

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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## Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

### Colossal and Appalling Power



O friend of peace and good will among the nations need be distressed because Canada has kicked the United States in the face over the so-called reciprocity proposal.

There was no more good faith in that proposal than there is in a dish of stewed prunes.

On our side the whole thing was engineered for profits by Mr. Jim Hill and the railroad combination. On the Canadian side it was beaten by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. Peace to its ashes. All is well, and one more governmental fake is laid out stiff and cold.

Much more interesting and important is the story of the tactics used on both sides. The American railroads, of course, had little need for extra effort; they get what they want anyway. Many well-meaning persons and some well-meaning editors were fooled into shouting for the measure on the ground that it was a step toward tariff sanity and international amity. Others not so well-meaning advocated it because it meant shekels for their owners and masters.

But Canada had all the best of the spectacle as an example of modern government conducted by the great corporations.

The Canadian railroads were determined to beat the project because it would interfere somewhat with their sacred dividends.

So they appealed to the jingoism that lurks wherever flies the British flag—the jingoism and the chauvinism. The grand old empire is in danger! Rally to the defence of the empire! Hurl back the vile invader that comes to destroy your allegiance to the sacred throne! Remember George the Fifth and the grandeur of British supremacy. Britons never will be slaves!

When on the top of these appeals the picture of the king was shown to convulsive crowds the effect was electrical and thenceforth the Laurier government didn't have a chance on earth. To vote for the conservative candidate was to vote for your king, your country and your glorious constitution, and the only wonder is that the Liberals secured a seat. They wouldn't, if it had not been for the French and other aliens.

Now the point is that in this hysteria of patriotism, artfully contrived and nourished by the railroad interests and organs, not a human being ever stopped for a minute to consider whether reciprocity was good or bad, wise or unwise, for Canada's benefit or injury. The only thing that was really thought of was patriotism and the dear old flag.

In the midst of which the Canadian railroads got what they wanted from the popular vote as easily as the American railroads get what they want through the men they put into office.

The Canadian election was a close duplicate to the Australian election of last April in which the Vested Interests preserved themselves and their graft by the same tactics and a like use of the dear old flag.

I question if there is a place in the world where under existing conditions, the powers that be could not carry any election they set out to carry and by about this method. I am certain from my own observations that they can thus win anything they want in the British dominions.

We can perceive now how tremendous is the power over the thoughts, actions, conclusions and votes of men, over governments and destinies of nations, that lay in the hands of the masters of industry,



when they had seized the world's press.

In all history there was never a power fit for a moment to compare with this.

All the sovereignty ever possessed by king, emperor or conqueror was nursery rhymes by the side of it. Napoleon parcelling out the thrones of Europe or Tamburlane driving

bitted kings harnessed to his chariot was feeble in comparison. A lie solemnly printed as veritable news, a sentence adroitly turned in the dispatches, two or three poisoned words that appeal to sustain patriotism or foolish old national prejudice, and lo! history is made and existing conditions are Lulwarked.

There is something overwhelming in the thought of a power so incalculable and lying so completely in the hands of those that use it so recklessly.

In its presence how curious and absurd seem the antics of the gentlemen that think the world's evils are to be cured or even affected by the doll's house play of reform!



### A Hero of the Associated Press

A very good example of the methods by which this power is exercised came in the dispatches that were sent out on the death of Stolypin.

Every effort was made in these dispatches to cast over the last hours of that cruel and red-handed murderer the halo of romance and martyrdom. "It was with a fine display of rugged courage that he approached his death," said the Associated Press. "His final thoughts were for his people."

Imagine now the average man, totally uninformed about Stolypin and his crimes. What impression would he receive from such a picture? In all the dispatches was never once a suggestion of the reasons that prompted the assassination, never a hint of the man's monstrous cruelties, of his savage reactionary policies, of the iron determination with which he had trampled down every suggestion of progress, of his relentless persecutions and organized terrorisms nor of the hundreds of men and women he has doomed to the hell of Siberia—for the crime of advocating liberty.

But according to the Associated Press, here lay the brave hero, patriot and martyr, going courageously to his death while "his last thoughts were of his people."

What people? Those he had condemned to be hanged? Or those he had sent to the slow murdering processes of the convict's camps?

Thirty million persons in the United States and Canada read these dispatches thus artfully colored. What must be the inevitable effect upon their minds?

Then think that about every event that happens, great and small; about the work of Congress and the acts of government; about strikes and lockouts, arrests and trials; about the things that are fundamental conditions of life; about the deeds of corporations and the tricks of financiers; about laws and courts, candidates and elections, men and affairs, the same influence is steadily at work, feeding these readers with facts distorted, with substitutions, prevarications and inventions, and is it wonderful that progress is so slow?

You cannot expect much progress in a country where the people are not allowed to know what is going on.

We have among us many respectable gentlemen that are convinced conditions

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are wrong and ought to be set right. I have one question for all of them:

What on earth do you think you can accomplish unless you get a press that is uncontrolled?

## Rise of Industrial Unionism

No one should fail to observe the manifest uneasiness with which all the railroad managers have received the news of the formation of "System federations" or industrial unions on their lines.

Some of them refuse to treat with the representatives of such federations and refer pathetically to the pleasant relations they used to sustain with the old crafts unions.

Wise managers! They know when they are well off. It was easy enough to beat the craft unions, when each craft looked out for itself and cared nothing about the interests of any other workmen. It is very different when all the crafts stand shoulder to shoulder, making common cause; all the difference that there is between beating ten regiments, one at a time and beating 10,000 men in one compact army. That is what the managers don't like. I do not know how there could be a plainer indication of the wise policy for labor to take.

The managers now refuse to recognize or treat with the system's federation, while professing entire willingness to treat with the craft unions.

How long is it since they were refusing to receive or treat with the craft unions, but professed their entire willingness to treat with the men as individuals?

It appears then that they can be driven back from one position to another if labor advances. But they stir not an inch so long as labor but marks time.

\* \* \*

Whenever, in the course of the negotiations the prospect was for a strike, down went the prices of stocks in the Wall Street keno layouts. The next day the news would be favorable for peace, and up would go the stocks again.

It now appears that the insiders had twenty-four hours advance information as to what the news would be and sold short just before the ticker predicted a strike, and bought heavily just before it promised peace. As the turn of things for war or peace lay entirely in their hands one may see that the arrangement was altogether pleasant and profitable and a fine illustration of that game of Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose of which Wall Street is justly fond and whereof its form of keno solely consists.

You should turn from the contemplation of these facts to the statements of the managers that they were restrained from granting the men's demands by a delicate consideration for the Interests of the Public.

Such is the transportation business in America as at present conducted. What do you think of it? Study it well, and always bear in mind that a little bi-carbonate of soda affords ready relief for nausea.

\* \* \*

"The Interests of the Public." That's a sweet phrase. In the mouth of anybody connected with the Southern Pacific, for instance. That hoary old malefactor is groggy with loot taken these many years from the same public of which it has suddenly grown so tender. Years ago it stole about everything that is the foundation of its present greatness. It bribed Congressmen to bestow upon it a magnificent domain of the public land, and then grabbed more. It has today millions of acres to which it long ago forfeited all right. It is the largest owner of timber lands in the United States, and nine-tenths of these lands have been wrongfully obtained from the public. Its early history reeks with fraud and robbery; by its record it has been the vilest old thief in the world; for thirty years it was busy piling up one illegitimate fortune after another, all gouged out of the public. And now this grand

old pirate comes smugly into court loaded with spoils, and says that it cannot grant to its employes decent pay and decent conditions because the Interests of the Public forbid. Can you beat that?

With one-tenth of the wealth it has drawn improperly from the people of the United States it could afford to increase threefold the wages of all the men that work for it.

If it could squeeze from its securities one-half of the water in them it could reduce rates by one-half and grant all the demands of its men, and pay twenty per cent dividends.

If it had one-half the money it has spent in debauching and corrupting the politics of the state of California alone it could give all these shop hands three times as much as they ask for and never feel it.

If it had now one-half the sum it has spent in political corruption of all kinds it could pay all of its employes better wages than are paid anywhere else in the world and never miss a dividend.

With one-half the money it has gouged from the public in the taxes it has dodged it could retire enough of its indebtedness to reduce rates one-half.

From such a source, talk about the interests of the public falls like sweet music on the soul.

## Vindication for a Large Man

I am convinced now that many of us, including your unworthy preacher here, have done, in their thoughts, injustice to the large broad person that holds the place of chief magistrate of our great nation.

We have believed, have we not? that the inscrutable provisions of nature were such in his case that he could not think straight if at all on any subject. We have jeered at his utterances as the speech of a dweller in the Seventeenth Century miraculously preserved to the Twentieth. We have declared that he never entertained an idea of later vintage than 1716. We have even said that to make him comprehend the age and conditions in which he lived some form of surgical operation would be necessary.

And now, behold, he has laid hold of something by the handle instead of the blade. He has got something right at last. Into this gloomy legal mind has crept the light of a modern fact; the Seventeenth Century there is groping at last for the Twentieth.

In one of his speeches on his present tour the large man slapped his large thigh with enthusiasm and defended the Supreme Court, particularly about its decisions in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases.

"During the last year," says he, having more respect for his facts than his English, "during the last year, we have had two great decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States. They are epoch-making and the public has not yet come to realize the effect that those decisions are certain to have."

To the casual reader this might seem like mere commonplace. A matter of fact it is a profound truth. The public has not yet realized the effect of these decisions, but it will before long, oh broad-girthed golf player! Right you are. And "epoch-making"—true for you again! There's the word, "epoch-making." I guess it will be epoch-making to the king's taste if the public ever really discovers "the effect that those decisions are certain to have." Let us see how.

In these two cases the decisions of the Supreme Court were to the effect that each Trust must be reorganized.

Now, of course, this is really the great end to seek in dealing with the always puzzling trust problem. Let the trust be reorganized and all will be well. The trouble with our trusts is that they are not reorganized. Few persons, indeed, I may say very few, perceive this; but Mr. Taft sees it plainly. It's a great economic truth. Has the price of meat gone up? Let the Beef Trust be reorganized. Has sugar become dearer? Reorganize the Sugar

Trust. Does the Lumber Trust interfere with elections and legislatures? Let it be reorganized at once. Does the cost of all the necessities of life rise from month to month? Reorganize all the trusts and see how happy we shall be.

There's the grand solution of all our troubles. Reorganize. Mr. Taft sees it plainly now. The Supreme Court has made all clear to him. Very few others can see it at all. But he sees it. And that is why we confess we have done him injustice. We thought he could see nothing but the relative merits of different golf sticks. But he can. He can see how Reorganization is the greatest boon that ever befell a free people. Reorganize the trusts and be happy. The Supreme Court says so and Mr. Taft supports the Supreme Court.

\* \* \*

And he is perfectly right. Indeed, yes. How true it is, on reflection, that "the public has not yet come to realize the effect that those decisions are certain to have!" But the ignorance of the public on this subject is not long to endure. Pretty soon comes enlightenment. Then all can see how great are reorganization, the Supreme Court and Taft. Like this:

The process of reorganization in the case of the Standard Oil company involves the opening of a new set of books in every state.

To reorganize and evade the blessed Sherman act there is to be a Standard Oil company in every state. Then the Federal law will have nothing to do with its operations.

To carry out this project considerable expense will be necessary. There will be new offices, a clerical force employed, some books to be kept that were never kept before.

An officer of the company has already admitted that these expenses will be met in the good old familiar way.

Prices will be raised on kerosene and all petroleum products.

So you can see how just and true was Mr. Taft's observation and how wrong were we that said he never got anything right. The public has indeed not yet come to realize the effect of these decisions. But it will when oil goes up two cents a gallon. And about the same time it may also come to realize the full measure of the blessings that flow from reorganizing a Trust.

And that will be epoch-making, you bet.

Mr. Taft is the eloquent and ardent champion of Reorganizing the Trusts and sees therein the solution of every national ill. How unfair then have been those critics that have thought nothing really moved the hidden fountains of his soul but golf and his brother Charley's base ball teams.

\* \* \*

"We did not see you here yesterday," said Mr. Bryan, looking up genially as Uncle Joe Cannon entered our Club Rooms.

"No," said Uncle Joe, lighting a fresh cigar, "I was to the funeral."

"Funeral!" cried in chorus ex-King Manuel, George Gould and the Shah of Persia. All looked up eagerly, for of course a funeral is an exciting event in the quiet precincts of our Club.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe, "Mr. Taft's baby."

"What did you say was its name?" said Chauncey Depew, holding one hand to his ear.

"Reciprocity," said Uncle Joe.

At this Colonel Crazy Horse uttered a wild shriek, sprang from his chair struck the ceiling three times with his head, and ran seven times around the room, laughing violently. Long after the rest of the members had retired the Colonel's demoniac "Ha! ha!" echoed through the spacious corridors.—From "Evenings at the Down and Out Club," by Little Rollo Abbott.

\* \* \*

They have got the correct dope at last on the increased cost of meat.

The corn ears in Illinois this year are so large that the farm hands get tired out before they can feed the cattle, and so up goes beef.

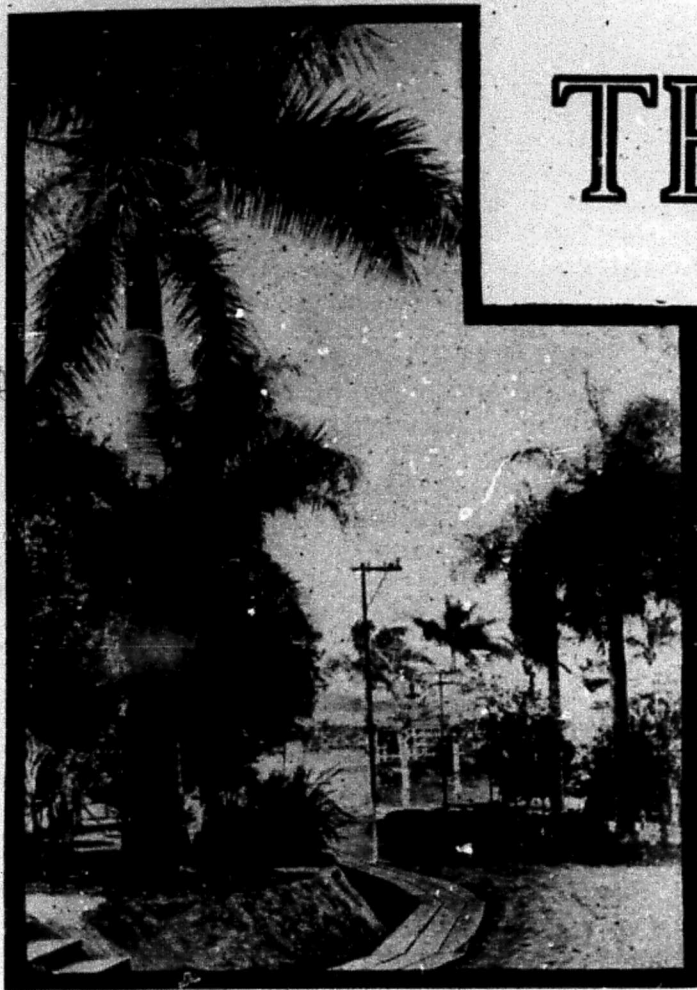
This seems to be about as logical a reason as any other in a country that produces twice as much as it consumes.



# TESTING SOCIALISM IN THE CANAL ZONE

Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

By Albert Edwards



Typical Panama Scene



School House, Culebra



The Y. M. C. A. at Gatun

**O**NE cannot be very long on the Canal Zone without beginning to look around for the Socialist in the woodpile. First of all there is the government railroad. There are two systems. The rolling stock, marked "U. S.," belongs directly to the nation and is used exclusively in connection with the construction work. This system operates about 150 miles of track, nearly as many locomotives and 2,000 dirt cars.

The Panama Railroad was built across the Isthmus back in the fifties, by a private corporation. At first it was enormously profitable, but with the competition of the trans-continental lines it lost much of its traffic and fell into considerable decay until the majority of its stock was bought by the French Canal Company. They resuscitated it for construction purposes. When in 1904 we bought out the French we also acquired their control of this system. A few shares of stock are still outstanding—which allows the road to remain technically a private concern and so engage in commercial business. But in spite of this technicality it is a national railroad—the only one we have. And it is one to be proud of.

### An Efficient Railway System

The government—in Mr. Slifer—secured the services of a general manager who was at the top of the railroad business, and under his administration the road was practically rebuilt and put on a basis of efficiency which is surpassed by none in the States. Without exceptions the crowds of engineers who from time to time visit the Isthmus have praised the transportation work.

It is impossible to estimate how the Panama Railroad works out as a money earner. Its annual financial statements are unusually rosy, but this is a matter of book-keeping. The greatest part of its work at present is carrying for the Isthmian Canal Commission, another branch of the government. And by what standard the government decides what it shall charge itself for doing its own work is hard to determine. Apparently it charges itself just enough to make the road pay satisfactory dividends. It is certain, however, that no private concern would do the government work so cheaply.

The Panama Railroad also operates about 150 miles of track. The two government systems combined run to over 500 miles.

The next things which strike the visitor to the Isthmus are the government hotels at both ends of the line. If you are at the Pacific terminus you will stop at the Tivoli Hotel. The native hotels in Panama City are dirty and disreputable. The Tivoli sets on the side of Ancon Hill, with a gorgeous view out over the Bay. What you will think of the hotel depends entirely upon where you come from. If direct from the States, you will probably grumble at the prices—which are high—the cold storage meals will not be as good as

those served on Broadway. But if you have been making a tour of the tropics it will seem like Heaven.

South of Florida, with the exception of the most expensive hotels in Jamaica, there is no place like it. After eating the tough fresh meat of Costa Rica or Venezuela—cooked the day it is killed—the table of the Tivoli seems superb. The cleanliness of it, after any other Latin American hostelry, is a luxury. There are wide, pleasant verandas, beau-

—which impress the tourist. But the men on the job get many more samples of what can be accomplished by the government along the line of socialistic reforms.

Three times a day the men are fed by the government. A person used to living in the Waldorf would probably kick at the mess. But the men who come here from all construction jobs—as is the case in almost every class except the office clerks—never knew such good eating before.

I did some surveying once in the mountains of Montana. We were never two hundred miles from Helena. We had "sow-belly and spuds" for breakfast, took out on the line with us our lunch—a couple of sandwiches made from embalmed beef and sour-dough biscuits—and had "spuds and sow-belly" for supper. And in the Tropics there are lots of jobs where "spuds" are a rarity.

### Board for Thirty Cents a Day

Here all the employes are well fed. In a report dated June, 1907, I find the following: "Fifteen hotels were operated for white Americans, where good wholesome meals are furnished for 30 cents each.

"Eighteen mess halls are operated for the European (laborers), where a day's board is furnished for 40 cents. The stewards and cooks at these messes are usually Europeans, and a meal peculiar to the taste of men boarding there is served.

"There are in operation 23 kitchens for West Indian laborers (negroes), where a day's board is furnished for 30 cents.

"The number of meals served during the month of June, 1907, is as follows: Hotels, 197,419; messes, 286,155; kitchens, 456,765; or nearly a million meals for the month.

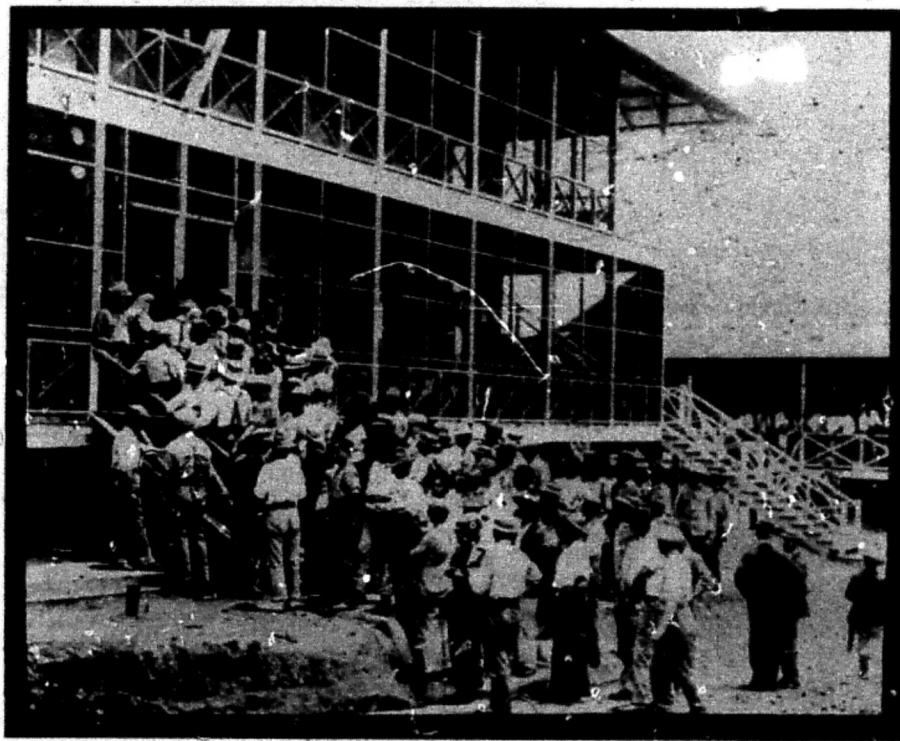
"The subsistence operations are merely self-supporting, it is not the purpose to make a profit."

At the time this was written there were 23,327 employes, today the number is over 35,000. The "subsistence operations" have grown accordingly.

### Lodging Furnished Free

It is the same with "quarters." It would be eminently unfair to compare them with the dormitories of privately endowed colleges. But compared with the sleeping bag in which I lived during that Montana survey, or the rough shacks which the United Fruit Company rents to its employes in the banana fields they are luxurious.

First of all, they are free. This must always be considered as part of the wages paid by the government. They are roomy, weather tight and well furnished. Water—including baths—and electric lights are also free. And the government furnishes service for the bachelor quarters.



Dinner time at a Commission Hotel, Gorgona

tiful rest rooms and parlors. And wonder of wonders—for this climate—a billiard table with real cushions! The hotel is owned and directly operated by the government.

### Caring for the "Men on the Job"

These are the things—the railroad and the hotels



View of Bay of Panama and Tivoli Hotel



Above all, the quarters are kept as healthy as sanitary science knows how.

Here is a typical report on labor and quarters for the month of December, 1910:

On December 28th, there were 35,132 employes actually at work on the Canal and the Panama railroad, and of that number, 29,088 were Canal employes. The gold force on the Canal work, composed almost entirely of white Americans, was 4,705.

The report of the Chief Quartermaster for December shows that the number of family quarters occupied by "gold" employes was 1,740, which is three more than in November, and the occupants numbered 5,551, an increase of 121. Of this number, 1,878 were women, and 1,841 children. Bachelor quarters occupied by "gold" employes numbered 2,021, and the occupants numbered 3,418, of whom 196 were women. The family quarters occupied by European laborers numbered 282, and the occupants, 916; bachelor quarters, 108, and the number of occupants, 5,310. The family quarters occupied by West Indians numbered 1,061, and the occupants, 4,490; bachelor quarters, 252, and the number of occupants, 4,700.

But Uncle Sam has not stopped at being landlord and cook for this community. The report for 1907, from which I quote above, contains the following:

**Laundry, Pies and Ice Cream**

"Supplies are furnished to the hotels, messes, kitchens and employes by the Commissary Department, which has developed into a modern department store. In connection with the Commissary, there are in operation during the year, cold storage and ice plants, and a well-equipped laundry and bakery." The Report for 1908 says: "Through its thirteen branch stores, located at the more important points along the line of work, the Commissary supplies ice, meats, bread, pies, cake, ice-cream, and groceries of all kinds as well as laundry service. The value of the commodities sold during the year aggregated \$3,735,607.11."

"An average of 742 employes were carried on the rolls of the department, at an annual cost of \$430,343.75."

**A Department Store Without Profit**

This department store might well serve as a text for a Socialist sermon. It is a monopoly—has eliminated competition. Probably 90 per cent of everything which is bought by the 35,000 employes and their families is from the Commissary. Like the "Subsistence operations," it is not the purpose to make a profit. Stock is purchased in the open market at wholesale, everything which a modern department store carries, from porterhouse steaks to silk stockings, baby buggies and Havana cigars—10 per cent is added to the cost to cover running expenses. Here—hundreds of miles from home—you can buy almost anything at 10 per cent above the most favorable wholesale prices in the States.

When I said they furnished everything carried by a modern department store, I over-shot the mark. They don't have shoddy clothes nor adulterated goods. They are not buying to get rich, so they do not have to cheat their customers. There is none of this "just as good" talk over the counters. You get what you want, or are shown something better. They have no interest in selling you one brand rather than another, except to give you satisfaction.

**Some Amazing Advertising**

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this department store is the way it advertises. There is a permanent catalog of its standard articles and once in a while a circular giving information about new stock. And every week a column or so of announcements of cold storage meats and perishable vegetables printed in *The Canal Record*. All this printing is done on the government presses at cost. Compare this weekly notice from the *Record* with the spread eagle full page ads. in the dailies at home and figure up the economy of such a system of selling things.

The hours during which commissaries are open are as follows:

Cristobal and Culebra, 8 a. m. to 12.30 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 7 p. m.  
All other commissaries, 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 3 p. m. to 7 p. m.

Retail prices of cold storage provisions for the week beginning January 16th.

**FRESH MEATS.**

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
|  | <i>Pr. cc.</i> |
| Mutton—Stewing, per pound                                | .06            |
| Shoulder, neck trimmed off (4 lbs. and over), per pound  | .09            |
| Entire forequarter (not trimmed) 10 lbs. over, per pound | .05            |
| Leg (8 to 10 pounds), per pound                          | .17            |
| Cutlets, per pound                                       | .18            |

|  |          |
|--|----------|
|  | .20      |
| Lamb—Short cut chops, per pound                        | .06      |
| Stewing, per pound                                     | .09      |
| Entire forequarter, neck trimmed off, per pound        | .20      |
| Leg (5 to 8 lbs.), per pound                           | .24      |
| Chops, per pound                                       | .24      |
| Cutlets, per pound                                     | .08      |
| Veal—Stewing, per pound                                | .14      |
| Shoulder, for roasting (not under 4 lbs.), per pound   | .19      |
| Loin for roasting, per pound                           | .24      |
| Chops, per pound                                       | .28      |
| Cutlets, per pound                                     | .16      |
| Pork—Cuts, per pound                                   | .02      |
| Suet, per pound  | .05      |
| Beef—Soup, per pound                                   | .09      |
| Stew, per pound  | .16      |
| Corned, per pound                                      | .12, .14 |
| Chuck roast (3lbs. and over), per pound                | .13      |
| Pot roast, per pound                                   | .15      |
| Rib roast, second cut (not under 3 1/2 lbs.) per pound | .18      |
| Rib roast, first cut (not under 3 lbs.) per            |          |

Photos by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.



How the Government Houses Employes in Panama

|                              |     |
|------------------------------|-----|
| rib, per pound               | .20 |
| Sirloin roast, per pound     | .21 |
| Rump roast, per pound        | .21 |
| Porterhouse roast, per pound | .21 |
| Steak, Chuck, per pound      | .14 |
| Round, per pound             | .15 |



How Corporations in the United States house employes; "Company Coal Shacks" a few miles from Girard, Kansas

|                        |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| Rib, per pound         | .20 |
| Sirloin, per pound     | .21 |
| Porterhouse, per pound | .21 |
| Rump, per pound        | .21 |
| Tenderloin, per pound  | .24 |

**"Labor Time" Money**

No department store in the United States could do business with so small an outlay for advertising. And the banks of the Chagres and the Rio Grande are not disfigured with requests to eat "Grape Dust" or wear Fluffy Ruffles underwear.

Another noticeable feature of the Commissary stores is that no money passes over the counter. Everything is paid for by "coupons," which strongly remind one of the "labor time" currency advocated



Club House, Gatun

by some Socialists.

In short, this great general store is surprisingly like the "Co-operative" which is run in connection with the Socialist party of Belgium and similar enterprises of workingmen's associations the world over. It buys its products in gross, eliminates middle-man profits, picks its stock to meet a definite need, advertises to assist its patrons, not to stimulate an artificial demand.

Every one connected with it, works on a salary; most of its 1,000 employes work eight hours a day, some nine hours. Even at Christmas it does not overwork its girls. The salaries are higher than for similar work in the States. They average close to \$600 a year and "quarters." Yet the whole enterprise functions smoothly—does not fall to pieces as we are continually assured business would if it were not for competition and the hope of large profits.

But the government goes even farther than this in its surprising paternalism. Besides employing and housing and feeding and clothing the community, it amuses them!

**Government Amusements**

Up and down "the line," in every large settlement, there are "Commission Club Houses." They are large, pleasant buildings, with social halls, reading rooms, papers and magazines from home—game rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasium and bath. The Government invited the co-operation of the Young Men's Christian Association in conducting these recreation centers, and pays the salary of a manager, trained by the Y. M. C. A. schools for each club house. That organization has had the good sense to send down men for this work who are not impertinently sectarian. A man can join the clubs irrespective of his religious beliefs or lack of them.

Although the Club Houses are primarily intended for the men, they are, under certain restrictions, opened to women and children. There are gymnasium classes and basket ball for the youngsters and every few weeks a dance. Several of the Clubs have musical and dramatic societies.

More especially to amuse and interest the women folk, the Government has fostered the Woman's Club movement. A special organizer from the National Federation was persuaded to come down, and now every village along "the line" has its mother's Club. The better halves of the steam shovel men, file clerks, draughtsmen and engineers are given every encouragement to get together for readings from Browning, discussions of Child Hygiene and formal gossip—instead of moping at home.

**Encouraging Vaudeville**

The Government also encourages strolling vaudeville artists and platform entertainers. Occasionally even a circus comes to break the monotony. And one of our Governmental launches runs a Sunday excursion down to the mouth of the Chagres and so gives a chance at sea bathing and picnicing on the mines of the old Spanish fortress at San Lorenzo.

Along the same line of paternalism—but of more fundamental significance—is the Governmental attitude in its industrial relation to the labor force.

Of greatest importance to the working man is the frank recognition and encouragement of labor unions. A Socialist administration could not be more cordial to organized labor.

Of greatest importance to the wives and children of the men is the full recognition of employer's liability for accidents. Dynamite is used in greater quantity than anywhere else in the world. The Government goes much farther in their effort to prevent accidents than any private employer ever dreamed of doing.

**Prevention of Accidents**

The representative of the Du Pont Powder Company, which furnishes most of the explosive, told me that the greatest marvel to him of all this wonderful job was the low accident rate—especially remarkable, as most of the work is done by slip shod and exceedingly careless Jamaica negro laborers. Despite the utmost care premature explosions sometimes occur. But when the inevitable happens the heirs need no lawyer to collect for them. The men themselves could not devise a simpler or surer method of compensation.

It is a safe generalization that in every phase of the complicated relationships of employer and employes, the Government is more liberal than any private concern could afford to be. And in regard to wages, hours of employment, safety appliances and sanitation there is no man on the job who ever worked under better conditions elsewhere. This is true even of such highly organized men as the



railroad engineers and the topographers. It is a hundred times more true of the unskilled laborers—both white and black.

The more one stays here, the more one realizes that the Isthmian Canal Commission has gone further towards Socialism than any other branch of our government—further probably than any government has ever gone.

**No Socialists Running the Job**

The natural inference is that some or all of the Commissioners are "tainted with Socialism." Nothing could be more untrue. They are technical men, little interested in Political Philosophy. Col. Goethals, the chairman of the Commission, is an Army Engineer and is so wrapped up in his specialty that if you pointed out the Socialist trend of much that he is doing he would be surprised. I doubt if he ever read a book on Socialism or Political Economy.

All this practical operation of methods which our responsible editors and college professors call the vagaries of Utopian dreamers has arisen out of grim necessity. The Commission was not persuaded to take up "municipal trading," "government ownership of railways," nor the manufacture of ice-cream and apple pies, by the arguments of the "Fabian Tracts," but because of the logic of events. The necessities of the situation forced them to experiment in methods which have long been advocated by Socialism. The marvel is that, even under administrators unfriendly or indifferent to Socialism, these socialistic experiments have succeeded—without exception.

It was the original intention of the government to have the Canal dug by private contractors. The

men planned would have forced us to pay our people fabulous wages. Hence the Commissaries. "It was the only common-sense solution of the problem," one of the officials told me. And he would be the last person to admit that "common sense" and "Socialism" are synonymous.

**Compelled to Adopt Socialist Methods**

And so it is with all the socialistic methods I have spoken of—and the hundred others I have not mentioned. The Commission tried to get private contractors to handle the problem of feeding—the only satisfactory way they would do it was to do it themselves—in the way any Socialist would have told them at the beginning was the "common-sense" way.

It is not an easy thing to get men to leave good jobs at home for an uncertainty in a strange country. The Commission has had to offer many inducements besides good wages. And once they have the men on the Isthmus they must keep them contented and amused and above all, healthy. And so the Government has been forced into socialistic reforms without end.

I happened to meet only one man during my stay

Photos by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.



Railway Terminal at Las Cascadas

I told him I was going to write an article for the COMING NATION about the Socialist lessons to be learned on the Isthmus. And this—as near as I can remember—is what he said:

"Yes. This is a fine place to get an idea of what some things will be like when we get the world educated up to Socialism. Of course, it isn't Socialism. First of all, there isn't any democracy down here. It's a Bureaucracy that's got Russia backed off the map. Goethals runs this show. He's the best boss I ever worked under—but you can't have real Socialism without Democracy—first, last and all the time. Government ownership don't mean anything to us workingmen unless we own the Government. We don't here—this is the sort of thing Bismarck dreamed of.

"And then again this isn't a normal community. We ain't producing wealth. That is, unless the Canal pays back all the money it's costing. Lots of people think it never will—anyhow it won't for a long time. Meanwhile we're spending money instead of producing it. Socialism will have to be self-supporting. Of course, we are producing some wealth. Ice, bread, and we make a lot of things in the machine shops which are wealth. And perhaps in the big sense this Canal is wealth even if it doesn't pay—just as much as fine music or a great painting. But in the ordinary bookkeeping sense it's all going out and nothing coming in. We're being supported from the States.

**As Near Socialism as You Can Get**

"But except for these reservations this Canal Zone is as near Socialism as you can get today—a lot nearer. First shot out of the box we've got nationalization of land. People get their ground here on lease—like the Henry George Scheme. Then there is the railroad and all these shops—there isn't a better run machine shop in the States than Gorgona—darn few as big—there ain't no competition nor private profits in them. And the Commissary—that's got the problem of retail distribution solved for us.

"I wish I could get some of those solid ivory-headed mutts who get up in Socialist meetings at home and make objections down here for a while. Not that I've got anything against the Canal—but I'd like to show 'em!

"I never made a Socialist speech in the States yet without some wise guy getting up and saying that the politicians are all grafters, that they give men jobs in the street cleaning department to get votes and that if we had municipal street cars they'd just have one more vote for each motorman and conductor, and that the Board of Aldermen always takes all there is in the City Treasury that isn't nailed down—so why give them the gas and water company to steal, too? God! I wish I had a dollar for every time a man has said that to me. Well, say, this is a government job—the biggest one ever pulled off on this foot-stool. Have you seen any graft running around loose here? I guess not. The Old Man's hell on grafters.

"I haven't anything good to say about the crooks up at Washington, but what is done here on the Zone is done straight. I know because I've been here right along. I've seen more than one man get the G. B. for some little graft they'd laugh at up in the States. But you can't put anything over on Goethals, no matter how small.

"Now you don't expect a Socialist to be strong for the army men. I ain't. I'd like 'em better without their brass buttons and stuck-up-ness, but the crowd down here are on the level. And if Col.

(Continued on page nine.)



Chief Engineer's Residence

case is stated at length in one of the Annual Reports. The gist of it was that advertise as industrially as they could for bids, no private contractor came up with anything like a reasonable offer. Reluctantly the Government decided to do the job itself. It was surprised to find how much more economically it could do it than private concerns.

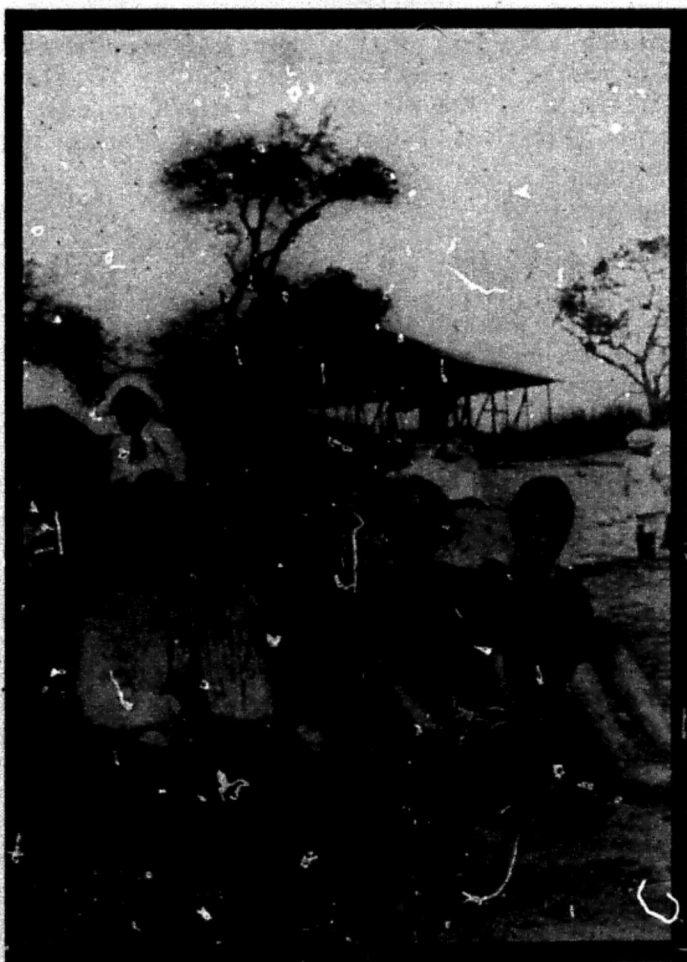
This quotation from the Report, June, 1907, shows a typical condition: "Over 600 horses and mules, with the necessary wagons, carts, carriages and ambulances are in the service. In this connection it is interesting to note that the cost per month per team to the Commission for teams actually working, including all charges for labor, forage and miscellaneous items, as well as expense for sick teams, was about \$110. A proposal was received recently by the Commission from a contractor in the United States, who has had considerable experience in similar work in Central America, to do all land transportation at the rate of \$450 per month, per team, or over four times what it is costing the Commission at the present time." The Socialists have always maintained that the Government could do such things cheaper than private concerns. The Commission was surprised to find that it was true.

**Ice Cheaper Than in the States**

And what was true of mules proved to be true in a hundred and one other ways. Ice, for instance, is necessary to health in the Tropics. A private corporation in Panama City was selling ice at an almost prohibitive price. The Commission built a plant and delivers it at the door to its employes for \$4 a ton—and slightly more than pays expenses.

The Commission did not go into the department store business for any other reason than necessity. First of all, the private stores in Panama City and Colon did not carry many of the articles which the American employes and their wives needed. And then the native merchants had made extravagant profits out of the French when they were working on the Canal and were practicing similar piracy on us. "The Cost of Living" which these gentle-

men on the Isthmus who was a member of the American Socialist party. He was a mechanic who had been here almost from the first. He was a keen chap—a man with the best kind of education in the world—the kind one makes for oneself out of night-schools and books and keeping one's eyes open all the time.



An Excursion Party on Tabago Island



# What the Unions Have Accomplished

## The Growth of Solidarity in the Boot and Shoe Trade

By Hyman Strunsky

**T**HE capitalist class knows its interests. It understands the principles of political economy and realizes the significance of the class struggle. Industrially speaking, it is the active wing of the Socialist propaganda. It not only accepts the Socialist teachings, but acts upon them. It believes in concentration of wealth, it believes and furthers centralization of industries, it believes in socializing manufacture, it believes in the efficacy of industrial unionism. There is only one phase of the Socialist philosophy to which it takes exception—it refuses to turn over to society the advantages of a highly socialized system of production and distribution.

Industrial affiliation is the latest developed phase of the class struggle and the workingmen of this country are beginning to appreciate its value when applied in the battles with the employing class. In the boot and shoe industry, however, I am sorry to state, its significance is ignored by the workers, but fully understood by the capitalists. Those who control the industry have not centralized the manufacture of shoes, but have found a safer and firmer place on which to settle their foothold. They got possession of the shoe manufacturing machinery.

It is the machinery that controls the industry and he who owns the machine owns the means by which the industry lives. It does not matter what the laster demands, what the cutter demands, what the operator demands. Their demands are presented to the manufacturer, but the manufacturer does not control the industry. He is the middle man, the man who stands between the maker of shoes and the real employer—the Shoe Manufacturing Machinery Trust. The manufacturer does not own the shop. The Shoe Manufacturing Machinery Company equips it, leases the machinery, keeps it in order, assumes the expense of installation and maintenance and charges a royalty on every pair of shoes manufactured.

### The Supremacy of the Trust

On May 3, 1911, at the hearing of the Senate Finance Committee on the farmer's free list bill and reciprocity, the shoe manufacturers gave valuable information on the way the Shoe Machinery Trust controls the industry. Here is the report that was sent out from Washington on that day to the *New York Times*, a capitalist daily:

"All the witnesses this morning were shoe manufacturers from the Middle West, and they agreed in their testimony that the industry was under the thumb of a trust controlling the shoe factory machinery.

"This trust, they said, is the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston. The duty of 45 per cent on machinery for the manufacture of shoes kept them from buying their equipment abroad, they testified, while the iron-bound contracts into which the trust forced them made it impossible for them to get any machinery in this country unless they got it all of the trust. These contracts, according to today's testimony, run for seven or ten years, and competitors are thus kept out of the business from an impossibility to find customers.

"Seven shoe manufacturers appeared, representing houses in Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee. Most of the talking for them was done by William D'Oench of St. Louis, and the suggestion was made that the testimony before the Finance Committee be later submitted to the Department of Justice for possible action at law. Other witnesses were F. F. Selz of Chicago, Jackson Johnson of St. Louis, Mr. McElroy of St. Louis, Mr. Fitzgerald of Milwaukee, and Mr. Florsheim of Chicago.

"The hearing was primarily to show why the shoe industry should not be subjected to free boots and shoes as proposed in the pending House bill, but it soon became an inquiry into the shoe machinery monopoly.

"Mr. D'Oench explained that the United Shoe Machinery Company, which he said was a trust, controlled the industry. The American shoe manufacturers signed leases on the machinery of the company, and at the same time had to use the material furnished by the company. The company controls the wire used in stitching shoes.

"The shoe machinery trust owns practically all the shoe machinery in this country," said Mr. D'Oench. Senator Heyburn, Senator Smoot, and others asked if it did not control the patents to

the machinery in question, and if this control was not the basis of the alleged monopoly.

"The basic patents have expired," said the witness.

"He then explained that the only way the American manufacturer could get shoe machinery was to lease it from the shoe machinery trust, which at the same time furnished the wire and other parts. Mr. D'Oench said as good machines could be got in Europe but there was a 45 per cent duty on them.

"Senator Simmons asked why not abolish the duty.

"That would relieve us very much," said the witness.

"Senator Smoot then asked why the American shoe manufacturers did not buy English machines and pay the duty.

"Because the United Shoe Machinery Company would come into our plants and take every machine out."

### Union Holds Its Own

This state of affairs will explain the position of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. The purpose of organization among workingmen is for an aggressive attitude. They must make demands, force concessions, fight for gains. But the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, due to the pressure brought upon it by the Trust, has been driven from the aggressive to the defensive. It had to fight for what it had already won, it had to use its efforts in the struggle to hold its own. John F. Tobin, the president of the union, when discussing what it had accomplished, called attention to the fact that while during the year 1903 the wages of 150,000 textile workers suffering a reduction of 10 per cent, the wages of the boot and shoe workers were not reduced.

C. L. Baine, general secretary-treasurer, had the following to say:

"Wages have been increased in many localities and hours reduced. In all union stamp and arbitration factories and, in fact, in other factories where the members are united and loyal to their organization, great improvement has been accomplished in the conditions of work. If wages have not been increased to as high a point as in other trades every intelligent man in the industry knows that the state of competition besetting our trade makes it impossible for the successful employment of radical means."

But while the union officials admit that the wages of the boot and shoe workers have not increased in proportion to the increase in other trades the manufacturers are of the opinion that they receive too much. During the investigation of the high cost of living by the Massachusetts Commission last year, some captains of industry laid the blame on the shoulders of the boot and shoe workers. The charge was especially emphasized by Mr. George E. Keith, of the George E. Keith Company. In reply, President Tobin made the following statement:

"... Mr. Keith also states that the wages of the shoe workers have largely increased. This is absolutely true. We are proud of the fact that our union has been enabled by peaceful methods in which mutual agreement and arbitration have been the only means to establish many increases in wages.

"While admitting that the wages of the shoe workers have been materially increased within recent years, we make the positive assertion that the labor cost per pair for making shoes has not increased a single cent per pair, due to the fact that more and more sub-divisions of the trade have been introduced, the operations simplified so that less skill is required to maintain the standard of workmanship, and each worker becomes a specialist, then, too, with the introduction of improved machinery which has aided the sub-division, the total labor cost per pair has been kept down, while the daily wages have, as we say, increased."

### Union Regulates Work

The union does more than increase wages, it regulates the work. This is by far the most important feature in the trade and upon this the union centers its powers. The rapid introduction of labor-saving machinery and the consequent sub-

divisions and simplification of labor causes disorder among the crafts and renders skillful workers unnecessary. This calls for readjustment in the conditions of work, for a new regulation of the "stint," as it is known in the trade. In the same letter to the Commission President Tobin says:

"We are not able to say to what extent, if any, invention has been stifled, but we are familiar with the fact that many new and important machines and improvements upon old machines have been made during recent years. For example, the Rapid Goodyear Stitcher, the Pulling Over and Assembling System in the lasting department, the rapid welter, and the most recent innovation, the Clicking or Cutting machine, both of great importance and great labor savers and both calling for greater physical effort upon the part of the operator and great speed which cheapens production, to say nothing of the saving in stock by the Clicking machine, roughly estimated at 5 per cent, and practically all of this economy in production goes to the shoe manufacturer and only a small per cent to the workmen with no consideration given to the workers who have been displaced by the introduction of labor-saving machinery."

Were it not for the union the advantages of machinery would go entirely to the employer. As it is, the union regulates work and decided on what should constitute a day's output. Due to the difference in individual skill, some doing work faster than others, many workers go home as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, while others remain until five. The union does not allow the most skillful one to be made the standard for others to follow.

The union concedes to the manufacturer the right to decide on the system under which the work should be done, and on the machinery which he is to adopt. But it reserves the right to negotiate with him on the question of compensation and how the work should be divided among the employes, and in failure to agree, to bring the question to arbitration.

### International Disturbances

These conditions, no matter with what success they have been managed, resulted, nevertheless, in a weakening influence on the union. It placed the various crafts in an antagonistic position toward one another, and caused friction among the leather workers, lasters, cutters, and others. In addition to the fluctuating superiority of the crafts the union is a survival of conservative trade unionism, being born, bred and reared on the principles of the old Knights of Labor, and the modern drift toward radicalism has resulted in many disputes. The present administration of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union occupies a position in the very center of the industry, while to the right is the old K. of L. conservatism and to the left the new insurgent spirit, fighting for greater radical measures than the officials are ready to grant.

These differences in tactics, views and temperament of the constituency led to bitter struggles which for the last few years threatened the existence of the organization. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the issues involved, to either condemn or justify the participants in the fight. "War is hell," and the more so when among people whose wages, manner of work and means of livelihood depend on their solidarity, on the respect one has for the interest of the other, and on the united energy with which they are ready to repel a common enemy.

The trouble first began by the Knights of Labor Cutters, at Lynn, Mass., and finally spread to Haverhill, Chicago and St. Louis. The insurgents charged the officials of the union with the arbitrary use of the union stamp, and with a too strict adherence to contracts at the cost of more radical and aggressive methods. The administration charged the leaders of the K. of L. unions with treason and with a malicious desire to disrupt the organization. The K. of L. began to disrespect the union stamps and even called upon the manufacturers to withdraw it. The manufacturers then turned to the union for help. Strikes followed and the union, in order to keep its contracts with the manufacturers, was placed in the painful position of supplying workers to take the place of the strikers. This was retaliated by the K. of L. men who took the places of union men when they struck. Such a disgraceful state of affairs lasted since 1903 until recently, and

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



# THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Ryan Walker

CHAPTER XX.



If the policeman hustled into the street the prophet who cried: "Jesus is coming!" back there under the gallery of Old Trinity that Christmas morning, it was not because he brought to all whose interests lie about the intersection

of Wall street and Broadway bad tidings of great embarrassment, but because the man was evidently a little cracked.

It used to be that sound-minded people really believed in Christ's Second Coming, desired it with great desire, hoped for it, prayed for it, even figured out the date of it. Uncle Billy Hardhead can tell you of the Millerites, how they had the day set, and all, and made them robes of white to meet their Lord in the air. Other people may have laughed at them but that was after the day had come and gone and the world hadn't come to an end. Nothing happened, it is true, but it might very well have been on that day. Some day—only no man knew what one—the Son of Man would come riding on the clouds of heaven. The trumpet's shrill call would be heard around the world, summoning quick and dead before the judgment seat of Christ. It was to be a great and terrible day, but right after it would begin the millennium, a new era when there should be no more oppression, no more injustice, an era of which it might be truly sung: "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

And that (to put it into vulgar English) would be a Big Change from the way things are now.

But when we hear a man talking about the literal Second Coming we smile a little to ourselves, and change the subject. The man is evidently cracked.

Try to picture it all out. That's the true test of what you believe. Suppose that it is Judgment Day though it begins as Christmas Day.

"Merry Christmas!" says my wife very early while it is yet dark.

"Huh? Oh, Merry Christmas yourself, and see how you like it. I was going to say it to you first, but you were sleeping so nice, I thought I wouldn't."

"You! You old sleep-head! You've been sawing boards steadily since your head touched the pillow."

"Yes? Well, I haven't got anything on you when it comes to snoring."

"Oh, well, don't let's commence that on Christmas day. And you get down and open up that furnace so's to get the house warm. And don't you wake the baby."

I hop into my shippers and toddle down into the cellar to open up the drafts, trying to make some little noise so as to give a chance to somebody to holler "Merry Christmas!" while I pretend to be as vexed as can be because I didn't say it first. And I tell them to lie in bed till the furnace fire comes up a little before they go prowling around to see what Santa Claus brought. And so on; you know what Christmas day is like, and how mixed up it is with the smell of evergreen and turkey stuffing, and the taste of "hard toy" candy, which is the only kind I care much for, and the sound of "Once in royal David's city."

And, after awhile, I shift a lemon drop in my mouth to say, "Well, if we're going to get over to Trinity to hear the music, we'll have to shake a leg."

"What time'll you be back? So's I'll know when to have dinner ready," says she.

"Why! Aren't you coming along? Oh, pshaw! You can, too. This thing of you sticking at home all the time and all the time! And they're going to sing Schubert's in B flat, and you know how fond you are of that. Aw, come on! Christmas dinner nothing! We can have it late just as well. Well, say, one o'clock then. But I wish y'd go."

Never thinking, you know, that I may be detained by urgent business, such as its being Judgment Day.

On the way over, I hear a horn. Somebody's got a cornet for a Christmas present, likely. Or, it

What in another age would thrill and terrify a world is now perverted to sell goods. Of Judgment Day itself we should say, if we noticed it at all, "Mhm; clever idea."

may be that the fellow's a week ahead of time with his horn for New Year's eve. Lower Broadway is chock-a-block then with people tooting on fish-horns and whirling rattles, and all the tug-whistles and factory whistles are going like mad and even the printers tap their cases with their composing sticks. It is a good thing Judgment Day is not supposed to come on New Year's Eve. Gabriel would be only one more little noise then.

I may see people standing still and cricking their necks looking straight overhead. Oh, no, you don't catch me on that again. I've been fooled on that



All the Centuries of Oppression

too often. Or, suppose there is a man up there among the clouds that look like we are going to have more snow; I've seen so many aeroplanes they don't interest me any more, unless, of course, something should happen to the fellow. And, if it is not an aeroplane but the figure of a man up there, all radiance and splendor, why, it's probably some advertising scheme, whiskey or union underwear or something.

What in another age would thrill and terrify a world is now perverted to sell goods. Of Judgment Day itself we should say, if we noticed it at all. "Mhm. Clever idea."

The dead rising, we can envisage. The frozen earth of Trinity church yard, worth more than the twenty-dollar gold-pieces that would cover it, cracks into clods, and heaves as the sleepers waken, toppling over the chipped brownstone slabs kept erect with so much care, slabs hideous with skulls and crossbones, and not less hideous with the crude caricatures of angels' heads. Here rises John Burkett, Native of the County Down, Parifh of Kilmory, Born 18th of June A. D. 1734. Dyed 27th of October, 1788, Aetat. 54 Y'rs, 4 Months and 9 Dayes, In the Hone of a Joifull Refurrection. Yonder rises Captain Michael Cresap who murdered the family of Logan, the friend of the white man.

"Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

There Alexander Hamilton rises, who did so much to fasten an Old Man of the Sea, the Constitution, around his country's neck. And here is Lawrence who cried: "Don't give up the ship!" And Charlotte Temple—From the iron palings on the Broadway side clear back to the elevated road they come trooping out of the graves, leaving the smooth, neat yard as rough as plowed ground.

The summoning of the dead we easily imagine. But the quick? How reach them on a holiday when everything's closed up? They don't turn out to church much any time but Christmas Day least of all. Ah, yes, the telephone: "Hello! Yes, this is ten-O-four Morningside. Yes? What's that? I didn't get that last. Judgment? I don't know of—I say I don't know of any judgment coming due. Certainly not on a holiday. You'll have to see my lawyers—I say, you'll have to see my lawyers. They attend to all such mat—What? Who's this talking? Who?"

And when he hears who, he simply hangs up the hand-phone and says: "Aw, some insane person. There's more bug-house people running around loose—When's Emma coming over? This morning? What was it you bought for me to give her as a present?"

I do not know how it may be with others, but I cannot somehow see Judgment Day. Where would it be held? On the Polo Grounds or on the street somewhere?

No, the Big Change is interior as well as exterior. What to our forefathers was as unseen yet as veridical as the Emperor of China, is to us as unconvincing as the story of a nightmare. When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith upon the earth?

We shake our heads for No. Sadly, it may be, yet nevertheless we shake our heads from side to side to signify that faith has practically departed from the earth.

Is there to be no Day of Judgment then? Is there to be no righting of wrongs done? All the centuries of oppression of the poor and him that hath no helper, the pitiless killings of the peasantry by the knights and barons, the ravishings, the plunderings; the cold-hearted cheatings and swindlings, the broken promises and legal technicalities; all the slow starvations of the soul—all that the unhappy have endured with what patience they could muster, trusting the cold assurance: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." And He's another bilk, is He, that does not pay His debts? Is that what you mean to say?

And Comrade Jesus, the working-man, who knew in His own experience what it is to suffer, and be done out of any kind of a life at all who promised that He would return to judge the earth—"Go to, ye rich

men! Weep and howl for the misery that shall come upon you!" "And they shall call to the rocks to fall on them, to hide them from the wrath of Him that sitteth upon the throne"—Is Comrade Jesus another labor politician, who's got himself a comfortable situation there at the right hand of God and cares no more for us now? Is that the way of it?

Is there to be no Judgment Day at all?

**Socialism**

BY WILL HERFORD.

*Socialism by any other name would be as bitter  
To those who hate the cold hard truth we utter.  
If their best argument is "Human nature"  
Then is the hog more human than his master.  
Their day is waning, let them do their worst;  
Your day is coming not more slow than sure.  
You great majority, their slaves for ages past,  
Close up your ranks, work, vote, and still endure!  
Stand for your rights, you will laugh best and last.  
August, 1911.*



# The British Workers Psychology

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD TRADE UNIONISM

By Shaw Desmond

(British Correspondent COMING NATION.)



Ever there were a "cussed, 'ard and 'ornery beast"—something as full of contradictions as a porcupine is full of quills and the proud possessor of a psychology which is the most baffling in Europe—that identical animal is the British workman.

The Frenchman with his revolutionary instincts razor-edged, the German with his dead-weight of intellect that crushes down all opposition—even the American worker himself with the curious extremes which meet in his mentality—are all simple propositions when you put them cheek by jowl with the gentleman in corduroys on this side of the pond.

One short year ago, at the time of the French Postal strike, all the capitalist joss-gods stood on their hind-legs and raised their "oh be joyfults!" in tuneful chorus whilst they mouthed to the brassy heavens the virtues of John Bull, workingman, who could be guaranteed like a Waterbury watch—(1) not to strike, (2) not to stop working, and (3) to do a great deal of work for very little money.

Where are the joss-gods now?

Just pick up your trustified morning half-penny and hear them making the welkin ring again with their lachrymose howlings, whilst they call upon the British Public to witness that (1) you can't trust the British worker any longer, (2) that he is a more desperate devil when on strike than his continental brother, and (3) that his idea of a good time is to do a minimum of work for a maximum of monetary reward instead of the other thing.

What change is it that has come over the spirit of the dream of the British capitalist?

### The Passing of the Old Guard

First of all, the old Trade Unionism is dead. Dead as a dried haddock. Its offense was rank—it smelled to heaven. It had to be destroyed. It is in process of decomposition, though it sometimes does not know it.

"What were the characteristics of the old Unionism?" you will ask.

Prominent amongst them was what was known as "the aristocracy of labor idea." For instance—amongst the railway men, the locomotive drivers looked down upon their humbler brethren—the Plate layers and Signal men. In the Iron moulder Unions, one of their officials informed me that the Pattern Makers, highly skilled men, who determined the degree of fluidity of the castings, turned their noses up at the common or garden moulders in the ranks. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Then the blue-blooded leaders of the old Trade Unionism inculcated into their members that the primary object of the Unions was the creation of giant benefit funds for sick pay, superannuation, etc., and, incidentally, the provision of soft jobs for the aforesaid "blue-bloods." Of course, it is only fair to say there were many exceptions to the latter case.

Another pleasing trait, which fairly tickled the employers to death, was the tight little ring-fence which was placed around each Union, and which prevented any friendly understandings with fellow Unions, and which confined strikes purely to the sectional variety.

Lastly, the real old, barnacled, Trade Unionist leader, always held his hands up in pious horror at the idea of political action. He said in effect, "Dearly beloved brethren," and they always used to commence their meetings with pious invocations, "whatever you do, let not the giddy socialistic youth of the present day direct you into independent political action—put your trust in the Liberal party, confine your brain gymnastics to benefit funds and Trade Union Congresses and pious resolutions, and you will surely be a dead cinch for Paradise!"

What happened?

### "The Silent Sea"

First of all, in 1881 the Social Democratic party, or Federation as it was then; the pioneer Socialist party in Great Britain, waltzed on to the scene in quick time, took a hand in the game, and told the workers that their only hope lay in Socialism. In 1893, the Independent Labor party rose above the political horizon, formed the alliance with the Trade Unions which has had such memorable results,

largely helped to socialize them, and it may be said of the I. L. P., as of the Ancient Mariner:

"They were the first, that ever burst,

"Into that silent sea"—

"the silent sea," almost needless to say, being the stagnant waters of the old Trade Unionism.

In vain did leaders of the "Mabon" type and the Brace and Burt type invoke the terrors of their old-time authority to bring back the wandering sheep—the sheep developed into fine buck rams with horns and unequaled butting propensities which became more formidable and yet more formidable under the new stimulus of the independent labor representations policy.

The epitaph of the old Trade Unionism may be



BEN TILLETT

said to be summed up in the following resolution passed the very day these lines are written, at the Newcastle Trades Union Congress.

"This congress is of opinion that it is highly desirable that steps should be taken to unite in one effective central organization the various unions and societies at present comprising the Trades Union Congress and the Labor party.

"This Congress, therefore, instructs the Parliamentary Committee to co-operate with the executive of the Labor party in formulating a scheme for the establishment of a central body having this object."

The holding of separate annual congresses by the Labor party (consisting of Trade Unions and Socialist bodies) and by the Trade Unions separately was ludicrous. But you must remember that human nature is human nature even in the sainted Trade Unionist, and the officials looked closely after their jobs, and did not like the idea of a reduction of posts by unification. However, that is all changed, as I know from conversation with all sorts of Trade Union leaders, who have told me that even if it cost them their individual posts, they would like to see the solidarity of labor by the hitching up of the various bodies.

There is nothing like going to bed-rock for your information, and I cannot do better than give here my interview with Ben Tillett, the leader of the great Dock Strike, whom I "scalped" for the readers of the COMING NATION, and which will give the best possible indications of the change in the spirit of Trade Unionism.

Tillett is a broad-shouldered man, with the face

of the artist cast in a Greek mould, who has one of the most eloquent tongues in the labor movement, and who may be regarded, in association with Harry Gosling, Chairman of the Transport Workers' Federation, as the controlling force of the dockers in this country.

I put my questions in short, direct queries, and the replies were equally to the point. My first inquiry was as to the number of men engaged in the recent Dock Strike.

"One hundred thousand roughly have been flung out of employment through the recent strike, whilst nearly an equal number have been indirectly affected."

### The Figures That Talk

"Will you tell me how many are affiliated with the National Transport Workers' Federation, and how are the affiliation fees paid?"

"There are 150,000 affiliated with the Federation, which, as has been shown, can put 'paid' to the capitalist account. Only a small fee is taken, as our action being economic we have no need for a big war-chest."

"In the recent upheaval, did the various unions hang together?"

"Yes, absolutely. The old sectional idea has gone. I hope for ever, and the determination shown by the dockers, when they could have gone back, to hold out until the carmen and the other unions affected had secured their demands, was extraordinary."

I was particularly anxious to know whether the Americans had stood by their British comrades, and put the query.

Tillett was very emphatic. "Not only have the American Longshoremen's Union promised help, but we have received offers from the German, Belgian and French Unions. Further than that, the men in various continental ports absolutely refused to unload vessels sent on from London during the strike—that tells its own tale, and has a meaning for the capitalist as well as the Socialist."

"Honestly, Mr. Tillett, have the united federations of the British American and Continental Dockers power to seriously affect European and American transport by combined action?"

"There can be no question whatever that today we are strong enough to enforce an International stoppage."

I then put the more delicate question as to whether the workers in Britain today still pinned their faith to parliamentary action plus the strike, or whether their trend was towards "direct action." I give Ben Tillett's reply verbatim:

"The whole tendency of the workers is toward 'direct action,' a policy as old as the hills."

He went on: "The curious thing about the recent strikes have been that the non-Unionists were the revolters, and they simply poured into the Unions after the strike started. When you remember that about 50 per cent of these men are out of work all the year round, and that those in more or less regular work average roughly under £1 a week, and that, at work which is distinguished by being the most precarious and with the largest accident and death roll of all occupations—you can understand why these men were goaded into action. All artificial distinctions in the unions are being wiped away—today it is no question of stevedores and dockers—the latter are both loaders and dischargers of coal. All sectional distinctions are being broken down, and the tendency is all toward solidarity."

In that final sentence you have the story of "The Great Change."

### The Splendid Spur

What is acting as a splendid spur to the New Trades Unionism is the fact that with the percentage of unemployed in the Unions steadily increasing with the development of capitalism, you have the men who remain in work worried to death with increasing levies for the help of those out of work—you have the weight upon the shoulders of the men in work becoming a veritable Old Man of the Sea, which threatens to strangle them—and on the top of all this you have State Insurance schemes like that of Lloyd George, which have a tendency to take away the very *raison d'être* from the Unions, whose activities are so largely expended in the administration of benefit funds, etc.

As an example of this increase of unemployment, which has been denied in Socialist as well as capi-



talist quarters, let me give the following figures received from a prominent member of the Friendly Society of Ironfounders of England, Ireland and Wales:

| Year. | Unemployment percentage |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1899  | 1.7 per cent.           |
| 1900  | 2.8 per cent.           |
| 1901  | 6.3 per cent.           |
| 1902  | 7.3 per cent.           |
| 1903  | 6.2 per cent.           |
| 1904  | 9.8 per cent.           |
| 1905  | 7.1 per cent.           |
| 1906  | 3.6 per cent.           |
| 1907  | 5.4 per cent.           |
| 1908  | 15.2 per cent.          |

The figures for the last two years are not yet to hand, but there is no reason to suppose that they show any decline. These figures, if they have any meaning at all, strengthen the conclusion that cycles of trade prosperity and decline are recurring with greater frequency, due to the tremendous increase of industrial productivity. Looking through several trade barometric lines of fluctuations in various businesses, one notices that the tendency is for the wave-line to get shorter and shorter.

A little time ago I interviewed Alexander Wilkie, M. P., of the Shipwrights. He told me that at that time they had 35 per cent of their men out of employment, and that the previous year his Union spent between \$150,000 and \$200,000 upon out-of-work funds. T. F. Richards, ex-M. P. for Wolverhampton, informed me that in the boot trade, after the introduction of the American "Nigger" lasting machine, 27 men out of 28 had been displaced by its use.

Those figures should tell anything except a professional capitalist economist the way the wind blows.

### The Fraud of the Conciliation Boards

Now, on the top of this, come the statistics from the Board of Trade's Yellow Book on "Changes in rates of wages and hours of labor," which show, under the heading of the Railwaymen—

|                                  | No. employed | Wgs. per wk. | Av.   |
|----------------------------------|--------------|--------------|-------|
| 1907 (before conciliation)       | 490          | £618,304     | 25.10 |
| 1910 (after 3 yrs. conciliation) | 463,618      | £596,342     | 25.9  |

Between 1901 and 1910 the average cash railway employes' earnings rose from 25s to 25s-9d—i. e., by 9d a week. In the same period the cost of living rose so much that the value of a sovereign to a working-class family fell by about eight per cent. Putting it in another way, the 25s-9d per week of 1910 was equivalent to about 24s in 1901, meaning that railwayman in the ten years experienced a fall in real wages of about 1s a week! And this after all the machinery of Government Conciliation had been called into being.

But, you ask, what has all this got to do with the psychology of the British workman?

It has this to do with it. I have been attending Labor congress after Labor congress all over Great Britain for some years. I have had unique opportunities through my friendly acquaintance with

Trade Union leaders and with the rank and file to get the facts, and I have come to the conclusion that the above facts have driven themselves with terrific force into the consciousness of the British Trade Unionist. He is slowly turning these facts and their significance over in the maw of his consciousness, and as a result the whole of his outlook has changed.

Some two years ago an interview with me appeared in the French *l'Humanite*, in which I stated that I believed we were on the verge of widespread industrial troubles, that the tendency would be for the men, under present conditions, to use the strike weapon with greater frequency, irrespective of its hurt or otherwise to themselves, and that there was great unrest in the Unions which was showing itself in revolt to the leaders.

All that has come to pass, and one of the most curious things in the phenomena of British strike psychology, has been the way in which the rank and file have thrown over their leaders, as in the Welsh Miners' strike, the Railway Strike, etc. The whole tendency in Britain until recently has been to have an almost fanatical respect for the leaders in the Unions, and in people of the English temperament at least, there is no more significant fact than this tendency to rebel.

In spite of the size of the British Trade Unions, the largest in the world, with their army of over two millions, solidarity between the various Unions has never been a marked feature of their psychology, as I have shown. Today the whole impulse is toward united action. That is the next significant point to the student of conditions here in the industrial world.

The next outstanding fact is the terrible capacity for forcible resistance to authority which the striker has developed, as has been shown in the various street fights, and this, even allowing for a large percentage of hooligans as at Liverpool, is significant of much.

### International Action

The last, and perhaps, in its potentialities, the most important point of all is the steady trend toward unification with the other European Unions. Wherever I have heard unity with the French Dockers' Unions or with the Belgian or German Unions advocated, there I have always seen a wonderful response, where only a decade ago or less there would have been icy indifference.

Now, there is one other thing which the student of British Trade Unionism is apt to overlook, and that is that Britain has four separate nationalities within its shores—not one. In the predominant part, you have the stubbornness of the old Saxons—men who, without the brilliancy of the Latin countries, have one dominant characteristic, which has won for them innumerable battles against superior forces, and which, in the opinion of us Socialists here, is their finest trait. I refer to the strong sense of individual liberty which the Englishman has, and which sometimes leads him into the

Anti-Socialist camp in its manifestations! The one thing the Englishman will not stand is interference with his personal liberty in any form—so far as he understands personal liberty. Ere now an English king has lost his head through contempt for this trait, and it is that which has roused throughout England at least so dully resentful a spirit to the use of the troops in the recent strikes, a resentment which will yet show itself at the polls.

Space prevents me entering into the differences which characterize the Irish, Scottish and Welsh Celts. But they are all different in their psychologies; and the Irish with their passionate resentment of wrong, the Scottish with their resentment tempered by "canniness," and the Welsh who are as a whole emotional as well as poetical and always fervently religious, all combine to make the British Industrial Maelstrom an interesting if baffling study.

One last word of warning.

With the tremendous forces which have shown themselves in the strike arena during the past few months, nothing is easier than to make the error of believing that the British worker has thrown Parliamentary Action overboard and that in the future he will confine his efforts to Direct Action.

Whilst I believe that Direct Action in the form of the General Strike will in the immediate future play a much larger part in the activity of the British worker than it has hitherto done, I am equally convinced that he will continue to rely largely upon the Parliamentary weapon of the vote in his attacks upon the Capitalist Citadel.

It may be granted that there is much dissatisfaction with the results of Parliamentary action as secured by the Labor party, but, when all is said and done, the Parliamentary party cannot march faster than the masses of the army which it represents. There are doubtless many criticisms of the Labor party which may be termed just and accurate, but I believe with others that the present industrial unrest will act as a splendid stimulus, not only for that party, but also of the rank and file throughout the country. Very fine work indeed has been accomplished by the Parliamentary leaders, and it would be unjust to refuse to acknowledge it.

That the party will gird up its loins and march forward to new victories is quite plain to those who sense the pulse of labor. The principle of independent labor representation has come to stay, and if the new forces, with all their fierceness and power, can only be directed and organized, it is not too much to say that in the near future we shall see a Socialist and Labor movement in this country which will seriously challenge the two "professional" parties of Liberalism and Toryism.

### The Awakening

However that may be, one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that the psychology of the British worker has completely changed, that, from a rather stolid and conservative person he has become almost revolutionary in his outlook, and above and beyond all that he can never again be entirely chloroformed by the quack doctors of capitalism.

### Testing Socialism in the Canal Zone

(Continued from page five.)

Crazy Horse Roosevelt can pick an honest man for a job like this, I guess we Socialists can. That's one objection to Socialism that won't go with men who have been on this job.

"And when that fellow gets through disturbing the meeting another guy with side whiskers gets up—he's generally a college professor—or got his dope from one. And his tale of woe is that the race would go to pot if every one wasn't hopping and hustling to make a stake. 'If you do away with special rewards for individual initiative, inventiveness, etc., there would be no progress.' That's all right, but when you go at him you find he means that the only 'special reward' which will make a man hustle is 'profit'—'money.' Rot! There ain't no man in a hundred today that works for profit. The work of the world is done for wages.

### No Profit in Gouging

"I wish I could get the chap that thinks you can't hire brains for wages down here. Anyone who thinks you can do a job like this without brains is a fool. Is Goethals making a 'profit' on the Canal? No. He's working for wages. Good wages, but he's a good man. There ain't any one on the job who works harder. And why is it that Goethals gives us men a square deal? Just because he's a wage earner also. He won't make any more money if he gouges us. He don't increase his income by neglecting to put a guard on my machine. There isn't any money in it for him to have me living in a stinking tenement or eating bum grub.

"He can afford to be decent. And I guess that is Socialism in a nut-shell. We want to revolutionize things so every one can afford to be decent—

so nobody will have to cheat, nor underpay, nor overcharge to make a living. And there isn't a man on the job who's making a profit. Brains? Look at Gorgas and the Sanitary Department. Brains? Hell. It takes genius to turn a jungle like this was when I came into a place like it is now.

"I wish you'd come over to my quarters and see the kiddies—they've got tan on them an inch thick, and healthy? Gee! You ought to see them eat. And when I came down here in 1905, strong men were crumbling up like tissue paper.

### The Reward of Genius

"Don't tell me you can't hire brains for wage, or that 'profits' are the only 'special reward' which will make a man work. Did you ever read one of Gorgas' reports in the *Canal Record*? I have the honor to report that during this month there has been no case of yellow-fever, small-pox, cholera or the plague on the Canal Zone. The statistics I submit herewith show a gratifying decrease in the sick rate of pneumonia and malaria over the preceding months and is considerably lower than for the same month in any other year since the American occupation.' Hell! Don't you suppose the chance to write that is a 'special reward'? Do you suppose Gorgas or the men under him would work harder if they were making money instead of fame?

"My God! It makes me swear when I think of all the dough-heads who have jumped up in meetings with that objection. And inventiveness. Why, we're inventing something down here every minute. The boss of our shop is a wizard—one of the kind who makes two 'foot-pounds' grow where only one grew before. He's completely reorganized our shop—knocked down costs about twenty per cent. He didn't get any royalties. But he's getting—earnings—bigger wages than any man of his age on the Ist-

mus, and he's proud of it. Proud enough of it to sit up half the night doping out some new wrinkle. Yes, sir! I wish some of those chronic objectors would come down here for awhile."

### Why There Were Strikes

"But," I asked, "there have been some strikes on the job haven't there? And there would not be strikes under Socialism."

"Well, I'll tell you about that," he interrupted himself to fill his pipe. "In the first place this ain't Socialism. It ain't Democratic. If the men were their own bosses I don't see how they could strike. But even as it is there haven't been any strikes like what we have in the States. The men haven't walked out once because they were underpaid or overworked according to the standards we're used to—we are getting more than we could get in the States. What strikes we've had have been because the men thought they could get more and didn't see any reason why they couldn't. It's surprising we haven't had more of them—because it's a hard, expensive thing for the Commission to bring down scabs.

Take this last machinists' strike. We weren't dissatisfied. Take that from me straight. The men leave their jobs sometimes because they want to get back to the States. This climate gets on your chest—makes you nervous. Especially the women. Lots of them get fussy and the men go home to get some peacc. But you don't hear us kicking against the boss. Nobody hollering that he's had a raw deal. The Old Man is straight as a string and he's got a lot of sympathy. The men are strong for him. You could go a long way—all the way—and not find a better boss. But some of the fellows—new ones—got to saying that we had them

(Continued on page eleven.)



# Whose Fault is It?

By Morris Strunsky

**T**HIS is a story of fact. It contains no moral, neither does it attempt to preach a sermon. It only asks an answer to a riddle which I am racking my brain to solve, though I believe it is unsolvable for it concerns a woman. It is about a daughter of a romantic couple who were married and lived happily ever after, as all good couples do in story books. I now know why all good couples are happy in story books. It is to make us envious of a lot which has not befallen us. This is not a cynicism.

But to come back to the daughter. No—let us begin with the wager, for this story deals with three W's—a wager, a woman and wine, and when these three get together, prepare to hear a tragedy. But do not let me wander. I want to have it over with. I want the coat of blame cast from my shoulders and, from the shoulders of my friends who participate in this tale. A clear conscience can be the making of a man and I am a wreck.

We were taking Olcott home—Henley and I. The air was hot and humid and the sun beat down its intense rays in its usual Manhattan style.

Olcott, as usual, was doing all the talking. He would talk on any subject but woman: He was not what is called a "social mixer" and, having few acquaintances among members of the troublesome sex, Olcott naturally thought, as is the way with man, that he knew all about women and today he was not in the mood for talking shop. He was not a bad sort of a man even if he did make some rash statements at times. He said he made these rash statements and performed these rash deeds only because he was trying to solve the Eternal Question as he saw it, and all his deeds were done in accordance with his philosophy of life. His foes said he was Satan himself. His friends remained his friends.

"This heat is something awful," he said, as we turned into his street. "I wish that I could get away. All this talk of New York being the best summer resort. *Requiescat in pace!* I feel like saying every time I stroll down Broadway and see the stay-in-towners promenade that little thoroughfare as if they really enjoy trying to put some life in the old town. It reminds me of the chapel of an undertaking parlor after a big mine disaster."

"Cheer up," broke in Henley. "New York is the best summer resort in the world. What is the sea shore but sand, mosquitoes and malaria; the mountains, dirt and colds; Maine, bosh; Europe, rubbish? You make me tired. Why don't you get something to do so that time would not hang so heavily on your hands? But, then, you would be dissatisfied no matter where you were."

"Let up, Henley," said I. "Let up. Can't you see that it is only the weather that makes him cranky?"

"Let him talk," sourly retorted Olcott. "I am getting used to it. No one seems to love me any more."

"I should hope not," replied Henley tartly. "I would like to see the girl who would fall in love with you."

"It's because I don't try," returned Olcott.

"Henley," continued Olcott after Henley's laughter had subsided, "you are a fool. Any man can make a woman love him if he goes about it in the right way. It is the easiest thing in the world. All a man has to do is—"

"Bah," interrupted Henley. "I would like to see you work the game before you boast of your knowledge of the world."

"What's the wager," asked Olcott quietly.

"Oh, anything," answered Henley. "Let's say a dinner, a dinner at Armonville's. Will that suit?"

"That's satisfactory," replied Olcott. "And who shall the girl be?"

"Any one will do, I suppose," said Henley, reluctantly, "though I want to tell you right here," he added, "that I think that it is a despicable trick and that no good will come of it. But go ahead with your little joke. You wouldn't succeed and the laugh will be on you."

"We'll see about that later. But the girl?"

"I don't care who," snapped back Henley, "and furthermore I am in favor of dropping the whole business."

"The wager stands," replied Olcott, icily. "But the girl?"

"Well, who?"

"Sonia is about the only woman that I know."

Henley turned and faced Olcott, his fists clenched. I expected to see struggle, for I knew, even if Olcott did not, Henley's feeling for the girl. He was one of her most ardent admirers before she was married and I also knew that his love and respect for her had neither changed nor died.

"Well," repeated Olcott, "how about Sonia?"

Henley looked him straight in the eyes. I could see that he was breathing hard. His nails were cutting into the palms of his hands and his body



The shock seemed to stupefy her.

was all a tremble. Olcott turned and ran up the stairs which led to his house.

"As there is no objection to Sonia," was his parting shot, "I will arrange for the date of the dinner later."

The door slammed and he was gone.

Henley stood motionless for a few moments and we then continued our walk.

I report this conversation in its entirety to add another illustration of the maxim that tragedies begin from trifles. It will also show you that we were not a trio of murderers, nor thieves nor devils. Neither were we angels. We were just men.

## II.

Sonia was beautiful, that was her only drawback. Sonia married young, that was her misfortune. Sonia's love for her husband soon died, that was her tragedy.

When Sonia was eighteen, the romantic strain in her blood which she had inherited from her parents, who had been dreamers all their lives, began to show, and when a young, romantic girl, begins to dream, she is apt to get into trouble. So it was with Sonia. She married.

Two girls out of every three, at the age of eighteen, fall in love, in some way or another, with small, gray-haired men whose faces have not been touched by Time. I do not know why it is so, nor why Nature in the form of Fate made it so. But as this is one of those mysteries which has Nature as its foundation, one should not waste time trying to solve it. At any rate, Sonia belonged to the class that forms the rule and not the exception.

Sonia married the man with all the best wishes

of her disappointed friends. We all prayed for her happiness. The man tried to make her happy and she tried her best to reciprocate, but it was no use, for love was lacking. Like Humpty Dumpty, it takes more than king's horses and king's men and whole worlds of trying to force a man and woman to love each other. I tell you this to show you that it was a loveless marriage. If it were different, this story would never have been written.

Olcott and the Man and Sonia were good friends. By that I mean that Olcott was on good terms with the Man and that he was also friendly with Sonia. Don't get the impression that the Man was on good terms with Sonia. I do not want you to make that mistake. It would spoil the story.

Several days after the wager was made Olcott ran into the Man. The day was as hot as a blazing, torrid sun could make it and so they entered the nearest cafe. The Man drank three gin rickeys, while Olcott sipped Scotch. Olcott knew liquor, and he also knew its effects. He knew that a gin rickey, though cooling, is depressing; that two makes one feel gloomy and three causes one to become ugly and morbid. But Scotch—and three of them—will make golden words flow in a beautiful stream, even in the mouth of a stammerer, and Olcott was no stammerer.

"Come up to the house for dinner," invited the Man.

Then as the rickeys began to work, he added:

"There won't be anything to eat, anyway."

They walked to the house arm in arm. Olcott could stand three glasses of Scotch better than the Man could stand one gin rickey, and he had had three of them, with the result that the Man became too communicative for a married man. Or we might call it indiscretion. What was said does not matter. The end would have been the same.

Sonia welcomed them at the door and after a few commonplace remarks the three sat down to their evening meal. Sonia had been shopping the entire day and the heat did not agree with her. The thought of going home to dine with the same man with whom she had dined three hundred and sixty-five days the previous year and three hundred and sixty-five days the preceding year did not tend to improve her temper.

The memory of two years of monotonous dinners and two years of monotonous lunches and two years of monotonous breakfasts all but drove her mad. So you see that she was in anything but a pleasant mood when dinner was announced.

The gin rickeys began to work. Also the Scotch. By the time the second course was being served the deep gloom which hung over the table was being dispelled. At the third course a clear sky of blue and white hung over the diners. (The Man was not eating.) By the time the table was cleared the Man was making bread pills and muttering beneath his breath; while Sonia and Olcott, their heads close together, were talking of the good times they used to have before Sonia was married, which was a pretty dangerous topic under the circumstances.

Did I say that Olcott was tall and handsome and that Sonia had just turned twenty? I might have forgotten to mention it at the beginning of the story, but such happened to be the case. It is best to keep that in mind so that no blame can be attached to Sonia. After all, she was a woman.

## III.

Whether Olcott was right in saying that any man can make any woman love him, I do not know. He was right in this particular case, as you can doubtless guess, though you must bear in mind that with the conditions as they were, there could be but one outcome.

Several months later when Olcott told her that he was playing with her, toying with a woman's heart, and that he was going to wed a little blonde-haired, blue-eyed, doll-faced miss, the shock seemed to stupefy her and she sat as in a trance while Olcott took his departure. The Man had left her some time before, together with her so-called friends. Sonia's pride was the thing which suffered most, for there is no pride which can be compared with the pride of a girl of twenty. She should



have known better? Perhaps. But that isn't in the story. Besides, you must bear in mind that she was only twenty—and a woman.

Sonia did not care what happened to her after that and when a girl is in that mood a good many things begin to happen. At any rate, she disappeared.

So did Olcott. None of his friends knew what became of him and he deserted his old haunts. One does not have to go far in New York to vanish completely out of sight. All that is necessary is to move next door and you are lost to the world.

A few weeks later I received a message from Henley, asking me to meet him at midnight in Armonville's.

I wondered what was in the wind, for I rarely heard of him since the crash came. He felt the misfortune (I was going to say the disgrace) more deeply than anyone else I knew who was connected with Sonia's household. I knew the reason. I only wish that Sonia could have known.

A little before midnight I entered Armonville's. Ever been there? No? Armonville's is Harlem's idea of Bohemia. It is situated in the Tenderloin, about two drinks north of Forty-second Street. It occupies a large brown stone building which at one time served as a residence for one of the "upper ten." At present a large electrical sign informs the passerby that the place is being conducted by Armon Armonville, "formerly chef of the Cafe de la Paix." Here one can secure a seven-course dinner, "with wine" for the modest sum of sixty cents.

It is a four story building. On the first floor go the aforementioned Harlemites on an unsuccessful search for adventure. On the second floor go the frequenters of the tenderloin in the quest for excitement. They usually find it. And on the third and the fourth floors go—but let us go back to the story.

I entered the dining room on the second floor. The place was crowded with theater goers, the kind who know each chorous girl by name and wear diamonds.

I found Henley sitting at a little table in the center of the room. It was not the Henley of old. He had grown thirty years since I saw him last, thirty days before. The lines on his face had grown deep and hard and his eyes had a sunken appearance. I thought I knew the reason so I began to talk about the weather.

"Have you ever been in love?" were his first words as I took my seat.

"No," I tried to laugh. "I know better."

Henley remained silent. That was my first break. I knew something was wrong or he would have answered me.

We sat silently for several minutes watching the scene about us. I grew impatient.

"What's up?" I asked.

Henley fingered his glass, his eyes gazing at some object in back of me.

"Turn around," he said suddenly. "No, not now—she is looking—now, quick."

I turned. About three tables away sat Sonia, alone. She was dressed in the latest fashion and she was sipping something from a glass. Did I say that Sonia was beautiful? But that was three days ago. She was no longer beautiful, she was handsome. The sweetness had gone out from her face and in its place was a peculiar expression, cold and hard. She was the Tenderloin personified.

I turned to Henley.

"Let us change to her table," I said, "I want to speak to her."

"Wait," he said.

So we sat there and waited. We bowed our heads so it would be impossible for her to see our faces (fools that we were) and we watched her out of the corners of our eyes.

She was the same Sonia, our Sonia, the Sonia whose undoing we blamed upon ourselves. Yet as I stared at her, I saw that it was not the same Sonia we had known before. She seemed strange and out of place. The clothes, the liquor, the entire background, all were different from what we had always connected with her. . . . It is terrible to have loved and lost.

The music began. I saw Sonia gulp down the remaining contents of her glass and stagger to a table in the center of the room. With difficulty she stepped upon a chair and then upon the cloth. With one foot she kicked the dishes off the table. With the other foot she sent the bottle crashing to the floor. And then she began to dance.

The music continued to peal forth from the half hidden orchestra in the rear of the room. A light ziry Parisian dance greeted the ears. It was the song of the Boulevards, of the Boule' Miche', of the Latin Quarter. It was a song of cheer, of gaiety, of happiness. And Sonia, who had loved and lost, danced.

The men and women around her began to shout and laugh, to keep time with their feet, to hum the strains and an air of sham gaiety swept the room. The noise increased. The waiters rushed to and fro.

Coarse laughter and coarser humor were heard on every side. And Sonia danced on.

She stepped around the table lightly, so very lightly, like a piece of down off a swan's breast. Her skirts were slightly raised and her little feet tripped daintily here and there, barely touching the table. The men and women continued to shout and laugh and they urged her on. I was fascinated, mortified, discouraged; I did not know how I felt. This was Sonia, our Sonia. I dared not look at Henley.

With a loud thunderous appeal the music stopped and a waiter helped Sonia to descend. She reeled half way across the room and—sat down beside me. She was breathing hard.

"I saw you come in," she said simply.

Henley looked at her. He could not speak.

I thought I would try to be severe.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly.

She turned and looked at me with her large black eyes. My mouth closed with a snap.

"Why did you do that?" asked Henley. His voice bore a different tone from mine.

"This is how I earn my living," she answered.

"The people think that it is real, that I am only a



About Three Tables Away Sat Sonia

patron like themselves. The news spreads that Armonville's is the place where one can see things and that brings the crowds. That is why Armonville pays me. You would not have me do anything else, would you?"

Henley looked her in the eyes.

"We have faith," he said simply.

I saw the tears gather in her eyes. She placed a hand in each of ours.

"That is because you are my friends," she replied, because you can understand."

"I am more than a friend," Henley answered softly.

Sonia dropped her eyes, Henley stood up.

"Come," he said, "let's leave—this."

I also rose and took Sonia's arm. We were not going to lose her again.

Suddenly I saw Sonia grow pale and her body begin to tremble. She started from her seat and remained motionless. I saw her hand rest for a moment on the table, her fingers holding a point of a knife. The next instant the thin white arm sent it spinning past Henley's head. I saw the bright steel flash across the room and pass underneath the up-lifted arm of a man who had just entered. A stream of blood burst forth as the knife buried itself up to the handle in his throat. I saw the man, tall and handsome, fall back with a cry into the arms of a little, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, doll-faced woman, and Sonia lurched across the table and fell fainting into Henley's arms.

IV.

That is the story of Sonia. It is not a pretty tale for it is true. And if you are only interested in stories read no further. Be satisfied with what you have read, put aside these pages, mutter "it served him right," and run off to the sewing circle.

Now that we are alone I want to tell you why this story was written. Some of you may know Sonia and I did not relate this tale for the purpose of barring a family skeleton. Far from it. It was written

with the express purpose of exonerating some one from shouldering the blame.

Whose fault was it? That is what I want to know.

I have been trying to place the blame on some one. How the story ends does not matter. That is not the point. I want to know whose fault it is. Surely it was not mine because I happened to be a member of that trio that fatal day. Was it Henley's for taunting Olcott? But then he had faith in Sonia and thought that it was a boyish prank at best. Was it Olcott's? Yes, you say? Perhaps. But then he did not mean any harm. He simply did not know woman's ways. He only half knew women and half knowledge is a dangerous thing. And dare we speak ill of the dead?

And Sonia? But then, we must not speak against her. Sonia was a woman.

Whose fault is it?

\* \* \* \* \*  
I wonder if Olcott was right when he said that any man can make any woman love him if he only knows how?

TESTING SOCIALISM IN CANAL ZONE

(Continued from page nine.)

in the hole, that they'd give us diamond rings and grand opera rather than see the work tied up. So after a while we put in some demands for longer leaves of absence on pay and more pay. I voted against it, but, of course, I went out with them. They gave us the extra pay, but held out on the "leave." I guess Goethals figured it out that if he didn't refuse something, they'd pretty soon be asking for the gold filling out of his teeth. Well, the National Organization wouldn't stand for the strike. With lots of men in the organization at home hunting for work they couldn't very well blacklist the best job in the trade—they had to throw us down. So we went back to work. I guess we'll let we'll enough alone for a while now.

"There is another dispute on. I don't think it will come to much. There was a collision of dirt trains about a year ago and the conductor on one of them was killed. They arrested the engineer of the other for manslaughter—criminal negligence. Well, you see there isn't any jury trials down here except for murder. And the judges are the worst things we've got here in the way of officials appointed in Washington. I guess there ain't one of the lot who'd get elected sergeant of arms in a lodge, but the one this fellow went up before was the worst of the lot. I don't know him, but if half the stories they tell about him are true he sure must be a lemon—but the point is the men say he don't know a locomotive from a sewing machine. He gave the fellow a year. This engineer was not a union man, but the Brotherhood men took up his case. One of them was telling me all about it—it was a technical case and they say that no jury who understood railroading would have held him for a minute.

"All the transportation men were going out if Goethals didn't pardon the fellow. It might have come to something worth while. I'd like to see the men get used to striking for political issues—but they balled it up. Some bright guy had sent a petition up to Taft before the thing came to Goethals, so the Old Man just waved his hands and said, 'Boys, you've gone over my head. I can't do anything.' The fellows who sent that petition to Washington were fools. I'd rather have Goethals sit on the case—if I was in it—than Taft. I'd feel sure of a square deal. Any how, they'll tie the petition up in red tape at Washington and the fellow will have served his year before the matter is settled.

"No, sir. There ain't many strikers down here. And when the fellows get nervous and want to start some excitement they have to hunt some before they can find a grievance to howl about.

"I've been working in a machine shop since I was thirteen and I never found as good a job as this before and that's because its half Socialist. You bet when its finished and I get back to the States, I'm going out with an axe for those two chaps with objections I was telling you about. And if we keep on making progress like we are now, that kid of mine before he's as old as I am will be working on a job that's not half Socialist, but the whole thing."

WHAT UNIONS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED

(Continued From Page Six.)

even now the relations are far from friendly. The extent of the quarrels and their cost to the union is appreciated when it is known that in 1903 the sum of \$100,000 was spent by the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union in defraying the expense of sending workmen to take the place of striking Knights of Labor.



# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## The Mystery Story Next Week

The next number of the COMING NATION will contain the first installment of the remarkable mystery story, "Under the Shadow of the Roof," by Peyton Boswell. This is something of an experiment in Socialist journalism.

The story itself is remarkable, and it hinges around the death of the man who was found dead in an unused room of his own factory, bound firmly in an office chair which had been carried into the room with him. Around the mystery of his death centers an interesting romance, and discussions of some phases of the industrial conditions.

It is not, however, presented to our readers as a Socialist story. Our principal reason for using it is because it is a good story; one that we believe every member of the family will read with interest.

The illustrations are by John Sloan whose work as an artist is familiar not only to all Socialist readers but to all readers of magazine literature of any kind.

In the second place, it is part of a plan to get readers for the COMING NATION. Prizes aggregating \$550.00 will be given for the best solution of the mystery.

The full plan under which prizes will be given, with the opening installment of the story will appear next week.

It is certain that there will be an extraordinary demand for this number. Scouts and news-dealers should see to it that they have a large supply. It will afford a fine opportunity to get new subscribers and every reader who is interested in the success of the COMING NATION should order a bundle for distribution. Socialist locals that distribute a bundle of this number will be certain to obtain subscribers and to increase the amount of Socialist literature read in their locality during the coming year.

There will, of course, be the feature articles and short stories that are characteristic of the COMING NATION.

We believe that our readers will be interested in knowing that the circulation of the COMING NATION is now growing faster than any time in its history. The close of the first year and the announcement of plans for the coming year have brought the universal comment that the paper has made good, and is needed. This praise is being translated into words by the active efforts of the readers of the paper.

We are now able to announce the approximate date on which "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons will be distributed to those who have secured it as a premium. The publishers say that they expect it to be ready for delivery by the 15th of October. The supply of books which have been ordered will certainly be exhausted soon after that date and it will then be impossible to secure any more at the rates we are able to offer them to subscribers. Until the supply is exhausted, a copy will be sent to every person who will send three dollars for yearly subscriptions.

The copies of the half-tone reproductions of Balfour Ker's great painting, "Driven from Eden," have now been mailed to those who have asked for them when sending a new subscription or renewal. There are quite a number of these left and for a few weeks or

# THE ESSENTIAL THING

BY A. M. SIMONS



We are just passing through one of those explosive periods in society that always follows the accumulation of oppression, indignation and education. Our blood moves faster as we read of events in England, Spain, Russia, Ireland, Austria and France, general strikes, bread riots, armed revolts. All these things are vivid, soul-stirring. They lend themselves to striking phrases in description. They can be heard around the world.

We say to ourselves, this is real revolution. This means something. Such events certainly are significant. They indicate that the steam in the Socialist boiler is close to the bursting point.

In our admiration for the explosion we are apt to forget the years of feeding the boiler with the fuel of education and organization. We are also apt to forget that exploding boilers do less work than those whose energies are applied through an engine.

Such upheavals indicate something more than the fact that the working class is ready to revolt. They often indicate that the energies of revolt are being expended in ineffectual channels and almost always indicate defects in the methods of Socialist work before the explosion.

The general strike in England is not only a proof that the hitherto supposedly indifferent working class is aroused to action. It also indicates that in recent years there has been too much of phrase mongering, too much babbling of revolutionary phrases, and what is even more important—too little ordered, conscious revolutionary action.

Long experience in a multitude of nations has shown the working class that these wild explosions of revolutionary energy are very apt to be followed by a long period of depression.

Too often such explosions act like safety-valves that insure the existence of the very thing at which they are directed.

The real work of revolution is done by those who direct the forces of revolt against the foundations of society where they overturn, or better yet, supplant the old institutions.

as long as they last, one will be sent to every person who asks for it when sending one dollar for a new subscription or renewal. We believe that our readers have scarcely appreciated the value of this offer. The reproduction is one that is not to be compared with the ordinary half-tone as printed in a periodical. This is on heavy paper with wide margin, with the very best possible ink and press work for use. The original painting was in black and white and the reproduction is an almost perfect duplicate.

## "The Disgrace of Civilization"

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, in a dissertation on tuberculosis, declares that it is caused by poverty and malnutrition. Under the caption of "Tuberculosis, The Disgrace of Civilization," in the *Western Railway News*, he writes: "The splendid work of Dr. Evans, of Chicago, in publicising knowledge on this vital subject, has stimulated emulation from physicians, health boards, district nurses' associations and civic improvement societies all over the country, and effective work is being accomplished in stamping out this disgrace of civilization, the Great White Plague.

"But (and here's the rub) while we know how to prevent and how to cure (in the early stages), the death rate shows no perceptible diminution. Why is this?"

"Because we haven't attacked the basic cause of tuberculosis, poverty and malnutrition. The wealthy do occasionally die of it, but in proportion to one to seven. The poor, overworked, underfed wage slave pays tribute to this modern Minotaur—devouring the fairest and most promising of youth. Of what avail the physician's counsel to 'rest up,' sleep in the open air, 'force feed' upon rich, nutritious diet and live a wholesome, natural life, to a poor shop girl or a mill operative, toiling twelve hours a day in vitiated, lint-laden, super-saturated atmosphere, from which the greater portion of oxygen has

long since been extracted and replaced by carbon dioxide?"

"What sardonic cruelty (devilishly contrived as any in the pages of Greek mythology or Dante's Inferno) to show this doomed victim the beautiful vista of life, hope, health, happiness, a continued loving sojourn among the quick, and then dash the cup to the ground, shattered in a thousand fragments, and proffer him instead the bitterness, futility and hopelessness of his lot under "Economic Determinism."

"For his fate is pre-determined by his economic condition. If he is able to carry out the rules of health laid down for his guidance, to play the game fairly and squarely with unstacked cards, the chances are extremely favorable for complete recovery and restoration to useful productive capacity."

Dr. Bowers prescribes good food, proper clothing, sanitary homes, short hours, high wages, compensation for injured workmen, and the substitution of the "Golden Rule" for the "Rule of Gold." His prescription and that of the unions are identical.

## Higher Wages for You

BY W. R. SHIER.

Here are some of the ways in which the Socialist party would improve the economic condition of the workers.

1. By increasing the wages of government employes.
2. By inserting fair wage clauses in all government contracts.
3. By repealing all laws inimical to the labor unions.
4. By enforcing minimum wage laws in all the poorly paid trades.
5. By creating a scarcity of labor by state employment of the unemployed.

Higher wages are not Socialism, but Socialism means higher wages.

To learn more about Socialism send your name and address to . . . . .

This little article has been published by Local Parkdale upon a blotter for house-to-house distribution. Blotters

are better than leaflets because they are kept and read over and over again. They cost more, but they bring better results. Campaign committees elsewhere are herewith given permission to make whatever use of this article they care to. It has provoked a lot of interest in Parkdale, largely, we think, because the thing that interests workmen most is the price of their labor power.

## The Socialist Scouts

During September, 1911, the Socialist Scouts sold more papers than during any other month since they were organized. Quite a few boys and girls find they can not possibly deliver papers to their entire list of customers and have hired playmates to help them. Your boy or girl can take up the same work, make plenty of pocket money and do a valuable work for Socialism at the same time.

Socialist Scouts sell the COMING NATION and *Appeal to Reason* and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable premiums in addition. It costs nothing to start the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Department, *Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans.*" Full instructions are sent with first bundle.

## Scout News

I have sold all my papers for this week. My bag is just fine. I have fifteen regular customers and hope to get more soon. I am the only Socialist Scout in town but I think a little work and big pay is all right. A good way to get customers is to go to local meetings and get somebody to announce that you sell papers and then go around—Fred J. Schuirman, Iowa.

They sell like hot tomatoes on an Alaskan night.—Stanley Heister, Arizona.

We have a local out here. The name of it is Spotted Bear local. I think everyone should be a Socialist as it is the only thing. There are so many little children working in the sweat shops and men out of employment, and when Socialism comes things will not be that way.—Bertha Anderson, South Dakota.

On July 25th I received the watch, which I have named "The COMING NATION Timepiece." My brother will be proud to receive it. I sincerely thank you for your promptness.—Hugo C. Haffner, New York.

I like selling papers immensely and instead of selling thirty COMING NATIONS each week I think I can sell a hundred in a short time. I am the only boy here selling the COMING NATION. I will try to get other boys to help me.—Wm. Arness, North Dakota.

I received my printing press, also premium coupons. What papers I don't sell to customers, I take to meetings and speeches, which are held every week here, and usually sell what is left over.—Wm. Pielenz, New York.

Sold nearly all my papers. Hope to do better next week; just received C. N. I hope all the Scouts are doing as well if not better.—Elizabeth Duvall, Maryland.



I am enclosing a postal of myself and two brothers. I am nine years old, Louis is seven and little Dana is four. We have five regular customers. I deliver three and Louis two. Dana always goes, too. We are three little Socialists. We hope to do more work as we grow older.—Fred D. Stewart, Pennsylvania.

In a word, the master note of the twentieth century civilization should be a call for the enthronement of the spirit of co-operation in the center of our industrial order. It is still the old question of which we will accept—Jesus or Barabbas, Christ or Cæsar. First of all, we need to awaken the people from their profound inertia, their appalling indifference.



**CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE**  
 EDITED BY  
**BERTHA H. MAILEY**

**The Story of Joe**

(Continued.)

**O**NE frosty evening in October some two years after Joe had gone to work in the bakeshop, he was going home from work. It was one of those evenings when no self-respecting boy would wear an overcoat, even if he had one, but is glad nevertheless to turn his coat collar up and tuck his hands into his pockets. So Joe plunged along until about half way of the two miles home he was blocked on his fast walk by a crowd coming out of a high brick building.

Joe knew the place well. It was a shoe factory and he had many times met this same crowd. Somehow he had never before noticed it very much. It was just something that happened every day. But this night the numbers of people struck him. More and more they poured out and there were many girls among them.

"Say," thought Joe to himself, "there must be thousands of folks working in that shop. It's an awful crowd. Wonder how I'd like a job there. No chance of getting lonely, anyway. Lots of fellows just my age, it seems to me."

Then Joe bowed his head to the frosty wind and pushed on home to the hot supper and the noisy talk of his younger brothers and sisters that made home always cheery to him.

After supper Joe's mother said, "Joe, run to the old man's at the corner and leave Bobbie's shoes to be mended."

But Joe had just settled himself with a good book for an evening's reading, so his mother had to say a second time: "Now, Joe, I wish you'd run along before the old man closes up for the night." Then Joe picked up the shoes and left the room grumbling a little as he did so.

"I should think someone else should go *once* in a while."

In two minutes Joe had reached the little shop on the corner and gone down the three steps that led to the half basement room where the old shoemaker worked.

The upper part of the door was of glass and Joe stopped to look in for a moment. There in a tiny room, sat the old man on a seat, with a lot of queer tools and shoe lasts beside him on a bench which was a continuation of his seat. With leather apron on and a shoe on a form between his knees, he pegged and pounded, while a small flickering gas light over his shoulder lighted up his work.

"Don't look much like that shoe factory down-town," thought Joe. "The old man looks lonesome." Then he turned the knob and walked in.

"Hello, Mr. Gray," said Joe. "Here are Bobbie's shoes to be half-soled and can he have them by tomorrow noon? He ain't got any others to go to school in."

"Guess I can do them," answered Mr. Gray, without stopping his pegging.

"Say, Mr. Gray," said Joe after a moment's watching the old man steadily working. "Why don't you quit work at 6 o'clock like the fellows in the big shoe factory?"

"Me?" said the old man. "Why sonny, I can't afford to. Times ain't what they used to be. Twenty-five years ago, I had all the work I wanted to do makin' shoes to order. Now I don't get makin' a pair of shoes once a year. Those fellows at the factory make more shoes in a day than I have in my whole lifetime."

"They've got the big machines that turn 'em out by the thousands and they give lots of men jobs at it. Folks call 'em a *Social* product. Guess you don't know what that means, Sonny. But

you would if you were an old man like me and see all your trade taken away from you with nothin' left but patching and soling."

"Say, Dad," said Joe, when he and his father were on their way to the



There in a Tiny Room sat the old Man

bakeshop the next morning. "I'm going to try to get a job in the shoe factory, if you don't care. I'd like to learn the trade." B. H. M.

**The Cloud**

On one hot summer morning a little cloud rose up out of the sea and, like a child at play, joyous and gay, it floated through the blue sky and over the wide fields, that lay parched and sad after a long drouth.

As the little cloud passed along, it saw men below working painfully in the sweat of their brows, while for itself it knew nothing of sorrow and drifted along before the light morning air.

"Oh, dear," it sighed, "if I could only do something to help those poor people down there, to drive away their sorrows, to send food to the hungry and to refresh the thirsty people."

And as the day went on, the cloud grew larger and larger, and as it grew, so its wish became ever stronger, to devote its life to the service of men.

Hotter and hotter shown the sun upon the earth, and oppressed the working people terribly. It seemed as though they couldn't stand it, but they had to keep right on working, for they were very poor. They looked up beseechingly at the cloud, as though to say, "Oh, if you could only help us a little."

"Indeed, I will help you," said the cloud and began to dip down lightly toward the earth. Then all at once it remembered something it had heard once as a child, deep down in the heart of the ocean, that is, that the clouds died if they went too close to the earth.

For a time it hesitated, and drifted here and there, but at last it stopped and spoke boldly and joyously: "You men below there, I am going to help you, no matter what happens."

This thought made the cloud all at once as great as a giant and strong and powerful. It would never have dreamed that it could become so great.

It hovered over the earth in its might and spread its wings far over the fields. Its splendor was so great that man and beast alike were frightened, and the trees and the grass bowed before it. But they all knew well that the cloud was their benefactor.

"Yes, I will help you," cried the cloud once more. "Take me. I will die for you."

A bright light pierced the cloud.

Thunder rolled about it, and through and through it surged an endless feeling of love; it sank toward the earth and melted in blessed raindrops.

This rain was its service; the rain was its death. In the rain the cloud found its own meaning.

Over all the land, as far as the rain-storm reached, a beautiful rainbow threw its arch, formed of the brightest rays of the sky. It was the last visible greeting of a great self-sacrificing love.

Soon the cloud disappeared; but the blessing of the cloud lingered long with the people it had served.—Robert Reinick in *Die Gleichheit*.

**Dick, the Colt**

BY WILBY HEARD.

**D**ICK was a colt, a little more than two years old. That's pretty big for a baby horse. Why, on his second birthday Dick was just as tall as his mamma, far more slender though. He still acted much like a baby, however, despite his size. And he wanted to follow her wherever she was made to go. And for that reason Farmer G—— had to keep Dick tied in the stable when his mother was taken out to work. But he would call, and call whether she was in hearing distance or not. And she, too, would do the same. Now Dick's mother loved her boy as only mothers can; and her heart would go pit-a-pat for the welfare of her son, when she was far away. For she believed that no other living creature could take such good care of him as she. She seemed to know as well as you or I could, that colts are reckless youngsters, and are always up to all sorts of pranks. And you might as well know it right here that Dick was a regular daredevil even among the liveliest of his kind. So no wonder that Babe, so Dick's mother was called, was much worried about him.

One of Dick's tricks, which was a very simple one, was to come to the dining-room window, on a summer evening, and stick his head in, in hope of getting some sugar. He knew the sugar bowl, and if it was anywhere in reach he would not hesitate to upset it on the table, with his upper lip. Nor did he care if he had to break half a dozen plates in the attempt. And once the bowl was turned over he would not do a thing to the sweet, as the slang phrase goes.

One day Farmer G—— said to his boys, "I guess we will have to break Dick into wearing harness soon. Another half year and we will be able to make some use of him." To work a horse before he is fully three years old may cause the ruin of the animal for life. And so most farmers are very careful not to work them to amount to anything before that age.

A horse of three years may be compared to a child of sixteen or eighteen years of age. Is it not strange then that thousands of little children five or six years old are driven into the factories? They are treated worse than horses—but we are drifting from our story. The boys considered the breaking in of a colt almost as great a treat as going to a circus. For it seems great fun, to one who does not understand the great desire for complete freedom, to see a spirited colt rebel at the yoke thus suddenly laid upon him.

And, so the very next day while Farmer G—— was away with Babe and her sister Doll, the boys put Dick into some harness, took him out, and hitched him to a stoneboat. A stoneboat is sort of a rough sled made for hauling heavy stones from the plowed fields. And they tried to make Dick pull it. At first he took the whole affair as a joke. Then he suddenly grew serious. He did not like the thing that wriggled behind him and seemed determined to follow him wherever he went. At last he became frightened, poor baby, and stopped short, as his eye sighted a team of horses about half a mile away. "Perhaps that is mamma," thought

scared little Dick. And with a neigh of complaint and fear, without a second's warning, he darted off, stoneboat and all, straight for the team in the distance.

The man with the team, who chanced to be a neighbor, knew Dick. So he caught the colt, kept him till evening and then brought him home. The boys never again tried to break in colts, for Dick had taught them a lesson they remembered ever after. Before many months went by Dick was well broken in, and did his share of daily toil. He soon forgot to look to his mother for protection, for the harness made a horse of him. All day long he labored hard, and when night came he was so tired that he could think of little else but rest. His mother, too, seemed to disown him after he stopped rebelling against the harness.

There is something of a moral in this little story, and maybe more than one. Just you try to find them.

**Something About School Teachers**

There were 510,000—over half a million—school teachers in the United States last year, and, of course, the number will be increased this year with the greater number of pupils and schools. That makes a big army in itself, doesn't it?

The work of teaching is very important, but I am sorry to say that the public school teachers have seldom received the consideration due them for doing that work. Until recently the politicians who controlled the governments of the different cities didn't care whether the teachers got decent salaries or not. This was because the great majority of teachers were women and had no votes. Out of the 510,000 teachers last year 400,000 were women.

But the teachers have gotten tired of being imposed upon and working hard for low wages, so they have formed "associations" to agitate for better conditions. At first the teachers didn't want their associations identified with the trade unions as they thought they were superior to ordinary working people but they soon learned, especially in Chicago, that they were workers with the same interests as other workers and they were glad to become part of the trade union movement.

As a result of this agitation conditions for the teachers have been greatly improved in many places. They made the politicians understand that while they have no vote themselves they can exercise political influence among men who have votes.

In the meantime, their experiences with school boards and other municipal government departments and the state legislature have taught them how necessary it is that women should be able to vote on election day and use their influence directly for better educational methods and teaching conditions.

This year, for the first time, many women teachers of New York in a number of grades will receive the same wages as men teachers. This has come about by years of agitation through organization and against great opposition.

Further, the amount of money expended on public schools annually in this country is \$450,000,000—nearly as much as it will cost to build the Panama Canal. This money is almost wholly raised by local taxes. There is always protest against any improvements in the school system because it is said it will be hard on the taxpayers, but nevertheless the average amount of money now spent on each pupil is twice as large as forty years ago and the taxpayers seem to have survived.

Public money can be expended for no more worthy object than for public education, just as it can be spent for no more ignoble object than that of equipping an army and navy for the sole purpose of killing human beings for the benefit of the capitalists of a nation who love war for the profit it brings them.



# Preparing for Battle

The Congress of the German Social Democratic party which was held at Jena from the 10th to the 14th of September was filled with preparations for the great electoral battle that will take place within a few months.

The first day of the Congress was taken up with greetings and words of cheer from fraternal delegates from various European countries.

There had been some criticism of the party executive on the ground that it had been slow to act in the Morocco situation and that in general it had been less militant than was desirable.

In the opening speech of August Bebel he referred to this as follows:

"Now another word in addition to what the first speaker has told you. It was his opinion that last week a certain dissatisfaction made itself felt. Yes, indeed, comrades, a number of you are dissatisfied with the administration and have found that it has not done well what it had to do, and that a fire ought to be built close behind it to shove it along. Well, we of the Party Administration have also seen all this and have awaited with suspense what would come of it. We also wished to save our skins, there is no doubt about that. But we are glad to admit that it is a good sign of energetic life when there is a stirring, a reaching out and when one does not agree so thoroughly with everything. It does not do to always let things go as they may.

"It also happens that an administration often becomes too comfortable, too safe, hardly however among the Social Democrats (applause) among others more frequently. Taken all in all you have always been satisfied with us, you have always re-elected us. But let us put it to the proof, criticize, bring forward plans of improvement—if they are really for improvement we shall be glad to take them up. It would be a very bad party leadership that believed that the old methods and order of things must be kept up. This is a dem-

officials were sustained by an overwhelming vote of the Congress, there was a general feeling that greater initiative and more militant action would be expected in the future.

The official reports to the Congress have already been mentioned in these columns. Every where they showed a most remarkable increase in strength and activity. The number of daily papers have increased from 65 in 1907 to 81 at the present time. The income of the party was over a million dollars in the past year. The increased activity among the women and the young was especially striking.

The Morocco question took up much of the time of the convention and here Bebel delivered one of those masterly analyses of events that commanded the attention not only of the Socialists but of the entire European world. He pointed out the industrial interests that are behind the Morocco question, showed how the tactics of the German government would lead on to what must inevitably be a world wide war and declared that those responsible for that leadership were staking the very existence of the capitalist society on the outcome. At the close of his speech, he presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted amid cheers that continued for several minutes:

"The Socialists of Germany in national congress at Jena, energetically protest against and strongly condemn the attempt that has been made to involve three nations of Europe, France, England and Germany, in a fratricidal war, a war that would necessarily develop into a world struggle and could only end with a great catastrophe.

"The strenuous efforts of a capitalist clique to fasten its grip on Morocco, in order to exploit it to the fullest extent and to spill the blood and take the possessions of the Germans with the lying excuse 'That the honor and the interest of the Nation' demand it, are repudiated by the Congress as conscious falsification of fact, and shameless reality.

"The few persons that are interested in exciting three nations to war are abetted by the colonial pirates and the chauvinists who thirst for advancement and prominence, and by the manufacturers and purveyors of all kinds of war material, who would put enormous profits into their pockets in the event of a war, while hundreds of thousands of men would perish, and millions would be cast into misery and want.

"It is only on account of the continued 'pricking on' carried on for the last few years by the interested clique, that Middle and Western Europe has been kept in a constant state of military unrest. These plunderers tried to make the governments pliant, docile helpers in order to secure the strength of the people for the advancement of their interest.

"The Congress emphatically repudiates these attempts and expects that the German working class will employ every means to prevent a world war. It demands the immediate convening of the Reichstag in order that the representatives of the people may have an opportunity to give their opinion and to oppose machinations that are inimical to the working class."



HARRY COOKE.

Now in jail for refusing to register for conscription.

The Congress then proceeded with what was intended to be its principal business, the work of preparation for the elections. Bebel, whose preponderating influence was never so great as in this Congress, delivered a speech outlining the policy of the party in such a masterly manner as to bring the congress to its feet in a wild burst of enthusiasm. He showed the influence of the constantly rising prices, how the taxation program of the government aggravated this evil, and closed with an eloquent appeal for united action and undivided effort.

What might be called the program of the campaign was submitted by him at the close of the speech and unanimously adopted. This read as follows:

The convention expects that as far as this has not already been done that the party membership in all districts in which the party has adherents shall undertake preparations for independent nomination for the Reichstag.

The convention further expects that party members will at once undertake the work of agitation and will make especial effort to bring new members to the party organization, and extend the circulation of the party press.

The campaign agitation must be especially directed toward the attainment of universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage as set forth in the party platform, for the elections to the Prussian Landtag as well as in all other states not having universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage.

Where as a result of the first election no party member is chosen and it becomes necessary to decide between opposing non-Socialist candidates, Socialist votes should be given to those who are pledged to the following measures:

1. Maintenance of the existing suffrage for the Reichstag.
2. Opposition to any narrowing of the rights of assemblage and organization.
3. Opposition to any sharpening of the so-called political paragraphs of the criminal law.
4. Opposition to any sort of exceptional law.
5. Opposition of any increase or extension of the tariff on necessities of life for the great mass of the people.
6. Opposition to any extension or increase of indirect taxes on the necessities of life.

Arrogant railway barons, with powers undreamed of in other lands, hold in bands of steel the commerce of the country. The greatest of all offenses against laws for honest rates are condoned by skilful legal hireling and dismissed by pliable courts after farcical trials—and the press is mainly silent.—*The Bondage of the Press.*

## War Upon War in New Zealand

Under the disguise of a general militia law, not so very much different from the Dick military law, now in force in this country, an effort is being made to introduce a sort of conscription in New Zealand. The law requires every able-bodied male citizen of military age to appear for registration, that he may be called out when desired. The New Zealand Socialists are fighting this law in a most energetic manner. Many of them have refused to register and these are now being prosecuted for this refusal. The two Socialists whose portraits appear on this page have both undergone imprisonment because they will not agree to become military murderers.



WILLIAM CORNISH.  
Twenty-one days in jail.

### Military Mania

For the eight years preceding the war with Spain our average annual expenditure for the army was less than \$24,000,000; for the eight years following that war the annual average leaped to more than \$83,000,000; and now for the current year the army appropriation is \$95,440,567. The navy has done even better. For the eight years preceding the Spanish war the average annual expenditure was a little more than \$27,500,000; for the next eight years it averaged \$102,400,000, and this year the navy gets \$131,350,854. Adding the navy and army appropriations gives the sum of \$226,791,421, which is rather a neat price to pay for imitating the antics of those ghost dancers on the farther side of the Atlantic. But that isn't all by any means. To this sum must be added the current appropriation for the military academy, \$1,856,249; the appropriation for forts and fortifications, \$5,617,200; and the pension appropriation of \$155,758,000, making a grand total of \$390,022,870 as the cost of militarism for one year, or at the rate of \$1,068,555 a day for every day in the year.

\* \* \*

If we had sufficient intelligence to put an end to the colossal pension graft, we could pay the entire cost of the canal with the money saved in a single year and have fifteen million dollars left, which would give each of the 496,000 public school teachers an average of thirty dollars each. No doubt they could make use of the money, for no one ever accused a public school teacher of being overpaid.

\* \* \*

The whole world might be decently housed instead of living in wretched hovels as so many now do, if the money wasted on militarism was applied to the purchase of homes. What an incalculable amount of human happiness might be purchased with so great a sum! No Socialist in his rosiest dreams ever pictured much more material happiness achieved through his own nostrum than might be attained by putting an end to this great burden of militarism.—*Technical World Magazine.*



—Der Wahre Jakob

Siegfried Forging His Sword at Jena

ocratic party for the reason that we can speak out and that the majority decides, and when it has decided we will work together as we have worked together in the past. We must not close our eyes to the fact that great battles are before us, and that it will not do to be too optimistic. Let us work with energy, stand firmly together, and move on to battle and to victory."

This statement, however, did not prevent a vigorous attack being made in the Congress, in which Ledebour, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin took a prominent part. Although the party



# Come Have a Smile With Us

## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### The Thought Producer

See Evolution, modest lass,  
Performing sleight-of-hand  
And playing tricks that have some class  
For those who understand.  
The ones that are the shortest pursed  
It gathers in its net  
And plainly shows them that the worst  
Is all that they can get.

Some people think they think a thing  
As clear and plain as day  
But Evolution has its fling  
And brushes mist away;  
Supplying them the newer kinks  
Which just a year ago  
They would not have regarded "thinks"  
That ever could be so.

For turning sinners from their course,  
The saner paths to pick,  
Old Evolution is the force  
That does the little trick,  
We argue, plead and speechify,  
No one will lend an ear  
But when the pocket book runs shy  
It makes the vision clear.

### Only Explanation

"Yes, he fell out of a tree when he was a boy."



"Any lasting effect?"  
"Well, it appears to have made a democrat for life of him."

### Easily Known

The common people. Who are they?  
The answer cometh plain,  
The ones who work for little pay  
And give the plutes a pain.

### No Prospective Customer

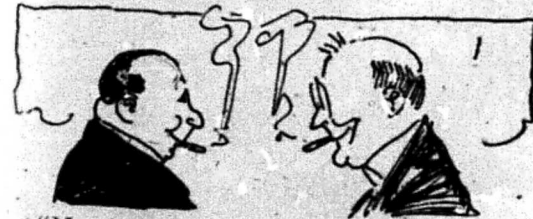
"He has fine long whiskers."  
"Yes, he has vowed not to cut them off until Bryan is elected."



"Ah, well, the village barber may as well quit speaking pleasantly to him."

### Had to Recover

"I expect to collect damages for being in the railway wreck."  
"Were you injured?"



"No, but my lawyer gets half that we collect."

### Economic Motive

"The big magazines appear to be getting under Pierpont Morgan's wing."  
"That is so they can have him to say 'Scat' if the postmaster general gets gay."

### Catch the Spirit

"The way the modern prize fight has developed should greatly please Carnegie and the other peace fans."

"But it looks like real war."

"Trust not appearances. It has all been arbitrated by the promoters before the first drop of blood has been drawn from the innocent public."

### Their View Point

"Who was responsible for the train wreck?"

"The board of directors."

"Then it wasn't a wreck after all."

"What was it?"

"Just a joke."

Watch the big department store controlled newspapers go light on the sane Christmas. They wouldn't hurt trade for the world.

## Little Flings

What a chance California has to put itself in the big place in history.

Flying isn't the sport of kings. They will wait until it is safer.

Now is the time to sow the seed. The ground is plowed and ready.

If the comet will come back next year it will see an election worth looking at.

Not much can be expected of a labor movement that is a capitalist movement.

Notwithstanding the spread of intelligence the world is still thinking with its stomach.

Wall street is going to have a hard time deciding between Taft and Wilson, they are both such charmers.

## Told at the Dinner Hour

### A Very Appropriate Verse

BY REBA ERB.

Recently a youngster joined church and the minister told him if he saw anyone doing wrong, he should quote a verse of the Bible.

As the boy was walking along one day, he saw another boy with a hatchet trying to chop off a cat's tail. He thought of what he had been told and quickly said, "That which God has joined together let no man put asunder."

### A Man Eating Ghost

BY R. L. HUNTER.

In a lonely spot of timber down in Dixie there was an old graveyard said to be "haunted" to which many people were afraid to go especially after dark.

But old Brother Jones, who had not walked in twenty years on account of rheumatism, doubted the story and said he would go there if he only could walk. So a bold young fellow agreed to carry him.

The offer was accepted, so taking the old man on his shoulder the young fellow started one very dark night to the graveyard.

Now it happened on this same night that two thieves, who thought nothing of ghosts, had planned to steal a sheep and were to meet at this graveyard.

One of them arrived early and was waiting for his partner, when the bold young fellow came up with Brother Jones on his back. The thief stooping low, viewed them as best he could by the fading light and decided it was his partner coming with the sheep, so advancing cautiously he asked in a half whisper:

"Is he fat?"

The bold young fellow threw Brother Jones at the thief's feet and broke away at a dead run, shouting:

"Fat or lean, you may have him."

It is said that Brother Jones jumped up and outran his companion home.

The old graveyard is still said to be haunted.

### All for the Cause

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

—William Morris.

### Funnyisms

BY J. W. BABCOCK.

Petty theft should never be encouraged; so I would earnestly advise the young man who steals a kiss to promptly return it to its original abiding place.

At last the problem of international importance, the momentous question that has perplexed scholars for ages, has been solved. The hen crossed the street because she wanted to view the remains of her great, great, great, great, great grandmother in the packing house, o'er the way.

"Anhow, vaccination prevents a girl from playing the piano."—Chicago Daily Socialist.

Not any more. Girls do not play pianos with their feet, these days.

"Blake was just giving his house the first coat of paint when the cyclone struck it."

"Struck down in its prime," so to speak."

### Wanted Regular Work

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."—Della Hart Stone, Success Magazine.

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Capitalism- It is utterly Wicked for anyone to Discontent the Laborer with his lot

# A PESSIMISTIC DOWN-AND-OUTER

BY O. H. DANBY.

There ain't no use in tryin'  
In this world, that I can see;  
If there's any ease and pleasure,  
I'm sure they ain't for me.  
The Rich Man gets it all now-days,  
An' the Toilers just exist—  
So that's the very reason why  
I am a Pessimist.

The Boss eats three good meals a day,  
Yes, sometimes four or five!  
We workin' slaves get just enough  
To keep ourselves alive,  
And when one of us slaves does die,  
It's nothing—he's not missed.  
So there's another reason why  
I am a pessimist.

I hustle, worry, strive and toil  
From early morn till night,  
And for my labor get two bucks—  
Now, by heck! that ain't right.  
The boss makes fifteen bones a day  
Off each man on his list;  
So that's another reason why  
I am a pessimist.

"He's a damned pessimist" they say,  
And claim my views are wrong,  
They ask if I had millions,  
Would I help the poor along?  
I sure would try to do some good—  
I'd have slaves 'all enlist,  
And by and by the millionaire  
Would be the pessimist.

And I unchain the slave:  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.  
I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow;  
As much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

Come, East and West and North,  
By races, as snow-flakes,  
And carry my purpose forth,  
Which neither halts nor shakes.

But, laying hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
For in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark.

Today unbind the captive,  
So only are ye unbound;  
Lift up a people from the dust,  
Trump of their rescue, sound!  
Pay ransom to the owner  
And fill the bag to the brim.  
Who is the owner? The slave is owner  
And ever was. Pay him.

So long as a single one amongst your  
brothers has no vote to represent him  
in the development of the national life,  
so long as there is one left to vegetate  
in ignorance where others are educa-  
ted, so long as a single man, able and  
willing to work, languishes in poverty  
through want of work to do, you have  
no country in the sense in which coun-  
try ought to exist—the country of all  
and for all.—Mazzini.



Emerson, perhaps, for pure reasoning and intellectual powers, is the foremost figure in American literature. His perceptions of right and wrong, truth and error were very keen, and his radicalism was even extreme. His cool dispassionate manner takes the edge from his iconoclasm and one only comprehends his immense enunciation of conservatism when we weigh his dictums carefully. Then we recognize what a radical he was. What Emerson lacked was red blood—the kind that flowed in the veins of Wendell Phillips, of Garrison and of Whittier. He knew the wrong of oppression as well as any man and in his cold, analytical way he stood loyally for freedom. He wrote one noble poem to the ideal of a democratic state, the "Boston Hymn."

### Boston Hymn

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

God said, I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Go, cut down trees in the forest  
And trim the straightest boughs;  
Cut down trees in the forest  
And build me a wooden house.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor?

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest field,  
Hireling and him that hires;

My angel—his name is Freedom—  
Choose him to be your king;  
He shall cut pathways east and west  
And send you with his wing.

And here in a pine white-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school

I will divide my goods;  
Coll in the wretch and slave;  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but toil shall have.

Lo, now! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great;  
Fishers and choppers and plowmen  
Shall constitute a state.

And ye shall succor men,  
'Tis nobleness to serve;  
Help them who cannot help again;  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your chains and masterhips,

