THE COMING 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

"Wanted---A Constructive Policy

"WHAT causes poverty? Competition. What causes the slums and low wages? Competition. What causes business panics and strikes? Competition."

These are not excerpts from a Socialist editorial. They are utterances by George W. Perkins., capitalist, one time partner of J. Pierpont Morgan and one time helmsman of the campaign subscription department of the New York Life Insurance Company.

Upon this basis he builds an argument in favor of what he calls "a national constructive policy"—the essence of which shall be to cease from trying to stem evolution and begin to go along with it.

The trust, says Mr. Perkins in a rare moment of inspiration, is not the product of bad men, but an inevitable result of evolution. By no possibility can it be destroyed. Instead of wasting time in an effort to destroy it, let the nation take advantage of a thing naturally useful and beneficial by encouraging it.

The COMING NATION is always pleased to recognize any symptoms of a reflective mood in the exploiting class and it congratulates Mr. Perkins on uttering the first words of good sense on this subject we ever remember to have heard from such a source.

There isn't a shadow of doubt that all the talk about destroying the trusts or curbing them or restricting them is sheer bosh. You might as well talk about destroying the procession of the planets. There isn't a shadow of doubt, again, that the trusts are a product of evolution. To cry out against them is as foolish as to complain about the old red sand stone.

Evolution seeks always one irresistibly greater efficiency, greater economy. The trust is more efficient and more economical than competition. Therefore, it is inevitable and no spectacle under heaven was ever so comical and fatuous as that of Mr. Taft and the Federal District Attorneys battering their hands upon this great rock.

Similarly there is not a doubt that what the nation needs is a constructive instead of a destructive policy. We have been long enough children trying to pull our machine to pieces; now let us see if we can't act grown up and put the machine to work.

* * *

Mr. Perkins' idea of a constructive policy is that the nation should give over the attempt to restore competition and should recognize the trusts by allowing them to incorporate under national protection and inspection like the national banks.

But that wouldn't be anything in the way of evolution. The national banks are no example of progress nor of efficiency. The national banks, considered from nothing but the point of view of efficiency, are a notorious failure. They do not supply the nation's currency, they do not furnish the money supply for daily commerce and the national protection and inspection are the merest farce in the world. Practically every national bank in the country violates the law.

If the national banks prove anything it is that no law can be framed strong enough to restrain the tremendous power back of accumulated Capital—which is the absolute fact.

Mr. Perkins' idea would, of course, merely hasten the complete domination of the country by the small knot of men now engaged in absorbing its wealth. In an appreciable time the property of these men would so include land, factories, transportation and supplies of all necessities that we should be openly and admittedly their tenants and serfs.

That is to say, it would hasten a process that is inevitable anyway if we maintain the present industrial system.

Competition is a terrible evil. So is serfdom. If for the intolerable affliction of competition there is no remedy but to revert to the intolerable affliction of serfdom I should think there would be nothing left except despair of the human race.

* * *

There is a kind of constructive national policy that would have no such evil result and still would preserve every good and useful feature of the economical trust organizations. It happens also, and on many grounds, that the Perkins class never thinks of, to be exactly in line with evolution. It would abolish poverty, the slums, low wages, business panics, strikes and every other evil enumerated by Mr. Perkins.

It would solve the whole trust problem.

Let the nation own the trusts.

The Golf Club on the Job

Our large puttering President has vetoed the Arizona statehood bill because he does not like the constitution adopted by the people of Arizona. In his judgment it sounds too much like 1911 and not enough like 1716, when, in the judgment of this powerful intellect, the human race attained the summit of development. All constitutions and governments should be modeled closely upon the superb ideas of 1716. If not, none can get past this great man, so long as there is a golf stick handy to kill it with.

Prostrate before this mighty mind, I would not suggest dissent from any of its unequalled lucubrations, for that were *lese majeste* and might not be safe.

But if a mere obscure citizen of this realm may yearn for information, fain would I be enlightened upon one or two points.

The people of Arizona adopted certain features in their constitution that seemed good to them.

Mr. Taft now vetoes this constitution because of these features, which, in his superior mind he clearly perceives not to be good, but bad.

Let us suppose, then, that the people of Arizona change their constitution so as to conform with the perfect model of 1716, or thereabouts.

Mr. Taft will then joyously approve of such a constitution and Arizona will be admitted as a state.

Suppose, being admitted as a state, the people thereof please to amend their constitution by inserting in it the features whereof Mr. Taft now disapproves.

Can Mr. Taft or any other Hark from the Tombs prevent them from doing so?

Then what is the use of all this performance? We are told that the Mighty Mind was employed for weeks considering the shockingly modern features of Arizona's constitution and the best way to knock it over the ropes.

He had much better be employed in climbing trees. The whole of his ponderous and labored argument will not be worth an old postage stamp after Arizona comes in.

The attention of the Putterer having (with difficulty, doubtless) been directed upon this essential fact, he strikes an attitude, swings the lofter and says the independence and integrity of the judiciary

IN THIS ISSUE

What the Unions Have Accomplished BY HYMAN STRUNSKY
Her Man BY RUTH KAUFFMAN
Tempering the Wind BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL
The Big Change BY EUGENE WOOD
The Curse (a serial) BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN
Applied Economics BY ELLIS O. JONES
Good Intentions BY RALPH KORNGOLD

must and shall be preserved. How about it? Wise, puttering President, wise Congress, wise chorus of Hark-from-the-Tombs that extolls the Putterer, wise newspapers that echo the chorus! But wisest of all stands he with the golf club. There has been much discussion in this country as to who is the original Wiseheimer. Let the sound of disputation cease. It is William Howard Taft.

* * *

Another thing about which I need light is how the President of the United States came to be empowered to dictate a constitution to any state. I can find nothing to that effect in my reading of national documents.

We have learned lately of a former President that assumed to nullify laws at his discretion. We have now a president that assumes to shape the government of new states. Would it not be well for somebody to find out just where if anywhere is a limit to the power of this extraordinary ruler?

* * *

If a President can suspend the operation of one law he can suspend the operation of any law. If a President can dictate a constitution to a state he can dictate laws to that state.

The fact is, these United States of America are living in a state of anarchism. I think that to the observant this fact daily becomes clearer. The only parts of the constitution that have not been practically abolished are those that assist the corporations to rule or excuse or justify some form of oppression. The rest is overridden at will. We are so accustomed to guff and stuff in our newspapers and from public men that we instinctively regard as extravagance the assertion that the constitution has been abolished. And yet it is not extravagance; with the exception I have noted it is absolute fact.

The Useful Control of the Courts

Let us be charitable; let us take a broad and cheerful view of things.

The development of advancing democracy that most fills with rage the heart of the reactionary is the recall of judges.

What could be more natural than such a feeling? What, indeed, bearing in mind its source, could be more proper?

Consider that the corporations of this country have spent years in building up a perfect system by which they can control the appointment of Federal and the nomination of state judges.

Consider that this control is of inconceivable importance to them; that through it they secure the injunctions whereby they defeat strikes and drive strikers back to their work; that thereby they have the laws interpreted to their will, secure the death of obnoxious legislation, quash or nullify troublesome indictments and perform many other functions essential to their profits, welfare and hold upon the country.

Under such conditions, is it not natural that they should be incensed? Put yourself in their place, and wouldn't it jar you? Wouldn't you talk largely about maintaining the sanctity of the courts and about the security of justice from mob rule and the blind passions of the masses?

* * *

The theoretical purpose of a court is to do justice between man and man. In the natural view of the controlling corporations its practical purpose is to enforce contracts, discourage strikes and side-track disagreeable prosecutions.

It is the opinion of the half-baked reformer the abuses of the court system can be remedied by appointing good men to be judges. In the course of many years of observation I have never known but two judges that were anything else.

What I am curious about, therefore, is how under existing conditions there is any way of escape from the misuse of the courts except by putting into the hands of the people the power to dismiss the judge that is the corporation's too pliant tool?

The question is purely academic, because so long as we have these corporations they will get what they want in one way or another. If you could beat their fingers from the courthouse they would grab something else as bad or worse. But merely as a matter of mental gymnastics I am anxious to know just how the reformers would seek to remedy this most flagrant abuse.

Not by the good man device, certainly. It is about time we dropped that old humbug. All my life I have been hearing about the urgent necessity of selecting good men for office and I never could detect the slightest difference whether the man chosen was what is called good or what is called bad. Everything went on exactly the same under either.

Good men! The woods are full of good men. Every man is a good man. Clearly we never get anywhere with that old fantasy. We have searched avidly through all the byways and hedges for good men and found them and made them our officers and judges, and they have gone on in the same old way because under the existing system there was nothing else to do, and because the great invisible power that sways all governments to its will could not possibly be resisted by good men nor by bad.

For one I should like to hear a break in the chorus about good men. Instead of perpetually urging the hunt for good men how would it do to strive a little for good conditions? If we can get good conditions we need not worry about good men. Men will be good enough for practical purposes if we give them a chance.

Quit Your Job---And Starve

There is a smug, pious old Chadband of a newspaper published in Chicago called the *Tribune*. One of its favorite stunts is to utter the sententious platitude to the dissatisfied and those that begin to doubt whether everything is just as lovely as it might be.

A shoe salesman recently wrote to the *Tribune* for advice. He said that the business of selling shoes was essentially dishonest and he could not make it agree with his conscience and he desired to know what he had better do.

So the *Tribune* told him. It said he had better quit his job.

"We are aware," says the editorial Chadband, "of the fierceness of competition, and we do not doubt that in some concerns dishonest methods are resorted to, but we refuse to believe that business—shoe and any other—is conducted on a basis of fraud and deceit."

Grand old Chadband! Dear old soul! Isn't he the wonder? Who would imagine from his smooth way and unctuous utterance that he knew anything about the performances of his own business office, or the achievements of the circulation department, or the way reporters are skinned or the representations to advertisers, or the suppression and distortion of news, or a few things of that kind? "We refuse to believe," says Chadband, and rolls up his eyes. Well, they don't make 'em any smoother than Chadband.

* * *

The fact hinted in these columns some weeks ago about the price of the success of the Mexican revolution has now been openly acknowledged. It is admitted that the control of the Mexican railroads, secured by the government about five years ago, has been recaptured by Wall street.

The explanation or excuse given out is that the stock was never made out in the name of the government as it should have been and that the new government can't find it.

Perhaps not. But any sleuth with a fair idea of his business would have no great difficulty in locating it. And I am thinking he would begin his search in the neighborhood of Broad and Wall streets, New York City.

This is the first time any country has ever reverted from national to private ownership of its railroad system, and this is the way the reversion was effected.

By backing a revolution.

The Mexican railroads were necessary to the System in its business. Therefore, it got them. In one way or another it gets everything that is necessary to it in its business. Run back over the last thirty years and see if this is not so. See if you can find one instance wherein it has suffered defeat.

Then look forward and try to imagine a regulative nostrum powerul enough to have the least effect upon this colossal and world-wide empire.

In Our National Menagerie

In the next cage, ladies and gentlemen, you will find Mr. Charles W. Nagle, national Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

This interesting specimen, considered to be the finest in captivity, was caught young and has ever since stood near the head of his class. You are doubtless aware, ladies and gentlemen, that it is necessary once a year to examine the perfect troglodyte lest by some chance he should have been infected with a new idea. I am proud to be able to tell you that the specimen you are now observing has successfully passed everyone of these examinations. He has not had a new idea in thirty years and such are the provisions of nature it may be confidently believed he will not have one for thirty years to come. He is opposed to any change in our present industrial system, which he assures us is the finest in the world; opposed to the initiative and referendum; and opposed to everything in sight that is less than one hundred years old. If he had a good chance he would be opposed to railroads, telegraphs, electric light and aviation. A rarely beautiful specimen! Perk up, Charley, and wheeze for the ladies!

The Triumph of Business Integrity

When six of our most eminent admired and upright leaders of the business world go before an investigating committee and cheerfully swear that black is white and are succeeded by six others that nonchalantly swear that white is black how exalted appear the standards of that business integrity to which our admiration has been so long directed.

No wonder we admonish our youth to practice the noble virtue, no wonder we are moved to unspeakable awe at the mention of one of its eminent, admired and upright practitioners.

It is useful, too. No doubt you have never been able to understand how black can be white as white can be black or how two and two make five. Read carefully the testimony given before the Steel trust investigation and all these mysteries will be made clear to you. Very likely you can also perceive how it is that when Business Integrity is practiced by Butch Tinker, Mike Shinbun and Billy the Kid it lands them in Sing Sing and when practiced by other gentlemen it provides them with fame, fortune and the admiration of *The Outlook*.

On a Royal Procession

Ay, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to its cold hard bosom.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HER MAN

BY RUTH KAUFFMAN

Illustrated by John Sloan.

When she first noticed it, Winnie Schwartz—who had been born Winnie Powell—was standing in the center of the larger of her two rooms in the Crawford Model Tenements. The floor, which was fortunately made of cement, was splashed with water, for Winnie was giving a basin-bath to her tow-headed baby, and the mother was as rosy from exertion as was little Eleanor from the soft patting of a Turkish towel. Just as Winnie held her baby upright, in the beautiful moment between the bath and the putting on of clothes, the fear struck her.

Why it was, she did not know. The child seemed a little less noisy; she seemed a little less plump, and Winnie, looking backward, poignantly realized that this change must have been growing from the very day since, two weeks ago, she had triumphantly removed her baby from the Home. She argued that she must be mistaken. She examined the tender little body minutely and found it without flaw. She remembered that she had followed, with painful care, every detail of the printed instructions that had been given her when Eleanor was released from the institution, and she told herself that these terrors were but the shadow of that larger fear which was forever stalking through the byways of her mind. All these things she mentally revolved, but the doubt remained.

Nevertheless, she was determined to take life happily so long as life would, by any contrivance, permit itself so to be taken. She resolutely smiled as she fastened the tiny flannel underclothes, drew on the small white stockings and little shoes, already worn smooth by the first steps of childhood. She hummed "Sally in Our Alley" when she pushed the baby's legs through the freshly laundered dark-blue jumper; and while, on her knees, she buttoned two years old Eleanor's shoes, Eleanor herself thrust her little hands through her mother's brown hair and pulled at the loose strands. Winnie only laughed. She ended her task as nursery-maid and hugged her baby, kissed her once, twice, three times, bending backwards after each sounding smack to enjoy Eleanor's breathless pleasure in the reception of noisy affection.

Then the city clocks struck, with their bitter iron tongues, their strokes interrupting one another, insistent, each in its own fashion, to count seven. Winnie picked up her baby, plunged the key of her apartment into her apron pocket and walked through the self-locking door of exit to the stone hallway. She pressed the bell of the door next her own—No. 46—and waited, laughing with Eleanor, raising her apron to protect the child's head and shoulders from the draughts of the stair-labyrinth.

A large woman with black hair and dark, twitching eyes, a woman of thirty-odd, uncorseted, dressed in a soiled gingham wrapper, swung open the door, swinging with it the fragrance of good beef stewing.

"Good mornin', Mis' Lambert," said Winnie.

"Mornin', Winnie," answered Mrs. Lambert, putting out her arms to capture the baby. "Lord, how you get time, all by yourself, to keep her so spick an' span!"

"What's the use of havin' a baby if you don't?" Winnie smiled. "Get the milk O. K.? I was worried maybe you didn't, yesterd'y; baby looks peeked, someway. Well, I'm off. Got to get them steps scrubbed by nine."

But Eleanor, in passage from mother to neighbor, objected, clinging to the former's neck, her small face hidden there. Mrs. Schwartz delayed, rocking the little body in her arms, as if to forestall any further infantile remonstrance.

"How's the mister?" she asked. She wanted to be pleasant to her neighbors and, as all the women of her tenement-world never missed occasion to impress upon her the dignity of a visible husband, she thought this reference a happy one.

Nor was she in error.

"The mister ain't feelin' so fine," said Mrs. Lambert, always ready to talk of her proud estate as a married woman. "I ain't lettin' him go to work today—stayin' in bed an' restin' up; maybe he'll mind the baby. When you got a fine provider, it pays to treat him right."

"Men sure have it easy!" sighed Winnie.

"Well, I've no kick against *mine*," Mrs. Lambert said, haughtily. "It's better'n not bein' married at all, like some folks I know, not mentionin' them in '8'!" She paused to draw up her loose figure with pride. "When a man gets good enough pay an' don't drink it all up, a woman can use her wash money fer herself, keepin' herself up, er puttin' by in the bank." Her hand was on the knob of the door, which she held wide open; and Winnie remembered that one's social standing in a tenement is gauged by the quality of the odors that escape from one's kitchen and the quantity of the "scraps" that one sends down the dumb-waiter. "I ain't got no use fer a man as drinks," continued Mrs. Lambert, her voice rising—"an' I guess you ain't, neither."

Winnie compressed her lips. She felt rebuked. Her own husband—well—everybody knew.

"No," she said in a low tone, "an' I wouldn't trust my baby with that kind of man hangin' 'round."

"Maybe you're right. Still," snapped the other, "every man ought to be in his family!" She closed

Winnie started, recalling her duties.

"Well, so long. Goodbye, sweetness." Again she kissed the baby, managing, in that process, to transfer her to the other woman's arms. "An' Mis' Lambert, you'll take good care of her, won't you?"

"What do you think I am? Ain't I been mindin' her like a true mother every day? Quit yer worryin'. But if you have that dollar-fifty handy, I can use it tonight."

"I'll look in later an' bring it. By-by, Eleanor! By-by!"

Winnie hurriedly turned, but not without seeing the small arm of her baby and the curling fingers raised in mute supplication. Her own long, thin figure, slightly stooped, re-entered her apartment for pail, rags, soap and other cleaning utensils. Laden with these, she sighed at the disorder that she must leave until late in the day and descended the four flights of stone steps to the ground floor.

Winnie envied Mrs. Lambert, as, indeed, Mrs. Lambert took pains to have her do. The more fortunate woman regarded the possession of the husband whose "steadiness" she so frequently praised as her crowning honor. She talked of him to all her neighbors, to the man that brought the three cents' worth of beans from the grocery, to the boy that, in summer, sent up the ice on the dumb-waiter. And Winnie felt in her heart that Mrs. Lambert's pride was proper and, while she was glad to be rid of her own marital incumbrance, regretted grievously that her man should ever have become an incumbrance whose forfeiture was necessary.

Down stairs Winnie swept into the street the dirt of the tiled hall and then, on her hands and knees—a mop was more trouble than it was worth—cleaned

"Ain't I been mindin' her like a true mother, every day?"

the door; the draughts were strong and night cool her rooms, whereas, of course, enough of the odor of the beef had permeated the halls to tell its tale to her neighbors. "But it's hard, these times, I know, fer most people to keep themselves decent. Look at No. 8 with all their swellness, settin' examples! I'd be ashamed to work fer 'em an' take their dirty money—I don't see how you stand fer it!"

"I gotta bring up this," said Winnie, kissing her child.

"Sure. But honest, if I was you I'd get back my man—he'd be *some* use. I'm thankful to have no babies of my own to pull my skirts, an' I'm more thankful fer a decent, hard-workin' man to boss around. You sure have hard luck."

the hundred feet of broad corridor and the white steps of exit. Few people appeared at this hour; most of the men left earlier and many of the women that worked outside went later; only the two sales-girls due at Lacy's Department Store at seven-thirty hurried out, smiling rapidly to the woman on her scanty knees and glancing in their mail-boxes, in the vestibule, for letters. Except on Saturdays when Winnie went over all of the two long flights of a hundred and eight steps each—she had counted them more than once—the landings and their windows, she must end her toil for the owning Company before nine o'clock.

Recently, every morning she had hummed at this toil; but today, she continued to worry about Elea-

nor and was silent, frowning. Was her child getting the entire quart of milk and the loaf of bread that she ordered to be left daily at Mrs. Lambert's door? Was Mrs. Lambert good to Eleanor? Why had the baby clung to Winnie this morning?—The child could hardly know Winnie better than the woman of the next apartment!

The mother was seized with jealousy at thought of Mrs. Lambert. Just because Mrs. Lambert was respectable and comfortable, just because she was lucky enough to have a respectable husband, this woman was given, by force of circumstances, the privilege of guarding Winnie's own baby. A husband! How all her own life had gone to wreck first upon the possession of a husband and now upon the absence of one whose return could be but a greater catastrophe! Every woman in the tenement talked "husband" to her. They almost seemed to point it as *her* crime that she was not with hers! And she must, each week, earn a dollar and a half extra to pay the woman that kept her baby from her! It was better than when Eleanor was in the Home, far better, but if it was good to have a part of her baby's day, it must somehow be right to have the whole of it.

She finished, thus, her kneeling duties and rose to polish the two glass windows of the outer doors. She thought of Fred, the husband they taunted her with, and she thought so long and so hard that when Mme. Louise La Blonde, the fat manicurist and chiropodist, bounced down the stairs, Winnie did not look up. She was startled when that buxom lady addressed her.

"Winnie," said Madame La Blonde, "I'm awful sorry, but I ain't goin' to be able to make good on that little matter between you an' I before next week. Fact is, I'm busted. Hope you don't object."

"That's all right," said Winnie.

But the little matter between them was a matter of two dollars, in payment of the weekly cleaning and washing done for the manicurist. It was the little matter that cared for Mrs. Lambert's "minding" of Eleanor and reduced Eleanor's milk-bill to half. Winnie had about thirty dollars in a savings bank, but she dreaded touching that; it was to mean taking the baby and herself to the country next summer, with a balance for the ever threatening doctor and medicine. Mrs. Lambert, however, might be willing to wait, or Miss Thompson and Miss Mac Lane might pay some of their long over-due bills. Winnie persisted in polishing until driven to more important tasks.

She climbed the front stairs to "No. 8." A card bearing the names,

Miss Thompson,
Miss Mac Lane,

was, somehow, more conspicuous than the dismal paper or aluminum signs at most of the entrances. She rang. No answer. She rang again, and longer.

"That you, Winnie?"

Mrs. Schwartz could barely discriminate the drowsy voice.

"Yes, Miss Thompson. Good mornin'."

The door was opened to six inches, and a towsled pale yellow head above a bath-robe disclosed itself. "Oh," coaxed a high voice, "can't you come back in about an'our? Mayme was took bad in the night with cramps, an' she wants to lay a while. She'll be all to the good then."

"I'm sorry about Miss Mac Lane," said Winnie. "Don't you want me to get somethin' at the drugstore? Er somewhere?"

"Tell you what you can do. Wait a minute."

Miss Thompson let the door close. In a moment her hand thrust itself through the opened chink.

"You're a angel," she said, "if you beat it down to the groc'ry next door an' get one of them five-cent bottles of cream as stands in their window." She pushed a nickel into Winnie's hand. "It's fer the *cauffee*. That'll set her up fine. An' someone stole our bottle before we was up."

Winnie went. But on her journey of mercy, down the steps to the grocer's, she kept remembering how everyone reminded her of the want of a husband. Even this Miss Thompson, who asked her to run unremunerative errands, had seriously advised her, a few days ago, to find him and bring him home.

"Honest to Gawd," Miss Thompson had said, "a woman's nowhere if she has a kid an' no man to stand up fer her."

But Winnie came back with the cream, again wished health to Miss Thompson's friend and laboriously climbed another story of stairs to "No. 12."

She was admitted, there, by a weary, middle-aged woman in a worn, but expensive, black silk kimona.

"Oh, good morning," said the woman.

"Good mornin', Mis' Harris. 'No. 8' aren't feelin' well. I wonder if you'll mind me cleanin' up now; I promise not to open my mouth if you're busy."

Mrs. Harris laughed.

"You may talk as much as you please, Winnie. I was up nearly all night finishing a Sunday 'special,' and I've just made myself some coffee. Did you see my paper in the hall?"

"Yes'm," said Winnie. "It was caught under the door."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Harris made herself comfortable on a couch among stuffy, many-colored sofa-pillows. With her cup of coffee on a small table at her side, under the shadow of her tired typewriter-carriage and in the midst of countless sheets of paper, she propped herself, driving her eyes swiftly from headline to headline and then slowly through several "stories" of the *Morning-Express*. She was a small woman and looked overburdened with years of the responsibility of keeping herself alive and well clothed. Her drawn face and bluish eyes bore the pallor and anemia that follow upon years of much nightwork. It was as if she had struggled too hard to attain that mediocrity of success whereby one achieves journalistic livelihood. Only the curved corners of her generous mouth showed that the struggling had not rendered her intolerant of others.

As Winnie worked, shaking rugs from the windows to avoid the rule of carrying them to the roof, washing the lunch and dinner-dishes of the day previous and the coffee-pot of that morning, Mrs. Harris luxuriously sipped her beverage and read the details of a mysterious murder in Chinatown. She roused herself from that to ask after the welfare of her char-woman and neighbor.

"How are you today, Winnie?"

"Well, the baby don't seem as strong as I'd wish."

"Teeth?"

"No'm. I think she has all them, though they didn't tell me at the Home. But—" Winnie lowered her voice and bent confidentially over the handle of her broom—"I'm wonderin' if she gets all her milk. I wouldn't say anything against a livin' soul, but, you know, Mis' Lambert—"

"You're mistaken! Nobody'd cheat a baby—it's grown folks like us that are cheated."

"You don't know, ma'am," Winnie replied gravely. "You don't know."

Mrs. Harris smiled down the length of her reportorial experience. "I know a good deal," she said.

But Winnie's hands trembled as she steadied the broom in a corner.

"Do you care if I turn up the ends of this couch-cover? Then I can wipe up the floor, an' you needn't budge."

"Go ahead; but first bring me another cup of that coffee, will you?"

Winnie lifted the cup and returned it filled.

"Anyhow," she said, "there's no drunken man around to murder me an' the baby—an' maybe bring more."

She stooped to her employment. Again on her knees, she commenced at the portiered entrance to the kitchen to wipe the cement.

"You haven't been bothered with him for nearly a year, have you?" asked Mrs. Harris.

Winnie's brown eyes flashed. She counted. "Eleven months," she said; "an' it was hell."

"Just drink?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Winnie sighed. "Somehow seems as if 'twas the matter of a job with most, an' I guess it was losin' his job that started him; he was nice enough before. That all happened before Eleanor came."

"Couldn't he get another job?"

"No—er anyhow, he didn't. He couldn't do anything but cut lasts for shoes—didn't have any other trade—an' when they had that big strike on, the company moved to Buffalo. We couldn't never afford to move there; besides, they didn't want him any more, and they blacklisted him with the other shops here."

"Why didn't he learn something else?"

"He tried. Honest, he tried!" Winnie gave him his due. "But there was so many men out of work, an' they knew more'n him. He thought maybe he'd want to be a motorman. You have to work a month without pay to be that, an' when we'd spent everything for that, the company said they didn't want as many men as they had. Then I was gettin' a baby, an' that was discouragin'. I don't know. Fred just started, I guess, an' then someway he got to fightin' me an' beatin' me up; he wanted money. He didn't mean anything at first, but after I left the hospital, I couldn't bear it."

"But, Winnie," inquired Mrs. Harris, as the work below her proceeded, "didn't he ever see the baby?"

"Oh, yes'm. I came back an' lived with him a while, but—" she scrubbed viciously—"I got scared one time, an' me an' the baby left. That's when I put her in the Home, an' I had a hard enough time gettin' them to take her! But I've got her back now; I've got her back!"

Mrs. Harris read the main details of a political column.

"You've never seen him since at all, have you?" she finally asked.

"Oh!" Winnie jumped. "No'm. That is, not lately. He found me once an' used to come around for money. He said if I didn't 'cough it up,' he'd get 'the kid' someway. That's why I don't dare try to put her in a Day Nursery; he might get her. But he don't know where I am. If he did, he'd be here now after us."

She was up from her knees and arranged the three small rugs.

"Yo' don't believe," she asked nervously, "that he'd ever find me now?"

Mrs. Harris was once more reading.

"Who?" she asked. "He? No, I don't believe he would."

Nevertheless, when Winnie, after inspecting the room with a final glance, started away, she carried with her the heaviness of a half-forgotten fear renewed.

For more than eighteen months Eleanor had lived in the Home, protected by the walls of an institution, but, save for Mrs. Schwartz's scantily permitted visits there, unmothered. When, two weeks ago, Winnie had finally found it practicable to bring her daughter to a real home—in the two rooms of a model tenement—she was so overjoyed at the ownership and care of her own baby as to overlook, until today, that fearful possibility of the return of her prodigal husband. The horrors of her life with Fred Schwartz now hit her anew.

The "n'our" requested by Miss Thompson was more than consumed. Winnie balanced her broom against the wall and, pail and rags in her left hand, rang once again at "No. 8."

If the hair of the first of the two young ladies to appear this morning, at that threshold, had been towsled, there was no available phrase east of Borneo for the description of the second.

Miss Mac Lane gave admission. Something about her conveyed the idea that she might still have a young face, could one see her face, but the only sight to greet Winnie, entering the apartment, was this mass of strawberry-red hair, its ends in all directions, a small knot remaining, from the night before, to one side of the crown, the whole frizzled mop surmounting that same red kimona which Miss Thompson had earlier worn.

"I'm sorry you've been sick," said Winnie. "Any better now?"

"Oh, I bin awful sick," groaned Miss Mac Lane. "I'm goin' back to bed."

"Suppose I might as well fix things up a little, now I'm here?"

"Sure. But, fer Gawd's sake, don't sing!"

Miss Mac Lane withdrew to her bedroom, a miniature space partitioned from the large living-room, from the kitchen and from that twin bedroom wherein Miss Thompson slept.

Winnie began with the kitchen. She courageously attacked the disorderly dishes that stood on the top of the stationary tubs. Someone had dropped an uncooked egg on the treacherous floor and, before seeing it, she let her foot slip there. Buttery papers were about and glasses, thick on the inside with the dust of cigarettes. She managed all, silently, uncomplainingly. Mrs. Lambert liked to question her about the interior of apartment "8," and Winnie prided herself on what she did not say in speaking of other people's affairs.

After the kitchen was scraped and scrubbed, its cheap dishes piled on the shelves of the dresser, she worked in the living-room, dusting, wiping, arranging the tawdry sticks of furniture and the brilliantly flowered rug and straightening the pictures—those Sunday-edition lithographs and those few prints of dancers. It was to Miss Thompson's empty bedroom that she went next, and it was only the bedroom portion of this dwelling-within-a-dwelling that fronted the street.

She made the bed. About the room were clothes to be replaced—all the clothes from the empty set-in wardrobe. One dress, a pretty but long-since soiled evening gown of yellow satin, she held up to her own figure and regarded, in the long mirror, its effect on her complexion. But her face was too drawn and old to endure the sunny youth of this object, and her hair too faded. She sighed and hung it up carefully, wrong side out, looking with curiosity at the clusters of bones about its waist.

She recalled a promise to wash the windows. She closed them, finished to a polish the inside of this one in the bedroom and then extended the upper half of her body to the outside of the unornamented brick wall of the building, her clumsily shod feet within, one arm without, supporting her.

At once she heard what she now knew must have been continuing for some minutes; loud, angry voices below her.

With great care she turned her head and bent her glance. At the entrance to the building stood the janitor, trying to loose himself from an intruder. She thought, for a brief instant, that the disturber must be one of that host of forbidden pedlars and beggars which storm, incessantly, the unwary tenants; but of a sudden the truth touched her. He had found her; hot with whiskey, demanding her—there was her husband! *(Continued on page eight.)*

What the Unions Have Accomplished

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN THE BUILDING TRADES

By Hyman Strunsky

IT is but natural to begin with the building trades, the trades that built this country. At the St. Louis Convention, in 1910, the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, had a membership of 250,000, consisting of Asbestos Workers, Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, Carpenters and Joiners, Cement Workers, Electrical Workers, Elevator Constructors, Steam Engineers, Granite Cutters, Hod Carriers, Wood, and Wire Lathers, Marble Workers, Sheet Metal Workers, Painters, Paper Hangers and Decorators, Operative Plasterers, Plumbers, Gas Fitters, Steam Fitters and Steam Fitter Helpers, Composition Roofers, Stone Cutters and Ceramics, Slate and Tile Roofers, Mosaic and Encaustic Tile Layers and Helpers. The Building Trade Department is comparatively new, having been formed in 1907, and the organization of all the crafts in one body is one of the most successful achievements of the American Federation of Labor.

This achievement is the result of the unsatisfactory relations that had existed among the various unions, and which caused discord, petty quarrels and dual unionism. There was perpetual wrangling in various unions among themselves on questions of jurisdiction. In 1903, for example, the following disputes came up which caused Samuel Gompers, the president of the A. F. of L. no end of worry and anxiety. The Electrical Workers and Machinists objected to a charter being granted to the Elevator Constructors; the Plumbers had disputes with the Metal Workers and Electrical Workers over the matter of conduit work; the Sheet Metal Workers contended with the Painters as to which union should do the glazing in metallic skylights and sashes, and the United Brotherhood of Carpenters with the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers over the jurisdiction of wood lathing.

These disputes resulted in a deplorable lack of concerted action. Before central organization was effected each union struggled for itself and it was a common spectacle to see union carpenters go on strike and union bricklayers continue the work with non-union carpenters. It often happened that in fights between the strikers and "scabs" the union bricklayers would take a hand, and, incredible as it sounds, would send an occasional brick in the direction of the union men!

The Centralization of the trades first occurred in Chicago during the period of activity that preceded the World's Fair in 1902. The unusual demand for labor put the men in a dependent position and the Building Trade Council made rules which were deemed extravagant by the employers, who united to fight the unions and formed (in 1900) the Building Trades Employers' Association.

Employers Organize

The first step they took was to lock out the union workingmen. Here began what is known in the history of the union as "The Chicago Conflict," a conflict which lasted three years and which was taken up four years later in New York by the employers who followed the example of their colleagues in Chicago.

These fights were of long duration and were intense in the bitterness they caused between the opposing forces. They accentuated the value of united action to the employers as well as to the employes—to the former even more than to the latter. The Employers' Association was backed by all the members of its class, was supported by the press and by a commercialized public opinion that clamored loudly at the injustice of the "closed shop." The Architects formed a union to help the employers by refusing to work for any one who would yield to the union, and the manufacturers of supplies refused to sell goods to any one who did not belong to the organization of employers. The struggle between capital and labor waxed hot and on March 20, 1900, an Industrial Commission began an inquiry into the state of affairs and heard testimony from both sides. The greatest complaint against the unions advanced by the employers was that they often stopped work because some material was used that had been made by non-union labor. Both lockouts, in Chicago and later in New York, ended in an apparent victory for the "open shop."

The Building Trades Employers' Arbitration Plan

What the unions had accomplished for their trades before the lockout and how far they had gone in extracting concessions for themselves is evident from the various clauses of the Arbitration Plan submitted by the Building Trade Employers' Association in 1903. They were as follows:

1. There shall be no limitation as to the amount of work a man shall perform during the working day.

The history of trade unionism in this country is a history of continual struggle for tolerable conditions of work and a decent standard of livelihood. The American artisan is a free man. Unlike the workers of older countries he is not the descendant of the vassal, the offspring of caste and class-rule, the victim of centuries of monarchial and feudal tyranny. He is a free born man, with the "captain of industry" as his first employer, with capitalism as his first master.

The master needed him and needed him badly. This country was built during the end of the last century and built with a rapidity and skill unsurpassed in the industrial progress of the world. The workingman did it all. He built the houses, erected the skyscrapers, constructed the bridges, laid the rails, dug the ore, melted the iron, polished the granite, did the one thousand things that went to make up the richness, the magnitude of this opulent country. His skill and the great need for it, gave him independence and placed him in a position to demand an adequate remuneration for his work. But the demand was not easily granted. Capital is not a cheerful giver, and being the offspring of a long line of despotic rulers it attempted to treat labor with inherited severity, and forced upon it the cruelty of an habitual tyranny.

Being an industrial master the arbitrary powers were not used in quest of honor, titles and social glory, but in the interest of dollars and cents. It wanted labor to build a big country, but offered little for work done. It wanted labor to create wealth, but offered in return a livelihood measured by the "pauper-labor" standard of European countries. Labor resented this and a lively struggle ensued.

These two herculean powers, Labor and Capital, thrown together as they were in a free arena, with no laws and governmental interference to hinder their fight, engaged in a strenuous combat for wages, hours and conditions of work. The combat was fought with the same bitterness and determination that characterized all battles for self-protection and supremacy and resulted in several decided gains for labor.

The most effective weapon in this struggle was trade unionism, and these articles will contain a short summary of what it has done for the workers. They will not indulge in abstractions nor will they reach out for far reaching conclusions. They will contain the achievements gained for the general welfare of the trades by their respective unions.

2. There shall be no restriction of the use of any machinery or tools.
3. There shall be no restriction of the use of any manufactured material, except prison made.
4. No person shall have the right to interfere with the workingmen during the working hours.
5. The use of apprentices shall not be prohibited.
6. The foreman shall be an agent of the employer.
7. All workingmen are at liberty to work for whomever they see fit.
8. All employers are at liberty to discharge whomever they see fit.

These demands coming from the employers, tell how far the unions had gone to make terms and create conditions favorable to themselves. These conditions were part of a constructive program which governed the trade unions and which contained four principal rules. They were:

1. To maintain a standard rate of wages.
2. To restrict or limit the output.
3. To govern trade jurisdiction.
4. To maintain union conditions of work.

The first rule embodied the minimum wage which resulted in a higher earning capacity in the entire industry. The second rule embraced the eight-hour law, the amount of work to be done in a day; the prohibition of substituting apprentices for journeymen; the opposition to tools and labor saving devices; the ban on non-union work and non-union material. The third rule referred to the inter-craft jurisdiction and embraced all the phases of the sympathetic strike. The fourth rule related to the sanitary conditions, and governed all the rights and duties of the business agent, steward and foreman. It carried with itself the right to call strikes, enter the shops, examine union cards and approach the employer for any violation of the contract.

Notwithstanding the apparent victory in favor of the open shop, the closed shop prevails in the majority of the organized cities. This change has been brought about by multiple contracts of individual unions. The Steamfitters' agreement, for instance, provides for work for the members of the union, but says that no strike should be called because of the employment of non-union men. The Hod Carriers' agreement specifies that they may work with non-union labor provided union men cannot be secured. The Carpenters' agreement provides against a sympathetic strike because of the employment of non-union labor, but further provides that they may refuse to work with any one who is not a member of the union, and that laborers should not be allowed to do the work of carpenters. In spite of the agreement at the close of the Chicago and New York conflicts, the closed shop prevails. The solidarity of the workers is manifested in the sympathetic strike clause which is part of the agreement in almost every craft. It is worded as follows:

"A sympathetic strike, when ordered by the Building Trade Council, will not be a violation of this agreement."

Of the many things the unions have accomplished for their respective trades, the perfection of their own organizations must be included. There was a time when the local stood by itself and when the "Walking Delegate" was its supreme ruler and boss. Thus arbitrary power and unlimited privileges were often used against the interest of the union, and resulted in corruption, bribes, much trouble and unwarranted strikes. It is different today. The unions are governed by a Board of Council; grievances are heard and strikes are avoided by arbitration; or, when called, are done so from the National or international offices after due deliberation and in the majority of cases, after it had been voted upon by the rank and file.

Reduce Hours and Raise Wages

It is due to the efforts of the union that the eight-hour law has been established throughout the entire industry and that wages have been raised to the standard of a decent livelihood. There is no uniform scale of wages for the various crafts in all the cities, but the difference is due to the fact that not all the cities are strongly organized. In the strongly organized cities the wages are higher than in the poorly organized. Thus the asbestos workers of San Francisco get 62½ cents an hour; in St. Louis 62 cents; in Chicago 57½. In the poorly organized cities, such as Baltimore, Boston, Denver and Milwaukee they get but 37 cents an hour.

The Bridge and Iron Workers of Chicago, well organized, get 65 cents an hour; Indianapolis, 60; New York, 62; San Francisco, 62½; St. Louis, 65; while in Cincinnati they get 48 cents an hour; Hamilton, Ont., 30; Montreal, Que., 27. The carpenters are paid in the well organized cities as follows: Cincinnati, 60 cents an hour; New York, 62½; Salt Lake 62½; San Francisco, 62½. In the poorly organized cities they get as follows: Atlanta, Ga., 30; Indianapolis, 40; Montreal, Que., 30.

Cement workers get, in the strongly organized cities: Atlanta, Ga., 75 cents per hour; Chicago, 70; Newark, 62½; New York, 62½; Portland, Ore., 62 cents. In the poorly organized cities they get: Buffalo, 40; Los Angeles, 31½; Sacramento, 37½; Winnipeg, 40.

The same proportional difference exists between the strongly organized and poorly organized cities for all the crafts in the building industry. Not alone this, but the same city will pay a well organized trade twice the amount it will pay a workman of a trade that is not well organized.

In discussing the achievements of the trade unions one must bear in mind the negative as well as the positive gains. To the many victories that trade unionism has won for the workers must be added the possible, almost inevitable, defeats they would have suffered were it not for united action. To the reduction of hours, to the increase in wages,

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

"Tempering the Wind"

BY

Kate Baker Heltzel

Illustrated by H. R. Grissinger.

CYNTHIA slipped round the corner of the schoolhouse just in time to avoid meeting two of her young pupils. She was not accustomed to slip around anything, but on the contrary had met life on a straightforward basis. In return life had dealt to her some staggering truths, coupled with some knowledge which was wholesome if not always pleasant.

Upon this particular evening Cynthia felt that the barnacle like affection of the two little ones would be more than she could meet with a proper show of sympathy. However, she was just in time to catch the piping treble of one barnacle, who confided to the other, "Now don't you tell anybody at all, never, but Papa told Mamma last night that some of the children's peoples tink Miss Cynthia is 'norful' cross, and is too old to teach any more. I don't 'fink' so, and Papa don't 'fink' so neider"—at this juncture the barnacles passed out of hearing. Two red spots burned in the sunken cheeks and the grey eyes of the little spinster were unusually dark and bright. She hastened through the school-yard with quick nervous steps.

She had no eyes for nature this evening. Ordinarily the walk home was a pleasure. The swelling buds on the maples; the scent of hyacinth and of newly plowed ground all spoke of the spring. They spoke of the new year of youth, if you will, and the suggestion was painful to her tonight.

She walked straight into the little cottage where she had lived for the last twenty-six years and going into the tiny bedroom pulled up the blind and with a searching, questioning expression looked into the mirror. What she saw there was not new to her. She had grown used to the thought that youth was gone, but that age was appearing had not occurred to her. The thought clutched at her heart like a cold hand.

To tell the truth what Cynthia saw in the mirror was not bad to look upon. She saw clear cut features, brown hair, greying at the temples, though still abundant and waving in defiance of the straightforward or straight-backward manner of dressing. In fact, she saw a face of sensitiveness and refinement. Fine brows, and the grey eyes with the heavy black lashes (her one beaty) showed no signs of age.

What was it they meant? Finally she saw; it was the drawn care-worn look. Cynthia smiled. "Well, who would have thought it! Really it makes ten years difference in my looks when I smile," so soliliquized she. "Still I can't go around grinning like a Chesshire Cat, no matter how cattish they may otherwise think me to be. I might have dyed my hair if I had noticed in time, but now it would be held against me as a mark of failing intelligence, which it would be. It is not age I fear, but the things age stands for to me." Yet she had given this little village all her youth.

From the time she began teaching at the age of nineteen, to support herself and her widowed mother, there had been no interval of rest, save the summer vacations. She had taught the primary department all this time. Many of her earlier pupils were grown and had children coming to school to her. "It makes me feel almost like a Grandmother," she confided to herself.

Though Cynthia was forty-five and lived generally alone, since her mother died, three years before, she had not acquired either a cat, parrot or canary. In the days before her father died, she had been ambitious. She loved music. Study in a neighboring Academy had given her enough insight into the art to show her how much it meant to her. Then came the failure, her father's death; everything came to an end, it seemed, in a hurry. Well, one thing sure, mother and she would keep together, that was Cynthia's determination. She began teaching; she kept on. Forty-five dollars a month didn't seem to go very far toward making a fortune. Her brother Ned was doing well now, but at the time the father died he was only able to support himself. And later, well, Ned loved a girl and he married her, of course. So Cynthia kept on teaching.

Her older sister, who was married before her father died and who lived in the west, had "loaned" her a daughter the past winter, which was a great blessing, of course, but this sister was poor, with a large family, so age could see no haven there.

Cynthia sat down at the little old piano, and began to play. She once said that "Music was the only trimming she wore." With the eccentricity of some characters that must talk to something, she talked to her piano; declaring that it was much more intelligent than some people. So while she sat in the early twilight softly playing, and making occasional remarks, her young niece peeping in at the door shook her head, and with a pang thought to herself, "I would love to see mother, aunty certainly is getting queer." There were two others who thought the same.

She suddenly sat down upon the step

It came out at a meeting of the school board that night. The President of the board, who had grown old in that capacity, and really was quite as wooden-headed as might be supposed, remarked to another member by way of preface: "Yes, indeed, Miss Clover has been a faithful teacher. She has taught now for twenty-six years, without a rest and considering everything, I think we ought to let her ah-er-, well we should give her a vacation the coming year." His idea was ably seconded by another member who had a young sister who was anxious to teach at home. Later it was decided without a dissenting voice, that Cynthia Clover should take a vacation the ensuing year. Now there was one member of the school board, who was not really the same kind of timber as the others. James Harmon had spent the first twenty-five years of his life in this village, then with the desire to see more of the world he left, and returned as a mature man of fifty years, to the scenes of his childhood. Giving evidence of prosperity and judgment, he was selected as a member of the school board, President of the Commercial Club, etc., etc., much to his quiet amusement.

This man was Cynthia's friend. She believed this. Bare and poor as her life had been of the things allotted to some girls, she had the memory of one love story.

Years before, when this man, James Harmon, was young, she had been his ideal of girlhood, and he had been to her all that he was, and all that her imagination supposed him to be. He had asked her to marry him, and she with the knowledge of his poverty and the feeling that she could not forsake her mother, had refused him. He left abruptly and spent the intervening years in other scenes.

The morning after the meeting of the school board, Cynthia started for school earlier than usual. There was some extra work to be done. While hastening toward the schoolhouse, she was surprised to meet James Harmon standing at the gate. He greeted her with his old-time deference, and though there never had been any reference to the past between them, and each was to the other as a stranger, still Cynthia believed him to be her friend.

"Good morning, Miss Cynthia," said he in answer to her greeting. "I have the duty of bearing to you a message which gives me great pleasure." Cynthia's grey eyes were raised to his in wonder. "What is it, Mr. Harmon?" "It is this, in view of the faithful service of the greater part of your life, we as a board, are unanimously agreed, that we should give to you a vacation during the coming year." He looked keenly at her from under level brows. Never had she felt so frail, so old, so desolate. This strong, prosperous man with the broad shoulder and alert air, what could be his object. Could he be so small, that he would, after all these years revenge himself for a thing which must now appear as a trifle to his middle-aged view of life. Her face crimsoned, then grew pale, while there flashed through her mind the memory of the little "barnacles" and their conversation of the evening before.

It became clear to her at once. They wanted to get rid of her, and this was the manner they took. Well, one thing was certain, though the future loomed before her as a blank wall, with no opening for escape. She was game to the last. "O, thank you, Mr. Harmon, how kind of you," was her reply. "I see you let no grass grow under your feet in bringing me the message."

There was a twinkle deep in the eyes of the square-jawed man, and his face relaxed, as he said, "Yes, but I found this on the way, Miss Clover, and let us hope it signifies good luck." He laid in her slender blue-veined hand a four-leaved clover. She remembered another one, which she had kept within the leaves of her bible, until she had worn it out. Could he be making fun of her? It looked like it. She let the leaf drop, and looked up at him. Her look was so quick that it surprised upon his face something which she felt was pity. To be pitied by this man she had loved during all her youth, the thoughts of whom she had kept as precious memories in her later years, was to take from her what little self-respect she had left.

What had she but memories? And why did fate insist in destroying the little comfort left in them. To be in his eyes a cast aside machine, an inefficiency. Too frail, too cross, too old; a wornout tool. Things blurred before her eyes, and she suddenly sat down upon the step. He looked away for a moment until she had partially regained her self-control. He cleared his throat to hide his embarrassment, and as she made him no answer, he resumed the conversation himself. "You see, Miss Cynthia, it is this way. I have a commission from a friend out west to send them a teacher. My mining interests and this friend are in the neighborhood of your sister's home. A change would do you good, and if you so desire, this school is at your acceptance. After all the change would be almost equivalent to a vacation in rest anyway. Your salary would be sixty dollars instead of forty-five. What shall I say to him when I write?"

Cynthia was trembling, she felt an overwhelming desire to cry. She also felt anger with herself that she had allowed her feelings to master her in such a way that he had seen her terror, her mortification,

(Continued on page 7)

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XIV.

SINCE God made man or man made God in his own image, the revolution in the image of God that has taken place in the last half a century furnishes a most complete and satisfying answer to the assertion sometimes made that "you cannot change human nature." Not so long ago but that you can remember hearing old folks talking about it, when a mother was so wrapped up in her baby that she didn't make the fuss over God that He thought He was entitled to, He killed the baby. He'd show her where to set her affections. It was not she and her husband that begot the child in the dear sacrament of love; it was not scarlet fever or diptheria that slew it. No. The Lord gave and the Lord had taken away, and blessed was the name of the Lord. He took it away because she idolized it. Why, if they had a dog about the house that got jealous-hearted because the baby got more notice than he did, and only snapped at the child, let alone killed it, they'd take that dog out and shoot him if he was the best 'coon dog in seven counties. And yet they not only circulated that slander about God being a child-murderer, but believed it! Before the Big Change, that was their ideal of how a Heavenly Father should conduct Himself.

And even that was a letting down from the severer doctrine of the age that just preceded. Suppose the weather had been so raw and stormy that the mother did not think it wise to take the baby out on a long ride to the meeting-house that had no stove in it, to soak the child in icy water, and sit there through a long sermon. If that baby died before the weather moderated enough for the baptism, then the innocent went straight to Hell to burn forever, and be tossed on pitchforks from one devilkin to another for all eternity, screaming and crying for its mother day after day, year after year, century after century, millions and millions of ages just because a handful of cold water had not been slopped on its poor head to run down its neck and make its little shirt wet.

And, mind you, through failure to give that little wabbly head a soapless cold shampoo would certainly damn it, yet a strict compliance with the ordinance might not be any good either. Long before there was one solitary star in the sky, one drop of water where now the oceans roll, one grain of earth where the wide prairies stretch or mountains rear their summits—when there wasn't anything at all, any place, not one blessed thing, not even blue-print drawings of the universe, God had made out a list. Little babies that died before they were even born and never had a name, Clarence Darrow, and Julius Cæsar, and Numa Pompilius and Eugene V. Debs, and Harry Orchard and Theodore Roosevelt, and Eskimos, and Africans, and Henry Cabot Lodge and old Very Dirty Smith that used to live up in the south end of town, what they called Hardscrabble—everybody that ever lived even for a second or ever will live for a second, all down on that list. And every so often, there was a tick-mark against a person, and he or she was one of the "elect," the picked-out. All the rest of us were headed straight for Hell. We might be ever so true and just in all our dealings, we might sit up with sick folks, and be merciful and loving to all, we might go to church twice a Sunday, and have morning and evening prayers, and try our best to do what was right—no good, unless we had that tick-mark of election. All are trying to do what was right, all our bearing one another's burdens, even giving up our lives that justice might be done for them that have no helper—all our righteousness was filthy rags. Where we went the ice-wagon could never come.

Whether the rule worked both ways, and those who were "elect" could be rough and rowdy, and carry on, and have a gay old time, and still get to Heaven to give the laugh to those who had lived honestly and conscientiously, but went to Hell after all—whether the rule worked both ways I cannot say. That style of savagery had gone out of date, human nature had so changed that it didn't look right to have a God of that sort when I came on the stage, that I really cannot say.

What I am getting at is that there has been a Big Change in man's nature and ideals as the preserved daguerreotypes of God plainly show. There was a time when God was considered to be a sort of Legree. We were Uncle Toms whom He could whip to death. He could make us happy if He save pleased; He could make us wretched if He damn pleased. There was none to say to Him: "Why do ye so?" The phrase was: "When and where and how it pleaseth Him."

As for our deserts, we hadn't any but His displeasure. He popped us into the everlasting bonfire with the same relish that Jonathan Edward popped a spider into the candle-flame. He hated sin, and we were all the time sinning. It was our nature to. When Adam bit the apple he was told to let alone, that settled it for us. It gave us a disposition that kept God furious at us all the time, a disposition little modified by baptism, confirmation and the eucharist. And He was always peeping at us, snooping around when we thought no eye could see us, watching for us to do something that we could be sent to Hell for, which was easy enough. Any foolish caper, any silly, idle word would do. No matter how careful we were, there was no such thing as getting a pass grade. The only thing to do was to remember what we did wrong and then whimper and grovel and plead and say: "Please let me off and I'll never do so again!"

All that the men-folks hoped for in the round world was the chance to make their peace with God so near to the article of death that they wouldn't have the chance to get God angry at them for one more little sin, and yet with long enough time to be assured of sins forgiven. If you were spry about it a very brief time would be sufficient as the rhyme about the man that was thrown from a horse and broke his neck testifies:

> *"Betwixt the saddle and the ground*
> *He mercy sought and mercy found."*

With the women-folks it was different. At least, it was an old saying that any woman, I don't care who, that died in child-birth went straight to Heaven. That's no more than right, I say. And I think, too, that a woman that has put up with the ordinary husband's foolishness and meanness, and has raised a family is also entitled to go to the Good Place. They're a lot better than men. The worst women are so much better than the average man that there's no comparison.

Be that as it may, you know your mother is in Heaven if anybody ever gets there. Mine is. She's in glory this minute if anybody is. I'll match her against any saint that ever wore shoe-leather. There couldn't be anybody that was better, there just *couldn't* be. That's all about it. I suppose she did commit some sins, but they couldn't have been bigger than a pinhead, anyhow, and she repented of them before the Recording Angel could take the cap off his fountain-pen to write them down. Always thoughtful of others, always trying to do her duty and more than her duty, forgiving to seventy times seven—Oh, well, what's the use? You know as well as I do what a really good woman is like. You know by your own mother.

Well, now, you allow her a week or so in Heaven to get rested up after this painful life ended, and time to look around and see things, and meet the saints and the Scripture worthies that she had read so much about and always hoped to get real well acquainted with, and especially to compare notes with the Blessed Virgin as to the proper way to bring up children, and say: "Yes, sir, my oldest boy, Jimmy, was just exactly that way". You allow her, as I say, about a week or maybe two weeks to look around and get acquainted, and what would she do? What do you think would become of Hell-fire when your mother and mine and a few of them got together?

Did you ever hear of the W. C. T. U.? Mothers and sisters and wives and daughters of drinking men started that, and the end is not yet. Up in Heaven there are praying mothers, and down in Hell, millions on millions of wild, reckless, harum-scarum boys, that meant well, but were led astray, boys that broke their mothers' hearts, and grieved them every day, and yet *they* weren't like the malevolent God these slandering theologians told about and hated their erring children. No, they loved them all the more for it. They took more pains with the spiritually deformed children, just as they took more pains with the physically deformed children. Millions and millions of harum-scarum boys in Hell, and millions and millions of praying mothers up in Heaven—having a good time, do you think? Enjoying themselves visiting around among the saints and Scripture worthies? Not my mother. Not your mother, if what you tell me about her is true.

Why, they couldn't be happy in Heaven if they knew even old Very Dirty Smith was suffering in Hell-fire. And he wasn't any kin to them at all. They hardly knew him by sight. He lived up in the south end of town and was an awful old rip. Got drunk, and licked his wife—Oh, "on'ry!" When she finds out that old Very Dirty Smith is in the Bad Place suffering torment worse than the jumping toothache, and has been ever since he arrived, which was two years ago, come the twenty-sixth of next October, and will be in just such pain for years and years and years to come—What do you think will happen?

I'll try and give my idea of it in next week's issue.

(To be Continued.)

(Continued from Page Six.)

her weakness, but at the same time a surge of relief, of almost joy came over her as she saw the opening through the "blank wall."

"Mr. Harmon," she replied in a voice quite firm and composed, "I shall be very glad to accept the situation, and as my school closes in another month, I would like to have you give me his name and address, for I shall go out to my sister's as soon as my school closes." A queer, almost disconcerted, look came over his face, but he took a card from his pocket and gave her the address. As he handed it to her he said, "I am glad for your sake that you are going, and I preferred telling you of this first, before you were officially notified of the action."

"I will be going now, and Miss Cynthia, I wish you the best of success in your new work." He was gone. After all he had been kind. He had acted as her friend, but why was he glad she was going?

Cynthia, in a bewildered maze of feeling scarcely realized how she got through the day. The thought of leaving here, tearing her life up root and branch, and trying to form new growth in an alien soil. Could she do so? O, for night to come, when she could think clearly alone.

Night came. It always does. She was alone; how could she change her ways? Leave those whom she had known as a child, as a young girl, as a mature woman. Leave all the homely intimacies of life. All the sweet familiar paths wherein she walked. Surely she was capable of good work yet, the children loved her, she knew they did. Still it was possible she had worn out her usefulness in this particular position and was too fagged out to be able to do what she had done in the past and it might be better for the children to see a fresh young face before them. If so, then she could not blame the board for their action. And if it must be, it must. Hers was not the spirit that would yield weakly to difficulties. She said to herself, "I will go and do my best to be contented. If I could have a home of my own, it would be different, but after all it would not be home to me for many years."

At last she slept, and with the spring morning's cheerful radiance, life took on a different hue. With quiet determination she met the remaining weeks of her work, glad to know that the little ones did

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Her Man

(*Continued from Page Four.*)

She slid quickly through the opening to the floor of the bedroom, breathing excitedly. She reached for the string of the yellow shade and pulled it down. Rising, one hand over the insufficiently buttoned waist that covered her beating heart, she peered through a slit at the edge of the curtain. She could not now so well distinguish objects on the pavement as when she had looked directly to it; but surely it was he! Had he seen her? Strain her ears as she would, she could catch no separate words, though they continued querulous and authoritative; but she forced herself to detect Fred's slouchy form, slim, stoop-shouldered, and she knew that she recognized his old green overcoat, that very overcoat purchased with her aching fingers' money. It was he! It was he! Would they let him reach her?

She saw the janitor perceive a stalking policeman, not approaching, but within loud call; moreover, passersby clustered, crowding in their mob-eagerness for news. The keeper of the tenement raised his hand in threat, and she heard the intonations of sturdy oath-giving. Her husband still tried to enter.

"Guess I know where I belong!" he shouted, at last distinctly.

He was warded off. He stood for a moment as if weighing his chances while he sullenly watched the onlookers; then, with a shrug of finality intimately familiar to his wife, he shambled away, muttering.

Winnie stayed only to see that he went. She hurried from the apartment. She sought the janitor, whose wife explained that he had gone to the offices of the Company even so soon after the departure of the unwelcome guest—in fact, partly because of that one. She returned to "No. 8," but, before entering, changed her destination. Up the stairs she ran to the roof, across, in the high wind, to the cabin-like elevation fifty feet beyond, and down the stairs that began there until she reached "No. 46," her legs trembling.

She wondered how to explain. Mrs. Lambert bore always the air of looking down when she looked at Winnie, and Winnie was afraid of being looked too far down upon. In the hallway full of draughts she stood still and collected her mind. When she rang the bell, she no longer felt the need to scream. Mrs. Lambert appeared. She seemed out of sorts.

"Well?" she asked.

"Is Eleanor all right?" Winnie balanced to right and to left in order to look beyond the other woman for a sight of her baby, but a broad expanse of skirts prevented.

"Sure."

"I—I want her for five minutes."

"She's asleep; must I wake her?"

"No—no. Then she's takin' a nap?"

"Of course." Mrs. Lambert was irritated.

"Well," submitted Winnie, "then I won't be back till four. But listen—" She spoke guardedly—"don't let anyone but the people you know see her, will you?"

"Sure not. Who wants to see her? What's yer worry?"

"Nothin'. Only I'm afraid—" Winnie found the lie easy—"I'm afraid the Home's tryin' to get her back. Don't you let a single person get her! Promise!"

Two bright spots burned on Winnie's high, thinly covered cheek-bones.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Lambert. "What do you take me fer? Ain't I a respectable married woman with a steady man? Nobody wants yer baby!"

Winnie flushed.

"That all?" inquired Mrs. Lambert. "I got my work to do."

"Yes, I guess so. But please—" the door was closing— "Oh, Mis' Lambert, I think maybe it's *my* man come back!"

The large woman's black eyes twitched, and her mouth pursed itself.

"Well, I must say, if you got the right kind o' man in the first place, you'd never be so scared of havin' him turn up all the time!"

At once Winnie was again alone in the hall. The door of Mrs. Lambert's rooms had barred itself against her, swinging its barrier of married comfort and respectability between Eleanor and all invasion.

Until four o'clock, and later, terror dragged at Winnie's sleeve while she toiled. Usually when the work was ended, she would take her baby in a toy-express-wagon that she had purchased and go "marketing." The companionship of Eleanor had made delightful, for the past fortnight, these excursions for a few cents' worth of meat and vegetables and bread. This afternoon, however, she scurried out alone, a cape over her head to hide her.

When she reclimbed the stairs, she could spare but fifty cents for the guarding Mrs. Lambert, and Mrs. Lambert, like all others that bow to money, scorned Mrs. Schwartz the more; but Winnie, finally in her own household with her baby, held the child to her, free to weep. Eleanor was startled by this new demonstration of her somewhat new mother; and soon weeping together, they rocked their bodies until exhaustion relieved them.

While Mrs. Schwartz put her rooms into comparative order, the baby moved about, testing the powers of feet and legs. Winnie attempted to keep her on the rug, a small stretch of carpet that was at least warm, but the child preferred to make those wonderful discoveries which belong only to the second year of life, and pattered about the cement floor, falling and commanding to be picked up. Eleanor kept wearing at her own energy as her mother boiled potatoes and fried a chop over the gas stove, and when Winnie had made ready her solitary dinner, she was alarmed to find Eleanor fast asleep on the floor. Was the child ill? Alarm and pity gnawed at her, and she lifted her daughter to the bed, letting her sleep.

For herself, the mother carried her one chair to the kitchen and sat before the tubs. There she spread her dinner on a tablecloth of newspapers; two boiled potatoes, a mutton chop, some bread, a cup of tea. She had rescued a discarded evening-paper from the halls and now she read that. It was contentment to her to live thus, but she missed tonight Eleanor's little hands and still shapeless, wheedling words. Several times she interrupted her meal to look at her child and leaned low to listen to the breathing.

She went to bed early, worn out. Eleanor did not waken.

It seemed another day when the disturbance came, though all was black, and she knew that it could not yet be early morning. She heard the rumble of it in the far distance, roused from her nervous slumber. She thought it, at first, her dreams prolonged. Then, wide-eyed in the obscurity, first groping for Eleanor's little body near the wall, she crawled from her bed to the door to listen.

Other tenants, too, were listening. She heard noises through the steel walls, followed by a conscious silence.

A heavy weight was falling up the stairs. Could it, she wondered in terror, be her Fred? Her thoughts rushed from apartment to apartment in mental search of drinking husbands. Only one floor was above her own, and the man there was a night-watchman and away. On her own floor the two families consisted of an old blind man with a group of dressmakers and her respectable neighbors in "No. 46."

Whatever was approaching was a man, a man dropping inarticulate drunken words. Her hearing was intent as he reached her landing. He must climb or pass the Lambert's home first. He did pass it. He approached her own. Would he stop or would he go on to the women beyond? It might be the old man, hurt. Her heart beat loud in wicked hope. She prayed to have the invader directed past her door.

There was a lurch. It was as if Winnie within were struck by a terrific force from without. It must be—

Now her ears were frantic. She shoved her slim, night-robed figure against the door. The man was trying to get in! A key clicked. Her bell buzzed in long command.

"Lemme in, lemme in!"

The tones were thick, but she heard in them the old insistence in Fred. She held her breath lest he hear her, alive and awake, so close to him. He had found her, Fred had found her! And the baby? Forgetting her desperate pressure against the entrance-way, she darted on tip-toes to the inner room. Yes, her hands told her, Eleanor was safe.

She did not dare to light the gas for fear of the scratching of the match; the light, moreover, might betray her alertness. But she felt blindly for the chair, left standing in the kitchen before the tubs, and carried it to the door. She turned it on its side, bracing it against the wall.

The voice persisted.

"I guess I know where you live," it hoarsely laughed. "Y' can't fool me. An' I know ye're inside—seen you. Lemme in!"

He had seen her! She might have known. How had he got in at this time of night? But what time was it? It might not be even ten o'clock! Perhaps the janitor would put him out; but the janitor might not yet have returned. Fred—how well she knew! —Fred could get anywhere. She remembered—

Threatening thuds rose. The voice cajoled and pleaded; not many of the words were distinguishable.

Then Eleanor woke up.

In the darkness, alone, the child began to cry. Before her mother could overtake her, the cry was loud and frightened. Winnie gathered her baby in her shaking arms and tried to hush her; but Eleanor expected a light and would not be subdued.

The baby's wailing fired the waiting man's rage. He hurled his strength against the dividing partition. Winnie screamed.

There was a crash. He must have fallen. Then a scolding woman's voice spoke shrilly, nearby. In the hall a heavy object was being dragged.

Winnie's curiosity overcame her panic. Help must be at hand. She quietly moved the chair and opened the door to a narrow crack, Eleanor in her arms, sobbing at her neck. Stretched on the stone floor of the hallway she saw what appeared to be an only partially animate bundle of clothes. The bundle heaved. Then, as by an unseen force exerted from a portion of the hall that was cut from her view, she saw the bundle pulled from her threshhold. She could hear distinctly the scolding woman's words:

"You'll not make no such racket next time! Here you been drunk all day, an' I let you keep yer dirty head under the same roof with me, mindin' you, an' then, when I turn my eyes you beat it with the fifty cents I just got. . . . I . . ."

The man was finally moved into the next apartment. Winnie caught sight of his sodden features as he tried feebly to loosen the woman's clutch, and Winnie knew the features well; the man was Mrs. Lambert's husband.

Two days later Winnie Schwartz carried her baby back to the Home.

Industrial Accidents in Minnesota

Every time a new industry is investigated new horrors are discovered.

Don D. Lescohier, of the Minneapolis Bureau of Labor tells, in a recent number of the *Survey*, of the "Lumberman's Hazard."

In this one industry, in the single state of Minnesota, fifty-five men were killed and 1,094 injured in the year 1910. This is an accident rate, almost as high as that of the mines, and greater than that of any other industry, even the railroads.

Five-foot pile of industrial accident reports. Each report represents a workman killed or injured in Minnesota during the past year, exclusive of railroad accidents.

The details tell of limbs, eyes, hands and fingers lost, and broken bones almost without number. There is also the statement that "These accidents are easily avoided." It only requires the expenditure of a few dollars, a slight reduction of profits, to have saved this destruction of human life, this disfigurement of human bodies.

The rights of all are equal. Justice poised and balanced in eternal calm, will shake from the golden scales in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste: No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

APPLIED ECONOMICS By Ellis O. Jones

OLD Farmer Hayrick had been successful. By the judicious application of common sense and hard work, he had amassed enough wealth to send his boy to college and to provide for his family other luxuries which had been denied to his own youth. Accordingly it was not strange, when his son returned from college where he had specialized in political economy, that the old man experienced considerable difficulty in comprehending the exact significance of the Malthusian theory and Gresham's law. For that matter, he did not care particularly until his son began to explain to him the immense advantages of competition over co-operation. Even then, the old man's interest was not thoroughly aroused until the boy began to apply his knowledge to the work of the farm. The first time the old farmer really sat up and took notice was one day when the pigs broke into the cornfield. As soon as it was discovered, a hurry call was sent for the whole family to gather for the purpose of corralling and routing the swine. The college-bred one reluctantly laid down his copy of the "Wealth of Nations" and started for the cornfield with the rest.

He took in the situation at a glance.

"Now, father," said he, "I'll show you what I mean by competition. I have no doubt that your way would be to have us all act in concert and drive the pigs out. That would be unscientific as it absolutely destroys the incentive of the family. The way to do it is for each one of us to go in for himself, trying both to drive out the pigs and, at the same time, to keep the rest of the family from driving them out. It is true, we may not get the pigs so readily in that way, but it will be better for us all."

The old man did not stop to hear any more, but started for the pigs and succeeded in getting them out, in spite of the boy's competition.

After that, the subject of economics was taboo at the Hayrick homestead, but the boy kept on studying and each standard work seemed to confirm all the rest.

One morning he went out to the barn to hitch up the team, but instead of hitching them up in

The old man didn't stop to hear any more

the usual way, side by side, he hitched one horse to one end of the wagon and the other horse to the other end. When his father came out, he looked

Make them pull apart

at the strange sight in amazement. "What in the world have you there?" he cried.

"Competition," answered the bachelor of arts. "Now that's what I was trying to tell you. As long as you hitch these horses side by side, you reduce them both to the dead level of mediocrity and keep them from excelling one another. The way to make good horses out of them is to make them pull apart."

The old man was speechless for a time during which the boy contemplated his handiwork, but, be it said to his credit, the more he studied it, the more irrational it seemed.

Finally the old man went up to him in a kindly way and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "My boy," said he, "do you really see any sense in that proposition?"

"No, dad," said the boy. "To tell you the truth, I do not, but that's substantially what it says in the book."

GOOD INTENTIONS By Ralph Korngold

JENNIE'S going to pose in the nude tonight." So said the tall red-headed model to Gertrude, while the two were powdering their noses before a mirror in the dressing-room of the art institute, preparatory to posing before their classes. "She *is!*" said Gertrude, and there was a ring as if of horror in her voice.

Gertrude looked over her shoulder back at Jennie, a slender dark-eyed girl of a gypsy-like uncanny prettiness. She stood about the middle of the low-ceilinged, box-like basement-room and was nervously biting her nails, while watching two other girls, costume-posers, who had adorned themselves in masquerade-finery, one representing Pierette, the other a Spanish dancer. This second one was executing some very pretty poses and rattling her castanets. Jennie also had hitherto always posed in costume, but a few days ago the management had told her that unless she wanted to pose in the nude they would not need her any more; there were plenty of girls among the art students who wanted to do costume-posing and thus earn a few dollars to help them out towards their tuition. Jennie had thought the matter over carefully. Posing in the nude paid fifty cents and hour, and she could earn as much as four and a half dollars a day. There was, of course, the ignominy as well as the danger attached to the employment to be reckoned with, not to speak of the shock to her own modesty which perhaps would be the hardest to overcome, but then on the other hand there was the alternative of working in a department store for wages hardly sufficient to eke out the barest existence and the consequent danger almost equally great. So Jennie had decided to consent, but now that the hour had come she felt nervous and almost hysterical. She had a shuddering sensation all along her body as if her flesh shrank at the thought of presently being stared at by strange eyes.

An electric bell squirted a streamlet of muffled sound into the room; it was the sign for the models to appear.

"All aboard!" cried the girl in the Pierette dress, and she, the Spanish dancer and the red-haired model left the room, the last one to undress behind a little curtain in one of the class rooms, for she as well as Gertrude posed in the nude.

Gertrude was still energetically busy before the mirror, but she was stealthily watching Jennie. She was a woman of about thirty, blonde, broad-shouldered and sturdily built, with good-natured but rather dull features. She knew Jennie but casually, but felt a sort of motherly affection for her, as a woman of her kind whom circumstances had not permitted to have children of her own, but who in the ordinary course of things would have made an excellent mother, would naturally feel for one so young.

Gertrude had no definite plan of action. She felt a rage against the world in general, but not knowing what to do she just went on rubbing her nose energetically, until it was quite red and unpresentable.

In the meantime Jennie seemed to have reached a decision and went slowly toward the door which gave entrance to a long grey corridor, on both sides of which were the class-rooms. But before Jennie reached that door, Gertrude's heart, taking things in its own hands seeing that her head could not determine upon a plan, made Gertrude fling herself toward that door ahead of Jennie, and bar the way.

Jennie looked at her surprised.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked.

"Nothing; only you ain't going to pose in the nude; not if I can help it," said Gertrude positively.

Jennie was amazed and angry. What right had this woman to interfere with her liberty?

"I guess I can if I want to," she said; "you ain't my guardian."

"I don't care what I am," said Gertrude desperately. "You can't be at that employment and keep straight. I know what I'm talking about. Even if you are straight they all think you are crooked, and so at last you get to think what's the use, and you become crooked. You ain't going I tell you."

"You can't keep straight working in a department store neither," said Jennie; "not if you have no one but yourself to depend on. I've tried it. So please let me through."

But Gertrude would not.

Then Jennie, exasperated, tried to force her way, and there ensued a struggle, a very unequal struggle, between the sturdy woman and the little slip of a girl. It did not last long. Jennie, hysterical, sank weeping to the floor, whereupon Gertrude locked the door, then kneeling down by the side of the girl she lifted her up in her arms.

"Listen," she said, " I know it's hell working in a store or in a laundry, but do it, do it anyhow, and marry someone, any decent fellow that comes along, that's the only way out of it; but there is no way out of this, except into a worser hell, the kind I'll get to purty soon when I'm too old and too fat to pose.'

She pressed the girl to her bosom, stroked her hair and dried her tears; and Jennie feeling like a little child again in the arms of this strong motherly woman, promised not to pose.

They did not meet again until two years later. Gertrude was no longer employed as a model. She had become too corpulent. What had formerly been a misstep became now a means of obtaining her livelihood. They met in the evening on a street corner in a notorious part of the city. One glance at Jennie convinced Gertrude that she, too, had taken up the life. The pain shot through her like a needle, for in the dreary range of her existence the thought had been like a flower that she had saved Jennie from an equal fate.

They looked at each other for a while without speaking.

"So this is what I saved you for?" Gertrude at last said bitterly.

"Yes, and for this," said Jennie, and she held forth what had once been a dainty little hand, but what now was a hideous stump without fingers, which she had kept hidden in her mantle.

"God! how did it happen?" said Gertrude horrified.

"The mangle did it in the laundry. I tried the department store again and couldn't live, then I tried the laundry, and this is what I got for it." Then with passion: "Oh, I hate you! I hate you! What did you have to butt in for that time? Why didn't you let me go? I might at least had some fun out of life then, now none but the lowest will have me with that hand and I can hardly make a living."

Then she began to weep.

"Yes, I wish I hadn't done it," said Gertrude.

THE CURSE By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XII.

FLORIDA PICKENS was to go away. That she had demanded, with weak insistence, on the morning following that evening when Witherspoon and Sanborn had carried her fainting to her father's house. She wanted to go away without leaving any word of her destination behind her, and she wept when this was denied. But it was at length agreed that she should go to St Brieuc, or some other quiet watering-place in Brittany, and, when she vehemently declined Jane's offer to go with her, it was settled that Mrs. Pickens should be her traveling companion, the colonel—grown much older through that dreadful night, but still indomitable—declaring that he would not budge from the home of his ancestors.

Her father renewed his questions, but the girl maintained her reticence. She persisted that she was in entire ignorance of her assailant's identity, and she could give no further clew. Then, when the colonel heard the news of the lynching—angry at this course which had both violated his code and made still more public the thing that he considered his family's disgrace—he concluded that the guilty man had, after all, been found and, in order to spare Florida more excitement, he gave orders that nobody in the household should tell her of Billy Turner's death.

That afternoon the girl, looking out of her window from the bedroom where she had asked them to leave her undisturbed, saw, hobbling through the garden, her bull-terrier. Doctor Larrabee had found the colonel's casual diagnosis mistaken: Teddy was bruised and cut, but no bones had been broken; and Florida, now observing his condition, called to him.

Her voice was very low, and the dog did not hear her. She called again, but Teddy had managed to manifest a slight interest in an ant-hill and refused to heed.

Florida, with that persistence which characterizes the passing whims of the nervous convalescent, wanted to console the wounded dog. Her mother and father were in another part of the house; she did not wish to meet the eyes of a servant, but she did want the dog. She listened intently. Evidently that wing of the rambling old dwelling was empty. She looked out at the garden; its gray wall and splendid old trees hid it from the road. The sunlight filtered through the leaves, the silence was unbroken. She was sure that she would be alone down there. Softly, with frightened glance, with trembling fingers and unsteady steps, she opened the door of her own room and tiptoed down stairs. A moment later, on that stone bench beneath the roses, where Sanborn had made love to Jane, she was crooning over the brindled form of Teddy, who whined to her, partly in pity for himself and partly in mere sympathy with the tones of his mistress.

Witherspoon was beside her before either of them could retreat. She had been at last too occupied with the dog to hear him; he, calling at the house upon a mission of formal inquiry had hesitated before knocking and had wandered down this by-path

"Mo'gan!"

She half rose. A faint flush began at the spot where the soft white folds of her loose gown met the ivory of her throat. It spread upward to her cheek; it touched her brown eyes and filled them; it mounted to her clustering brown hair. She started to put out a hand; then dropped it and sank back upon the seat.

But Witherspoon had not suffered in vain. In eighteen hours he had known love and hate. He had descended into an *avernus* where he had found the woman of his heart's desire, and had borne her bruised body upward to the light again. His heart had swelled with the lust for murder, his throat had strained with the passion for vengeance, his hand had almost been raised to strike—and he had conquered. The boy had become a man.

She drew away, shuddering

One cannot grow up, even in a night, and fail to show it. Witherspoon stood with his old erect manner, but what might once have been assurance was now composure. His face was still young, but it was also fine. Already the lines of strength were proving, in him, how much more beautiful is strength than beauty.

"Flor'da," he said, and put out his hand.

But she drew away—she drew away shuddering. "No! No!" she said.

The day before he would have left her, because she wanted it; he would have obeyed her because he loved her. Now because he loved her, he disobeyed. He sat down beside her. The dog leaped to the ground and wandered off, limping, among the trees.

"Yo' won' shake hands?" asked Witherspoon.

Her head was drooping, her face was turned from him. He could see only her neck below the little curls at the back, and the neck was rosy.

"Yo won' shake hands," he repeated.

"Oh, don' speak to me! Don't!" Her voice choked her. "I can't bear it."

"Flor'da," he said, "sooner or later yo' must see us all. I didn' think to meet yo' jes' now, but since it's happened, I know we'd better begin at once."

"Go away!" she whispered. "Please go away!"

Witherspoon did not budge. An old resolve was translating itself into the terms of action. He had always thought that she preferred Ridgeley to him, but now—. Well, now, he was alone with her, and he knew that he had grown. He waited a moment for her to turn, but, as she did not turn, he said, very quietly:

"Flor'da, I am right glad that I saw you now."

She struggled for breath, but she would not look at him.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"When yo' know I want yo' to go, why do yo' stay? Why do yo' torment me?"

"Because, Flor'da, I want to ask yo' somethin' right now. I want yo' to be my wife."

She turned then, instantly. Her face was blazing, and with indignation.

"Don' dare to say that!" she cried. "I don' want fo' yo' to dare say such things. You pity me!"

He met her eyes with eyes unfaltering.

"I love yo', Flor'da."

He spoke simply, but she could not look at him and doubt him.

"I have always loved yo', Flor'da," he said. "An' now—"

She seized at that hesitation as a man, delirious from wounds, seeks to tear his wounds open.

"Now," she took him up, "you think that you must be chivalrous! Oh, I know you're good, Mo'gan," she went on, with a pang that bade her do him this tardy justice: "I know you're good an' fine, but I see—I see—an', because I know what you really feel, I could wish you were hard an' cruel to me, rather than generous an' kind!"

He shook his head.

"If I was generous an' kind," he said, "I'd go away like yo' tell me to do; but I'm small an' selfish, an' so I stay. I tell yo' I love yo', Flor'da. That means that I need yo'; that I've always needed yo'. This thing that yo're thinkin' aboot—what has it got to do with my lovin' yo', one way or the other, what has it got to do?"

Her red lips parted. There was a height to which, because she had never before seen it, she could not at once follow him.

"You must think small o' me," she answered, "if you believe I could take you at your word. If you loved me after—after what has happened—an'

if I loved you—Morgan, do you think I'd do you such a hurt as to marry you?"

The thing, he saw, must be directly faced, and he resolved to face it without delay.

"Flor'da," he began, "they say in the psychologies that when a person has an hallucination, there is jes' one thing fo' that person to do: he must walk right up to the phantom an' try to touch it. The ghost is nearly always a piece o' cloth flutterin' from a hatrack, or a sheet flyin' in the dark from a clothes-line. If the person that thinks it's a phantom runs away, he'll become the sort o' coward that sees ghosts all his life long thereafter; but if he only has the courage, first off, to walk up to it an' touch it, he'll see that it's only the flutterin' cloth or the flyin' sheet, an' he won't ever be afraid o' ghosts any more. Well, it's time right now fo' yo' to walk up an' examine this ghost that's scarin' yo'. Try it. It's not pleasant, but try it. Be brave. It's nothin' but the flutterin' bit o' cloth, Flor'da."

Her brown eyes were wide with inquiry.

"I don' know what you're meanin'," she said.

"Yo' say I pity yo'," he answered. "Pity yo'? Yes. I pity yo', but I don' pity yo' because o' what has happened to yo'; I pity yo' only because o' the way yo' let yo'self be affected by what happened to yo'."

"You mean to deny a *fact?*"

"I mean only to accept a fact. I mean to discard a phantom, Flor'da. I mean that we must remember what happened and that, rememberin' it, we'll see we must forget all that didn' happen—forget all we only *think* it meant."

She hid her burning face between her slim white hands.

"Don't!" she breathed.

But Witherspoon, like the pitiless surgeon, only drove his knife the deeper.

"Listen," he said; "yo' must listen to this, indeed yo' must. Someone's got fo' to tell yo', an' why shouldn't it be I who love yo' so? Yo' think yo'self stained. Why? Can the real *you* be stained by anythin' that the real *you* doesn' do of its own will? Yo' think that yo've been what the conventions call 'ruined.' Why? In Heaven's name, why? Fo' no other reason on earth than that a parcel o' people—who never could have given any reason on their part—always have thought so in years that are long passed an' dead."

Her head was still in her hands.

"You say all this, Mo'gan," she whispered, "because you love me."

"I say it because it is the truth, Flor'da. If my own son was in love with a girl that I otherwise didn' want him to marry, an' if this thing happened to that girl, I'd still have to say to my son, jes' what I'm sayin' now to yo'."

"But the thing is done," she moaned between her fingers. "Not all the reasonin', not all the love in the world, can undo what has once been done."

"No, not all the love or reasonin', or punishment fo' that matter, in the world can undo what is done—fo' the person that did it. But not all that has been done can really hurt the person to whom it was done. That's what is terrible aboot our sins, Flor'da; the more that we try to injure another, we only injure ourselves the deeper. An' this kind o' wrong hurts nobody but the one that inflicts it. If a man cut off yo' hand, would yo' be held to blame? Wouldn' yo' still be *you?* It's only what yo' do yo'self that changes yo'; nobody can change a man or woman but the man or the woman's own self." His voice was low and earnest, but calm and steady. "Well, aren't yo' still Flor'da Pickens? Do yo' think I love yo' so little as to love only you're body? It's yo' soul I love the better, dear, an' the soul's unchanged."

She rocked to and fro in a tempest of grief.

"Yo don't know," she sobbed; "you don' know!"

"You're still thinkin' aboot what folks say," he protested. "Talkin' won' change truth, else there'd be no truth in this evil-speakin' world today. If yo' mind what folks say—I don', but if yo' do—we'll go away from here."

"No, no. It's not that. I'm thinkin' o' the truth. I'm tryin' to find the truth. An' I can't be sure—I can't be sure!"

"O' coorse yo' can be sure. Somethin' happened. Very well. But did yo' do it? No. Were yo' a party to it? No. Then how can yo' be held responsible fo' the acts of another person?"

She rose at that and stood before him. Her body, clothed in its flowing garment of white, lifted itself above him like a body of some tragic statue, and Witherspoon, looking up at her, saw her pale face fixed, determined, the red lips pressed so tightly together that they were only a faint pink, the eyes intent, searching.

"Listen here to *me,*" she said. "Suppose worse than you have supposed yet. Suppose I had been attracted, against my will. Suppose that, without wholly knowin' it, but knowin' it in part, I had done this or that, moved thus or so—lil' things each in itself, but all together enough to attract—*him.* Suppose I'd felt a dreadful likin'. Suppose that I'd done an' felt these things until I came to understand, jes' at the last, what it all meant: what then?"

For a moment Witherspoon lowered his regard. Then he, too, rose. He faced her. His voice was even lower than be ore, but it was steady; he was still master of his soul.

"Yo' have answered yo' own question," he replied. "Yo' say: 'till yo' came to understand.' What yo' do without understandin' can't count."

He stopped. The battle was hard, but he had won it. He believed that if the assailant had not been one Billy Turner, it had been another. But Witherspoon had already gone down into the Hell of murder and risen from the grave of temptation.

"We can't control all at once our desires," he said, "but we can all the time control our own actions, an' in the end that means that the desires must perish. Flor'da, do yo' care enough aboot me to marry me? I love yo', Flor'da."

She was still looking at him and, looking thus, she could not but remember the face of another—a face that she had once thought strong because it envisaged stormy passions that enslaved it—and she could not but realize that here before her was a face strong because the owner had proved himself stronger than his own passions. It was as if she had always subconsciously known these things. And yet she hesitated. Was Witherspoon, after all, as logical as he was fine? And was what she now felt growing in her heart for him the thing that she had once felt or that other? Which was love? And if that earlier emotion had turned to such a loathing that she had resolutely shut every thought of the other man from her heart—every curiosity as to where he was and what he endured—was there still, lurking somewhere in those dark corners of her soul that she now so dreaded, a shadow that might some day again appear and make her afraid? These were questions that must be answered before she could answer the question that Witherspoon had put to her, and only time, or some new crisis—some quick, compelling revelation—could forever answer them.

She put out her hand and took Witherspoon's, but her grasp was only friendly.

"I don' know," she said. "Mo'gan, I'm—I'm not worthy to kiss the groun' yo' walk on—"

"Flor'da!"

"No," she shook her head with a sad smile; "no, I'm not, Mo'gan. But if yo' really care, an' if you think you'll keep on carin'—well, will you wait until I know fo' sure?"

His eyes softened.

"I'll wait jes' as long as yo'll let me wait," he said.

"It's not that I deserve it," she went on; "it's only that, knowin' how much *you* deserve, I don' want to give you anythin' till I'm sure—sure—that I can give you *all.*"

But he would not have that. He would not let her think him better than he was.

"Don' talk so aboot me, Flor'da," he protested. "Yo' don't know what I've been. Las' night, when this thing happened, I had murder in my heart. I almost did murder, Flor'da. I stopped. I went away. But if I had done what I set out to do—That's what I meant, partly, when I said that we weren't to blame fo' our desires so long as we controlled our actions. I was excusin' myself, too, Flor'da; fo' if I had done what I set out las' night to do—"

Her face had changed. Her eyes were staring.

"Yes, yes?" she urged.

"Why, it'd been Mo'gan Witherspoon instead o' that mob that'd now be guilty." The woman leaned toward him. Her face flushed again and then again went pale.

"Guilty?" she whispered. "Mob?"

He gasped. He saw, in a flash, that she had not before been told.

"Didn'—didn' yo' know?"

She gripped his arms.

"Who was it? Who was it? Who was it?" she cried.

"The man," he stammered. "The nigger."

"What?" Her voice grew shrill. He felt her grip tighten. "O, fo' Gawd's sake, *who was it?*"

"The nigger, I tell yo', Flor'da. Try to be calmer. It was Billy Turner."

"It was Billy Turner?"

"Yes, Flor'da. I'm sorry. I thought o' coorse yo' knew."

"An' they—they—they killed him?"

Witherspoon bowed a silent assent.

"Oh!" The girl released him. She flung her hands to her face. She reeled. But when Morgan sprang to seize her, she drew herself erect. "An'—an' Cal—Cal Ridgely," she demanded; "where was he?"

"Why, I don' know." Witherspoon divined that she judged Ridgeley from her memory of the shooting of Jackson, and assumed him a leader of the lynchers. "I don' think he was there. His only part in it"—Witherspoon had a sense of justice—"was to put us on the track."

"*He put you on the track?*"

"Yes. That is, he was the only one that had been anywhere near Beaufain's Pond, an' so I asked him what nigger he'd seen."

She gripped his arms again.

"An' he told yo' he'd seen Billy Turner there—Cal Ridgeley did?"

"Why, don' blame him, Flor'da. What else could he say? In his position, if he'd been black, we'd jes' as naturally 'a' suspected that he was the man!"

"An' Cal—told—you—that?"

"Yes, Flor'da."

The girl drew herself to her full height.

"Mo'gan," she said—and he had never before heard woman speak in such a voice—"go right away an' find Cal Ridgeley fo' me. Tell him to come here—to come now—at once—to me. Tell him I'll be in the room with the bow-window yonder. Tell him to come immediately. Do you understand?"

(To be Continued.)

> **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 kils 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.
>
> The mob lynches the negro that Calhoun had named. Cal does not attempt to interfere.

TEMPERING THE WIND

(Continued from Page Seven.)

not act in any way conscious of coming decrepitude on her part. In fact, whenever she thought of it, unconsciously she smiled, well knowing the latent strength left in her wiry little body.

James Harmon had been kind, so kind, yet a restraint seemed upon him which she gladly would have removed. Could it be that he still thought she remembered the past and might misconstrue his actions?

He went to the train with her, gave her a letter of introduction to his friend, and then shook hands and bade her good-bye. Cynthia did not look out of the windows as the train pulled out. Her eyes were too full of tears to see anything, and besides she was trying not to think of anything at all, which is something of a poser to the uninitiated.

It was after the third station out that it happened. No, not a wreck, something more like a resurrection. Cynthia was sitting alone, for her niece, with the fatal instincts peculiar to the family, was in the other end of the car talking to a prattling cherub who was one of six. Someone stopped by Cynthia's seat, and inquired in a strangely familiar tone, "Is this seat occupied?" She looked up and caught her breath sharply, and utterly off her guard she cried, "Why, James!"

He smiled, the restraint had fallen from him as one throws off an outer wrap. Then without more ado he sat down by her and began his siege. It really does not matter how the siege was conducted, but her niece, the wise child, with insight far beyond her years, stayed with the prattling infant in the end of the car till she thought it prudent to appear.

They changed cars the next evening and had a wait of several hours between trains, so Cynthia and James Harmon went to the nearest minister and were married with due solemnity, then continued on their journey. James said to her afterward, "Cynthia, there had never been any other woman I wanted to marry, and that was the only way I saw to win. Cynthia said to him, "James, Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so you see what you stand for to me."

The Coming Nation

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EDITORS
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In the Next Issue

The fifth article in the series "More Light on the Common Good," by Charles Edward Russell, will appear next week. This article gives another jolt to the prevailing illusion that New Zealand leads the world in social and economic reforms. There are many persons in the United States that believe that a system of compulsory arbitration designed to mediate in the incessant warfare between Labor and Capital ought to be established. Charles Edward Russell tells of the effects of the practical working of such a scheme in New Zealand, effects which apparently were not foreseen by the men who designed the plan.

"It is because the foundation of the whole thing is inherently and radically wrong," says Russell, "and until that wrong is set right there will be no peace."

This article will be profusely illustrated.

Hyman Strunsky will continue the series on "What has been accomplished by the unions" of this country. The second article will deal with the miners' organization, showing the remarkable betterment of conditions among the miners; increase in wages, social betterment, the establishment of the eight-hour day, etc.

Union men will find this series of especial and practical interest and it should be brought to their attention by COMING NATION readers.

Another chapter of the fascinating serial, "The Curse," and of "The Big Change," together with interesting fiction and cartoons, will make this number one of the best issues of the COMING NATION.

The remarkable double-page cartoon appearing in No. 49 of the COMING NATION has attracted wide-spread attention and has won many new subscribers to the COMING NATION. This number containing the cartoon, of which extra copies have been printed, will be sold in bundle lots of ten, for two and a half cents a copy. If you want a few to distribute to your friends, send ten cents and you will receive three copies.

The special offer of a copy of "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, for three dollars' worth of subscriptions whether renewals or new subscribers, still holds good.

However, no time should be lost by COMING NATION readers to avail themselves of this opportunity as the special price on books ordered as premiums cannot be obtained after the work goes to press. Every student of Socialism should possess a copy of this book. It shows how class rule originated in this country and how it has been maintained by means which have heretofore not been brought to public attention.

Proof that the elder William H. Vanderbilt once owned $48,050,000 in government bonds on which he received interest of $1,992,000 a year, has been found in old Treasury records. The interest checks show that the government paid him $160,000 a month. One of the department statisticians has calculated that Mr. Vanderbilt received $220 every hour of the day and night and $3.66 every minute.—*New York Tribune.*

Sluggers at Work in Los Angeles

Just as the COMING NATION was going to press, news was received of the disappearance of George H. Shoaf, staff correspondent of the *Appeal to Reason*, who has been working up the *Times* explosion case in Los Angeles.

He disappeared in a mysterious manner Sunday night. About midnight, his landlady was aroused by the sounds of a scuffle in his room and early Monday morning Shoaf's hat, badly crushed, and a bludgeon loaded with lead were found in the hall.

He had written that he was going to send the *Appeal* sensational information concerning the *Times* explosion.

"At one time", says Shoaf in his latest letter, "I expected to fall victim to sluggers employed by Otis, but I believe now, I have thrown suspected ones completely off and will emerge unscathed. Of course after the publication of my story, there is no telling what these fellows may try to do. But I have a good revolver and never go unarmed. Besides, I am not afraid, and that is nine-tenths of the battle."

Shoaf's father formerly chief of police of San Antonia, Texas, has been put on the case in an effort to find his son.

National Socialist Lyceum Bureau

The Written Word

It is assented to by the authorities of the world that the written word has come to be of vastly greater importance than oratory. A man's emotions may be aroused through oratory. The orator can make him feel the extreme injustice of the present system. He may picture the avantages and beauties of the Co-operative Commonwealth. But all that is not sufficient. It takes more than a rebellious individualist or an impractical enthusiast to make an efficient Socialist.

To become an efficient Socialist one needs a change throughout his entire system—a change of heart and of head.

Such a change means a revolution of the mind. Such a change cannot be brought about over night. It can be accomplished only through constant effort. It can be effected only through literature—literature of the highest quality.

Practicability of the Lyceum

The lyceum plan will eliminate superflous competition in securing subscriptions. It will bring the Socialist Press into closer contact with the Party, and the Party will wield a greater influence over the Press. Under present conditions there is no standard by which to determine what constitutes a bonafide Socialist periodical. We have not thus far suffered greatly from this dangerous predicament, but there is at present nothing to prevent a group of individuals with money from building up their own Socialist Press and teaching or propagating any sort of idea they may choose under the name of Socialism.

Another Feature of the Lyceum

Heretofore a Socialist periodical, in order to live, had to appeal to the militant members or hustlers of the Socialist Party. No periodical could heretofore exist by appealing to the non-Socialist and merely trying to convince him of the beauty and justice of the Co-operative Commonwealth. It was of far greater importance to gain favor with the hustlers than to convert a non-Socialist.

That is not what we wanted. Least of all the rustlers wanted that. We often do get things we don't want.

We don't want to talk to ourselves. We want to become a public factor. Socialist literature has during the last few years grown phenomenally. It has grown, in quality and sphere, large enough to compete with capitalist literature.

The capitalist distribution agencies are boycotting the Socialist Press. The Nationalist Socialist Lyceum Bureau means a highly organized and centralized effort to counteract this boycott. Will you help us do it?

It will enable people who are interested in Socialism to partake of a five-week academic course on the subject at the cost of one dollar.

It will suply these same people for this same dollar with a subscription to different Socialist periodicals.

Do you realize the value and importance of this combination of oratory and literature? People will leave the lecture hall and say: "Gee whiz! the Socialists are all right, they know what's what." Then they may go home, continue the struggle for existence and forget all about that fine Socialist lecture.

But the Lyceum will not permit them to forget. First of all, because a systematic course of five lectures is much more effective than one single lecture. Furthermore, the influence of the Lyceum will be felt through its literature long after the course is finished.

An Epic

BY HERBERT STURGES.

King Mammon sauntered out to view
his world;
In farm and factory his servants
toiled,
The plow and harrow plied, the hammer hurled
Which kept him in his idleness unsoiled.

And when they gazed on his magnificence,
So far surpassing that of old romance,
They thought him in their stupid innocence
A king most worthy their allegiance.

A hundred workers spread his board
with bread,
Another hundred filled his cup with
wine,
A hundred clad the king from toe to
head,
A hundred made his bed with linen
fine;

A hundred printed books for him
to read;
A cultured monarch is a king indeed!

Up to the king Sir Capital now strode,
Who kept the kingdom's means of
making wealth,
And toll he brought from all who
plowed and sowed
And labored at the cost of life and
health.

King Mammon chuckled as he took the
hoard:
"This is my pay for owning all these
things;
They say that virtue is its own reward,
But ownership a larger profit brings.

What fools my servants are to pay me
thus,
You'd think the stupid idiots would see
That this my lawful gain must be their
loss,
Brings me to wealth, leaves them in
poverty."

Rewards of service satisfy bare
need,
Rewards of ownership do far exceed.

One worker, though, was wiser than the
rest,
Who would not bow nor humble tribute pay
But thought his work as worthy as the
best
And wished to vote his servitude
away.

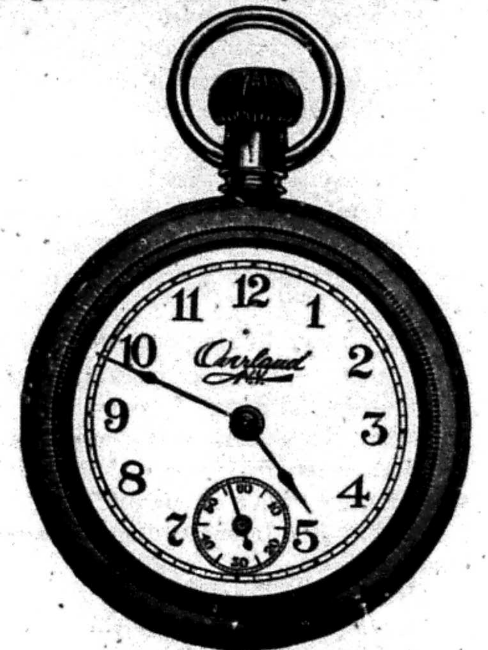
Upon him king and lord set hue and
cry,
His socialistic talk they tried to still,
But all in vain; the outcome by and by
Proved that there is a way when
there's a will.

Down to defeat sank Mammon and his
train,
The toilers rose and quickly took control;
And from the product of their hand
and brain
No more did idle ownership take toll!

Stand back, base minions of plutocracy!
Brave Comrades, cast the voie that
makes you free!

The Socialist Scouts

Every boy and girl wants a watch. Your child can have one free when his Socialist Scout orders total $2. The watch shown here is stem wind and stem set, nickel case and guaranteed to be superior to any dol-



lar watch on the market. Each watch is run six days at the factory and tested before it is shipped. Illustration is exact size. Higher grade watches may be had free when orders total $4.50.

The Socialist Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive premium coupons exchangeable for numbers of useful and attractive articles. It costs nothing to begin the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who agrees to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kansas." and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will go forward.

Scout News

AUDREY WRITESEL.

This little comrade lives in Columbus, Ohio, and works in the storm center of the local movement. He writes: "I am doing well with my papers and like the work." In recent cent letters to the COMING NATION several Columbus comrades have mentioned the work of this Scout.

Our local is growing better every Monday night. I sold eleven of my NATIONS there last meeting. Our local will order one thousand of the Rescue Edition and I expect they will keep me busy.—Sam B. Lecroy, Arkansas.

I think I have been doing very good in getting so many coupons in a short time. I shall be very proud to have a fine watch, and I hope those COMING NATIONS will make lots of Socialists here in this town. Last night Comrade Slagton spoke at the Chautauqua to a fair sized crowd upon "Socialism and Industrial Necessity."—Paul Helvig, Indiana.

I have ten customers for the COMING NATION and eight customers for the *Appeal to Reason*. My orders are increasing always. I am working for a Scout premium. James Stevenson, Wisconsin.

I sell six *Appeals* every Saturday. I am sure of two more COMING NATION customers for this Saturday. I got my watch and I think it is a dandy. Thanks for it. —Ewing Wm. Watt, Pennsylvania.

What the Unions Have Accomplished

(*Continued from Page Five.*)

to the recognition of the Unions, to the tolerable treatment, to the general advance of the trade must be added the escape from the inevitable depths in which the workmen would have fallen were it not for their efforts to resist the employer. Together witn the question what the unions have accomplished for their trades must be coupled the question what the employer would have accomplished for himself, at the expense of labor, had not the unions been there to prevent it.

"Many a man has a kick coming that has not reached him yet."

Children's Own Place

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

How Bessie Helped Her Grandpa

HAVE you ever been in a real court room, where the judge sits up behind the railing with clerks at his side and in front of the railing is the little platform with steps leading down from either side, on which the prisoner stands beside a policeman while the charge on which he was arrested is being made against him? I am glad that little children do not often see this, for it would make them very sad.

One day not long ago, in the city of Brooklyn, a dear little warm-hearted girl of six years stood in the doorway of the court room and saw not only the judge and the clerks and the policeman on the platform, but she also saw someone she loved very dearly standing on that platform under arrest. Her eyes were full of tears and she was quite out of breath, for she had run as fast as her little legs could carry her after the patrol wagon which had taken her old grandfather away from her. And now as she looked up the aisle between the rows of benches where the spectators sat and saw him standing there by the side of a policeman, she gave a great sob that made the policeman standing near her at the same door ask,

"What's the matter, little girl?"

To Bessie a policeman had always seemed the most dreadful person in the world. In the neighborhood where Bessie lived the coming of a policeman always meant trouble. Sometimes a little child had been run over by an automobile. Sometimes some other little child's papa had fallen off the wagon he was driving and was badly hurt. Again some neighbors couldn't pay their rent and were being put out of their home. And sometimes during the terribly hot weather in the crowded streets men got quarreling with one another and a policeman would come and arrest them. Always a policeman when there was trouble. So Bessie was afraid of policemen and always ran when she saw one, and now when one spoke to her, she could hardly make her trembling little voice say:

"That's—that's my grandpa and they came and arrested him and took him away and—I want—him to come home again." Bessie burst into tears and covered her eyes with her chubby little right arm, while her left held close encircled a small pasteboard box.

"Well, you run along home to your mother now," said the policeman, and your grandfather will come as soon as he can."

"I haven't got any mother," sobbed Bessie, "and I want my Grandpa. I can't go home all alone and there ain't no one else what lives with me."

The stern judge up in front had finished listening to the charge of the policeman who had brought in the old man. He was a peddler in the streets of Brooklyn and carried his wares to sell in a little pushcart for which he had to pay an annual license fee. But the old man had had a hard time of it of late and so had put off from day to day the renewing of his license, for a dollar meant a great deal to buy food and pay the rent for himself and little Bessie. So because the old man had not money to pay for his license they were going to make him pay still more money as a penalty for being poor and the judge had just pronounced a fine of $2 when Bessie appeared at the door.

Her sobs made the judge look up just as the policeman was trying to make her leave and he said: "Let the little girl come forward."

Bessie walked timidly up the aisle and went up the steps to the platform. Then standing on tiptoes, she placed the little box on the desk in front of the judge and said:

"Please, sir, that's to get my grandpa off."

"But what is it, child?"

"That's the money I've been saving a long time. It's one dollar and four cents. Please take it, sir, and let my Grandpa go home with me. I want my Grandpa." Bessie stepped to her grandfather's side and slipped her soft little hand into his wrinkled one and with her big brown eyes still full of tears, looked wistfully up at the judge.

It was very quiet in the court room. Then the judge spoke:

"This is not enough to pay your grandfather's fine, but if he will promise to buy a license he can go home with you." He handed the box to little Bessie as he spoke. Bessie stepped forward to take it, looked at it as it lay in her hand for a moment, then a happy smile flashed over the little face as she put it in her grandpa's hand and said:

"Then you take it, Grandpa, and buy the license."—*B. H. M.*

Another Letter From the Mountains

Ray Brook, N. Y.

Dear Children:

I had the queerest dream the other evening. It was so very queer, yet very, very sweet. And it was all about you children.

One can't help thinking of lovely things while looking up into such a beautiful blue sky. The sun was just setting. I was lying back in my chair and watching the clouds—and slowly I fell asleep.

Then I saw you all climbing up Scar Face Mountain and just as you reached the top, each one of you gave a little jump and there you were, up in the sky. My! How you all scampered around, just as if you were at home. First back of one cloud, then back of another, then out again.

I thought you were playing "hide and seek" in the clouds. But I looked a little closer and I saw you all carrying something. Some had brooms, others dusters; some had paint and brushes, some buckets, and others polish. Then you began to sweep the sky—mercy! what a dust! One little boy went around with a sprinkling can, trying to settle the dust, but he hadn't enough water, so he just skipped over to a little, dark cloud, squeezed it a bit and his can was filled with water. He went on with his sprinkling.

Soon the dusters were at work, too. After that you began to paint the sky, all dark blue. I was awfully afraid one of you would tip your paint bucket and then the paint would come down, all over me. Dear me, but I was afraid! You were all very careful, though, and so no paint got on me, but your own little hands and wrists were all blue.

Then I saw some of you polishing up the moon and the stars! How you did rub! It took a long time to get that moon polished. After all the work was done, two of the boys climbed a little ladder and hung out the moon. They acted as if it were quite heavy, because they got so red in the face and puffed awfully hard.

Then some of the girls climbed up, each with her apron full of stars. Some of you placed them very carefully and again some just threw them out.

By this time the whole sky was lit up—oh, but didn't it look beautiful! All of a sudden you children were gone.

In another minute, though, out came one of the little girls with a big armful of cotton. She pulled off little bunches of it, threw it out, and each time she threw out a bunch, one of you jumped into it and wrapped it all around yourself, and then—away you sailed. I watched you floating along for quite a while. I don't know whether little sky workers snore, but at any rate I heard a funny noise and it woke me up. And now I am going to bed, too, so good-night.

ALVIE.

Papa's Hat

I like to bring Papa his hat when he starts to work.
He says if I wore a hat like that, I'd be taller than a Turk!
And Mamma says that Papa's hat is near as big as me,
And when I lift it up, it's hard for her to see

How I can lift it up at all, and hold it off the ground,
But that's not so very hard, though it is so big and round.
It's always queer to me that Papa's hat, with its curled brim,
Should look so big on me, but so very small on him.

—*Tom Pinch.*

Making Dolly's Clothes

How is your dolly dressed? Did you receive it last Christmas dressed in only a little white slip, and have you ever since spent many hours anxiously and lovingly cutting and fitting and sewing every single garment that a well-dressed doll ought to have?

Or did she come to you, all complete, even to hat and muff and leggings, or did you find it at your breakfast plate on your last birthday morning, marked "With loving wishes to my little Daughter, from Mother," all correct in his padded and quilted baseball suit and exactly the right little cap?

For these are the days of the ready made doll's clothing, as these are the days of the ready-made children's clothing, and the old days when mother as a little girl hemmed tiny pocket handkerchiefs for Dolly, while Grandmother knit stockings for the family, are almost gone.

Dolly's clothes are now turned out in great factories, by the hundreds. The same work-tables, the same machines, the same cutting knives, are used as in making clothing for real people—but the size—Oh! the difference in the size!

The materials used are of various kinds, wool, silk, cotton, and an expert cutter will cut from 150 to 200 layers at one time. But so tiny! Where in an ordinary factory, there might be room for one single pattern, say, for the side or back of a cloak, in a doll's clothing factory, on a pile of goods the same size, there would be cut a dozen patterns.

Sometimes the doll's dress factory has more work than it can handle and it gives work out to other factories. Bundles are made up of cut-out patterns and sent to be sewed up at other places.

Many factories work at this doll's dress-making all the year round. And the workers are now cutting and sewing like mad on the orders for next Christmas dolls. In fact, they've been doing it ever since last spring, when doll fashions for next season were first decided upon.

It used to be that nearly all dolls were made in German factories and brought over here to be sold. But now many dolls, with their clothes, especially the unbreakable kind, are manufactured here and sold in all other countries, Germany, England, France and even in South America.

So many of them are thus sold that the making of clothing for them has become a specialty in the United States.

But I sometimes feel a little sorry for the girls that never have made their own dolls' dresses.

Dandelion

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

There's a dandy little fellow
Who dresses all in yellow,
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime bright and early
A tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather, like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fireflies camp;
His companions are the wood-lark and the toad.

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dainty coat of yellow,
And very feebly o'er the green;
For he very old is growing
And with hair all white and flowing,
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little baldhead dandy now is he!

The Tree

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender arms unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy wavering screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

—*Jones Very.*

Her Stent

Great Grandmamma knit on a stocking;
And six times around, ev'ry day,
Was the stent for her bright, clicking needles,
Before she could go out to play.

And Grandmamma sewed on some patchwork
A blue and white block was her stent,
Until a whole quilt had been finished.
Oh, how many stitches that meant!

Mamma had a stent that was diff'rent:
She sat on a high, screwed-up stool
Before the piano, and practiced
Her scales, ev'ry night after school.

I wonder if I should like knitting?
Would sewing be easy for me?
Perhaps they'll want me to learn music;
I wonder what my stent will be!

—*A. M. Farrington in Little Folks' Monthly Magazine.*

Cotton Pickers of the South

BY NAT L. HARDY.

MUCH has been said and written about the labor of women and children in factories, mines and sweatshops, but seldom has anyone taken the trouble to tell of the miseries of the women and children that are slaves in the Southern cotton fields. No class is worked any harder, with less pay, nor with any more disastrous effects upon the mental and physical well-being of the workers than the wives and children of the farmers of the South who are tenants, or who own only small homes, and the majority come under these two classes.

The average family can produce from six to ten bales of cotton per year, which will sell on an average for fifty dollars per bale. From one-fourth to one-half of this goes for rent, and interest on a year's supplies takes another large portion, leaving, when added to the other products of the farm, an average yearly income of from two hundred to four hundred dollars for the average family of from five to eight persons. Those that own small farms have to pay the taxes, interest on the mortgage and general expenses of keeping up the place and are little better off financially than the renter.

From this it can be readily seen that the farmer cannot afford to hire his work done while he sits in the shade. There being no machinery in general use for the gathering and hoeing of cotton this work falls on the women and children.

Cotton is planted thick in a drill and must be thinned to a stand as soon as it is a few inches high. When it comes up a thick crop of grass and weeds almost invariably comes up with it. These must all be destroyed with a hoe. It is not work that you can take your time about, either, as grass will grow faster than cotton and a several days' spell of rainy weather will give it an opportunity to choke out the cotton. Then the crop must be planted again, sometimes making the crop an almost complete failure. Then, too, every day it becomes harder to clean out and the crop is not thriving.

In cotton chopping time everybody is in a rush. Every child that is considered "big enough to work" is put in the field. They are generally considered as large enough at seven or eight years of age; often younger. The mother and the young girls generally go to the fields too.

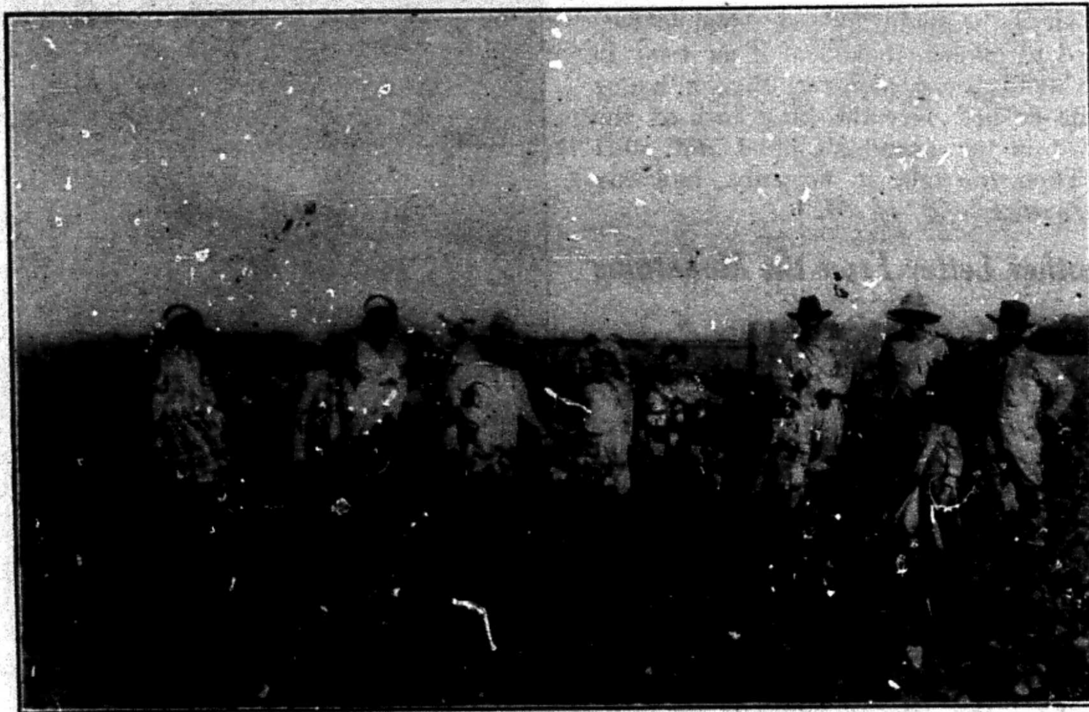
This work comes in the spring and lasts until late in the summer. It is not only hard work, but is done under high tension because every stroke of the hoe has a vital bearing on the yield of the crop; and the average farmer has that burden of debt hanging over him like a black cloud, compelling him, not only to save, but to exert himself to his utmost to make a successful crop. Mortgages and threats of suits, fears of being refused goods on the credit and such things are very real and close dangers that are dreaded by the average family that must dig their living from the ground.

When the hoeing is over late in the summer, the farmer's family will get a little rest, very little generally. Then the busiest season of the year commences. About the middle of August the cotton is ready for picking. The bolls burst open exposing the snow white staple which must be gathered before bad weather ruins it.

A rainstorm will do considerable damage to a field of open cotton and a storm of wind and rain or a few days' wet spell will ruin the exposed staple. So the tension that the farmer must work under during the hoeing season is nothing compared with what he is under during the gathering period, which lasts till late in the fall and sometimes till the middle of winter.

While the first picking is done under a semi-tropical sun the finish comes under leaden winter skies with biting north winds numbing the fingers.

The women and children are worked harder now than when hoeing. Everyone must go to the field whose fingers are strong enough to pull the lint from the burrs and every minute of daylight must be utilized. It is a very common thing to be in the field before it is light enough to see how to begin work in the morning and stay until it is too dark at night; the only stop being a few minutes at noon to eat a cold lunch in the field.



A TYPICAL COTTON PICKING SCENE

It shows the average proportion of women and children in the field—some are not over seven years old

It takes about one hundred bolls of seed cotton to weigh a pound. It will take fifteen hundred pounds of seed cotton to make a bale, five hundred pounds of lint. The bolls are picked with the fingers and put in a sack slung over the shoulder with a strap. When from fifty to seventy-five pounds has accumulated in the sack it is weighed and emptied. Of course the load is lighter for children. The picture will give a good idea of the size of the plant and methods of picking. This picture is typical. It tells a big story itself. Notice the leather shields on the knees of the men. These "knee-pads" are for the protection of the knees from burrs and sticks while the men crawl and pick. The women and children usually work stooping.

While the hard work as children keeps the boys from school and dulls the finer sensibilities, the greatest injury falls upon the girls. A growing girl that has to walk bent double and pull a cotton sack weighing forty or fifty pounds from morning till night for five months in the year is soon unfitted for motherhood. Then when she becomes the mother of a family more than likely she must keep up this field work. And, mind you, this field work is additional to the household duties they have to perform, which are considerable on the average farm.

The women of the South are fast becoming nervous wrecks. Their constant hard labor is not only telling on them, but the entire race is degenerating physically. The farmer of today is not the big husky fellow he was a generation or two ago.

And for all of their hard work and worry they get very little. At least four-fifths of the value of the farm products are absorbed by the big capitalists. Of the remainder the landlord and local merchant and banker get a good part. Only a small fraction of what the farmer and his wife and children have slaved night and day throughout the year to produce goes to benefit themselves.

A small shack and barely enough to eat and wear is their reward for industry and frugality which we are told are cardinal virtues.

The outlook for the farmer under the capitalist system is by no means bright. His lot, hard as it is at present, threatens to become worse. The introduction of improved machinery, scientific methods and farming on a large scale promises to become general. This will reduce the present day tenants to wage workers and probably to unemployment. The small farmer will be unable to compete with the extensive farmers, and he will be crowded out like the small manufacturer. Rents are being raised every year and the condition of the farmer is about on an equal with that of other unorganized laborers.

The future is brighter, however, in one respect; the farmers are waking up to their real condition and are going to work to remedy it. They are flocking into the Socialist movement and talk of organizing a real revolutionary farmers' union is growing stronger each day.

How Capitalism Increases Profits

A trackman describing conditions on the Burlington railroad in Nebraska says that twenty years ago the trains were pulled by standard or class "A" engines on 56-pound steel rails. The road was divided in about six-mile sections with six men on a section working about nine months out of the year.

At the present time the sections are nine miles and only three or four men are allowed, usually foreign labor. The engines are about twice the size of the standard engine and haul forty to fifty cars of 80,000 and 100,000 capacity on the same dirt track and the same rail that was used twenty years ago. At that time the standard engine pulled fifteen to twenty cars of 40,000 capacity.

Twenty years ago section laborers received $1.15 per day and section foremen $45 per month. Now the laborers are payed $1.50 a day and the foremen $60 a month. How about the increase in pay compared with the increase in labor and responsibilty and the present cost of living added?

"There is no provision in the Constitution of the United States . . . which clothes the judiciary with the power to declare an act of the legislature generally null and void on account of its conceived repugnance to the constitution, or on any other account."—*Burgess—"Political Science and Constitutional Law," Vol. 2, p. 364.*

Socialist Anti-War Demontration

An enormous German-French demonstration, at which about 20,000 persons were present, took place in Berlin on July 28 in the two great halls of the "Neue Welt" against Chauvinism and diplomatic intrigues. Our French comrade, Jouhaux, spoke in the name of the French Socialists, and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted showed the feeling of international solidarity with which those present were animated. The other speakers were Robert Schmidt and Molkenbuhr. Another French comrade, Luquet, was also present, and a letter was read from Yvetot (who had been expelled from Berlin), saying that if it were ever necessary to shed our blood it should only be for the cause of liberty and for the workers.

A resolution was carried to the effect that demonstrators felt themselves at one with the workers of France, and of other countries, in the aspiration to insure peace for the nation, and pledged themselves to oppose all the machinations of the ruling classes which were making for war. War only served the lust of power, robbery, and profit of a small minority, while the great majority of all peoples desired peace, as they alone have to make the sacrifices involved by war. The resolution urges the workers of Germany and France, in view of the threatening danger of war, to be ever at their posts, and to throw their whole force into the balance against war. Many telegrams from French trade unions were read, and received with enthusiasm.

The police allowed French speeches in the large hall, but not in the small one, which fact caused a good deal of merriment among those present.—*Justice, London.*

Slavery

Slavery includes all other crimes. It is the joint products of the kidnaper, the pirate, thief, murderer and hypocrite. It degrades labor and corrupts leisure.

With the idea that labor is the basis of progress goes the truth that labor must be free. The laborer must be a free man.

I would like to see this world, at last, so that a man could die and not feel that he had left his wife and children a prey to the greed, the avarice, or the cruelties of mankind.

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

The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers. You can divide mankind into two classes: The laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne.

We need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought, chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers.

When women reason, and babes sit in the laps of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete.

The rights of men and women should be equal and sacred—marriage should be a perfect partnership—children should be governed by kindness—every family should be a republic—every fireside a democracy.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

You seem to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions; a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one that would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy.—

Come Have a Smile

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

According to the Supreme Court

"I notice that old Hardcash is quite a church goer."

"Yes, every Sunday sees him in his pew looking pius as a monk."

"But does he practice his religion through the week?"

"Certainly he does, but when he gets in a close business deal he is careful to apply the doctrine of reasonableness to the ten commandments."

Both Careless

"I care not," said the poetic person, "who makes the laws if I can sing the songs of the nation."

"Neither do I," added the pompous old trust magnate, placing one hand on his

fat stomach while the other grabbed tightly his pocket-book, "I don't care a Continental counterfeit half dime who makes the laws or what they say in them so long as I can own the supreme court."

The Question

What brand of bunk will hold the floor
The issues to disguise
That they may pull the wool once more
Across the voters' eyes?

Will they the tariff fad revive
All neatly stuffed with chaff
To make us think it is alive?
Say, can't you hear the laugh?

Will they declare their eyes are wet
With tears for workingmen?
You bet they will. But can they get
Away with that again?

The Insurgent

Insurgency looks good to those
Who go in darkness groping,
Who hear its mouthings and suppose
Ideas they are roping,
They think that it will turn the trick
Which they opine needs turning
And register some sort of kick
On questions big and burning.

And they imagine that this noise,
This buncome, undigested,
This tooting as a kid with toys
With magic is invested;
That any fat and saucy trust
That may their lights discover
Will shrivel, shrink, curl up and bust
Or run at once to cover.

And so they shout for, lord knows what,
And raise an awful clatter,
Themselves convincing, like as not,
That something is the matter,
They run in circles round a ring
And through the hoops go flying;
Accomplish not a single thing
But think that they are trying.

This is the weakling egotist
That on itself is smitten,
E'er it has learned the simple twist
It's finish has been written,
It shouts that it is not afraid
To fire when all is ready
But very quickly it will fade
And take its place with Teddy.

Too Small

"The office boy has stolen a postage stamp," reported the busy house detective.

"Is that all he stole?" asked the big boss.

"Yes, sir. I feel quite certain that

it is. I have watched him very closely and that is the only thing I missed."

"Let him go," said the big boss.

"But isn't that rather severe punishment for so slight an offense. He might be let off with a reprimand and with having his salary docked a dollar."

"Let him go I say. There is no use wasting our time with such material. He will never make a business man. He has been here two months and has only stolen one postage stamp."

Little Flings

The best the old parties can do is to play into the hands of the Socialists.

Old age pensions must be unconstitutional as they won't help the trusts.

More Socialist victories are ripe. No crop failure there.

Emperor Billy wonders how he is

going to dodge the next election.

There is hope that Los Angeles may be civilized yet.

An Easy One

He got before the through express,
And to a ward was toted,
He lost his brains and you may guess
How after that he voted.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Short and Sweet

BY JOHN MASON.

A railroad company was being sued for the value of a fine hog which had met its demise in trying to cross the railroad in front of a fast freight. A colored woman, the only eye witness to the tragedy except the engineer, was hailed into court to testify for the plaintiff.

After being sworn and told to give her version of the affair, she began with "As I wuz goin' down to sistah Marthy's to see how her sick baby wuz gettin' along wid de measles what it kotch at Aunt Jane's burryin' aftah she'd died wid de yaller janders and--"

She was interrupted by the judge and informed that the court could dispense with all preliminary remarks; that what it wished was that she should come to the point immediately and tell what she saw and heard in as few words as possible.

Thus admonished she straightened up, assumed a dignified air and replied: "Well, Jedge, to cut it short—it jest tooted and tuck it."

Wrong Information

BY C. E. KENNEDY.

During the war between the states, there were a great many good-natured Irishmen among the soldiers, and they have been made the target of a good many jokes.

Once during the heat of battle Mike's companion was hit in the ankle with a bullet. He told Mike about it and asked his assistance. Mike, being somewhat excited, picked him up, threw him over his shoulder and started on a double-quick to the rear, but as he turned around a cannon ball carried away his friend's head.

Mike failed to notice anything until he met a commander who exclaimed, "Throw that man down, don't you see his head is shot off?"

Mike gently laid him down, looked quietly at his head for a minute, then said: "Well! the damphool told me he was shot in the foot."

A Large Bed Room

BY J. ALBERT MALLORY.

On California grain ranches workingmen must furnish their own bedding and in many cases not even a bare bunk house is supplied, the men being forced to spread their blankets in barns, haystacks or, as frequently happens, on the ground.

A young man from the East came to work on his Uncle's ranch. The house was a small, three-roomed affair and two of the rooms were used as kitchen and dining room; the other was occupied by the bachelor proprietor. After supper the men sat around the table smoking for a while. One by one they arose, said "good night" and went out. Finally the old man and his nephew alone remained. The young fellow was tired and sleepy and at length remarked:

"I guess I'll turn in, Uncle, if you'll show me where to sleep."

The old man went outside and sweeping his arm around the horizon, said: "My boy, I own ten thousand acres here. You can sleep on it any place you like so long as you don't disturb the hogs in the straw stacks—I'm fattening them for market."

Next morning the boy, much to his disgust, was given the job of dish-washer and general helper to the cook. He was given a pail of slops and told to empty it. He took the pail and vanished, coming back with the empty bucket just in time for dinner. He was met by his irate uncle who wrathfully demanded where the boy had been.

"Cook sent me to empty a pail of slops," was the reply

"And did it take you half a day to do that?"

"Certainly," the boy coolly returned. "You don't expect me to empty the slops in my bedroom, do you?"

Let's change the name of the capital to Whitewashington.—*Omaha News.*

An encore and a recall used to mean the same thing, but it is different now in office-holding circles.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Gentle Hint

BY J. ALBERT MALLORY.

Union hours are not observed on California ranches. Frequently during the rush season the men are driven to the limit of endurance, being kept busy in the field every hour of daylight and then having their teams to attend to after dark.

The owner of one of these ranches, preparing to motor into town one day, was stopped by one of his "hands" who threw into the tonneau a roll of blankets.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded the Boss. "Going to quit on me in the midst of the rush, eh? And the nerve of you, to think I'll carry your bundle into town!"

"Quit nothin'" was the reply. "I want you take them there blankets to town and trade 'em for a lantern. I don't need no blankets on this job."

Find the man who votes the Republican ticket.

Bluffing to the Last

BY JOHN MASON.

An old farmer and his two sons were loading hay in the meadow. The old man was on the wagon placing the forkfuls as the boys, one on each side, pitched the hay to him. In order to get as much work out of the boys as possible, and to prove his own staying qualities, the old man kept constantly yelling, "More hay, more hay." This inspired the boys to unusual activity and created in them a resolve to give the old man enough. As the work became faster and more furious the hay began to pile up around the old man who found it impossible to place it as fast as the boys pitched it up to him. Still he would not admit that he was beaten, for still he yelled "More hay."

At this stage of the game, just as the old man reached over on one side to place a forkful the boy on the opposite side let him have a heavy forkful in the small of the back with all the force he could heave it, sending the old man sprawling to the ground.

"What did you come down for?" asked the boy, banteringly, at whose feet he had suddenly alighted. But the old man was game to the last. "Dang your pictures, I come down after more hay," he said.

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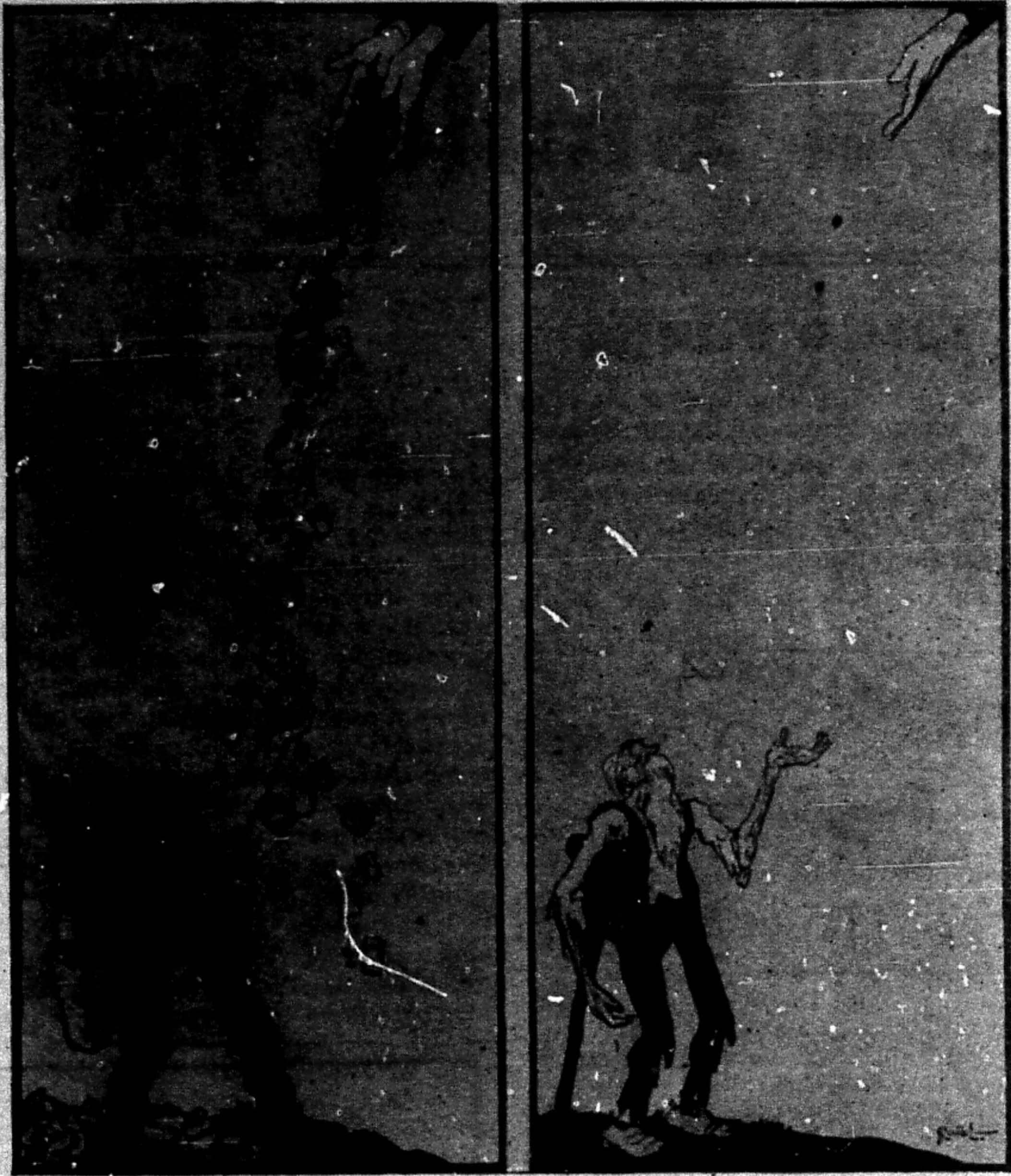
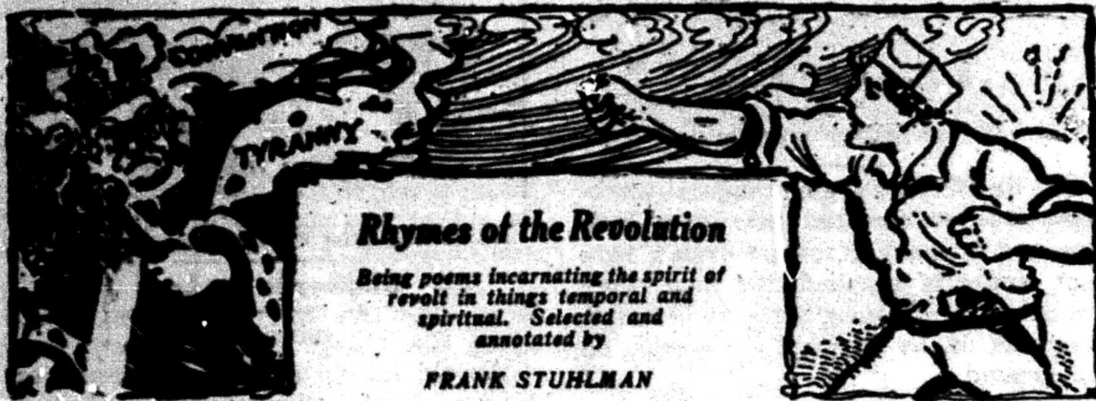


—Lasino Rome

For the Military and the Aged Workers



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Gerald Massey was one of that remarkable group of writers that sprung from the working class in the turbulent years that fostered the reform and Chartist movements in England. A son of a canal boatman, he early knew the hard conditions that are the fate of the children of the poor. At the age of eight years he was toiling twelve hours a day in a silk mill. A mere boy he went to London and earned a precarious living as an errand boy while his genius found expression in verse and prose published in newspapers. At the age of twenty-one we find him editor of the "Spirit of Freedom," a radical journal. In this position he came to the notice of F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley, who were then launching the Christian Socialism movement, and became one of its secretaries. In 1854 he began his career as a poet by the publication of "The Ballad of Babe Christabel" which was a success, winning attention from the best literary journals and critics in England and America and selling five editions in a year. Many other volumes of verse followed of varying quality, but all breathing a spirit of Socialism and humanity. Twice he crossed the United States on Lecture Tours. In his later years he became involved in a maze of mysticism as obscure as that enveloping the verse of Blake. About his last published books were four volumes of a monumental work on Egyptology, interesting rather from the vast amount of curious lore contained therein than for historical or theoretical value. Massey is one of the people's poets who well deserves remembering.

The People's Advent

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its Dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world to wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
Foretold by seers and sung in story;
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They pass'd, nor saw the work they wrought,
How the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom:
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
But the great People's ever youthful!
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of "Brother";
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! thou world-wide curse, called King!
The People's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a Divinity within
That makes men great whenever they will it.
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
Though murdered millions feed the graves,
Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers;
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavor;
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreathe the sword forever—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connected link of Being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our Life-cup yield more honey.
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world, with smiles more sunny!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered with our heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the men of Mind make way.
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The People's advent's coming!

Capitalism: "I could hang a Labor Leader or a Socialist Agitator quite frequently if it wasn't for that durned Appeal."