

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

HIRED MEN



THE reactionary newspapers are now having the time of their lives about Seattle.

Having recalled one mayor the city is trying to recall another.

To the troglodyte mind that constitutes the essence of humor. Think of it! Got rid of one mayor; didn't like his successor; now trying to fire him and get another. Ha! ha! Isn't it funny? The editorial writers in one column explode their elephantine mirth and in another the paragraphers do their most amusing stunts with their refined wit and their caps and bells. At the masters' tables that these persons are kept to entertain all is applause and satisfaction. The burly barons want to send up half-pence to the clever jesters, and one offers a chicken-bone, only a little eaten from. Jest again, good motley! That is what you are kept for.

Yes. But if we were not a nation of snobs, just wherein would lie the jest?

Suppose old Baron Gotrocks to fire his coachman and hire another, Motley there does not do any stunts nor make any jests; the editorial elephant does not prance about with solemn glee. The Baron, says the troglodyte, has a right to hire and discharge as many coachmen as he may please.

He certainly has. And what I want to know is why a community should have any less a right.

A mayor is nothing but a community's coachman.

* * *

See how Seventeenth century are the minds and natural instincts of an immense number of Americans.

A government is one of two things. Either it is a government of the rude untaught rabble by persons divinely gifted to rule. Or it is a government by the people with no measure nor standard of wisdom except the collective wisdom of the community.

There is nothing between these two, whatever pretense we may please to make about it.

When a man assumes that because he has succeeded in getting himself elected to office he, therefore, is endowed with superior wisdom and knows what is good for the people, he is merely adopting the good old theory of the divine right to rule. He may not be perfectly conscious of the fact, and he may on the platform prate much about the Republic and popular rule. But if he thinks that the people do not know what is good for them and his mission is to guide them in the way they should go he is subscribing to the doctrine that has cost many king persons their heads.

STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY

It is not important that from isolated places, Oyster Bay, Wilhelmshohe and the office of the Chicago Tribune, should arise these echoes of the Dark Ages.

What is of immense importance is that a very large part of the American public should be consciously or unconsciously imbued with this sort of insidious and poisonous mediævalism.

For that is all there is to it. And what we are fighting, therefore, is some form, diluted, disguised or sugar-coated, of the identical thing that all human progress has been hurled against from the time the race



started out of the jungle and began to doubt whether a greasy-souled and pin-headed king really represented deity.

That is, in fact, the whole fight. Take woman suffrage. I never knew a man that opposed woman suffrage that did not also oppose what he was pleased to call "mob rule"; never one that did not believe a certain few men were sent into the world appointed to lead and fleece the rest. Not

one. And I never heard of one, nor heard of anybody that had heard of one. And the real opposition to woman suffrage (such as is not maintained and paid for by the breweries and Wall Street) comes exclusively from men that do not believe in democracy at all and for that reason alone they revolt at any extension of the franchise. They live in a republic and talk a lot of rot about patriotism, and they do not accept the first basic principle upon which a republic is supposed to rest.

The same order of mind is in like manner opposed to industrial democracy. The men that have made themselves rich have done so because of superior gifts and abilities—so say these Seventeenth Century survivals. God has peculiarly endowed them with the money-making faculty. Their brains are of a different order from other brains. It is the difference in mental gifts between the tenement house dweller and the millionaire that justifies the difference in their conditions of life. God has sent some men into the world equipped to ride upon the backs of others.

That is exactly what the political reactionaries used to say two hundred years ago. The merry feat of back-riding, to be sure, is not nearly so successful in a political way as it used to be, but the intellectual descendants of Charles the First and Archbishop Laud are just as confident as ever that it can be maintained in industry.

So that here is our cause and here are the forces aligned against us. Are there among us faint hearted ones that have any question about the issue and its results? Well, if political back-riding ceased to be either safe or attractive after the French Revolution, we may be just as sure of the doom of industrial back-riding. And if by any possibility we could be wrong or extravagant when we demand that the exploiters shall get off our backs then every man that has ever made any demand or taken any stand for political freedom and political democracy was equally wrong and equally extravagant. Want to take that stand?

* * *

Hence, no one need be disturbed by the kept persons of the troglodyte press that make merry about Seattle.

The people of that city have fired one coachman and are, I hope, about to fire another. If they fired one every week that would be their affair and nothing for the cheap wit of the gentlemen that in cap and bells amuse the diners at my lord's table. If every

American city should follow Seattle's example there might be some decrease in the games of dirty graft that at present disgrace the American municipality. There might also be a decrease in the alliances between dirty business and dirty politics, and I bet that is one reason why the kept persons favor us with their wit on this occasion.



BENEVOLENCES OF A GOOD MAN

Mr. Alden J. Blethen, a Northwestern newspaper publisher of renown, has started a chorus of approving cackles across the continent by his revelations at a recent Seattle banquet concerning the unsuspected

IN THIS ISSUE

Shadows of Revolution BY SHAW DESMOND

Socks, With Complications BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

A Gentleman Born BY MAUD WALKER

The Big Change BY EUGENE WOOD

What the Unions Have Accomplished BY HYMAN STRUNSKY

A Prison System Under Socialist Management

charities of Mr. James J. Hill, that great man and good.

It appears that Mr. Hill has for years been in the habit of relieving the necessities of newspapers in his part of the country that for lack of the long green were confronted with the junk-heap. But Mr. Hill seen his duty and he done it. With open hand and his princely nature came he to the rescue of the distressed; and many a journal in the Northwest owes its existence today to the generosity of him that his adulators are ever proud to call "the empire builder."

Generous, noble, benevolent, philanthropic Mr. Hill!

And yet see in this bad world how hard is the path of the truly good. There are evil-minded persons that sneer at all this and say that Mr. Hill has been all his life engaged in relieving the necessities of needy newspapers and newspaper men, and that because of these contributions he has always been able to count upon enthusiastic press support for some of the rottenest deals ever pulled off in the Northwest. Isn't it awful that people should say such thing? How sad they must make Mr. Hill!

Yes, no doubt Mr. Hill has been a nice good man to the newspapers. So, indeed, have other great men and good. Perhaps, therefore, we ought not to discriminate. Mr. Blethen has pulled away the veil that modestly cloaked Mr. Hill's generosity. Let us have some more revelations of the same kind. I can assure you from what I know of the subject that if you had a complete list of the rich men and corporations whose kindly souls have been touched with the sad plight of needy newspapers and newspaper men you would have something that would surprise you. According to the accounts, Mr. Blethen's recital at the Seattle banquet caused some of the hearers to weep. Well, if he had told the rest of the story the place would have been afloat with tears and the waiters would have been serving the rest of the courses in skiffs.



GAMES WITH MARKED CARDS

Inside news by mail from the recent British strike confirms the opinion hazarded in these columns that the Associated Press gave us, as usual, a doctored view of the trouble and its outcome. The strikers had the nation in their hands and could have obtained anything they wanted. Literally anything, for practically speaking, all supplies were cut off and the country was in a state of siege. In this emergency the frightened masters had recourse to their usual tricks and got the men to return to their places on a basis of gaudy promise.

They asked for decent conditions of living and they got a Royal Commission. Grand victory.

But you haven't got the whole of it yet. The Royal Commission is to inquire into their grievances, and if it finds that their pay should be increased the railroads are to be allowed to increase their rates so as to make up for the increased expense.

Upon my word, I thought that we had a monopoly of this kind of imbecility here in the United States, but it seems to be just as prevalent in England.

How will it profit the railroad employe to have his wages increased 10 per cent if the increase in railroad rates is going to increase his household expenses 20 per cent?

Simplest of all questions and yet you can't get any statesman to so much as glance at it.

* * *

In the old days of the lumber business in Wisconsin there was a certain wealthy employer, afterward a United States senator, that had hardly enough education to be able to write his own name, but he knew more about practical economics than all the labor leaders and statesmen of Great Britain put together.

The place where his loggers were at work was on the other side of a bay from this great man's residence. He paid off every Saturday night. It was his custom to go himself

with the money in a boat across the lake. He also took with him a faro layout, which he invariably set up in the camp as soon as he had paid off.

Well, that's all. He always went back across the lake on Sunday morning, taking the faro layout with him. Also the money. He said afterward that he carted that same money back and forth so many times that it got worn out and he had to have it replaced by the United States Treasury.

In all other respects he was one of the stupidest men it was ever my fortune to meet. But he understood the economic values of playing with marked cards, and in that respect he had the wise men of England and America lashed to the mast.

But not the railroad companies.

* * *

Good friends that honor me by sometimes reading these columns, I make bold to prefer a request to you.

Some weeks ago I told here about the railroad shops at Missouri Valley and Logan, Iowa; how in the presidential election of 1908 the workmen in those shops were bulldozed into voting for Taft by a threat that if Taft were not elected the shops would be closed.

I am making a little collection of such instances in all parts of the country. If you know of any such cases, big or little, covert or open, send them to me. You may send in confidence; I will carefully protect the name of each correspondent.

Also, if you know of any instances where Socialist votes were not counted, let me know about them. My own vote was not counted last year, and I am curious to know, if possible, how many others were thus disfranchised. The true Socialist vote in the United States has never been counted. It probably never will be until some vigorous protest is made against the high-handed manner in which it is at present manipulated and suppressed.

* * *

Los Angeles seems to be a nice sort of place. You can get there anything you want from fake accusations or kidnaping to the effective removal of anybody that finds out things you want to have concealed.

We have heard a lot in the last two or three years about the triumphs of Reform in Los Angeles. They must be great. A city ruled by an irresponsible and half-witted person like Otis, and a city where the discoverer of unpleasant evidence can be wiped out as easily as was George Shoaf would seem to be a hot place for Reform. Let us suppose that instead of Shoaf the man removed had been a member of the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association. Do you suppose that in such a case the police would work to hush up the crime, or that its evidence could be removed from police headquarters and lost? Oh, yes; Los Angeles' other name is Reform. No wonder the rest of the country is called upon to admire its reforming achievements.

* * *

If the railroad gentlemen that in their disputes with their employes develop so sudden a concern for "the public interest" will busy themselves in returning to the public the loot upon which their companies have grown rich, we shall be glad to excuse them from all other bother over us.

The Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific systems gouged from the public domain 68,000,000 acres of the people's land, an area almost as large as all the New England states and New York state together.

The manner in which the princely domain was grabbed was morally something to make piracy respectable. It was robbery of an entire nation and robbery of the future.

An immense part of this land still remains in the hands of the companies. On some of it grows the finest timber in the world.

The value of those possessions increases day by day. The railroad companies do nothing to make that increase. They neither cultivate the soil nor open the land to settlement, nor improve it in any way. They will not sell an inch of it.

Yet the value steadily increases, and all the

increase is regularly counted into the capitalization and value of the property.

What for?

Why, so that the rates may be increased and the public always pay more and more for its transportation.

Every time any one attempts to draw attention to the vast masses of water in the stocks and bonds of these companies, their kept male ladies of the newspapers have their answer pat. "Look at the increased value of the property," they say. "In 1880 it was worth so much, and in 1911 it is worth so much, and the value today more than covers all of the capitalization."

So that the land that years ago was stolen from the public by these concerns is now made a basis for an increase of charges levied upon the public that was spoiled of the land!

Can you beat it?

And now these same companies come along and say that they cannot grant to their employes decent conditions and a living wage because of tender concern for the "interests of the public."

Do you like exhibitions of pure nerve and hardihood? Are you interested in the Man with the Iron Jaw or the Woman with the Nerves of Steel? If you are, don't let this show escape you. It has every other achievement in cheek and nerve backed off the map.

* * *

This same Southern Pacific is the present owner of the old Central Pacific, which was one of the grandest of all grand looters of history. It bribed Congressmen into donating to it \$16,000 a mile (in bonds) for all the line it should construct upon ordinary level ground, \$32,000 a mile for all it should construct on hilly ground, and \$48,000 a mile for all it should construct among the mountains. It then moved the Sierra Nevada mountains ninety miles nearer to the coast and charged at the mountain rate for construction in territory that to the naked eye looked flat as a board. According to its fortunate owners there was not a foot of level ground in the entire west.

It built its road like a corkscrew in order to get from the government the largest possible mileage allowance.

This allowance was in bonds and the railroad solemnly covenanted to pay the interest on these bonds. When it had secured them and sold them, it coolly refused to pay the interest, and as they were guaranteed by the United States, the government (which is the public) was obliged to meet the annual interest payments for thirty years.

Thus the public was loaded with extra charges because the road was made crooked. It is still paying those charges and interest upon them. The company is now engaged in straightening out the original crooked line. For this work additional bonds have been issued, on which the interest charges must be obtained from the public through increased rates.

In other words, the public paid first to have the road made crooked and now it is still paying the interest on that bill while at the same time it is paying to have the crooked road made straight.

It is paying also for many other things.

The road was built for one-half of the government donation, and the rest went into the pockets of its projectors; and the public is paying the interest on that.

There was stolen from the institution millions of dollars through fraudulent contracts; and the public is paying the interest on those.

There was issued and divided among the projectors \$62,000,000 of stock for which not a dollar was ever paid; and the public is paying the interest on that.

These are a few samples. Dear old Southern Pacific! How it dotes on the public! And who could blame it? The public cannot truthfully be said, perhaps, to have ever been dear to the Southern Pacific; but think how dear the Southern Pacific has been to the public!

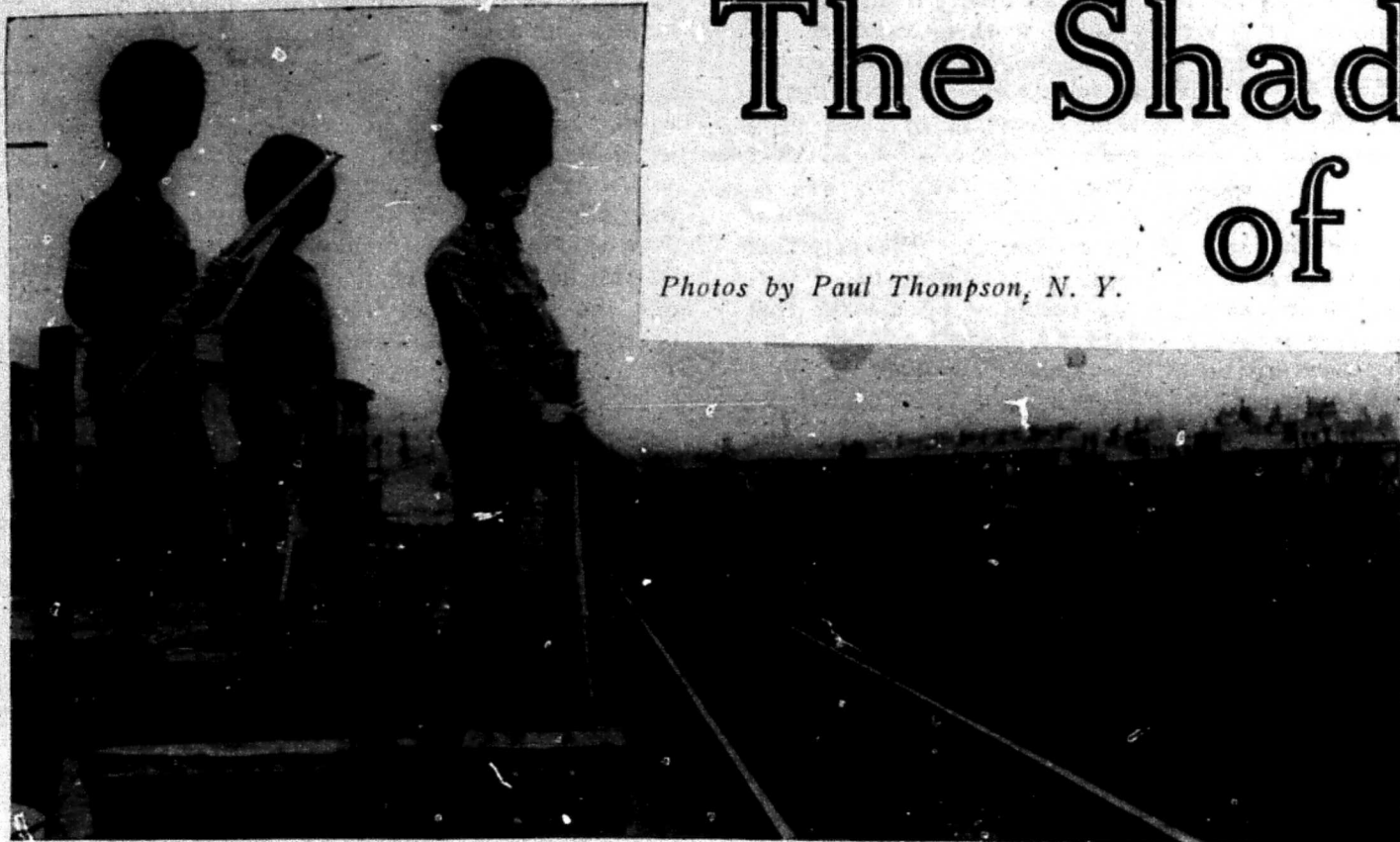
About a billion dollars or so.

Sweet guardians of the "public interest," what should we do without them?

The Shadows of Revolution

By Shaw Desmond

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)



Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

London Grenadiers guarding the Chelsea railway bridge, London

railway workers of the United Kingdom were members of Trade Unions (six in number), these six unions having the sinews of war to the tune of £621,351:

Union.	Members.	Funds.	Income.
Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants	73,571	£429,273	£ 93,765
Associated Society of Locomotive Eng. & Firemen	19,504	174,170	30,468
General Railway Workers' Union	6,008	5,955	5,077
Belfast & Dublin Loco. Eng. Drivers & Firemen	399	2,357	708
United Pointsmen & Signalmen's Society	3,820	7,003	3,069
Railway Clerks' Ass'n	8,457	2,593	4,851
Totals	111,759	£621,351	£137,938

In addition to the above there is a small union known as the Railway Telegraph Clerks' Association, which, however, cuts no ice.

On the 17th of August two thousand telegrams were sent to the railwaymen throughout the country calling upon them to cease work at once and declaring a General Strike. This was only done after the most determined efforts had been made by the Government, through the wildest "pup-seller" in the Liberal Government—Premier Asquith, and the Board of Trade, to "bring the men to their senses." In a moment, about 200,000 men threw up their jobs and came out. At this time the men were "fighting mad," and could not have been held back even had the Trade Union leaders wished. They were out for blood.

It must be remembered that even at this time, 30,000 of the Liverpool Dockers were still out, the London tramwaymen were threatening to come out, and the London Dockers who, a day or two afterward, had had their demands conceded, were again talking about declaring a kind of sympathetic strike and securing the return of 250 Liverpool tramway strikers to work by bringing out the transport workers of the country and engineering a national stoppage. At one moment it looked "hell for leather," and the devil take the hindmost.

Finally the national transport strike was avoided through the Liverpool Tramway companies agreeing to keep faith and reinstate the 250 strikers whom they had been trying to victimize.

There can be little doubt but that Asquith's brutality and insolence to the men's representatives at the Conference held to try and "square the circle" had something to do with the precipitation of the strike. He told them coolly that "the Government had to regard exclusively the interests of the public, and would take the necessary steps to prevent a general paralysis of the railway systems by the strikers." He went on to state that if the men refused to agree to the appointment of a Royal Commission—those ghastly dodges of capitalism—"the merits of the case would put them in the wrong in the court of public opinion."

The men, still on their hindlegs, gave him his throat back in his throat by resolving, "That we consider the statement made on behalf of His Majesty's Government an unwarrantable threat uttered against the railway workers," and called out the men.

The "Free" Country

Just freeze on to the Asquithian threat. They are always speaking about England as a free country, but the cold truth is that the Government is



COMING events cast their shadows before," as the whole world knows, and if the maelstrom in the new storm-center of Europe, Britain, can be taken as a foreshadowing, it would seem as though the industrial world in this country, were upon the razor-edge of Revolution in the immediate future. The whole country has been for some time in the grip of the strike fever—an eruption in one place has been followed by a chain of eruptions linked up as the dead craters on the moon are linked up—but, unlike the lunar volcanoes, spouting themselves in a red fury, and subsiding out of sheer collapse, they have lashed themselves after each subsidence into a yeasty ferment, again throwing out the lava and red-hot ashes as evidence of forces which have been working silently underneath for years.

I have written about the London Dockers' Strike, which only reluctantly called off its war-dogs when they had fixed their teeth in victory. No sooner had it spent itself than a Strike of tremendous proportions loosed itself at the citadel of capitalism, when the Railwaymen shook the world of commerce to its foundations by declaring a General Strike of all grades.

This Railway business has been a terrible affair whilst it lasted. It was one of the biggest things in united action ever seen so long as it held out, and for half a dozen breathless days England was turned into an armed camp, her streets echoed to the crack of rifle and the scream of the dying, her great and intricate transport system was paralyzed, and both railwaymen and public sensed for the first time the power in the hands of the men of the metals.

The Hoary Fraud of Conciliation

This trouble had been breeding for years past—in fact, ever since those Conciliation Board "buffers" were put up by the then President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Richard Bell, then Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, in 1907, to prevent the threatened General Strike of that autumn. This hoary fraud prescribed that all disputes should be settled by the boards, to be composed of the companies' representatives and of the men, with arbitrators of the Lords Cromer and Gorell type, in case of dispute. No strike was to be declared before 1914.

In other words, the men were "sold a pup." At that time many of us wrote in the papers that the seven years' agreement meant the tying of the men hand and foot, and that anyhow the men would never stand to it unless they were lunatics. Well—they have not. The companies accuse them of bad faith, but the cold truth is that the railway magnates, who are the limit in "cussedness" and insolence, failed to observe both the spirit and letter of the Conciliation Agreement, under which the Companies have always been able to postpone indefinitely the claims of the men, until they were driven to the point of desperation which made them "come out."

God knows it is not every day that the capitalist stumbles into the infrequent truth, but the New York correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, writing to his paper, said: "It is no exaggeration to say that the figures published here regarding the pay of British railwaymen, dockers, and others have shocked Americans. . . ." Mr. Jacob H. Schiff is quoted as saying that "English workers are not receiving a living wage," while Mr. James R. Keene describes the out-

break as "the voice of the workers demanding to be paid enough in order to be properly fed," and goes on to point out that in England married men with families are expected to live on 17s to £1 a week. He then points out further that the wages of the U. S. A. are 120 per cent higher than in Britain. "Out of the mouths of babes," etc.

Now, I want to give right here some figures that talk, figures that I have taken from the Fourteenth Abstract of Labor Statistics of the United Kingdom, published by the Board of Trade, which show the increase in the cost of living to the workman of Britain from 1896 to 1910, and that in spite of the fact that wages have either remained stationary or even declined. The prices given are for the same quantity bought in 1896 and 1910:



Scot Greys lined up in front of Union Cold Storage Co. warehouse, Liverpool

	1896	1910	Increase
Bread	£4.13s	£5.14s	£1. 1s
Flour	4. 8s	6. 0s	1.12s
Beef	4.12s	5.13s	1. 1s
Mutton	4. 9s	5. 4s	0.15s
Bacon	3.18s	6.18s	3. 0s
Butter	4.15s	5. 6s	0.11s
Tea	4.10s	5. 0s	0.10s
Sugar	5. 0s	6. 4s	1. 4s
Jam, treacle, marmalade.	5. 0s	5. 9s	0. 9s
Currants	4. 3s	6. 6s	2. 3s
Raisins	3.17s	5. 5s	1. 8s

The following shows the differences between the average retail prices of household bread per 4 pounds in London, Dublin and Edinburgh, in 1896 and 1910:

	1896	1910	Increase
London	5.1d	5.9d	4-5ths of 1d
Edinburgh	5d	6.3d	1 3-10th of 1d
Dublin	5d	6.2d	1-15th of 1d

When the men threatened fight, the railway companies stated through their representatives that they would welcome a real good row, and that they intended to teach the men a lesson. Nobody really took the railwaymen very seriously, except those of us who were behind the scenes.

The Big-Bugs' Arithmetic

The figures upon which the big-bugs concluded that a strike would not have the effect of the smell of a red herring were the following, which, taken from the Board of Trade returns, show that up to the end of 1909, 111,759, or only 25 per cent of the

always prepared to break strikes with the red coats, and always stands for the employers as against the men. At one time, I was informed upon reliable authority, a proposition was on foot to line the streets of London with 45,000 soldiers, armed with ball cartridge and bayonet, to secure the safe convey of foodstuffs.

This is the right place to do some word-painting of the deliberately engineered campaign of the "yellow press" here to arouse public opinion against the men, to convey the idea that the strike stood for bloody revolution and anarchy, and to urge callously and brutally that the soldiers should be loosed against their brothers. The whole campaign was engineered with the most amazing delicacy of devilment—by insinuations, semblances of fairplay, appeals to the religionists and so on.

Every available soldier in the Aldershot command, amounting to about 30,000 men, were placed under duty for active service, and the Royal Engineers and the horse, field and garrison artillery were warned to have every man ready to move on the strike-centers at a moment's notice. They were all armed with rifles and ball cartridge, and were stationed along the railway lines leading into the metropolis and in the provinces.

I visited the various storm-centers, and found a condition of things which could only have been justified by a foreign invasion.

In Hyde Park, for instance, the open spaces had been turned into camps for the 3,000 soldiers there. In Regents Park there were another 3,000 and the same number in Battersea Park. In the other parks there were encamped under service conditions another eleven thousand men.

Some of these young fellows I could see were clerks and sons of the bourgeoisie. Clean-shaven and fresh complexioned they looked as they shod their horses for street service, or groomed them, or piled their rifles, but ready for any devil's work. I saw a full-blooded officer, full to the neck of liverishness, alcohol and general "cussedness" who remarked to a colleague, "Hope we don't have to send the boys back without fleshing their swords." These men are more dangerous than mad dogs, but they bossed the situation in the metropolis.

The Darlings of the Bourgeoisie

The various railway stations were full of fighting men. I saw the soldiers sleeping on the hard stones in the London termini, whilst at Lime St. Station, Liverpool, they had called up for service beardless youths upon whose lips their mother's milk was scarcely dry. A damnable shame this—to turn youngsters, ignorant of everything that constitutes life into murderers of their fellows. And all the mothers and sisters and petticoat folk of the bourgeoisie gave thanks to God three times a day that their darlings were given the chance to dabble in the blood of better men than themselves.

I saw the soldiers in Liverpool escorting the prison vans, guarding shops, patrolling the streets with the mob before and the cops behind. The hard roadway re-echoed to the tramp of armed men at all hours of the day and night. Armed men on board the ships in the docks—armed men on the quays—the streets fairly erupted into armed men.

The Under-Secretary took good care to show that all this military millinery was not merely for fun; Colonel Seely, Under Secretary for War stated in the House of Commons that at the sounding of the bugle the Riot Act would be read, and after that that ball cartridge would be immediately used. When it was suggested by a man less brutal than the others of the Government toadies that it might be desirable for the first volley to be blank cartridge, in view of the impossibility probably of distinguishing one bugle call from another by the man-in-the-street, the gallant and honorable gentleman replied, "No, I do not think that can be assumed to be a wise policy at all. It might lead to further loss of life. . . . Any attempt to fire over the heads of the crowd, or at their legs, or to fire blank cartridges, is very liable to defeat its own object. . . ." The italics are mine.

Little wonder, under such encouragement, that so many poor wretches had their lives shot out of them by the orders of brutalised officers and brutalised men in office.

The Argument of Cold Steel

Outside the Lord Mayor's parlor at the Liverpool Town Hall a sentry with fixed bayonet and fifty rounds of ball cartridge in his pouch stood at attention, whilst in the muddy Mersey, a cruiser

waited grimly for business, two others being ordered to follow for any river police work necessary.

The boys from the Scotland Division of Liverpool, mostly Irishmen, seized the opportunity of the strike to have a little diversion of their own. Unfortunately, the genuine strikers, who, all over the country, showed remarkable restraint, got so mixed up with the rough and anarchic element through no fault of their own, that the capitalist press were afforded a splendid opportunity of pursuing their campaign of calumny by stating that the strike meant red anarchy.

It was in the Mersey-side city that the first tragedy of the strike happened. Some men of the 18th Hussars conveying five police vans with prisoners to the Walton Gaol were attacked with stones, when one of the officers losing his head drew his revolver and held it up threateningly, discharging a shot over the heads of the crowd. A moment afterwards he lowered it, and blew out the brains of one of the men who was leading the attacking party, the man's cap falling off his head as though weighted with part of his brains inside. This shot seemed the signal for the unloosing of the worst passions of the soldiery. Shot after shot was fired, another man being killed by a shot through the head, whilst many others were wounded. For a moment it looked as if the howling, screaming furies surrounding the soldiers would have destroyed the whole escort, but discipline ultimately prevailed and the cavalcade proceeded. From that hour until mid-



Soldiers with fixed bayonets conveying a wagon in the Strand, London

night there was a pitched battle in the streets without cessation, women and children even forming part of the crowds attacking the soldiery and policemen. Here you could see a soldier level his carbine up a side street and fire indiscriminately into the brow—there another tried to pick off the men in the windows who were dominating the riot. The cracking of skulls had a most unpleasant sound, and preceded in the police charges the uglier and sterner work of the men of the Yorkshire regiment who came up at the double where the truncheon was unavailing to stem the fury of the mob.

That is only one pen-picture of one disturbed corner of England. All over the country there was the same ferment, but the Llanelly horror was the crowning point of the strike, and came unfortunately just after the strike had been "settled." I was not present as an eye-witness, but have learned from men who were on the spot that the trouble arose partially from the stopping of a train by the strikers and the destruction of the mechanism. Soldiers came up the line at the double, and opened fire under a hail of missiles. In that attack two men were shot dead and one of the wounded died soon after. Someone set fire to the goods yard, which reached a vanload of explosives, there was a terrific explosion and five other strikers were blown into eternity and a large number wounded in a horrible fashion. It was here that one man paralleling an incident of the French Revolution bared his breast and defied the soldiers to murder him. He escaped scot-free. The women, girls and even small children were as active as the men in the fighting.

Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil

One must "tell the truth and shame the devil," and as in all human stories there is another side to the affair. When the boxes, crates, barrels, etc., were burst open, they were in some cases looted, and many of the crowd drank deeply of broached

spirits, even the women and the children lying about helpless in a drunken coma.

At one period of the strike there were several attempts at "direct action," which is not to be wondered at in the circumstances. Wherever soldiers were set on the people the people lost their self-control and did what was only natural—"broke things." At Sheffield, a gang of men swarmed over the line of the Midland Railway, and started to pull up the metals, whilst at Southall near London the signal wires were cut. As a whole, however, the strike was singularly free from violence so far as the men were concerned.

It was in the midst of all this killing by the authorities that the Archbishop of Canterbury recommended the following prayer for use in the churches:

"O God who art one Father in all, and who alone makest men to be of one mind in an house, we beseech Thee, at this time of strife and unrest, to grant to us by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit a fuller realization of our brotherhood man with man in Thee; allay all anger and bitterness, and deepen in us a sense of truth and equity in our dealings one with another, for the sake of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Curiously enough, the only effect of the above prayer was to inflame the young Territorials who repeated it in the churches to new excesses against their fellow men, the brotherhood idea being apparently at a discount. I only refer to this because the heads of the state church in Britain invariably

are the bitterest opponents of the unfortunate workers and never lose an opportunity to out-Herod Herod by issuing prayers of the type printed and then urging on the soldiers to greater efforts. It is all a horrid farce!

The bourgeoisie fulfilled what is rapidly becoming their historical function of strike-breaking. Collections were made on all the trains for the "loyal" railwaymen—in one case a hatful of 700 coppers being handed to a driver "black-leg." At Liverpool the tramway-cars had to stop and the electric lights went out through lack of men to work the furnaces for generating the current. In a short time men of all grades of bourgeois "society" from barristers to clerks had enrolled themselves as amateur stokers and helped to feed the furnaces, in many instances it is safe to say doing the first "honest" day's work of their lives.

In London hundreds of the same middle-class gentlemen kindly volunteered to serve as special constables and were as kindly served by a benignant government with "head-breakers" and badges of office. About

1,000 volunteered for the kindly and Christian work of smashing the heads of men who were demanding a living wage. The absurdity of their demands will be realized by the government returns which show that in engineering and boiler-making 9:1 per cent and in railway carriage and wagon building 9:2 per cent earn in a full time week the magnificent sum of less than 20s. Many of them do not work full time—and they, good fellows, consent to starve quietly and say nothing. It is so ungentlemanly in this country to protest!

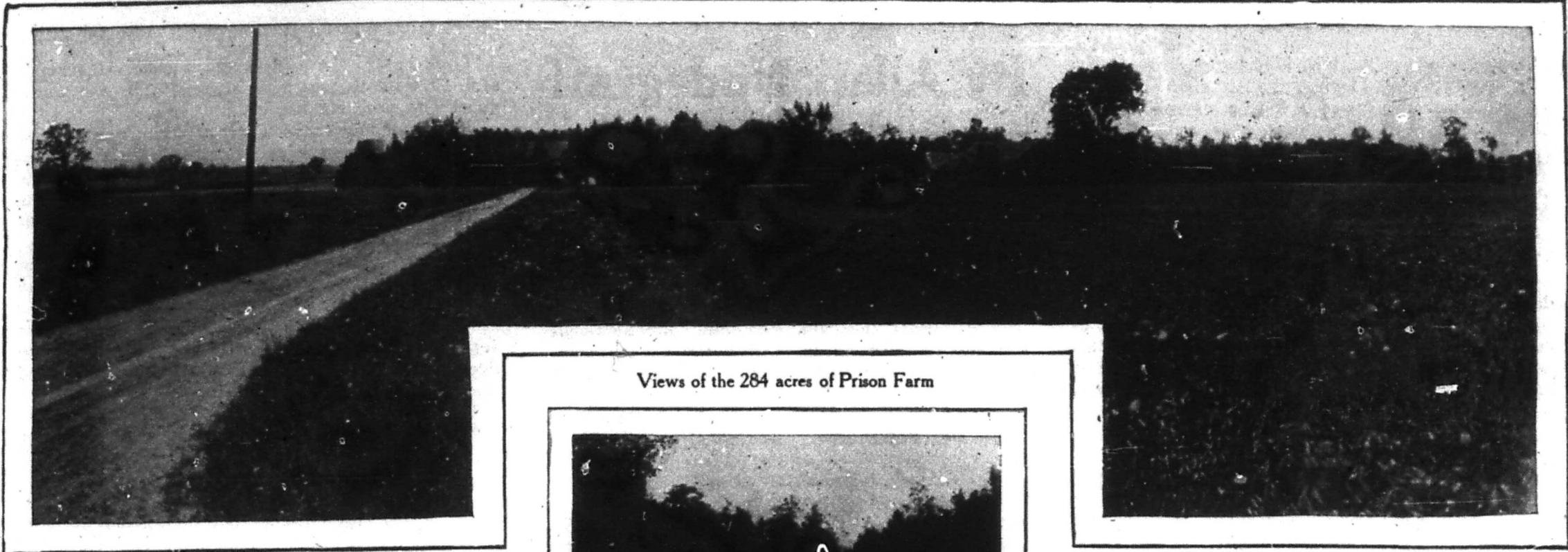
Hardie and MacDonald to the Fore

I am proud to be able to record that our comrades, Hardie and MacDonald, protested with all the force of language at their command in the house of commons, against the part the government played as "strike-breakers." The latter pointed out "that unless a man can possess at the end of the week enough to give his individuality free play, then you may talk about constitutional liberty as you like, but that man cannot possibly fulfill his duties as a citizen and his responsibilities as an individual," and went on to characterize the action of the home office as "diabolical." Keir Hardie exploded the house of gas by stating that he had been informed by the men's representatives that the deliberate impression left on their mind by Mr. Asquith at the conference was that in the event of trouble the government would shoot down every man if necessary. The wriggings of the wily Welshman, Lloyd George, to douse this bombshell were ludicrous and went far to prove Hardie's words.

This accusation has made a great sensation in the country and will have its effect upon the minds of the workers when the next trouble breaks out.

And the words "next trouble" bring me to the point. The "next trouble" will not be long be-

Prison System Under Socialist Management



Views of the 284 acres of Prison Farm



A PRISON without bars or bolts, where the prisoners work in the open air, and gain in health and spirits, is one of the things that the Socialists have established in Milwaukee. When the House of Correction came into the hands of the Socialists, it was run just the same as similar prisons are run in the vicinities of most large cities. The men and women were sent there only for a short time, and, during that time, only two objects were kept in view—punishment for the prisoners, and profits for the contractors.

One of the first steps of the Socialists was to procure a large farm of 284 acres and arrange to cultivate it with prison labor. This assured healthful out-door work, no competition in the market with wage workers, and the possibility of discharging the prisoners better instead of worse equipped to enter into the competitive struggle.

Of course, this was at once challenged as "un-constitutional." Tom Neacy, who has gained the name of "Injunction Tom" from the regularity with which he appeals to that weapon to stop everything that the Socialists are doing, turned his favorite weapon upon the management of the House of Correction. It was not until March, 1911, almost three years after the fight in the courts began, that a favorable decision was obtained from the Supreme Court and the management of the prison given power to proceed with their plans.

Last year 175 out of the 284 acres of the farm were placed under cultivation. On this portion, with practically no preparation and a late start, some record-breaking crops were raised.

As there was no time to undertake intensive farming on a large scale, much of the farm had to be put into oats, of which sufficient was raised to

supply the thirteen horses kept upon the farm and give a surplus of 600 bushels for the market.

Sufficient potatoes, onions, cabbages, etc., were raised to supply the House of Correction, the County Jail and the Detention Home. The most up-to-date



Officials Inspecting Land

machinery was procured, which will be of value in the future operations of the farm.

Although but one guard was used at any time, and there were no bars in the windows of the buildings where the men were employed, there was not a single escape, or attempt to escape.

Next year the Socialists propose to put a large portion of the farm into sugar beets, a crop which requires a large amount of labor, and which always earns a large return per acre.

The operation of the farm is not the only thing that has been introduced by the Socialist administration. The prisoners that must still work in the factories are employed in making chairs, but no representative of the purchasing companies is permitted within the jail. The work is carried on entirely under the administration of the prison officials.

The Socialist administration has assigned attorneys to attend various police courts, whose business it is not to act simply as prosecutors, but to investigate every case and to make use of a system of probation wherever this is possible. By this means, and obedience to the warnings of the mayor to the police against making arrests without good cause, the number of inmates has been reduced about twenty per cent.

The chairman of the House of Correction is Martin Mies, and he, with other members of the commission having charge of the penal institutions, has visited other cities to study methods of management and control and has planned to make the Milwaukee institution one of the best managed in the world, and one in which the dominant idea shall be the well being of the prisoners and the protection of society instead of retaliatory punishment and profit for contractors.

The Shadows of Revolution

(Continued from Page Four.)

fore it breaks out in spite of the "arrangement" which has been come to between the managers and the men through the government efforts.

To the astonishment of everybody, when the men had victory well within their grasp, it was announced that terms of peace had been arranged upon the following basis:

Men to return to work at once.

No strikers to be penalized.

Conciliation boards to meet at once, with wider powers, to consider disputes.

Disputes not coming under the conciliation board to be settled at conferences of representatives of the companies and representatives of the employes who are to be employes themselves of the company concerned. Failing agreement, the board of trade will arbitrate.

Both sides to accept the finding of the government commission of enquiry, consisting of two employers, two representatives of the men, and an impartial chairman, which will sit at once.

The government promise that increase in wages will justify increase in railway rates.

A Surrender to the Enemy.

The Socialist press here has been unanimous in its condemnation of this untimely surrender—for "surrender" it is. The capitalist press is jubilant in its praises of the statesmanship, of the equity and of the beauty of the arrangement.

When the Greeks bring gifts. The men were told by their leaders that because the companies had agreed to negotiate, it was a victory.

The men who compose the commission of enquiry are Sir David Harrel (chairman), experienced under secretary for Ireland, and is of course, a capitalist, Sir T. R. Ellis, secretary of the Federated Coal Owners' association of Britain, Mr. C. B. Beale, bank director and lawyer, Mr. John Burnett, an old-fashioned type of trade unionist, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M. P., former chairman of the Labor party from 1908-10. Out of the five men, in other words, only one, Arthur Henderson, can really be said to represent the men; and when wolves meet to determine the price of lamb, mutton is going to be very cheap, indeed! Henderson is a man of sterling honesty and capacity, but he is not going to keep his end up against the other four. It cannot be done.

Now I want American readers to notice two points: Either or both of which will be sufficient in the near future to prick the industrial body into unrest again.

One point is that the government has given assurances to the railway companies that it will propose to parliament next session legislation providing that the increase in the cost of labor due to the improvement of conditions for the staff would be valid justification for a reasonable general increase of charges within the legal

maxima if challenged under the act of 1894, which provides for this.

The public is going to kick at that, make no mistake about it.

The other point is that the railwaymen throughout the country feel that they have been "sold" in the present strike as they were sold in 1907, when Mr. Richard Bell performed the part of a modern Judas by agreeing to the conciliation boards and received subsequently, by coincidence, of course, a snug government billet. Even after the strike was declared settled, the men in the north refused to go back to work, but they are powerless with the bulk of the railwaymen back.

"Next Time."

I predict that the present subsidence of the strike fever will be only temporary, that the railwaymen will again come out before many years have elapsed, and that next time they will probably make a "clean job" of it.

The whole country is fighting mad in the industrial field, a tremendous awakening of the spirit of the workers has taken place, and not "all the king's horses and all the king's men can ever again hold together the egg-shell frame of Dumpty-Dumpty of capitalism.

There is a new spirit in the air, the spirit of revolution, with which the spirit of education is blended—one without the other is useless.

The British worker is awake.

Socks, With Complications

By Allan Updegraff

Illustrated by Tula Stevenson



"Law is criminal!" said Mr. Thwing. "Ah—hum!" Followed a long gasp and sigh, as when one yawns from pure weariness of spirit. He was sitting in a bright green Morris chair, with his feet propped up on one corner of his desk; also he was suffering acutely from a long siege of "The Theory and Practice of Criminal Law."

"I'm getting stale," remarked Mr. Thwing. He drew down his feet, stood upright on the rug that covered the middle of his office floor, and began to do calisthenics. His broad chest expanded, his wholesome, smooth-shaven face took on a look of benevolent determination; as he poised, for a moment, with his hands held straight above his head, palms outward, he might have stood for a prophet declaring his vision, or a law-giver giving laws, quite as well as for a hard-working young lawyer exercising away his mental fatigue.

With a final dip to the floor, punctuated by a quick, scissors-like movement of his arms, he gave over his exercises and went across the room to the radiator. Two stringy black pieces of wearing apparel (socks, in the vulgar), were reposing on top of the tarnished tubes. They were still a trifle damp; he had washed them out less than an hour before, and the radiator was of a phlegmatic disposition.

Here it is necessary to note the fact that Mr. Thwing's feet were bare; which would have been noted in its proper place in the first paragraph, but that it might have prejudiced you against Mr. Thwing. Not that there was anything about Mr. Thwing's feet that should have prejudiced anybody against him; not even that there is necessarily anything prejudicial against a man who owns only one pair of socks. Indeed, there was once a Kansas statesman who won fortune, fame, and honor under the soubriquet of "Sockless Jerry Simpson." Nevertheless, in general, a state of socklessness needs an excuse.

Mr. Thwing's excuse was that he was troubled by expensive principles. Although he was, nominally, a lawyer, he was assiduous in keeping what clients he happened to have out of the courts—a proceeding quite as insane as that of a surgeon who would refuse to operate on the ground that his patient might be cured by a pill. Besides, Mr. Thwing had a weakness for making political speeches against prominent local politicians; and for buying thick, expensive books on economics. All of these things help to explain, even if they do not excuse, the presence of Mr. Thwing's complete outfit of hosiery on the radiator.

Mr. Thwing glanced resignedly first at his bare feet, then at "The Theory and Practice of Criminal Law," and then at his single outside window. Ultimately he gave his attention to the window.

For some five or six minutes, he stood and looked out, shifting thoughtfully, and uncomfortably, from one foot to the other. The view was neither pretty nor interesting. Across a narrow, cobble-stoned street was a little square park, evidently of recent origin. Everything else in sight, on equally good evidence, was old, old without the dignity of old age. Even the half a dozen bench-loafers looked their long acquaintance with Time; or, at least, with Time's graceless understudy, Misery.

"It's enough to mildew a man's very soul," said Mr. Thwing. "All stale, all stagnant, all musty. Hello! Ah—!"

Even while he generalized an exception had drifted into the familiar view; a woman, plainly a woman-photographer. The yellow legs of her camera straggled awkwardly from beneath the cape of her mackintosh, and the camera itself made an unwieldy bundle under her right arm. She came doubtfully down the grimy walk, peering through the iron park palings at the park. Going close up to the palings, she stopped, for a moment, to give the place a de-

liberate survey. Then she moved onward to one of the narrow entrances, and stopped again.

Mr. Thwing abruptly bent over, rested his hands on the window sill, and brought his eyes as near the glass as his largish nose permitted. He changed feet with a rapidity and earnestness that suggested excitement no less than a cold floor.

"Well, well!" he said, smoothing one foot consolingly with the other. "Well, well!"

His face, while he continued to stare across the street, expressed the same combination of surprise, pleasure, and doubt that he had put into the words.

"Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars!" gently swore



"I'm yer man," he announced gruffly

Mr. Thwing. "Look who's come down to photograph the Awful East Side!"

Abruptly he went into action. He dragged a pair of shoes from beneath his littered center table, hastily fitted them on his feet, caught up a raincoat and a soft, black hat from their peg beside the door, and bolted into the hall. As he went down the stairway, two steps at a time, he managed to get into the coat; and as he emerged on the street, he pulled the hat well down over his eyes. The photographer had entered the park. He crossed the street, pulling up the collar of his raincoat as he went, and followed her inside.

It was a day of no sun, a day of sickly ochreous light and general clamminess; such a day as, applied to Tompkins' Square, blotted out everything cheerful, everything kindly and quaint, everything one might have cared to look at. The squalor of the yellow brick tenements all about was emphasized by the dreary atmosphere as an ugly man's ugliness is emphasized by misery. The discouraged trees in the discouraged strip of grass dripped and drooped disconsolately. Only a more than usually dyspeptic painter would have been pleased by the combination of Tompkins' Square and Atlantic fog.

But a photographer—possibly a reservation may be made in favor of a photographer. Slowly she proceeded a short distance down the grimy walk, staring, with a professional concentration of brows, at backgrounds and human *genre*.

She drew up before a loafer, drowsing on a newspaper-covered bench. Her face assumed the pretentious nonchalance of one troubled by many doubts.

"Look here!" she said gruffly, touching the man's arm, "I want to take your picture. I'll give you a quarter to pose for me."

The loafer underwent a sort of shrivelling process, at the same time raising astonished, placating eyes toward his disturber's face. Big, innocent, infantile, foreign-looking brown eyes they were, that shone in his devitalized, worldly-wise countenance not unlike Sweet Charity in a Slum.

"Heh?" he muttered blankly. And then, with an expression that seemed to register the passing of an idea into his brain: "A ku-varter?"

"Yes—if you'll pose for me. I want to take your picture—see? Take your picture!" She produced the camera from beneath her cape and tapped the box impressively.

"Heh?"

"I say I want to take your picture—I want you to pose for me! Can't you understand that?"

Her face went red, at the conclusion of the question, from the consciousness that her raised voice had attracted the attention of the half a dozen neighboring loafers. "Devil's box!" growled a Lettish laborer to his companion. "But a lovable she-devil—is it not so?"

The subject of the projected be-devilment held out his hand. "Oh! Pitcher! Sure! A' right! Ku-varter?" He wriggled the fingers of the outstretched hand as if to indicate that the palm itched.

"In a moment," she told him; and began deftly preparing the Devil's box for action.

A queer picture, a picture apt to jar on one's sense of the fitness of things, she herself made as she stood there in the sodden light, preparing to photograph city squalidness and city dejection. The hands that played about the box of her big camera were supple, slender, white with the faintest tinge of blue; such hands, perhaps, as would have painted "Ocean Sunset" or "Woodland Scene" had their time to work come a couple of decades ago. Her face, too, high of forehead, deep of brow, clear-cut of mouth and chin, did not fit in well with vulgar realism and a camera. Romance had lost another of its vanishing devotees when this lady turned photographer.

Mr. Thwing, who had seated himself on a bench some three or four yards away, considered these matters with the devout attention of a sociologist; which need not imply that his attention was without a personal side. The other half a dozen loafers considered some of the more obvious phases of the case with dull curiosity. The photographer showed a fine disregard of everybody.

"And now," she said at length, turning toward her subject, "listen closely. I want you to pretend to be just finding this quarter. Just picking it up from the sidewalk—understand? You must look much astonished and pleased—happy, you know!"

So romance had not lost another of its vanishing devotees after all, decided Mr. Thwing.

The photographer held up a quarter, stepped over to her subject, and was in the act of laying it on the pavement at his feet. He bent over, poising an accipitrine hand to capture it as soon as it should be loosed. The photographer straightened up, still holding the coin.

"You understand what I want you to do, don't you?" she asked, looking very doubtful of it. "I want you to pretend to be finding this money on the sidewalk; and you must look happy, you know—"

"Sure!" interrupted the man, who was plainly beginning to tire of useless preliminaries to the transfer of the coin. "Sure, Mike! Pitcher! Ku-varter!" His expression of placating innocence had given place to an avaricious scowl. His teeth showed a little at the corners of his mouth; somewhat as if he had been a cat and the precious "ku-varter" a mouse that was being used to tantalize him.

The photographer looked helpless and distressed. Mr. Thwing got up and went over to her.

"I'm yer man," he announced gruffly. "The bloke don't know what you want 'im to do. I'll do yer

posin'." He turned a hostile glare on the scowling foreigner.

At Mr. Thwing's abrupt appearance, the photographer's eyes had opened to full rounds. She stepped back, in a startled way, as if to put the camera between him and herself.

"I'm yer man," repeated Mr. Thwing imperturbably. He stuck out his lower jaw and gave his hat an extra rake over his right eye. "Them furriners is lamentable ignorant 'bout photographin' and art, and all that—lamentable. But as fer me, along them lines, I'm all to the mustard. You'll take me on, eh? I could use a little piece of money!"

"Why, I hardly—really, I don't—" stammered the photographer.

"All right—and my services is dirt cheap at a quarter a throw," interrupted Mr. Thwing, showing satisfaction that the matter was so easily settled.

He turned and thrust out his chest and jaw at the small foreigner.

"Beat it!" he said.

With vindictive submissiveness, more than ever suggestive of a cat cheated of its mouse, the erstwhile model arose to depart. Moved by his wretchedness, the photographer hastily fumbled in her purse, produced a dime, and handed it to him. An eager, rapacious, hungry light came into his eyes, and, immediately fading out, left his face even more devitalized than before.

"T'ank," he muttered, and shambled off.

"A dime won't do him no good," remarked Mr. Thwing impersonally, beginning to inspect the newspaper left by his predecessor. "Ten dollars wouldn't do him no good, neither. You'd a-done better to a-made it t'irty-five cents to muh." He finished his inspection of the papers and sat down, carefully avoiding any movement that would cause his trousers' legs to creep up. "I guess all 'is frien's went wit' 'im," he remarked easily.

If the photographer was puzzled by this remark, she made no sign. Calmly she covered the big eye of her camera with a black cap, and tested the pneumatic shutter.

"All right," she announced crisply, removing the cap and handing Mr. Thwing the quarter. "Now I want you to pretend to be finding this quarter on the sidewalk; of course, you will try to look as pleased and happy as you possibly can—just as if you were really finding a quarter, you know." She regarded him narrowly. "I'm afraid you hardly look disreputable enough," she ventured, with a smile that was meant to take the sting out of the criticism.

"Oh, I can fix that." He smashed his soft hat into shapelessness on his head, and removed his collar and necktie.

"That will do," she said, taking the shutter bulb in her hand. "Now get ready, please."

Mr. Thwing judiciously rang the quarter on the pavement.

"I reckon you want this picture for a newspaper, don't you?" he suggested.

"Yes."

"For the *Saturday Supplement* of *The Express*, maybe?" he continued. "You know the more you tell me, the better I can act like you want me to."

"Yes—it's for *The Express*."

"I often git their Supplement myself—it's so artistic. I like to see all them happy pictures of East Side babies and bread-makers. And what, if I might inquire, was you goin' to call this picture? Most of 'em, I notice, has names."

"I am going to call it," she replied uneasily, "Happiness."

"Happiness," repeated Mr. Thwing, staring meditatively at the pavement between his feet. "Happiness. Say, you know that strikes me as corkin' good! A wet bum finin' a quarter—Happiness! They ought to pay you a lot for that, eh?"

As she made no answer, he raised the coin a few inches from the walk and held it so that its round was toward the camera.

"I think I git the idear," he said. "And I'm 'bout ready to pose now. Git yer gun ready to shoot. When I jerk up and open my mouth, and say 'Now!' you pull the trigger! Are you all ready?"

"Yes."

"That's good. Now, you want to snap just as soon as I give the word. All right! Now!"

The camera clicked. The photographer uttered an exclamation.

"You've spoiled my last plate!" Her voice was sharp with its nearness to angry despair. "What on earth did you mean by looking as if—as if you were about to commit murder? Why didn't you do, as—"

"Why?" rejoined Mr. Thwing, pocketing his quarter and methodically beginning to replace his collar and necktie. "I'll tell you why: I wanted to give it to you straight! It ain't happiness—you wouldn't make one of these loafers look happy at findin' a quarter in a hundred years—"

"That isn't the question," she interrupted. "You have—"

"No hungry fox looks happy when he nabs a rabbit!" continued Mr. Thwing, becoming a little excited. "Only your well-fed fox can smile! The rabbit ain't happiness for the hungry fox; it's life or death! Happiness is on a plane considerable above the life-and-death one!"

"That isn't the question!" she insisted. "The fact is I engaged you to do something for me, and you didn't do it. Therefore, I shall have to ask you—"

"I didn't do it!" he burst out. "No; but I've done a good deal more! You came down here, down here on the Awful East Side, to get a pretty little romance to tickle after-dinner fancies with! A cute little lie to bolster up that monstrous blasphemy that the poor are happy and contented in their rottenness! I've given you a little part of the truth; and it's the biggest bright spot on this one-hoss shay of an age that it's beginning to want the truth—beginning to sicken of pretty little lies—"

"Your oration is all very interesting and elevating," she interrupted incisively, "to say nothing of its truth. But what I've been trying to explain is that I engaged you to do something which you didn't do—as you yourself have admitted. So I am obliged to ask you to return my quarter."

Mr. Thwing's high enthusiasm and eloquence crumbled. He looked at her hard, as if he suspected a deplorable motive for the request she had just made; and suddenly he became abject and sorry.

"So that's the case," he said slowly. "Please excuse me; I've been making a bigoted fool of myself. I hope you'll forgive me. Yes—it's hard to sell the truth; praise be to the pretty little lies that bring in the money. Life's probably more romantic than we thought, anyway. Well—"

He stretched out his right leg preliminary to getting into his change pocket; and coincidentally became aware that a shock had been transmitted from the neighborhood of his foot to the photographer's eyes. He glanced down, saw two inches of white ankle showing between his trousers and shoe-top, and burst into short laughter.

"Please excuse that, too, Miss Williams," he begged, pushing back his hat and looking her quizzically in the face. "As a matter of fact, I *do* own a pair of socks—whole ones, too. But I'd recently laundered them, when I saw you prospecting around down here, and the radiator being—"

He arose to his feet, and hesitated; except for a more frigid expression of aloofness, the photographer's face had not altered.

"I wonder if four years have changed me so much?" he resumed, trying to summon to his features a confidence he did not feel. "They've been very kind to you—if you'll excuse me for remarking it. You've grown up a good deal since my Bentonville days."

"You are evidently," said the photographer, "under a misapprehension." She fumbled in her purse. "My card. And now will you kindly return the quarter which you obtained from me under false pretenses?"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Thwing, staring dazedly at the bit of pasteboard she had handed him. "So you are Miss Radcliffe, of *The Evening Express*?"

"Isn't that what the card says?" She was evidently inclined to be short and sarcastic.

"I wouldn't have believed it! Your resemblance to a former good friend of mine is startling." He handed her a quarter and absently fingered the card in his hand. "I believe I owe you for a plate, also," he said, with the hollow politeness of a man whose thoughts are elsewhere. "How much, please?"

"I won't charge you for the plate," she returned, beginning to fold up her camera. She seemed to cherish no rancor; she seemed only dispirited, and rather tired. Mr. Thwing became more abject and more regretful.

"I really owe you more than the cost of the plate," he said. "I've spoiled your chance for a salable picture. Please let me pay you for that, too."

"I can't take money," returned the photographer lugubriously, "from a man who owns only one pair of socks." Her back was turned toward him and Mr. Thwing noticed, with a variety of emotions, that her shoulders were twitching. He stiffened up.

"I think we need not dwell on that matter, Miss Radcliffe," he said. "May I beg you not to allow the state of my wardrobe to interfere with the settlement of my debt to you?"

Miss Radcliffe took up her camera and walked past him, toward the street.

"I repeat that I cannot take money," she said, "from a man with only one pair of socks."

"Kindly do not bother me," she added stiffly, as Mr. Thwing followed her. "There is a policeman; and I shall not hesitate to call him if you continue to disturb me."

She spoke the threat with such unnecessary sharpness that the officer, who was passing the park entrance only a few yards before them, glanced up inquiringly.

Mr. Thwing, red with irritation and offended dignity, followed her out on the sidewalk. At the same time he noticed, with a surreptitious interest, that the policeman had stopped to watch them.

"I am not accustomed to being treated in any such manner!" he declared. "In justice to my own self-respect, I insist on paying you the value of the picture I destroyed!"

"If you only had two pairs—" returned the photographer, walking on and averting her face.

Mr. Thwing seemed to experience something in the nature of an electrical shock. The checked-up stiffness of his neck disappeared; the irritation on his face gave place to a sort of hopeful astonishment.

"Look here!" he said, striding after her. "Say, for pity's sake, won't you please tell me whether you're really Miss Radcliffe?"

And then he was aware of the policeman's hand descending heavily on his shoulder.

"Pan-handlin' you, wasn't he, Miss?" inquired the officer. "Beggin' from you, I mean?"

The photographer stopped with a gasp of surprise. The policeman stared shrewdly from one to the other. Mr. Thwing at first looked bored, and then guiltily disturbed.

"Aw, git onter yerself," he muttered, stepping between Miss Radcliffe and the officer. He winked elaborately, thrust his hand into an inside pocket, and brought out a bill. "The lady don't want to be disturbed prosecutin' a bloke like me—do, you Miss?" He turned his back toward the policeman, with the bill held loosely behind him, and addressed the question to the puzzled photographer.

"Why—no!" she said, peering around him at the policeman. Mr. Thwing felt the bill gently leaving his fingers.

"Well, go 'long, then!" said the preserver of the law, and strode off, with expanded chest, in the opposite direction.

Mr. Thwing noticed, with great gratification, that the incident had removed the photographer's active dislike for his presence.

"You gave him some money, didn't you?" Her voice was very quiet and puzzled. "I saw you take out a bill. Why on earth did you do it?"

"It's part of my work down here," explained Mr. Thwing, with conscious importance. "The bill was marked; in half an hour the district attorney's office will be looking for Cop Number Nine-eighty-seven. I'll call them up at the first telephone station. You'll be my witness, won't you? It's a good cause."

"Yes," said the photographer. She walked on. Mr. Thwing walked beside her.

"I say—I'm glad I met you, Miss Radcliffe," he resumed abruptly. "It's pleasant for a fellow in a foreign land to meet someone who looks like someone he used to know."

"Is it some time," asked Miss Radcliffe, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice, "since you saw your good friend in Bentonville?"

"About four years," said Mr. Thwing. "She was just a school-girl then—expecting some day to come up to New York and make her fortune by painting portraits." He sighed reminiscently. "I was sweet on her elder sister at the time—case of calf-love, I've decided since. When said sister married the Bentonville postmaster, I gave up my job as Bentonville's handsomest drug clerk, and came down here to study law."

"How very romantic!" said Miss Radcliffe, looking across the street. "You kept up a correspondence with your good friend, the sister of the Bentonville postmaster's wife, I suppose?"

"No, I didn't," admitted Mr. Thwing, in a voice of the gloomiest self-accusation. "I was just that foolish that I wanted to forget everything that had any connection with the Bentonville postmaster's wife. Calf-love is like that—makes a calf of a man, you know."

"It strikes me," returned the photographer perversely, "that you couldn't have cared very much about your good friend."

"You don't know all the circumstances," protested Mr. Thwing. "You don't know how hard a pink-souled youth just out of high school takes it when a village belle, old enough to be his aunt and pretty enough, in his untutored eyes, to be the Venus de Medici, flirts with him and then coldly turns him down. Afterward, when I thought of the fickle lady's sister, I was too much ashamed of the way I'd carried on to write."

"False pride," said the photographer.

"Worse; blamed pig-headedness," said Mr. Thwing. "I've realized, for a long time, that my chumminess with Miss Belle's sister Helen was a good deal more vital than my adoration of Miss Belle. Helen was in my class at high school, you see; we used to do our Greek and math together. I was better at math, and Helen was a perfect shark for Greek. And every once in so often Miss Belle would come sailing in and grin at me, and I'd turn all sorts of colors, and be unable to mul-

(Continued on Page Nine.)

What the Unions Have Accomplished

Achievements of the Railway Men's Organizations

By Hyman Strunsky

MEASURING the achievements of a union, its aims and objects must be taken into consideration. No man is bigger than his ideals, and in the same way no organization is larger than its program. While discussing what the unions have accomplished their aspirations must be taken into account; we must know what it was that they had set out to accomplish, we must learn what it was they had set out to gain. Before ascertaining the progress toward a given goal we must know the destination.

The Railway men have never striven very high. They have been organized for defensive reasons rather than to strike an aggressive attitude for better pay, shorter hours and more tolerable conditions of work. Their organizations are fraternal societies rather than trade-unions, and the name "brotherhood" so often used, denotes the principles on which they are based. They are orders of sick, accident and death benefits, with just enough radicalism to demand "collective bargaining."

At the time of organization of the various unions there was no redress from the action of the officials under whom the men were employed. Each man stood for himself, and the service was saturated with the evil of favoritism. The officials of the railways, great and small, practiced indulgences of prejudice, despotism and arbitrary rule which were manifested in promotions and resulted in unwarranted discharges. Not only were they helpless in their relation with their employers, but they were subject to the dangers of the occupation, without any possible means of relief in case of accident. The insurance companies barred them, and death or injury was followed by the accompanied suffering of widows and orphans.

This was the state of affairs that led to organization. They united for mutual protection and for the institution of an adequate sick and death policy. They were against the strike and approved of it only as a last resort, and in one instance, May 24, 1886, twenty-six members of the Brotherhood of Railway Brakemen were expelled and thirty suspended for inaugurating and conducting a strike on the Union Pacific Railway. Whatever strike took place was in defense against an unfavorable innovation, such as a reduction of wages and an undesirable change in the hours of work. With the exception of the A. R. U. strike, which is perhaps the most important and significant in the labor movement, the strikes of the railway men were comparatively few and resulted in no great gains for the workers.

Principal Organizations

The principal organizations of the railway men are the Grand Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, The Order of Railway Telegraphers, The Switchmen's Union of North America, and the International Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employes. There are about 1,000,000 men employed on the railroads of the United States, 300,000 of whom belong to the above mentioned organizations.

The principal feature of these unions is the extent to which they have developed their systems of insurance against death and disability. The insurance department is today comparable in benefits paid to any fraternal insurance societies. These unions furnish insurance to their members in amounts varying from \$1,500 to \$4,500 in the Engineers; from \$1,000 to \$3,000 in the Firemen; from \$500 to \$1,350 in the Trainmen; from \$300 to \$1,000 in the Telegraphers; from \$600 to \$1,200 in the Switchmen, and \$500 to \$1,000 in the Maintenance-of-Way Employes. The insurance is compulsory upon all members who can pass a satisfactory physical examination and is furnished at the actual cost, which varies from \$7.20 per \$1,000 in the Telegraphers to \$20 in the Switchmen.

The most distinctive characteristic of the insurance feature has been the placing of disability insurance on an equality with death insurance. This system resulted from the fact that the railway employes are especially exposed to risk of accident. The large number of claims paid for disability in the Conductors' and the Firemen's and the Trainmen's beneficiary departments during recent years show the high importance of disability insurance to the men engaged in the hazardous occupations. For eleven years from 1894 to 1904 the Firemen's disability claims equaled 24.5 per cent of the



EUGENE V. DEBS.

whole number of claims paid. Among the Conductors the disability claims for the same period amounted to one-seventh of the death claims paid. The Trainmen during a period of twenty years, 1884-1904, paid disability claims equal to 32½ per cent of the death claims.

Remarkable Growth

To the liberal insurance policies has been attributed the constant and rapid growth of the organizations. It is no small matter for a father of children to leave the house each day with death, or disability staring him in the face. The railway accidents in this country at this day are three times the number of accidents in European countries and they were even of greater frequency thirty or forty years ago, before the workers, by their combined strength, had forced some legislation urging compulsory safety appliances.

The history of the organizations tell of an extraordinary growth. The Switchmen's Associations were organized in 1877 with a dozen chartered members. Little more was done than to maintain the organization until 1884. Two years later the organization met in conference in Chicago with a large gathering of delegates from locals scattered over the entire country. The Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen was organized in Oneota, in 1883 with nineteen members. At the first annual convention in 1884 there were 37 lodges represented with a membership of 2,000; the second annual convention in 1885 saw 161 lodges represented with a membership of nearly 7,000. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized in 1873 by nine locomotive firemen. In 1875, two years later, the second annual convention was attended by delegates from 31 lodges with a membership of 600. The third annual convention in St. Louis showed delegates from 53 lodges with a membership of 1,500; the fourth annual convention of 1877 in Indianapolis showed 78 lodges with a membership of over 3,500. In 1880 it reported 98 lodges with a membership of 4,500. In 1884 the lodges numbered 240 and the membership was over 12,000. In 1885 the grand total of 290 lodges and 15,000 members had been reached.

But this growth has not been the result of an awakened class consciousness. It was the steady growth of a fraternal order which promised relief in case of death and disability. In the relation with capital it was the employers who showed solidarity. They displayed a remarkable readiness to reduce wages. Organization among labor men was strenuously fought, and the most active in the unions were discharged and placed on the blacklist. In every fight that followed they showed a stronger class consciousness than the employes and it is worth while mentioning that the General Managers'

Association, comprising the principal railroads in the United States, an association against whom the American Railway Union made a heroic fight, was organized in 1892, one year prior to the organization of this union by Eugene V. Debs.

The A. R. U. Strike

Lest I give the impression that the Railway unions are of no great moment in their relation to organized labor I must give a short sketch of the American Railway Union and its bold, noble and magnificent strike of 1894, when it rushed to the assistance of the persecuted, ill-paid and enslaved Pullman workers. It is one of the greatest battles in the annals of organized labor and one which has shown clearly the attitude of the employing classes and the readiness of the Government to crush labor whenever the need for it presented itself to the capitalists of this country. It is a story that cannot be told too often, cannot be emphasized too strongly, cannot be repeated with too great a zeal.

The American Railway Union was organized by Eugene V. Debs in an attempt to break away from the conservative attitude of the railway unions and in the effort to meet the demands made upon him by the more radical, more liberal and more broad-minded element of the railway workers. The first radical measures adopted by the A. R. U. were the use of the initiative and referendum in event of strikes. Debs insisted that a great question of this kind should be decided by the men themselves rather than be left to the discretion of one individual. The union also declared for the sympathetic strike. It believed that the men in one craft should help the men in the other crafts in the same industry. These two radical measures found expression when the Pullman workers struck. The members of the American Railway Union voted and decided not to work on trains carrying Pullman cars.

John Swinton in his book, "Striking for Life," describes the strike in detail and gives a full account of the part the president of the United States and the entire federal machinery took in crushing labor and persecuting the leaders. I quote a few paragraphs:

"At the opening of the strike the only enemy in front was the General Managers' Association, representing a few railway companies, which very soon increased to twenty-seven. As the union comprised a great number of the skilled workingmen in the service of the companies, as the request made upon them was a very reasonable one, which could easily be granted; as the action was peaceful, temperate, fair, and not against any proper interest, there was good ground to hope that the concession which the Union earnestly sought, in behalf of the thousands of suffering and helpless people at Pullman would very soon be obtained, the prospects for success were excellent.

"Presto, a change!

Cleveland Described

"On the ninth day of the strike, July 4th, there was brought into it a new feature of supreme importance, by which all the conditions of it were fundamentally changed. It then became manifest that all the power, the machinery and the resources of the Federal Government were to be turned against the strikers with remorseless ferocity and unreason.

"... hardly anybody who was fairminded toward Grover Cleveland, and who knew of his official and unofficial utterances at other times about the rights and wrongs of working people could have believed that in the midsummer of the second year of his last term of office he would have shown himself to be the cruelest and meanest of the foes of labor, or would have served as a shield for the buccaneering corporations which he had denounced, or would have blackened that page of his country's history upon which his own picture will yet be placed!

"I hate to be compelled to speak thus of the man Cleveland—who has this year stood out as a servile, mercenary, pusillanimous politician, the ally of money against manhood, full ready to exercise his power, real and assumed, for the enslavement of the laboring masses who elected him to office."

Cleveland, acting over the head of Governor Altgeld, sent the federal troops to quell the strikers! He acted against the law, against precedent, against the will of the people, in the face of protest from every fair-minded man. Olney began to issue orders under the authority of the executive and Judge

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Big Change which has come over the world within the life-time of men not yet wholly gray-headed is an earnest and pledge of things to come. And this New Age of which the Big Change is premonitory must, like its predecessors, also tell us what God is. The word "God" is but a short word, of three letters only, but do not think a simple concept is expressed by it.

The New Age so far as it has shown itself has for its characteristic taking things apart. It is peculiarly the Age of Evolution, and evolution whether genetic or telic, whether by mere happen-so or by plan, takes things apart. Here, for example, is a chicken, just a chicken. But in that undifferentiated jungle-fowl are bundles and bundles of pairs of characteristics, egg-laying as opposed to sitting strains, smooth legs and feathered legs, rose combs and single combs, all sorts of plumage that will grow where and how you please, and be of whatever color and marking you please. By selection, either the chance act of Natural Selection or the planned act of Artificial Selection, each set of characteristics may be peeled off, so to speak, of the original jungle-fowl, may be separated out, just as the chemist takes the seemingly simple substance coal-tar and separates out aniline dyes of all the colors of the rainbow, and more too, sweet-tasting saccharin, various flavors and perfumes, stuff to stop headaches—I don't know what not. Nobody knows what not, at present.

Similarly in the short, tri-literal word "God" are ideas as widely different as a purple color and a sweet taste, as widely different as a bantam and a Brahma.

If I should say to you: "A man should seek to do the will of God," you would agree with me entirely if you thought I meant that he should try to be just and true in all his dealings, should hurt nobody by word or deed, should keep his hands from picking and stealing and his tongue from lying, evil-speaking and slandering, should not covet or desire other men's goods, but learn and labor truly to get his own living and do his duty in that station of life whereunto he should be called.

But if you thought I meant it was the will of God that the Isthmus of Panama should always divide Atlantic from Pacific, and that he did His will who should prevent the digging of the Panama Canal; if you thought I meant it was the will of God that men should have malaria and typhoid fever, since He had created mosquitoes and flies to spread these pests, and that he was a sinner who screened his windows; if you thought I meant it was the will of God for women to bring forth children in sorrow, and for men to dig the ground in the sweat of their brows, and that he defied the Almighty who administered chloroform or had a riding-plow with a shade umbrella—then you would shake your head with an I-don't-know-about-that expression.

The difficulty that old-fashioned people have in reconciling the ways of God to man, and explaining how a Heavenly Father whose loving-kindness is over all His creatures can send a San Francisco earthquake, lies in the fact that in this com-

act, three-lettered word are layers on layers of ideas, like the coats of an onion. Some of the layers are civilized, some barbarian, some utterly savage. For, in spite of the commandment, men have made unto themselves images and likenesses of God, and these images and likenesses have always been of themselves, so that to know what manner of God a man worships is to know what manner of man he is.

It must be the function and task of this New Age to separate out of this huddle of concepts the one it needs. It is as heathenish to have many gods with one name as it is to have many gods with many names. Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One, not many. And the one True God is the God which shall bring us out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. For it is the test of Truth that it shall make us free; it is the test of Truth, and the only test, that it shall give us a handle on the world about us so that we may slew it around for our betterment.

In this New Age, which is already here if we but knew it, will it be any help to us to think of God as a Being, who is (if we believe the courts), personified Hard Luck, who brings disasters that prudence cannot foresee or wisdom avert or fortitude prevail against? Will that set us free? Will not that enslave us more? Isn't it better for us to feel confident that somewhere there is a way, could we but find it, to foresee every calamity, to avert it, to prevail against it? We are doing that in many matters that previous ages looked upon as "acts of God," and the consciousness of what powers we have incites us to the conquest of more powers. We are doing our best all the time to change Luck into Certainty, and Art into Process. No. Such a god is not the one "whose service is perfect freedom."

Will it be any help to us to think of God as a Being who made the world and governs it, who has "ordained and constituted the services of men and angels in a wonderful manner," that is to say, who has fixed rank and station to everything in earth and sea and sky; these planets have certain orbits to roll in and may not wander therefrom; these species and genera are rigidly unchangeable; these men are serfs, and commoners, and nobles; here are bishops, priests and deacons; here are the nine orders of the angelic hierarchy—Will that God of Things as They Are be helpful to us? Better turn from such, if need be, to the serpent who prophesied that after we had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge we should be as gods. That prophecy has come true without any twisting exegesis. We are as gods; we can put it all over most of the old gods. Where would Jove with all his thunderbolts get off compared with an ordinary electrical engineer? Or Ceres with those who know about chemical fertilizers and irrigation? Wouldn't Mercury look cheap beside an aeroplane? How would Mars make out against a modern rifle? There are so many ways in which we are superior to the old gods and godlings that we cannot find names to compare with. What would be the tutelary deity of a moving picture show?

No. There is a very present need for a God to lead us out of the land of Egypt, out of the house

of bondage, but it is not the god of the capitalistic age nor yet the god of the feudal age. It is the Lord of Hosts we seek, the Lord of the masses. And that is the God of Righteousness and Justice, the God that bids me love my neighbor as myself—that isn't quite it, either. I cannot love any other one person as myself, and it is stretching it to make the word "neighbor" apply to any person in the world. I cannot love my neighbor as myself, but I can and I ought to love the race of men that now live and are to come better than I love myself. Greater love hath no man than that he should lay down his life for his friend, but it is not a very uncommon love that will prompt a man to lay down his life for humanity.

I can and ought to be glad to die if by my dying I could help ever so little to bring it about that little children in the days that are to come shall be full-fed and properly clad, shall play and have their schooling; that men and women shall live fully equipped and useful lives; that the sick people and the aged shall have the tender watch-care that love would give them—I'd die for that, and so would you. For this God of the Well-being of the Human Race you and I, dear comrade, can say and mean it: "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." This is the One, the Only True God, who may rightly declare: "For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." The God of Social Justice, the Lord of Hosts—the masses—should be a jealous God, and not allow any other gods before Him, certainly not Mammon.

It is as Comrade Jesus said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father," and the Father's will is that not one of these little ones should perish, worked to death in mill or factory.

What empties the churches is a sort of a dumb perception that it is heathenish to personify and make an idol of this Lord of the masses, this God of Social Justice, this Stream of Tendency that makes for righteousness, that figures Him up in the sky or in a building with a high-pitched roof with windows of colored glass; that to use pompous and archaic language to him and ask for things is like a child hallooing up the chimney to Santa Claus. And this emptying of the churches is one of the most notable of the phenomena that attend the coming of the Big Change.

The Lord of the hosts has kept His word. He told the reverend clergy just how it would be. "The priest's lips should keep knowledge and they should seek the law at his mouth," the clergy should be the moral guides, and be the first to proclaim social righteousness, "but ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of hosts. Therefore have I made you base and contemptible before all the people, according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in the law."

I shall have more to say about the emptying of the churches.

Socks, With Complications

(Continued from Page Seven.)

tiply two by two for half an hour afterward. That used to provoke Helen a good deal. Once she called me a sickmoon calf, and sent me home. She was right."

He blew his nose with a melancholy intonation.

"I hope I'm not boring you, Miss Radcliffe?" he asked gently.

"Oh, no," said Miss Radcliffe addressed.

"I must have started a dozen letters to her," resumed Mr. Thwing. "But I never sent any. Bentonville soon got to seem as far away as the Her-

perides; and what would a girl studying portrait painting in the Hesperides care about the goings-on of a half-baked lawyer on the East Side, New York City? I concluded I'd been foolish enough the first time to last me the rest of my days—hadn't I?"

"Well," said the photographer, taken by surprise; "well, I suppose if you feel that you have—"

Mr. Thwing found her hesitation both pleasant and exciting.

"By the way, Miss Radcliffe," he interrupted hurriedly, "please allow me to congratulate you; the last time we met, I remember, you had gray hair, eye-glasses, embonpoint—"

"You know Miss—!"

"Oh, no; I don't know her! Never heard of the

lady! Just taking a chance! For I know that you're not Miss Radcliffe—even if you have got one of her cards! You don't imagine I don't know you, do you?"

"Jim," said the photographer, blushing very prettily, "go home and get on your socks and take me to dinner! Do you know where Drago's is, over on Seward Street?"

"It is not meet!" protested Mr. Thwing. "Such an occasion as this demands—"

"Never—for a man who has only one pair—! I'll wait for you at Drago's. Run along, now; I'm hungry as a whole car of bears!"

"Oh, all right—boss!" said Mr. Thwing; and darted frantically in the direction of his missing hosiery.

A GENTLEMAN BORN

CHAPTER I.

BY

Maud Davis Walker

Illustrated by Ryan Walker

AT sixteen Beckie had been left an orphan with a brother half her years upon her back. But orphanhood had not added to the hardness of her lot, for from her earliest recollection her home had been dimly gray—a place depressed through poverty and dissension. Her mother had been a vain, selfish, complaining and incompetent woman who made heavy demands of others without giving in return. By his death her father had removed from Beckie's sky a hideous blot, for he had been an inebriate most of his life, working only at intervals and earning just enough to keep his family from starvation. In consequence of his lax ways he had been the victim of his wife's fits of rage and abuse throughout the years of their wretched union.

But there had been one joy to sustain the last years of Beckie's mother. Her young son Georgie, born in her own image, had been her idol and her hope. With boastful pride she would say of him: "He's a gentleman born. He belongs to a higher place than the one he's been born to. But he'll come out all right—he's my bone and blood and will never stay with the common herd."

And Beckie, undersized and plain of face, had not resented her mother's one-sided affection. She had taken it for granted that Georgie, beautiful, and tall for his age, was her superior, and like her mother, she lavished her love upon him.

A few times her father had looked at her with pity in his bleared eyes, and had so far committed himself as to say: "Poor little Beck." This small expression of sympathy had sunk deep into the starved girl's heart and she had cherished the words as meaning something infinitely tender. Thus a bond of sympathy seemed to bind her to the blighted creature, and she had never found it possible to condemn him for his manifold shortcomings. And not blaming him in life, it is small wonder that she did not censure him when, one bitter day in midwinter, he took himself off in a most inconsiderate manner. While a blizzard was in progress the drunkard got into bed, suffering from an over-dose of alcohol. A few days later he responded to a summons from the Great Judge. At such a time his death proved a tragedy to his family, for the small sum of money he had saved from his last work was swallowed up in funeral expenses. There followed a frightful want of food and fuel—the worst the family had ever suffered. And close upon this event followed another calamity. Beckie's mother gave way to melancholy and fits of rage, cursing the day of her union with the abnormal creature who had fathered her children. In this humor she, too, took to bed and when the March winds came they howled a requiem as she passed from the scenes of turmoil.

At this period in her life, Beckie became an important factor. Six months prior to her mother's death she had gone to work for a dressmaker in the town, and she had learned amazingly. So when the burden of bread-earning fell upon her she was in a way ready to assume it. In addition to Beckie's meagre earnings there was the little four-room house which had been the only family property. In some unaccountable way Beckie's father had acquired this place at the time of his marriage. After that event he had never acquired anything but ill fame.

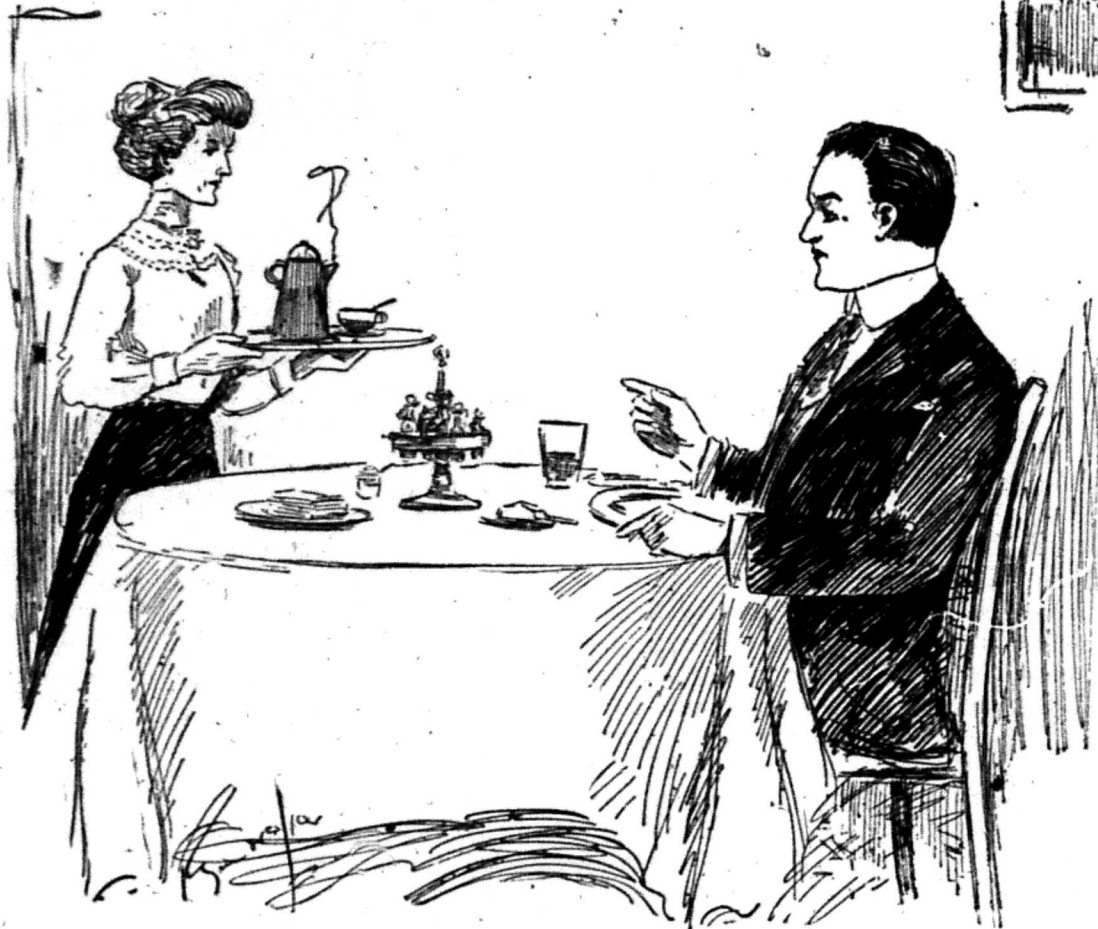
As the years dragged on, Beckie bravely bent above the wheel, earning scanty food and scantier raiment for her brother and herself. So closely was she kept confined over her work that she had no time for mental improvement. Her life had no perspective. For her there was only today. With her brother it was quite different. With plenty of leisure to enjoy, he was strong and healthy, and had developed into a work-despising, pleasure-loving, egotistical youth, adolescence developing his evil propensities. With no hand to guide him he went his way. While still in his early teens he had found school irksome, and devised schemes by which he might deceive his sister when he spent his days in truancy. With boon companions he spent much

time in the rear rooms of "joints," learning card games and the trickery which goes with them.

But it had not taken Georgie long to discover that dexterity at cards depended upon practice and close application. As he hated application of any sort, he decided the gambler's profession was not for him. He wanted to live without effort—and to live well. So his active mind began to conceive of ways and means.

For some time Georgie had despised the narrowness of his life. He longed to see the world, and lay awake nights figuring out some plan by which he might go away from his home town. In those rear rooms of "joints" he had learned more than card-playing. With pals, he had "turned" a few small, successful confidence games, and the taste of ill-gotten gains made him hunger for more.

"Oh, for an easy-mark—a sucker!" This was the cry within him. If only he might go in quest of



"I'd rather be pickled, than dig like he digs—and all for a rotten living."

some luckless creature who would fall a victim to his wiles! He was not particular as to age or gender. Only money counted. He had heard "grafters" tell of having "skinned guys." The work was "soft" and brought quick and easy returns. He also knew that he was well-fitted for the profession of a "grafter." He was gifted beyond any of the fellows of his acquaintance. Why delay? Each day made his impatience harder to bear. Of his intentions, however, Beckie had not the slightest hint. He did not think it wise to take her into his confidence. And of late a resentment against his sister had sprung up within him. Not that Beckie had failed to keep their heads above water—and his head nicely hatted, but because she had remained so close to Want. Georgie's whole being revolted against stinting—against living in a mean way. His vanity demanded certain display. He must get it—somehow.

One evening at supper Georgie spoke his mind—a portion of it—to his sister. "Say, Sis, I've about decided to pull stakes. This hole's on my nerves. I've got to get to doing something—working, you know. As I can't get anything to do here, there's no use my laying round any longer. If you'll raise twenty-five dollars for me, I'll go down to K. C. and get a newspaper job. Hank Wilson went down last month and landed a good job on *The Arrow* at twenty bones a week. That's good money."

"But Hank worked for three years on his uncle's paper right here in this town," reminded Beckie. "You see, he'd learnt the trade before he went away. Now, Georgie, maybe you could get Hank's old job—on Mr. Wilson's paper. It's an awful good way to learn. Then you can—"

Georgie stopped her abruptly. His brow darkened. "Say, Beck, cut it out about my learning anything from anybody in this one-horse town. I already know more than Hank and his uncle and the whole damn bunch of 'em put together. I'm going to K. C. I tell you. If you can't raise the money for me— Well, by thunder, I'll tramp it! And what does a dressmaker know about newspaper work, I'd like to know?"

His last sentence carried a sneer.

Beckie's face reddened at the thrust. It was not the first time he had spoken insinuatingly of her poor calling. But her solicitude for him prevailed over any other feeling, and she replied: "You know, Georgie, that I want you to get a nice job—something you will be proud to do. And I'm willing to help you, too. But I thought you might get started here at home. But if you can't—why, I'll do all I can. But I haven't got twenty-five dollars, you know. I'll have my twelve Saturday—pay-day. But most of that has to go to the grocer."

"Can't you borrow it from Mrs. Jones?" asked Georgie.

"Well, she does loan money to the girls sometimes; but she charges interest."

"Let the old cat have her interest. And—after

I've got my job on a K. C. paper I'll write her to go to the devil to collect it." Georgie wished his sister to infer that he meant to pay off the sum if she managed to borrow it for him. But Beckie understood him. Yet she did not say a word.

"Don't ask for a cent less than twenty-five," commanded Georgie. "I'll really need more, but I'll manage."

"When do you want to go?" Beckie's voice trembled slightly. The thought of their separation made her anxious. She felt he was so helpless without her—so inconsistent that outsiders would not put up with him long. She feared for him. Still, she had felt for a long time that he must go to work. The burden of their livelihood was becoming almost too heavy for her to bear alone. Many times she had been on the point of urging him to get some employment. But always the fear of not being understood, of hurting him, had held her in check. So she had let matters drift along, praying that some day Georgie would take the initiative. And now it seemed her prayer was to be answered.

"I'll want to go right away—say Saturday." Georgie had come down off his high horse—his customary way of doing when things shaped themselves to suit him.

The next day Beckie acted on her brother's suggestion and borrowed twenty-five dollars from her employer, Mrs. Jones. The kind lady demurred at first about lending the money, but afterward agreed to it, saying she would be obliged to levy a small sum by way of interest, however. The "small sum by way of interest" was three dollars, making Beckie's indebtedness twenty-eight dollars, which was to be paid in weekly installments, Mrs. Jones holding back half her weekly wages till the debt was settled.

On Saturday morning Georgie, head lofty and face radiant, went on his way toward the Mecca of The Plains, Kansas City. It had taken less than a third of his twenty-five dollars to procure a railroad ticket to the place of his desire. As he rode along over the level land he soliloquized thus: "I'll keep my weather eye open for a sucker. It's said that one's born every minute, and why shouldn't I pluck one as well as some other fellow? I've got the looks and the greasy tongue. And I'm better looking than most guys. If Beck's satisfied to hump over some other woman's sewing machine for life for a stinkin' twelve dollars a week, let her. But nix for mine. I'm not going to knuckle to a boss—not on your life! I'm going to hold out till I strike something rich. I want to be a gentleman—and that's out of the question 'less you've got the long green."

* * *

The following Thursday evening, as Beckie was tidying the kitchen after her solitary supper, her mind full of anxiety about Georgie—from whom she had heard nothing—a step on the porch caused her

to turn suddenly about. There in the doorway stood the object of her solicitude. Heaviness came into her breast. She felt that Georgie must have failed of success—that the twenty-eight dollars she must pay in dribbles had been wasted. And how long it would take her to earn that vast sum stitch by stitch, till her eyes seemed going blind!

But her love for her brother caused her to put on a smiling face: "W'y, Georgie! Back so soon? Come in. I've just finished supper. I'll fry you some eggs and mush. There—set down. It's hot today."

"Hot as blazes!" Georgie threw his hat on the end of the table and himself into a chair which Beckie had placed for him. "Had dam bad luck in K. C.," he vouchsafed. "Newspaper business punk there. Saw Hank Wilson. He said I'd not take such a job as his if they'd give it to me. He says there's a dozen men for every job, willing to work for nothin'. Hank's having the liver worked out of him—looks as lean as a wolf and as white as a corpse. I'd rather be pickled, by Satan! and kept in a barrel in the cellar than to dig like he digs—and all for a rotten living."

Beckie replied nothing; but of a sudden a curious thought entered her head. Suppose she had preferred pickling to having had the liver worked out of her—to having been made as lean as a wolf and the color of a corpse? How would her handsome brother have fared? But no, she had not been a quitter. She had had the staying qualities. But it had cost her dear, and for the past three years she had sometimes feared her strength was not keeping pace with her will. And on this night, in sweltering midsummer, she had come from her work more tired than ever before. She felt worn to the bone. Never had exhaustion claimed her so entirely. It was torture to just move about, performing her slight household tasks.

Something in Beckie's expression seemed to testify to her thoughts. Georgie, who was quick to read her, understood. It fired him. "Oh, I knowed you'd be as mad as a wet hen when I come back—without a job. But don't fret, Beck, I'll not stay. I'll sell this place—it's as much mine as yours—and go off somewhere—anywhere, so's to put dirt between me and this dam hole."

Beckie's face went a shade paler. Her hands trembled as she gathered up the dishes. Would Georgie sell the roof from over their heads? Would he dispose of the little that their father had left between them and nothing? Would he go from her in anger?—she who had stood between him and care all his life? And who would take her place with him? Who would forgive and forget his shortcomings? In her concern for him she again proceeded to thrust herself into the background.

"Georgie, please don't talk like that. We must hold onto this place—it's all we've got. S'pose I'd get sick—or lose my job! What would we do? Why, I'd—"

A lump in her throat choked off the end of the last sentence. She was so overcome by her emotion that she hurriedly left the room, going into the mean living room and looking out of the window. She struggled against tears.

Georgie, seeing that he had brought her round, followed her into the living room and dropped into the one rocking chair. "Git a light, Beck," he said. "I've got something to show you, and to tell you about. Maybe my trip wasn't so bad, after all."

Beckie fetched the lamp from the kitchen and placed it on the center table. Then she seated herself opposite her brother. He took a small, square package from his pocket and proceeded to unwrap it. "I met some nice folks on the train going down," he informed. "Was with 'em most of the time I was away. I may git something out of one of 'em—if I work the racket rightly. Here's the dog-type of the one I have reference to." And he held out to Beckie a piece of cardboard.

A new hope sprung up within Beckie. Maybe, after all, Georgie had the promise of work. Maybe he had not failed. Without looking at the thing he had handed her she asked eagerly: "Is it some business man you met—that's going to give you a good position?"

"Nope, it's not a business man. Why don't you look at it? It's a woman—a female woman."

Beckie looked at the bit of cardboard which proved to be the photograph of a middle-aged woman very much over-dressed. "Oh!" And Beckie was puzzled. "She's stylish, ain't she? Them kimono sleeves are all the go this summer. And she's got three willow plumes on her hat."

"Never mind about the sleeves nor the plumes." Georgie held out for the photograph which he replaced in his pocket. "The old gal's got the spondulix. Her and her married female cousin was going to K. C. on my train. We got acquainted. They was on a pleasure trip—and, say, it was some spending of money! They made it fly. I got to know them right well. This one took to me like a duck takes to water—give me her dog-type and be-

haved kittenish—tryin' to act young, you know." Georgie laughed softly to himself at remembrance.

Beckie's obtuseness was unpenetrated by her brother's broad hints. "But what has a strange woman got to do with your—getting a position?" she asked.

"Wait and you'll see." Georgie grinned contentedly. "Got any writing paper 'bout the place? I want to write a letter."

Beckie found some writing materials and placed them in front of her brother on the table. Soon he was intent on the composition of a letter. Beckie was asked to assist him, for his knowledge of orthography and rhetoric was very limited. Beckie's was not much broader, but she helped him to spell some very high-sounding words.

After an hour's work, the epistle was completed and ready for posting. Georgie read it aloud, the better to get the full flavor of it. Beckie was puzzled. What could be the meaning of such a letter?—full of silly, flattering sentences! Evidently it was meant to appeal to the vanity of the woman to whom it was written.

Georgie went out to post the letter and Beckie went to bed. She was too disquieted, however, to sleep and lay pondering this mysterious business of her brother's. Suddenly as though by a flash of lightning the whole meaning of it became clear to her. Robbery! That was his intention. Yes, robbery; but robbery in a legal form. It would be made possible through lies—deceit! It was the sort of robbery which was committed every day by women in the various walks of life. Men, too, be it said to their shame! were guilty of the same ignoble act. And Georgie was to fall to this! Georgie, her superior! And yet she, poor, plain Beckie, could never have been brought to do such a thing. Though she had never expressed her thoughts on the subject which was now agitating her, nevertheless she held a pretty strong opinion concerning it. She had heard people say of various persons: "John So-and-So was lucky. He married a very rich woman!" or, "Mary So-and-So made a fine match—married a millionaire!" And Beckie had always remained silent. She could not agree with the persons making these observations, so she did not speak her mind. And often she had wondered why she held views in direct opposition to those entertained by her mother during her life. Then she would settle the question by supposing that "she was born that way."

The more Beckie thought over the new condition which had come into her brother's life, the stronger became her determination that he should not proceed with the shameless affair. She had always forgiven his sinning against herself. But he must not sin—and so grossly—against another.

Thus troubled, Beckie fell asleep.

(To be concluded.)

What the Unions Have Accomplished

(Continued from Page Eight.)

Grosscup began to fire "gatling gun" charges to the Grand Jury, Major General Miles assumed charge of the troops and men, women and children were shot and bayoneted in the zealous attempt to defend the sacred authority of the railways.

Describing the atrocities of the troops and the readiness with which they took the lives of the workingmen, Swinton says: "I must ask the Czar Alexander III to pass over this chapter of this book; for, though he is not wholly given up to sentimentalism, the reading of it would make him feel faint, or drive him to a rage. . . . I trust that the 'King of the Cannibal Islands' does not read our papers. As for Sitting Bull, I believe that he is dead if not in Heaven."

The American Railway Union put up a splendid battle, but it did not intend to fight the Federal Army and the strike was lost. Debs and his assistants were arrested on a charge of conspiracy, but acquitted and then charged with a violation of one of Judge Grosscup's injunctions. He was imprisoned without trial and held in prison for six months for contempt of court.

Railroad Employees' Department A. F. of L.

Recently there has been organized the Railroad Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor. The department embraces the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, the Switchmen's Union of North America, the International Brotherhood of Maintenance-of-Way Employees, the International Association of Steam and Hot Water and Powerpipe Fitters and Helpers, Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Brotherhood of Railroad Freight Handlers, International Brotherhood of Boiler Makers, Iron Ship Builders and Helpers of America, International Association of Machinists and International Association of Car Workers.

When interviewed, P. F. Richardson, the secretary-treasurer, has the following to say:

"As the Department was only instituted a few

years ago, you will readily see that it is practically in its infancy. The members of the organizations employed on each railroad, federate and form what is known as a railroad system federation to which the department itself issues a charter. All the employes of each railroad, members of the affiliated organization, come within the scope of the one charter. We also issue what is known as local branch charters. At several points on some of the railroads there are four or five lodges of affiliated organizations and the membership of these federate under what is known as local branch charters, subject, of course, to the System Federation Charter.

"System Federation charters have been issued to cover 22 railroads and we are in the hopes that in the not distant future many others will be issued until the employes of every railroad in this country will be federated and hold charters from this Department.

"The Department was instituted on November 20, 1908, at Denver, Colo., by the representatives of ten organizations having members employes in railroads who were present at the Denver Convention of the American Federation of Labor. Since its institution, it has made fairly good progress in uniting the members of the affiliated trades, and having them conduct negotiations and enter into agreements with railroad officials jointly instead of separately as in the past."

The Railway organizations have united their influence for legislation covering several questions that are of utmost importance to them. They have secured the enactment of the National Safety Appliances Law and the Employers' Liability Law and are now working for a law regulating the numbers of hours for railway employes. They are also working for an anti-injunction law, which, judging by the light of recent events, may not be easily gained.

Labor Omnia Vincet

ELLIS O. JONES.

Once more Labor Day rolled around to remind the capitalists of how much they all love the laboring man:

When he buys their goods,
When he works long hours without complaint,
When he doesn't strike for higher wages,
When he does not insist on living too close to them,
When he obeys orders on election day,
When he treats them with servile respect, saying "yes, sir," and "no, sir,"
When he does not try to protect himself by labor legislation,
When he puts their interest before his own,
When he does not bring damage suits for injuries received in their factories,
When he is satisfied with charity instead of demanding justice as his right,
When he will eat adulterated food without a murmur,
When he will live in squalid hovels and tenements and thanks God for the chance,
When he acknowledges himself to belong to a class apart and does not think he or his children are as good as they or their children,
But not when he becomes conscious that he belongs to a class apart and is entitled to everything because he produces everything.

Why I Vote the Socialist Ticket

*I am unjust, but I can strive for justice.
My life's unkind, but I can vote for kindness.
I, the unloving, say life should be lovely;
I, that am blind, cry out against blindness.*

*Man is a curious brute—he pets his fancies—
Fighting mankind to win sweet luxury.
So he will be, though law be clear as crystal,
Though all men plan to live in harmony.*

*Come, let us vote against our human nature,
Crying to God in all the polling places.
To heal our everlasting sinfulness,
And make us sages with transfused faces.
—Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in The Independent.*

In a letter to the Committee of Ways and Means hearing evidence upon the tariff in November, 1907, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, said: "Speaking after the manner of men, they (the protected interests) are either thieves or hogs. I myself belong to the former class. I am a tariff thief, and as such I have a license to steal. It bears the broad seal of the United States, and is what is known as the 'Dingley Tariff.' I stole under it yesterday; I am stealing under it today; I propose to steal under it tomorrow. But, on the other hand, I am also a radical tariff reformer. I would like to see every protective schedule swept out of existence."

The Coming Nation

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EDITORS

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Housing Workers in New Zealand

Charles Edward Russell will throw "More Light on the Common Good" again next week.

This time he takes up the municipal housing plan in New Zealand and shows how a good thing entered into half heartedly and restricted by the interests of an exploiting class has ended in a farce.

The Socialists of Milwaukee are about to undertake the building of municipal homes for the workers, and they are avoiding just the thing that contributed to the New Zealand failure.

It is certain that reformers will imitate New Zealand in order to steal the Socialist thunder.

Russell tells just where the difference lies, and shows how, unless the basic land monopoly is attacked, housing schemes are almost sure to fail.

Offer is About to Expire

The final page proofs are now being read on "Social Forces in American History," and the book will probably go to press within a couple of weeks, after that we cannot guarantee to supply copies as premiums.

We shall try to put in an order large enough to furnish those that are apt to be received within the next four weeks, but this order must be sent before the book goes to press, and the only certain way to get a copy is to send in three dollars for subscriptions at once.

The orders for the reproduction of Balfour Ker's painting are coming in fast, and, while it is probable we will be able to fill all orders received for the next two weeks, we cannot guarantee to do so, as only one thousand have been printed and when these are gone, no more can be obtained.

While they last, one will be given with every renewal or each new subscription, if the sender asks for it.

Bound Volumes

So many have asked for back numbers of the COMING NATION, and bound volumes, that it has been decided to bind up what files are still remaining, beginning when the present form was established.

This bound volume will be the most comprehensive store-house of Socialist matter that has ever been published.

It will include number fifty-three, and thus will contain the whole of Reginald Wright Kauffman's novel, for which you would pay a dollar and a half at any book store.

It will contain the continued story by George Allen England, the articles on the Mexican Revolution by J. Kenneth Turner; on the Panama Canal by

ADDED DUTIES

BY A. M. SIMONS



AS the Socialist movement rises in the ever widening spiral that is characteristic of all progress, it inevitably, not only moves alternately to right and left, but enters new fields of activity, assumes new functions and demands new methods. Because, in the majority of cases, the old methods are not supplanted, but only supplemented, there arises continuous conflict. There are those to whom the work of agitation, of arousing the public mind, of advertising Socialism seems always the paramount thing.

They are inclined to belittle the efforts of those who realize that something must be done besides merely arousing the spirit of revolt. That spirit is more or less of an explosive, and, like all explosives, is harmful or helpful as its energy is directed.

While agitation, exposure and denunciation and the sounding of rallying cries are still necessary, the very fact that this work has been so well done in the past has created a situation that is calling for new forms of action.

We are told that the walls of the city of Jerico were overturned by the blowing of ram's horns, but modern history records no instance of the overthrowing of a city or society by similar means.

Socialism comes, not only as the herald, but also as the builder of a new society. The work of laying the foundations of that society is already being done. That work is not so spectacular as the work of organization. It is often easier to be a martyr than a worker, and just at present there is more pressing need of workers. They must be trained workers, too. Socialists propose to build a new society, with a better order, a more systematic management of affairs than the world has ever known.

Just now we need trained officials even more than trained orators. We need men who are able to direct electric energy, rather than those who are willing to defy the lightning. We need creators as well as critics.

Labor cannot be freed by crying out that it is enslaved. Freedom will come only when revolution finds expression in rebuilding.

The reformer cuts patches and props to fit the old structure and works to maintain a class ruled society.

The Socialist draws new matter from a hitherto subject class and forms that matter to fit the plan of a new free society.

This task is vastly greater than that of the reformer, and requires correspondingly greater skill and wider knowledge.

That is why the Socialists have always emphasized the matter of education.

"We learn by doing," said Froebel, and if the election of Socialists to office did nothing more than train those who, as the servants of the workers, must administer the coming co-operative society, then elections and campaigns would still be worthy of our best energy.

Albert Edwards; on southern cotton mills, by Alexander Irvine; on welfare work by Hyman Strunsky, and all the special articles on European subjects that have appeared during the year.

There will be stories by John R. McMahon, Mrs. Fremont Older, Allen Updegraff, Hyman Strunsky, and other well-known writers.

There are poems by Berton Braley, humor by Eugene Wood and Ellis O. Jones, illustrations by Walter Crane, Balfour Ker, Art Young, Ryan Walker, and a long list of others.

It will be a volume that will be constantly referred to in any Socialist home.

There are only a few of these volumes, since, in most cases, the edition was entirely sold out, save the few copies that were laid aside for this purpose.

There was some discussion as to how these should be distributed. It is felt that to offer them for sale would be simply to deprive all but a few who lived near of the opportunity of getting them, and besides there would be no assurance that they would go to the best workers, and there is where we want them. It has, therefore, been decided to give one each week, beginning with the first week in October, to the person sending in the largest amount for subscriptions during that week. The first week for which this premium will be given will end October 7th.

We might say that, up to the present time, very few clubs have been received for the COMING NATION. Nearly all the

subscription list consists of the names of persons who have sent in a dollar for themselves.

Those who have tried to get subscriptions have found it easy. It is very likely that this book will go some weeks for a very small club. It is certain that any one who sets out for five or six weeks to send in subscriptions each week will be almost certain to obtain one of these bound volumes.

The Contemptible Supreme Court

It has become a standing joke that all investigations of railroad rates discover a plentiful number of rebates granted three years prior to the investigation, but that all witnesses for the railroad agree that the rebates ended three years before the investigation began. The statute of limitations runs only the three years.

In the same way the person who would intimate that Supreme Court Justices at the present time are influenced by outside persons would certainly meet with sharp denial and stern denunciation from a righteous, though purchased, press, even if he escaped without severe punishment for contempt of court.

The publication of the private correspondence of James Buchanan has just shown how what happened in days to which the "statute of limitations" does not run. From this correspondence it seems that the decision in the Dred Scott case was at first written without in any way touching upon the *ex parte*

questions that made the decision famous.

Then after Buchanan was elected, but before he took his seat, one justice of the Supreme Court wrote to Buchanan asking him to write to another justice asking this latter justice, who was from the north, to use his influence in giving the decision the wide scope, which it finally had. The letter was written, and the reply shows that this letter was discussed by the other justices and their decision written accordingly. This second letter goes on to tell what the decision will be, and just how many judges will sign it, and, in fact, affords ample evidence that the court carefully framed up its decision with a view to the political effect it would produce, and then gave out tips where these would be the most valuable. Is it not probable that twenty years from now similar evidence may be obtained that will tell us how the word "reasonable" came to be put into the Anti-Trust Law?

The Socialist Scouts

Your boy or girl can have an income of his own while advancing Socialism if he takes up the work of the Socialist Scouts. Scouts sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both



papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales in addition to valuable premiums given wholly free.

This young Scout is Harvey Henkel, of Hamilton, O. He has a splendid list of customers and is a hustler. He began the work on the same plan open to other boys and girls.

A bundle of ten NATIONS will be sent free to any one who agrees to remit half price for papers sold and to return heads of unsold copies. Talk it over with a prospective Scout in your home.

Address requests to "Scout Dept., Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan."

Belfast Municipal Tramways

Belfast, Ireland, with a population of about 400,000, owns and operates the tramways or street railways of the city. It not only operates the system, but every part of the work connected with the building of a tram car can be carried out at the corporation works, except the trucks and electrical equipment, which are imported from the United States. The total revenue from this municipal enterprise for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911, amounted to \$1,062,361, and the working expenses to \$549,717. The net revenue was \$263,038.—Municipal Journal.

The Laborer

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

Coal I have digged and wood I have hewn,

Yet cold is my heart and drear;
And I shiver full oft for a bit of the flame

My Promethean hand brought here.

I have given my strength to the useful plow,

And followed it after with seed;
Yet the grain is threshed, and the grain is ground,

And still do I know my need.

I have tended the flock on the lonely plain,

And sheared in the noisy pen;
And watched by the loom—yet the cloth I wear

Is Israel's draggled hem.

My brain has thought and my hand obeyed,

And my soul has dreamed its best;
Yet I lay me down, when the night comes on,

With a dead heart in my breast!

Broad is the land my master owns,

And fruitful year to year;
But my estate is a rented lie
And my holdings lodged in fear!

CHILDREN'S OWN PAGE
 EDITED BY
BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

HERE was a boy lived in a small town and his name was Joe. Joe went to school until he was nearly fourteen years old. He was just an ordinary boy, the kind that anyone likes for a friend, not too dull and not too clever, kind to animals and good chums with the boys, sometimes getting very angry, but generally ready to laugh. He could work hard



when he had to, or when he was very much interested, as in building a snow fort in winter. But Joe didn't call this work, he thought it only play.

Joe's father was a baker and the spring time that Joe was going to be fourteen the man that Joe's father worked for sold out to a large concern and somehow Joe's father lost his job. And when Joe got wet feet and a bad cold in the March rains and his mother saw that the soles of his shoes were worn quite through, she said:

"Goodness, Joe, you got to have new shoes, but there ain't any money to get 'em." Then Joe, who was within two weeks of fourteen years old and quite a man, answered:

"I'm goin' to work, Mother, and earn me some shoes." His mother felt badly, for she believed in education for her children, but she had to let him do as he wanted to.

As it happened, after Joe left school



Three Crackling Paper Dollars

he got a place as errand boy in the bakery of the man who had bought out the concern where his father had kneaded bread. He worked pretty hard from seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening and at the end of the week the superintendent handed him out three crackling paper dollars.

These three dollars were the WAGES that Joe received for his work. He thought it was great to get WAGES. It seemed about the best thing he knew of to get WAGES. His father received wages when he had a job and so did his older married brother and his big sister, in fact, all the grown up people that he knew worked and received WAGES.

To be sure, his mother didn't receive WAGES for her work, but it never occurred to Joe that she ought to. The only thing he thought about her was that since he was getting wages he

could give her money to buy things for the younger children and he felt quite proud of it and as though he were very kind to her.

One day he wondered who paid the man that owned the bakeshop WAGES or what wonderful thing this owner had in place of wages. For Joe knew that you had to have money to buy even a little clothing and some food and pay the rent, and the man he worked for dressed very nicely and so did his wife and they even had an automobile, therefore, they must have a great deal of money, thought Joe.

So every week Joe received his three wonderful dollars as WAGES. He gave it to his mother and she always gave



Earned a right to Enjoy Himself

him back fifty cents to pay carfare when it rained—Joe could easily walk the two miles from home when it was pleasant—and to buy a little fruit for his lunches and once in a while to go to a moving picture show.

And Joe felt that he earned a man's right to live in the world and enjoy himself a little. B. H. M.

(The story of Joe is going to be continued through several numbers of The Children's Own Page. Each chapter of Joe's life is going to have a special idea and all the boys and girls who have not lazy minds, as I am sorry to say many boys and girls have, will easily catch the idea, especially if they study Ryan Walker's pictures that go with it. When the story is all finished the writer of it is going to ask a few questions just to find out which boys and girls wouldn't allow their minds to be lazy while they were reading it. So the boys and girls who want to prove that their minds are quite wide awake ought either to save each number of the COMING NATION and file it nicely away, or else cut out the story each time and paste it in a scrap-book very neatly and in its correct place after the last one. Then when the questions come, they can refer back to the chapters. —Ed.)

Marie Claire

Marie Claire, written by Marguerite Audoux, is just a plain story of a little girl's life told by herself after she had grown up. But because it is told so simply and with so much beautiful feeling, it is a very fine piece of literature and a book that some day when they are quite grown up, all boys and girls should read. The following selection is one of the short chapters that I know all girls and boys of any age will love to read:

"At the beginning of the spring the farmer's wife taught me how to milk the cows and look after the pigs. She said she wanted to make a good farmer out of me. I could not help thinking

of the Mother Superior and the disdainful tone in which she said to me, "You will milk the cows and look after the pigs." When she said that she said it as though she were giving me a punishment, and here I was delighted to have them to look after. I used to lean my forehead against a cow's flank to get a better purchase, and I very soon filled my pail. At the top of the milk a foam used to form which caught all kinds of changing colors, and when the sun passed over it it become so marvellously beautiful that I was never tired of looking at it.

Looking after the pigs never disgusted me. Their food was boiled potatoes and curdled milk. I used to dip my hands into the bucket to mix it all up, and I loved making them wait for their food a few minutes. Their eager cries and the way they wiggled their snouts about always amused me."

The New Yard Fence

BY MRS. HAYDEN PIERCE.

Mrs. Jamieson knew something was going to happen, as quick as she looked at her husband's face across the breakfast table.

So she waited for him to speak out what was on his mind.

Directly he commenced: "Ella, I have a notion to build a house on that piece of timber land I bought the other day. I want to farm a little and raise some hogs—you can raise chickens, too. What do you and the kiddos think about it."

"That might be all right," answered his wife.

This plan was eagerly welcomed by the children. Workmen were soon busy and quickly finished the interesting work of building a new home.

Then the family left the city to try life on a farm.

Mr. Jamieson hurriedly built fences for the stock, so they might bring it home. As was customary in that section of country, after they became accustomed to their new surroundings, the hogs were turned out to seek food in the woods.

The house stood bare and alone, un-separated in any way from barnyard or farm.

Later, the crops were carefully protected against the invasion of livestock, but the home still remained open for their visits.

All went well until Mrs. Jamieson began to raise little chickens. Then she found it almost impossible to feed them away from the hogs. The older chickens, too, began making visits in the house to seek what they could find. One day when the weekly housecleaning was done, Mrs. Jamieson went to the garden and found on returning that some hogs had been in the house upsetting a pail of swill.

"I do wish they could be shut out," she grumbled as she scrubbed one-half the floor over. "If Frank had this cleaning to do a few times he surely would build a fence."

"I must build one soon, he promised when told of the trouble, but he was very busy, and could not get to it. Mrs. Jamieson was forced to be contented with several annoyances day after day.

One night, as the hogs grew bolder they sought shelter under the high front porch during a rain.

"There are those hogs," exclaimed Mr. Jamieson. "I will not let them sleep there." And he started for the door.

"Suey! Suey!" he called as the rocks struck the house. But the hogs were chased out, only to return as soon as he entered the house, after several unsuccessful trials at making them stay out he gave it up.

"I will fix it so they won't try that again," was his declaration; "but the next day proved to be clear and the incident was forgotten until a week or two afterward, when the pastor of their church, Rev. Healy, came to spend the night, which proved to be another stormy one.

Soon after the family retired for the

night the rain came, and again the hogs sought better shelter.

"Frank! Frank!" called Mrs. Jamieson, "what is making all that racket?"

"I'll go see," sleepily answered Mr. Jamieson. "I guess it's only the hogs back again."

When he reached the kitchen where the noise seemed to be coming from, he found the hogs had pushed the door open and some of them were in the house.

"Suey! Out of here! you rascals."

"Woof! Woof!" they answered, as they started toward him expecting to be fed.

"Suey!" and this time his foot landed on the snout of one of the hogs.

"Ouch! my toe. Suey!" he cried hobbling around on one foot with the other foot in his hand.

With a squeal the hogs turned to get away, upsetting a chair which struck the crippled foot, causing him to drop the foot, and quickly seize the chair.

Whack! Whack! went the chair on the hog's back. "Suey! Suey!" kept calling the excited Mr. Jamieson amid the squeals of the hogs.

"There! you've spilt that milk all over me," exclaimed he as a jar was heard to land on the floor. He gave the offending one another lick, as it stopped to drink the milk.

With another squeal and another dash, it made for the stove, trying to go under. Poor Mr. Jamieson saw this move and tried to prevent it, just as the stove-pipe fell emptying its contents on his head and shoulders.

"Oh! my head, my knee, my toes," he moaned, dancing about, when the stove fell with a broken leg, the oven door flew open and the vessels came tumbling out on the floor.

By this time the hogs were thoroughly frightened, and seeing themselves left alone a short time, they all ran out at the door with another, "Woof! Woof!" and were gone.

"Go, you pesky things, you've already done more damage than you're worth," he shouted, slamming the door after them.

Going back to his room he called, "Ella, are you awake yet? Where is the liniment? I am bruised all over."

"Of course I'm awake," she answered, with her face in the pillows. "The liniment is on the shelf."

"Why didn't you try calling them out," she advised.

"Because I didn't want to get wet," he answered.

The next morning, regardless of bruises, he was ready for the fence building without any delay.

Free

BY LEARNED.

*A dove lay caught in a fowler's snare;
 By cruel cords her wings were pressed,
 Ruffled was all her plumage fair
 And her heart beat fast in her panting breast.*

*But the fowler loosened each cord and twist,
 He smoothed her ruffled plumes, and then
 Her snowy bosom he gently kissed
 And bade her seek the skies again.*

*And the fowler sighed; for, safe and fair
 In summer skies, he knew that she
 Would think of the cord and the cruel snare
 But not of the hand that set her free.*

To a Nine Inch Gun

*Whether your shells hit the target or not,
 Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot;
 You think of noise and flame and power,
 We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
 Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
 With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
 Silence! A million hungry men
 Seek bread to fill their mouths again.*



Group of Girls, working in the plant of the Appeal and the Coming Nation, who marched in the Labor Day parade at Girard, Kansas

What's in the New Books

... *Bebel's Reminiscences*, Translated from the First German Edition by Ernest Unterman, Part I. The Socialist Literature Company, New York. Cloth, 224 pp., 75 cents.

THE Reminiscences of August Bebel form a history of the fighting working class of Germany. So much is this true that one only catches glimpses of the author's personal life through the clash of the class war.

August Bebel was born in a garrison, February 22, 1840, the son of a petty officer, and from the beginning his life was one of suffering.

His father died six years later, just as he had received a position in the postal service as a reward for having given his health for the army. Seven years later his mother died, and in a few brief sentences he sketches the picture of the sufferings of a proletarian woman:

"Within three years she had lost two husbands, two children—my youngest brother, and a sister who was born before me, and whom I had never known. With us two boys mother had to pass through several severe spells of sickness. In 1848 I was seized by a nervous fever, and for weeks I hung between life and death. A few years later I suffered from a spell of hip disease, but escaped with straight limbs. My brother, at the age of nine, while playing in a barn, fell from the top rung of a ladder to the threshing floor and sustained a severe scalp wound and a concussion of the brain. He, too, barely escaped with his life. My mother herself suffered nearly seven years from consumption. More tribulation and sorrow can hardly be the lot of a mother."

The food question was always close in the Bebel family. "If we complained that we were still hungry, which we did every day, our mother replied regularly, 'The sack must be tied sometimes before it is full.'"

The youthful Bebel, not understanding the political economy of the family, and the necessity for starvation, sometimes rebelled and plundered the cupboard, and he concludes this paragraph with the significant remark, "It is easy to understand why my ideal was for

years to be able to eat my fill of buttered bread."

Although August Bebel was the weakest, yet by 1859 the others had died and he was the last of the family. His physical weakness was so great that he was repeatedly turned back from the army, and was finally dismissed as unfit for military service.

After serving apprenticeship as a wood carver, and spending his years of



August Bebel

wandering, he plunged at once into the labor movement, which consisted only of the workingmen's clubs that "sprouted in the early sixties like mushrooms after a warm summer rain."

Then came years of confusion, in which the working class of Germany was gradually feeling its way to proper tactics. We learn of the ultra-radicals who sung:

"We dye red, we dye good,

We dye with every tyrant's blood."

and who then took service with Bismarck, much as similiar fire eaters have done from that day to this.

We learn of others like Prof. Wundt, the renowned psychologist of Heidelberg and later of the University of Leipsic, who were active at this time, but later lost their interest after the movement became more revolutionary.

In 1862 Wilhelm Liebknecht, after an exile of thirteen years, returned to Berlin, there to share the poverty of those who were founding the early Socialist movement. Yet, in spite of the wife who was dying with lung trouble, and for whom he could not provide the proper food, and the desperate struggles that he was making to maintain an existence, "Whoever saw him and

heard him would have thought that he lived in contentment."

Although Bebel recognized the influence that Liebknecht exerted over him in the thirty-five years that they were closely associated, Bebel denies that it was the direct propaganda of the older man that made the former a Socialist and Marxian. "Like most of those who became Socialists at that time, I came to Marx by way of Lassalle. . . . Toward the end of 1869 I first found sufficient time and leisure to read carefully the first volume of Marx's 'Capital.' . . . And it was my imprisonment that gave me that leisure."

The war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, which ended in the domination of Prussia and the establishment of a unified Prussianized Germany, brought many matters to a head. Bebel is frank enough to say that he is sorry Germany won this war, since it gave the Prussian reaction such power and influence.

Meantime, from the various factions and phases of the labor movement, under the direction of Lassalle, Liebknecht, Bebel, Vahlteich, Greulich and others, whose names are familiar to

present day Socialists, the German Socialist Movement was gradually evolving, and this first volume closes with the Congress at Eisenach in 1869, where the present Social Democratic party was formed.

The author seems suddenly to realize just as he is about to close the book, that the reader of an autobiography may look for some "personal matter," so he inserts a five-page chapter with that heading, and then we find it largely devoted to his wife, who has been a fellow-worker in all the more important years of his life.

Another short, striking chapter at the close is devoted to the trade union movement, where he repeats, with emphasis, a sentence written by him in 1872, whose truth it has taken the Socialists of the world more than a generation to learn, and, indeed, some are still far from comprehending its import.

"The future of the working class rests upon the trade union movement; it is this movement by which the masses arrive at class consciousness, learn to combat the power of capital, and so naturally make Socialists of the workmen."

As this notice of the book is being written, the wires bring the story of how August Bebel is presiding over the largest Social Democratic Congress ever held in Germany, where we read the fitting conclusion of these long years of struggle.

August Bebel, the sickly, starving child, the wandering wood turner, the tireless worker amid the confusion of the early workingmen's clubs, last week presided over a body with 836,562 members, of whom 116,524 had been added during the last year—not only the greatest absolute, but the greatest relative increase ever made in the history of the party in normal times. Of these, 107,693 were women, and we turn back to the memoirs and note that in 1865 the first germ of a woman's movement within the Socialist party was founded.

We read the report of the great Socialist daily, *Vorwärts*, and note its subscription list of 157,000, and its surplus of forty thousand dollars. We look again at the memoirs and read of how Liebknecht worked, and struggled, and starved to establish that paper. We read in the memoirs of how desperate were the endeavors to raise the money to send a single agitator through Germany, and then note that the financial income of the party last year amounted to over \$275,000.

We read of the desperate struggles in these early years to put a ticket in the field, and we contrast them today with the terror of the exploiting classes of an impending Socialist victory in Germany next year.

FIGHTING FOR FOOD



Lower Your Prices or Look out for Your Eggs

—La Gazette Sociale, Paris

The steady pressure of rising prices on a standard of living already close to the bread line, has given rise to food riots in many French cities.

In several cases those have been put down only by the regular army, and only after shops had been looted by the

desperate people.

These mobs were composed largely of women, who knew only that they and their families were starving, and took the most direct route to reach the food which prices had placed beyond their reach.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Breathing Spell

Two weeks of vacation,
Making quite a splash,
Reckless with my money,
Look on it as trash,
Here it is a dollar,
There it is a dime,
Some folks live, I reckon,
That way all the time.



With my playtime ended
I must leave behind
Freedom, as I hurry
Back into the grind,
Back into the harness
As a working mule
Subject every minute
To the bosses' rule.

By some slick arrangement
Favored ones there are
Who may look on labor
Always from afar,
Who, by hocus pocus
Make the other guy
With his toil-stained fingers
All their wants supply.

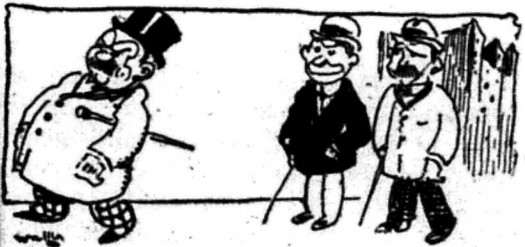
But their snap is drawing
To a sudden close
And for them is brewing
Several kinds of woes,
Working men are saying
They can stand the fun
And they'll do the resting
If it must be done.

Every Day Occurrence

"Great divorce story," shouted the new reporter.
"What is it?" asked the blase editor.
"Millionaire and wife, prominent society people."
"Half an inch," said the great editor.
"Common occurrence like that doesn't cut much ice if the man isn't a Socialist."

Reserved Seats for Them

"His sole ambition is to die a millionaire."



"That, I presume, is to make certain of steam heated apartments in the future life."

Her Economy

On sixty-seven dollars a day,
So they say,
The wife of a millionaire may
Subsist in a kind of a way.

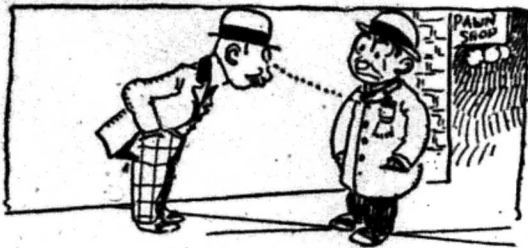
For one of this sort,
Being short,
Thus solemnly swears in the court,
According to common report.

How she does it, the Lord only knows.
I suppose,
That hungry she goes
And has to wear any old clothes.

How millionaire women can be
Resourceful as that I can't see,
Some women, betwixt you and me,
Would get along nicely on \$3.

Priceless

"That is a fine medal you have."
"Got that for saving a man from drowning."



"I suppose you will treasure it always."
"You bet I will. I haven't found anybody yet who would let me pawn it for a meal."

Similar

A chicken that had left its head
On some great block designed for chopping
And wouldn't own that it was dead
Could do no finer job of flopping
Than could the brave insurgent crew
That says you don't and says you do.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Getting Bright

BY DON C. FEEMSTER.

A certain rich man who owned a coal mine, company store, etc., died not long ago. He had been living a dishonest life under the cloak of religion. Before dying he called in a group of his employees. Wishing to pose as a good man to the end, he said to those around him:

"Friends, all is bright before me."
"Aye," said one of his employees.
"An' in about tin minnits ye'll be close enough to see th' blaze."

An Ideal Cut

BY DON C. FEEMSTER.

Mrs. Boggs took the pay envelope which her husband had given her and proceeded down town to do some necessary purchasing. She called at the butcher shop for a roast of beef before returning home.

"Good evening, Mr. Espy," she said as she entered.

"Got anything good today?"
"I have all kinds of cuts, madam," replied the butcher. "Any cut you want I will let you have."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, glancing at her small amount of remaining cash.

"Give me a cut in price then, about fifty per cent, please."

Not Specified

BY D. W. TOZIER.

"Can you build a stack?" said the farmer to the new hired man.

"Sure I can. I can build a stack the shape of an egg."

When the stack was nearly completed the bottom shot out and the stack came to the ground flat as a pan-cake.

"I thought you said you could build a stack the shape of an egg," said the farmer.

"So I did; but I didn't say whether it was a boiled egg or a fried one."

Little Flings

Work is no hardship to the man who doesn't have it to do.

Wind jammers can never destroy Socialism, but they can have exercise.

Being a millionaire's son is a great job, but few are open.

Socialism would destroy capitalism's main incentive to work—hunger.

Socialists should not be content to give California mind treatment. They should add a few dollars.

Practical Reformer

"He is terribly radical. Ever hear him talk? You may not be easily shocked, but he would startle you all right."

"Has he any concrete proposition though for remedying things?"

"You bet he has."

"Socialism, or something like that?"

"No, to have himself appointed post-master."

Can Afford It

She used to have a dreadful cold,
But now, if you'd believe her,
Since papa got his wages raised
She always has hay fever.

—New York Telegram.

Questions and Answers Dep't

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

What sort of a position should a young man have in order to be married?

Perfectly erect beside a handsome maid in the same position with a parson likewise.

Anxious Citizen to Money Broker: "What amount will you loan on my home?"

Money Broker who is also an automobile agent: "That depends upon the make of car you buy."

Several hundred thousand anxious mothers are not included in the census enumeration of those engaged in the matchmaking industry.

Temperance Agitator: "The American people consume enough intoxicating liquor every day to float a warship."

Agitated Hearer: "That may be true, but the only vessel I am interested in at present is a schooner."

Main Question

"I had a mighty queer surprise this morning," remarked a local stock broker. "I put on my last summer's thin suit on account of this extraordinary hot weather, and in one of the trousers' pockets I found a big roll of bills which I had entirely forgotten."

"Were any of them receipted?" asked a listener, who seemed to be a pessimist.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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There is Still Time

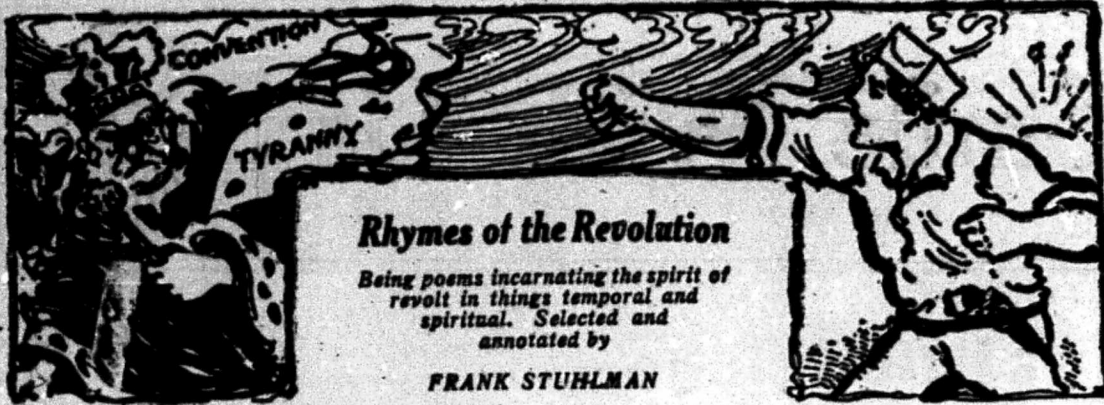
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BY A. M. SIMONS

This is the first work setting forth the facts of American History in the light of Socialist philosophy. It tells you WHY things happened. It tells just WHAT INTERESTS were behind political parties, institutions, legislation and judicial decisions. It is a text-book on both History and Socialism—a work of interest to the student, the agitator and the casual reader. To those who send three dollars worth of subscriptions to the COMING NATION this book will be sent absolutely free, but this offer applies only to orders received in advance of publication, which will be very soon. Address

The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

FRANK STUHLMAN

Edwin Markham, the American laureate of Socialism, in his earlier years followed the profession of teaching in California and, writing prose and verse for various periodicals in his leisure hours. In 1898 a San Francisco Sunday paper published that epoch-making poem, "The Man With the Hoe." This immediately was reprinted all over the English-speaking world and was recognized as one of the great poems of our language; and gave Prof. Markham an assured place in the front rank of literature. Since then he has published many poems, breathing the spirit of brotherhood and inspired by the vision of the coming new order.

The Man Under the Stone

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

When I see a workingman with mouths to feed,
Up, day after day, in the dark before the dawn,
And coming home, night after night, thro' the dusk,
Swinging forward like some fierce, silent animal.
I see a man doomed to roll a huge stone up an endless steep;
He strains it onward, inch by stubborn inch,
Crouched always in the shadow of the rock;
See where he crouches, twisted, cramped, mishappen!
He lifts for their life!
The veins knot and darken—
Blood surges into his face;
Now he loses—now he wins;
Now he loses—loses—(God of my soul!)
He digs his feet into the earth—
There's a moment of terrified effort—

It stirs—it moves!
The silent struggle goes on and on,
Like two contending in a dream.

Brotherhood

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood.
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind kings and creeds have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again;
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY.

Operating An American Railroad

From Robert Herrick's novel, "Together."

The Atlantic and Pacific railroad corporation is, as may easily be inferred, a vast organism, with a history, a life of its own, lying like a thick ganglia of nerves and blood vessels a third of the way across our broad continent, sucking its nourishment from thousands of miles of rich and populous territory. To write its history humanly, not statistically, would be to reveal an important chapter in the national drama for

the last forty years—a drama buried in dusty archives, in auditor's reports, vouchers, mortgage deeds, general orders, etc. Some day there will come the great master of irony, the man of insight, who will make this mass of routine papers glow with meaning visible to all!

Meanwhile this Atlantic and Pacific, which today is a mighty system, was once only a handful of atoms. There was the period of Birth; there was the period of Conquest; and finally there came the period of Domination. Now, with its hold on the industry, the life of eight states, complete, like the great Serpent it can grumble, "I lie here possessing!"

Farrington Beals came to be Presi-

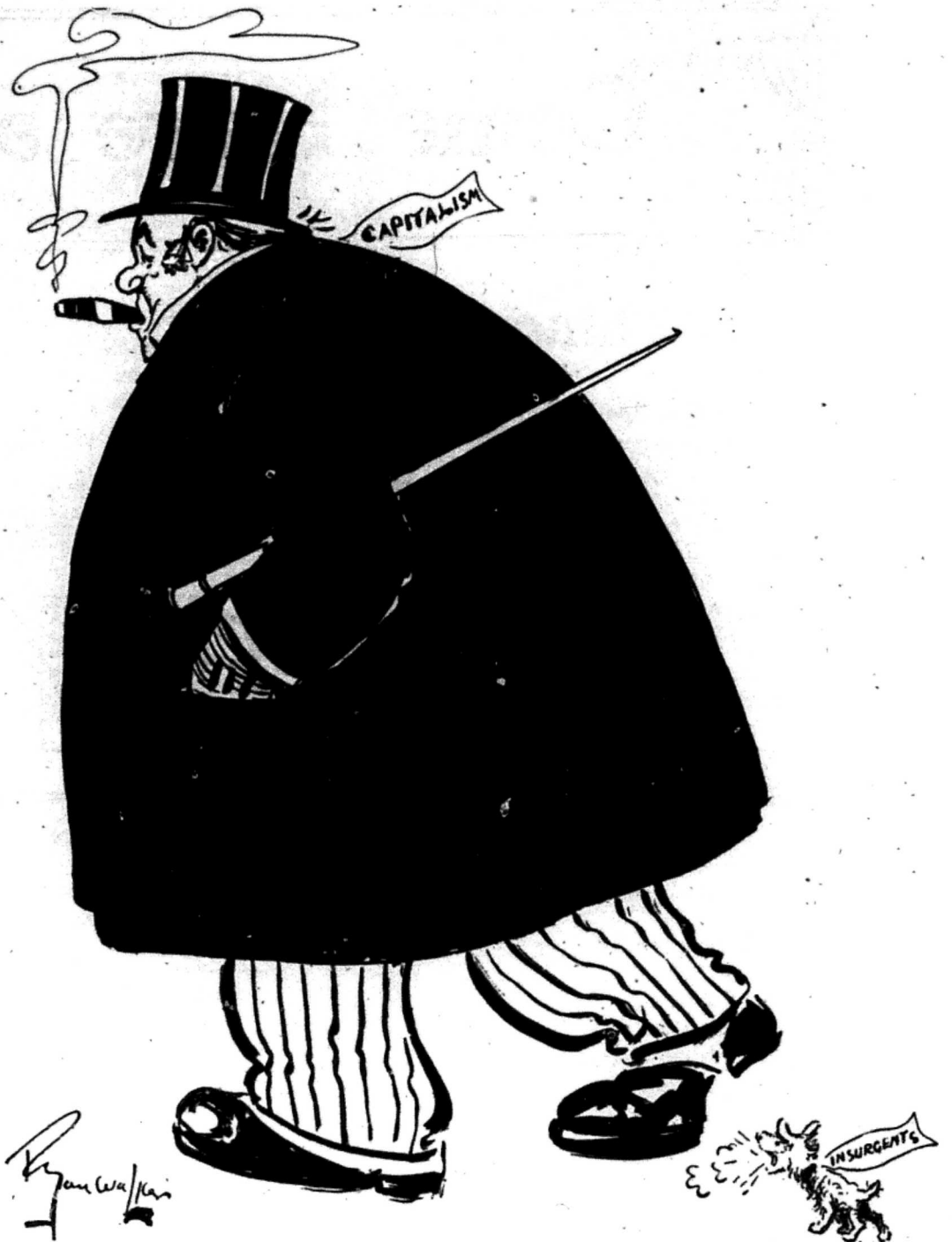
dent of the Atlantic and Pacific at the close of the period of Conquest. The condottieri leaders, those splendid railroad brigands of the seventies and eighties, had retired with the fruits of their industry. To Farrington Beals and his associates was left the care of the orchard. It was their task to solidify a conglomerate mass of interest-bearing burden, to operate the property with the greatest efficiency possible, in order that it might support the burdens laid upon it and get other burdens to come as the land waxed rich—all burdens being ultimately passed to the broad back of the Public, where burdens seem naturally to belong. To this end, Beals' men, as they were called, gradually replaced throughout the length and breadth of the system the old operatives, whose methods belonged to the coarse days of brigandage! These Beals men were youngsters

—capable, active, full of "jump," with the word "traffic, traffic" singing always in their ears. Beals was a splendid "operator" and he rapidly brought the Atlantic and Pacific into the front rank of the world's railroads. That shrewd and conservative statesman, Senator Alonzo Thomas (who had skillfully marshalled the legal and political forces during the period of Conquest) was now chairman of the Board, and he and the President successfully readjusted the heterogeneous mass of bonds and stocks, notes and prior liens, taking advantage of a period of optimistic feeling in the market to float a tremendous general mortgage. When this "Readjustment" had been successfully put through, the burden was some forty or fifty millions larger than before—where those millions went is one of the mysteries to reward a future Carlyle!—but the public load was adjusted more timely. So it was spoken of as a "masterly stroke of finance," and the ex-statesman gained much credit in the highest circles.

* * *

The Senator and the President are excellent men, as any financier, will tell you. They are charitable and genial, social beings, members of clubs, hard-working and intelligent, public spirited, too—oh, the very best that the Republic breeds! To see Farrington Beals, gray-haired, thoughtful, almost the student, clothed in a sober, dark suit, with a simple flower in the buttonhole, and delicate glasses on the bridge of his shapely nose—to see him modestly enter the general offices of the Atlantic and Pacific, anyone would recognize an Industrial Fly-wheel of society. To accompany him over the system in his car, with a party of distinguished foreign stockholders, was in the nature of a religious ceremony, so much the interests of this giant property in his care seemed allied with the best interests of our great land!

Thus Beals' men ran the road—men like John Hamilton Lane, railroad men to the core, loyal men, devoted to the great A. and P.



The Insurgent: "Gee, but he's that scared of my bark, he pretends not to notice me for fear that I might bite him."



The opening game of the foot-ball season