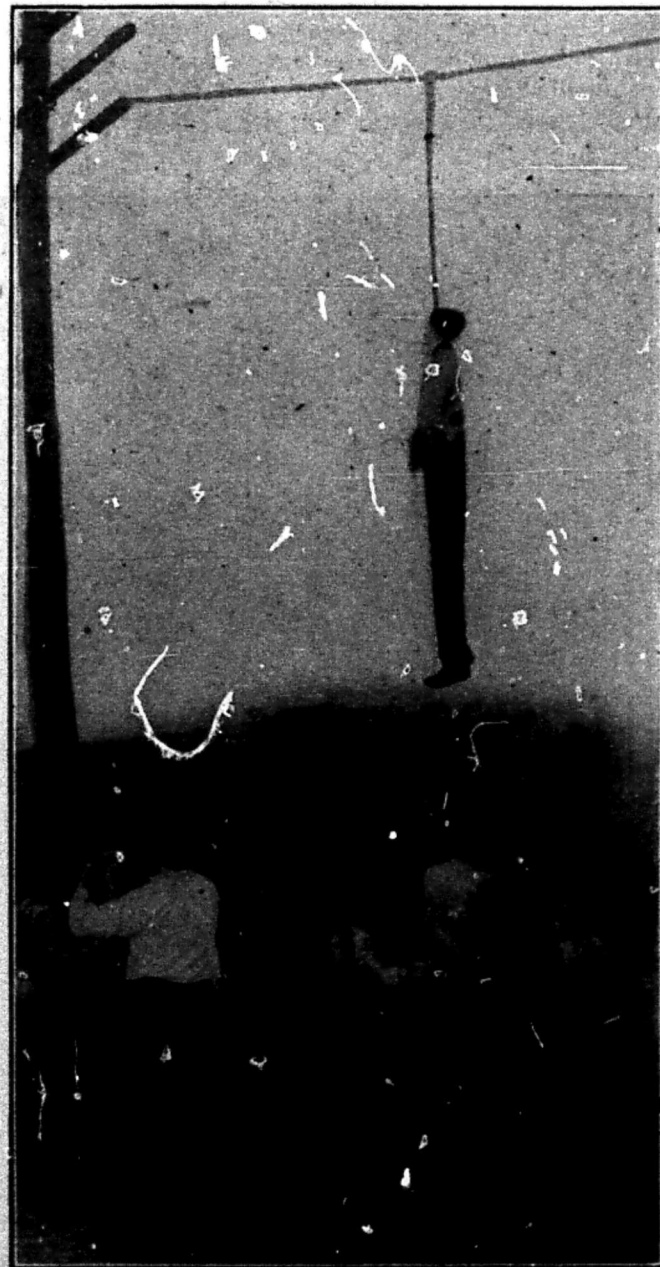


Striking Miners Marching to a Meeting Place

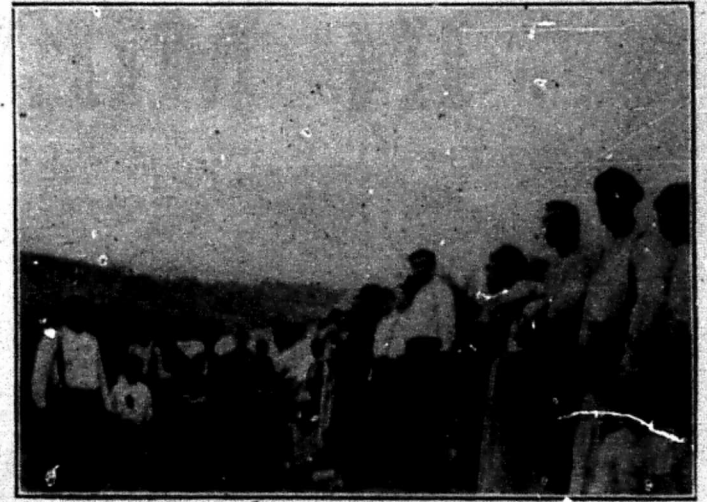
desired problem of having more non-union men than jobs, and short-time shifts were inaugurated. But even this part-time custom did not take care of the over-production of the non-union labor market, and in June because of the present industrial depression the operators reduced wages from 7½ to 10 per cent; discharged those who grumbled about the reduction, and put newcomers in their places. Even then they were not able to furnish employment for all of the non-union men who were willing to accept the masters' terms.

And this was the situation when the strike was declared off. Not only were the companies in a strong position, so far as labor conditions were concerned, but they were confronted with the problem of taking care of the men who had been induced to take the places of the strikers.

If the truth were known, the coal operators are sorry the strike has been called off at this time.



Hanging the Scab in Effigy



A Group of Strikers

They had hoped to deplete the treasury of the miners' union of a million dollars or more so as to be in a better position to completely subjugate dissatisfied miners in other fields owned or controlled by the coal trust. So when 8,000 of the striking miners who walked out of the mines in March, 1910, applied for work after the official order from the union was issued the operators did not need one of them. And the only reason that less than seven per cent of the strikers have been given jobs is because the company has discharged the worst element of the non-union men, and because some of those who had been lured to the place under false pretences, having saved enough to move, refused to again enter the mines and work alongside of their brothers whose cause they had helped to defeat.

The record of the strike is one of persecution and blood. When the history of the strife is written it will read like a chapter of Russian or Mexican despotism instead of a conflict between capital and labor in *free* America. This, in brief, is the record of the sixteen months' struggle:

Twenty-one miners killed by the clubs and bullets of the state constabulary and the armed deputies hired by the companies.

Six women, all wives and sisters of the strikers, dead from injuries received at the hands of the police who were always on the side of the company.

Four children dead from injuries received in riots.

More than 400 babies under one year of age dead from exposure in the tents and shacks and because of lack of nourishment. A large percentage of the infants born in the tents did not survive longer than a few days owing to the poorly nourished condition of the mothers and because of the insanitary condition of the surroundings.

More than seventy of the mothers of these baby victims dead because of the exposure and lack of nourishment at the critical period of maternity.

## Record of Persecution and Terrorism

More than 200 striking miners so badly injured by being clubbed by the company police when attempting to march along public roads that they will never be able to do another day's work in the mines, and some of them now are public charges.

More than forty persons driven insane because of the campaign of persecution and terrorism inaugurated by the operators and carried out by the hired ruffians of the company. Most of these victims were women.

More than 2,000 arrested and kept in jail from one to six months, during which time they were herded together like cattle and forced to eat food unfit for swine. The jail conditions drove many of the victims insane. Many of the jail victims succumbed to disease after their release, their physical condition being too weak to fight off malady that otherwise would not have resulted fatally.

More than ten thousand striking miners and their families driven from the county because of the campaign of persecution and terrorism inaugurated by the company and perpetrated by the courts, constables, deputies and state police. When asleep in their tents at night hired thugs fired bullets through the canvas at the sleeping occupants. These raids drove many of the women insane and was the principal cause of the wholesale exodus in the early part of the strike.

The foregoing is only a part of the record of the suffering, privation, persecution and death endured by the striking miners and their families in Westmoreland County, aptly designated the Russia of America.

There was a congressional investigation ordered after a state investigation had resulted in a farce.

(Continued on page eleven.)



# HEALTH WORK IN MILWAUKEE

BY

## Carl D. Thompson



JOSEPH DERFUS  
Chief Sanitary Inspector

**T**HE health department of Milwaukee seems so far to have been quite successful in dealing with the problem of contagious diseases. The official records show that there were three hundred and forty-nine cases of scarlet fever less during the last four months of 1910 than under the corresponding four months of the preceding year. And while this could not be regarded as due entirely to the efforts of the health department, yet it at least shows that the special attention being given to this particular subject is showing good results.

The same may be said with regard to small pox. The city at the present time is entirely free from this disease, there not being a single case reported during April nor March of this year. There was only one case in January of the present year and that a non-resident. In February there were two cases. At the present time the city is entirely free.

Special attention has been given for some time in Milwaukee to the anti-tuberculosis movement. Several years ago the trade unions and their representatives elected by the Socialists in the city council started a movement to have the anti-tuberculosis exhibit of the national organization handling these matters brought to Milwaukee. The exhibit came. Later on an anti-tuberculosis society was formed which has been doing splendid work ever since, not only in Milwaukee, but throughout the state.

The present health department is making a special effort to co-ordinate the various forces of the city that are working upon this problem. Special and scientific attention is being given to the proper disinfection of houses, tabulation and indexing of these places and efforts to eliminate the sources of diseases. A new hospital has just been completed west of the city limits which will be used in the general effort at relief from this dread disease. The effort at co-ordination is probably one of the first ever made to combine the many forces now working together toward the common end—the control of tuberculosis.

### Hospitals

The present administration in Milwaukee has advocated for many years the installation of free medical service. Their programme proposes that the hospital facilities shall be increased as rapidly as possible and in accord with the needs of the city. But they also proposed in connection with this there should be several additional hospitals established. And furthermore that in each ward there shall be at least one drug store where those who are too poor to pay may be able to secure the filling of prescriptions at the expense of the city; that there shall be in each such community at least one physician who shall give attention to worthy cases of the poor, and be paid by the city. The Socialists cannot, of course, carry out all the details of such a programme at once. But the spirit of it is at work.

And already results begin to show some of them in unexpected lines. One of these is the child welfare work.

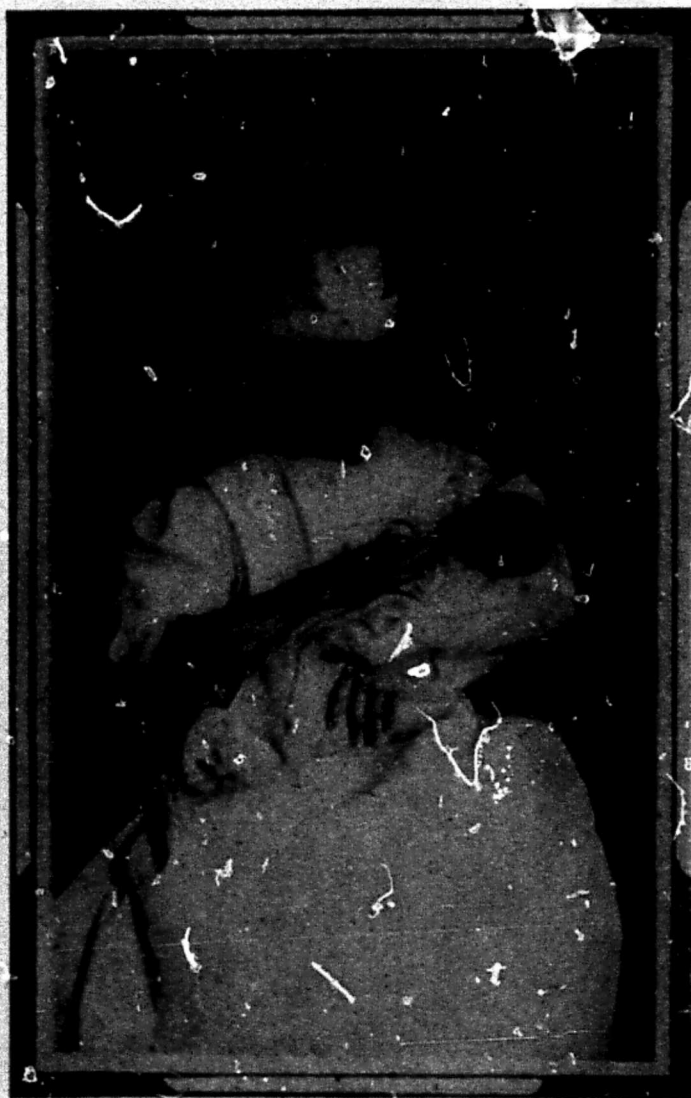
In spite of the fact that Milwaukee is a comparatively small and relatively new city, many of its industrial conditions are serious. Especially in the working class districts, where there is considerable crowding, and where conditions are bad, the infant mortality is very high. Private philanthropy has been wrestling with this problem for many years. There is a Visiting Nurses' Association, a society for the care of the sick, and a maternity hospital association. What is needed is some central organization to co-ordinate these various forces and to supplement them with such assistance as will make their work more effective.

### Child Welfare

Moving in this direction, the Commissioner of Health appointed one of the visiting nurses as a deputy inspector with authority to enter all houses where children were born, make investigations and render such assistance as was possible. Miss Edna Finch, a trained nurse, was chosen for this position and began work at once in the Fourteenth ward. Her work very soon revealed the great need of assistance among the mothers of the poor. Lack of knowledge of the needs of children and how to care for them, and particularly the difficulty in securing wholesome milk, were problems met with here as in every other crowded population.

It soon became apparent that this whole work, in order to be properly co-ordinated and carried forth, would require expert assistance. Therefore, through co-operation with friends of the Health Department and with the assistance of many forces deeply interested in the child welfare of the city, Mr. Wilbur C. Phillips was secured to take charge of the work. Mr. Phillips has been for some time secretary of the Child Welfare Department in New York City, and particularly of the Milk division.

I wanted to get the view of the work of the Milwaukee Health Department from the standpoint of those who had been a long time in service. So I asked permission to see Joseph Derefus. Mr. Derefus has been in the service of the Department in Milwaukee for over eight years. He served first under Dr. Schultz, who was for many years commissioner of health; later under Dr. Bading throughout his entire term; was in the department during the



In the arms of the Milwaukee Health Department



MISS EDNA FINCH  
Assistant Factory Inspector

term of Dr. Rucker, and is at present the chief sanitary inspector. I asked him to tell me about the work of the department, but I found him to be a modest man, evidently given more to doing than to talking. So I asked him a number of questions, and in reply to them he told me that he believed that there had never been a time in the history of the health department of Milwaukee, since he had been with it, when so much real effective work had been done as now. There were times, he said, when there was more done that raised a disturbance and got headline notices in the papers, but never as much quiet, consistent, effective work.

A discussion of the work of the Milwaukee Health Department would be incomplete if some mention were not made of matters which do not fall under the topics already discussed. A former administration, for example, had appointed a sewage commission. The problem of sewage disposal is one of great importance, not only to the people living in Milwaukee, but to all the people in cities on the banks of the lakes. Our problem here is how to dispose of the sewage without contaminating the water supply of the city; without devitalizing the soil, and finally how to secure from the sewage the commercial values which it contains. The latter must be extracted and returned to the soil. On this whole problem of sewage disposal the commission of experts has been at work for some time. Their report is being awaited by the present administration with interest and the work of sewage disposal will be undertaken vigorously as soon as the lines of advance are suggested by the experts.

### Routing the Rats

Many complaints have been received from commercial concerns from time to time of the destructive work of rats in the city. Heretofore no attention has been given to the matter and no effort made to handle it. The present department, however, recognizes the evil and has opened a campaign against the rat. The Health Department's Bulletin of April states that rats damaged property worth at least \$150,000 each year in Milwaukee. Its value may be much greater than that. The Health Department has decided upon a municipal war against the rat. It is making a series of tests to discover the best method of removing the pest. For the rat causes not only commercial loss, but is a menace to the public health. So the rat must go. Dr. Kraft has a way of putting little mottoes at the top of his pages and one of them reads:

"Swat the fly and rout the rat."

So the Health Department is not only after the rats. It is also after the fly. And always the Doctor seems to remember the children and the child welfare, for another one of his mottoes reads:

"Swat the fly and spare the child."

A special effort is being made by the department  
(Concluded on Page Eleven.)



# THE BIG CHANGE.

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**W**HAT the theologians were to an age wherein the reputable way to get a living without working for it was by the Strong Arm, the lawyers are to this age wherein the reputable way to get a living without working for it is by the Smooth Tongue, wherein we do not battle for another's goods, but Business.

In either age it is the pitiless who are best qualified. For, though the modern barons do not personally chop down unarmored peasants with their battle axes, they let them be mashed into bloody pulp to save the cost of guarded machinery; though they do not personally thrust the torch into the thatch of the peasant's cottage, they let them be burned alive rather than provide adequate fire-escapes; though they do not personally ravish the peasants' daughters, they pay them wages too small to keep an honest soul and body together. They know that this goes on as well as if they themselves took part in it, but compassion cuts down dividends. Only the pitiless can really succeed. The theologians were chaplains to the pitiless in the olden time; the lawyers are their chaplains nowadays.

And, naturally enough, the lawyers have also decided what God is like.

In ship's articles, and fire insurance policies the phrase occurs, "acts of God." It became necessary to define this phrase exactly. An act of God is calamity that prudence cannot foresee or wisdom avert or fortitude prevail against. According to the rule, then, that "a thing is what it does," God is Hard Luck personified. This is the ruling of the courts. Lay persons would find it impossible to distinguish between God and the devil.

The faith that God is love, that his tender mercy is over all, that He careth for us, that He pitieth us like as a father pitieth his children, that He will one day wipe the tears from all eyes, that He would have us love one another even as He loves us, that He would have us be just and true in all our dealing and hurt nobody by word or deed—that view is probably unconstitutional.

God, you perceive, has been rendered unto Cæsar, has been made a matter of contractual obligation which cannot be impaired without due process of law, has had His status as it was before The Big Change fixed and made permanent. Sitting in His capacity as Source of Calamity, so far from wishing to draw nigh to Him, the wish of this age is to keep as far from Him as possible.

Now, whether God made man in His own image, or man made God in his own image, in either case there is likeness between them, and as in a looking-glass we may observe what changes have taken place in man by comparing him with the picture of God, daguerreotyped by dogma, and by court decisions.

One of the most important phases of the Big Change that has taken place in the time of men not yet gray-headed is the overthrow—No, that is too violent a word. The vanishing, you might even say the *evaporation* of the wicked superstition (worse than atheism, much worse) that God is Hard Luck personified, always making mischief in ways that prudence cannot foresee or wisdom avert or fortitude prevail against.

It is all gone, that over-spreading sea of firm conviction of the malevolence of the Almighty. Only a few scattered pools are left that one encounters strangely in talking with a certain sort of childish-minded people about such news-items as a church being struck by lightning or an earthquake destroying Messina. Nine out of ten people never think of such things, but as what they are: The lightning struck a building; the crust of the earth slid, and jarred down houses, but these people wonder what God was up to. They are reluctant to think it was pure carelessness on His part to let such happen, and they are only a little less reluctant to think He had something up His sleeve, a grand scheme for His own greater honor and glory, so's He could show off, something to advertise Himself which He found Himself unable to put through without killing and wounding and making miserable His helpless children. It was to be a perfectly magnificent ome-

let when it was all done, but, first of all, He had to break eggs.

Merely to state such an explanation in plain English is revolting nowadays. It used to be all right. When people really believed that way, before their hearts had been softened, before they had learned that the injury of one is the concern of all—in a word, before The Big Change—they said right out that the Lisbon earthquake was to punish the Portuguese for holding to the damnable Romish superstition. God was revenging Himself on them. If the phrase had been in common use then, they would have said that He was getting "hunk" with them. It is only when people have really ceased to believe such wicked slanders against God, and yet do not like to part with the past, that they cry out with horror against "flippancy," and "irreverence." Personally so long as I can get around as well as I do now, and have the full use of my faculties I don't expect and shall not get "reverence" and "respect." But when I get kind o' tottery on my physical and intellectual pins, then I shall be very huffy if I'm not deferred to. It is the played-out and infirm that must be handled gently.

Belief in an All-Mischievous God has utterly departed from most of us. All of us, I think—get right down to it. And a good thing, too. For with the departure of this "fear of God," and the wish to get on the good side of Him, to humor Him, to feed His vanity by "praising" Him so that He sha'n't wreck your ship or strike your house by lightning or tumble everything over with an earthquake, has come a real hungering and thirsting after social righteousness such as the world has never seen before, such hankering as never was

before after a way of doing what we have to do to make a living and yet be true and just in all our dealings. Never before, I do believe in all the history of the world, has there been so genuinely heart-felt an outcry of: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Not, "what shall I do to get to Heaven," but "what must *we* do to be saved?" For we realize that collectively and as a social organization we need salvation.

We who are not yet quite gray-headed remember some conceptions of the Almighty that were pretty vicious. As a little boy I heard a sermon by a college president in which he told the people that God had brought about hard times to punish the people for running railroad trains on Sunday; they had taken His day for their own, to toot whistles on, and He'd show 'em, so He would! Just think that over for a moment. Civilization demands regular supplies so that the trains must run on Sunday. You'd think the Almighty would be satisfied to have the men take one day off a week as it came handy. But no, sir, God is a jealous God and will not listen to reason. He flies right up, and strikes out at whatever He can hit, not at superintendents and general managers and railroad presidents and boards of directors. No, He puts some poor fellow not in the railroad business at all out of his job or on half-time, and half-starves women and children just for spite because the engines toot on Sunday, which is, after all, the first day of the week and not the seventh. But the people listened calmly to that sermon. Nobody said that the college president was an old heathen, that he was insulting and maligning his Heavenly Father. Nobody presented *him* for heresy. No. What else could you expect from the Source of Calamity? "Praise God from whom all curses flow." "Is there evil in the city and God hath not done it?"

I can remember when the governors of Western States set a day whereon the people were to get together and implore God to call off the grasshoppers that were eating up every green shoot as soon as it appeared above ground. He had sent them in His inscrutable wisdom (the kind of wisdom that there isn't any sense to, as far as scrutiny can detect) and now wouldn't He please take them away? And it so happened that there was an unusually early warm spell that brought the 'hoppers out sooner than common, and then a fierce cold snap that killed them all. And that was "a signal instance of the power of prayer." I can remember one time that they called a prayer-meeting because it had escaped the attention of the Omniscient that there hadn't been rain for so long that the soil for a foot or more was dry as ashes. They all turned out, but only one brought an umbrella to the meeting, a little girl that hadn't been sufficiently instructed in the doctrine that there couldn't be evil in the city unless God had done it. And, sir, if it didn't rain pitchforks and featherbeds! And, as they sloped homeward, wet as drowned rats, they all agreed that it was a perfectly wonderful answer to prayer.

Why "wonderful"? Ask yourself why it should be "wonderful." Suppose that every time your little boy got out his train of cars to play with, you kicked them out of the house; every time he tried to play with something you'd destroy it, and finally after he had cried out for the thousandth time: "Oh, Papa, please don't do that!" you'd let them alone, what would there be "wonderful" about that?

But even the low and heathenish conception of a Heavenly Father that was occasionally half-way decent was a relaxation from the earlier doctrine that He was pure meanness. I'll tell you about that next week.

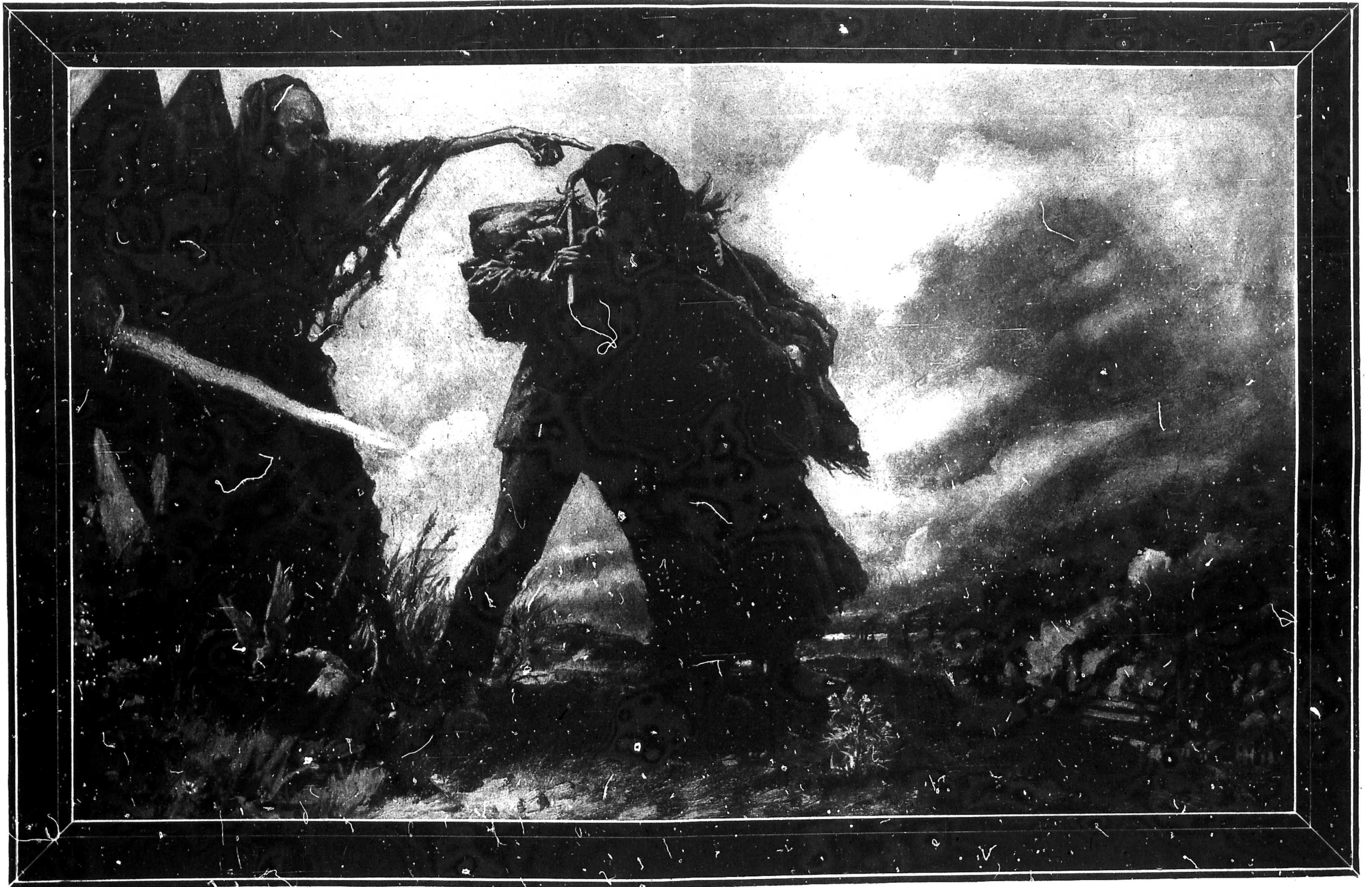
The overworked man has not the energy demanded for a new birth. He eats, works and sleeps, repeating each day a round of weary tasks with no great stimulus coming unto his life to transform it. He must be freed from the routine and the depression of overwork before religion has an opportunity to evoke his better self.—*Simon N. Patten in The Independent.*

"For each age is a dream that is dying  
Or one that is coming to birth."—*Selected.*



The lawyers are chaplains to the pitiless, nowadays





THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN

—Painted by Balfour Kerr.



# THE CURSE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

**F**ROM the group of men before the gate to the Pickens garden, Morgan Witherspoon had turned away as soon as Calhoun Ridgeley had repeated the name of the man that must have been guilty. With his boyish figure erect, but with his head tilted forward, lips compressed and fiery eyes trying to pierce the darkness, he walked, this Morgan, moving in desperate strides in the direction of the little suburb where Jane Legare lived. His rage still boiled hot in his veins; the insanity for requital—for a requital swift, undebatable, complete—drove from his brain every other thought, every other sensation.

He crunched up the walk to Jane's house, but he did not stop at the front door. Instead, with a step lightened to assure the surprise of whoever might be in hiding there, he made his way to the back of the place. It was at the kitchen-door that he finally thundered.

The black Sally put out a frightened, kinky head. "Who—who dare?" she quavered. And then, as the light from within fell upon Witherspoon, she drew quickly back. "Yo', Marse Mo'gan? Wh—what fo' de Lord's sake, Marse Mo'gan, what's de matter, suh?"

Witherspoon calmly placed his foot between the half-open door and the door-frame.

"Sally," he asked, "have yo' seen Billy"—he could hardly get the name from between his lips that hated it—"Billy Turner?"

If his face—the pale, drawn, determined, suddenly matured face—had not been sufficient, his voice—a voice utterly unlike his usual tones—would have sufficed to warn her that there was danger afoot for the man whose name he so strangely uttered.

Sally, her large eyes popping from their sockets, drew back. She made as if to close the door.

"Deed—'deed no, Marse Mo'gan," she stammered. "I don't know whar Billy Turner am. I ain't seen him this long while."

"Quit your lyin'," snapped Witherspoon. "The boy's yo' lover. I might have believed yo' if yo' had said yo' hadn't seen him tonight; but when yo' say yo' haven't seen him for a long while, yo' as good as tell me that yo' have somethin' to conceal."

"Deed, I ain't, Marse Mo'gan; I ain't seen that Billy Turner nowhars."

Again she started to close the door, but Witherspoon shoved his foot a few inches forward and stopped her. He grasped her arm and held it.

"Now then," he said, "yo' tell me the truth—the truth, d'yo' hear? Somethin' has happened over yonder—somethin' has happened to a lady. Do yo' understand?"

The girl nearly fell to her knees. In that countryside, his words were enough to strike terror into any black.

"O Gawd!" she whispered.

"Well, now," pursued Witherspoon, his wrath mounting as he felt her flesh beneath his fingers, "I know who did it—an' I'm after Billy Turner."

Sally's knees gave way. She dropped on the sill before him, her arm wrenched from his grasp, her white teeth clattering.

"Oh, Marse Mo'gan," she wailed, "it wouldn't be Billy. Yo' know it wouldn't be Billy. Fo' Gawd's sake, Marse Mo'gan—Oh, Marse Mo'gan—Marse Mo'gan—"

Witherspoon shook her into momentary silence.

"Stop that," he commanded, "an' tell me where he is."

"I ain't seen him, Marse Mo'gan. Fo' Gawd, I ain't seen him."

"Yes, yo' have. He'd come first to yo'. I didn't bother goin' to his place, because I knew he wouldn't dare be there. He'd have to move quick, an' he'd come to yo' first fo' money."

"But I ain't seen him, Marse Mo'gan!"

"Yo' have. Yo'd know where he'd be, anyhow. He's yo' lover, ain't he?"

"Yes, yes; but on my soul, I ain't set my eyes on him!"

"Stop that! He's—" Morgan paused. He looked down at the cowering girl, and then started suddenly forward into the room. "I believe yo'r hidin' him in there right now!" he cried.

Sally flung her frail arms about his knees in an agony of fear. Witherspoon lurched. The door flew open, and he pitched to the floor, but as he fell he caught sight of the interior of the kitchen and saw the figure of a man—the man he sought—climbing out of the open window.

"Stop there!" he shouted.

But the negro girl held fast to his legs, and the pair rolled over and over on the floor, Sally sobbing protestations, Morgan struggling to free himself and threatening death to any that detained him. They crashed at length into the leg of a table. The right hand of the negress was bashed against it, her hold loosened, and Morgan, with a yell, sprang, liberated, and leaped through the door into the night.

Ahead of him, somewhere on the road, he could hear the sound of running feet. Breathless, thoughtless—the lust of the hunter whipping him forward—he bounded forward to follow.

They tore up the road—pursued and pursuer Morgan, pounding an eighth of a mile in the rear, now seemed to gain ground and now to lose it. The moon was rising, but the wind had freshened and, with a promise of storm, clouds, driving across the sky, made sight uncertain. Once Witherspoon was sure that he saw the hatless form racing through the night, but, for the most part, he had, at the start, to trust to his ears, and he was desperate when, just as he began to believe in his ultimate victory, he heard the running footsteps pause.

Morgan knew what that meant. It meant that the mulatto was leaving the road; that he would cut southward toward the negro quarter of the now nearby city—that he was running toward his own

home. As this realization came to Witherspoon, the clouds parted, and, in a quick downpouring of moonlight, he saw the fugitive vaulting a fence into the open fields.

It was Billy Turner. There was no mistaking. It was the young man whose whole connection with the Pickens family had been such that nobody could have supposed—

Witherspoon stopped short. He stood absolutely still.

Something within him had awakened. To all intents and purposes he was within grasp of his prey. He had but to keep up the chase until Turner had reached his miserable cabin. Once run to that quarter, there needed but a general alarm to rouse the city and end the tragedy. And Witherspoon stopped.

Perhaps it was the fact that the race was all but won. Perhaps it was because the thing seemed too easy. Perhaps it was that the mad self was exhausted by the pursuit and the sane self able at last to resume dominion. But, for whatever reason, Morgan, without further argument, found himself cold, calm, emptied of the blood-lust, and bitterly ashamed.

What had he to gain? Would blood atone? Suppose he overtook the runaway and, with his own fingers, squeezed out that wretched life—what would result? Would what had happened be undone by that? Would even the news of it, the horrid knowledge of the world, be lessened by his deed? And suppose that he did no more than seize this ruffian and turn him over for the law to play with and punish—the law, which would be public, which would drag Florida Pickens from her home to testify, which would say nothing without its audience, say nothing without its journalistic chronicling—would Witherspoon be helping Florida by that?

He sat down beside the road, panting. He remembered all his former principles. He remembered who he was and what he was and what he and his had always stood for. He remembered how close he had come not only to a betrayal of all this, but also to an aggravation of this miscreant's offense by the commission of an act that would make the offense all the more notorious.

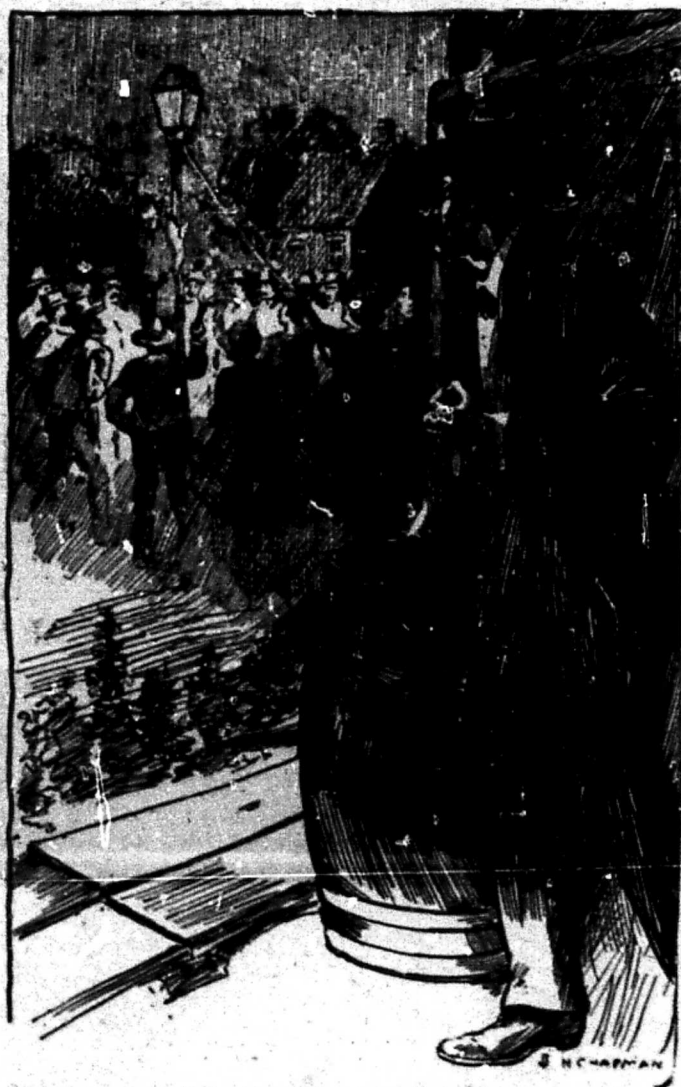
And, besides, how could he, as yet, be certain that Turner was guilty? Cal had seen the fellow in the neighborhood of Beauvain's Pond—no more than that; and even Cal, himself a murderer, had protested that this evidence was insufficient. That Billy had fled at Witherspoon's approach meant nothing; there was not a negro in the neighborhood that, hearing such threats as Morgan had made, would not have run away. And yet, here had been Morgan close to making himself the thing that Cal had been on the evening of the killing of Jim Jackson.

Without another glance in the direction in which Billy had gone, Witherspoon retraced his latest steps and made off toward his own home.

The road, for a quarter of an hour, remained silent and deserted. Overhead the scudding clouds clashed, momentarily growing swifter and blacker. The trees tossed frightfully. Now and then the moon shone, but the moonlight grew less and less frequent, and then, from afar, there rose the low rumble of thunder.

The low rumble of thunder of which the echoes seemed strange, and strangely prolonged. They were not like the thing they mimicked, those echoes. They were distinct, separate. They were ominous, threatening, imminent. They were a sound like the steady advancing of a pack of hunters. And, as the sound drew nearer, had Witherspoon been there to hear it, he would have known it to be no echo, but the baying of bloodhounds in full cry.

For what had balked the individual, the mob had accomplished. A few moments after Witherspoon had stalked away from the Pickens gate in one



The man was Calhoun Ridgeley



direction, and the dark figure of Cal had slipped into the shadows at the other, the breaths of the little group of tavern loafers and rural idlers had mingled and been formed into a separate spirit that controlled them all. It was a spirit that harnessed them, that rode, seated in the air, above them, and that lashed them on. It cracked its whip, and they went mad.

Somebody—none knew who, and the speaker less than all—said that this crime must be avenged. Somebody—not even he through whose mouth came the words would remember who had spoken—declared that the criminal must hang before the law, which all men think they have made and none can at heart respect—could quibble and delay and free him. Somebody—still somebody unconscious of his own utterance—said that Billy Turner must, that night, swing.

Therewith was the spell wrought. The mention of the crime that had been committed, the mention of the law that would be delayed and the mention of the penalty that ought to be inflicted—these three things, said together, raised that devil which men call the Spirit of the Mob.

Hither and thither black shadows darted along the road. Lanterns fluttered like angry fireflies. Voices whispered like cruel ghosts. Now the flying lights fell upon glinting steel, now upon a heavy fist gripping a coiled rope, and then through the night came the scurrying patter of lighter, more agile feet, the sound of quick sniffing, the low excited whine of dogs that tug at a leash.

The crowd had grown with every passing moment, a deed of the dark drawing dark recruits from darkness. The half-dozen had grown to twelve; the twelve to a score. They surged right and left, forward and backward, but the Devil behind them cracked his whip, and they surged across the fields to Beaufain's Pond.

There the sounds grew louder. Pine-knots flamed under the arching trees and were reflected, struggling, on the lapping waters.

A hoarse voice came out of nowhere:

"Got any clothes o' Turner's?"

And a hoarse voice from nowhere made answer: "Here's a cap I got from the niggers at Palmettos."

In the light of a pine-knot, a dirty hand held a dirty cap before six sniffing muzzles, and then the hounds were unleashed.

They snapped through the underbrush. They crackled over the leaves and twigs. They ran, with low cries—with cries of mounting intensity they ran—in widening circles under the trees. Their noses pushed close to the ground, their muscles, when the light fell upon them, were twitching. Finally, from the very edge of the woods came a cry—quick, low, rallying: one dog had found the scent—and instantly, after him, over the salt grass of the meadow, across the fields, across the fences, across the night, away ran the dogs, and the men-become-dogs, all mingling their voices in the long, low baying of a bloodhound-pack. The Devil's Hunting had begun.

A man that ran in the rear of them—a man that was not driven by the Devil that drove them, but was chained to that Devil's car a dark giant of a man, who hung backward where he could not be seen, but was dragged forward where he must see—this man saw them enter the quiet little suburb, saw them break through the hedge about the rear of the house of Jane Legare, saw the light as the kitchen-door was splintered, heard the cries and oaths as a girl pleaded and men cursed, and then heard a hound yelp and saw the mob rudely reform and run forward. The scent had been recovered and, up the empty road, the Devil cheered forward his pack.

The thunder rumbled, but neither man nor dog heeded it. Through the banked clouds, like tottering celestial fortresses, a bolt of lightning would ply its crooked course, but none regarded it. The storm was almost ready to break above their heads, but they could not see it for the tumult of the storm that the lash of the master's whip was beating to fury in their hearts.

They left the road. They crossed more fields. They came to the narrow, almost tropic streets of the negro-quarter, where teeming life seemed forever to have banished sleep.

The flames of the rushing pine-knots gave it a fierce illumination. They lit up, like flashing pictures seen in a dream, the squalid alleys, the cluttered clothes-lines ablaze with color, the desperate outside stairways, the broken panes, the rickety balconies, the sagging roofs, the rags and dirt.

One instant the houses burst with the population and spewed it into the street—bright-turbaned women and men with shining eyes; white-haired negroes sucking at corn-cob pipes; groups bending by the windows over greasy games; children tumbling in the gutters; black babies at their mothers' breasts. The next, and there were wild scurries for shelter; frightened cries; banging doors; lights

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, a railroad engineer, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town, and falls in love with Jane Legare, a member of a typical old southern family. Calhoun Ridgeley, a brother of Jane, betrays violent characteristics inherited from his slave owning forefathers. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Pickens, who is physically attracted. She agrees to give an answer to his suit at a specified time. Calhoun compares unfavorably with another suitor of Florida's, Morgan Witherspoon.

Calhoun wantonly kills a negro for what he supposed was an attack on his sister's honor. The killing is disapproved by his relatives and becoming morose, he spends most of his time in drink, awaiting Florida's answer.

Luke proposes to 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 hostile. Calhoun appears to relent and borrows money, which a negro servant is ordered to bring to him in Beaufain's wood that evening. Cal also sends a message to Florida asking her to meet him the 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 an act of moral cowardice.

At the Pickens home, her cry for help is heard, and Morgan, instinctively knowing it to be Florida, rushes in the direction of the cry to find her unconscious at the foot of Beaufain's pond. She is carried to the Pickens home and that night, Calhoun, frightened by the mob, gives the name of a trusted colored servant, saying that he had seen him near the wood toward sundown. Florida refuses to tell her father. In spite of his entreaties, the name of the man that had attacked her.

extinguished—all the tokens of a terror gathered from a terrible history.

The man that followed hard behind heard the hounds utter a new cry, a fiercer, madder cry. He saw the pack of dogs and men halt before a house that was already dark, and beat and break about it as the tide beats and breaks about a frail pier. He thought that he could see the very house rock under the force of it.

He heard a loud call, followed by an unanswering silence. He heard the call, now a choral shout, repeated, and again he heard no answer. He heard a rush of feet encircling the shanty. He heard palings ripped from the fence, the staccato tinkle of broken glass, the smashing of a door.

The man that followed tried to go away. Nobody had seen him; nobody held him. But he could not turn his feet; he could not turn his head; he could not turn his eyes. He slunk into the shadow of an alley that, a moment before was crowded, but now was empty. He twisted at his body, but in vain. He put his fingers into his ears, but he withdrew them. He flung his hands before his eyes, but something drew his hands down. In all that frightened quarter, his was the most frightened soul.

He saw the swirling lights and he heard the conquerors' roar as the crowd belched from the house and surrounded a lamp-post. He knew how swift the thing would be—no time for pleading, no question or answer; only the tumultuous rush to quick mutilation, the stampede to hurried death. He heard the sharp, high cry of a man in agony and terror—the cry of a man that abandons manhood; it cut the night. He heard the low, loud *gr-r-r*, the long-drawn, penetrating *ha-a-a*, the sound that is the sound of no man, but of many men—the speech of the Mob. He raised his hands, but the something dragged them back to his sides, and he saw, silhouetted against the farther flames of the pine-knots, something high above the ground—something black at a rope's end—something that writhed.

A bolt of lightning sent crumbling one of the fortresses in the sky. It lighted up the alley where was cowering the man that had followed. It showed, for an instant, with none to see, the face of one for whom fought mounting horror and cringing fear. The man that had followed was Calhoun Ridgeley.

The Devil's Hunt was ended.  
(To be Continued.)

Health Work in Milwaukee

(Continued from Page Six.)

to disseminate knowledge on sanitary matters among the people at large. The health manual above referred to is printed and circulated to all who are willing or able to use it. And they seem to be in demand, for, when I called on the department the other day for a file of the back numbers, I was told that they were all gone. The people are eager to know the truth about health. And Dr. Kraft seems to have a way of making otherwise technical subjects simple and plain enough so that the common people can understand them.

In his bulletin are printed simple and plain directions and helpful suggestions, more in the kindly spirit of the pitying father than of the orders of police regulation regarding pneumonia, diphtheria and other dangerous diseases, but also some other interesting suggestions to mothers on the care of babies, with special suggestions concerning the summer months; hints about ventilation, about the cleanliness of attics and cellars; about the necessity

of large and well ventilated bed rooms—Milwaukee is noted for, its small bed rooms. And all these matters are to be gathered up, printed in leaflet form for general distribution. Last summer a great mass meeting was held at Lapham Park. Nearly 3,000 attended. It is the plan to hold at least three or four such mass meetings in various parts of the city this summer for the instruction of the general public in all sanitary matters.

And through almost every page of the official publications of the department, mingling here and there with dry statistics of the number of births and deaths, reports of bacteriological examination, milk inspections, and the rest, runs a golden thread of passion for the welfare of suffering humanity. Ever alert, ever eager for better things, the purpose of the department cannot be better expressed perhaps than in the words of its January bulletin:

"It is in health that cities grow; in sunshine that their monuments are builded. It is in disease that they are wrecked; in pestilence that effort ceases and hope dies.

"Therefore, not very long ago you created a department, you bade it guard the public health; you gave it a trust that may not be broken. You charged it with a vigil that is sacred.

"And you yourselves assumed a duty to this, your department. For had you not bade it watch over the lives of men and women and little children?

"Nor creed, nor faith, nor party may forget."

And in it all, the thought of the little child is leading. The Doctor seems unable to forget that 1,300 babies die every year in Milwaukee. And so on one page of his bulletin he is urging the people to keep politics out of the health department. On another page appear those tenderly pathetic words of Eugene Field, about little boy blue and the little tin soldier, and the toys that stand:

*"Each in the same old place  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years thro,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our little boy blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there?"*

The Westmoreland Coal Miner's Strike

(Continued from Page Five.)

And at that investigation one of the members of the house of representatives after hearing the evidence of crime expressed a belief that the investigation belonged to the Pennsylvania state officials, and that the complainants presumed too much to attempt to take up the time of congress with such matters. So it is evident that the congressional investigation will be barren of results. And now that the strike has been "settled" the committee will, no doubt find a good excuse to drop the matter.

The principal cause of the strike was the refusal on the part of the operators to permit the miners' union to hire a check-weighman at the various shafts to see to it that the miners were not robbed by means of short weight. The miners claimed that instead of being paid for ten tons mined they received on an average of payment for only eight tons. There was also a system of fines inaugurated that added to the exploitation.

And now when the old men return to the mines they find the conditions more intolerable than ever. The fining system is still in operation and they are still the victims, they claim, of the short-weight robbery. The non-union miners are victims as well as the returned strikers and there is talk of all of the men joining the union. This means that the companies may find another strike on their hands next spring.

But while the strike was a losing one on the industrial field the strife has been a campaign of education. The Socialists took advantage of the situation to further their propaganda, and a class-conscious spirit has not only been aroused among the direct victims of the strike, but the farmers and other workers in the county have become interested in the Socialist philosophy with the result that the membership of the Socialist organization in the Irwin fields has increased 600 per cent within the last year. The Socialists have a complete county ticket in the field for the November election and the comrades say they feel confident that they will elect John Ruffner, ex-miner and at present a farmer at Luxor, the next sheriff of Westmoreland County, together with other officials including a judge of the county court.

So in reality the victory, the capitalist operators claim was not a victory at all. It has resulted in educating thousands of workers to the realization of their economic rights; it has resulted in pointing out the way for them to the complete emancipation of their classes; they have become class conscious and revolutionary on the political field, and instead of the result of the conflict being a defeat it really means a victory.



# The Coming Nation

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## A Good Story Next Week

Mrs. Ruth Kauffman, whose work is already known to our readers, some of whom may be interested to know that she is the wife of Reginald Wright Kauffman, is going to have a splendid story next week. John Sloan has illustrated it. These two names are an assurance of something extra fine.

With next week the COMING NATION will begin a series which it has had in preparation for over a year, showing the things accomplished by the unions of this country.

The first one will be by Hyman Strunsky, and will deal with the building trades. One by one the various important unions will be studied, and the story of what they have accomplished in the way of higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions in general, and also in arousing their membership to a sense of class solidarity, will be set forth.

This is a series of such special interest to the union men that the regular readers of the COMING NATION will be doing a special favor to any union friend if he will call his attention to these articles.

This number will also have one of Ellis O. Jones' keen, humorous selections with illustrations by Ryan Walker.

The subscription list of the COMING NATION is increasing faster than for some months. The offer of "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons for three dollars' worth of subscriptions is being taken advantage of by a large number. This book should be in the hands of every boy or girl who is studying American History in the schools. It tells of a great many things that have had an important influence in American History, but that are left out of the school history.

More important yet, it tells just why things happen, by explaining the forces that brought "great men" to the front and caused changes in American institutions.

This offer to give the History for three dollars' worth of subscription cards is good only until the book is published, which will be early this fall. The COMING NATION cannot promise to continue it any after that time as only a limited number of books have been arranged for at prices that make such an offer possible, and when these are gone the offer will have to be withdrawn.

## Expulsion from Eden

Balfour Ker, with one of those strokes that marks the artist and the genius, has written the story of labor into a single painting. Not all will read the same story there, and the one that we read may not be the one that the artist had in mind.

To us that picture tells how, through all the ages, labor has conquered nature and created a possible paradise only to be driven on and out of his creation.

He has made possible the production of untold quantities of wealth, only

# Labor and Socialism

BY A. M. SIMONS



LABOR has never won anything upon the political field except through a Socialist party. The Socialist party has never accomplished anything except as it has been identified with organized labor. You doubt these assertions. Put them to the test of fact. In Australia Labor tried to win politically without accepting Socialism. Parties controlled by organized labor captured the offices throughout Australia and New Zealand. At first this victory was hailed with acclaim. Some few reforms were enacted. Then the Labor party was lost in the mazes of capitalism. Today it has run into a blind alley. Unemployment, strikes, misery, corruption, monopolistic tyranny prevail and the Labor party is groping in the dark.

In England the Labor party was, at first, directed by the spirit of Socialism. While so directed it progressed. It reversed the Taft-Vale decision, secured many advantages for the workers and was on the road to much greater things. Then it began to waver in its allegiance to Socialism. Today it is divided, weak and standing still. Its best friends agree that its only hope of revival is a new injection of Socialism.

In San Francisco organized labor obtained political power independent of Socialism. Here, too, a few apparent advantages were gained. But without the guidance of Socialist thought, spirit and solidarity, corruption crept in, then division, and today the Labor party of San Francisco is a drifting, disintegrating hulk, helpless to aid those whom it pretends to represent, an obstacle in the road of progress.

There are twelve "labor members" in the American Congress. At least we are so assured by Samuel Gompers. Where is the labor legislation they have introduced? Where were they when McNamara was kidnaped? Who heard their voice against the tyranny suffered by postal employes? What one of them has sent a protest against government by injunction, judicial tyranny, an oligarchical Senate or any of the miseries under which American labor is groaning?

When we think of any of these it is the name of Victor Berger, the one Socialist in the American Congress that is called to mind.

The impotence of a Socialist political party separated from organized labor is equally striking.

The experience of Germany, Belgium, France, Finland, the Scandinavian countries and all the other places where Socialism is marching forward tell the same story. In all these there was nothing but doctrinaire preaching in the camp of Socialism and blind wanderings in the ranks of labor until the two forces were united. Then came intelligent action and results.

The experience of the United States emphasizes the same lesson. Milwaukee, Butte, Flint, Minneapolis, Pennsylvania, every place where the Socialist party is more than a "cry in the dark," are localities where the labor unions have gone into politics as a part of the Socialist party.

Wherever the Socialist movement has kept apart from the labor unions it has become sterile, sectarian, fantastic and factional. Wherever the unions have separated themselves from the Socialist movement they have become corrupt, compromising and divided. Where these two divisions of the working class do not co-operate, they become mutually hostile and bitterly critical. Each becomes so busy seeking the mote in the other's eye as to become oblivious to the beam that obstructs its own vision.

There was a time when there was nothing but theory and speculation as guides to tactics in this field. Today there is a wealth of experience and a mass of facts accessible to those who wish to act on knowledge. Only the wilfully blind refuse to see the truth.

to be driven out with the flaming sword of poverty to conquer new wildernesses and build new societies from which in turn the same terror has driven him.

He has been driven from the farm to the factory. From the civilization he has created in one locality to the savagery of a new frontier. Only today is he beginning to look back and to realize that it is only a specter that has driven him on, and that, if he wishes, he may, at any time, resist and overthrow his nemesis.

## The Keynote of Modern Life

From the wretched wage-slave, who rises before the break of day, hurries through squalid streets to the dismal sound of the "hammer," engages for eight, ten, or twelve hours, and for a pittance wage, in monotonous work which affords him no interest, no pleas-

ure; who returns home to find his children gone to bed, has his supper, and worn out and weary, soon retires himself, only to rise in the morning and pursue the same deadly round, and who leads a life thus monotonous, inhuman and devoid of all dignity and reality, simply because he is haunted to it by the dread of starvation—to the big commercial man, who, knowing that his wealth has come to him through speculation and the turns and twists of the market, fears that it may at any moment take to itself wings by the same means; who feels that the more wealth he has, the more ways there are in which he may lose it, the more cares and anxieties belonging to it; and who to make his position secure is, or thinks himself, continually forced to stoop to all sorts of mean and dirty tricks;—over the great mass of the people the same demon spreads

its dusky wings. Feverish anxiety is the keynote of their lives. There is no room for natural gladness or buoyancy of spirits.—Edward Carpenter.

## The Commercial System

I leave aside the propriety, or wisdom of rewarding bountifully the racer who reaches the goal first, and leaving the rest out in the cold; but I can see neither wisdom nor propriety in a system which, besides bountifully rewarding the winner in a race, administers lashes on the backs of the losers.—John Stuart Mill.

## The Socialist Scouts

Has your boy or girl a tool chest? The Scout Department will give him one free when his orders for papers or subscriptions total \$8. This is in addition to his regular profit of 100 per cent. The chest contains twenty-five tools which can be put to practicable use by boys interested in carpentry. There are plenty of other premiums for both boys and girls.

The Socialist Scouts sell the *Appeal to Reason* and *COMING NATION* and take subscriptions for both papers. The work is carried on under directions from the Scout Department and most youngsters who make the start succeed and continue the work. No capital is required to begin the work. A bundle of ten *NATIONS* will be sent to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas."

## Scout News

### A Girl Scout

EVA BARR

This little comrade is one of many Socialist girls who are taking a hand in Socialist agitation under direction of the Scout department. She writes: "I am ten years old and sell twenty *NATIONS* each week all alone. I am Scout for the hornet's nest of the ward in which our branch is located. I also help distribute literature every week.



I received my magic box. I kept the people guessing all the time.—Robert Wier, Illinois.

I sell all of my papers as soon as I get them. All my sales are regular.—Theima Sinclair, California.

I have started the engine. It is o. k. and goes very fast. I thank you very much for it.—Frank Yasbit, Ohio.

I did pretty well with my papers for the first week. I will send you one of my pictures this week.—Audrey Whitesel, Ohio.

I am doing fine. I sold all my papers at a picnic here. Lena Morrow Lewis was the speaker. She is a good speaker.—Clifford Ecklund, Minnesota.

I am ten years old and have been reading some of the Scout news and I would like to take part in the work for Socialism, so please send me a bundle of ten to start with.—Joseph Brucken, Iowa.

I like the work very well. I go to the meeting every Sunday. I am twelve years old and I help distribute our own *Saginaw Socialist* every Sunday. I like to see the pictures of other Scouts. I hope I am doing something for the cause.—Marguile Eynon, Michigan.

I received a bundle of ten *COMING NATIONS* yesterday at half past ten and at twelve I didn't have a paper. I could have sold more if I had had them. Please send me twenty more *COMING NATIONS* and I will do my best to sell them.—Wilbert River, Pennsylvania.

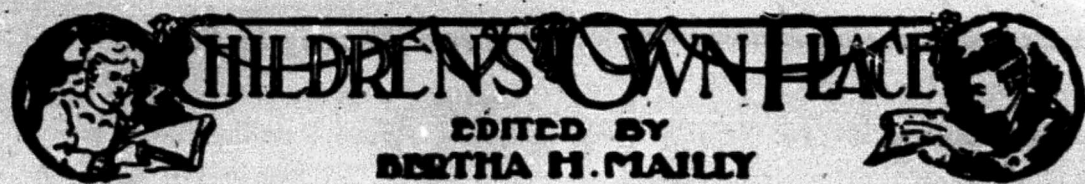
War—What For? came to hand all right. I think it will prove interesting reading. Things never looked brighter in Craighead county than now. We have our local organized. With a bundle of *Appeals* under my arm I go from house to house every Sunday morning.—Jerry Spain, Arkansas.

I received my premium, the book of "War—What For?" and think it is the most wonderful book I ever read, and I have read plenty of them, but am sorry to say that the most of them that I first read was trash. If people would only read good books things would be different here.—Lincoln Hitchcock, Kentucky.

One to destroy is murder by the law, And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe; To murder thousands takes a specious name, War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

—Young.





## The Bird Story

(Concluded.)

**I** CAN'T tell you about any of the other stories I promised last week, because the bird story went right on and only reached the end two days ago. Perhaps it is not quite finished yet. Well, day after day, the two little birds grew stronger and more and more feathers came out all over their plump little bodies. Certainly it began to look as though they could not both stay in that nest much longer. They pushed out onto the edge and sat there all eyes, and at meal times, all hungry, open bills.

They grew quite unafraid of us, for we got into the habit of climbing upon a stool two or three times a day and stroking their soft little heads and bodies. At first when we did this, they would shrink down and duck their little heads down into the nest. After a bit, though, they let us stroke them without even winking their tiny, sharp eyes.

One of the two was much stronger than the other, and, of course, he got more to eat. He certainly was selfish. Perhaps it is unjust to say he, for it may have been a selfish big sister treating the little brother so. I hope not, but I really don't know.

Anyway, he or she always managed to perch in front of the other, and when Mother Bird gave one of her nervous darts to the nest, it always seemed to be the large one's bill that took what she brought. It even grew so greedy that it would pick at our fingers. I tell you the Mother bird must have had a busy time bringing them all they wanted. But there was plenty to be brought, for the meadows were full of choice worms and bugs that little birds love. She seemed to give them good, hearty meals at about the same time we ate breakfast, dinner and supper. I suppose there were many lunches in between.

Every day the little birds seemed to learn something. If we could only have understood how the Mother bird taught them!

One day they began to chirp a little, low note. Another day they learned to peck things for themselves out of the nest, things that the Mother bird had put in. Then they began to use their wings a little, and shake them out, and they began to measure the distance to the ground with their sharp little eyes, so that each day we said, "They surely will fly today."

One day the Mother bird seemed to try to coax them from the nest all day long. She would dart at the nest and then fly away, as though saying, "See, this is the way it's done. It's just as easy." But they would shake their wings and look down at the ground, but wouldn't stir. At night they would somehow squeeze down into the nest to sleep, but you couldn't see how they could do it one more night.

This was on Thursday. The birds had been out of the shell just ten days. Friday morning, as we paused to say "Good morning" to them, and give them the usual little stroke, they looked so friendly that one of our fingers tried to lift the little weak one. It only clung more tightly to the edge of the nest. Then we tried the same with the other one—when, whisk, it was gone and in a flash, the second one had followed.

They had found their wings and the little story, so far as the nest on our back porch was concerned, was finished. They never came back to it. The strong one flew quite a distance into the grass, but the little weak one flew to the floor of the porch and perched there with the cool wind ruffling its little feathers, so

it looked like a little cold, lonely frightened baby, as indeed it was.

Soon the worried mother bird found it and began coaxing it down into the grass, and to make even longer flights.

They never came back to the nest. But the whole family, Father Bird, Mother Bird, and the two little birds, have moved to the old apple-tree, and we see them every day. The babies are strong in their wings now and their voices grow more and more like real birds' voices. And I suppose that's the end of the bird story, at least, until next spring.—B. H. M.

## Bird Trades

*The swallow is a mason,  
And underneath the eaves  
He builds a nest, and plasters it  
With mud and hay and leaves.*

*Of all the weavers that I know,  
The oriole is the best;  
High on the branches of the tree  
She hangs her cozy nest.*

*The woodpecker is hard at work—  
A carpenter is he—  
And you may hear him hammering  
His nest high up a tree.*

*Some little birds are miners;  
Some build upon the ground;  
And busy little tailors, too,  
Among the birds are found.*

—Selected.

## Another Letter from the Hills

RAY BROOK, NEW YORK.

My Dear Children:

It has been raining every day, off and on, for the past week and, although the sun did give us a peep at himself today for just a little while, we shall, no doubt, have more rain, for it is growing quite dark again. The clouds are black and heavy and seem ready to burst any minute.

Our rains are cloud-bursts, for it just pours, comes down, tubfuls at a time. Mercy, what a drenching everything gets! I don't think the mountains like it one bit, for they look so gloomy and cross and I, for one, don't blame them; guess I wouldn't care to have my face washed steadily for a week, either, would you?

But the sun is peeping again, so perhaps we will not have rain after all. There is something weirdly beautiful about these mountains, in this rainy, misty weather. They are covered with pine and birch trees mostly and some of the pines are so tall and stand so straight, they look like sentinels guarding the woods. And again they are grouped together, looking so solemn, as if at Mass, bowing their heads in prayer.

A heavy mist hangs over all, but it will soon disappear, for the sun is shining now, full force. The clouds seem to wave and hang and just cling to the sides of the mountains, but up they must go—Mother Sun is calling them.

To watch them going up reminds one of a beautiful lady slowly raising her veil. The veil is up now, and everything is fresh and sparkling once again. The trees and grass never looked so beautiful as they do just now in the brilliant sunshine.

As I said once before, the mountains are indeed proud and fearfully vain. They try on one dress after the other. I'm sure they are trying to make me envious. They have changed dresses at least half a dozen times within the last half hour. Just now they are wearing one of deep purple with a thin blue veil trimmed with silver spots, and

the sky all around is of a turquoise blue.

Can you picture colors more charming than these? I was never before in a place where the clouds and the colors in the sky changed so quickly as they do here.

Each day I make a wish—a good, hard wish, too, and this is what it is— if only all the little girls and boys could spend their vacation up in these glorious hills—there is so much room—so much good air—and so much sunshine! Perhaps if I wish hard enough and long enough, it may come true.

Bushels and bushels of sweet mountain breezes for all of you.

Lovingly your Comrade,  
ALVIE.

## Esther's Vacation

Esther was going to the country for a week. Esther had been at work since she was fourteen and now she was nineteen years old, and in all that time she had never had a vacation. Not that she had never stopped work. Sometimes she lost her job, when work was slack and the factory closed down. But a real vacation, she had never had.

Now, for the first time since she first began to work, she was to leave the factory of her own accord. She was to go into the country for a week. It seemed to Esther that it would be an eternity of time and she began to make preparations two weeks ahead, although it had been decided that she should take with her only a few old clothes that would not be harmed by country roads and brambles and wet grass.

Esther works in one of the largest cigarette factories in the United States. She operates two machines in the department where the cigarette boxes are made and because she is skillful enough to handle two machines instead of one, she receives \$8 per week. She begins work at seven o'clock in the morning and stops at six in the evening, with an hour off at noon for dinner. Her work is to feed the two machines with materials for the cigarette box, and to take out the finished box when it left her machine. She does this for ten hours and turns out an average of 27 boxes an hour or between 16,000 and 17,000 boxes a week.

So Esther left the factory on Saturday at one o'clock—they work only half a day on Saturday—and the next day, Sunday, she took the train for the country. Esther had been born in New York City and it was the first time in all her nineteen years that she had ever left the city, except to go to Coney Island.

Her friends met her at the station with a carry-all and as they drove along the road between the fields spread with white and yellow daisies, Esther said:

"Aren't those flowers grand?" It was almost all she said on the ride to the little country home perched upon the hill. Esther was short and plump, with fine, sparkling brown eyes, and even, white, firm teeth.

Esther loved the flowers best of all. She often went gathering blueberries and blackberries, but deserted the berries to gather flowers, white daisies, yellow black-eyed susans, scarlet field lilies and waving ferns.

On the second morning of the week, Esther took her book and climbed half way up the hill back of the house. There she stretched out in the sunshine and soon was fast asleep. When she came into the house at dinner time, her friends asked her why she didn't go over into shady grove near by to sleep.

"Why, I have to get sun-burned," she replied, "else the girls won't believe I've been in the country." The girls were the girls in the factory.

Then it rained for two days and Esther was despairing, because she thought the sun-burning was at an end. But the sun shone enough, so that she took plenty of tan and sun-burn and freckles home with her.

"Why, look," she said one day, as she stood watching the clouds roll over the

hilltops, "when I used to go to moving-pictures with Mamma, and we saw things like that, I used to say I didn't believe there was really anything like that anywhere. Honest, I didn't suppose there was such a grand place in the whole world!"

Esther mourned each day that passed. "I thought a week would never come to an end. Now, I wish I'd waited until next week to come, 'cause then it wouldn't be nearly gone."

Esther was to return on Sunday evening, for she was expected to begin at seven o'clock the next morning, her daily task of 15,000 boxes. She looked at her hands, which had softened and the palms of which had whitened during the week, and said, "It's a shame to put them hands to work again. In two days there'll be an ugly yellow crease across that one," showing the left palm. "But I feel like I could carry the house away, I feel so strong."

Thea Esther went out and gathered green apples for Mother, and plenty of blackberries for Father and the boys, and as she was driven down to the station, a bunch of black-eyed susans was added to her luggage and another of cat-tails and grasses.

Then all the way to the station she sat looking at the misty hills with a dreamy expression upon her face and when she was asked what she was thinking of, she said:

"I'm just thinking how I'll look walking up 60th street with these flowers. It'll be every step, 'Misses, please give me one of them flowers.'"

And so Esther's vacation was over and she went back to making cigarette boxes in the factory with 2,000 other workers. She was the only girl in her department who had a vacation at all.

## The Cloud

*I bring fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,*

*From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid*

*In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken*

*The sweet bud, every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast,*

*As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.*

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

## Again the Exception

The school teacher was trying to illustrate the difference between plants and animals.

"Plants," she explained, "are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

"How about burrs, teacher?" piped a small boy who had passed the summer in the country.

## Comforting the Old Man

Mother (in a very low voice)—  
"Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit?"

Tommy (in an earnest voice)—  
"Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"

## The Happy Bird

*Oh, if I were a little bird  
Happy would I be,  
Perched all day on a leafy tree;  
Oh, down in the meadow  
Drinking in the dew,  
I'd be a merry bird, say, wouldn't you?*

*Not a single grammar lesson,  
Not a word to spell,  
Funny old schoolhouse  
Without any bell!*

*Oh, a cherry for a lunch  
And a biscum for a book  
And a dinner with the honey bee,  
Down by the brook.*



## A Worker's History of Science

A. M. LEWIS

### Gunpowder and the Compass

Having carried biological science to the close of the labors of Harvey, we shall take up the story of the development of physics.

As in anatomy and physiology the authority of Galen had ruled to the time of Vesalius, so in the domain of physics had the authority of Aristotle dominated the human mind for nearly twenty centuries.

So thoroughly had his physical theories been interwoven with Christian doctrines that his authority caused his volumes to bar the further progress of knowledge as though they had been so many inspired books.

In the 16th century Petrus Ramus was forbidden, in Paris, to write anything against Aristotle on pain of bodily punishment, and it was a sorry day for any man who had the courage and the misfortune to dispute any statement of the great Stagirite.

The thinking of the middle ages was servile and mystical and its writings consist mainly of comments upon the ancients.

One of the products of the physical science of the medieval period is gunpowder.

Although firearms do not appear until the close of the fourteenth century, gunpowder was used for blasting much earlier and it is highly probable that the Chinese and the Hindoos knew earlier still how to combine sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal.

Another, and still more important medieval product is the compass.

There is no reliable evidence for the general belief that the mariner's compass was brought to Europe from China by the Arabians.

It is quite as probable that the compass originated where it was certainly improved—in the western world. The early compass was a very primitive and simple affair, being nothing more than a needle floating in a basin of water.

It was not until the 13th century that Peter de Maricourt of France, commonly called Peregrinus, placed it on a pivot and gave it a graduated scale.

In the Exchange in Naples is a brass statue erected to Flavio Gioja as the inventor of the compass, the date given being 1302.

This man has long been considered its inventor, but we now know that it was in use before his day and that his reputation is probably based on the introduction of improvements.

One of the most successful fields cultivated in the middle ages was that of optics and light.

The pioneer in this field was the great Arabian Alhazen.

About 1270 a Thuringian monk prepared a work based on the translation of Alhazen, which was more systematic than the Saracen's.

This monk, Witelo, explained that the twinkling of stars is due to the motion of the air and is intensified when viewed through water in motion.

Prominent among the scientific workers of the middle ages was Roger Bacon. He was one of the most gifted men of the middle ages. He drew heavily from the Arabian literature of chemistry and optics.

Bacon's open contempt for scholasticism and the immorality then prevalent among the clergy led to the charge of heresy and imprisonment.

From his cell at Oxford he sent forth one of the most powerful appeals ever written, for experimental science, and almost convinced the Pope himself.

Later in Paris he was again imprisoned for ten years.

Finally this greatest genius of the period was crushed by the mental despotism of his day and he paid the usual penalty for being in advance of his time.

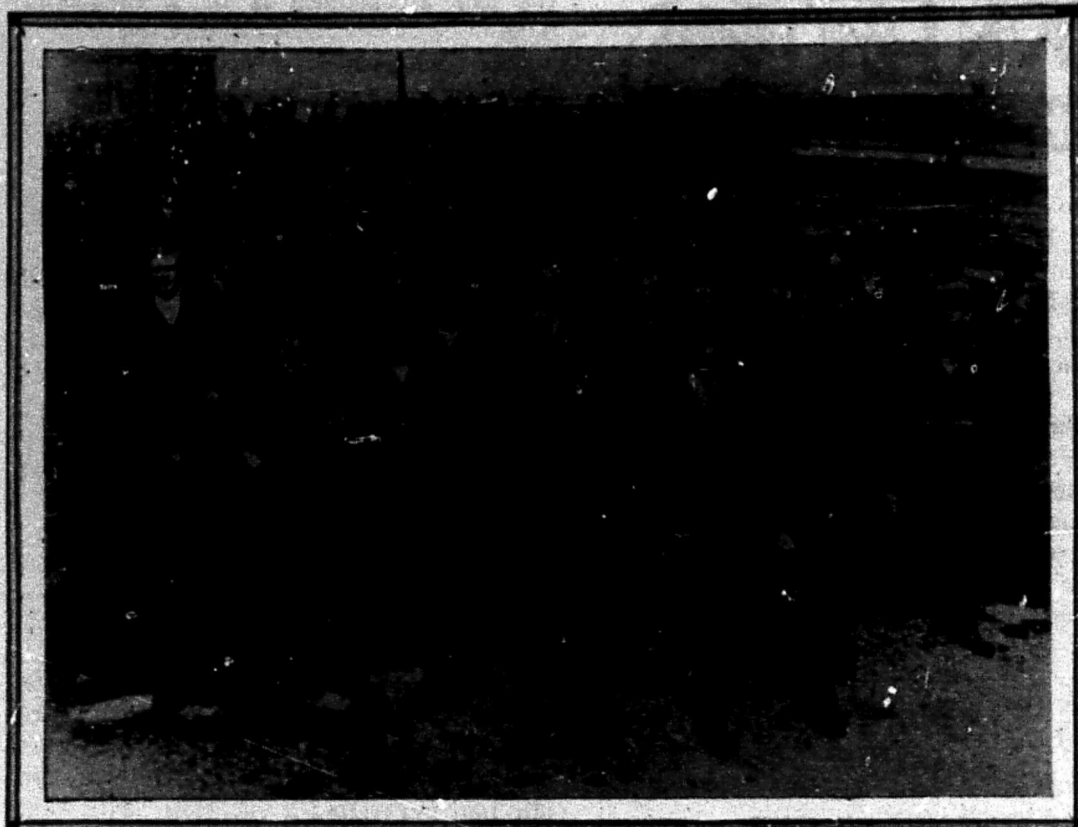


Photo by Paul Thompson, New York.

A crowd of would-be emigrants to be interviewed by Australian agent

### Double the Party Membership

The National Socialist Lyceum Bureau Asks Co-operation in Its Campaign for This Purpose.

BY ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER.

"Vale" the soap box. "Adios" the man with a handful of pamphlets, raising his voice in patient competition with the fire engine gong and the Salvation Army drum.

Exit the person in a state of alcoholic irritation, collapsing against the lamp post and with profane good nature consigning the Socialist movement to the place where the worm dieth not, and the ice trust sells no goods.

Enter, the stage—no, the stage is already there. The Peerless Vaudeville Stock Company, through accident or intent, failed to take it with them.

Enter, a classic little table, borrowed for the occasion.

Enter, the bashful janitor with a cracked pitcher of tinkling ice water.

Enter, after decent delay, a prominent local citizen, clad in garments of rejoicing and covered with embarrassment.

Enter—sh, that's him.

"Yes, that's the speaker."

"Don't look like his picture."

"Lord, what legs!"

Ahem!

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening, as the first number of the Socialist lyceum course, a speaker you all—"

What did he say—a Socialist lyceum course?

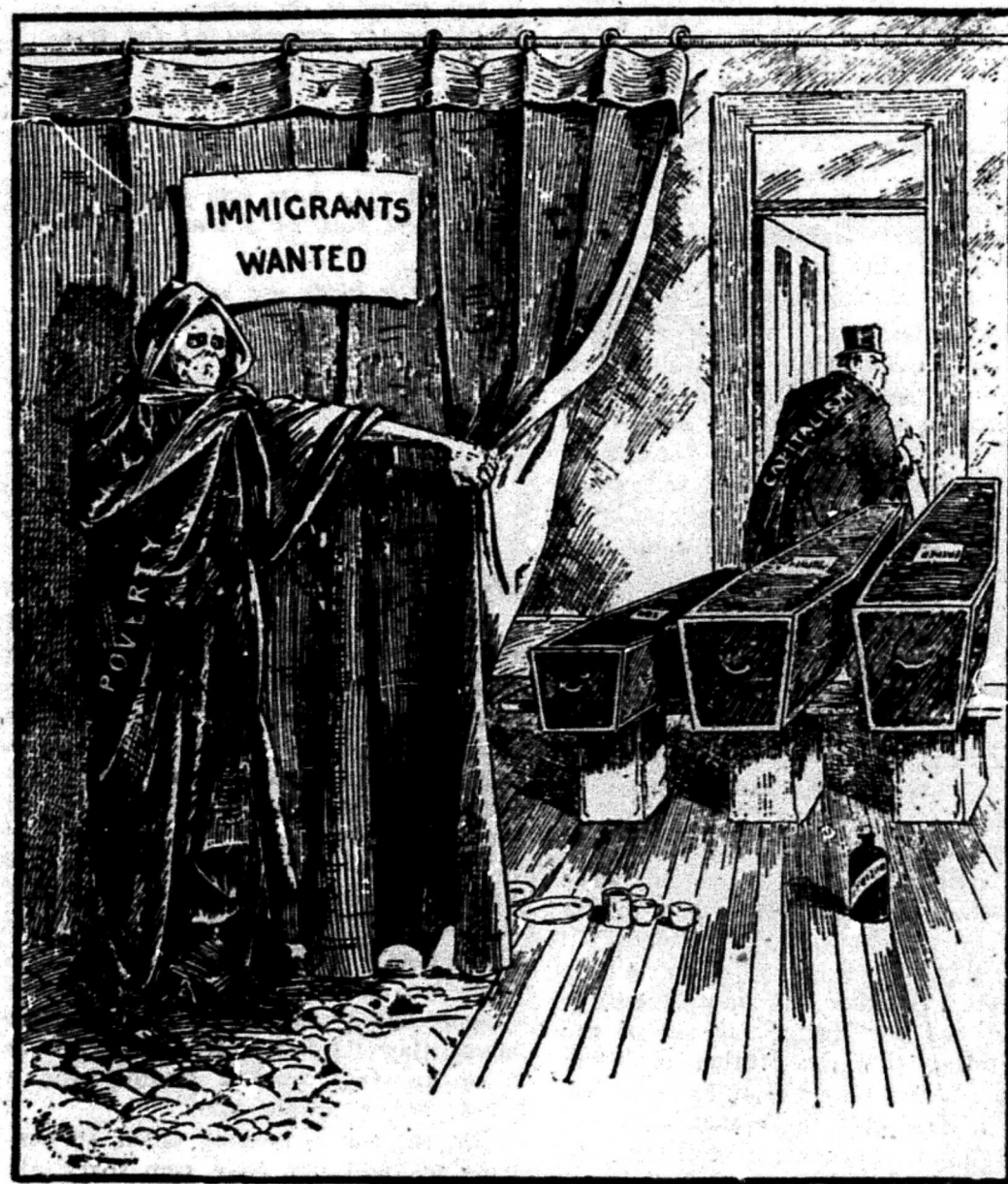
Exactly, comrade.

And what is a Socialist lyceum course?

To have a Socialist lyceum course, take one live party local with a dozen hustlers and twelve handfuls of subscription cards, with some mighty attractive advertising matter. The subscription cards are good for almost any Socialist periodical, and the ticket is good for five lectures. The lecturers are the best the movement has developed, and you know we have some good ones. Each ticket being good for a dollar's worth of subscriptions and a dollar's worth of lecture tickets as well, all sold for a single star-spangled simoleon; nothing is required but a little time, tact and talk to pry loose a dollar from almost anyone who has it.

That's the beginning of a new Socialist worker, and voter. He hears five lectures for his lyceum ticket, all following up the first in one coherent argument. He gets two or three Socialist papers. He makes the acquaintance of several local comrades and finds them not ethereal visionaries, but practical, hard-headed, home-loving, debt-paying citizens.

This is the sort of work which is to



"The Workers' Paradise"

—Sidney Worker.

### From Poverty to Poverty

Poverty, the great policeman of capitalism, is always ordering the workers to "move on." It has moved them on clear round the globe and the end is only just in sight.

The Australian government is just now buying labor power in the great London market. The army of unemployed shown in the photograph are pressing forward toward an office where emigrants are being signed up for work on the Australian State railroads. They are rejoicing at the prospect of finding a market for their bodies, even though they must go half way round the world to find masters.

But Australia has no lack of workers or poverty. The workers of that country are protesting against this flooding of the labor market with assisted immigration, and the cartoon taken from the Sydney Worker, pictures the welcome that awaits these men on the other side of the earth.

be done in hundreds of cities this winter, through the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau, formed and managed by the National Socialist party. This Lyceum Bureau is in reality a big central subscription agency for all the Socialist periodicals and books. These are sold at the regular prices, and the discount secured by the Lyceum Bureau is used to pay the expenses of the lecturers.

The plan is to put five lecturers on each circuit and make up four circuits, each covering about 150 cities, so as to have the lecture courses in about six hundred places during the coming season. In grouping the lecturers, care will be taken to give variety to each course by putting on speakers of widely different temperament and style—orators, humorists, statisticians, organizers. Each lecturer will know exactly what the others are to say, so that there will be no duplication of effort or argument.

The scheme of concentrating on one town a systematic campaign, including personal contact with local members under favorable circumstances, much

publicity in local papers, the power of the Socialist press and the personal appeal of the Socialist lecturers and organizers is one which cannot fail to produce immense returns in new membership and new Socialist votes. It has the endorsement of practically all state Secretaries, and the co-operation of almost every Socialist paper and publishing house.

A few of the many Socialist speakers who have signified their willingness to work with the National Socialist Lyceum Bureau are: Oscar Ameringer, Frank Bohn, Winfield Gaylord, Geo. R. Kirkpatrick, Robert Rives La Monte, Charles Edward Russell, May Wood-Simons, John Spargo, Rose Pastor Stokes, Eugene Wood.

Let the Lyceum course constitute an auspicious opening of the campaign for 1912! If every Socialist will open his eyes to the tremendous significance of this movement, its irresistible application of the principle of co-operation, we can double the party membership in less than one year!

It's worth every ounce of energy in your system!



# Come Have a Smile

## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### Talking and Acting

He shouted blood and thunder,  
 He raised an awful yell,  
 He said the wrongs we suffer  
 Were more than tongue could tell,  
 And then he went and voted—  
 I know it seems absurd—  
 The democratic ticket.  
 Now wasn't he a bird?

He said to his own knowledge  
 That men in places high  
 Were only petty grafters,  
 As statesmen some feel shy,  
 While they had power to plunder  
 The nation must go wrong  
 But still he calmly voted  
 Their ticket right along.



He was no visionary  
 You might have heard him say  
 He wasn't in the business  
 To throw his vote away,  
 The great reforms he wanted  
 He wanted right away  
 Though just what he was getting  
 He didn't pause to say.

And so he kept on letting  
 The crooks and grafters pick  
 His rank and rotten ticket  
 Although it made him sick,  
 He muttered threats most dreadful  
 Of warped and strange design  
 But always at election  
 He fell right into line.

### The Real Discoverer

"Who discovered America?"  
 "Christopher Columbus."  
 "No."



"Everybody knows that he saw it first."  
 "But Morgan saw it last."

### Roundabout

He wouldn't work on Sunday, no,  
 For that would be a crime  
 But he owned stock in mills where  
 men  
 Were working all the time.

### About as Good a Guess as Any

"What would you call a reasonable trust?"  
 "One in which the reasonable members of the court held stock."

### Reckless

He had a lonely nickel,  
 To some it seems a lot.  
 The fellow went and spent it,  
 You couldn't guess for what.

I'll give you twenty guesses.  
 An Automobile? No.  
 A pair of diamond earrings?  
 A book by E. A. Poe?

A cottage by the seaside?  
 A steamboat or a yacht?  
 A pair of silk suspenders?  
 Well, I should twit-er, not.

You'd never guess the answer,  
 No need for you to try,  
 That rash and reckless person  
 He spent it all for pie.

### Took no Chances

"Their new party was founded on honesty as the basic principle."  
 "What was the first thing they did?"  
 "Put the treasurer under bond."

### Have a Precedent

"The aeroplane will laugh at custom houses."  
 "Pshaw, the millionaires do that now."

With a soap box for a fulcrum the street orator moves the world.

## Little Flings

Yes, the good die young. Look at the senate.

Great chance for Mr. Bryan to ad-



vocate free coinage of potatoes.

Mr. Rockefeller has lost neither flesh nor dollars over the court decision.

It is a well trained constitution.

## Told at the Dinner Hour

### Only His Watch Gone

BY WILLIAM R. HITZLER

A colored man that had been ailing for some time, called for a physician, a man of his own color. His condition did not change for the better, however, under the colored doctor's treatment and he decided to send for a doctor belonging to the white folks.

When the new doctor arrived, he looked carefully at the colored man's tongue and inquired: "Did your other doctor take your temperature?"

"Ah dunno, doc, all I've missed so far is ma watch."

### Her Fault

BY A. GOLDBIRSHCH

"For goodness sake, John, how long did you boil those eggs?"  
 "I boiled them 12 minutes."

"But I told you to boil an egg three minutes."

"Well, I boiled four of them, didn't I?"

### Switched off the Main Track

BY WILLIAM R. HITZLER

Mike was walking along on the railroad track when he discovered that a fast train was bearing down upon him. Looking over his shoulder he quickened his pace, keeping to the track. The train gained on him and he began to run.

He cast an anxious glance at the oncoming bulk of the engine and then at

a switch light just ahead, spurring up his flagging energies to a final spurt with the exclamation: "Be jabbers, I'll be safe if I wance reach that switch."

### New Plan

BY A. JONES

An old darkie in a little Illinois town, being something of a "jack of all trades," had taken a contract to build a chimney.

He had it well up when it began to show signs of weakness. He tried all sorts of schemes to bolster it up, but without success. When he perceived that the whole affair was about to tumble, he grabbed around it with both arms and sang out to his helper below:

"Look out down below dar! I've done changed my plans."

### His Place

BY J. R. MILLER, JR.

In the closing hours of a "protracted meeting," the time had come for "bearing testimony." Sister Jones, meek and humble and pretty, arose and demurely murmured, "I have been a sinner for many years; and I do not feel that I should stand and give my testimony. I feel that my place in this meeting is rather in a dark place behind the door."

Then arose Brother Smith, the gay Lotherio of the congregation. He was visibly embarrassed and hemmed and hawed for few moments and then, feeling that he could do no better than to

follow the example of sister Jones, concluded as follows: "I also have been a sinner for many years. I also feel that it is unbecoming in me to stand here before this congregation. I do not want to stand here. I would rather be behind the door in a dark corner with sister Jones."

Then he wondered why the people laughed.

### Easier to Manage

BY C. F. SMITH

It was cold outside and warm within. He was hungry and tired and needed a meal. But she kept him standing while she showed her knowledge of scientific charity by a catechism that searched all the corners, light and dark, of his past. At last she decided he was a "worthy case."

"My servants are busy and I can't get you anything to eat, but here is a nickel for you," she said as benevolence fairly oozed from her countenance. "Now I would like to know exactly what you intend to do with this money."

"Well," as he bowed low in thanks, "I was contemplating the purchase of an automobile. But if I bought that I wouldn't have anything left to buy gasoline with. So I think I will invest in a "schooner." I can navigate that myself."

### Needs Money

"Why do you think that extremely rich people are likely to go to a place of fiery torment?"

"Because," replied the cynical person, "only they could afford the fuel necessary to keep it going."—*Washington Star*.

### Explanation Impossible

"How do you manage to spend \$5,000 a year, when your income is only \$3,500?"

"I don't know. It's a thing that I've been trying for a long time to get my wife to explain, but she won't do it."—*Spokane Spokesman Review*.

### What Costs

It doesn't cost very much to please a woman, but keeping her pleased is what causes many a man to go broke.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Keep Quiet

Information to anybody that you are making money is an invitation to him to try to get it away from you.

### For a better World

Believe no tale of hate or spite,  
 Believe no gossip of the years  
 That only brings its bitterness,  
 That only fills the world with tears,  
 Believe no scandal and no scorn  
 But with a heart of sun and bliss  
 Go forth with singing of the morn  
 To make a mellow world than this.  
 —*Baltimore Sun*.



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# The Strike Breaker

By Berton Braley



When the molders strike in Kalamazoo  
 Or the painters in Kokomo,  
 The word goes out to our husky crew  
 That's always ready to go,  
 An' it's "pack your gun an' your billy now,  
 An' hop on the train an' hike  
 Primed fer any old kind of row  
 Breakin' another strike!"

Kin you slash an' slug?  
 Ye're a proper plug,  
 The kind of a guy we likes,  
 Fer it ain't no game  
 That is calm an' tame,  
 This business of breakin' strikes!

We poses as any old kind of guys  
 Fer any old kind of work,  
 An' we makes a stall, but I'll put you wise,  
 The most that we does is shirk,  
 Fer the bosses hires us to make a bluff  
 An' that is the game we play,  
 An' we doesn't care if it's rough an' tough,  
 As long as we gits the PAY!

No, I guess we're not  
 No angel lot,  
 But a pretty hard gang of tykes,  
 We doesn't pose  
 In our evenin' clothes  
 Our business is breakin' strikes!  
 A hell we a lot we huskies care

If the strike is wrong or right,  
 We takes our chances of trouble there  
 An' we're allus ready to fight;  
 The strikers says we are "Scabs," but then  
 You'll read in the paper—see!  
 That we are the "noblest of workin' men  
 Who're standin' fer libertee!"

If you hears we hails  
 From the county jails,  
 You can think whatever you likes,  
 Though the graft is hard  
 Yet it pays well, pard,  
 This business of breakin' strikes!



Asleep, and the vampire sucking his blood



A special session of the monkey congress



A crown for the people

—Justice, London.